A TIGER HUNTER'S TALE.

Account of One of His Astonishing Performances—An Amazed Sportsman An English officer I heard of, who had

An English officer I heard of, who had served in India, was a distinguished sportsman, having bagged scores of tigers and other large game, besides being a capital bird shot. His reputation in this class of field sports was so well established that on his return became here. turn home he was in great requisition at the London club, where he was often called upon to relate some of his hunting achievements, many of which were of so marvelous a character that he was suspected by some of drawing a bow of unusual length.

Upon one occasion, after entertaining his friends with an elaborate account of one of his most astonishing performances, a member of the party very delicately insinuated a slight suspicion of incredulity as to the verity of the occurrence, whereupon the cap-tain, with an exceedingly consequential air, remarked: "Why, my dear sir, that is a mere bagatelle when contrasted with one of my encounters with tigers."

"I by no means, for an instant, question the accuracy of your statement," said the other. "Indeed, I have been greatly interested in them, and I assure you nothing would afford me more pleasure than to hear further of your astonishing success in the rare sport of tiger hunting."

the hunter, when the excitement becomes rather too intense to be agreeable, I remember," he added, "at one time while serving in India, I went out for a morning's shooting, taking my largest calibered Westley Richards, the right barrel charged with an elongated steel pointed ball and the left with snipe shot, and after hunting some time without seeing game, I entered a thickset jungle, and had only gone a few yards when an enormous man enting tiger dashed at me from one side, and at the same instant I flushed an English snipe upon the opposite

Whereupon I fired hasty snap shots to the right and left, and to my supreme grati-fication (for I am free to admit I was a little agitated) the tiger fell dead within three feet of me, and the snipe dropped upon the other side. But you can imagine my amazement, gentlemen, when I approached the rapacious monster and discovered that I had killed him with the snipe shot, while the three cunce bullet had torn the poor bird into 10,000 atoms, leaving nothing tangible save a slight suspicion of a few feathers."—Gen. Marcy in

Topham lifted a weight of nearly 3,000 pounds by the use of the strength of his whole body. He stood within a well balanced framework heavily loaded, and to be raised by broad straps, two passing over his shoul-ders and two attached to a strong waistband. The lifting power was obtained by straight ening his lower limbs almost straight just before lifting and at the same time slightly raising his shoulders. The heavily loaded framework was thus raised an inch or two, a very slight swaying movement showing the spectators that it was really free from all contact with the ground. So powerful was Topham's frame for this sort of work that be was backed to pull against two strong dray horses—his body being in a horizontal post-tion, and the pull of the horses being resisted by the pressure of his legs against a fixed orizontal bar close to the ground, so that the action was precisely the same as that employed in the lifting experiment.

The secret of the great lifting power of the legs in such work lies in the fact that the qualities. He may have been a little action has that exceedingly effective leverage which is employed in the Stanhope press, familiarly known, in fact, for this very rea- brother-in-law, the colonel, demands person, as "knee leverage." When the legs are | fection in his son and heir-as if he were nearly upright the kness may be perhaps half a anywhere near perfection himself." foot from the position they take when the legs are straightened. While they move through this half foot the body is not raised more than perhaps half an inch; consequently the power used in straightening the legs is multiplied into a twelve fold greater lifting power. It is because of this powerful knee straightening action that lifting exercises are apt to develop abnormally the muscles of the lower and inner end of the front thigh,-Richard

The Equipages of the People.

There is considerable rivalry among the wealthy families of Petersburg in the matter of riding and driving, and one can see on the islands in the summer and on the Neva or Nevski Prospect in winter the finest horse flesh in the world. The pavements of the city are distressingly bad, as bad as those of Chicago, and of a similar style-cobble stones laid in the roughest manner. There is some excuse for them in Petersburg, however, as the streets are so wide it would thing that would wear out. A sort of compromise with comfort has been effected, however, by laying a strip of wood pavement on each side of the roadway, next the sidewalk, wide enough for two carriages to go abreast, and the drivers usually stick to that,

The streets are kept very clean, under the direction of Dr. Duncan, a jolly and brilliant Scotchman, who occupies the office of director general of public health, and squads of men are kept constantly at work sweeping them with little brooms and carrying off the dirt in carts. There is a law against throwing paper or other refuse in the street, and it s rigidly enforced. There was formerly a law prohibiting smoking on the streets, but that is obsolete. The ronsiways are constantly sprinkled during the summer season, not by sprinkling carts such as we have, but of hose is given a couple of blocks, and keeps sprinkling from sunrise to sunset. In the winter after every snowfall the pavements are cleared by the soldiers, leaving only few inches in the road for sleighing, which ts constantly from November to April.-William Eleroy Curtis in Chicago News

What a Columbia Professor Says.

