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## ADVENTURE WITH A LION. BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was a warm, pleasant evening in November and our ship was off the coast of Tripoli. A party of us who sat upon the quarter-deck, had been conversing upon various subjects concerning the vast desert to the southward of us.

"I think you have travelled across the desert?" said one of our number, addressing the Captain.

"Not exactly," replied Captain Bushwick. "Some years ago I spent a few months in Abyssinia and the country south of it."

"Was it there you had the adventure with the lion?"

"Ah—you've heard of that scrape, eh?"

"Only that you had such an adventure, Captain. Your mate told me you had met the animal."

"Well, I have; and if you would like to hear the yarn, I will tell it."

A vote was immediately and unanimously carried that Captain Bushwick have permission to relate his adventure; and without further preliminaries he proceeded:

"It is now five-and-twenty years since I took the notion to travel amongst the African natives. I had an uncle living in Morocco, engaged in trade there, and I had gone out to see him. Our party consisted of six—my uncle and myself and four Nubian servants. These Nubians were faithful fellows, and long tried, and were moreover, strong and fearless, having lived with my relative several years. When the business was over, I proposed that we should take a trip to the southward and see the country. The Nubians were anxious to go, and after a deal of persuasion my uncle consented to the arrangement."

"On the seventh day we reached a large lake upon the extreme southern border of Abyssinia, where we pitched our tents, and then went to hunting for game, we having been informed that we should find plenty of both fish and fowl in this region. Our luck was moderate, much more so than we expected, and my uncle was bent upon returning. But I was determined to have a few more trials."

"The only boat we had been able to find was a small canoe, fashioned out of a log, and one morning I declared that I would take a cruise in it if some one would accompany me. The canoe would not carry more than two of us with any degree of safety, and as all four of the Nubians offered to go, I was obliged to make my own selection. So I took Lari, the youngest of the lot, but the brightest and most cool and brave in the presence of danger. I took my rifle and pistols, while Lari took his rifle and spear; and thus equipped we set out. The canoe was easily managed while we kept our proper places, and all went on finely until the afternoon. It was very warm and sultry, and I had removed my pistol-belt, and laid it in the bottom of the boat with my rifle. Lari had just proposed turning back, when I saw a large flock of birds settle down upon a tree close by the shore, and I bade my companion to help me paddle in that direction. He did not object, for he wanted a shot at them himself."

"We had come to within a dozen fathoms of the shore, when a quick loud cry from Lari startled me, and on the next instant the canoe struck upon some hard substance."

"A rock?" I queried.

"A hippopotamus!" the Nubian shouted, springing back towards me.

"Hardly had the words escaped his lips before a huge black head was lifted above the gunwale, and as I cast my eyes over into the water, I saw the whole body of the monster. It was as large as an elephant, but ten times more hideous in look. Its mouth was opened to a distance of three feet, with teeth all of a foot in length, looking destruction itself. He seized the bows of our boat in his capacious jaws, and crushed it like an egg-shell. With all the force I could muster I leaped into the water, and struck out for the shore. I never swam faster, though when I reached land I found the hippopotamus had not followed us, having sunk to the bottom, probably as soon as he had destroyed the canoe."

"We were now in a quandary. We had come all of twelve or fifteen miles from the camp, and we must find back the best way we could. If we could have followed the shore the task would have been easy enough, but this we could not do, for a deep, dark swamp, overgrown with reeds and bushes, and gnarled trees, lay between us and our tent, so we must strike up into the wood-land on the higher land and make the best of it. Our only weapons were two knives and Lari's spear. The latter he had grasped as he started from the boat, but the rifles and pistols were at the bottom of the lake. I bade my companion to take the lead, and he did so."

"For three hours we tugged on through a thick, matted forest, and at the end of a wide expanse of rocky desert. There were clumps of bushes scattered over the place, but they looked dry and parched. Here we took an observation, and finally decided to keep down upon the right-hand side of the rocky plain, knowing that the lake must lie in that direction."

By the time we had passed over half the length of the barren waste the sun, was behind the trees. A little while afterwards, just as the dark shadows spread over the whole width of the plain, Lari uttered a low "hi!" and placed his hand upon my arm.

"Do you hear anything he asked me."

"I listened a moment, and told him yes."

"Perhaps they are coming after us."

"Who are they?" said he.

"Our party, I answered."

"That fellow walks on four feet, and has a weight equal to all the men we have left behind. Hark again."

"I did so, and could now plainly distinguish the tread of some heavy animal."

"Is it a lion, do you think?" I asked.

"I hesitated a moment, and then, grasping me by the arm, he pointed into the wood."

"Look!—See!—There! he cried, whirling me half round as he spoke."

"I did look and saw a sight, a sight that made my hair start and my heart leap. Not a rifle—not even a pistol—and yet there, not twenty yards distant—was a huge Nubian lion crawling towards us. I could see his long tail sweep the grass; and I could see that he was advancing for a spring."

