

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 murderess. 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 a bait, assuring him that he would have nothing to fear as we 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.

"It 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 what 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 re-buke.

"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 (Strepsicerus 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—and 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 his 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 aasvogels (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 murderess 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 oxen 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 professed 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 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.

IT MEANS BUSINESS.

MCKINLEY CONGRESS PUSHING WORK.

The Tariff Bill Going Forward Rapidly—New Evidence of Returning Prosperity—Voices of the American Press on Returning Good Times.

(Washington Correspondence.)

This is a business administration and a business congress. It has been only two weeks since the meeting of the house of representatives, which is controlled by the Republican party, and in that time has been introduced, discussed and passed a new tariff bill, which will bring increased and sufficient revenue to the government in place of the shortages of the present inefficient Wilson law. This has been quick work. The bill now goes into the hands of the senate. There it will be considered in committee and then in the senate, and it is hoped passed and signed by the president in time to begin its operation by July 1, the first day of the fiscal year.

Japan Shocks the Free Silverites.

Reports from Japan show that she is determined to "crucify" her people "upon a cross of gold." She has adopted the gold standard despite the denials of the silver people. Those who express surprise that Japan is not going to throw any of her silver upon the markets of the world, even if she adopts a gold standard, are evidently not familiar with the history of the growth of silver currency in the world. The mere adoption of the gold standard has not decreased the silver currency at all. In the United States, for instance, the per capita circulation of silver in 1873 before the adoption of the gold standard was 15 cents, while in 1895, after 22 years of gold standard, it was \$8.78.

Large Output of Silver.

Silver miners and mine owners, while they want of course to get as big a price for their produce as possible, recognize the fact that the refusal of the United States to adopt a sixteen to one standard is not going to destroy the demand for silver. Silver mine owners who have been here this week report that their mines are not only still running, but turning out unusually large quantities of the white metal, and that the improved financial conditions and business activity which have followed the election of McKinley are having their effect upon the mining industry, and the demand for the product of the silver mines.

The Sugar Trust Suffers.

The greatest sufferer under the new Dingley law will be the sugar trust. Its framers were wise enough to avoid the criticism and the scandal which attached to the Wilson bill and no man has successfully charged or can charge that the present bill is framed in the interests of the trusts.

A Farmer's Tariff.

The New York Press characterizes the Dingley bill as the "first farmers' tariff." "The Republican party," it adds, "has already placed the factory beside the field, and thus given the field the home market for its products, and now proposes to open the markets of other parts of the world to the field as well."

Bryan's Paper Announces Returned Prosperity.

Copies of that sturdy free silver Democratic paper recently edited by William J. Bryan, the Omaha World-Herald, which have been received here show that it is rejoiced at the prospective improvement of the agricultural industries of its state under McKinley protection. Quoting in commendatory terms the recent utterances of the Republican secretary of agriculture it says: "Nebraska has taken into her feed yards since October last more than five hundred thousand sheep to be finished for the mutton markets of the world. The state of Nebraska can safely be set down as the best district of the country in the United States for the mutton sheep industry in all its combined requirements. Nebraska is certain to become a popular, prosperous mutton growing and mutton feeding state." All this, be it remembered, the World-Herald promises under the new plans of the Republican administration, which is giving its earliest attention to a protective tariff as the chief aid to the sheep industry of the country.

Increased Railroad Construction.

McKinley prosperity is making itself apparent in many industries, but in none more prominently than in that of railroad construction. The "Railway Age," a conservative journal, estimates that the railway construction of the United States in 1897 will be 17,500 miles, which, by the way, is more than twice as much as was accomplished during President Cleveland's entire term. If this estimate is realized, the railway construction of the United States in 1897 will exceed that of any period in the past decade.

Good Outlook for Farmers.

The farmers of the United States are likely to have an increased market for their productions at an early date. The reciprocity features of the Dingley bill are expected to open a good many markets which are now closed to our agricultural products. In addition to that it is expected to give to the United States such special advantages over other countries in certain markets as to give our farmers practically a monopoly of the trade in those parts of the world. The average exportation of farm products during the past five years has been \$21 millions per annum, of which amount \$43 millions, or nearly 57 per cent, has gone to Great Britain, all other parts of the world taking but 43 per cent of our exports. This shows

the possibilities open to the farmers in the matter of making for themselves as good a market in other parts of the world as they already have in Great Britain.