These firms of manufacturers of proprietary medicines, nine out of ten, live by the newspapers, and sometimes are admirably managed. I know some establishments in which there is a regular staff em-ployed; I know something about them, because they try to bribe me to certify to the who writes the letters, giving marvelous accounts of marvelous cures; there is the artist ing twenty-two bottles of the medicine; there is the poet who composes poems upon the subject; there is the liar who swears to what he knows isn't true, and the forger who produces testimonials from his own im agination. Without exaggeration I should say that nine out of ten of these proprietary medicines are fraud, pure and simple; the real business is advertising for dupes. medical part of it is but a side issue. I am pretty sure if I were to pound up brickbats and spend \$100,000 in offering it at \$1 an comes as a sure cure for some disease which other house than her mother's. Furnival cannot be cured, I should get back at least \$110,000, thus giving me \$10,000 for my out in this fashion have no more curative self."

Funds to the amount of \$25,000 have been cabled from London for the construction of a canal and dam in Santa Valley near Tucson. The sum of \$4,700 has already been paid to the dam-

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE,") Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna," Etc.

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New York. "How much do you love me?" Nicholas asked, with a great craving for love's

"Mo'n anybody else in all the world," Missy answered, with emphatic decision. "Oh, monstrous!" cried Nicholas, so much moved that he was constrained to speak lightly. "I suppose you could undertake to fight dragons for me?"

"Dragons?" contemptuously. "I could fight-the devil and all his works," "What in the world?"- exclaimed

Nicholas, with a burst of laughter. "Well," said Missy, discreetly, "them's the strongest words I could use, bein' a girl. They're in the catechism," she added, by way of recommendation, "or the baptism, I forget which."

"Missy, Missy, I'm afraid you're a sad pickle!

"I'm goin' to be very good now, since I've got you home. I'll do just every-"Yes," he replied, "it is good sport enough thing to please you. I'm all the sister unless the tiger takes it into his head to hunt you've got."

Yes! you're all the sister I've got! Oh, Missy, how I wish you were older!"

"H'm!" said Missy, not at all complimented. "Then I'd be a young lady at the pianner, like my cousin Flora, always afraid of spoiling my clothes. Bound you wouldn't get her to ride double, this er way."

"I shouldn't think of asking her, laughed Nicholas.

'No," Missy asserted, comfortably, "I'm nicer than her." She was bitterly jealous of Flora. The family were at tea when the broth-

er and sister came in, Missy clinging to Nicholas' arns. "How you do spoil that child," said

Mrs. Leonard Thorne. She disapproved of Missy's "ways" with Nicholas; in fact, disapproved of Missy altogether. 'No," said Missy, with a motherly air,

"it's me what spoils him." The colonel frowned. "Flora," he

said, "I wish you would undertake to smooth my little daughter. "Is she a flat iron?" said Missy, pertly, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth. Nicholas and Flora exchanged glances

and frankly smiled. 'Winifred!" expostulated Miss Elvira: but Missy had seen her brother smile and she cared naught for her Aunt Elvira. In the privacy of her own room that night Mrs. Leonard Thorns expressed the opinion that Winifred Thorne was born to be a mortification to her family. "She makes herself a perfect nuisance to Nich-

"Oh, ma!" Flora remonstrated; and, seeing that her mother was bent upon talking about Nicholas, she began to comb her beautiful, luxuriant hair over her eyes.

"Not but that it's very admirable in Nicholas to be so indulgent toward her. I always did justice to Nicholas' good wild, but what of that? All young men of spirit are restive under restraint. My

"Oh, ma!" said Flora again. You know Uncle Jasper never was-like Nicholas." "No, he never was," repeated Mrs. Thorne, with emphasis. "Catch Col. Thorne confessing his follies and shortcomings, as Nicholas has to me. That is what I call benorable in the highest degree. It's what most young men wouldn't do-under the circumstances. I always knew he would come out right in time. And what a property he will have, Flora! Three fine plantations, besides the Ferndale place to be divided between him and that little monkey of a Missy. Then your Aunt Elvira will probably leave all she has to Nicholas; he always was her favorite. And Nick is so pleasant; he hasn't lost any of his bright spirits."

