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## A BLACK LION'S SKIN. by nature discrets and reticent, yet our

FEED A. OBER.

"[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.] The best shooting in Algiers may be had about New Year's, and if oue start out early in January, armed with a permis de chasse-a legal perm it to hunta good guide and an Arab stallion he can bag partridge, suipe and woodcock galore and in certain districts chance a crack as a panther, perhaps a lion.

There is more or less of good hunting throughout the "Tell," between the coast range and the sea, but the cream of it is to be found in the province of Constantine, not far from the great desart and among the foothills of the Aures mountains. In this province reaides a mixed race of people, with the blood of ancient Byzantines, Romana and Vandals in their veins and boasting the most stalwart men and the handcomest women in all Africa, perhaps in the world.

While even the Bedomins, those fierce sons of the desert, have been subdued by the French and are now governed by ondis appointed by the conquestors, these north African Vandals have maintained



ithough this veteran of many wars was wines were the very best to be had in A NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE IN ALGIERS BY Algiers, and we did not spare any efforts to have him drink them. Under ordinary circumstances you couldn't have drawn a story out of him with a corksorew, but this New Year's dinner was not an ordinary occasion, and the champagne that followed the last portion of woodcock on toast was the finest the Widow Clicquot ever sent out from her caves

"Long live the widow!" we all ejaculated with fervor, which awake our captain from his reverie, and he joined in, "Oui, vive la veuve!" We primed his glass anew, and he began his tale of adventure:

"It was about 15 years ago. I was then newly appointed to this post, and, being a young man, full of fire and nerve, my blood was boiling over with a desire to fight and also, perhaps, with a desire of another sort, and so of course, being young and ardent and there being no other damsels here than the fair Vandalese, it fell out that one of them captured my heart, or at least my inelination.

"She was (you have seen the type and know it to be beautiful in a wild, barbario way) a handsome, spirited woman, and the fame of her beauty was wide throughout the region from here to Tunis. Why she favored me was not clear to me then because my countrymen were not liked at that time, and besides she had been sought in marriage by some of the richest sheiks and cadis of her people. Still, she appeared to love me in a savage, uncontrollable fashion, and the greater portion of my pay was spent in purchasing for her those gewgaws and golden ornaments the women of her tribe are so inordinately fond of.

I was surely in her toils, her most willing, even abject, slave, for she had fascinated me and I shought I loved her. Perhaps I did love her. Truly my passion was strong, and for the sake of keeping her love an exclusive possession I had fought three duels with sword and spear before I had reigned three la der lord. My issi oddonent a fine young Arab, I mortally wounded, though I had not so intended, but his onset was fleroe, and he was so rash and headstrong I had to meet him on the point of my lance. He fell from his horse, and as I bent over to raise him he gasped out: "Think not I am the last. The real favorite of Fatima is Abdul Said. He has sworn to kill you. Beware of him." Then the blood poured



I shall bring it to you.

that I strode away without another soon dressed, and the skin became the word. Within the hour I was on my way across the plain with two trusty grateful Araba. spahis attenuant and mounted upon a white Arabian noted for his fleetness. It was a moonlit night, but cloudy. Along about 9 in the morning one of The crescentic scar was crimson. my men, who was watching, stretched he signe of a mod

lapot. i sent a detacament so pury the She remained silent, but looked at soldier later, but hastened with my trome incredicationsig, and this vered me so phy to the fort, where my wound was

> The French commander hid his face in his hands. When he looked up, there was in his eyes an expression of hate,

"No," he replied to our eager, quesifnø 1

## PARDONED. A NEW YEAR'S STORY FROM THE FERRER I

FRANCOLA COPPER.

Frary one in the longs block of work. mon's dwellings in the Ene des Lambes, where Tony Robsok had occupied a room for six months believed him to be a widower, though it was not sopposed be had been one very long, since his little boy, hardly 5 years old, with whom he lived alone, was always as wall dressed as if he ware cared for by a mother. However, neither fasher nor son wore oraps on the hat or sleeve.

