## THE LONG AGO.

MY FIRST TIGER.

A Thrilling Adventure in Cochin

The entrance to the river of Saigon, the French capital of Cochin China.

In the form the city, there is a lonely telegraph station, where the English cable from Hong Singapore, and the French cable to Ton quin, touch ground. As I am Hong Kong and Singapore, and the French cable to Ton quin, touch ground. As I am Hong Kong and I lad a circular letter of introduction from Sir James Anderson, the managing director of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, I determined to pay these exided electricians a visit. And then I learned that twelve years ago an operator had shot a tiger that had come on the veranda and looked in at the window while he was at work, and that three months ago another had been killed in a more orthodox way. So when the next steamer of the Messageries Maritimes picked up her pilot at 4a. m., off Cape St. James, I tumbled with my things into his boat and rowed ashore as the shiv's sidelights disappeared in the distance and the lighthouse began to grow pale in the sunrise.

Next morning an Annamite hunter who had been sent out by Mr. Langdon, the Superintenden's of the station, to look for tracks, returned and reported that he had built a "mirador," and we were to make our first attempt that evening. At 5:30 that afternoon we started, Mitt (that was his name or nickname) walking and running ahead, and I following him on a pony. We were on a small rising ground, dotted with bushes, in the middle of a rough tangle of forest and brushwood. I looked for the "mirador," and, not finding it, I yelled an inquiry into Mitt's ear (for he was stone deaf). He poi viet to a tree fifty yards away and I saw how marvelouely he had concealed it. He had chosen two slim trees g owing four feet apart; behind the e he had planed two immboos at

the c he had planted two bamboos at the c her correct of the square, and then he had led two or three thickly leaved cree era from the ground, and would them in and actual and over a little lattern and roof, till he had would them in and actual and over a little lattern and roof, till he had mades purfect nest of live foliage. The floor, was about twenty feet from the ground, and it looked perilously fagile to hold two men. But it was a ma ter, ieee of hunting-craft. In response to a peculiar cry from Mitt, two na ives appeared with a little black pig slu g on a pole, yelling lustify. The "mirador" (or "mechan," as I believe it is called in India overlooked a slight depression in which an oblong pond had been constructed for the buffaloes to willow in, as the ugly brutes can not work unless they are allowed to sook themselves two or three times a day. By the side of this Master Piggy was securely fastened, neck and heels, to his infinite disgust. Then the two natives took themselves off with their pole. Mitt gave me a "leg up" into the "mirador," which shook and swayed as we climbed gingerly in, and we ar-



"MITT."
ranged ourselves for our long watch. A soft cap instead of the big sun-helmet, the bottle of cold tea, and the flask put handy, half a dozen cartridges laid out, the rife loaded and cocked. "The rest is silence." Till 10:30 we sat like two stone Buddhas. Then tive wild pigs came trotting down to the water to drink, which was an intensely welcome break in the monotony. At 11:30 Mitt made signs to me to go to sleep for a while and he would watch. At 12:30 he woke me, and immediately fell back in his turn fast asleep. The rest, and the consciousness that I had no longer the sharp eyes of my companion to rely upon, made me doubly attentive, and I watched every twig.

the sharp eyes of my companion to rely upon, made me doubly attentive, and I watched every twig.
Suddenly, in perfect silence and without the slightest warning, a big black object flashed by the far side of the little pool. It was like the swoop past of an owl in the starlight, like the shadow of a passing bird, utterly noiseless and instantaneous. Every nerve in my body was athrill, every nerve in my body was athrill, every nuscle stiff with excitement. Slowly I put out my left hand and grasped my sleeping companion hard by the leg. If he made the slightest noise we were lost Like a trained hunter he awoke and lifted himself into a sitting position without a sound. Rifle to shoulder we peeped through our peep-holes.

der we peeped through our peep-holes.

