A "HOLY" WELL.

The Plague Spot at Mecca Where Devout Moslems Drink the Polluted Water of Zem Zem.

A Non-Believer Disguised as a Pilgrim Witnesses the Strange Ceremonies in the Kaabah.

The Holy Well of the Mahometans is at Mecca, in Arabia. To them it is known as Zem Zem—meaning fill fill—and in their eyes its waters are sacred, and a few drops of it, drunk or sprinkled over their bodies, is sufficient to wash away their sins. But modern science has shown that this so called sacred water reeks with the germs of cholera, and the records of cholera epidemics prove a startling mortality among the pilgrims who journey to Mecca once every year from all parts of Asia. From there spread the cholera plagues that periodically break out in India, Asia and Europe.

The Holy Well is not fed by a spring, but catches the rain water that filters through the overlaying mass of foul matter that for ages has accumulated in the vicinity. Here the water from the well, after being sprinkled over the suppliant forms of the Moslems, or poured over their diseased persons, runs back at once into the well. Analysis shows that this water is tainted with decomposed animal matter, rendered the more unwholesome from the drainage into the well of bacilli that spring from the putrefied offal and flesh of the devout pilgrims who have died there year after year, and were buried in trenches scarcely a foot deep.

Zem Zem, the Holy Well, is part of the great Mahometan shrine of Kaabah, sacred to Allah, and the rendezvous once a year of every pious follower of Islam. Here is the ancient Black Stone venerated by the Mahometans and never seen by Christian eyes. This wondrous pebble, dropped from heaven on the day that Allah entered into compact with the sons of men, and containing the celestial contract neatly folded in its centre, to be read and to testify, at the final judgment, to all who have performed their duty by kissing its mottled covering, has always created a singular curiosity in the minds of unbelieving Christians.

From time to time a few daring infidels have shaved their heads and donned the pilgrim's garb, and, thus disguised, have taken life in hand and sought the jealously guarded treasure. In this way a few stolen pictures of the Kaabah have been smuggled out of Arabia.

The Kaabah stands in the centre of a high mosque, which consists of a spacious square enclosed by high walls, lined with colonnades and pierced by nineteen gates giving admission to its hallowed precincts. Five hundred and fifty-four columns and pilasters, composed respectively of white marble, gray granite and porphyry, form the immense peristyle, surmounted with a row of low domes numbering 152. Arabic inscriptions decorate some of the columns, and paved walks shoot from the colonnades to an open pavement of marble mosaics encircling the Kaabah, a massive, oblong, flat-roofed square, with walls many feet thick, draped externally with a heavy brown curtain, called the kiswat.

The structure has the appearance of an immense tomb. It is surrounded by a circle of iron posts and connected by a cross-bar, from which depends a chain of lamps that have for centuries been lighted at sunset. The sacred edifice has but one door, and that is some seven feet from the ground. This inconvenient entrance is unlocked ten or twelve times during the year, when the pilgrims mount on one another's shoulders to its threshold, except on grand occasions, such as Hadj el Akbar—the great annual pilgrimage—when at a certain hour the silver door is swung back for a short time, and a portable stairway, which pilgrims can ascend four abreast, is wheeled up to the opening. The Black Stone is described as smooth, oblong in shape, with a glassy, red-black, irregular surface, which suggests the idea of having once been broken into fragments and afterwards cemented together. It is seven inches in diameter and some five feet above the ground, and projects from the angle of the northeast corner of the building. The stone and the aperture where it enters the wall are bordered by a band of gold.

On the west side of the Kaabah, some two feet below its flat top, a golden waterspout, reputed of great sanctity, projects from the wall, with a golden beard, called the "beard of Myzab," depending from its mouth and directing the water collected on the roof to fall on the pavement above the graves of Hagar and Ishmael. To secure a few drops of water as it trickles from the beard of Myzab causes endless contention among the pilgrims

The Holy Well, Zem Zem, or Zam Zam, the cry of Hagar when she saw the stream and held a vessel to catch the water to save the life of her perishing son, is enclosed in a building near the place of the portable stairs, on the north side of the house of Allah. A stone reservoir is always full of the water from Zem Zem, and is accessible, with a cup, through a grated window for purposes of drinking and spiritual cleansing before prayers.

