HE is a young doctor and a surgeon on board one of the small gunboats placed on a great African lake. Fresh-colored still, though slightly tanned by exposure to the lake winds, with merry, Irish eyes of blue gray, a square-cut jaw and obstinate chin, a long upper lip, a little whisker at the temples and short wiry black-brown hair. Like many men of his class, he is a potential Darwin, and, having no means to travel and study natural history, has entered the navy as a surgeon. He has landed on the shores of the lake for a day's shooting, hoping to get an elephant at least, but meantime content to study sunbirds. Let us in imagination enter his mind, see through his eyes what he saw and lay bare his thoughts.

Grass! a forest of grass, with stout, knotted stems six or eight feet high, and abundant leaves starting from every joint. Each stem ends in a drooping plume of ripened seed. As the doctor forces his way through the tangled herbage and cane-like stalks the seeds shower down upon him, each one steadied in its descent by its long feathery stipule. The seeds are sharp pointed and barbed at the ends, so they pierce their way through his khaki clothing easily and scratch the perspiring flesh beneath. This raises to exasperation the discomfort already felt to be well-nigh unbearable, for the doctor's face is now the color of raw beef from the stifling heat and the frightful exertion of forcing his way through such a thicket of grass, and his hands are scratched and cut by contact with the razor-edged leaves. His Teral hat is constantly being dragged off his head and it is all he can do to carry his gun and elbow his way through the obstructing herbage, protecting his face as well as possible with the left hand. So he is in an ill temper and cannot stop to notice the weaver birds of flame color and black, the extraordinary stick insects (exactly simulating stalks of grass) and the green, leaf-like mantises which throng the dense brake on either side. He is after bigger game. The most experienced of his boys pioneers him through the stifling grass jungle, another boy with a second rifle follows behind. The idea is "elephants," elephants having been reported hereabout the previous day, when suddenly (they have reached a space where the grass is a little drier, a little less dense) the pioneer "boy" comes doubling back on his master with every gesture expressive of "Hush!" The doctor stops, mops his boiling face (thankful for the momentary halt) and asks inquiringly: "Elephants?" "No," says the negro in a panting whisper, "Lion! There, there; no, not there. You see that ant hill? Well, climb on to its side and you will see the lion lying in a clear space just beyond. A male lion, truly; its body is nearly white and its mane is black."

With Express rifle at full cock, the doctor advances gingerly through the interlaced grass, bent nearly double, keeping the muzzle of the gun directed straight before him and shields its sensitive trigger from the intrusive grass stems. The ant hill is reached; he clambers to its sloping side. "Good God, the boy's right. What a beauty! And asleep, too!" But something in the doctor's coming has aroused the lion, not ten yards away; aroused him partially, for there is a sudden movement. He raised the great head set in a collar of yellow, brown, black mane; slowly the dim nictitating membrane passes over the yellow eyes, but as they are focusing to meet his own gaze the doctor fires, fires precipitately (his position on the sloping ant hill is insecure), wounds the lion somewhere, somehow, but does not kill him. The beast gives a sharp explosive roar, seems to jump into the air with all four feet and then in three bounds has crashed off into the grass jungle. Silence. "Well, I'm a muff!" thinks the doctor. "He wasn't ten yards away and I didn't kill him dead! I don't know quite where I hit him; in the chest, I think. But he can't be far away and I must finish him off." He descends from the ant hill into the clear trampled space where the lion had been lying. At the spot where the beast had made its first bound into the dense grass hedge there is a great squirt of blood over the tangled greenery—the dark crimson liquid still drips from leaf blade to leaf blade. "Ah! thought so; he must be pretty badly hit."

Two black faces, with starting eyes and anxious grins, now cautiously peer around the ant hill. The doctor, raising his head, recognizes his boys and beckons them down. The three converse in whispers. The situation is explained—how the lion was wounded, the direction in which he bounded away. The boys urge caution. "Lion plenty fierce. Mkango mkali nditu. Master must take care; better climb tree and look all around—not go into grass." But there is no tree anywhere near. A boy hoists himself to the slender summit of the ant hill and reports that he sees the grass moving in the direction whither the lion had withdrawn—moving as though a stationary animal were shaking it with convulsive threes (all of which is explained more by gestures than by words). The doctor, clambering up beside the boy, thinks he can descry (as the grass stems bow and droop before some writhing object) the lion's waving tail and a yellow-gray haunch. He fires, descends from the ant hill to reload. * * * A rush comes through the grass, a deafening roar, some great yellow object in the air above him * * * momentarily * * * dark against the sky * * * yellow eyes * * * (insensibility).

