

LION HUNTING IN ALGERIA.

In Quest of the King of Beasts in His Native Haunts.

The king of beasts in his finest development is still to be found in North Africa. Among the mimosa bushes of yonder sandy plain he rears his majestic crest. Those rocky heights know his presence. From boulder to boulder he leaps with mighty bounds, and at night his awful voice echoes, rolling like thunder along the ground, and ooming all nature into silence. No other North African country contains so many lions as Algeria; but even there they are growing scarcer from year to year. Gerrard, the first famous Algerian lion hunter, upward of thirty years ago estimated them as only 120 in number, and they have certainly not increased since. A successful lion hunt has thus become one of the rarest of rare events. We have known many fashionable chasses-a-lion to be organized. No stranger of note who visits the country can leave it without indulging in one or more of them. They are picturesque but costly kind of pageantry, always shown off in broad daylight, and forsooth on horseback. Small matter to these amateur sportsmen that lions habitually sleep by day in their almost inaccessible mountain fastnesses, and that the proximity of a large posse of men and horses intimidates them. The native guides know well what they are about. A lion hunt has been ordered regardless of expense, and vast preparations are set on foot forthwith.

At dawn of the appointed day a glittering cavalcade issues from the gates. It is hailed by the acclamation of a motley crowd of natives eager for backwash, whose expectations are abundantly gratified, owing to the best of humors engendered by the prospect of such noble sport. A truly magnificent display is made of horses, harness, and picturesque costumes.

BREECH LOADING RIFLES, REVOLVERS, SPEARS, and yataghans reflect the bright rays of the morning sun; and thus, with much shouting, clanking, and jingling, the grand hunt proceeds. Much show, but little wool, for nothing ever comes of it. All day long, through field, sandy plain, and forest, the king of beasts is sought and never found. Some spicy little bit of excitement or other has been prearranged by the guides, who feel that something must be done for the money. A turbaned Arab suddenly appears on the outskirts of a thicket, vowing that a lion is there. With much show of courage the thicket is entered by the guides, leading what seems a forlorn hope, and the uninitiated follow boldly. Every bush is searched, but no lion's royal majesty is not at home. His lair is indeed pointed out and declared to be still warm with unmistakable signs of recent occupancy, but that is about all, unless some one in the fever of his enthusiasm should fancy that he has got sight of the lion, of his tawny mane, his tufted tail, or glittering eyes. In that case a rifle, perhaps several, are discharged; and though no carcass is ever found, the readywitted natives are at no loss to account for that: it has tumbled into some inaccessible ravine, and there it lies. Lion, indeed! And so the grand hunt comes to an end before nightfall. A triumphal return and sumptuous feast crown the glorious achievements of the day. In fact, the thing is a sham from beginning to end.

Real lion hunts present widely different features. Free from all ostentatious display, they are spiced with much difficulty, exertion, and danger, and only on rare occasions unqualified success is reaped. Perhaps the most impressive of them is when a whole tribe of Arabs in sheer self-defense issue forth to a man, determined to put an end to the ravagers of their flocks and herds or die in the attempt. It is indeed a question of life or death for the Arab. The amount of damage done to the herds of a tribe by a single family of lions in a month has been estimated at 10 per cent. and, remember, his herd is the Arab's all.

We were on a visit to one of the hill tribes when such an emergency arose. Our hosts were poor, but to the best they could offer we were made heartily welcome. There is no lack of hospitality among the much maligned Ishmaelites. Many an act of genuine kindness was shown us, and we should have been craven indeed had we refused to aid our dusky friends in their need. A lion family had taken up their abode in a cave difficult of access among the hills close by. Night after night dire havoc was wrought by these fierce marauders, and the time had come when a determined stand must be made to avert utter and irrevocable ruin. While the mountain Arab is by no means deficient in courage, perseverance, or physical strength, his weapons are of a most primitive kind.

THE LONG, LIGHT FLINT LOCK GUN

he handles bears no comparison with our modern arms of precision. Deprived of that comfortable sense of safety and self-assurance which the possession of a trusty breech-loader affords, the Arab endeavors to make up for it by an accumulation of numbers. It can scarcely be said, however, that the old proverb holds good on such occasions. Face to face with an angry North African lion, there is no safety in numbers; he has been known to rush upon hundreds of men.

