A vesty path I've traveled 'mid darkness, storm and strife, Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life; but now the morn is breaking; my toil will soon be o'er; neeling at the threshold; my hand is on the

methinis I hear the voices of the blessed as they

Mingling in their worship, joining in their song. The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph

How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is With them the blessed angels, that know no grief

I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.

O Lord, I want thy pleasure; thy time and way are best;

Sut I'm wasted, worn and weary; O Father, bid me rest!

-W. L. Alexander in Christian at Work.

CAPTURING A LION CUB.

We were in the interior of Ovanpo Land, a wild district situated in Southwest Africa. The little naked Bushman, who was running in front of our tired horses, stopped and held up his hand. My eyes, wearied with peering at distant game, and dazzled by the afternoon sunshine, could at first detect nothing which should warrant the Bushman's attitude of the stopped and form at last how. should warrant the Bushman's attitude of mingled eagerness and fear. At last, however, I distinguished, with a sudden start of recognition, a group of lion, lioness and two or three cubs, lying on the warm, red earth, just outside a low, thorny thicket.

The wind, blowing freshly across the plain into our faces, had prevented the lions from getting our scent, and doubtless also had kept from their quick hearing the slight noise raused by the advancing troop of hunters.

kept from their quick hearing the slight noise caused by the advancing troop of hunters, while our forms had been concealed from their sight by the thick brushwood bordering the path. But as soon as my frightened, restive horse had expressed his alarm by a loud mort the lion jumped angrily to his feet and stood facing me, not more than twenty yards away, lashing his tail from side to side and watching me steadily out of his big yellow eyes, while the lioness, picking up one of the rubs in her mouth, trotted away into the thicket, preceded by her other little ones, who quickly hid themselves in the brush-wood.

Meanwhile, my first start of surprise over, I had seized my gun from the holsters, and, as well as the fidgety backing of my horse permitted, I took aim at the lion's forehead, between his eyes, and fired. As soon as the smoke had cleared away I saw the lion shaking his head and staggering; then he fell forward on his front paws and rolled over dead. That evening over the big blazing camp fires, when Calverley and I had finished our dinner of rietbock steaks and bread and honey, we sat chatting cozily and sipping our mugs of hot, strong coffee. The slain lion had already been skinned, and his hide was pegged out in the camp inclosure. Some Ovampo men were scraping off the fat and rubbing the inner surface of the skin with wood ashes to absorb the grease. Meanwhile, my first start of surprise over,

me and I died. (Lost consciousness.)
When I came to life again it was afterlocampo me were scraping off the fat and
rubbing the inner surface of the skin with
wood ashee to absorb the swith a well kin frame
and a pleasant face. He was fine locking creature,
fully six feet in height, with a well kin frame
and a pleasant face. His name was Muropo,
and a pleasant face and the bins and every one
knew his little bins, and every one
knew his little bins, and every one
knew his little bins, and every one
who ruled ova considerable village some
but his daughter of the old Chief Chintengo,
who ruled ova considerable village some
ten miles from our camp. Unfortunately, in
Africa, as a general rule, it is not much easier
for a penilese young man to get married
than it is in more civilized countries. Now,
unless miles young man to get married
than it is in more civilized countries. Now,
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than it is not much civilized to the pround again.

The plant of the pround again.

Th

sons why he had attached nimber to come in for some unconsidered trides when our stay in Ovampo Land should come to a close.

When my coffee was finished I got up from the zebra skin on which I had been reclining and went to look at the way my lion's hide

the zebra skin of which had been to look at the way my lion's hide was being prepared.

"Well, Muropo," I said, in my imperfect 'Ovampo speech, "why didn't you latch one of those little lions when I had shot the father? Eh! You know how much I want to have a live lion cub to send to my chantry."

"Oh, master!" he replied, laughing, "you didn't think Muropo was such a strong man that, without a gun, he would be able to match a lion cub from its mother's mouth, did you! Why, I had not even a spear."

