

A BAG OF BIG GAME.

Royal Sport Enjoyed by the Guests of an Indian Prince.

In the Century there is an article entitled "After Big Game in Africa and India," written by H. W. Seton-Karr. Mr. Karr was a guest of the Maharaja of Kuch Behar in the latter country, and he describes an exciting hunt from elephant back. He says: "The Maharaja of Kuch Behar is a big game hunter and has always had a large stud of elephants and hunted in this way; and since big game is now comparatively scarce even in Assam, we should not have made any bag worth speaking of if we had not had the benefit of his experience. Not more than three or four beasts could be accomplished in one day. Considerable distances had often to be traversed from one jungle to another, and the intervals were often long and tedious under an Indian sun; a most of us carried books and papers to read while the elephants were getting into position. When the hunt had once begun, however, all one's senses were on the alert. By the men's barbans, or the white smudge of one of the sides-decantly bobbing up and down, one could generally distinguish over the tops of the reeds the position of the beating-line in the far distance, and hear an occasional shout and the shrill trumpet of an elephant.

In the midday stillness, broken only by the constant flapping and fanning of the elephant's huge ears, one can distinguish the approach and mark the path of most of the wild animals by the rustling in the grass and reeds. But the approach of the panther and the tiger is heralded by no such sign. By experience one's eye becomes trained to discriminate between the swaying of the reeds caused by the wind and that due to the cautious advance of an unseen beast, whether deer, boar, bear, or something bigger still. When tiger or "rhino" are known to be at home, such small fry as these are allowed to pass unharmed, for fear of turning the object of pursuit; but when the larger game are advancing at full speed, it needs no expert to distinguish their appalling crashes from the whispering of a breeze. Will he break cover in front, or will the next gun get the shot? Standing in expectation, with guns loaded and heart beating, this is the most exciting moment of the day. The howdahs are being thus placed at intervals, and usually out of sight of one another, one was not always able to judge by the shots fired as to what was going on; but I was unusually fortunate in the number of animals breaking cover at a point immediately opposite to me, and consequently in the chances I obtained.

I took leave of the Maharaja shortly before the breaking up of the second shooting camp, which took place about a month later, in his own country; but the total bag included seventeen tigers, seven rhinoceroses, and nearly forty buffaloes, besides bison, bear and panther.

Two Uses of Money.

Money is what it will do. A piece of money was seen "doing" what it was never made for, in front of the Mail and Express office this morning. A smoker had a cigar and a match, but no convenient place to strike a light. The sole of his shoe was damp, and he may have had an esthetic reluctance to join that ignoble army that marks buildings with salt-petre scars. He fumbled in his change pocket, found a half dollar, struck his match upon it, and walked away serenely puffing the cigar of the Havana.

Not every wearer of eyeglasses knows that a piece of paper money is the best thing with which to polish lenses. Sometimes the clean, soft handkerchief carried for the purpose fails to remove that blur on the glass that so vexes the wearer. A bill of any denomination, but not too new, will, if used in place of the linen, make the lens like crystal in a moment. The action may look like vulgar ostentation of wealth, but it costs nothing after all.—New York Mail and Express

SCROFULA CURED

Hood's Sarsaparilla Just Was Needed.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula troubles and it has given me relief. I find it drives away that tired feeling and it is just what is needed when the system is run down. I gladly recommend Hood's."

CHARLES A. BAKER, Little Utica, New York. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

CAUGHT ON THE PILOT.

Thrilling and Remarkable Experience of a Denver Wheelman.

