THE FAIR PLAY.

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—BY—
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FAIR PLAY.

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OUR JOB PRINTING OFFICE

IS THE BEST IN

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WE HAVE A

Large Power Job Press

suitable for all classes of work in the general Job Line, and can compete favorably with St. Louis, or any other City Printing Establishment in the West.

TERMS CASH.

WHICH ONE?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a nameless fear,
And clasp a hand
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land;
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier
And look, and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep;
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know;
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Shall speak glad words the other cannot hear,
And fully know
All we have dimly groped for here below;
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be.
It may be, you will slip from me;
My little life may first be done;
I'm glad we do not know
Which one.
—*Julia H. May, in Golden Rule.*

"LAL" RYDQUIST;

A Story of the Land and Sea.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, IN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

They examined every islet of the little groups. They ventured within the great lagoon of Hogoleu, a hundred miles across, where an archipelago of islets lie in the shallow land-locked sea, clothed with forest. The people came off to visit them, paddling in canoes of sandal-wood; there were two or three ships put in for pearls and beche de mer. Then they touched at the Enderby Islands, the Royalist Islands, the Swede Islands, and the Uliea Islands.

"Perhaps," said Captain Holstius, as they sighted every one, "he may have drifted here."

But he had not.

To these far-off islands few ships ever come. Yet from time to time there appears the white sail of a trader or a missionary schooner, or the smoke of an English war-vessel. The people are mostly gentle and obliging, when they recognize that the ship does not come to carry them off as coolies. But to all inquiries there was but one answer, that they had no white man among them, unless it was some poor beach-comber living among them, and one of themselves. They knew nothing of any boat. Worse than all, Dick shook his head at every place; and showed no interest in the inquiries they prosecuted.

A voyage in these seas is not without danger. They are shallow seas, where new reefs, new coral islands, and new shoals are continually being formed, so that where a hundred years ago was safe sailing, there are now rocks above the surface, and even islands. There are earthquakes too, and volcanic eruptions. There are islands where plantations and villages have been swallowed up in a moment, and their places taken by boiling lather; in the seas lurk great sharks, and by the shores are poisonous fish. The people are not everywhere gentle and trustful; they have learned the vices of Europe and the treacheries of white men. They have been known to surround a becalmed ship and massacre all on board. Yet Captain Holstius went among them undaunted and without fear. They did not offer him any injury, letting him come and go unmolested. Trust begets trust.

So they sailed from end to end of this great archipelago and heard no news of Rex.

Then their hearts began to fail them.

But always in the bows sat Dick, searching the distant horizon, and in his face there was the look of one who knows that he is near the place which he would find.

And one day, after many day's sailing—I think they had been out of San Francisco seventy-five days—they observed a strange thing.

Dick began to grow restless. He borrowed the Captain's glasses and looked through them, though his own eyes were almost as good. He rambled up and down the deck continually, scanning the horizon.

"See," cried Lal, "he knows the air of this place; he has been here before. Is there no land in sight?"

"None." He gave her the glass. "I see the line of sea and the blue sky. There is no land in sight."

Yet what was the meaning of that restlessness? By some sense unknown to those who have the usual five, the man who could neither hear nor speak knew very well that he was near the place they had come so far to find.

Captain Holstius showed his companion their position upon the chart.

"We are upon the open sea," he said. "Here are the Uliea isles two hundred miles and more from anywhere. A little more and we shall be outside the shallow seas, and in the deep water again. Lal, we have searched so far in vain. He is not in the Carolines, then where can he be? Nothing is between us and the Pelews excepting this little shoal."

The charts are not always perfect. The little shoal, since the chart was laid down, had become an atoll, with its reef and its lagoon.

It was early morning, not long after sunrise.

While they were looking upon the chart, which they knew by heart, the Malay burst into the cabin and seized Lal by the hand. He dragged her upon the deck, his eyes flashing, his lips parted, and pointed with both hands to the horizon. Then he nodded his head and sat down on deck once more, imitating the action of one who paddles.

Lal saw nothing.

The Captain followed with his glasses.

"Land ahead," he said slowly, "off the starboard bow."

He gave her the glasses. She looked, made out the land, and then offered the glass to Dick, who shook his head, pointed, and nodded again.