A moment later a blood-curdling scream broke the stillness, followed by yell after yell of utter terror. It was the wretched pig who had woke to find himself in the clutches of the tiger, and the effect on nerves strained in silence to their utmost tension was and the effect on nerves strained in silence to their utmost tension was electrical. I shall never forget that moment. The tiger was there before me, he had the pig in his grasp, in another second he would probably be gone. And I could see nothing, absolutely nothing. It was pitch dark in the depression where he was standing, and I might as well

have fired with my eyes cout.
Stare as I would, I could not distinguish the least thing at which to aim. And all the time the pig was yelling loud enough to wake the dead. Suddenly I saw the same black shadow pass up the little incline for a dozen yards. The pig's screams dropped into a long howl. My heart sank. Had the tiger gone? No, for an instant afterward the shadow shot down the slope again and the yells broke out afresh. The situation was agonizing. I could hardly resist the temptation to fire both barrels at random into the darkness. Do I see something? Yes, the black mass of the pig, spinning head over heels on his ropes like a butterfly on a pin. And just above him a very pale faint curved line of white. It is the white horseshee of the tiger's chest, and the inside of his forelegs, as he has turned for a moment in my direction. Now or never. A last glance



down the almost indistinguishable bar-rels, and I press the trigger. The

rels, and I press the trigger. The blinding flash leaps out, the answering a roar scarce even the terrified pig into silence, and a blue veil of smoke, hid under the control of the contr



CHARLES SPURGEON, JR.

He is belighted with His visit to America.

Not the eve of his departure for England, at the right of the Chicago Intervences of the Chicago Intervences. In the case of the Chicago Intervences. In the case of the Chicago Intervences. I would like to observe, he writes, that I have always been pleased with America. My reception here has been most generous and hearty. I have traveled considerable during my brief stay, and in the various families where I have stopped I have been treated with so warm a welcome that for the time being I lost the faculty of being homesics. I have been particularly charmed with the beautiful secency that I have seen. Of course I cannot add anything to what has been said in the way of enthusiastic praise of that I braws seen. Of course I cannot add anything to what has been said in the way of enthusiastic praise of that I braws seen. Of course I cannot add anything to what has been said in the way of enthusiastic praise of that I braws seen. Of course I cannot add anything to what has been said in the way of enthusiastic praise of that I braws seen. Of course I cannot add anything to what has been said in the way of enthusiastic praise of that I braws seen. Of course I cannot add anything to what has been said in the way of enthusiastic praise of that I braws seen. Of course I cannot add anything to what has been said in the way of enthusiastic praise of that I braws seen. Of course I cannot add anything to what has been said in the way of enthusiastic praise of that I braws seen. Of course I cannot and the word "blizzard" shall be void all meaning.—Barbara Thorne in Chicago Ledger.

DRAWERS of water Marine artists.

great natural wonder. Niagara is singeneris; it is proper that the Americans should be proud of this great feature of their country's natural beauty. But I have received equal pleasure from my visit to the Yosemite Valley and the Yellowstone National Park. I think they deserve a prominent place in the long catalogue of fine scenery of which your country can boast.

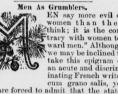
I have found the Baptist Church here in a very successful condition; the people are full of enthusiasm and, among the various Protestant denominations, the Baptists are without doubt the most aggressive and enterprising in church work. The churches of the United States are certainly much better appointed than they are in England. Our edifices can not be compared in architectural beauty to yours.

The interior of the American church is in striking contrast to the London Baptist churches. You make your buildings more comfortable, more home-like, in many cases more luxurious. It is sometimes thought that churches can be made too luxurious, but I have seen no reason for criticism on that ground in what I have seen since I have been here. Your decorations are more lavish than ours; the cushioned pews and the carpeted aisles give a furnished and home-like appearance which is distinctly different from our churches. The best floor covering we would have would probably be limber of the American.

