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PROFESSIONAL CALENDAR.

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MISS PALLAS EUDORA VOY BLURKY. Miss Pallas Eudora Von Blurky.

High Spanish and Greek. She could tell the great uses of Moses.

And the dates of the war of the Roses. And the reason of things.

Why the shikaree was wrong in his grammar. And the meaning of Emerson's "Bravura."

And she went dipping rocks. With a little black bag.

And a small geological hammer. She had views upon co-education.

And the principal needs of the nation. And she talked with an episcopal clerk.

And she talked with an episcopal clerk. In the sweetest of styles.

But she didn't know chicken from turkey. "He cannot escape."

"Not yet, old boy. There's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

"He cannot escape." "Not if we can help it, but if he's lodia bagh—a game-killing tiger—we may lose him yet."

There is, in my opinion, only one variety of tiger, although the animal, like all others that are acquainted with, is subject to a slight variation of appearance that may be more or less accounted for by its peculiar habits, which vary according to the locality and nature of the country he ranges over.

I looked in my time at three kinds of tigers, which they distinguish according to their habits and range by the following names: First, the lodia bagh, or game-killing tiger; secondly, the oontia bagh, which lives chiefly upon domestic cattle; and thirdly, the salim klama wallah, or man-eater, which, like the other two, is few and far between.

A single tiger will kill a bullock or buffalo every five days, if he goes the chance, often eating the hindquarter the first night, and hiding the remainder in a bush to consume at his leisure.

On receiving the shot the tiger doubled his head and paws into his chest, and turning completely over head and heels, disappeared over a boulder in the jungle.

"I've hit him!" triumphantly exclaimed my companion. "You have." "I fished him between the eyes."

"Not a bit of it, you struck him in the chest, and I don't think he's badly hit." "Clear that jungle a little!" shouted Farquharson, who, with all the rashness of the neophyte, was for dashing after the brute in hot haste.

While he was thus tremendously engaged for Farquharson was practicing eyes perceived a disturbance in the grass a little to the left of the spot at which the tiger disappeared. A "duck" of the tongue against the teeth from the shikaree confirmed me.

"Look out, Alick, he's there!" yelled for Farquharson was already treading. I have no other word for it—the grassy billows of the jungle in a frantic eagerness to grapple with the quarry.

Farquharson had reached an open space, when the tiger leaped forth, and with a tremendous bound, buried its head and horns in the neck of the man, and they went down together.

"Great God! he's done for!" was my exclamation, as the blood gave a mad thrub in my veins; then it became cold as ice, and I resolved to save the poor fellow, if I could.

It was an awful moment, and as I write I see the ghastly head of that tiger, its gleaming eyes, its quivering whiskers, its distorted upper lip, its enormous form; while I also behold the face of poor Alick Farquharson, white as death, the terrible heat's nose touching his cheek, while beneath him lay his gun, the groaning of the tiger stretched out behind it on the yellow earth.

I repeat, it was an awful moment, but, thank heaven! I was equal to the emergency, and made my calculations with as much sharp froid as a clerk might set up a row of figures in the assured safety of a counting house in the city.

I was but ten yards off, and at that distance there was a considerable risk of shooting both the man and beast; for, unless I let the tiger have it in the head, it was all up with my friend.

I leaped forward until I came within two yards.

My heart gave one beat backward as I raised the weapon to my shoulder.

I aimed at the side of the head, and the bullet went from ear to ear.

The shot was mortal; the dark blood rushed from the tiger's nostrils, a slight tremor passed over all his limbs, and he rolled off.

Alick Farquharson then scrambled up to his feet, very white, with his left arm besmeared with blood.

His first words were: "By Jove! that was a shot. We've done old Bagpipes out of the skin!"

I don't know how it was, but I found myself on the young fellow's neck, and hardened sinner that I was, burst into tears like a woman. It was rather lucky I didn't feel that way half a minute before, wasn't it?"

Alick's wounds were not dangerous, and he was all right in a few days.

Colonel "Old Bagpipes" endeavored to nibble the skin, but Farquharson didn't see it, and it now, I believe, decorates the grand old hall at Invercauld which, as everybody knows, is the most residence of Queen Victoria's Highland home.

The huge brute was eight feet eight inches long, including the tail, which was three feet in length.

I have potted two men-enters since that memorable day, but I hope never to realize so terrible an experience as that which Alick Farquharson's rashness so happily or unhappily afforded me.

Poetical. SO COMETH THE RAIN. BY MAY V. HARVEY.

Out of my window I watch the rain, A blank, white mist driven through the gate.

Of the mountain fells, sweep on by a great Redoubt's force till the hills wane.

And melt from view; now the pines are tossed, And the oak's brown limbs writhe in the gale;

The dark madrons are growing pale; For the blast has swept the hidden side

Of the glossy leaves to the storm's wild pride; The white drops are driven against the pane—

So cometh the rain. The waves are pouring a drenching down, The storm is in the wild, white spray,

The room is in its twilight, as if the day Was shrinking away from the storm King's frown;

Each hollow cushion beneath the foot, Each carpet flung with the rushing drops,

And all through the wind-rattled, wild, wet world, So falleth the rain. The trees are howling their heavy tops; The storm beats in at the window pane—

So falleth the rain. But see! in the distance a yellow light Hints through the clouds, and the far hills rise,

Dividing the air, to the golden skies; And the storm, as one wounded in his night,

Traits snoriward, and matters beneath his feet, And departs with the majesty of death.

The drops still glitter on twig and leaf, And a slight tinge gives a sweet relief.

The sun shines in at the window pane— So cometh the rain.

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An Awful Alligator. The long wharf at Manalapan, Florida, stretches some six hundred feet into the peaceful St. John's, and hither repair the fishermen, after the night's toil, in their row-boats with their nets, to sell the quivering fish to the inhabitants and ship the surplus by morning steamer to Jacksonville.

I strolled down the wharf in quest of a mess and met a tall, bony fisherman, on whose face the habit of fishing all night had left a very plain impression.

"Haven't got a fish," said he. "No luck at all last night. I should have had some luck, too, if it wasn't for an alligator. He got in my net and it took me nearly all night to get him out, and there were two of the prettiest schools of bass flopping by that I ever saw. In stead of getting a good lot of um, as I ought ter have done, and would have done if it wasn't for that alligator, here I am this morning with nothing at all in the boat except the thing."

"Have you got him in the boat?" I asked.

"Yes, don't yer want to come down and see him?"

I followed him down to the end of the wharf, and preceding us went his fisher companion, a lad of about seventeen.

The boat lay moored to the bulkhead, and above on the wharf, under a shed, sat half a dozen negro women with their babies, waiting for the next steambot.

The boy led me down to the end of the wharf, and preceding us went his fisher companion, a lad of about seventeen.

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Select Story. A TERRIBLE MOMENT. I had just rejoined my regiment in India, the Forty-second Highlanders, better known as the Black Watch, after a year of sick leave in England. I was seated in my friend John McGregor's cozy and comfortable bungalow, gossiping over all that had occurred in the corps during my absence, when young Alick Farquharson, strolled in with the, to me, pleasing intelligence of "The shikaree has been shot."

"By Jove, that old shikaree, what you may call um—I never can recollect his name—has smelt the beast, and the Colonel is for getting up a grand hunt, for the purpose of bagging the brute and the skin!"

"Mentioning a lady's name, the owner whereof—well, I will not repeat the story."

"Did that the Colonel," grumbled Sandy McPherson, who spoke with as strong a Scotch accent as any "brach chieft" north of the Tweed, "was the time spent in the forest, acquired from the fact of his ordering the pipers of the corps to play at chotchkash, alias