NEBRASKA'S GREAT CROPS.

AN ENDLESS PROCESSION OF CARS TAKING GRAIN TO MARKET.

The Value of Farm Products This Year Estimated at More Than $160,000,000—Prosperity of General Business and of Farmers—The Liquidation of Farm Mortgages.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 20.—For the past two weeks an endless procession of heavily laden cars, freighted with the wheat and corn of Nebraska, has been passing through Lincoln. The Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, the Western extension of the "Q" system of Iowa, is the main commercial highway for Nebraska. To the east, south, west, northwest, and north from the State capital its rails stretch, here and there darting off at an angle to tap some rich agricultural community, but pushing steadily on to Kansas, to Colorado, to Wyoming, and to the Dakotas. The Burlington is the business thermometer for Nebraska, and no better evidence that prosperity has returned to the State could be desired than the activity so marked all along its lines.

The change from last year, when the doleful calamity howlers found ready listeners at every crossroads schoolhouse, is amazing. From every business centre of the State comes the news that sales to farmers have been doubled in volume, and the impetus thus given to business is felt in every line of trade. In Nebraska the old principle of political economy that agriculture is the basis of all commerce finds daily exemplification. The same engines and cars that haul the great bumper crops of 1897 eastward bring back barrels, boxes, and crates of goods, while the quarterly statements of the banks show the surplus accumulating for the happiness and contentment of the farmer. General Manager Calvert of the Burlington said the other day:

"The crops are moving toward the markets in greater volume at this season of the year than ever before in the history of our road. The demand for cars at way stations is greater than we can meet, and our transportation facilities are taxed beyond our capacity. From every division comes the call for engines, but we have not enough. The yards at Hastings, at Lincoln, at Omaha, at Kansas City are filled almost to overflowing with cars laden with grain, and with all that we can do we cannot raise the blockade. In my opinion the crop this year fully equals that of 1892. Then, however, wheat was not so much cultivated, and everything was corn, corn. The dealers at Chicago, where most of our corn was marketed, were speedily surfeited, and prices fell so low that it did not pay to have it hauled. Consequently after a few months the railroads found no very great extra demand upon their facilities. Now it is different. The good prices for wheat and corn now paid are moving not only what was produced this year, in great part, but the millions of bushels bought last fall by speculators, cribbed where it was hauled by the farmers and held for the raise they expected, an expectation that has been fulfilled. We have orders ahead now for cars to last us six weeks, and if the market holds up we expect to be busy all winter with the same force now employed.

"The demand is great for cars for cattle and hogs also. Many farmers have learned that the raising of hogs and beef cattle by means of home feeding yields even a better return than diversification of crops. The market has kept up well, and many thousands of dollars that were sent into the State last summer to fatten cattle and hogs for market are reaping the sure and certain return that the speculation promised. Still another evidence of the prosperity that has diffused itself all over the State is the fact that the Burlington, as well as every other Nebraska railroad company, has been for the past four months running its construction and repair shops ten hours a day, whereas six has been the average for five years. As the pay rolls of the Nebraska companies number 11,000 men, including those building and repairing cars and locomotives, the influence of this added prosperity is widely diffused."

Nebraska has a State Board of Agriculture, but it has no bureau for the gathering of statistics that would be valuable as showing resources and yields. The nearest approach to anything like an organized hunt for facts is carried on by the Burlington, which has made each agent a weather observer and a compiler of figures giving acreage and yields. In addition to these men a number of crop experts are employed, and their figuring on the Nebraska crop for 1897 is as follows:

Wheat, bushels	39,844,637
Corn, bushels	229,907,853
Oats, bushels	69,389,944
Rye, bushels	5,392,507
Potatoes, bushels	8,045,802
Barley, bushels	2,899,574
Flaxseed, bushels	230,646
Hay, tons	4,630,148
Sugar beets, tons	104,000
Chiccory, tons	5,500

The value of the Nebraska crops and other products at local market prices is estimated as follows:

Farm products	$99,370,965.21
Dairy products	9,488,000.00
Eggs	2,250,000.00
Poultry	5,500,000.00
Live stock	44,995,489.35
Total	$161,523,454.56

The pouring into the channels of trade of this immense sum, or the greater part of it, is what has so wonderfully stimulated local trade, has sent travelling men scurrying over the State from all the jobbing centres, has swollen the bank deposits, has enabled the farmers to pay off their mortgages, and has made money easy and plenty.

Last winter, when the Populist Legislature passed the law prohibiting the collection of any deficiency judgment in mortgage foreclosures upon real estate—that is, compelled the mortgagee to be satisfied with getting his security or its market value at cash sale, almost every one of the great loan companies of the East ordered its agents not to lend any more money on Nebraska realty. But since the news of her great crops has become known the ban has been removed from Nebraska, and money is easy to get on farm land security, although the companies still fight shy of city property. The best judges estimate that from $35,000,000 to $40,000,000 of money lent on farms in this State has been repaid within the past seven months, and the liquidation still continues, although now the companies seek extensions where before they demanded payment. But the loan companies have learned one lesson very well, and the rule adopted some years ago by the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, to lend only on farms situated in certain counties, is being adhered to.

The great mortgage-lifter in Nebraska this year was the wheat crop. The ease with which corn could be raised made it for years the favorite crop of the Nebraska farmer. The traveller upon the railway looked out upon field after field of corn stretching as far as the undulating prairie permitted the vision to cover. But this year it has been different. The corn crop last year was enormous, but the comparatively low price induced many to try wheat culture on a more extended scale. The result has astonished even those who have been pleading for diversification of crops for years. There has been but one drawback. The wheat raised in Nebraska is a fine, round berry, but it is rather hard. The Chicago elevator men give preference to the soft berry of the Red River country and Minnesota and Dakota, and have discriminated against Nebraska wheat from 6 to 10 cents a bushel. An association of grain dealers has been formed to attempt to overcome this prejudice, and a committee will go to Chicago next week.

The Burlington reports show that winter wheat was almost uniformly a good crop throughout the State. The yield ranged from twenty-two to forty bushels an acre, and the average was about twenty-five. In a number of instances the winter wheat crop was raised on land that was recently purchased for $10 an acre. The railroad's statistician figures that if all this crop were marketed it would require nearly 4,000 trains, each consisting of twenty-five cars holding 340 bushels each.

Some of the Burlington's special reports, from individual farmers, are very interesting. Charles Long, living near Fairbury, Jefferson county, threshed fifty acres of wheat which averaged by actual weight just forty-six bushels and one peck to the acre. C. Christenson, near Wahoo, Saunders county, harvested twenty-seven acres, which yielded thirty bushels to the acre, which he marketed for 62 cents a bushel.