"Yes, but the lover of Kancombe should be strong enough for anything single handed. You'll never win your wife that way. Supposing you had caught one of those lion cubs had brought him to camp, I might have given you enough to buy five cows, and there would be half your marriage money."

"What!" exclaimed Muropo, starting up with an eager look in his eyes. "You are peaking truth, master! You would give me

given you enough to buy five cows, and there would be half your marriage money."

"What?" exclaimed Muropo, starting up with an eager look in his eyes. "You are speaking truth, master! You would give me five cows for one of those small hons?"

"I would, really."

"I would, really."

"I would really."

The next day I missed Muropo's stately form among the group of camp followers who were dressing the pegged out skin. He had not been seen or heard of all day, but his absence excited little attention, because it was supposed that he had gone over to Chintengo's town to see his sweetheart.

However, just as we were going to bed there was a commotion in the camp, and a black, wild looking figure, carrying somewhing large and furry in his arms, rushed hrough the crowd of beaters, guides and trackers, and threw himself down on the ground close to my tent. It was Muropo, and he had brought a little lion cub, with its pawe tied togother. The poor little thing mewed piteously, so while Muropo went to wash off the blood with which his body was caked, I had the leather thougs cut which tied the cub's paws together, and sent for some goat's milk, which it eagerly lapped. Presently I saw Muropo very busily engaged eating and I called him up to hear his adventures. And this is the tale hot dus:

"Master, you know you told me yesterday evening that you would give any one five cows who could bring you a lion cub. Well, I thought of that all night. I said to myself, "If I can get one of the small cubs we saw the other day, when the white man shot the lion, that will bring me half the purchase money of Kangombe, and I shall soon be able to make up the other half and get married to my sweetheart." So this morning, at dawn, I started for that onen blace on the border of

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

It is kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,

Walting for the dawning, for the opening of the door—

Walting full the Master shall bid me rise and come to the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

It is done on the dawning of the down the special shall be specially shall be special which led into the bush, for I knew these tracks were likely to lead to the place where she kept her cubs. I walked very slowly and very softly, for, you see, I had only my small spear with me, and no gun, and if the lioness was in the wood I wanted to see her before she saw me. At last I heard a whining noise, and, pushing my head through the leaves and twigs, I saw in the hollow between the roots of a big tree three little cubs about three months old. As quick as possible I had jumped over the root and picked up one of the cubs. It was not very frightend and didn't struggle much, being used to be carried about by its mother. I held it tight under my left arm and crept out of the forest. When I was just outside, and stooping to pick a thorn out of my foot, I heard a low growl, and, looking up, I saw the lioness walking slowly towards me. My knees trembled, and I felt a dead man already, but I did not let go of the cub. Facing the lioness who had stopped and was sitting on her haunches, lashing her tail gently from side to side, I walked backward till I was quite clear of the bush and out on the open plain. Then the cub gave a yelp, and the lioness suddenly got up and commenced trotting toward me. Master, I got frightened. I thought I would run. An Ovampo man can run faster than a lion; cub gave a yelp, and the lioness suddenly got up and commenced trotting toward me. Master, I got frightened. I thought I would run. An Ovampo man can run faster than a lion; but I had got this cub and a spear to carry. However, I picked up a big stone and threw it to the lioness. She stopped, turned around, and smelt it. Then I put the cub on my shoulders and set off running toward the camp at the top of my speed. Soon I heard a roar behind me, and there was the lioness bounding along after me.

ders and set off running toward the camp at the top of my speed. Soon I heard a roar behind me, and there was the lioness bounding along after me.

