

A Tale of Three Lions

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"So we went down to the beautiful spot that I have described, to wash. I was the first to reach it, which I did by scrambling down the ferny bank. Then I turned round, and started back with a yell, as well I might, for from almost beneath my feet there came a most awful snarl.

"I had lit down almost upon the back of the lioness, who had been sleeping on the slab where we stood to dry ourselves after bathing. With a snarl and a growl, before I could do anything, before I could even cock my rifle, she had bounded right across the crystal pool, and vanished over the opposite bank. It was all done in an instant, as quick as thought.

"She had been sleeping on the slab, and oh, horror! what was that sleeping beside her? It was the torn remnant of poor Jim-Jim, lying on a patch of blood-stained rock!

CHAPTER III.

"Poor Jim-Jim! We buried what was left of him, which was not very much, in an old bread-bag, and though whilst he lived his virtues were not great, now that he was gone we could have wept over him. Indeed, Harry did weep outright; while I registered a quiet little vow of my own account that I would let daylight into that lioness before I was forty-eight hours older, if by any means it could be done.

"Well, we buried him, and there he lies where lions will not trouble him any more. So there is an end of the book of Jim-Jim.

"The great question that now remained was, how to circumvent his murderers. I knew that she would return as soon as she was hungry again, but I did not know when she would be hungry. She had left so little of Jim-Jim behind her that I could scarcely expect to see her the next night, unless she had cubs. Still, I felt that it would not be wise to miss the chance of her coming, so we set about to make preparations for her reception. The first thing we did was to strengthen the bush wall of the skerm by dragging a large quantity of the tops of thorn-trees together and laying one on the other in such a fashion that the thorns pointed outward. This, after our experience of the fate of Jim-Jim, seemed a very necessary precaution, since if where one sheep can jump another can follow, as the Kafirs say, how much more is it the case where an animal so active and so vigorous as the lion is concerned! And now came the further question, how were we to beguile the lioness to return? Lions are animals that have a strange knack of appearing when they are not wanted and keeping studiously out of the way when their presence is required.

"Harry, who, as I have said, was an eminently practical boy, suggested to Pharaoh that he should go and sit outside the skerm in the moonlight as a sort of bait, assuring him that he would have nothing to fear as he would certainly kill the lioness before she killed him. Pharaoh, however, strangely enough, did not seem to take to this suggestion. Indeed, he walked away, much put out with Harry for having made it.

"I gave me an idea, however.

"Well," I said, "there is that ox. He must die sooner or later, so we may as well utilize him."

"Now, about thirty yards to the left of our skerm, if one stood facing down the hill toward the river, was the stump of a tree that had been destroyed by lightning many years before, standing equidistantly between, but a little in front of, two clumps of bush, which were severally some fifteen paces from it.

"Here was the very place to tie the ox; and, accordingly a little before sunset the poor animal was led forth by Pharaoh and made fast there, little knowing, poor brute, for what purpose; and we commenced our long vigil, this time without a fire, for our object was to attract the lioness and not to scare her.

"For hour after hour we waited, keeping ourselves awake by pinching each other—it is, by the way, remarkable that a difference in the force of pinches requisite to the occasion exists in the mind of pincher and pinchee—but no lioness came. The moon waxed and the moon waned, and then at last the moon went down, and darkness swallowed up the world, but no lion came to swallow us up. We waited till dawn, because we did not dare to go to sleep, and then at last we took such a broken rest as we could get.

"That morning we went out shooting, not because we wanted to, for we were too depressed and tired, but because we had no more meat. For three hours or more we wandered about in the boiling sun looking for something to kill, but with absolutely no results. For some unknown reason the game had grown very scarce about the spot, though when I was there two years before every sort of large game except rhinoceros and elephant was particularly abundant. The lions, of whom there were many, alone remained, and I fancy that it was the fact of the game they live on having temporarily migrated that made them so daring and ferocious. As a general rule, a lion is an amiable animal enough if he is left alone, but a hungry lion is almost as dangerous as a hungry man. One hears a great many different opinions expressed as to whether or no the lion is remarkable for his courage, but the result of my experience is that very much depends upon

the state of his stomach. A hungry lion will not stick at a trifle, whereas a full one will flee at a very small rebuke.