George E. Woodbury writes from Howard county: "I came to Nebraska in the year 1880 and located 140 miles west of Omaha. I had cash enough only to make a small payment on 200 acres of railroad land, which I bought, together with a team and a small amount of machinery. I have looked after my farm personally, and always had profitable crops, except in 1894. I now have a well-improved farm of 540 acres with no incumbrances, and other property. This I made in farming entirely. My 1896 crop netted $10 to the acre for all cultivated land, and my 1897 crop will average 20 per cent. higher because of better prices."

Sherman county is in the newer settled portion of the State. The crop agent there reports: "W. A. Wilson, who lives near Ashton, threshed 6,000 bushels of wheat from 250 acres. Carsten Truelsen sowed 2½ bushels of seed last spring and threshed out of it 115 bushels. George Truelsen had eighty acres and it averaged twenty-nine bushels to the acre."

Unfavorable climatic conditions toward the close of the season reduced the corn yield much below the 300,000,000 bushels estimated in July, but the great returns from the wheat yield this year have caused many farmers to turn more attention to that cereal, and next year's yield is expected to be immensely increased.

These are the reasons for the blissful content that has come to the husbandmen all over the State; the reasons that have caused the bankers to wonder what they will do with all the money accumulating in their vaults; that have induced a general revival of business which many believed impossible for years after the slough of despond into which business was sunk.

DOVE BAITS IN THE SOUTH.

A Species of Sport That Is in Season in Certain Sections at Present.

The dove bait is in order down South now. In some places the doves are thicker than peas, which is saying "a great deal, for in local parlance "peas is 'bout de plentifulest t'ing we got."

"Doves!" says some one. "Is it pigeons you mean? Wild pigeons or tame pigeons?"

"Neither. The bird in question is a dove, a small, gray, fluttering creature whose character was long ago established as harmless, in direct contrast to that of the serpent."

"Dove meat is more juicier dan pa'tridge, and more tastier," certifies a game connoisseur. "Pa'tridge does mostly lee all he goodness go out een de gravy, but a dove when hit een good fix is richness all t'rough. Look like de more goodness you git out of him de more dere is left een him. Dove a good t'ing to have een de house, eider de kitchen."

The needfuls for a dove bait are, first, a field, not too large and bordered on three sides at least by woods thick enough to screen the hunters, or rather the dove stalkers; next, a liberal supply of peas of various sorts to sprinkle on the ground, and third, the right number of congenial souls with a zest for sport and sufficient discrimination to prevent them from shooting one another in mistake for the game. It is not always easy to satisfy all of these requirements at the same time. The land owner with the desirable field, willing to squander his peas and invite his neighbors, may not live in just the section of country where the doves elect to disport themselves, and he whose woods and fields are thickest with doves may not be of a dove baiting disposition.

When everything suits and the right invitations go forth to the right people, there is hilarity and rejoicing, for a dove bait never stands by itself. It is bound to involve something else, maybe two or three other things. Nobody ever went to a dove bait anywhere without staying over night at the place where it was given, and the birds once baited and the game bags crammed to bursting, all hands must needs stay to supper in order to taste the fruits of the day's shooting. How many doves are bagged? Oh, it is impossible to say. Nobody ever counts, but there are scores and scores of them pulled out of those grim duck and leather wallets and tossed into the big four-bushel basket to be picked and consigned to the cook. Probably if you visited the host of the dove bait a week afterward the family would still be eating doves, that is, if the weather were cool enough to keep them, and it generally is in November. Every man who attended carried home a brace or two and besides the attendants who helped to load shells the night before, who looked after the dogs and horses and hung around generally when things were in motion, likewise partook of dove's meat to their heart's content.

Of course, a true-born sportsman, one who is a famous marksman as well, who believes in giving the game more chance, and perhaps likes the field to himself or with only one chosen companion, will have none of this wholesale slaughtering. "What, strew a field thick with peas day after day until the doves feel in security, and then take stands and shoot them down when there is utterly no chance for escape, and even a blindfolded man could kill them? Barbarous," is the veteran hunter's verdict. "No, Colonel, I won't take in the dove bait, but I'll bring my dog out for a day or two of shooting next week, and if there are any left, we'll eat doves shot fair and square in the open field, without the odds all against them."

The hunter with whom hunting is an ideal pursuit may feel this way, but the Colonel's nephews and grandnephews and their comrades, young fellows, full of dash and go, always in for anything that means excitement and fun, feel differently. The mere fact of so many setting out together, getting ready in company and in pursuit of the same object, gives zest to their pleasure, and they like the noise and hubbub and happenings of this cut-and-dried chase. "Bang! bang! bang!" go the guns. There is the yelping of dogs, whose scientific services are restrained, and there is shouting and a great deal of smoke. Travellers along the road might think it was a battle field, as the shots come from all directions, but the small darkies looking on from a safe distance, perhaps from the vantage perch of a tree or a fence post, undeceive them.

"De buckra got a dove bait goin' on," they say, "I reckon dere's 'bout t'irteen fine shooters back dere een dem woods, an' de birds jis tumblin' down same like de rain. Dey's good eatin', too, doves is, dis time of year, dey does so lub black eye peas and dese yere little fine lady peas when dey fust gits ripe. Dat what makes de buckra fix up to do 'em damage long 'bout now."

One fascinating feature of the dove bait is that the participants know well that they can never again have the same fun on the same grounds. By the next year news will have spread among the doves that the atmosphere of that particular plantation is unhealthful, and they will satisfy their appetites elsewhere.

"Dove neber is to 'light anywhere 'bout yere no more," declare the black scavengers who search over the ground after the mêlée, against the finding of some quarry overlooked in the general excitement. "Dey hab dis field mark wid de black mark from now on, and if you want to hear 'em holler dat pretty fashion dey does holler, you go to git 'other side de place. When dove find easy eatin' again, and a party spread out handy all ready for 'em, dey gwine 'spicion something. If de buckra people keep on wid dese yere baitin' doin's, dey gwine git de dove sharp-headed and sly actin', same like a crow."

A GENUINE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY.

California Arranging for a Celebration of the Discovery of Gold There.

California's position at the head of the gold-producing States of the country has been somewhat jeoparded of late by the large gold product of Colorado, and, although California remains the "Gold State," it has no monopoly of the gold product. Recently attention has been turned from it to the Klondike fields, to the manifest dissatisfaction of many old Californians who persist in declaring that the rich gold fields of other days on the Pacific are not yet fully exhausted. California has produced more than $800,000,000 of gold since the first discovery of it in 1848. The exact date of this discovery has been fixed officially as Jan. 19, and some Californians are now preparing to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of that day on Jan. 19, 1898. It is intended to erect a monument designed to perpetuate and further extend the distinction of California as a State rich in minerals and to revive some of the earlier memories of the Argonauts who poured into California in the winter of '49 and the spring of '50 after the fame of California's gold fields had become national. The monument is to be composed of as great a variety of mineral substances produced in the State as is possible. It is assumed that the ores, building stones, &c., will be given freely by counties, communities, and individuals, and for the artistic features of the monument it is proposed to raise a fund of $100,000.

