

**Autumnal Dreams.**  
When the maple turns to crimson  
And the sweetest to gold;  
When the gnat's in the meadow  
And the aster's on the wall;  
When the moon is bipped in vapor  
And the night is frosty cold;  
When the chestnut leaves are opened  
And the acorns drop like hail;  
And the dewy air is startled  
With the thumping of the fall—  
With the drumming of the partridge  
And the whistle of the quail,  
Through the rustling woods I wander,  
Through the jewels of the year,  
From the yellow uplands calling,  
Seeking her that still is dear,  
She is near me in the Autumn,  
She, the beautiful, is near.  
—Byard Taylor.

## AMPLE SATISFACTION.

Frank Maitland, when he came out to join my regiment in India, was only seventeen years old—perhaps the youngest ensign then in the British Army—though he stood six feet high and was very strong and athletic.

From the first he was one of the stadiest men in the service, though he loved fun as well as any of the young scatterbrains whose escapades kept them continually in trouble. A cool old head was on Master Frank's young shoulders, and a resolute heart beneath his waistcoat, as he soon had occasion to prove.

About a week after he joined, Captain Smythe, the regimental butly, was laying down the law in his usual dictatorial way about a disputed point of tactics, when some one asked Frank's opinion on the matter.

He gave it modestly against Smythe, and as he was fresh from the military college at Sandhurst, was able to show that he was right. Smythe lost his temper—he had been drinking a good deal—insulted the boy grossly, and even advanced against him with a threatening gesture. In self-defence Frank knocked Smythe down.

Next day Captain Smythe challenged Frank, but duelling had been forbidden, and the young fellow refused. Then Frank went on to demand a court of inquiry, which exonerated him and ordered Smythe to apologize. He did it because he had to do it or resign, but he did it cheerily.

After that the two were not on speaking terms for some months, though Frank was too generous to cherish animosity.

The incidents that brought them to speaking terms again were as surprising as any I remember in the annals of tiger-shooting.

One day a venerable old native came into our hunting camp among the Gurrachee Hills, and reported that his village, about eight miles distant, was being devastated by a pair of tigers. They had already killed seven persons and an unknown number of cattle. Would the sahibs come and kill the tigers?

Come! Of course we would come, though tiger hunting on foot is dangerous work. But as elephants could not be procured within a week we determined to take the field without them.

Retaining the old native to act as guide, we made ready that evening, and next morning, long before daylight, our whole party, ten in number, took to the road in a big four-horse carryall which we had brought with us from headquarters.

As we drove along through the still morning air, Frank Maitland, who had never seen a tiger outside of a menagerie, showed more excitement and enthusiasm than usual, which provoked Smythe to say to his companion on the back seat,

"I think I shall have some satisfaction today in watching our young ensign's mettle."

"You'll find his mettle good mettle," said the other.

"He's going to funk—see how excited he is!" whispered Smythe.

"Excited with pleasure. He will be cool enough in danger."

Smythe shrugged his shoulders incredulously, but did not answer.

The sun had no more than fairly risen when we arrived at the village, a group of bamboo huts about a half a mile from the bare or tree-jungle in which the tigers were said to lurk.

Nearly all the men of the village, armed mostly with useless weapons, turned out to act as beaters. The tigers, they said, had killed and eaten a large bullock the night before, so that they might be expected to lie gorged all day in close cover.

We distributed among the natives a lot of hand grenades, and then our whole force, about sixty men, moved off to the jungle.

One glance at it showed that elephants could not have penetrated the thicket. Indeed it was difficult to imagine how even the lithe, slim natives

were to find a way into this fearful place.

It was about three hundred acres in extent, and densely covered with wild fig, cotton, cork, peepal and other trees all interlaced with gigantic creepers and prickly, clinging tendrils, twined and twisted from the ground up, into a fantastic mass of rank vegetation seeming impervious to any living thing. Yet we knew that its dark recesses teemed with noxious and venomous life.

On the advice of the head man, we ten Europeans took stations about one hundred yards apart along one edge of the baree, while the natives were to enter from the other side, and if possible drive the tigers out.

If the jungle had been an open one, nothing could have induced the men to undertake the task; but as tigers do not climb trees, these would always furnish means of escape in case of need.

