EL HYENAS ARE NOT COWARDS.

Desperate Encounters with Them in Somaliland.

Hyenas are noted as great cowards, but Thesiger relates a few exceptions. Two about sixty miles from Berbera, on my return journey, I camped close to a kraal of Somalis. Soon the head man came in and asked me to shoot a pack of hyenas, as they had killed a great many sheep and goats. That morning they killed two sheep, and the same night jumped into the enclosure and carried off a sheep and badly bit a young ox.

Next morning I saw two Somali men coming after a hyena with spears, but he had kept about 100 yards in front, and as soon as they stopped he did the same and had a look at them, and on our returning he quietly walked on.

I was busy with a broken head at the time, so did not go after him. Yet everybody wanted to see what I was doing, and so came toward me. When about 100 yards off I put a bullet through its midriff.

So much for No. 1. He knew how to a Somali could throw a spear, but of how far a rifle would carry.

Just far at noon we heard a great howling about a mile off. After awhile I made out that a lion had killed one of a camel. I took the 4.10 express and went off. On arriving on the scene I said it was not a lion, but a hyena, and as the camel was not dead, but badly torn on the hind parts.

A woman said the hyena was behind one low bushes about 150 yards off. So bushes, three in number, were only to be high and on an open plain. As no Somali men had been making a great noise and nothing would stop there longer, I went to have a look, and was about seventy yards off the bush when I heard a growl and took a good look at it, and then went down slowly, like a in coaching. I went twenty yards nearer, when up came the head to have a peep back. I took a steady aim, and just as I pressed an express bullet between the eyes of a hyena finished him.

He was a very large and fat beast, with a good coat of hair, and had a good portion of a sheep in his inside.

For I could imagine one going for a sheep if starved, but not when fat. He is nothing, with a mane and venomous expression of the muzzle—a thick coat within 100 yards on the left, if he had would be not away. Instead of doing so he kept to the open country, with some bushes hardly large enough to conceal him, and then held his ground until one dead. I think it showed good pluck. End of No. 2.

In the night the men heard some of the hyena howling, so at daylight I went over to where I shot No. 2, and there, sure enough, were three more hyenas.

One of the men had cut off the three packed on his back and carried it to a small tree, with his head thrown up to keep it off the ground, only the tips rolling. He took it about sixty yards and put it under a bush. I lay still for a few minutes and then the vultures came down, but the three hyenas drove them off. I then sat up and one of them saw me. As they were only 150 yards off, however, I had a good shot, and a bullet hitting behind the shoulder finished No. 3. The other two made off, and left them.

In the afternoon one of my Somali men said there was a hyena keeping off the vultures. I went out with the glass and saw he had taken the last dead one about 300 yards up a stony hill with some large rocks on the top. He was just going back to the rocks after having made a circle upon the vultures. I then went up toward the rocks, when one came and took a good look, standing facing me.

It was a long shot, over 200 yards, but he good luck I put a bullet in the center of his chest, killing him instantly. This was the fourth. Next morning I went to take a look and there was one with the dead one shot the day before.—London Field.

Voices of Men.

"Best," says B. F. Taylor, "are vocal but not musical, unless one has an ear for thing and sewing. Their language is to talk in commands; it is decidedly manly and without the softening accents of the Norman French. The call of something found is quite as intelligible as the hoarse cries with his kind. The solemn voice of the rook is a challenge to honest vernacular, and his triumphant crow is a hornpipe in plain English. The announcement of an ewe lamb is a promise if not eloquent. The mother's cluck, cluck is veritable baby talk, and the peep, peep, cry of the little chicks denotes happiness at home."

How soon these little fellows learn to cluck, cluck of the mother warning them that the rubber hawk is sailing majestically above, seeking whom he may devour.

The lion lay hates you dreads the hunt, and frequently mutts it by following and imitating its notes so exactly as to deceive those well acquainted with him.—Troy Times.

Music in Early Days.

Franklin's first newspaper, The News-Letter, contains the following advertisement, which is an exact copy of the original spelling, capitalization, etc.:

Broadsides of the Poet Mosses Greeted of North America.

There are to give Notice, That on Monday night, the Sixth of this Instant, December, the Boston Post, for your Boston and New York, intends to make a Party with the Three Winter Bullies of Dunstable, Dunmore and Fitzroy, with their Companions from Boston to Dorchester, and intend to Embrace the Mettle of Intending to New York River on Saturday night the 11th Instant. Also the second time of Event at Boston on Monday Night the 13th Instant to meet the New York Riders at Rockland on Saturday Night the 25th Instant, to Entertain Mankind. And all persons that will Favour them Gentlemen to Cutter Good Drinks and Good Lodgings, Horses Housed to Hay for the Performers in the same.

How Age Affects the Brain.

Very few women grow old without becoming more patient, and the years seem and up on a man's shoulders without making him look foolish.—Indiana Times.