A glorious morning it was among the hills; the sky all aglow with purple tints, and through the veil of mist which hung round the shoulder of the great granite heights far off the summits were glistening like so many black diamonds bathed in sunbeams. Nature in its most rugged form lay before and around us. In the pure azure above, moon and stars were paling before the sun's return. We were surrounded by a motley crowd of Arabs in their picturesque costume. Young and old, all indeed capable of bearing arms, had turned out: some few were handling their long, slender, smooth-bore guns but by far the greater number had only spears and yataghans. The venerable chief beside us gave his orders briefly but distinctly. The exact location of the lion's cave was well known. At imminent peril of their lives the scouts had found it, tracking its mighty denizens to their very lair. A large circle of spearmen was now formed, and the men received instructions to converge gradually toward a rocky ledge in front of the cave, whose entrance was faintly visible from the elevated position of our trying place. Presently the "batta" commenced. Amid much shouting and clash of arms the lines were drawn closer and closer, while all of us who had firearms made as straight as possible for the cave. Before we had got within range an enormous male lion showed himself for an instant, shook his mane, and

vanished, to appear again when we had arrived at a distance of about 1,000 yards. A brisk but harmless fusillade was opened upon him by our Arab friends, and with a roar of defiance he withdrew once more into his den; he did not show himself again as we drew nearer and nearer until we came to a halt about 200 yards from the cave. The narrow ledge leading up to it was separated from the hillside on which we stood by a deep gorge more than forty feet wide. Above the ledge towered a precipitous height; and every cleft or gully in the rocky wall around bristled with the arms of our spearmen, barring escape in every direction, a

COMPLETE CIRCLE OF LISTENING STEEL

We looked carefully to our weapons, and when all was ready for giving our royal foes a hot reception, loud shouts and clamor were raised to draw them forth, but all in vain. No lion showed as much as the tip of his nose. After brief consultation, one jaunty youth volunteered to creep along the ledge, close to the cave, collect a heap of dry brushwood and fire it, so as to smoke the lions out. The spearmen redoubled their clamor, and we held our rifles in readiness for instant use, while anxiously watching the lad's progress. He pursued his perilous task with great courage. Creeping warily along the ledge, he never paused till he had gained the entrance of the cave. Quickly gathering together the dry brushwood near at hand he soon raised a pile large enough to fill the entrance, and after firing it he made his way back in safety, proud of his daring achievement and warmly greeted by us all. A few moments and the fire blazed up, sending a column of smoke into the cave. The effect upon the inmates was instantaneous and startling. Two mighty roars mingled in one, and lion and lioness bounded forth one after the other. Our doings had goaded them into fury, and they were ready to do battle against all odds in defense of their young ones and their home. At first glimpse of them my companion and I fired, but the movements of the mighty beasts were so rapid and incessant that both of us missed. Our Arab friends were peppering away with their firelocks, but also to little or no purpose.

Suddenly, while the lioness charged down upon us along the ledge, her consort, with one mighty bound, cleared the gully, alighting in the very midst of the Arabs at its brink, and, for the moment, carrying all before him. We aimed carefully this time as the lioness sprang upon us, and both our bullets took effect; but it needed a second dose of lead out of our breech-loaders to stretch her lifeless at our feet. We then hastened to the assistance of our allies. What a scene met our eyes! Bleeding profusely from many wounds, but as yet far from disabled, the furious male was making sad havoc among the crowd. Cracking a skull there with one mighty sweep of his paw, and smashing a shoulder with another, he had already strewn the ground with slain and wounded, as we drew him to fight with our rifles. At that very moment the spearmen were also upon him. While he was scattering his assailants in front, more and more men had drawn near from behind, and half a dozen lances were now plunged into him simultaneously, bearing him to the ground at last. The short but fierce struggle was over, our terrible antagonist lay breathing his last, with his victims around him. He had killed five Arabs outright, and wounded fourteen more, among whom, to our great regret, was the young hero of the day, the same brave lad whose perilous exploit we had admired so much. A great broad gash from neck to shoulder will henceforth bear witness to his prowess in the eyes of the whole tribe. We were.