An Oriental Christian who visited Mecca disguised as a Moslem pilgrim, related some of his experiences to a New York "World" correspondent, in substance as follows:—

"After days of heat and thirst in a cramped shugduff on the back of a camel, which was a fraction of a caravan conveying pilgrims to Mecca, they halted at dawn on the crest of a high ridge. Shouts of 'Mecca! Mecca!' 'O the Holy City!' 'O the Sanctuary!' 'O blessed of the Prophet of Allah!' 'O praise be to Allah!' 'O praise to Allah Almighty!' 'O Allah, verily this is thy Sanctuary!' came in various keys from the long line of camels, arousing the less vigilant from their slumbers, and causing the more devout to slide from the backs of their beasts, before the latter could kneel, to praise and supplicate Allah at the first glimpse of his holy sanctuary.

"Some, who had been travelling for months, sobbed and wept aloud in the transports of their joy, and all, after dismounting, offered up praise and prayer from the Koran.

"The holy city lay below them, in a valley, the four tall minarets of the mosque in its centre clearly defined in the gray light. Soon runners from Mecca began to arrive demanding exorbitant prices for their services as guides to the pilgrims and their houses as lodgings.

From praying to fighting was the work of a second. The ejaculations of praise had not died away before the extortionate demands of the canvassers were met with reproach and execration in such terms as 'O wretch!' 'O thief!' 'O extortioner!' 'O plunderer!' intermingled with the retorts 'O thou that art despised!' 'O thou beast that liest!' 'O thou stingy one!' 'O thou basest of the base!' 'O thou despised of Allah!' 'O Allah save me!' culminating in interchange of blows, which threw the whole camp into confusion.

"Order being in some manner restored by the sheiks, prayer and praise were resumed, after which they all breakfasted, bathed and put on the pilgrim's garb, called El Ihram, descended the hill and entered the winding streets of the city, and when the sun had well risen our Christian was comfortably lodged in the house of a devout Arab named Achmet, whose future services and good will had been purchased at a very high figure.

"A few hours of sound sleep and a well prepared dinner, served on a broad wooden tray and placed on a wooden stool five or six inches high, beside which the false Moslem sat on a cushion thrown on the floor, eating with his fingers from each dish, like a true Mussulman, refreshed him sufficiently to set about preparing for a visit to the mosque. After purifying his body by thorough ablution and having his head newly shaven and his person well perfumed and freshly arrayed in the pure and seamless garments of white color called El Ihram—one of which is wound around the loins and the other thrown over the shoulders—and with his head and the heel and instep of each foot bare, as advised by Achmet, our Christian was deemed fit by him to be guided to the Holy Beit Allah.

"They entered the mosque through the gate called Bab el Nabi, on the east side of the square, and stopped immediately within the inclosure to repeat prayers and supplications, finishing by drawing the palms of their hands over their faces, according to the custom of devout Moslems. Next they took off their slippers and left them in a hall connected with the colonnade, and then followed a pavement to the prayer-place of the Shafer, between the well Zem Zem and the Makam Ibrahim, or sacred spot where Abraham offered his prayers.

"Here they sank on their knees, with faces towards the Kaabah, and twice bent their bodies forward till their forms touched the ground in prostration, after which they entered the building of Zem Zem and drank copiously of the purifying water; then moved, with becoming reverence, as near as it was possible to approach for the crowd to the Black Stone, where they stood repeating prayers and supplications from the Koran, the sentences beginning with: 'There is no God but Allah.' 'O Allah! Accept thou my supplication, etc.'

"After several ineffectual attempts to fulfil their duty by touching the Black Stone they paused again, repeating prayers and reciting certain portions of the Koran, placed their open palms behind their ears, said more prayers, blessed the Prophet, kissed the tips of the fingers of their right hands, and began the ceremony of circumambulation, which brought them, in time, around to the sacred relic, still repeating prayers and supplications commencing with the usual 'Oh Allah,' etc.

"Thus they made seven circuits, pausing each time opposite the beard of Myzab and beside the burial place of Hagar and her son, to murmur extra terms of praise, blessing and supplication, and also at the end of each circuit to kiss and caress, with hands, face and lips, the Black Stone, then kiss the ends of their fingers and resume their course.