The mineral wealth of California, though chiefly, is not wholly in gold. The silver product of the State, though not as large as that of Nevada or Colorado, is considerable, and California's product is now more than one-quarter of the whole world's supply of quicksilver. Copper and antimony are also produced, though not in amounts to be given a place among other States. In the product of copper California is fourth among the States and Territories, but it is not to be supposed that the copper product of the Gold State will be made unduly prominent at the January anniversary. In calling attention to the past glories of California in the gold-producing line it is desired to create a new boom for the mining interests of California, which have languished somewhat of late and are now menaced by rivalry on the Pacific further north.

The monument for which the foundation will be laid on Jan. 19 will not be the only feature of the proposed observance of this anniversary, for there is also in view the establishment of a permanent museum of minerals, designed to show not only what California has done in this line, but what it may do, it is likely to be able to do in the future. Though gold was discovered in California in 1848, such were the delays in getting there and the difficulties of communication that the rush did not begin until one year later.

NINE FEET TALL OR SO.

Speculations as to the Original Owner of Bones Found Up in Maine.

CASTINE, Me., Nov. 19.—Allard Staples, who conducts a blacksmith shop in this village, and does a little hunting at odd times, went to Western Island last Sunday for sea ducks, taking along P. H. Dunn to row his boat and pick up his birds. It was a windy day with a bad sea running, and soon both hunters were wet through and glad to land and warm up. In hunting around for some dry wood Staples went up a gully that divides the island into two parts. Here on a knoll among some dead windfalls he found some bones which he believes were once the property of a gigantic man.

No trace of the head could be found. The skeleton appeared to be lying on its back. From the beginning of the footprints to the top of the collar bone, beyond which no bones were found, the skeleton was 7 feet 6 inches long; allowing another twelve inches for the neck and head, Staples concluded that the dead man must have been nearly nine feet tall. The body appeared to have fallen on top of the ground among the trees, after which the trees were blown down, completely concealing the remains. Staples has no means of knowing how long the bones had been there, but from what he found he thinks it had been there a long time, being his opinion upon the time required to decay.

YELLOW FEVER PUZZLES.

QUESTIONS LEFT UNANSWERED BY THE RECENT EPIDEMIC.

Science Unable to Discover Anything About the Disease or the Method of Its Transmission—Old Theories Upset—Changes in Type—Losses Caused by the Epidemic.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 20.—The yellow fever epidemic of 1897 is now practically over. It has entailed far less loss of life than was anticipated, but the injury to business has been very great. The business of the entire Southwest has been tied up since the beginning of September. Some of the loss is only temporary, but there has been a positive, actual loss, a shrinkage in values, in most of the infected cities. It is even charged that the extreme depression in the price of cotton, which is out of all reason with the crop in sight, is due to the fever. To commercial losses must be added the heavy expense for the elaborate quarantines. The fever cost New Orleans in cash for hospital, quarantine, disinfecting, and other expenses not less than $250,000, and the whole South about $1,500,000. Finally, there is the loss from factories closed and men thrown out of work. For the assistance of those left idle appeals were made to the charity of the country, and there was fortunately little suffering. It is impossible to form any idea of the total loss, because of the impossibility of separating business simply transferred from one point to another from the actual positive and definite losses. It is safe to say that the loss in wages, in closed factories, in railroads bottled up, and in depreciated values was between $50,000,000 and $60,000,000, and this for an epidemic which killed less than 500 persons.

The yellow fever was reported from sixty-two places, of which twenty-two were in Alabama, twenty-one in Mississippi, seven in Louisiana, five in Texas, and seven scattered. In forty-four of these places there were only scattering or sporadic cases. This does not include Galveston, about which there is some doubt. The Galveston people deny that the fever prevailed there, but outside opinion is that it did. The epidemic collapsed suddenly. It did not wait for frost or cold weather. Usually it takes three or four frosts, 42°, or a freeze, 32°, to kill it off. It simply collapsed—no other word describes its sudden disappearance. The fact is that the yellow fever this year was weak and feeble; it seemed to have lost its virulence and infectiousness and carried out the idea that diseases, like races, reach a certain degree of development and then decay, growing weaker with every epidemic, until they finally die out.

The weakness of the yellow fever was nowhere better illustrated than in the case of Ocean Springs, Miss., the town at which it is supposed to have started. The disease, as far as can be learned, started there late in July or early in August. It had been pretty well distributed when its existence was discovered on Sept. 6. And yet, after its discovery there, and when it was epidemic, there were only 41 cases and 5 deaths in a population of 1,200, and the disease completely disappeared early in October, when the thermometer registered 80°. It died of its own debility. In no previous yellow fever epidemic had anything like this occurred. The disease also seemed far less contagious or infectious than usual. A number of towns kept in constant communication with New Orleans throughout the epidemic, but never caught the fever. Again, the fever showed itself far less severe in its type. In 1878 the mortality was 29.8 per cent.; in 1853, 28.9, and the average of previous epidemics was more than 30 per cent. of those attacked. This year the proportion of deaths was: Memphis, 30 per cent. (this high mortality was due to the fact that a number of cases were not reported there); Pascagoula, 15 per cent.; New Orleans, 14.5 per cent; Mobile, 14.3 per cent.; Biloxi, 13.3 per cent.; Montgomery, 10 per cent.; Edwards, 5.6 per cent.; Bay St. Louis, 2.5 per cent. Bay St. Louis enjoyed a similar reputation in 1878, of having the lowest mortality from yellow fever of any town visited by the epidemic. The total mortality was only 9.2 per cent. This is very low for a disease with the reputation of yellow fever as a killer. It is barely one-third the mortality of previous epidemics; it is only half the mortality the doctors reported in 1878. Several reasons are given for this, but the fact remains that the yellow fever was of not so severe a type as formerly. It may be added that the mortality of New Orleans during the prevalence of the yellow fever was only 24.7 per thousand, or considerably less than the average during a feverless year. The general health was better than usual.

What has the country learned from the yellow fever epidemic of 1897 that will be of use in fighting the disease in the future? The South has been convinced that the present system of State and local quarantines is intolerable. A demand for a national quarantine is now going up from the South which has swept away the old opposition to Federal interference with State rights. The most extreme Democrats are supporting national quarantine. The commercial interests of the South are unanimous in demanding it, and it is probable that three-fourths of the Southern people want the Federal Government to take charge of quarantine matters.

