

Pluck and Adventure

BETWEEN MAN AND TIGER.

His name was Goulias. He was of medium height and physique; but he possessed athletic vigor, no doubt the strength of the primitive man who like the actual gorilla had no other weapon to floor his enemy than his fists—mass of arms infinitely vigorous. He was garrisoned at Tien-yen, a post situated at the end of the Gulf of Tongking, adjacent to an ocean of wooded mountains whose undulations under the waves of eternal green verdure lean over the sea in strange granitic cliffs.

Goulias was ever without any weapons. He had a fearless contempt for wild beasts and pirates; for he could depend upon the strength of his arm, which, like another Milo, could uproot a young tree and make a stick of it.

One evening in the darkness of night without a moon, when storm menaced, he came back from the home of the post receiver, where he had been detained, really splitting the darkness as he went, so dense it was. From the stretched sky full of heavy clouds fell a dark shroud. He walked groping, the familiar knowledge of the smallest obstacles of a many times overrun way permitting him to rejoin his post. On the turn of the street at the point where it closely fitted between the palisades that inclosed the last houses, he saw two shining lights. In the matted darkness of the night they would have appeared like distant watch lights, if the unsteady yellow phosphorescent gleams had not escaped in sudden flashes and he had not heard the pant of heavy respiration near him.

In the midst of the profound umbra in which entire nature was engulfed, in the silence of the sleeping village, in the deserted streets, alone, that noise and the gleams gave signs of life. But those signs are signs of death for those who perceive them.

Goulias held in his hand a flexible rattan. To be quick in the act, he lashed the space between the two shining points, the left arm stretched to prevent the defense of a ripost, the body well settled upon the strong base of his open legs. On the instant that he struck, he was half thrown down by the shock of a mass that pounced on him, clutching him horribly—his flesh trembling under the grievous scalds of the claws that plunged into his shoulders and thighs, while the hot breath bathed his face with a fetid breathing—but, like the jaw of a trap, his two muscular arms stretched round the tiger's neck, his hands pinching, squeezing and smashing like a vise.

A double rattle was heard—the rattle of the wild beast suffocating, the rattle of the man stifling. On his breast, along the thighs, Goulias was tortured by the lacerating scratches. His flesh and muscles plowed by the paws of the tiger, fastened with the four limbs to his prey, were torn piece by piece.

In this berserker animal struggle, all the chance was for the wild beast whose phosphorescent stare pierced the darkness and lighted for him alone the movements of his adversary. Nevertheless, the tiger was suffocated, the neck twisted, and the breast crushed; but the man's blood flowed in soft streams, and with that blood his life.

Of the two, man or beast, which would hold out the longer? Goulias was worn out. He must let go where his rigid hands like steel clamps were lifted by repeated spasms; the paws loosened and dropped and the tiger fell backward, dragging him with him. The two bodies rolled on the ground. Staggering, the lieutenant raised up. Tottering, stumbling, he arrived at the post. At the entrance of the guardhouse in full light he appeared a bloody specter before the eyes of the terrified soldiers.

The adjutant and a few men under arms ran to the tiger. They found him stretched between the palisades the body still slightly quivering in the last convulsions.

The horrible drama was played in such complete silence that the Annamese who reposed in the neighboring canha were not attracted.

Goulias died three days after that incredible fight. As he had only few wounds, he would have been saved had the post possessed the antiseptics and bandages necessary.

This is the only unique fact in the history of the animal reign where a man overcame and suffocated in his arms the king of wild beasts.—Sunday Magazine.

THRILLS OF BIG HUNTING.

In a personally conducted hunting tour in British East Africa one expects adventures which do not run to comedy. Quite out of the looked-for line is this incident, related by Col. J. H. Patterson, D. S. O.:

At about 4.30 in the afternoon I was riding a little ahead of my

friends, and seeing a large leafy tree a short distance to the left of the track I called out and suggested that we should have tea under it. My proposal was eagerly accepted, and we turned off to reach its cool shade. I had not gone a dozen yards when, as I was passing through some thick bush, I was startled by hearing a violent snort come from the midst of it, and next instant I saw the vicious head of a huge rhino dashing at me at full speed.

