

## AFTER A RIVER HORSE

A DAY'S SPORT ON THE RIVER NILE.

Wilmot E. Chapman, Who Recently Returned from Egypt, Tells of an Adventure on the Dark Continent—Done with a Harpoon.

My friend, Wilmot E. Chapman, who returned a few weeks ago from Egypt, where he went as a newspaper correspondent, has had some interesting experience with the river-horse, which abounds in many parts of the Upper Nile, writes Captain John D. Horton in that delightful paper, *Cheerful Moments*. Chapman found a skilled and trustworthy guide, who had been recommended to him in Cairo, and who cheerfully took charge of the traveler, promising him that he should gain a sight of the hippopotamus at the earliest practical moment.

"They are not so plenty as they used to be," said Charbi, who spoke English as well as his native Arabic; "the animals keep away from civilization, but I will take you to a place where I have agreed to join a party of hunters."

"May I form one of your company?"

"You shall," replied Charbi, in such a positive manner that the American felt on the instant he was some percentage of more than ordinary authority even in a hippopotamus hunt.

According to promise, Charbi intro-

duced his young friend to a party of six, who had just completed their preparations for a hunt of the river-horse, which, as may well be understood, is one of the most formidable animals that the experienced sportsman ventures to attack.

The party, instead of venturing out on the Nile in a canoe, had constructed a raft. Chapman was disposed to question the wisdom of this, for the structure was unwieldy, and must necessarily float with the current; but his native friend explained that that was the principal reason why it was adopted.

The hippopotamus is wonderful acute of hearing, and the most careful boatman cannot propel his canoe through the water without his approach being discovered by the suspicious animal, who immediately drops to the bottom like a load of coal, and easily baffles all efforts to get close enough to bury the harpoon in his back.

The raft was made of a species of river-grass, which abounds along the Upper Nile, it being cut off above the water, so as to secure the most buoyant portion. Great masses of this were flung together until it was buoyant enough to float twenty men, who were supported high above the water. A single canoe was drawn against, and partly upon, the raft, to be used when needed.

Charbi pointed out a section toward which they were drifting, that abounded with the species of grass of which the raft was composed, the tops pointing only a few inches above the surface. Just below, the river made a sweeping bend, and the native said if nothing was seen of the animals before passing that point, he was confident they would come upon them immediately below.

As the raft was not floating more rapidly than two miles an hour, Chapman saw that he had still a good long time to wait, and he stretched out once more on his face, and looked at the dark water which was bearing him and his companions so slowly down stream.

He had no expectation of seeing anything unusual, but he could gaze only a few minutes, when, to his amazement, an immense hippopotamus appeared. It came up like the hull of a vessel, floating to the surface. First there was a darkening of a portion of

the stream, and before he discovered what it meant, he observed the outline of the gigantic creature.

Just as the American called to Charbi, the river-horse opened his enormous mouth, caught hold of the raft, gave one tremendous wrench, and then sank out of sight.

The hippopotamus had not done anything in anger or malice. He simply found some choice food floating over his head, and came up and stole a mouthful. But that mouthful was prodigious. It seemed to Chapman that he had wrenched off a fourth of the raft. As he was almost over the spot from which it was taken, and he felt a distinct collapse beneath him, he scrambled over to his friends with greater ardor than he had ever shown before.

Several of the natives, diving what it meant, hurried back with their formidable spears; but the hippopotamus had sunk so quickly that he was beyond their reach.

As the river horse cannot stay more than ten or twelve minutes under water without coming to the surface, Charbi and the others were astonished; for they could not understand how it was they had failed to see him, when he must have been in sight only a short time before.

As it was equally certain that he would reappear, three of the natives were in favor of launching the canoe and making ready for him; it was decided, however, to wait, in the hope of coming upon a school of them further below, inasmuch as the hippopotami are accustomed to go in groups or families.

Accordingly, the canoe was allowed to remain where it was, and the bulky raft continued drifting with the current. Chapman lay down again on his face, and still smoking his cigar, watched for the reappearance of the monster. It was not long before he descried its head floating a short distance away, like a short, thick log; but, after one or two ponderous whiffs, he dropped out of sight again. As the raft began moving around the bend of the river, a few minutes later, the crew gave their attention to what was expected in front.