Commendation for the New Secretary.

Secretary Wilson's new plans for an intelligent distribution of seeds to the farmers of the country and a diversification of industries is meeting with universal commendation. Democratic as well as Republican papers approve it in unmeasured terms. The Atlanta Journal, owned by ex-secretary of the interior Hoke Smith, comments favorably upon the new secretary's new plans in regard to the farmers, and numerous other Democratic papers join in the commendation of Secretary Wilson's work.

Will Return to the Old System.

The Republicans of the house of representatives are going to try and get back to the old system of placing the appropriation bills in the hands of one committee. The free trade Democracy adopted the present system by which the bills are distributed to a half dozen committees, and the result has been the enormous increase in appropriations which the nation witnessed with astonishment in the past few years. The Republicans are reformers, and will get back to a system of economy as rapidly as possible.

Professor Wilson Condemns the Dingley Bill.

Ex-Congressman Wilson, the author of the Wilson law, having been repudiated first by his own district, and then by his nation, has now no forum from which to address the dear people, and is therefore utilizing the columns of the newspapers to disseminate his views, and attack the Dingley bill. His latest attack upon it has been an assertion that its reciprocity features would be a failure. In all the matter which Mr. Wilson has presented in the way of an attack upon the Dingley bill, he has not been able to successfully defend the law which he himself framed or to make satisfactory explanation of its failure. This is a subject which he avoids in his tariff discussions as so much per column.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

Democratic Bunco Game Exposed.

The report which Mr. Dingley filed with the new tariff bill points again the bunco game which the late Democratic administration practiced upon the people. When Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle were issuing bonds the people were given to understand that they were demanded for the purpose of maintaining the gold reserve which was being depleted by the Wall street speculators and money sharks everywhere. It was alleged that these money operators were deliberately working the "endless chain" furnished by the greenbacks, and a great deal of business denunciation was expended upon the men who were supposed to be engaged in rifling the treasury of their own country for the profit which would arise from the handling of bonds which must be issued to keep the reserve intact.

Mr. Dingley's report shows that the deficiency in the gold reserve was caused by a deficiency in the revenues, and was not therefore the consequence of a conspiracy to profit the working of the "endless chain."—Kansas City Journal.

Improving Business Conditions.

With the advent of spring there is a decidedly better feeling in commercial circles, which trade journals are advising enterprising business men to take advantage of in an active way. Chicago Dry Goods Reporter of Saturday's date says the most important fact of the hour is the brightening outlook. The most timely advice it can give to the merchants of the west is to repeat: The moment has come for pushing your business. "Things have taken a turn. Satisfactory trade conditions are slowly but surely being called back. The new administration is in power, and the new policy has been satisfactorily indicated. A special session of congress has been convened to put in force the wishes of the people as rapidly as possible." "Now," it says, "let us make up our minds to concentrate all our energies, faculties and attention upon our legitimate business. There is no surer way than this for wiping out the last remnant of business stagnation." These terse sentences comprise the key-notes of a very hopeful article.

A Cheering Record.

The record of the past week is cheering. The number of works that have resumed business is greater than in any week since the last of November. It is true that in many cases contracts have been secured at unduly low prices, and that therefore the rate of wages is not as high as it was in 1892; but there is "bread for the eater," and this of itself is an improvement. The first step forward must be a resumption of work; wages will rise as the demand for labor increases. It is not likely that we can return quickly to the prosperity that the nation enjoyed four years ago; it has taken four years to destroy; reconstruction cannot be accomplished in as many months. After the new tariff law has been in operation for a year we may pass judgment upon the present administration with some degree of fairness; not earlier than then.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Republicans and Populists of Kansas agree that the legislature which has just adjourned was a disgraceful failure. In fact, the legislature is disposed to join in the agreement itself.

Oatmeal is more largely used for feed in New South Wales than in any other part of Australia.

PLAN TO SAVE LIFE.

EFFECTIVE DEVICE FOR RESCUING MARINERS.

The Simple Plan of a Yacht Captain—Cheap Solution of the Problem—Submitted at Washington—Working of the Apparatus.



