

SOME ODD STAMPEDES.

HOW ANIMALS OF DIFFERENT KINDS ARE RENDERED CRAZY THROUGH SUDDEN FRIGHT.

An Uncontrollable Rush of Terrified Buffaloes Which Nearly Cost a Man His Life.

"I shall never forget that canyon, not if I live a century," said a frontiersman, as the train was slowly creeping along over a deep but narrow abyss, common in the western country.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," was the reply, "I dropped into it once, or, rather, was thrown in, and had the narrowest escape of my life." I was what is termed a "cow puncher" in those days, and did a little of everything. The year I have in mind I was guide for a party of prospectors and engineers, and under contract to supply them with beef. Beef meant buffalo, and there was plenty of it—too much, as you will see, in those days, though they are all gone now.

"I generally worked ahead of the party an hour or so, to be on the lookout for the Indians and game, and one day, having sighted a big herd of buffaloes, I started off, with one of the party, to kill some, and have them dressed by the time the main party came up.

"My companion was new to the business, but I had no idea that he would put me into the scrape he did. We were about four miles from this canyon, which is simply a big wash, a cut, the sides almost up and down and 1,000 feet wide. A horse can jump from the edge at some points and fall 15,000 feet without striking; that's the kind of a place it is. In crossing in the cars you do not see the steepest part of it.

"We started off in high spirits. It was a beautiful morning, and there was something in the air that stimulated me—something that is difficult to explain, but exists nevertheless.

"The country to the south and east was as level as the sea; but to the west rose the Rockies, blue and pink, and here and there isolated buttes. Away to the northwest rose a cloud of dust, which hung over the ground for hundreds of acres. That dust meant buffaloes and for it we headed.

"I intended riding slowly, and when we got near put on speed and charge them. But all at once my man's horse went into a hole and broke the cinch. I rode on and left him to mend it, thinking of course, that he would follow.

"I had gone two miles when it occurred to me to stop and wait for him. The buffaloes were just ahead and I wanted to give him a fair chance. For half an hour I waited, and suddenly noticed a movement in the herd which was apparently coming in every direction. The dust seemed to cover the entire horizon, rising in the air like a cloud and spreading to each side.

"In a moment I was in the saddle and riding out toward it to see which direction it was taking, still not wanting to leave my companion. Just then I began to hear a roaring sound, like thunder. Every instant it grew louder, and finally I began to realize that I was being surrounded, and then it flashed across my mind that it was a stampede.

"In a second I was about and away in the direction of the party, but I had been standing in a depression, and as I came up I saw that I was in the center of a halfmoon of dust. Thousands of buffaloes were dashing down on me like an avalanche and their flanks reaching out as if to hem me in.

"I didn't waste much time and was soon on a dead run. If you have ever seen a man or a horse run down a track before an engine, animals leaping along before a prairie fire, or to escape a cyclone, you can imagine the feelings which impelled me.

"It was merely a matter of getting around the herd, but they were closing in on me, and a fall, an accident of any kind, meant being trampled to death. I soon saw that it was useless to attempt getting around the herd; it was too big, and the start was too great, so I simply ran for it—ran for life.

"I never saw a stampede? Well, imagine 8,000 or 10,000 cattle, perhaps more, impelled by fear or terror, dashing along, crowding together—a living glacier. It is irresistible; nothing can stop it—a surging, solid mass, rushing blindly forward with a roar and noise which shakes the very earth. Imagine something like this and you can realize something, perhaps, of the features of a stampede. It is merely the wild rush of terrified cattle or buffaloes.

"I ran before them twenty minutes, and of course gained, and seeing some buttes at a distance of a mile or more, I thought I could make them and would consequently be safe.

"But life is uncertain, and so is riding in this country, as without any warning, I came upon this canyon. I took in the situation at a glance.

"If I went down the animals would fall upon me. If I staid on the edge they would trample me to death. There was but one chance—that I could turn back the herd—and I took it. I ran at them, firing my rifle, bowling them over, yelling and screaming as a man can only scream if it is for life. But the roar of their feet was so loud that I doubt if they could have heard me.

"As they came, like a whirlwind, and turning again, I made for the canyon. I reached the edge, about a thousand yards ahead, and dismounting, I started my horse back, to take his chance, and flung myself over the side.

