

IN A LION'S MOUTH

Roared in Triumph as It Sucked His Blood.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR IN MASHONALAND.

My name is Ernest Brockman, and my present age is 28. In May, 1896, after having served the Chartered Company as postmaster and telegraphist in Mashonaland, I returned to England for six months' holiday. At the expiration of this period I went back to Africa, making straight for Beira.

About the beginning of October last year I found myself fairly settled down to work in the telegraph camp, about thirty miles distant from Kotakota. My mate—the only other white man at that place besides myself—was a stout-hearted Irishman named Dan Morkel, and we had a following of about sixty negroes. Our camp was established in a small clearing in the great forest, about 200 yards in circumference. This clearing was almost entirely cleared by oil palms, which stretched away on all sides for countless miles interspersed at intervals with groves of rubber trees and prickly pears. This open space also contained three regularly made huts, built for us by the natives, while they themselves put up curious little brushwood shelters for their own use.

My friend Morkel occupied one of the huts, the second was used as a storeroom, and the third, a large circular in shape about ten feet in diameter. It is necessary here to say a word or two about the construction of the huts. Each hut was built on a raised platform, was first of all driven into the ground to form the skeleton of the hut, and the walls were simply of matting, woven out of strips of shredded bamboo. There was, however, an inner coating of twisted grass, and a thatched roof of the same material.

On the first day I arose soon after sunrise—about 5.45 o'clock—and, as I had very pressing business, I went out into the forest, accompanied by two or three of the negroes. I was not very far, however, when I succeeded in getting a fire started, and I returned to camp about 4 o'clock, when I had tea with Dan Morkel in the open air. When the meal was over we sat smoking before the fire our boys had lighted for us, and we continued to talk until about 10 o'clock. This was in front of the camp fire in the open air, our regular custom on all nights. At this time the dry season was drawing to a close, and the weather was not quite so warm as had been. At a little after 10 o'clock I began to yawn, so I rose to my feet and tried to peer out into the night, but the darkness of the forest was so dense that I could not see a foot in front of me. I then turned to Morkel and asked him to come out with me, but he said that he was not feeling well, and he went to bed. I changed my mind, however, and as he was not a sportsman, and went noiselessly to my hut, when I fastened the door again, and then slipped on to the floor.

LION UNDER HIS BED. I couldn't have been long there before I felt that sound sleep from which I was to be awakened by a ghostly awakening. It was as near as possible to 2 o'clock in the morning when I suddenly became conscious of something moving backward and up and down underneath my bed. Just as consciousness was growing clearer and stronger a loud, indistinct, but audible snuffing broke the stillness of the night. Through my experience of Africa was not extensive, I instantly realized that my death was at hand, and that a man-eating lion was under my bed. No other animal, as I knew pretty well, would be bold enough to come right into my hut in this manner.

Now, every one will ask what were my feelings in this dreadful situation. Though perfectly conscious of everything that was going on, I was unable to utter a sound. My heart beat as though it would burst, and its tremendous throbings almost suffocated me. I was almost fainting with terror at the thought of so dreadful a fate. After a moment or two I became aware that the lion had got away from under the bed and was sniffing his way along the edge, perhaps a little puzzled by the monstrous curls. I then seemed to realize that I must do something, and instinctively, yet as noiselessly as possible, I budged all the pillows and bed clothes up over my head and face, and covered myself up as best I could. I was in a crouching position, which propped little boys and girls to dive under the bed clothes when afraid of the boogymen.

the excited cries of the Kaffirs and partly by the loud purrs of the fearful brute that had got me. When Morkel got to the door he cried out: "Brockman, where are you? Speak to me, for God's sake!" I had heard everything else, but was absolutely unable to utter a sound, though I was fully aware that my life depended upon it. Morkel must have worked around my hut and seen the hole made by the lion, which simply pushed the poles, on one side, and then tore out the mat walls and crawled in under my bed. Then, of course, poor Dan realized what had happened, and he ran around the other side and kicked the door down.

All this time the only thing I seemed to take an interest in was the lion, slipping, sucking, suck made by the lion as he drew my life blood into his reeking jaws. I could not realize the full horror of the thing, I had my head buried in my hands, and I was lying on my back on the floor of the hut, with my neck and head resting against the side, when Morkel kicked in the door. As he did so the lion drove and the next moment with another loud purr he leaped out of the hut into the darkness—almost into Morkel's face.