"We have found the place," cried Lal. "I know it is—I feel it is—Oh, Rex, Rex, if we should find you there!"

As the ship drew nearer, the excitement of the Malay increased. It became certain now that he had recognized the place, of which nothing could be seen except a low line of rick with white water breaking over it.

The day was nearly calm, a breath of air gently floating the vessel forward; presently the rock became clearly defined: a low reef, of a horse-shoe shape, surrounded, save for a narrow entrance, a large lagoon of perfectly smooth water; within the lagoon were visible two, or perhaps three islands, low, and apparently with little other vegetation than the universal pandang, that beneficent palm of the rocks which wants nothing but a little coral sand to grow in, and provides the islanders with food, clothing, roofs for their huts, and sails for their canoes.

As soon as Dick saw the entrance to the lagoon he ran to the boats and made signs that they should lower and row to the land.

"Let him have his way," said the Captain, "he shall be our leader now. Let us not be too confident, Lal, my dear, but I verily believe that we have found the place, and, perhaps, the man."

They lowered the boat. The first to jump into her was the Malay, who seated himself in the bows and seized an oar. Then he made signs to his mistress that she should come too.

They lowered her, and she sat in the stern. Then the Captain got in, and they pushed off.

"What do you say, Lal?" asked Holstius, looking at her anxiously.

"I am praying," she replied, with tears in her eyes. "And I am thinking, brother," she laid her hand in his, "how good a man you are, and what reward we can give you, and what Rex will say to you."

"I need no reward," he said, "but to know and feel that you are happy. You will tell Rex, my dear, that I have been your brother since he was lost. Nothing more, Lal, never anything else. That has been enough."

She burst into tears.

"Oh! what shall I tell him about you? what shall I not tell him? Shall I in very truth be able to tell him anything—to speak to him again? Kiss me, before all these men that they may know how much I love my brother, and how grateful I am, and how I pray that God will reward you out of His infinite love."

She laid her hand on his while he stooped his head and kissed her forehead.

"Enough of me," he said, "think now of Rex."

By this time they were in the mouth of the lagoon. They passed over a bar of coral, some eight feet deep, and then the water grew deeper. In this beautiful and remote spot, Lal was to find her lover. All the while the Malay looked first to the islands and then back at his mistress, his face wreathed with smiles, and his eyes flashing with excitement.

The sea in this lagoon was perfectly, wonderfully transparent. The flowers of the sea-weeds, the fish, the great sea slugs—the beches de mer—collected in so many trading vessels; the sharks moving lazily about the shallow water were as easily visible as if they were on land. This small land-locked sea was, apparently, about three miles in diameter, bounded on all sides by the ring of narrow rocks, and entered by one narrow mouth; the islets, which had been visible from the ship, were four in number. The largest one, of irregular shape, appeared to be about a mile and a half long, and perhaps a mile broad; it was a low island, thinly set with the pandang, the screw palm, which will grow when nothing else can find moisture in the sandy soil; there were no signs of habitation visible. The other three islands, separated from the larger one, and from each other, by narrow straits, were quite small, the largest not more than two or three acres in extent.

The place was perfectly quiet; no sign of life was seen or heard.

Dick pointed to a large island, which ran out a low bend of cape toward the entrance of the lagoon. His face was terribly in earnest, he laughed no longer; he kept looking from the island to his mistress and back again. As they drew nearer, he held up his finger to command silence.

The men took short strokes, dipping their oars silently, so that nothing was heard but the grating of the oars in the row-locks.

On rounding the cape they found a narrow level beach of sand stretching back about a hundred feet. This was the same place where, five months before, Captain Wattles held his conference with the prisoner.

"Easy!" cried the Captain.

The boat with her weigh on slowly moved on toward the shore. There seemed on the placid bosom of the lagoon to be no current and no tide, nor any motion of the waters. For no fringe of hanging sea-weed lay upon the rocks, nor was there any belt of the flotsam which lies round the vexed shores where waves beat and winds roar. Strange, there was not even the gentle murmur of the washing wavelet, which is never still elsewhere on the calmest day.

All held their breaths and listened. The air was so still that Lal heard the breathing of the boat's crew; the boat slowly moved on toward the shore. The Malay in the bows had shipped his oar and now sat like a wild creature waiting for the moment to spring.