"The ceremony of circumambulation over, they retire to Zem Zem to again imbibe the sanctifying fluid and be drenched with several skinsful dashed over their heads and persons, while they steadily repeated prayers, either from memory or by reading them from the Koran, as before. This ended the praise and supplication for the day, and they left the mosque, to return as often and whenever religious fervor prompted, always bathing, shaving their heads and dressing in pure robes and perfuming the body as a preliminary, and never forgetting to be constantly on the alert to be present when the door of the Kaabah might be opened, and they could join the devout in fighting their way to the interior.

"At last the hoped-for moment came, but the great stairs not being drawn up, our pilgrim paid two murderous-looking Bedouins a goodly sum to lend him the aid of their arms and shoulders in climbing up to the level of the coveted threshold, whence obliging pilgrims, who had already reached the goal, seized his arms and legs and dragged him within the entrance.

"The interior of the building was extremely plain and without ornament, excepting the curtains of red and gold damask which draped the walls, their lower edges being drawn up beyond the reach of the pilgrim's hands. The floor was composed of checkered pavement of different colored marble, and the ceiling was supported by three pilasters of carved aloe wood, connected by a bright metal bar, from which a number of golden lamps were suspended, their flame somewhat relieving the general gloom, for there is neither skylight nor window to admit light to the Holy House.

"Before making the circuit of the interior it is necessary to give the official name and residence; then prayers and blessings are resumed, and in passing the corner containing the Black Stone special supplication is made, with prostration towards the four points of the compass. The payment of a fee for admittance, which must accord with the rank and wealth of the pilgrim, is made at the door before departing."

To enter the Kaabah is a matter of discretion among pilgrims. Thousands, it is said, never go into the Holy House. To do so entails serious restrictions in the future. Feet that have once passed the hallowed floor must never again walk with naked sole; neither must the lips that have been inside the holy building ever utter another falsehood; to these are added other forbidden conveniences that prove unprofitable to the wandering Arab and tiresome to the luxurious Oriental.

The New York Tribune styles Lord Rosebery's late speech in the House of Lords "an impetuous outburst of candour," and says "it is dangerous for a young Prime Minister to be caught 'thinking aloud.'"

The Marquis of Dufferin is going to furnish a memoir of his mother, Helen, Lady Dufferin, a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to the volume of her "Poems and Verses," which the Marquis is editing, and Mr. Murray is to publish. Two portraits will be given.

A MIGHTY SWORDSMAN.

HE CAN CLEAVE A SHEEP WITH A SINGLE STROKE.

Sergt.-Major Morgans, of Kingston, Ont., Champion Fencer and Instructor to the Military College—An All-Round Athlete.

Sergt.-Maj. Morgans, teacher of gymnastics at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., now claims the American fencing championship with sword or bayonet. Up to the present time he has defeated all comers. His latest victory was over Fencing-Instructor Clarke, of New York. In that contest Morgans scored 23 points to Clarke's 17.

Sergt.-Maj. Morgans has been a resident of Kingston, Ont., for 12 years, and every winter during this period he has conducted a well-patronized gymnasium. Socially, he is very popular; and he is a universal favorite with the cadets at the college. A short time ago he was presented with a gold medal for long and efficient service in the British Army.

He was born in North Wales in 1852, and enlisted at Welsh Pool at the age of 18 in the Scots Fusiliers—now called the Scots Guards. His first station was at Chelsea barracks. He was promoted rapidly, being made a lance corporal in 1872; full corporal in 1873: lance sergeant in 1875, and two years later a full sergeant; staff sergeant April 18, 1878; quarter-master sergeant, instructor, June 3, 1880, and sergeant major June 7, 1882. In April, 1878, he was selected by the Horse Guards from a long list of applicants to be instructor at the Royal Military College. From childhood he took a deep interest in athletic sports. In 1876 he carried off the first prize in the presence of Queen Victoria in the complete marching order competition with 60 rounds of ammunition. There were 30 competitors. In the same and in the following year he won the same competition at Wimbledon, notwithstanding the contest was open to the British Army. In 1877 he won second place in the single-handed tug-of-war, also open to the army. At Hythe he received his training in musketry, and won the highest certificate of efficiency awarded. At Aldershot in 1877 he was granted a first-class certificate in gymnastics and fencing. Since his arrival in Canada he has taken an active part in all kinds of sports. In 1881 he won the silver cup given by the Y. I. C. B. A., for the rowing championship of the Limestone City; and a silver medal at the Ontario Rifle Association matches for the second highest aggregate score. The most important fencing bouts in which he was the winner were with Lieut. Mayfrey, late member of the Austrian Hussars, Professors McGregor, Ried and Savage, of Toronto, and Sergt.-Maj. Chagnon, of the French Army.

