

TANTALUS—TEXAS.

"If I may trust your love," she cried,
 "And you would have me for a bride,
 Ride over yonder plain, and bring
 Your flask full from the Mustang spring;
 Fly, fast as ever eagle's wing
 O'er the Llano Estacado!"
 He heard, and bowed without a word,
 His gallant steed, he lightly spurred;
 He turned his face, and rode away
 Toward the grave of dying day
 And vanished with its parting ray
 On the Llano Estacado.

Night came and found him riding on,
 Day came, and still he rode alone;
 He spared not spur, he drew not rein
 Across that broad unchanging plain
 Till he the Mustang spring might gain
 On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a lit le draught
 Hot from his hand, and quick'y quaffed;
 His flask was filled, and then he turned,
 Once more his speed the magnum spurred,
 Once more the sky above him burned,
 On the Llano Estacado.

How the quivering landscape glowed!
 His brain's e-m-d boiling as he rode;
 Was it a dream, a drunken one,
 Or was he really riding on?
 Was that a skull that gleamed and shone
 On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried,
 "So often true, so often tri d,
 Bear up a little longer yet!"
 His mouth was black with blood and sweat,
 Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet
 On the Llano Estacado!

And still, within his breast, he held
 The pre i us flask so lately filled,
 Oh, for a drink! But well he knew
 If empty it should meet his view,
 Her scorn; but still his longing grew
 On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on,
 Giddy, blind, beaten and alone.
 While on a cushioned couch you lie,
 Oh, think how hard it is to die
 Beneath the cruel, cloudless sky,
 On the Llano Estacado.

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell.
 His day had come, he knew full well,
 And raising his lips the flask,
 The end, the o' ject of his task,
 Drink to her, mory she could not ask,
 Ah! the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Præsidio
 Beneath the torch lights' way glow,
 She danced, and never thought of him,
 The vic i m of a woman's whim,
 Lying, with face upturned and grin;
 On the Llano Estacado.
 —[Joaquin Miller.]

THE TIGER'S BREATH.

BY HENRY W. FRENCH.

"Why do you put me up in a tree,
 Oomerkahn, while the barra saheb stands
 on the ground? Do you think me a
 coward?"
 Oomerkahn touched his closed hands
 solemnly to his dark forehead as he
 replied. "The bravest man, saheb, is not
 safe to face the tiger, till he has felt
 the tiger's breath."

I had heard that proverb before, but
 never supposed that it really meant any
 more than my own nursery rhyme about
 salt on the dicky bird's tail. There
 was no help for it, however, for Oomerkahn
 was conducting the hunt, so I accepted
 his proverb as a polite way of
 assuring me that in reality he did not
 consider me a coward, and disposed of
 myself upon the branch where he directed,
 mentally resolving to be on the
 alert till I showed the stately Hindu his
 mistake, and then gave him a piece of
 my offended mind.

This was my first experience, and I
 felt as brave as anyone has a right to
 under such circumstances. I was a
 novice in India and my host, the "barra
 saheb," as he was called about his planta-
 tion, had taken me into the hills for an
 initiation.

No sooner had we arrived at his planta-
 tion than there came an appeal from the
 nearest village that he rid them of a
 man-eating tiger that had settled in
 their neighborhood. Oomerkahn was the
 native superintendent of my host's
 farm and at once received his orders to
 organize a hunt.

There were several guests, all well
 mounted, and early in the morning we
 rode out to the village. The tiger had
 been located in a jungle two miles away.
 He had made an extraordinary raid the
 night before, taking both a man and a
 calf before he was satisfied, and there
 was no doubt about finding him en-
 circled in his lair, sleeping off the
 effects.

Oomerkahn arranged us, first in a half-
 circle, 200 yards from the jungle, while
 he, at the head of a hundred or more
 natives, entered the dense grove from
 the opposite side. They were the beaters,
 and with sticks and torches and tom-toms
 and a long line of flags they began the
 racket possible. They were arranged in
 a long line and worked their way toward
 us, intent on frightening the tiger out of
 the jungle into our semi circle, where,
 according to the position in which he
 appeared, we were to have our turns at
 shooting.

