A Tale of Three Lions

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"'She will be back again presently,' I said; 'look out, but for heaven's sake don't fire unless I tell you to.'

"Hardly were the words out of my mouth when back she came, and again passed the ox without striking him.

"'What on earth is she doing?' whispered Harry.

"'Playing with it as a cat does a mouse, I suppose. She will kill it presently.'

"As I spoke, the lioness once more flashed out of the bush, and this time sprung right over the doomed ox. It was an exciting sight to see her clear him in the bright moonlight, as though it were a trick she had been taught.

"'I believe that she has escaped from a circus,' whispered Harry; 'It's jolly to see her jump.'

"I said nothing, but I thought to myself that if it was, Master Harry did not appreciate the performance, and small blame to him. At any rate, his teeth were chattering a bit.

"Then came a longish pause and I began to think that she must have gone away, when suddenly she appeared again, and with one mighty bound landed right on to the ox, and struck it a frightful blow with her paw.

"Down it went, and lay on the ground. She put down her wicked-looking head, with a fierce growl of contentment. When she lifted her muzzle again and stood facing us obliquely, I whispered, 'Now's our time, fire when I do.'

"I got on her as well as I could, but Harry, instead of waiting for me as I told him, fired before I did, and that of course hurried me. When the smoke cleared, however, I was delighted to see that the lioness was rolling about on the ground behind the body of the ox, which covered her in such a fashion, however, that we could not shoot again to make an end of her.

"'She's done for! she's dead!' yelled Pharaoh, in exultation; and at that very moment the lioness, with a sort of convulsive rush, half rolled, half sprung, into the patch of thick bush to the right. I fired after her as she went, but so far as I could see without result; indeed the probability is that I missed her clean. At any rate she got to the bush in safety, and once there, began to make such a diabolical noise as I never heard before. She would whine and shriek, then burst out into perfect volleys of roaring that shook the whole place.

"'Well,' I said, 'we must just let her roar; to go into that bush after her at night would be madness.'

"At that moment, to my astonishment and alarm, there came an answering roar from the direction of the river, and then another from behind the swell of bush. Evidently there were more lions about. The wounded lioness redoubled her efforts, with the object, I suppose, of summoning the others to her assistance. At any rate they came, and quickly too, for within five minutes, peeping through the bushes of our skerm fence, we saw a magnificent lion bounding along toward us, through the tall tamboulin grass, that in the moonlight, was now very like ripening corn. On he came in great leaps, and a glorious sight it was to see him. When within fifty yards or so, he stood still in an open space and roared, and the lioness roared to, and then there came a third roar, and another great black-maned lion stalked majestically up, and joined number two, and really I began to realize what Jim-Jim must have undergone.

"'Now, Harry,' I whispered, 'whatever you do, don't fire, it's too risky. If they let us be, let them be.'

"Well, the pair of them marched off to the bush, where the wounded lioness was now roaring double tides, and the whole three of them began to snarl and grumble away together there. Presently, however, the lioness ceased roaring, and the two lions came out again, the black-maned one first—to prospect, I suppose—and walked to where the carcass of the ox lay, and sniffed at it.

"'Oh, what a shot!' whispered Harry, who was trembling with excitement.

"'Yes,' I said; 'but don't fire; they might all of them come for us.'

"Harry said nothing, but whether it was from the natural willfulness of youth, or because he was thrown off his balance by excitement, or from sheer recklessness, I am sure I can not tell you, never having been able to get a satisfactory explanation from him; but at any rate the fact remains, he, without word or warning, entirely disregarding my exhortations, lifted up his Westley Richards, and fired at the black-maned lion, and, what is more, hit it slightly on the flank.