Each of the beaters, in addition to his curious weapons and hand-grenades, carried a rattle drum, horn, or some other noisy instrument. When the natives were fairly within the wood they began to work slowly toward us with a tremendous din.

Dozens of jackals, and other inferior brutes, disturbed by the hideous racket, broke cover early in the hunt and skurried past us into the long grass of the open plain, without drawing a shot. We were not inclined to make game of anything less interesting than tigers.

I was about the centre of the line. Next to me to the right was Maitland, and beyond him Smythe, an experienced hunter. For three hours we thus stood watching and waiting. The sun had climbed high up before the yell and exploding grenades of the beaters proved that they were gradually closing in on us.

Yet we had seen no sign of the tigers, which, however, were just as likely to be lying within twenty feet of any one of us as anywhere else.

A few minutes more of anxious suspense, and we could see, reflected in the tops of the taller trees, occasional flashes of the fireworks. We could even hear the valorous words with which the creeping beaters sought to encourage one another. Still no tiger!

I had begun to think that our hunt would end without a find, when off a little way to my right I heard a whining purr, much resembling, though greatly louder than, that of a domestic cat rudely aroused from its nap. The tigers were up at last, and stretching themselves. Dodging behind my tree, with rifle ready, I waited a little nervously, for the next move. The beaters came steadily on, with ever increasing noise and accelerated fire, apparently covering every inch of the ground.

Soon I heard the indescribable, vibrating screeches, half snarl, half roar, with which a full grown tiger and tigress leaped over the fringe of outlying bushes and loped away along the edge of the baree.

They were no more than sixty feet from me and I made sure of the one nearest, as I threw up my rifle and touched the trigger. But the hammer fell softly on a damaged cartridge, and when I hastily replaced it by another and fired, I scored a clear miss! Too late now for a third trial.

"Mark right!" I shouted, and heard next moment the crack of Frank Maitland's rifle, followed by a scream from one of the flying brutes.

"Mark right!" shouted Frank.

Then Captain Smythe fired, and, almost blending with the report of his gun, came his sharp cry for help.

The captain was posted two hundred yards from me, but only one hundred from Frank. So the boy, reloading as he ran, sped to the rescue alone. He was not a moment too soon. The tiger, cranking Smythe's left arm, stood raging over his senseless body.

As the boy drew nearer the monster shook his victim as a terrier shakes a rat, and Frank thought he could hear the bones crack. But tiger and man lay directly across his path, and he dared not shoot for fear of hitting Smythe.

At any moment the brute might change his grip to Smythe's throat. Knowing this Frank did the best thing possible under the circumstances. When within thirty yards he yelled at the top of his voice. The tiger, seeing a moving foe, left the prostrate body and charged directly upon young Maitland.

Few experienced hunters could have faced such a charge without quailing, but Frank, on seeing the success of his ruse, stood stock-still, cool as if on parade. As the tiger alighted within twelve feet of him, after its second bound, he fired right into its open mouth.

The express bullet, driven by eight

drachms of powder, traversed the whole length of the tiger's carcass. With quivering limbs and bristling hair the brute sank down stone dead in the net of crouching for a final spring.

As I ran toward the scene I passed the lifeless body of the tigress. The boy had achieved the amazing feat of killing two tigers by two successive shots, and all within the space of one minute.

Fortunately the assistant surgeon of our regiment happened to be the man stationed next to Smythe's right. On examination he found that, beyond the crushed and lacerated arm, Smythe was not seriously injured.

After some brandy had been forced between his lips he recovered consciousness, looked around in a dazed way and asked, "What's up, am I hurt?"

Then he learned who had saved him. Smythe, after all, was sound at heart. Holding out his uninjured hand, he said shakily, "Maitland, I treated you badly."

"Don't say another word, captain," said Frank, kneeling beside him.

So that is how they came to speaking terms again, and afterwards they were the best of friends.—[Youth's Companion.]

## An Electric Eel Ta's Disproven.

There exists an account, given by the famous Humboldt, of the capture of the electrical eel, or Gymnotus, by the South American Indians. This account has been largely copied into natural history works, by reason of its being invested with the authority of the great traveller. The gymnotus, by the way, was the eel on which Faraday experimented with reference to its electrical powers. It represents, along with certain other and different fishes, a very curious modification of muscle and nerve, to which allusion will be hereafter made.

