

USELESS PRESENTS FOR POPE

Embarrassing Gifts Made to the Vatican, Along with Many That Are of Great Value.

The occupant of the see of St. Peter is frequently the recipient of strange gifts.

Some time ago a present of lions arrived. These are fortunate animals, and the pope at considerable expense has had them secured in large dens, in which they can ramble at will. All they can desire is free run of the gardens.

Another remarkable gift, according to a Paris contemporary, was a colossal group in iron of St. X, driving back Attila from the city of Z. The names are purposely omitted because our contemporary does not wish to identify the diocese which in an inopportune moment of generosity forced upon his holiness this damosa hereditas, which now reposes, covered with rust, in vatican gardens.

Such gifts innumerable are constantly arriving from all part of the world, and no place can be found for them among the marbles, the antiques and the paintings of Michael Angelo, Raphael and Pinturicchio in the palace of Bramante. Possibly the motor car will find a place beside the nameless saint, who turned back "the scourge of God from the unnamed city."

Arab Horses Live Longest.

A remarkable contrast in the working life of horses is called to mind by the international show now in progress at Olympia. An English thoroughbred seldom lives to a ripe old age; 23, however, is not an exceptional age for an Arab steed.

Although he cannot compete with the English or American thoroughbred for speed, there is no horse in the world like the Arab for endurance and all-round fitness. Lord Roberts rode the same Arab through all his campaigns, covering in 22 years a distance of some 50,000 miles.

For the last 3,000 years horses in Arabia have been inured to hardy usage and very scanty feeding from earliest youth. Now they represent a splendid example of nature's hard rule—the survival of the fittest.

Breadth.

Breadth is for the present a masculine quality, though at any moment the word may be flashed out from Paris that the styles have changed. What is a broad man, then? Briefly, a man who goes out of his way to agree with us, as distinguished from the bigot who goes out of his way to disagree with our neighbor; our neighbor being one of those fellows who believe a great many things which are not only not so, but are furthermore at variance with the best scientific thought.

Blessed are the broad, for they shall be a credit to themselves and a solace to us.

His Sons All Police Officers.

Mr. Joseph Smith, a Westmoreland (Eng.) farmer, whose death is announced, leaves six sons and two daughters. All the six sons are in the police force and are all over six feet high. One son—the tallest, six feet 3 1/2 inches—is the chief constable of Kendal, another an inspector at Millom, a third a sub-inspector in the Liverpool city force and the remaining three are constables at York, Liverpool and Langwithby (Cumberland).

Value of X-Ray Pictures.

From a medico-legal viewpoint X-ray pictures are now considered indispensable evidence in damage suits for bone and joint injuries. Of great value, undoubtedly, but they lack the certitude attributed to them by the legal profession and the laity. X-ray pictures (radiograms) can now be instantaneously snap-shot in the hundredth part of a second with extremely powerful streams of X-rays.—New York Press.

Cap Denotes Matrimony.

In some parts of Germany the badge of a married woman consists of a little cap or hood, of which they are very proud, and "donning the cap" is a feature of the wedding day among the peasants of certain localities.

Heaviest Ship Afloat.

The heaviest ship afloat is the Rotterdam, a new Holland-American liner. Her gross tonnage is 25,000; she has 11 decks, and can accommodate 4,015 persons, passengers and crew. Her speed is 17 knots.

Few Rose to Prominence.

Of the 25,000 women who have qualified for the law in the United States, less than forty have become advocates in the Federal Supreme court.

Giant Halibut.

A halibut weighing 400 pounds has been received by a Billingsgate (Eng.) firm.

Rich Chinese in Syndicate.

Canton (China) merchants at home and abroad have formed a navigation association with \$4,000,000 capital, to run steamers, open a bank and an insurance company.

Increase in World's Gold.

The world's stock of gold money is practically 75 per cent. more than a decade ago.

Strong Anti-Tobacco League.

The Salvation Army of Europe has an anti-tobacco league of 55,000 persons.

