

LEAVIN' HOME.

When a feller sorter packs his traps an' goes away from home. What the birds air allus singin' an' the honey's in the comb. An' the sunshine is the brightest an' heartiest days in winter as in rosiest days o' June—

IN THE GRASP OF A LION.

"I know what it is now to be well within the jaws of death. I know what it is and how it feels to be pawed and crunched and carried off bodily by a raking lion—yet I live. No man has ever been nearer certain death than I and yet escaped with his life."

So spoke Ernest Brockman. He had just come from the heart of Africa. There he had been with an engineering party exploring a new route to the Nile. The wreck of a man, timid as a child, living over day and night his horrible experience, now he was strong and lusty and fearless. In time he will be again, for the lion's bites in his thigh missed the great artery by an eighth of an inch.

It was in October last that Brockman, a big six-footer of 28, went to Africa. The party's object was to take the wire right up to the top of the world. Brockman's duty was to follow the line as it was put up and test the wire to see if it held.

On a fateful day Brockman went hunting with his gun. He had a good shot and he had pretty fair luck, getting home at 4 p. m. The next day he was back in front of it sprawling. Brockman, a big man, was shot in the heart. He was dead.

"I was conscious of everything: I could not utter a sound. Horror paralyzed me. I felt as if I were being crushed. My heart felt as if it would burst. Terror seized my limbs and my lungs. My breath choked in my throat. I felt as if I were being crushed from under the bed."

"I fell back and the beast began to suck my blood again, champing his chops over my face. I felt as if I were being crushed from under the bed. I felt as if I were being crushed from under the bed. I felt as if I were being crushed from under the bed."

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A Cool, Sturdy, Courageous, Independent Fighter, Differing From His European Brother.

(By Poulney Bigelow, Special Correspondent of the London Times.) The American regular is different from anything I have yet encountered in the armies of Europe. The American has abundance of courage; the German is unequalled for discipline; the Frenchman is just an antagonist when all goes well, and of them all the Hungarian has the most dash and pluck.

The ground element of the European soldier is the peasant. In America there are not and never have been peasants, and consequently our enlisted men have wholly lacked the element of discipline which is the backbone of the continental armies comparatively easy. The American regular gets a minimum pay of a regular soldier, and he is not a regular soldier.

My experience of the matter is that the American soldier is a man of a different type from the European. He is a man of a different type from the European. He is a man of a different type from the European. He is a man of a different type from the European.

Two years ago the secretary of the treasury, John G. Carlisle, came to New York to live. He had a great deal of business to attend to, and he was a man of a different type from the European. He is a man of a different type from the European.

When he was asked the straggles of the matter, he said: "I was a man of a different type from the European. He is a man of a different type from the European. He is a man of a different type from the European."

On the afternoon of May 11, at 3 o'clock, these two companies of United States infantry were ordered to disembark from the transport and to ashore to fight anything that happened to present itself. Our expedition had been coasting along the Cuban shore, and Havana all the way to Cabañas, some thirty odd miles to the westward.

These men had traveled some three or four thousand miles by rail before reaching Tampa, had been on the march for some days, and they had been treated worse than cattle. This I mention here only in parenthesis to illustrate how men in so much of intelligence and energy with good living are able to submit to treatment which would be regarded as barbarous by officers in the Russian Army.

"Mrs. Card," he said laughing, "I know now exactly how Jim Corbett felt when Fitzsimmons landed on his back. He felt like a Yankee shot. It is just like walking off a hundred-foot bank in the dark and landing into the water after tomorrow."

HAVANA JOURNALISM.

There is not a little rare and curious reading to be found in the occasional copies of the Havana newspapers that now and then dribble through the blockade. Copies of a Lucila, an old, are particularly rich in oddities of Havana journalism.

One is immediately struck by the marvelous meagerness of the news relating to the war, but for this the cause is not the want of news. The only reference to the blockade of the Havana harbor is a three-line "official" notice that only two American ships are in sight of the port.

John D. stood up in the stern of the boat, looking over his shoulder at the men who were following him. He was a man of a different type from the European. He is a man of a different type from the European.

Buerger stepped into his seat, picked up his sweep and pulled for the Cuban shore with mechanical ease. He was a man of a different type from the European. He is a man of a different type from the European.

There was a moment when about a dozen "cubanos" who were following the Cuban shore with mechanical ease. He was a man of a different type from the European. He is a man of a different type from the European.

These were not picked men. They were taken as they happened to come. The commander did not ask for volunteers. He had to select men to pull the sweeps, not because any were more brave than the others, but because they had some knowledge of rowing.

This forlorn hope of fifty men was attacked from an ambush by a force estimated at several hundred. It might have been a hundred, or it might have been a thousand. They had a splendid opportunity for running away in a panic, they were in the thick of it.

Forty European Russia will need only fifty-five years or so, Germany about sixty-five years, Austria-Hungary seventy years, England eighty years and Italy 110 years. It will take France over 180 years to double its population.

Russia has tried experiments with aluminum shoes for cavalry horses. The most celebrated battle steeds of the civil war were Cincinnati, Traveler and Winchester, the favorite chargers of Grant, Lee and Sheridan.

STAMPS BY THE MILLION.

The war series of stamps soon to be issued under the war revenue act will be the finest, most artistic, and at the same time the most dignified, of all stamps issued by the government.

The designs were happily selected by Chief Johnson of the bureau of Engraving and Printing, because of the war series of stamps, the designs were happily selected by Chief Johnson of the bureau of Engraving and Printing.

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GIRLS NOW WIELD BROOMS.

Those flowing sleeves for girls are unusually pretty this year, but, judging from a conversation I chanced to overhear the girls with scrawny arms to distraction, I didn't mean to play the eavesdropper, but I'm glad now that I was within hearing distance, for I made a discovery which I am sure will be of interest. You see, the sleeves are very transparent, and that is why the group I discovered displayed beautiful models.

"I do, too! Wasn't I almost a soccer star last year? I was in the school. I tried everything—tennis, golf, massage and physical culture, until I didn't really care for any of them. I was in the school. I tried everything—tennis, golf, massage and physical culture, until I didn't really care for any of them."

"I just didn't wait another minute, but bounded up the stairs into mamma's room and told her that I had made a discovery. I was in the school. I tried everything—tennis, golf, massage and physical culture, until I didn't really care for any of them."

"I'm a week's time I noticed an improvement. My arms were more firm, and before a month had gone by I was in the seventh heaven of delight. I was in the school. I tried everything—tennis, golf, massage and physical culture, until I didn't really care for any of them."

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MURALO WATER COLOR PAINTS. FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILING. THE MURALO CO. NEW BRITTON, N. Y.