

TO BE DEVoured BY A LION.

An English Army Officer's Thrilling Adventure in South Africa.

Brought to a Tree in a Man-Eater's Haunt—A Savage King's Diabolical Method of Capital Punishment.

It was during the closing days of a fair that I first met Capt. King. We became fast friends, and I am to be an exceedingly interesting man with a history in fact. A retired English army officer, in years, but remarkably well preserved, and in his prime must have possessed great strength, agility and endurance. He had a brilliant military record and had served under his country's flag in all parts of the globe. In his younger days he served many years in South Africa, and being ardently fond of the chase his many experiences in this field of adventure formed an inexhaustible fund of thrilling anecdotes. At first, however, I found him indisposed to talk much concerning them, and only by the most persistent pumping could I induce him to freely unloose his tongue. They were all of absorbing interest, but there was one in particular which I recall as being thrilling in the extreme.

It happened up in the Bamangwato country some twenty-five or thirty years ago. I should fancy, although the Captain only indicated in a general way the time of its occurrence. Together with three other white men and a number of native attendants, he had gone up to that country on a hunting expedition, game of all kinds abounding there.

For a week or ten days they revelled in the veriest prodigality of big game shooting, without anything happening to mar the pleasure of their sport. One day Capt. Forbes became separated from the others in the pursuit of a small band of the beautiful sable antelope. They are exceedingly wary and difficult of approach, and the Captain had a long and wearisome stalk before he succeeded in getting a shot. He bagged his game, however, as was usually the case with him, and a few moments after he stood bending over his outstretched quarry. It was a beautiful animal, and as it was the first he had ever killed he was greatly interested in studying its striking peculiarities.

He was thus engaged when attracted by a slight sound at his rear; he turned his head in that direction, and was startled beyond measure to discover a dozen or more natives just in the act of closing in upon him. He had no time for a shot, and it would have availed him little against the odds which beset him, but with the ready instinct of the soldier he clubbed his rifle, and the next instant it fell with crushing force upon the head of a burly savage who seemed to be the leader of the others. He dropped like a log. Once, twice, three times more the heaviest steel barrel found the heads of assaulting savages, with the same result as in the case of the first victim.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

The odds were too great, however, in a hand-to-hand conflict, and in a few moments the captain lay prostrate upon the ground securely bound. It had evidently been the purpose of the natives to capture him alive if possible, for no attempt was made at any time to use weapons against him. Without waiting to attempt to resuscitate the victims of the Captain's powerful blows, the savages placed their captive in a litter and started away through the forest at a sharp trot. It was not yet noon, and all the balance of the day and well into the night they held on their way, stopping only occasionally to make a change in the litter-carriers. They camped at night at an old, deserted kraal, and before daylight the next morning were again on their way. All day long they traveled at the same fast pace as the day before, and just at the approach of night they entered the kraal where the King dwelt. As they entered the place and it became known that they had with them the redoubtable man of the noted white men the people gave vent to the most extravagant expressions of joy. They danced and shouted about the litter, taunting the Captain about his bad medicine, and intimating quite plainly that anything but a pleasant fate awaited him in the near future. He was taken to the hut adjoining the King's, and a moment after the King, accompanied by his doctor, entered. Their joy at having the white man in their power was unbounded. They shouted with laughter, they poked him with their greasy, dirty fingers, heaped the most opprobrious epithets upon him. Well into the night they continued their petty persecutions, as though unable to deny themselves the pleasure which their crafty cunning had brought them.

The captive was well supplied with food, but he suffered considerably from the compression of the thongs which bound him. From the first moment of his capture he had little doubt as to the fate which awaited him, and with the fortitude of a true soldier he had calmly resigned himself to the inevitable.

The next morning he was taken out into the open space before the King's hut. He was led before the King, who immediately began abusing him in the most violent manner for having dared to remain and hunt in his country after he had been ordered to go away at once. He said his defiance of the King's commands, was certain to work the greatest evil to the latter's people, which could only be averted by offering him as a sacrifice to the evil spirits, and that it was with this purpose in view that he had sent his warriors out to capture him. The King and the doctor then consulted as to the method of execution.

