Tiger Hunts of the Earl of Suffolk

Miss Daisy Leiter's Betrothed Tells of the Pursuit of Big Game in India.

Henry Molyneux Paget Howard, nineteenth Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, who to-morrow becomes the husband of Miss Daisy Leiter, is best known in England and America as a lover of sports and athletics.

The death of his father, which occurred in 1898 before he had reached his majority, prevented him from entering the military service as he had hoped to do. He had long been an enthusiastic foxhunter, and he was anxious to pursue bigger game.

His friends accordingly were not surprised when in 1899 he went to India as aide-de-camp to Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, and took an extensive equipment of large and small arms with him.

He remained in India until the autumn of last year, and during the intervening five years he hunted tigers, water buffaloes, bear and deer for at least five weeks every spring and autumn.

When a SUN reporter saw him, at the Florence apartment house, at Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street, where he has been the guest of Mrs. Florence Bigelow Dodge for two weeks, he was a bit reluctant about discussing his tiger-hunting achievements in the Indian jungles until it was explained that his taking of an American wife meant that the American people now had a personal interest in him and his hunting stories.

"It's very kind of you to express it that way, and, of course, I could hardly refuse to tell some of my hunting experiences if they will be of interest," he said. "The hunt which I remember most pleasantly, perhaps because it was my first serious attempt to decrease the population of the jungle, occurred in 1901, when I went out with an exceedingly congenial party.

"It was composed of my friend Charles Cleveland, Inspector-General of Police in the Central Provinces; Mr. Playfair, the district superintendent of police; Mrs. Cleveland and her friend Mrs. Tyler. It is only fair to say that the ladies were thorough sportswomen.

"We set out on horseback from a little inland railway station and rode fifty miles through the open plain, enjoying splendid duck and snipe shooting on the way before we reached our first tiger jungle. On the morning of our arrival we were delighted to learn that a bullock tied up the night before had been killed by a tiger.

"I suppose I ought to explain that to tie up a kill, or live bullock, is a sure way of locating a tiger in these immense stretches of jungle. The kill is always tied near a stream, because the tiger, after consuming a satisfactory luncheon of bullock, likes to go to the stream and drink until he is scarcely able to walk. Then he finds a soft bed in the immediate vicinity and doesn't care to be disturbed for two or three days.

"Our camp was located on the bank of a wild river, with dense government forest stretching to the left and partly cultivated village land and small hill jungle lying to the right. The tiger had killed in the sandy bed of a nullah or ditch leading into the main river on the left, two miles from camp.

"Having collected about 150 beaters we started out, depending upon the local shikari, an experienced hunter, to show us the best positions in which to place ourselves. To our dismay we found that the shikari was hopelessly drunk, as he pointed out every tree we came across as the only one under which the tiger would come. This necessitated our sending back for our own shikari, who was with the beaters.

"We finally selected three trees and had our machans [hunting platforms] tied up. Cleveland had the right and Playfair the centre, while I had the left platform. The beat began, and exceedingly weird it sounded, with shouting, drums, rum-toolas [flutes] and various other kinds of musical instruments.

"The tigress, for so the beast turned out to be, first broke out on the right, taking a huge spring over a fallen tree, and clearing a distance of fifteen feet, in spite of the efforts of a stop to turn her. We had about given up hope of seeing her again that day when by a skilful piece of beating she was brought around to the extreme left of my gun, where she showed for a few seconds only, giving me a shot on the opposite bank of the river and allowing time for only one barrel. She spoke to the shot and disappeared into some tall grass.

"Now came the most exciting part, as she had to be followed and despatched on foot. Cleveland and our shikari, making a détour, came around to where Mrs. Cleveland and I were. The shikari, climbing into a tree close by, fired into where we thought she was, with the result that she moved into thicker stuff.

"Then we decided to give her a half hour to cool down in, and in this interval the ladies, having climbed into the same tree, were making a most excellent lunch up there. Our kitmagar [table servant] took cautious little runs from his tree, with first a chicken, then a loaf of bread, soda, &c., with one eye on the lunch and the other on where the wounded tigress lay, only eighty yards off.

