HE ENTERTAINS CHIEF FEENEY SCRAWS

By HUGH PENDEXTER

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scamper over Europe, I wagering a senseless with the flat of his ax. The Broadway supper I could take him fellow would have received the edge, to some spot on the continent he was only the blade caught in an overhangnot familiar with. If allowed to make the experiment, I reckon I would have lost, as I'd picked out a cozy corner in Bulgaria, which I subsequently learned he had once summered in. But when we reached Bombay we were met by orders from the main-spring, asking that we undertake a little African tour, something with leopards in it. This was old work for Tib and me, and although all our plans for dodging the guide-book spasmodic cluckings. in Europe were smashed, he displayed no disappointment as he prepared for marked admiringly. But the face Tib the sail across the Sea of Arabia to the hunched-up shoulder of Africa, where we shifted to a south-bound

"Once arrived, Tib promptly obtained permission to net anything on four legs in the Congo State, we paying a handsome premium on all victims shipped. He also took out licenses in Uganda Protectorate and for the East Africa Protectorate. You'd suppose those stamping-grounds would parlor entertainment.' suffice to fill all the menageries under canvas, yet Tib began to lose all interest in them when we drew near to the Uganda border and he heard of Lake Bango country, which is encompassed by the big Magli marsh. That region is under no protectorate, and although the inhabitants were said to be replete with disagreeable sentiments towards strangers, the old chap was crazy to visit it. The fact it was forbidden ground to the blond race only conjured up in his mind all sorts of eccentric quadrupedal possibilities: and when our head man shivered in the brazen sunlight and said Feeney Scraws existed solely to kidnap foolish transients, and added that fugitives from that realm had related fearsome nursery tales about man-eating white leopards, I knew the dice were juggled for our going to the Bango.

"An anxious inquiry on my part drew forth the information that Mr. Scraws was probably the most accomplished assassin in all Africa. He was so cruel he ought to have been a dentist. He was a native chief, the head man chattered, a professor of unpleasant practices.

"Thus with a very slim entourage we drew near Mr. Scraws' boma, as the native village is called and began hunting the fever-laden marsh for white leopards.

"Now that I am out of that business, I'll explain that much of our success in trapping the untamed people of the tanglewood was due to a powerful ammonia pistol, much like those used to-day by cyclists in hesitating ugly dogs. Tib had improved the article as ordinarily made until it would shoot 15 charges of the strongest kind of dope, and our er ployer often utilized it in quieting caged animals in place of the crude hot iron. One slug of that stuff, as prepared by Tib, would send the average striped cat or lion off to slumberland for several minutes, and the patient on awaking was usually very docile.

"Well, we made the east shore of Lake Bango, undisturbed, and as the hunting was as thin as an almshouse stew we picked up some native boats and crossed to the west side.

"He studied the approaching shore steadily for a few minutes and then observed: 'Too late, my child. I think our host awaits us; the trees are alive. To retreat now would mean a swarm of them upon us, for they have a few bark ferries on the beach, I note. Brace up and try to infuse a little self-respect into our simple followers, as I fear they have forgotten their ancestral pride and will do us scant credit.'

"There he is, Billy—the man with the face like an inflamed nightmare. Jovial, whole-souled-looking chap, eh? and he nodded his head carelessly toward him we both knew to be Chief Feeney Scraws.

"'Don't make a move, Billy,' warned Tib in a low voice, as with his free hand he reached in his pocket and produced his last cigarette and lighted it.