PUBLICLY THANKED BY THE CHIEF

for our modest share in the glory of the day, and he informed us later that he deemed victory cheap at the price, considering that thirty or forty victims often fall in such encounters. Two young cubs, scarcely 6 months old, were found inside the cave half smothered by the smoke. We afterward learned that they had been sent to Algiers for sale, and, for all we know, they may be inmates of some zoological garden or menagerie. Our work was accomplished. Probably for many years to come the tribe would be exempt from similar infliction. With high hearts we held our triumphal entry into the village, amid shouts of victory, blended with lamentations over the many wounded. Our young hero of the fire met with his reward. They carried him along in triumph, and as he lay on his roughly improvised couch, faint from loss of blood, but elated with the consciousness of his achievement, no mortal could have been happier than he. The whole tribe, young and old, paid grateful homage to him as he lay there, for "honor to whom honor is due" remains the rule with these unsophisticated gods of the wilderness, and long may it continue so.

Such, then, has been our experience of lion hunting in North Africa. Furnished with the best arms of precision, and well supported by the indomitable pluck and ripe experience of our dusky allies, we had found ourselves face to face with the king of beasts, and, after all, had but little right to boast of our encounter with him.

Where Cow-Bells Are Made.

Collinsville, Ill., is a great place for oattle bells. That cow-bells are made and do not grow on trees or elsewhere seems to surprise some people, but there are four establishments in the United States which are exclusively devoted to manufacture of that resonant article, and two of these are in Collinsville. One hundred and fifty dozen are turned out daily and thousands of them dangle from the necks of unfortunate cows all over the prairie of North and South America. The manufacture of cow-bells is entirely distinct from that of other bells. Instead of being moulded the metal is rolled into sheets, cut into symmetrical polygons, which, when folded, are pressed into their well-known form. Having been riveted they are next packed in clay and brought to a white heat. When suddenly cooled these steel bells are found to be not only tempered, but also beautifully braced.

Catching an heiress.—Citizen (to Uncle Rastus)—"So that is the woman you're going to marry, is it, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah, dat am de lady. She yain't much to look at." Citizen—"Well, no, not very much, Uncle Rastus." Uncle Rastus—"But she hab got forty-seven dollars in de bank, boss, and she hab promised ter gib me de power ob attorney-generalship."

EMIN PASHA'S ROMANCE.

The Wonderful Career of the Mohammedan Jew Ruler.

(From the St. James' Gazette.)

Africa is essentially the land of mystery; and it is, perhaps, in accordance with the fitness of things that the two travellers who have of late been most conspicuously associated with the opening of the Dark Continent should be, to some extent, men of mystery. Concerning the birth and early days of Henry Morton Stanley there has been a lively controversy in the newspapers; and it is now generally reported that his real name is not Stanley, but Rowlands. As for Emin Pasha, his real name is Eduard Schnitzer, in 1840. Yet there is a great difference in the degree of mystery that surrounds Stanley and Emin. Although Stanley is not Stanley, all the leading incidents in the career of the discoverer of Livingstone and the founder of the Congo State are perfectly well known. Ever since he reached full manhood Stanley has been a public character. Emin, on the other hand, is still a man of mystery. His assumed name is a household word all over the civilized world; his marvellous devotion and quiet pluck have been everywhere written and spoken about. But it is extraordinary how small is the amount of trustworthy information that is obtainable about him. There is no living man of anything like equal celebrity of whom so few facts have been made public. Nevertheless, he has had an adventurous history, and a creditable one. Of the episodes of his career which are known to his intimates, not one, perhaps, does him more honor, or is more characteristic of him as a man, than the episode which led to his marriage.

