



Dangers of Lion Hunting.

In "A Tale of Several Lions," Hercules D. Vilon, in the Era, says: Van Aardt came to me and suggested a little lion stalking. Now, I know lions as well as he; deliberate hunting for a lion who morns a murdered mate was a foolhardy proceeding. But in the near neighborhood of the spot where Madame Lioness had been killed was one lion, with an earthquake voice, whose rumblings fascinated the fiery spirit of Van Aardt.

"I am going," he said.

I could not let him go alone, for we had fought too often side by side. We started off, my reckless comrade lashing out, in calmest confidence, the artless plan he had of walking up to that tumultuous hell of wrath incarnate, and of blowing a few holes in it with his Mauser. As we came nearer, the roars ceased. The lion, weary with his imprecations of the night, had gone away from the scene of his bereavement for rest and sleep. But we found in the jungle's depths the footway he had trod; in a sentry path of twenty feet, he had stalked back and forth for twelve long hours, calling aloud for vengeance.

Kristmansen, who looked upon Van Aardt as a hot-headed madman for the time, decided he would use the morning for a peaceful springbok hunt, and took his Kaffir boy along. He went in the direction opposite to ours. After half an hour's close tracking, the Kaffir, who had been in advance, appeared at his elbow with an impish suddenness, and a whispered word: "Baas, a lion!"

Kristmansen started ahead of him. There, in a tiny clearing not thirty yards away, the monarch stood, his mane quivering with the intensity of his attention and his brilliant eyeballs gleaming in the effort to penetrate the single veil of cover that hid the hunter from his view. The Kaffir had a faith in his master that was sublime.

"Shoot, Baas, shoot!"

Kristmansen knew that death stood waiting for him in the clearing beyond. The chances were all against a fatal first shot. The wounded lion would tear him into shreds of mangled flesh before he could have time to fly. Step by step, his very breath pent up, he made the slow retreat. The Kaffir, fancying all his master need do was fire a single shot, accompanied him with an expression of disdain. For ten good minutes, Kristmansen paced backward; and then came swiftly to the camp again upon the chance of making up a party whose numbers would mean safety in a concerted attack. But the majority of us were away, and that lion, with all the others among the spouses of Farie's lioness, were unmolested from that day forth.

I was in Pretoria a little later and saw a sight that told me how wise Kristmansen had been. The oldest lion hunter of the Transvaal shook me by the hand—and used his left hand for the greeting. The other arm hung, withered and helpless, at his side. Only half his face was there to speak to me. The other half went into a lion's maw a few months earlier. He was hunting springbok with his son, and carried an ancient muzzle loader. A dead shot, the old man descried a buck not fifty feet away; and kneeling, fired. The crack of the rifle was answered by the snarling roar of a wounded lion. The bullet, passing through the buck, had struck the mighty beast as he was about to spring. And it had no more than wounded him. He leaped for the smoke, coming in in flying bounds, while my old friend fumbled wildly with his powder horn. He was too slow. The bullet had not dropped into the barrel before the lion was upon him. One crunch of his tremendous jaws, and an arm was stripped to the bone. Another, and the side of his face had vanished. The cavernous throat above the prostrate man roared once more, before the teeth should clash together, when the son, running up, put his rifle barrel to the lion's side and drove a half-ounce bullet through his heart.

Tabitha Sanborn's Ride.

Some of the feats which our foremothers performed quite as a matter of course when domestic emergencies occurred were such as would tax the endurance and courage of the hardest athletic maidens of our own day. Hannah Sanborn Philbrook, in a recent article on old-time Sanborns, relates how an ancestress of hers supplied a deficiency in her weaving apparatus.

She found unexpectedly that her work required the use of a certain red and harness which could be obtained only at a place five miles distant, reached by a road leading over a number of steep and dangerous hills. She was alone in the house with her baby and another young child, whom she could not leave to go on an errand. Nevertheless, she could not endure the idea of wasting time in waiting for that red and harness when if she only had them she could make such good progress with her web. Her husband owned the "smartest four-year-old colt in town," and this lively animal, nothing daunted, she mounted with her baby in her arms, taking the other child on a pillion behind her.

"Soon after her arrival," writes her great-granddaughter, "there were signs of a coming tempest, and she had to hasten. The reed and harness, at least four feet long, were bound to the colt, and she turned toward home. "My great-great-uncle Cate said that when she passed his house she was going like the wind, and the sky was black with the coming storm, and the thunder and lightning were terrible. As soon as it cleared off he saddled his horse and followed, 'expecting,' he said, 'to find Tabitha and the children dead in the road. But I went clean over all the way, and there she was, getting supper and singing, as lively as a cricket!'"