"I don't know about that, ma," said the more observant Flora, behind her brown tresses. "My Cousin Nicholas hasn't such bankrupt the city to pave them with any- bright spirits as he'd like to have a body believe. They are too bright; and he is moody enough when he thinks nobody is noticing. And then"--"And then?" repeated Mrs. Thorne, all

> attention. "He is in another scrape, I fancy," said

> Flora, slowly. "There is certainly some thing weighing on his mind."

"Or his heart?" suggested Mrs, Thorne It afforded Miss Flora's mamma exquisite enjoyment to watch the progress of affairs between Nicholas and her daughter. It was like a vivifled novel, and upon no account would she have been willing to see this romance hurried to a precipitate conclusion with the music of marriage bells. It was quite the proper by gangs of mer with hose, which they at- thing that the young lady should be cov to the hydrants. One man with a line and disdainful, denying her true feelings and flirting with a rival, while the young gentleman distrusted his own desert. counterfeited gavety, and was a prev to gloom; all this was too delicious to be marred by inconsiderate haste.

Never had Mrs. Thorne seen devotion so delicate as that displayed by Nicholas. Every morning, immediately after breakfast, he hastened away to see about the work on his aunt's house; every noon he returned with suggestions for improvements and conveniences that he detailed to Mrs. Thorne, with an interest and enthusiasm that took her vanity captive. Devotion to Flora's mamma was sure to value of their concections. As I say, there be appreciated by Mrs. Thorne; it was the dream of her heart that her son-inlaw should be in love with herself. Fur who shows the patient before and after tak- nival was now at work upon the house, and it pleased Mrs. Thorne to fancy that the impetuous Nicholas must worry the life out of that dilatory mechanic.

"Not that I am in haste to have you leave us, aunt, you understand," said Nicholas, blushing, when rallied upon his energy in pushing on the work.

Mrs. Thorne thought she did understand perfectly. It was out of the question that Flora should be married in any had been heard to say to Nicholas: "When a boy lak you takes a marryin' notion he Nine-tenths of the medicines sent stands fair to make a durned fool of him-That Furnival, the carpenter properties than brickbat dust.—Professor should presume to make such a speech to Col. Thorne's son was immensely amusing to Mrs. Leonard Thorne. She tried to persuade Nicholas to tell her what had provoked it, but Nicholas only turned scarlet and quickly changed the

site owners. The canal will irrigate land olas devoted himself to Flora, doing all

his cousin's favor that he might count upon her womanly sympathy.

Missy raged over this state of things. Brer Nicholas ain't no mo' use to me than a settin' hen," she declared. It required Giory-Ann's strictest vigilance to keep the child from dogging the steps of

the two young people.

As for Flora, she was sorely perplexed. Nicholas had never been so attractive to her as now. Alone with his pretty cousin, he abandoned all pretence to gayety, and gave himself up to a sadness that was not without its fascination for a young girl's heart; and there were moments when Flora hardly knew whether she preferred her cousin or Aleck Gage.

And there was Aleck Gage coming

every few days. "Wonder what makes him such a fool?" was the colonel's un-determined to assume that his cousin's spoken comment, "But it's Flora's privilege to keep him dangling."

Nicholas did not quit the parlor or the piazza when Aleck came now, and he walk was proposed; but when once they were out in the shrubbery, Nicholas disappeared.

when she pounced upon her brother, and bore him off to inspect a bird's nest, to carve her name in the bark of a tree, to make etchings with a thorn upon the leaves of the century plant.

And this was also young Aleck's hour, when he waxed eloquent and confidential; though never a hint would his sense of honor permit him to breathe of the glimpse that had been given him of Nicholas Thorne's heart.

In this state of things Flora was sorry Often she fanded that he was upon the point of speaking but lacked the courage, which was indeed the case. She wished he could speak, that they might come to an understanding; and yet she meaning. "Why, I should be the basest dreaded to have him speak, knowing ingrate not to stand up for you as if I what wrath and bitterness would follow upon her answer. Every member of the family, she was well aware, would take Nicholas' part; everybody would blame would only be content to be a brother! Flora should be to him as a sister.

CHAPTER VIL



"Your wife?" Flora gasped

The days went by; the moon that had lighted old Gilbert while he played the spy in Eden bad waned and vanished. and the crescent that succeeded had expanded to the full orbed glory of the nights of June; the warm air was heavy with perfume and vocal with the mocking bird's rapturous song.

lose, and Aleck Gage did not fail to take advantage of them; time and again discovery that, after all, Nicholas had was he a visitor at Thorne Hill when the colonel little suspected his presence. Nicholas and Flora would stroll out after for her. tea, and after tea would Aleck arrive and join them in some remote alley of the extensive shrubbery.