"He's hungry," said the Nubian, "or he wouldn't be coming on in that way."

"Then he'll attack us?" I suggested.

"Of course he will."

"And not a weapon for defence?"

"I have my spear," returned Lari. "Now back of these bushes—quick—and let him come. Have your knife out in case of need."

"I hardly knew what my companion meant, but I saw, just upon our left, a clump of bushes bearing a small, red berry. They were not over four feet high, and occupied a space some eight feet long by four wide. When we had gained a position behind them, I looked for the lion. He had stopped as he saw us take this covert, but we were not hidden from his sight, as there were openings in the foliage through which both parties could obtain a view of each other."

"We are going," said I, trembling with fear, as I saw the huge monster, settle upon his belly and moved towards us."

"Perhaps not," whispered Lari, without taking his eye from the lion. "Keep still—don't move for your life!"

"But what can you do with that spear?"

"Perhaps nothing; but wait and see."

"I did wait; and though it was but a few moments yet it was a season of terrible suspense to me. I am not a coward, nor was I ever one; but come to be situated as I was then, with a fullgrown lion before you—not twenty yards off—and only a little patch of bushes for an apology for a shelter, through which the beast could watch your every movement, and with that unearthly, purring, roaring growl, hardly perceptible in tone, but making the air tremble with its intensity—have all this, as I had it then, and if you don't tremble, then you're made of sterner stuff than I am."

"Once I cast my eyes on Lari, who was at my right, and I saw that he was as calm as a rock. His great brown eye was fixed upon the lion with a burning gaze, and his teeth were set like the jaws of a vice. He was upon his right knee, with his left foot braced before him, and his spear, which he held with a firm grasp, had the end of the shaft set against the hard ground behind him, with the sharp steel head elevated just to the top of the bushes."

"Hist! he uttered, gathering himself for an effort; and as I turned I saw the lion cautiously advancing upon his belly. When about five yards off he stopped and gathered himself for a spring. I saw his huge claws settle into the ground, and I saw his great shaggy head start upward as he left his couch. With my heart as still as death I bowed my head, and shrank down towards the earth. I heard a shock, a momentary struggle—a crashing sound, as of the breaking of wood, and then I was knocked over by a heavy body's coming in contact with my right shoulder. With a powerful effort I struggled from beneath the weight, and gained my feet."

"The first thing I saw was Lari, for it was he who had fallen upon me. The next was the lion who lay only a few feet off, with the head of the spear buried deep in his throat, the shaft being broken off about midway."

"He was panting with a deep, hoarse sound, and tearing the dirt up with his claws."

"I think that found his heart before it broke, said Lari, as he gained his feet. If the shaft had held I'd have pinned him through the heart, and sent him twenty feet over behind us. But, I tell you he's a heavy one to lift."

"The monster was dead in a few minutes and we then held an examination. The lance-head had entered the lower part of the throat, directly beneath the fore-shoulders, and gone clean through the heart."

"You must have had good aim, said I."

"But I was a good mark, replied Lari. When I saw him coming I just turned the point right for his heart and he killed himself."

"It was all very simple, and it may have been very easily done; but, I assure you, a man must have a pretty steady nerve to do it effectually."

"We could not move the lion then, nor could we stop to take his skin off, for it was very nearly dark. So we resolved to wait until morning, and then have help."

"When we reached the lower corner of the waste we saw a glimmering of water through the trees, and upon pushing our way down we were lucky enough to find ourselves only a few rods from the tent. On the next morning we all went out together and found the lion just as we had left him. His body measured, from the end of his nose to the insertion of his tail, eight feet and nine inches; and when standing, he must have been nearly five feet high. We took off his skin very carefully, and when I reached home I had it stuffed and set up. It looks very innocent now, as my children pat it with their hands; but I never look at it without thinking of the time when it looked terrible enough to me."

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**Bogus Jewelry.** The trade in "imitation jewelry" is becoming so great as almost to extinguish the traffic in the genuine. All manner of rings, bracelets, breast-pins, necklaces, shirt-studs, sleeve buttons, etc., etc., looking to the uninitiated eye "as good as gold and diamonds," are sold at seemingly marvellously low rates. We say "seemingly," for in truth they are not sold at low rates, but very high ones, considering their actual value. Breast-pins which are retailed from the shops at \$2 or 3 apiece, are made \$2 dozen, or some seventeen cents each. Bracelets are sold for ten dollars which do not cost over one-third that sum. "Diamond necklaces" are sold for hundreds of dollars each, which are manufactured at a comparatively trifling cost. These imitations are so good that, while they last, one cannot tell them from the genuine.

