

### Life's Good.

Take the good gifts the gods send,  
They may be angry tomorrow!  
Even misfortune some comfort will lend,  
When you are minded to borrow;  
If you are friendless then make you a friend  
Out of the foe you call sorrow.  
Pass nothing by that is good,  
Drain every drop of life's sweetness;  
What if today stands where yesterday stood—  
Today may be made a completeness.  
Tears and regret are rank folly's own food,  
Bid them begone with all fleetness.  
Kisses from lips that we love—  
Though they may love us, ah! never—  
D cherish and count them all treasures above,  
Kisses will not last forever;  
But that pure balm to which all mortals move  
Love from its own shall not save  
Stars are small part of the sky,  
So in our lives is small brightness,  
Here a bit, there a bit, pass it not by.  
Set your dark sky with its whiteness  
They live the best and longest who try  
Care to exchange for joy's lightness.  
—(Lillian E. Knapp, in Boston Transcript.)

### BICYCLE VS. TIGER.

I was always very fond of bicycling, and from the time when I was a small boy and labored for hours with a bone shaker to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicycles ever made, I revelled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours, which should have been otherwise occupied, on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental. In fact, I hated the sight of a book, and was never happy unless scouring the country on my bicycle. My father was a doctor in a Kentucky village, and, having a large family, he was thankful indeed when, at the age of 19, a commission was obtained for me by a wealthy friend in a regiment about to sail for India.

A grand new bicycle was my father's parting present, and great was my delight at finding that another young "sub" in my regiment was also a bicyclist. In these days when the "iron wheel" has so many votaries, this may seem nothing strange; but to realize my surprise and pleasure, you must remember that a bicycle was then a comparative curiosity, and a bicyclist a person to be stared at and admired, or otherwise. Our bicycles were, I believe, the first ever seen in India; and as we rode together in the town, some days after our arrival, one would have thought it was the triumphal entry of some Eastern potentate.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell us going "up country." Our regiment was always on the move, and panics of one kind or another were very frequent on our bicycling excursions.

One evening after mess Fred and I signed articles to ride a ten-mile race.

There was a grand native road within a short distance of our camp, running away for ten miles as flat as a drawing-board. It lay through the open plain, and then a deserted track was reached, becoming wilder as the road proceeded, and finally swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle. It was on this road I intended to train. But had found a circular path round some native huts a short way from the station, measuring about six laps to the mile, and there he prepared himself for the coming struggle.

After a week of such training as would make a modern athlete's hair stand on end, we considered ourselves fit for the contest; and the adventure I am about to relate occurred the evening before the eventful day. I was just starting for a last ride over my favorite course, when an officer stopped me and said:

"Have you heard of the tiger, Harrie?"

"No," I answered.  
"The natives have just brought word that some tiger is marked down in the jungle about ten miles from here; so don't go too far this evening."

"All right," I laughed; "I think a tiger would find it a difficult matter to catch me—my training would tell on him."  
I had not seen any large wild beast as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin, sleepy-looking animal, such as I had once seen in a travelling menagerie. Away I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten before I had gone a mile.

I started at a good pace, but not racing, as I intended to do all I knew coming home. In about an hour I reached my usual halting-place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training, I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles and then do the whole distance back at my best pace. I rode

on and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle.

Now for the race home.  
Dismounting, I leaped up my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was, too.

Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun; here, a waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountainside, and twining in and out among the masses of trees and rocks; there, a glimpse of fairy-land through a jungle vista.

A post, or "tank," as it is called, was surrounded by dense foliage, festooned by parasitical climbing plants, glowing with flowers of every imaginable hue; humming-birds, like fiery gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out among the trees. On the "tank" floated water-fowl of every kind, and the banks were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumage rivaling the flowers in brilliancy and variety of color. But now the shadows were deepening, the crimson on the mountain tops had disappeared, and the cold snow began to look gray and ghastly. A flying fox went rustling past me, and I hastily prepared to mount, for there is scarcely any twilight in India, and I knew it would soon be dark.

As I rose, my eyes encountered something which made me start and nearly drop my bicycle.

There, not forty yards off, was a tiger. I knew the animal well enough; but how different he looked from the lean, half-starved little beast I had seen at home! He had just come into the open space from a dense jungle-brake, and sat there washing his face puring in a contented sort of a way, like a huge cat.

Was I frightened? Not an atom; I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him, it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature, and then quietly mounted (the tiger was directly on my right, while the road stretched away in front of me). The noise I made roused him; he looked up and then, after deliberately stretching himself, came leaping with long, graceful bounds over the rank grass and rocks which separated him from the road. He did not seem a bit angry, but evidently wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was in the road behind me now; so I pulled myself together and began to quicken my pace.