BRAND new plan to enable the coast guard to render effective service to ships ashore when the surf runs high was submitted recently to the general superintendent of the life-saving service at Washington, D. C., says the New York Herald. It does not call for an apparatus to shoot oil from shore upon troubled waters, nor for any other spectacular novelty of similar sort. On the contrary, it depends for its success upon an exceedingly cheap and simple apparatus and an expenditure of good muscle on the part of our brawny surfmen, an article with which nature and their hardy manner of life have abundantly provided them. The plan has been submitted to local life-savers in actual government service on our coasts, and has been declared by them to be perfectly feasible and more practical than any yet suggested. This new plan is the invention of Capt. Julius A. C. Jensen of South Brooklyn, who had, in its development, the assistance of Capt. James A. Loesch of the same city. Both men are bronzed seadogs of experience and each commands a yacht.

"I've been thinking over this thing for a good while," Capt. Jensen told me, "and it seems to me that the scheme is just about the right thing. It is very cheap and perfectly practicable. Capt. Loesch here helped me with it, and we have shown it to a good many seamen and surfmen, all of whom think it solves the problem."

"Have you got it patented?" I asked. "No, indeed," said Jensen, "and we don't intend to, either. We are not after any money, or in fact, profit of any sort. If the plan is a good plan and will result in saving any lives, the government is welcome to it at the lowest price it can be put in for."

"You see," interrupted Capt. Loesch, "we are yachtsmen and either one of us may get blown ashore some stormy night, and if we do we believe we'd stand a better chance if the surfmen had this apparatus than any other in use or suggested. That is our interest in the matter."

The plan calls for a buoy swimming outside the outermost bar and held in place by a chain fastened to a mushroom anchor. Opposite to it ashore is a pole and from pole to buoy is swung a double endless line, running over pulleys, one pulley fastened to the pole ashore and the other to the bottom of the buoy. This line is of manilla rope of great strength, woven about a heart of cork to keep it afloat. That is the entire special apparatus, with the exception of an oil bag, the purpose of which will be seen presently. Now, we will suppose a ship goes ashore opposite the spot. A heavy gale blows from the sea and the surf is exceedingly heavy. Those who are familiar with the experiences of ships ashore know that the surf is the great enemy of the rescuers. If only a boat could be put through it all would be well, for the sturdy surfmen can handle the billows, however heavy, once they are beyond the fatal line of surf. But time and again valuable hours are lost to the life savers and the imperiled sailors by the ferocity of the surf. There are few cases where life could not be saved were it not for the impetuous, resistless force of breakers that set at naught the sturdiest efforts of the rowers. Right here comes in the value of this new apparatus. In the supposed case the surf prevents the life savers from getting out and the darkness and storm prevent their shooting a line across the ship. They then immediately drag their self-bailing lifeboat to the apparatus and fasten it to the line. They attach the oil bag to the line thirty feet ahead. The rowers jump in and cling to the seats, holding their oars tightly. Then the rest of the crew seize the pulley line and lay to with a will, dragging it in, hand over hand. Out goes the boat, right through the surf—not over it—dragged with a force that the breakers cannot check, toward the anchored buoy, the oarsmen within merely clinging fast to avoid being washed away. In this manner the boat quickly reaches the stiller water beyond the outer bar, where, thanks to the oil bag, the sea is calm enough to enable rowers to scramble to their seats and grasp their oars. The captain has unhitched the pulley line and the boat has bailed itself. The rest can be left to the stalwart oarsmen. This is the simple plan. Capt. Jensen's idea is to have such a buoy anchored every two miles all along the coast. When a vessel comes ashore the life savers have only to find the nearest one to windward of her and send out their lifeboat.

Members.

"No," she answered, "I am indeed not one of those girls who vow to love a man forever and presently forget him. I make it a point to commit all my fancies to memory."

Thereupon eyes didn't do a thing but look love to eyes that spoke back love divine.—Detroit Journal.

Pet Dog Killed Her.

The pet dog of Mrs. Holly Morgan, of Allerton, Ky., licked a sore place on the lady's hand. After a short time the dog went mad, and soon Mrs. Morgan died of hydrophobia.