

THE TROY HERALD.

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TROY, MISSOURI.

Lions and their Habits.

The public must feel some difficulty in forming a true estimate of the prowess of the African lion from the number of conflicting statements made by different travelers and hunters.

In most cases utter immobility and coolness will often avert an attack. If the animal, judging by your behavior, imagines that you do not want to hurt it, it will, after trying you for several minutes, and even making one or two sham charges, often walk away and allow you to do the same; but merely raising the arm, much less pointing the gun at it, is sure to make it come on.

They are excessively fond of eating buffalo and other game, killed too late in the day to be broken up, and, even when the hunters are sleeping by it, they will come almost within the glare of the fire, and fear and crunch away, taking no notice of shots or stones, but an occasional growl, unless hit, when they are pretty certain to make one spring into the center of the camp and do all the mischief they can.

Sometimes I have heard the most extraordinary reports going on round game the lions were feeding on, wolves, hyenas and jackals keeping up a continual round of howling, squealing, and laughing, which, being interpreted, meant, I suppose, that they were very hungry and wished the lions would clear out and let them begin. It is by no means unusual to find a wolf or jackal lying dead, pushed on the spot for daring to approach too near the bigger robber's supper, and I have often seen the spoor of where a lion had chased wolves several hundred yards away from his prey.

They generally lie in the kaku-thorns, or in the dense evergreens which line the rivers, and in the summer in the reeds. The best chances for killing them are obtained in the former place, as you often come across them asleep when you are stealing about after game. It is better not to fire if its head is toward you, as, even if you shoot it through the brain, its dying bound may land it on top of you; but if you see one, go round, and try to get a shot at its back—they always lie on their side—and then there is a good chance of breaking the backbone. Sometimes the bush is too thick for you to go round, and in that case hide, and break a twig, or give a low whistle, and it will get up, uncertain what has disturbed it, and give every opportunity for a steady shot.

Sometimes one meets them in bad places, where it would be very dangerous to fire if alone, when, if seen, it is best to stand on one's ground, not attempting to make any offensive movement, and not to kneel down; for some reason, probably because they themselves always crouch preparatory to attack, lions will rarely stand this if in anything of an ugly temper. When you do fire try for the shoulder, or, if a very crack shot, and not at all nervous, the brain; do not aim too high, as the forehead is perfectly flat, and a ball is apt to glance. With a male, in firing at the shoulder, take care the floating mane which covers it does not cause you to aim too high, as when the brute is angry and bristles up, it makes it seem a much larger mark than it really is.

When you have to take refuge in a tree, go up as far as you can get, for if none of its bones are broken the lion will generally have a try at you, though, if the branches are thick, there is little danger even within its distance.

In a case where a few seconds' delay may save your life, it is worth while to know that anything thrown down—a hat, coat, etc.—will first be torn up with a crunch of the teeth or a blow of the paw before your pursuer resumes the chase. It has, to my own knowledge, saved more than one man at a pinch.—"D." in Land and Water.

—They say that when the news of his mother's death reached the Shah at Berlin, he sent home the three Shahesses, and declared that the royal grief should be postponed until his return to Persia, which reminds Kate Field of the Yankee woman who, upon being told at dinner of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Just wait till I've done eating, and I'll show you some tall crying."

is hastily heaped on the fire, and all the natives unceasingly shift their positions, and take up their guns and spears. More than once I have lost a night's sleep by a parade of this description, the lions being hungry, smelling our meat, and keeping growling about close to until dawn. The low, warning moan uttered by them, if you approach too near a thicket where they are concealed, is a most unpleasant noise, and, when I first heard it, I almost mistook it for the moan of some large animal in pain; but it invariably means that the lion is in a bad temper, and you had better not go too close.

The danger, if you do come to close quarters with them, can hardly be exaggerated. There are cases where, single-handed, and armed only with a spear, a native has succeeded in killing one that has sprung on him, without receiving anything but trifling injuries; but these are only exceptions that prove the rule that where they strike they kill. Unlike other large game, they divide their attentions equally, springing from one to another, and fighting with tooth and claw in the most wonderful manner. It is a grand sight to see one charge a native regiment.

I know a Dutch hunter, a very powerful man, who was once sleeping out near the Nkwavuma. He had been unsuccessfully pursuing game all day, and had made no camp-fence or other protection, as he had got no meat with him. During the night he was awake by something catching hold of his arm. Thinking it was a wolf, he made a tremendous effort to free himself, striking out at it with the disengaged arm. The blow was such that if it did not knock the animal down, it at any rate drove it back, and enabled him to snatch up his rifle and fire. The lion, as to his astonishment it turned out to be, jumped away roaring, and next morning was found dead a few yards off.