A good story, bearing upon this subject, is told of a French gentleman, whose wife teased him to distraction for a costly diamond necklace that he was unable to buy. On consulting a friend, he was advised to obtain an imitation necklace. He did so, paying ten thousand francs (about \$200) for it. His wife was delighted with the splendid gift, and wore it in triumph on all great occasions. A couple of years afterwards she died. Her husband had become bankrupt, and her jewelry, with other effects, was sold at auction. The sale of the splendid necklace (that was described by the auctioneer with that eloquence for which members of his calling are noted) excited great interest and much competition. It was run up to a high figure, and finally knocked to a wealthy speculator at the sum of sixty thousand francs!—which unexpected good fortune enabled the bankrupt widower to pay all his debts, and left him with a handsome surplus.

**CURSE REMOVED.** Womanhood everywhere is experiencing the evil effects of the curse inflicted on her sex, by Eve's disobedience in the garden of Eden. Ever since our ancient mother's first effort to hide her shame, by sewing together and wearing fig leaves, her daughters have been doomed to "stitch away their lives," in obedience to the exorbitant demands of fashion, in the modern adornment of her sex. The only relief they can expect from the drug-gery of hand-sewing, must be found in the introduction of a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine into every household. By its use every wife or mother will have ample leisure to bestow attention to the education of her children, do better sewing than by hand, and have better health and comfort than she can possibly have without a GROVER & BAKER Machine.

**"Ugly."** In all times too much importance has been attached to mere outward beauty by woman. So evident has the weakness of the sex, generally, been on this point, that it has fixed in the minds of even-wise men an impression decidedly discreditable. An anecdote of Walpole shows that his great ladies, that being called upon to reconcile a couple of his female relatives who had got into a quarrel, he asked, "Have they called each other ugly?" On being answered in the negative, he replied, "Then I shall soon reconcile them!"

Lady-readers, are you satisfied with this verdict? If not, do your best to get it set aside as unjust.

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out the city as the insidious disease heightened; for every one appeared interested in the peculiar circumstances. On Friday last, when human skill resigned its best efforts to save so valuable a life, death terminated the poor child's sufferings; and three into the lap of those who never dreamed of being wealthy, a fortune of solid value. The next of kin are three sisters of Mr. Barber, residing in Birmingham, England, and one sister who lives at Simsbury, Canada West. To divide the will left two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. The ladies are at present in straitened circumstances; but by this they are in possession of an estate whose intrinsic value is now at least \$400,000.—*Cur. Boston Jour.*

**Who are the Great?** It is not improbable that noblest human beings are to be found in the least favourable conditions of society, among those whose names are never uttered beyond the narrow circle in which they toil and suffer who have "but mites" to give away—who who perhaps have not even that, but who choose to be fed with the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table; for in this class may be found those who have understood the severest temptation who have practiced the most arduous duties, who have confided in God under the heaviest trials, who have been most wronged and have forgiven most, and these are the great, the exalted. Matters nothing what the particular duties are to which the individual is called—how minute or obscure in their outward form. Gratitude, in God's sight, lies not in the extent of the sphere which is filled, or the effect which is produced, but altogether in the power of virtue in the soul, in the energy with which God's will is chosen, with which trial is borne, and goodness is loved and pursued.

**Evil Company.** The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German: Sophronius, a wise teacher would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

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**SINGULAR DISCOVERY.**—The extent of the capital building at Washington, and the care which has been taken of it, is shown in a recent discovery made by the doorkeeper. He reported last week to the Speaker of the House that some of his subordinates had found in the vaults under the building, a large number of books buried in boxes under heaps of coal and ashes. Since then 30,000 volumes have been dug out of these vaults, where they have lain so long that no one now about Washington has any knowledge of the time when they were placed there. Among the books are 800 full sets of the works of John Adams, the records of the debates in Parliament as far back as 1600, various valuable French books and newspapers given in French and English. Many of the volumes have been irretrievably injured by the rats and the coal ashes.

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**Arrival of the Persia.** NEW YORK, May 11. The Persia arrived this morning. Bullion in Bank of England increased ninety thousand.

**LATER NEWS FROM INDIA** states British stormed and captured Hanoi with great slaughter to rebels. D'Israeli's first resolution, declaring it expedient to vest Indian government in Crown had passed Commons.

Continental and other news of little importance. Sugar advanced 6d. ls. on fine grades. Breadstuffs—Market quiet, with declining tendency in Flour. Wheat slightly advanced. Corn steady.

Consols 97½. Common Congou 11½d.

**Bankrupt laws and old debts.** Bankrupt law or no bankrupt law, the truly honest man never considers his debts concealed. With him their payment is a matter of time only—that is, his purpose to pay only ends with his life, or when the unmistakable evidence of permanent inability, which old age, incurable disease or decrepitude furnishes, is brought home to him.

Thus only it should be. The debtor who skulks behind a bankrupt law, proves himself utterly wanting in that honesty which is said to be the best policy, try to justify himself as honest. He is a rogue and a robber. He is one in principle as well as in practice. He never can enjoy his future gains in the real true sense of enjoyment, and consequently never can know real happiness. A consciousness of right doing is

indispensable to true happiness. He who seeks it in disregard of this, is doomed to certain disappointment and ultimate sorrow."

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