

SHOT A MANEATER DEAD.

AN EXCITING LION HUNT IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE.

A Fourteen-Year-Old boy Taken in the Night and the Experience of the French Explorer. Was in Trailing the Animal and Killing Him—A Shot Well put.

The French explorer, M. Edouard Fea, the author of the volume 'From the Cape to Lake Nyassa,' is now publishing an account of his exploits as a lion and elephant hunter, which the French papers are printing conspicuously. The following is his story of a lion chase in Tohiromo:

'Two natives came to me, sent by the chief of a neighboring village. They told me that a lion had carried away an old woman and that he was still prowling around the neighborhood. We set out immediately and after a march of four hours we arrived at the village. Night was coming on and it was impossible to do anything in the darkness. The best plan was to wait for daylight. A little distance from this habitation there was another village, where the natives were dancing to the music of tam-tams. At half-past 4 in the morning I heard shrieks and cries in the little village, and just as I got out with my gun in hand, follow by my men, a weeping woman threw herself at my feet wringing her hands and explaining that a lion had carried away her son.

By torchlights we found our way to the other village, and, on inquiring, we learned that the lion had carried away the boy just as he opened the door of the hut to fetch some firewood that was at the threshold. The cries uttered by the people in the village frightened the lion away, and, moreover, it was impossible to find any trace of him with the torchlights. Daylight soon appeared, I told the natives not to come in any great crowd. So ten men only accompanied me in silence, according to orders. As soon as there was sufficient light to follow the trail we went to the hut from which the child had been carried away.

'We found the trail behind the house, which proved that the brute had gone around it. With the trail there were footmarks of the child. Evidently he had been seized by the upper part of the body. Then we found a few drops of blood.

The animal passed through one of the streets—if we may call them streets—of the village, leading toward the river, going along with his burden in front of more than twenty huts. The inhabitants had not been aroused by the woman's cries until the beast had passed. Still following the track, we reached the stream, where the animal halted and left his prey beside him. This was proved by the presence of a little pool of blood. Then he crossed the river, which was only one foot deep, passing obliquely, almost descending the current, for four or five metres, then coming out and entering the reeds which line the stream.

Before following the trail any further I sent Tambarika to watch the outer edge of the thick bushes and to find if there were any traces of the animal having passed through. A well-known whistle from him notified us that such was the case, so I took to the clearing in order to get to him as quickly as possible. After running for a short distance through the tall grass we came upon a new pool of blood which showed where the beast had stopped again. Then we found ourselves in a little open plain still on the trail of the nocturnal maneater. After that we entered a wood, where we discovered clots of blood and the belt of pearls that the little fellow had worn around his loins. After that we found part of his scanty clothing, which was torn off by the bushes. A pool of blood indicated where the brute began to tear up his victim.

Finally, on the opposite edge of the wood we passed into the high grass, where a terrible growl brought us to a sudden halt. There we listened. We knew that the animal was there; but was he going to charge? We heard nothing more. I cocked my gun and kept within reach of my hand my six charges of buckshot cartridges. When all was ready I advanced in the grass, with my hand upon the trigger watching closely and listening for the slightest sound. Ten metres before us we heard the rustling of the long grass and we saw the heads of it waving but nothing more. We continued to advance slowly. To the right there was a tree. I made a sign to Kambombe, who climbed it like a monkey in a few jumps. Soon he was in the tree's fork and on the watch. 'The child is here,' he said, 'but there is no lion.' Then turning to the right he shouted: 'Here he is! Come this way!

'Guided by his gesture I ran to the right. Then I signalled to the natives to follow us and with a movement of my arms I made them understand that they were to watch the grass to the left. I sent Rodsani to tell them to make a noise so as to frighten

the lion toward me. Then I placed myself in a little opening and remained motionless, watching the bunch of bushes from which I expected every moment to see the brute emerge. Kambombe in the tree whispered: 'He's going away. No, he is coming back now. He stops and looks in the direction of the men. Now he's coming your way in a walk. Here he comes! Here he comes! Stop back a little!'

'One may imagine the anxiety with which I listened to these words. Taking his advice I stepped back to pace my men, who were behind me with their arms ready. Don't fire except in case of necessity,' said I. 'Don't be in a hurry,' said Tambarika. The tall grass moved forward like a wave and the lion came out at about eight metres from me, walking slowly and occasionally looked behind him. At 10 he saw me. He stopped, showed his teeth growled and advanced without changing his course. At the same moment he lashed his tail, lowered his ears and seemed about to charge. Having followed him with my gun, I aimed at the nap of his neck and pulled the trigger. His leg bent as if it were rubber, and he rolled over dead as a log.

He was an old fellow of more than ordinary size and extremely thin. The child that he intended to devour was 14 years old and must have been killed the very moment he was seized, because these tines never carry off struggling prey unless they are obliged to do so a surprise. We carried back on a improvised litter the bodies of the two actors in this nocturnal drama. That of the child showed deep wounds which had torn the neck and shoulder, and on one of his thighs the bone was laid bare. As for the body of the lion, when it was brought to the village, carried by eight men, the whole population attempted to rush upon it with old guns, bows and spears. I shouted that the first one to touch the carcass before it was skin-

mentioned of the woman, there was a funeral dance and more noise. The body of the lion was burned upon an enormous fire. When we were half way on the road to our camp, we could hear the noise of the tam-tams and see the red light of the fire, which proved to us that the natives were making sure that expiation was completed.

Behind the Times.

