Tiger Hunting in India.

HOW A CAPTAIN IN THE BRITISH ARMY WAS KILLED.

The Delhi *Gazette* of April 28th says: "Capt. L. Bolden met with his death at Mandulgurh. It is about 40 or 50 miles from Shapoora, and about 60 from Neemuch. Shapoora is about 40 miles from Nusseerabad, where the headquarters of the Sixty-eights are. It was the middle of the day on Wednesday, the 18th, that a large male tiger showed himself to the beaters fearlessly. One he seized, indeed, by the shoulder, and he is not expected to live. He was close to another, who, however, being shouted to, bolted out of his way. The hunting party consisted of Captain Bolton and Mr. Bayers, from Neemuch, and Lieut. Goad, from Nusseerabad. The two former were on elephants after the tiger, Mr. Bayers, in a howdah, the other driving his animal seated on a sort of extemporized cloth saddle only. The tiger appears to have displayed great cunning and fearlessness, and escaping the ball aimed at it, suddenly by a flank manœuvre, jumped on Capt. Bolden's elephant from behind. Both elephants rushed away, and very soon Mr. Bayers found himself still in his howdah, a couple of miles from the scene. Had Capt. Bolden's elephant been as fearless as himself, the tragic story would have ended differently. As it was, when his terror-stricken elephant rushed madly from his assailant, the rider was thrown backward, and must have fallen into the very jaws of the infuriated lord of the forest, who forsook the elephant to execute his will with teeth and claws on his newly acquired prey. His object seems to have been merely to disable, for having fearfully lacerated the lower limbs, it is said he galoped after the elephant again. All this was the work of an instant, and ere the terrified outlook (of whom Mr. Bayers was not one) could draw their breath the tiger was out of sight. The wounded man was carried somehow to his tent too far away, and letters were hurried off to Deolee and to Nusseerabad for help. The cavalry surgeon from the former station was the first to reach the scene. The news did not reach Nusseerabad till Friday morning, and Dr. Henry Waghorn, himself an eminent shikaree, started off at once on a camel to the obscure spot where the wounded man was lying. He reached there the next day with his apothecary, and amputation of the thigh was performed at once. He sat up with him all night, but with Sunday's dawn it was evident the poor fellow would not see another. His intellect was unclouded, but the shock to his powerful frame, and possibly poison from the tiger's teeth or claws, were too much. He sent a last greeting to his Colonel in reply to a letter that had just come in from Nusseerabad, moved his pain stricken frame a little as he turned his weary head, and died.

Wider Range of Animals in Prehistoric Times.

The chief interest of the recent debate on the antiquity of man turned upon the question as to whether there was any evidence in this country of man in the caves or river deposits older than post-glacial times. The readers of the works of Messrs. Croll and James Geikie will remember that they ascribe all the traces of paleolithic men in this country either to pre or interglacial age, basing their conclusions principally upon the fact that in the river deposits and caves some of the associated animals, such as the hyena, lion and hippopotamus are now only to be found in hot climates; and seeing that no traces of a warm climate are presented by any post-glacial deposits in Britain, they infer that those in question are of a much higher antiquity. They account for the association of southern and northern animals by the supposition that they occupied the country at different times, during glacial or inter-glacial æons of from five to ten thousand years in length. To this it was objected that the intimate association of forms prove that both sets of animals inhabited the country at the same time, and were the result of the overlapping of different faunas during seasonal changes. The reindeer formed a large portion of the prey of the hyena, and must, therefore, have been a contemporary. It was also pointed out by one of the speakers that there is no evidence from the animals that there ever was anything like "the perpetual summer," advocated by Mr. Geikie, at any time in the pleistocene age. The hippopotamus in Regent's Park takes his tub regularly in spite of the east winds so prevalent in the spring, which remind one of the glacial period; and the tiger crosses the frost bound rivers of the Amoor to prey upon the reindeer. The lion, now found only in the south, lived in the days of Herodotus in the inclement mountains of Thrace. It seems, therefore, to us, that any argument based upon fossil animals as to a warm inter-glacial period is worthless. And further it is obviously unfair, in treating of the fauna associated with man to adopt the forensic device of choosing some witnesses to the exclusion of others. It would be as easy to prove the climate in question to have been temperate from the associated remains of bison, stag and horse, as it would to prove it to have been arctic from the associated musk sheep, lemmings and reindeer. It was probably a variety climate, with great extremes, similar to that in Central Siberia, in which the summer heat and winter cold are very severe.—*Nature.*