A TERRIBLE SENTENCE.

For some little time they talked together, when suddenly the doctor's face lighted up under an evidently new suggestion. In a moment he laid it before the King, who, judging from his manner, fell heartily in with it.

Then the doctor, addressing the Captain with a smile of fiendish cruelty and hatred upon his ugly face, said: "Our usual way of dealing with such people as you is to chop off their heads; but, inasmuch as you are a great hunter, and have traveled many miles to hunt, we have decided to make an exception in your case. In the forest of the Monowo, but a few miles distant, there roams a very fierce lion, who hungers only for the flesh of man. He has devoured very many of our people, and, although many

efforts have been made to kill him, they have failed in every instance. The judgment of the King is that toward night you be taken into that forest, and there left securely bound. Being such a brave hunter, you will probably not fear the lion, as our people do. And should he pay you a visit, why, forsooth, you can use your great medicine to drive him away."

This last was said in a very taunting, derisive manner, and was received with shouts of laughter and approval by the crowd. Truly a most horrible fate was this, and worthy the fiendish cunning of the witch doctor. Prepared as he had been for death, the Captain felt his heart sickened with horror at the contemplation of this frightful fate, but he would not afford the savage the satisfaction of witnessing any display of fear on his part, and he listened to his doom with a calmness that was absolutely imperturbable.

Late in the afternoon he was again placed in the litter, and after a journey of two or three miles the party stopped in the midst of a dense forest. The Captain was taken from the litter, carried to a small tree near by, and securely fastened to it. Then, after a farewell salute of taunts and mocking laughter, the party disappeared in the surrounding forest and he was left alone. Just before they left him, however, one of the men, either in bravado, or with a more serious intent, hurled an assegai at him. Its keen blade was imbedded deeply in the tree just above his head, and there it remained firmly fixed.

Soon daylight gradually began to fade away, and in a short time the forest was wrapped in the somber gloom of night. Strange sounds here and there came from out the darkness, and several times the Captain saw dark bodies gliding stealthily by. Once a prying jackal approached him, and, sniffing along his legs and feet for a moment, raised his head and emitted a howl so weird and dolorous that to the Captain's feverish imagination it seemed the heralding of death's avant-courier. A short time after this a large animal approached him, and halting a few feet distant stood watching him intently for a few moments. Owing to the darkness he was unable to distinguish just what it was, but the intensely offensive odor which soon came to his nostrils clearly proclaimed it to be a hyena. A colony of monkeys in a tree above chattered away at times in a lively manner as though excitedly discussing the strange situation down below; while three or four times a great night bird swept by in close proximity, as though endeavoring to make out the mystery surrounding this strange, immovable intruder. And thus minute succeeded minute, but to the man endeavoring to summon to his aid a fortitude that should enable him to face death without fear each one seemed like an hour—yea, a day.

THE EXECUTIONER.

Suddenly there came into his ear the distant sound of a low, muffled roar. There was no need to tell his trained ear what it meant; he had heard it many, many times before, but never had it brought to his heart such a feeling of sinking, sickening horror as now. In a short time it was repeated, and this time it was unmistakably nearer than before. Then there followed a long period of silence, so long, in fact, that the Captain really began to think that a kind fate had directed the lion's steps in another direction.

In the meantime the moon had arisen, but owing to the density of the foliage its rays lighted up the surrounding forest only very meagerly. The tree to which the Captain was fastened was in the center of a small open space, one side of which was quite brightly lighted by the moon's rays. Suddenly the Captain noticed an agitation among the bushes on this side, and in another moment there glided stealthily into view the crouching figure of a great



lion. He had evidently had the scent of his intended victim for some time past, and as he entered the open space and suddenly confronted him he crouched like a cat about to spring upon its prey. His great eyes glowed and blazed with the fever of anticipation; his huge jaws, from which saliva thickly depended, slowly worked to and fro as though in imagination closing upon the human morsel now within his reach; his tail, that eloquent feature of a cat's anatomy slowly swayed from side to side, and, altogether, he presented the spectacle of a huge feline cat just about to spring upon a particularly choice bit of prey.