"There wasn't much time to think, but I thought the best chance would be at the edge. So I crept as close to it as possible, and at the steepest place, and waited.

"What were my sensations? Well, I can hardly tell. I was pretty certain that my day had come, and I remember trying to brace up, and I thought of my old mother, but I didn't have much time. As they came, and then I was buried with earth, and the next second I saw buffaloes go shooting over the edge.

"They went as if they had been shot out of a gun, clearing the edge and striking many feet below. Hundreds of them it seemed, and, for all I know, thousands, went over before they stopped.

"You see the tremendous pressure behind pushed those in front on, so that they could not help themselves, and it was some time before the front ranks could stop the rush, and not before many had gone over. I had been saved by the hardness of the soil above me. A part of it had given way and covered me up, but a shelf of clay had held, and so I owe my life.

"I dragged myself up the slope, more dead than alive, and about the first thing I saw

was my companion riding up while the buffaloes were a cloud of dust in the south. It seems that he had, thinking to get the start of me, gone around and began to fire into the herd from behind, and had thus created the stampede. He didn't know any better, so I couldn't say much.

"The bottom of the canyon was about half full of dead and wounded buffaloes. I never saw such a sight before, and never want to again. Perhaps," continued the old hunter, "you have been under the falls of Niagara. Just imagine the water living buffaloes, and you can imagine my situation. My horse never saw again. Whether he went into the canyon or not I don't know."

Many animals are subject to stampedes, but especially those that are accustomed to herd. When they are large and powerful the most frightful results may follow. It sometimes occurs among elephants, when entire plantations are wrecked and fences and houses are ruined.

In the sea-lion rookeries of the Alaska coast some curious stampedes and exciting incidents are often seen. At certain seasons of the year the Aleuts have a drive of "seevitchio," as the lions are called. It is generally begun in September or October.

The largest and strongest Aleuts are selected for the purpose, who, with provisions, repair to the vicinity of the rookery. At night, when the sea-lions are lying in the sand above high-water mark, they make their first attempt. Armed with sticks, guns, and clapping bones, they creep down to the water's edge, and finally, with much skill and maneuvering, place themselves between the sea-lions and the water, and, at a given signal, rush with yells and screams at their victims.

The sea-lions awake, and, hearing the terrible noise, dash away in a stampede, each one rushing in the direction in which he happened to be sleeping. In this way half may go inland, while the rest head for the men. In the latter case there is some danger, but, as a rule, the Aleuts escape injury. The sea-lions come hopping, bounding along, making marvelous speed for such huge creatures, and care nothing for the men in their blind rush.

The stampede of the sea-lions ends disastrously to the most of them. They flounder inland, and are then followed and driven to the houses of the men by shouts and cries. There stakes are placed in the ground about them, forming a rude corral.

To the posts streamers of cloth are attached, and their fluttering in the wind prevents the foolish sea-lions from escaping. Other catches are added until finally 200 or 300 sea-lions are corralled, when the final march is taken up. The sea-lions are liberated and headed in the direction of the Aleut village, ten or twelve miles away, and driven there, the journey taking from one to two weeks.

Among wild horses the stampede is an exciting spectacle, the animals literally running away in a body. It is the custom among the Indians to create a stampede among horses and cattle when they wish to appropriate some of them, and in the confusion that results not a few are driven off and secured.

It was once my good fortune to witness a stampede of eels. A certain pond on the Maine coast was fed by a brook, but at high water the ocean flowed in, so that it might be said to be salt at high tide and fresh or brackish at low tide.

The conditions seemed particularly favorable for the propagation of eels, and the muddy bottom was fairly alive with them, many of them of large size. As the tide ebbed many eels went into salt water.

One evening I had occasion to cross the creek with a friend just at nightfall. The little brook had dwindled down to a mere stream a foot or so wide, and as we stepped over it was seen to be black with eels. My companion inadvertently stepped in among them, and at the instant the living river broke and a remarkable stampede occurred.

Hundreds of forms, ranging from two to three or more feet in length, broke away and dashed over the dry but slippery beach covering it in every direction with a wriggling mass of eel life. The terrified animals dashed up toward the shore and in every direction, though ultimately turning and making for the distant water. Some of them traversed to reach it over 300 feet of dry land.

