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For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Cont'd)

The world seemed to whirl around her and then stand still.

She recognized him instantly as the keeper of the Morgue, the man who had been so useful to her in helping to cheat Percy Granville into the belief that the dead girl who so closely resembled his lost love was indeed Little Gay.

But in that thrilling moment a daring thought came to the brain of the desperate, guilty beauty—she would deny that she was the same person who came to him on that fatal errand that night.

She looked at him proudly, defiantly.

"You are quite mistaken," she said, curtly. "I have never seen you before."

In vain he protested, repeating every word of the conversation that passed between them on that eventful night.

She shook her golden head and turned from him impatiently, and the motion maddened him.

He made one great stride toward her. He seized her delicate wrist in his great, strong hand.

"You hypocrite!" he cried, gazing down fiercely into her beautiful, defiant face, "you have used me cleverly for your tool, and now you would deny me. You do not choose to remember how you pleaded with me to help you in your nefarious scheme, telling me I might name my own reward. You gave me a false name and address, but that did not daunt me. I have searched all over to find you and tell you what my reward must be. Listen! you need not try to take your hand away from me, for this hand must be mine! That is the reward I ask for what I have done for you; refuse, and I swear, before the sun sets, the whole world shall know that strange story."

Evelyn St. Claire's lips grew white and dry; she recoiled from the man in loathing too deep for words; he saw it, and it exasperated him.

The effrontery of the man's proposition almost stunned her.

Looking up into the hard, grim face, she saw that he meant every word he had uttered.

Like a flash, remembrance came to her, too, that Percy might come at any moment and find the man there, and her very soul within her grew sick with horror as she thought of the terrible denouement that would be sure to follow.

"Perhaps my proposition has been too sudden for you," he said, frightened at the deathly pallor that was spreading over her face. "Give me a little encouragement," he went on quickly. "I have no intention of being harsh with you, for I love you—I have loved you from the first moment I looked upon your face. Do not madden me by attempting to deny your identity; your every feature is engraven too clearly and unmistakably for that on my heart. I will give you a week to make up your mind whether you will marry me, or whether I shall tell the strange story I have to tell, to the world."

Even while he spoke, a fiendish thought was flashing through the guilty brain of Evelyn St. Clair.

"We will walk on through the copse-wood and talk this matter over," she said, with a desperate calmness that surprised even herself.

If he had not been so desperately in love with her the glitter in her steel-blue eyes would have warned him against her.

Gladly enough he consented, thinking his eloquence had struck through her armor of pride and defiance to her heart at last.

Evelyn held out her white hand to him with a pretty gesture that won him completely.

"It is useless to deny longer all that you have asserted," she said in a low voice. "I admit the favor you once granted me, and now I ask if there is no other way in which I can cancel it than becoming your wife?"

His wife! she, the haughty, dainty heiress, to mate with this common hireling! the very idea of it made the angry blood leap like fire through her veins; she longed to turn upon him with the fierceness of a tigress and dash him to her feet for the very audacity of his presumption.

"No, there is no other way," he replied decisively. "You are a beautiful woman, and rich; why should I not exert my power over you to make you my wife?"

"I am rich, as you say," she answered steadily. "I would, and could, make it a great object for you to go away and leave me in peace; could gold bribe you?"

"I would rather have your sweet self than all your gold," he replied; "you are the first and only woman who has ever touched my heart. No, no, you cannot buy me off with a less bribe than your own sweet self."

The lines around the heiress' mouth grew harder, and the steel-like glitter deepened in her eyes.

She had led him by a circuitous path through the copse-wood to a stretch of ground which joined her own ground in the rear. It was screened from the stone house on the hill by tall nodding poplars.

It was a dangerous locality owing to the fact that a shaft had been sunk there years before, and had been abandoned without being properly covered. And on the very brink of this black, yawning abyss Evelyn paused, casting a quick nervous glance about her.

"Nothing must come between me and my hope of being Percy's bride," she muttered below her breath. "I have swept one life from my path, why should I hesitate at sweeping away a second? The man has brought his fate upon his own head.

