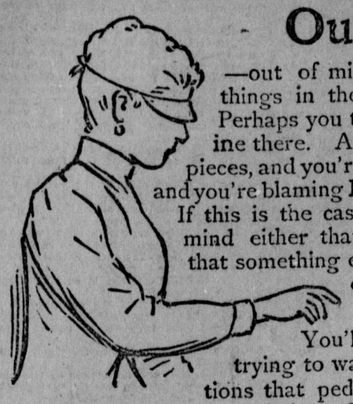
THE HERALD.

PART II—PAGES 9 TO 12.

LOS ANGELES: TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 15, 1893.



Out of sight

—out of mind. That's the way with things in the laundry and the kitchen. Perhaps you think they're using Pearline there. And your linen is going to pieces, and you're dissatisfied with the work, and you're blaming Pearline for all the trouble. If this is the case, you can make up your mind either that Pearline isn't used, or that something else is used with it, which does the damage. It can't be done by Pearline.

You'll probably find that they're trying to wash with some of the imitations that peddlers, prize-givers and unscrupulous grocers are palming off upon servants and some others who can't see the danger. Look into the kitchen for yourself and see that they use Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 347 JAMES PYLE, New York.

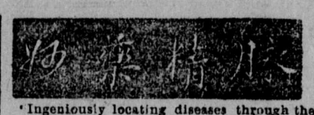
WONDERFUL CURES

—BY—

DR. WONG,

713 SOUTH MAIN ST. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Skilful cure increases longevity to the world."



"Ingeniously locating diseases through the pulse and excellent remedies are great blessings to the world."

For seven months I was treated by five different doctors, none of whom stated what my disease was. During that time I suffered terribly, and continued to fall until I became a skeleton. For the last three months I had to be dressed, fed and have my water drawn. Finally my feet, limbs, hands and face became swollen. I could not rise from a chair, and could scarcely walk, and was obliged to have my water drawn from fifteen to twenty times a day. My friends considered I would not last many days. I then, three months ago, commenced treating with Dr. Wong. The first dose of medicine completely relieved me, and since I have not been obliged to resort to artificial means for relieving my bladder. In five days I was able to dress and feed myself; in ten days the swelling had left me and I could walk as well as for years before. I now weigh as much as I ever did, and feel better than I have felt for fifteen years. I am 75 years old and feel tiptop. Dr. Wong says I was afflicted with one of the fourteen kinds of kidney diseases. W. W. CHENEY.

Rivera, Cal., August 29, 1890.

Hundreds of other testimonials are on file in the doctor's office which he has received from his numerous American patients, whom he has cured from all manner of diseases.
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Spader throwing Soil from the Center.

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This Vegetable Vitalizer cures all nervousness or diseases of the generative organs, such as: **Lost Manhood, Sleeplessness, Tired Feeling, Pains in the Back, Debility, Pimples, Headache, Seminal Weakness, Nightly Emissions, Impotency, Despondency, Varicocele, Prematureness and Constipation.** Cures where all else fails. The doctor has discovered the active principle on which the vitality of the SEXUAL apparatus is dependent.

The reason why sufferers are not cured by physicians and medicines is because over 90 per cent are troubled with **Prostatitis**, for which CUPIDENE is the only known remedy to cure the complaint without an operation. A written Guarantee to refund the money if a permanent cure is not effected by the use of six boxes. $1.00 a box, six for $5.00. Send for circular and testimonials. Address **DAVOL MEDICINE CO.**, P. O. Box 2076, San Francisco, Cal. *For Sale by*

C. H. HANCE, Agent, 177 and 179 N. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

INDIAN PIG STICKING.

ONE MAN WHO SAYS IT IS THE FINEST SPORT IN THE WORLD.

How the Wild Boars of the Jungles of India and Northern Africa Are Hunted by Enthusiastic Sportsmen of Other Countries—Plenty of Danger.

As an ardent pig sticker I may be forgiven for advancing the opinion that it is the finest sport in the world. By "pig sticking" I of course mean pig sticking as it is practiced in India and in northern Africa and perhaps in some other English colonies—viz, riding down the pig on horseback and dispatching him with spears.

The Indian wild pig varies naturally according to his home. The biggest I have ever seen were in the Vindhya mountains, where I used to shoot them as food for my beaters. Sometimes they were of vast size, bigger, I think, than even their Ganges cousins.