Among all animals the feeling of alarm and sudden terror is liable to have the same result—a wild break, a rushing this way and that; even among men it is not uncommon. In every war sudden surprises have resulted in a stampede, where hundreds of men, ordinarily brave, have rushed headlong to escape the supposed or actual danger, stampeded just as they might if they were sea-lions or buffaloes.

He Drew the Line at Pie.

"Harold," murmured the girl, a tear dimming the lustre of the spectacles that rested lightly on her classical Bostonian nose, "I will not deny that our son's communion, our interchange of impressions, our mental sympathy, not only specifically paleontological, but cosmical and metaphysical in a general sense as well, have been pleasingly Emersonian. But you have taken advantage of a moment of perhaps unwonted soulfulness to endeavor to extort from me a pledge of earthly fidelity. You seek to degrade—if I may use so strong a term—our essential psychomachy to the ultimate level of mere intersocial volition."

"Waldonia," exclaimed the youth, "you misapprehend me. I—"

"Hear me out, Harold," she persisted. "I have confessed that I feel drawn to you by many psychocentric influences. But there are other considerations. When two earthly lives assimilate there must be no clashing vagaries—no hygienic polemics. Harold," she continued, in a trembling voice, "pardon the question—there is so much at stake—but do you ever define your immortal nature by eating pie?"

The young man rose slowly to his feet and felt around in a vague way for his hat.

"Waldonia," he said in a voice of tragic misery, "the bitterest hour of my life has come, but I cannot hesitate a moment. I wouldn't give up pumpkin pie for the soulfullest young woman that ever squawked! Good evening, Miss Ticklowell!"

The pale moon rose with the timid, abashed demeanor with which she rises over Boston Harbor, and her rays shone mildly and pityingly on a young man with his hat pulled down over his eyes who was striding down the street, going out of his way to kick savagely at every lone and friendless dog in sight and talking volubly and recklessly to himself in the dialect of New York. (Boston Courier.)

SOUTH AFRICAN MINING.

Gold, Copper, and Asbestos Discoveries Made Daily.

For some time rumors have been rife that a certain amount of forged scrip was in circulation in the Kimberley share market, but it was only the other day that anything definite was known and the facts were discovered. It appears that there was living at Johannesburg a young man named Pearson, a clerk. This youth had been on the point of leaving for Port Elizabeth, and before going had invited a large number of his friends and others to a farewell banquet he gave at the Grand National Hotel. This banquet was the talk of the town, and the wender was natural as to where the money for it had come from. The inquiry was put off by statements to the effect that money had been left him, and that a present of 250 or 300 Tharsis shares had been made to him. Just before leaving Johannesburg he gave a broker named Sonnenfeld a parcel of these shares to sell, and got an advance of £40 on them. This broker, being somewhat suspicious, sent around the shares to the Secretary of the company to see if they were all right. The answer he got was that they were fraudulent, the Secretary's name and the names of the directors being forged. The case was at once put into the hands of the police. At Potchefstroom, a town about a day's journey from Johannesburg,

THE FORGER WAS ARRESTED

when the coach, in which he was travelling, arrived there, and was brought back to the scene of his operations, where he was examined before the Landdrost and committed for trial. It is not thought that this discovery need excite much apprehension, as the forgery is in all probability confined to these shares, and it will have the effect of making brokers and dealers exercise more caution when passing scrip through their hands, thus rendering any similar attempts at fraud in the future difficult owing to the likelihood of prompt detection.

Another sensational affair occurred last week at Johannesburg in which the name of a now notorious Londoner figures conspicuously. A person calling himself M. J. Nicholson Neil was assaulted in front of the Exchange by a Mr. Brant, inquiry agent and detective. This detective, when summoned, pleaded that he had committed the assault under great provocation, and in the course of the trial made the statement that this Mr. Neil was none other than the principal in the firm of Abbot, Page & Co., who carried on a large share business in London and which failed some two years ago to the tune of nearly a quarter of a million sterling under circumstances which excited a good deal of unfavorable comment at the time. Mr. Brant has letters and other documents in his possession proving that this is the very man who was wanted by the London police, and that he had been paying the detective sums of money to have his incognito kept up. The non-payment of a balance due to Mr. Brant and the demand for it led to the assault, and in turn to the exposure of a great criminal.