With the recent great progress in medical science it was hoped to make important discoveries about yellow fever. The result is thoroughly disappointing. So far as is known almost nothing of value has been learned. It may be that it is somewhat early to take this view of the matter, because all the reports are not in yet, but those who have led in the investigation are more or less frank in their confessions that they have learned little, if anything. The demand that the investigation be continued in Cuba is a confession of lack of success. Investigations were conducted along these lines: Diagnosis of the disease, origin of the present epidemic, the so-called Sanarelli germ, the source of the poison, how the infection is communicated, disinfection of premises, prevention of spread of the disease.

Dr. Guiteras has already presented his report on the subject of the diagnosis of yellow fever, but his conclusions are vigorously contested by physicians in nearly every city. In each town there is a different diagnosis, and what is called yellow fever in one is dengue or acclimating fever in another. That there has been yellow fever in Galveston all summer, Dr. Guiteras has testified, and so have many reputable local doctors; but the dominating influence pronounced the cases dengue, or malarial fever, the health authorities of Texas accepted this latter diagnosis as correct, and Galveston has remained open in spite of the fever. Indeed, the diagnosis is more unsettled than ever. Formerly the doctors agreed as to yellow fever; now they disagree. There is no standard, no recognized diagnosis among the medical profession in the South. There is practically no such disease as yellow fever. There is a local disease, so called in New Orleans, Mobile and elsewhere, but it is called by a different name in Texas and other parts of the South.

Complete failure has rewarded all efforts to find the origin of the yellow fever epidemic of this season. It is usually supposed to have originated at Ocean Springs, Miss., and two explanations are given of its origin there, one that it came from the United States quarantine station at Ship Island; the other that it was brought to Ocean Springs by a filibustering party destined for Cuba. These are pretty stories, but unfortunately not the slightest evidence has been secured to support either. It is not even known when the fever came to Ocean Springs. Strange to say, the first news of it came from Louisville in July and it was not until Sept. 6 that the disease was discovered and identified at Ocean Springs. The facts seem to indicate that the disease got into the country at several places at or about the same time, or even that it was indigenous, as the old doctors used to claim. This is in marked contrast with the investigation of 1878, which traced back the epidemic clearly to the mate of the Emily B. Souder, a vessel which arrived here from Brazil on May 20. Then the doctors were able to tell the whole story of the epidemic; now they are completely at sea.

Nor is it known how it travelled from point to point, and the most absurd theories prevail. Its course is traced in certain instances, but in general no explanation of its presence can be made. Thus at Franklin the first case was that of a tailor. He had never been out of Franklin nor left his little shop; he had had no communication with any one from New Orleans. It was possible to get a history of every event in his life for a month before he was attacked, and no trace of yellow fever could be found anywhere. Finally, for lack of any possible clue, the theory was adopted that he might have pressed a suit of clothes for some one who might have passed through New Orleans.

A boy who died of yellow fever in Beaumont, Tex., and caused a panic in that State, was similarly charged with having taken the fever from a New Orleans paper he sold. The absurdity of such theories lies in the fact that there is not the slightest evidence in support of them, and that if yellow fever was thus easily communicated by newspapers or letters it would have spread through the entire South. Nevertheless a great many people accepted them in default of any better explanation and used them in support of the notion that absolute non-intercourse and shotgun quarantines are the only safety. The fact is that the fever slipped by the highest and strongest stone walls; it slipped through keyholes, and there was no keeping it out.

The Sanarelli germ has fared badly in the epidemic, and the overwhelming sentiment among physicians is disbelief in the discovery of the germ by Dr. Sanarelli. The microscopists of the United States Marine Hospital Service have worked and searched, but in vain. The conditions were favorable, the investigation was thorough, but the germ was missing. They found no difficulty in getting evidence of malaria in yellow fever patients, but this rather increased the confusion. The United States Marine Hospital Service will send Drs. Geddings and Wasdin to Cuba to continue their investigations, in the hope that they may find the missing germ. The American Health Association has asked the President to send a yellow fever commission to Havana to pursue a similar investigation. It is a confession of failure under the most favorable conditions. It naturally follows that the source of the poison and the manner in which it is communicated are as yet unknown. Some of the health officers are disposed to think that the infection floats in the air like spores blown hither and thither by the winds; others that the germ or poison creep slowly along the earth like ants. On this theory the movable furnaces of the asphalt paving company were used to burn off the ground and pavement as a means of disinfection. Some support was given to this theory by the fact that the disease was killed off along St. Claude street, where it originally started, and where this system of treatment and disinfection was tried. The spore system is supported by the sudden and wide spread of the disease. In this respect the present epidemic has been unlike its predecessors. The yellow fever in the past has usually spread slowly from some central point of infection. This time it hopped over the city as madly as a grasshopper. The second batch of cases occurred ten miles distant from the first. Within two weeks the disease had spread to every ward in New Orleans. Of old, it would have taken four months to accomplish this.

One of the old theories, and only one, survives. This is that filth or cleanliness has nothing to do with the fever. It broke out in the poorest part of the town, but died out there. When it appeared in the Italian quarter, by long odds the filthiest portion of the city, it caused a panicky feeling. As a matter of fact it was not very bad there. It was, as of old, in the best residence quarter of the town, in a section of handsome houses, paved streets and general cleanliness that the disease was worse. Contrary to the general belief, New Orleans was a clean city when the fever broke out, far cleaner than usual, and cleaner than many of its Northern or Western neighbors. The sanitary system adopted during the yellow fever was exceptionally good. The city was divided up into small districts with a sanitary commander for each square or block. The gutters and streets were flooded daily; disinfectants were distributed free and premises were visited by the local sanitary officers every day. It was probably due to these precautions that the disease was kept so well under control; but on the other hand, it was as likely to break out in these houses where every sanitary precaution prevailed as in those where all precautions were set at defiance.

How the disease is communicated remains unknown. It is not even known definitely whether the disease is contagious or not. The doctors insist that it is not contagious, but the facts throw some doubt on this opinion. Certainly the doctors themselves suffered from the disease and seemed to catch it very easily.

In regard to disinfection there is the same doubt. All kinds of disinfectants were used in New Orleans, and thousands of tons of chlorinated lime were distributed and spread along the streets and yards; but the favorite disinfectant was formaldehyde. The United States Marine Hospital Service is satisfied with this disinfectant, but most of the independent investigators are dissatisfied, and they declare positively that it will not disinfect a house or stop the yellow fever. The facts seem to support their view. The disease broke out again and again in houses which had been thoroughly disinfected with formaldehyde. Many thousands of householders in New Orleans bought formaldehyde generators and disinfected themselves and their premises throughout the epidemic. Yet the same proportion had the fever as those who never saw the disinfectant.