"'Click clock, click clock, click clock' * * * wonder what that funny sound is * * * am I in a train? No, it is the engines of the steamer—or is it the pulse beating in my temples? They have been asleep, and in broad daylight, with the blue sky above me and in the broiling sun! How foolish! But no—it must be something more. I know there has something happened—let me think * * * the lion, of course * * * a lion jumped at me. Then I must be wounded? Let's see" (raises himself painfully on his right arm) * * * "My God! a pool of my own blood * * * my left arm has no feeling * * * chewed by the lion, hand almost detached, rest of arm a mass of blood, muscle, bone and khaki * * * Oh, God! I'm going to die—can't live—he has torn open my stomach * * * that must be the pancreas. I'm like a butcher's shop." (Whimpers. A blubbering sound attracts his attention.) "Hullo! you here, Juma? Plucky chap; thought you'd have cut and run. Where's Saldi? Eh? Speak louder. I'm deaf * * * Oh, gone to gunboat; quite right * * * What? the lion?" (turns his head slightly) "there, still living; looks pretty sick too." (The lion is lying four yards away, partly on his side, one crippled forepaw turned back, the other outstretched and the great head resting on it, eying the men with solemn yellow eyes no longer fierce, the pupil shrunk to a pin-point. With each convulsive shudder of the lion's body the blood pool round him widens slightly.) "By heavens, if I've got to die, I'll die like a man, and he shall go first. Who can tell? He might recover and hurt the boy. See here, Juma" (to Juma, who is supporting his back), "be very gentle, take a cartridge out of my belt, put it in the rifle * * * so; now * * * ..... mind my arm * * * now, give me the rifle in my right hand and come between my legs * * * so—stoop very low down, like that. Now I'm going to rest the rifle on your shoulder and take aim. Keep very still. I won't hurt you * * * keep still * * * I'll aim just below the brute's eyes." (A minute pause. Bang! Doctor falls back fainting. Lion stretches out his head three times with spasmodic upward movement, the tail and the limbs—all but the crippled one—stiffen, the claws stand out from their sheaths and beast dies.)

"Juma, is that you? Water, how delicious! more—and on my forehead * * * so * * * what a brick you are! Upon my word, I'd like to leave you something, Juma. You must tell them that I said so, you know, for sticking by me. God bless you! Is the lion dead?" (The sobbing boy nods "Yes.") "Well, then, I must die too. I'm enough of a doctor to know that. Don't cry. Tell them I bore it like a man. But it's beastly hard! Who'd have thought my day's shooting would have ended like this?" (Whimpers.) "Beastly hard. I'm so young, and I've done so well up to now * * * and there's mother. Who will break it to her? She'll never get over it * * * and Lily * * * and, damn it all, I can't even send them messages! How can one tell such things to a black boy? S'pose I'm dying primarily from the shock * * * know I'm dying somehow—can't raise my head to look * * * Mother! Mother! * * * What rot to go on like that, as if it could do any good! * * * Now, listen. Ine ndirini amai, ndi miongo, Iwe—— Oh, God! How can I tell him? It's all slipping away from me. * * * For the blood is the life. Where have I heard that? That blood is the life * * * slipping away—slipping away * * * I must be in a boat, it is so soothing; up and down, up and down; so restful." (Sighs gently. Dies.)—Sir H. H. Johnston, in the Saturday Review.

PEARL FARM THAT PAYS.

Only One in the World, but It Yields a Handsome Revenue.