Lion Hunting in the Molopo Country

By Percy Selous

Wherever guns are made and sold and game is hunted for the sake of the sport of it the name of Selous is familiar. The stories of his achievements circle the globe and tens of thousands of lesser hunters feel honored to have hunted with him on occasion or to have crossed his track or followed his trail. A confirmed nomad, a soldier of the chase by irresistible predilection, he has spent his life hunting, trapping and traveling, sometimes in the Canadian woods, sometimes in the forests of the Andes, sometimes in the passes of the Central Asian mountains, sometimes in the northern ice, sometimes in the African jungle, and the story of his hunting experiences is a romance of fact and adventure. A member of this famous family of hunters is accompanying Theodore Roosevelt into the jungles of East Africa.

WE HAD had very little sleep all night, owing to the prowling around and roaring of lions, attracted by the offal of a giraffe which I had shot the previous afternoon, and had had dragged bodily up to the wagon. The night was, however, so dark that I could not get a view, and, although I once thought I could make out the form of a lioness in the gloom, I concluded it was not best to fire, as, in the event of my only wounding her, she would have had much in her favor should she have attacked us in such darkness. I was not sorry when day broke, for the oxen and horses were very uneasy; but the skerm was good, having been strengthened a couple of days before, not that a lion, having once made up his mind to attack, would be kept out by such means. However, nothing occurred further than the roaring and, after a hurried breakfast of coffee and giraffe steak, I and Bob, one of the black boys, took up the spoor of the lion, which was plain enough about and around the camp.

All we had left of the giraffe was represented by a few splinters of bones which the hyenas had polished after the lion had gorged himself. For some distance along the river bank the country was pretty well wooded, whilst away to the north stretched the Kalahari, dotted here and there with scant timber clumps, but otherwise a vast sea of sand. I did not take my horse, as he was a bit stiff from the tumble of the day before; he had also somewhat renewed his lameness, which was scarcely to be wondered at, considering the country I had been galloping him over. The lion had made direct for a thick patch of thorns and had evidently laid up there. I had no dog. My last had been so injured by a Koodoo bull, which had literally disembowled him, that I had been compelled to shoot him. This was a greater loss to me than I can express, for a good terrier is simply invaluable.

On the Track of a Lioness.

The brush was so thick that it was next to impossible to get through it, and therefore, as it was clear around, and there was no fear of making a confession, I set fire to it as the best apparent means of ousting our game. Telling Bob, my Kafir driver, to keep close behind me, I went a little further round the cover and was just in time to see a lioness break away, but so far off that I did not fire, preferring to let her go, in hopes of getting a more favorable chance for a shot. By this time the blaze had got so powerful that we, too, were glad to get away from it; 140 degrees, or thereabouts, was sufficient of itself as a temperature, without additional warmth. The lioness made straight for another bit of brush, whither we went after her, and, though the thorns were quite thick enough, I decided to follow her in. My boy did not relish accompanying me, nor could I exactly blame him; for, though a fair hunter and a brave enough lad in ordinary, he did not like lions, his father having been killed and his brother badly mauled by one. It was rather difficult keeping her spoor, but after some trouble and considerable wear and tear, I espied her lying on a bare spot, watching me intently. Her head was resting between her paws and, as quickly as possible, I fired between her eyes, and could have sworn I planted the bullet there, for she was not above thirty paces from me. Turning to take my spare carbine from Bob, I found that he had vanished. But the lioness never stirred, and I was hurriedly reloading when she suddenly jumped up and dashed further into the thicket.

Unparliamentary language relieves the feelings, if nothing more; so, after having anathematized poor Bob, I once more plunged after the lioness, wondering how our next meeting would come off. There was plenty of blood, just where her head had lain, and also enough to guide me easily on the tracks she had taken. Indeed, before I was aware of it, I was almost on top of her. Stepping steadily back—she lay directly from me—I drew another bead between her ears at the base of her skull, and let fly. This time there could be no doubt as to its being effective, for, as I stood, I could see where the bullet bored right into her brain. The lioness never so much as moved, so I stepped up and examined her. My first bullet had struck her too low beneath the eyes to reach her brain. It had torn through the cartilage of the nose and down her throat, momentarily stunning and so stupefying her that her last rush was a random one; but she was dead, to all intents and purposes, and doubtless was not in need of my second ball. Her skin was simply of no value, and could only have been an eyesore, so I did not bother to take it off, only keeping her skull, and returned to the wagon to rate my heedless driver soundly.