"Next second there was a most awful roar from the injured brute. He glared around him, and roared with pain for he was sadly stung, and then before I could make up my mind what to do, the great black-maned brute, evidently ignorant of the cause of his pain, sprung right at the throat of his companion, to whom he evidently attributed his misfortune. It was a curious sight to see the evident astonishment of the other lion at this most unprovoked assault. Over he rolled with an angry roar, and on to him sprang the black-maned demon, and commenced to worry him. This finally awoke the yellow-maned lion to a sense of the situation, and I am bound to say that he rose to the occasion in a most effective manner. Somehow or other he got to his feet, and, roaring and smarting frightfully, closed with his mighty foe. And then ensued a scene that absolutely baffles description. You know what a shocking thing it is to see two large dogs fighting with abandonment. Well, a whole hundred of dogs could not have looked half so terrible as those two great brutes as they rolled and roared and rent in their rage. It was an awful and a wonderful thing to see the great cats tearing at each other with all the fierce energy of their savage strength, and making the night hideous with their heart-shaking noise. And the fight was a grand one, too. For some minutes it was impossible to say which was getting the best of it, but at last I saw that the black-maned lion, though he was slightly the bigger, was failing. I am inclined to think that the wound in his flank crippled him. Anyway he began to get the worst of it, which served him right, as he was the aggressor. Still I could not help feeling sorry for him, for he had fought a gallant fight when his antagonist finally got him by the throat, and, struggle and fight as he would, began to shake the life out of him. Over and over they rolled together, an awe-inspiring spectacle, but the yellow boy would not loose his hold, and at length poor black-mane grew faint, his breath came in great snores and seemed to rattle in his nostrils, then he opened his huge mouth, gave the ghost of a roar, quivered, and was dead.

"When he was quite sure that the victory was his own, the yellow-maned lion loosened his grip and sniffed at his fallen foe. Then he licked the dead lion's eye, and next, with his fore feet resting on the carcass, sent up his own chant of victory, that went rolling and pealing down the dark ways of the night in all the gathered majesty of sound. And at this point I interfered. Taking a careful sight at the center of his body, in order to give the largest possible margin for error, I fired, and sent a .570 express bullet right through him, and down he dropped dead upon his mighty foe.

"At that, fairly satisfied with our performances, we slept peacefully till dawn, leaving Pharaoh to keep watch in case any more lions should take it into their heads to come our way.

"When the sun was fairly up we arose, and very cautiously proceeded—at least Pharaoh and I did, for I would not allow Harry to come—to see if we could see anything of the wounded lioness. She had ceased roaring immediately on the arrival of the two lions, and had not made a sound since, from which we concluded that she was probably dead. I was armed with my express, while Pharaoh, in whose hands a rifle was indeed a dangerous weapon—to his companions—had an ax. On our way we stopped to look at the two dead lions. They were magnificent animals, both of them, but their pelts were entirely spoiled by the terrible mauling they had given to each other, which was a sad pity.

In another minute we were following the blood spoor of the wounded lioness into the bush, where she had taken refuge. This, I need hardly say, we did with the utmost caution; indeed, I for one did not at all like the job, and was only consoled by the reflection that it was necessary and that the bush was not thick. Well, we stood there, keeping as far from the trees as possible, and poking and speering about, but no lioness could we see.

"'She must have gone away somewhere to die, Pharaoh,' I said in Zulu.

"'Yes, Inkoos' (chief), he answered, 'she has certainly gone away.'

"Hardly were the words out of his mouth when I heard a most awful roar, and looking around saw the lioness emerge from the very center of a bush just behind Pharaoh in which she had been curled up. Up she went on to her hind legs, and as she did so I saw that one of her fore paws was broken near the shoulder, for it hung limply down. Up she went towering right over Pharaoh's head, as she did so lifting her uninjured paw to strike him down. And then, before I could get my rifle round or do anything to avert the coming catastrophe, the Zulu did a very brave and clever thing. Realizing his own imminent danger, he bounded to one side, and then, swinging the heavy ax round his head, brought it right down onto her back, severing the vertebrae and killing her instantaneously. It was wonderful to see her collapse all in a heap like an empty sack.

"'My word, Pharaoh,' I said, 'that was well done, and none too soon.'

"'Yes,' he answered, 'it was a good stroke, Inkoos. Jim-Jim will sleep better now.'

"Then, calling Harry to us, we examined the lioness. She was old, if one might judge from her worn teeth, and not very large, but thickly made, and must have possessed extraordinary vitality to have lived so long, shot as she was; for, in addition to her broken shoulder, my express bullet had blown a great hole in her that one might have put one's fist into.

"Well, that is the story of the death of poor Jim-Jim and how we avenged it, and it is rather interesting in its way, because of the fight between the two lions, of which I never saw the like in all my experience, and I know something of lions and their ways."