She was not even wet; for the smart four-year-old, urged to the utmost, had succeeded, in spite of his queer and cumbersome load, in racing the shower and beating it. Supper over, Mrs. Sanborn, with a tranquil mind and the proper implements, was able to resume her interrupted weaving. — Youth's Companion.

How Soldiers Can Die.

When Lieutenant Egerton of the Powerful and one of the best of the younger officers, was directing one of his guns against the enemy, one leg and one foot were carried off, as he lay on the sand bag parapet watching the effect of the fire. "There's an end of my cricket," he said, simply. He was carried to the rear with a cigar between his teeth, and died soon after.

Spion Kop saw some of the most memorable instances of the cool good humor with which wounds and death were received. Captain Muriel was shot through the cheek while he was handing a cigarette to a private, but he continued to lead his regiment until a bullet crashed through his brain. Scott Moncrieff went on after three bullet wounds; it was not till he was hit the fourth time that he was disabled. An even more remarkable story was that of Grenfell, of Thorneycroft's. When he received his first shot, he cried: "That's all right; it's not much." A second wound made him remark: "I can get on all right." The third shot killed him. Buchanan Riddell, the Colonel of the King's Royal Rifles, was shot by a bullet through the head as he stood up to read a note from Lyttleton, his General. When poor Tait was hit on the advance to Kimberley—he had one wound already just barely healed—he exclaimed: "They've got me this time."

But perhaps the death which impresses one most in all the long and glorious list is that of Lord Albie. He was shot down in a shower of bullets from a hidden body of Boers just after his men had finished a splendid and successful charge. A few moments before he had said to a sergeant, who, drunk with the passion of battle, had probably burst forth into some characteristic oaths: "Pray, moderate your language." The next moment a bullet had sped through his heart. — M. A. P.

Had to Fight Three Bears.

Premont Bourne, who lives in Rutland, Vt., had an encounter lately with three large black bears on East Mountain, and but for his pluck and endurance he would undoubtedly have been killed. When Mr. Bourne started out to fish in the vicinity he feared no danger and went unarmed. He had whipped the brook half way up the mountain when suddenly he heard a rustle in the bushes and three bears broke into the clearing.

Mr. Bourne made for a young sycamore tree and climbed it. The bears followed to the foot of the tree, and one behind another began to ascend. When the foremost bear got near the branch on which Mr. Bourne had taken refuge he managed to keep the animal from approaching nearer by jabbing him in the eyes with a small branch which he had broken from the tree, but the bear little by little came nearer, and the other two were just below him before Mr. Bourne had decided to run. He moved out as far as he could on the branch, dropped to the ground and started down the mountain for the nearest house, half a mile distant.

Bourne put 200 yards behind him before one of the bears reached the ground. The animals gained on him, and when he reached the farm house the foremost was hardly 100 feet behind. At the farm house Mr. Bourne secured a rifle, and from an upper window he shot and killed two of the bears, the third escaping to the woods.

A Man-Killer.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly says: It was the Fourth of July in the small town of Los Plagos, and a cow-puncher in the crowd bet he had a pony that would shake the teeth out of a prairie hen. "Run him out," yelled a chorus, and soon a broad-chested, well-set-up, mouse-colored pony, with the docile eyes of a dog, stood before us. "Me take you; me ride, me dig out hide." It was a Mexican who spoke. The bargain was quickly clinched, as money in a cattle town runs freer than water, by the cashing of twenty-five shining silver dollars in the hand of a stakeholder. The Mexican secured his saddle and drew the cinch up without the slightest trouble. His foot touched the stirrup, then, with the quickness of a cat, that pony reared, wheeled, and like a panther sprang at the Mexican. One foot caught him a sickening blow full in the face. Down he went like a sack of meal, clutching and convulsively working his fingers in the dust. He was in the act of repeating his deadly work when a shot rang out and the infuriated beast dropped like a trap, full on the prostrate body of the Mexican.

The pony was rolled off and rough though gentle hands carried the Mexican into the Red Raven. The blow had completely crushed in his face and he had passed over the long trail.



Pretty Belt Fastenings.

Some of the prettiest of belt fastenings are those which are finished with tassels of silver or gold. Shaded silver is seen in many belt buckles.

An Effective Embroidery.

Dark green embroidery is used with good effect on a pale blue waist. This has a front of some sheer white material and the embroidery outlines it on the blue. It is used with a little white, and the palm-leaf pattern is introduced effectively.

A Revival.