In 1864 Dr. Schnitzer, who had then just taken his degree at Berlin, made up his mind to travel in the East, in order to study Oriental habits and languages. He had but little money. He had, however, indomitable energy; and good fortune followed him. On his way eastward from Trieste to Antivari he learned that the Turkish Government was in urgent need of quarantine doctors; and on reaching Antivari he was offered and accepted the post of medical quarantine officer there. At that time he was in his twenty-sixth year, of slender build, below middle height, sallow of complexion, bright of eye and apparently nearly twice his real age. His habits as well as his physiognomy betrayed of his Hebrew origin. In ten months he made such progress with his Eastern studies that he was already able to pass even among Orientals for an Oriental. He had learned to speak and write Turkish and Albanian with perfect fluency and correctness; and at the same time he had made himself a master of Italian. His talent for languages was, in fact, so exceptional that in 1866 he acquired Persian and Arabic, and in 1867 English and French, so thoroughly that he often involuntarily misled his visitors as to his nationality. In the last-named year Schnitzer became body physician and confidential adviser to Ismael Pasha, Vali of Soutari—the same Ismael who, in 1853, had defeated the Russians at the battle of Oltanitz; and not until Ismael died did the friendly connection come to an end. So fully, indeed, did the Vali trust the young doctor that he admitted him even into his harem, to attend, during her illness, upon his wife, a Hungarian lady, named Hanum. Schnitzer was allowed to continue his visits after Hanum's recovery. She was a woman of considerable education and natural intelligence; and her husband, than whom no Pasha had fewer prejudices, was sensible enough to recognize that a Hungarian wife could not justly be treated exactly like a Turkish one; while Schnitzer, on his part, behaved with scrupulous loyalty to his patron, and was regarded with ever increasing affection and respect by the Vali. Schnitzer, in fact, made himself so necessary that Ismael openly alluded to him as his right hand, and the Albanians commonly spoke of the doctor as the Deputy Vali. But Ismael, like many a Turkish governor, had numerous enemies, and these were powerful enough to procure his disgrace. One day a Turkish frigate anchored in the mouth of the Bojana, one of the Sultan's aides-de-camp rowed unexpectedly ashore, and, without any warning whatever, Ismael Pasha was taken on board and carried as a state prisoner to Constantinople. All his property was confiscated; and if his wife, Hanum, had not managed to conceal her jewels she would probably have starved. Under Dr. Schnitzer's escort she followed her unfortunate husband to Stamboul; but soon after her arrival there Ismael was sent in chains to Trebizond, where he was kept in a state of great misery for more than four years. During the whole of this period he was daily and almost hourly attended by Schnitzer; who not only endeavored to lighten his misfortunes, but acted as his secretary and drew up for him numerous appeals to the Sultan and to the representatives of the Great Powers at Paris. Not, however, until 1873 did these appeals produce any apparent effect. Then, as suddenly as had come the order for the Pasha's arrest, came the order for his release and restoration to imperial favor. Ismael was loaded with honors; he was appointed Governor of Janina, in Lower Albania, and in due course, with his wife and with the ever faithful Schnitzer, he went to assume his position. A year later Ismael, whose health had suffered from his long imprisonment, died, and it became Schnitzer's duty first to bury his old friend and then to arrange affairs for his old friend's wife. The doctor had, it seems, already exchanged Judaism for Mohammedanism, and had assumed the name of Emin. He had, moreover, become greatly attached to Hanum. It is not surprising, therefore, that he considered that he should facilitate the carrying out of his various obligations by marrying his patron's widow. As soon as the needful formalities had been attended to and the period of mourning had elapsed, he put his project into practice; and the wedding was celebrated at Constantinople in, we believe, the summer of 1875. Such is the true story of Emin's marriage. It has been stated that his wife was "a relative of the celebrated Pasha of Janina"—a description which applies with more accuracy to a connection of the great Ali Pasha who was murdered in 1822 than to the widow of Ismael Pasha; but Ismael was one of the most celebrated soldiers of his day, and as he was also, for a short time, Pasha of Janina, the assertion, though misleading, is not altogether incorrect. Emin, we understand, has now been for some years a widower. He is still a Mohammedan, and, in spite of much that has been said to the contrary, he has never professed Christianity. He is, however, a man of the greatest tolerance and breadth of mind; he never obtrudes his religious belief; and many of those who have most closely

associated with him have suspected his creed as little as his nationality. The linguistic studies which he began in 1865 he has continued ever since; and he is now credited with a thorough knowledge, not only of Hebrew, Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Albanian, Italian, English and French, but also of Koptic, Chaldee, Somali, Suaheli, Berber, Galla, and many African dialects which are scarcely known to the dictionary-maker or grammarian. In these studies, as in his marvellous work in the Equatorial Province, his indomitable energy has overcome all obstacles.

HEAD TO THE NORTH.

Why We should Sleep With Our Bodies Lying North and South.

Scientific investigation proves that there is the best possible foundation for the belief that we should sleep with our bodies lying north and south, says the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat." Each human system has magnetic poles, one positive and one negative. It is true that some persons have the positive pole in the head and the negative pole in the feet, and others the reverse. In order that the person sleeping should be in perfect harmony with the magnetic phenomena of the earth, the head, if it possess the positive pole should lie to the south, or if the feet possess the positive pole the head should lie to the north. The positive pole should always lie opposite to the magnetic equilibrium.