It was an hour of intense excitement,
 each hoping the tiger would show him-
 self in his particular division, but the
 beaters came out without finding him at
 all. They were thoroughly exhausted
 and declared that the tiger was not there.
 "But I tell you that he is!" exclaimed
 our host, impatiently. "No tiger ever
 started on a pilgrimage after such a sup-
 per as he had last night."

He dismounted, and leaving his horse
 with a coolie he deliberately entered the
 jungle on foot. Seeing this, we all fol-
 lowed his example, in spite of a caution
 from Oomerkahn.

The barra saheb was an experienced
 tiger hunter, and in half an hour he
 pointed to a dark spot under some bushes,
 saying to a coolie, "Throw a stone in
 there."

The stone disappeared without strik-
 ing anything.

"There's a hole there at all events,"
 the barra saheb muttered, himself creep-
 ing a little nearer and throwing in a
 larger stone with all his strength.

Suddenly the air began to tremble.
 There was no distinct sound, but it was
 like the first breath of a great organ.

"He is there," said the barra saheb,
 and it was then that Oomerkahn hastily
 placed his forces, which resulted in my
 being safely lodged on the limb, with
 what I considered a doubtful compli-
 ment.

Then the order was given to burn him
 out, and while Oomerkahn and one or
 two coolies built a fire as close to the
 mouth of the cave as possible, the barra
 saheb took a position beside the trunk
 of a tree directly in front and perhaps
 ten feet away.

The jungle was so thick that not a
 ray of sunlight fell anywhere about us.
 It was like twilight, and the fire lit it
 up with a frightful, ghostly glare, while
 on every side sounded the cries of
 frightened birds and animals.

As soon as the fire was burning well
 the coolies crept away, while Oomerkahn
 caught some of the blazing sticks, threw
 them directly into the mouth of the
 cave and sprang back. He was none
 too quick. I saw the barra saheb's rifle
 leap to his shoulder. His acute ear had
 caught a change in those deep, rumbling
 notes to which we were becoming
 accustomed.

In his haste the Hindu had stumbled
 and fallen upon his back. The next in-
 stant the very ground seemed to shake
 as the air had trembled before. There
 was a terrific crash, like a sharp peal of
 thunder. A huge form burst from the
 shabby half concealing the entrance
 to the cave and a royal Bengal tiger was
 literally gliding through the air. He
 swept like a dark cloud over the darting
 flames and prostrate form of Oomerkahn.
 His huge fore paws were extended. His
 eyes were shut. His great jaws,
 which had so recently crushed the
 life out of a human being, were stretched
 wide open. His long, savage teeth
 gleamed in the firelight as he passed
 over it.

He was not leaping toward me. He
 could not by any possibility reach me,
 yet the sound of that roar and the sight
 of that huge, tawny body as it swept the
 flames filled me with such terror as I
 never felt before. It caught my breath
 away. My heart stood still. I clutched
 my rifle, utterly helpless.

No. I was not to be trusted to face a
 tiger. There was no doubt of that. In
 blank astonishment I saw the barra saheb
 standing calmly by the tree. I saw the
 flash and heard the report of his rifle as
 the ferocious beast came abreast of him.
 I saw him lean behind the tree as he
 fired, and the next next instant, with a
 wild yell, the tiger struck the ground
 not five feet from where the barra saheb
 had stood. For a moment it lay coiled
 where it fell, a great mass of fur, then
 gave one fearful contortion and stretched
 itself to its full length, shuddered and
 died.

Even then I trembled from head to
 foot as I climbed down from the tree,
 and hardly dared to approach the lifeless
 mass.

I did my best to be markedly civil to
 Oomerkahn through the rest of the day,
 and quietly made up my mind that it
 would take more than feeling a tiger's
 breath to make me safe to face a tiger.

It is strange how easy it is to leap
 from one conclusion to its opposite; but
 I had an opportunity to discover another
 mistake a short time afterward.