"The moral effect of this little act swept the chief off his feet for the moment, sir. He lowered his weapon with a grunt of chagrin, or wonder. and released my patron. It was lucky thus, as I was unarmed, all our guns, except our ammonia pistols, being in the boat. And I reckon if I had shot Feeney. Tib and I soon would have overtaken him in the spirit land; for the mob was un-

usually demonstrative. "'Keep near me and walk slow,' cautioned Tib. 'And show of fear means the emergency ward.' Then he mopped his brow and motioned for the chief to lead us to some shade. It was coolly done, and some lone corpuscle of our host's tainted blood began to admire the old fellow's nerve, as was evinced by the swift gleam of his green eyes. It was fleeting, but we both caught it, and Tib murmured over his resolute shoulder: 'We've got talk rapidly in a hectic-flush kind of a him puzzled a bit. Wouldn't he make an elegant wild boy! I'd almost pre-

for him in a cage to a white leopard.' "'I'll chasten his proud spirit," grinned Tib. 'Any millinery display of white feathers will mean an immediate clinic. Tread on his heels a

"This command seemed to me to lend itself to funereal environments. but I obeyed, and would have been brained instanter if Tib had not stepped in between and in the the chief stayed his hatchet arm he

"Tib and I had mapped out a little | and knocked one of his body-guard ing creeper. Tib smiled in approbation, and to further show his approval gave the prostrate warrior a

hearty kick. "But Mr. Scraws did not possess a reputation for being thoughtfully and exquisitely cruel for nothing, and after a short session of storm signals his merry face was distorted into a smile and he clapped us both on the shoulder amiably and indulged in

"'You've done the trick,' I returned on me was puckered with apprehension.

"'I fear you are in error, my child," he protested. 'When Brother Feeney laughs way down in his stomach there's something stirring for the spectators. We had him dubious at wouldn't take any prize in a Vermont

"And hang me, sir, if Feeney's men weren't all of a shake! The squaws, too, who ran up to meet us, no sooner saw their master enjoying his little joke than they began tearing their hair and scuttling for cover. Feeney, choking with mirth, called a warrior to approach. This man rolled his eyes in despair and gave a tree a come out of it. It's real.' farewell rap with his head before

child, I've.a touch of the fever. Hum! | truth. Did that really happen, or was and now I've got 'em. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in. One hour in the big animal tent before the first act in the triple sawdust arena. This is Gooseberry, the man-eating lion. See him-' "'Oh, quit,' I cried. 'Can't you see

-Don't shoot too quick!' you're going daffy with swamp sug-"For the big, eight-foot male, gestions?' For my little seance with panied by a four-foot tail, was creep the oven heat and shivers of the dising towards us on his belly, while his ease had left me peevish. pal stood and watched the proceed-

"'Just as you say, my child,' he replied, humbly. 'Maybe old Tib is calmly as if it were a mail-order busiross-eyed mentally, but hang me if he doesn't look like a lion. A figment

"And great Scott, sir! I turned, and if there wasn't the bulky, befringed head of a big male leo in the narrow aperture of the tent!

'Tib!' I shrieked. 'It's real!' "And at that my patron pealed forth one resonant roar that caused the massive beast to snarl and spring back. 'Where's the keeper?' he cried, of letting him out to scare women and-I forgot. It's real.' Then he put to rout his imagination for a moment and swayed to the opening and scowled as he fixed his attention on much of a chance as an old-fashioned men,' he mumbled.

"The timid peep I stole over his reverberate intensely. shoulder, reinforced by the rising sun, revealed for the first time what those captains of industry had been doing. During the night they had inclosed us and our villa in a palisade first; now he has decided just what of young trees and slabs of bark; he's going to do and it tickles him. And, while at the other end of the corral I guess, what agitates his risibles the tawny form of our recent visitor walked nervously back and forth with slow, gliding step.

"'We're the newer, better breakfast food,' explained Tib. as he tried tried to send home a settler. to wipe the nightmare from his eyes. Then he gazed on me cunningly and demanded: 'Don't play it too strong on the old man, Billy. I feel doped; but is that-or is it not-' "'It is,' I gasped. 'For my sake

"'Enough to scare a scarlatina

"We separated about ten feet and the ammonia repeaters were held in

it a delusion?"

arm.

Dess.

the palm of the hand, Feeney, shedding tears of unrestrained joy, had no batteries.