"Our shikari elephant bolted at the first shot, successfully tossing off her mahout, and never stopped until she struck camp three miles off, much to the consternation of our horses and servants. We had no alternative but to track on foot, but in two hours it became dark, and we had to walk back to camp, thanks to the retreat of the elephant. We decided to try again the next morning with buffaloes.

"We were awakened early the next morning with news of another kill, so we hurried breakfast, meaning to beat over it first before finishing off the tigress. The local shikari on this occasion was sober, and quaintly confessed to not having been quite himself the day before, explaining that although he had drunk but very little, the heat of the sun had rendered his few drams exceedingly effective.

"On the way to the beat we struck the place where the kill had been tied up, and we followed the track for about two hundred yards, then stopping for fear of disturbing the tiger. We climbed into three trees on the edge of a fire line with a clear space of thirty yards in front of us. This time I had the right, Playfair the centre and Cleveland the left.

"The beat had scarcely begun when I heard something wave directly in front, and a minute later came out a magnificent tiger, which stood for a moment and then slowly crossed the fire line. He gave me a beautiful clear shot at fifteen yards.

"He spoke to the shot and rolled over dead, about twenty yards from where he was struck. The bullet, a .577 black powder expanding cartridge, had gone through his heart and lungs.

"He was a fine old tiger, measuring 9 feet 10 inches, and according to the local shikari had been making himself exceedingly unpopular in those parts for some years.

"After lunch we hurried off to look up the previous day's tigress. Arriving at the place, we examined the ground carefully to see if she had moved during the night.

"Finding no tracks, we concluded she must be lying dead or wounded in the heavy grass, a patch about 400 by 100 yards and so thick that one could not see a foot ahead of him. A herd of forty village buffaloes was driven through the thick grass in front of the guns. Men were then posted in trees to spot the tigress should she move.

"Presently one of the men called out that he could see her walking through the grass. She had risen just in front of the buffaloes and hid herself in an exceedingly thick bush, where she lay very close. They trampled down the grass, but although they went close to the bush, the tigress gave no sign.

"The three guns then advanced, trying unsuccessfully to get a view of her. Then we threw stones at her, one of which apparently hit her, for she growled, fortunately, because we were only ten yards away.

"Then we retreated and sent our shikari up a tree to locate her exact position. He saw something white and fired a charge of shot, which brought her out.

"The tigress charged splendidly, but she was met with three bullets and rolled over, struggling in her death agony at our very feet. It made a splendid sight.

"Right here I might say that I was then as near death as I care to be, for had it not been for her warning growl the tigress must have been on us before we could get in a bullet. She was a big tigress, in capital condition, measuring over nine feet.

"The bullet of the day before, a solid .577, had done but little damage, only passing through the fleshy part of her forearm. I have never been able to understand why, being so slightly wounded, she lay up all that night and the next day, so close to where she had been shot, without going for a drink to the water that was so close beside her.

"For the next few days we had miscellaneous beating, bagging some sambhur, cheetah, and a fine barasingh, all native varieties of deer which are rare in those parts.

"The day we got into tiger country again we had a kill. It was most difficult jungle and the ground was much cut up by nullahs. We selected the highest trees and the beat began.

"The beaters were right up, and Playfair and I were talking to the shikari and men, thinking the tiger had slipped out, when there was a shot from Cleveland on the left. The men were ordered up trees, and they needed no second bidding.

"In less time than it takes to tell it they had swarmed up the nearest trees, four, five and six in each. The tiger had tried to get out at several points, but each time had been turned by stops—men who are posted in trees with axes, with which they pound gently and drive the tiger in any direction they choose.

"Cleveland's bullet was effective, and the tiger dropped dead. He was a beauty, measuring over ten feet.

"The next day we marched twelve miles. A mile from camp we were met with the news of two kills, one only 600 yards from where we were. We sent on for beaters, rifles, &c., meaning to have a go at him before breakfast.