"Hush!" It was Lal who held up her finger.

There was a sound of distant voices. The place was not, then, uninhabited.

The boat neared the shore. When it was but two feet or so from the shelving bank the Malay leaped out of the bows, alighting on hands and knees, and ran, waving his arms, toward the wood.

It was now three months since the offer of freedom was brought to Rex and refused on conditions so hard. So far the prediction of Captain Wattles was fulfilled: no sail had crossed the sea within sight of the lonely island; no ship had touched there. It was likely, indeed, that the castaway would live and die there abandoned and forgotton. Rex kept the probability before his mind; he remembered Robinson Crusoe's famous list of things for which he might be grateful; he was well; the place was healthy; there was food in sufficiency, though rough; and he was not alone, though perhaps that fact was not altogether a subject for gratitude.

The sun was yet in the forenoon, and Rex, inventor-general of the island, while perfecting a method of improving the fishing by means of nets made of the pandang fiber, was startled by the rush of twenty or thirty of the people, seizing clubs and spears, and shouting to each other.

The rush and the shout could mean but one thing—a ship in sight.

He sprang to his feet, hesitated, and then went with them.

He saw, at first, nothing but a boat close to land, and a figure running swiftly across the sandy beach.

What they saw, from the boat, was a group of very ferocious natives, yelling to one another and brandishing weapons, intent, no doubt, to slay and destroy every mother's son. They were darker of hue than most Polynesians; they were tattooed all over; their noses and ears were pierced and stuck with bits of tortoise-shell for ornament; their abundant and raven-black hair was twisted in knots on the top of their heads.

And among them stood one with a long brown beard; he wore a hat made out of a palm-leaf; his feet were bare; his clothes were shreds and rags; his bare arms were tattooed like the islanders' arms; his hair was long and matted; his cheeks, his hands, arms and feet were bronzed; he might have passed for a native but for his face and hair.

It was exactly what Captain Wattles had seen, only the men were forever.

When they saw from the boat the white man, they grasped each other's hands.

"Courage, Lal," said Captain Holstius. "Courage and caution."

When Rex, among the natives, saw and recognized Dick, his faithful servant running to greet him and kiss his hand; when he saw the people suddenly stop their shouts, and gather curiously about their old friend, who had been kidnapped long before with their own brother, he stared about him as if in a dream.

Then Dick seized his master's hand and pointed.

A ship was standing off the mouth of the lagoon; a boat was on the beach; and in the boat—— But just then Captain Holstius leaped ashore, and a girl after him. And then—then—the girl followed the Malay and ran toward him with arms outstretched, crying:

"Rex! Rex!"

This must be a dream. Yet no dream would throw upon his breast the girl of whom he had thought day and night, his love, his promised wife.

"Rex! Rex! Do you not know me? Have you forgotten?"

For a while, indeed, he could not speak. The thing stunned him.

In a single moment he remembered all the past: the long despair of the weary time, especially of the last three months; the dreadful prospect before him; the thought of the long years creeping slowly on, unmarked even by spring or autumn; the loneliness of his life; the gradual sinking, deeper and deeper, unto the level of the poor fellows around him; living or dead no one would know about him; perhaps the girl he loved being deceived into marrying the liar and villain who sat in the boat and offered him conditions of freedom—he remembered all these things. He remembered, too, how of late he had thought that there might come a time when it would be well to end everything by a plunge in the transparent waters of the lagoon. Two minutes of struggle and all would be over. Death seemed a long and conscious sleep. To sleep unconscious, and without a waking, is nothing. To sleep conscious of repose, knowing that there will be no more trouble, is the imaginary haven of the suicide.

Then he roused himself and clasped her to his heart:

"My darling! You have come to find me."

But how to get away?

First, he took the ribbons from Lal's hat and from her neck, and presented them to the chief, saying a few words of friendship and greeting.

The finery pleased the man, and he tied it round his neck, saying that it was good. The phenomenon in bright colored ribbons, he did not understand. Could she, too, mean kidnapping?

Meantime the boat was lying close to the beach, and beside the bow stood Captain Holstius, motionless, waiting.