"And how did you get back to Pilgrims' Rest?" I asked hunter Quatermain when he had finished his yarn.

"Ah, we had a nice job with that," he answered. "The second ox died and so did another, and we had to get on as best we could with the three remaining ones harnessed unicorn fashion, while we pushed behind. We did about four miles a day, and it took us nearly a month, during the last week of which we pretty well starved."

"I notice," I said, "that most of your trips ended in disaster of some sort or another, and yet you went on making them, which strikes one as a little queer."

"Yes, I dare say; but then remember I got my living for many years out of hunting. Besides, half the charm of the thing lay in the dangers and disasters, though they were terrible enough at the time. Another thing is, they were not all disastrous. Sometime, if you like, I will tell you a story of one which was very much the reverse, for I made four thousand pounds out of it, and saw one of the most extraordinary sights a hunter ever clapped his eyes on."

REBUILDING NOSES.

Aluminium as a Foundation and How It Is Used.

In this era of reconstruction through which New York is passing even noses come in for their share of remodeling and rebuilding, says the New York Tribune. So many people are afflicted with a disfiguring disease which eats away the nose and face that "plastic surgery" has felt called on to find means to restore broken or decayed noses to their original beauty, or even to improve on that. Dr. Robert Weir was among the first to discover a practical solution. He experimented with some success in transplanting bones of living fowl to the human face. One of his earlier operations was conducted in a stuffy little Harlem flat. His patient was stretched on the table under ether; her face was laid open and streaming blood, but the duck, not receiving due attention, had escaped unnoticed from the assistant. "Now, doctor," said Dr. Weir to a dignified participant, "oblige me by half-killing that bird and let me have about three inches from its breast bone for this girl's nose." Amid the grewsome surroundings there were ten minutes of rigorous exercise in catching the bird and reducing it to a state of insensibility. Since then he has dispensed with live birds and has turned his attention to gutta percha, rubber, silver and gold for nose bridges. All these failed because electrical action was generated, requiring further operations. Finally, pure aluminum was resorted to with satisfactory results. Now the nose bone is made of that metal. It has a stout hook at the upper end by which it is secured to the base of the forehead, while the other end is held out from the face by two short legs terminating in sharp spikes which are anchored in the bone. There is no necessity for ugly scars, because the operation is carried on entirely beneath the skin. A long incision is made under the upper lip above the teeth, so that the whole flap of the face can be turned back like a mask or an old glove. Then when the metal framework is secured the skin is drawn down again and the nose tissue is shaped into a Grecian, Roman or pug nose, as desired. Seven years ago Dr. Weir got his first ideas from French publications, but has since made many modifications and improvements. Other prominent surgeons have followed his example, such as Dr. Abbe, Dr. Powers of Denver and Dr. Knight. The operation is comparatively simple and all have succeeded in restoring noses, which, if they are not of service in distinguishing bad odors from good, are at least beautiful in looking natural.

STOLE A STONE WALL.

It Surrounded a Cemetery—Live Fishes Also Become Booty.

Two of the most unique cases of thieving on record are being investigated in Haverhill, Mass., says the New York Press. One is the stealing of 15,000 live fish and the other the theft of a big stone wall surrounding the cemetery of the Hebrew Burial association. This is the first instance ever chronicled of the larceny of a stone wall from a graveyard. Last fall Charles Goodrich constructed an artificial lake on his estate and stocked it with "shiners" which he intended to sell this winter. Yesterday he had the sale and went in search of the fish, but found that they had all gone. The lake was still there, and as there is no outlet there was only one explanation of the mystery.

The Hebrew Burial association purchased twenty acres of land near the Whittier homestead two years ago. It inclosed the lot with a stone wall. The wall has taken wings just as mysteriously as did the fish in the artificial lake.

The members of the association claim that the stones were taken when the Millvale reservoir was built, and they say that they will bring suit against the water board. The members of the board, however, deny that they touched the stones at all and say that they got their stone from a lot of land which they purchased.

The stolen wall was about half a mile long. It is estimated that there was nearly 1,000 cords of stone in the wall. Haverhill thieves have certainly selected strange booty. What have they done with it? Where could they hide it? The folk of Haverhill say that a man who will steal the fence from a graveyard will hesitate at nothing.