Louis Riethmann, a Denver bicyclist, is daily receiving letters asking him what make wheel he rides. The present unthought accession to his daily mail comes as the result of a thrilling experience he had while out riding with his friend Louis Philbeck, a visitor from Indianapolis. The two took a spin along beyond Sand Creek in the afternoon, and about 5 o'clock started on the return journey. On nearing the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf tracks they heard the rumble of an approaching train. Philbeck, who was in the lead, saw that there was not time to safely cross the railroad and stepped off, at the same time giving a warning to his friend. The latter did not fully understand, and throwing all his leg power into action made a dash. The train was coming thirty miles an hour and caught Riethmann just as he was on the center of the track. The engineer saw the inevitable smash coming, but was unable to slow up until he had passed the spot several hundred feet. Then he, the train crew, the passengers and Philbeck began looking under the cars for the mangled remains of Riethmann. None thought to look on the cowcatcher until a wavering cry from that point attracted their attention. There they found the supposed victim, one hand firmly clasping the flagstaff of the engine and the other hanging on to the bicycle. He was in a half-dazed condition from the shock, but close examination showed that neither he nor his wheel was in the least damaged. Riethmann has no idea how he landed safely on the cowcatcher, the terrible force of the situation having set his wits astray for the moment. Next day he was around as usual, but has mentioned in confidence that for the future he will always find time to wait until the train passes.

How to Prolong Life.

"Interference anticipates age," said the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. The more the social causes of mental and physical organic diseases are investigated, the more closely the origin of degenerative organic changes leading to premature degeneration and decay are questioned, the more closely does it come out that interference, often not expected by the person himself who is implicated in it, so subtle is its influence, is at the root of the evil. When old age has really commenced, its march toward final decay is best delayed by attention to those rules of conservation by which life is sustained with the least friction and the least waste. The prime rules for this purpose are—to subsist on light but nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to season. To take food in moderate quantities four times in the day, including a light meal before going to bed; to clothe warmly, but lightly, so that the body may in all seasons maintain its equal temperature; to keep the body in fair exercise, and the mind active and cheerful; to maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and to take part in reasonable labors and pleasures, as though old age were not present; to take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours; to spend nine hours in bed at the least, and to take care during the cold weather that the temperature of the bedroom is maintained at sixty degrees Fahrenheit; to avoid passion, excitement and luxury.

Acetylene.

"The Explosion and Detection of Acetylene in Air" is the title of a paper recently read before the Chemical Society; and as many persons are interested in this new illuminating gas, a short account of the results arrived at by this experimenter will not be out of place. A mixture of acetylene and air becomes explosive when as little as three per cent. of the gas is present, and a tendency to explode persists up to eighty-one per cent. This range is extraordinarily wide, and exceeds that of any combustible gas known.

Novel Love Letters.

It is well known, says a contemporary, that when the petals of the great Laurel Magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot, which develops in a few hours. The fact is taken advantage of by the South American lover, who pulls a magnolia flower, and on one of its pure white petals writes a motto or message with a sharp pointed pencil. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vase of water, and in three or four hours the message written on the leaf becomes perfectly visible, and remains so.

HUNTING THE JAGUAR.

A ROYAL SPORT THAT IS ENJOYED IN VENEZUELA.

The Natives Use Only a Short Stabbing-Spear to Kill the Ferocious South American Tiger—A Plucky Indian's Exploit.

The July Century has several articles devoted to the hunting of big game. One of them is "Hunting the Jaguar in Venezuela," written by William Willard Howard. Mr. Howard describes the method of the native hunters in killing the jaguars with short spears, and relates the following experience of his native guide: In a moment a great brown-and-yellow beast, spotted and ringed with black, strode leisurely into view, looking upward at the screaming birds. It was the fierce and cruel jaguar, the South American tiger, king of all beasts south of the Isthmus of Darien, and matched in ferocity and courage only by the wounded grizzly bear of North America.

The monstrous creature suddenly paused, with massive foot lifted from the ground. He had seen the hunter. Trife was as one turned to stone, a sort of bronze image that might have stood neglected in the wilderness since the days of the Chibchas, whom Quesada conquered to found the viceregal state of New Granada.

The tiger's long tail swung slowly from left to right, and from right to left again, while over his yellow face crept a look of mild surprise and inquiry, as though he had asked the meaning of this strange thing which had the figure of flesh and blood and the inscrutable stillness of inanimate rock.

