

NIGHT IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.

Thrilling Experience of An Imprisoned Hunter.

The Deadly Conflict of Which He Was an Involuntary Witness.

We had been camped on the Limpopo River, which forms the northern boundary of the Transvaal, South Africa, when Capt. Jordon had a fall from his horse and broke a leg. We fixed him up as well as we could, and then the paymaster set out on horseback to bring a surgeon from Albasini, sixty miles to the south. It was on a Monday morning the accident happened. It rained heavily all day, but Tuesday morning was bright and clear, and the natives got out blankets and clothing to dry in the sun. At the same time I overhauled the guns, and all were unloaded when there was a sudden alarm in camp. One of the natives had discovered a large serpent lurking under some bushes, and the shouting and running stampeded the Captain's horse. He galloped away up the stream as fast as he could go, and thinking only of recovering him as speedily as possible I rose up and ran after him, taking no weapons of any sort. It wasn't the most sensible thing I could have done, and yet it wasn't so very foolish. I didn't suppose he would go over half a mile, and though there were plenty of lions about we seldom ran across them on a bright day.

I ran up the narrow path about a mile before sighting the horse. He was facing me and had got over his scare, but as I came nearer he turned and kicked up his heels and trotted off.

Here and there was a tree, and there were many bushes scattered about, the soil was

STERILE AND ROCKY,

and near the centre of the plain was a hill which was little more than a mass of rock. The horse passed to the left of this hill and I followed. He was not over 200 yards away, head up and pawing the earth in play, when a full grown male lion made a long spring and alighted on his back.

The horse uttered a horrible cry and sank down, probably having his back broken. It was not until he was down that I really knew what had happened. The lion stood there with his forepaws on the floundering horse and looked me full in the face and growled menacingly. I began backing away and as the beast showed no disposition to follow me I no sooner got two or three bushes between us than I turned to run.

There was another surprise party in store for me as I turned about. Not forty feet away stood a lioness. I was probably the first white man she had ever seen at close quarters. Her head was up and her tail down, a sure sign of doubt on her part, and I made haste to get out of the way before she should take it into her head that I was an enemy. I had to go to the left, or toward the hill, and it was doubtless the fact of seeing a hole among the rocks about ten feet up that suddenly took my nerve away and induced me to seek shelter. Had I flanked the lioness and gone my way all would have been well. I reached the hole in the rocks without difficulty and backed into it, never stopping to think that it might be the lair of a wild beast or a den of serpents. The opening would not have let me in had I weighed 160 pounds. There wasn't much space behind it—only sufficient to enable me to sit down. I confess to being thoroughly rattled for a time, and never recall the situation without wanting to kick myself. After an hour or so I began to realize what

A FOOLISH THING

I had done, and determined to crawl out and make for camp. I had my head and one arm out of the opening when a fierce snarl saluted my ears, and right in front of me and not thirty feet away I beheld both lions. More than that, a cub lion about ten months old was frisking at his mother's heels.

I was boxed up, and the only hope I had was that if I kept quiet the lions would soon retire. The presence of the cub was proof that the lair was not far away. Indeed, I got an odor now and then which satisfied me that I had almost blundered upon it. Had the sun continued to shine the beasts might have laid up, as the bushes offered but little shade, but the sky clouded over and the atmosphere grew cooler. I waited an hour by my watch before looking out again. The lioness lay on her back, feet in the air, sound asleep, with the cub near by, but the lion lay with his head on his paws and his big yellow eyes wide open. He did not growl nor move, but his eyes shone like coals of fire at night of me. While he could almost cover the distance at a single spring, I was not afraid of him. I had of his to sink down to be safe. That big head of his was twice too large for the hole, and the rocks were too solid to be moved. I got my watch up where I could note the time, and then made an experiment. At exactly 10:20 o'clock I caught his eyes and began staring at him. It wasn't a question of how long he could stand it, but how long I could continue the stare. At the end of seventeen minutes my eyes ached so that I had to close them. During all that time the lion never even winked, to say nothing of betraying nervousness.