Aladdin needed neither whip nor spur to get out of the way—in fact,

he gave such a great bound that he almost unseated me, and simply flew for about thirty or forty yards before I could get the least control over him. Glancing over my shoulder to find out what was happening, I was horrified to see gun bearers dashing wildly for the trees, mules careering off riderless through the bush, S. standing weaponless, shouting for his rifle, and—horror or horrors!—the infuriated rhino rushing headlong on to Mrs. S., who was seated on the ground, with nothing in her hand save an open umbrella.

I gave her up for lost, as I knew we could do nothing in time to save her. Luckily at this critical moment she did not lose her nerve, but "shooed" the umbrella right in the face of the oncoming brute, and this extraordinary and unexpected apparition so startled the great beast that instead of continuing his charge and tossing her aloft, he suddenly veered away to the left and disappeared through the bushes in a cloud of dust.

Probably this is the first and last instance on record of a beast of the jungle being thwarted by a weapon so eminently of civilization as the umbrella. Not all the experiences of the Patterson party were of an outcome so satisfactory. The good horse Aladdin was killed in course of time by a "rogue" elephant. Fever laid several hunters low. A Mr. B., of the expedition, was killed in his sick bed by the presumably accidental discharge of his own pistol. And there was a mutiny of natives which threatened the whole outfit with annihilation.

Col. Patterson tells the whole story simply and vividly in his book.

FRENCH HEROINE DIES POOR.

When Juliette Dodu died in Paris recently another name was added to the long list of heroes and heroines who met only with neglect in their lives. In 1870, when the Germans were pressing forward on Paris, Mlle. Dodu, then eighteen years old, was a telegraph operator in Pithiviers, not far from Orleans, on the way to Paris. When the invaders besieged Orleans they cut, as they believed, all the wires leading from the city to the outside world; but it happened they overlooked the girl and her station in Pithiviers, then only a small village. Though surrounded by the enemy on all sides she stuck to her keyboard, and not only exchanged constant communication with her besieged fellow-countrymen in Orleans, but actually succeeded in connecting her wire with the German military lines. This enabled her to transmit to the garrison in Orleans all the orders issued for attacks on the city, and at the same time to keep the military authorities in Paris posted on the larger plans of the German army. So successfully did she do this that at the end of a month the invaders realized there was a leak in their lines of communication, and it finally was traced to Mlle. Dodu and her little station. She was arrested, condemned by a court martial and sentenced to be shot, but her story reached the ears of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the "Red Prince," and at his personal intercession her life was spared. When the war ended Mlle. Dodu was awarded the medal of the Legion of Honor, but after that her grateful fellow-countrymen forgot her, and she died in poverty.

The death of Mlle. Dodu occurred just a day after that of Margaret Hunt, one of the fighting heroines of England. Mrs. Hunt had just become the bride of a young soldier when the Crimean War broke out, and, rather than be separated from her husband, disguised herself as a man and managed to accompany his regiment to the front. She served almost to the end of the war before her secret was discovered, and though she was then promptly shipped back to England, she was placed, on the death of her husband, on the list of pensioners of the Royal Patriotic Fund. After coming through the trenches at Alma, Balaklava and Sebastopol without a scratch, she met her death through the upsetting of a kerosene lamp in her little home in Swindon.—New York Press.

It's Your Chance.

Say, brother, sister, that boy or girl you are now teaching may have the best teacher he or she may ever have; and it may be that you are the only person in the world that can ever lead them to Christ. Will you not pray earnestly that the Lord may help you to do your duty?—Western Methodist.

QUAINT INDUSTRIES.

Where Animals Pay the Rates and Taxes.

