Topics of the Times

It will be noted that Mr. Roosevelt makes no distinction—all kinds of anarchists smell alike to him.

[illegible] to his brief message, but he probably thinks the Black Hand needs manicuring.

The United States of Russia has been proclaimed, but will probably not be in working order for some time to come.

Canadian girls are very successful nurses. Many of them come to the States and marry a doctor inside of six months.

A Pennsylvania wife-beater was sentenced to "go home and pray." For the second offense the judge may compel him to go to church.

A minister named Fyshe jumped from an ocean liner and was drowned. And now there are more good fyshe in the sea than ever before.

So much care seems to be essential to our health in these days that the wonder is that anybody survived under the old conditions. And yet millions did.

The discovery that flies carry millions of germs on their feet will arouse a still greater hatred to the bald man on whose head the flies will wipe their feet.

Commodore Vanderbilt and Jay Gould were pretty constantly before the public, notwithstanding the fact that each succeeded in avoiding matrimonial mistakes.

The Russian duma is reported to have voted to increase the salaries of its members. The increase is probably demanded on the theory that doing nothing is hard work.

Many women share Emma Goldman's sentiment concerning the matter of talking when she —— pleases; but, fortunately, most of them are polite enough to refrain from using the emphasis employed by Emma.

The time may come when in addition to the books they have published and the clubs to which they belong people who get into "Who's Who" will be required to mention the cases in which they have figured as co-respondents.

A New York doctor has carried a rabbit's foot for five years and claims to have escaped all injury during that time. But that's nothing strange. A good many of us have been carrying accident policies with the same result.

According to reports, the Peking Gazette, after a brilliant but brief existence of only 911 years, is about to suspend. Some of the "Old Subscribers" who have "been taking the paper ever since it started," probably have become dissatisfied and withdrawn their support.

Every young man ought to ponder the advice which a successful lawyer gave to the members of a college debating society the other day. He said: "There are many audiences awaiting you, and when you address them you must first have made out your speech, your argument, and you must present your cause so that when people are passing out you can hear them say, 'Aye, that is true; I believe what he has said.' If you hear them say simply that it was a good speech, then you have made a good speech, and not a good argument."

Panics, not financial, but of the type which stampede cattle on the plains, are responsible for more loss of life at fires than any other cause. The people in the burning building lose their self-control, and are moved by the brute instinct of self-preservation, regardless of the consequence to others. In the Collinwood school all was orderly until the head of the procession reached the door. There was an obstruction and a pressure from behind. Then panic! The more those in the rear pressed forward in their frenzy, the more impossible was escape. The same thing would have happened if the imprisoned throng had been grown men instead of school children.

A few weeks ago there occurred in one of our New England factory towns an event of peculiar significance in these days of grave and perplexing labor problems. It was the funeral of a factory worker—an old woman who had never in her life received more than a dollar and a half a day. In 1861 she entered the employ of the company, and in the forty-six years since that time had missed but five days from her machine. When, after long service, the company offered to retire her, she refused. When they wished to raise her pay she refused again, saying that her work was worth no more than she was receiving. Receiving less than five hundred dollars a year, she had worked happily, lived contentedly, and even saved a goodly sum. When she died, the factory was closed for an entire day, and its officers, from the president down, and the thousand employes followed her to her grave. In an age when the material demands of life are increasing so rapidly that yesterday's luxuries become to-day's necessities, it gives one pause to discover with how small means the great things, joy in work, content, honor, may still be won if the soul is resolute. To have more than we use, we are told, is riches; to refuse offered aid is power; to work for pride in one's work is joy. All these—easily—for less than five hundred a year; and all these because this quiet worker had learned the great secret that the true wealth is in the faithful doing of the work, not in the dollars it brings. It is an old lesson, but one that cannot be graven too deeply upon our hearts. To put oneself into one's work, looking for reward in the joy of having a place in the world's labor, of increasing efficiency in the task, of widening opportunities for acceptance or refusal, of deepening comprehension of the meaning of work, this is to master one of the greatest arts of life.

