



TALES OF ADVENTURE

TAKING A MAN KILLER.

In Portuguese East Africa, on the eastern shore of Lake Nyasa, nearly opposite to the island of Likoma, is a tract of land commonly known as the Kobwe district, and it is about six miles in all extent. At one of the villages, Ucheshi, in the portion of land called after the Kobwe River, a native was one day looking after the cattle of a neighboring chief, when a full-grown lioness in broad daylight attacked one of the cows which were feeding on the open plain near the waters of the lake. The herdsman at once went pluckily to the rescue, and with a native axe wounded the beast on the forehead, which turned on him and grabbed him by the thigh. However, he was able to free himself, and the lioness went off bleeding into the bush at the back. The man returned to the village, apparently not seriously injured, but toward evening suddenly collapsed and was buried the next morning.

Act two of the tragedy took place at night at Mlambe. Only in the last few years have the Portuguese officers of the district been engaged in collecting hut tax, and many of the people still try to avoid paying the same, for all youths who have hair growing under their armpits are reckoned to be of an age to pay, and women whose husbands are down south at the mines or are at work elsewhere are called upon to work at the Boma (Government residence), or to cut and bring in so many bundles of grass in lieu of hut tax, price 4s., or its equivalent in kind. Native policemen are sent round to villages and are told to raid the houses during the night for which no tax has been paid, and to bring all found therein to Boma. On this occasion three women, to avoid being taken, for the police were in the village, had passed the night in the reeds close to the shore, and almost in the rice fields. Just before sunrise they determined to return to their homes, and one of them stood up preparatory to start, when the lioness sprang upon her, but made off again, apparently frightened by the shrieks of the others and perhaps startled by the noise of men, who quickly began to appear on the scene, armed with native weapons. The woman was carried into a neighboring hut, where she shortly afterward expired.

In some parts the natives, who are very fond of the flesh of wild animals, will collect on a certain day in order to organize a big game drive. Men, women and children would go out onto the hills at the back, scattering in all directions, and then, tracing their way home, will gradually close in, singing, beating drums and sounding horns, until they have driven all before them into a small semi-circle, often a clump of bushes or reeds, the lake acting as a background to head of the game. When they had surrounded the reeds near Matakaka's village, and were preparing to enter to kill the game they had driven therein, one man shouted that the lioness was asleep within, apparently being gorged with food, having taken opportunity to help herself from the spoils of the drive. As it was getting toward dusk, the men determined to wait till the morning, so they collected all their fishing nets and surrounded the reeds, with their gear firmly fastened into the ground with poles, those who were bold enough sleeping outside with guns, spears, bows and arrows and axes.

In the morning they commenced to burn as much as would burn of the undergrowth, and to cut down what through dampness would not ignite, gradually reducing the space that contained her ladyship. Suddenly at one corner men fled, and one, by name William, tripped over the stump of a reed and was immediately seized by the pursuing brute. This rallied the others, who with guns and other weapons forced her to loose her hold and retreat into the small piece of cover still left. The lioness was bleeding from a gunshot, and on being still further harassed appeared in the open, wading out into the shallow water of the lake. Here she received two more wounds before she fell, and amid the shouts of the excited natives was dragged ashore, where she was cut open with much ceremony, and found to contain two cubs almost ready for birth. William, like the first man, seemed likely to get over his wounds, for he walked to his home; but he afterward likewise suddenly collapsed. The skin of the lioness with the axe mark on her forehead was taken to the Boma, and the district now lives in peace again.—London Field.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

