A BOY'S BIG GAME

By M. QUAD

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I had the ill luck to get a thorn in my foot while hunting in the lion district of the Transvaal and was laid up at the house of a burgher named Kloopenfeldt for a full week. The burgher had but one child, and he was a boy fourteen years old and named Carl.

I thought myself something of a hunter for big game, but I soon discovered that the boy, young as he was, knew a thing or two in that line.

I am going to tell you what he did on two occasions. The farmer had 100 head of cattle, which were turned out during the day on the rich grass and at night were herded in a strong pen. These cattle were exposed to one enemy by day and another by night. If a wandering rhinoceros came near the herd by day he would select an animal and charge him. Once in awhile one would be overtaken and killed, but in most circumstances, being more agile than the rhinoceros, the cattle made good their escape. The boy, Carl, had watched these performances for some time, and on the second day of my arrival he was to put a plan into execution. There was a big white ox among the cattle who had been chased several times, and he always ran for the pen when charged. He did not run in a straight line, but zigzagged, while the rhinoceros in pursuit never deviated from a straight course. At a particular spot the boy dug a pit. It was long and wide and deep, and it took him a week to complete it. Half a mile to the east of this pit was a thicket from which the rhinoceros had always charged. Just after noon on the second day the boy caught the white ox, and, tying a rope around his horns for bridle, he mounted him and rode away to the thicket. He was going to "draw" for a rhinoceros.

"If a rhinoceros charges the boy he may be overtaken and killed," I said to the parents.

"I have no fear for Carl," replied the father.

For half an hour the lad rode the ox along the edge of the thicket, and then a rhinoceros suddenly broke cover with a fierce snort. He was after the ox like a wild locomotive, and for the first two minutes my heart was in my mouth. Then the ox got his speed up and held his own, while the boy kept laughing and shouting. By means of the ropes young Carl held his "steed" straight for the pit, but just before reaching it he swerved to the left and passed it in safety. Not so with the "rhino," however. The big beast ran in a straight line with his head down. Instead of following the swerve of the ox he kept straight on, and in five seconds he had landed at the bottom of the pit.

The old gun was brought out, and the bullets were fired into the rhinoceros until he was dead, and he was then covered in. I tried to pat the boy on the back and magnify his deed, but I couldn't make him believe that he was a hero.

Each night as soon as the sun went down there was a great howling on all sides from hyenas and jackals, and an hour or two later the lions would begin to roar. On the second night of my stay I wounded one by firing from a kitchen window, and on the third I killed one that was prowling within thirty feet of the back door. The Boer was glad enough to have them disposed of, but yet he had an eye to business. A dead lion was worth only his skin, while a live one could be sold for $150 cash to the men supplying zoological gardens and menageries. I was asked not to do any more shooting, and on the afternoon of the fourth day the boy set about preparing a trap. The cattle pen was twelve feet high, constructed of stones, logs and thorn bushes. At one spot it was pulled down until about five feet high. On the inside was constructed a stout pen of stakes, having a length of ten feet and a breadth of five or six. The idea was that if a lion leaped the wall he would land in this pen. It was open at the top, however, and I pointed out to the boy that the lion would be no sooner in than out again.

"But you shall see how I will keep him in," he replied, and it was true that I soon did see and was amazed over it.

He constructed a sort of net of stakes and old telegraph wire, and this net was to be drawn over the top of the pen after the lion was caged. To draw it one must be inside the cattle pen.

Just at nightfall the boy took up his position in the pen among the cattle. An hour or so later we heard five different lions roaring at once. By and by I caught sight of two skulking around, and but for the remonstrances of the Boer I should have fired upon them. He wouldn't hear of it, and we had a big male lion full under our eye when the animal approached the opening and leaped the wall. The frightened cattle bellowed and rushed about in their terror, and it was fully ten minutes before we heard from Carl. Then he came out of the pen by the big gate and calmly informed us that the lion had been safely trapped. I tried again before I left to make the boy understand that he had exhibited the greatest bravery in doing what he did, but he modestly replied:

"But I had to be there to draw the net or the lion would have escaped."