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.—Few of those who handle Bank of England notes, ever think of the amount of labor and ingenuity that is expended in their production. The notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. They have been manufactured for nearly 200 years at the same spot—Laverstroke in Hampshire—and by the same family, the Portals, who are descendents of French refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by workmen is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process within the Bank of England. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly alike any other in existence, consequently there never has been a duplicate of a Bank of England note, except by forgery. It is stated that the stock of paid notes—the bank never reissues a note—for seven years is about 94,000,000 in number; that the original value of the present seven years' stock is over £3,000,000,000, and their weight over 118 tons.

Fancies of the Insane.

"Yes, sir, I'm the light of the world," said a hatchet-faced, emancipated man in the city hospital for the insane on Ward's Island, New York. And he looked at the superintendent, Mr. A. E. McDonald, seemingly expecting some acknowledgement of the truth of his assertion.

Getting from the doctor a nod of respectful assent, the patient continued: "You know, doctor, that I have been skinned alive here—burned alive, scalded alive. My head has been screwed off and screwed on again."

"Why did they take your head off?" the doctor inquired.

"Oh, you know, doctor. You know well enough," the patient replied, reproachfully. "You know that my head is the moon and my skin the stars. Where would you get your light at night, I should like to know, if it wasn't for me! Doesn't my blood supply light for all the street lambs in that big city over there?" As he said this he waved his hand toward the opposite shore, where the thousands of little gas jets glimmered through the darkness.

"Once," he continued, "my head was as big as our friend, the doctor's, here. Now see how thin it is." And as he stroked his poor, shrunken cheeks, his head drooped upon his breast, his jaws dropped, and he looked unutterably sad.

"Yes, but," said the doctor, trying to rally his patient. "if your skin is all taken off and your bones are taken out, how is it that there is any thing left of you?"

The patient did not raise his eyes from the floor. As the doctor was moving away the poor fellow mumbled in answer that he supposed his body was repaired as fast as it was destroyed.

"That's a curious case," said the doctor. "It is a mixture of mania and melancholia."

A stout built, excessively nervous man, with black hair and beard, was next visited. He fancies that he has an electric battery in him, and that his enemies hold the wires and use them to draw away his thoughts.

"They came again last night, doctor," the patient said. "They came and took my lungs out."

Another fellow says that he has a doctor in his body, who moves about to physic and torture him.

"Can you feel him to-day?" Dr. MacDonald inquired.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I can feel his shoulder pressing here," and he put his hand to his left breast.

"Then, where's his head?" asked the doctor.

The patient felt all over his body and about his throat, and then shook his head, saying: "I don't know where his head is to-day."

A very remarkable patient is an elderly man, an ex-college professor, who is hard at work on a translation of Horace, with copious foot notes. He talks so learnedly and logically, that you wonder whether he has not been confined by mistake. But he presently tells you confidentially that Charles Dickens wrote "Bleak House" for the sole purpose of injuring him, and if you should say anything about poison, he will immediately tell you that his whole system has been ruined by being inoculated with poison contained in the lead of the water pipes. He admits that he is insane, but says that he is carefully studying his case in connection with the lead poisoning theory, and has hope of getting the poison out of his system.

The Troops of the Czar.

THE EMPEROR AND SUIT RIDING UP AND DOWN A LINE OF SEVETY-FIVE THOUSAND MEN.

Count Loltke writes: The Russian peasants are extremely good-natured and peaceable. One never sees the people fighting or wrestling. They have no bull fights or cock fights. But their feeling for their superiors make them, much against their inclination, the most obedient and devoted of soldiers. During the flood in St. Petersburg, sentries were drowned because they were not discharged from their posts. As the Winter Palace was burning, a priest rescued the sacred vessels from the chapel. In the corridor he found a sentinel, and told him the danger of remaining longer at his post. "Prikass!" (Orders) said the man; received absolution, and was burnt.