"Well, we hunted all about, and nothing could we see, not even a duck or a bush buck; and at last thoroughly tired and out of temper we started on our way back to camp, passing over the brow of a steepish hill to do so. Just as we got over the ridge I froze up like a pointer dog, for there about six hundred yards to my left, his beautiful curved horns outlined against the soft blue sky, I saw a noble koodoo bull (Strepsiceros kudu). Even at that distance, for as you know, my eyes are very keen, I could distinctly see the white stripes upon its sides when the light fell upon it, and its large and pointed ears twitch as the flies worried it.

"So far so good; but how were we to get at it? It was ridiculous to risk a shot at that great distance, and yet both the ground and the wind lay very ill for stalking. It seemed to me that the only chance would be to make a detour of at least a mile or more, and come up on the other side of the koodoo. I called Harry to my side and explained to him what I thought would be the best course, when suddenly, without any delay, the koodoo saved us any further trouble by suddenly starting off down the hill like a leaping rocket. Perhaps a hyena or a leopard—a tiger as we call it there—had suddenly appeared; at any rate, off it went, running slightly toward us, and I never saw a buck go faster. As for Harry, he stood watching the beautiful animal's course. Presently it vanished behind a patch of bush, to emerge a few seconds later about five hundred paces from us, on a stretch of comparatively level ground that was strewn with bowlders. On it went, taking the bowlders in its path in a succession of great bounds that were beautiful to behold. As it did so, I happened to look round at Harry, and perceived to my astonishment that he had got his rifle to his shoulder.

"You foolish boy!" I ejaculated, "surely you are not going to—just at that moment the rifle went off."

"And then I think I saw what was in its way one of the most wonderful things I ever remember in my hunting experience. The koodoo was at that moment in the air, clearing a pile of stones with its head.

All in an instant the legs stretched themselves out in a spasmodic fashion, and it lit on them and they doubled up beneath it. Down went the noble buck, down on its forelegs tucked up underneath it, standing on its horns, its hind-legs high in the air, and then over it went and lay still.

"Great heavens!" I said, "Why, you've hit him! He's dead."

"As for Harry, he said nothing, but merely looked scared, as well he might. A man, let alone a boy, might have fired a thousand such shots without ever touching the object; which, mind you, was springing and bounding over rocks quite five hundred yards away; and here this lad—taking a snap shot, and merely allowing for elevation by instinct, for he did not put up his sights—had knocked the bull over as dead as a door-nail. Well, I made no further remark, the occasion was too solemn for talking, but merely led the way to where the koodoo lay. There he was, beautiful and quite still; and there, high up, about half way down his neck, was a neat round hole. The bullet had severed the spinal marrow, passing right through the vertebrae and away on the other side.

"It was already evening when, having cut as much of the best meat as we could carry from the bull, and tied a red handkerchief and some tufts of grass to his spiral horns, which, by the way, must have been nearly five feet in length, in the hope of keeping the jackals and scavengers (vultures) from him, we finally got back to camp, to find Pharaoh, who was getting rather anxious at our absence, ready to greet us with the pleasing intelligence that another ox was sick. But even this dreadful bit of intelligence could not dash Harry's spirits; the fact of the matter being that, incredible as it may appear, I do verily believe that in his heart of hearts he set down the death of that koodoo to the credit of his own skill. Now, though the lad was a tidy shot enough, this of course was ridiculous, and I told him so very plainly.

"By the time that we had finished our supper of koodoo steaks (which would have been better if the koodoo had been a little younger), it was time to get ready for Jim-Jim's murderers again. All the afternoon Pharaoh told us the unfortunate ox had been walking round and round in a circle as cattle in the last stage of red-water generally do. Now it had come to a standstill, and was swaying to and fro with his head hanging down. So we tied him up to the stump of the tree as on the previous night, knowing that if the lioness did not kill him he would be dead by morning. Indeed I was afraid that he would be of but little use as a bait, for a lion is a sportsman-like animal, and unless he is very hungry generally prefers to kill his own dinner, though when once killed he will come back to it again and again.

"Then we repeated our experience of the previous night, sitting there hour after hour, till at last Harry went fast asleep, and even I, though I am accustomed to this sort of thing, could scarcely keep my eyes open. Indeed I was just dropping off, when suddenly Pharaoh gave me a shove.

"Listen!" he whispered.

