

SUICIDE OF THE LION.

A Kaffir Hunter's Word Picture of a Strange Event in South Africa.

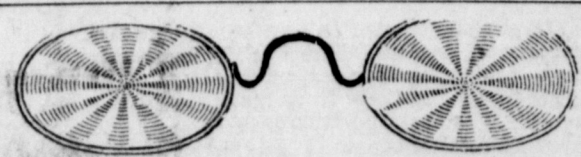
'It was a strange story I heard from my Kaffir guide last summer in the Transvaal,' said W. S. McIntosh, who arrived in New York recently from Cape Town, South Africa. 'The name of the boy—he was 40 years old, but all natives employed by Europeans in Africa are boys' though their hair be gray and their years three score and ten—was Tamaya and his master, Capt. Jack Manson, detailed him to my special service during my stay at his place, 'The Willows.' Tamaya was a good representative of his fine race, a skilled hunter, brave and trustworthy, and a masterly handler of the three or four hundred words in his vocabulary when he told the strange things he had seen and undergone in the African wilderness. He and I were hunting for antelope one day and had stopped for luncheon in the shadow of Breakneck Rock. It was a rocky bluff, which fell on one side in a sheer precipice 200 feet to the plain; on the side a gradual slope, covered with bushes and small trees, led up to the summit.

'It was here that lion jump and die,' said Kaffir. 'No, not this place—here.' He walked away a few paces, and, stopping, pointed with his hand first up to the top of the cliff, where a projecting shelf covered the base, and then to the ground at his feet. He made a sweeping gesture with his arm, indicating that it was meant to take in the distance from the top to the ground where we stood. Then he came back to me and told the story.

'It was long ago—many years—so long.' The Kaffir held up the thumb and fingers of his right hand twice, and then two fingers to signify that it was twelve years. 'That horse run away from the kraal and I go after him and the Old Nick I catch sooner than that horse. I go so half a day, and so half a day, and come to the kraal and no horse have, and Bas Mason swear and say I catch him horse tomorrow or I catch him whip. Bimeby tomorrow I go and I think I climb that rock and look long way round, and mebbe I see that horse. So I go round behind him, that rock, where we go up so, so easy and I climb one, two, tree miles, mebbe, and I get up, and I look, but I think sooner I see Bas Mason's whip than that damn horse. Then I think I go out on the rock—there.' The Kaffir pointed to the projecting top of the cliff. 'He all one piece, big, smooth—like that,' designating the level ground where we were sitting. 'Then something say in my head lion, lion, and I back and there he comes up that path like he come catch me.

'I have no gun, but there is tree I go up where that lion no get me. But he no see me or care. He come on and he walk slow, so, and Tamaya imitated the movement of a four-footed animal walking painfully with measured step. 'Big, he mighty big never I see a lion so big, but he old and his head hang down, and I think he no see me. He old, and his tail drag on the ground and the rib stick out so. He go slow, slow, by me and go out on the rock and he stand and he look off there, and I think bimeby he go 'way, and I go to kraal. But he stay and he roar low, so like ox when he smell the lion; then he roar so; the kaffir, imitating a lion's voice, deepened and strengthened the sound; and he lift his head and his tail switches so. Then he roar loud—never I hear a lion roar like that fellow roar—and I drop my hat and I reach to catch him, and I look again and there is the rock and the lion be no there.

'I wait and wait, and bimeby I get down and go to that rock and I get down so and look and there that lion is down on the ground and he lies so—dead and he never kick. And I go back to kraal, and I tell Bas and he say I come with big lie because I no catch that horse, and if I lie



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I catch that whip. And he rode out, and I go and he bring whip, and he find that lion—there. And he say: 'That thing I never saw since I came here, confound the horse! Tamaya tell the truth.'

'No rendering that I can give will carry the effect of the Kaffir's story, acted out as it was at every stage with voice and pantomime. Capt. Mason told me that it doubtless was true in every detail; that he had ridden out with Tamaya after the Kaffir had brought him the tale and they had found the lion dead where he had fallen. He must have been killed instantly by the fall and could not have moved from where he struck or rolled—but the body lay forty paces from the foot of the cliff, and fully twenty-five paces beyond the projecting rock above, showing that the lion had leaped and not fallen down the precipice.

'How do I account for it? I don't account for it,' said Capt. Mason. 'Or rather there is only one explanation—that the lion got tired of the game and quit. He was a big fellow, and he must have made a noble showing in his prime. Now he was old and too blind; blind, maybe starved and altogether run to seed; but so much of the lion was left in the shaky body—the heart to make a dignified ending.'

DOUBTS AS TO EXACT DATE.

Difference of Opinion as to Which Ohio Became a State.

