

SOME GREAT NAVAL LEADERS.

Ships and Commanders Who Will Take Part in the Next War.

When the European war-cloud dissolves in a rain of blood and the dogs of battle are loosed the condition of the navy of each country involved in the conflict will most seriously affect the fighting chances of each combatant. Naval armament is a matter of vital moment to every nation in these days.

Tardy as we ourselves were in giving the question due recognition, its practical importance was brought home to us only yesterday in the threatened difficulty with Chili. Then we were able to comfort ourselves with the reflection that we had at least a few good ships and a few good men to command them. In European countries the necessity for a proper marine equipment is conceded as readily as that for an army.

In glancing at the European navies I will not weary the reader with figures or statistics, as these receive due attention in the technical portion of the public press and are frequently copied into the daily newspapers. As the success of a navy in warfare depends upon the skill with which it is handled, much more than on weight of metal, I will devote my space to writing of those officers of the European fleets who are already famous and destined to be leading figures in the future. I will refer to each nationality in the order of its importance as a naval power. England, of course, leads easily, with France, Russia, Italy, Germany, and Austria following her in the order given.

NOT USED TO FIGHTING.

England's representative seamen who fought in the Crimean and Chinese wars are most of them dead or retired. Few admirals now on the active list have seen much carnage. Seymour, who bombarded Alexandria in 1882, is getting too old to count for much. There is De Husear, who attacked the Peruvian ironclad Huascar with Pionola, the rebel leader, on board. He gained little glory from this incident, however, which resulted in the escape of the enemy. Admiral Hood was lately raised to the peerage on his retirement, and Admirals Tryon, Hotham, and Lyons are the three most prominent figures now.

The meteor flag of England has, however, no more distinguished sailor serving under it than Lord Charles Beresford, who at present commands a vessel in the Mediterranean fleet. His career up to date has given the greatest promise of future distinction. Not only has he shown his ability as an active naval officer, but in his official connection with the admiralty while a member of parliament he displayed the characteristics of a statesman. People wondered greatly that Lord George Hamilton should have been preferred to office over the head of Beresford at the time when both were appointed to the admiralty. It was but another instance of family influence in English politics overriding the just claim of merit. For Lord Charles Beresford is an Irishman, the scion of a noble and historic house, it is true, and although Lord George Hamilton is Irish also, his family connections among English politicians are far stronger than those of Beresford.

His Parliamentary Career.

Lord Charles sat in parliament for his native county of Waterford from 1874 to 1880. He was made a lord of the admiralty and proved a thorn in the side of the incompetent bureaucrats who direct that department. At length he resigned, giving as a reason for doing so the gross mismanagement of the admiralty. During several startling speeches which he delivered in the commons he arrayed facts and figures condemnatory of the naval administration which his previous official knowledge of the inside state of affairs enabled him to gather. These speeches roused public opinion all over the United Kingdom.

Though Beresford has seen a good deal of naval service, he has been in only one campaign—at Alexandria in 1882. But his distinguished conduct on this occasion showed him to have the instincts and capacity of a man of action. The Marabout batteries had opened fire on the British fleet bombarding Alexandria. Beresford was in command of the little gunboat Condor, which he promptly steamed right in against the forts under cover of the smoke from their guns. So deftly and gallantly did he handle the Condor that the Egyptian batteries, worried by the gunboat, found it impossible to get the range of the British ironclads. The Marabout forts were very powerful, and had it not been for Beresford's clever tactics could have kept the attacking fleet at bay for a considerable time. The English admiral ran up a signal announcing his admiration of the Condor's intrepid work. The world applauded, and ever since Beresford has been known as "Condor Charlie."

Lord Charles Beresford is indeed the coming man of the British navy. A great future awaits him. He was appointed commissioner last year to report on the Suez canal, and when his report was published last October it proved another sensation for England. It demonstrated that the rocky shores of the canal could be blown up with dynamite by an enemy in such a manner as to precipitate masses of rock into the water and thus block the passage. This racy report induced the English government to pay very special attention to the route across the American continent as an alternative means of transporting troops to the east. Beresford is a splendid type of the naval officer, both from a scientific and a tactical point of view.

FRANCE'S NAVAL OFFICERS.