The worst feature of the present epidemic is not the failure to keep the yellow fever out of the country or to prevent its spread when it got here, but the failure to learn anything of benefit to the country. In the light of scientific progress this seems inexcusable to many.

HIS PRECIOUS BOOKS.

A Comedy in a Downtown Office That Is Still a Mystery to the Chief Actor.

Jack Spratt worked in a downtown office and had a good salary, but because he was in debt Mrs. Jack declined to allow him to spend a cent for anything save the absolute necessaries of life until he had cleared himself. Spratt was something of a reader and liked to own good books. An opportunity came to purchase a set of books, which he had long coveted, for $25, or about a quarter of what they were worth. Spratt didn't have the money and knew Mrs. Jack would frown upon any proposition to purchase the books out of the next week's salary, so he made the owner of the books promise to hold them for a month, and then he began systematically to hold out little bits of his salary and to cut down his own expenses. At the end of the month he had the $25 and purchased the books.

To take the books home would have been fatal at that time. Spratt resolved to leave them in the office until he had smoothed the way for their advent into the house. This he thought he could do if he went at it judiciously. So the books were left in the big box in which they had come and put up on the top shelf in a closet in the office.

Spratt told his friends in the office all about the books, and one morning a few weeks later he came down to work with a happy smile.

"It's all right, boys," he said. "I've told Mrs. Spratt about the books. Said I saved the money by walking instead of riding, eating cheap lunches and all that. I'm going to take them home to-night."

His friends resolved that as it had all been so easy for Spratt, he should have one or two difficulties before he got the books home. So while Spratt was out at lunch they took down the package, untied it, took out the books and substituted bricks. Then they tied it up neatly again. They were all laughing in their sleeves that night when Spratt staggered out of the office bending under the weight of his load.

"Wait until we see Spratt in the morning," they said. "It's certainly the best joke yet."

Everybody was waiting to laugh when Spratt walked into the office the next morning. The mournful expression on his face deterred them, however. They resolved to wait until Spratt spoke, which was pretty soon.

"You know those books?" he said. "Well, I raked and scraped to get them, left them here two months, while I used dollars' worth of diplomacy to square the matter with my wife, and started with them last night."

Spratt stopped to sigh, while his friends said: "Yes! Yes!" and appeared to be tremendously interested, which, in reality, they were.

"Well," continued Spratt, "I laid them on the seat beside me in the elevated train last night, and began to read my paper. Got terribly interested and—well, when I got to my station the package was gone."

One of the clerks fell off of his chair with a thump.

"You don't mean stolen, do you?" demanded another in a faint voice.

"Stolen! nothing more nor less," said Spratt dolefully.

Spratt's friends left him alone then. At the lunch hour they talked it over. Then they got the books together, wrapped them up, and when Spratt came back from lunch gathered around him, while the credit man spoke.

"Mr. Spratt, we, your fellows in the employ of Dinky, Dink & Co., have listened to your unfortunate experience with feelings of regret. At a meeting held immediately after your recital we resolved to make good your loss, and on behalf of all hands I take great pleasure in presenting you with a set of books similar to the ones you lost. Do not thank us; we do it cheerfully, I assure you."

The tears came into Spratt's eyes. "Boys, I thank you," was all he could say, and he hasn't learned the truth yet.

A PLAIN TALE FROM ARABIA.

A Fable Without a Moral, but Maybe None the Worse, Therefore.

In his travels in Arabia the learned Abu Zofr met a man who had but one arm and one leg. He questioned him thus:

"Friend, I pray thee relate to me the reason why thou hast but one arm and one leg. An railroads had been invented, I should know that thou hadst been a brakeman; but as they have not been devised yet—praise be to Allah therefor—I know that other reasons than railroads must exist for thy condition.

To whom the man replied: "Yea, verily, my master, I will tell thee. Thou knowest how that the Prophet Mohammed—may his name be exalted—desiring to rise one morn found that his favorite cat was asleep on the skirt of his gown; and rather than disturb her, cut off the skirt thereof!"

"I know it," replied the sage Abu Zofr; "at least I have read the story," he corrected himself (therefore is he called Abu Zofr the Sage).

"I fain would copy the prophet," replied the one-armed man; "but my cat would never sleep on the skirt of my garment. Once she slept on my leg; and to move without disturbing her I was compelled to cut off my foot. Again she slept on my arm, and my arm had to go that I might move——"

"I perceive that she has not yet slept on thy head," said the sage Abu Zofr.

"Nay, my master," replied the follower of Mohammed; "nor will she sleep there. As it fell out, I slept on her head; and when she would move, that I might not be disturbed, it was needful that her head should be cut off. Since which I have had no cat."

"Verily," said the sage; "come thou with me to Bagdad; there is a vacancy in the Presidency of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to True Believers, which Allah hath kept for thee to fill; for verily, thou knowest when cruelty to animals becomes kindness to men."

Thereupon the man went with Abu Zofr; and here endeth the tale.

HE FURNISHED THE HEIR.

SUICIDE OF A GAMBLER IN ARIZONA RECALLS A STRANGE CASE.

He Discovered the Girl Who Married James Addison Reavis, Who Represented Her as the Descendant of a Favorite of the King of Spain and Thereby Dazzled New York.

A man in the town of Nogales, Ariz., took the pillows and a blanket from his bed, spread them on the floor, lay down and fired a bullet into his head. On a table in the room was a sheet of paper, and written on the paper was this:

I had the money. I lost it. Good-by.

On the sheet was a Mexican dollar. It was all that was left of $176, money of the employer of the suicide.

The suicide occurred a few days ago. The man's name was Miguel Peralta. He was 76 years old. He had lived a strange life, even in a country where strange things happen every day. But the strangest incident in his checkered career was his connection with a case in which an American was the principal. Two countries, the United States and Spain; titles musty and numerous; 12,000,000 acres of land in Arizona and New Mexico; Senator Conkling, Col. Ingersoll, Attorney-General Olney, a young lawyer of New York and "an heiress of the Baron of the Colorado," appear in this story.

The principal, James Addison Reavis, was born in Missouri. He was a Confederate soldier. After the war he went to St. Louis and was a street car driver. Then he was a salesman, then a newspaper correspondent, afterward a real estate agent.

Within a dozen years this man was interested in a land grant. If he had succeeded he would have been one of the richest men in the United States. Involved in the suit was the validity of settlers' notes to the amount of $5,800,000. A favorable decision for Reavis would have established claims of $10,000,000 for land sold to settlers by the Government. It would have given him title to a strip of land seventy-five miles wide and 225 miles long. In this strip are the richest mineral and agricultural lands of Arizona and New Mexico. Forty thousand people lived in this strip and near by. On it also were the territorial capital of Arizona and other towns. The total valuation of all this, at the time of the suit, was estimated at $75,000,000.