"I was all awake in a second, and listening with all my ears. From the clump of brush to the right of the lightning-shattered stump to which the ox was tied came a faint crackling noise. Presently it was repeated. Something was moving there, faintly and quietly enough, but still moving perceptibly, for in the intense stillness

of the night any sound seemed loud.

"I woke up Harry, who instantly said, 'Where is she? where is she?' and began to point his rifle about in a fashion that was more dangerous to us and the ox than to any possible lioness.

"Hush up!" I whispered, savagely; and as I did so, with a low and hideous growl a flash of yellow light sped out of the clump of brush, past the ox, and into the corresponding clump upon the other side. The poor sick brute gave a sort of groan, and staggered round and then began to tremble; I could see it do so clearly in the moonlight, and I felt like a brute for having exposed the unfortunate animal to such terror as he must undoubtedly be undergoing. The lioness, for it was she, passed so quickly that we could not even distinguish her movements, much less shoot. Indeed at night it is absolutely useless to attempt to shoot unless the object is very close and standing perfectly still, and then the light is so deceptive and it is so difficult to see the foresight that the best shot will miss more often than he hits.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN TARIFF.

Curious Arrangement Existing Between Two Branches.

Perhaps the statesmen who will presently be wrestling with so much fervor with the tariff question may with advantage to their own enlightenment tear a leaf from the history of the Austro-Hungarian tariff arrangement, which is one of the most peculiar in existence, says the New York Herald. Not long ago, it will be remembered, a strong protest against the existing treaty arose from the Hungarian side of the border. Austria and Hungary form two independent states, both enjoying home rule, but the common affairs of the federation are dealt with by common authorities and organs regulated by the constitution. The proportion in which each state has to contribute to the common expenses is settled by mutual agreement every ten years and there is no constitutional provision for the treaty of commerce. But in 1867, when the Hungarian constitution was restored, it was resolved by mutual consent to maintain the customs union and the commercial and economic unity which had existed under the absolutist regime. The treaty thus concluded forms the subject of pending negotiations for the renewal of the Ausgleich. As the privilege of the Austro-Hungarian bank expires at the same time as the customs and the commercial alliance, the question of the Ausgleich is complicated by the necessity of renewing the bank charter. Should the customs and commercial treaty be allowed to lapse the two states would recover their economic and fiscal liberty. If either of them chose to do so it could surround itself with custom houses and shut out the products of the other without affecting the political constitution of the monarchy, but of course such proceeding would be a severe trial to the dual system. The existing treaty expires at the end of this year. Neither country is satisfied with it, but both are willing to enter into negotiations for a new agreement, and no doubt an amicable settlement of some sort will be arranged.

WHITE HOUSE ETIQUETTE.

The Unwritten Laws Which Govern the President's Social Position.

When the President and his wife drive out the President sits on the right hand and his wife on the left, says the Illustrated American. If there are others in the carriage, whether ladies or gentlemen, they must sit with their backs to the horses. When Mrs. Cleveland was first married she tried the experiment of placing her mother opposite the president and herself in the presidential landau, but the people laughed at it so immoderately and pressed to think Mrs. Folsom (as she was then) to be the maid, that it was speedily dropped. When the President's wife drives alone she sits in the right-hand corner—the place of honor. The lady of the white house cannot set foot within those splendid houses in Washington whose flagstaffs mark the foreign embassy or legation. She could not go without the President, and as an embassy or legation is technically a part of the country it represents the President could not go—so that she never sees the inside of a diplomatic house as long as she presides at the executive mansion. The President dines only at cabinet houses and his wife cannot dine anywhere without him. President Arthur dined with judges of the Supreme court and with senators; but as he had no wife the whole system was very much simplified for him. The President's wife may, if she chooses, go to luncheons where there are no gentlemen, or to teas, both being regarded as strictly informal; but the danger of giving offense by accepting one invitation and declining another is so great that it is seldom or never risked.

Traveled 8,000 Miles in Vain.

George Yeager eloped with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Yeager, two years ago, from Camden, N. J. The latter's husband suspected they had gone west, and he started for that section. After a long search, in which he obtained no trace of the couple, he went to Europe, thinking they might have gone to Germany. He traveled fully 8,000 miles in his search, and finally returned to Camden. While walking down the street Tuesday he came face to face with the pair, who were walking along leisurely, and in half an hour he had caused their arrest. They had been living there all the time.