France's naval officers are many and distinguished. I might single out from among them for the honor of first place Admiral Jurigede la Graviere were it not for his advanced age, which is necessarily removing him farther day by day from the arena of active service. His record dates back to Crimean days. Much might also be said of Vice-Admirals Mot, Ribell, Zede, Vigres, Duperre, or Lespa. But there is one figure which deserves more attention than all the rest. This is Admiral Gervais. And why? For the reason that while his past record is known to and praised by all Frenchmen he remains at the present time specially prominent in naval circles.

Admiral Gervais entered the service at the age of 15 in the year 1852, receiving command of a ship in 1879, and being promoted to vice-admiral in 1887. His conduct was exceptionally distinguished during the siege of Paris in 1871. When Admiral Potuau was French ambassador at the court of St. James Gervais acted as naval attaché to the legation. From this position

he went as chief of staff to Admiral Krantz, formerly minister of marine. In both positions he was a marked success. Gervais is a great worker, and capable of intense application. Nor is he in the least a martinet, in the sense in which that word is usually understood, but it is popular with all ranks. Under the exterior of a self-possessed man of the world he conceals a heart patriotic, ardent, and sincere.

Though over 50 years of age Admiral Gervais presents the appearance of being much younger. The brisk elasticity of youth has not in the least deserted him. His manners are unassuming. The recent visits of the French fleet to the great seaports of England and Russia took place under his command. He was selected for this important commission because of the confidence with which the French ministry regarded him. Few men in his profession have attained equal rank at the same age. The foreign cruise of the French squadron was dictated by motives of policy on the part of the government, and the admiral who was placed in command was practically intrusted with a diplomatic mission. The triumphal progress of the French fleet during the whole cruise was an ample vindication of the choice of Gervais as commander.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

A romance might be written on the career of the Grand Duke Alexis, lord high admiral of the Russian fleet. So many have been his adventures and reputed adventures that it is difficult to distinguish the serious from the romantic or fictional side of his character. He has always been a bon vivant and lover of pleasure, and as a brother of the czar and incumbent of a great position in his profession he has had good opportunities for indulgence. Alexis was brought up to a seafaring career and is Russia's sailor-prince. He personal popularity is considerable. Like the czar, he is of commanding stature and handsome exterior, and has the reputation of being generous and easy-mannered. During 1875 he visited America. He made a strongly favorable impression upon those who met him in this country. The belles of Kentucky were especially fascinated with him, and one unfortunate lady became insane over the grand duke, her madness taking the form of a delusion that she had been invited to become a grand duchess and would soon be united to the duke. The poor woman was called—let us hope not in derision of her affliction or by scornful members of her sex—"The Countess Lucinda."

The trouble which resulted in 1880 in the grand duke's reduction in naval rank arose from his gallantry to the handsome sister of Skobeleff, Princess Leuchtenberg. This ambitious woman, whose desire was to form an alliance with the royal house of Russia, went one night to a well-known restaurant in St. Petersburg in company with the duke. Some Frenchmen essayed to express their admiration of the lady, which proceeding Alexis resented, and a desperate row ensued that developed into a public scandal. The czar, enraged, banished the grand duke to Vladivostok, but subsequently relented and reinstated him in his former position.

There is a certain degree of resemblance—even facial—between the Grand Duke Alexis and the great Russian general Skobeleff. Both were addicted to the pursuit of pleasure and of essentially genial temperament. They had also much in common in other respects. Skobeleff was a daring soldier as well as a carpet knight. Alexis is an ardent seaman, and while he can not and does not pretend to pose beside Skobeleff as a commander he is known to have the material in him for high professional distinction. His friends claim that he has never attempted self-exploitation in the various and devious ways that are known to be characteristic of some public men.

This is the opinion of naval officers, but for my own part I regard Capt. Doubasoff as the coming man in the Russian navy. It was he who performed the great feat of destroying the chain of Turkish monitors that prevented the passage of the Danube by the Russian army in 1877. It was a deed that ranks with the great naval achievements of history. Doubasoff received immediate promotion and was decorated with the Cross of St. George of the second class. This decoration is nearly always when first bestowed given in the fourth class, but Doubasoff received it in the second class all at once. His personality impressed me during an interview I once had with him as that of a man of resource and action, likely to be cool in danger and hard to disconcert under any conditions. He is tall and of commanding presence. If he does not eventually come to the forefront of Russian naval affairs I shall be very much surprised.

A Vicar and His Flock.