The entire party were thrown into a state of excitement and pleasure, shortly after, by the discovery that they were approaching a regular colony of hippopotami.

The structure drifted very slowly, attracting no notice at all from the hippopotami. The natives looked like so many bushwhackers or pirates, who were thus floating down in ambush upon their unsuspecting prey.

Suddenly Charbi touched the shoulder of Chapman, and pointed to one of the monsters.

"What about him?" asked the American.

"He's going to get himself into trouble."

"In what way?"

"You will see; he will soon be in our path."

spot being deeply stained with the blood of the poor fellow.

The canoe followed the float hither and yon, on the watch for the behemoth when he should reappear, as he must do at intervals. On such occasions, the men, who were plentifully provided with the ordinary spears, launched one apiece into his body, so that after a while he came to look like a gigantic pin cushion.

Finally, after going down he failed to come up again; he was dead.

The natives in the canoe slowly paddled to land, where they made the rope fast to a tree.

"Why is that?" asked Chapman of his friend when they met again.

"After awhile the river will give up the body; it will float, and we do not wish to lose it."

### THE TOW LINEN SUIT.

Fashioned by Eminent Statesmen It Is as Unreliable as Their Records.

The tow-linen suit seems to be affected far more in Washington than in any other city in the United States, says the Post. Although the most serviceable clothes for hot summer weather that a man can wear, combining with comparative cheapness great advantages over flannels suits as regards coolness and adaptability to the laundry process, there are still many prejudices against it which have been gradually overcome in the capital by such men as ex-Speaker Reed, Congressman Hit, Congressman Hatch and other statesmen, who have pioneered the tow suit to popularity. A good tow suit can be purchased for about \$20 and some tailors make them for \$15, but they can be bought for \$10 and as low as \$5. One young man sent to Kentucky last year for one of those \$5 tow suits. It proved a perfect fit, even if it did look suspiciously like sackcloth, but he wore it until it was soiled and then sent it to the laundry. He never discovered the full extent of his purchase until he put it on after its first washing. Instead of shrinking the trousers had stretched six inches and the coat nearly reached to his knees. He carried it to the tailor and had the surplus trimmed off, until once more it fitted him perfectly. After wearing it a week or ten days he sent it again to the laundry and when it came back he opened the package with a feeling of wonder what idiosyncrasy the suit had developed in the meantime. This time it had stretched only about four inches, but had shrunk correspondingly in breadth, forming a very close fit about the hips and shoulders. Once more it was rehabilitated by the tailor and worn until soiled. When it came back from the laundry the third time it was still long enough in the legs to fit the original possessor, while in every other direction it had shrunk into a fading remembrance of its former self and this season adorns the shrinking figure of a modest boot-black.

### Life-Saving Sleeves.

A new use has been found for balloon sleeves, through the ingenuity of an enterprising inventor, which promises great results.

"The 'hustle' inside the sleeves has up to date been adopted somewhat warily, as hardly filling a long-felt want. But now a silk life-preserver is to take its place, which can be inflated at will, and enables the wearer to float in perfect ease on the water.

Sailing parties made up largely of ladies will leave the man at the helm very much at ease, with each female member of the company transformed into an animated life-preserver; for if one moves carelessly on the deck and gets blown overboard there is no danger of a tragedy. The balloons will add no little to the sail area in fair winds. The life-saving sleeve will doubtless prove a big thing, and all that it is puffed up to be.

### WITH THE WITS.

Tough—I tried the bunco game on a Kansas farmer yesterday. Another Tough—How did you come out? Tough—He got my dollar and a half.—Judge.

"Are you the minister?" The person addressed turned up his nose, and, casting a contemptuous glance upon his interlocutor, replied: "No, I'm the leader of the choir."

"Cousin Ethel, is Col. Blazer a brave soldier?" "Oh, I don't think he's afraid of powder." "No, I don't think he is, for I saw his nose against your face last night."—Minneapolis Tribune.

"Do you stay up to receive him when your husband stays out late at night?" "No, indeed. I go to bed very early, so I can scold him the rest of the night, after he has come in, without loss of sleep."—Ex.