Slowly he began to draw closer to his helpless victim, but after advancing a few feet he stopped, and, as though fearing a trick of some kind, he arose to his feet and slowly and carefully walked around the man. Three or four times he did this, as though anxious to assure himself that he was not being led into a trap, for the continued immovable posture and silence of the man had made him very suspicious. Then, seeming to have satisfied himself that the way was clear, he advanced toward the man again. This time he approached to within a very few feet of him; but whether it was the subtle influence of the undaunted spirit that shone out through the determined white face that confronted him I know not, but the great beast stopped, and uttering a low growl, half of anger and half of fear, slowly backed away from his victim. Several times was this repeated, the lion on each succeeding occasion approaching his victim a little nearer.

At last, seeming to realize the utter helplessness of the man, he boldly approached him, the great head was thrust out toward one of the man's thighs, and the huge mouth began opening for the fatal hold. But for some strange reason the man-eater suddenly changed his mind, and raising on his hind legs he placed his huge fore paws on the man's breast and started to seize him by the shoulder.

MIRACULOUSLY SAVED.

Oh, how sickening and overpowering were the fumes of that hot, fetid breath! Inspired by the terror and despair of the

moment, the Captain gave utterance to a most piercing cry. Delivered right in the ear of the lion, it startled him greatly and he sprang back. One of its huge feet had, however, become fastened in the thong which bound the Captain, and in the mighty effort which he put forth to free himself he broke it.

It released the Captain's arms, and with the quick instinct of self-preservation he seized the assegai imbedded in the tree just above his head. The lion immediately returned to the attack, and with an angry roar raised on his hind legs for another try at the man's shoulder. His arms were stiff and lame from their long pinioning, but the strength of despair nerved them, and, as the lion's great chest rose up from the ground, the man met it with a savage thrust of the assegai. He was always a very powerful man, but such strength did the terrible stress of the moment give him that he drove the keen steel over a foot into the great brute's breast. With a terrible cry the man-eater raised himself convulsively to his full height and then pitched forward upon the Captain, falling dead at his feet.

The reaction from the awful strain under which he had so long labored was so great that it was several moments before the Captain could summon sufficient strength to pull the assegai from the dead lion, and sever the remaining thongs which bound him.

It was soon done, however, and with what emotions of joy and gratitude it was that he found himself free again. His situation even then was very perilous, but he forgot everything in the overwhelming joy of his escape, and in the realization that he was again free.

After two days of wearisome flight through the forest he fortunately found his friends again, who had started for the King's kraal, being satisfied as to the cause of his disappearance, and determined to rescue him or perish in the attempt. Halting a few days, they, through the efforts of Mapanga, a native servant they had with them enrolled a considerable force of natives, after which they marched on to the King's kraal. The wily old chief and his doctor tried to ambush them, but failed deplorably, and in the conflict which followed both were killed, with many of their followers. Both fell to the Captain's unerring aim, and he remarked with a grim smile as he concluded his story, "It was the most satisfactory double shot that I ever made in all my life."

IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

Britain Must Maintain Her Supremacy on the Seas.

What Mr. Balfour Has to Say of the Situation.

A London special says.—Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, leader of the Unionists, in the House of Commons, spoke at length this evening before a meeting in Manchester on the subject of Imperial defence. This subject, he said, was at present of paramount interest. Any nation or combination of nations which was able to wrest from Great Britain her supremacy of the seas could bring her to her knees without landing a single soldier on English soil. He did not believe any Government was justified in expecting a long era of peace. The French and Russian Governments were pushing forward with all speed the work in their dockyards. Certain movements made of late years in Asia were only too obviously directed against England. While there were indications that France and Russia were earnestly bent upon peace, their main arrangements evidently were prompted by the assumption of conflict with England sooner or later, singly or combined. He believed that the English people were amicably disposed towards France, but he must admit, with the deepest regret, the conviction that the French were hostile to England. Finally, Mr. Balfour appealed to the electors to influence their representatives in Parliament by all possible means to assist in quickly and efficiently strengthening the country's defences. He could pledge the Opposition, he said, to co-operate cordially with the Government in its every effort to increase England's naval and military power.