A Mine Under the Sea.

There are in England several coal and metalliferous mines which extend and are worked at a considerable distance out to sea. But perhaps the most remarkable submarine coal mine is that at Whitehaven, on Departure bay, beyond Victoria, B. C. This mine is known as the Wellington, and its galleries are extended far beyond the surface of the ocean, which here inclosure an archipelago of islands very similar to the Thousand Islands at the head of the St. Lawrence river. The galleries of the pit, which are continually developing, extend at present a length of six miles under the bottom of the waters of the Pacific ocean.

Nearly the whole population of the town of Nanaimo, amounting to nearly 1,000, is engaged in the mines of this place, the average daily wages per head being from twelve to twenty-three shillings. Liberal as this payment appears to be the cost of living in that inhospitable region is so high that the miners can after all only just make both ends meet.—Iron.

Natural Sand Storms.

The idea of cutting designs of stone by having sand against the surface of plates and vessels of that material was first suggested by one of nature's freaks, just as so many of other inventions have been. As a traveling party came who was camping on the coast of New England noticed that the winds storms in that section frequently collected up large beds of sand and buried it with much force against exposed window panes, and that these within a very short time were worn through and had to be replaced. In places where they were protected by boards, vines, heavy quite netting, etc., the glistening surface was left intact. He set about utilizing old nature's idea at once. The system being a machine which does work that cannot even be imitated in any other way.—St. Louis Republic.

His Memory Was Weak.

An elderly widower was so deff and dumb that it was very difficult to marry him. When told to give his right hand, he gave his left; when the minister said "Stop this after me," he immediately married "Stop this after me." But when the words he was to repeat were given, he was shrilly silent.

"At last," says the narrator, "he saw that I was somewhat bothered by his extreme stupidity, so in the middle of the service he upset my gravity by submitting the following spelling: 'You see, sir, it's so long since I was married after that you must excuse my forgetting of those things.'"—Cornhill Magazine.

A HARMONICON FIEND.

Has Its Fascination for a Season, but Was Shocked by a Girl.

It is a peculiarity of the harmonicon habit that it doubtless its victims to the rights of others. It is estimated that only one person in every million, outside of the victim of the disease, enjoys the alleged "music" of the harmonicon. Yet it may be noticed by an observant person that a harmonicon fiend will throw all the force of his invariably robust nature into playing "chance" every time he gets into a street car.

One of the outlaws boarded a Third avenue elevated train at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street one evening recently and promptly began "entertaining" the other passengers. An elderly man, after enduring the evident agony for awhile, remarked: "Young man, will you please desist? That noise is very annoying."

"Noise!" roared the fiend. "You don't know nothing about music. Well, I don't 'ev gain 'ev stay. See!"

The elderly man evidently realized that further remonstrance was vain and said nothing. At the next station a well dressed young man accompanied by a lady, boarded the train, and at once both of the new passengers began showing annoyance at the noise, which prevented the continuance of their conversation. The young man finally appealed to the transgressor to stop the racket made by the harmonicon, and called attention to the fact that several passengers had been driven from the car. The guard cast a seven pound look of scorn upon the complaining passenger and remarked: "Why, he ain't doing no harm. He only wants to be a little bit sociable like."

Other passengers also appealed to the guard, but with no better result. At last the young man approached the fiend and said: "My friend, that may be very sweet music to you, but the other passengers prefer less noise. Won't you please stop it?" The fiend grew as angry as though one of his constitutional privileges was attacked, and addressed profane language to the man, loud enough for all of the passengers to hear, and then resumed his campaign of torture.

The passengers were very angry, but did not care to get into what promised to be a fight with the fiend. Over in the corner of the car sat a girl about sixteen years old and by no means robust. She seemed to pay but little attention to the controversy. When the other passengers settled themselves down to endure the torture as best they could the girl got up and walked over to the harmonicon fiend.

"I can lick any man myself who has no more sense than to try to drive people crazy with such a melody as you make," she said to the fiend, and before he had recovered from his astonishment she grabbed the harmonicon and hurled it through an open window and then resumed her seat in the corner. And that young would be "fully" shrivelled up in his seat till he was scarcely visible, and did not utter a word of protest even. When the girl left the train every passenger applauded her with their hands and some cheered in addition. She evidently knows what harmonicons fiends are made of.—New York Recorder.

Proof Positive That Girls Like Antiques.

Nothing more plainly illustrates that the girl of the period is partial to things antique than her persistent fealty to the long trained skirt. It is found on investigation that that abominable custom was invented first in England by Anne, queen of Richard II, nearly 600 years ago. This was probably the first street cleaning apparatus to be invented. This same queen should also be blamed for the large hats, those of abnormal size, with great flaring brims, immortalized in one of our ancestor portraits now in vogue. Surely this estimable woman had much to be responsible for.—Chicago Herald.