A revival of an old time favorite is fine cut jet, faceted and sparkling almost like black diamonds. Long chains of jet are exhibited, and it is being effectively introduced into millinery. An exceedingly smart hat, entirely of white Lyons tulle had for its only ornamentation chains of large cut jet beads wound into a "rosette" on one side, falling in sparkling festoons behind, and waving over the flat crown, to be again caught into an artistic knot on top.

Chains For the Smart Girl.

Long chains, especially of baroque pearls, continue to be the fashion. A pretty fancy for the summer girl is to have her chain match in design the fan attached to it. For the daisy fan there is a long chain made of small, white enameled daisies. The daisies look as if strung on green stems. Other attractive flower chains are made of little blue forget-me-nots, tiny pink but-roses in delicately tinted enamel and wee pansies exquisitely shaded. — Woman's Home Companion.

A Useful Hint.

A woman who treats her clothes with beautiful care tells me that for hanging silk petticoats, or skirts of silk, chiffon, net or anything adorned with dounces, she sews three or four loops along under the facing of the skirt, rather than in the waist belt, by which the average woman hangs her clothes. She claims that when dounces are hung in the opposite way from that in which they are worn they are freshened and take on a new lease of life. If one could judge by the pristine freshness of the wearer's garb her theory is a useful one. — Good Housekeeping.

How Women Should Stand.

To stand correctly is an art in itself. Few women know how to assume a correct upright position. Five minutes' practice each day will enable you to solve the problem and give you a graceful carriage. Walk up to a wall, touch it with your nose, chest and toes and you will have the correct position for standing. The hips should be thrown back, the abdomen in and the shoulders squared. This will give the stylish harness that shows off the fashionable gown. A good exercise to give you the correct attitude is: Keep the heels together at an angle of sixty degrees, having the weight of the body resting on the balls of the feet—not on the heels. The chest should be thrown forward, the chin held in, the abdomen drawn back and the hips held back.

Embroidered Corsets.

The newer corsets are of the thinnest material, and for this there are several stuffs that feel like silk, wear well and are really no heavier than silk. They can be bought in the pale tones and for two or three dollars one can get as good a corset as cost three times as much a few years ago. Those who fancy the handsomely figured corsets and cannot buy them can imitate the French method, which is of embroidering them by hand.

A delightful little set, a corset and a corset cover, was embroidered in pinstripes. The corset cover was a very short bolero, little more than a pair of armholes. This was embroidered in purple wash pinstripes; then came the corset, embroidered to match, and apparently taking up the pattern where the other left off. — New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mothers of Great Men.

Raleigh said that he owed all his politeness and deportment to his mother.

Chopin's mother, like himself, was very delicate.

Milton's letters often allude to his mother in the most affectionate terms.

Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother.

Comed's mother was fond of painting and music.

Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist, and was very quick at repartee.

Schumann's mother was gifted with musical ability.

Haydn dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother.

Charles Darwin's mother had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.

Gibbon's mother was passionately fond of reading, and encouraged her son to follow her example.

is in favor of the physically perfected woman. The better proportioned, the figure, the more erect the carriage, so much the more artistically simple may be the garments.

Breathing we will consider at another time. Sufficient now to say that it is astonishing, even appalling, how little is known on this vitally important subject.

If a girl has been so fortunate as to receive physical education while she is young, so much the better. She then absorbs the instruction just as she does lessons in any other branch of her education, without any clear appreciation of future benefit; later she learns that true physical culture means culture in the broadest sense; that it is not the development of a few forceful muscles, but the harmonious development of mind and body, aiming to give the highest expression to the spirit that is within her. We who are older, to whom the need of a better body, a clearer mind and a finer soul has but lately been felt, must first get over (what is to many a bete noir) the initial effort. Physical culture exercises are simple and brief. The one essential is not time or relaxation, but persistency. In time, a short time, troublesome effort becomes a fascinating habit, and with strength and grace of body comes a corresponding mental attitude. We realize how closely mind and matter are allied and that soul pervades all. Indeed, bodily training should go hand in hand with the moral and mental growth of man or woman. — Mme. Alberti, in Truth: the Woman's Forum.

Now the Lace Slipper.

The extreme novelty in footwear is the lace slipper. A leading drygoods house has a display of these evening slippers that are the daintiest things imaginable. They are made of black, white or colored satin, completely covered with black or white lace, or are made to order to match any gown. A pair of white satin, with covering of black Chantilly, would be the loveliest possible finish to a gown of black lace over white silk. Other examples are of Irish crochet over pink, duchesse over pale green and Alencon over blue. Some have chiffon rosettes and great buckles, and some are unadorned except by their own beauty.