A GIFTED ARMLESS ARTIST.

Wonderful Accomplishment of a Young Swiss Woman Born Without Arms.

At a recent art exhibition in London there were shown a number of portraits by Mile. Aimee Rapin which attracted considerable notice from connoisseurs on account of their general excellence both in drawing and coloring. Artists and critics united in voting the exhibitor a woman of rare artistic ability, never dreaming that Miss Rapin had been born without hands and arms. It was not the intention to let the public know this fact, but the secret could not be kept for any length of time. To say that everybody was dumfounded by this announcement is to express it mildly. Miss Rapin became the heroine of the day and the praise bestowed on her work was redoubled. She wished to be judged by the merits of her work alone and scored a success; this accomplished, it was an additional glory to her when it became known how wonderfully she had overcome the greatest obstacle in her way to fame.

Miss Aimee Rapin was born in Payerne a small town in Switzerland. She exhibited a strong inclination for the study of art in her childhood. When but twelve years of age she lost her parents, but through the assistance of an art patron she was given a very thorough art education. She studied at Lausanne and Geneva and took many prizes in the academy of fine arts in the latter city. She was passionately fond of the study of the old masters, Holbein being a favorite. She left Geneva in 1893, an artist of extraordinary ability, and came to London, where she devoted a great deal of her time to the treasures in the National Gallery. She soon was recognized among the patrons of art, and commissions from very distinguished people came quicker than they could be executed. Among the latest of her works is a splendid portrait of the Princess May, the wife of the Duke of York, and also of the sisters of Lord Harrington. The aristocracy of England has taken her into their graces, so her fortune is made. Personally, Miss Rapin is a most charming woman, extremely well educated and refined, and a somewhat sarcastically brilliant conversationalist.

PART OF HIS BRAIN GONE.

A San Francisco Man Able to Think, but Not to Control His Words.

Since Christmas morning Emil Klausé has lain on a cot in the Hospital at San Francisco, having been taken there suffering from a fractured skull. His case is a puzzle to the doctors. When Klausé was taken to the hospital it was found that there was a fracture of the skull. The bone had been depressed over the motor area of the left side. It was evident that some of the brain tissue had exuded. Still Klausé was rational. Dr. McLean made an examination and decided upon an immediate operation. This bone had been crushed, apparently with a hammer, and it was necessary to chisel away the jagged edges, leaving an irregular opening as great in circumference as a silver dollar. In the process of surgery more of the brain tissue involved with

THE SPLINTERED SKULL

had to be taken away. Just the amount lost altogether is unknown. There is a theory among laymen that specific injury to the brain is fatal. Klausé demonstrates the contrary. The damaged portion of the brain being in the motor area, and on the left side, has caused partial paralysis of the right half of the body. The nerves originating in one side of the brain preside over the muscular action of the opposite half of the body. Klausé is debarred by this paralysis from writing, but even if he had the use of his hand physicians say that he could not avail himself of it. Klausé cannot think as other people think. It must not be supposed that his mind is blank. He is a victim of the malady known as aphasia. His power over language is gone. He can utter words, but they are not the words he desires to speak. He has an idea, but it comes from his lips molded into phrases foreign to his intent. Even when for a moment Klausé seems to be once more in control of himself and permitted to frame sentences his articulation is at fault. He enunciates clearly, but from a word of two syllables he is apt to drop one, or if the word is longer it loses two syllables.

Even the Surgeon does not know what step will next be taken. Klausé talked to a reporter only when questions were asked. When he was questioned as to how he felt he said, "all right," but did not speak distinctly. Pressed to repeat his answer he said plaintively: "Twenty cents is all." And then added quickly, "Off wrong." Dr. Maguire showed Klausé a knife and asked him what it was. He named the article correctly. Then he was shown a watch, and promptly said it was a knife. A frown passed across his face, and the part of

HIS FOREHEAD VISIBLE

was wrinkled with reflection. He seemed to know that he had made a mistake, but could not rectify it. Several times the test was employed. But once he was able to name the object, but called the knife a watch and the watch a knife. The doctor said that Klausé doubtless knew what he wanted to say, but was unable to say it.