And still another sensation worthy of America, where daring robberies are more frequent than they have been in South Africa. The discovery of the gold fields seems to be attracting much of Arer's eye, and it would appear as if some of the rowdy element is being imported along with the industrious. At a little gold mining village in the Transvaal called Krugerdrorp there is a brick building which does duty as a branch of the Standard Bank of South Africa. In it there are a manager, an accountant and a boy. The bank premises

WERE OPENED AS USUAL

on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, and about an hour later two men walked in and covered with their revolvers the manager and his assistant, the boy having at the time been sent out on business. These strangers said they were Americans. One of them struck the manager on the head with a hunting crop, rendering him insensible, when they proceeded to bind and gag him, and the accountant as well. They had found the safe open, and had extracted all the notes and gold amounting in value to £3,700, when the boy came to the door and found it closed, at which he was surprised.

The robbers taking him for a customer, told him that the bank was closed for that day, as they were taking stock. Suspecting that all was not right, he gave information, and in the mean time the robbers coolly walked off, mounted their horses, which were standing quietly at the gate of the landdrost's house, next to the bank and rode off in the direction of Johannesburg. A policeman named Tossell happened to be near, and when he was informed of what had happened, as he was already mounted, he rode after the two men. His horse not being equal to the occasion, gave signs of breaking down, but on passing a little village, and without drawing bridle, he called to the groom of the hotel to saddle up a race horse he knew to be there, at the same time telling of the robbery. This was done; the race horse overtook Tossell, who mounted it and made up to the robbers. He fired, but they dismounted and from behind their horses "potted" at the policeman, but without effect, for he succeeded in wounding one in the arm and forcing both to surrender. Shortly afterward others who had joined in the pursuit came up and the two, one of whom, by the way, takes the name of Richard Turpin, were secured. The notes, amounting to £2,000, were recovered, but not as yet the gold, which must have been thrown away in the pursuit.

There is no sign of theminging activity lessening, but rather the reverse.

NEW DISCOVERIES

of minerals are being made every day. From the Asbestos mine, discovered near Kimberley, richer specimens than ever are coming in belonging to the Griqualand West Copper and Mineral Syndicate, and these are far superior to any that have yet been exhibited, being equal in color, fibre, and texture to the finest white spun silk. Orders are arriving from different parts of Europe for the raw product. This week an important shipment has been despatched to Hamburg in response to several inquiries. Hamburg offers a lucrative market for the fibre, the best qualities of which realize from £60 to £70 per ton.

A good illustration of luck in share speculation here was afforded the other day in the case of the Volharding copper syndicate. The shares are £10 ones. In a week they went up to £75. The syndicate's property, it seems, is on the Orange River, and it bids fair to possess one of the richest copper mines in the world. Seven or eight copper reefs have already been exposed. The desirability of treating the ore on the spot is being discussed. There is an abundance of fuel and water near. With copper at its present

price it is estimated that the mine will pay handsomely, whilst the slightest rise in the market will place this concern in such a position as to yield astonishing results. So confident are the shareholders of the ultimate success of this venture that they have pooled 400 out of 630 shares, and it is likely that in a few days they will rise £150 or £200.

Daily discoveries are being made all over the Transvaal of new reefs and mines containing gold in paying quantities. The Transvaal mines are even attracting Cabinet Ministers from their flocks, as was instanced the other day when the Colonial Secretary took the post of Secretary to the Consolidated Investment Company of Johannesburg, a company that, with a capital of £175,000, is already in the way of making by rents alone of properties purchased for £75,000 about £30,000 per annum, and is likely to carry on one of the largest businesses in South Africa. Its scrip is not issued yet but as much as 75 per cent. premium has been offered for shares in the company. The gold exported from the Cape last month amounted to 24,000 ounces, valued at £83,000, and the total value of gold exported for the last eight months amounted to £529,650. The output of gold from the Rand last month is estimated at 36,000 ounces, of which one company alone, the Langlaugh, contributes 6,000 ounces.

There is no doubt that this country should attract the attention of Canadians as a great outlet for their trade in machinery and other things. Much expense and loss are incurred by a want of knowledge of mining and the want of proper machinery. There is a field for an enterprising firm. The country of the Matabele is about to be opened up by a company to whom a royal charter has been granted, and in all directions are signs of enterprise such as is only known where mining is carried on a large scale.