There is some doubt as to the exact date upon which Ohio became a State. Ohio never was a separate 'territory,' being a part of the Northwest territory. In 1801 the people living in the portion of the Northwest territory now embraced in the State of Ohio called a convention to frame a State constitution for the district which had set up a claim to statehood under the provisions of the fifth article of the ordinance of 1787. That convention met in Chillicothe on Nov. 1, 1802, and on Nov. 29 completed its work. The constitution thus framed was not submitted to the people, but was declared ratified by the convention itself.

On Feb. 17, 1803, the United States Congress passed an act admitting Ohio into the Union as a State, said act becoming operative upon the assembling of the first State Legislature at Chillicothe. The first state Legislature met at Chillicothe at 10 a. m. Tuesday, March 1, 1803, and both houses immediately organized.

Thus there are three dates about which opinions may differ as to the exact initial period of the Ohio statehood. They are Nov. 29, 1802, when the constitution was perfected and ratified; Feb. 17, 1803, when the Legislature assembled and organized. The latter date appears to have the greatest claim, in view of the language of the act of Congress and the organization of the Legislature. The two houses of the Legislature met in the joint session at 11 a. m. March 3, 1803, to open and declare the result of the ballot for Governor. Edward Tiffin was declared elected, receiving 4,564 votes. There were no ballots cast against him. At 1 o'clock p. m. the same day Governor Tiffin was sworn in at a joint session of the two houses of Legislature by Judge Meigs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

New use for Catfish.

In Portland, Oregon, according to the Oregonian, the familiar catfish figures as a hardy pioneer and a valued adjunct to the street department, all because the terra cotta sewers and drains, especially those in the lower part of the city, frequently get choked.

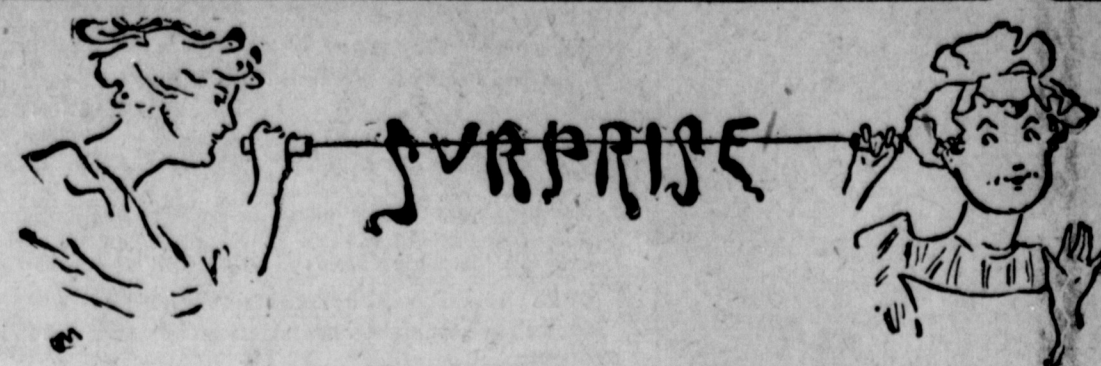
If the sewer is not broken, it can be cleaned by passing a rope through it, to be pulled backward and forward until the obstruction is loosened and removed. The deputy superintendent of streets has had a great deal of such work to look after and the worry connected with getting the rope through has gone far toward thinning his hair. He has at last discovered a quick, sure and easy method. He goes to the river catches a catfish, ties a string to its tail, drops it down a manhole into the sewer, and forces its way through any obstruction not as

solid as brick, dragging the strings after it. Then the deputy goes as far down the sewer as he deems necessary, and picks up the string, which he uses to draw a wire through the sewer, and with a rope is pulled through, and the sewer is soon cleared.

IMAGES IN EYES OF THE DEAD.

Scientific Experiments Give Rise to Absurd Stories.

The popular notion that the eyes of the dead sometimes retain complete images of scenes that have been enacted before them at the moment of death has received fancied confirmation in late years by experiment, and there are some who, from reading careless or exaggerated accounts of these experiments, might get an impression that science had placed upon this notion the stamp of approval. The following note from the Lancet (London) gives us the very small modicum of truth that is the basis of all such stories. It says: Under the title of 'In Dead Eyes' an evening contemporary recently made a statement which carries its own confutation with it. It is to the effect that a physician and enthusiastic photographer, being desirous of testing the amount of truth in the theory that dead eyes retain complete images, had carefully examined the eyes of hundreds of dead people, and, though he had never seen anything like a distinct picture mirrored, he had certainly distinctly traced both letters and objects on the iris of the eye, and that when the photographic test was applied, these images became visible. In one case a capital letter of peculiar form was shown which could be traced to a testament held in the hands shortly before death. In another case a numeral was distinctly pictured, which was traced to a clock face in the room. The article in question continues: 'The chief scientific paper of France only the other day gave full particulars of a case where a woman who died in one of the hospitals had two numbers



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10 and 45 mirrored in the iris of her eyes.'