Willis: "Hello, old man! Had you much luck on your vacation? Did the bass rise to the flies all right?" Wallace: "No, the bass didn't, but I did—every morning at daylight."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I can't understand why you haven't as amiable a temper as James," said the proprietor to an office boy, referring to another. "James never has to answer the telephone," replied the abused young man.—Detroit Free Press.

Jumpuppe—Confound these theosophists, Jasper—Why? Jumpuppe—They convinced my wife that she has seven bodies, and she went off and bought a dress for each one.—Tid-Hits.

Vinley—Doctor, I believe I need a pair of eyeglasses. I see everything double. Last night I looked at my wife's dog, and he seemed to have two tails. Dr. Lens—Yes? Have you tried the gold cure?—Judge.

"It's a conspiracy," she said with agitation, to the reporter. "It is a plot to ruin my dramatic future." "How do you mean?" "I've just brought an action for divorce and the papers refuse to publish the details."—Washington Star.

## CHINA HAS HEROES.

BRIGHT SIDE OF THE PICTURE OF OUTRAGES

Several Missionaries Snuggled to Safety—Brave Native with a Sword Defends American Women—Many Christian Missionaries Are Yet in Danger.

ORRESPONDENCE just received at San Francisco by steamer Tokio gives fuller particulars of the anti-missionary outrages in Sze Chuen. The story does not present a page altogether black and forbidding, for there are some spots of light upon the record.

Miss Hol, of the China inland mission, describes how, when the house in which she and two other women resided was attacked by the mob, a man with a drawn sword appeared at the door and while engaged in sharpening his weapon on a stone warned the rioters that the women were good folk, and that he meant to defend them.

The crowd fell back and one of the two women, attended by a Chinese maid, effected her escape to the yamen, only to be refused admittance. But the Chinese attendant raised a loud outcry, warning that unless the officials gave them refuge they would die at the gates, and at length they gained entry. The officials, however, were too terrified to send succor to the other two women. They also owed their safety to the man with the sword, who procured chairs for them and got them to the yamen. He appears to have remained incognito.

Another missionary, escaping from his burning home, entered the house of a Chinese doctor, who swathed him in bandages, covered his head with a Chinese hood, and in the guise of a moribund Chinaman placed him on the shoulders of coolies and sent him to the yamen. Another missionary reached the out-station, where his wife awaited him, by disguising himself as an official en route to meet the incoming viceroy, the real officials making him up with blue glasses, long boots, uniform, cap, etc.

But against the comfort inspired by the evidences of native good-will has to be placed the fact that, although a month and a half has elapsed since the riots took place, many missionaries at out-stations in Sze Chuen still remain without protection and exposed to mob violence at any moment.

From all parts of China comes intelligence that the war has not produced the smallest perceptible effect on the nation. Some know nothing about it; others believed their country was victorious. The much-predicted awakening of China is a myth; she sleeps as soundly as ever.

### THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

The Great Buffalo of the West Meets His Endless Fate.

Scared by arrows, wounded by bullets, pursued by foes from valley to valley and from river to river, the wailon monarch has at last found a covert and a breathing spell for a day. He has skulked like a wounded wolf; he has crouched like a fox in his lair. The cry of a vulture hovering high above had made him tremble—he, who had driven the dreaded grizzly out of his path more than once, and whose sharp, stout horns had sent more than one Indian pony to his death! Ah! But the cries of the coyote have brought company! They come sneaking out of thickets and grass and crevice until there are a dozen. The youngest calf of a herd would not fear them, and yet their angry snarls make the old monarch tremble! The man seems to drop into a lower notch as the old monarch moves softly about to snatch a bite here and there, but always keeping his eye on the pack. As the craving of hunger becomes partly satisfied, the fire comes back to his eyes, and he even gives his head a defiant toss. If their howling brings the savage wolf, he will die fighting—he will die game. He has fought them a hundred battles, and never suffered defeat. Here they come! He looks up to find himself almost encircled. They are hungry and gaunt. Their eyes blaze, and foam falls from their lips as they close in on him. Now, watch him! He is no longer the fugitive—the craven, trembling at every sound. His head is held high; there is a royal fire in his great eyes, and he utters a low bellow of defiance and paws the earth as a challenge for them to come on. Crack! Crack! Hurray! The bull tetter, swings to and fro, and falls to the earth, right through the heart. A man leaps out of the thicket, waves his hat and gun, and cheers the success of his shot, while the wolves snarl away into the twilight and growl and snap at each other.