An experience wherein phantoms presented themselves to view in prodigious numbers simultaneously is related by a young lady whose name, at her request, is withheld, the narrative being endorsed by her sister, who was with her at the time. She writes: "One autumn night my sister and myself, with our maid, were returning from evening service in the village church. There was a thick fog; the moon was full, but it made a sort of steam in the fog, instead of shining brightly. Suddenly I saw a man

at my sister's side, who had come there without making a sound. I pulled her sleeve, whispering, 'Let the man pass.' As I spoke the man disappeared. In another moment we were all bewildered at the sight around us. It was as if we were in a crowded street, innumerable figures surrounding us. Men, women, and children were moving briskly about, some singly, others in groups, but all without a sound. Some seemed to rise out of the grass on either side of us, others to pass through us and to come out on the other side. The women were dressed in bygone fashion, with high bonnets and shawls, and large ruffles on their dresses. There was one very tall man who took great strides, though perfectly noiseless; he wore a kind of cape. We approached our own gate, where we should turn in, and then we had a long driveway to walk up before we could reach the house. I think that by the time we had reached the gate all the figures had disappeared except this one tall man. He had quite a different look from any of the others—more horrible altogether. As we entered our gate, to our intense relief, he passed by along the road and vanished. Of course we were all very much frightened. The maid and my sister were crying aloud.

In a case like this, where the same spectral phenomena are witnessed by several persons, the value of the testimony, obviously, is multiplied a hundredfold. For, while one individual may be the victim of a hallucination, such an illusion can hardly be shared by many. What then, is to be said in answer to such evidence, furnished by deponents of unimpeachable character and reputation for truthfulness? To suppose that they are combining in the manufacture of a lie is scarcely reasonable.—Joseph M. Rogers, in Lippincott's.

BABY SAVED BY MIRACLE.

Almost through a miracle the life of a five months' old infant was saved at Willow Beach, Nahant, Mass., where it was discovered after it had apparently been thrown into the sea. The police are certain that someone, perhaps the child's mother, intended that it should die.

Chief of Police Larkin, who personally began an investigation after the finding of the waifling infant, is of the opinion that the baby was thrown into the water at a spot where there are a number of jagged rocks at the full flood tide. Instead of being washed out to sea the child was carried back toward the shore and landed between two of the rocks, where it became firmly wedged.

Every particle of clothing was water-soaked, and the child's face looked as if it long had been exposed to the water, but Larkin declares that it is not likely that it was thrown from any steamer. He does not believe the child would have floated long enough to reach the shore if it had come from the ship.

The young one's appearance is not that of a baby that has lacked anything in life. No clues to the identity of the would-be murderer have been discovered.

BOY'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

The four-year-old son of John Sharp Higham, M. P., has had a remarkable escape from death. He fell from an express train and though he received severe scalp wounds, does not appear to be injured seriously.

The boy was traveling with his mother from Liverpool to London. At Stafford tea was put into the carriage by a railroad employe, who neglected to fasten the door when he left the carriage. Presently the boy leaned against the carriage door, which flew open, and he fell backward on to the line. He is now being nursed at his home in Litchfield, and is doing well.

TWO GIRLS MET FIVE BEARS.

Miss Caroline S. Barnes, of Watkins, N. Y., and Miss Isabel M. Chandler, of Ithaca, N. Y., were much startled while walking down the mountain from Mount Elliot Springs, in Virginia, to come upon two old bears and three cubs feeding in a field. Not realizing the nature of the animals at first the young women approached, and one of the old animals, evidently thinking the intruders were after their cubs, showed fight. The young women ran screaming back to the hotel. Miss Barnes was completely overcome and required the services of a physician.

I CAUGHT HER LIKE A BALL.

Falling from a fourth-floor porch, two-year-old Vera Meese escaped uninjured in Chicago because her eight-year-old sister Gladys rushed beneath the falling child and caught her in her arms.

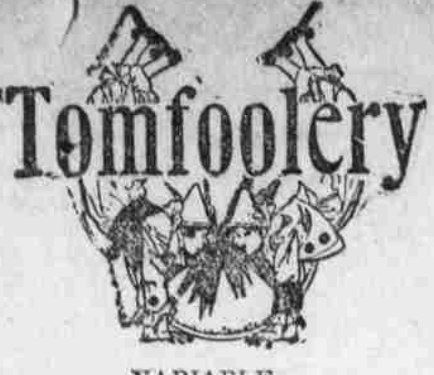
"I caught her just like a basketball," Gladys calmly explained after she had picked herself up unhurt from the ground on which she and the rescued baby had rolled.