"I always like to know,' he ex

Tib, kneeling with both hands steadying his gun, cast me a whimsical beasts entered. smile and fluttered his head as if again going a bit flighty. 'The idea amused. And the red spots on his ter, and to my horror I observed Tib cheeks didn't look good a bit.

"The king of the wild-wood, proba bly empty of stomach and hungry enough to eat a whole tribe of white men, now began knitting his claws the present. 'We stand about as and agitating his tail for a record breaking jump. He put his head close safe in the hands of a gang of yegg- to the ground when giving his class cry, and this caused it to rumble and

"'Take him!' cried Tib, and with numb heart I squirted a charge of the soothing-syrup and noted it ruffle his

"And although it did not hit him fair, it pestered him and weakened him, and he struck between us and whirled undecidedly in a circle. Then Tib staggered forward and idiotically made a grab for his highness with his left hand, while with his right he

"'Oh, wiji gah!' bellowed the popu lace, never having seen a lion so misused before.

"And their eight-footer, seemingly oblivious of Tib, began humping himself in a narrow circle, with me a the center. If Tib let go and fell I knew the beast would make the cirobeying. His legs wabbled as he germ into being sterilized?' he lisped. cuit and be upon him before he could

and background of all their joss fears, began to shout exultantly. It dreams, and if it hadn't been for Mr. Scraws they'd have made us a present | and Tib tossed back a little circus "'All real,' I howled, clutching his plained, gravely. Then he cried: 'In an inclination on our part, and their of the arena. the name of the continental congress biggest champions were put to bed. and their yelping now took on more of awe than venom. But Feeney didn't appreciate our growing popularity and foamed at the mouth. Then he barked an order. ings with morbid curiosity, and as

"We were still scraping a modest hoof in mild deprecation of the encore when the squaws began bobbing crouched ready to spring aside, and as their heads violently and I was inquisitive enough to shyly turn and look over my shoulder.

"'Atttention!' I cried, and Tib intimation we possessed the masked wheeled just in time to see our host's orders had resulted in another rude "'Be sane,' I again implored, but cage being unloaded through an opening in the paling, and two more

"These started toward us on a canwas frittering away the precious seconds in gallantly kissing his moist digits to a bevy of frenzied valentines, presumably the wives of the

"'For my sake!' I had just time to invoke, when the lion in the lead turned at an acute angle and got very close before I could pull the trigger. I overshot. But Tib, ignoring his annoyer and after foolishly chanting some lines about 'Lions to right of 'em, lions to left of 'em,' pivoted and raked my villain by a neat snap-shot. And the next thing I knew I was sall ing high enough through space to peep over the top of the inclosure. It seems I was just one jump too slow in dodging, and the brute managed to collect the back of my shirt in passing.

"My return to earth jolted the breath from my lungs, and I had to recline and watch Tib face his fate alone. I knew he must have ducked when enfilading my footpad, and by the way the survivor was performing I realized his second shot had not been wasted. The snuff-colored dream vaguely brushed his ample paws against his muzzle and gave one the impression of being intoxicated. Yet true to his original design, he gravely sauntered towards Tib and made clumsy leap. But two quick shots full in the yellow eyes announced his exit, and after I'd gained my feet we both sank down wearily on his muscular flank.

"Well, sir, I reckon Central Africa never saw such a perfectly astounded set of natives as in Feeney Scraws and his little ones. There were four of their king pins quiescent and we lolling lazily back on the biggest. We had laid them to rest as easily as laughter-loving chauffeur runs down a crippled beggar with a 60horse power smoke-wagon. Naturally it made the crowd nervous, and the yowls they let out would have frightened a pumping station into hysterics. "'Will the lions show fight when they revive?' I panted.

'Will Feeney ring in actors until we've used up all the dope?" Tib asked, thoughtfully, in return, mechanically giving our cushion another desuetude drop. 'This anger-killer won't last forever,' he added, moodily. Then the swamp-light stole into his eyes again, and I knew some quaint conceit was addling his brain.