Early every morning Tony Robeck, who worked as a compositor in a printing establishment in the Latin quarter,

ERLD OUT TOWARD BUG HER OLANDED AN UPPLICATING MANDE.

used to not out with his little son. was often so tired that he fall adde school in the neighborhood where Adries center of a wondering throng of yery. was left for the day.

In the evening, when his day's work was finished, Tony would call for Adrian and then go shopping, leading the list follow by the hand. The perchase secondary for their dinner would be as ried in Teny's basires to lais lody?

## \$1.00 per Year, Sc per f

WITH AN AND AND AND Anne speciel serie classifie division of my, "I de part Response Mines des serie Charge and dis personnelles, for energies an and mark to

he sold the grades part of his go pay his debut and want to live in Russ des Laurabes, gesting as far aver he need from the old His beard to mare of Cleane New Tour's ers.

One tills day for sevenil years be had the makels of going with his wife to place a moderi wreak on the work of little Faltz, their frathom. For the first time Tuny had only his little Adria to skoonpassy him. Resteine the se of the consider under a dall winter de hter nore the his shoe his abasit with. "Where is she Monarat be. I When her be tie toest, sand on antivi inter on former there in ne would be given to childre

while his Cather

ME WOUND HER BARE, BOUND ARMS ABOUT MT NECK.

their freedom and their ancient village rights. Among them even now falcon. ry, that rare sport of the middle area. is pursued with vigor, though only the high caste chiefs are allowed to indulge la it.

famous city of the early Christian bishops of Africa. four of us, all Americans, dropped off at Guelma, once the stamping ground of Gerard the Lion Killer. Hardly 40 years have elapsed since this Intropid Freuchman. Cocile Jules Basile Gerard, an officer of the Algerian army of coordination. slew. single handed, scores ed my preparations without comment, of lions in this very district.

The king of beasts even now occadonally ranges the hills and ravages the berds and flocks of this section. He is seen just often enough to give a spice of adventure to the pursuit of smaller game and to send a nervous chill no and down one's spine when he bears an unusual rumpus in the woods. And this brings me around to my story.

We had put in a good day's shooting and were gathered at the little iran, half cafe and half fondouk, comparing notes and awaiting impatiently the coming of our dinner The proprietor of this "hotel de l'oasis" had once lived in New Orleans and was more than delighted to entertain his erstwhile countrymen who had come to shoot far from the land he loved so well and where he had spent the days of his rollicking wouth. and so he served us with the best he had.

It was with the consciousness that we had in prospective a dinner which sould not be duplicated between Guelma and Paris and with a most bountifal supply of arude material in reserve that we sent for the commander of the rregular spahis stationed at this point. And that he appreciated fully the couresy and the dinner we discovered long before the cloth was removed and the ligars and coffee brought in. How could as serve us most acceptably, he asked, Why, we answered, by telling us a tory, of course, some tale of adventure, I skirmish with Bedouins, mooralight neetings with African lions or something of that sort. We had often heard hat the life of a spahis commander was all of adventure and trusted his had teen no excention

"No, messionrs," he replied thoughtally, even sadly. "I have not been pared adventure. "Tis true I have inerrupted many a razzia, have chanced pon some few lions. Indeed I have act the lion of Guelma."

After this brief statement, made in a ow tone, as if communing with himalf, the captain of the enable leaned is head upon one hand and remained pr a space lost in reverie. We then noced, showing through the close croped hair of his head, a long, semilunar par, which seemed to glow with the tensity of his emotions, and at sight it we all clutched at the idea that in me manner this reminder of a terria wound was connected with our iend's experience with the Lions. None of us, however, dared ask the

from his mouth and he died. I did not mind fighting with Abdul Said, whom I knew by sight, but he was a slippery rascal, who always Coming down from Constantine, that avoided an open encounter, and I soon became aware that he was awaiting a good opportunity for sticking me in the back. Thus matters stood at the opening of the winter of 1882. The height of the hunting season was near, and on Ohristmas week I prepared to have a foray in the fields. My mistress observbut when finally, just as I was ready to be off, I asked her what I should bring

back from the hunt worthy of her acceptance she brightened up and showed a gennine interest in the affair.