And the father quietly added as he puffed away at his big pipe:

"He had to be, of course. You can't catch lions if you are in bed."

LONG BASEBALL GAMES.

One That Ran For Thirty Innings With a 4 to 1 Score.

The longest major league game was played on Sept. 1, 1906, between the Boston and Philadelphia American league clubs in Boston, when the Athletics won by a score of 4 to 1 in twenty-four innings. Jack Coombs, then a recruit from Colby college, and "Jumbo" Harris, a young pitcher from the New England league, were the respective boxmen used by the Philadelphia and Boston teams. The game lasted four hours and forty-seven minutes.

The previous longest games in the National league were played at Cincinnati on June 30, 1892, and at Philadelphia on Aug. 24, 1905. Both ran twenty innings. The game at Cincinnati was between the Reds and Cubs and resulted in a tie score of 7 to 7. At Philadelphia the Cubs defeated the Quakers by a score of 2 to 1.

On May 31, 1909, the longest professional game on record was played between the Bloomington and Decatur teams of the Illinois-Iowa-Indiana league, Decatur winning in the twenty-sixth inning by a score of 2 to 1. Fargo and Grand Forks engaged in a contest which lasted twenty-five innings at Devils Lake, N. D., in 1905. Later Hartford and New Haven, in the Eastern association, played twenty-three innings, the former winning 2 to 1. Geist, for the winning team, and Jansen, for New Haven, pitched the entire contest.

Amateurs are credited with playing the longest game, the East End All-Stars and the Brooklyn Athletic club teams of Cleveland contesting for thirty innings on July 4, 1907, the latter winning 4 to 1.—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

THE WORLD'S GREAT BANKS.

Only Sixty-one Have Deposits Over a Hundred Million Dollars.

For years the mere name of the Bank of England has been a synonym for financial strength and greatness. In a list of the great banks of the world the Bank of England is sixth. There are three banks in England with a greater line of deposits. The greater banks are London City and Midland, Lloyd's bank and London County and Westminster. London City and Lloyd's each has deposits above $500,000,000. The London County has deposits of $440,000,000. The great Bank of England has a little more than $350,000,000.

The leading bank of the world, from the standpoint of deposits, is the Imperial Bank of Russia, with deposits and current accounts aggregating $630,000,000, a sum big enough to stagger the mind.

The National Bank of Argentine and the National City bank of New York are sixteen and seventeen in rank, with deposits close to $230,000,000 each. The Bank of Spain is greater than the Bank of France, much greater in deposits. But Spain cuts no figure in the finances of the world. That is hard to explain. In this world list there are only sixty-one banks mentioned with deposits in excess of $100,000,000. In this list the United States has eight banks, a good showing, as none of them depends on the deposits of the United States to help it out. — Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

In Doubt.

The Blanks' maid of all work was a practical young woman of about twenty-seven years. One day when her mistress was making some plans for the future the matter of fact Serelda said:

"I don't know, ma'am. It might be that I won't be with you much longer, an' then mebbe I will. I ain't sure yet."

Knowing that a young man had called a good many times to see Serelda, her mistress said:

"Are you thinking of getting married, Serelda?"

Without the least show of embarrassment or enthusiasm Serelda said:

"Well, yes, to tell the truth, I am. Then again I don't know if I will. I've got a good place here with good pay, and he's such a fool, mebbe I'll stay on with you!"—New York Post.

Complimentary.

Gebhard von Blucher, the famous Prussian general field marshal, had as surgeon major of his army a man who was very homely, but extremely proud and vain.

One day, says Novellen-Schatz, Blucher entered the surgeon's tent and found him standing before a looking glass, arranging his toilet and admiring himself generally. "Doctor," said Blucher, laughing, "I suppose that you are the luckiest man in the world."

"How's that, sir, may I ask?"

"Why, here you are quite in love with yourself, and you haven't a single rival!"

A Blanket Injunction.

"Say, you're a lawyer. Can you tell me how to get out a blanket injunction?"

"A blanket injunction?"

"Yes. My wife will insist on buying cheap ones at bargain sales."—Baltimore American.

An Eye Opener.