Awakened by the Roar of a Lion.

My theory was that a lioness would probably not be altogether solitary, as is sometimes the case with animals of the male sex. Acting on this hypothesis, I determined to cast around and see if I could not make out further signs of lions. I did not need meat. There was plenty for some time, and the additional excitement attached to

will go farther before it succumbs. Of the tiger I cannot speak, but the leopard and the jaguar, as also the puma, or mountain lion, partake more of the "cat" tenacity of life than does the lion of South Africa.

Tracking on High Ground.

The spoor led away towards some higher ground, intertwined with a tangled growth of creepers, and which looked just like the kind of harbor my game would be likely to take refuge in. I even thought I could discern some moving objects there. Anyway I followed the spoor right to where I had calculated I should find recent traces of the lions if they had not left the vicinity, and suddenly in the sun, at full length among the rocky boulders, I came across one. As I approached, he lazily raised his head and looked at me, at the same time uttering a low growl, as if annoyed at my intrusion. As he did not seem inclined to move further, and must have descended and climbed the side of the little kloof which intervened between us before he could reach me, though I did not anticipate this, I walked on towards him, till I got to my side of the ravine, about thirty paces from him. He now seemed as if he had thought that he had permitted me to encroach far enough on his domain, and raised himself on his forequarters, the tip of his tail twitching in a manner which I knew meant mischief should I wound him. If he moved away I might not get a better chance, though I wished the distance had been



A MOMENT OF DEADLY PERIL DURING A HUNT.

hunting such game as I was after had a great fascination. It was no use my talking to Bob, and the other boy would probably have fled at the first sight of a lion, so I started off myself and tramped about until I was pretty well exhausted, without finding any further indications of "isiluan." Much disgusted, I returned to camp, pleased that I had not decided to inspect and trek farther, without satisfying myself that I had not passed a lion by; for I meant moving as soon as ever the moon was old enough to guide us at all. That evening I whittled away the time while daylight lasted in cleaning the skull of the lioness and entering up my diary for the last week or so. My clothing also sadly needed patching up after the wait-a-bit thorns of the day before. Then I turned in early and was soon in the realm of dreamland, to be awakened by the unmistakable roar of a lion.

I had been right after all, but only felt half pleased at being disturbed. There was nothing for it but to mount guard again, and another broken night's rest was the consequence. Still the animals did not seem to approach any nearer. By the sound they were evidently close by the water. As soon as the morning snack was over I set the boys to work to get everything in readiness for inspecting, and started off once again, this time keeping close along the bank of the river as the most likely way of coming across the spoor of the lion. I still thought it prudent to rest my horse, as when we got farther out into the veldt I should find it much more difficult to dispense with him than where I then was, with pretty well of cover. A couple of miles down the river I found where the lions had been drinking. There were several of them—three, anyway, as I could distinguish from the pug marks—two full-grown ones and a cub, or cubs.

This discovery caused me to reflect a bit as to the wisdom of proceeding single-handed. However, I must either give up the idea of the hunt altogether, or tackle them myself; for I had no confidence in the boys at such work, and I would much rather be without them than with them. Yet I felt it was a risky undertaking and recollections of a previous encounter in which I had been knocked senseless by a lion in a death charge fitted through my brain. If I had only had a dog I should not have thought anything of it, but my doubts were speedily dismissed and I stepped briskly forward. A lion dies a lot easier than a grizzly bear or a jaguar, as I had proved, and even a deer with a bullet through its heart

pen, and I believe she would have gone quietly away and taken her cubs with her, if I had not interfered. The tenets ventilated by a certain explorer of prominence, who evidently considers it a heinous crime to kill lions and similar gentle, useful creatures, had not then come to my knowledge, nor that they would have influenced me a bit, if such had been the case, and her rich, tawny skin was sufficient temptation for me; so I aimed at her throat, which presents a much easier and safer mark than that of the lion, with its matted and tangled mane, sufficient at times to offer considerable impediment to a bullet. She must have raised her head as I fired, for my ball passed harmlessly by; fortunately, too, for me, missing the youngster immediately behind her, or a pretty hullabaloo might have been the result. All the same, I was in no enviable position, with my carbine empty, in close proximity to these three cats. I followed the old adage of keeping my eye intently fixed on that of the lioness; whether that had anything to do with her refraining from charging I will not pretend to say, but she did remain still whilst I mechanically reloaded and as she chancely brought up my weapon. Taking more careful aim this time, I potted her right in her white cravat, sending her in a somersault over the young ones to their no little astonishment, and, what with the roaring of the lioness and the row made by the cubs, there was quite a Bedlam. Then, appearing to realize their danger, they

DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope for Despairing Ones.