A peculiarity of the wild pig is the straightness of his tail as compared with the curled appendage of his domestic brother. From the top of his low forehead to the end of his snout is almost a perfectly straight line, and he has a far longer snout and jaw than the English market pig. His skin is a kind of bluish gray and his bristles gray or black, though sometimes an almost brown pig is found. The wild pig will never live far from water. He is happiest in the long grass, often 12 feet high, that grows along the banks of the big Indian rivers, and above all rejoices in "jao," a kind of evergreen brushwood that is as common as the grass. He only eats at night, and about 10 p. m. he sallies forth from cover and will go many miles to find the succulent sugar cane or other luxury, returning as a rule about an hour before the first streaks of dawn.

Pig sticking begins usually about Christmas week, when the giant vegetation of the rains has died down sufficiently to get at piggy, and the marshy ground where he lives is firm enough for horses, but it is not till the end of February that really good pig sticking begins, and it improves as the weather gets dryer and hotter till the June rains come, and pig sticking instantly ceases.

At about 6 a. m., after a light breakfast, the sportsmen set out—usually in "tumtums"—to the meet, having sent their spears and horses on ahead over night, together with the all important mess tiffin basket, in which a huge block of ice and innumerable soda water bottles and beer bottles figure largely. It is rare to gather together more than 12 men. It may have been different in olden times, but polo is a formidable rival to pig sticking nowadays, and the ordinary British subaltern can rarely afford time and money for both. Indeed, from my own experience, I should say the average field was not above five, and personally, I much prefer, except from the social point of view, very few companions.

The officer in command divides the party, if large enough, into little sections of three, and each section separates from the other and keeps together all day, either at one end of the line or in the middle. The coolies are usually about 50 in number and form a line, covering about 200 yards of ground. Each is armed, or should be, with a big stick, and the end men carry flags, which can be seen above the long grass and help to keep the coolies in line. Behind them marches, on each wing one of the shikari's satellites, and in the center is the shikari himself on horseback, and these officers, like sergeants, keep the line straight, and exhort, often in language more forcible than polite, the apathetic coolies to strenuous exertions. The sportsmen generally ride a few yards in advance of the line, unless, from the nature of the covert, the pig is likely to break back.

A pig lies usually in a kind of form like a hare and will sometimes let a man or horse almost tread on him before moving, and being often covered with mud or dust is very difficult to see in the grass and weeds. When, however, he does jump up, he slips along at an incredible speed for the first 30 or 40 yards and then settles down to a very fast gallop. I have known boars at once on being put up make straight for the first man or horse they see before they have been wounded or touched, and, as all know, the tusk of the wild boar cuts like a razor, though luckily the wound is usually a healthy, clean cut—very different from a mauling by the fetid claws of a tiger or leopard or the thrust of a stag's horn.

Wherever a pig gets up one of the sections go after it, and there are various little rules as to how the pig should be attacked and in what order. The most important rule is never to drop your spear, still less throw it at the pig, as some beginners have been known to do. Spears are weighted with lead at the handle, and when dropped from the hand in the long grass, the sharp end, being the lighter, naturally sticks up, so that the next horseman or beater may be wounded. I know of several horrible accidents that have happened in this way.

The man who first draws blood gets "the first spear" and is entitled to the carcass. The body is given to the coolies to eat, and the head is taken home by the triumphant sportsman to adorn his bungalow hall, or the tushes are taken out and made into some knickknack. Of course he is in honor bound to help fairly kill as well as prick his foe, but it is the second horseman, riding perhaps four lengths behind him, who has the most dangerous part to play. A pig when wounded rarely pursues his former course, and the leader often loses touch with him, while his follower has to bear the full brunt of a terrific charge. It is fatal to receive a boar's charge at a walk or trot. One cannot go too fast—not straight at the pig, but at a slight angle to him as he charges.

In Bombay a long spear is used, and the boar is stuck by an "underhand" thrust. In eastern Bengal a jabbing spear is used and is more deadly, I think. Of course it is unlawful to stick sows. They cannot fight well, having no tushes. —Baily's Magazine.

EYEBROW AND NOSE.

How Character May Be Studied From Features of the Face.