"There is one thing I desire of all things on earth," she said, speaking slowly and steadily, "but it is something you dare not attempt." "Dare not?" I asked, with a show of

indignation. "Have I ever shown fear of danger since you knew me? But why 'dare' not? What is there to fear?"

She shrugged her shoulders, smiled an inscrutable smile, and turning away her head so that I could not look into her eyes she said, "I know-you have proved to me-that you fear not man, but what I desire is guarded by one whom all men fear."

"Name it!" I cried. "You shall have it, though fiends and devils guarded it, my beloved !"

She wound her bare, round arms about my neck and whispered in my ear, "Bring me, then, the skin of the black lion of Guelma.'

Behind that ridge, my friends-you can see it without leaving your seatsis a broad plateau known as the Lions'



LANDED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF MR. Pleasure grounds. There roamed the kings of the plain and the forest, and conspicuous of them all was the great black lion of Guelina. I had often heard of him. His fame was widespread, for he had killed more than a score of Arabs within the twelvemonth past.

There was something in her manner that piqued me, but before I unwound her arms from about my neok I pressed a fervent kiss upon her lips and then section that might elicit a solution of said: "Very well. You shall have what borne our dead comrade to the fatal you desire. Two days bence as this hour

pointed toward the forest beyond. thought he aw a great form creeping through the underbrush and heard soft though heavy footsteps. He drew back and crept to the spot where I was sleeping, my head on my saddle, and souched me with the butt of his gun. I was awake and creet in an instant.

"Master, " he whispered, "the lionbe comet?

Hearing mothing, I was about to chide him for his fears when the air was rent by a roar that shook the earth as though all the thranderclaps of heaven had united in one grand outburst. Yes, the very earth trembled, and I am afraid I did also, but I reached for my carbinewhich was a repeater of very large bore

-----girded mry saber about me, loosened my revolvers in my belt and crept toward the rock behind which my spahi had been croaching.

The man followed me tremblingly and unwillingly, poor fellow, but his companion I uckily ran the other way. I had nearly reached the rock when, suddenly leaping out of the gloom beyond, came the form of the beast we were

hunting and landed directly in front of me. Raising his enormous head, he emitted a roar that seemed to split the

I was for the moment transfixed, but my spahi began to crawl back on the trail. I quickly recovered myself, however. and for the life of me, though I knew my life was at stake, I could not resist taking a shot at the terrible beast towering above me there, his nose in the air. To tell the truth, there was nothing else to do, as running away would be as clangerous as lying still, for the lion can overtake at running anything but the swiftest stallion.

So I pointed the muzzle of my carbine straight at his throat and drove a bullet into him. The effect was startlingly instantaneous, for almost without deigning to crouch for the spring the lion launched himself directly into the air. As he passed over me I sped another bullet into his belly, but he kept on and lauded flat upon my spahi, crushing him to the ground. The poor wretch cried out in amothered tones for help, and I had not the heart to ran sway and leave him there without at least an attempt at resoue. So I crept forward, interading to press the carbine against the lices's heart and kill him on the spot. I reached his side and thrust out the weapon, but as I fired the raging beast reached out a paw and swept it across my head, tearing the scalp away and leaving a flap of it hanging over my forebead

I was blinded by the streaming blood and became unconscious before I could drag my man from his perilous position. When I regained my senses, it was to find the surviving spahi by my side and the forest illumained by the rising sun. The lion, he told me, though probably wounded unto death, had dragged his comrade away into the wood, whither he had not dared to follow him.

