

broke the stillness of the night. Though my experience of Africa was not extensive, I instantly realised that my death was at hand, and that a man-eating lion was under my bed! No other animal, as I knew perfectly well, would be bold enough to come right into my hut in this manner. Now everyone will ask what were my feelings in this dreadful situation. Well, all I can say is, that everyone of my faculties seemed to be utterly paralysed with horror. Though perfectly conscious of everything that was going on, I was unable to utter a sound. My heart beat as though it would burst, and its tremendous throbbings almost suffocated me. I was almost fainting with terror at the thought of so dreadful a fate. After a moment or two I became aware that the lion had got out from under the bed, and was sniffing his way along the edge, perhaps a little puzled by the mosquito curtains. I then seemed to realise that I must do something, and instinctively, yet as noiselessly as possible, I huddled all the pillows and bedclothes up over my head and face—actuated by the same instinct, perhaps, which prompts little boys and girls to dive under the bed-clothes when afraid of the bogey-man.

No sooner had I done this than the lion, with a horrible purr, purr, grabbed me by the right shoulder and dragged me out on to the floor, bed-clothes and all. The brute immediately commenced to suck the blood that streamed down my neck and chest, and every time I moved he bit them more savagely; as I raised my knees to get into a crouching, protective position, he gave me a little pat with his paws which nearly broke my leg, and inflicted a dreadful wound. After a moment or two of this awful experience on the floor of the hut, the monster dropped me out of his mouth, placed one proud and massive paw on my chest, and then, throwing back his noble head, gave one, two, three, four terrific roars of triumph and defiance. As these mighty, reverberating sounds died away in deep, hoarse growls, I could hear the devil's own uproar outside. The niggers were firing off their guns like mad—the wonder is they never killed each other. I afterwards learned that the first thing each of them did was to swarm up the nearest available tree in order to get out of harm's way. It is necessary to bear in mind that a darkness prevailed in the clearing which might, in a homely language, have been 'felt.'

**A Great Sufferer from General Debility and Weakness Says**

**DR. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA SAVED HER LIFE.**

We give below a testimonial from Mrs. M. Crockett of Hilton, So. Australia, who also sends us her portrait:



"Some two years ago I was suffering from general debility, weakness, etc., and was so ill that I thought I never would be well again. I had the advice of two medical men and took much medicine, but I derived no good whatever. My husband was telling a friend how very ill I was and this friend told him to get for me

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

He did so and I took three bottles. I felt a great deal better. I continued taking it and in all I took eight bottles and was able to resume my household duties as well as I ever was. I feel sure that Ayer's Sarsaparilla was the means of saving my life. I strongly recommend it to anyone who is suffering as I did and if they will only persevere in its use I feel positive it will cure them."

For constipation take Dr. Ayer's Pills. They promptly relieve and surely cure. Take them with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla; one aids the other.

It seems that Morkel was awakened at the first roar, and, without a moment's delay, he got out of bed, put on his trousers and hat, and then sallied forth with his rifle, thinking that the lion must at least be very close to the camp, judging from the loudness of the roar he himself had heard. He made his way, or rather felt his way, over to my hut, doubtless wondering why I had not come out to meet him. He was guided partly by the excited cries of the Kaffirs, and partly by the loud purrs of the fearful brute that had got me. When Morkel got to the door, he cried out, 'Broekman, where are you? Speak to me, for God's sake!' I heard him, as, indeed, I had heard everything else, but was absolutely unable to utter a sound, though I was fully aware that my life depended upon it. Morkel must have worked round my hut, and seen the hole made by the lion, who simply pushed the poles on one side, and then tore out the mat walls, and crawled in under my bed. Then, of course, poor Dan realised what had happened, and he ran round to the other side and kicked the door down.