"It will not be necessary to wait a week for my answer," she said slowly. "I can give it to you here and now quite as well."

"I shall be all the more pleased," he exclaimed radiantly. "I can read my answer in your face, my beautiful girl—it is 'yes.'"

Evelyn St. Claire turned upon him like a flash of lightning, the furious anger in her superb blonde face fairly appalling him.

"I nearly 'yes' you," she cried. "Why, you must be mad! You shall wed, but the bride you are to take to your heart is the pallid bride of death," and with these words ringing in his ears, and before he could divine her terrible intention, she had sprung forward, giving him a fearful push that sent him reeling headlong down—down into the horrible depths of the unused shaft.

Not even a moan or a cry reached her, or the thud of the body as it fell on the rocks below, there was such a terrible ringing in her ears.

"Dead men can tell no tales," she muttered, bending breathlessly over the yawning mouth of the pit. "I am safe."

Gathering up her dainty lace skirts in her jeweled hands, she fairly flew back to the house. It almost seemed to her the tall, specter trees that had witnessed the awful crime might take vengeance upon her by tossing out their arms and striking her dead as she passed beneath them.

She reached the house panting and trembling in every limb.

Avice, her maid, met her on the threshold.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Miss Evelyn," she said. "Mr. Granville is here—he looks pale and unlike himself."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Percy Granville turned with a start of surprise as the detective's hand fell on his shoulder, and the familiar voice repeated hurriedly:

"I should like a few words with you, Mr. Granville, if you are not in too much of a hurry."

"Certainly," responded Percy, shaking the proffered hand heartily. "I am entirely at your disposal; we will go to your office or walk up to the avenue, just as you like."

"Thanks, I haven's time to exchange more than a word with you just now," replied the detective. "I want your address, I may drop you a line upon a very important matter one of these days."

Percy Granville stopped short and looked full in the detective's face.

"You have succeeded in hunting down Tremaine at last?" inquired Percy, eagerly. "If it is so, tell me at once. I cannot rest night or day until I have taken that cursed villain by the throat and forced the truth out of him of how my darling Little Gay met so foul a death. By Heaven! he shall rue the day he ever crossed my path!"

"Gently, genily, my dear sir," responded the detective, laying his hand on the excited young man's arm. "I did not refer to Tremaine just now."

"But he must be brought to justice, my darling's death must be avenged!" he cried hotly, his fair, handsome face paling. "I had great hopes that your skill would not fail me, Mr. Lennox. It is nearly a year since I first called upon you, yet we have no clew to Tremaine's whereabouts yet."

"Do not be so sure about that," replied Lennox. "Give me your address, and don't trouble yourself unnecessarily about what I want it for—you shall know all that in good time."

"I shall be at Passaic until the 20th," replied Percy. "On the 21st I leave on the Servia for a short trip abroad."

"You may hear from me before that time," said the detective.

A moment after they parted company, and Percy walked leisurely on to his hotel.

He did not give the matter another thought, for his thoughts had reverted to the same channel in which they had been when the detective had accosted him—he was thinking of the pictured face that had smiled up at him from the canvas in the banker's drawing-room—the face of Mr. Remington's adopted daughter.

He tried to forget it, as men struggle against temptation; the thrilling dark eyes haunted him.

He was soon to marry Evelyn St. Claire; what madness, what folly to allow himself to dream ever another girlish face.

But the hearts of men are proverbially fickle at one time in life; and the more Percy tried to shut out all thoughts of the banker's daughter from his heart, the more she stole into it; he stood face to face with the truth at last, his heart had gone out to the original of the portrait, just as it had gone out to Little Gay.

Percy returned to Passaic that night, and surely no young man ever put in such a wretched fortnight as the two weeks that followed; but one thought filled his heart by night and by day, he wished to Heaven his uncle had not exacted that terrible promise from him on his death-bed, that he would marry Evelyn St. Claire; then he would have been free to woo and win, if he could, the banker's daughter, who reminded him so strongly of his lost bride. His heart had gone out to her with a passionate love that startled even himself.