"About twenty minutes after the beat began I saw him. He looked magnificent crossing an open space with the sun full on him, and coming directly toward me. Then he changed his mind and started toward Cleveland, but to our disappointment he suddenly dropped into an overgrown nullah, which we hadn't noticed, only ten yards off. The only thing we could see was the top of his back, as he walked away from us.

"Cleveland fired, and he gave a series of roars. We could hear him twisting about in front of us, but could see nothing. He greeted another shot likewise, but apparently did not move.

"Just than a stag came out, which I downed easily. He was a fine 40-incher. The tiger kept on growling, and Cleveland fired several times again, but he finally took no notice of the shots. As our ammunition was running low, we threw empty cartridge cases at him, and finally Cleveland let drive his silver cigarette case, which enraged the tiger very much, judging from the sounds.

"After some time I crept 'round from behind, with the shikari, being covered by Cleveland. The tiger growled, but would not show.

"We collected a lot of stones for the purpose of bombarding him from the trees, and climbed up. The shikari, light and nimble as a cat, mounted to the very top, hanging with his rifle in his hand, to a very minute branch, which we thought would surely break. He could just catch a glimpse of the victim and fired several times, but the tiger still seemed very much alive and angry.

"This went on for an hour and a half, when we heard him breathing very heavily and gnawing stones. His growls grew much fainter, and after waiting another half hour we got down and very slowly and carefully went around and got a view of him.

"He was practically dead, and one bullet finished him. He was dreadfully knocked about, as most of the bullets from the tree had hit him. If we had only known it, we could have had a splendid view of him, as his back was broken by the first shot and he couldn't get up.

"Our beat for the other tiger after breakfast, which we had about 3 o'clock, was a blank. The noise of all those shots had driven him off.

"For the next few days we hunted bison, but had little success, as it was too late in the year. We often got near them; but as the ground was strewn with six inches of dead leaves, they always heard us and made off. We had pretty fair sport with bears.

"The last day we got a fine cheetah and a tigress. On that occasion Cleveland was alone with the beaters, and almost made the appointment of a new inspector of police necessary.

"The tigress was apparently new to the jungle and seemed to have lost her way because she neglected several very fine opportunities to escape. When the first shot was fired she spied Cleveland and charged straight for him. He gave her the second barrel within two feet, and dropped her in her tracks."

After telling the story of this memorable hunt the Earl brought out his alligator bag and from a bundle of papers he extracted a well worn book. It was the diary he had kept during the Viceroy's spring hunt in 1902, and contained these memoranda:

VICEROY'S CAMP,
HYDERABAD, DECCAN.

April 2—Arrived Nursimpett, twelve miles from Makonda station. Shot after breakfast. Viceroy got tiger 9 feet 4 inches.

April 3—Two beats. First Viceroy killed tiger 10 feet one-half inch. Second Viceroy got tigress 8 feet one-fourth inch.

April 4—Tiger broke out before any one was ready and got clean away. In second beat Viceroy killed tiger 9 feet 5 inches. We also saw a bear.

April 5—General beat near Pakal Lake. Two cheetah were shot.

April 6—Viceroy did not shoot, but the rest of the party had a "honk" [chase] for bears. We saw two, but both were badly missed, the first in particular by myself.

April 7—Moved camp to Mankhota. Went out, but although there was good "khubber" [news], we saw nothing.

April 8—Drove out eight miles. Saw tigress and two cubs, but they broke line at the beginning of the beat and were no more seen.

April 9—Wigram got tiger 9 feet 6 inches, which unfortunately killed a shikari, who was down on foot, where he had no business to be.

April 10—Wigram and I started at 10 A. M. for bears, but saw nothing. No kill to-day. Gymkhana in afternoon.

April 11—Tiger came out to Viceroy, who missed, ditto Wigram. Tiger got into big cave and had to be left.

April 12—Beat for tiger. Was not in beat. Two bears were let off.

"The little reference to the killing of a shikari on April 9 does not state that the occurrence put a damper on the shooting for the rest of the day," said the Earl. "We were sorry to have it happen because the natives always look up to the white hunters with an almost childish faith in their ability to keep them from harm.