"Lal," said Rex, "go quietly back to the boat and get in. Take Dick and make him get into the boat with you. I will follow. Do nothing hurriedly. Show no signs of fear.

She obeyed; the people made no attempt to oppose her return; Captain Holstius helped her into the boat. Unfortunately Dick did not obey. He stood on the beach waiting.

Then Rex began, still talking to the people, to walk slowly toward the boat. He was promising to bring them presents from the ship; he begged them to stay where they were, and not to crown round the boat; he bade them remember the bad man who had stole two of their brothers, and he promised to find out where they were and bring them back. They listened, nodded, and answered that what he said was good.

When he neared the boat they stood irresolute, grasping the idea that they were going to lose the white man who had been among them so long.

I believe that he would have got off quietly, but for the zeal of Dick, who could not restrain his impatience, but sprang forward and caught his old master in his strong arms, and tried to carry him into the boat.

Then the islanders yelled and made for the beach all together.

No one but Lal could tell, afterward, exactly what happened at this moment.

It was this. Two of the islanders, who were in advance of the rest, arrived at the beach just as Dick had dragged his master into the boat. Captain Holstius had pushed her off and was standing by the bows, up to his knees in water, on the point of leaping in. In a moment more they would have been in deep water.

The black fellows, seeing that they were too late, stayed their feet, and poised their spears, aiming them, in the blind rage of the moment, at the man they had received amongst themselves and treated hospitably—at Rex. But as the weapons left their hands, Captain Holstius sprang into the boat, and standing upright, with outstretched arms, received in his own breast the two spears which would have pierced the heart of Rex. The action, though so swift as to take but a moment, was as deliberate as if it had been determined upon all along.

Then all was over. Rex was safely seated in the stern beside his sweetheart; Dick was crouching at his feet; the boat was in deep water; the men were rowing their hardest; the savages were yelling on the beach; and at Lal's feet lay, pale and bleeding, the man who had saved the life of her lover at the price of his own.

She laid his pale face in her lap; she took his cold hands in her own; she kissed his cold forehead, while from his breast there flowed the red blood of his life, given, like his labor and his substance, to her.

He was not yet quite dead, and presently he opened his eyes—those soft blue eyes which had so often rested upon her as if they were guarding and sheltering her in tenderness and pity. They were full of love now, and even of joy, for Lal had got back her lover.

"We have found him, Lal," he murmured—"we have found him. You will be happy again—now—you have got your heart's desire."

What could she say? How could she [illegible] Decency and admiration of the nation.

Now his active brain is still, it ceased to act. It is congested scattered over four acres of brush.

Still it were [illegible] as we would have no doubts about three, redeemed its promise [illegible] happy, what more had he to pray for upon this earth? What mattered, as he said, for him?

At sundown that evening, when the ship was under weigh again and the reef of the lonely unknown atoll low on the horizon, they buried the Captain in the deep, while Rex read the Service of the Dead.

The blood of Captain Holstius must be laid to the charge of his rival; the blood of all the white men murdered on Polynesian shores must be laid to the charge of those who have visited the island in order to kidnap the people, and those who have gone among them only to teach them some of the civilization out of which they have extracted nothing but its vices.

As regards this little islet, the people know, in some vague way, that they have had living among them a man who was superior to themselves, who taught them things, and showed them certain small arts by which he improved their mode of life; if ever, which we hope may not be their fate, they fall in with the beach-combers of Fiji, Samoa or Hawaii, they will easily perceive that Rex Armiger was not one of them. They will remember that he was a person of such great importance that two chiefs came to see him; one of them carried off two of their people, the other, with whom was a great princess, carried off their prisoner himself.

In a few years' time the story will become a myth. Some of the missionaries are great hands at collecting folk-lore. They will land here and will presently inquire among the people for legends and traditions of the past. They will hear how, long, long ago (many years ago), there had living among them a white person, whose proper sphere—by birth—was the broad heaven: how he stayed with them a long time (many moons); how one after the other white persons came to see him, both bad and good; for some kidnapped their people and took them away to be eaten alive; how at last a goddess, all in crimson, blue and gold, came with a male deity and took away their guest, who had, meantime, taught them how to make clothes, roofs and bread, out of the beneficent pandang; how the companion was killed in an unlucky scrimmage; and how they looked forward for their return—some day.

