

RACE UP A MOUNTAIN

The Wonderful Feat of a Gaunt Kanaka Runner.

BEAT HALF A DOZEN HORSES

It Was a Terrific Test of Endurance, and the Sturdy Hawaiian Native Won Easily, Though Two of the Competing Horses Dropped Dead.

"Did any of you ever hear of a thirty-five mile steeplechase for man and beast?" inquired a California man in a party of turf followers when stories of queer bets and long shots were going around. "Well, there was an affair of that kind down in the Hawaiian bunch in the fall of 1883, when that genial gambler, Kalakaua, was king of the islands. There were no telephones joining the islands then, and state messages and mandates were carried by the interisland steamers and delivered by Kanaka runners. These runners could gallop all day, like American Indians in retreat or on the trail, and they didn't know what getting winded or tired meant.

"Kalakaua thought a good deal of these runners of his. He maintained that they could go faster and farther than horses over the Hawaiian country. In this he was disputed by a number of the white attaches of his court. Kalakaua wagered \$5,000 in gobs of \$1,000 with five of them that he would pick out a runner from among the Kanakas who'd get from Hilo to the top of the burning lake of Kilauea, a distance of thirty-five miles, quicker than any horse and any rider could do the trip. They snapped the king up at even money. It looked as if they had the good end of it. The king and a big party from Honolulu sailed in one of the interisland steamers to Hilo, on the main island of Hawaii, to see the finish.

"The king picked up a huge, lithe, sinewy Kanaka, a man about thirty years old, who had been employed as a runner on the island of Maui for a number of years, to try the trick for him. Eight Kanakas made the start a-horseback, on native ponies, bred away back from western cayuses—strong, sure footed, nippy tempered little demons, thoroughly used to the bad roads and the climbing. The king and his party had gone up to the Volcano House, at the top of Kilauea, in coaches the day before to be on hand to greet the winner.

"Now, I understand that that road from Hilo up to the burning lake of Kilauea has been improved since the time I'm speaking of, but it surely was a bad trail then. It was only wide enough for one wagon, and it was a forty-five degree affair in the climb all the way up. The palms that lined the road used to get blown across the trail by the score in big windstorms, and the coach drivers counted it a part of their business to jump from their seats every time they came to these obstructions and shoulder them out of the way. This work had all been attended to carefully, however, in advance of the race by order of Kalakaua, and it looked like a pipe for the cayuses, all of which had made the run up many a time.

"Kalakaua didn't ask for any handicap allowance for his man. The runner toed the scratch with the horses, and they got off together at the crack of the gun. The horses distanced the runner from the jump, and he let them distance him. He was dressed in a G string, and he just took up a steady lope and let the cayuses get out of his sight. For ten miles the cayuses were so far above him on the trail that he couldn't even see them, but this Kanaka knew how to wait.

"The horses began to come back to the runner long before the Halfway House was reached, and the Kanaka was just galloping along at the beginning of the third hour, with the same big stride he had started in with, his arms up and shooting out in front of him like soldiers on the double time drill. There wasn't a pant in him when he fetched up at the Halfway House. He stooped down there to a spring beside the road and took a couple of mouthfuls of water. The cayuses were up ahead a bit, blowing their heads off, for they had been going at a clip that they had never been pushed to before.

"The Kanaka headed the bunch a mile beyond the Halfway House, and it was a big romp for him the rest of the distance. He took a position for the remaining seventeen miles of the journey about a city block ahead of the writhing and panting horses, and he just stuck to his lope like a man wound up. He never let 'em get nearer than a block to him for the remaining three hours of the trip, looking back at them, with a grin, once in a while. When only three miles yet remained before the Volcano House was to be reached, the Kanaka took another drink out of a spring and began to draw away. The Kanaka riders whipped and spurred their horses, but it was no good. The Kanaka runner disappeared out of their sight on the tortuous trail, and when six of the cayuses pulled up at the hotel veranda about three-quarters

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of an hour later the runner was sitting on the steps, fanning himself and drinking saki. Two of the horses had dropped dead in their final effort.

"The Kanaka made the thirty-five mile trip over sticks and stones on a muddy road in 6 hours and 40 minutes, and he looked fit to run for his life when he got through."—Washington Post.

CAPTURED BY A TIGER.

The Fearful Experience of an English Sportsman.

It is not often that a person who has been in the claws of a tiger can tell later how the experience seemed to him. John Bradley, an English sportsman, had the good luck to escape with his life from such a predicament and in his "Narrative of Travel and Sport" tells what the sensation was like. He was hunting tigers in the eastern part of Burma when he met with the adventure. Two other Englishmen were with him at the time:

We marched along carelessly, without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning when he exclaimed, "Beware, sahib!" and a full grown tiger went past us at a gallop.

A straggling volley was fired after it, and, although evidently not struck, the beast stopped and, rearing up on its hind legs, clawed the bark of a tree just as a cat scratches the leg of a chair or a table.

Mr. Grant and I fired simultaneously, but without effect, and before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind I was down under its paws.

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat and then, growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I heard the frightened shouts of my companions and the report of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me, but I did not lose consciousness.

As I was jolted through the forest several times caught hold of the trees, but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All this time, although quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to the danger that some persons have described under similar circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of this brute I cannot tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile from the spot where I was first seized. They followed as fast as they could run and, although I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life, for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance it must have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions, although as yet I did not see them myself. Taking advantage of his release, I tried to escape to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand.

In an instant and with a terrible roar the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder and at the same time lacerating my chest with its claws.

A shot was fired, and I heard the

bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to aim too high. A second and third shot were equally unsuccessful, and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint and could not suppress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use its claws, fortunately for me.

Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage and began to spit like an angry cat at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but whom I could not see owing to my position, for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my friend was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

The Gates of Paradise. Once in a year and at one place in the world there is a crush that surpasses anything else of its kind in the world. It is the great fair of Bawa Farid, which is annually held in the town of Pak Pattan, in British India. It is held in honor of the famous St. Farid-ud-Din, surnamed Shakar Ganj, or sugar store, from the fact that his body had become so pure by continual fasting that whatever was put into his mouth, even earth and stones, was instantly changed into sugar. The principal ceremony consists of passing through an opening made in a wall adjoining the shrine measuring 5 by 2 1/2 feet and called "the gates of paradise." Whoever between noon and night is able to pass through this opening is assured of paradise, and when there are 50,000 striving to pass through at the same time the crush is something terrific. Women faint, bones are broken, and the heat is stifling.

Gladstone's Eccentric Attire. Mr. Gladstone cared little about personal appearance, and had it not been for the loving care of Mrs. Gladstone his dress at times would scarcely have been in keeping with the dignity of his position.

"During one of the Midlothian campaigns," Mr. Lucy in "Memories of Eight Parliaments" informs us, "when he was a guest of Dalmeny he daily wore an ancient, short cut, much frayed cape of the kind Shem, Ham and Japheth might have worn when they took their walks abroad before the flood necessitated the ark. It was compact, of a cheap, shoddy material called, I believe, vicuna. It was in vogue, among other monstrosities of fashion, in early Victorian days. This was probably the only specimen left in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Even it could not debase or disguise the native majesty of Gladstone's presence."

To say "every one is talking about him" is a eulogy, but to say "every one is talking about her" is an elegy.—Anonymous.

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