After he had placed my scalp in position and hand-aged it, the flow of blood being already stanched, I insisted upon following up the trail, and, as I expected, we fourid the lion and his vietim just within the forest verge, both dead, the man mutilated beyond all recognition. Following my directions, my spahi stripped the lion of his skin and placed it across the horse which had

skin of the black lion of Guelma. "Why did she not get them? Oh, she

had eloped with Abdul Said!"



Bred-What under the sum do you suppose my tailor means by sending me a copy of Pollock's "Course of Time" Jack-Mean, old boy! Why, it must be a reminder for you to sattle then. He can't expect us fellows to pay before

He Was There.

Good Cheer and Forgivesees. Aside from the chants and carola of religious character there was nothing that appealed more strongly to our "rude forefathers" than songe in preise of wine and the vine. They knew little of Baochus perhaps, but of the power of strong drink they were not ignorant. The word temperance in its modern signification did not exist, and as they stood about the festal board at New

Year's, forgiving their enemies and fills habits swearing renewed allegiance to their One evoluing Tony, carrying his son. friends, they lifted the foaming beakers and stag in strong, Insty volces:

Wassail, wasmail, over the towni Our toest it is white; our sie it is brown; Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree. We be good fellows all-I drink to these . 6 m 2.0%

Call and see them at the CATHOLIN wept bitterly. JOURNAL Office, 824 East Main st.

BAXS CAY. Tony Robert was not yet 40 and

a good looking man. Every Sunday Indust and son. as new pins, used to take a walk. They had been mut at the managemen and the scological gardens, and they had been seen also before dismer time in a little oate in the neighborhood, where Tomy allowed himself his single determin of the week-a glass of absinth, which he ! sipped, while Adrian, sitting beside bin on the actes, would look at the motores in the papers.

"No," the conclerge used to say sen-timentally to the neighbors, "the wid-ower will not marry again. The other Sunday we met in a path in the Mont Parnasse cemétery. It is doubtless there that his wife is buried. It was painful

Parmane construry. Is is doubtless there that his wife is buried. It was painful to see him with his orphan son by his side. He must have adored his dead wife. He is monisolable." Alas, yes, Tony Bobook had deady loved his wife and was moneclable at having lost her, but he was not a wid-over. His was a add and simple his fory. Tony lost his heart to a little artifi-dial flower makes of 10, good donte-less, but vary frivolons, mining of nothing but how to draw maartip on very little. Tony had some meaning with which to start housekeeping comfords ably, and he married his Clemennistic. Tors time all went well. How She loyed one another! They had ever mones on the fifth floor in the Bosileyard Pros on the fifth floor in the Bonievard Port who new and They were so comfortable as home that the site of the second state was lingering over his collee and muching a cigarette. Clementine would water the flowers in the house on the balcony, often being surprised by Tuny Peternes

Smithkins-I thought you were going to see the old year out at Chubberly's last night. I was there at 12, but didn's see anything of you. see anything of you. Jagby-You didn't go far enough, old man. You should have looked under the table. walk in the gardens of the Lerrembours with Adrian in his little winner person-Trale tor Gradually this costly finery was the THE Older means of leading them into emberrane ment, and it was in vain that Tony b ment, and is was in vain that tony such that worked like four men, on day and hight such as well, to prevent their getting sectoraly into debt. The growing child was sent out to a day nursery, and the mother, often mocompled at home, gos into a state of smini and dangeroasly whom he had brought from the day

nursery on his way home from his work found upon the mantelplees a letder, from which, when he opened it, fell Clamentine's wedding ring. In the few lines the bade him and Advian edien and becought their parton. We have a mloot line of fine wed-ding invitations at reasonable prices. felt more pain than mager at his loss and

Clementine hat det is De frei fert of Mary Instanting Street Street

the second s THE SHARE SHARE HARE Louis

wiele weise second and the second sec and them opened it. there is from it a small predicted the ing from it Classication is the