Mounted on elephants, my friend and
 I were making a trip into the interior
 toward my destination. The weather
 was so hot that we rode early in the
 morning and just before dark. I was
 sitting in my howdah, half asleep from
 the effect of the heat and the peculiar
 motion of the elephant, when I was sud-
 denly roused by a shrill shriek from the
 elephant, accompanied by a quick jerk,
 a sharp ejaculation from the mahoot sit-
 ting on his head and a loud cry from my
 friend, who was riding not far behind.

Opening my eyes, the first thing I saw
 was a tiger in midair, apparently flying
 directly toward me.

Altogether the situation was thorough-
 ly bewildering, and I confess that from
 the start my wife forsook me.

Thanks to the sudden lurch of the ele-
 phant, which was for that express pur-
 pose, the tiger missed his aim, and in-
 stead of striking the howdah he hit upon
 the elephant's haunch, where his gleam-
 ing, yellow claws sank into the thick
 hide. For an instant he hung there with-
 out another motion, looking directly up
 at me.

"He'll begin to climb in a second," my
 friend shouted, hurrying on behind,
 while my own elephant moved faster and
 faster in an effort to dislodge his burden.
 "Aim for his breast. Shoot steady and
 sure. Don't miss him for your life!"

One who has never faced a tiger will
 doubtless think it simple cowardice,
 though I have met many old tiger
 hunters who have recounted the same
 experience at the start—yet, had it not
 been for that warning call from my
 friend, I positively doubt if I should
 have once thought of my rifle. As it
 was, I lifted it mechanically to my
 shoulder. I did not trouble myself about
 the aim, for I could not take my eyes
 from that savage face. I was thoroughly
 bemused and bewildered. My hand
 shook so that more than once my finger
 slipped from the trigger before I mustered
 strength enough to pull.

The moment the report sounded the
 mahoot turned the elephant sharply to
 one side. That is one of the common
 regulations of tiger hunting with ele-
 phants, when the tiger is lodged, in
 order to throw him off before he can do
 any damage in case he is not instantly
 killed. It was new to me, however, and
 I was not prepared for it. As the tiger
 fell to the ground, with a fierce howl,
 I came within an inch of following him.
 Fortunately, I landed upon the very edge
 of the howdah and held on.

The next I knew my friend was shout-
 ing again.

"Look out for him!" he cried. "He's
 only wounded. He'll spring! Load quick
 and finish him the minute he lands!"

So long as I was not facing the tiger I
 could move quickly enough. A fresh
 cartridge was in place in no time; but
 the elephant had not gone twenty feet
 when the tiger lunged, tore the earth for
 an instant, precisely as I have seen a cat
 attempt to tear a rug, then made two cat-
 like bounds and another flying leap,
 landing, in spite of the elephant, within
 six inches of my head.

The native lost his turban and only
 escaped being trampled upon by dipping
 down the elephant's trunk. Beyond

that, however, the tiger did not pay him
 the slightest attention. His eyes were
 fixed on me. He was makizg for the
 howdah.

His red and quivering gullet and gla-
 tening teeth were already on a level
 with my feet. I stood there petrified,
 looking down into that yawning cavern
 out of which the hoarse breath came in
 short, harsh gasps.

"Give it to him! Give it to him!"
 my friend shouted. I heard his words
 as though they came from a phonograph
 and had no connection with me. I knew
 the danger I was in, and that there was
 no time to lose, but I was absolutely
 powerless.

The tiger began to crawl toward me.
 "Shoot! shoot!" my friend yelled, and
 I tried to; but though the hammer was
 already raised and the rifle pointed in
 the direction of the tiger, I could not
 even lift it to my shoulder. I could not
 even pull the trigger where it was.

The tiger took another step. One great
 paw rested on my boot. I could feel the
 sharp claws cutting through the leather.
 I could feel the hot breath on my hands
 as it came rasping out of that yawning
 throat. I heard my friend's voice again
 and realized that he had come up close
 beside me, but this time I could not dis-
 tinguish a word he said. I could see
 nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, but
 that tiger.