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Glimpses of Ghost-Land.

It is no longer the fashion to scoff at tales of the supernatural. On the contrary there is a growing tendency to investigate subjects which were formerly pooh-poohed by most persons claiming to be well informed and capable of reasoning. It is, however, without propounding any theory or advancing any opinion that I record a few instances of apparently supernatural, or at least inexplicable, occurrences. I can vouch for the truth of nearly all the stories I am about to relate, one of them only not being either my personal experience or narrated to me by some one of the actors in the scene.

My first story shall be one that was told to me by an aged lady who was one of the friends of my youth, and who often mentioned this strange incident of her life, yet busy life. She was a sensible, practical woman, the last person in the world likely to be led astray by an overheated imagination or deceived by hallucinations. Her early youth had been passed in the country, her father being a wealthy farmer. She had formed a close intimacy with the daughter of a gentleman living at some distance from her father's farm, and the two were seldom apart. An invitation given to my friend (whom I shall call Mrs. L.) to visit some relatives in a neighboring city caused a brief separation between the two girls, and they parted with many protestations of enduring affection. On the day appointed for Mrs. L.'s return she set out at the prescribed hour. The latter part of her journey was to be performed on horseback. On a bright sunny afternoon in June she found herself, about five o'clock, drawing near her father's house. Suddenly in the broad road before her she perceived a female form walking rapidly toward her, and, to her delight, recognized her friend coming, as she thought, to meet her.

"I will make her go back with me and take tea," was Mrs. L.'s thought as she whipped up her horse in her haste to greet the dear one, who was all the more beloved on account of their temporary separation. But as she approached the figure, and before she had had time to speak, or indeed do more than notice that her friend looked very pale and ill, her horse, an unusually quiet, steady animal, seemed struck with sudden terror, reared, shied, and finally plunged into a hollow by the roadside, from which she had some difficulty in extricating him. When she did succeed in bringing him back to the level road she found, to her astonishment, that the young girl had disappeared. Around her lay the open fields, before her and behind her the road—all in the bright luster of the summer afternoon—but no trace of the figure could she see. Completely mystified, she hastened home, there to learn that her friend had died suddenly that very morning.

I once knew a young lady who, on going to pay a visit to a friend who had recently moved into a new house, was asked to walk up stairs, and on complying saw an old woman preceding her up the staircase. Supposing her to be one of the servants, she took but little notice of her, though struck by the peculiarity of her gait, a sort of jerky limp, as though one leg was shorter than the other. In the course of conversation with her friend she mentioned the old woman, and asked if she was the housekeeper. "Housekeeper? no," said the lady; "we have no such person about our house. You must have been mistaken." The visitor then described the person she had seen, and when she mentioned the peculiar limp her hostess seemed startled. After a pause she said: "No such person lives here now, but the woman who took care of this house before we rented it was exactly such a person as you describe, and was lame in just such a manner. But she died here about six weeks ago—I think in this very room—so your eyes must certainly have deceived you." The lady still persisted that she had seen the old woman; so the servants were called and the house thoroughly searched, but no intruder was discovered.

I have known several persons who have seen the "fitch" or apparition of a living person, called in Germany the "Doppelganger;" yet, though such appearances are usually supposed to portend the death or illness of the person thus strangely "doubled," I have never yet heard of a case where any unpleasant consequences followed. For instance, an old friend of mine, a gentleman of undoubted veracity, once told me that on one occasion he entered his house about five o'clock in the afternoon, and ran up stairs to his mother's bed-chamber, where he saw her standing near the center of the room, clad in a loose white gown and engaged in combing out her long black hair. He remained looking at her for some moments, expecting that she would speak to him, but she did not take notice in any way of his presence, and neither spoke nor looked at him. He then addressed her, but receiving no reply, became indignant and went down stairs, where, to his amazement, he found his mother seated by the window, and dressed as usual. It was some years before he would trust himself to tell her of what he had seen, fearing that she might consider it an omen of approaching death, and indeed, though not a superstitious man, he was inclined to so view it himself; but his mother lived for many years after the appearance of her wraith.

