

jected to the confessional there is no doubt but that many of them would have confessed they would much prefer encountering the dangers of the forest during the daylight than at night time. It chanced that a sergeant was compelled to proceed alone to a distant quarter of the camp, after a whole repertoire of alarming stories had been exhausted. The night was pitch dark, the tall cotton-woods seemed to rise to infinity in the darkness, while the noises that issued from them were extremely depressive to the soul. The sergeant thought he might as well prepare against contingencies; for, "who knows? something might happen to a fellow in such an unchristian country." He unbuttoned his holster, and kept his hand on the stock of his revolver. He stopped once or twice to listen, as he imagined he heard footsteps. Again he continued his fearful way, and again and again he halted to listen. Through the darkness he could faintly distinguish the outlines of a huge beast; but, whatever it was, the beast remained motionless when he stopped. Did the thing mean to spring upon him? lions, and tigers, and leopards generally did on a benighted man; that was the usual mode of attack. Arguing thus, the sergeant drew out his revolver and kept it directed at the monstrous thing, which still persisted in following him. As he drew near his own quarters the sergeant, whose fears had risen to the highest pitch, shouted out to his comrades in most agonizing accents, "I say, Bill, Jack, Tom, hurry up for God's sake, and show us a light! quick, for mercy's sake; here is a wild beast going to attack me!" Responsive to the poor sergeant's cries for assistance came the cheery "Aye, aye" of his messmates, who sprang out of their tents with lights and Sniders, and swords to the rescue. But imagine the astonishment of all when the lanterns disclosed the form of—a mule!

The sergeant, however, is not the only man who has been frightened nearly out of his wits by such a domestic animal, for it was but the other day when a native, being requested to lead a donkey to water, started with him gaily enough, until the animal began to bray, when the native ran away from him with the speed of lightning, and never halted until he found himself a good half mile away from the strange brute, which could excel even the African lion in noise.

DEATH OF KING THEODORE.

With heads bent low, like charging bison, the "Duke's Own" came surging up almost intact; the color-bearer in the centre; officers cool and martial like to the rear of their companies, all striding audaciously forward, alert, keen-eyed, and prompt as tinder, to burst into a white-heat blaze upon

the slightest provocation. Near the spot where the dying man, who had been drawn out to the open, lay, the centre of the regiment halted.

At this moment the rain ceased, and the sun shone forth into the full power of his departing splendor.

Eagerly stepped out the standard-bearer at the word of command, and high and triumphant, in all its silken bravery, streamed the "Wavy Cross" emblem of Britannia's majesty and power, above the surrounding world of mountains—an omen to all beholders that the tyrant Emperor had been humbled, and that his proudest stronghold, Magdala, had passed into the strangers' hands. As it fluttered and rippled in mid air the "Duke's Own" doffed helmets, and simultaneously, in the acme of enthusiasm, they raised their voices in cheers, which sounded to those on Islamgee, 500 feet below, like the deep roar of an ocean's tide. The cheers were recognized, caught up, and flung from Magdala to Selasse, thence to Fahla, and that grey crag sent it quivering far below; finally the British camp, nearly two miles off, caught the sounds, and strengthened the universal "Hurrah" by their own exuberant voices. Strains of music burst from the martial bands. The National Anthem of England, "God Save the Queen," was never played or sung with greater effect or vigor than when the hoary crags of Magdala responded to its notes in an overwhelming chorus of echoes!

A few unarmed Abyssinians, attracted by the clamor of music and shouting, mustered courage enough to approach the standard, which waved so gaily in the mountain gale; and, on beholding one of their countrymen on the ground, they bent over the body, but quickly recoiled with fearful dismay on their faces, exclaiming, "Todros! Todros!"

The words attracted the attention of every one, and together they strode towards the body, jostling each other eagerly in the endeavor to obtain a glimpse of him the natives styled "Todros, Negus, Negashi of Itiopia!"

And what did they see? The body of a native seemingly half famished, clad in coarse upper garments, dingy with wear, and ragged with tear, covering under garments of clean linen!

The face of deep brown was the most remarkable one in Abyssinia; it bore the appearance of one who had passed through many anxious hours. His eyes, now overspread with a deathly film, gave evidence yet of the piercing power for which they were celebrated. The mouth was well defined and thin-lipped. The lower lip seemed well adapted to express scorn, and a trace of it was still visible. As he gasped his last, two rows of whitest teeth were disclosed. Over his mouth two strong lines arched to