The emperor rode down the whole front of the camp, one (German) mile and a half. The soldiers—seventy-four battalions of 800 men—about 60,000 in all, unmixed, old, bearded, dark brown faces stood, without arms, with caps uplifted. I will say nothing of the deafening "huzzahs," which lasted for two hours, except one might see in these bearded faces with what joy they greeted their czar.

The emperor spoke to several of them, and they answered their "btuschka" (their father) without any embarrassment.

The troops were drawn up in six lines, and the emperor rode with his enormous suit along the whole front. At the march past there were 75,000 men—infantry, cavalry and artillery—the guard corps and one division of the greniadier corps. If these troops had been set out in line they would have covered a (German) mile in length. * * * * I could not have believed it possible that, after their long marches, the troops could have turned out in such perfect order.

We rode into the camp of the infantry and foot artillery, a town of fifty thousand inhabitants, under canvas, with broad, regular streets, on a treeless plain. It is well suited for its purpose. Fourteen of these military monks sleep in one cell; they lie on wooden beds, with a little straw, and cover themselves with their long gray cloaks. The knapsack is their pillow, and their arms stand in the middle of the tent, which is surrounded by a little wall of earth. * * * The food was very good; each man has three pounds of good, black bread a day, baked by the companies themselves, and half a pound of meat. Sauerkraut, soup and buck wheat groats are their favorite luxuries. Dinner is eaten in the open air in companies, planks being used for forms and tables, weather not being taken into consideration. When asked, the men answered loudly and all together, like a battalion salvo, that they were doing well. But they are very quiet—no singing or joaking as among our men.

BEAUTY.—Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee. If thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou leave it, it disturbs thee; if thou hunt after it, it destroys thee. If virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate with it, it is the soul's purgatory. It is the wise man's bonfire and the fool's furnace.—*Quarels.*

The First Shirt-Button.

Young Charley Overblower married a month ago, and when he came home from his wedding tour, he and his pretty little wife Emma took possession of a charming flat up town. Early one evening, after they were fairly settled, and the last of Emma's sisters had been induced to conclude her visit, Charley proposed to Emma that they should go to the theater. The woman assented, and both began to amend their toilets. In a few moments Charley said: "Darling, I am sorry to trouble you; but really I think I shall be obliged to have to ask you to sew a button on this shirt."

"Of course; why not?" said Emma, delighted at a chance to show her skill. She took the garment, seated herself, and said: "I can't remember for the life of me where I put those buttons. Charley, look in that box and see if you can find one."

Charley looked in the box, which was a case of perfume bottles, and not finding the desired article, concluded he would not bother Emma for futher information, so he pulled a button from another shirt.

"Now, Charley," said Emma, "look in the top bureau-drawer and get me a paper of needles and a spool of white cotton—be sure and get the white cotton."

Charley found in the top bureau-drawer a copy of Tennyson—he remembered it well, and picked it up and looked at the marginal marks and comments, dear affectionate little girl that she was!—and more perfume bottles, and a pattern of a Flor de Fumer overskirt, and the beginning of a sofa-cushion and various other things, but no needle and cotton. Then he remembered that he had a fancy "housewife" that he had bought from a girl at a fair, and he got needles and cotton out of that.

"Thank you, dear," said Emma, and she began to stitch vigorously, humming a dreamy Italian air. Presently she said. "Oh, Charley, won't you bring me the scissors? I think they're in my writing-desk. I had them there to-day cutting a poem out of a paper."

The scissors were not in the writing-desk, nor on the mantel, nor in the top bureau-drawer, nor in the case of perfume-bottles, nor even in the receiver; so Charley drew on his "housewife" again. Emma took the scissors, snipped the thread, and exclamed, "There darling! And now make haste, or we shall be late."

Charley wriggled into the garment, and then put up his hands to button the the band at the back, but no button was there.