I also knew a young gentleman to whom the unpleasant experience of beholding his own double was once vouchsafed. He had been spending a quiet evening with some young ladies, and returned home about eleven o'clock, let himself into the house with his latch-key and proceeded to his own room, where he found the gas already lighted, though turned down to a mere blue spark. He turned it up, and the full light of the jet shone on his bed, which stood just beside the burner, and there extended at full length, lay—himself. His first idea was of a burglar or some such intruder. But his second glance dispelled that impression. He stood for some moments gazing at the prostrate figure with feelings which must have been anything but agreeable; he noticed little peculiarities of his own dress and features, and marked the closed eyelids and easy respiration of slumber. At length, plucking up courage, he attempted to pass his hand under the pillow to draw out a small revolver which he usually kept there, and as he did so he felt the pressure of the pillow as though weighed down by a reclining head. This completely unnerved him. He went out of the room, locked the door on the outside, and spent the remainder of the night on a sofa in the parlor. He

did not re-enter his chamber till broad daylight, when to his delight he found that his ghostly visitor had vanished.—Lucy Hooper, in Lippincott's for August.

Cholera Preventive and Cure.

Dr. J. W. HUNTON, a St. Louis physician, publishes the following prescription for cholera, to be given both as a preventive and cure: Tr. camphor, Tr. rhubarb, each two oz.; aqua ammonia (strongest), essence peppermint, each one oz.; Tr. opium, one-half oz.; Tr. ginger, one oz.; mix. Dr. Hunton adds: "I can with all truth and candor say that I have never known a case to prove fatal where this remedy was used early, though I have often treated the disease in various extremes of this country. I also saw it in its greatest severity in Paris, and once had it in due form myself. Much depends on prompt treatment, not only of cholera, but in those cases of diarrhoea which in ordinary times are unimportant, but which all experience proves to be dangerous to neglect in times of cholera."

Cholera and Pain-Killer.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—This unparalleled preparation is receiving more testimonials of its wonderful efficacy in removing pain, than any other medicine ever offered to the public. And these testimonials come from persons of every degree of intelligence, and every rank of life. Physicians of the first respectability, and perfectly conversant with the nature of diseases and remedies, recommend this as one of the most effectual in the line of preparations for the cure of Cholera, Cholera Morbus and kindred bowel troubles now so common among the people.

MEDICAL MANIACS.—There are numbers of medical men so wedded to the old formulas, that all changes seem to them like innovations. These medical maniacs are, fortunately, incapable of much mischief in this practical age. While the VINEGAR BITTERS are curing indigestion, Nervous Debility, Constipation, and countless other diseases that defy the remedies of the pharmacopoeia, it is impossible to thrust down the throats of intelligent invalids "heroic" doses of mineral poison, or to persuade them to take adulterated alcohol, impregnated with cheap astringents, as a "healing balm" or a "balsamic preparation." VINEGAR BITTERS, a pure botanical tonic, and alterative, gulfless of the cure of distilled or fermented liquor, is actually accomplishing what the mineral and alcoholic cure-mongers have so incessantly promised but have never yet performed. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that this medicine has taken precedence of all those burning fluids mis-called tonics.

Reduction of Rates.

There is no one thing which the press in the large cities of the country has been more uniform and persistent in than in their persistent advocacy of such reduction in the premiums charged for life insurance as would bring that protection from want within the reach of every family. The National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America, E. A. Rollins, President, Jay Cooke, Chairman of Finance Committee, capital larger than that of any other life company in the world, has placed its rates at about three-quarters of those charged by most companies, and wants an agent in every locality. It has the essential qualities of strength and cheapness, and we advise all looking for full or partial employment in life insurance to address the Company at Philadelphia.

A Wise Precaution.

The late Governor Geary had a policy of \$10,000 in the PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Philadelphia, and many of the leading citizens of Pennsylvania hold policies in the same company. The PENN MUTUAL was organized in 1847, and its career has been one of unexampled prosperity. It has now an accumulated fund of over \$4,000,000. The "PENN" has recently increased its new business largely, and the agents of the company find it easy to represent, owing to its strong financial condition and honorable record of twenty-six years.

Gentlemen who desire to represent a strong mutual company are requested to address the office at 921 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, when liberal arrangements will be made with honest and energetic men.

—This comes from Boston: "Straws tell which way the wind blows. On Tuesday, when the wind was southwest, about seven hundred straws were used up in one of our first-class saloons; but yesterday, at the same place, when the wind was east, only about one-tenth that number found their way into sparkling cobbler's."

—Mr. David Davis, principal proprietor of the Ocean Collieries, in the Rhondda valley, South Wales, recently entertained six thousand colliers, including their wives and families, at Llandinaw, to dinner and tea, on the occasion of the majority of his son. Their railway fares, which he paid, cost \$4,000.

GENTLEMEN leaving home for a summer trip should take with them Elmwood or Warwick collars. They will keep clean longer than linen and give more satisfaction.—Am.

PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, ROUGH SKIN.