"'All down, Feeney,' he cried, cheerily, dancing towards the paling. 'Set 'em up in the other alley.'

"I pulled him back and tried to quiet him, while the abortgines yelped as if afraid of the round, laughing man who hushed lions to sleep. The black hands no longer were shaken at us in derision, but instead were pointed in hesitation, and by the gesticulations and rolling eyes I knew the people were petitioning the chief to hold up his thumb.

"'I'd like a nice, cool drink from old Champlain,' rambled Tib, playing carelessly with his lion's whiskers. 'Old Vermont! Recall those lines-1 remember. I remember the house where I was born? I can't, but I could if there had been lions in it.' "'He's about to play another card,' I warned, giving the nearest

"'We've four lions now,' ruminated Tib, proudly. 'Say, Billy, did you ever try to do a sum in lions? Now.

in adding three columns of lions, when you have two to carry-' "'They are opening the barrier again,' I groaned, giving my patron up jerks, over his shoulder, as his heels as a hopeless slave to purple pipe

"Tib reeled to his feet and tore open his shirt and peered under shaky hand down the line.

"'More lions,' he said, simply. "'White leopards! Two of 'em!' orected.

"'Hurrah!' he shouted, and I lieved him thoroughly crazy again.



He Lost Interest in Things 'They looked leopards to me,' he

cried. 'but I thought I must be fuzzy again. So I said lions. But white leopards!

"And he waltzed me around joy-

"'Awfully good luck,' I despaired: for I knew a leopard was as formidable as a lion or tiger and harder to

"And the brunettes along the fence evidently were now determined to

sounded like a Russian college yell, of all Africa. You see, we'd done it talk and dragged me in between the so quiet. No noise, no rudeness, just two sleeping pups nearest the center

"The big cats, white with dark We were little tin gods in their eyes, polka-dots, about five feet in length and with abnormally long tails, now saw us, and after a few preliminary snarls began circling the palisade desirous of pouncing upon us from behind, true to their feline idea of propriety. I wanted to get my back against the stockade, but Tib, with less strabismus in his intellect, restrained me. We'd seen enough of leopards to realize these beauties had been kept in a cage and were used to men, and we believed they had been starved for just some such purpose as this. Yet it was evident they weren't



He Jumped Enthusiastically Up and

anxious to come too near our breast works. Then an old lady, probably with a local reputation as a witchdoctor, rose behind her boss and flung her skinny arms aloft and bestowed a few imprecations upon us. The cats began to get bold. The crowd believed it was due to the spell cast by the lady. , Anyway, as we were like a hot hand-out to a famished orphan on Christmas eve, the evil brace were game to try and net us.

"The audience went wild when the twin spotted ones left the barriers and dragged themselves towards us, inch by inch, as if the proceedings were very secret. It was like betting money on the home nine when the umpire is your friend and lives in your village. And to add to the festivities the lions began to wriggle and act uneasy. We realized they were about to awaken. "'A yah, jali!' shrieked the Ro-

mans. "'Give 'em another nullifler,' I cried in Tib's ear, indicating the quartet of sleepers.

"'Except this biggest one.' he tele phoned back. 'I may need him awake. "And friend Feeney, believing it

was the last act, threw back his head and laughed in low gurgles. His blood-curdling joility seemed to jerk the head tabby into radical action, and a streak of white marked her spring.

"'Missed!' I yelled. "'Rotten!' cried Tib, as he also scored a zero, and the target on our uneasy parapet.