Up to comparatively recent times municipalities were content to run the gas and water works for the benefit of ratepayers, but now they are embarking in all kinds of trades and businesses.

It is not generally known that cygnets from the swannery of the Lindfield (Sussex) Parish Council are sold every year for half a guinea each, and that the money is devoted to the relief of the rates.

When the Town Council of Torquay purchased a couple of thousand acres of land on the Dartmoor watershed, in order to supply the town with a constant run of pure water, they became possessed of a rabbit warren. When the warren first came into the hands of the authorities, it was overstocked with rabbits, and no fewer than 10,000 of the nimble creatures were caught and sold in one year, bringing into the coffers of the council several hundreds of pounds.

Cattle pay the smaller bills of the High Wycombe Council. Rye Mead was presented to the town free, gratis and for nothing by Queen Elizabeth. The royal lady, when she visited the town on one occasion, found that milk was conspicuous by its absence, so she made the borough a gift of a large meadow for the purpose of keeping cows. Cattle have grazed on Rye Mead ever since that day of long ago.

Tunbridge Wells possesses a municipal hop plantation, which yields about £500 worth of hops every year. The money received on their sale goes toward the reduction of the rates.

The province of Jauja, in Peru, is practically run by a company of citizens, who own the shops, the factories and the stalls in the market places. Jauja is not a very enterprising place, however, for copper coinage is unknown. Eggs are circulated as small change, forty to fifty of them, the number varying according as they are plentiful or scarce, being counted as sixpence of our money. These eggs, which change hands by the hundred every day in the market places, are shipped by the tradespeople to Lima, the Peruvian capital, and exchanged for coin and goods.

In one year the ruler of Uganda received from his subjects £60,000 in the form of "King's taxes." In the first place, however, half of this sum was paid into the official treasury in the shape of live stock, consisting of elephants, chimpanzees, zebras, antelopes, monkeys, etc. The various animals were sold in due course to menageries and zoological gardens in various parts of the world, enriching the State coffers by over £30,000.—Tit-Bits.

Fresh Air in Street Cars.

The Chicago Board of Health insists that every street car in the city and the trains on her elevated roads shall have a supply of untainted air. The temperature in those vehicles is to be neither too high nor too low, and carbonic acid gas and microbes are to be so effectually boycotted as no longer to exist. Let us hope that this movement may not only accomplish the good which it intends locally, but that it may spread over the country. Street car ventilation in the winter time is essential to health and comfort. Here the conductors do not pay any more attention to it than they do to the stage of the river, which has no relation whatever of their business. Cars are packed to suffocation, but no attempt is made to supply fresh air, nor is this essential looked after when the cars are moderately filled. The odor is often sickening to a person with a sound stomach, while people who are subject to nausea frequently find the conditions unbearable. This is not peculiar to St. Joseph, but prevails generally. It is unquestionably due to the complaisance of the public and largely because the people do not appreciate the danger to health that exists in unventilated and unsanitary cars. The Chicago Board of Health has made a good move.—St. Joseph News-Press.

Do You Write Novels?

When Charles Dickens was in Washington, D. C., he met one morning on the steps of the Capitol a young Congressman from Tennessee, whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor. "I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell," "Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean. Dickens looked him over from head to foot, and foot to head before he answered, "My Little Nell." "Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you." "I am speaking of the Little Nell of my story," The Old Curiosity Shop, sir," retorted Dickens, flushing. "Oh," said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you?"

The art of glove cutting requires great skill, and in France some of the best workmen are paid \$100 a week.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MARCH 20.

Subject: A Paralytic Forgiven and Healed, Matt. 9:1-13—Commit Verse 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." Matt. 9:6.