Gladys' attention was attracted by the scream of a woman who lives in the third flat. She was on her back porch and saw the child fall from the top of the railing fifty feet to the back yard where Gladys was playing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Antediluvians.

A lady who kept poultry had, among others, some Andalusian fowls. One day she had one killed for dinner, and it proved to be a very tough bird. "Rachel," said the lady to her old servant, "what fowl is this? It seems an extremely ancient one."

"Well, mum," replied the servant, "no wonder; it's one of these there Antediluvians!"—Mark Lane Express.



Tomfoolery

VARIABLE.
What is the color of Mabel's hair?
Is it of chestnut auburn rare?
Maybe 'tis raven and shimmering black,
Or do golden rivulets hang down her back?
What is the color, I prithee say?
I haven't seen it since yesterday.
—The Cynic, in Town Topics.

TAINTED.

Mab—"Did she marry him for pure love?"
Chloe—"No; it was adulterated with money."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE SUDDEN SMITH.

Knicker—"I always said the Smiths were fools."
Bocker—"Yes, they went and named their baby for an early boom."—New York Sun.

NOT WHAT HE CAME FOR.

The Cop—"How did you come to get hit by the car?"
The Reub—"I didn't come ter git hit by no car—I come ter visit my son-in-law."—Cleveland Leader.

NOTHING DOING.

Beggs—"What do you say to your wife when you come home late at night?"
Jags—"Foolish man! What makes you think I get a chance to talk?"—Cleveland Leader.

ANATOMY.

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher.
"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot; "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."—Ladies' Home Journal.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

"I'm bad medicine," boasted the tough citizeen with the bulging hip pocket.
"Need to be shaken before being taken, eh?" queried the facetious copper, acting accordingly.—Philadelphia Ledger.

AFTER INSPECTION.

Caller—"I should think that your father's duties as building inspector would be awfully dangerous, going round unsafe buildings."
Small Son of the House—"Oh, no; he doesn't go near 'em till after they fall down."—Life.

NO ARGUMENT THERE.

Dolly—"No, I won't wash my face. I just hate to wash my face!"
Grandma—"Naughty, naughty! When I was a little girl I always washed my face."
Dolly—"Yes, an' now look at it!"—Cleveland Leader.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

Little Harold—"Mamma! Mamma—"Yes, child."
L. H.—"Do you still think that if I ate some of that pie in the closet it would make me sick?"
Mamma—"I certainly do, dear."
L. H.—"But it didn't."—Brooklyn Life.

RETRIBUTION AT HAND.

"Ouch!" complained the automatic scales in the railroad station, "these fat men will be the ruin of me. That last one simply put me on the bum."
"Well," replied the chewing gum machine, "now you can lie in weight for the next one."—Catholic Standard and Times.

ANOTHER SEA YARN.

Mr. Flatdwell (his first Atlantic voyage)—"Do you know, Mary, that this ship burns 400 tons of coal every day?"
Mrs. Flatdwell—"William Henry, have you been listing the janitor stuff you with any such fairy tale as that?"—Puck.

THE SECRET OUT.

Neighbors—"I have no secrets from my wife. I can tell her everything."
Nextdoor—"Yes, I know you do."
Neighbors—"How do you know it?"
Nextdoor—"Oh, your wife tells what you tell her to my wife and she tells me."—Chicago News.

A BIG LOSER.

Mrs. Myles—"I see the twenty-four-year-old son of a London dry goods man is a bankrupt, having managed to get rid of \$2,100,000 since he came of age."
Mrs. Styles—"Oh, well, boys will be boys."
Mrs. Myles—"Well, this looks as if a boy had an ambition to be a bridge whist player."—Yonkers Statesman.