I knew that Capt. Jordon at the camp would send some of the men out after a bit to search for me, but as none of our black fellows knew much of the use of firearms and were also cowardly when there was no white man to lead them I did not anticipate that their search would extend as far as the hill. About half an hour before noon I heard them firing their muskets and caught the sound of their voices, but they were a long way off. The noise

ROUSED UP THE LIONS,

and for two or three minutes they evinced a disposition to sink away. The lioness and her cub did retreat a few rods, but the male held his ground, and they soon returned. There were eight natives in the party searching for me, and though their near approach might have sent the lions away, the chances were at least even that they would have been attacked. They returned to camp to report that they could discover no trace of me, and the Captain, who was suffering, had to be content with hoping that I would come in during the day. I had eaten a very hearty breakfast and was not very hungry at noon. Like most other hunters, I had restricted myself to water and could go from fifteen to twenty hours without suffering. However, I began to feel put out at the situation soon after

noon, and determined to see what I could do toward driving my jailers away.

I was ten feet above the level, and the lions lay under the bushes about thirty feet directly in front of and below me. Both were eyeing me, while the cub frisked around and occasionally approached the base of the hill and growled at me like an angry dog. I got hold of a piece of rock weighing about a pound, and with my head and right arm out of the hole I hung it at the lions and uttered a yell. I had only time to sink back when the head of the male stopped the opening, and though I knew he could not get at me his snarls and growls so close to my face made my hair stand on end. The old fellow worked away for ten minutes before he gave up, and when I dared look out again I found him lying down between me and the bush. The lioness and her cub had disappeared, and for an hour I hoped that they had been frightened away. Then they returned from the direction of the dead horse, and

THE BLOOD STAINS

on their chops left no doubt as to their errand. I expected the lion would now go away for his dinner, but he did not, and I crouched down in the cave and went to sleep knowing that I was perfectly helpless in the matter. It was dusk when I was aroused by the roaring of the lion. Unless routed out of his lair and hotly pursued the lion does not drink except by night, and then only after eating. He invariably roars with the coming of night, and if he has laid by all day he sets out in search of game as soon as it is fairly dark.

As my jailers had had no sleep I did not know how it would be with them, but I fully determined to make a break in case they drew off. To attempt to reach the camp would be a hazardous undertaking, but I would exchange the cave for a tree which stood about 200 feet away. I got my head out of the hole for a look around, and in the darkness I could make out the forms of the two old lions. The cub had probably been laid up in the near by lair. Lions were roaring in different directions, and after a bit one fellow with a roar like half a dozen foghorns seemed to be coming nearer. His approach greatly excited the pair before me. Had I possessed a little more nerve I think I could have crawled out and taken to a tree, but I dared not chance it. There were a number of hyenas gliding about, and scores of jackals were rushing to and fro, and there was fear that they would give the alarm, even if the lions did not observe me. The male scratched the earth and roared again and again, while the female circled about him and leaped over him and uttered a sort of cry which I construed was more of an encouragement than a menace to the lion approaching from the direction of the river. It appeared to me as if there was going to be a fight, and I got as far out of the hole as I dared and was all attention. The strange lion approached very slowly. He might have been a mile away when I first heard him, and he was a full hour coming up. About every five minutes he stopped to roar, and every challenge was promptly answered by the male below me. Add to this noise the

HOWLS OF THE HYENAS

and the sharp barks of the jackals, with the chattering and scolding of scores of monkeys in the tree tops, and you can imagine the confusion which reigned for fifty or sixty minutes. By and by the strange lion approached within a few yards. I could make him out as he left the cover of the bushes and he appeared to be full grown and anxious for a row. As he came up the female retreated out of sight, but I could hear her whining. Every hyena and jackal suddenly ceased his noise and stood still, and though I could not see the monkeys, I thought they descended to the lower branches as if to get a clearer view of the conflict.