The communicate from the pulpit to the sexton telling him how to regulate the heat, the ventilation; etc., strike a foreign clergyman with surprise; this system must be a great convenience to the preacher, it is characteristically American.

Your Sunday-schools are much finer than ours. I do not think that they are any larger. but your Sunday-school

American.
Your Sunday-schools are much finer than ours. I do not think that they are any larger, but your Sunday-school rooms are bright, cheerful places, with carpets on the floors, pictures on the walls, and well furnished and convenient scats.



Men As Grumblers.

EN say more evil of women than they think; it is the contrary with women toward men," Although we may be inclined to take this epigram of an acute and discriminating French writer cum grane salis, yet we are forced to admit that the statement is very rich in suggestion. Probably there is no trait of human mature that serves better to mark the subtle distinction between manly and womanly character than the quality of fortitude in woman—her ability to bear pain and sorrow in dignified, patient silence. This is woman's courage, as distinguished from man's dashing bravery, which leads him into the thick of danger and adventure in his desire for excitement. To a thoughtful woman our writer's little maxim seems to contain the germ of a carefully observed, well-attested fact. At least the acceptance of it explains much that is otherwise extremely misleading and puzzling.

How tedious, for instance, heve become the misanthropic wails of the callow rhymster of the period, usually a young man who affects the extreme Byronic style, in hair-dressing, collars, and morals, the only thing about Lord Byron which he fails to imitate being the latter's genius. This individual's studies in feminine human nature having usually been in those doubtful fields and byways to which an unwholesome and crotic fancy would maturally lead him, the result is wholesale condemnation, in studied meters, of our poor sex, and this with all the assurance of ignorance.

There is too much of this nonsense being written and spoken against women. In a certain sense we ourselves have, through hearing it so long, almost learned to accept it as partly true, and do not protest much against it. In this submission—this meck tacit acceptance of certain cut and dried maxims, which are only worn-out fletions—we are somewhat in the same frame of mind as was Topsy, in an instance in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Miss Ophelia was determined that Topsy should confess her sins, and poor Tonsy, casting about in her mind for sometimes has had its effect upon

weather the storm.she meekly "fesses" that she is the original author of all wee, a blameworthy, reprehensible dretture, very neglectful of her whole duty, which is to keep a kind of earthly paradise called "home" for her revered lord and master—a peaceful haven where rootsers shall never crow nor duns never intrude, where absinthe shall never give a morning headache, and the word "blizzard" shall be void of all meaning.—Barbara Thorne in Chicago Ledger.

Drawers of water—Marine artists.

NYE HUGGED BY A LADY.

Proof that the English Are Friendly To-ward Americans—Good Work of the Shah and Jack the Ripper—Victoria and Royal Flush.



that they would not announce the menu in advance. One of the dining chairs would have to be reglued, and the claars I smoked would not do at all.

You go into the Savage Club and eat and taik and smoke as you would have gone into your mother's pantry when a boy, after you had been fishing all day. There is no more formality about it than there is no more formality about it than there is no more formality about it than there had not been do not not in the content, sucked your lingers and went to bed, it is great, and yot whether to bed, it is great, and yot who they are thoughts and say things which they thought of themselves.

It is so everywhere. I am only worried



ENTICING THE GUILELESS NYE.

as I say, about the way I will return their rarious acts of kindiness and courtesy. To takes so long to bathe the forks and spoots of one course so that they can give another number on the programme at our house, and I carve with so much danger to a republican form of government, that I hesitate about going extensively into the matter of Leave with so much danger to a republican form of government, that I hesitate about going extensively into the matter of Leave a good deal like the Shah. He had a complaint lodged against one of his soldiers once by a poor farmer of the Orient, who claimed that the soldier had stolen one of his red-cered water-meions. "Yory who can be used to the soldier had stolen one of his red-cered water-meions." Yor a stole your meion."

No he pulled out his sword, and cutting a large aperture in the stomach of the ofiender, he jound the meion and a lew of the back seeds, which were easily identified. "One rane six," exclaimed the horny-handed Oriental buckweater.