His appearance was the signal for Nicholas to retire and meditate in solitude, a solitude that Missy did not now intrude upon. For Missy had invented a new amusement for these nights of lovely and of good report," he added, June. With Amity as audience, and the wide scuppernong arbor on the confines of the vegetable garden to serve as a loves you, if that is any criterion," he stage, she had given herself up to the fascination of private theatricals. The dusty volumes in the recesses of the dormer windows supplied her quick fancy with material, and now she was Puck. now Ariel, sometimes the Queen of Faerie, or again the Ghost in "Hamlet," a favorite character that froze the blood Nicholas! Nicholas! you cannot be in in Amity's veins; and not infrequently she was her genuine self, raging against once, from all this." her handmaiden's stupidity. All this was in preparation for a long promised His face was pale; his voice shook; he visit from Lottie and Bess Herry, with whose assistance Missy hoped to accom- away-Dosia is my wife, Flora; respect plish something very delightful in the way of histrionic art.

No one inquired what the child was doing with herself during these moonlit will break his heart!" hours; Glory-Ann, satisfied that her troublesome charge was somewhere with Nicholas, coldiy. "She has saved his Amity, held her little court in the kitchen; the colonel and Miss Elvira and Flora's mamma talked on the back will be ever be able to bear it?" Flora piazza, content to leave the young peo- asked, bitterly.

ple the freedom of the front premises. "Flora, my daughter, take your shawl." cousin's shoulder, after which he drew so his visiting his wrath upon her in any surely there was abundant opportunity for him to speak in the long walk half do so wish to have my father and my

way around the grounds. But Nicholas talked only of indifferent things in a half hearted fashion, and when they reached the gate where usu- distress and fright. ally they met Aleck Gage just dismounting he would laugh and whisper, "See his hand on hers. "But you, dear Flothe conquering hero comes," and leave ra," he said beseechingly, "you who

Flora blushing. It had seemed to Nicholas that the wisest thing he could do would be to Flora was touched. "What can I do, take his cousin Flora into his confidence; Nicholas?" she faltered. "Oh, it is dreadbut whenever the occasion offered his ful!" she sobbed. "How could you"-Aleck and Flora had indulged in the lux- ther has just died."

ury of a quarrel. Nicholas saw the angry lover striding down the walk and did not hall him for a parting word. "Let him go!" he said. For this once the sooner the better." And he rose up quickly from the bench under the mimosa tree and almost ran to seek his cousin.

Flora was in the old fashioned sumfor the thousands of settlers, and will be that a young man may to win a maiden's mer house, screened at the back by many of inestimable value to that region. favor; for he did ardently desire to win favor; for he did ardently desire to win 'mingling vines; the moonlight streaming

through the wide archway in front revealed her, seated, with her head bowed down, her face hidden in her Lands.

"Flora! Flora! My cousin!" cried Nich-

olas. "What is the matter?" A terrible fear seized upon him. Could it be that Flora did not care for Aleck Gage? Or was she so dominated by her uncle's will that she dared not allow her heart fair play? But no-Flora had a will of her own. What if her uncle's wish were her wish, too? All this rushed through Nicholas' brain as Flora sprang up and demanded haughtily: 'How dare you come spying upon me?"

"I am not spying upon you, Flora," said Nicholas, as he staggered back against the wall of the summer house. 'I wish to be your friend," he added, rallying himself by a supreme effort. He preference was for Aleck Gage. "Do you mean to say," cried Flora,

with sudden illumination, as she went to him and laid her hand on his arm, "do always made one of the party when a you mean to say, Nick, that you-won't ask me to marry you?" "I won't ask you to marry me," Nich-

olas answered and smiled—anything but This was Missy's hour of triumph, a heartbroken smile, and yet it was so sad a smile that Flora was overwhelmingly sorry for him. 'Oh, Nick!" she cried, and clasped her

hands around his arm and laid her head against it. "You are a dear, good fellow and I love you dearly, dearly; but you know-if you were to ask me I'd just have to say 'no,' and then there would be a dreadful time. But if only you would take my part"-"My dearest cousin! Of course I will

take your part. But then-will you go for Nicholas, and angry with him, too. halves and take my part?" Nicholas asked tremulously and with an uneasy "You know I will," said Flora, who was far from suspecting her cousin's

were your sister." Nicholas put his arm around her, and just then the mocking bird in the thicket behind them suddenly ceased its song. her except Aleck Gage. If Nicholas and fluttered through the foliage with a quick, short, unmelodious chirp. "I And all that Nicholas desired was that trust it is not an omen of ill, Flora," said he, glancing over his shoulder, "that the bird should so abruptly cease its song." "I don't believe in omens," returned

Flora, impatiently. "I believe in my own determination." "I was thinking of myself," said Nichclas, with an uncontrollable shiver, "not of you." He took both her hands in his, and looked in her face-and smiled. But with you to take my part, you who can understand how love comes unbid-

"Yes, dear Nick," said Flora, softly.
"I can understand. I will always be on your side, whatever my uncle may say. Flora was far from exulting in the thought that her cousin loved her hopelessly, but she found it exquisitely interesting to feel herself thus beloved.