At the end of a fortnight he was battling fiercely between two sins—the sin of breaking the vow he had made to the dying, and the sin of wedding one woman, when all the love of his heart had gone out to another.

Then a strange resolution came to him. He would go to Evelyn and explain the situation like an honorable man.

He reasoned the matter out in his own mind, coming to the conclusion that it would be cruel to Evelyn to lead her to the altar under these circumstances. He resolved to throw himself upon her mercy, and he never once doubted but that she would release him.

Yes, that was the best and only course to pursue. He must go to Evelyn, and in a manly, straightforward manner tell her his story.

He would say to her, "I am bound to you, Evelyn, but I love another. It is for you to decide what my future will be—I leave my fate, my happiness in your hands."

If she clung to him, refusing to give him up, he would marry her. He would be a true husband; he would give her reverence, respect, everything but love; that was not his to give; his heart was divided between Little Gay's memory and this new sweet love that had crept into his heart.

That evening Percy rode over to Evelyn's home; while he was pacing restlessly up and down the parlor, waiting for her to make her appearance, that thrilling scene was being enacted at the brink of the old shaft.

Avice, the maid, could not help but notice how pale and frightened Miss St. Claire looked when she told her Mr. Granville had come, that he had been walking impatiently through the grounds searching for her, and had at length gone back to the parlor.

One instant she pressed her hands tightly over her throbbing heart, then turned and hastily entered the parlor.

Percy was struck with the passionate love in her face as she glided quickly forward, holding out both hands to him—those little hands, white, gemmed and shapely, that within that hour had perpetrated such a fearful crime.

Percy knew what was expected of him as she bent her blonde head dangerously near him, inviting a caress, and feeling awkward enough, he raised one of those cruel little white hands to his lips.

Since the day he had first become engaged to Evelyn he had always taken an accepted lover's privilege of seating himself on the sofa beside her. He could do no less now.

"How white you are, Percy!" she exclaimed. "Have you been ill? You are losing all your genial manner that made you so—so irresistible."

He flushed uneasily and looked confused.

What would she have said, if she had known why he looked so gloomy—that he was trying to summon courage to tell her that which was to blight her beautiful love dream?

Evelyn did all in her power to charm him that memorable evening.

There was something almost hysterical in her brilliant flashes of wit.

She sung impassioned love-songs to him that would have brought any other lover to her feet.

With tremulous lips, she sung that sweetest of all love refrains, "Kathleen Mavourneen," dwelling with passionate yearning on the line, "Oh, why are thou silent, thou voice of my heart?"—the music dying away in a low wail beneath her trembling fingers.

But if Percy heard, he did not heed.

"You seem distrait and preoccupied, Percy," she said at length, turning from the piano, "as though your thoughts were hardly here."

"Then I am ashamed of myself," he answered. "That would be unpardonable. The fact is," he added, hesitatingly, and flushing uneasily, "my mind is full of one subject, and I am at a loss how to find words to express myself."

Evelyn's heart gave one great passionate throb of triumph, her blonde head drooped so near him that her fair hair brushed his cheek.

No doubt came to her but that the subject he referred to was their approaching marriage.

Of course it could be nothing else.

Wicked as Evelyn St. Claire was, there was something pitiful in the ardent adoration she lavished upon her handsome lover.

She bowed her head in silence, twining her white, jeweled fingers closer about his arm, and her every clinging touch was a caress.

Was he going to tell her he was glad their wedding-day was so near at hand?

Was he going to whisper loving words that her passionate heart so longed to hear?

How she was hungering to hear the words, "I love you, dear," fall from his lips.

For one brief moment there was silence between them.

It grew harder and harder to utter the words Percy had come there to speak.

"Evelyn," he said slowly, as he nerved himself for the trying ordeal, "did it ever occur to you that some marriages are grave mistakes?"

She looked up into his face.

A sudden terror seized her; but she would attach no importance to his words.

"There can be no unhappiness where there is love," she returned quickly.

"That is quite true, Evelyn," he said thoughtfully; "if two marry who love each other—they are sure to be happy—but if love is wanting in either heart, married life is a curse."