There is said to be only one pearl farm in the world, but that pays its proprietor handsomely. This farm is in the Torres Strait, at the northern extremity of Australia, and belongs to James Clark, of Queensland. Mr. Clark, who is known as "the king of the pearl fishers," originally stocked it with 150,000 pearl oysters. Now 1,500 men—200 of whom are divers—and 250 vessels are employed in harvesting the crop. "I have been fifteen years engaged in pearl fishing," Mr. Clark told a correspondent of the Melbourne Age. "My experience has led me to the belief that, with proper intelligence in the selection of a place, one can raise pearls and pearl shells as easily as one can raise oysters. I started my farm three years ago, and have stocked it with shells which I obtained in many instances far out at sea. My pearl shell farm covers 500 square miles. Over most of it the water is shallow. In shallow water shells attain the largest size. I ship my pearls to London in my own vessels. The catch each year runs, roughly speaking, from £40,000 worth up to almost five times that amount."—Rochester (N. Y.) Times.

In Silver Paper.

I wonder if the men who pop the momentous question only to receive a negative, feel particularly awkward when they meet the woman who declined the honor. The proper observation, I understand, for the lady to make after the painful and delicate duty has been performed is, "But I trust we shall remain friends." The man may shake his head and mutter, "Friends be hanged!" but there is no help for it. As they move in the same set they cannot avoid meeting each other, and of course in a friendly way. It is only in a very much lower rank in society that the rejected one swears that no other man shall have his beloved object, and buys a second-hand revolver to prevent it. Just at first it must be very embarrassing, and there is probably always a certain queer feeling between them as of a semi-attached couple who might have been one for life but for that monosyllable and scarcely articulate "No." As a matter of fact, she never does say "No," but wraps up the negative, as it were, in silver paper, "I respect and honor you, Mr. Jones" (who hoped to be called "Edwin") "beyond everything, but what you ask can never be."

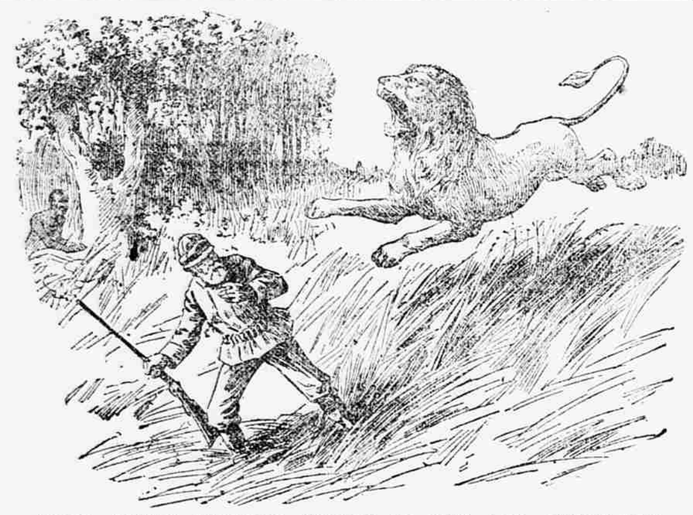
A Devoted Royal Couple.

The devotion of the venerable king and queen of Denmark is described as positively touching. During the time of the Queen's illness, which lasted something like three months, no one about the court was allowed to see her save her husband, a lady in waiting and the physician in ordinary. The King was ceaseless in his devotion. He rarely went out, save when duty compelled him, abandoned his customary exercise, and passed hours every day reading to his wife or playing cards and chess with her, and telling her what was going on in the world outside. The long abstention from his walks and rides, his constant attendance upon the invalid—who, happily, recovered in spring—told rather heavily on the King, and in turn affected his health.

The Queen seldom appears in public. Ceremonies to her, as to the Princess of Wales, have always been ceremonies from which she preferred to escape unless duty absolutely called her. Of a bright and most youthful disposition, she likes to have gay and happy folk about her.

"I can't bear to see long faces near me," she will declare.

Of their numerous grandchildren both King and Queen are immensely fond, and are seen walking about with them hand in hand at Copenhagen.



"SOME GREAT YELLOW OBJECT IN THE AIR ABOVE HIM.

A Wrong Supposition.

"The people moved out of that house this morning and that is the landlord just going in."

"He appears to have a great many prospective tenants."

"Prospective tenants, indeed! They are only neighbors going to see in what condition the people left the house."—London Fun.