"Eight o'clock," exclaimed a guest at a hotel, yawning, "and I'm so sleepy I can scarcely open my eyes!"

"Shall I bring your bill, sir?" inquired a waiter.

Then She Might Help.

Madge—Would you marry a spendthrift, my dear? Marjorie—It wouldn't be so bad if he were just starting out in his career.—London Telegraph.

Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises.

HER FATHER

By F. A. MITCHEL

A ring at the telephone, St. Luke's hospital.

"I would like to speak to Miss Manners."

"Who is it, please?"

"Her father."

"Hold the wire."

Then the person who had answered the call notified the nurse, who went to the telephone booth:

"Is it you, sweetheart?" asked a man's voice.

"Yes, dear."

"I couldn't get through the morning without calling you up and having a word with you."

"I hoped you would."

"I've made arrangements to go in with Dr. Clarke Emerson, the big surgeon, and he is to pay me $100 a month from the start. That will enable us to be married. You can leave that confounded hospital and stop ramming thermometers in persons' mouths and noting their heartbeats. All your own heartbeats will belong to me."

"I'm so glad."

Miss Manners' father kept her at the telephone some twenty minutes, when she resumed her duties. In the afternoon she was assisting at an important operation when there was another call for her. Mrs. Irwin, the matron, went to the phone.

"Who is it wishes to speak with Miss Manners?" she asked.

"Her father."

"Oh, Mr. Manners, your daughter is assisting at a critical operation. Is it anything important?"

"Oh, no. I'll call her up later. Good-by." There was a click, then silence. The matron thought the voice sounded familiar to her, but she did not remember to have seen Mr. Manners.

The next day Miss Manners was called up by her father twice, and both times Mrs. Irwin was aware of the fact. She wondered what the nurse's father had to say to her so often. At the second call the matron went to the telephone and asked:

"Well, what is it?"

Miss Manners' father recognized Mrs. Irwin's voice, though she did not recognize his.

"Will you kindly tell Miss Manners that her uncle is dead?" was the reply.

"I'll announce the fact to her immediately."

"Thank you very much." Click!

For a week Miss Manners' father kept calling her up twice a day or oftener. The matron, feeling that the nurse's time should be devoted to her patients instead of her father, found his address in the telephone book and called him up one evening after dinner.

"Is this Mr. Manners?"

"Yes."

"I'm the matron of St. Luke's hospital. I trust you won't take it amiss if I suggest that you refrain from calling up your daughter on the phone so often. It keeps her from her duties."

"I have never called my daughter on the phone in my life."

"You haven't?"

"No."

Mrs. Irwin was mystified. She was convinced that Mr. Manners was telling the truth. She said nothing, but when a few hours later there was a call for Miss Manners she went to the phone on an upper floor and listened.

"Is that you, Lucy, dear?"

"Yes, Phil."

The voice sounded more familiar to the matron than ever, and the name Phil gave her a clew. Dr. Philip Auchmulty, who upon graduating at a medical college had been house surgeon at the hospital and had recently resigned. Mrs. Irwin mentally put one and one together, and the result was two; the doctor and the nurse in a love affair. She listened to a conversation which made her aged heart envious, and when it was ended she called up Dr. Auchmulty and asked him to come to the hospital. She wished to see him about one of the nurses who had been ailing, but was getting better, and the doctor's opinion was wanted as to whether she had better be discharged. He called a little later, and the matron asked him into a private parlor.

"Doctor," she said, "the patient about whom I wish to consult you is Miss Manners. She's troubled with a mania of running to the telephone several times a day to chat with her father. This takes up so much of her time that I am thinking of discharging her."

The doctor winced, but kept a stiff upper lip. "If Miss Manners' father calls her up how can she help it?" he said.

"By refusing to go to the phone when he calls."

"What! Refuse to answer to her own father!"

"Come, come, doctor! I heard your last conversation on the phone with Miss Manners. Are you engaged to her or married to her?"

"Married," replied the doctor after some hesitation. "Being aware that you would not retain her as a married woman we concluded to keep our wedding secret till I got settled in my profession."

"Then you advise your wife's discharge?"