The Rev. C. Poyntz Sanderson, vicar of St. John the Baptist, Kingston Vale, England, at which the Duke and Duchess of Teck and family are regular attendants, announced to the congregation on Sunday his intention to resign the living, and said he was driven to do so in consequence of certain things that had been going on in the parish. Laying aside his private feelings, he said he would speak plainly to them, and would tell them, therefore, that it was the unkindness of his parishioners that had compelled him to retire. Unless a great change took place no clergyman would be able to do his duty in the parish for he would have to choose between purchasing peace by the neglect of his duty, or doing his duty and having his life made intolerable. A good deal of evil was caused in the parish by amateur religious and philanthropic work, and he asked them if they would tolerate amateur generals, amateur doctors, or amateur lawyers; and, if not, why should they have amateur clergymen? It was this sort of thing that led to dissent. Work being done independently of the clergyman aroused in the minds of the poor a dislike to the clergyman, and ultimately a dislike to the parish church. Though he deplored dissent, he respected an honest Dissenter or even a Roman Catholic as much as a member of the Church of England. But a worse evil than dissent was hypocrisy. The religion of blanks and soap demoralized the people, discouraged the honest and sincerely religious. He referred to certain members of the congregation who conceived some idea, then went round the parish and secured the support of the residents, and last of all came to him for his consent. This sort of thing placed him in a dilemma, for if he disapproved of the proposal he was brought into conflict with his parishioners, while if he approved of it he appeared to be simply a tool in the hands of others. The church was crowded, amongst those present being the Duchess of Teck and Princess May of Teck.

A WOMAN'S TIGER HUNT.

A Strange Experience in India.

In March, 1880, was traveling in India, my party consisting of three ladies, and one gentleman. We decided to camp and live quietly, spending our time gathering orchids and other botanical specimens. We, therefore, pitched our tents in a small clearing on the outskirts of the dense jungle, near a military village in the hill country.

Our Hindoo servants soon made us very much at home. It was wonderful to see how they transported every necessary luxury, and, as by magic, raised tents furnished with carpets, tables, chairs, books, and even a bird cage.

Early one morning as we were lingering over our "chota haziri," or "little breakfast," always taken in India on rising, and speaking of the poises made by the wild animals during the night, attention was attracted by the great chattering of wild monkeys in the dense jungle close by. At that instant a native came running into the tent in a great state of excitement, salaaming, but waiting for us to speak.

"Kya chahite ho?" (What do you want?) Mr. Norton asked.

"Shahib, plenty big tiger near by. Many men see him. He is hiding near the nala."

We held our breath for an instant, then the blood seemed to leap faster through our veins. A tiger so near! The nala, or stream of water, was but ten rods from our tent.

Mr. Norton turned to us. "Ladies, would you like to go on a tiger hunt?"

"Yes, indeed," we quickly answered, "if it is not too dangerous."

"Never fear, we will take good care of you."

A Hindoo doctor from the village hospital rushed up at that moment and confirmed the news in broken English.

"Big baghoh he is; much man-eater tiger in jungle. Yes-day one child taken, Sahib, with us."

Immediately we made preparations for the hunt. We put on leather belts, well filled with cartridges, selected Martini rifles, put on pith hats with turbans over them and moved off to the da wa khana. Here we found a party of sepoy drawn up in line awaiting our arrival. We soon crossed the little stream, where we saw the tiger's tracks in the mud of the bank, looking like the footprints of a giant cat. Breathlessly we moved on toward the deep jungle of tangled bamboos and palms.

Tiger-shooting is carried on in many different ways in India. Sometimes the hunter mounts a great elephant and shoots the savage beast from his howdah, as the native hunters drive the tiger from his grassy lair in the jungle. Where the jungle is very dense and dangerous, so that the tiger may surprise the hunter unaware, the sportsman climbs a tree and waits until the tiger is attracted by the bleating of a goat, purposefully tied in a certain place. But at the best, tiger-hunting is risky work, and the hunter takes his life in his hands.

Mr. Norton, who had often shot tigers on foot, took us under his special care. The Hindoo doctor, owing to his knowledge of the jungle, was made the leader of the entire party, and we began our march.

It was a very hot morning. Everything around was parched and withered. The dead leaves under foot were as slippery as glass. The bamboos grew so near together that it was impossible to keep in a direct line. Progress was accordingly slow.

