

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.00.

The Word He Didn't Say. When we went to camp... But I kept a-pulling roses... An' I did say: "There's a red 'un" an' this violet 'un 't' blue?"

A TIGER'S PLAYTHING.

BY CHARLES D. ROBERTS.

In India once I went out on a hot, dusty plain near the Ganges, with my rifle and one native servant, to see what I could shoot.

The crows almost at once settled down again into silence, and as I saw no sign of danger, I went on carelessly. I was alone, for I had sent back my servant to find my match-box.

I did not know how long I lay there, simply gazing up into the brown eyes but presently I made a movement to sit up, and then I saw that I still held my rifle in my hand.

Having carried me perhaps half a mile, the brute dropped me and raising her head uttered a peculiar, soft cry. Two cubs appeared at once in answer to the summons.

At last the youngest suffered themselves to be persuaded. They threw themselves upon me with eager though not very dangerous ferocity.

At the same moment a cloud seemed to roll off my brain. No words of mine can describe the measureless and sickening horror of that moment when realization was thus suddenly dashed upon me.

I started once more to crawl away, with the cubs snarling over me and trying to hold me and it was at this point I realized that my left shoulder was broken.

Within about three feet of the bear's striped forehead I stopped and fell over on my side, as if all but exhausted. My rifle-barrel rested on a little tussock.

Laboriously, very deliberately, I got my sight and covered a spot right behind the old tigress' forehead, low down. From the position I was in, I knew this would carry the bullet diagonally upward through the heart.

I set up and drew a long breath of thankful relief. The tiger lay beside me, stone dead.

I must have lain there half an hour, and my elation was rapidly subsiding before the agony in my shoulder, when at last my man, Gunguet, appeared, tracking the tiger's traces with steady caution.

Concerning a Marvellous Musician. From his earliest childhood Ole Bull was exceedingly sensitive to music. His uncle who belonged to a quartet club, used, when playing on the violinelle, to put the little fellow in the empty case, and keep him there until his nervous excitement made it impossible for him to remain.

His next violin was given to him, at his earnest solicitation, two or three years afterward, by his father. He could not sleep for thinking of it. When he heard his father and mother drawing the deep breath of sleep, he rose and lighted a candle, and tiptoed to the room where the dear violin lay, in order to open the case for one de-lighted look.

His father had meant that he should be a clergyman, and in due time the boy was placed at the University of Gottingen. But it was quite useless—study or not, music would get near the centre of a level field.

THE MAN WHO REFUSED A DUKEDOM. An American girl in London writes to The New York Press: "I saw Mr. Gladstone crossing Piccadilly Circus about 4 o'clock this afternoon. The crush was tremendous."

With unaffected dignity, the first man in England—yes, perhaps, in all the world—moved through the crowd, eyes keen and bright and step as elastic as a young man in the prime of life.

He had not wanted to go for help, but had followed up the boat without delay, vowing to save me or avenge me before he slept.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

BABY'S AFTERNOON TEA. Underneath the plum tree, Dainty as could be, stood a tiny table.

THE GRAVE OF A FAITHFUL DOG. Prince Llewellyn was a man of note in the time of King John of England. A leader among the Welsh princes, he occupied his Bethebert house only in the hunting season.

OTHER THINGS ABOUT FROGS. Frogs are mainly pests. If they try to make more than a short journey away from moisture in a drought, they will perish for want of water.

During the first part of his career, he swims by sculling with his long tail. After a while his legs begin to grow out, his tail becomes shorter and shorter, and when he is a complete frog, he has no tail at all.

IN CAPTIVITY they will generally eat meat, whether good or bad, as well as bread and bran dough; and, as a special treat, will sometimes lurch on one another's tails.

THE COMMON FROG gets his final shape in the first season; but the bull-frog goes under the mud for the winter, while still a tadpole; and it takes at least another summer, and sometimes more, before he has full right to be called a frog.

LOSS OF THE JAPAN.

An Ocean Horror Recalled by a Survivor's Tragic Death. Two Thousand People Imprisoned in a Burning Steamship.

Upon what slender threads hang the sequences of history! It so happens that one of the half-acre souls that escaped alive from the burning of the Pacific Mail steamer, Japan, in the Formosa Channel, early in October, 1872, was George Lavender, recently found murdered in Detroit.