"I do not know how it is-I cannot tell how it began," said Nicholas, with almost a sob in his voice, "but-I love one who is so dear and beautiful and good." He dropped Flora's hands and clasped his own with intensity of feel-"Love her! But she can never please my father. There is my bitter

It seemed to Flora as if she heard these words in a dream; and yet she fully and instantly understood him as she never hitherto had understood him. Instinctively she recoiled from him; it was not These were nights no lover could afford in the nature of the case that she should never been in love with herself; that his sighs and his sadness were, after all, not

"I hope, Nicholas," said she, with a little air of virtuous superiority, "I do hope you have not fixed your affections forcing her upper notes,

upon some one beneath you?" "No," said Nicholas, lifting his head proudly; "I have set my affections upon one infinitely above me-in all that is with a bitter laugh, "And I love her with all the strength that Aleck Gage continued, fast losing his self control

"And, thank God, Dosia loves me." "Dosia-Furnival?" cried Flora, clasp ing her hands and drawing away from him by a sudden, almost violent movement, "Cousin Myrtilla's protege? And you expect us to countenance her? Oh, earnest? You must break away, and at

"I am in earnest," Nicholas answered. was very angry. "And as to breaking

"Your wife?" Flora gasped, and sank upon the bench. "Oh, my uncle! It "It ought not to break his heart," said

son. "How will you ever tell him? How

"Oh, Flora!" cried Nicholas, "it is my study by night and day how to break Mrs. Leonard always said, and it was it to him. I love my father in spite of Nicholas' privilege to wrap it around his all; but Dosia is my very life! I dread her pretty hand within his arm, and way. I could not bear to have her wounded-I-I-could hate-but oh! 1

> Aunt Elvira-all of you, welcome her.' "They never will; we never can," said Flora, bursting into miserable tears of

Nicholas sat down beside her, and put knew what it is to be tenderly be loved"-

courage forsook him, his tongue refused "Oh, Flora!" Nicholas broke in, "if its office. He had let slip his opportunity you would try to make them understand many times before he realized that de- they might listen to you. She has been lays are dangerous; but when once he the saving of me. I was going on in my began to feel this it was not possible for bad courses, reckless and defiant in my him to besitate longer. He was sure that lonely exile; I fell into bad company, he could count upon Flora's sympathy, over there at Sunrise; and there was a at least, even if she could do nothing to quarrel, in which I got a bad cut. My aid him, and it seemed like an omen of father knows nothing of it; but I should good fortune that, at the very moment have died had it not been for the Furniwhen he began to feel so impatient to vals-and Dosia. Ah, if you really tell his cousin all, Aleck Gage should knew i. r. She is far superior to these make his visit so very much shorter than other Furnivals; she is educated, and usual, the cause for which was that she is so good. And, poor girl, her mo-

"How could you marry in secrety" said Flora, with a touch of indignation she could not curb. Her sympathies were entirely with her uncle.

"I will tell you why," said Nicholas, nettled, "it was done in haste"-"To be repented at leisure" said Flora. with a fresh burst of tears. "Oh, Nicho-

TTO BE CONTINUED, I

MISS SYBIL SANDERSON-

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE COAST PRIMA DONNA.

Her Debut in Brussels and Her Great Run of One Hundred Nights in the Beautiful Opera of "Esclarmonde"-Her Early Life.

In the summer of 1888 the habitues of Viau's restau ant, so well known to Americans who visit Paris, were much exercised over the identity of a re-markably handsome young girl who frequently dined there in the company of Jules Massenet, the composer, and a middle aged lady, who was evidently her mother. The younger lady was small, with a

well rounded figure. She was probably about 20, perhaps a year or two more. She had a perfectly shaped oval face and great, heavy, velvety brown eyes, which we e full of expression. Her head was covered with a mass of dark brown hair Her complexion was beau-

tifully clear. Her vivacious manner and great flow of animal spirits, as well as her great beauty, always attracted attention. Who was she?