We might have been out three hours, watching every patch of jungle and elephant grass for a sight of the beast we longed to meet, when the wild clattering of a troop of monkeys indicated that the tiger was not far off. What an exciting moment it was! Though the heat was intense and we were very tired, on we went, as stealthily as possible, although sometimes falling on the slippery leaves. But the bare feet of our Indian hunters made no noise as they stealthily stole through the dry grass. Heat, breathless, on we went. Another chatter of monkeys, a flutter of bright-winged birds as we stepped into a small grassy space, completely encircled by tall palms, showed us that the tiger was near at hand.

A little in advance of our scouting party of natives was a bit of green jungle, heavy and dark. We could see by the rustlings of the grass that it was the hiding place of some great animal. A consultation was hurriedly held. How should we attack him? There was not an instant to be lost. Again the tiger moved, and for a second we saw his yellow coat gleaming through the green.

Our talk was suddenly ended in an unexpected way. A clump of elegant grass at one side was quickly parted. A gleam of yellow bounded toward us, a gleam of blazing eyes made our blood run cold. A tigris, a mate of the royal creature in the jungle, with open mouth, leaped suddenly upon us! Motionless with amazement and horror we stood. Oh, the fearful, cruel face, as she stood lashing her tail from side to side! Her hot breath burnt my face, as with outspread claws she made one fierce bound toward me dashing the sepy in front to the ground.

I was paralyzed with fear. Surely my last hour had come! But a native sprang between us, the rifles cracked, the hunting-knives gleamed. It was soon a hand to hand fight. One gallant young sepy lay senseless, blood dripping from the shoulder of another. Still the enraged tigris held her ground, while fear and a horrible fascination riveted us to the spot. Although bleeding from a great wound in the shoulder the tigris once more made ready to spring. The ladies were in imminent peril. But the brave Hindoo doctor, knife in hand, plunged almost into the jaws of the tigris in deadly embrace. Over rolled man and beast sometimes a gleam of bloodstained white showed where our poor defender was writhing; but the great tawny body of the tigris seemed to fill all space. None dared to shoot, for the rifle shot might kill the man instead of the beast. Finally—it might have been seconds, but it seemed hours—a brave young sepy rushed up, knife in hand, his swartly face under his white turban gleaming with excitement.

"Mem Sahib!" he cried. "My doctor! He save my wife and child! He must not die to-day!" and the brave fellow rushed forward into the jaws of death.

His silver-hilted knife, sharp as a Toledo blade, gleamed with lightning rapidity, and it descended just over the heart. The tigris gave one scream that made the jungle re-echo, then lay quiet forever. She had fought bravely for her mate and little ones hidden in the jungle, but against numbers.

The poor doctor, blood-stained and senseless, was drawn away from under the outstretched paw of the dead animal. The

other men escaped with only a few scratches, except the great rescuer, who had a great gash cut in his brown cheek by the enraged tigris.

The splendid creature lay stretched on the ground, her golden brown skin with its velvety black stripes flecked with blood, gleaming in the hot Indian sun. From tip to tip she measured 12 feet. All was joy and excitement, for as we dashed water in the face of the wounded doctor, he opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Thank God, the Mem Sahibs are safe!" and we echoed his prayer.

Every one was happy, all the bearers and sepoys were making salaam to us and each other, hardly excepting the dead tigris.

The first tiger had disappeared, nor were the men in condition to fight him. So, after taking the splendid skin from the tigris, for which proof of a tiger's death the British Government gives 40 rupees, we returned to our tents, delighted with our first tiger hunt.

The great skin, with its splendid gleam of gold and ebony that would charm an artist's eye, lies under my feet as I write. But I never look at it without a shudder, thinking of that awful day in the jungle when my life hung in the balance, and the brave Hindoo doctor and the gallant sepy turned the scale in my favor.

Death in Church.