The name of the patient was written on a slip of paper and held up before him.

"What is that?" he was asked.

"Emil Klausé," was the prompt response.

Then the word "San Francisco" was written lower down on the same slip and submitted. Again he responded "Emil Klausé."

"Do you know who struck you?"

The face of the patient kindled once more. This time the intensity of his feelings seemed to break the fetters that bound his mind in its suffering casket.

"I would know him. The minute I heard him I would know him," he exclaimed vehemently. "He is—"

The voice ceased. For a fleeting instant Klausé had enjoyed freedom of speech and then he was again bound. He could have spoken, but he could not have framed the idea that inspired him. He might have referred to his assailant as a street car or used any other incongruous thing. Apparently he realized his helplessness, and rather than lose himself in a maze of meaningless and disjointed phrases chose silence. Thus, with a great hole in his skull, Emil Klausé lies day by day battling with death and having but a portion of the brain that nature gave him.

WANTS THE O. P. R.

New England's Interests Concerned in Its Entrammelled Working.

Under the heading, "Encroachments Upon New England," the Boston Herald says:—"The attempt to procure national legislation which shall prevent or impede the use of the Canadian Pacific railway by New England merchants and other business men, it is said, is about to be renewed through the agency of the National Board of Trade. This movement had the sanction of President Harrison in the last year of his administration, but was opposed by Secretary of the Treasury Foster, who declared that the Government revenue had never suffered by the carrying of American goods over the road in question. The Canadian Pacific road has been of great benefit to New England. Goods have been sent over it with obvious advantage from its being the natural and most direct route for their passage to and from this section. It furnishes a competing route to the lower railroads like the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore & Ohio roads. These corporations are the originators of the present movement which is intended to compel New England people to use their routes for transportation. It would not only restrict our means of freightage, but it would subject New England to obvious inconvenience in being compelled to use a more circuitous route. The Canadian Pacific is the natural line for the delivery here of the large freights like teas, which come from Asia to Vancouver, as well as the wheat production of the Winnipeg region. It would be a distinct hardship to New England to be deprived of it. This section does not ask nor expect lower rates, but it objects to being deprived of its natural facilities. New England business men of all trades and of all parties are a unit in protesting against this wrong which is said to be projected."

The dining-room of the Compania, the new Cunard steamer, is one hundred by sixty-four feet, and seats 430 persons.

Germany is training hawks to attack army carrier pigeons and bring back both pigeon and possible war dispatches of the enemy to the German lines.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.

Where They are and What They are Doing.

Sir. William Dawson has been delivering lectures on geology to crowded audiences in Boston. The Herald of that city says the distinguished Montrealer is one of the foremost scientists of the day.

It is predicted that Rev. Dr. Mackay, the famous Chinese missionary, will be the next moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, which meets in Halifax in June.

A report that a son of Rev. W. H. Cooper, of Calgary, is about to be married is denied, and apparently on reasonable grounds. The denial says the rev. gentleman has no children resident in Canada. To strengthen this statement, it is added that the rev. gentleman has no son at all, and, as a final broadside, it is announced that the rev. gentleman is not married, but is a recognized and confirmed bachelor, the beloved of all who know him, and perhaps the most popular parish priest in the Diocese of Calgary.

Rev. Mr. Salton, of Stratford, preached in the Methodist church on Sunday to the Freemasons. He took the ground that St. Paul was in all probability a member of a secret society, for the reason that the Apostle frequently uses selections from society rituals to illustrate his arguments in favour of the true religion, in like manner as he had adopted and rebaptized the Greek word "church" and "liturgy" to make himself more clearly understood by the people whom he was addressing.