"Why, Em," he cried, "where in thunder did you sew on that button?"

"Oh, Charley, ain't you ashamed!" exclaimed his wife. "Where are your eyes?"

"If they were in the back of my head," answered Charley, "perhaps I could see that button."

Emma raised herself on her tiptoes and looked at the band.

"Why, that's strange!" said she. "Take it off and let me look at it."

The shirt was inspected thoroughly, and the button was found neatly and deftly sewed on just beneath the tag of the shirt bosom, so as to button to the appendage in a most elegant manner.

"Well, by Jove," exclaimed Charley, "if I didn't know any more about sewing on a button than that, I wouldn't get mar—I'd learn how."

"You were going to say you wouldn't have got married," cried his wife, putting on her hat hastily and bursting into tears.

"Where are you going?" demanded Charley savagely.

"I'm going home, and, I'll get separated from you and your old shirts; that's where I'm going," blubbered Emma. "I thought you wanted the button there to fasten to your what-you-call-'ems."

It took Charley an hour to persuade Emma that if she went home there wouldn't be strawberries enough to go around, and she could get all she wanted at Delmonico's, and he'd pay for them.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A BLOODTHIRSTY BIRD.—The red-headed woodpecker is pronounced to be a carniverous bird by a correspondent of the Naturalist, who relates the following incident as having occurred in Humboldt County, Iowa, last summer: "During that summer a friend raised a large number of black Cayuga ducks. It was noticed that while the birds were still very young many of them disappeared, one after the other, and the bodies of several were found with the brains picked out. On watching carefully to ascertain the cause, a red-headed woodpecker was caught in the act. He killed the tender duck with a single blow on the head, and then picked out and ate the brains. Though my friend was an enthusiast in protecting the birds and squirrels that came about his premises, this provocation was too much. The woodpeckers were speedily shot."

SEEING WITHOUT EYES.—Mr. Levy, in his work on *Blindness and the Blind*, says: When passing along the street I can distinguish shops from private houses, and even point out the doors, windows, etc., and this whether the doors be open or shut. While walking with a friend in Forest Lane, Stafford, I said, pointing to a fence which separated the road from the field: "Those rails are not quite as high as my shoulder." He looked at them, and said they were higher. They, however, measured three inches lower than my shoulder. When I made this observation I was about four feet from the rails. Certainly in this instance facial perception was more acurate than sight. When the lower part of the fence is brick-work and the upper part rails, that part can be detected, and the line where the two meet easily perceived. Irregularities in height, projections and indentations in walls can also be discovered.—*London Globe.*

A rollicking Hibernian of the Light Division in the Peninsula, was once trudging leisurely along with a pig in a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by Gen. Crauford. The salutation was not the most cordial. "Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" "What pig, Gin'ral?" exclaimed the culprit, turning round to him with an air of the most innocent surprise. "Why that pig you have behind you, you villain!" "Well, then, I vow and protest, Gin'ral," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folk are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard, wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that baste to my cartouche box!"

A Solace for the Aged.

In the decline of life, as the vigor of the system wanes, and infirmities attack it to which in early life it was a stranger, the use of a safe medicinal stimulant is highly advisable. Nothing, as experience shows, is so admirably adapted to the wants of old people as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is a real solace to the aged, and the best safeguard they can possibly use against the complaints to which they are peculiarly liable. It invigorates the body and cheers the mind, is pure, agreeable and effective. Rheumatism, lumbago and gout are more frequently developed in age than in youth or middle life. Hostetters Bitters are an excellent remedy for those painful disorders, and also fortify the system against them. They never create undue excitement, are gentle in their action, and are infinitely purer than the unmedicated stimulants of commerce.

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Household Luxuries.