A Married Man.

Merchant Tailor—Good morning, Mr. Truepay. What can I do for you this morning? Mr. Truepay—I want a suit of clothes. "Yes, sir. John, the tape and book, please." "Eh? Ready-made?" "Yes—a cheap one." "Certainly—certainly. Right this way, please. I hadn't heard of your marriage."—New York Weekly.

For Fun.

Theatergoer (to professional claqueur)—Why don't you applaud this piece? Don't you think it's excellent? "Oh, yes, but I am here only for fun to-day."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Major McKinley will be the third Methodist president.—Philadelphi Press.

PUSHING THE TARIFF

THE DINGLEY BILL THE CHIEF SUBJECT OF INTEREST.

Working Men and Farmers Arguing Its Passage—Importers and Foreigners Fighting It—A Great Boon for the Working People.

The only persons who are expressing dissatisfaction with the new tariff bill are the foreigners and importers. Germany, Canada, England and other foreign countries are scolding about the Dingley bill; so is the Reform Club of New York, which is made up principally of importers. The chief objection offered to the bill is that it is a bill. The people want it to become an act and that very promptly.

Capital Awaiting Investment.

Millions of capital is now awaiting the action of Congress on the tariff bill. Its enactment will be a signal for activity among the factories of the east, and the beet growing sections of the west, in the cotton fields and factories of the south, in the manufacturing establishments of the Mississippi valley and on the fertile fields of the Pacific slope.

Earnings Already Increasing.

One hundred thousand dollars a day is a neat sum to add to the earnings of the working people of one state in six months' time. The Labor Bureau of Pennsylvania reports one hundred thousand more men employed in that state today than were so employed prior to the election of McKinley. This means one hundred thousand dollars a day increased earnings by them, to say nothing of the increased wages paid to those who were employed, or working on short time. Multiply this by the number of states or by their proportionate populations and you get a practical demonstration of the improvement going on in business since the election of last November, which assured a protective tariff and increase in employment.

The Free Coinage Democrats Depressed.

Ex-Candidate Bryan, who has been in Washington the last few days, admitted to his friends that the silver developments of the past few months have been very damaging to the cause. Had they occurred in the five months preceding it, the collapse of their silver proposition would have been much more complete and crushing than it was. Japan, Russia and China, to which they constantly referred as the chief props in support of their silver theories, have all, since the election, announced their desertion of the silver standard. This leaves Mexico and South American countries about the only ones now maintaining the standard of the white metal and several of these are making preparations to go to the gold standard as quickly as possible.

It was a mean thing on the part of the people of the empire of Japan to let the people of the United States go all through the agonies of the campaign, looking to them as a great silver people, when they had already made up their minds to adopt the gold standard. The latest advices from that country show that the proposition for the adoption of the gold standard had been under consideration for two years and that the officials of the nation had practically determined to adopt it during the very time that the people of this country were looking upon them as the most ardent advocates of silver. A hint as to their plans would have saved much of the worry and speech-making in the late election in the United States.

Mad Importers.

The importers of the country are mad as so many wet hens. They expected to make millions out of their excessive importations prior to the final enactment of the Dingley bill, but the retrospective clause introduced at the last moment and passed by the house has upset their plans completely. Their hope of being able to import hundreds of millions of dollars worth of goods during the discussion of the bill in the senate is gone, and they will not be likely to add materially to the enormous stocks of goods which they had already brought in to escape payments of increased rates of duties.

The South for Protection.

No tariff bill ever passed in Congress received as many southern votes as did the one which has just passed the house. Twenty-five republicans, five democrats and one populist, from the south, supported the Dingley bill in the house, and the other populists from that section declined to vote against it. Protection in the south has made wonderful strides in the last few years and will continue in the same line.

Factory smoke breeds republicanism. The springing up of factories throughout the south has been followed by a growth of protective sentiment and republican membership in congress from that section. More than thirty votes from the south were cast for a protective tariff measure in the house and the southern states had thirty-three republican members in last congress, while in no preceding congress had the party been represented by more than half that number from that section. When Democrats from North and South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas joined with the republicans in supporting protective views and a protective tariff bill, there can remain no doubt of the growth of republican principles in that section.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

Prosperity Is Returning.