Evelyn raised a pair of startled eyes to his; the words had gone through her heart like a sword.

"Why should we think of the lives of others, if ours is happy?" she asked, with a nervous smile on her lips. "The only unhappiness that could reach me is—the fear that I should ever lose your love."

Percy Granville's handsome face grew pale—he winced under her words.

"What would you do, Evelyn," he said, holding the little hand that was hid in his in a close clasp, and trying to speak carelessly, "if such a thing were to really happen?"

Her face grew pale as the lily she wore on her breast. She caught her breath in a quick, convulsive sob—the passionate love in the face she raised to his troubled him greatly.

"I should kill myself, Percy," she declared vehemently; "and if there was a way for my spirit to revisit the earth, I would haunt you until the day you died. I could never express how much I love you, dear—you are my world."

"How much you care for me, Evelyn," he groaned.

The pale, blonde face drooped until it rested against his shoulder.

The great love she lavished upon him wearied him. He could not help contrasting her at that moment with his little lost Gay, whom a bold wooer would have frightened as a huntsman frightens a timid bird.

It would have been quite as easy to have plunged a dagger in the white breast of Evelyn St. Claire as to speak the words he had come there to utter.

"That is just the question I have come to discuss with you, Evelyn," he said, "whether or not ours would be a happy union. I almost hate myself for the words I am about to speak, still, they are better said before marriage than after."

He stopped abruptly and looked at her.

Still no gleam of the truth dawned upon Evelyn.

"Every heart should be mated to the one for which Heaven intended it. Is it not so?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes," replied Evelyn, slowly.

"You would not care to keep your pledge to me to be my bride if you thought I did not love you, would you?" he pursued, flushing painfully.

"No," replied Evelyn, little dreaming what he would say next.

"Evelyn," he went on huskily, "what should you say if I were to tell you frankly and honestly that if I were to lead you to the altar, it would be as an unloved bride? I would save you from this before it is too late. I throw myself upon your mercy to save yourself and to save me. I will live up to my engagement if you hold me to it," he said slowly, "but I cannot deceive you. I must tell you the truth—my heart has gone out to another, and yet my word is pledged to you. You hold your fate and mine in your own slender white hands, Evelyn, my dear girl," he whispered hoarsely, "and I leave it with you to decide what our future is to be."

How little he knew there would be little hope for him if the decision rested in the hands of her who was deaf to all else save her deep and desperate love for himself.

She had sinned so terribly for his love—was Heaven intending to wreak this bitter vengeance upon her for spoiling the life of Little Gay?

But no—she would marry him in spite of all—she would hold him to his promise though he hated her. She would never give him up.

(To be continued.)

"OBEY" LEFT OUT OF SERVICE

M.P.'s Daughter Who Married Athlete Is a Suffragette.

The recent wedding of Miss Cicely Corbett, the daughter of C. J. Corbett, the late English Member of Parliament for one of the Sussex divisions, had a special interest, as the ceremony was arranged so as to avoid those parts of the Church service which include the wife's promise to "obey."

The bridegroom was C. D. Fisher, who was a three-quarter back in the Oxford Rugby team of 1903. Miss Corbett is a keen suffragist and a number of people interested in the movement were present at the wedding. It was held at Horsted Keynes, where her father lives, and the place was the Congregational Hall of the village.

At one end of the hall was a platform with four chairs upon it, and to this platform advanced the bride, her father, the bridegroom and the best man, while a march was played upon the organ. Then entered the registrar, and the bride and bridegroom made the legal declarations, which were supplemented by the exchange of wedding rings.

The registrar then retired, and after a solo had been sung Hugh Chapman of the Savoy, whose sympathies with the suggestion for the omission of the "obey" sentence from the service are already well known, gave a short and eloquent address. It should be said that by this time the bridegroom had exchanged places with the bride's father, so that the bride and the bridegroom sat together on one side of the platform and the best man and the bride's father on the other.

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SURPRISED LADY ABERDEEN.

A millionaire whose "mind-reading" once astonished Lady Aberdeen is Warren Y. Soper, vice-president of the Ottawa Electric Company and director of almost a score of others.