An Extraordinary Case.

An interesting case, which will be a difficult matter for the courts, happened recently in the Red Cross hospital, of Lyons. A patient was placed under the influence of chloroform in order to be subjected to a most painful operation. At the first incision however, the man, who was unusually strong, became conscious. Crazy with pain, he tore the knife from the operating physician, and despite the presence of several friends he plunged it in an instant into the hearts of Professor Nagout and a young man who was acting as witness. The double murderer was taken into the torture-room and bound. Recognizing the fact that no narcotic could influence him the operation was successfully performed without its use. He will recover in all probability. The interest in his trial, which will take place in the near future, lies in the defence that he committed the double crime in a fit of temporary insanity caused by the extreme pain. The case will form an important chapter in the history of medical law.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

Hard on the Sparrow.

The New York "Herald" having recently stated that it was apparently lawful in that State "to send a lineman to instant death by electricity, but a man who feeds a sparrow may be fined and imprisoned," a correspondent wrote to ask whether this was really the case. In reply the "Herald" quoted the following law passed by the Legislature in June, 1857, as an amendment to an Act of 1856:

"The English or European house sparrow ('Passer domesticus') is not included among the birds protected by this Act, and it shall be considered a misdemeanour to intentionally give food or shelter to the same."

The transgressor is liable to imprisonment for thirty days and a fine of fifty dollars. People in New York State will be chary about extending any hospitalities to the "Passer domesticus" now that their attention has been directed to the presence of this law upon the statute book.

He Wasn't Hankering After Vigor.

A man was running down Baxter street toward the river, the other afternoon, when a policeman confronted him and asked for an explanation.

"They're after me!" gasped the man.

"Who?"

"The doctors."

"What do the doctors want of you?"

"They want to experiment on me with the Elixir of Life. Please don't let 'em; don't sir."

"I should think you'd be perfectly willing to be experimented on. It might set you back ten years in vigor."

"That's just the rub, sir. I'm satisfied it would, and ten years ago every time I was arrested for vagrancy I looked so strong and healthy that his honor sent me up."—[Detroit Free Press.]

The Lost Cord.

"Mis'ah Johsing, yu heah dat gal eb mine sing at the chais' las' night?"

"I did."

"Bootifol song dat, de one she sung. It am called 'D' Lost Cord.'"

"Huh! I das so! Well, you wa'a' dar."

"No. I was to hum, but she tole me she sung it."

"Yes, she did, an' some one got at my woodpile while I was at de chais. Guess I lost about a cord, too."

Life in Pizen Creek.

Tourist—"Will you kindly direct me to Bob Cat city?"

Colonel Whipsaw (of the Rattlesnake ranch)—"Yes, sir. Keep right up Frozen Man's Gulch 'bout two miles till ye come to where two boss thieves are hangin' on one tree, turn to yer right till yer come to two hangin' on two trees, keep to yer left past Murderer's Tree with the limbs all broke off, cut down across where you'll see some fellers lynchin' another boss thief, then over the hill an' down through Bill Chaparral's private cemetery an' up along where the Sheriff and his posse is besiegin' Pike County Pete, turn to the right an' pass three more boss thieves 'bout ten feet from the ground an' cut down a side road past the post house an' there you be. Good-bye. Hope you won't miss yer way."—[Texas Sittings.]

In Case of Accident.

Nervous Gentleman—"Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And mind you pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful steam cars." Cabby—"Never fear, sir, I'll do my best. And which 'ersपाल would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?"

AFRICAN LION HUNTING.

Nimrods who go Out to Hunt the King Beasts.

The glowing descriptions of sport on the vast plains of Africa given by Selous, Thomson, Kerr, and other pioneer sportsmen have drawn not a few Nimrods to South Africa and the region of Mount Kilima-Njaro. In fact, in large parts of South Africa there has been so much slaughter by European hunters that wholesale sport of this kind is a thing of the past. The three species of rhinoceros, for instance, that formerly roamed in great numbers along the banks of South African streams are rapidly becoming extinct. Only a few of them are now seen in the Transvaal, and, like the American bison, their days in a large part of Africa are about numbered.