Untimely.

"Do you know what you are trying to say," asked the financial faultfinder, "when you speak of a man going to an untimely grave at the age of 80?"

"I do," said the undaunted obituarist. "The old villain ought to have gone there forty years ago."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Men do not learn half as much by experience as they should.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

Called "Crazy Jack."

Strange, is it not, that Jackson, like Sherman, should have been considered "crazy" the first year of the war? Indeed, before the war so eccentric was he that he was called "Crazy Jack" at the Virginia Military Institute. Nobody seemed to understand him. But so it has ever been and ever will be, when we ordinary mortals can't comprehend a genius, we get even with him by calling him crazy, says the New York Evening Telegram.

I remember well how uneasy some of the Confederate generals were when placed under Jackson's command early in 1862. Ewell didn't like it, and "Dick" Taylor didn't like it. They were afraid Jackson would lead them into some dreadful scrape or other. And when Ewell, with his division, was lying near Gordonsville in late April, 1862, but subject to Jackson's orders, Ewell and Taylor were anxious to get from under him—either to go down to "Joe" Johnston at Yorktown, or to have some general sent to the valley who would rank with Jackson. So, at Taylor's instance, he was sent to Richmond by Ewell to see Mr. Davis, his brother-in-law, and Mr. Benjamin, then Secretary of State, but recently Secretary of War, about getting away from Jackson. But while Taylor was gone Jackson ordered Ewell to "come-a-running" to the valley. The camp he had left in the morning at Swift River gap, on the northwest side of the Blue Ridge, Ewell occupied that night. Jackson was gone, he knew not where. The valley campaign had opened, he was making his strategic detour back southwest over to Blue Ridge toward Charlottesville; thence west by rail past Staunton to Buffalo gap; thence northwest by long marches to McDowell, where he struck Milroy. But there we were for a few days at Swift Run Gap without hearing a thing of Jackson. General Ewell may have known where he was, but I doubt it.

Meanwhile Taylor returned from Richmond to the old camp near Gordonsville, to find that Ewell had gone to Jackson in the valley. Taylor was thunderstruck. One of his commands happened to be a little way out from camp on the road toward Gordonsville, when Taylor came rattling down the mountain side in his ambulance. He asked me what meant Gen. Ewell's being ordered to the valley. I told him I did not know. He then asked me where Gen. Jackson was. I again had to confess my ignorance, and could only say that he had broken camp on a certain morning, going with his own division southwest, no one seemed to know where, and that Gen. Ewell occupied his camp that night, and had been there ever since.

"Well," said Taylor, "this is strange. Nobody at Richmond knows anything about it. "But," he added, "there is one consolation. We won't be under this d——d old crazy fool long. General Longstreet is coming to take command."

It was too late, however, to change commanders. Jackson was then fighting Milroy far to the west of us. He probably never knew how near he came to missing his great fame in the valley, and that in that campaign he not only defeated four Federal commanders, but "outflanked two of his own best generals" and the "folks" back at Richmond.

Jackson disturbed his immediate subordinates by never telling them his plans nor consulting them. He never explained any proposed campaign to a subordinate, nor called a council of war, nor asked advice. Soon after Ewell joined him in the valley, I remember riding with Gen. Taylor and coming upon Gen. Ewell. Taylor asked him what the movement meant. In his curt, half-abstracted way Ewell replied: "I don't know. If Gen. Jackson were shot down I wouldn't know a thing of his plans." "What!" said Taylor, "You second in command and don't know? If I were second in command I would know!" "You would, would you?" smiled Ewell, in his odd way, holding his head to one side like a sapsucker peeping around a tree. "No, you wouldn't know any more than I do now. You don't know the man." But Ewell and Taylor found their "crazy," reticent commander to have more war sense than all of them put together. So they ever pinned their faith to him, admired him, and loved him.

No Man's Land.