For perhaps five minutes the lions stood scratching and sniffing and gazing at each other. Then they began to move around in a nervous way. My lion seemed disposed to retreat, and had given up about twenty feet of ground when the other closed in on him. I was watching for this, but his spring was so sudden and swift that the pair had grappled before I knew it. Then began a fight similar to a conflict between two mastiffs, except that neither lion maintained a grip with his teeth. They stood on their hind legs and struck and clawed and bit and rolled about like dogs determined to finish each other. The fight lasted full a quarter of an hour. During the first ten minutes it was a pretty even thing as near as I could judge, though as they fought over at least half an acre of ground and were sometimes hidden by the bushes it was hard to tell which was having the best of it. At length one of them began to whine and howl, and I plainly heard his bones crack under the other's teeth. After that he turned tail and ran away, and the victor stood there and roared until I was deafened. When he finally stalked off, the neighborhood grew quiet, but as I heard lions in almost every direction, though afar off, I determined to pass the night in the cave. At intervals of every half hour I was disturbed by the hyenas or jackals thrusting their heads into the opening to sniff at me, but I heard no more of the lions. I waited till the sun was fairly up and then crawled out and started for camp, which I reached without accident.

After dinner I took six of the black fellows and returned to the spot, hoping to secure revenge for the way I had been treated. Just in front of the cave, out of which a hyena bolted as we came up, there were a dozen tufts of hair to prove the severity of the conflict between the lions. I sent the men around the hill to the left to beat up, and presently the lioness and her cub were routed out. She was too cowardly to make a stand, but I got a fair shot as she skulked away and bowled her over. The cub turned and ran back to a mass of rock, and then the male lion came limping out. He neither roared nor growled, but tried to crawl away, and I ran forward and shot him at a distance of only fifty feet. Poor old chap! It was no wonder he had no fight left in him. His left fore leg was useless.

ONE EYE TORN OUT,

and he was chewed to strings. Out of curiosity I gave his body a close examination, and had he been fed through a thrashing machine he would not have come out in much worse shape. The wonder was that he was still alive. I had not seen the lioness in the fight, but when we came to look her over we found that she had received many bites and had a portion of her tongue bitten off. When she saw her liege lord getting the worst of it she had probably gone to his rescue, but the lion which came up was more than enough for both of them.

When we had finished the male, we began searching for the cub, and soon came upon him in a lair among the rocks. We had brought ropes and a net, and after an hour's work we made him captive. He was about the size of a full-grown Newfoundland dog and had five or six teeth. He was eventually sent to the Cape and from thence to London, and is probably alive yet. In skinning the male we found a bullet flattened against the right shoulder blade. The missile was from a sporting rifle, and the wound so nicely healed up that we found the bullet quite by accident. It had probably tickled the old fellow a bit, but he would have run away after fifty bullets of the calibre had been fired into him.

The Drouth in England.

While we have had rain in abundance, England for a novelty has had nearly four months of drought. A few showers have fallen in between times, but the subsequent heat has more than undone the good resulting from the moisture. A correspondent writing from London says:—"Saint Grouse day (that is August 12) comes like an oasis in a desert in this baked and parboiled year of 1893. Ordinarily it finds London already emptied of its social rulers and is of use in the calendar as marking a stage of the summer at which those who are not quite rulers, but are on visiting terms with them, now in turn quit the metropolis and enable the chroniclers to declare absolutely that nobody is left in London except, of course, a mere five millions or so who have no gun licenses. But this summer of phenomenal heat and weariness of flesh and nerves, which seems to have been already ten times too long, finds London still unable to begin the holidays. Everlasting home rule still chains the Commons to their sweltering task at Westminster and holds the Lords in leash for their share of labor in September. Such a thing never happened to peers before, and they regard it with amazed wrath as an insufferable added indignity from Gladstone and his Irish rabble. Nor are the city magnates this year in better case. With values still shriveling out of shape and the whole world-wide net of British markets and investments menaced by the silver crisis in Asia and America they don't dare turn their backs on London. Legislators and financiers alike this year are driven to snatch a hasty journey northward to the moors, hurriedly burn a few boxes of cartridges, and race back again to town. Nobody will get a real vacation till September, if even then, and by that time everybody will be too faint and weak to move. It has now been summer since the beginning of April, and it gets hotter and hotter as the weary months draw on. The last week has seen the mercury rise above 80° every day with the sultriest nights anybody can remember in London. We understand that it is due to sun spots, which Prof. Chambers says have not been so big before in thirty years. He has measured the largest group of these spots and finds it extends 110,000 miles.

The Peace Congress.