It was splendid courage that this dumb brute did not turn tail and bound away. I know of no other animal that would have stood his ground. Even the grizzly bear, more terrible to meet than the lion of Africa or the monarch of the Bengal jungle, would have growled savagely and retired.

Matches in his calm courage, the great jaguar put down his uplifted paw and advanced a few steps, half crouching, with lowered head and neck, as a cat creeps upon its prey. Then he paused, swinging his long tail slowly from side to side. Terrible stolid like a stone, superior in courage even to this remarkable ruler of the forest.

Slowly, cautiously, the tiger came on again, hanging his head and neck low between his shoulders, and never for an instant taking his green-and-yellow eyes from the strange thing in the path. He was a beautiful creature—wonderfully beautiful in his sinewy strength and graceful curves.

As the tiger drew near, a step at a time, his tail swung more rapidly, with a vicious jerk at the end of each swing. Apparently he was giving way to the idea that the strange thing in the path was flesh and blood. Still, he was not quite certain, and he meant to investigate. The Indian had seemingly petrified where he stood. Not even the loose folds of his cotton shirt, stirred and wheeled for a few moments, and then flew away, caring little for the impending death-garment, now that their own domestic arrangements were no longer imperilled. Puzzled, undecided, watchful, the tiger walked slowly to the hunter, his green eye searching craftily for some undetected sign of life.

When he had come to the end of his uncertain path the yellow monster bent his head and sniffed suspiciously at the Indian's feet.

Like a steel spring the great beast recoiled. The strange, still thing was flesh and blood.

A step at a time—alert, wary, fierce—he withdrew his massive paws, measuring the distance with the savage instinct of the forest. The Indian made no sign.

Then the tiger crouched in the path; his giant muscles quivered in tense knots, his red tongue curled stiffly between his keen fangs, his tail thrashed viciously, and his spotted skin moved in bristling waves of anger, as a quick squall races across standing grain.

In an instant all would be over: a lonely tragedy far away in the South American wilderness—a tragedy for beast, or a tragedy for man.

The tiger gathered himself for the spring, his sinewy length all a-tremble; but just as his bunched muscles were quivering with the first impulse of upward motion, the hunter came back to life. Terife snatched the loose handkerchief from his neck, and cast it full in the tiger's face. In an ecstasy of surprise the beast threw up his head and shoulders, and pawed insanely at the cloth. In the catching of a breath Terife aimed the upraised spear at the rounded yellow throat, and drove it home.

Tiger and spear rolled in the dust together, the blood spurting over the spear-shaft and staining the narrow trail. The king of the Cordilleras was conquered. He died as he had lived, fierce, cruel, savage, with no abatement of his splendid courage.

Married Seventy Years.

On May 4th the Rev. Andrew Patrick and his wife, Olivia, of Grays, Knox County, Kentucky, had been married exactly seventy-two years. Both are in good health and in enjoyment of all their faculties. He is ninety-two years old and she is eighty-six. He has living descendants in the fifth generation.

Mr. Patrick was born in North Carolina in 1805, and at an early age he moved to Tennessee. At Elk River, that state, he met his wife, then Olivia Minor, and they were married when she was a little less than fifteen years old.

Thirteen children were born to Mr. Patrick and his wife, six boys and

seven girls. The oldest of their children is now seventy. He, like his father, is a Baptist minister.

The Rev. Andrew Patrick has 428 living descendants. There are 104 grandchildren, 304 great-grandchildren, and 20 great-great-grandchildren. He has a grandson fifty-three years old, who has grandchildren five or six years old.

Mr. Patrick has been preaching for sixty years, and during that time has had many interesting experiences.—Winston (N. C.) Sentinel.

ANTS BURY THEIR DEAD.

An Exhibition Showing the Admirable Municipal System of the Insects.

Among the million and one attractions which will be offered this Summer in London to charm the festive shillings out of the pockets of sight-seers there will be none more interesting in its way than the exhibition of the Working Ants at the Crystal Palace.