Would he stop disgusted after the first hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would he stick to it? I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be. I looked behind me. By Jove! he was "sticking to it." I could not judge the distance, but at any rate I was not farther from him than when we started. Now for a spurt. I rode the next half-hour as hard as I could, but on again looking round, found I had not gained a yard. The tiger was on my track, moving with a long, swinging trot, and going quite as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel anxious, and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now; it was my muscle and iron steed against the brute. I could only do my best, and trust in Providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's intention; his blood was up, and on he came, occasionally giving vent to a roar which made the ground tremble. Another mile had been traversed, and the brute was slowly but surely closing up. I dashed my pouch to the ground, hoping it would stop him for a few seconds; but he kept steadily on, and I felt it was then grim earnest. I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and before I could ride another four my pursuer, I knew, must reach me. Oh, the agony of those minutes, which seemed like long hours! Another mile passed, then another. I could hear him behind me now, pad, pad, pad, quicker and quicker and quicker, louder and louder. I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there were not twenty yards separating us! How enormous the brute looked, and how terrible! His huge tongue hung out, and the only sound he made was a continual hoarse growl of rage, while his eyes seemed to literally flash fire. It was like some awful nightmare, and with a shudder I beat down over

the handles and flew on. As I now sit quietly in my chair writing, I find it hard to analyze the crowd of memories that went crashing through my brain during that fearful ride. I saw long-forgotten events in which I had taken part rise up distinctly before me; and while every muscle was racked with my terrible exertion, my mind was clear, and my life seemed to pass before me like one long panorama.

On, on, on; a screw giving, and I should be hurled to instant death.

Human strength could not stand much more; the prolonged strain had told upon me, and I felt it would soon be over. My breath came in thick gasps, a mist gathered before my eyes—I was stopping; my legs refused to move, and a thousand fiends seemed to be flitting about me, holding me back, back! A weight like lead was on my chest; I was choking. I was dying. Then a few moments, which seemed a life-time, and then—crash!—with a roar like thunder the tiger was on me, and I was crushed to the ground. Then I heard shots fired, a babel of men's voices, and all was blank. After many days of unconsciousness and raging fever reason gradually returned, and I heard the particulars of my deliverance. A party of officers had started with a shikaree (or native hunter) to a trap which had been prepared for the tiger. A goat was tethered on the outskirts of the jungle, and the sportsmen had started to take up positions in the trees near to wait for their game, which the bleat of the goat in the stillness of the night would speedily have attracted.

They were talking of our coming bicycle race as they went along, and expecting every moment to meet me on my return journey. As they passed a clump of bushes I came in sight about quarter of a mile in front of them, whirling along in a cloud of dust which hid my terrible pursuer. They soon, however, saw my awful danger. The huge brute, mad with rage, hurled itself upon me just as we reached them.

My friends stood almost petrified with terror, and did not dare to fire; but the shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accustomed to face sudden danger of all kinds in the hunting field, sprang quickly to within a yard of the tiger, and putting his rifle almost to the animal's ear, fired twice and blew its brains out, just in time to save my life. I was drawn from under the palpitating body of my dead enemy, every one present believing it was all up with me.

Making a litter of boughs, they carried me into the camp, where I lay many weeks lingering between life and death.—(Yankee Blade.)

### Took No Chances.

The late Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil once gave audience to a young engineer who came to show him a new appliance for stopping railway engines. The Emperor was pleased with the thing and said:

"We will put it at once to a practical test. The day after tomorrow have your engine ready; we will have it coupled to my saloon carriage and then fire away. When going at full speed I will unexpectedly give the signal to stop, and then we will see how the apparatus works."

At the appointed time the Emperor entered his carriage and the engineer mounted his engine, and on they went for a considerable distance; indeed the young engineer began to suspect that the Emperor had fallen asleep, when the train suddenly came to a sharp curve round the edge of a cliff, on turning which the driver saw to his horror an immense bowlder lying on the rails.

He had just sufficient presence of mind to turn the crank of his brake and pull up the engine within a couple of yards of the fatal block.

Here the Emperor put his head out of the window and asked what they were stopping for. The engineer pointed to the piece of rock, on seeing which Dom Pedro burst into a merry laugh.

"Push the thing on one side!" he called out to the engineer, who had jumped down from the locomotive, and when the latter in his confusion blindly obeyed and kicked the stone with his foot it crumbled into dust.

It was a block of starch that Dom Pedro had ordered to be placed on the rails the night before.—(Boston Globe.)

### Very Effective.

Brushlight—That picture of yours, "An Impending Storm," is wonderfully realistic.

Palette—I suppose it must be. I showed it to Cadloigh the other day and he immediately borrowed my only umbrella.—(New York Herald.)

