

BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.

I recollect my childhood days; I recollect the school...

I recollect my sweet first love, the fairest of the flock...

I recollect the village folks, so hearty and so hale...

The Professor and the Tiger

By J. Sackville Martin

BRavery, doctor (said my friend, the third officer), isn't such a simple thing as you think it.

Often enough, that which is called bravery is nothing more than custom.

It happened when I was with him in a three-masted sailing ship called the Arrow.

One afternoon the skipper was sitting beside Miss Sandford on the poop deck when Hay came up the companion and made his way toward them.

"There's something I want to tell you, captain," he said. "It's getting on my mind and making me quite uncomfortable."

"I suppose you're afraid of the beast escaping?" he said.

"I should certainly regard it as unfortunate," the little man replied. "You see, a drunken man might be careless about the fastenings."

"Excuse me," said the professor stily, "that is not my business. The animal does not belong to me."

"That's it," said Hoskins. "Think over it carefully. And as for getting married, I'd be glad if you'd think over that, too."

"You're sure it's safe?" asked Hay. "Safe," says the old man, getting on his high horse, "safe! I'm sailing this ship."

"You'll excuse me, captain," he said. "I did not mean any offence. The fact is I am constitutionally nervous on shipboard."

"The old man looked at him with a sort of good natured contempt. "You've no call to be alarmed," he said: "we'll take you to England safe enough."

"Mr. Hay smiled again and walked off into the waist, where we had fixed up the tiger's cage. It seemed to have a sort of attraction for him, for he stood before it for at least a quarter of an hour."

"Nice sort of a chap to have on a ship," he said. "A man like that ought to stick to dry land."

"Well, you know, I have a fellow feeling for him, captain," she answered; "I'm afraid of the sea myself."

"Ah," he said, "but you're a woman, you see. A bit of fear is all right in a woman. It's natural to them. But with a man it's different. A man ought to be afraid of nothing."

"And are you afraid of nothing, captain?" she asked.

"Not I," said Hoskins. "You can have the biggest storm ever hatched by the China seas and I'll thank you for it. It brings out all the good in a man."

"It must be nice to be brave," she exclaimed.

"Oh, it's all right when you're used to it," said Hoskins, modestly. "And a brave man and a pretty woman are two of the finest sights in creation. They ought always to be together."

Shortly afterward we put to sea. For the next few days we had the best of weather and everything went smoothly.

I had my time pretty well taken up with my work, but for all that I could see one or two things that set me thinking.

The first was that the old man was making himself uncommonly attentive to Miss Sandford. The second was that this Mr. Hay in a quiet and timid sort of way, was thinking a good deal of her too.

Hoskins was just going down to give her a hand, but at that moment the tiger looked up and saw him, and gave a kind of a roar.

He just took one look around and saw the tiger. Then he picked up a broom that some one who had been washing decks had left leaning against the deckhouse, and pushed at the tiger with it, looking it straight between the eyes.

"That was a fine bit of work, sir," he said. "If I hadn't seen it I couldn't have believed it."

"Oh, it's nothing," said the professor. "It's my business. I tame wild animals."

After that he seemed to dismiss the whole subject from his mind, and went down into the cabin. But I saw him, later in the evening, talking to that girl, and he must have had something important to say to her, for when the old man met her the next morning and began making excuses for himself, she cut him short.

"I do," said Hoskins, a bit puzzled. "Well," she said, softly, "he asked me yesterday; and I'm going to take your advice."

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and I went up the starboard mizzen shrouds as quickly as he had gone up the port ones.

"Look! Look!" he yelled at last. "Come up the rigging, the tiger is loose!"

She sprang to her feet and looked about her. Not four yards away from her the tiger was playing with a coil of rope.

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WILD GEESSE ON MIGRATION.

How the Old Leader Gathers, and Starts Them on Their Journey.

At the end of March or during the first week in April all the gray geese in the Outer Hebrides collect in one place before taking their departure for their nesting haunts within the Arctic Circle.

To estimate their numbers is impossible, says the London Mail, and to behold this vast concourse of geese is one of the sights of a lifetime. The vast host of birds stands packed together in a huge phalanx till the king of the graylegs starts the flight.

Some fifty birds rise in the air and follow him, and as they go gradually assume the wedge-like formation, with three single birds in a string at the apex of the triangle, and in a few minutes are out of sight.

Again and again he returns until all are gone but 300 old veterans, which rise to meet him in the air as he flies back to them.

One morning, as Mark Twain returned from a neighborhood morning call, sans necktie, his wife met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you have been over to the Staves' again without a necktie! It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress!"

Her husband said nothing, but went up to his room.