Prosperity cannot be restored to this country in a day, in a year—or perhaps for several years. To understand this fully, we should consider the great obstructions which lie in the pathway of those who have undertaken the herculean task of restoring the country to its normal conditions. The pathway to success in this effort is rendered almost impassable by the wreckage of our industries; the arteries of trade and commerce are choked up with foreign and deleterious substances; the very life blood of the nation is poisoned with potions administered by alien enemies.

We stand at the dead line of national bankruptcy and general demoralization. True, we have retraced our steps, under the guidance of a wise and skillful leader. But it is always easier to descend than to ascend a hill. It is a long and tedious road to the summit of Mount Prosperity. It was a good deal easier for the Israelites to get into Egypt than to get out again. So it was a good deal easier to ruin our industries than it will be to rehabilitate them. Yet we have a Moses who will lead us safely through the Red Sea, and although the journey to the promised land may be attended with many dangers and hardships, and though a silver calf may be set up to seduce people away from the true way, or brazen serpents may be set up to avenge disobedience, our intrepid leader will smite the rock for the thirsty, and, if we are guided by the light of faith and intelligence, we shall eventually reach the land of corn and wine.—Cleveland World.

Japan and Silver.

In adopting a monetary system which will keep both gold and silver in circulation, Japan has destroyed the frightful proportions of the scare which the advocates of free silver coinage had prepared by representing that by being on a silver basis Japan would capture our markets if we did not adopt silver monometallism, which Mr. Bryan mistakes for bimetallism. A year ago quite a number of people were mystified by the story of the great prosperity of Japanese manufacturers under a silver basis, and it was said that the same prosperity would come to us if we should legislate so that silver would be the monetary standard. Japan was paying much less wages in silver than was being paid in gold in the United States. Under such conditions there could be no mystery in the statement that the manufacturers of cotton goods in Japan could make very much more money to each thousand spindles than was being made by manufacturers paying more wages on the gold basis. It was not the mysterious potency of silver which caused manufacturers to thrive in Japan, but the plain fact that in paying wages in silver they paid in money of half purchase power. The manufacturers who have a market and pay only a quarter as much wages as their competitors will make money where the others will fail. And that was the reason for the prosperity in Japan for the limited number having capital invested in cotton mills. But for the thousands who worked in the mills nothing was said, but people were left to infer that they shared this prosperity when, as a matter of fact, they worked for very low wages and subsisted on rice and on otherwise scanty diet.

All this has been changed. Japan has declared for the coinage of both metals on the ratio of 33 to 1. The value of the silver wages of a year ago has been doubled.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Dingley Tariff.

The punctual passage of the Dingley tariff by a solid republican vote is something more than mere proof of the excellence of the party discipline. It is more than proof of admirable party leadership. It is a token of the splendid unity of purpose of the republican congressmen, who, differing, perhaps, as to some details of the Dingley bill, are one in their loyal approval of its great principles and purposes. This absolute unanimity in support of a measure so complicated and so important is extraordinary in the annals of legislation.—Boston Journal.

In the Interests of Honest Manufacture

To build up the American manufacture of woolen goods has been one of the hardest tasks met in all the thirty-six years of protection. It is the judgment of the ablest and most experienced men, after many years of only partial success, that there has never been a tariff on woolens which had not weak and vulnerable points. A duty of 50 per cent on steel rails cannot be evaded. But a duty of 10 per cent on many kinds of woolen cloths is of no effect whatever, if the foreign maker can produce what appears to the ordinary consumer the very same cloth, by use of shoddy, at half former cost. It is the deliberate purpose of the Dingley bill to make impossible this destruction of American manufacture by importations of swindling products of shoddy.—New York Tribune.

It Guards Great Interests.