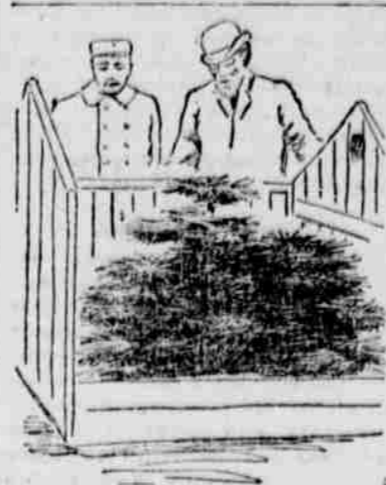
## THE GREAT SHOW.

### FEATURES OF THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR.

Odd Dwarf Trees From Japan—Strange Vegetation From Australia—Description of the Horticultural Building.

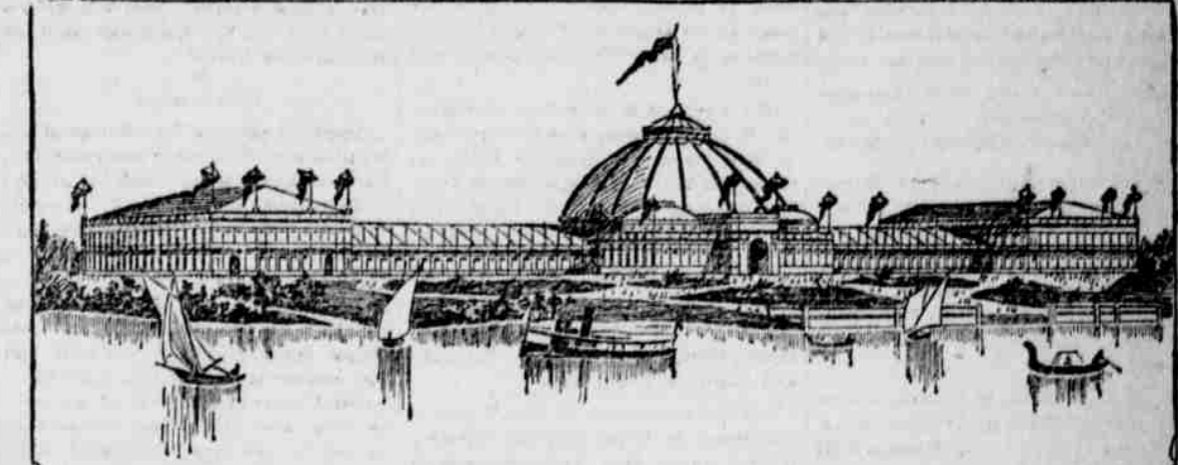
VERY few features of the horticultural exhibit may exceed in interest two which have arrived at Jackson Park, says the Chicago News. They are two dwarf specimens of the pine and cypress families, grown in the imperial botanical gardens at Tokio. For several hundred years they have been endowed with a life that has been twisted and throttled and stunted until in their pygmy branches are all the evidences of heavy age, that promised so much more when they were but seedlings.

Pinus parviflora is the botanical



DWARF TREE FROM JAPAN.

name of the dwarf pine. It stands about two and one-half feet high, with a trunk seven inches through at the earth line. Its branches are so gnarled that the scant green of its needles scarcely conceals the woody mass from which it springs. Its trunk and main stems show the marks of the trainer's knife, where he has cut



THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

away the fibrous centers to retard a too vigorous growth.

Thuja obtusa is the name of the second tree. It is akin to the cypress and is the gem of the collection. Its age is estimated at 400 years and yet it stands only three feet high, with its greatest diameter only five feet. It branches four inches from the ground with one limb



JAPS OPENING CASES OF PLANTS.

upright and the other growing almost at right angles. The foliage has been trained to grow only at the extreme ends of the tree's branches, where it spreads out in thick tufts. An examination of these strange trees shows the infinite care and patience which has been expended upon them. Every branch and twig has had a throttle upon it in the shape of strings of fibrous bark. When too much vigor has been demonstrated in one branch it has been tied down and its circulation of sap improved. When a limb has grown too large an incision has been made in the bark and the woody center cut away. Either from this or from natural causes the cypress has decayed, presenting a hollow trunk. This process of dwarfing trees is practiced only in Japan, and the two specimens here are the best examples afforded by the imperial gardens. Thirty-six cases of plants have been shipped from Japan by its Government, and these will be used in decorating the Japanese temple. K. Konishi, Secretary of the Japanese Commission, received the consignment, and the cases were opened by Japanese carpenters in their native dress.