The "rainbow of peace," as the eyebrow has been called, and the eyelids are treated of at considerable length as being among the most expressive, animated and mobile features of the face. In fact, so highly are they extolled that one is almost forced to think that a person possessed of nothing else but a pair of symmetrical eyebrows could easily express his desires or his emotions, no matter how complicated these might be. Highly arched brows are said to denote vivacity and brilliancy, but not the power of profundity that are allied to the more level kind. Regularly curved eyebrows are said to express cheerfulness; square, deep thought; irregular, fickleness, versatility, excitability; raised at the inner corner, melancholy; joined over the nose, an unsettled mind.

Andamantius likened individuals with thick eyebrows which met over the root of the nose to swine. This might by some be considered actionable, but these would do well to remember that Andamantius is no more. Thick and bushy eyebrows are supposed to denote strength and energy on the part of their possessors, while the contrary development indicates delicacy, refinement or merely weakness, which is hardly a satisfying diagnosis. A lack of eyebrows is not considered a sign of mental strength. The eyebrows and the eyelids are on terms of close intimacy, and the form of the former is connected with the opening of the latter. Only in the romantic novel are black eyes to be found. By those who have studied the question deeply four primary shades of color are recognized. These are brown, green, blue and gray, and each of these has five tones.

It is considered a somewhat singular fact that the rarest of all noses is that found in the middle of the face, and taking 100 noses at random one will not find on on an average more than three in which the bridge of the nose descends perpendicularly from a straight line drawn exactly between the eyes. A well proportioned nose, according to most authorities, should take up one-third of the profile, measured from the commencement of the hair to the tip of the chin. Napoleon used to say that a long nose meant a long head; therefore the longest headed club in London should have been that whose members were elected for the length of their noses, the chairman having the longest nose and the hall porter none. A long nose is generally considered the mental superior of a short one.

Hogarth classified noses as angular, aquiline or Roman, parrot beak, bulbous or bottle, straight or Grecian, turned up and snub. Other kinds, which may be added or not according to taste, are mixed and broken. An unduly red nose does not necessarily indicate that the wearer is a toper. It may be due to tight lacing, indigestion or emotionality of temperament. There are also other ways of explaining the trouble. The smile is purely human, as brutes are unable to elevate or depress the corners of the mouth as a means of expression. As is the case with almost every other feature of the face, physiognomists are found who claim that the lips are of all features the most susceptible of action and the most direct indices of the feelings. These champions of the mouth maintain that every shade of feeling can be described by the lips with more facility than by any other feature.—Pall Mall Budget.

After Due Consideration.

In Illinois there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often quoted, once in awhile a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not to judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose.

"Judge," said he, "weren't we to judge the law as well as the facts?"

"Certainly," was the response, "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did."

"Well, judge," answered the farmer as he shifted his quid, "we considered that p'int."—San Francisco Argonaut.

One Woman's Courage.

A story is going the rounds of a little woman who was seated behind a gorgeously dressed beauty at a theater in the metropolis whose balloon sleeves completely hid the stage from the victim in the rear. She sat on first one foot, then the other, but in vain; no glimpse of the play could she get. After a whispered conversation with her husband came the tragedy. Without a word of warning that wee woman quietly rose, gently but firmly laid her hands upon the winged shoulders of her obtrusive neighbor and pressed her green and red ruffles as far down as they would go. People who saw the operation gasped at the transformation. The victim wisely accepted the situation and remained in subjugation until the "Prodigal Daughter" ignominiously returned to the fatted calf. —New York Recorder.

How Some Girls Walk.

Some girls walk gracefully. They make "good time" over the pavement, but their movements are not abrupt nor awkward. There is no apparent effort in their locomotion. Some girls are now affecting a man's stride. The imitation is a ludicrous failure. Other girls are trying an odd kind of turn of the shoulders that gives to their appearance a top wobble and a lower swing.—Exchange.

Getting Even.

Artist—Miss Browbie-Brown-Brown, who is to marry a prince, won't let us have her photograph for publication.

Editor—She won't, eh? Tell the foreman to use one of those cuts labeled "Before Taking."—New York Weekly.

FORECASTING STORMS

ACCURACY AND TIMELINESS IN FORECASTING WEATHER.

Remarkable Success of the United States Weather Bureau In Foretelling Sudden and Dangerous Changes In the Atmosphere In Various Sections.

The signal achievement of the government weather bureau in predicting the disastrous tornadoes in Iowa 24 hours in advance of their awful visitations brought into new prominence the remarkable accuracy with which in these days of advanced science a weather forecast can be made.

