

THE CAMP.

Then have you seen the mining-camp... They're building over you? 'Twas suddenly created there...

And have you seen the ding of chance... The men that luck will choose... The tyros here who with the gold...

and I hurriedly selected one, for trees under certain circumstances were meant for climbing. Before, however, I had got as high as I wished a branch broke...

A Tiger Hunt in China.

By F. Hayley Bell.

Tiger shooting is, I believe, generally regarded as serious work, and not a picnic to be lightly entered on...

menaced by prodding gingerly at the extreme edges of the jungle—melted away, and P. and I concluded that, since beating was impossible, we must watch over bait again.

There was no doubt about the tigers, it must be understood. The recollection of journey's of several days' length to the reported habitat of some man-eater, only to find at each village that it was so many "it" further on...

After a long whispered conversation as to whether tigers took carrion or not, we again trudged sadly home. Personally, I incline to the opinion that we did not talk and laugh enough, also that a cigar would have much improved our chances.

We camped in the old, tumble-down building, half temple, half rest-house, that is common to most Chinese villages. P. insisted on cooking the dinner; also there was trouble about the bait...

Alas! that such a trivial incident should cause even temporary estrangement between two fast friends. Even if it was my watch, there were plenty more dogs to be had; besides, the dog had been sleeping comfortably when I last remembered. However, P. gathered up his text-books and his punkah coolie—whom he now called a shikari—and pegged out a claim at the other end of the jungle; while I decided, since our quarry would not follow the rules as laid down in books, to try to deceive him with a simple plan of my own.

At length, bitten all over by mosquitoes, and covered with ants, tree frogs, and that delightful beetle known to the Chinese as the "water buffalo," I climbed down and charged out on the wretched animal, and by the light of the rising moon chased him round and round his tether till his squeals and the shouts of laughter from my companion in the tree might have been heard for miles. Hardly had I regained the foot of the tree when P. gave a shout of warning and commenced firing rapidly over my head. An instant later one short wall from piggy announced that his duty was done, and I turned in time to see the tiger—a dark, formless mass—disappear into the cover with six dollars' worth of pork belonging to us.

The builders are at work on a stone viaduct at Plauen, Saxony, over the River Syra, which contains the longest masonry arch in the world, its length being 295 feet 6 inches, measured horizontally from base to base. The Luxembourg bridge across the valley of Petruffe, which was completed a few months ago, has a span of 277 feet. The next longest masonry arch is in the United States, near Washington, and is known as the Cabin John bridge. Its length of span is 220 feet.

It was against all rules and precedent. P. had struck a match and was lighting his pipe in calm disregard of my request that he would cover my sortie. I was on the ground within a few yards of the bait, while, I repeat, the noise of laughing and talking should have been, according to all our instruction books, sufficient to scare every tiger out of the province. However, fairly or not, the tiger had scored the first point, and there was nothing to do but to return to the temple.

Some ambitious silkworms of the neighborhood of Venice have woven by themselves a ribbon three yards long and three inches wide. When they reached the chrysalis stage, according to the Indianapolis News, instead of weaving round cocoons on the twigs prepared for them they preferred to travel up and down the smooth upper side of a strip of wood nine feet long and three inches wide. Back and forth they went, spinning their silken web, until at last they made a beautiful ribbon, transparent in its centre and golden yellow at the heavier edges. The scarf is amazingly strong for a fabric so delicately woven.

Early next morning the headman of the village was summoned, and, after much argument, some twenty men were produced to beat the cover for us. We started across the paddy like the chorus of a comic opera, with hoes, pitchforks, executioners' swords, and halberds. One man preceded the party with a huge gong, which he smote lustily, to the great delight of scores of children, who were enjoying holiday by reasons of our occupying the village schoolroom, and the rear was brought up by half a dozen kerosene tins and the village flautist. It was as impossible to keep them quiet till we should reach the ground and take up positions as it was to get them to stay there when we had done so. Gradually and imperceptibly the beaters—who com-

A difference of opinion seems to have arisen over the effect of firing a candle at a board. For a long time the ancient tradition has held its own that the soft tallow hurled at the mark by a musket would put a hole through an ordinary plank. Yet here comes a gun-bearer who declares that he has tried the experiment and finds the material of the candle wildly scattered upon the target. Of course, with present-day rifles and breech-loaders it may not be possible to discharge a candle effectively from a military arm or from the latest style of sporting guns. But it would certainly be a pity to leave the question unsolved.