"I turned and hurled my spear at her. I missed; but she stopped for a minuie to smell it. Then I ran on harder than ever. Still she came after me faster and faster. I jumped over sticks and pushed through thorns and never stopped. But the lioness never lost sight of me. At last I was thinking I would throw away the lion cub to save my life, when suddenly I fell through the grass into a deep pit. It was one of those deep pitfalls that we dig for catching elephants and rhinoceroses. There was a big, sharp iron stake at the bottom, standing upright. Fortunately I fell down the side and missed the stake, which is put there for the elephant to fall on and be pierced by. As I caught at the stems of the grass I broke the force of the fall and came to the bottom very little hurt. "I put down the lion cub and began to consider what to do if the lioness jumped on me, for she was already standing close to the edge of the pit, looking down on me and growling. I had thrown away my spear, so I had nothing to fight with. Then I noticed that iron stake, and it seemed just the thing I wanted, so I set to work and dug at the ground vith my hands till I had loosened the earth and was able to pull the stake up. As soon as I had got it free and out of the ground I crouched down and held it in both hands, pointing the sharp end toward the lioness, who was gathering up her body for a spring. For a short, short time she kept still, only looking at me with flerce eyes and snarling. Then the cub began to yelp again, and suddenly I saw the lioness springing into the air and falling on me.

"I don't know what happened then for some time afterward, for a great blow struck me and I died. (Lost consciousness.)

me and I died. (Lost consciousness.)
"When I came to life again it was after

bound up my shoulder. Industry the go and you all; I am very tired; let me go and sleep."

Muropo got not only his five cows for the Muropo got not only his five cows for the lion cub, but I added another five as a present on condition that Muropo celebrated his marriage before we left Ovampo Land. So one day there was a grand festival in Chintengo's town, and after handing over the ten cows to his father-in-law, Muropo, daubed all over with red ocher and mutton fat, and bravely dressed in the skin of his lioness, espoused the plump and smiling Kangombe, with many strange native rites and customs. Then followed a great orgie of dancing and drinking. The mingled sounds of shouting, drum beating and the twanging of native guitars created a deafening hubbub. There was much feasting on roast beef and drinking of maize beer, and when—for it was the last evening of our stay—I went to take leave of Muropo I found him genially drunk, with his arm around his wife's neck. — London Graphic.

Look Out for the Small Pocket.

Look Out for the Small Pocket.

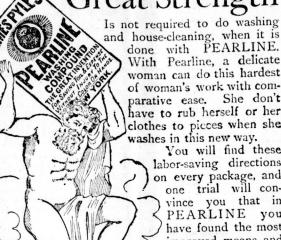
The little change pocket in the overcoat is an exceedingly handy contrivance of the tailor, but it is an aperture to be watched. The mendicant who shambles alongside of a pedestrian in the evening can hold out one hand for alms and readily empty the change pocket with the other if he is an adept in the business. The other day a young man entered a down town barber shop and as the brush boy removed his overcoat he remembered that there was \$1.75 in silver in the change pocket. However, he thought it would be safe and he had his shave. When he put on his coat again he felt for the money. It was gone. He complained to the boss. The brush boy had gone out for lunch and the bas said he was as honest as the day. He thought the customer had been mistaken. Maybe he was, but he will take care that it does not occuragain. Look Out for the Small Pocket.

At one of the leading clubs the other night At one of the leading clubs the other night a guest checked his coat and went up to dinner. When he started away he felt in the overcoat change pocket for the quarter he had placed there to fee the coat room boy, but the said boy shad saved him the trouble by appropriating the money while the man was at dinner. He had also nipped half of the man's cigarettes. The overcoat change pocket is handy when the owner wears the coat, but, as stated before, it is an aperture to be watched closely.—Chicago Herald.

An Honor to Be Old.

I never could understand why a woman should be ashamed about getting old. It is a sign, it is prima facie evidence that you have behaved tolerably well or you would not have lived to this time.—De Witt Talmare in Ladies' Home Journal





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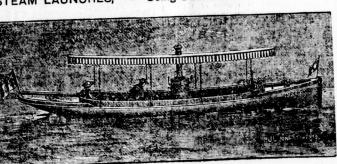
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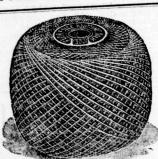


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