The domestic economy of ant life is wise and well considered, and as builders the ants are possessed of an acumen which is nothing short of marvelous. Columns erected in their architecture are almost round. In the great hill of the formica rufa one sees that the pine needles which are used in its construction are placed at various angles to give strength to the dome, exactly as a human architect would have employed them. It is estimated that fifty thousand ants comprise the community of this great nest, and all are busy constantly, their labors never seeming to cease. The structure contains an enormous number of chambers for the accommodation of the larvae, pupae, cocoons, queens and males.

The heaviest of the ants' labor is in attendance on the larvae and pupae in the interior chambers. Therefore of all this densely populated city of 50,000 inhabitants but few are seen outside. The apterous, or wingless queens, remain in state in their commodious chambers at the bottom of the nest, and are never seen in public; but a heavy duty with the workers is to drag the winged males for a promenade outside the nest for a few turns and then disappear.

The strength of these ants is enormous. The pine needles which are furnished them for building are ten times longer than themselves, but the ants move them about with the greatest ease. An entomologist in attendance at the show will pick up any one of these ants as it runs about in its work and will cause it to hold by its mandibles a weight three thousand times heavier than itself, or equal in proportion to a man holding two hundred tons in his teeth. These ants secrete great quantities of formic acid. Chloroform was at one time distilled from the formic acid furnished by the formica rufa.

The hill ants are of great service in preserving forest trees, it being estimated that one hundred thousand insects are destroyed daily by one nest of this species.

An ant has two compound and three simple eyes. The number of facets in the compound eye reach twelve hundred in the male of the formic species. The life of a male ant rarely exceeds twelve months, but a worker has been known to live seven years. Ants have memory and affection; they recognize their friends after long absences. Sir John Lubbock speaks of an ant which recognized him with signs of pleasure after an absence of two years.

The queen of the white ants is often four inches in length, three ounces in weight, and has been estimated to lay eighty thousand eggs per day. These eggs are very small, just discernible to the naked eye, and are immediately taken charge of by the workers, who make them into clusters of ten to twenty, so that one ant may carry a number into safety, in case of the nest being attacked.

Origin of the Races.

The Bible says the whole human race sprang from the individual, Adam. Vivry affirms there were two original pairs, Jacquot and Latham divide the race into three primordial stocks; Kant into four; Blennbach into five; Buffon into six; Hunter into seven; Agassiz into eight; Pickering into eleven; Bory St. Vincent into fourteen; Desmoulins into sixteen; Morton into twenty-two; Crawford into sixty and Burke into sixty-three. Now comes Quatrejeux, the French ethnologist, who says all mankind came from a central mass in Northern Asia, and that there were three fundamental types—black, white and yellow, which scattered over the world and intermingled, forming, in course of time, seventy-two distinct races of human beings. The world is waiting for another opinion.

A Happy Family.

The Grand Union Tea Store at Willimantic, Conn., has a very interesting family in one of its show windows, consisting of a cat which is rearing two kittens and a gray squirrel. The mother cat bestows as much motherly affection upon the squirrel as upon her own offspring. All three are sucklings and about half grown, and the squirrel romps and tumbles with his unnatural brothers. The family are the property of N. W. French, whose son caught the squirrel about six weeks ago, at that time but a few days old. He put it at once with the old cat, whose kittens were about the same age. The adoption was without protest, and no family discord has yet arisen.—New York Telegram.

An Arkansas man the other day married a woman he owed rather than go to jail for debt.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A "South Sea Paradise" founded in the Fiji Islands by tired Californians has collapsed because the settlers found work to be necessary even here. The primal curse of Eden seems to be quite far-reaching even still.

Grasshoppers are overrunning sections of South Dakota. Crude petroleum, shipped by the railroads free, is used in destroying them. A bounty of fifty cents a bushel is offered for the pests, and a bushel can be gathered in twenty minutes.

That Boston bank clerk who stole \$30,000 the other day and left for Canada explains that he took the money "because he wanted to buy a bicycle." That youngster evidently wanted all the latest bicycle improvements on his wheel.