It would seem that Mrs. Humphrey Ward has as yet encountered in America no one with the courageous friendliness to explain to her gently but firmly that her innocent references to the "American peasant" are calculated to make the judicious grieve. They indicate what, if one dared hazard such an impertinence, might be called a bland, early Victorian ignorance of America which shows how little Mrs. Ward has read of Mr. Howells, how little she has gathered from Mrs. Freeman, Mr. Wister, or any of the distinguished realists she so glibly names. "The American peasant!" Imagine one of the Yankee farmers in a Mary Wilkins novelette addressed as a peasant. We guarantee there would be some echoes of "the shot heard round the world" right there, while the application of such an epithet to any of the flourishing models from which Mr. Wister drew would be extremely hazardous in their habitat. It is to be feared Mrs. Ward's easy references to Mrs. Freeman's and Mr. Wister's creations denote not so much an acquaintance with them as a knowledge of the presence in her audience of their creators. This is an amiable device of public speakers, and in this case it explains why Mrs. Ward so ingeniously cites work that conclusively shows the non-existence of the subject of her discourse. But Mrs. Ward has been in Washington recently, and she undoubtedly was enlightened there by some of the several hundred friends of the "American farmer." Perhaps it has been revealed to her that he is not only not a "peasant," he is the great American sovereign, the boss of the country. His wife patterns her attire after the city modes, his daughter marcels her hair and knows all about Ethel Barrymore, and his son is a varsity man to a considerable degree. If there are any American peasants in America Mrs. Ward is the sole custodian of their secret whereabouts. In America we feel assured that, like the celebrated Mrs. Arris, "there ain't no sich person."

AN INDIAN GREETING.

Telling about the Indians of the Pacific coast as he found them in 1846, Paul Kane, the Canadian artist, tried to give an idea of their language as he found it at that time. The example which he quotes would have delighted Max Muller, and it may interest some readers in this country. In his "Wanderings of an Artist" he seems not to recall any particular individual of the name of Clark who might have impressed the Indians of the Columbia River, but American readers will at once think of the comrade of Major Lewis in the famous expedition of 1803.

I would willingly give a specimen of the barbarous language of this people, were it possible to represent by any combination of our alphabet the horrible, harsh sputtering sounds which proceed from their throats, apparently unguided either by the tongue or lip, says Mr. Kane. It is so difficult to acquire a mastery of their language that none have been able to attain it, except those who have been born among them.

They have, however, by their intercourse with the English and French traders, succeeded in amalgamating, after a fashion, some words of each of these tongues with their own, and in forming a sort of patois, barbarous enough certainly, but still sufficient to enable them to communicate with the traders.

This patois I was enabled after some short time to acquire, and could converse with most of the chiefs with tolerable ease.

Their common salutation is Clakhoh-ah-yah, originating, as I believe, in their ancestors having heard, in the early days of the fur trade, a gentleman named Clark frequently addressed by his friends, "Clark, how are you?"

This salutation is now applied to every white man, for their own language affords no appropriate expression.

Wash Day at Pullman.

The Pullman Company, whose president, Robert Todd Lincoln, is the only living son of the best friend the plain people ever had, is strong on economy.

Those of us who know have long grumbled at the fact that the porter, who closes down the untenanted upper berth where one's head will strike it hardest, is paid only $25 a month. Now, the Interstate Commerce Commission tells us that of this $300 a year the porter must give up to the forms of a grade which wholesale clothiers have offered to supply at 40 per cent less. Three-fourths of the porter's wages is paid by the traveling public in the form of tips.

The Pullman Company is capitalized at $128,000,000, and two years ago its stockholders cut a "melon" of $20,000,000; but does its frugality stop, think you, at holding up the porters, the public and the railroads? Far from it! Herewith is a further crumb of information from that hard-working commission:

Esthetic travelers have looked with favor on the practice of covering up the blankets in a berth with a clean, white sheet. This is in conformity with what is known as the "third sheet rule," which was adopted January 1, 1905. Up to that time the Pullman Company washed the blankets every six months. Now the blankets are washed every eighteen months, or at intervals of a year and a half!

Oh, fortunate traveler, ignorant of the disclosures of the high official muckraker:

"Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound."
—Success Magazine.

We never knew a person who was not saturated with some fool notion.