The system being put under the influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft, and velvety, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. Nothing ever presented to the public as a beautifier of the complexion ever gave such satisfaction for this purpose as this Discovery. The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grubs," a dozen may possibly be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or virulent blood poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however, from the common pimply to the worst scrofulous, is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by all druggists.

HENRY K. BOND, of Jefferson, Maine, was cured of spitting blood, soreness and weakness of the stomach, by the use of Johnson's Anodyne Linctum internally.

A WANT has been felt and expressed by physicians for a safe and reliable purgative. Such a want is now supplied in Parsons' Purgative Pills.

FRANKLIN gave excellent advice to people who desired success in life; and yet his rules were by no means infallible. A man may, by industry and economy, accumulate a large amount of property, and in the end he may lose it. It is one thing to make money, and quite another to keep it. There is no doubt that a life insurance policy in a good company is a good investment in the majority of instances. The money is paid when the family most need it, and it is usually beyond the reach of creditors. We do not hesitate to recommend the New York Life Insurance Company as one of the strongest and best, to all who seek insurance.

KING OF THE BLOOD.

FOR DROOPY. Case.—I was attacked with Abdominal Dropsy four years ago. I took medicine from five different doctors; I applied to the sixth, but he declined attempting my case, saying he thought me past remedy. Another thought he might help me, if I would be tapped, but I was so weak I thought I could not bear it. I then saw your KING OF THE BLOOD advertised. My son said he would send you for it, and he did so. When I began to take it I could not lie down or sit up straight, or wear a bandage; I was able to walk a little. I had not put on my stockings for some months. Persons who visited me thought I could not live any length of time. I very soon felt that your medicine was helping me, and by the time I had used the second bottle I could put on my stockings, and began to feel comfortable. In two months the water was all gone, and I was a living skeleton; but my appetite was good, and I began to gain flesh, and I now look as well as ever I did, and feel quite well.

Luthersburgh, Clearfield Co., Penn. Write for circulars to D. Ransom, Son & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NEVER allow either Diarrhoea, Dysentery, or any Bowel Affection to have its own way, or serious consequences may result; with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam at hand, these affections may be promptly, safely and efficaciously treated.

SHALLENBERGER'S PILLS are the one remedy that never fails to cure Fever and Ague. The most stubborn case is cured immediately. This is a stubborn fact.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE for August is well filled with interesting literary matter, comprising entertaining stories, instructive articles on natural history, biographical and historical sketches, poems, etc. Many of the articles are accompanied by appropriate illustrations. The frontispiece is an engraving of the Cathedral of St. Mark's, Venice. The number is a very readable one and contains a large amount of valuable information. The terms of this magazine are \$2.50 a year, with a reduction for clubs. A beautiful steel engraving sent free to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs. Address T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Some very pretty pictures are given in the number for August, illustrating the entertaining little stories, sketches and poems accompanying them. The children will be as highly delighted with this issue as they have been with former numbers. The subscription terms of this popular children's magazine are only \$1.25 a year; five copies, \$5.00; and one extra, \$10. T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

Revolutions Never Go Backward.

The philosophical theory that the human system when weakened by disease, oppressive heat, excessive labor or any other cause, should be toned and invigorated instead of being subjected to the action of depurating drugs, is gaining ground every day. The introduction of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters twenty years ago gave a powerful impetus to this common sense idea. As the extraordinary efficacy of the Great Vegetable Restorative became known, multitudes of debilitated invalids turned with loathing from the nauseous and strength-destroying potions with which it was then the fashion to drench the sick, to this renovating, appetizing, vitalizing preparation derived from the finest roots, herbs and bark, placed by botanical research at the disposal of medical science. Revolutions never go backward. From that time to the present the importance of assisting and reinforcing nature in her struggles with disease has been more and more widely and keenly appreciated by the sick and the suffering. In tens of thousands of households Hostetter's Bitters are looked upon as the one thing useful in cases of Dyspepsia, General Debility, Constipation, Nervous Weakness, Chills and Fever, Bilious Affections and all conditions of the body and mind that stem from a lack of vital energy. When the complexion sags, the hair falls out, the blood is resolving into a den under the fervid temperature, this agreeable tonic is the best possible safeguard against all the diseases generated by a sultry and unwholesome atmosphere. It prevents and relieves lassitude and languor, and enables the system to endure with impunity an unusual amount of exertion. Of all invigorating and regulating medicines, it is the purest and most wholesome.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including BEEF CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, CORN, OATS, WHEAT, and other commodities across different locations like NEW YORK, CHICAGO, and ST. LOUIS.