The man who made a claim to this was at work upon his scheme twenty years. He had spent more than a half million dollars for legal counsel and in travel, and more than this sum in stock operations connected with his plans. Uneducated in the beginning he found that his success depended upon something besides rascality and nerve. He became proficient not only in the tongue of his own country, but Spanish as well, and in the classical Spanish employed by the court of King Ferdinand VI. He became an expert in archæology, and had a perfect knowledge of the seals and signets and the decorations of the court of Spain of the eighteenth century.

This was Reavis's claim: One of the ancient Kings of Spain had given to one of his supporters an immense grant of land in what was known as Spanish America. This favorite of the King was known, according to Reavis, as Don Miguel Peralta de la Cordova, Baron of Arizona and the Colorados, Knight of the Golden Fleece and Baron of the Order of Charles III., Knight of Montesa, Knight of the Colorados, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber with entrance at will, and a grandee of Spain.

It occurred to this former street car conductor to discover the heir to the land and possessions of Don Miguel Peralta. And this is what made him think of it: One day, while he was in St. Louis as real estate agent, a Dr. Willing proposed to Reavis to take an interest in a land grant in Arizona. Reavis investigated the Willing proposition. He laid the facts before Col. Broadhead, afterward Minister to Switzerland, and then the great lawyer of St. Louis. The lawyer told Reavis that the claim of Willing was genuine. Reavis and Willing proceeded to Arizona. Soon afterward Willing died. His affairs were left in the keeping of Reavis. Among the papers was a deed of the Peralta land grant.

The plans of Reavis unfolded gradually. Several years elapsed before he filed with the Surveyor-General of Arizona a petition in which he set forth that he had become owner, by purchase from the legal heirs and representatives of the original grantee, of a certain tract of land in the Territory of Arizona. The petition was accompanied by muniments of title in detail, showing that on Dec. 20, 1748, a royal decree was signed by King Ferdinand VI. of Spain, directing that certain lands in what is now Arizona and New Mexico should be granted to Miguel de Peralta—a list of his titles following. It appeared further in this claim that in 1788 the original grantee had willed to his son, and that the son in 1864 had deeded the same—the tract originally described—to Dr. George M. Willing. And this was transferred to Reavis by the attorneys and the widow of Willing. On this showing, Reavis asked the Surveyor-General to recommend the confirmation "of the aforesaid grant to him by the United States." A long investigation followed. The result was a declination to grant the petitioner's prayer because of defects in the chain of title.

Four years later Reavis filed an amended petition. In this he set forth that he had found the heir to the Peralta estate; that thereby he was the representative of Doña Sofia Loreto Micaela de Peralta-Reavis, formerly Maso y Silva de Peralta de la Cardova. He asserted that she was the great-granddaughter of the deceased Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta.

Reavis admitted later that he had found this "heir" several years before. He met her in 1879, and three years later she became his wife. But it was not until she went with him to Spain that Reavis "became convinced" that she was the lost heir. The marriage, which was secret, was made public before the American Legation at Madrid in 1886.

The woman was naturally attractive. Of course, she was more so when she was believed to be what Reavis represented. Together these two travelled in Europe, always returning to Spain to rest. They were received in Madrid and entertained. She had the honors of the court. He was admired and fêted as a clever man, which he certainly was. While feasts followed feasts, Reavis was not idle. He was "perfecting" his title. He secured documents, seals, photographs of original papers, and records from the archives of Spain. And when he and his wife of fascinating beauty sailed for America, Reavis had trunks and boxes of documents to prove the validity of his claim to the Arizona and New Mexico tracts.

He took up his residence in New York. He had sumptuous apartments at the Hoffman House, and his turnouts in Fifth avenue are yet the talk of many who have seen splendid pageantry in equipage along that thoroughfare. Ed Stokes was induced to invest in Reavis's mines, and there is an open entry yet on the old books of the Hoffman House showing that T. Addison Reavis-Peralta contracted a board bill to the amount of $10,000.

While this was on, while people looked at the splendor of the woman's life, and men of the town talked of this "lucky fellow," former Senator Conkling was examining the papers of Reavis Peralta. It is said that for one month Mr. Conkling devoted his entire time to this case. At the end of the investigation he declared that the title was perfect. Col. Ingersoll's opinion was as emphatic, after he had made a study of the case.

Then land grant companies were formed out West; the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, the Casa Grande Land and Improvement Company and the Silver King Mining Company. John W. Mackay and others contributed to the schemes of the former street car driver of St. Louis. He lived a life, all this while, which would be fairly told in a book. Meanwhile he had returned to earth with his fortunes and his titles and had insisted on a good time.

The Government all this time had rejected the Peralta claim and the trial was docketed in Santa Fé, before a United States District Court. Attorney-General Olney employed for the Government a New York lawyer, Mr. S. Mallet-Prevost, whose offices are in Broad street.

It required time for the Government to prepare its case. Mr. Mallet-Prevost went abroad and into Mexico and wherever he had a clue. Reavis had prepared for him a case for a Congressional hearing. He had arranged to stir Washington society with the beauty of his wife and her magnificent robes and gowns, while he entertained the lobby and ingratiated himself in the favor of such Congressmen as would listen.

While in Spain Mr. Mallet-Prevost discovered that Reavis had undertaken when he was there to insert into the archives a fraudulent grant. He was detected and his hasty departure from Madrid was attributed to his scheme to "salt" the musty receptacles of the secrets of Spain. When Reavis learned that the case would be called in Santa Fé on July 12, 1895, he put on a bold front. He said he was ready.

It had been expected, on the other hand, that he would not appear. His lawyers, learning what evidence would be adduced by the Government, had withdrawn from the case. Reavis was left alone. But when his name was called he answered and took the witness stand to tell his story. He was a changed man. He was gray-haired and grizzled. His story lost its elasticity, and the haunted appearance was all over him. His clothing was threadbare. He would not have been recognized as the man who would come forth from the door of the old Hoffman House crowd with his equipage stopped before the door for him to take the carriage to the room of the court, where his bride with an ancestry dating back into the court of Spain.

He looked about him in the courtroom and saw that he was deserted. There was not a friendly face to be seen. He turned to the court and asked for a continuance until he could procure counsel. This was refused. Deposition after deposition was read against him, showing how he had led a double life, and how he had committed forgery after forgery. When all had been read he was asked if the allegations were true.