"Then the breastworks came to life.

quieted old Nero so far as we were concerned, it didn't preclude his having a little argument with puss. Screeching and roaring they rolled over and over, while the other cat looked on in amazement. "'Nail her!' directed Tib

"And ping! I did, at a distance of 20 feet. She whacked her paws against her nose in vain, for the aroma would not down, and while thus engaged Tib ran in and gave her

her conge. Then we turned to watch the duel. just in time to see the cart-wheel of beasts strike the barriers fairly oppo-

site the chief's lookout. "There was a crash, and the whirling, furry forms bounded out into the

audience. "As the orchestra circle emptied in flight Feeney, indigo with rage, raised his ax to hurl at me, who was nearest

But Tib did a little rainbow stunt with his gun, and as the gentle shower fell on Feeney's nose he lost interest in things, ditto his balance, and toppled over and down onto the fighting animals. The leopard promptly resented his intrusion with a tap of her paw, and the lion also found time to bestow a hearty cuff.

"As the two rolled away in the for est we enjoyed a good scrutiny of the now quiet ruler. It didn't need a medico-legal expert to diagnose he had cast his last vote.

"'Somehow, I like him best this way,' murmured Tib, pensively. "By this time the natives had all fied, evidently satisfied we were

fairles with evil intentions. "One old hag, even in her fright, could not resist the temptation to turn in her course and hurl a nervous spear at her prostrate master.

"This simple act of courtesy cheered me wonderfully, as I didn't believe the gang would feel much hurt because Scraws had made his exit. We were not taking any chances, however, by loitering. We found our boys snugly yoked together ready for a slave jaunt north, and with their aid managed to sling the still insensible pussy on a pole. We left the lions. and with only the cat to show for our pains we recrossed the Bango and picked up our reserve force.

"Since then I see the Bango dis trict has passed under the control of the Uganda protectorate.

"So, I reckon, our little act in the arena was productive of some good outside of furnishing this country an opportunity to inspect at popular fully. 'We must have 'em. Isn't this prices the only prize white leopard in captivity.

> Political Hypocrisy. The politician who, on the eve of an election, knocks at the poor man's door, shakes his hand and kisses the baby illustrates the maxim that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays

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dragged himself forward and kneeled. | 'And, oh, for the touch of a Maxim | get out of the way. For his every His boss tapped him coyly on the pate gun and the soundwith the ax-handle. It seemed to me the chief ruffled the address longer than was necessary and was loath to desist. But with a sigh he finally lowered his comforter and the sweat rolled from the crouching figure's

limbs. "'Why look at the black imp's eyes!' murmured Tib.

"And Feeney's eyes were blood red. "'Not what you'd call amiability.' I suggested, with a shudder.

of childhood,' groaned Tib. "At this point the chief gave the warrior some command, and as if reprieved from death the subject sprang to his feet and motioned us to follow him. The chief, still decorated with his hideous smile, nodded for us to obey, and as we were led to a hut in the middle of the glade he kept us company and bowed us within with

much mock humility. "'Too intensely polite,' snorted Tib. once we were alone and the opening filled up by the backs of two giant guards. Then he added, thoughtfully, 'But my ancestors weren't Green Mountain boys just for notoriety's sake, and he'd have a run for his

money if I had a gun.' "'They are busy about something, remarked, as the sound of falling timbers and the guttural cries of the men beat against the hide sides of our

prison. "'I guess it is something elaborate." admitted Tib, trying to peer through the opening; whereat the guards

pushed him back. "And as if I didn't have enough to fret over, Tib began to go light-headed from a taste of the swamp fever, and voice. 'We don't know what it is, but you can anticipate it is very complete and finished as to detail,' he mumbled, as the sound of the laborers grew scant in the coming gray of the morning. Then, 'Good-by, My Sweet,' he began to babble in his clear, seven-

rose and left us. 'I say, old chap, don't,' I begged. 'It's almost sacrilegious.'

"'You silly jade,' he guizzed, the red spots on his plump cheeks now traders' lingo called a halt. Although glowing as if stamped with a stencil. 'Great Scott!' next - he muttered,

"D'YE-THINK-I'M-TRYING-TO-THROW-THIS-RACE?"

"'We've only our pocketknives,' reminded, going so limber I had to clutch his hysterical shoulder for support.