Humboldt, in describing the capture of these eels by the Indians on the llanos of Caracacas (where the famous traveller laid the scene of his narrative) spoke of the driving of horses into the pools or waters in which the fishes abound. The eels were described as attacking the animals, and as giving them shock after shock, so that the horses rushed hither and thither, with eyeballs staring and manes erect. When the eels had thus exhausted their electrical energy on the horses they retired to the sides of the pools and could then be taken out by the Indians without fear of consequences.

Now, a writer has recently given a different version of the matter, says a writer in the London Illustrated News. It is stated that the Indians capture the eels not by means of horses, but by aid of nets. Furthermore, the Indians wear indiarubber gloves, which, I suppose, serve as insulators, so that the fishes can be taken without any risk of their captors being "shocked" in a very practical fashion. The writer in question says that eels could not be captured by the horse method—in a word, Humboldt's account is alleged to be incorrect. This is in itself an interesting story, because it carries a certain moral lesson with it. The first point for discussion is, How came Humboldt to write such an account of it, as the most recent information I have quoted alleges, horses could not be used to capture the eels?

This difficulty may be explained either on the assumption that once horses were so employed, or on that which might hold that Humboldt got his description second hand. I do not know whether Humboldt gives the account as that of an eye witness, but, in any case, it is somewhat of a puzzle to reconcile the old statements with the new.

## Emeralds Are Scarce.

It is reported that emeralds are steadily disappearing. In the '50s and '60s emeralds were the favorite jewels, and were worn strung on a thread like pearls. Now emeralds are no longer polished into a round form, but are polished like diamonds. Faultless stones of a deep color have always been as valuable as diamonds. The reason of the scarcity of emeralds is the decrease in production in the Ural mountains. Emeralds were first discovered on the right bank of the Tokowoier, near Katharineburg, in 1830, and in the first years the harvest was a rich one.

## A Terrible Loss.

"One of the most wanton pieces of cruelty I ever saw," said a man who tells stories, "was in the west, when a lot of fellows cut off a Chinaman's cue. His grief was most pitiable."

"I saw something more harrowing than that," said an ex-detective.

"Tell us about it."

"I was visiting a penitentiary and saw an Anarchist being shorn of his whiskers."—[Washington Star.]

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### DESTROYING WEEDS.

Every season the question is agitated concerning the destruction of noxious weeds. Poison ivy, dock, Canada thistle and dandelions are subjects of varied inquiries. Intelligent gardeners know that no plant can live long without leaves, and Mehan tells the readers of his Monthly if a plant is cut off to the ground soon after making leaves in spring it is generally destroyed at once. But sometimes another or second growth will appear of a more or less weak character, and if this is again cut the plant will surely die. Nothing is easier than to destroy these weeds when this principle is kept in mind. The writer of this paragraph has known a whole half acre of Canada thistle entirely eradicated by having a boy cut them beneath the ground with a knife early in the spring. Very few shot up leaves the second time, but these were again cut as soon as perceived, and the result was to eventually destroy every plant. It did not cost \$10 to do it.

### HOME CURED PORK.

Home cured pork is a luxury for winter use and is also a means for procuring a greater profit from the hogs than will be made by sending them to market on foot. There are many careful buyers who prefer it and also home smoked ham and bacon to that which is put up by the packers. In curing pork too much pains cannot be taken, and as we are nearing the season for this work a few suggestions may be in order. Put a layer of salt in the bottom of a barrel and then pack in a layer of pork as solidly and closely as possible, with the rind next to the staves of the barrel. Put a layer of salt on top of the pork, then more pork again, and so on until the barrel is full. Then place on top of all a board cut nearly to fit inside the barrel. Weight it down with a heavy stone, then fill up with a brine of cold water containing all the salt it will hold in solution. Every operation must be conducted with care and neatness and then you will have meat that will keep sweet for the year round.—[Nebraska Farmer.]