Shortly after his appointment to the Royal Military College, Sergt.-Maj. Morgans was offered the position of fencing instructor at West Point Academy, at a salary of $1,000 per year. He had to refuse, because if he had taken the position his pension for service in the British army would have been cancelled.

The sergeant-major met Sergeant-Instructor Hawker, of the Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars, in a military tournament at Montreal on Saturday evening, March 10th, but owing to accidents the contests were not very satisfactory. At foils Morgans won by five points to four, and at sword by five to three. In the bayonet bout one of Morgan's lunges drove the wires of the mask into Hawker's forehead, cutting him badly, and Morgans was declared a winner by 14 points to 10. Sergt.-Maj. Morgans is dexterous with the sword, and exhibitions of his dexterity are highly entertaining.

One of his cleverest feats is to sever the carcass of a sheep at one terrific cut.

On March 26th, in Watertown, N. Y., under military auspices, Sergt.-Maj. Morgans meets Harold St. John in a fencing bout for the championship of America. St. John won the United States championship by appearing in the Eden Musee, New York City, with a challenge to meet all comers, and defeated Maj. Williams, instructor of swordsmanship of the 17th Lancers. He afterwards defeated in succession Prof. Woolfe, Chevalier Ferrine Pecato, champion of Mexico; Havier Orolosky, champion of Black Hussars, Germany; and last October he defeated Corp. Barbour, champion of the World's Fair British tournament company at Madison Square Garden.

Canadian Hardwood Ashes.

There are extensive firms all over the middle and New England States who make a specialty of dealing largely in Canadian hard wood ashes and immense profits are made out of them. In some districts during the fall and winter months a large number of teams are employed to go from house to house in country places, villages, towns and cities and trade off to the women folks penny-bars of soap for these ashes. The dealers make a handsome profit out of the farmers and others, and the large dealers on the other side make another large profit out of their customers. Since last July there have been about 60 car-loads shipped from London, and it is expected that 100 more carloads will be shipped by July next. This is a large business. And the receivers on the other side do equally as extensive a trade with all parts of the American Union. For the orange groves of Florida as well as the Massachusetts market gardens, these Canadian ashes are sold and used. The leading agricultural papers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other cities are filled with such advertisements as the following:

"A NATURAL FERTILIZER,

Canada unleached hard-wood ashes gathered by our men and shipped in carload lots in bulk to any railroad point. We have all facilities for supplying our customers with the best ashes at low prices. For pamphlet, sample and other information address," &c.

If London is a representative of other centres in Canada that are shipping these "natural fertilizers," what a business must be done every year in draining this country of its fertility. The farmers get some 5 to 10 cents a bushel for these ashes, and, according to the analysis of Prof. Atmater, hardwood ashes are in value for from 90 cents to $1 00 per 100 lbs., or 60 cents a bushel, and soft wood ashes he considers worth 80 cents per 100 lbs., or 48 cents a bushel as fertilizers for different potash plants such of potatoes, clover, and nearly all classes of garden and field vegetables and fruit.

One load of good unleached hardwood ashes has as much manurial value in potash as ten loads of the best barnyard manure. Gardeners and fruit growers in America are fully aware of this, and hence the keen demand there is from Maine to California for these Canadian hardwood ashes. If our farmers had the least reflection upon this point, they might know how important ashes were for manure, inasmuch as they are the inorganic part of the land, and no plant can grow or thrive without the chemical elements of which ashes are composed. When our forest trees or any plant is burnt up the organic part of the plant goes away in smoke or gases, and the inorganic part is left in the shape of ashes. This is plain enough to show how important they are as a fertilizer, and to restore that fertility which is being continually taken from the soil in the shape of crops and stock. Canada is exporting the greater part of her grain and live stock, and nearly all her ashes, and how is she going to replenish this great drain upon her fertility? The exportation of grain, cattle, other live stock, and ashes from a country which receives nothing in exchange that can be turned into manure must exhaust the soil in the long run. The present sterility of various parts of Northern Africa and of Asia Minor, as well as Sicily, which, for a long succession of years, was the granary of Italy, is ascribed to the exportation of natural products without replenishment. Rome unquestionably contains in its catacombs quantities of phosphorous and potash from all the countries of the East. If Canadians are so blind to their interests as to sell their source of land fertility [ashes] for a mere song and let the United States reap the benefit, the Dominion Government should enforce an export tax on every bushel of ashes, and this would effectually stop this suicidal trade.