A complete establishment is that recently opened by Wheeler Martin at 120 Fifth street, and known as the San Francisco Coffee, Tea and Spice Emporium. Mr. Martin, well known as a conscientious merchant and one of our old-timers, has filled the above place with a complete line of staple and fancy groceries, which includes the preparations of Crosse & Blackwell Batty, Lea & Perrins and John Mohr, of Edinburgh and Aberdeen. The basement floor is also utilized, and is stored with case goods, and a superior stock of wines and liquors for family use. A special feature of the place, however, is the coffee, tea and spice departments where spices are ground daily by steam power, and turned out fresh and full-flavored. We predict for Wheeler Martin a generous share of custom at his new and central location, for his enterprise, for he deserves it.—*S. F. Bulletin.*

RELIEF AND CURE FOR RUPTURE.

THE MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS.

Many discussions arise now-a-days as to the progressiveness or non-progressiveness of the age, and many proofs are pronounced *pro* and *con* to the entire satisfaction of the *literati*, but in this practical age when we rely only on *prima facie* evidence of positive comparisons and existing facts, it is necessary to convince not only the willful skeptic but the ignorant—all are amenable to the mishaps of nature and accident, and are consequently more or less interested in the progress of that science which purports to alleviate or remedy these faults.

These thoughts of the incalculable amount of suffering ignorant humanity must have undergone, and from it is saved, were suggested by our recent visit to the Magnetic Elastic Truss Co., of No. 609 Sacramento street. Its origin is due to the human and philanthropical instincts of its founders, whose sensibilities were touched by witnessing the great amount of suffering unnecessarily inflicted on the subject by unprincipled parties with instruments and appliances for proper and successful treatment.

Dr. Pierce's patent Magnetic Elastic Truss is a valuable remedy for the cure of rupture. In calling attention to this company we are actuated by a desire to lay before our readers an enterprise which our citizens patronize very extensively, and in which they justly take pride, and which has been beneficial to thousands of afflicted ones. It is the only truss made that gives general satisfaction. It is an invention of but two years' old by Dr. Pierce. The plates are made of a combination of metals and can't rust; the band is elastic and will yield to pressure, thus adopting itself to the body in any position. The truss is so well arranged that it will adapt itself to right or left sides, and the pads being concave cannot slip. Our representative was shown a large collection of old trusses left by parties who have purchased the Magnetic Elastic Truss as made by Dr. Pierce. Some were received that an enormous price was paid for, one of $300, while a good Magnetic Elastic Truss can be had for the purpose for $10. We were shown ample testimony from reliable parties that there have been many bad cases of rupture cured by the Magnetic Elastic Truss. It can be worn at all times and under all circumstances by the patient, whether awake or asleep, sitting, standing, walking or riding, and while making contortions or other active exercise of the body, without the least inconvenience or danger of enlarging the rupture.

The testimonials are numerous, but we have not space for the same. Any one, however, who will take the trouble to send for their Illustrated Book will find therein certificates of cures performed by this truss which are simply wonderful.

It is not necessary for those residing at a distance to come to the city; they can be fitted at home, as the company, on application, will send directions for measuring. Consultations and examinations are free, and experienced attendants only are always on hand. Those in need should at once give it their attention, and beware of bogus Elastic Trusses that now flood the country; use no more metallic trusses of iron hoops and steel springs; and for the genuine article send to 609 Sacramento street, San Francisco. By fair and honorable treatment towards their customers, and by the exercise of promptness in all their business relations the Magnetic Elastic Truss Co. have built up an extensive trade all over the United States. The goods they offer deserve the merit.—*S. F. Commercial.*

91

One More Unfortunate.

Almost every day the papers chronicle the suicide of some poor unfortunate whose mind has been enfeebled by dyspepsia, over whose earthly horizon a heavy gloom has gathered from the untold and untellable agonies of this cruel complaint. Dyspepsia is one of the most depressing diseases afflicting humanity. It is cosmopolitan in its nature—no country is exempt from its visitations, no family free from its attacks. There is a balm in Gilead; it comes in the shape of the PERUVIAN SYRUP. For years it has been scattering its blessings abroad. There is, probably, no disease which experience has so amply proved to be remediable by the PERUVIAN SYRUP as Dyspepsia. The most inveterate forms of this disease have been completely cured by this medicine, as ample testimony of many of our first citizens prove. Sold by all druggists.