### FOWLS THAT LOSE THEIR FEATHERS.

Loss of feathers may be due to either of two causes—disease, or the frequent habit among fowls of pulling each other's plumage and eating them by reason of a depraved appetite due to disease. These diseases are both caused by the food being insufficiently varied, so that the necessities of the system are not met, and an unhealthy craving for something wanting excites them to this habit. Meat scraps are always good for fowls, which are partially carnivorous, but a large quantity of vegetable food is also needed, and of this clover and grass are the most desirable. The food for fowls should consist of a portion of grain, of which corn or barley is the best. This may be varied by a mixture of buckwheat, oats and rye given occasionally. If the fowls are confined, plenty of cut clover will be most useful and will have a strong tendency to prevent troubles of the kind referred to. Kerosene oil is not to be used as a medicine, but is very useful as a remedy for vermin and an insecticide, when applied outwardly.—[New York Times.]

### SYMPTOMS OF DISEASE.

It is worth while to know, if we can, some symptoms of coming trouble, and fortunately with lambs this is easy enough. If the shepherd will observe the flock as it goes out in the morning and comes in in the evening he will be able to detect the signs of approaching trouble if there is any. When lambs come from the pasture showing extraordinary fulness, accompanied by listlessness, and return to pasture in the morning with ears flopping and heads hanging down, it is safe to conclude that they are sick, and no time should be lost in changing the conditions and hunting for remedies.

The inattention to first symptoms of parasitical troubles, and these are the worst troubles the flock is liable to, is fatal, since the trouble is not recognized until too late. As soon as the health and vigor of the flock begins to decline parasites begin, and if the vitality is not reestablished promptly the conditions are all tending to death. It is not worth while to presume upon things coming around unless something is done, and done quickly. It is not likely that nothing is the matter; that when the feed is better all will be well. It is safe to conclude that the parasites are there; that they are gaining in force, and the only thing to do is to meet them with the booming health and greater

vigor of the lambs.—[American Farmer.]

### MAKING THE FARM ATTRACTIVE.

A stimulus to the improvement of whatever kind is the consciousness of success. The farmer who raises large and fine crops, sees more beauty in the business than the one who only witnesses failures. The owner, therefore, who would bring up his sons to a fondness for agricultural pursuits should make it a special aim with them to present the successful side of the profession which they are about to engage in. The repulsive parts of the business should be kept in the background. Handsome fields, rich crops, fine animals, smooth meadows, golden grain, and—by no means omitted—a reasonable share of pecuniary profit.

The pleasing share of farming must be made conspicuous. It is said that all farmers aim for this success. They do in some degree, but they too frequently allow the repulsive part to become too prominent. Weeds deface the beauty of fields, poor fences allow the intrusion of unruly animals, rubbish takes the place of neatness, and general disorder prevails through the barn and buildings.

Neatness is a habit, and the farmer who becomes accustomed to having everything in order will perform all the necessary work with less care than the owner who finds everything in disorder and confusion.

Make the farm a neat and attractive place if you would have boys and young men attracted by it. Remove the rubbish and drain wet places and ponds and then you will perform the required labor at less expense than when you were annoyed by it or when you were wading through mud. Stumps and bushes cleared from your fields will make better and cheaper cultivation. A stony field will become greatly improved by converting the stones into stone walls, and makes easier ploughing.

Everything on the premises may be made to assume a neat appearance. The orchard and fruit garden may be gradually planted in successive seasons, with enough of them only to be kept in perfect order. A few ornamental trees will add beauty to the whole. The premises, kept in neatness, may be made a pleasing home. Interest may be secured to the young by giving them a portion of the improvements with their profits.—[Cultivator and Country Gentleman.]

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Feed the young stock well.

Get rid of all unprofitable stock.

Do not have the pasture cropped too short.

Do not let your cattle drink stagnant water.

A good soft food in the morning will give excellent results.

Proper ventilation contributes much to the health of the fowls.

Incompletely milked cows have a tendency to diminish their yield.

Mend your fences before the cattle get into the fields and ruin the crop.

Sheep do better in small flocks than in large ones, particularly the mutton breeds.

Small farms require less capital, less machinery and develop better business abilities.

More than one-half of all the sugar produced in the world is obtained from the sugar beet.

Potatoes should be dug as soon as the vines are dead and then stored in a cool, dry place.