Lord Elgin, Viceroy of India, in a letter to a Hamilton gentleman says:—"I have never failed to call myself a Canadian by birth, and it is exceedingly gratifying to me to find at this moment, when I have been called upon to assume a heavy responsibility, that my appointment calls forth kind memories of my father, whose example I shall strive to follow." Lord Elgin was born at Monklands, on the outskirts of Montreal, in 1849, just about the time that his father was in receipt of the famous rotten eggs. The former Earl, it is interesting to note, died just twenty years ago in India, where the present Earl reigns.

Her Majesty's title in Canada is a matter of dispute. The other day the Minister of Militia said "the Queen of Great Britain was as much Queen of Canada," whereupon an Ottawa authority declares, in the Journal of that city, that the hon. gentleman is inaccurate. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland is not formally the "Queen of Canada," she is at most only Queen "in" Canada, or more accurately, the "Sovereign Lady of Canada." This designation, indeed, in English or in Latin Domina Canadæ should be impressed on the current coins of the Dominion, so that the public generally may be aware of the correct title of her Most Gracious Majesty.

A writer in one of the English boys' magazines says:—"Macdonald Oxley is a young Canadian whose tales on the other side have been immensely popular. The editor of the British Weekly remarked the other day to a friend of mine in the trade that Oxley was the coming man for boys' stories. I agree with him. He will run Henty and Ballantyne hard, if he beat them in the long run." Mr. Oxley was once a clerk in the Department of Marine at Ottawa. A curious story is told of him. He was, when a boy, a schoolfellow of Sir Charles H. Tupper, who became head of the bureau. The clerk and the Minister were always friendly, but one day Mr. Oxley, in the presence of a miscellaneous crowd, hailed his chief with a "Hello, Charlie." This was irregular, at least in public, and the Minister did not fail to say so. Shortly afterwards Oxley stepped out and devoted himself to literature.

A GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Thousands Killed in Tibet—Remarkable Result of the Terrible Disaster.

Private advices received by the S.S. "Empress of Japan," give full particulars of the earthquake disaster on the mysterious territory north of the Himalayas, where Shoolhak, the Buddhist god incarnate, reigns supreme over the hearts of the Tibetans. Owing to the extreme remoteness of the country, information of the tremendous disaster had only just reached the coast when the "Empress of Japan" sailed for Canada. The Viceroy of Szechuan, Lou Ping, Chang, who represents the civil authority of China in the distressed territory, has made a public appeal for succor, and in his memorial says that the grand monasteries of Huelyuan and Kemis, the home of Buddhism, are in ruins, and seven small lameries, are buried in the wreck of the former.

Eight hundred and fifty houses belonging to native Thibetan soldiers, and occupied by them and their families met the same fate. Seventy-four Lama priests and 130 Chinese and Tibetans made up the roll of those whose bodies had been found and identified. There were also many scores of unidentified bodies, while the missing are legion. The total of fatalities will probably reach into thousands. Upward of 400 were mortally wounded, but were still alive when the memorial left the viceroy; and the distress caused throughout Tibet by the shock is beyond exaggeration.

Famine threatens the land, and the cry for bread is to all creeds and to all people. The greatest misfortune of all, however, is to the minds of all devout Buddhists, that which has befallen their sacred head, the holy Shoolhak. He is among the missing from L'hassa, where the monastery of Kemis was, and the circumstance, although zealously guarded by the faithful for fear that knowledge of it might rend asunder the entire fabric of the ancient faith, is rapidly spreading throughout the Eastern lands where Buddhism is the religion of the masses.

The outcome is beyond calculation. The shrine is a heap of ruins, and the Holy One missing from the earth. The Lama monasteries of Huelyuan and Kemis are situated in the heart of the civilized portion of Thibet, and for ages the latter has been the seat of Buddhism proper. The monastery of Kemis was built, it is believed, about 1,000 years before Christ. Its great, gloomy, pile, it was believed, would stand until the end of time. Out of the ruins there have been dug eight pure gold images of Buddha presented by the Emperor Yung Ching, one hundred brzen ones, heavily gilded, and many other treasures and relics of the faith.