The prediction of the Iowa tornado offers a noteworthy example of the value of the government bureau and illustrates the perfection of the system it employs, but the forecast in point of accuracy is duplicated daily. It isn't every day that a tornado starts on a wild stampede, but the weather sharps are expected to keep the cities and towns of the country posted in advance in regard to the weather. The daily forecast has become an all important element in all calculations, whether of pleasure or of business, and could no more be dispensed with than the telegraph or any of the other agencies which have revolutionized affairs.

Several years ago a couple of young army lieutenants who saw tornadoes in every cloudcap kept the western farmers dodging in and out of low ground cellars until they became round shouldered and neglected their crops, but the young lieutenants' experience is now one of the amusing traditions of the office. It is told, too, possibly as a joke, that the colored janitor who had rheumatism and looked upon his left leg as a reliable gauge did the prophesying business when the lieutenants were invited to some swell function.

Things are run differently now, as the reliability of the predictions and the able administration of the bureau attest. It is doubtful, moreover, if any country on the globe has a better equipped service. This is due in some measure to the opportunities of study offered by the diverse climatic peculiarities of the United States. These peculiarities make the work of weather prophesying here a most difficult task, requiring the employment of men of wide experience and learning. It is by no means an uncommon circumstance for the weather bureau to chase half a dozen different varieties of storms over the country in a day. It may be hailing in North Dakota, a tornado may be making sad havoc in the western farming belt, a windstorm may be howling along the Atlantic coast, imperiling shipping, and four or five thunderstorms may be creating alarm in as many different sections.

With all these complications, a short, thickset man, with gray eyebrows and gray mustache, calmly looks over the maps which are made on the reports of every one of the government observers throughout the country and figures out just the kind of weather that may be expected in every state and section. This short, thickset man, with gray eyebrows and gray mustache, is the official who, on examining the maps on the night of July 5, paused for a moment, and then, to the surprise of his assistants, murmured, "This looks like a tornado."

Major Dunwoody was the officer who read the signs aright. The government observers at Sioux City, Des Moines, Keokuk and Omaha had all reported threatening atmospheric conditions, and their reports when reduced to tracings on the maps showed that the center of the atmospheric disturbances was at Cheyenne, with the winds racing from all four points of the compass toward the Wyoming capital. Major Dunwoody has had an intimate acquaintance with storms for years, and this tornado didn't fool him by pretending to rendezvous at Cheyenne. The major is an old army officer, who understands all about flank movements, and he began to figure out where the main attack might be expected.

He was sitting on a high stool in the forecasting room at the weather bureau, calculating on the tornado's probable evolution. The major read the report of the storm sentinels at Sioux City and Des Moines over again and then drew a circle, with the center at Cheyenne and the circumference toward the east, touching Davenport. The major's experience taught him that the most trouble might be expected in the southeast segment of the circle, and before 9 o'clock that night all the observers who furnished the alarming reports were instructed by wire to send out warnings to cities and towns on the respective sections, and orders were also given to employ every means to inform the country districts of the impending peril.

Hours before the storm broke with its terrible fury express trains running through the isolated communities had carried the bureau's intelligence, and those who lived far from the railroad station were warned by whistles which were blown according to an established and well understood code.

How quickly all this was accomplished illustrates the efficiency of the government system as directed by Chief Harrington. At 8 o'clock on the night of the 5th the observations were made, and an hour later Major Dunwoody, with quick judgment based on long experience, had located the storm and had sent out a forecast to the threatened community, telling of the dangers to be feared. How much greater might have been the damage to property and how much greater the loss of life but for the warnings!

The weather bureau did not announce that a tornado might be expected, as tornado predictions went out of favor with the young army lieutenants. The warning, as sent out, was to the effect that severe local thunderstorms were threatened, and the farmers knew full well what was meant. As interpreted by them it signified that a ground cellar would be a good place in which to spend July 6, 1893.—Washington Cor. New York World.

COMMENCEMENT.

The Pretty Custom Observed by College Graduates Each Year.

Commencement is like spring in that it is new each year and that familiarity with it breeds only increased appreciation. It grows on the participator as his years accrue. It is a good day for the hopeful youths who graduate and march at the head of the line. It will seem good to them next year, when they come back after a 12 months' separation and hobnob with one another over their glass punch and presently get in line at the very tail end of the procession, so far off from the band that they can scarcely catch the music. But in 10 years' time, when they have moved up 10 places nearer to the band, they will find it dearer still. Then it will have begun to assume its true properties, as the day of all the year that brings back the youth that is already slipping from them, by taking them back to the scenes of their untrammeled adolescence and rubbing them up against the men who were young with them when they were young.