How to Look Tall.

Ways of increasing her height are a constant source of thought to the short woman. To look her tallest at all times she should remember some simple general rules. High heels are a mistake; the cut and length of the skirt are the most important. The best materials to give height are either plain ones or those with a tiny stripe running lengthwise. Full skirts and baggy sleeves are fatal to the short woman, says the Pittsburg Press.

A very small hat is a mistake, giving an idea of insignificance, and a large one is no better, making the small wearer appear all hat. Safety lies in the medium size, trimmed in a quiet, unostentatious fashion. But, after all the way a woman walks and stands is her greatest advantage or disadvantage. It is possible for even a little woman to be so upright and hold her head so prettily that she will appear quite tall without the least suggestion of stiffness. A well-carried head will give an additional two inches to the height.

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Marriage on Small Means. Every sensible person knows that it is foolish to marry in haste or without due regard to the future. You cannot marry on nothing, because the chances are strongly against your happiness. But just how much you can marry on is another matter.

For Five O'clock Tea. Our English cousins have undoubtedly convinced the American woman of the luxurious comfort of a cup of tea during the afternoon, for no girl or woman thinks her boudoir complete without some dainty tea table, covered with the choicest of china cups and saucers, tea caddie, cracker jar and brass or copper samovar.

Thrifty Girl's Tact. When once a girl of limited income realizes what great variety may be given to her one or two evening gowns by the use of artificial flowers as trimmings she will straightway get the credit among her friends of having more frocks than is really the case. For, by having detachable flower decorations and several sets of them, extraordinary variety is arrived at. Moreover, now that flowers are so much in vogue as a trimming, an economical arrangement is especially happy.

Hints to Entertainers. Above all things always know what you are going to do with your guests. Don't depend on standing round the piano, and yelling the latest songs. They could have done that without getting dressed and coming to your house.

Do not expect girls to feel comfortable with hanging their wraps in the hall, and going directly to the parlor. They will be on "pins and needles" unless they are allowed to run upstairs, peep into the mirror, to make sure that their noses don't shine, and that they are straight in the back. Do not work all day over the affair. So that you will look like "the wreck of the Hesperus" just blown in by the time your guests arrive.

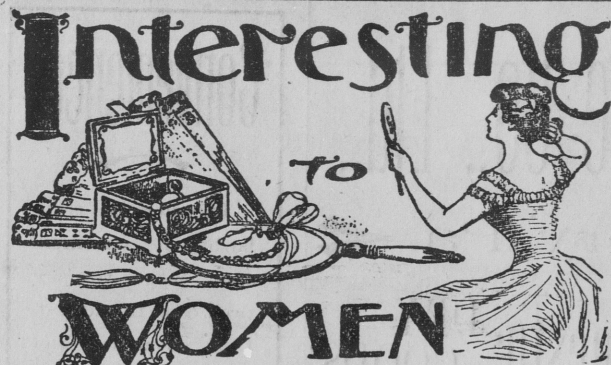
Practice "keeping cool." Nineteenths of the hostesses are so excited, during an entertainment, that no matter what one says to them, they fail to grasp the meaning.

Do not invite people who balk, and refuse to carry out your plans. Don't think of inviting people who imagine that your friends assemble to hear what they have to say. Your guests will go away feeling that they have had a much better time if your plans include a little activity, than if they are asked to sit still and think all evening.

Don't forget to insist on your father and mother coming into the parlor. They will be your most appreciative guests. Don't let there be any wall-flowers. Bring them forward. Your other guests will need only a slight jog to stir up their gallantry.

Don't forget the ventilation. Twenty people in a couple of small rooms soon use up every atom of oxygen. Many an excellent social affair has been spoiled by a stuffy, irritating atmosphere. Have pity on your friends' digestion. Don't press ice cream, candy, cakes, lemonade and freak meringues upon them. Chicken salad, bread fingers and coffee will strike a happier chord. Bestow your best smile and most gracefully word at parting—Indianapolis News.