He replied that they were true. And then he told the story in detail, which is given here in general. There was not a word of truth in any of the representations he had ever made. The Baron of many names and with royal privileges was a myth. The man described by Reavis had never existed. And the woman, his bride, who stunned Fifth avenue in this city, and whose appearance always brought men and women to their feet, wherever she appeared in New York, was a myth, so far as her claims as an heiress were concerned. She was the daughter of a Missouri post trader and a Digger Indian squaw. She had been found by this man Miguel Peralta, the broken gambler of Nogales, who put a bullet into his head the other day. She had been coached by him. She had been schooled by Reavis until she played her part well. She drops out of this story as mysteriously as she came into it.

And Reavis, in default of $10,000 bonds for trial as a forger, was taken from the courtroom to a cell in the jail at Santa Fé.

TO GET BILLY PATTERSON'S PIGS.

Greenwood Lake Hunters Going to Sweep the Sterling Mountains.

"Good hunting!" That's the cry at Greenwood Lake just now, and they are all waiting for a tracking snow to open the greatest hunt since the time that bears and panthers prowled on the Sterling Mountains and deer came down to the placid lake to drink or nibble at the lily pads. It will be 'good hunting,' too, if all the plans of the guides and gunners turn out well, for there is game on the mountains of which the mere thought makes the mouth water.

Eighty wild pigs are said to be roaming between Greenwood Lake and the Sterling mine. Four years ago an old sow and a boar broke from a ricketty pen at Hewitt and went camping out on the mountains. There they increased and multiplied until now those who have met them say that they number seventy-five or eighty. They have twenty square miles of hill and dale to roam in and have become as wild as their environment, which is much as it was a century ago. Mountains and ridges of ragged granite afford them many hiding places and shelving ledges give them shelter from the storms, if, indeed, they care for any better cover than the groves of beeches, chestnuts and hemlocks, which grow thickly on the mountains, or the giant laurels which fill the glades.

These are known as Billy Patterson's pigs by the natives for miles around, because it was his pen out of which the original stock broke. Mr. Patterson speaks of them as his pigs, too, and for a long time he has talked about going out and getting them, just as placidly as if it were a matter of driving home his cows after a day in the pasture. He don't go, however, and recently he has given a number of persons permission to shoot them if they happen across them in their travels. There are three separate droves in the region. One offshoot, containing from eighteen to twenty-five, according to different estimates, was seen several times during the summer on the Lummis tract, just north of the State line, and less than a mile from Sterling Forest landing on the east shore of the lake. The old patriarch with his followers, said to number thirty-five or forty, haunts the region east of the lower end of the lake, and a third group has been seen over near Sterlington. They are all said to be in fair condition in spite of their wild life. Their food has consisted of what they could root out of the ground in summer with nuts and beech mast in the fall, but how they have got through the hard winters is a puzzle. On occasions in summer they have made raids upon the little garden plots of the mountain dwellers, who are few in number, and have played havoc with the cabbages and root crops.

They got into Jim Morgan's garden at Sterling one day and did so much damage that it spurred him to go hunting them with dogs. He got three of them and penned them up, but it was a long time before he could tame them. At feeding time they showed a stronger disposition to attack Mrs. Morgan than to dip into the slop. Jim is waiting now for the signal for the big hunt. Patrick Kane, who lives on the mountain between Tuxedo and Greenwood Lake, has two others from the upper brood which he captured in his garden. They are big enough to kill and will supply him with meat this winter.

SUN readers will remember how the old tusker of the original brood nearly got one-eyed Tom Garrison a year ago when he was hunting on the mountains. Tom says he fired two charges of fine shot at the boar, when it charged him, and then he ran, but he doubts that he would have escaped if he hadn't lost his footing and fallen down a steep ridge, from which he slid to the road. Tom is away from the lake just at present, but he is in constant communication with his cronies and will join in the hunt which is organizing. The weapon which he will carry will be a six-shot revolver weighing five pounds and carrying 44-calibre rifle cartridges. He knows how to shoot with this weapon, and thinks that at close quarters it is better than a rifle. He will be accompanied by a bulldog and Tim Downey of Newark. The hunt will start from Sterling Forest, where the hunters will assemble at Augermiller's and get their positions. There will be three divisions, led by captains, who are yet to be chosen.

Among the possible captains are Horace Arne of the Willow Point House, who will have a number of his Orange friends with him; Will Degraw of Warwick Woodlands, and Coe Ten Eyck of the Valley House. In the line will be Tom and Old Storms, Charley and Nate Davey, Lark and Fred Hazen, Len McLeod, Fred Clark, Charley Dunnell, Joe and Jim Ryerson, Ike and Will Garrison, Charley Makepeace, Will Morgan, Rye Zabriskie, George Hazen, Elias Shudell, the veteran hunter of the lake district; John Smith, Gustave Van Vleck, Viner Shawerose and probably Judge Alex Ritsert of the Linden Hotel. Then there will probably be a number of people from West Milford, Warwick and Hewitt in the party, together with some Newark and New York patrons of the hotel keepers and guides, who will receive warning by telegraph.

To notify the people around the lake a cannon will be fired three times during the evening before the hunt and the start will be made at 7:30 in the morning. It is proposed to start from the rear of the old icehouse and string out from fifty to seventy-five hunters in line, with the understanding that they must keep in sight of one another and not more than twenty-five yards apart as long as the condition of the travelling will permit. At the sound of a horn they will know that the line is broken and halt to reform it. They propose to go over the mountain toward Sterling and expect to meet at least two of the droves. There will be all kinds of dogs with the hunters, and the bulldogs, upon which the greatest dependence is placed, will be kept as far apart as possible.

Just when the hunt will be held is not settled, but it is understood that it will start next Wednesday morning, even if there is no snow, as those who intend to participate in it are becoming impatient.

Wild Turkeys Living with a Tame Flock.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

Turkeys are so plentiful that it is nothing uncommon to hear of their coming to roost at farm-houses, alongside the domestic birds. Mr. P. M. Yeager, living at Traveller's Repose, W. Va., and twenty-five miles west of Monterey, has six wild ones running with his tame flock. These, however, have a little romance connected with them that does not often come into the life of a turkey.

One day last spring Mr. Yeager and his daughter, Miss Pearl, went from their home to a "clubhouse," several miles distant, and situated in the solitudes of Cheat Mountain. Fishing down one of the mountain streams for trout, they unexpectedly flushed a covey of wild turkeys, consisting of the mother bird and a nest full of little fellows. The old one flew away to a safe distance, while the little ones, true to their nature, scrambled away and hid among the ferns. Six of them were made captives, and it was decided to make pets of them, but how to be done successfully Miss Pearl dropped them into the capacious and mysterious depth of her sunbonnet, and bore them in triumph to the farmyard, where they were assigned to a place. Here they made their future home. These little fellows took kindly to their new existence and soon made fast friends of new neighbors. Months have come and gone and they are now full grown, noble fellows, fit to grace the table of a king.