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

It was Saturday—the third Saturday since Girdlestone and his ward had disappeared. Dimsdale had fully made up his mind that, go where he would, Ezra should not escape him this time. On two consecutive Saturdays the young merchant had managed to get away from him, and had been absent each time until the Monday morning. Tom knew, and the thought was a bitter one, that these days were spent in some unknown retreat in the company of Kate and of her guardian. This time at least he should not get away without revealing his destination.

The two young men remained in the office until two o'clock. Then Ezra put on his hat and overcoat, buttoning it up close, for the weather was bitterly cold. Tom at once picked up his wide-a-wake and followed him out into Fenchurch street, so close to his heels that the swinging door had not shut on the one before the other passed through. Ezra glanced round at him when he heard the footsteps. There was no longer any pretense of civility between the two, and whenever their eyes met it was only to exchange glances of hatred and defiance.

A hansom was passing down the street, and Ezra, with a few muttered words to the driver, sprang in. Fortunately another had just discharged its fare, and was still waiting by the curb. Tom ran up to it. "Keep that red cab in sight," he said. "Whatever you do, don't let it get away from you." The driver, who was a man of few words, nodded, and whipped up his horse.

It chanced that this same horse was either a faster or a fresher one than that which bore the young merchant. The red cab rattled down Fleet street, then doubled on its tracks, and coming back by St Paul's plunged into a labyrinth of side streets from which it eventually emerged upon the Thames embankment. In spite of all its efforts, however, it was unable to shake off its pursuer. The red cab journeyed on down the Embankment, and across one of the bridges, Tom's able charioteer still keeping only a few yards behind it. Among the narrow streets on the Surrey side Ezra's vehicle pulled up at a public house. Tom waited patiently outside until he should reappear.

In a very few minutes young Girdlestone came out again, accompanied by a tall, burly man, with a bushy red beard, who was miserably dressed. He was helped into the cab by Ezra, and the pair drove off together. Tom was more bewildered than ever. Who was this fellow, and what connection had he with the matter on hand? Like a sleuth hound the pursuing handsom threaded its way through the torrent of vehicles which pour down the London streets, never for one moment losing sight of its quarry. Presently they wheeled into the Waterloo road, close to the Waterloo station. The red cab turned sharp round and rattled up the incline which leads to the main line. Tom sprang out, tossed a sovereign to the driver, and followed on foot at the top of his speed.

As he ran into the station Ezra Girdlestone and the red-bearded stranger were immediately in front of him. There was a great swarm of people all around, for as it was Saturday there were special trains to the country. Tom was afraid of losing sight of the two men in the crowd, so he elbowed his way through as quickly as he could, and got immediately behind them—so close that he could have touched them with his hand. They were approaching the booking office when Ezra glanced round and saw his rival standing behind him. He whispered something to his half-drunken companion. The latter turned, and with an inarticulate cry, like a wild beast, rushed at the young man, and seized him by the throat with his brawny hands.

It is one thing, however, to catch a man by the throat, and another to retain that grip, especially when your antagonist happens to be an International football player. To Tom this red-bearded rough, who charged him so furiously, was nothing more than the thousands of bull-headed forwards who had come upon him like thunderbolts in the days of old. With the ease begotten by practice he circled his assailant with his long muscular arms, and gave a quick convulsive jerk in which every sinew of his body participated. The red-bearded mans stumpy legs described a half-circle in the air, and he came down on the stone pavement with a sounding crash which shook every particle of breath from his enormous body.

Tom's fighting blood was all aflame now, and his grey eyes glittered with joy as he made at Ezra. All the cautions of his father and the exhortations of his mother were cast to the winds as he saw his enemy standing before him. To do him justice Ezra was nothing loth, but sprang forward to meet him, hitting with both hands. They were well matched, for both were trained boxers and exceptionally powerful men. Ezra was perhaps the stronger, but Tom was in better condition. There was a short, eager rally—blow and guard and counter so quick and hard that the eye could hardly follow it. Then a rush of railway servants and bystanders tore them asunder. Tom had a red flush on his forehead where a blow had fallen. Ezra was spitting out the fragments of a broken tooth, and bleeding profusely. Each struggled furiously to get at the other, with the result that they were dragged further apart. Eventually a burly policeman seized Tom by the collar, and held him as in a vice.