"He took his life in his hands when he ventured on foot too near the tiger. Major Wigram could have saved him had he not stepped directly in the line of fire. Even then the Major might nearly as well have fired, for death was certain from the tiger. One blow from the powerful paw tore off the whole top of his head.

"The cleverness with which the native hunters always drove the tiger underneath the Viceroy's tree when he was in the hunt was incomprehensible. They could drive these wild jungle beasts through a four foot space if they desired. That, however, does not wholly account for the Viceroy's large record of striped jungle victims, because he is really a beautiful shot."

The Earl said that although the number of hunters in India is increasing every year, there will always be enough tigers to go around. No human eye has yet seen the breeding grounds of the tigers in the depths of the jungle, he said, and they are not likely to be disturbed for many years.

"I don't expect to get another chance at the big game myself for some time," he continued, "and will have to content myself until then on my last year's record, which was six tigers, three bison, four buffaloes and one bear in five weeks.

"Buffalo hunting is fully as dangerous a sport as tiger hunting, because of the ferocity with which they charge an antagonist. A sportsman is always as proud of his mounted buffalo head as of his tiger skin."

The Earl laughed heartily when questioned about the report which has appeared in print of serious friction between Lord Curzon and himself because he was said to have referred to the Viceroy as "the old bounder."

"The first intimation I had that any one thought we were not dear friends," said the Earl, "came in a jolly, good-natured letter from the Viceroy enclosing the newspaper clipping. The Viceroy said that if he was the 'old bounder' referred to in the clipping, I must certainly be the 'gilded nobleman' also mentioned.

"No, indeed, we all loved the Viceroy too much to think of calling him a cad. It would be interesting to know where the story started."

The Earl made himself popular in India, especially with the native rulers, by his democratic manners and his courteous treatment of those who desired to humble themselves before him.

A zemindar, or native ruler ranking just below a rajah, once asked him for the address of some friend in London to aid him in case he made a trip to England. To the zemindar's surprise, the Earl sent him his card. The zemindar compiled this letter of thanks, written in a fairly legible hand, which the Earl likes to exhibit to his friends:

BORASAMBO PADAMPUR, March 13, 1903.

MY LORD: It gave me much delight to see that your lord had condescended to address me a letter, so insignificant a creature as I am, the like of which I did not expect to receive even in a dream. The address of your lord will indeed be of great service to me as that of a stick to a blind man, if I ever go to England. Suitable expression to congratulate your lord sufficiently on the success in shooting expeditions in this Zemindari are far beyond the reach of my knowledge.

Earnestly requesting to excuse if I have done any wrong in venturing to approach your lord by this simple letter, I beg to remain your lord's most obedient servant.

The Earl, who has been travelling in the United States and Canada since July, hunted moose in the Northwest Territory with the Brewster brothers of Banff, Alberta, the best known guides of the Northwest, during October, but on account of the lack of snow had rather poor luck.

He has been deeply impressed by everything he has seen in this country, and since he has been in this city has visited the Tombs, Bellevue Hospital and the Morgue, and attended the Nan Patterson trial. He does not hesitate to say that he likes America and Americans and believes that what little dislike the English have for Americans is due to their ignorance of this country and its people.

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK
In hunting rig and wearing a beard, which he does not do out of the woods.

IN CAMP IN INDIA

SELLS NEWSPAPERS AND SENDS HER SONS TO COLLEGE

In the rain, in the snow, in the midsummer sun, at dawn, at dark, sometimes at midnight, a half thousand women stand in the city streets, selling newspapers.

These women must work to eat, to live; and selling papers is easier than the sweatshop and the washtub, and better money. Most of them are Jewish, many of them refugees.

One woman at the Brooklyn Bridge supports a sick son. Another in City Hall Park helps a crippled husband to provide for their family. One palsied old newswoman is a childless widow, too frail to do anything but stand against a lamp post, holding a dozen papers, too weak almost to offer them to passers by.

Most of these women never expect to do anything but sell newspapers. A few hope one day to do it under a roof, and sell cigars and cheap writing paper as well. One, an Irish woman, and the pioneer of them all, has saved enough to buy a tenement, which will keep her when she is too old to sell papers longer.