Every one wanted to know, and although plenty of Americans dined at the restaurant, no one could answer. Viau shrugged his shoulders when asked the question. He supposed she was a pupil of M. Massenet, the great composer. Good-natured, plump madam thought she must be une Americaine. Leon and Soustene, the waiters, were certain they could find out, and got pour-boires on the strength of the information they were going to supply. But they failed to earn them

Massenet happened one evening, as he was leaving Viau's to meet the dramatic critic of the New York Herald. To him the master confided that he had discovered a most marvelous singer, a second Patti, and that he was training her wonderful voice and was engaged in writing an opera for her.

Her name was Sybil Sanderson and she hailed from California. On the 16th of May, 1889, Miss San



derson made her first bow to the Parisian public at the Opera Comique in the opera "Esclarmonde," which M. Massenet had written expressly for her.
It was a brilliant debut, and Miss Sanderson, in the third act, brought down the house with a sensational cadenza which was the talk of the boulevards for weeks after. Esclarmonde, the heroine, which

seen, but is heard announcing her coming to her knight, Roland. She took the cadenza in G in alto, held it, and then scaled down to E flat. This brilliant demonstration of the possibilities of the human voice electrificd the audience, but most of the French critics feared that by thus

part the fair Californian played, is not

though they were, she might impair her middle rasister. For 100 nights she played Esclarmonde with great success. But she did not prove herself a second Patti only one of many brilliant sopranos this country has supplied to the world. Miss Sanderson was torn in Sacra-mento Cal. about twenty years ago-She is the eldest daughter of the late Judge S. W. Sanderson, who was chief

instice of the Supreme court of the State. When only a child of 8 she began covering all the paper she could lay hands on with mysterious scrawls which she gravely assured her parents were musical compositions. Then she discovered she had a voice, and her father and mother, having more faith in this than her musical pieces, had it carefully trained.

Mrs. Sanderson took her daughter to Paris in 1884 and piaced her in the Conservatoire, where she remained for a year, and then returned to Sacramento with her mother, says the San Franelsco Post. A year later the whole family, with the exception of the judge, took up their residence in Paris, but were calle | back in June, 1886. Miss Sanderson subsequently returned to Paris, where she became the favorite pupil of Massenet. Her debut was made in Amsterdam on February 1888, as Manon, in the opera of that name, and it was exactly a year from that day that she sang Esclarmonde

for the hundredth time.

Miss Sanderson made her debut in Brussels, on November 8, 1890. She appeared in Massenet's "Mignon," and achieved a great triumph, the Queen of the Belgians being among the audi-Of course Miss Sanderson did not es

cape the attacks of the Parisian paragraphists. Articles appeared in of the papers announcing that the late I rince Baudoin of Belgium was madly in love with her, and while calling on her had met her ducal protector. row ensued, in which the duke was seriously wounded. The whole story was a foul calumny. The was a myth and Miss derson did not even Sannot even know the prince by sight. Legal proceed ings were threatened against the offending papers, and the editors pub-lished full denials and made ample apologies. The story was repeated in another form in a London paper, but a threatened suit soon brought a retraction.

Miss Sanderson made her operation debut in London this season. erities did not quite incorse the spinions of their Parisian confreres.

Venison for New York.

The New York market is supplied with venison mainly from the Susquehanna carcasses of deer come also from New Hampshire and the wilds of New Jersey, and even the forests of Virginia furnish him a strong resemblance to the portraits their quota. In selecting your venison for of St. Jerome, but the resemblance was the table avoid the antiered carcasses of old bucks and prefer the smaller and more delicate yearling or young doe .-New York Press.

CAPTURING A BRIDE.

One Way Savages Have of Choosing a Wife When Many Mon Want Her.

The oblong wedge, the Maori order of battle, advanced, singing in a low tone, and gesticulating in what they would have called a mild manner. On they advanced, the movement raising no suspicion in the breasts of their adversaries, it being part of the customary ritual of the war dance, until the thin end of the phalanx overlapped the Mania, and stood be-

tween them and the gates of the pa. Suddenly a change was visible in the antics of the Ngatiroa. Their gesticulations became violent, their eyes protruded, their heads were thrown back, and their throats uttered a mighty shout. As the cry passed their lips a stream of warriors rushed up the banks of the gully and joined the cluster of their comrades, now swollen to a compact mass of

When the Mania realized the ruse practiced upon them they never for a moment thought of giving up the fair cause of the incursion without a struggle. Into the pa poured both parties—the Mania to rally round the girl; the Ngatiroa, except the small party expressly told off to carry away the lady, seeking every man an opponent to wrestle with. Each party was anxious to avoid bloodshed, both being "Tribes of the River." The uproar was therefore greater than had they been engaged in actual warfare, it being more difficult to master a man by strength of muscle than to knock a hole through him. At length superior numbers prevailed.