The Japan was a side-wheel ship of some 3,800 tons, one of the magnificent fleet then trading between San Francisco, Yokohama and Hong Kong. She left San Francisco with a full cargo, and carrying 2,000 passengers, most of whom were Chinamen returning to their homes with the competence they had earned in the States.

But there is nothing refined about the secretary bird's appetite, for one writer says he found inside one three serpents "as long as his arm," eleven lizards seven inches long, twenty-one tortoises about two inches in diameter, "besides a large quantity of grass-hoppers and other insects."

Three boats were got into the water, but they were swamped. Many jumped on the life rafts, to be instantly washed away. At that moment the forward half of the ship blew up, and 400 human beings were hurled instantly into the death pit.

THE CITY authorities of Bombay recently ordered that means be adopted to kill all the crocodiles in the vicinity as dangerous reptiles. The health officer of the city has entered an earnest protest against this order, declaring that the crocodiles are the best and only possible scavengers of the water reservoirs, where they dwell, speedily making away with all obnoxious substances, and saying that if they are exterminated the consequences in the health of the place will be more serious than he likes to contemplate.

about 300 yards away when there was another explosion, the vast cone of fire and flame shot sideways and disappeared beneath the deep. All that sight we drifted, doling the sharks which had gathered in countless thousands, and in the morning we were picked up. Capt. Warsaw was suspended after the hearing at the United States Consular Office, the survivors told conflicting stories and the matter dropped out of sight.

THE SNAKE-KILLING SECRETARY BIRD. As soon as it discovers a snake it advances toward it without hurry and without hesitation, and when within striking distance it immediately elevates its breast and the feathers of the neck and without losing any time delivers a blow with its feet. The snake has avoided the blow and at tempt to strike in return, the bird interposes a wing, thus receiving the deadly fangs harmlessly upon the long feathers, and immediately strikes again.

THE SECRETARY BIRD is protected by the Cape authorities for the immense public benefit it confers in eating poisonous snakes, and a penalty is attached by law to its destruction. And if it were necessary hundreds of eyewitnesses could be called to prove its right to the title of "serpenterius."

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOWS. "Do not sympathize with me," laughed Miss Benson, one of the instructors in the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind.

"Were I incapable of taking care of myself, probably I would feel more keenly the loss of sight. I have always been of a light-hearted disposition, prone to look on the bright side of things, if you will excuse the phrase, and really do enjoy my mission in life. My eyes do not pain me or burn as they do those of so many of the blind. Indeed, one reason why I am afraid of undertaking the operation for the left eye, which some of my friends so much advise, is the fear lest some injury be done that will mean future misery. If I undergo any operation it will only be to please my friends. I have no hope of sight myself this side of the grave."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

AS TO JINGLEBERRY. "Singleberry is a bright fellow. He can talk very brilliantly for an hour," said Horkaway.

On the Old-time Porch. So sat there yester even beneath the listening vines; Where still the mornin' glory above the door sang of yore. And the nightingales were singin' just as they sang of yore.

Nothing rattles a great belle like a great ring. "She's as pretty as a picture," "But not as her photograph. They never are."

Blanchard—"My poor darling. Now that you are penniless, what joy is there in life for you?" Mrs. Blighson—"A lot of it. I can shop, can't I?"

Her Adorer—"No, sir, it is not for the sake of your daughter's money that I love her. It is on account of her sweet temper and charming manners." Her Father—"It is not for money you wish to marry. Let me let you have my money, she has a much sweeter temper and no money whatever."

Systematic poisoning as far as European countries are concerned, has long ago ceased to exist, says the London Standard, but we are reminded by the report of the Government Analyst of Bombay that the practice still largely obtains in India. So far as can be gathered the crimes in many instances are to be wholly without motive, and the perpetrators are rarely male, amenable to justice. Arsenic, being the cheapest and most easily obtained, is the agent most commonly employed, and as it volatilizes at a very moderate heat, no trace is left when the body is burned. Opium and strychnine are also used, and occasionally powdered glass. Secret poisoning has been practised in all ages, and in almost all countries, and numerous instances of it are mentioned by the classic writers. During what may be called the poisoning epidemic of the seventeenth century the practice became a regular branch of education among those who professed a knowledge of magic.