Another novelty is the aluminum heel in Louis XV. style, intended for wear with the fashionable gown of black and white. The shining heel is not objectionable in combination with such a costume, and if the wearer becomes tired of it she can apply a coating of bicycle enamel, say the dealers, that instantly transforms it to black.

In some of the modish Oxford, the vamp is cut extremely high, almost reaching the lacing, then curves quickly downward toward the arch of the foot. This will probably be a popular cut, as it tends to give an appearance of greater height to the instep.

The Colonial shoe, with high flaps, broad buckles and high heels, promises to be a favorite, worn with dressy gowns at the fashionable summer places. These demand the finest lisle or silk hosiery, of openwork, matching the costume in tint. Some of the most beautiful stockings have insertions of real lace, either in straight lines or bow-knots, and some are delicately embroidered with colored silks in tiny floral motifs. White silk stockings, embroidered with single forget-me-nots, were recently brought to wear with a white silk mull gown trimmed with blue. — New York Tribune.



A novel brooch has a hand-painted coaching scene under a crystal framed with silver coaching horns.

Oak leaves and acorns form some of the new "foliage hats" that have sprung into sudden popularity.

A crystal ball with flowers inside forms the handle to a parasol. The sticks of parasols are all very long.

The "dropped" shoulder effect is observed on many of the lace yoke costumes, and promises to be almost as popular as it was last summer.

A dainty pair of black slippers have five straps over the instep, studded with steel ornaments. There are elastic gussets on each side of the straps.

A belt for cotton gowns is of white linen cut on the cross, piped with a color and starched for stiffness. A pearl buckle is the proper finish for such a belt.

Nightgowns for summer wear are cut square at the neck and have loose fitting elbow sleeves. Many of these are finished with a heading of embroidery through which a light-colored satin ribbon is drawn, and the usual edging of embroidery is dispensed with.

The latest thing in separate skirts is close fitting to the knees and finished with a wide graduated accordion pleated flounce. In skirts of light colors the portion where the flounce joins the skirt is finished with white or ecru lace in medallion or serpentine design.

A new idea for the summer separate waist is to have the front embroidered in some rich and tasteful design, leaving the rest of the waist absolutely without trimming. Women who are expert with their needles enjoy working out beautiful designs on sheer goods.

Play at superstition still influences many jeweled novelties. Gold and enameled ornaments are headed by lucky stars. Gold and enameled circles enclose horseshoes. Some of the fancy stickpins are headed by dogs or hobby horses or crooked backed cats. These are all enriched by diamonds.

WESTERN EDITOR GOES HOME.

An Incident in the Office of the Atchison Champion.

When Ewing Herbert resigned from the editorial chair of a leading New York comic weekly and returned to resume the editorship of a weekly paper in a small Kansas town, says the New York Evening World, several persons wondered. They did not know, as Editor Herbert declared the other day when in this city, that no man is so well situated as the country editor, with a well-equipped printing office in a good town, with a fair share of the county printing, a good circulation and plenty of job work and advertising.

It may be that he takes a turn occasionally at working the press, making up the forms or even setting his own editorials in type; but he takes an honest pride in being able to do these things. He is willing to give every man his due, but insists on his own rights and dares to maintain them.

Such an editor is Ewing Herbert. According to a story which has some foundation, a customer whom he knew as a close-fisted man came in not many days ago to get a hundred small posters ordered the day before.

Editor Herbert handed him the posters, neatly tied up in a package. The customer untied the string, laid the bills on the imposing stone and proceeded to count them.

Editor Herbert watched the count. When it was concluded there proved to be six over and above the hundred. Without a word the man who would rather be an editor in Kansas than in New York took the six extra posters off the pile, crumpled them in his hand, threw them into the office stove and bowed his crest-fallen patron out with a smile. — Fourth Estate.

WISE WORDS.

A voluntary burden is no burden. — Italian proverb.

Not every one that dances is glad. — French proverb.

The bow that is always bent slackens or breaks. — Spanish proverb.

More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea. — German proverb.

What is learned in the cradle lasts till the grave. — French proverb.

He does a good day's work who rides himself of a fool. — French proverb.

If you have no arrows in your quiver, go not with archers. — German proverb.

A single penny fairly got is worth a thousand that are not. — German proverb.

A peasant between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats. — Spanish proverb.

Woman's happiness is in obeying. She objects to men who abdicate too much. — Mlle. de La Fayette.

With money you would not know yourself; without money nobody would know you. — Spanish proverb.

Time is the great comforter of grief, but the agency by which it works is exhaustion. — L. E. Landou.

There will always remain something to be said of women as long as there is one on earth. — De Boulders.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude when it is not in our power to repay it. — Franklin.

Mme. Melba's Wit.