"I do. I am to be Dr. Clarke Emerson's assistant. I don't think I need trouble you to keep Mrs. Auchmulty any longer."

Mrs. Irwin went to the hall and cried out with a loud voice:

"Mrs. Auchmulty! Your husband is here!"

Red as a rose was the nurse as she obeyed the summons.

ORIGIN OF THE CURFEW.

The Cover Fire Bell Was Rung Way Back in King Alfred's Time.

What is the curfew? Its etymology carries its history with it. The word comes from the French couvre-feu (cover fire), a bell tolled at evening as a signal to the inhabitants to cover fires, extinguish lights and retire to rest. It is erroneously said to have been instituted in England by William the Conqueror as an arbitrary bit of tyranny, and the nursery historian has wamed sentimental over the wrongs of the conquered Saxon, and conjured up pictures that must be balm to the downtrodden Celt. Rose Thomson tells us:

The shivering wretches at the curfew sound
Dejected trank into their darksome holes.

But the couvre-feu was known before William's time, both in England and on the continent. He did, indeed, issue an edict on the subject, and although this edict may incidentally have helped to put down the Saxon beer clubs, which were hotbeds of political conspiracies, its primary aim was as a precaution against fire. That danger was an ever present one in those days of chimneyless wooden houses.

The ancient city ordinances of London abound in stringent fire regulations. None of them, however, was more effective than the "cover fire" bell, which as far back as the time of King Alfred was rung in certain places in England. William's edict rendered compulsory an ancient custom. But it was a wise legislative act and not a bit of arbitrary tyranny. We find plenty of early traces of the custom or its equivalent, as, for instance, the blowing of a horn at the market place in continental Europe.

WORLDS OF THE UNIVERSE.

All Might Be Annihilated and Not Affect the Solar System.

I am asked, "Are distant stars which shine by their own light visible only, or are worlds like our earth visible by reflected light?"

Go out to Neptune, our own last local world in our modest solar system; turn around, look back this way; then you must have a large telescope to see the earth. Only the sun of all bodies in our solar system is visible from space deeps. And it looks like the point of the finest sewing needle from stellar distances.

Thus from space depths only suns of terrific heat are visible in any telescope, even the largest that can be made. Then all worlds are invisible and unknown. The earth and man are both totally unknown to people on worlds revolving around any of the hundreds of millions of other suns. If there are such worlds and inhabitants. Imagine that there are 1,000,000,000 suns, each surrounded by eight worlds like those revolving now around our sun. Then if an accident suddenly annihilated the 8,000,000,000 worlds, people and all, the accident could not even be noticed. The suns would all move on with velocities in between four and eighty miles per second precisely as if there had been no accident. Thus if there are intelligences in the depths of the sidereal universe they have not heard of man nor his infinitesimal world—the earth.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

A Ten Years' Penance.

It is happily seldom that the revenge of a disappointed husband takes quite such an extreme form as in the case of the man whose will ran thus: "When I remember that the only happy times I ever enjoyed were when my wife sulked with me, and when I remember that my married life might, for this reason, be considered to have been a fairly happy one because she was nearly always sulking, I am constrained to forget the repulsion the contemplation of her face inspired me with and leave her the sum of $00,000 on condition that she undertakes to pass two hours a day at my graveside for the ten years following my decease, in company with her sister, whom I have reason to know she loathes worse than she does myself."—London Tit-Bits.

Easy Dusting.

Mrs. Florin had a new maid, and one morning as she entered the library she was somewhat surprised to find the girl seated in one of the chairs with her hands folded.

"What!" cried the mistress. "Here you are sitting down! Why, you were sent in here to dust the room!"

"Yes, ma'am," was the girl's reply, "but I've lost the duster, and so I am sitting on each of the chairs in turn."—Harper's Magazine.

Victimized by Changing Times.

"Now, then, Cousin Emma, let me give you a bit off the breast."

"Yes, please, I should like to taste that, for in my young days they always gave it to the grownups, and now they keep it for the children, so I've always missed it."—London Punch.

Not a Party Man.

"Is your husband a confirmed party man?" asked the smiling candidate.