You may imagine Dan Morkel's feelings as he groped around in the inky darkness, screaming out first to one and then to another to bring lighted bunches of grass, for God's sake. He found his way into my hut, and he found my hand on a large pool of blood, which gave unmistakable information as to what had happened. The lion ran across the clearing and put me for about thirty yards and put me down under a big baobab tree. Even as he ran he was sucking violently, and as the flesh became dry in one place he let me half drop out of his jaws, and then commenced to suck again. I lay on my back at the base of the tree with the lion on top of me, occasionally gazing at me with his great, luminous, yellowish eyes, which seemed to fill me with unutterable loathing and horror, so expressionless and cold were they, yet so diabolical in their ruthlessness. I ought to tell you that from the very first I had not time to wonder how it was that the lion didn't kill me outright—either by biting my head or tearing me to pieces with his terrible claws. But the lion seemed perfectly content and quiet with his prey. I felt his long, rough tongue scraping up my thighs and abdomen, and as it crept up higher and higher I felt little gusts of his horrible, stinking breath, which was as stifling as the heat of a furnace. I thought I should faint, so intense was the disgust that filled me. I half-turned my head away, but still the long, greedy tongue rose higher and higher towards my throat. Up to this time I had been reflecting in a strangely calm manner on the curious aspects of this frightful affair, precisely as though I were a disinterested outsider. Instead of the dying agonies of the man-eater.

PRETENDS WITH GREAT FEVOR. As I felt the lion's carrion-soiled paws near my face and throat, however, I was seized with terror, and instinctively I threw up both arms and thrust them far in between his jaws, and, indeed, almost down his throat. As I did so, the monster snapped off three fingers of my right hand, and, horrible as it may seem to the reader, I actually left my arms and hands lying idly in the lion's jaws.

"Thank God," I thought, "he is satisfied with sucking, and his fingers he has bitten off, and as long as I can keep him at arm's length with my hands in his mouth I will have yet a few moments of life left to me." I felt his long, rough tongue scraping up my thighs and abdomen, and as it crept up higher and higher I felt little gusts of his horrible, stinking breath, which was as stifling as the heat of a furnace. I thought I should faint, so intense was the disgust that filled me. I half-turned my head away, but still the long, greedy tongue rose higher and higher towards my throat. Up to this time I had been reflecting in a strangely calm manner on the curious aspects of this frightful affair, precisely as though I were a disinterested outsider. Instead of the dying agonies of the man-eater.

MORKEL TO THE RESCUE. It seems that Morkel was awakened at the first roar, and without a moment's delay he got out of bed, put on his trousers and hat, and then sallied forth with his rifle, thinking that the lion must at least be very close to the camp, judging from the loudness of the roar he himself heard. He made his way, or rather felt his way, over to my hut, doubtless wondering why I had not come out to meet him. He was guided partly by

the stock of his rifle? This did the lion no harm, whereas Morkel's gun was literally crumpled up. My friend, however, at once informed his torch-bearer to run over to the hut and get my rifle, and with this he killed the lion in two other shots.

TWENTY-ONE WOUNDS. It is important to remember that when Morkel's first shot rang out in the night air the lion had been worrying, biting and sucking me for about thirty minutes. Well, the moment the brute retreated from me I actually got up on to my legs and ran for twenty or thirty yards! Then I fell like a stone to the earth, and I remembered no more until the next day, when I found myself in a warm bath that had been prepared by Morkel to wash my wounds—of which I had twenty-one. My poor friend tells me that my naked body presented so shocking, so revolting a spectacle—my hands, groin and thighs being covered and bloodless, like paper pulp—that he nearly lost his reason and became delirious. All that night, however, my heroic companion lay next to me, and he was so kind as to remember that with awakened consciousness came the first poignant shock of agony from my wounds. When Dr. Proutie saw me at the mission station he told me that my case was utterly hopeless. My right leg, I was told, would have to go, but owing to my condition it was deemed inadvisable to amputate it immediately on my arrival. Then there was no chloroform at the mission station, and the ether had gone wrong through the climate, and, therefore, would not act. Thus I had to be conscious and screaming in agony while the doctor was cutting and carving away the mortified flesh from all parts of my tortured body. It is perfectly clear that my day had not come, for all the bites in the thigh had missed the artery by about an eighth of an inch!

And night after night I went through the whole fearful business again. Ghastly, horrible nightmares took possession of me, and I would have gone raving mad were it not for the powerful opiates that were administered. A stunning dose of which the appearance of a man before me, anything and everything threw me into a perfect agony of terror, pitiful to witness. My mind and reason were all but gone, and I who had been a giant in strength, was like a timid child, a mere weep of a man in mind and body. However, in a measure recovered my health eventually, but I have no longing for another position in an African forest.

GOVERNOR OF CHRISTMAS ISLAND. He is Also King of the Keeling-Cocos Group.

George Clunies-Ross, King of the Keeling-Cocos Islands and Governor of Christmas Island, is visiting New York. Mr. Ross, says the World, is a brawny and bony Scotchman, and a gay dog at that. His grandfather discovered the group of islands of which he is the present ruler, and, being Scotch, took them into the family and kept them.

"I found the islands in a bad way," says the present ruler.