In his earlier days Mr. Soper was a telegraph operator, and a good one, so good, in fact, that his expert feats with the Morse code once led him to give an exhibition. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen—for it was during their stay in Canada—were present.

On the stage, blind-folded, sat a gentleman, while Mr. Soper, passing through the audience, was handed a number of articles. Each he scrutinized, but he neither spoke nor made any sign. In every case the "subject" on the stage called out an accurate description of the article.

Then Lady Aberdeen supplied the supreme test. Writing upon her

Warren Y. Soper.

programme a sentence, she handed it to Mr. Soper, requesting that he transmit it mentally to the man on the stage. "I see a sentence of five words" called out the "subject" a few seconds later, and he repeated the exact words. The astonishment was profound.

But when the excitement had died down Mr. Soper simply said: "Not telepathy, but telegraphy." And from his pocket he took a small coil of wire, the other end of which, enclosed under a carpet, was in the pocket of the "subject." The messages had simply been transmitted by his expert touch system.

Man Who Had 100 Pipes.

A wife who obtained a judicial separation from her husband told a curious story at the South-western (London, England,) police court. She was Annie Traves, of 15 Farlow Road, Putney, and she stated that her husband, a master carpenter, would only allow her twopence a day to get dinner, though he had about £180 at the bank. "What does he do with his money?" inquired the Magistrate. "He spends it in clothes, pipes and other things," was the reply. "He has 100 pipes, between fifty and sixty walking sticks and innumerable pairs of boots."

Women Now Smoke Cigars.

Englishwomen are developing the smoking habit more than ever. Of course they do not as a rule get beyond cigarettes, but recently a petit brand of cigars has been put on the market. It is something like the thin cigarettes which one buys on the continent for a couple of centimes, except that the flavor and strength are more akin to the Egyptian cigarette. It is a leaf covered cigarette, with sufficient pungency to make the fair smokers think they are doing something daring in lighting what looks like a cigar.

Sometimes.

"Do you think a woman believes you when you tell her she is the first girl you ever loved?"

"Yes, if you're the first liar she ever met."

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HOME

Selected Recipes.

Cottage Cheese.—Mix one pint of cottage cheese with one-half cupful of chopped English walnuts, one teaspoonful of chopped chives, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half saltspoonful of paprika. Form into balls and arrange in nests of lettuce. Serve with a mayonnaise dressing, to which has been added some chopped olives and capers.

Cheese Cream Toast.—Melt one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour and when bubbling pour on one and one-half cupfuls of scalded milk, stirring briskly until the sauce is smooth; season with salt, pepper and paprika. Add two-thirds of a cupful of mild, grated cheese and cook until the cheese is melted. Dip six slices of toast in the sauce, place in a hot dish and pour the cream sauce over them.

Boiled Icing—Often one finds that a boiled frosting is either too much done or not cooked enough. A woman whose boiled frosting always calls for praise tells the secret of her success. She uses three tablespoonfuls of water to a cupful of sugar; when the mixture begins to boil she slowly beats six tablespoonfuls of it into the white of an egg, beaten very stiff. Then she lets the remainder of the syrup boil till it hairs; this point in the cooking reached, she beats it gradually into the egg mixture.

Famous London Dish—Take a quarter pound of grated cheese. Dissolve in one cupful of milk, a small quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, then add it to the grated cheese; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard, half a saltspoonful of white pepper, a pinch of cayenne pepper and two tablespoonfuls of browned flour. Heat in double boiler until cheese is dissolved, then stir in three well-beaten eggs, stir a few moments and pour into individual patty-pans or cases, and bake a nice brown. Serve hot.