Francis Dumon, a French waiter, has just left Denver, on his way home to France, having made \$40,000 in tips in five years. Of this he made \$8000 last year at St. Louis. He speaks six languages. His father and grandfather were waiters all their lives, and he was brought up to the business. He is still a young man.



Interesting To Women

Must Not Sew Bridal Gown. The Berlin bride must not sew a stitch in her wedding dress if she hopes for happiness in her married life. A piece of money is often sewed in the train, or else it is placed in the shoe. This is supposed not only to bring her plenty of this world's goods, but also to insure to her the ruling hand in her household—a thing rather rare in the Fatherland. In some of the provinces not only money but bread and salt are sewed in the train. This is a remnant of the ancient custom, still practiced in eastern countries, of presenting bread and salt upon entering a new home.

Against Rate Reduction. Atlanta, Ga.—The recent proposition of J. Pope Brown, Chairman of the Georgia Railroad Commission, to reduce the passenger rate in Georgia from three to two cents per mile was protested against by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, and unions of the blacksmiths, machinists and telegraphers, boiler-makers, railway train men, carpenters and joiners, clerks and carmen. These organizations employed an attorney especially to represent them, who urged that such a reduction would work against the prosperity of the State and lead to a reduction in the number of railroad employes as well as of their wages. The Travelers' Protective Association also protested that a reduction as proposed would result in fewer trains and poorer service.

Well Seasoned Wood. Oak beams over one thousand years old were last year removed from the Blue Bell Inn at Bedlington, England, and were made into handsome furniture by a local manufacturer.

TORTURING HUMOR. Early a Mass of Sores—Called in Three Doctors But Grew Worse—Cured by Cuticura For 75c. "My little daughter was a mass of sores all over her body. Her face was being eaten away, and her ears looked as if they would drop off. I had three doctors, but she grew worse. Neighbors advised Cuticura, and before I had used half of the cake of soap and box of ointment, the sores had all healed, and my little one's skin was as clear as a new-born babe's. I would not be without Cuticura if it cost five dollars, instead of 75 cents, which is all it cost us to cure our baby. Send for circulars, Steese, 701 Coburn St., Akron, Ohio."

Got Rich on Tips. Francis Dumon, a French waiter, has just left Denver, on his way home to France, having made \$40,000 in tips in five years. Of this he made \$8000 last year at St. Louis. He speaks six languages. His father and grandfather were waiters all their lives, and he was brought up to the business. He is still a young man.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Write for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Straight-Laced by the Public Schools. A bright youngster answered an advertisement for an office boy in a store in the dry goods quarter, and was turned down because he wrote too good a hand. "It is a ledger hand, and you will never rise above the level of a bookkeeper," said the merchant.—New York Press.

The Big Woman's Troubles. There was an enormously stout German woman sitting in the corner of a street bar the other night, weeping as if her heart would break. Some kindly spirit asked her why the matter was. "I am so fat that every time I want to get off de car I have to back de door out, and de conductor man he tink I was getting on and pushes me in. I have since 10 o'clock been riding this morning, and I'm hungry." Her sympathetic listener explained, and the poor woman got off at last.—Boston Record.

Tallest Young Soldier. The tallest soldier that ever put in an appearance in Denver arrived in the person of Arthur W. Jaffray. Young Jaffray is just a fraction over 6 feet 10 inches tall. He is new in the army service, having become a recruit 10 days ago, and is now bound for San Francisco, from which city he will go to the Philippines. Jaffray is barely past 22 and looks much younger. He weighs 190 pounds and is awkward and ungainly.—Denver Republican.

A VOICE FROM THE FULPIT. Rev. Jacob D. Van Doren, of 57 Sixth street, Fond Du Lac, Wis., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "I had a case of kidney disorder which kept me in the house for days at a time, unable to do anything. What I suffered can hardly be told. Complications set in, the particulars of which I will be pleased to give in a personal interview to any one who requires information. This I can conscientiously say, Doan's Kidney Pills caused a general improvement in my health. They brought great relief by lessening the pain and correcting the action of the kidney secretions."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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