But there is one who has a big, unselfish purpose in her life of hard work, her fourteen hours every day on the street in all weathers. She sells papers that her two sons may go to college and fit themselves to take an honorable place in the world.

Some mothers wait impatiently until their children have gone to school as long as is required by law, then let them take up the burden of earning a living for themselves. Not so this mother. She has had to sell papers because she did not have enough education to do anything else. But she does not intend that her boys shall sell papers after her. And so she stands in the rain and the snow and the midsummer sun, toiling, earning, saving, that her boys may go to college.

"How do I stand it? Like a soldier, I must take what comes," she says to those who wonder how she can stand there when the mercury is flirting with the zero mark.

For eleven years this woman has sold papers on the street, never missing a day. Her stand is at the corner of 116th street and Eighth avenue, where the elevated train sucks up its thousands in the morning and spills them out at night. And of these thousands there are few who do not know the bright face and cheery smile of Mrs. Bessie Nelson.

"It was a good corner," says Mrs. Nelson, "until the subway opened. That cut my business almost in two. Of the 700 people that it took away from this station 500 were my customers. The day the subway opened I had 500 papers left over, and it has been the same ever since.

"It took a long time to work up to a good business here, too. When I came here eleven years ago, New York had hardly joined hands with Harlem. There were but few houses here. Yet I paid $200 for this stand and the good will of the men who had it before me.

"Two hundred dollars was more than I had, but I borrowed part of it and raised the rest on some jewelry and a few things I had. For my boys were big enough to go to school, and I must earn the way for them."

It was the story of many an immigrant from Russia. The husband had been a merchant, and a fairly prosperous one, in Moscow. Then came the day when the red ink mark appeared on the citizenship papers which meant hardship and oppression for all who were not of the established Church of Russia.

Mrs. Nelson had long before broken away from the faith of her parents. Still in the eyes of the Russian authorities these people were Jews, and there was no freedom for them.

They came to America. The husband died. The wife knew nothing of making a living, so she did the only thing that looked possible—went into a factory.

The first week she earned $1.40. After she had been there a few years, she could make $10 or $11 a week. Then came the panic of 1893, and her earnings were cut in two.

It was then she bought the news stand on the street corner. This meant in a good week $9. Year by year it grew a little, until for the past few years it has run from $30 to $45 a week. Then came the subway, and cut that in half.

Whether she can build up her trade again to what it was she does not know. She can only hope. It comes hard just now, for next year will be her youngest boy's first year at Columbia, and the eldest is just now finishing his third year at the Industrial Arts School in Philadelphia, where he will be graduated with honors, having already won all the prizes in his class and the scholarship for this, his final year.

"It has cost a good deal of money to do this," said Mrs. Nelson. "Not less than $500 a year to put the first one through. There was not only the tuition, but he must have a nice boarding place; and he must wear good clothes so he would not feel himself beneath his classmates. And he must belong to the clubs and societies and have his fraternity, like the others."

This son has made a specialty of the textile art; but the younger one will be fitted for a profession. It has been the boy's dream to go to Annapolis, and his early schooling was directed toward that end.

When the boys were little the mother thought they could have better advantages at a private school than at the public schools. She chose for them Felix Adler's school. She was then working in the factory and too poor to pay the tuition, but she never gave up until she had secured for each a scholarship.

For nine years they attended the Ethical Culture Society's School, standing always at the head of their classes. When the younger son decided on a naval training, he was taken from this school and put in the De Witt Clinton High School, because Mrs. Nelson was told by people who knew that preference was given to candidates for Annapolis who were graduates of the public schools.

But the dream of the younger son has not come true. In her years on the street corner Mrs. Nelson has won many friends in high places, and on these she relied to get the appointment for her son. So sure had they made her feel of his appointment that he spent a year out of school working to get his petition signed by enough and big enough names.

And he did not fail because of the number or of the names themselves, for his list was headed by Mayor Low, and under that came the name of Bishop Potter and the president of the Daughters of the American Revolution and a score of others almost as big. The boy had even been recommended especially to the Secretary of the Navy, and was considered his protégé.