Yery well, said the Shah, the pocket of the expiring soldier. "Justice is done. Allah be praised. Return again to your tole, and the stole was a subject to the expiring soldier. "Justice is done. Allah be praised. Return again to your toll," and the shah, the pocket of the expiring soldier. "Justice is done. Allah be praised. Return again to your toll, which ought to keep blue out for respectable society for a good while. He has over two hundred wives, not counting ashipment recently made from London. He and Jack the Hipper together have made the streets of London quite safe for the unprotected and a safety of the safety



NYE MAKES ADVANCES TO THE YOUNG MOSES.

ant maids admired my umbrella vory much and taking it pently from me with a winning smile, spreading it and holding it over 
us, took my arm and trudged bilthely along 
with me until I told her that here our ways 
seemed to diver e and our paths fork, as it 
were. Reluctantly I took the umbrella, 
and telling her to run along home before it 
read to the person of the second of the second of the read 
not for a five minutes walk and come home 
inter at night, hopelessly lost in the labyeinth of her stireds. The eabman is my 
salvation. I go out and get lost purposely, 
so that I can surprise myself at one and six 
by getting back in two minutes 
you that the second of the second 
plan, or by programme, but by strolling 
about, studying people more than places 
and getting into the usual number of 
sersion for the first time and listened to 
several uninent gentlemen who spoke formirst the royal grants. I can do it myself 
and then look up and say "as" 
until Most 
and then look up and say "as" 
until when the 
sent first 
and slimber, but spectators are not allowed 
to wear their hats. Only members can 
wear thin fasts and snore above a certain 
key. Gladstons, better known as the grand 
old man, ston the forecasts.

brightened up briefly by a pleasant can brom me. Many Americans were present and drank the tea of the Minister as administered by his bright young daughter. Without wishing to express political opinion and the continent of the American were all the continent of the American and England we need not be ashamed of our Ministers or our Consuls General. Mr. Reid and General Rathbone seem to be beautifully holingup that the continent of the American and England we need the beautifully holingup that the continent of the American and the continent of the American and Continents and the continents of the con HOLD FAST TO THAT TAIL, BOSE.



experiments were made on animals. He was greatly gratified. Into the foreleg of an old horse, that was so worthless on account of age that in another day he would have been in the soup—the mock-turtle soup of Patris—he ejected his elixir. In an hear starward, with bright red nostili and the sound of the

The French Marshal's Horses.

Marshal MacMahon is looked upon by the amateurs as an unscientific horseman, yet he is perhaps to-day, even at his advanced age, the most daring rider in France. The amateurs are a little jealous of him for one reason—he has superb taste in the choice of his horses and has the money with which to gratify that taste. During his long campaigns in Africa he preferred English monuts, and invariably lett all his suit behind him on long marches. At Compiegne, in the days of the Second Empire, he used to charge with such vigor on the game that the Empress once reproached him with faneying that he was leading a cavalry division into action.

He sits on his horse with great dignity "Feithful" save one of his hison.

that he was leading a cavalry division into action.

He sits on his horse with great dignity. "Faithful," says one of his biographers, "to the adage of Lamartine, the horse is the pedestal of kings,' he appears in public only upon the noblest of steeds, and pays willi gly 500 louis for a horse which pleases him." The horse which he rode on the occasion of the first visit of the Shah of Persia to Paris cost him 10,000 francs. Although 78 years of age, he rides for two hours daily, and he often meets in the perfumed alleys of the Bois that other veteran horseman, Comte Ferdinand de Lesseps, galloping as if he were carrying the news of a vict-ry.

His splendid Egglish horse, Forest

de Lesseps, galloping as if he were carrying the news of a vict-ry.