A Millionaire of Los Angeles

presented the city with 3,000 acres of land, to be used for park purposes.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"FRIENDSHIP UNFAILING." LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "And She Went and Came and Gleaned in the Fields After the Reapers: and Her Husband Was to Light."—Ruth 2: 3.



THE time that Ruth and Naomi arrived at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up; that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor coming along that way might glean it, and get their bread. But, you say, "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman gleaning—a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of undying interest to the church of God in all ages; while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her of the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness, and traveled through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is in the harvest field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory! Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning?

I learn, in the first place, from this subject, how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and exile that developed, illustrated, and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Doctor Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopaedist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man, "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is, our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him his style will be different." After a while the Lord took a child out of the pastor's house; and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is, that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down to the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys.

Misfortunes and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes into the sick room, and with a tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the foundation of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage beat by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood-splashed guillotine and the crackling fires of martyrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took all the hostilities against Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick and Andrew Melville, and James McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and the desolate New England coast, and the warwhop of savages to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim Fathers.

When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim
wood
Rang to the anthems of the free.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicion arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building, which go down under one push, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity? David had such a friend in Hushai; the Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause; Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to Him on the Cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Again, I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi; but behold her in my text in the harvest field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils tormented, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy; you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel!

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career, we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying, "You must go;" and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which leads them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffing of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use; but when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human after smacking his lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the scaphers at his crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on his throne, crowned heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at his feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their sceptres: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;

That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spined Apocalypse.

Madame de Stael did a world of work in her time, and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written, some one said to her: "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by any one of which I could make a livelihood if necessary." And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all around about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigails, more Hannahs, more Rebekahs, more Marys, more Deborahs consecrated—body, mind and soul, to the Lord who bought them.

Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning.

Ruth going into that harvest field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered two straws, and she put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf, and another, and another, and another, and then she brought them altogether, and she threshed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abercrombie, the world-renowned philosopher, was a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while, as a physician, he was waiting for the door of the sick room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers, and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left, that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which, gathered, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in this field, then let Ruth take home to feeble Naomi this sheaf of gleaning: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

The Dragon-Fly.

One of the most useful of insects is, owing to the ignorance of the public, forever being killed. It is known as the dragon-fly, the needle-case and the devil's darning-needle. Says a writer of authority: In its larval state it subsists almost entirely on those small squirming threads which can be seen darting about in any still water, and which hatch out into sweet-singing mosquito. As soon as the dragon-fly leaves its watery nursing-ground, and climbing some friendly reed, throws away the old shell and flies away, it is helping man again. Its quarry now is the house-fly. Not long ago the writer saw one of these insects knocked down in a veranda, where it had been doing yeoman's service, and the children and women seemed delighted, although they shrank back from the poor, wounded dragon-fly. They all thought it had an awful sting at the end of its long body; a cruel injustice. When the writer took the insect up there was general wonderment, which was increased when a captured fly was offered it and it ate greedily. The boys of the household will never harm a dragon-fly again.

Quite a Difference.

All disciples of Izaak Walton will appreciate the story which is going the rounds, concerning Mr. Andrew Lang, the English critic and essayist. An exchange publishes the anecdote which one of Mr. Lang's literary friends tells: It happened to me to spend a few days last summer in an English village. Having noticed a pleasant river which seemed to promise excellent fishing, I spoke of it to my landlady. "Oh, yes, sir," she said, "there is very good fishing here—many people come here for fishing." "What kind of people come here?" I asked. "Literary gentlemen come here very often, sir. We had Mr. Andrew Lang staying here." "Oh, really? does he fish? Is he a good fisherman?" "Yes, sir, he fishes beautifully." "Really? does he catch much?" "Oh no, sir, he never catches anything, but he fishes beautifully."

A Characteristic Reply.

The incommunicability of General Walker, late president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was above all suspicion. A characteristic anecdote is told of him by J. J. Spencer in the Review of Reviews: At one time, when General Walker held a government position, a place shared in a measure by another, he was approached with the suggestion that, since the whole department was under their control, by working in harmony they could have whatever they desired. "I have no desires," said General Walker. "But, general," said his coadjutor, "do you not see that we can push forward our friends and relatives into good places?" "I have no friends," was the reply.