"Laws, no! He's quit dancin' and don't even attend his lodge reg'lar," answered Mrs. Wayback.—Dallas News.

Greatness.

Genuine greatness is marked by simplicity, unostentatiousness, self forgetfulness, a hearty interest in others, a feeling of brotherhood with the human family.—Channing.

No disguise can long conceal love where it is, nor feign it where it is not.—Rochefoucauld.

A Telegraphic Flirtation

By MAY C. ETHERIDGE

I am, or, rather, was till lately, a woman telegraph operator. I was sitting at my operating table one night reading a novel to kill time—for I had little to do—when there came a night message from a distant station. As soon as it was finished the operator who sent it said good night to me. I replied that I wished I could say good night to all the world, for I was tired and sleepy and would like to go to bed. This resulted in a bit of conversation, in which my correspondent used certain masculine phrases that indicated him to be a man. But when I asked if he were a man he surprised me by saying that he was a woman. Next I was asked as to my sex, and, half suspecting that the operator was trying to humbug me, I replied that I was a man.

Then followed a period of love making, in which I, as the man, took the lead. I found it very difficult to make love as a man would, and the effort constituted the principal part of the amusement I derived from the affair. When I had nothing better to do I would write out certain love-like phrases, then go over them, taking out the feminine give aways, substituting masculine phrases. These I would use in the corrected form the next time my lady called me up. I fathered myself that in this way I would avoid the appearance of being a woman.

My correspondent, if a man, which he claimed not to be, surely played the womanly part very well. He used very flowing language and expressed himself with such words as "I declare!" "That's just too funny for anything!" "Goodness gracious!" while I gave vent to "The dickens you say!" "Out it out!" and "You bet!"

While I had been led to believe my correspondent was a man, a constant use of feminine expressions altered my opinion. I did not believe any man could avoid making some slip that would give him away. I certainly found it almost impossible to avoid revealing myself as a woman and realized that I could only do so in the manner I have indicated—that is, by writing my phrases and correcting them.

We exchanged, or pretended to exchange, photographs, though mine was one of my cousin, a handsome fellow about twenty-five. My correspondent was a comely girl with a spark of mischief in her eye. It was this expression that convinced me my correspondent was a girl. As I looked at her photograph it struck me that she was just the person to indulge in such a wise flirtation as was being carried on between us. I looked forward with pleasure to the day when we would meet and I should see the look of surprise on her face when she discovered her mistake.

To accomplish a meeting and apply a test at the same time I proposed that if my correspondent were coming my way he should call and see me. If he were really a man he would not scruple to do so. If she were a woman and believed me to be a man she would not come to see me, but expect me to come and see her. She stood the test. When I made the proposition she expressed herself as greatly surprised that I should do so, saying that she would not think of going to call on a man. She would, however, be happy to have the man call upon her.

If there was any doubt left in my mind that my operator was a woman this dispelled it. I apologized for what I called my thoughtlessness and said that I would take an early opportunity to call upon her. Nevertheless if it should turn out that some man had been representing himself as a woman it would be embarrassing for me, so I concluded to forego the pleasure of laughing at the girl and let the matter drop.

One morning a young man alighted from a train, came into the station, wrote a telegram and asked me to send it. The message was an unimportant one, simply stating that he would be in a certain place at a certain date. I counted the words, told him the price of the message, and he threw down the money. But he kept me at the window asking me questions about the town, how far it was to this place and that place and the running of trains. He was deferential, and I was not displeased to answer his questions. Finally I broke away to send his message, and as I did so he called to me:

"If the party is not found tell them to leave the message."

He went off uptown, but returned in about an hour with some flowers and, advancing to the window, laid them on the board over which messages are received and asked me if he might not send a telegram himself. Since he knew the Morse alphabet and thought he could stumble through one I assented, and, coming into the operating room, he sat down at the instrument and began to rattle off with the fluency of a professional telegrapher the name and address for the message. The address being the station of my correspondent, I pricked up my ears. The message read:

I have found the operator who has been pretending to be a man, and she is a woman, as was plain from the constant use of "Dear me." She is comely and attractive. I have brought her some flowers.

With that he turned with a sparkle in his eye to find me staring at him with cheeks red as the flowers he had brought me.