Some of the quiet and most forgotten of all the villages in the world are found in the interior of Holland, and the people in them have little disposition to keep up with the occurrences in the great world beyond their own doors. Last year two American men of science visited the little old town of Hoorn, in Holland, from which Cape Horn has its name. S. Boutin who discovered the cape in 1616, gave it the name of 'Cape Hoorn' in honor of his native place. The two gentlemen knew a little Dutch, but they thought to find some one in town who could speak some language with which they were more familiar—it not English, then French or German but not a man woman or child in the town knew any language than Dutch. After they had developed this fact and settled down to Dutch, the local functionary who was endeavoring to inform them in various matters said to them:

'You are Americans; what part of America do you come from?' 'From New York,' they answered. 'New York?' he exclaimed. 'Then why do you not speak Dutch as I do?' 'How could we be expected to speak as well as you do?' 'Why,' said the gentlemen, looking surprised, 'is not New York a Dutch city? It was founded by the Dutch; surely its people speak Dutch still?' He was greatly surprised and shocked to learn that in New York, Dutch is now a foreign tongue.

people not of the householding or electric stockholding class. Not long ago a prominent citizen of New Orleans went running into an electric light company's office, and declared that one of their wires had killed a pet tree on his premises.

'That tree,' said he, 'has been standing there for twenty years, and we regard it as one of the family. My children play-

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company went to view the scene of the tragedy, and found the tree still alive, but feeble. When he came to trace the wire, he discovered one end nailed to the roof of a barn and the other twisted round a discarded pole. It had been cut off for at least two years, and forgotten. But the occasion demanded something, so he made the following report: 'Tree alive, wire dead. Wire evidently killed by tree. Bill enclosed.'

Dentist's Daughter (who hears her father approaching): 'Oh, dear, Edward, here comes my father! If he should find us together here we are lost! Oh, he is coming! You will have either to ask for my hand, or let him pull out a tooth for you!'

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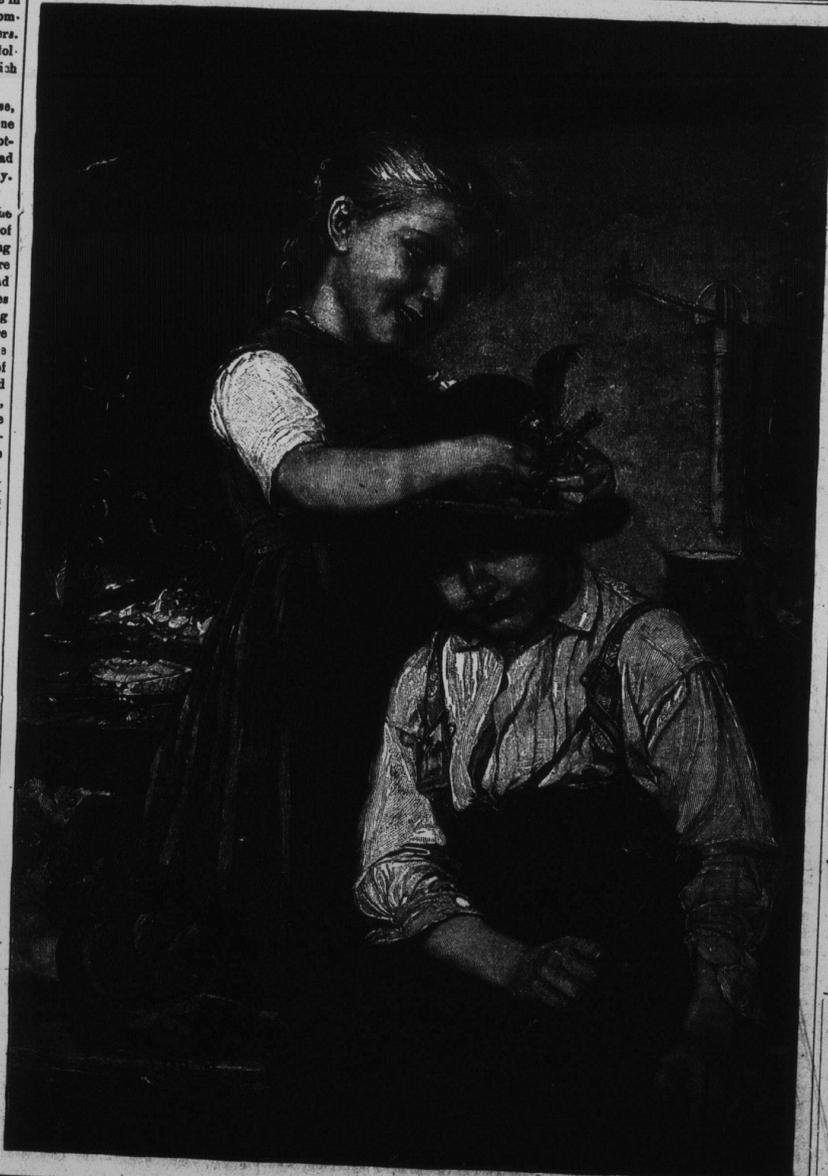
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The Daddy Tree.

The general public and the heads of electric light companies openly disagree as to the effect of live wires on living things but the story below found in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, may amuse some.

TO CURB A COLED IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 24c

ed under it when they were babies, and it is associated with some of the pleasantest memories of my life. When it began to die, we all mourned, and we could not imagine what ailed it until yesterday, when I noticed that a wire was lying right across a branch. My poor tree had been electrocuted, and I felt as if murder had been done in my house. Considerably moved, the agent of the

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