But he did not get to Annapolis. There were 300 names ahead of his, and among them were so many sons of officers of the army and navy that the appointment of a civilian's son would have created too much of a tempest in the official teapot.

So young Nelson gave it up, and in his mother's heart was not all sorrow. She preferred a land life for the boy, and so it was decided that he should go to Columbia and prepare for either the law or engineering.

"My ambition for my boys?" repeats the mother. "My one ambition in life is education. If I had time I would go myself to school with the smallest children. It has been my one wish always.

"I should not be here, I should not be selling papers if I had had education."

It was not poverty that kept Mrs. Nelson from having the advantages she craved as a child. It was the fear of her mother that education would lead her away from the orthodox Jewish faith.

Both parents were intensely religious; but, unlike most Jews, they feared even Hebraic teaching. As their sons grew older, two went away and found means of educating themselves. This Mrs. Nelson longed to do, and only her sense of duty to her mother kept her from it.

"It was a very small town in southwestern Russia where I was born," she says. "The people were almost like savages in their ignorance.

"They had no books. It was only when a doctor's son came from college that I could get anything to read.

"I always had some money. It was free to all the children, but not for books or school. And even then, as a young girl, I gave of my money to others to help them get this thing I most wanted and could not have, an education. I get letters now from a man I helped to put through college and who is practising medicine in Russia.

"Now I know I should have left home, but I could not for my mother's sake. And, instead of keeping me in the orthodox Jewish faith, her action did what she most feared.

"I did not believe as she did then. I do not now. I did not care for the Catholic Church, which was the only other we had. I had to think it out for myself, and now all the religion I have is to do the square thing by everybody, and let the future take care of itself.

"I have joined the Ethical Culture Society," said this vendor of newspapers who finds time in her fourteen long hours on the corner to think if she cannot find time to read in the hour or two before bed time after her day's work is done. And as she said it, she reached under her newsstand and drew out a book from the Ethical Culture library. "Is Life Worth Living?" was printed across the paper cover.

"Is it?"

One could not help asking the question of a woman whose life has been so full of sacrifice and duty and love and strong purpose. And there is so much that is wholesome in her nature and vigorous in her mental attitude that one expected her to say "Yes."

"No, it isn't," she said, but with no touch of pessimism in her meaning. "I never thought it was, and I believe I did wrong to bring two souls into the world. It was a great injustice to them.

"That is why I must give them all I can to help make life more worth living. It is why I have given others as well as my sons all I could to help them get an education. If I had had education, perhaps I might think differently about life."

"Perhaps your time will come to enjoy life when the boys are ready to take care of you."

"I never think of that. I ask nothing of them in return. I give to them because I owe it to them.

"When I have given them what I can and they no longer need me, then I can take care of myself. Perhaps then I can have time to study.

"Now I have not even time to read, except a very little. But when I do read I read good books, not trash.

"Ah, but here is my son. Let me introduce you. He comes every day, three times a day at the busy hours, to help me. The rest of the time he studies."

A manly fellow of 17 is this youngest son.

"Can I ever love my mother enough?" he repeated. "We both love her now as much as she loves us. We can show her better when we get to working for her. By giving us a college education she is making it possible for us to do twice as much for her.

"As I stand here selling papers I like to watch the people. I always think I can tell a college man when I see him. He is better able to make the fight, particularly when, as in my case, he has no family connection to count on, but must do it by his own push."

BITS OF LIFE IN THE BIG CITY

The ready tongued and ready witted street faker was selling gyroscopes, those wonderful tops that rotate at all sorts of angles along a tightly drawn wire.

"It's a marvellous toy, the gyroscope," he said, "a source of wonderment and pleasure to all, and so simple in operation that a child can spin it, and it costs you only 10 cents. You simply wind the cord around the spindle, like this, and then draw upon it sharply, to set the top in motion before adjusting it to the wi——"

And drawing upon the cord as he spoke he pulled the top clean out of its encircling metal ring, pulling it apart, his demonstration thus failing utterly.