Life brings great prizes to the diligent and the lucky. To the average college graduate of 15 years' standing it has brought a wife and children, a certain foothold in the world and a definite prospect of respectable achievement. But it is better at bestowal than at replenishment. It brings him new things, but it does not fit him out with fresh supplies of the treasures that he had. There is only one set of the men who were young when he was young, and it cannot be duplicated.

If he is wise, and the cockles round his heart do not get too stiff, he is very careful of that dwindling set of associates, and the fewer there are of them, and the more he realizes the impossibility of replacing them, the greater pains he takes to go back to commencement and take account of stock.

A strangely impressive spectacle is the forming of the line of graduates that marches to the commencement dinner of an old college. First comes the graduating class, then the alumni by classes in order of seniority. "Class of 1820!" cries the marshal. Perhaps there is no response. "Class of 1821! Class of 1822! Class of 1823!" Presently, as his class is reached, the oldest graduate present steps out, a venerable man, perhaps the sole representative of his year, and takes his place amid the cheers of the spectators. Then for a dozen or a score of classes as the marshal calls the year one or two or four or five old men walk out, arm in arm, supporting one another's steps. Then as the list gets into the forties come gray haired men, but vigorous and not yet of the lean and slippered period. And then in larger companies the men of middle age and then the younger men, and finally a boisterous crowd 200 strong of lusty youth who cheer for "'92." A marvelously vivid panorama of human life is the commencement procession from "Morituri salutamus" at one end to "Life let us cherish" at the other. Dull must be the spirit that is not stirred by it. And yet it is a cheering sight with all its pathos, so much good fellowship it shows and sympathy and joyous greeting when old companions meet.—Harper's Weekly.

Mind Your Own Business.

An old custom once prevailed in a remote place of giving a clock to any one who would truthfully swear that he had minded his own business alone for a year and a day and had not meddled with his neighbors. Many came, but few, if any, gained the prize, which was more difficult to win than the Dunmow flitch of bacon. Though they swore on the four gospels and held out their hands in certain hope, some hitch was sure to be found somewhere, and for all their asseverations the clock remained stationary on the shelf, no one being able to prove his absolute immunity from uncalled for interference in things not in any way concerning himself.

At last a young man came with a perfectly clean record, and the clock seemed as if it was at last about to change owners. Then said the custodian, "Oh, a young man was here yesterday and made mighty sure he was going to have the clock, but he didn't." "And why didn't he get it?" "What's that to you?" snapped the custodian. "That's not your business, and—you don't get the clock." —Home Journal.

Treatment of the Wrists.

Very few people know the importance of keeping the wrists cool in warm weather. Actors and actresses tell you that if one of their number faints they pour cold water on their wrists. Athletes engaged in the performance of feats of endurance know that in winter the wrists must be kept warm and in summer cool, but the general public still continues to wear tight gloves and heavy cuffs in the dog days, and then wonder why it is hot.

Taking off one's gloves (especially in church) often makes quite an amazing difference in temperature. Tight sleeves, above all things, make the wearer hot in oppressive weather; delicate girls have been known to faint from this cause alone.—Exchange.

What Botanists Do Not Know.

How water, commonly called sap, necessary to the life of a tree, passes from the roots to the topmost leaf and evaporates is a problem not yet solved by botanists. It is known that the ascent is made chiefly in cavities in the sap wood only, the heart and bark serving other purposes. That is the extent of our knowledge of the matter. Beyond is mere conjecture, and every theory yet advanced has failed to stand the test of experiment.—Exchange.

London's Gaslights.

There are at present something like 70,000 public gas jets in London. Their average power is that of 16 candles—that is to say, the total is equal to 11,400,000. Were these all clustered together and placed at a height of 2,000 feet, the resulting light could be seen for a distance of more than 100 miles.—London Tit-Bits.

A DESOLATE SCENE.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE DEPOPULATED BY A MAN EATING TIGER.

The Inhabitants of a Native Village Driven From Their Homes by the Ferocious Daring of a Bold and Bloodthirsty Ruler of the Jungles.