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IN A TIGER'S CLUTCHES.

AN INDIAN OFFICER'S ADVENTURE IN A JUNGLE.

Pounced Upon by a Tiger and Carried Off by the Beast, Yet Living to Tell the Tale—A Chance Meeting with a Native Hunter and a Little Service That Saved His Life.

"It is one thing to hunt the tiger and quite another thing to have the tiger hunt you. When 'Stripes,' hunting on his own account, pounces on a man the victim has a poor chance for his life. That there are few men who can tell of such an experience is needless to say," said Capt. E. A. Arbuthnot. After the cigars had been lighted a guest who had known him twenty years before in India had pressed him to tell the story of his tiger adventure there and the Captain had consented.

"The thing occurred in the Dabrah Doolah district in Assam, where I had gone with the idea of becoming a tea planter," continued the Captain. "The beginning of the adventure, to tell the story completely, was my meeting a shikari named Dassa Balhua on the morning of the day when I fell in with the tiger. The word shikari, you will understand, means native hunter, a tiger hunter in particular. I was on my way that day to look over a tract of jungly land which I thought of buying and clearing for cultivation, when on passing Dassa Balhua's house I saw him sitting in the doorway and he was in a peck of trouble.

"His old East Indian Company's army musket, the gun with which he hunted, was lying across his lap, and he was fumbling at the lock. He wanted to go out into the jungle that day, and here was his gun hammer out of gear, so that when he pulled it back it would not catch and stay at full cock. I saw at once what was wrong with the lock, and chancing to have with me a watchmaker's file, I set the thing right in five minutes. Balhua was very grateful, and I rode on, leaving him carefully loading the gun. I don't wish to get ahead of my story, but will say here that my stopping to help Balhua out of his trouble was the means of saving my own life that day.

"This meeting with the shikari occurred about an hour after daybreak. I went on my way, and by the middle of the afternoon I had seen all I cared to of the tract of land I came to view, and was ready to return to my bungalow. Of the two servants who accompanied me I had left one with my horse a mile back, where there was some shade and grass. The other, who was with me, I sent to the man in the rear directing that they bring the horse round by the road to a point where I would meet them. The man started off on a run, and after watching him out of sight, I took my way along a jungle path toward the point on the road where I had appointed to meet them.

"The jungle growth through which the path led was made up largely of bamboo grass taller than my head. Interspersed with the grass were clumps of bushes, low-topped korinda trees, and here and there a taller tree. Now that I was alone the thought came to me that I should feel more comfortable if I had kept my rifle by me, for, it being rather heavy to carry, I had left it with the servant, who had charge of the horse. But I was not much disturbed by anticipations of danger as I strolled along the path, taking my time, for I expected to have to wait for my men at the roadside.

"The thing came suddenly, without warning. There was a strange moving of the grass and bushes a few feet away to one side of the path, the tall grass parted to left and right in a furrow that came straight toward me, there was a loud, deep-throated roar—and the tiger had me. I was standing stock still staring at the moving grass, for there was no use in running away, as he came out on me. There was one glimpse of paws, jaws, and white breast all plunging for me, and then I was flat on my back in the path, with the tiger crouching upon me, his claws set in my left shoulder and right side. The long feelers at his nose brushed my face as he set his teeth into my shoulder in one sharp, crushing bite, apparently to make sure that I would lie still.

"If the tiger had been alarmed, or wounded, if he had overtaken me running away, or had I struggled—I should have been killed outright. I certainly expected nothing else, but the tiger, not repeating the bite, lifted his head as if listening. Some sound in the road may have made him fearful of losing his prey for seizing me by the shoulder he swung me clear of the ground and started away through the jungle in long, swift leaps. I weighed at that time 135 pounds, and the tiger carried me along as easily as a cat would carry a squirrel.

"It will probably sound strange to you, although a similar experience has been related by others, when I say that from the moment the tiger leaped on me I felt no pain from teeth or claws. Neither did I, after once the brute had seized me, feel any keen sense of fear, although perfectly conscious of all that was going on and of what seemed the certainty that I should be immediately killed. Perhaps the best expression of my condition while I was in the tiger's power would be to say that I was in a hypnotic state, for I can compare my sensation with nothing else.

"The tiger ran perhaps fifty yards, then stopped, laid me down and crouched, watching me. Presently he picked me up again and started on through the jungle, this time walking, bearing me along with my legs dragging upon the ground. Coming to an open space he laid me down, and, backing away for a distance of two or three yards, lay crouched, watching me intently, after the manner of a cat that plays with a mouse.

"From the position in which I lay I could look straight into his yellow eyes and could see the curling in and out of the tip of the supple tail. Then as with every second I expected the tiger to leap upon me and tear me there crashed in the jungle's stillness, the loud report of a gun, close at hand. I saw the tiger leap to his feet, whirl toward the sound, and he roared once as he reared himself almost upright on his hind legs; then fell over on his side struggling.

"It was from the old firelock that I had set in order that morning—the East Indian Company musket of Dassa Balhua that the shot had come which saved my life. The shikari had found the path the tiger was accustomed to take in going from his den to the nearest watercourse to drink. In a thick-leaved tree overlooking this path he had built a platform, and from this he had watched daily for a chance to shoot at the brute. Waiting here this day he saw the tiger come into view from an unexpected quarter dragging me along by the shoulder. When he saw the tiger drop me in the open space and lay himself down at a little distance away, the shikari fired at him, aiming at the head, for he knew that if not killed outright at the first act of the brute would be to kill me. The tiger, struck in the ear by the heavy bullet, died almost in his tracks.

"After the shot was fired I lay still, not feeling sure that the tiger really was done for, until I saw Dassa Balhua come toward me from the tree. When I lifted my head the shikari was startled for he had thought that I was dead. But he came to me and lifted me by the shoulders so that by turning my head I could see the tiger lying stretched on his side.

"'He can trouble you no more, sahib,' said the shikari. 'The tiger is dead.'

"The shikari opened my jacket and examined my wounds, and then went down to the road to intercept my servants. By the time he returned with them my wounds were getting painful. While one of the servants rode to the nearest bungalow for men and a litter I lay watching the shikari skin the tiger. It was a young animal, full grown, with a glossy, beautifully marked skin, and terrible teeth and claws. With the skin and the Government bounty and the hundred rupees that I gave him Dassa Balhua had no reason to complain of his day's fortune. I was taken out of the jungle that night, and to my house the next day. I had a bad shoulder, with fever, that kept me in bed for three or four weeks, and I did not regain the full use of my right arm for years. But I think I got off well."