WILD PIGS OF BRAZIL.

Fate of a Jaguar That Fell Into Their Merciless Clutches.

The wild pigs of Central and South America have a reputation for ferocity and indomitable pluck and are accounted fully dangerous enemies to meet. Mr. F. Rigg Walker in "Pioneering in South Brazil," tells the story of an explorer's experience of them. Elliott, the explorer, and a Brazilian companion named Lopez were camping in the forest between two Brazilian rivers.

"Suddenly they heard, none at hand, a tremendous uproar of grunting and squealing.

"'Pigs!' exclaimed Elliott. 'Roast pork for supper!'

"'Come on!' was the only comment of Lopez, and he led the way in the bright moonlight toward a little open space among the vines.

"In a few minutes they came to the edge of the clearing, and there they saw, not one pig, but a drove of fifty or sixty, all furious with rage and vainly endeavoring to get at a jaguar that was sitting in fear and trembling on the top of an ant hill, about five feet above the ground.

"'Don't fire,' said Elliott. 'Let's wait a minute. We haven't got too much ammunition, and we can't afford to waste any.'

"The jaguar, with its tail well up in the air, out of reach of the foe, was battering about on the top of the ant hill, with its four feet close together and turning first in one direction and then in another to meet successive attacks.

"Just then the jaguar let its tail drop. In a second the pigs had laid hold of the appendage and had pulled the beast into the midst of them. A terrible battle ensued. From time to time the massive yellow body of the jaguar would rise above the rolling bert of pigs, and its jaws could be seen dealing out deadly blows on every side. Then he would sink again and be buried under the bodies of the raging foes. After awhile the noise began to subside.

"'Where's the jaguar?' asked Elliott. 'I can't see him anywhere.'

"'Nor I either,' added Lopez.

"One by one the excited pigs moved off. When they had all departed the two men descended into the arena. There were fourteen pigs lying dead or dying on the ground, but there was no jaguar. Presently Lopez stooped down, picked up a fragment of something yellow and, holding it up, remarked:

"'Here he is.'

"He had found a bit of the jaguar's skin, almost the only fragment of his body left. He had been torn to pieces and devoured by his vicious foes, and nothing was left of him except a few scraps of skin and hair."

UNITED STATES ENGLISH.

They Think Abroad We Are Forming a New Language Here.

Unless they are fairly conversant with current transatlantic fiction, and, above all, with the newspapers of today, Englishmen do not realize that a new language seems in process of formation in the United States. A Danish savant, the professor of languages at the Copenhagen university, has predicted that in a few centuries "they will be speaking American over in England instead of English." He is also of the opinion that "the so called slang of the present American tongue is far more poetical, picturesque and sacrilegious than the English of Shakespeare's time."

Making allowance for a certain exaggeration, this expression of opinion is notable as showing that an expert believes a new "American language" to be in course of development. American slang is certainly more forceful and expressive than the argot of the British isles, and, although much of it is quite unnecessary, it consists in large part of the employment of very up to date metaphor, rather than the use of "vieux phrases," as they were termed in the eighteenth century.

In fact, the use of metaphor is so pronounced that an Englishman, otherwise ignorant of "good United States slang" might understand much of it if he were conversant with the technical terms employed in engineering or railway operations. It is creeping into English rather rapidly, a fact heartily to be deplored.—London Globe.

SWEET POTATOES IN JAPAN.

One of the Three Things There Native Women Really Love.

The sweet potato seems to have emigrated from China via the Loo Choo islands to Japan. Nearly two centuries ago Aoki Konyo recommended to the shogun the cultivation of the sweet potato all over the empire. In grateful memory of the benefactor there now stands near Aoki's grave a monument with this unique inscription, "The potato professor."

One of the distinguishing features of Tokyo is the sweet potato bakeries, which, during the chilly months, not unlike those of a gulleyed to many. Sweet potato shops the poorer people crowd with their suppers, for the period which is to elapse ere rice chowder is to cliff of the river. Rumor has it that one day for three things the Japanese really love—jumpkins, [illegible] and sweet potato.

[illegible] more than 1,000 [illegible] to Tokyo, and the sale of [illegible] annually totals more than [illegible] yen. In no country in [illegible] the poor people get [illegible] more economically and [illegible] to Japan. Whether [illegible] dine with pickles and [illegible] or a pot of tea for [illegible], it is always [illegible] satisfying meal.—Cornhill Magazine.

[illegible] of Russian Music.

[illegible] that a man must die [illegible] life in one thing to be [illegible] a Russian composer. [illegible] a century ago [illegible] of the new Russian [illegible] most brilliant part in [illegible] Polonaise other [illegible] was a Russian [illegible] composer of Polonaise [illegible] Russian [illegible] Russian [illegible] Russian