A few minutes later his neighbor—Mrs. S.—was summoned to the door by a messenger, who presented her with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie, accompanied by the following note: "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have?—Mark Twain."

District Attorney Jerome, of New York, pleads guilty to three weaknesses—candy eating, cooking strange dishes and making furniture.

WHERE TEXAS RANGERS GOT FAME FOR VALOR

HARDY FRONTIERSMEN SAVE THE LIVES OF A MEXICAN FRIEND AND HIS FAMILY.

Were Besieged by Apaches—Incident of the Frontier When Warlike Tribes Burned, Pillaged and Slew.

IN a grove near the Rio Grande River, thirty-five years ago, was camped a body of fifty men in the loose uniform of the Texas Rangers, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The romatic feature of this tale of war is involved in the fact that the Major and his brother officers had often visited the home of the don and enjoyed his hospitality. The Mexican dons are noted for their genial and generous freedom in social life to Americans of the higher grade.

The deadly peril aroused the officers and men to instant action. The trumpet call of boots and saddles brought promptly the squadron into form for advance. They knew not the number of their enemies nor cared for consequences; the only thought and cry of that superb band of heroic men was "To the rescue!"

Each man carried a huge bowie knife for close fighting, a carbine for range fighting, two six-shooters each and a saber for the charge, and they were more expert in the use of these weapons than any other body of men living.

So prepared and arrayed for stirring adventures and ruthless war, the ranger went forth as the knight errant of a boundless domain to protect and defend life, liberty and property dependent upon his chivalric mission, against legions of the cruellest foes that ever cursed any portion of the human race.

SLAYING WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Around the grove from the river to the staked plains on the north was a level prairie extending far and wide into Texas and Mexico, the abiding place of many primitive homes and more pretentious and wealthy ranches.

At midnight, after the second day of encampment, a vaquero was brought in by a guard to Major Ward, the officer in command. He told a most distressful tale of attack upon the ranch of Don Morales Elerado, his master, a rich Mexican of aristocratic lineage, his family of wife, boy of twelve years and beautiful daughter, the Senorita Dolores. It was vigorously defended by the owners and sixty vaqueros against an overwhelming

body of red devils, who had burned the corral and outbuildings, but the stone ranch house and high, thick surrounding walls resisted. The vaquero, being away with a drove of horses, had not hurried into the ranch and kept beyond the reach of the redskins until the idea struck him to find the rurales. In doing this he blundered into the grove.

The light of burning buildings indicated the locality through the darkness ten miles in the distance. In less than an hour the rangers were within hearing of yells, shouts and wild war cries, and, halting here, they formed for the attack, resting their horses for a spell after the swift ride.

The Apaches were all unconscious of danger and mad with the excitement of battle and its changing fortunes, for the gallant don and his men still held the rugged walls of the ranch house, while the frenzied savages in hundreds raged around and assaulted with horse and foot time after time, but they were always baffled and driven back in impotent fury.

Every living thing along the border line far and near had heard those ringing and terrible notes of coming battle. It sounded like a voice from the skies to the despairing Mexicans and a warning of direful wrath from their angry gods to the panic-stricken Apaches.

Forming anew like lightning, the rangers cut lines of carnage through their helpless foes again and again, until they were tired of the harvest for the grave, and paused, reformed and rested on their horses until the fugitive remnants escaped upon the plains and in the nearest mountain ranges. It was a fearful visitation upon the Apaches and long remembered in joy and peace by the Mexican people in those regions exposed to the murderous raids of the mountain tribes.

It was a heavenly redemption to Don Morales and his family, for it rescued them from the valley and shadow of death that followed in the footsteps of captivity by the vilest, cruellest and most barbarous race of Indians on the continent of North America.—J. Hilldrup.

NEW YORK A CITY OF ISLANDS

Some of Them Here Dots, Others as Big as Separate Cities.

No large city of the world has so many islands within its municipal boundaries as New York, says the Sun, of that city. Some of these islands are mere dots. Others are large enough to have almost the dimensions of cities.

Blackwell Island, which covers 124 acres, is valued at \$12,000,000, which is at the rate of nearly \$97,000 an acre. Ward's Island is valued at \$9,000,000 and Randall's at \$5,000,000.

The most important of the islands included within the boundaries of the Greater New York is, of course, Manhattan Island, the value of which is practically incalculable. It is at least \$5,000,000,000; how much more is conjectural.

The Borough of Brooklyn includes Coney Island. The whole of the Borough of Richmond is an island, an island valued by the city for tax purposes at about \$50,000,000. The area of Staten Island is 36,600 acres, which is almost three times the size of Manhattan.