The Peace congress which held its session in Chicago the other day afforded an opportunity to bring to public attention the absurdity of the method which has come down to us from past ages of settling international differences by the arbitrament of the sword. It was fortunate that at the time this conference came together it was possible to point to the settlement of an international dispute, by means of which both parties were gainers, one in having past claims for indemnity assured, the other in possession of a great and profitable industry. Two generations ago the quarrel over the Behring sea fur seal fisheries would have led to a war, for it is inconceivable that at that time England would have endured the seizure by United States cruisers and the condemnation by United States courts of vessels belonging to English merchants and have gone no further than enter a verbal protest. At the conference its president spoke of the great cost to the warlike nations of Europe of the armies which they maintain at all times ready for action, and contrasted these with the small military force which the United States government maintains. It seems to us, however, that if the cause of universal peace is ever to prevail it must be on other than economic grounds. We do not believe in international arbitration, because any nation could save a hundred million dollars thereby, but because recourse to war in the settlement of these quarrels is a barbarous, abhorrent and illogical method, and has in reality no more justification than a physical encounter between two men. Force may be needed, but it should be the force of police rather than of the army. Indeed, it will hardly do for the American people to take any great degree of credit to themselves on the score of their small army, for, if international conditions were the same on this continent that they are in Europe our neighbors would undoubtedly have a standing army of half a million men and we should be straining under a load of at least one-fifth as many soldiers. America owes its immunity from this oppressive system not to the peaceful feelings of its people, but to its fortunate geographical position.

An Epidemic of Suicide.

The heat in Europe has not only had a disastrous effect upon the crops and society, but men's minds have become seriously affected, for we are told that a strange mania for self-destruction is seizing many victims almost daily in both London and Paris; the papers contain columns about the sudden epidemic. The peculiar feature about the craze is that most of the victims are young men and women under 30, who end their lives without any discoverable cause of the ordinary sort. Several boys of from 15 to 18, happily situated in their own families, and without any signs of despondency, destroyed themselves last week. A case which has caused fierce and morbid discussions in London is that of Ernest Clark, who blew out his brains on Monday, after writing a remarkable letter to demonstrate that life is not worth living. He was 25, of high intellectual powers, surrounded with elements of happiness, with no grievance or disappointment except as to life as a whole. His letter brought to the newspapers a great mass of comment from all classes, and it is significant that a large proportion has been an indorsement of his views and arguments in favor of the moral right, and sometimes duty of self-destruction.

FLYING MACHINES IN TEN YEARS.

So Says the Scientist. Alexander Graham Bell.

Inventors Are Now On the Right Track—Air Ships Will Not Be Balloons—Human Finger Tips As Electric Lights.

Alexander Graham Bell, the great electrician and inventor of the telephone, was in Montreal the other day, on his way to Cape Breton where he usually spends his holidays. Mr. Bell is on his way from the World's Fair, and his views on the electrical department of the great show are therefore of timely interest.

"What struck me most," said Mr. Bell, "was the contrast between this exhibit and that of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. At the Centennial the electrical exhibit was insignificant; at the Columbian it is the greatest department of the Fair. At the Centennial a great Corliss engine on exhibition filled a large room with pulleys and belts; now power is derived from a similar engine for several rooms and not a belt or pulley is visible. Yes, the science has made great strides, but it is not a mere vulgar theory that it is still in its infancy."

Many other theories set down by skeptics as vulgar he also sanctioned with the stamp of scientific approval, not with the air of a great scientist, but in an unassuming yet

DECIDEDLY EMPHATIC WAY.

For instance, he declared his belief, amounting almost to conviction, that the flying machine would be an accomplished fact before the end of the century, at most before the end of ten years. This great undertaking was no longer in the hands of "fakirs"; it was engaging the minds of practical scientists, such men as Maxim, the inventor of the great Maxim gun, and Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian institute. The great difficulty in the past was that inventors were on the wrong track. They had been vainly trying to make a flying machine on the principle of the balloon, lighter than the air. Such a machine could never be properly steered. The flying machine of the future would have greater specific gravity than the air. Of this Prof. Langley and Maxim were convinced, and on this principle one or both will soon succeed. The machine need not have wings. Nature was not always a wise guide; the steam locomotive got on well without legs. Indeed the rotatory motion was

THE MOST ECONOMICAL.