The muzzle of the gun was in the
 creature's eye. He caught it in his jaws
 and gave it a savage jerk. The involun-
 tary action of my muscles in clenching
 the rifle, to prevent its being torn away,
 pulled the trigger. The tiger recoiled
 and with one spasm fell dead upon the
 ground. The bullet had pierced the roof
 of his mouth and lodged in his brain,
 thanks only to himself.—[St. Louis Re.]

Titles of the Prince of Wales.

The official titles of the Prince of
 Wales are numerous. His official style
 is as follows: The Most High, Pious and
 Illustrious Prince Albert Edward,
 Prince of the United Kingdom of Great
 Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales,
 Duke of Saxony, Prince of Sax-Coburg
 and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland,
 Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of
 Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of
 Renfrow, lord of the isles, K. G., K. T.,
 K. P., G. C. R., G. C. I. I., G. C. I. E.
 P. C. I., field marshal in the army,
 colonel-in-chief First and Second life
 guards and royal horse guards, colonel
 Tenth Prince of Wales' own regiment of
 royal hussars, honorable colonel of several
 Indian regiments; of the second
 brigade eastern division royal artillery;
 of the Third battalion Duke of Cornwall's
 Light Infantry; of the Third battalion
 Gordon Highlanders; also of the Oxford
 and of the Cambridge University, Middle-
 sex civil service. Sutherland highlanders
 and Third Swansea rifle volunteer regiments;
 honorable admiral in the fleet,
 personal ad-de-camp to her majesty,
 honorable captain of the royal naval re-
 serve, elder brother of Trinity House,
 president of the Society of Arts, president
 of St. Bartholomew's hospital, trustee
 of the British Museum, grand master
 of the united grand lodge of Free
 and Accepted Masons of England,
 student of Jena, field marshal in the
 German army, colonel of the Fifth
 Pomeranian hussars, colonel of the Danish
 hussars of the guard, etc., etc., etc.
 —[Chicago Herald.]

Oil-Soaked Carcasses.

Health Officer Keeney has made a new
 rule as to the treatment of carcasses of
 calves and other animals, which have
 been seized by the market inspectors as
 unfit for human consumption. The ob-
 ject of the regulation is to prevent any
 possibility of such carcasses being taken
 out of the hands of the city's
 representatives, after the first seizure
 has been made, and disposed of for food
 purposes. To this end the market in-
 spectors will hereafter saturate such
 carcasses with kerosene before allowing
 them to go out of their possession.
 They will then be turned over, as heretofore,
 to Alpers to be used for fertilizing
 purposes, and if any one contrives to
 steal them from Alpers before they can
 be so used he will scarcely be able to
 profit by his enterprise.—[San Francisco
 Chronicle.]

Katchin Ante-Funeral Ceremonies.

I was never present at a complete fun-
 eral ceremony, but once took a modest
 part in the saturnalia held while the
 corpse is still above ground. There is
 nothing very remarkable about it, the
 main idea being to make as much noise
 as possible, to frighten away ghouls and
 evilly disposed nats, and at the same
 time hint to the newly liberated spirit
 that his late residence is no place for a
 serious-minded ghost. With this end in
 view the whole proceeds to get uproar-
 ously drunk on rice spirit, and, assem-
 bling in the dead man's house, shouts,
 beats, drums and cymbals, dances and
 slashes the air with dabs, until, unable
 to drink, dance, beat and slash any more,
 it falls into a drunken stupor, the silence
 of which is only broken throughout the
 night by the mournful wails of a widow
 or daughter.—[Scribner's Magazine.]

Killing a Horse by Throwing Him.

There is a certain way that experienced
 stockmen know of throwing a horse down
 so as to break his neck and kill him at
 once. An ordinary halter is put on the
 horse, the lead-strap from it passed be-
 tween the horse's front legs, a turn being
 taken around the far one near the fet-
 lock. The executioner then hits the
 horse a sharp cut with a whip, and when
 he jumps up pulls sharply and strongly
 on the halter strap. The horse strikes
 head first with the entire weight on his
 neck. The fall is invariably fatal.