It will be dangerous in future for citizens of Massachusetts to wear the plumage of insect-killing birds on their millinery. Governor Wolcott has signed the bill putting the bird-killer and the bird-winger on the same basis and making them amenable to the same penalty.

The late James Aram, of Delevan, Wis., bequeathed \$20,000 for a public library for the town, in memory of his daughter, and \$20,000 for a home for superannuated and indigent Methodist ministers, in memory of his father and mother. He also gave \$1,000 to each of the churches in the town, and \$2,000 for the improvement of the local cemetery.

French nerve, unappreciated, has put an end to a Paris engagement, according to the English newspapers. A young woman was at the Bazar de la Charite with the young man she had accepted, when the fire broke out. He ran at the first alarm, leaving her alone, but she managed to get out and go home. There she found the young man, who had politely called to see if she was safe. He was shown to the door.

The Jubilee literature contains a story of Prince Alexander, the eleven-year-old son of Princess Beatrice, who wrote to his royal grandmother asking her for a sovereign. Instead of the sovereign, however, he received a letter from her dilating upon the evils of boyish extravagance and inclosing no coin. A little later the Queen received a letter from the boy, as follows: "Dearest Grandmamma—I hope you will not think I was disappointed because you could not send me any money. I sold your letter for £3 10s."

Lord Kelvin, in an address upon the earth as an abode fitted for life, has summed up the evidence into what must be accepted as the latest dictum of science regarding this obscure point. The old idea was of a solid earth nearly 20,000,000,000 years old, but modern science makes an immense reduction in this estimate. He was able to say with confidence that the earth solidified between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 years ago.

The latest estimate of the time required for the formation of all strata since the beginning of the Cambrian rock is 17,000,000 years. Lord Kelvin declares that the earth could not have been habitable more than 30,000,000 years.

The Engineering News gives an interesting resume of the grades climbed by the principal transcontinental railroads. The Santa Fe route shows the most hill climbing, aggregating a sheer rise of 35,003 feet in its entire length, or 6.44 miles. The sending of a train over this road means that it must be lifted bodily that distance. The aggregate up-hill grades on the Canadian Pacific are 23,057 feet; Northern Pacific, 17,137; Union Pacific, 16,439; and Great Northern, 15,305. The highest point reached by any railroad is on the Denver and Rio Grande route at Tennessee Pass, Col., where the summit is 10,433 feet above sea level. The Southern Pacific gets over the divide with the least exertion, the highest point being 5,082 feet at Paisano, Texas.

A remarkable engineering feat was recently performed in California, in providing a bulwark for a great dam being built to impound water for San Francisco. By a single blast a section of a mountain was torn off and hurled bodily into a gorge below. Two months were required in preparation for the blast. In tunnels cut into the mountain of rock great stores of black powder were placed, while deposits of giant powder were located under the mass to be moved. The black powder ignites slower than the giant powder, and the effect, when electricity was applied to both at once, was first to lift up the mass and then to push it over the edge into the gorge. A mass of rock measuring 400x60 feet, and weighing an estimated 150,000 tons, was thrown exactly as the engineers had planned.

To spare the rod and spoil the child is a subject for discussion before the School Board in Atlanta as it is in Milwaukee. In the Southern city the sentiment among the board members is that corporal punishment should be abolished in the high schools. When a boy is old enough to attend such a school, several of the members say, he is old enough to behave himself without fear of the strap, and old enough, too, to warrant being sent to the police station in a patrol wagon if he needs other discipline than moral sense. As to the rod in the grammar schools, however, opinions differ, and the decision on this phase of the question awaits further investigation. A prominent member of the board says that teachers need to be trained how to do without the rod before its use is formally abolished.

