

In a Lion's Grip.

A traveller who has lately returned from Africa thus describes an interview that he had with a lion, which seems to have been rather an unpleasant affair for him.

One morning (he says) I started off with some native beaters to see what I could do in the way of lion-hunting, and we had not gone far when I espied a superb beast with a glorious mane. I fired, and he ran farther into the scrub. Feeling sure that he

was wounded, I went to look for him.

After beating about in the jungle for some time, we came to a small clearing, and saw, fifty yards off, the lion in great anger, lashing his side with his tail. I dropped on one knee, aimed at the head, and fired. The brute, roaring awfully, bounded forward toward us, and my beaters ran off.

I fired again, and hit the beast, but without killing him, and in a moment we were face to face. I was then knocked over, and felt my

right leg squeezed as if in a vice. I tried to seize the brute by the throat, but was held too firmly by him, and the feeling that I was lost came home to me with terrible force.

Suddenly I felt the lion's grip relax, and, what seemed to me miraculous, he moved off a few feet, and stood looking in the direction in which my men fled.

"If he thinks me dead," I thought, "perhaps I may be saved."

While he stood thus, gazing through the bush, I was able to get hold of my rifle, and rapidly fired

just as he was turning round to finish me. By good chance I hit a vital spot, and the animal rolled over, dead.

My leg was in a fearful state, and so were my chest and shoulder; and for twenty days after the accident I was in the hospital, being treated for the bruises and laceration I had gained.

"Look, mother!" said Bobby, who hadn't been out after dark before. "The lamp pets are in blossom!"



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