All this time, the only thing I seemed to take an interest in was the loud sipping suck, suck, made by the lion as he drew my life-blood into his reeking jaws. I remembered with a pang of regret, that I had not lived a model life recently, and I began to pray as I had never prayed before. As I prayed, I thought how curious it was that I should be lying there without the slightest sense of pain, with a man-eating lion chewing my flesh and drinking my blood. I could not realise the full horror of the thing. I had been lying on my back on the floor of the hut, with my neck and head resting against the side, when Morkel kicked in the door. As he did so the lion drove his terrible fangs into my right groin, and next moment, with another loud purr-r-r, he leapt out of the hut into the darkness—almost into Morkel's face. As he ran with me he seemed to be twisting and jerking me round sideways, as though striving to get me on his back.

You may imagine Dan Morkel's feelings as he groped around in the inky darkness, screaming out first to one nigger and then to another to bring lighted bunches of grass, for God's sake. He found his way into my hut, and on feeling in the bed he placed his hand on a large pool of blood, which gave unmistakable information as to what had happened. The lion ran across the clearing with me for about thirty yards, and put me down under a big baobab tree. He ran with a springy leap, purring loudly as he went, for all the world like a contented cat. Even as he ran he was sucking violently, and as the flesh became dry in one place he let me half drop out of his jaws and then bit savagely in another place, and commenced to suck again. The brute seemed to resent the slightest movement of my body. If I moved an arm he bit it viciously, and an uneasy jerk of my leg would be punished by a terrible scrape of the claws. I lay on my back at the base of the tree with the lion on the top of me, occasionally gazing at me with his great, luminous, greenish-yellow eyes, which seemed to fill me with unutterable loathing and horror, so expressionless and cold were they, yet so diabolical in their ruthless cruelty. I ought to tell you that from the very first I had not ceased to wonder how it was that the lion didn't kill me outright—either by biting my head or tearing me to pieces with his terrible claws. I had seen lions kill oxen by driving their heads down between their legs and so breaking their necks, and I knew that if the monster who was drawing my blood in streams into his mouth only chose to kill me he need only give me one little tap with his all-powerful paw.

But the lion seemed perfectly content and quiet with his prey. I felt his long, rough tongue scraping up my thighs and abdomen, and as it crept up higher I felt little gusts of his horrible, stinking breath, which was so utterly loathsome that I thought I should faint, so intense was the disgust that filled me. I half turned my head away, but still the long greedy tongue rose higher and higher towards my throat. Up to this time I had been reflecting, in a strangely calm manner, on the curious aspects of this frightful affair, precisely as though I were a disinterested outsider, instead of the dying victim of the man-eater. As I felt the lion's curiously soiled jaws near my face and throat, however, I was seized with

terror and instinctively I threw up both arms and thrust them far in between his jaws, and, indeed, almost down his throat. As I did so, the monster snapped off three fingers of my right hand, and, horrible as it may seem to the reader, I actually left my arms and hands lying idly in the lion's jaws. 'Thank God,' I thought, 'he is satisfied with sucking the bleeding fingers he has bitten off, and as long as I can keep him at arm's length with my hands in his mouth I will have yet a few moments of life left for earnest prayer.' And I prayed—God! how I prayed. Sometimes it seemed to me it was a little hard to die in this way, and I felt I didn't want to leave my bones in that horrible place. My life, however, was fast ebbing away, and later on I didn't seem to mind it so much. I grew fainter and fainter, and—so I am told—I kept moaning feebly, 'Dan, Dan. Oh, why can't you shoot him or do something? Oh, Dan, Dan, Dan.'

Constantly my thoughts reverted to my people at home, and I felt bitterly

sorry on their account, for I knew how horrified and shocked they would be at my terrible end. After thinking of these things for a few moments I would resign myself to death with a feeling of complacency, and then next moment, perhaps, I would have some kind of vague idea that I should be saved after all. I could distinctly feel each bite, because, although it caused not the slightest pain, yet, as the fearful fangs were driven into a fresh place in my thighs—the monster only chose the more fleshy parts—I was conscious of a strange numbness in that particular part. I kept murmuring to myself, gently, 'Perhaps he won't kill me after all—perhaps he will, though, the moment he has sucked that place dry. I wonder when he will commence eating me.' And then I reflected, quite in a serious sort of way, 'He will find me very dry eating, after all the blood-sucking he has done.'

During all this time the boys kept screaming, 'Nkanga, Nkanga!' (the lion, the lion), just as if they them-

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