His splendid English horse, Forest King, was taken at Sedan by the Prussians; and the horse Aria, which he rode on that day, and which was killed under him, had cost him 20,000 franes. Shortly after the close of the disastrous battle of Sedan, a Hebrew dealer appeared at MacMahon's headquarters and inquired if, in view of the aurrender, Alfa might not be for sale.

"Alfa]—you ignoramus!" was the indignant answer. "Alfa is killed!"

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" said the Israelite, wringing his hands in u reigned despair, "how could anyone be so impudent as to risk the life of a horse worth so much money as Alfa on a battle field?"—Cosmopolitan.

Wife (at the opera)—Mr. Blueyes,

Wife (at the opera)—Mr. Blueyes, the tenor, didn't do that love scene well at all. Wonder if he's sick? Husband—Perhaps he is. The prima donna sat at the table next to ours at the hotel, and I noticed that she ate nine raw

A GIRL caught the small-pox on a Pacific Mail steamer and her father has sued the company for \$25,000. It is not enough that the patient is pitted. Something more substantial than sympathy is wanted.

SNAKEROOT BUYS A COW.

"Now, pa," be gan Mrs. Snaker root, "What on "There you go," broke in Mr. S.; "I never try to do a thing but what you must oppose it. Here we are paying 5 cents per day for a quart of chalk and water of which I don't get a taste. Lemme see. Five cents for 356 days is—is—Great Scotf!—\$18.23 55 days is—is—Great Scotf!—\$18.23 55 days is—is—Great Scotf!—\$18.23 55 is—sum stenough to buy the best Jersey in the country. A good cow'll give 10 quarts per day. We could sell five. That's 25 cents—365 times 25 is—hum \$91.25. Good Lord! Mrs. Snakeroot, don't say another word. Milk, butter, \$91.25 per year. I'll have a cow before night!"

Five miles west of the village in which Mr. Snakeroot resided lived old-farmer J., celebrated far and near for the excellence of his breed of Jerseys. Farmer J. had cut his eye-teeth years ago, and sharp indeed must be the man who got the start of him.

Our friend Snakeroot, after having searched unsuccessfully all the morning, happened along just at noon at Farmer J.'s, and was invited to put out and stay to dinner. Only too willing, he hastened to put his horse in the barn, and with his son James accompanied the farmer to the house, where they did justice to an excellent dinner.

After the latest news had been discussed, Mr. Snakeroot intimated that if he could find just such a cow as he wanted, he "wouldn't mind giving a good price for her."

"Wall," said Farmer J., "I don't care about sellin' any, but let's go out 'n look at 'em."

He adopted the precaution of taking along a faithful dog that had been trained to hold the female bovines of the Snakeroot herd while they were being stripped of the lacteal fluid, with

ARIAH, said
Mr. Snaker oot
one morning at the
breakfast table,
"I've made up my
mind to buy s
cow."
"Now, pa," be
gan Mrs. Snakeroot, "what on

"Why, what did ne say/?" asked Mrs. S.
Snakeroot thoughtfully scratched his head for a moment, and then said:
"He tol' me she'd give sfi I could milk:"
"Well, I declare," replied his wife, "you orter have a guardeen app'inted over you." MRS. HOYT'S TRAINING SCHOOL.

shine," is not the shine, "is not the shine," is not the affairs eigo; easy publicity, writes Market and the shine, and the shine shine shine, and the shine shine shine shine shine, and the shine shine

animal."
"I dunno," replied J.; "I'll see what ma says."
So back they went to the house, and after considerable discussion Snakeroot became the owner of a "genuine Jersey."
They tied a rope around the cow's horns, hitched up their horse and started; James driving the horse, and the old man, sitting on the hind end of the wagon, leading the cow. They had gone but a short distance when Snakeroot yelled out, "Whoa!" Whoa!" Young Snakeroot stopped the horse, turned around on the seat, and said: "What's the matter, pa?"
"Don't ask me what's the matter, you blockhead!" cried the old man. "I thought you knew how to drive a horse without pulling the arms—"but before he could fluish the cow came lunging into the hind end of the wagon.
"Gimme the whip," he yelled. "Git out, you," making a sawage cut at a yellow dog that was prancing around the cow.