PERHAPS.

"I went to a fortune teller yesterday," she said, with a cunning little giggle, "and what do you suppose she told me?"
He confessed that he was a poor guesser.
"Well, she said it would not be long before I would pass most of my time within the walls of a marble palace."
"Perhaps," he suggested, "you are going to become a clerk in one of our big department stores."—Chicago Record-Herald.



NEW ROYAL AUTHOR.

Queen Victoria of Spain is now to be added to the list of Europe's royal authors. She has produced a play in French which is to be acted this summer by noble amateurs at the royal villa at San Sebastian. The Queen inherits her literary gift from her mother, Princess Beatrice of England, who has written much. In her childhood the young Queen was a clever little actress, and her fondness for the stage has not diminished of recent years.—Leslie's Weekly.

WOMEN IN THINGS MUNICIPAL.

Professor Charles Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, was not a minute too soon in saying that women should be given certain places in the scheme of things municipal. Unlike many men who have advanced their theories, he will have an opportunity to see whether or not women are the ones to keep a city clean and healthful. Chicago has a woman as a member of the advisory committee of the board of health and another who wishes to serve as smoke inspector. If there is any truth in the professor's statements he should be able to prove it by the results here in Chicago.—Chicago Evening Post.

BABY'S FIRST STEPS.

The child at one year experiences little difficulty in learning to walk or to balance himself; he has no fear of hurting himself, for, if he topples over, he is so small and light the concussion is very slight, and apparently makes no impression. He immediately picks himself up and resumes his endeavors to balance himself, and with each effort gains more confidence. It is quite different with a child who has been withheld from the privilege of walking until he is a year and a half or two years old. The chances then are that he has grown heavy from lack of exercise, and at last, when allowed the use of his feet, is not sure of himself and fears a fall; or, from constant holding and fondling, the child may have become delicate. Lack of strength alone stands in the way of this child's walking.—Harper's Bazar.

THE TRAGEDY OF MARRIAGE.

If our home had been in New York instead of in a near-by suburb, I don't imagine for a moment that anything would have been changed by a hairbreadth. The tragedy of A and B goes on everywhere.

I shut my eyes to my own little tragedy for a long time, though there were signs enough to let me know that being with me wasn't any more the one thing in life that Joe wanted, whereas I, "poor wretch," wanted more than ever to be with Joe, though I instinctively tried not to make a nuisance of myself about it. If he got up from the room where we were sitting and went off to read his paper by himself, I used to try hard not to follow him, and that was precisely what I most wanted to do. I used to fairly hold myself in my chair so that Joe would be the one to come and look for me instead of following my instinct, which was to run down to the front gate and half way up the street to meet him. Until I learned, as I said before, to do without Joe, to fill up my life with other things, there was never a time, I suppose, not one single day, that I didn't hear the whistle of his train.—Harper's Weekly.

MERCY FOR MERE MAN.

Although Professor Armstrong's appeal before the British Association for mercy for mere man from advanced women aroused his audience to continued mirth, the subject is being discussed seriously by teachers and others. Mrs. Luther Gulick declares against college training for girls, writes the London correspondent of the New York Sun. She says: "I would not send my daughters to college, and, unlike many American women, I believe there will be a reaction against a college or university training for girls. Hardly more than fifty per cent. of them marry after such a training. Girls ought to go slowly through high school and then specialize in domestic training or something by which they could earn a living."

Mrs. Gulick is the wife of a well known educator who was at one time principal of the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Homan, an English educationist, holds a contrary view. She says the more educated a woman is the more she wants to learn. For this reason an educated woman makes the best housewife and the best mother.

Dr. Sinarro, professor at the University of Madrid, says the question has not arisen in Spain. Women there have only one idea, to be docile and obedient to their husbands. Woman's prestige in Spain depends principally upon whether she is pretty and whether men consider her so.

THE CABLADY OF PARIS.