It was also a mistake to suppose that great power was needed to propel a body in high air. It was absurd to suppose that a pigeon possessed half a horse-power. Steam, not electricity, would probably supply the power of the air ship; at least until the storage battery was made perfect.

As to the future of the electric lighting, Mr. Bell believes it to be vast, almost infinite. This was demonstrated by the young Russian scientist, Nicolai Tesla, who before a New York audience lighted a hall by electricity passing through his body, the light emanating from his outstretched finger tips. Electricity could, therefore, be made harmless to human health or life.

"Tesla's plan," said Mr. Bell, "is to conduct the current in a series of waves by ever-recurring instantaneous cessation. He can fill the dome of this room with a cloud of light, the supply of electricity coming from two zinc plates on either side of the dome, these plates electrifying all the intervening air."

Another electrician to whom Mr. Bell gives credit is a Brantford man named Calender, who, he says, has perfected, or almost perfected a telephone scheme which will do away with the service of the "Hello girl." Brantford was for years Mr. Bell's home and he is, therefore, interested in all things Canadian. Particularly, he was pleased to learn of the success of Allard, the old time Levis blacksmith, in hardening copper like steel. This Mr. Bell regards as one of the greatest discoveries of the age, the revival of a lost art. The marvel is, he says, that Allard should yet live in obscurity, a village blacksmith.

Savings of the People.

That portion of the savings of the Canadian people deposited in the Post-Office bank is of special interest because it represents a good deal of the thrift and industry of the smaller wage-earners of the country. The report of Mr. David Matheson, the superintendent of the Savings Bank branch, for the year ending June, 1893, is just made public, and contains some facts of interest. The sum now standing in these banks to the credit of depositors is \$24,153,193. This, of course, does not begin to state the whole of the savings of the people. What are known as the Government Savings Banks contains over \$17,000,000 of deposits, and the chartered banks of the country contained last year over \$170,000,000 of deposits. The twenty-millions in the post-office and the seventeen in the Government banks are largely the surplus earnings of farmers, working men and other careful people who like to have their money safely deposited in institutions with the country's credit pledged to their security, and who consider that it is rather an advantage to have money laid away where precipitate withdrawals are avoided by the one or two days' delay in conforming to the present regulations. How much real thrift is represented in these deposits is seen in Mr. Matheson's report. In the past year 148,868 deposits aggregated \$7,708,888, so that the average amount of each person's deposit was \$51.78. The total amount withdrawn was \$6,631,578, which, it is satisfactory to note, is less than the total deposits for the year, indicating that the steady growth of the people's savings is not alone to be found in the chartered banks but in the Government institutions as well. A great deal of business is done in the post-office system. Last year 26,032 accounts were closed and 29,502 new ones opened, and the number of accounts now on the books of the bank is 114,275. The report of the superintendent is confined to a bare recital of figures, but no doubt he could, if the regulations authorized him, add some very instructive particulars without trenching on the privacy which is preserved regarding the bank's business. For instance, a classification of the occupations of depositors would be of value and doubtless refute some theories that are prevalent. There now stands to the credit of depositors in the post-office bank the largest sum recorded since the institution was established.

TIED TO A HORSE'S HEAD.

Three Arabs At The World's Fair Execute Vengeance on Another.

A Chicago special says:—As a result of a wild night in the Wild East Show enclosure in Midway Plaisance this morning four Bedouins were severely hurt, and three of them are in the Woodlawn police station. The name of only one of the injured is known, because the managers of the show refuse to give information concerning the fight. This one man is Hastab Abahd.

He swore out the warrant against the prisoners, Rashad Ago, Mastaph Aha Haia, and Mastaph El Elabras. When Abahd appeared at the police station his head was swathed in bandages. He declared that the three men had assaulted him without cause, and had used lances and swords on him.

Just before sunrise the three prisoners stole from their beds and taking one of the horses arranged on it a harness, with a long rope dangling behind. Then they went to the tent in which Hastab Abahd slumbered. They bound and gagged him. One of the thongs was passed under his shoulders, forming a loop at the end. Through this loop the rope was passed and securely fastened. Then the horse was lashed into a race about the enclosure.