The Cronin Murder.

One of the most atrocious murders ever committed in Chicago was that of Dr. Cronin nearly five years ago. Three of the men implicated in the conspiracy were tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Two of them have since died. One of them, Dan Coughlin, on some technicality which the lynx-eyed Supreme Court of the State was enabled to detect, was given a new trial. That trial, which lasted over four months, resulted, to the amazement of everybody, in a verdict from the jury of acquittal. Probably there are but few who do not still believe him to have been one of the parties guilty of the murder. The suspicion that certain members of the jury had been subjected to improper influences may be wholly wrong. The belief is general that some of the guiltier parties in the conspiracy were never brought to trial. The Chicago Advance speaking of this miscarriage of justice says:—"The presence all through the trial of the prisoner's young wife, often having their two little children with her, manifestly had no little effect on the heart of the jury. Much of the sworn testimony of the opposing witnesses was flatly contradictory. The instructions of the judge to the jury, while rightly anxious that no innocent person should be punished, may easily stretch too far the point 'beyond every reasonable doubt.' In this, as in other cases, 'trial by newspaper' is an exceedingly important part of the modern judicial system. But it is at any rate an unspeakable relief to the newspaper-reading public that the hideous details of this altogether horrible affair, that have loaded down the daily papers for four mortal months, are at last—gone. The astonishing upshot of this trial gives fresh and terrible point to what Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, said recently in Chicago, on some of the outrageous defects in our judicial methods, if not of our judicial system. In this Coughlin case, everybody may be mistaken except those twelve jurymen, but nobody really believes that he was innocent. Judge Brewer only expressed the conviction of intelligent people generally in holding that there is a great deal too much chance offered for defeating the ends of justice in the appeals allowed from one court to another court, until, either by the exhaustion of the resources of one party or the other, or else by some real or fancied but questionable technicality, the whole judicial procedure turns out to be a very costly farce, and the exemplary ends of justice are worse than wasted. In the case of the appeal to the courts last summer over the question as to the opening of the Fair on Sundays, the various proceedings taken altogether, constituted a piece of evasive judicial jugglery without dignity or moral force. The sensitive anxiety of modern jurisprudence lest some mistake be made and an innocent party be allowed to suffer is, of course, commendable, but the trouble with the present method is, that the guilty are about as apt to escape as the innocent."

A New Military Implement.

The infantry and chasseur regiments of the Austro-Hungarian army have just been supplied with a new implement which can be used as a spade, shovel, hatchet, and saw. It is about one and one-half feet in length, weighs about two pounds, and is so arranged that it can be hung on the belt at the left side near the bayonet. It will enable the infantry to do all that is necessary in laying out a camp, fixing cooking places, providing a water supply, and throwing up light earth-works. Exercises in the use of this new weapon, which is intended to render infantry regiments independent of their own pioneer companies, have also been introduced and will be carried on by the Vienna garrison in one of the large drill grounds in the environs.

A Useless Weapon.

An Irishman stood charged with stealing a watch from a fellow-citizen. He stoutly denied the theft, and brought a counter accusation against his accuser for assault committed with a frying-pan.

The judge was inclined to take a common-sense view of the case, and, regarding the prisoner, said:

"Why did you allow the prosecutor, who is a smaller man than yourself, to assault you without resistance? Had you nothing in your hand to defend yourself with?"

"Bedad, your honour," answered Pat, "I had his watch; but what was that against a frying-pan?"

Glasgow barbers have denounced lady shavers.

SKETCHING THE LIONS.

An Awful Night in a Cage in the Vaal River Country.

At Pretoria, in the Transvaal, our expedition was joined by a Mr. Tuft, an artist connected with the London Illustrated News. When we had crossed the Vaal river and were in the lion country the artist one day got the idea that he wanted a certain sketch from which to make a painting when he returned home. He had sketched our captive lions as we took them from the pits, but what he sighed for was a group of free lions by moonlight. That he might carry out his idea we had the natives erect a house of observation for him on the edge of a sandy plain. Four stout posts were set in the ground, and at a distance of twelve feet from the earth cross pieces were lashed to them and a cage twelve feet square built up. This cage was of the height of a man, and the bars were of hard wood four inches wide and two inches thick. It was just such a cage as we built to hold a full-grown black rhinoceros.