In the arrangements necessary to secure sufficient revenue the committee, it is gratifying to know, has not lost sight of the relations of a wise tariff system to the attainment of the highest possible material life of the nation. The framing of a tariff in one sense is the building of the nation. A bill of this kind should be so constructed as to secure the nation in times of war, both in its means of defense and of industrial independence. It should consider its position among other nations. It should endeavor to encourage all the arts which fortify, enrich and adorn, give employment in skilled labor and extend in every possible way the comfort and welfare of all the people. To show how momentous to these interests are the questions involved in such a tariff revision as that just completed by the ways and means committee I have prepared a statement of the productive industrials of the country for five decades, all of which are affected in some way by the bill under consideration. Until the sudden revulsion of our industrial progress, soon after the advent of the free trade administration, March 1893, our industrial advance had been as follows:

Year.	Number Employed.	Wages Paid.	Value of Product.
1850	957,059	$ 236,755,464	$1,019,106,616
1860	1,311,246	378,878,966	1,885,861,676
1870	2,053,996	775,584,343	4,232,325,442
1880	2,732,959	947,919,674	5,369,667,706
1890	4,476,884	2,171,750,183	9,056,764,996

Nearly five times as many employed in our industries and nine times the annual wages paid and value of product is the measure of the forty years of progress.—Robert P. Porter.

England Don't Like It.

The soul of the London Times is harrowed up because the United States is about to make "a long backward stride." What we are about to do is going to result in "serious annoyance and derangement of business for exporters, as well as a corresponding loss for Americans themselves." This is what makes it so bad, we are all going to ruin together.

The trouble is that we are about to enact another tariff law on protective lines. We have done this before and always have stirred up the British lion by doing it. Not to go very far back in our history, when the McKinley law of 1890 was passed, the London Times and other free trade interests foresaw destruction of this great republic. Our history tells that the McKinley tariff act did not destroy the country; on the contrary it was under that law that we saw the very best times in the history of the country.

It is easy to understand what is the matter with John Bull. He is nursing an acute case of disappointment. The Democrats have disappointed him some by not going the full length of the tether, but he consoled himself with their promise to go further the next time. They promised him to carry the election of 1896, after which they were going to give him some more big slices off the large American loaf.

In the making of the Republican tariff bill, which has a good prospect to become a law, John Bull realizes the full measure of his bitter disappointment. The hand of Dingley is not the hand of Wilson, nor does President McKinley share the tariff views of President Cleveland.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

All Industries Ask Protection.

For the first time since 1816 every employment of the American people is united in a common recognition of the importance and value of a reasonable discrimination by our laws in favor of our own people—the farmer, because nearly everything that he has for sale must be sold here or not sold at all; the manufacturer, because he has found it impossible to sell home-made goods in a market place that has already bought itself poor at the "bargain counters" of Europe and Asia; and commerce, because a nation like this that goes past the closed doors and broken window-lights of its own factories to the end of the earth for what it buys, is in a condition that is completely fatal to all commerce, domestic and foreign.—Congressman Dolliver in House of Representatives.

The Wail of the Mugwamps.

The Mugwump press profess great indignation over the Republican program to pass a new tariff law. Those gentlemen who are too good to unite with any political party say that Democratic McKinley votes were won by false pretenses, that they were swindled, etc. These assertions are without the least foundation. The platform upon which McKinley stood declared most emphatically for protection. Not another plank in the platform was more distinct and emphatic. That platform declared emphatically and unmistakably in favor of "the policy of protection."—Youngstown Telegram.

Democratic Tariff a Failure.

The Democratic party which is criticising the Dingley bill could do so with some effect perhaps if it had ever framed a tariff bill which brought either revenue or protection. The trouble with Democratic tariffs is they are good for neither one thing nor the other. Nobody can tell what they were framed for. It is a difficult task to devise a bill which will produce both revenue and protection, but intelligent, unbiased persons will be apt to accept the Republicans' opinion that this measure will do both these things.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Turn the Thumbscrews on the Senate.

It is on the senate that public attention must now be concentrated. The inherent, exasperating procrastination of that unwieldy body must be overcome by the irresistible pressure of popular sentiment. The effort of the rabid free trade opposition will be to prolong the debate on every conceivable pretext and postpone the return of the general prosperity which is sure to deal the final death blow to the free trade propaganda.

This fatuous policy of delay cannot be tolerated. There is too much at stake.—Boston Journal.

Why the Germans Kick.

The Germans in Germany are not in favor of the Dingley tariff bill, which is the expression of the protective policy of the McKinley administration. Why this opposition? Simply because the German manufacturers prefer to have us for customers, and are sharply against our management of our own affairs so as to give our manufacturers protection against foreign labor and our farmers' markets at home. Come to think of it, it is very simple.—Standard Union.