WOLVES OF LABRADOR.

Story of a Child and the Beasts Who Tried to Save Her.

A Labrador missionary, says Scribner's Bottom in the Wide World magazine, told me a curious story which occurred on the Labrador coast some years ago. One night his little daughter of a certain age was missing, and, on discovering the child's tracks in the snow, a party of natives set out to track for her.

What was their alarm when, a little way from camp, they found side by side the footprints of a great gray wolf and a naked three of the child. The wolves did not appear to have harmed the girl, but had apparently trotted along ahead, watching the child carefully and tagging from camp. In all probability the child mistook it for a dog and followed readily, though the superstitious Indians, of course, believed that the brute had exercised some witchcraft by fierceness over her.

Darkness was creeping on and, though much afraid, the natives continued to follow the tracks of the wolf and the child. Night found them far from home, when what was their horror to find that they themselves had been deceived and were now surrounded by wolves!

Only one man survived the night of horror that ensued to return next morning to bear tidings of the calamity he came.

SHORTHAND BLUNDERS.

Misplaced or Wrong Vowels Lead to Queer Translations.

A volume could be filled with amusing stories of shorthand mistakes, the greater number of them due to misplaced vowels. For instance, "Thursday is big with fat" was transcribed "This day is big with fat," while "Do not indulge in spice" came out "Do not indulge in silk," and "A house of many gables" was transcribed into "A house of many gabbles."

The use of the wrong vowel may have the most amusing result, as in the phrase "Man, know thyself," which was once converted in the report of a sermon into "Man, gnaw thyself." Misplace a vowel in shorthand the easiest thing in the world. E. A. Reed, the well known reporter, tells of a pupil who by the misuse transed "mighty acts" into "mighty cows," and another report of a sermon was spoiled by the advice "Return a blow with an ax," instead of "a kiss."

The "reporting style," in which the vowels are omitted altogether for the sake of rapidity, is responsible for the famous American story of the shorthand clerk who took down a note of his wife's instruction to "be sure to remember to bring home some castile soap" and, as a result, returned home with a tin of extra-strong Epsom Standard Magazine.

We Are About Not.

"Ahem!" ejaculated the proud mother and shook her head vigorously. "My Elsie, for all her learning, hasn't any more aim, so to speak, than her poor old dad."

"Then she won't turn up her nose at her old friends?" queried the visitor.

"La, no!"

"How refreshing! Most girls who go through college nowadays will hardly look at you after they're graduated."

"Well, they ain't like my Elsie, that's all I can say," retorted Elsie's ma. "She's become a carnivorous reader, of course, and she frequently improvises music, but stuck up—my Elsie? Not a bit! She's unanimous to everybody, has a most infantile vocabulary and, what's more, never keeps a caller waiting while she dresses up. No, she just runs down, nom de plume, as she is."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Her Dainty Speech.

There was one young woman in the box party at the theater who took no part in the noisy clatter and giggle. With her gaze fixed upon the stage she watched the progress of the play, indifferent to the gayety around, but except that her delicate, aristocratic, finely chiseled features bore a look of weariness and a scornful smile curled her lips. At last, however, she turned her head slowly and looked at the other members of the party. Then she spoke to the elderly matron sitting by her side. "That chicken in the blue kimono," she said, "thinks she is the whole custard!"—Argonaut.

Linen of Bohemia.

One of the oldest and most important industries of northern Bohemia is that of linen weaving, which furnishes employment under favorable conditions to fully 25,000 people, who are so skilled and clever in the production of fine linens that these goods are favorably known and find a ready market in all parts of the world.

Chloroform.

Chloroform was the result of years of experiment in an effort to do away with the pain of surgical operations. Opium and many other drugs had been tried with more or less success. In executions by crucifixion vinegar and gall or myrrh were given to the victim to stupefy him.

Not Deceived.

"Never in my life have I deceived my wife."

"Same here. Mine only pretends to believe the yarns I tell."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Loved Nature.

Rossini's injunction to his servants, "Call me from my sleep whenever there is a beautiful sunset or any unusual appearance in the sky or landscape."