"Where is he?" Tom cried, craning his neck to catch a glimpse of his enemy. "He'll get away after all."

"Can't stop that," said the guardian of the peace phlegmatically. "A gen'elman like you ought to be ashamed. Keep quiet now! Would yer then!" This last at some specially energetic effort on the part of the prisoner to recover his freedom.

"They'll get away! I know they will!" Tom cried in despair, for both Ezra and Burt, of African notoriety, had disappeared from his sight.

His fears proved to be only too well founded, for when at last he succeeded in wresting himself from the constable's clutches he could find no trace of his enemies. A dozen bystanders gave a dozen different accounts of their movements. He rushed from one platform to another over all the great station. He could have torn his hair at the thought of the way in which he had allowed them to slip through his fingers. It was fully an hour before he finally abandoned the search, and acknowledged to himself that he had been hoodwinked for the third time, and that a long week would elapse before he could have another chance of solving the mystery.

He turned at last sadly and reluctantly away from the station and walked across to Waterloo bridge. It was some consolation, however, that he had had one fair crack at Ezra Girdlestone. He glanced down at his knuckles, which were raw and bleeding, with a feeling of satisfaction and disgust. With a half smile he put his injured hand in his pocket, and looking up once more became aware that a red-faced gentleman was approaching him in a highly excited manner.

It could not be said that the red-faced gentleman walked, neither could it be said that the red-faced gentleman ran. His mode of progression might best be described as a succession of short and unwieldy jumps, which, as he was a rather stout gentleman, appeared to indicate some very urgent and pressing need for hurry. His face was bathed in perspiration, and his collar had become flaccid and shapeless from the same cause. It appeared to Tom, as he gazed at those rubicund, though anxious, features, that they should be well known to him. That glossy hat, those speckless gaiters, and the long frock coat, surely they could belong to none other than the gallant Major Tobias Clutterbuck, late of Her Majesty's 119th of the Line.

As the old soldier approached Tom he quickened his pace, so that when he eventually came up with him he could only puff and pant and hold out a soiled letter. "Read!" he managed to ejaculate.

Tom opened the letter and glanced his eye over the contents, with a face which had turned as pale as the major's was red. When he finished it he turned without a word and began to run in the direction from which he had come, the major following as quickly as his breath would permit.

CHAPTER XVII.

Kate had come out with some vague idea of making a last struggle for her life and freedom. With the courage of despair, she came straight down to the avenue to the sole spot where escape seemed possible.

"Good-mornin', missy," cried Stevens, as she approached. "You don't look extra bright this mornin', but you ain't as bad as your good guardian made me think. You don't seem to feel so difficulty in gettin' about."

"There is nothing the matter with me," the girl answered earnestly. "I assure you there is not. My mind is as sound as yours."

"That's what they all says," said the ex-warder with a chuckle.

"But it is so. I cannot stay in that house longer. I cannot, Mr. Stevens, I cannot! My guardian will murder me. He means to. I read it in his eyes. He as good as tried this morning. To die without one word to those I love—without any explanation of what has passed—that would give a sting to death."

"Well, if this ain't outragis!" cried the one-eyed man, "perfectly outragis! Going to murder you, says you! What's he a-goin' to do that for?"

"He hates me for some reason. I have never gone against his wishes, save in one respect, and in that I can never obey him, for it is a matter in which he has no right to command."

"Quite so!" said Stevens, winking his one eye. "I knows the feeling myself."

"Why won't you let me pass?" pleaded Kate. "You may have had daughters of your own. What would you do if they were treated as I have been? If I had money you should have it, but I have none. Do, do let me go! Perhaps when you are on your last bed of sickness the memory of this one good deed may outweigh all the evil that you have done. See, here is my watch and my chain. You shall have that if you will let me through."

"Let's see it?" He opened it and examined it critically. "Eighteen carat—it's only a Geneva though. What can you expect for a Geneva?"

"And you shall have fifty pounds when I get back to my friends. Do let me pass, good Mr. Stevens, for my guardian may return at any moment."