The missionaries will write down this story and send it home; wise men will get hold of it, and discuss its meaning. They will be divided into two classes: those who see in it a legend of the sun god, the princess being nothing but the moon, and her companion the morning star; the other class will see in the story a corruption of the history of Moses. Others, more learned, will compare this legend with others exactly like it in almost all lands. It is, for instance, the same as the tale of Guinevere returning for Arthur, and will quote examples from Afghanistan, Alaska, Tierra del Fuego, Borneo, the valleys of the Lebanon, Socotra, Central America and the Faroe Isles.

Five weeks later Lal was married at San Francisco. The merchant who lent her the schooner gave her a country house for her honeymoon.

"She ought," said Rex, "to have married the man who gave her himself, all his fortune, and his very life. I am ashamed that so good a man has been sacrificed for my sake.

"No sir," said the Californian; "not for your sake at all, but for hers. We may remember some words about laying down your life for your friends. Perhaps it is worth the sacrifice of a life to have done so good and great a thing. If there were many more such men in the world, we might shortly expect to see the gates of Eden open again."

"Unfortunately," said Rex, "there are more like Captain Wattles."

"Yes sir; I am sorry he is an American. But you can boast your Borlinder, who is, I believe, an Englishman."

The account of Lal's return and the death of Captain Holstius duly appeared in the San Francisco papers. It was accompanied by strictures of some severity upon the conduct of Captain Barnabas B. Wattles, who was compared to the skunk of his native country.

It was this account, with these strictures, which the Son of Consolation found in the paper after posting his packet of lies.

Further, a Sydney paper asked if the Captain Barnabas B. Wattles, of the Fair Maria, was the same Captain Wattles who behaved in the wonderful manner described in the California papers.

He wrote to say he was not.

From further information received, it presently appeared to everybody that he was that person.

He has now lost his ship, and I know not where he is nor what occupation he is at present following.

It remains only to suggest, rather than to describe, the joyful return to Seven Houses. We may not linger to relate how Mrs. Rydquist, who still found comfort in wearing additional crape to her widow's weeds for Rex, now kept it on for Captain Holstius, calling everybody's attention to the wonderful accuracy of her predictions; how Captain Zachariasen first sang a Nunc dimittis, loudly proclaiming his willingness to go since Lal was happy again; and then explained, lest he might be taken at his word, that perhaps it would be well to remain in order to experience the fullness of wisdom which comes with ninety years. He also takes great credit to himself for the able reading he had given of the mummicking.

The morning after their arrival, Rex, looking for his wife, found her in the kitchen, making the pudding with her old bib on and her white arms decked with flour, just as he remembered her three years before. Beside her, the Patriarch slept in the wooden chair.

"It is all exactly the same," he said; "yet with what a difference! And I have had three years of the kaboko. Lal, you are going to begin again the old housekeeping."

She shook her head and laughed. Then the tears came into her eyes.

"The Captains like this pudding," he said. "Let me please them once more. Rex, while I stand here looking through the window at the trees in the church-yard, and through the open door at the garden, and when I listen to the ticking of the clocks and the river, and the white sails beyond the church, and watch the dear old man asleep here beside the fire, I cannot believe but that I shall hear another step, and turn round and see beside me, with his grave smile and tender eyes, Captain Holstius, standing as he used to stand, in the doorway, watching me without a word."

Rex kissed her. He could hear this talk without jealousy or pain. Yet it will always seem to him somehow, as if his wife had missed a better husband than himself, a feeling which may be useful in keeping down pride, vain conceit, and over masterfulness; vices which mar the conjugal happiness of many.

"He could never have been my husband," the young wife went on in her happiness, thinking she spoke the whole truth; "not even if I had never known you. But I loved him, Rex."

THE END.

Buying Poultry and Game.

All fowl under a year old may be said to come under the head of chickens, the same test as to age and tenderness applying to all, this being the bending of the lower end of the breast bone, which in a chicken is always soft and pliable. Fall and winter are the seasons when they are the cheapest, the price ranging from fifteen to twenty-five cents per pound, according to size. They should be used especially for broiling and roasting. For salads, soup or to serve boiled, old fowls are far richer in flavor as well as more economical, the proportion of meat to bone being much larger, and the price only a few cents less.