Jones County, Mississippi, a community that is now being terrorized by a lawless band, has a history. Until within the past ten years it was remote from railroads and sparsely settled. The natives were of an ignorant character. They were likewise very poor. They did not own slaves previous to the war, and the farming interests were of but little consequence. The county is situated in the heart of the long leaf pine belt, and lies midway between Meridian, Miss., and New Orleans. During the war its population did not exceed 3,000. When Mr. Davis made his call for troops there wasn't a single man in that county that responded. Officers of the Confederate army were sent there to drive the recalcitrants into the ranks, but they were impeded in such work by the immense and almost impenetrable swamps and forests that abounded in that country. The natives took to the woods whenever they saw a gray coat. They hid in the bushes and among the cane brakes. Finally they became tired of dodging the conscript law. About 300 of the most prominent of her citizens met at Ellisville one day and adopted a resolution offered by a man named Jones declaring the county's independence of the Confederacy. A separate and distinct government was formed. A constitution was framed and submitted to a viva voce vote, which was agreed upon.

The county was to be called the Republic of Jones and was to be free and independent. The article declaring independence was framed much after that famous document inspired by Thomas Jefferson. An election was ordered, but before it took place General Robert Lowry, since that time twice Governor of Mississippi, took 2,000 Confederate troops down there, broke up the new republic and drove all of the able-bodied men that bloodhounds could locate among the trees in the forests and forced them to the front. Many of the men were shot out of trees, where they were hiding as a wildcat would do. They were quite rebellious all during their service, and many of them were court-martialed and shot. Whenever the opportunity was afforded they deserted. Dozens of these were captured at their homes and executed. But it is said that while they were in battle they fought with the ferocity of a wounded and enraged beast.

The county is now one of the most prosperous and civilized in the South. Its chief commercial interest is in the lumber trade, and the finest of pine timber is shipped to all parts of the world from its hundreds of sawmills. Ellisville is the county site, is a town of 10,000 people and is a thriving place.

Grant and Sherman.

In the Century Gen. Horace Porter says in the course of his "Campaigning with Grant:"

A little before 9 o'clock on the evening of Sept. 4, while the General was having a quiet smoke in front of his tent, and discussing the campaign in Georgia, a dispatch came from Sherman announcing the capture of Atlanta, which had occurred on Sept. 2. It was immediately read aloud to the staff, and after discussing the news for a few minutes, and uttering many words in praise of Sherman, the General wrote the following reply: "I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour, amid great rejoicing."

In the meantime the glad tidings had been telegraphed to Meade and Butler, with directions to fire the salute, and not long afterward the roar of artillery communicated the joyful news of victory throughout our army, and bore sad tidings to the ranks of the enemy. An answer was received from Sherman, in which he said: "I have received your dispatch, and will communicate it to the troops in general orders. * * * I have always felt that you would take personally more pleasure in my success than in your own, and I reciprocate the feeling to the fullest extent." Grant then wrote to Sherman: "I feel that you have accomplished the most gigantic undertaking given to any general in this war with a skill and ability which will be acknowledged in history as unsurpassed, if not unequaled. It gives me as much pleasure to record this in your favor as it would in favor of any living man, myself included."

The above correspondence with Sherman recalls the letters which were interchanged between them after General Grant's successes in the West. The general wrote to Sherman at that time: "What I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction." Sherman wrote a no less manly letter in reply. After insisting that General Grant assigned to his subordinates too large a share of merit, he went on to say: "I believe you to be as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype, Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour. . . . I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would help me out if alive." The noble sentiments expressed in this and similar correspondence were the bright spots which served to relieve the gloomy picture of desolating war.

Johnny Reb's Pipe.

Joseph Dael of Mt. Clemens, who served as a private in the Sixth Michigan infantry, has a pipe which he found lying beside a young rebel lieutenant, after the battle of Baton Rouge. It is of laurel root, shaped like a cannon, and artistically carved. On the front is a finely carved portrait of Jeff Davis, surrounded by a wreath, and on the black, cut in small letters, is the inscription, "A Southern Confederacy or death!" Not until after the close of the war did Mr. Dael discover that the pipe contained a slide, which on being raised disclosed the picture of a beautiful girl. It was so situated that the young officer, while smoking, could gaze upon his sweetheart's face.