TIME.—May or June, A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

EXPOSITION.—I. The Healing of a Paralytic, 1-9. The full account of this miracle is found in Mark 2:1-12, and Luke 5:17-26. They brought this man to Jesus because there was no one else who could help, and they were confident that He could and would. It was because of their faith that Jesus did what they sought. Their faith was a faith that could be seen (v. 2). True faith can be seen, it materializes in works (Jas. 2:18). Jesus is ready to say to-day to every paralytic and to every soul in distress, "Son, be of good cheer," if the one in distress will only trust Him. Jesus forgave before healing. As always, so in this case, the professional fault finder was present, and as often, he was a high ecclesiastic, a scribe (theological professor). The Scribes were there for the purpose of finding something to criticize (Luke 5:17; John 5:16). They found it. They brought a very common charge and very serious charge against Jesus, "this man blasphemeth" (John 10:33; Mark 14:64). Their reasoning was right up to a certain point, no one but God can forgive sins, and if Jesus was not God, He was a blasphemer. Granted the Unitarian conception of Jesus and the Scribes were right, and His execution justifiable, but if Jesus is God, then it is the Scribes and the Unitarians who are the blasphemers. Jesus demonstrated to His startled accusers that He was divine, and had the power to forgive sins by reading their secret thought (v. 4; cf. 2 Chron. 6:30; Jer. 17:9, 10; Ps. 139:1, 2). Then He gave another proof, He healed the palsied man. Jesus wishes men to "know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins," so He performs an act that we can see, and which demands divine power for its accomplishment that we may know that He has the power for that which we cannot see and which also demands divine power for its accomplishment. So it is proven that Jesus has power on earth to forgive sins. We not only hope that it is so, but we "know" it is so. The palsied man knew that his sins were forgiven, because Jesus said so. We may know that ours also are forgiven on the same ground (Acts 13:36, 39).

II. Jesus Eating with Publicans and Sinners, 10:13. As Jesus passed along His eye fell on a Jew gathering taxes for Rome, lining his pockets at the sacrifice of his patriotism. He belonged to the class despised by the Jews, but he was to write the distinctively Jewish Gospel. His business fitted him admirably to write the Gospel, as a tax gatherer, he had been trained to accuracy, to judge men and to be proof against imposture. It was very humiliating and offensive to the self-righteous religionists of the day that Jesus should choose one of His most intimate disciples from the class they most despised. He acted in the most direct opposition to the accepted notions of the ecclesiastical leaders when He made this choice. Matthew was attending faithfully to his business when Jesus called him, while the multitudes had forsaken their usual avocations and "resorted" to Jesus (Mark 2:13). This may have been from sturdy fidelity to business or it may have been indifference to religious enthusiasms. The call was very sudden, very brief and very much to the point, "Follow Me." There was a world of meaning in it. It involved the renunciation of self and taking up of the cross and saying farewell to earthly ambitions, possessions and prospects (Matt. 10:24; Luke 9:57, 58; 18:22), but it would bring reward and honor and blessing immeasurable (John 8:12; 12:26; Matt. 19:28). Nothing else costs so much as to follow Christ; nothing else pays so well. If Matthew had said "no" to that call of Jesus, he doubtless would have gained by it financially, but by saying "yes," he became one of the very few men of that day whose names have survived the storms of centuries, and also became an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. There was no hesitation on Matthew's part; he arose at once, forsook all and followed Christ (Luke 5:28, R. V.). It was the voice of Jesus that transformed this keen money-getting publican into a devoted disciple. Matthew made a great feast at his house (Luke 5:29). Jesus attended this gay party. Matthew's purpose was evidently not to display his wealth, or merely even to honor his new-found Master; he sought to get hold of his old business associates and friends, and succeeded (v. 10). The publicans and sinners were welcome to the companionship of Jesus here on earth. There will be a great multitude who were once publicans and sinners who will sit down with Him in glory. Jesus associated with publicans and sinners in order to save them. We can never save them unless we imitate the Master's example. In associating with them, we must be careful to do it for the same purpose He did, or they will drag us down rather than we lift them up. The Pharisees were around as usual to find fault. Where, then, is the church's true place? Jesus came to call sinners. He has no invitation of

grace for the righteous man. Before a man can get anything from Jesus' hand he must first take his proper place, that of a sinner, at Jesus' feet, then he gets all (Luke 18:9-14; 1 Tim. 1:15). Blessed is the sinner who hears the gracious call of Christ to repentance (Acts 2:38, 39; 26:18; Luke 15:7-10).