By this time the Jersey concluded she had remained quiet long enough and commenced to back, dragging Snakeroot, frantically digging his heles into the earth in a vain effort to stop her.
"Get out 'en the wagon, you," he

Eel Skins for Rhennatism.

A reporter the other day paid a visit to Billingsgate and made some inquiries. One of the largest eel dealers in the great London fish market gave some interesting information on the subject.

"Well," he said, "I know of numbers of cases in which they have been used with complete success. They are stretched on a board and dried; then to make them pliant, they are slightly moistened and tied around the suffering limb. They are worn as garters, ankets, bracelets and armlets. They are even worn around the waist—next to the skin, of course—for lumbago and sciatica. Hundreds of London cabmen wear them and swear by them; and I have a number of gentlemen customers in the country who ask me to send them eel skins to give away to the poor people of their districts.

E. Persons who have once worn them will never do without them if they can help it. But I can not tell you what medicinal property they possess; perhaps after all it is only warmth, for of course they mast form an almost airtight bandage, like a piece of guttapercha or gold-beater's skin. Perhaps it is only fancy, and that goes a very long way, as you probably know. Why, I have heard that a skein of silk tied round the waist will cure lumbago, or round the knee will cure rheumatism in the leg. Now, what earthly medicinal property can there be in a skein of silk? Of course the skins are generally considered as refuse or offal, and are consequently thrown away."—Pall Mall Gazette.



view of showing how gentle they

were.
After examining several animals and discussing their points, Mr. Snakeroot picked out a mild-eyed, undersized Jersey, and said:
"I'll give you fifty dollars for that animal."
"I dunno," replied J.; "I'll see what ma says."

was goten does here men. And so it was all those four long, weary miles home.

Arriving finally at his place in town, the cow refused to enter the alleyway. In desperation he hitched the horse to the rope and "snaked" her furiously down the alley into the back yard, when he chained her down to two cherry trees for the night.

Mr. Snakeroot arose late the next morning, took a twelve-quart pail and went proudly forth to milk his Jersey. After being gone a long time he returned to the kitchen and poured the milk into a teacup, and said:

"Of all the dod-gasted old liars in the country, that J. ia the worst."

Twist 'ER Tail.!'

started. "See what you done with your fooling," said Sankeroot. "Don't ye try it again." They got along very well for a mile, when all at once up in the air went the cow's head, and off the wagon popped Snakeroot like a frog from a log.

"What in —!" he gasped as the rope slid through his hands. He had no chance for further comments. Making a lunge he caught the cow by the tail and down the road the pair went —the cow on a canter and he on a keen run. She made straight for a barnyard fence, cleared it like a deer, drugging the unfortunate Snakeroot after her.

Another struggle ensued with the thoroughly aroused cow, and finally she was gotten upon the highway by the united efforts of three men. And so it was all those four long, weary miles home.

Striet.

If wives are bound to be obedient, husbands are certainly bound to be reasonable. But a contact of the reasonable. The way to a Baltimore American reporter: "It is a wonder to me how so great a fraud as Stiting Bull could be made such a here of. Why, a white woman from the easterably have made it uncomfortable probably hav

Strict.

If wives are bound to be obedient, husbands are certainly bound to be reasonable. But, as the apostle said, "All men have not faith."

A neighbor found herself unexpectedly straitened in the midst of her pastry baking, and ran over to the house of Mrs. Hooper, who kept more than a hundred hens, to ask if she could spare a single egg.

"Well, I'll see," answered Mrs. Hooper, and, putting on her sunbonnet, she went out to a distant field in which her husband was plowing. On her return she said:

"Yes, Gideon says you can have it. He never allows me to lend anything without asking him first."