Cottage Cheese and Chives—Rub the salad bowl with a small clove of garlic or mince the garlic very fine, add two cupfuls of cottage cheese and two teaspoonfuls of chives cut fine with scissors, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half saltspoonful of paprika. Mix well, add a little rich cream if necessary to help it retain its shape, then stir in lightly three tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento; pile upon a bed of cress and ornament with pimento cut in fancy shapes and place upon ice until needed. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Good Celery Pickle—For this celery pickle put in the good leaves as well as the stalks. Three parts celery, three parts cabbage, one part onions. Put these through the meat grinder and mix with three-fourths cup of salt to a gallon. Let stand overnight, then drain off what liquid comes away readily. Heat and add the following to every gallon: One quart good vinegar, one-half cup sugar, eight bay leaves, twenty drops oil of cloves, twenty drops oil of cinnamon. Just before stirring this into the vegetables add one-fourth teaspoonful of red peper.

Good Vinegar—To start, use any kind of sweet juice. If you have any jelly that has gone to sugar or that didn't form, or a little sorghum, syrup, or anything of the kind, put it in a stone jar with enough warm water to make just a sweetened water. Take a piece of brown wrapping paper, cut round the size of the jar lid, and put with it a thin layer of bread dough the size of the paper. Roll both up together and drop it in the jar; this will form the plant. Any kind of fruit juice of rinsings from jelly glasses may be added at any time. Keep the jar in a warm place. The contents will be vinegar in about three weeks after the jar is filled and will taste just like cider vinegar. It is a great saving, for one uses so much vinegar in the summer for sliced cucumbers, salads, beets, beans, covering pickles, etc. The same "plant" may be used for years if kept in the juice.

Home Hints.

Wrap cheese in a cloth soaked in vinegar if you wish it to be kept moist and free from mold.

If the alarm clock rings too loudly slip an elastic band around the bell to diminish the noise.

Shelves are a necessity in every bathroom. So is a little medicine closet to hang on the wall.

Heat the clothespins if you would have warm hands while hanging out the clothes in cold weather.

A great aid to baby's bath when he is afraid of water is some water toys which he can play with.

Before dyeing a garment mark the right side with thread so that there will be no doubt about it.

Every housekeeper should keep a pair of butcher's cuffs on hand to protect the sleeves in emergencies.

Brushes and combs are best washed in strong ammonia water. For the bristles, it should be cold.

To clean ribbon, sponge with alcohol and rub over the spot with clean white soap, holding the ribbon straight.

To remove grease from woollen materials, rub in powdered French chalk. After some hours shake it out.

Use wash pillows whenever possible for living-rooms and dens. They are more hygienic and more sanitary.

When tinware is new, rub it with lard and heat thoroughly in the oven. Tinware treated in this way will never rust.

Porch chairs of wicker or reed can be cleaned with soapsuds and a scrubbing brush and then can be shellacked.

To stone raisins without stickiness, stem them, cover with boiling water for two minutes and then open the raisins.

A cake should be iced before it is quite cold.

Charcoal powder is excellent for cleaning fine knives.

A sheet of heavy cardboard is desirable to cool hot cakes upon.

A special knife should always be kept for onions, bread and hot fat.

Try a long glass stirring rod for stirring food cooking over a hot stove.

Hot soapsuds with ammonia is admirable for cleaning gold jewelry.

In whipping cream, add the white of an egg to every cupful of cream.

Cornmeal will remove lamp smoke from a wall blackened by kerosene.

Chloroform is good for removing grease spots, but should be used with care.

Turnips and potatoes mashed together make a pleasant change on the table.

Never blacken a kitchen stove; wash it every day with clean soap and water.

Housewives will find the butcher's apron a great convenience, as it covers even the sleeves.

Before beginning to make a cake all utensils and ingredients should be placed ready to hand.

Never plunge the ivory handle of a knife into hot water. Wash the knives in a knife jug.

Scraps of cream cheese may be made useful by mixing them with butter and milk or a little cream. This should be spread on thin, waferlik crackers, made into sandwiches and served with salad.

- boiling water on oranges and let them stand five minutes. This will cause the white lining to come away with the skin so that a large quantity of oranges can be quickly sliced for sauce or pudding.

When sealing fruit butters or preserves, place a circle of thin cloth on top and sprinkle this with ground cinnamon. The spice prevents mold from accumulating on the fruit.

A GOOD HABIT

Tea when you are tired, particularly if it's

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HABITS OF THE LION.

His Treatment of Lioness Would Arouse a Suffragette.