Those who fought around the lady were dragged away. She was roughly seized, and such a tugging and hauling ensued that, had she not been to the manner born, she must have been rent in pieces. At last but one young man, a secret admirer of the lady, retained his hold. An active young fellow, he had so twisted his hands and arms into the girl's hair, and fought so vigorously with his legs, that he could not be removed until he was knocked down senseless.

The contest ended, and the bride being borne in triumph to the canoes, both parties proceeded to pick up their weapons and smooth their feathers. Everything had been conducted in the most honorable and satisfactory manner.-

Antidote for Snake Bites.

An interesting illustration of the antagonistic action of poisons is mentioned in the current number of the Pharmaceutical Journal. Dr. Mueller, of Yackandandah, Victoria, has written a letter in which ne states, says our contemporary, that in cases of snake bite he is using a solution of nitrate of strychnine in 240 parts of water mixed with a little glycerine. Twenty minims of this solution are injested in the usual manner of a hypodermic injection, and the fre-quency of repetition depends upon the symptoms being more or less threatening, say from ten to twenty minutes. When all symptoms have disappeared, the first independent action of the strychnine is shown by slight muscu-lar spasms, and then the injections must be discontinued unless after a time the snake poison reasserts itself. The quantity of strychnine required in some cases has amounted to a grain or more within a few hours. poisons are thoroughly antagonistic. and no hesitation need be felt in pushing the use of the drug to quantities that would be fatal in the absence of snake poison. Out of about 100 cases treated by this method, some of them at the point of death, there has been but one failure and that arose from the injections be ing discontinued after 15 grain of trychnine had been mjected. part of the lody will do for the in

the bitten part or directly upon it. A Pretty French Girl.

tions, but Dr. Mueller is in the hab-

making them in the neighborhood

One of the prettiest girls I saw it France was selling flowers on the grand balcony. Her beauty won her many buyers as well as admirers. Her hair was as dark as the raven's wing, her eves flashed and softened by turns, her features were as clean as from a scluptor's chisel, her cheeks red roses. ever she might be addressed she answered with a smile, a melodious laugh of pleasure following if she were pleased, a frown clouding her face but adding to her beauty if she would reprove. But she did not lose the evenness of her temper. do so want to sell all ze genteelmen flowers," she would say in broken English, with a delicious French accent that stole right through the hearts and into the pocketbooks of sorus American gentlemen, I knew, and to whom she often turned during the evening, but I want them to buy for their own goot, not mine. I love ze flowers. They are sweet flowers, lovely flowers," her face ran red with blushes like her roses. I gave up thinking of her when I heard next morning that she had a hus band whom she regularly whipped twice

a day .- D. A. Orr in Chambersburg Spirit.

Private Railway Cars. So far this season nearly sixty private cars of railroad and other officials and men of wealth and influence have been in St. Augustine-probably a larger number than is the case with any other city in the south. Some of these cars are veritable "palaces on wheels," while others are only plainly elegant. On Sunday Superintendent Crawford, of the J., St. A. and H. R. railway, told a correspondent that he was prevented from attending services owing to official duties in connection with the hauling of these private cars. "There are several of them here over Sunday," said the superintendent, "and up to today our road has hauled fifty-four private cars in and out of St. Augustine this season."-Florida

A convenient piece of work for sum mer is a surah apron to be embrondered. Our model is in black surah. At the lot om is a hem three inches de p above which a tuck an inch and a half de p is made, a space the width of the tuck being left between it and the hem. A jaunty pocket is added at the right side, and the yoke is fastened by means of tie-strings made of black satin-edged No. 12 ribbon.

Stories of human beings with their hearts on the wrong side have occasionally made their appearance, but Cincinnati comes to the front with one about a man in that city who has his brain placed wrong side foremost in his head.