These absurd stories originate in the well-known experiments of Kuhne on the visual purple of the retina, in the course of which he showed that by making special arrangements, the crossbars of a window focused on the retina could be brought relief. The enthusiastic photographer it is not misquoted, ought to have known that no well defined images of the external world are cast upon the iris, and none, therefore could be preserved. The surface of the iris is far too uneven to act as a mirror. Moreover as no arrangements were made to prevent the further action of light after death, they would if formed, be certainly obliterated as the image on a photographic plate would be is permanently exposed. The only mode in which an image impressed on the retina could be rendered visible would be to adopt the method of Kuhne, namely, by exposing the eye previously kept in the dark for a minute or two to an illuminated object, then extirpating it, opening it, and immediately plunging it into a solution of alum. The image develops in the course of twenty-four hours.

His Idea of a Good Time.

The retired contractor sighed as he got into his dress suit and thought of the elaborate dinner and the opera that were to come.

'Some day,' he said, 'I'll git despr'it, an' then do you know what I'll do?'

'Something terrible, no doubt,' replied his ambitious wife. 'I s'pose it wouldn't look well in print, he a'mitted, but I can't help that. What I'll do will be to throw away these high-priced cigars, put on some old clothes, go out and come in by the back way, an' smoke a quarter pound of cut-up chewing tobacco in a cobb pipe while I'm talkin' things over with the coachman in the barn.'

Drink Only Good Tea.

There's a reason for it. Cheap teas are not only flavorless, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A branded tea like Teller's Elephant Brand is safest, as its packers' business reputation is staked on its purity.

Deaf Mutes.

In Germany only 18 per cent of deaf mutes grow up without education. In France the percentage is 40, in England 43, in Austria, 80, and in Russia 90.

CUT THIS OUT TO-DAY

And Compare these Returns with the Results of the Vote To-day.

St. John City.

WARDS.	Shaw.	Smith.	Stockton.	Alward.	Alban.	Trueman.	Carleton.	Hetherington.
Lorne.....	263	263	263	264	232	233	231	236
Lansdowne.....	301	300	297	299	274	277	277	278
Dufferin.....	269	266	266	267	278	285	283	278
Victoria.....	324	318	319	310	134	143	138	139
Stanley.....	50	51	51	51	90	90	92	90
Kings.....	205	190	193	189	199	203	205	103
Wellington.....	413	358	361	354	237	238	253	216
Prince.....	373	350	345	356	308	325	341	306
Queens.....	389	374	368	360	193	206	187	184
Dukes.....	295	282	284	285	154	166	151	152
Sydney.....	153	150	149	148	200	203	201	200
Guys.....	265	300	278	269	230	151	149	152
Brooks.....	158	187	162	161	108	91	97	82
Non Residents.....	24	23	22	22	17	18	17	15
Totals.....	3484	3412	3358	3334	2652	2629	2622	2531

St. John County.

PARISHES	McKeown.	Rourke.	Dunn.	McLeod.
Simonds No. 1.....	88	87	130	129
Simonds No. 2.....	50	41	63	77
Simonds No. 3.....	82	83	64	72
St. Martins.....	228	248	132	151
Lancaster No. 1.....	288	271	251	238
Lancaster No. 2.....	59	43	51	32
Musquash.....	63	69	138	122
Non Residents.....	113	108	151	150
Totals.....	971	941	980	971

York County.

PARISHES.	Allan.	Howe.	Pinder.	Pitts.	Blair.	Wilson.	Colter.	Anderson.
M. Sutton.....	133	131	129	135	97	91	93	96
Frederickton.....	486	423	398	424	69	654	609	609
Millville.....	75	75	83	81	57	51	51	53
McAdam.....	35	34	34	32	19	15	15	17
St. Croix.....	10	10	10	10	8	8	8	8
O'Bry Stanley.....	226	233	218	214	113	105	94	103
Stanley.....	139	135	135	117	201	204	201	206
Bloomfield.....	50	53	49	—	102	95	91	90
Harvey.....	134	131	129	134	97	91	93	96
Kingsclear.....	110	106	105	114	150	145	151	149
Cork.....	—	—	—	—	32	32	32	32
Gibson.....	199	210	201	207	60	62	58	58
Nashwaak.....	128	126	130	137	91	88	90	81
French Vale.....	141	139	145	129	31	29	32	26
Queen Front.....	131	129	131	129	61	59	56	59
Queen Black.....	73	74	75	73	38	27	38	39
North Lake.....	108	107	108	108	41	42	42	43
Keswick.....	140	138	128	122	146	151	157	140
Nortondale.....	15	15	15	15	4	4	4	4
St. Marys.....	152	152	144	146	137	133	134	131
Totals.....	2485	2421	2367	2327	2144	2086	2049	2040