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619 CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS held July 11, 1877, a dividend, free of Federal tax, of eight (8) per cent. per annum on all deposits was declared, for the six months ending June 30, 1877. Dividend payable on and after July 16 1877.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

Dividend Notice.

ODD FELLOWS' SAVINGS BANK.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ODD Fellows' Savings Bank have declared a dividend at the rate of seven and three fourths (7¾) per cent. per annum on Permanent Deposits, and of seven and three-tenths (7 3-10) per cent. per annum on Short Deposits, for the semi-annual term ending June 30, 1877, payable on and after the 23d instant.
JAMES BENSON, Secretary.

Dividend Notice.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,

532 California Street, cor. Webb.

FOR HALF YEAR ENDING WITH JUNE 30, 1877, a dividend has been declared at the rate of eight and seven-tenths (8 7-10) per cent on Term Deposit and seven and one-fourth (7¼) on Ordinary Deposit, free of Federal tax, payable on and after July 11, 1877.
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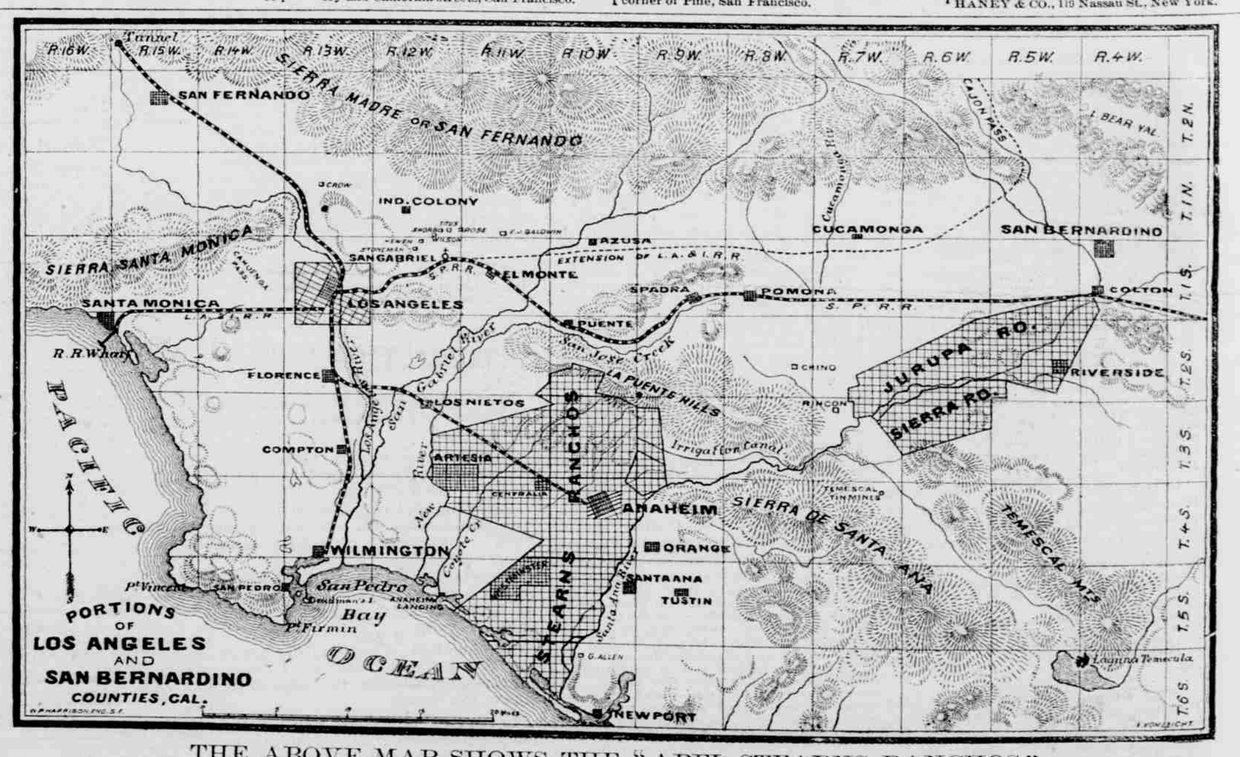

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