The lion is regarded as the king of beasts and the noblest specimen of the four-footed tribes. But those who have been after him have a different opinion, writes Frank W. Butler in Pall Mall Magazine.

In fact, the "king" has habits that would make a militant suffragette grit her teeth and provide her with some telling facts for lecture purposes.

He sallies out at night accompanied by his wife, and he sends her off to growl and roar and frighten game into his jaws. He gets the lion's share, she gets the lioness's, and when he has satisfied his appetite he does an immense amount of roaring and bragging about his prowess.

If the pair have the misfortune to fall across gunners and the lioness is first shot, the King of Beasts, her husband, bolts and tries to get away. If the lion is first hit, the lioness makes herself very nasty and rushes to her death to avenge him.

Having beaten the Kedong River banks for two hours, a fine lioness jumped out of the reeds and bush about six feet from me, having first emitted a loud growl that served as a useful warning. I fired and wounded her, when she prepared to charge, lashing her sides with her tail. Luckily Mr. Guy, Mr. Dooner's partner, was at the ready, and his rifle laid her low for a short time, after which she recovered and sprang from bush to bush growling. Spooring her, I followed, and with a third shot from my Mannlicher finished her.

We formed camp, and for three weeks lions came close to us, hoping to pick up our oxen. The hunting of Leo being a rather serious business and one requiring strict precautions, we had our fires lighted and hurricane lamps hung up an hour before dark, and kept them going until daylight.

It is not difficult as a rule to know when lions are about, as they make their presence audible. Away in the soft, velvety darkness under the stars you hear a "woof-woof," answered from various points of the compass by other "woofs."

It is then time to see to it that the boys have the fires going; otherwise the utterers of the "woofs" will likely enough smell you out and make things uncomfortable, although, as a rule, it is only the toothless old lion who will attack a man.

EARTHQUAKE FOR WEEKS.

The Natives of Hayti Call It "The Gouffre."

Earthquake sounds have been variously described and might be expected to differ widely according to circumstances and locality. The island of Hayti, which is situated in a neighborhood where the earth is in a continual state of tremor, is visited by a peculiar earthquake sound which is locally called the "gouffre," and an account of it appears in the Bulletin Semestriel of the Port au Prince meteorological observatory.

The region of the "gouffre" is in the mountain range of La Selle, which is about seven thousand feet high, and which, unstable still, gives much evidence of past volcanic activity. The sounds are apparently the same as those accompanying noticeable earthquakes, and the name "gouffre" is applied to both.

Its noise extends sometimes over periods of weeks and the vicar of Croix des Bouquets, fifteen miles north of the mountain range, gives the following description of it: "During the day the sound was heard from the south-east and seemed to come from a great depth. It was like a deep roaring and then at times like the howling of a dog. From time to time it stopped with a hollow boom which might be taken for a distant cannon shot.

"During the night it was different, although the sound came from a different direction; there was a perfect tumult, rumbling of thunder, howling and a sound like the rushing of a strong wind. There was no wind, however. Sometimes one heard all the noises at once. Generally and above all, from 7 to 10 o'clock at night, the sound ended with a loud detonation much stronger than in the day, followed by a long echo. Then again would be heard an outburst that cannot be imagined. It was as if a mountain of glass were shattered and the noise echoed in all directions. At times it seemed as if one could hear the roar of surf, or even the dead thud of objects falling, such as blocks of stone rolling down precipices."

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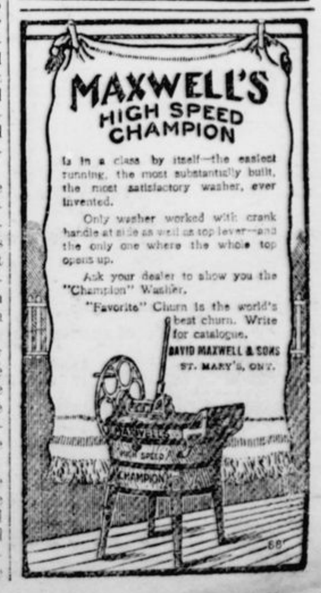

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