PRAIRIE FIREMEN.

Their Engine Is a Freight Steamboiled Gun Dragged Over the Lots of Clouds.

Whenever issued of billing a house or an on as the first steps to take toward putting out a prairie fire West dweller in the Dakotas has not heard of it. For it is frequently done by the settlers of the new settlement, where prairie fires are generally dreaded because so little and so poor.

Every dweller of the great expanses is more or less familiar with prairie fires. They have risen at midnight even with fresh lights in the distant horizon, or in day time large volumes of smoke rising and heading with the clouds, and more are even familiar with the sensations incident of the dance from fire. Personally the first intimation the author received of an approaching fire was the sudden filling of burned patches of grass that have been carried long distances by strong air currents.

Indeed on cooler days he was on the distant horizon, which increased to a roar and thickness until the whole city may be darkened, as if an eclipse is coming on the flames will light up the whole landscape and there grow with an infernal clamor. The wind changes too the force of hands pressed for the occasion. These are usually carried by placing two strips a few inches wide and several rods apart and burning the grass between.

There is but little likelihood of just this sort a Dakota prairie fire during the day, as the wind, which is almost invariably blowing, and which has for some to greatly increase in force, would fade until the evening of eight. Then, though there is the wind in the morning, the fire forces has faded and may be at times entirely extinguished. The most successful method of putting out a fire, and one frequently employed, is to kill a horse or ox and splitting its carcass, drag it along the fire line and over the flames, which are then extinguished.

This is done by attaching long strong ropes to two limbs of the animal, to each of which is hitched a horse, on which is an experienced rider. One of these horsemen rides on either side of the line of fire, and by skillful driving they drag the body of the dead animal directly over the flames. Sometimes a fresh little, weighted down with pieces of iron fastened to it, is used instead of the carcass of an animal. By this method a line of fire twenty miles in length may be extinguished in one night. Men are not usually killed while the horses and pay out any fire that may remain after they have passed.

The same principle by which a company of fire fighters is extremely wasteful and one where a leader is not likely to fight. Fortunate it is if these so-called conflicts their work left the coming of dawn, for if they do not the ashes of the wind may send the fire leaping over the area of country they have helped to save, and the horses and men are completely worn out. Sometimes the use of farmer crackers and house stoves will kill the evil with stamp of the Dakota prairie fire.—Chicago Herald.

A Phenomenon on Wheels.

The young man had been especially noisy on the subject of his prowess as a bicycler, and he let it over that he could make a showing which would cruel somebody. Arrangements being completed, he started off on a twenty-five mile trip through the country. Nobody knew exactly what happened, but several hours later a conglomeration of young man and bicycle was slowly brought into town on a hay wagon. In the evening a friend called and found him in bed, done up in splints and bandages.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

"Took that bicycle ride today," groaned the phenomenon.

"Did you break the record?"

"No," and here he added some unbelievable word, "but I broke everything else."

It cost twenty-seven dollars to repair the wheel. The other doctor bill's sent in his bill yet.—Detroit Free Press.

The "Curled Flower of India."

The Erythrina indica, a beautiful flower of the bean family, which grows wild in India, is supposed to be under a curse, and although the bloom is perfection itself, both in odor and in color, no true Hindoo would touch it for all the world. They tell you that it originally grew in the "Garden of India," in the center of heaven, where it was hourly worshipped by all the denizens of that blessed place. Krishna stole it and brought it to earth, but all who worshipped at its shrine after that event died before they could leave the spot. On this account India is shunned as if it were a poisonous serpent.—St. Louis Republic.

A Scientist's Test.

A professional swimmer named Taylor attempted to swim from Fahkenham to Dover with his hands and feet tied, a somewhat difficult performance, seeing that the distance to be spliced to cover is six miles. This novel attempt naturally attracted a good number of spectators. He started at 8 o'clock in the morning, but made very slow progress for two miles, after covering which he began to show signs of fatigue, and shortly after he was taken out of the sea in an exhausted condition.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Some Women Suffer.

Maud—She is a woman who has suffered a great deal for her beliefs.

Ethel—Dear me! What are her beliefs?

Maud—She believes that she can wear a No. 4 shoe on a No. 5 foot, and a 5-inch corset on a 30-inch waist.—Kate Chicago.

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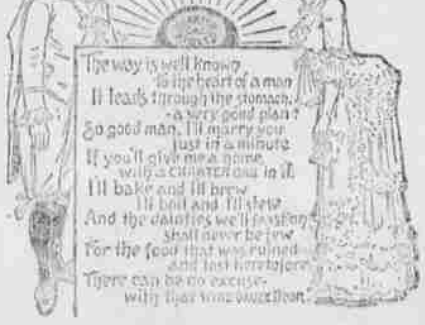

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