Turkeys, if very large and fat, are apt to be a little strong, from eight to ten pounds being the best weight both for flavor and use. The meat should be firm, the fat white, the breast plump and the end of the breast bone easily bent. Geese are much more troublesome to buy, an old goose very possibly looking quite as desirable as a younger one. After three years old no method of cookery can disguise rankness of flavor or bring more than a suggestion of tenderness, and as they live to thirty years and more it will be seen that disappointment is likely for the inexperienced buyer. "Green geese" are young geese from two to four months old, carefully fed, very high priced and very delicious. Their season is summer and early fall. In buying older ones if the windpipe is brittle and breaks easily between finger and thumb the bird is young, if it rolls it is not to be trusted.

Ducks can be tested in the same manner as chickens, the domestic duck being in season through nearly the whole year. Under the head of game at least twenty different varieties are found, the canvas-back being finest, and the mallard and red-head next. All wild duck are roasted without stuffing. The price varies greatly, according to both season and supply, a pair of canvas-backs being from $1.50 to $5.00. Wild pig sous are cheap, but likely to be both dry and tough, requiring careful stewing or potting to make them tender. Tame pigeons are very much more tender, and appear in market in October, and squabs, the young of the tame pigeon, are extremely delicate. Prairie chickens are in season from September to February, but can be found till April. The meat is dark but very tender. The breasts require larding to prevent dryness, and are usually the only part used where they are roasted. It must be remembered by unaccustomed buyers that the color about all wild birds is the gamey one peculiar to them, and entirely different from that of tainted meat.

Venison is in season through the entire year, and even in summer must be kept at least ten days before cooking, while in winter three weeks will be none too long. The cuts are almost the same as in mutton; saddle, leg and loin or haunch, fore-quarter and steaks. The lean should be dark-red and the fat white. The meat being very dry requires prolonge basting, and is often covered with a thick paste of flour and water for the first hour or two in order to keep in juices.

Quail are tender and juicy and much less expensive than woodcock, the latter being in season from July to November, but always very high in price. —*Helen Campbell, in Our Continent.*

—The first church-bell used in the parish of Quassaick, now Newburg, N. Y., has been turned over to the trustees of Washington's headquarters. It was cast in Amsterdam in 1716, and was given by the Government to the Palatine parish of Quassaick. It has been kept carefully, and is capable of still doing valiant service.—*Chicago Times.*

—We must not be surprised to hear of a paper furniture factory starting into existence before long. Paper can now be made of strong fibre and compressed into a substance so hard that only a diamond can scratch it. A foreign journal says that wood will be superseded by paper.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Wm. Kaiser is the oldest reigning King or Emperor ever known in the history of Christendom.

Notes on the Tiger.

The Burmese declare there are two varieties of tiger, those of the plains being much larger than those found in the hills. The latter have a shorter tail, and are said to be more active and vicious. But as no two tigers, whether shot on the plains or in the hills, are identically alike, varieties might be multiplied ad *libitum*. Tigers which live in the hills have far harder work to keep their larder supplied than a pampered tiger of the plains, who takes up his abode near a large village and slaughters as many bullocks or cows as he pleases, and increases in size until he becomes a monster, while the former remains small and lean. The largest tiger I was ever at the death of measured as he lay ten feet one inch, when pegged out thirteen feet four inches. I noted the measurements at the time, and it was laughable how, after the lapse of time, the dimensions of this animal varied according to the memory of the individual relating the circumstances. With some he was twelve and a half feet long, with others thirteen and a half feet, with others ten and a half feet, as he lay dead. It shows how necessary it is to record in black and white at the time exact measurements, otherwise one's memory is apt to prove treacherous. We thus hear of tigers of fabulous sizes. I myself believe ten feet eight inches—perhaps ten feet six inches—to be the utmost length of a tiger, living or dead. Mr. Campbell, Deputy Commissioner of Dubri, who has killed and seen killed a great many tigers, never saw one of more than ten feet four inches. It is a disputed point how a tiger strikes down its prey, and, although I have lived in and roamed in jungles for the greater part of my life, and have had two ponies killed, I never saw an animal struck down, though I have come upon the quivering carcase not yet cold. Opinions differ. Williamson says: "The tiger's fore-paw is the invariable engine of destruction. Most persons imagine that if a tiger were deprived of its claws and teeth he would be rendered harmless, but this is a great error. The weight of the limb is the real cause of mischief, for the talons are rarely extended when a tiger seizes. The operation is similar to that of a hammer; the tiger raises his paw, and brings it down with such force as not only to stun a common-sized bullock or buffalo, but even crushing the bones of the skull. I have seen many men and deer that had been killed by tigers, in most of which no mark of a claw could be seen; and when scratches did appear they were obviously the effect of chance, from the claw sliding downward, and not from design." Johnson is of a contrary opinion, for he says: "During a residence of nine years in Chittra I never saw a man or animal killed by a tiger that had not the mark of talons, yet I admit that the force with which a tiger generally strikes is sufficient in itself, without the aid of his claws, to kill men or large animals, and I believe that it occasionally takes place in the manner I have described, but never from its weight, like the fall of a hammer." Of my two ponies, the first was seized in the stable by the throat and the wind-pipe, and I also saw a bullock thus treated at Paniscondah, on the Godavery. My second pony was killed by a grip of the upper part of the neck by which the jugular was severed, and, though the tiger was driven off, the pony bled to death.—*London Field.*