"See here, missy," Stevens said solemnly, "dooty is dooty, and I wouldn't let you through that gate. As to this 'ere watch, if so be as you would like to write a line to your friends, I'll post it for you at Bedsworth in exchange for it, though it be only a Geneva."

"You good, kind man," cried Kate, all excitement and delight. "I have a pencil in my pocket. What shall I do for paper?" She looked eagerly round and spied a small piece which lay among the brushwood. With a cry of joy she picked it out. It was very coarse and very dirty, but she managed to scrawl a few lines upon it, describing her situation and asking for aid. "I will write the address upon the back," she said. "When you get to Bedsworth you must buy an envelope and ask the postoffice people to copy the address on it."

"I bargained to post it for the Geneva," he said. "I didn't bargain to buy envelopes and copy addresses. That's a nice pencil case of yourn. Now I'll make a clean job of it if you'll throw that in."

Kate handed it over without a murmur. At last a small ray of light seemed to be finding its way through the darkness which had so long surrounded her. Stevens put the watch and pencil case in his pocket, and took the little scrap of paper on which so much depended. As Kate handed it to him she saw over his shoulder that coming up the lane was a small pony carriage, in which sat a buxom lady and a very small page. The sleek little brown pony which drew it ambled along at a methodical pace which showed that it was entirely master of the situation, while the whole turnout had an indescribable air of comfort and good nature. Poor Kate had been so separated from her kind that the sight of people who, if not friendly, were at least not hostile to her, sent a thrill of pleasure into her heart. There was something wholesome and prosaic, too, about this homely equipage, which was inexpressibly soothing to a mind so worn by successive terrors.

"Here's some one a-comin'," cried Stevens. "Clear out from here—it's the governor's orders."

"Oh, do let me stay and say one word to the lady!"

Stevens seized his great stick savagely. "Clear out!" he cried in a hoarse, angry voice, and made a step towards her as if he would strike her. She shrank away from him, and then a sudden thought seized her, she turned and ran through the woods as fast as her feeble strength would allow. The instant that she was out of sight, Stevens very deliberately and carefully tore up the little slip of paper with which she had entrusted him, and scattered the pieces to the wind.

Kate Harston fled as quickly as she could through the wood, stumbling over the brambles and crashing through the briars, regardless of pain or scratches or anything else which could stand between her and the possibility of safety. She soon gained the shed and managed to mount on the top of it by the aid of the barrel. Craning her neck, she could see the long dusty lane, with the bare, withered hedges upon either side, and the dreary line of the railway embankment beyond. There was no pony carriage in sight.

She hardly expected that there would be, for she had taken a short cut, and the carriage would have to go some distance round. The road along which it was traveling ran at right angles to the one which she was now overlooking, and the chances were equal as to whether the lady would turn round or go straight on. In the latter case, it would not be possible for her to attract her attention. Her heart seemed to stand still with anxiety as she peered over the high wall at the spot where the two roads crossed.

Presently she heard the rattle of wheels, and the brown pony trotted round the corner. The carriage drew up at the end of the lane, and the driver seemed to be uncertain how to proceed. Then she took the reins, and the pony lumbered on along the road. Kate gave a cry of despair, and the last ray of hope died away from her heart.

It chanced, however, that the page in the carriage was just at that happy age when the senses are keen and on the alert. He heard the cry, and glancing round he saw through a break in the hedge that a lady was looking over the wall which skirted the lane they had passed. He mentioned the fact to his mistress. "Maybe we'd better go back, ma'am," he said.

"Maybe we'd better not, John," said the buxom lady. "People can look over their garden walls without our interfering with them, can't they?"

"Yes, mam, but she was a-hollerin' at us."

"No, John, was she though? Maybe this is a private road and we have no right to be on it."

"She gave a holler as if some one was a-hurtin' of her," said John with decision.

"Then we'll go back," said the lady, and turned the pony round.

Hence it came about that just as Kate was descending with a sad heart from her post of observation, she was electrified to see the brown pony reappear, and come trotting round the curve of the lane with a rapidity which was altogether foreign to that quadruped's usual habits. Indeed, the girl turned so very white at the sight, and her face assumed such an expression of relief and delight, that the lady who was approaching saw at once that it was no common matter which had caused her to summon them.