The positive pole of the person draws one way, but the magnetic pole of the earth draws the other way and forces the blood toward the feet, affects the iron in the system, tones up the nerves and makes sleep refreshing and invigorating. But if a person sleeps the wrong way and fails to become magnetically in sympathy with the earth, he will then probably be too magnetic, and will have a fever resulting from the magnetic forces working too fast; or he will not be magnetic enough, and the great strain will cause a feeling of lassitude, sleep will not be refreshing, and in the morning he will have no more energy than there is in a cake of soap. Some persons may scoff at these ideas, but the greatest scientific men of the world have studied the subject.

The Opium Habit in Washington.

One of the leading physicians of the American capital remarked the other day that if a brand was on the forehead of every woman who used opium in some form, society here would go to pieces. He attributes this frightful condition of affairs to the dissipated life led here by the women of the upper tenfold. The endless round of balls and receptions is such a strain upon them that they must seek relief in some way. They begin by taking a soothing syrup, as a rule, to put them to sleep, this after a while fails to act, then paregoric is resorted to. From this it is only a step to pure opium and absolute ruin. Sometimes people buy the crude gum and eat it regularly every day, while others buy laudanum and drink it in quarter-ounce, half ounce and even ounce portions. And then there are Dover's powders and morphine pills, both of which act rapidly, and especially the latter. The habit seems more of a disease than a vice, for the whole nature of the victim undergoes a complete revolution, moral, mental and physical. After a short time the victim will sacrifice honour, friends and family for the fatal drug. There is no cure, for even the asylums fail to effect a permanent cure except in rare instances.

A Good One on Dr. McCosh.

They tell a good story on Dr. McCosh, the venerable ex-President of Princeton College. Horace Porter, who graduated at that college some years ago, says that he was lying in his room one day when there was a knock at his door. "Who's there?" he shouted. It's me—Dr. McCosh," was the answer, in a hard Scotch brogue. "You're a liar," retorted Porter, who really thought it was a class mate. "If it were Dr. McCosh, he would say 'It is I.'" There was no answer to this, but the sound of feet shuffling down the corridor. Young Porter ran to the door, cautiously opened it, looked down the hall and saw the back and tail stopped form of Dr. McCosh disappearing. The President of Princeton never spoke of the incident, nor did Porter until he had his sheepskin.

Careless Choice of Words.

"My dear," said Mrs. Tenstryke to her husband, "I went to-day to see the artist; to whom you gave an order for your portrait." "Did you; how is he getting along?" "I have countermanded the order." "What did you do that for?" "My reasons were of the very best, I assure you. I asked him whether he had started to work on the picture or not, and what do you think his reply was?" "Can't guess." "He replied in the coolest way imaginable, with his imitating French accent: 'I have not commenced on the portrait yet. I have on hand a commission which I took to oblige a friend. It is to paint several likenesses of his finest hogs. When I have completed this work I will be quite prepared to do justice to your husband's portrait.'"—[Merchant Traveller.

A young divine tells a story of a groom who after the marriage ceremony slipped a two-dollar bill into his hand, murmuring apologetically, "I'll do better next time."

Tenderfoot (in new Kansas town)—"Where is the post-office?" Resident—"Over there." "Where?" "D'y'e see that man sawing wood? He's the postmaster." "Yes, but I don't see the post-office." "Of course you don't. It's in his hat."

President Harrison has chosen a strong team to represent the United States in the Berlin conference for the settlement of the Samoan troubles. Mr. Kasson was Minister to Austria in 1877 and to Germany in 1884; Mr. Phelps is a politician of some note, and, as an exchange says, a robust exponent of the "American idea"; and Mr. Bates is an astute lawyer who was one of the commissioners previously sent to investigate into Samoan affairs. Diplomatic, political, and legal skill are thus happily combined. The two secretaries, also, are well fitted for their positions, one of them having been at one time Consul-General in Samoa, and the other having taken part in the negotiation of the existing treaty.

Mr. Bloggins is Paralyzed With Fear.

Mr. Bloggins has of late been growing stout. He did not become aware of the fact, however, until he noticed that his vest and trousers were beginning to fit him with the closeness of a glove. Even this phenomenon occasioned but a passing thought until the wearing of his clothing became a matter of actual suffering to him. Physical examination then developed the fact that a very large slice of embonpoint had made its appearance under that portion of his anatomy lying in the neighborhood of his fifth vest button. Friends tried to convince him that he was simply growing fat, but he wouldn't believe. There was something wrong.