Already the space under the great dome of the horticultural building is taking on a tropical appearance in its vegetation and has been arranged and thrown open to visitors. Seven States and four foreign

countries are represented. Massachusetts, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Florida, Missouri and California have



UNLOADING FLOWERS FROM THE ORIENT.

contributed, together with Ireland, Holland, Australia and Japan.

The wonderland of Australia has contributed much from its strange vegetation. In nothing does it exceed its gigantic ferns. The tree fern, standing from twelve to thirty feet high, is the largest of these. The trunk tapers gradually to the top, terminating at a diameter of at least six inches. From this stubby top, long ferns hang gracefully downward, some of them eight feet in length. These tree trunks are of a spongy substance which invite parasite growth. Their general appearance is as if they had been scorched by fire.

The elk-horn fern is of the strangest growth. It encircles a tree in cup shape, often exceeding four feet in diameter at the top. It increases in size by layers growing on the outside, feeding from the decayed growth within. A dozen of these fine specimens are in the Australian collection.

Holland has sent in magnificent specimens of the bay tree.

Pennsylvania's exhibit is largely culled from its collection which remained over from the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. Of this collection there are some fine palms and specimens of bamboo growing more than fifty feet high.

decorated in color and planted with ornamental shrubs and flowers. The centre of the pavilion is roofed by a crystal dome 187 feet in diameter and 113 feet high, under which are exhibited the tallest palms, bamboos and tree ferns that can be procured. There are galleries in each of the pavilions. The galleries of the end pavilions are designed for cafes, the situation and the surroundings being particularly adapted to recreation and refreshment. These cafes are surrounded by an arcade on three sides from which charming views of the grounds can be obtained.

In this building are exhibited all the varieties of flowers, plants, vines, seeds, horticultural implements, etc. Those exhibits requiring sunshine and light are shown in the rear curtains, where the roof is entirely of glass and not too far removed from the plants. The front curtains and space under the galleries are designed for exhibits that require only the ordinary amount of light. Provision is made to heat such parts as require it.

The exterior of the building is in "staff," tinted in a soft warm buff, color



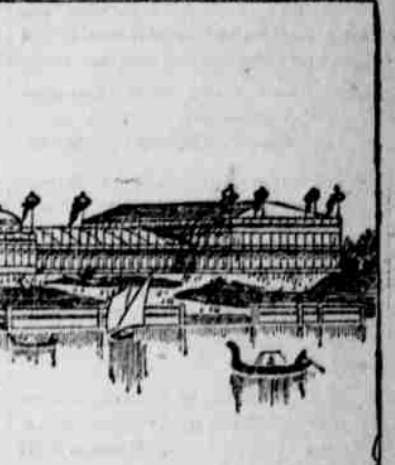
GROUP OF AUSTRALIAN FERNS.

being reserved for the interior and the courts.

The cost of this building was about \$300,000. W. L. B. Jenny, of Chicago, is the architect.

### Miss Helen Gould.

Although Jay Gould left nothing to charity by his will, his money, through his daughter, Miss Helen Gould, has, says the Chicago Herald, been employed



MISS HELEN GOULD.

in many acts of benevolence. She has for some time been a devout member of Dr. Paxton's church in New York and it was through her influence, so it is said, that her father was induced to give his check for \$10,000 to the minister last winter. Miss Gould has been always



MISS HELEN GOULD.

simple and unostentatious in her giving, but many poor people have to thank the kindness of her heart for food as well as for sympathy.

By the terms of her father's will Miss Gould has been made one of the richest women in the United States.

### Immense Run of Salmon.

Salmon are running phenomenally thick now. About 22,000 were brought to the cannery yesterday. This is the largest amount ever brought to the cannery here on one day with one exception. George T. Meyers, the manager, said that he received 25,000 one day some seasons ago when the cannery was at West Seattle. He had to refuse to take any more from the fishermen yesterday, as he is running short-handed and did not have time enough. There are 2000 cases of tins coming around from Astoria and a lot from San Francisco, and when these arrive the cannery will be able to handle all the fish that may come. At present about 435 cases a day are being packed. Most of the fish are being caught in the harbor, and the bulk of the catch is silver salmon. Of the 22,000 received yesterday, 2000 came over from Tacoma, all taken in one haul.—Seattle (Washington) Post-Intelligencer.



FROM THE LAND OF THE MIKADO.

flower terrace for outside exhibits, including tanks for Nymphaea and the Victoria Regia. The front of the terrace, with its low parapet between large vases, borders the water, and at its centre forms a boat landing.

The building is 1000 feet long, with an extreme width of 250 feet. The plan is a central pavilion with two end pavilions, each connected with the central one by front and rear curtains, forming two interior courts, each eighty-eight by 270 feet. These courts are beautifully