Did this slight mishap feaze him any? Not the least little bit. Dropping the dismembered top upon a heap of tops in the open box resting upon the tripod by which he stood he went right on, in the same even tone and with positively unruffled calmness:

"That always breaks when there's no money about;" and then he coolly stood idle, and waited for the crowd about him to disperse.

It had been a gaping and an interested but not a buying crowd, and he had seized upon this opportunity and taken this way to get rid of it before drawing about himself another.

And the men and boys who made up the crowd all understood the hint perfectly and acted upon it promptly. Evidently they thought it a pretty cold hint to throw at them on such a chilly day, for some looked sheepish over it, and some as they faced around from the gyroscope man stood and stared at one another for a moment in a sort of mutual sympathy, but all finally turned and went their several ways and left the gyroscope man standing alone.

But he was not so for long, for even as his late auditors plodded on they could hear his voice again, addressed to a new audience already accumulated about him and that might contain buyers:

"It's a marvellous toy, the gyroscope, a source of wonderment and pleasure to old and young, and so simple in operation that a child can spin it, and it costs you but a dime. You simply wind the cord around the spindle, like this, and——"

The old young man found his gray hairs increasing in number faster than he liked. He hadn't minded a few scattering ones—in fact, he had been rather proud of them; but now he was getting to have quite a sprinkling, and he didn't like it at all.

"Can't we pull 'em out?" he asked of his barber, the next time he went to have his hair cut.

"Yes, we could," said the barber; "but I wouldn't if I were you. They say, you know, that for every gray hair you pull out two come in"—an old saying which the old young man had heard before, though he never had heard another, apparently as old, with which the barber now concluded—"that if you pull out one gray hair another one comes to its funeral, dressed in white."

"Is it true?" the old young man asked.

And the barber wasn't so sure about that, but he had had experience s that seemed to prove it; and he wasn't in favor of pulling them out. But he said he could cut off each separate gray hair short, so that it wouldn't show.

"Well, anything the matter with that?" asked the man in the chair.

"No," said the barber, "except that they'll all come out again, and come out stronger and stiffer than they were before."

"Why, we have our whole head of hair cut often. Why doesn't it all come out stronger and stiffer, then?"

"It does," said the barber. "Everybody's hair would be finer and softer and silkier if it was never cut at all."

"Then what are we going to do about 'em?" the old young man asked, coming back, as the barber knew, to those gray hairs in his own head.

"Let 'em alone, I guess," said the barber. "Some folks dye their hair when it gets gray—some men dye their mustaches only; but pulling out and clipping off does no good; if the gray hairs come they come. And you haven't got enough to worry over, yet, and gray hair is becoming to some young men, anyhow."

And the old young man sighed—but doubled the tip.

"I don't see much of the earth in these later days," said the cheerful Harlemite, "except on Sundays.

"On week day mornings I go down to business by the subway, landing not far from the building in which I work. There I take an elevator and leave the earth behind and shoot eighteen stories skyward to the floor on which I spend the day.

"When I come down again at night I take the elevated road home. So I go to my work underground, and come home from it overground; and as I don't have far to go at either end I see now, through the week, mighty little of the earth, which once was quite familiar to me.

"But on Sundays I walk out and survey things and find it still there, all right, and actually it's a pleasure to get back to it.

"Queer world we live in, eh? But I suppose it'll seem queerer still when we get to going back and forth by balloons and landing, not at the ground floor of some tall building and going up, but landing on the lofty roof and going down."

Llamas for Western Ranch.

From the Philadelphia Press.

A visitor to the Zoological Garden a few days ago made so many and so pertinent inquiries about the llamas kept there that the curiosity of the keeper in charge of that particular part of the garden was aroused.

He finally asked why the questions were being asked. The man, who refused to give his name, said that, if he could get the animals at anything like a reasonable figure, he thought of making the experiment of stocking his ranch in the West with them. From letters written to South American friends, he said, he had learned that he could probably get a sufficient number for the experiment at a cost of not more than $30 each. As they are fairly good wool growers, he said that there ought to be more profit in them at this price than the same number of sheep. In his opinion the fleece of the llama is as good as that of the camel for manufacturing purposes.