The last of his race is dead. He would have died fighting as a monarch should, but man prevented. It is the last hide—the last feast for wolves and vultures—the last monument to mark man's savagery when stirred by cupidity and selfishness.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

### Not Altogether Astray.

Fogg says he received a letter the other day, and he had a strong presentiment that he would find a ten dollar bill in it. When he opened it, he found a bill for ten dollars, which, he says, though not exactly the same thing, shows that his impression was not altogether astray.—Ex.

## BELLOWS HOLD THEIR OWN.

Blacksmiths Stick to Them Notwithstanding the Newer Power Blowers.

The blacksmith's bellows has three boards. When the bellows is set up in position the middle board is fixed, the upper and lower boards are movable. There is a valve in the middle board and one in the lower board. When the bellows is not in use the lower board falls as far as the leather will permit it, and that compartment is then filled with air. With the working of the lever and the raising of the lower board the air in the lower compartment is forced through the valve in the middle board into the upper compartment, which is the reservoir, whence it blows through the nozzle of the bellows into the fire. When the pressure from below ceases the valve in the middle board closes, and the air is then forced out from the upper compartment or reservoir of the bellows by the weight of the upper board; sometimes this board is weighted to make it expel the air more rapidly and forcibly. The continuance of the blast without the working of the lever, caused by the gradually sinking upper board of the bellows, may last for a quarter of a minute; it is a highly prized characteristic of the bellows. The blacksmith who is alone is thus enabled, if he should so desire, to use both hands at the fire; or he might go across the shop and be back, swaying the lever once more before the blast had ceased. A good bellows will last many years without repairs. Blacksmiths' bellows are made in various sizes, from 24-inch to 60-inch. The 36-inch is the size most commonly sold. The size is the width at the widest point. Bellows are longer than they are wide, and they are made of different lengths in the same width, ordinary, and long. There are about fifteen bellows manufacturers in the country, including three in New York and one in Brooklyn, says New York Sun. Manufacturing and other establishments supplied with power forges are nowadays equipped with power blowers; and there are also various hand blowers, some operated with a crank and some with a lever, and there are now used many portable forges and blowers combined. The sale of modern appliances for blowing forge fires has increased greatly in recent years, while the sale of bellows has not; but there are ship-smiths and boiler makers, wheelwrights, carriage and wagon makers, and others who still use bellows, and prefer it to any other means of blowing his fire, so that there are still sold thousands of bellows annually.

### Some Queer Poisons.

The Bombay Government's analyst has been investigating the various poisons that are used in India, and in the course of his report he disposes of the old notion that pounded glass is the most deadly kind of substance you can mix with the food of any one against whom you entertain a particular grudge. "Pounded glass," he says, "is a most useful poison." He does not, of course, mean by this that it assists digestion or can safely be recommended as a pick-me-up after a hard day's work, but that it is useful in the sense of not doing very much harm to the person whose life is aimed at and leading very easily to the detection of the would-be murderer. If it is pounded until it becomes very fine, it causes merely slight discomfort and can be detected in the first mouthful of the food with which it is mixed. The same may be said, it appears, of diamond dust, tiger's whiskers, chopped hair, and such like. After all, two penn'orth of blackbeetle-killer is as good—or as bad—as anything, and you can get this at the nearest grocer's. Where, I wonder, would you have to go in search of tiger's whiskers or diamond dust?

### JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

Setting on a sure thing is no better than stealing it.

If it was against the law to guess at things, we wouldn't know much.

The phoofs have made more trouble in this world than the raskalls have.

We all owe to our vanity more than we would like to be told of.

My friend, if you just give other people the same privileges that you claim for yourself, you will be surprised to see how smooth and still the old masheen runs.

I have often found it a good plan to cum up on the rear side of things and work toward the front; then, if we have made a mistake, we can bak out eazier.

I want it distinctly understood that I pay and respect woman, not so much for the hed that is on her az for the heart that is in her.

If there wasn't a dandy phools this world would be a dreddial desolate place to live in; it wouldn't pay to be wise, or even eazier.

One of the strongest points in the devil's karakter is, never to consider any thing out of his reach.