The royal family of England costs the British government, in round numbers, \$3,000,000 annually. Of this

sum the Queen receives nearly \$2,000,000 a year, besides the revenues from the duchy of Lancaster, which amount to a quarter of a million. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives \$100,000 a year for his services and expenses, and the Prince of Wales \$200,000 a year. The President of France receives \$240,000 a year for salary and expenses, an enormous salary, when it is remembered that the republic is sweating under a stupendous national debt of over \$6,000,000,000—the largest debt ever incurred by any nation of the world. Italy can have ten thousand men slaughtered in Abyssinia and still pay her King \$2,600,000 a year. The civil list of the Emperor of Germany is about \$4,000,000 a year, besides large revenues from vast estates belonging to the royal family. The Czar of all the Russias owns in fee simple 1,000,000 square miles of cultivated land and enjoys an income of \$12,000,000. The King of Spain, little Alfonso XIII., if he is of a saving disposition, will be one of the richest sovereigns in Europe when he comes of age. The State allows him \$1,400,000 a year, with an additional \$600,000 for family expenses. Wearo said to be the richest nation on earth, yet our President's salary is only \$50,000 a year. It was \$25,000 from 1789 to 1873.

A view of the most recent industrial uses and adaptations of electricity gives surprising results, and these adaptations are thus summed up by the Boston Journal of Commerce: Many of the commercial chemicals now in general use are made at much cheaper rates than formerly, because of the economy of electrical production. A large percentage of the metals can now be reduced from their ores by electrolytic methods. The production, refining, purifying, etc., of many products not essentially chemical—such, for instance, as sugar, molasses, beer, starch, beet root juice—is now accomplished electrolytically. Cotton is picked and bleached, leather is tanned, white lead is made, meat is preserved, ozone is generated, acetylene gas is produced, safes are broken, car wheels are tested, graphite is formed, and diamonds are manufactured by either the direct or indirect action of the current. Gold, silver, iron, zinc, lead, copper, tin, aluminum, nickel, bismuth, antimony are either mined, refined or separated from their ores, and in some cases actually produced by the magical properties of electricity.

Power is transmitted, farms are worked, boats are propelled, oil wells are made to increase their flow, the stage is made more spectacular, water courses are disinfected and hitherto impenetrable substances are rendered transparent, all by means of recent electrical development. The list is not carried beyond the achievements of a year or two past, nor is it meant to include such apparatus as the telegraph, telephone or other widely spread factors of electrical development.

Firing Heavy Guns Immersed.

An interesting and very suggestive experiment has been made by British naval officers in the way of firing solid shots from heavy guns immersed in deep water.

A 110-pound gun was used which was anchored upon a platform at the bottom of Portsmouth harbor. After being loaded the gun was pointed toward a target set in the water seventy-five feet from its muzzle. The target was composed of oak beams and planks, twenty-one inches in thickness. Behind this was placed the hull of an old vessel, to which had been riveted sheets of boiler iron, making an armor three inches thick. A wire connected the firing mechanism of the gun with the shore station. The gun was fired at high tide. There was a slight disturbance of the water above the gun. Then the vessel beyond the target was seen to rock and to disappear beneath the waves. Subsequent investigation showed that the target had been knocked to pieces and the hull of the vessel completely pierced by the shot. The water apparently had little effect upon the projectile. It went as accurately as though fired through the air. In the test the gun was loaded and aimed by a diver. But with the modern mechanism now available, the same results could be attained from above the water. A new field for marine attack and defense is thus disclosed. Fitted with port holes below the water line, ships could strike the enemy in the points most vulnerable and wage war with double devastation in both elements. For harbor defense the submarine battery would prove of inestimable advantage.

Nature's Balance Destroyed.

Through ignorance or blindness the nice balance which nature has provided has been destroyed and great waves of insect pests sweep over the country, eating everything green in their path. The destruction of birds has interfered with the delicate operations of the laws of nature. Audubon states that a woodcock will eat its own weight in insects in a day, and many other birds are equally ravenous in their appetite. Although the English sparrow, because of their quarrelsome habits, have aroused so much dislike, they were introduced at a time when other birds were rapidly decreasing in number. Their wonderful multiplication in the past twenty years has probably been the means of saving millions of dollars worth of crops. It is unwise policy to kill toads, lizards, and friendly insects. It is considered that the latter destroy many more noxious insects even than the birds.

A mile of railway permanent way, with two sets of rails, takes up two and one-half acres of land.