A Scene in Cairo.

I remember one day being attracted by a rather large crowd in a Cairo square, and on getting nearer saw a policeman, whip in hand, seated on the box of an empty carriage and slashing very vigorously at the head of a groom, who was standing at the horses' heads endeavoring to quiet them under the active exercise in which the representative of Egyptian majesty was indulging. On inquiry of the bystanders, I found that the coachman had got off the box to hold the horses while his master was engaged in some neighboring shop. The policeman had at once jumped up in order to drive the carriage to a spot considered more convenient. An English crowd would no doubt have insisted on teaching that policeman the proper use of a whip on his own bully's body, but the Cairenes enjoyed the scene immensely, regarding it as a sort of "fantasyen," which might be translated by our indigenous species of street-idler as a "lark." While the fun was at its height a superior officer appeared on the scene, and shortly afterward the owner of the carriage, a Pasha. This latter gentleman insisted on immediate reparation, which the officer at once offered by administering a sound drubbing to his zealous and playful subordinate, who howled the while most piteously. This was not enough, however, for the Pasha, for on a subsequent visit to the prison I found my policeman incarcerated for an indefinite period in order to learn better manners in dealing with a Pasha's carriage; and penned up in the same hole was the unfortunate groom, whom his lordship had imprisoned for being whipped!—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

—Speaking of the dramatic accompaniment of the "music of the future," the London *World* says it is just like the man on the Place Royal, who shows for a penny the passing over the Balkan by the Russians. A workman pays and looks in and says, "I see absolutely nothing." "Nothing?" asked the man "not in the right-hand corner?" "Nothing?" replies the workman, "except there seems to be a boot." "That's it," says the man; "that is the foot of the last Russian who has just passed the Balkan."

—An Austin colored preacher being called upon upon to make a few remarks at the grave of a boy, said: "Deahly beloubed bredderin and sisterin, de day an' de hour when each an' ebery one of us mos' yield up our speets am done set, but if a kind Providence had not made de cowcumbers late dis beah season, dis beah promisin' boy would hab clomb de golden stair seberal weeks ago. Praise de Lord for His goodness and mussy."—*Texas Siftings.*

—New York makes fun of Detroit for painting lee lamp posts green. We like to distinguish lamp posts from citizens. —*Free Press.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are now upwards of six and three-quarter millions of children who attend Sunday Schools in the United States.

—The Methodist Hospital to be erected on Prospect Heights, Brooklyn, is to cost about half a million dollars, a costly monument to its founder, Mr. George I. Seney.

—The heathen priests are starting parochial schools in Ceylon to compete with the schools of the Christians, and in them the children are taught to call Jesus a deceiver and sing immoral songs.

—A Hindoo woman lately said to a missionary: "What a beautiful religion yours is! Ours gives no such tea-long. Ours is an outside religion telling us to do things, but yours is a religion of the heart."