Cheap Substitute for Putty.

A cheap and effective substitute for
 putty to stop cracks in woodwork is
 made by soaking newspapers in a paste
 made by boiling a pound of flour in three
 quarts of water and adding a teaspoonful
 of slum. The mixture should be of
 about the same consistency as putty and
 should be forced into the cracks with a
 case knife. It will harden like papier
 mache and when dry may be painted or
 stained to match its surroundings, when
 it will be almost imperceptible.—[New
 York Telegram.]

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

To a Song Bird—The Age of the Pre-
 cocious—An Important Drawback,
 etc., etc.

TO A SONG BIRD.
 Oh, song bird, madly caroling
 Your careless life away,
 How good it is to hear you sing
 Your song from day to day.

Yet, though they bring us happiness,
 Those melodies so sweet,
 We'd like you better, we confess,
 If you were good to eat.

—[Detroit Free Press.]

THE AGE OF THE PRECOCIOUS.

Mrs. Jones—Ethel, you might tell
 me who the young man is that called last
 evening.
 Ethel [just 17]—Certainly, mamma, if
 you're curious about it; that's the young
 man I'm engaged to.

AN IMPORTANT DRAWBACK.

Mrs. Parvone.—Do you enjoy opera?
 Mrs. Nurich (who has a box by the
 season)—Very much; if it weren't for
 the horrid playing and singing they
 keep up on the stage.—[Chicago Record.]

PRACTICAL LESSON IN POLITENESS.

Little Ethel—It's awful impolite to
 ask for things.
 Little Johnny—Course it is. What of
 it?
 Little Ethel—Nothing, only I'm gettin'
 hungry for some candy I've got in my
 pocket, and there isn't enough for two.

A FATAL OBJECTION.

Aunt—My child, you can never marry
 Charlie Hunker.
 Niece—Oh, aunt! surely you do not
 mean that he is dissipated?
 Aunt—No; but his fortune is.—[Judge.]

A DILEMMA.

Magistrate—You are accused of not
 supporting your wife.
 Prisoner—But, your honor, you don't
 know my wife. She is insupportable.—
 [Truth.]

A HUBBUB.

"How noisy that child is!"
 "He can't help it. He's from Boston."
 "What has that to do with it?"
 "He's a Hub-bub."—[Truth.]

A REBUKE.

"I hope," she said severely, "that
 you have not been drinkin'."
 "Madam," said Meandering Mike, "I
 leave yer door fur ever. However un-
 friendly an' uncharitable yer feelin' to-
 ward a feller beer' may be, it's ongen-
 uous an' cruel to remind him of his mis-
 fortunes!"—[Washington Star.]

THE ONLY TEST.

Hardapp—I tried to sell those dia-
 monds I bought of you, and was told
 they were not genuine.
 Jeweler—Did you sell 'em?
 Hardapp—Yes, for almost nothing.
 Jeweler—Well, you go back and try
 to buy them, and you will find out that
 they are genuine.—[New York Weekly.]

SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.

"See here," said the man who had
 married a widow, "hasn't your hair
 turned gray rather suddenly since we
 were wed?"
 "Oh," said she, "that's from fright.
 I was so scared when you proposed to
 me, don't you know?"—[Indianapolis
 Journal.]

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

Miss Winslow—I'm very glad you
 called, Mr. Walker.
 Mr. Walker—Oh, thanks, awfully.
 Miss Winslow (more enthusiastically)
 —Yes, I am so delighted to have seen
 that beautiful dog of yours.—[Truth.]

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME.

There were two colored wagons at the
 football game. One of them had a grocer's
 sign plainly lettered on its side, but the
 nature of the other was not so easily de-
 termined.