Being Scotch, he put them into a good way at once. He made laws, and being Scotch, he executed them. He made good citizens out of the 700 natives, and taught them that the way to live properly was to raise coconuts and pay their taxes.

No Place for the Old. Rev. H. J. Swallow, the Secretary of the English Clerical Protestant Union, says in the London Mail: "In the Church of England there is simply no place for the old curate. He is no longer marketable. After working for a quarter of a century he is worth 40 per cent less than at the date of ordination. His dress is out of fashion, even if his physical force does not deteriorate. There are over 250,000 clergy for 14,000 livings, one-half of which can only be held by persons having private means."

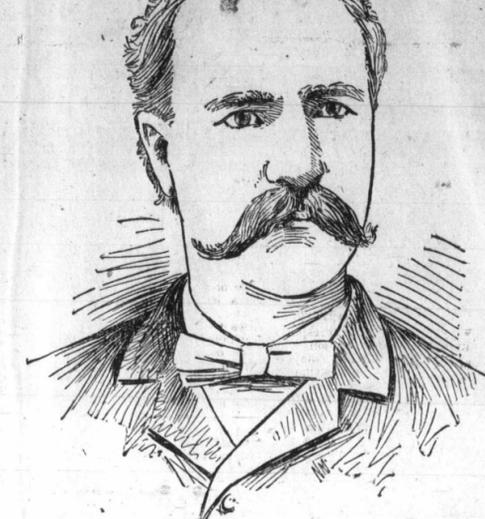
A man expects other men to show his wife courtesies abroad that he never thinks of showing her at home.

Important to Athletes. Mr. Mack White, the well-known trainer of the Toronto Lacrosse Club and Osgoode Hall Football Club, writes: "Consider Griffiths' Menthol Liniment unequalled for athletes or those training. I have used it with the best success, and can heartily recommend it for stiffness, soreness, sprains and all aches, swellings and inflammations. All druggists, 25 cts."

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MR. M. McLEAN KENNEDY, Tilbury, Ont.



GIVES A VIVID ACCOUNT OF HOW

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THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO. GENTLEMEN,—For a number of years I led a sedentary life, and was finally compelled to give up my situation on account of ill health. What was the trouble? Doctors disagreed as to my malady. I paid out hundreds of dollars in various kinds of medicines, consulted some of the leading doctors in Ontario and Detroit, but did not receive a permanent cure. It is true these physicians gave me temporary relief, but it was only for a while. I seemed to be growing worse all the time. Some doctors who diagnosed my case said it was dyspepsia of the bowels; others, that my liver was out of order. They prescribed, but no cure.

I eventually lost all faith in practitioners, and was about giving up in despair when I fell in with a fellow-traveller in the City of London, who insisted upon me trying Doan's Kidney Pills. I was sceptical, I told him that there was no use, their remedies would be like all other patent medicines, a fake. He said, "try them," if they do you no good they will do you no harm. Oh! I said, that is the old story. I might as well burn my money. No, he said, one box will not cost you a cent, here it is. No, I said, I don't want you to pay for me. Never mind, he said, just try this box and if you don't get relief it is a sure thing that it is not kidney trouble that you have. I was so convinced that I was troubled with my kidneys that I grew angry. My friend lent me one box. I felt like throwing it away, but on second thought I concluded that that would be ungentlemanly and wrong, so I tried the pills, and to my great surprise I found them doing me good. I bought 3 boxes for \$1.25, and then I bought 3 boxes more. I used six boxes and have one left. I am now a cured man, sound and perfectly healthy. I now weigh 185 1/2 pounds. Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills I weighed as low as 128 1/2 pounds. What was the trouble? Kidney disease. What was the cause? I cannot tell you. My appetite was gone, lame back, pains

all over me, loss of memory, and at times as nervous as a man with the D.T's. My urine is now as clear as water. I am an entirely different man, physically, morally and mentally.

My suffering in the past the most trenchant pen couldn't tell. If I had the vocabulary of a Daniel Webster, I could not relate the pain and suffering I endured for years. Fellow reader if you are troubled with kidney complaint, be persuaded,—try Doan's Kidney Pills—and just as sure as you are a sufferer you will be cured. I firmly believe that the worst case of kidney trouble in the world can be cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

I only wish that I was possessed of a faculty of putting things in a more charming way, but the main thing I want to say is that once I was diseased and broken down man, now I am robust and strong. I believe I owe—in fact I know it—my healthy condition at present to the healing power of Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's Kidney Pills will never die, but will be the means of saving thousands and thousands of our fellowmen from an early and premature grave if they will only have faith to give them a fair trial. I wish I only had the burning eloquence of a Demosthenes, and then I would fail in doing justice to Doan's Kidney Pills.

M. McLEAN KENNEDY, Ex-School Teacher.

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