—At the annual commencement exercises of Hiram College recently, Mrs. James A. Garfield was elected to fill the vacancy in the college board created by the death of her husband. General and Mrs. Garfield at one time taught classes side by side in this institute.

—The new Presbyterian synods which are to meet in the coming autumn will have large constituencies. That of Pennsylvania heads the list with 131,054 communicants; that of New York has 103,371; Ohio has 68,189; New Jersey, 45,967; Illinois, 42,286; Indiana, 27,678; Iowa, 20,812.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

—Paul Fabure, who owns, besides his possessions in other places, about $2,000,000 worth of property in New Orleans, has executed a deed of trust bestowing all his property in New Orleans, the income to be devoted to the erection and endowment of a college for the education of the white young men of New Orleans in language, literature, science and art.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Iowa, it is stated, has so many colleges—almost thirty—that they have all been kept more or less weak, not one of them advancing to the rank of a thorough university. This ridiculous multiplication of colleges is a crying evil in other States as well as in Iowa. If three-quarters of all the colleges in America were utterly abolished and their value and endowments devoted to the enlargement of the remaining colleges and the improvement of the public schools, it would be of incalculable benefit to the people.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Gen. Buford's attempt to harmonize pulpit and the race-course leads the *Christian Union* to comment as follows: "The attempt to bring the church and the theater into harmony is a bold and optimistic effort, but what shall be said of the faith of Gen. Buford, who wants to bring the church and the turf into friendly relations? He lately made a speech in Louisville in which he set forth the great services which the race course has rendered to mankind, cited the case of the Bishop of Canterbury as that of an ecclesiastic who attends races, and urged all good people to accept the virtues of racing without its vices. Great, indeed, must be the faith of one who hopes to redeem the business of horse-racing."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—By all means follow the fashion, but a generous man will always give the fashion a good start and not crowd it too closely.

—During 1881 the United States consumed a total of 918,000 tons of sugar. It is estimated by a young man who was courting all last winter that fully half the amount was made into caramels.

—Nothing makes a woman crazier than to plant mignonette, and when it comes up, to ascertain that the seedman put cabbage seed into the wrong envelope.—*Pu'k.*

—"A good-looking girl never dies of a broken heart," says a French proverb. Nobody expects her to any more than they expect a homely man to die of a broken suspender.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Member of the church, out of breath—"What are you ringing that bell for? What are you ringing that bell for?" Sexton—"Why, Mr. Blower is dead." M. C.—"O, no! it isn't true! Stop the bell!" Sexton—"Well, then, I s'pose I've tolled a lie."

—The small boy who was sent by his mother to invite some neighbors to tea was asked by the invited if his maternal parent would expect them if it rained, to which he naively replied: "O, yes; I heard her say she wanted to have it over with."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A certain clerk in a western village recently made the following comment on Pocahontas. Said he: "Pocahontas was a great man; Pocahontas was a kind-hearted man." "Hold on!" cried his companion, "Pocahontas was a woman." "She was, eh?" said he, "Well, that's just my luck. How am I expected to know? I never read the Bible."—*Chicago Times.*

—Theater managers intend to be just, but they do wrong in selling seats in the center of a row to gentlemen who have so much business outside to attend to between acts. It is not only an inconvenience to others but a stupendous bore to these gentlemen themselves to be continually obliged to crowd past the ladies occupying the outer seats.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"No, my daughter," said a New Haven matron, "I cannot consent to your longer keeping company with young Jaykins. He had the insurance to call me a doweress, right in my face, the other evening." "Why, ma, that isn't bad at all." "It is lucky for the young man that it is not. Had he assumed to insulate me I would have pitched him over the banningsters." "O, dear ma, I wish you wouldn't mix metaphors so," and both women rushed off for the dictionary to substantiate the correctness of their language.—*New Haven Register.*

—Keely has agreed to make known his secret. A mean Philadelphia man says Keely's disclosure will probably be about as follows: "Take half a pint of water; pour it into some queer looking machine—any odd shape will do—and then tell the capitalists and prospective stockholders present that should you move the lever it would blow them all into the next country, as the material in the machine is not quite strong enough to stand the pressure. They will hurriedly subscribe and leave.—*Philadelphia News.*