"Get out o' me way," said the driver
 of the grocery wagon. "You ought to
 be off to yer work, anyhow."
 "Get ought yer self," was the reply;
 "I reckon I've got a heap more business
 here than you have."
 "Well, I guess not. I'm a-drivin'
 a grocery wagon, I am, and I'm a-waitin'
 ter get one of the players' order for din-
 ner."

"Grocery wagon! Well, pardner, for
 a football game you ain't in it. This
 wagon that I'm a-drivin' is a ambul-
 ance."
 Hoppers (in the ball-room)—What
 in thunder is that paper Mrs. Richey's
 got pinned on her dress?
 Mopps—Well, you see Mrs. Richey's
 diamonds are so valuable that he doesn't
 dare wear them in society, and so she
 wears that paper. It's an affidavit that
 she does have 'em.—[Chicago Record.]

PROSPECTIVE WEALTH.

"Say, Johnny," said an urchin, "I've
 got a scheme."
 "What is it?" said another.
 "See dat feller puttin' in coal over
 there?"
 "Yes."
 "Go over an' call him names. Maybe
 he'll t'row a piece at yer."—[Washington
 Star.]

TOO NICE TO LAST.

Peddler—Is the lady of the house
 in?
 Mr. Newlywed—Yes; but there isn't a
 thing in the wide world we want.
 Peddler—All right, sir, I'll call again
 when the honeymoon is over.—[Truth.]

A NECESSARY TRAINING.

"What is the matter with Dickie Van
 Wibbles?"
 "Nothing that I know of."
 "I saw him in the gymnasium just
 now going through the most horrible
 facial contortions. But when I spoke to
 him he appeared to recover instantly."
 "Oh, that's all right. Dickie was tak-
 ing his exercise."
 "I don't quite understand you."

"He is developing his facial muscles
 so as to get a good grip on his monocle."
 —[Washington Star.]

XENOPHON SIZED UP.

Professor—To what did Xenophon owe
 his reputation?
 Student—Principally to the fact that
 his name commenced with an X and came
 in so handy for the headlines in alpha-
 betical copy books.—Puck.

A FATAL ERROR.

Borrowes—Nelly, hand me my um-
 brella, will you? It has commenced to
 rain.
 Mrs. B.—I lent your umbrella to Mr.
 Sweetfern last night.

Borrowes—What did you do that
 for? Didn't you know it was his?—
 [Puck.]

IT REMINDED HER.

The young man was prematurely gray,
 and was not a little proud of it.
 "Looks quite poetic, don't you
 think?" he could not forbear asking of
 the young woman he was calling on.
 "It does remind me of a certain poem,
 I must admit," said she.
 "And what poem is that?"
 "When the frost is on the pump-
 kin."
 And his hair went on whitening at a
 more rapid rate than ever.—[Indianapolis
 Journal.]

CLEVER AT MATHEMATICS.

Mamma—Robbie, how many time
 have I told you that you cannot have
 two pieces of pie?
 Robbie—I don't know, unless you can
 tell me how often we've had pie.—[Chi-
 cago Inter-Ocean.]

ONLY A WOMAN COULD SAY SO.

Miss Muggy—I wonder if George
 knows I have money.
 Friend—Has he proposed?
 "He has."
 "He knows."—[New York Weekly.]

DAYS OF CHIVALRY GONE.

Wife (drearily)—Ah, me! The days of
 chivalry are past.
 Husband—What's the matter now?
 "Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak
 on the ground for Queen Eliza-
 beth to walk over, but you get mad
 simply because poor dear mother sat
 down on your hat."—[New York Weekly.]

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

"I gave Robbins a cigar out of this
 box a few days ago."
 "Has he got even with you yet?"
 [Truth.]

LOGICAL INFERENCE.

"I wonder how Europeans come to
 persist in that idea that bands of sav-
 ages frequent New York," asked the the-
 atical young man.
 "Possibly," replied his sister, "be-
 cause some of the visitors to this country
 have heard a football team giving the
 college yell."—[Washington Star.]

A SINECURE.

First Female—What business are you
 engaged in?
 Second Female—I am a book agent.
 F. F.—