"What is it, my dear?" she cried, pulling up when she came abreast of the place. Her good, kind heart was touched already by the pleading expression upon the girl's sweet face.

"Oh, madam," said Kate, in a low, rapid voice. "I am shut up in these grounds, and shall be murdered unless help comes."

"Be murdered!" cried the lady in the pony carriage, dropping back in her seat and raising her hands in astonishment.

"It is only too true," Kate said, trying to speak concisely and clearly so as to enforce conviction, but feeling a choking sensation about her throat, as though an hysterical attack were impending. "My guardian has shut me up here for some weeks, and I firmly believe that he will never let me out alive. Oh, don't pray don't think me mad! I am as sane as you are." (To be continued.)

PETER THE GREAT'S WINDOW.

How the Greatest of the Romanoffs Built the City of St. Petersburg.

Little more than 200 years have elapsed since Peter the Great, after driving the Swedes from the delta of the river Neva, laid the foundation of St. Petersburg, which he described as his "window looking out into Europe."

Only a monarch possessed of the indomitable will and of the despotic power of the most remarkable of the Romanoffs could ever have succeeded in building a metropolis on such a site.

For it is set in a swamp on the banks of the Neva, at the mouth of that river, and when viewed from any lofty height, conveys the impression of a huge float laden to the very water's edge and riding on the surface of the waves.

Peter superintended in person the building of his capital, making his home in a small cottage, which is on record as having been the first building in St. Petersburg, and which is still preserved on its original site and in its pristine condition in the island citadel of St. Peter and St. Paul, carefully protected by another structure built over and around it.

Its length is about 55 feet; its breadth 20. It contains two rooms and a kitchen. The room on the left was Peter's sleeping and dining room, and is now used as a chapel.

Among the relics of Peter the Great which are kept in this cottage is a boat which he built with his own hands, the remains of its sails, and the bench on which he was wont to sit at his door.

When he started building St. Petersburg, its population consisted of a few thousand soldiers and sailors. At his death the inhabitants numbered nearly 100,000. To-day its population exceeds a million and a half.

Until a few years ago the law enacted by Peter the Great remained in existence, requiring every vessel arriving in St. Petersburg or Kronstadt to bring a quantity of stone commensurate with her tonnage for use in paving the streets and in forming the foundations of buildings, esplanades, etc.

Peter actually went to the length of issuing a ukase prohibiting, under the most dreadful penalties, the construction of stone houses anywhere in his dominions save at St. Petersburg, and commanding all provincial authorities to dispatch every stone mason on whom they could lay hands to his new metropolis; while for a long period 40,000 men were drafted annually from other provinces to St. Petersburg and employed in constructing the new capital, under the personal supervision of Peter the Great, the real founder of the huge Muscovite empire.

The cottage in which Peter lived for a time while studying shipbuilding in Holland is still in existence. It was bought by the first Queen of Holland, a Russian grand duchess, and was presented by her to her brother, Czar Alexander I. It remains to this day the property of the Muscovite crown—a little bit of Russia in the Netherlands.

Possibly no other city of St. Petersburg's size and age is able to point out one man as its builder, and show a house in which he once lived.

Encourage the modest man too much and he will become vain.

ANNIBALISM STILL PRACTICED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS

Investigation proves that cannibalism not only still exists, but that it is practiced to-day in maybe twenty spots on the earth's surface. The evidence brought to Seattle shows that the natives on many of the South Sea islands of the Pacific have never given up their taste for human flesh. Within the past three or four years these shocking feasts have taken place in the Solomon group, in the Admiralty Islands, New Guinea, New Hebrides, St. Matthias, the Fiji Islands and elsewhere in the great western ocean.

It is only a few months since an authentic case of cannibalism was reported to the New Zealand authorities from the Solomon Islands. A famous war chief named Onehunga was the chief culprit. A gunboat was sent to the scene and Chief Onehunga was compelled to pay a fine of indemnity in pearls of a value of $50,000 and sign an agreement to abstain hereafter from such orgies. Chief Onehunga is shown at the right of the picture.