Kidney trouble makes weak, weary, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, languor, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Ailing kidneys are the cause. Cure them. Mrs. S. D. Ellison, N. Broadway, Lamar, Mo., says: "Kidney trouble wore me down till I had to take to bed. I had terrible pains in my body and limbs and the urine was annoying and full of sediment. I got worse and doctors failed to help. I was discouraged. Doan's Kidney Pills brought quick relief and a final cure and now I am in the best of health." Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GOT HIM!



Gertrude—The man I marry must be a genius.
Bertie—Thank heaven we have met!

A Realist.

"I am a great believer in realism," remarked the poet.

"Yes," he queried with a rising inflection, thereby giving him the desired opening.

"I sometimes carry my ideas of realism to the ridiculous extreme," continued the poet.

"Indeed!" we exclaimed inane, somewhat impatient to reach the point of his witticism.

"Yes," continued the poet, "the other day I wrote a sonnet to the gas company and purposely made the meter defective."

At this point we fainted.

The Newer Way.

Many ideas in regard to women have entirely changed, and among the better and wiser changes is that old thought that the women who were given to good works must needs be dowdy. It is undeniable that "good" women used to wear dowdiness as a sort of hall mark of virtue. As a matter of fact, dowdiness is merely a mark of bad taste and a sign of some lack in the mind. Women are no longer lacking in the wisdom that chooses pretty rather than ugly clothing, and those who do not make the best of their appearance are losing a golden opportunity of giving pleasure.

Look at the Names.

In 4 A. D. Fearaidhach-Fionnashna was an Irish king, a "most just and good prince," who was slain by his successor, Fiachadh-Fionn, who was treated to a similar fate by Finchadh-Fionnuidh, "the prince with the white cows," who died at the hands of "the Irish plebeians of Connaught." Eochair-Moldmoedhan was one of the half dozen who died of natural causes, and Flaithheartagh was one of the two to resign the monarch's scepter for the monk's cowl.—New York Press.

Could She?

"When women get to voting," said the man, "they will have a great many more calls than they now have to put their hands in their pockets and give money to further important causes."

The woman looked thoughtful. "I'm always willing, of course," she said, "to give money for a good cause, but as for putting my hand in my pocket—"

BAD DREAMS Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare."

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions."

"I was astonished at the flavor and taste. I entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wean every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug—ordinary coffee."

"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of it would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned."

"A young lady friend of ours had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit coffee and began the use of Postum and is now perfectly well. Yours for health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Underground Passages.

Underground passages for pedestrians are to be built at various points beneath the Champs Elysees, Paris, which the constant stream of motor cars now renders impassable from morning till evening. The congestion of other Paris streets also has grown to an alarming extent and all thoroughfares round the opera are blocked with the traffic for hours morning and afternoon. If the Champs Elysees tunnels prove a success others will be excavated in the center of Paris and foot passengers will in future cross not over the streets, but under them. It had been hoped to build the approaches to the Champs Elysees underground passages in inclined planes, down which perambulators could have been rolled easily. But this has been found too costly and only staircases will be provided.

Peat Gas a Cheap Fuel.

The United States government through the geological survey is endeavoring to work up interest in the subject of peat as a fuel, and it is asserted that gas made from peat compares a fuel that is cheaper than the power of Niagara Falls. There are between 2,000 and 3,000 square miles of peat in the western part of New York which is now regarded as worthless, and it is the object of the government officials to make this and other similar lands productive.

New Zealand is Healthy.

New Zealand's population at the close of last year was estimated at 1,030,000, the death rate being only 9.27 a thousand.

Getting a Lioness with Her Cubs.

I don't think she meant charging, however; one can tell intuitively pretty correctly when this is going to hap-