The farmer who sends his stock to market half fattened must expect to get low prices for it.

It is said that turnip plants can be protected against the fly by dusting them with wood ashes.

Rye sown now will give abundance of pasturage late in the fall and in winter when not covered with snow.

Pay attention to the small things about the farm, and you will soon learn where the leaks are and how to stop them.

Good beekeepers claim that the farmer ought to be able to raise honey enough for his own use at a cost not to exceed twenty-five cents a gallon.

Extracted honey is much more easily cared for than comb honey, and will keep for years in good condition. If kept in a dry place age will not affect it.

When thinning fruit trees remember that it gives a better quality and that it also gives a better chance for next year's crop. It pays to have a small good crop every year instead of a large inferior one every other year.

## We'll Pull Through.

Country's got the shivers—  
Mighty little sun;  
'Pears like half the stars  
Don't know which way to run;  
Things is mixed an' messy,  
But somehow's shines the light;  
Toss you up a daisy  
That we'll pull through all right!  
Can't be always rainin'—  
Got to take a rest;  
No use in complainin'—  
Worst is for the best!  
Lookin' on the bright side  
Makes the prospect bright;  
Once we're on the right side  
We'll pull through all right!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## HUMOROUS.

A hearty fellow.—Cupid.

A dead-sure thing.—Paris green.

A pushing man always gets ahead in the world. So does a cabbage.

A romance of the middle ages—Two people falling in love when they are forty-five.

The amateur photographer has a habit of taking almost anything except a hint.

When a man comes to ask you for your opinion he really asks you for your confirmation of his own.

"What is philosophy?" It is something which enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.

"Today was prize day at school," said Jimmy. "And did my little boy get anything?" asked papa. "Yes, Got kept in."

He (feeling his way)—"An honorable man should marry only for love." She—"Certainly; oh, certainly; if he can afford it."

"This, I suppose," said the stranger in the city, "is one of your clubhouses?" "Well, you might call it one. It's a police station."

"Is your show making expenses?" asked the manager's friend. "I should say so," was the reply. "It's making more expenses every week."

"Pax, what does it mean when peasy silence is golden?" "It means, my boy, that the gold reserve isn't broken. Run out now and bring in your kindling."

"He struck me as a very high-minded fellow," said the quiet man. "Yes," replied Willis Washington. "He couldn't help being. He's oval six feet tall, you know."

"Were I a hearse," he said, "I'd blow your eels and toes them out."

"You're right," she cried, with a comelous pride.

"They're eels to blow about."

Gus De Smith—"One of the most useful crops raised in China is peas."

Mr. Phoneyboy—"Yes, I suppose so. The Chinese are a very prudent people. They always mind their peas and ones."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," said the evergreen to a neighboring tree, "to be dropping your foliage in this lazy manner?" "Never mind," was the reply, "I'll turn over a new leaf next spring."

Raynor—"The best thing to do with your boy, it seems to me, is to let him follow his natural bent."

Shyne—"His natural bent? Great Scott he rides his bicycle three-fourths of the time already."

"Do you call this a band of picked musicians?" said the hotel manager to the leader of a band. "Ach, dot vos so; I blick 'em mineself," replied the bandmaster. "Well, then, you picked them before they were ripe!"

Performer (rising from the piano amid an animated conversation ironically)—"I hope ladies, I did not disturb you?" One of them (placidly)—"Oh, no, Mr. Octave; not me, at least, I like to have people play while I am talking."

"I am afraid, madam," said a gentleman who was looking for country lodgings, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant." "It is a little noisy," assented the landlady, "but from the front veranda one has such a fine view of people who miss the train."

Mrs. Hicks—"I hear the cook screaming downstairs; there must be a burglar in the house." Hicks—"Good heavens, where is my gun?" Mrs. Hicks—"Don't you stir a step; he might shoot you." Hicks—"What do I care about being shot; suppose he should carry off the cook?"

## A Dilemma.

A gentleman asked a clergyman the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his.

"I really do not know," said the clergyman, "how to refuse you, but if the young man can preach better than I can, my congregation would be dissatisfied with me afterward; and if he should preach worse, I don't think he's fit to preach at all."—[The Ledger.]