Around and around dashed the horse, dragging Abahd behind him. With the first leap of the horse one of his hoofs struck Abahd's head, making a fracture on the skull three inches long. Every time the horse came near the avenging trio he was lashed, and he continued to dash around the ring.

The uproar aroused the sleeping camp, and soon the place was filled with the cries of the dusky men and women. The attention of the surrounding villages was attracted, and soon the fence top was lined with Laplanders, Chinese, Dahomeyans, Algerians, Viennese, and Americans. Two turbaned men rushed to the assistance of Abahd, but the three Bedouins beat them back with sword and lance. The spectators filed the air with terrible yells.

Then from the tents rushed a dozen brave men. Half of them were armed with swords and bayoneted carbines, and they descended upon the avengers with a yell that awakened three sleeping guards at the west end of the street.

A fight followed, in which sabres were freely used and with bloody effect. The trio made a bold stand, but were beaten into submission. Rashad Ago received a wound in the side. Blood was seen on the faces of three other men after quiet had been restored.

While this fight was in progress the frightened horse had been captured and the victim released. He was carried into the tent unconscious, but a doctor brought him around. Trouble has been brewing in the Bedouin camp ever since it got a place on the Midway. The men say that the management has paid them no salaries for several weeks.

Three days ago five of them appeared before Director-General Davis and complained that because they demanded their wages they were kicked out of the show. The three men who perpetrated the outrage on Hastab Abahd were sympathizers with their exiled brothers, and had been threatened with exile. For this threat they held the victim of to-day's torture responsible.

Another fight took place in the Wild East Show after 8 o'clock to-night. The ambulance was called for, and the doctor dressed the wounds of two men. One was slashed across the cheek to the bone. The other had a contused jaw.

The first had been cut by a sabre and the second by some blunt instrument. None of the Bedouins would give information. A Columbian guard, who rushed in to maintain order, said that no less than five men and three women took a hand in the scrimmage, and that swords and clubs were freely used.

The Aigues-Mortes Riots.

Aigues-Mortes, the French town to which recent occurrences have given so sad and ominous a celebrity, is a place of some renown in the history of France. It is in the department of Gard, situated on the canal of Grande Robine, about twenty miles south of the city of Nimes, and noted as the point at which Saint Louis embarked on his ill-fated crusade. Some geographers argued that it must have been a seaport, but it is now believed that the King embarked on a sloop on a canal, the sea, then as now, being some miles away. In this part of France Italian workmen are constantly employed and rivalries between them and the French laborers are not infrequent. But no collision so deadly as that of recent date has occurred for several years. On the last occasion when a desperate quarrel of the same kind took place, Marseilles was the scene of it and considerable excitement prevailed for a good while in both countries. It was only after assurances of protection and expressions of regret from the French Government that the feeling of resentment in Italy gradually died out. It is much to be deplored that a fresh outbreak of national antipathy should have revived the old bitter-ness. There seems to have been deficient provision, police or military, for checking the aggressors and protecting the assailed Italians. Formerly there was a garrisoned fort at the salt works, but, if there were any soldiers there at the time, they were too few to be of any service. The police also proved unequal to the duty of restraining the rioters and defending their victims. There seems to be little doubt that the latter were much more numerous than early reports gave us to understand. Unhappily, the work of retaliation has begun in Italy and the innocent are suffering for the guilty. A grave responsibility rests upon the authorities of the Italian cities, especially where there are French colonies, and it is to be hoped that they will do their duty. The chauvinist press in both countries finds its opportunity for reviving old grudges and deepening national antipathies. The truly patriotic and humane will leave no effort untried to calm the popular mind and restore tranquility and good feeling.

Bridging the Bosphorus.

The building of a gigantic at Constantinople has long been under contemplation, with the view of connecting European-Turkey with Asia Minor by rail. The latest scheme is (says Invention) that the structure should span the Bosphorus a little to the east of the metropolis, approximately midway between the Golden Horn and the western extremity of the Black Sea. At this point the strait narrows considerably, but even there the passageway would require to be some 2660 metres in length, or nearly as long as the Forth Bridge.