Edmunds was only thirty-eight years old when he entered the senate. His venerable appearance of late years gave

George Justice, probably the only Choctaw Indian in Indiana, is dying of The venerable John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet has a lingering fondness for the trade he learned as a boy, that of years. beart disease at Jeffersonville. It seems

TWO POINTS OF WARD

SUGGESTED IN CONNECTION IN

LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S CARD

Why Was So Valuable a Lin Cate Early?-Excess of Toll-Eigh and Income-The Perils of the

It is rare to see a woman wing to by her own standard and that a or more completely satisfactory is completely satisfactory in the Louisa Alcott. But since we obtain to be satisfied either with on with anybody else, and since chief uses of the study of factories to discover wherein it could finer, there is always be drawn from the very of each career. The first to ever expressed by Howels 1 where he suggests that success where he suggests that success he perhaps seem very much like false. from the inside; and there are in nent persons, probably, so sonk as that they could not afford to a that they could not afford to tain warpings as well as erapas their own achievements. The usually miss such warpings; into are apt to turn expressly away has and think it a little ungeneron to them, the consequence being he obituaries are as valueless as a tion on a monument as a tion on a monument, and likely duce all character to a level of on place and conventions. place and conventional virtue. The perhaps, but two points of wargested in connection with Mis in brilliant career, but each of the some weight.
First it is fair to ask why there life was cut off so early—at 15 are 188, this last being her fathers in

years Was it not because she bear

candle too desperately, while he

calmly and at times even feelig

years she has suffered repeats disorders coming from excess dr She never had any leisure; she made overworked. Grant that this education is largely from those exacting demands. admirers and correspondents via been more than once pointed out a columns, and which make it the columns, and which make it she for a really useful life to proless as But I suspect there was another which seldom falls to tell upon to authors. The late Mr. James I honce told me that he asked Carlein when at the height of his fame, and the property of the selection of the se when at the height of his lam, to you give us no more of those be-shorter tales like 'Peg Woffinger 'Christie Johnstone,' on which has was first founded?' "Because, Reade, simply, "I cannot now also When he was comparatively por a known he could write masterpies, he had achieved fame and form acquired the habits that come was It is the same with health, time it itself. The young girl who ears! her first published story has min sense of wealth; let her chemans will probably never feelso rich ago a rule, if you earn \$500 a year, yo it; if you earn \$5,000 a year, per ard of expenditures almost invite pands to match it; and for the ne the more money one earns, he he is to take a vacation. This spit those who spend money selfish; a applies with tenfold force to its

When the writer was planning autumn of 1861 to enlist a recus the civil war, it occurred to him to the celebrated John B. Gough by chaplain, since his personal man and eloquence, although he was clergyman, would be felt them whole Union army. On inquire out that Mr. Gough was also tered by his own large earnings fuse charities, he could easily and \$100 a day the year round by less but all this large income was not in advance to young men whom: educating and poor families who supporting, so that he absolute not afford to stop work for a s Had he been poorer, he could be So when one reads of Miss Alons into the office of The Woman's and bringing \$100 that she late before breakfast, one is led to six it would not have been better as earned it than to give it away all as to have to go to work after in for another \$100, instead of tale off and letting the tired brains the last lesson ever learned her and artists to be wisely ec themselves, and to spare the sun which prosperity and usefulnest

flow.

are generous.

cott's intellectual work itself! limitation in its grade by resi ready abundance. She had thest public; she was, as was said benefactor of households," and she did-it is impossible to protrary-the very highest work of she was capable. But it was it high or very permanent, to equaled her first successful and tion, and for the rest of her like case of Bret Harte, she simply the same few delineations. The course, more innocent and heart Harte's, but they were as mo children, doubtless, continued by them, but no maturer reserve none familiar with literature keep the run of them. Her miss mestic, simple and sociable; the of art she never had. It a imagine her as pondering a deeply, still less as concerns about phrase or diction. Is the curiously unlike Helen Jackson an artist by nature and by haits was able to write "Ramons" that it seemed an improvision she had learned the use of her-fore.—T. W. Higginson in Hay

The other lesson goes deeper

He Wants to Be Saved from Es "Why do I keep my proposi Europe so secret?" repeated a se circle of friends is larger that to a person who had asked him? I want to escape being made! ing agent for a dozen or two whom I know. Whenever that I am about to go ahroad whelm me with commission kinds. One man wants a phose a certain tower of the casts berg; another wants a peculic match-safe, which may be less certain shop in Paris; still a time ions to have a few London med others want umbrellas, side glasses, cigar holders, jewels thing else.

"It's a nuisance in the buy these things, especially likely to be in a hurry at to when you arrive back in Ner are likely to have trouble sit toms officials, because your ways expect you to get their duty free. Besides, no end you in advance, and you in advance, and you in around dunning the people olimax, you often buy thing suit the persons who have seen you of your and their dispute. vor of you, and their disposor words make you feel say the least. Consequent been through these experience times, I now keep my intent are as secret as possible Tribune.

M B