If Lord Wolseley is a strategist on the field of battle, at the dinner table he proved anything but a warrior when parrying the wit of that famous singer, Mme. Melba.

At the dinner in question Mme. Melba was seated at the right of Lord Wolseley, who was on the right of the hostess. The great soldier, turning to his hostess, asked:

"Who is the lady on my right?"

"Why, that is Mme. Melba."

"Who is Mme. Melba?"

"Is it possible that your lordship does not know the great singer?"

"Oh, yes! Born in Australia, I believe?"

And with that the general applied himself to the course then served. After a few moments he turned to the prima donna, greeted her pleasantly and said:

"You are an Australian, I believe, madame? I know a great deal about your country. My brother lives in Melbourne."

"And pray, sir, what is the name of your brother?" the singer naively inquired.

"Goodness! Why, his name is the same as mine—Wolseley," answered the surprised officer.

"Who is Wolseley? I do not recall that name," Mme. Melba continued.

"Why, I am General Wolseley!" replied the astonished officer.

"Wolseley! Wolseley! Wolseley!" whispered the singer, as if appearing to refresh her memory. And then the general applied himself again to the food. He had learned his lesson. — Pall Mall Inquirer.

A Most Important Individual.

If you ask me who is the most important individual in New York I shall point out him who drives the six-horse truck laden with steel beams. Monarch is he of all he surveys. In Broadway a king, among ordinary drivers of one or two horses a tyrant! He and his truck, a monster sometimes fifty feet in length, rule the street wherever they go. The loquacious motorman of the surface railroad, who lords it over other men and beasts by the force of epithet and platform, sinks into insignificance when his car approaches the king's chariot. Experience has taught him that even the trolley cannot budge the monstrous vehicle and its load, therefore he is content to wait. — Victor Smith, in New York Press.



The Indispensable Equine. Oh, the flying machine some day will fly And through the ether roam, But on its collapse, The horse, perhaps, Will be asked to haul it home. — Washington Star.

He Didn't. "Do you believe in signs?" "No. A dentist's sign reading 'Teeth Extracted Without Pain' fell the other day, just as I went under it, and knocked out two teeth of mine." — Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Eminent Lawyer's Client. "What," asked the eminent criminal lawyer, "is your friend's defense?" "That depends altogether on you," replied the friend of the accused. "If we had one we would be consulting a cheaper lawyer." — Indianapolis News.

A Wife. Benedict—"Give me a few pointers on how to manage a wife, old chap." Meeks—"Can't, my boy, but I can give you no end of advice on how to be managed by a wife so that you'll think you are the manager." — Brooklyn Life.

No Help From Her. "Miss Frisbie—Ellen, love," said young Mr. Gallagher, timidly, "I have lost my heart." "I'm sorry I can't help you, Mr. Gallagher," replied the maiden, not unkindly. "I haven't found it." — Detroit Free Press.

In Return.



"What's the matter?" "Billy slapped me." "What did he do that for?" "Just 'cause I kicked him." — New York Journal.

The Captive. "They tell me Maude Burlocks is going to be married." "You're misinformed. Miss Burlocks is going to marry the man who is going to be married. Your difficulty is that you don't know Miss Burlocks." — Baltimore News.

On the Impulse of the Moment. "What would you say," began the voluble prophet of war, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers of this country would dry up?" "I would say," replied the patient man, "Go thou, and do likewise." — Christian Register.

He Had Proposed. "Before giving you my reply," she said, "let us have a direct understanding. If I am to consider this seriously I will have to say 'No,' but if it is only a summer resort engagement I shall be pleased to accept you for the time being." — Chicago Post.

Happy Thought. Mr. Toppin—"As long as I can remember, I've heard people talk about that fortunate time when the office will seek the man."

Mrs. Toppin—"Not having been able to find the man, why would it not be a good idea for the office to look around for the woman?" — Boston Transcript.

The Fate of the Mercenary. "Don't you suspect that a great many people seek you out because they have axes to grind?" "Yes," answered Seneca Sorghum. "Once in a while a man succeeds in his selfish enterprise; but to the majority of instances I simply take possession of the ax." — Washington Star.

Couldn't Be Grate of That. "Never," said the person of good advice to the delicately nurtured Boston youth, "never say 'I can't.'"

"Indeed, sir," responded the intellectual lad, "I trust that my dictum is not so open to criticism. If you will but be attentive to my conversation you will observe that I say 'cannot.'"

Fat's Mistake.



"Hello, Pat; have you seen Mike lately?" "Yes, begorra; Oi thought Oi saw him across the street 'other day, and he thought he saw me, but when we got up to one another, bedad, it was neither of us." — The King.