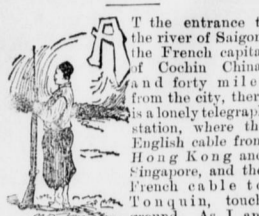


THE LONG AGO.

When the rosy day is dying,
And the evening winds are sighing...

MY FIRST TIGER.

A Thrilling Adventure in Cochinchina.



The entrance to the river of Saigon, the French capital of Cochinchina...

Next morning an Annamite hunter who had been sent out by Mr. Langdon...

At 5:30 that afternoon we started, Mitt (that was his name or nickname) walking and running ahead...

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...

By the side of this Master Piggy was securely fastened, neck and heels, to his infinite disgust...

rang ourselves for our long watch. A soft cap instead of the big sun-helmet, the bottle of cold tea, and the flask put handy...

Suddenly, in perfect silence and without the slightest warning, a big black object flashed by the far side of the little pool...

have fired with my eyes cut. Stare as I would, I could not distinguish the least thing at which to aim...



down the almost indistinguishable barrels, and I press the trigger. The blinding flash leaps out, the answering roar sears even the terrified pig into silence...

For two minutes we sat and listened. Then a long, hard-drawn breath, expelled in a painful, heavy sigh, came out of the bushes on our right...

Where could the tiger be, anyway? Mitt and I walked over to the edge of the grass and looked carefully all along it for tracks...

The tiger had evidently walked just far enough into the grass to be hidden and had then lain down. His presence there took us so completely by surprise that we were helpless...

But his first spring was evidently all he could manage, for he turned immediately and sneaked back into the cover...

My second bullet struck him in exactly the right place, and he made a grab with his mouth when it entered, then spun round three or four times...

Charles Spurgeon, Jr. He is Delighted with His Visit to America. The eve of his departure for England...

great Niagara wonder. Niagara is sui generis; it is proper that the American should be proud of this great feature of their country's natural beauty...

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...

Men As Grumblers. Men say more evil of women than they think; it is the contrary with women...

How tedious, for instance, have become the misanthropic wails of the callow rhymer of the period, usually a young man who affects the extreme Byronic style...

There is too much of this nonsense being written and spoken against women. In a certain sense ourselves have, through hearing it so long, almost learned to accept it as partly true...

In this submission—the meek, tacit assent of a cowardly, unheroic, unmaximal, which are only worn-out fictions—we are somewhat in the same frame of mind as was Topsy, in an instance in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"...

The morbid browbeating of generations has done its effect upon women. We are born penitents, burning to "fess." Alas! our harmless little subtleties, usually prompted by a heart full of truest love...

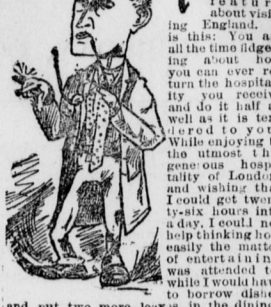
Shame upon us for our lack of spirit, sisters, and let us not thus tacitly admit our general culpability, without a little inquiry into the facts in the case. How long it has been going up, this howl of detraction, of lies, of calumnies and conditions of men, and including such a variety of cross-grained, dyspeptic masculines...

And still is the result the same. Poor woman. Trying to restore peace and weather the storm, she meekly "fesses" that she is the original author of all woe, a blameworthy, reprehensible creature, very neglectful of her whole duty...

NYE HUGGED BY A LADY.

CAUSING HIM TO DART OFF LIKE A FRIGHTENED DEER.

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



HERE is one disagreeable feature about visiting England. It is this: You are all the time digesting about how you can ever return to the hospitalities you receive and do it half as well as it is received at you.

You go into the Savage Club and eat and talk and smoke as you would have gone into your club in the country where you had been fishing all day. There is no more formality about it than there used to be when you were out on the end of a boat of reed and you sat on it to your heart's content...

ENTICING THE GUILTY NIE. As I saw the way I will return these various acts of kindness and courtesy. It is a willing, but the death is weak. It takes so long to bathe the forks and spoons of one course so that they can give another number on the programme at our house...

So he pulled out his sword, and cutting a large aperture in the stomach of the offender, he found the melon and a few of the black seeds, which were easily identified. "And how much are you out on the melon?" asked the haughty monarch wiping his really blade on his coat tail.

"One franc six," exclaimed the horny-handed Oriental blackweaver. "Very well," said the Shah, "here it is, and he took the amount from the pocket of the expiring soldier. Justice be done! Allah be praised, I return again to you, 'til'."

THE RESULT OF THE ELIXIR. experiments were made on animals. He was greatly gratified. Into the foreleg of an old horse, that was so worthless as an account of age that in another day he would have been in the soup—the mock-trotter of the circus—was injected a few drops of the elixir...

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...

WIFE (to the opera)—Mr. Blueeyes, 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 onions.

SNAKEROOT BUYS A COW.

"Why, what did he say?" asked Mrs. S. Snakeroot thoughtfully scratched his head for a moment, and then said: "He tol' me she'd give all I could milk."

"Well, I declare," replied his wife, "you orter have a garden appointed over you." MRS. HOYT'S TRAINING SCHOOL. A Noble Charity for Westchester Boys and Girls. ET your light so shine, it is the text that heeds full amplification in a time when private affairs enjoy easy publicity, writes Mary Gay Humphreys in one of her New York letters to the Chicago Inter Ocean...

There is scarcely a woman of fashion in this city who is not enrolled and in active service. In fact, it is not so much charity as charitable methods that are a matter of concern, zeal having a tendency to overrun discretion, and its coming rival opportunity is already in the field...

But there are women of individuality who carry into their well-doing a certain uniqueness which is as piquant and interesting as it is suggestive and profitable. Generally this has come about by doing the thing that fell under their eyes, and that needed to be done.

An instance of this was the work done by Mrs. W. S. Hoyt at Palmen. It will not detract from the interest it to add that Mrs. Hoyt was once better known to the country as Janet Chase, the daughter of the Chief Justice, and sister of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague.

In the neighboring village of Westchester there was a number of boys who had been sent to the city to learn a trade. The girls of London came to learn anything except that which they acquired on the cracker boxes and salt barrels about the village groceries. For these boys Mrs. Hoyt, interesting her neighbors, set up a carpenter shop and a forge. She then formed them in classes, under the supervision of masters of the plane and hammer. The girls of London came to look to modeling and wood carving. Silk-worms were introduced, and presently there sprung up a knot of village industries where there had been idleness and shiftlessness. Among these Mrs. Hoyt infused her own artistic enthusiasm. The carpentry work especially flourished finely. The best old models were procured, and Mrs. Hoyt's own house and the country club house are filled with admirable pieces of hand work executed by these boys, and in a manner that would renew the despondent hopes and courage of Mr. Ruskin, if he could know how nearly it approaches his own ideas of handicraft. No modern makeshift of glue is tolerated. The parts are joined as they were centuries ago, the carving was wrought in the solid blocks in the old-fashioned way. There were no jig-saws in Westchester.

Eel Skins for Rheumatism. 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, anklets, bracelets and armlets. They are even worn around the waist—next to the skin. Hundreds of lumbago and sciatic cases have been cured in this way. 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. 'Persons who have once worn them will never do without them if they can help it. But you can't tell what medicinal property they possess, perhaps after all it is only warmth, for of course they must form an almost airtight bandage, like a piece of gutta-percha 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 skin of silk tied round the waist will cure lumbago and sciatic. Now, what early medicinal property can there be in a skin of silk? Of course the skins are generally considered as refuse or offal, and are consequently thrown away.'—Pall Mall Gazette.

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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 where 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.'"

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