As the party of a sahib one Indian evening came down the hillside by the widening path to the jungle village, no sound whatever arose from its few and humble habitations. Nobody came out to make salutation or to offer supplies. No cattle were perceived wandering about, no children, no birds, except indeed many vultures upon the tree in the square and upon the temple roof. The pots in the grain dealer's shop were empty and overturned; a piece of cloth just begun was left with broken threads upon the loom in the next hut. On the other side of the way the chatties at a potter's were tumbled and broken, and a sheet of copper lay at the blacksmith's forge half bent to make some vessel, but precipitately abandoned. Wherever one gazed there were signs of a hasty flight on the part of the inhabitants, who did not seem to have left anybody to represent them.

Yes, there was one silent and melancholy representative, and the sudden appearance of her would have startled the party very much more than it did but for a discovery made by the sahib's ghorawallah—the groom—close by the silent and empty temple. There was a muddy patch there in the square, from which the last of the rainwater had but recently dried up, and in the black slime so left were deeply imprinted the "puds" of an evidently immense tiger. It was of course evident now to the Englishman and those with him that the striped terrer which left those footmarks had given the villagers notice to quit and was somewhere or other near at hand in practical possession of the fee simple of the village.

Desolate beyond expression was the little unpeopled "place" of the hamlet, and the look of the helpless red god staring from his portico upon the huts that he could not protect, and the excitement of the horrible vultures perched on the cotton trees, aware, no doubt, of the deadly secret of the place, for round the corner, by the dyer's shop, where two or three newly stained turban cloths still hung upon walls to dry, they came upon that secret. Across the threshold of a mud hut, evidently dragged off from the broken charpoy on the earthen floor, lay the body of a woman, torn on the delicate brown neck and along the shoulders and breast with long red claw marks. A dead infant, also mangled by a savage bite, lay half concealed under the corpse, the appearance of the bodies showing that they had only been lately killed. No one could doubt what had killed them. The sign manual upon their bodies was surely that of the royal beast who often in this way disputes the right of his human rival in India and roars to scorn the illusion that man is master of created things.

The sahib's party was badly equipped for tiger shooting and passed not without anxiety and the closing up of the three or four sections of huts and coolies through the outskirts of the evicted village. At any moment her ladyship the tigress or his lordship the tiger, who had taken possession of the place, might emerge from a grain store or a cow pen, or even from some milk bush or jowari patch, to ask the travelers what business they had upon the royal property. The Englishman hastily put bullets into both barrels of his shotgun and walked his horse as quickly as his men could follow out of the ill fated gaum.

At its outskirts they were astonished to hear a voice high above their heads which came, as they afterward found, from a young Hindoo low caste man sitting concealed in the branches of a large mango tree from which could be seen both entrances of the village. He had made a rude platform in a fork of the tree and watched on it with the long barrel of a matchlock protruding and by his side an earthen jar of water. They invited him to come down and to tell them the meaning of the extraordinary spectacle they had witnessed. He descended and informed them that for months past his village had been infested and persecuted by a tigress which, after killing cattle and goats, had slain and partly eaten three or four children outside the hamlet and had taken during the past eight or nine days to entering the village at night and carrying off somebody or other sleeping, as the Hindoos do, outside their huts under the verandas. The woman slain that morning with her baby was the wife of the poor matchlock man, and he had perched himself in the tree hoping to avenge her death when the sahib's party passed.

It was too serious a case not to be reported in the proper quarters, and an expedition of practiced tiger shooters was equipped among the officers at the nearest station. The beast was tracked and was killed after receiving 11 bullets, and then it turned out that she had a half grown cub which had lost a limb, and thus the maternal affection of the ferocious parent had driven it to these desperate ways. Indeed the spectacle of that village was full of philosophical suggestiveness. The dead human mother had been slain by reason of the very same instinct which had made her seek in vain to preserve her child from the attack of the tigress, driven to its wit's ends to find food for its own helpless offspring. The tigress was in her way as tender a parent as the loving mother whom she murdered, and then besides there was the whole village depopulated to make one wonder what sort of a world it would have been if, as might well have happened, tigers had envolved as masters of the globe instead of men.—Edwin Arnold in London Telegraph.

China makes a poor show in the journalistic world. For all its 400,000,000 inhabitants it has only 24 newspapers, 10 of which are daily and 14 appear at longer intervals.