We had captured two lions in pits before the period of the full moon arrived It had been noticed that of all the lions approaching our camp the most of them came from the desert, which ran back ten miles to a range of hills. One evening, when the right time had come, I accompanied Mr. Tuft to the cage, having agreed to bear him company through the night. We took provisions and bedding, but no firearms. It was calculated that the cage could defy anything except an elephant, and we did not wish to kill a lion as long as there was any chance of capturing him alive for Hagenbeck. We got into the cage by means of a ladder and a door, and the natives had scarcely disappeared when night came and the moon was with us. It was so light that we could see ants on the ground below us, and the eye could have detected a man on the plain as far as a noonday.

At about 8 o'clock we heard three different lions roar, but for the next two hours everything was so quiet we feared that the beasts suspected some trap and would not show up on that side of the camp. We were both lying on our backs and indulging in a quiet smoke when I felt rather than heard the tread of some animal and carefully rose up on my elbow. Right in front of us, not over fifty feet away, was

A FAMILY OF LIONS

—father, mother, and two cubs, though one of the cubs was half grown. The four stood side by side, facing us, and had come up as quietly as rabbits.

"Good!" whispered the artist as he reached for pencil and paper. "They are not grouped as artistically as I could wish but it is an opportunity no man ever had before. Ah! The old chap is down! That's 20 per cent. better! See! The little fellow moves around on the other side of the mother! Was ever anything more artistic? I'll donate a keg of rum to your niggers if those lions will only stop right there for ten minutes!"

You may have seen the painting he afterward made and called "The Lions at Home." It was a faithful production of the pencil sketch made there by moonlight as we looked into the great yellow eyes of the four beasts. They stood for eight or ten minutes almost without moving, or three of them did, while the father lay stretched at full length on the sands. Then their curiosity was satisfied. They had figured out two white men in a cage, and the question was how to get at them. The old lion suddenly rose up and uttered a roar which lasted fully sixty seconds. While he was thus engaged the lioness paced to and fro, and the cubs jumped back and forth over her. When the roar ceased the lion began to switch his tail, and as his eyes grew red I whispered to Mr. Tuft:

"Move back—move back—he's coming for us!"

He came as if shot out of a cannon and struck the cage at about the centre. One forepaw passed between the bars and clawed at us, and as he hung there for a minute his growls made shivers chase over us. He dropped down with a snarl and walked off about 100 feet. We knew he was coming again, and we crowded to the bars on the other side. At a distance of ten feet from the posts he made his spring, and this time he landed on the roof above our heads. The rise was eighteen feet, but he made it without an effort. Had the construction of that cage been left to the lazy and shiftless natives alone the lion would have come crashing down upon us. The roof had been made even more secure than the sides, the logs being heavy and well fastened. The weight of the lion racing back and forth threatened

TO UPROOT THE POSTS,

but luckily for us he did not tarry long When he leaped down he began circling about us at a distance of ten feet, apparently scrutinizing every single bar, and after he had made one circuit the family joined him and the four made the circuit fifteen times by count.

At length they retired about seventy feet away for consultation. How the lion communicated his ideas was not plain, as he uttered no sound, but all of a sudden the four made a rush for the cage. Three of them reached the bars, but the baby lion fell short. The trio hung there for fully two minutes, clawing, biting, and seemingly expecting their weight and struggles to pull the cage off the posts, but one by one they finally dropped down. The next move was also made after a plain understanding among the quartette. The cubs lays down on the ground, heads toward us and ears pointed forward, and the father and mother made a swift and simultaneous rush and both landed on the roof together. The two of us in the cage cried out in affright, as the logs bent and one of the supporting posts cracked in an ominous manner, and it was probably the sound of our voices, raised then for the first time, that caused the beasts to retreat. Had they continued raving about for a minute or two longer the cage must have been toppled down. After leaving the roof they took up their first positions and all lay down, with their glaring eyes fastened on the cage.

"That means they will slink away after a while and we might as well turn in," I said to the artist, and five minutes later we were stretched out on our blankets in the centre of the cage.

When the lions went away neither of us knew as we soon fell asleep and did not waken until the natives came in the morning. We caught a cub lion in a pit three miles away that night, and he resembled the "little fellow" of the family so much that we never doubted his identity.—M. Q.