"'Shut up!' he roared. 'We have the ammonia guns. Quick! See if they are loaded!' Then, more slowly, 'If that bee would keep out of my head I'd teach 'em that the spirit of Spartacus still loafs about in old New

England.' "'Please be sane,' I begged, my head going cool again. 'A lion is all I "'Certainly not the innocent joility can stand. My gun's loaded.' And my heart gave a mighty thump as I yanked it forth and found its bulb filled to the limit with Tib's ex-special

brand of dope. "As he produced his pistol the fever returned, and he patted the barrel waggishly, and then mumbled, 'I only hope the lion that eats me won't ever fight or have any quarrels

with your lion.' "'There's only one,' I remonstrated,

slapping his shoulder. "'Very well,' the old chap assented, apologetically, 'if he comes one at a time he can never get through the door.'

"It was a mighty tough combination, you'll admit, sir—the lion and to inherit. 'Only one, remember,' I begged.

"'Just as you say, Billy, but I can

coming towards us; t'other ain't. Which shall we shoot at?' "And bless you, sir, there were two lions. I thought at first I'd caught his hallucinations and half expected to see a pink giraffe crawling up my shirt-sleeve. But it was real. The

loose another tease in the pen. "One at a time and a huge surprise for each,' cheered Tib, swerving on his pins a bit.

"But even this shadowy chance was eliminated, for as he spoke our hut ing lady, and we both bowed easily, story tenor as our guards silently vanished. The rascals had fastened a with a bright sparkle in our fickle, line to the top and had yanked the fever-lighted eyes; and Tib bowed meager shelter over the barrier, even more deeply with all his old-There we were in the open, with a time curtain grace, as Feeney, in pure fringe of black faces mocking us over

resentment, tried to bite his ax. the fence. "Tib stood with his mouth ajar in astonishment. Then he drew me torn from a materia medica. I reckon jumped enthusiastically up and down while I sat with despairing head enseveral times in an ecstasy of pique sconced in my hands. 'I guess my Don't try to humor me. Tell me the in the foreground, middle distance whirl and, forgetting their recent to virtue. Toronto Star.

jump possessed all of the hilarious energy of a fast-freight train. "'Oh, wagh!" yelled the spectators, as the dizzy pair sped by the second lion another shot.

quarter, with the favorite about to break. "'Hang on and sprint faster,' I encouraged, dancing wildly in my hys-

"'D'ye - think - I'm-trying-tothrow-this race?' retorted Tib, in cuffed only the elevations and his fat dreams. form snapped playfully into a horizon-

tal position. "Then from down the lists came a roar that re-echoed even above the hooting of the mob, and I turned to see the other cat, a female, smaller and maneless, bounding up the aisle. This nerved me to jump onto the race-track and send two shots full into the mouth of Tib's steed, and as the mischief-maker rolled over and sighed sleepily my old patron was flung at

my feet. "Number two didn't pause to indulge in any funny stunts. Disregarding all frills and fancy crouches, she gave one more bellow, and with her four legs flung wide, and the sun's rays turning her yellowish flanks to old gold, sprang for Tib. The old Tib's erratic delirium. It was more calmly planked her twice in mid-air chap, although panting heavily, trouble than an unmarried man ought and had a third prescription ready when she landed. And as the sleepgerms began to work, the spectators were simply swept off their feet, sir, see two, he insisted, mildly. 'One's to see their ill-advised lady mankiller trip a morris on her hind legs, spar at the atmosphere and then come

down with a crash. "My head was swimming dizzily, but I gave a cheer of defiance and, standing with one foot on the prostrate monarch, viewed with pardonaaudience, to enliven the scene, had let ble pride the paralyzed assemblage, while Tib copied my pose on No. 1.

"'Habet! habet!' cried Tib, grabbing me by the hand and leading me gracefully forward in front of Feeney's opera box as if I were the lead-

"Then the galleries began to cheer, dodge. realizing we were the best pages ever