One morning Mrs. Bloggins arose to look after the breakfast, leaving her "hubby" thinking over his "too weighty" flesh. Soon Bloggins arose, and pushing the bed away from the wall slipped through the rear of the curtains, where he proceeded to another "examination." Meanwhile the better half walked in, and not seeing her William pushed the bed nearer the wall and returned to the breakfast preparations.

Mr. Bloggins soon convinced himself that he was rapidly growing worse and essayed to return to his clothes, but—consternation!—he could not get through. He tried again, but no—the passage through which he had just passed so easily a minute before was now too narrow.

"Wite, wite!" he yelled, almost paralyzed with fear.

"Oh, William, what is it?" cried the lady running into the room.

"Send for a doctor at once," feebly moaned the suffering man; "but no—it's too late. I'm gone, I feel it—I'm—"

"William Bloggins, tell me at once what is the matter. Where does it hurt you?"

"There's nothing hurting me, dear. My death will be painless. Oh, I know it is coming; I felt it all along, and now—"

"Oh, William, tell me—tell your Mary all about it."

"I'm swelling up, Mary," replied Mr. Bloggins solemnly; "swelling up—swelling up. Good-by, Mary, I—I—"

"You're doing nothing of the kind, Mr. Bloggins. You're not a bit larger than usual."

"Oh, but I must be. A short time ago I passed between the bed and wall easily, but when I tried to return the space was too narrow. Oh, I'm doomed—I told you long ago—my—"

He was interrupted by a wild burst of laughter. Mrs. Bloggins was in convulsions of hilarity and seemed to see a powerfully good joke somewhere.

"May I ask," remarked Bloggins freezingly, "why you laugh at a time when your husband is dying?"

"Dying! You're not dying. Oh, William—and Mrs. Bloggins was again past the power of speech.

"There's nothing the matter with you, I tell you—ha, ha, ha! While you were behind that curtain, I—ha, ha, ha!—came in and pushed the bed nearer to the wall, so that—oh, Mr. Bloggins, what a dunce you are!"

William is perfectly recovered now.—[Cincinnati Times-Star.

How to "Manage Things" at Home.

There was a serious question under discussion by a group of men in the office of a cozy hotel.

"I've got it down fine," was the remark which drifted over to the clerk who was leaning on the counter. I take off my shoes in the hall and skip the sixth and eleventh steps. I've counted them, and they're the ones that squeak."

"I wouldn't have squeaky stairsteps," said another voice. "I keep a pair of overhoes under the stoop and never have any trouble."

"I'm at work on a little invention that I think will save lots of trouble in this direction," said another. "There is a fortune in it. It's a combination of a steel night key-hole of magnetized iron. It will be effective without exciting suspicion."

"That's all well enough," said a quiet man, "but I've got a better scheme than any of you."

"What is it?" asked one of the group.

"When I get home from a trip," was the reply, "I spent every evening at home, and I ain't bothered with any beating round the bush. When I go anywhere I take my wife with me and enjoy myself."

Encouraging Home Industry.

Fond Mother—"Doctor, what seems to be the cause of Willie's trouble?"

Doctor—"Some foreign substance in the stomach, I should say."

Fond Mother—"Oh yes; those dreadful Irish potatoes! I will tell our grocer to-morrow that he positively must bring us some of home production."

Would Just Pity Him.

"I wish," said a young man to Miss Coolfax, "that I had some thoughtful companion to whom I could frankly unburden my mind. Perhaps you don't realize what it is to have sentiments and impressions that the world at large does not sympathize in."

"I—I am afraid I don't understand you," said the young lady.

"No; perhaps I should have expected that. I mean that I sometimes feel that I would like to get away from the world at large—to be where I could say what was on my mind without being ridiculed."

"Why, come right to our house whenever you feel that way."

"You wouldn't laugh at me?"

"No; we would just pity you."

He Didn't Care for the Blessing.

A certain young man during his courting days was very bashful. Once he attended a tea party at the house of an uncle of his sweetheart's. The good hostess requested him to ask a blessing, which so alarmed the already bewildered young man that he unconsciously stammered out: "I don't care for any, thank you."

Spoke From Experience.

"Look at that poor little creature," said a traveling man who was looking at a mouse recently caught in a big wire trap. "It must be agony to any living creature to walk unsuspectingly into captivity in that way."

"It is, I assure you," said a friend who was standing by.

"You talk like one who spoke from experience."

"I do; just come around to the store and take a turn with our new storm door, and you'll see how it is yourself."