Whenever I hav uncartaken to plan a gratuitous amusement for others, I hav always failed. The best way is to let every one pay his munny, and then pik out his own game.

Kud Heaven knu that lazyness was the strongest habit of the heart. This makes that plaintive refrain, "Root, hog, or die," sound almost like revulshun.

Sum of the most modest and humble men I hav ever run aginst have been those who had matched themselves agin the devil, and got badly beat.

I hav giv up all kinds of kreesd lang ago, even in religion, philosophy and horseflesh. When a man informs me that a certain barrel has got good cider in it, I smile and say, "Joss so," but he kant prove it to me unless the barrel is tapt, and I hav inhaled a quart of the juice.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I.—OCT. 6—"THE TIME OF THE JUDGES."

Golden Text: "The Lord Raised Up Judges Which Delivered Them"—Judges 2:16—Partial Conquest and the Consequences Thereof.

INTRODUCTORY: This section includes the first five chapters of Judges. The name of the book is derived from the fact that it is a record of the doings of the Judges. Its author is unknown, but whoever wrote and compiled this history, doubtless used records made about the time the events took place. According to Jewish tradition the author was Samuel. The period covered by the book foots up 250 years, 1427-1146 B. C. Samuel was born in 1146. The book is not a continuous story, but a grouping of important events. The Judges formed temporary heads in particular centers, or over particular groups of tribes—Barak, in the north of Israel, Gideon in the center, Jephthah, on the east of Jordan, Samson, in the extreme southwest. Nevertheless, the judges are represented as exercising jurisdiction over Israel as a whole. Time.—The date of the meeting at Bochim (vs. 1-5) is unknown. Joshua died about B. C. 1425. The remainder of the lesson is a general view of the period of the Judges. Place.—Bochim, probably near Shiloh, where the tabernacle was set up (Josh. 18: 11, and which was the religious capital. Joshua died at Timnath-serah, a few miles south of Shechem.

1. And an Angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal, to Bochim, and said, I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I swore unto your fathers; and I said, I will never break my covenant with you.

2. And ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars, but ye have not obeyed my voice. Why have ye done this?

3. Wherefore I also said, I will not drive them out from before you; but they shall be as thorns in your sides, and their gods shall be a snare (tempter) unto you.

4. And it came to pass, when the Angel of the Lord spake these words unto all the children of Israel, that the people lifted up their voice and wept.

5. And they called the name of that place Bochim; and they sacrificed there unto the Lord.

6. And when Joshua had let the people go, the children of Israel went every man unto his inheritance to possess the land.

7. And the people served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen all the great works of the Lord, that he did for Israel.

8. And Joshua, the son of Nun, the servant of the Lord, died, being a hundred and ten years old.

9. And they buried him in the border of his inheritance in Timnath-heres, in the mount of Ephraim, on the north side of the hill Gaash.

Note 1. That their duty was to drive the Canaanites wholly out of the land and to take full possession at the beginning. It was best that they should not be annihilated at once before the Israelites could take possession (Deut. 7: 22), lest the wild beasts increase too

fast in the wild lands; but the Israelites should have continued the warfare till the land was possessed only by God's own people (Deut. 7: 23).

Note 2. This was the easiest time to accomplish this work. The Canaanites were scattered, discouraged, broken in strength, and with God's aid could have been easily overcome.

Note 3. Since the Israelites had not done this, the next best thing for them was a course of discipline by means of their sins. When they refused the divine teacher and his lessons of victory, courage, heroism, fidelity, then they must go to school to a different and severer teacher, and from annoyance, temptations, dangers, and evil men gain discipline and learn the lessons of obedience and righteousness. On account of their neglect, they were led into idolatry and other sins, and were troubled for a thousand years. A thorough conquest at first would have saved them ages of suffering and sinning.

### PLAIN TALK.

(From Ram's Horn.)

Nine people out of ten work too much and pray too little.

The wisest man have never in any age been the best men.

Everything we do will be great when it is what God wants done.

The Christian who does not walk by faith will have many falls.

Before Jesus offered real to men, he showed that he had real to give.

Christ went without sleep to pray, but he never lost any sleep in weery.



THE WEAPON SANK INTO THE CHOCOLATE COLORED BODY.



PILLAR OF ASEPOROTH.