The aburrers in the rice fields of Italy live on less than seven cents a day. Meat and fresh vegetables they never see.

VAST SPREAD OF TELEPHONES

Increased in United States in Two Years Over 1,000,000.

Over a million more telephones were in use in the United States at the beginning of 1905 than two years before, according to a report just issued by the Census Office. In round numbers there were 2,315,000 in the country at the end of 1902 and 3,400,000 at the beginning of 1905.

There were over 5,000,000,000 phone calls in 1902, of which nearly 121,000,000 were "long distance." Ohio led in the number of messages, although there were more "long-distance" messages over Pennsylvania telephones than in any other State.

The report speaks of the effect of the telephone in reducing or checking the amount of telegraph business. It says the rates of the two systems for medium distances do not differ greatly, and for very long distances they are overwhelmingly in favor of the telegraph, if the message be taken as a unit. But, if the number of words exchanged be taken into account, as well as the time required for getting into communication, the telegraph is at a disadvantage.

Norway exported about 68,000,000 pounds of fresh cod and more than half that amount of salt cod last year.

FRENCH JOURNALISM.

Lively, Powerful, Entertaining and Literary Merit.

All France is centered in Paris, and the Parisian newspaper is the gossip of the world for the provinces. A few provincial newspapers outside the great city have attained success, and they are often fully equal to distinction, but in the farthest corner of France the Parisian news-sheet may be found carefully put away for perusal in a leisure moment, and is part of the literature of miner, farmer and tradesman.

It caters to two sets of people within Paris itself, those who go to their newspaper in the morning for the serious business of the day, and the people on the Boulevard anxious to be amused as well as informed, and the result is that the evening paper is by far the more popular, since the Frenchman can leisurely unfold it at his cafe, or chat about it to his friends after business hours.

Often the reader will buy a certain sheet because a writer of note daily signs a certain article, and this has created in France a unique type of journal that may be properly called a one-man newspaper, a peculiar Parisian institution that dates from the day of Rochefort, who found himself blacklisted, to use an American term, by the whole French press because of his political views, and was forced to start a newspaper of his own.

A newspaper with the American feature of giving extended telegraphic news has been issued by an enterprising American, and has found a place. There is, however, enough of the business spirit among French journalists to keep the Parisian newspaper thoroughly up to date, and the foreign methods of handling news are studied and copied.

Curiously enough Paris has produced a paper, La Fronde, which is managed, edited and composed by women. It has obtained quite a circulation and continues to hold its own.

Penny papers have gained a foothold and the time is not far distant when a Parisian, like the newspaper reader everywhere, will question the wisdom of paying two or three sous for news that is given with equal completeness by the cheaper papers.

In investigating the success of the really great French newspapers, one soon discovers the overshadowing importance of the literary qualities of the chief editor. He must in addition have a thorough knowledge of world politics, must read several languages, and be ready to adequately meet a political emergency. When he is powerful enough he can and has affected tremendous revolutions. He may sometimes be a charlatan, but while cleverness may hold the boulevard readers for an hour, it cannot be pretentious in the face of the political changes which France is undergoing.

No paper that is not Republican can count on a great circulation in Paris. There are, however, a few newspapers of different shades belonging to the monarchical parties that find a fanatical following. Catholicism also has its hearing in these days of struggle between the Church and the French State. Foreign governments have their subsidized press in Paris, and are able to prejudice the masses when a foreign controversy is on the horizon.

The Pillager Indians.

A long, deep, clear and very cold body of water called Burntside Lake, north of Lake Superior, near the Canadian boundary, contains, among other 100 beautiful islands, a certain sunny islet that is of great interest to the archaeologist.

These islands and waters constitute the hereditary home of the Pillager Indians, who are pagans. One of these islands (known as Flower Island) is, as it has been for generations, the seat of the Pillager kings. On it sleep, according to tribal tradition, over fifty successive Pillager rulers, the ancestors of the present chief or king, who, he says, must have reigned an average of thirty or forty years each, as he himself has been chief for more than half a century.

Think of a dynasty extending over a period of perhaps twenty centuries! The more modern graves are carefully roofed with cedar bark, which, when kept dry and away from the earth, is almost imperishable. The very ancient graves have been essentially obliterated by the ravages of the elements. At the head of each of the traceable graves is carved the peculiar heraldic insignia of the king who placed beneath it, and above him are placed receptacles for the mah-no-min (wild rice), fish, berries and other food which are brought annually by the related members of the tribes to appease, as they suppose, the hunger of the departed.—Frank Abial Flower, in Records of the Past.

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been recorded to continue a single trill for one and one-quarter minutes, with twenty changes of note.