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

MARCH TWENTIETH.

Topic—Money a Curse or a Blessing. Luke 12: 13-21; Matt. 6: 19-21.

Lot's temptation. Gen. 13: 10-13; 19: 15.
Blest Abraham. Gen. 13: 2, 14-18.
Deceitfulness of riches. Matt. 13: 22.
A rich man's privilege. Matt. 27: 57-60.
Proceeds of oppression. Jas. 5: 16.
Gold used for God. Luke 8: 1-3.
It is well to lay up enough money to keep want from our dear ones, but not enough to keep the boys from the necessity of work (Luke 12: 20).
No money harms where it is riches "toward God" (Luke 12: 21).
Only a little looking forward into the eternal ages will show us how foolish is our absorption in money-getting (Matt. 6: 20).
Know yourself by asking, not what you do, or what you think, but what you desire (Matt. 6: 21).

Thoughts.

Your money is a blessing when you bless others with it; it is a curse when you seek to bless only yourself with it.

Money is always the substantial expression of the life of the one that earns it—no more, and no less.

Money is not "the root of all evil," but, as the true translation is, "a root of all kinds of evil."

If you do not learn the right use of money while you have little money, you are little likely to learn it when you have much money.

Illustrations.

The power of money is like that of a storage battery; it is stored human energy.

As it is no kindness to a strong man to go and till his field for him, so the giving of money is a harm if it is given when it should be earned.

As grain, heaped up beyond what can be used, moulders away, so does gold.

"Money makes the mare go," but that is a very poor sore of mare, and that is a very poor sore of mare, and its going is toward no worthy goal.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, MARCH 20.

How to Fight the Good Fight—(Eph. 6, 10-18; 1 Tim. 6, 11, 12).

The apostolic exhortation to "be strong in the Lord" is quickly followed by a full equipment of armor for the conflict. The girdle is no elegant silken sword-sash, such as an officer in modern war folds around himself, but one of toughest leather armed with iron. It was secured about the waist with the utmost care, keeping the armor firmly in place. Thus truth should surround the Christian with something worth living for and, if need be, dying for. "The breastplate of righteousness" should defend the truth, and keep life's daily conduct in harmony with the Christian program. The very sandals of the feet should protect the Christian soldier by their readiness for duty. "The shield (from dura, "a door") of faith" should protect the entire person like a strong door from the "darts" lighted with fiery and flaming tow, which sin hurls at the soldiers of Christ. To let one flaming dart pierce our armor leads on to conflict, but faith, neutralizing its poison, leads on to God. "The helmet of salvation," protecting the thought of the Christian soldier against the depressing and miserable thought of sin and failure, kindles the light of hope in the confidence of victory.

With this panoply of God the Christian soldier grasps his weapon—both of offense and defense—"the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." It is sharper than any two-edged sword of Roman soldier. With this he enters into conflict with human and superhuman foes, not trusting in his own strength, but in the majesty and might of God, "watching thereunto with all perseverance."

Prayer Made Preachers.

God's true preachers have been distinguished by one great feature; they were men of prayer. Differing often in many things, they have always had one common centre. They may have started from different points, and traveled by different roads, but they converged to one point; they were one in prayer. God to them was the centre of attraction, and prayer was the path that led to God.

These men prayed not occasionally, not a little at regular or at odd times, but they so prayed that their prayers entered into and shaped their characters; they so prayed as to affect their own lives and the lives of others; they so prayed as to make the history of the church and influence the current of the times. They spent much time in prayer, not because they marked the shadow on the dial or the hands of the clock, but because it was to them so momentous and engaging a business that they could scarcely give over.—E. M. Bounds, in Preacher and Prayer.