Cannibalism in the Solomon group is common. The wives of the Solomon Islanders are their slaves, to fondle or kill, as they please. Should a wife displease her lord he promptly kills her, and with his remaining wives he feasts upon her remains. Conditions are much the same in the Admiralty group and in New Guinea. In some parts of the latter group the children are taught cannibalism at the age of 6 or 7 years.

Native custom does not permit the intended victim to know his fate. He may have assisted in building the house and launching the canoe. In such event, he is simply knocked in the head from behind without a word of warning.

The illustration shows a war canoe of cannibals and cannibal warriors shooting arrows from ambush

CARRIED OFF BY A TIGER.

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, I 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 this 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 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.

A HOUSEHOLD HINT.

Article Put Away to Keep Should Be Alphabetically Catalogued.

The mistress of the house was looking for something that she had put away safely and securely. She thought she had put it in a certain trunk, and opened that trunk and scattered the contents all over the floor. But it was not there, and finally she put all the stuff back in the trunk and searched elsewhere

At last she found the thing she had been looking for in the right-hand corner of the top drawer of a bureau in another room. She did not seem much annoyed by the unnecessary effort, but the man of the house spoke up.

"Why wouldn't it be a grand thing to catalogue things that you 'put away,' so that you would know where to find them?" he asked.

"An actual catalogue?" asked the mistress, thinking of the boxes and barrels and trunks full of things that she "hated to throw away."

"Why not?" demanded the head. "If you would make a catalogue of the things you put away from time to time, and arrange it alphabetically, say a page or two for each letter, you wouldn't have to go through a dozen or more trunks and boxes when you wanted to find something."

"Y-es," assented the mistress; "but I generally find what I'm looking for right away."

The head did not press the point.

A little later an anniversary occasion came round on which the mistress wanted to wear great-grandmother's cameo brooch, which she had not worn for ten years. She went to get it out and—it was not there. And then:

"Where could I have put it?" said she. "I was sure it was in the smallest sole leather trunk, in that pink-and-blue box."

Then began the search for it, with the brooch, always dearly prized, growing dearer every moment that it was missing, and the search took hours and cost great trouble and worry.

"Here it is!" the mistress gleefully exclaimed when she found it. "Where do you suppose it was all the time?"

"Don't know," said the head, who had been wheedled into the hunt for the brooch. "But if when you put it away you had set down the place where you put it in the catalogue I spoke to you about, there wouldn't have been all this fuss."

"Oh, I always find things sooner or later," returned the mistress. "What worried me was thinking we might have been burglarized and not have known it."—Youth's Companion.

Apple Pie and Justice.

The routine of the criminal court proceedings had been marked by only one unusual incident, and that was the alacrity with which a certain hard character was sentenced for sixty days to the workhouse. "Judge," observed the district attorney at the close of the dreary session, "you seem to relish the privilege of sending that man to the workhouse. Did his case impress you?"

"Now, look here," whispered the judge as he beckoned the attorney aside, "that man is a worthless fellow, always drunk and never contributes a cent to the support of his wife, who is a most deserving woman. I feel sorry for her, and whenever he is in prison she comes to our home and assists my wife in the kitchen. And," chuckled the judge as he tapped the attorney's shoulder cheerfully, "she does know how to bake appie pie."—Argonaut.

Full of Reminiscence.

At the different army stations in the West it is the practice for the officers on leaving their post for some distant station to sell off everything they do not care to keep. In connection with this custom in "Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife" Mrs. Ellen Biddle tells an amusing story.

There was a very estimable woman living at the garrison, a veritable Mrs. Malaprop. She told us of some jewelry she had lost, and among the things was a topaz chain with a beautiful "pendulum."

The lady had an auction before she left, after her husband's death, and when some silver-plated knives were put up for sale she rose and in a sobbing voice said: "Oh, dear, no! I cannot sell them! They have been in dear John's mouth too often!"

If your mother was one of the kind who let the children play with everything in the house, you had a good time, but you haven't any heirlooms.

Somehow, we always dislike to see a cook smoke or chew tobacco.