It is common talk among noted English sportsmen that lion hunting in Africa is comparatively tame sport. They say he is not at all dangerous as

COMPARED WITH AN INDIAN TIGER.

As a general thing, there is no doubt a lion prefers inglorious retreat to a fight with a white man. If a hunter meets an African buffalo on a narrow path he is likely to be trampled on unless he puts in a well-directed shot. Most lions under the same circumstances will leap into the jungle and disappear though now and then they have been known to attack white men. The best known incident of this sort is Livingstone's thrilling experience when a lion leaped upon him from a clump of bushes, lacerated his shoulder, and would have killed him had he not been shot by one of Livingstone's servants.

There is another sort of lion, however, with whom Selous has made us familiar. He is the man-eater, the terror of the natives because he lies in wait for his human prey just as he does for other animals. Nobody knows why a few lions differ from their fellows in their love and search for human food. It is believed, however, that by some chance, getting a taste of human flesh and finding it good they acquire the habit of seeking that sort of food in preference to any other.

ONE MAN EATING LION

is quite enough to drive the natives of an extensive territory from their homes. While Selous was hunting in Northern Mashonaland two years ago he saw many small deserted villages. On asking the reason the answer was, invariably: "The people could not remain any longer. The lions are too bad." In one village three women had been killed and eaten by these man-eaters. In another a man and two girls, and so on.

The boldness of these animals is remarkable when once they become ravenous for human food. Three years ago a young girl was standing outside a hut when she thought she saw a baboon in the grass. She called out, "Come and see the baboon," and several persons rushed out just in time to see a lion spring upon the girl and carry her away. It was near this place that a lion killed a sleeping man. Before he had time to begin his meal the man's wife rushed out of her hut. The lion left his first victim, killed and ate to woman, and then departed, leaving the man's body untouched. Sometimes the natives muster up sufficient courage to organize a hunt for the man-eater, and if they succeed in killing him they will very likely not be molested again for years though they may nightly listen to roars in the jungle.

A New King.

The new King of Portugal, Carlos I., who a few weeks ago completed his twenty-sixth year, comes to the throne unprepared, the invalid condition of his father having for some time caused more and more official responsibilities to be placed on him. The little kingdom, too, has now few causes of disturbance or anxiety abroad or at home. Her chief colonial troubles are in South Africa, and these are likely to be quickly settled, the rivalry of her two strong neighbors, Germany and England, furnishing, perhaps, a guarantee that she will find aid in defending her rights. Yet the accession of a new monarch must cause some speculation as to its effect. The twenty-eight years' tranquility which Portugal had under King Luis I. was largely due to his observance of constitutional principles, willingness to favor reforms, and lack of disposition to seek personal prominence at the expense of the peace of the kingdom. Still, even under him there were some exciting political crises, and for a long time a continuation of the financial embarrassments and disorders which had been inherited from his predecessors. The probabilities are that no great changes in Portugal's domestic or foreign affairs need immediately be expected.

A Cleverly Laid Scheme.

Young Wife—"You are not going out to night, are you?"

Husband—"Yes, my dear. I must go back to the office and post my books. I'm afraid I'll be kept late."

"Not going anywhere except to the office?"

"No-o."

"Well, then, step into Strong, Smell & Co.'s around the corner from your office, on the way down. They'll be open until eight o'clock. Get a couple of mackerel and bring them home with you when you come."

"Yes, my dear. Good night."

Young Wife (to herself, as her husband departs)—"He won't do much the more going with those mackerel in his pocket."

The Question of Halls.

Chicago Man—"Why don't you hold another meeting in aid of the World's Fair?"

New Yorker (haughtily)—"We can't find a hall big enough to hold the people who want to come."

Chicago Man—"Huh! Advertise that all who come will be expected to contribute, and you can accommodate the crowd in a lodging-house bedroom."

First Boy—"See here! Didn't I see you running down street yesterday, with Bill Bounce after you, waitin' to lick you?"

Second Boy—"Y'es." "What did you run for?"

"I—I was only running so as to get him away from home, so his mother couldn't see him fightin'; but by the time we was out of sight of his house we got in sight of our house; and then, as my Mother would see me if I stopped to hit 'em, I went on, so as to be out o' temptation."