I was being driven by the first cab lady in the world. We went down the boulevards and nobody noticed us. Not a soul was amused or interested. But a block in the traffic gave us and the street boy a chance at last. I caught a young eye beneath a cloth cap staring at us. Then came the young voice: "Where's the poor baby? Left at home sucking its poor bottle, I suppose. Shame!" Madam on the



MINT VINEGAR.

Fill loosely a large, wide mouth bottle with mint leaves. Pour in vinegar, cork securely, and let it remain for two or three weeks. Then pour off the vinegar into another bottle and keep corked until needed. This is a capital substitute for fresh mint when the latter cannot be obtained.

BOILED FROSTING.

Put one cupful of sugar and one-third of a cupful of boiling water in a saucepan, and stir, to prevent adhering to saucepan. Heat to boiling point, and boil without stirring until the syrup will thread. Pour gradually onto the beaten white of one egg, beating mixture constantly, and continue beating until of right consistency to spread. Add flavoring, one teaspoonful of vanilla or half a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and pour over the cake, spreading evenly with the back of a spoon.—Good Housekeeping.

FRUIT PUNCH.

Make a syrup by boiling four cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of sugar twenty minutes. Separate twelve sprigs of fresh mint in pieces, add one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water, cover, and let stand in a warm place ten minutes; then strain and add to syrup. Add one cupful of strawberry juice, one cupful of orange juice and the juice of eight lemons; then cool. Pour into a punch bowl, add one pint of grape juice, and chill with a large piece of ice; dilute with water. Garnish with fresh mint leaves and whole strawberries. Serve from a small table in punch glasses.—Busy Bee.

GOLDEN PUDDING.

Beat the yolks of three eggs light; add to them one rounding tablespoonful of butter, half a cupful of sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of milk, a few grains of salt, half a teaspoonful of lemon extract, three drops of nutmeg, one rounding teaspoonful baking powder with flour to make a batter as for a plain cake. Beat until smooth, add a cup of chopped and floured dates or raisins, place in buttered mould and steam about one hour. For snow sauce beat one cupful of milk, add to it half a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of cornstarch mixed with milk, salt to taste, and when cool stir in lightly the beaten whites of three eggs. Flavor with vanilla and serve either hot or cold.—Milwaukee Sentinel.



HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

Scalding hot milk is more effective in removing stains from linen or cotton fabrics than boiling water.

Put a pinch of salt into coal oil lamps for a more brilliant light. For a polish, rub the chimneys with fine salt.

Wring a cloth from vinegar and wrap it several thicknesses around cheese to keep it from moulding or drying.

Use adhesive plaster to fasten labels to cans or bottles. It is dangerous to leave either without being plainly labeled.

If the dining-room has become filled with cooking odors a few drops of the oil of lavender placed in a cup of boiling water will readily remove all traces of the cooking.

Melted beef drippings or tallow can be used in the place of paraffine over the top of jelly. Be sure when cold to cover the space around the edge where it has shrunk away from the glass.

Add half a teaspoon of salt to two quarts of water, or in that proportion, to the lower compartment of a double boiler; less time will be required to cook the contents of the lower one.

Chopped beef or pork cracklings are good to use in Indian bread, which is usually served warm, or they may be mixed with bread and mashed potato seasoned and fried like sausage.

To make perpetual paste, dissolve half an ounce of alum in two teaspoonfuls of boiling water, beat in an equal weight of flour, add a few drops of oil of cloves and let boil. This will keep for months.

Here is a good use for left-over oatmeal: Make a batter as for bread, add the oatmeal and beat in well. Put in a little lively yeast, and let stand over night. Add a little salt and soda and bake on a pancake griddle. An egg or two is an improvement.

An old-fashioned feather bed makes a good mattress. For a modern bedstead a few inches of ticking must be added to the width. Spread it on an extension table, and adjust the feathers evenly. With a darning needle and two strands of colored wrapping twine, tack evenly at rather short intervals, using a round piece of kid or soft leather at each place where the needle is inserted.