The report of the New York Free Circulating Library for 1896 shows that its seven branches circulated during the year 752,329 volumes, an increase of 97,878 over 1895. The reading-rooms were used by 234,730 persons. The library now possesses 93,772 volumes; it closed its books for the year with a deficit of $278.

OSTRICH FARMS.

After Twelve Years of Costly Experiments They Now Pay Dividends.

It is estimated that seven ostrich farms in Southern California have sold over $190,000 worth of feathers during the last year, and that now, after more than twelve years of costly and discouraging experiments, a majority of the ostrich farms in this region pay dividends. Several of the enterprises are pronounced successes, and have paid good interest on the capital in them for several years. The greater part of the money invested in the production of ostrich feathers and in the big birds in California has come from England and New York. The industry is a popular one for young Englishmen fresh from college or the academies and possessed of ample means and a spirit for novelty of business pursuits. There are over fifty bright young men from England now engaged in managing ostrich farms in this part of California, and there are others recently from London who are in search of suitable localities among the valleys and foothills in this region for new ostrich farms. It takes a capital of $15,000 to establish any sort of an ostrich farm, and $25,000 to $30,000 is required for a first-class, well-stocked and scientifically arranged farm.

The men who have been in the ostrich plume industry in Southern California since 1884 say that there has never been such a demand for ostrich plumes as this season. Dame Fashion has made their business suddenly become most profitable, and every man engaged in ostrich farming is hoping that the present fashion for wearing ostrich plumes in profusion will continue for several years. Last month the heaviest consignment of ostrich plumes ever made from Southern California went to Paris from Los Angeles.

Ostrich farming was first made an experiment at Los Angeles and Fallbrook in 1883 by a company of Frenchmen. The profits from the several ostrich farms in this section have grown each year, as the habits of the birds have been learned and the ostriches have become acclimated. There are now successful ostrich farms at South Pasadena, Anaheim, Fallbrook, Santa Monica, Coronada, and Pomona.

There are about 400 ostriches in Southern California, and they have become so common that none but the tourists who come to spend the winter seasons here take any curious interest in the birds. The capital invested in ostrich farming in this region is roughly estimated at $200,000, and there will probably be $50,000 to $70,000 more invested in the industry before the year is over.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bound to Have One.

"John," said Mrs. Atwood, thoughtfully, "everybody in society appears to think an awful lot of genealogy these days."

"Jennie what?" exclaimed John, looking up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Atwood. "What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Mrs. Atwood, "but I think it's a tree of some kind. At least, I heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to be a sort of fad, you know, and every one who is any one has to have one, I suppose."

"Buy one, then," he said, irritably. "Buy the best one in town and have the bill sent to me, but don't bother me with the details of the affair. Get one, and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out, and if it's too big for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn, and, if that ain't big enough I'll buy the next lot in order to make room. There can't any of them fly any higher than we can, and, if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

Still she hesitated.

"The fact is, John," she confessed, at last, "I don't just know where to go for anything in that line. Where do they keep family trees and all such things?"

"What do you suppose I know about it?" he exclaimed. "You're running the fashion end of this establishment, and I don't want to be bothered with it. If the florist can't tell you anything about it, hunt up a first-class nurseryman and place your order with him."

Out It Flew.

Lady Ellenborough, a renowned beauty, on one occasion, accompanied the Judge on circuit, on the distinct understanding that she should not encumber the carriage with bandboxes—his abhorrence. During the first day's journey Lord Ellenborough, stretching his legs, chanced to strike his foot against something under the seat. It was a bandbox. Down went the window, and out it flew. The coachman, thinking the box had fallen out, at once drew up; but his master furiously roared out the order to "drive on."

On reaching the next assize town, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to equip himself for the bench.

"Now," said he, "where is my wig?"

"My lord," replied the attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

Why So Called.

Some authorities say that the pistol was so named from the city of Pistoja, Italy, where pistols were first made; but others think the word was derived from the Latin pistillum, pestle, because the first pistols looked much like the pestle used with the mortar. The word "pistol" was used by Shakspeare, but there is nothing in its employment by him to show that it meant a firearm.

After all, there are few compliments more effective than when a woman says in repeating gossip: "I wouldn't tell this to anyone in the world but you."