An English medical journal, the Hospital, says that there are hundreds of persons killed in London every winter by bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs who contract those fatal diseases while sitting in churches and chapels. This may be considered a bold statement to make, says the Hospital, but it is not more bold than true. There are hundreds of clergymen and ministers who are the victims of chronic sore throat, bronchial catarrh, asthma, and cardiac irritability who owe those distressing and life-shortening affections entirely to the insanitary condition of the buildings in which they conduct their religious worship. Many persons make it a rule to abstain from attendance at a church from the beginning of October to the end of March, except on those rare occasions when the weather happens to be both mild and dry. Nobody need wonder at the hoarseness of the clergyman, the continued coughing of the congregation, and the general discomfort of the Sunday morning service in our town churches. We have a climate which in winter is the dampest of the damp, and more changeable even than a fickle woman. To manage the atmosphere which such a climate supplies us with inside a public building requires trained skill and unremitting attention. But what kind of person do we ordinarily employ to cleanse, warm, and ventilate our churches? Is it not the case that the sexton or church officer is very frequently a man who, having failed at half a score ordinary occupations, is foisted into his office by some sympathetic patron because every other resource has been exhausted except the parish? A man of this class would be just as likely to make a successful Prime Minister as a successful sexton. So far is it from being the case that the workman who has failed at every occupation is likely to make a good enough sexton, that only the very best and most intelligent workmen are in any sense fit for such an office.

Women Who Smoke.

The empresses of Russia and Austria, the queen of Italy and the queen regent of Spain as well as her majesty of Portugal, Roumania and Serbia and the countesses of Paris, are all ardent lovers of tobacco, of which they are also thoroughly good judges. Perhaps the most inveterate smoker among the royal ladies is the empress of Austria, who consumes from thirty to forty cigarettes a day. She keeps her tobacco in an exquisitely chased silver box, which together with a gold ash-tray, is always to be seen on her writing table. Her imperial majesty of Russia and Queen Marguerite of Italy only smoke in the privacy of their own boudoirs. That of the empress of Russia is a most fascinating apartment, which makes a really ideal smoking-room.

It is fitted up in the style of one of the loveliest rooms at the Alhambra, palm trees giving it quite a tropical appearance, while tempting lounges invite that repose which is such a delightful adjunct to the fragrant weed. The countess of Paris will look at no tobacco which has not grown in the sunny land of Havana, and while the queen regent of Spain gives her vote in favor of Egyptian cigarettes, and the queen of Roumania declares in favor of Turkey, Queen Natalie, of Serbia, has a store of tobacco from each country, of which she is careful to get only the very best. I believe the cigarette-cases carried by some of these ladies are veritable dreams of beauty, being usually of gold, inlaid with precious stones. Turning to our own country, it would take too long to mention the names of the well-known feminine votaries of the weed, some of the highest in the land, and many of them even smoke cigars.

An Admiral's Suggestion.

I venture to hope that my proposal to establish a free ferry across the Irish Sea for passengers, and for certain classes of agricultural and fishery and other goods, between certain ports in Ireland and the West of England, and that the cost of the ferry be borne by the State, will not be considered as utopian. Great works of national importance—such as the Suez Canal, the Nicaragua Canal, the St. Gothard Tunnel, the great railways across Canada and in India, submarine telegraph lines, and the great steamship lines on the main highways so to say, of commerce—have been aided by Government subsidies.

Most persons, I presume, would believe that if 3,000,000 of the population of Ireland and England made use annually of such free ferryboats, it would be productive of infinite good to the community. I implicitly believe that the proposal, if carried into effect, would be of incalculable benefit to Ireland and to the United Kingdom; it would foster a vast friendly and unfettered intercourse and inaugurate an era of prosperity and contentment.

ARTHUR A. COCHRANE, ADMIRAL.

In the House of Representatives at Washington on Tuesday, Representative Castle of Minnesota introduced a joint resolution expressing the desire of the American people, through their senators and representatives, for the renewal, as nearly as practicable, of the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Great Britain, signed on June 5, 1854, which concerned United States trade and business relations with Canada.

FIGHTING AN OCELOT.

A Memory of the Rio Grande.

"For genuine grit and determination the ocelot surpasses all other animals," remarked Ben Hilbert, a famous mired, one evening, as we sat around our camp-fire narrating adventures.

"Why, they are the most obstinate fighters, I ever saw," he proceeded. "I never saw one give in till he was dead. And yet the ancient Mexicans made a great deal of the ocelot. They trained ocelots to accompany them in the hunt, and to protect them, also, from any sudden attack. Ocelots have quite disappeared from Northern Mexico, and are now only to be found in Panama and Central America, but less than thirty years ago there were a few ocelots to be met with in the mountains along the Rio Grande, as far north as New Mexico."

"I was down in the Territory, staying with a friend who had a sheep ranch near the Rio Grande, when I encountered one of the stubborn creatures. "I hunted much of my time while at the ranch, and it was one day when I was trying to creep up on a small flock of antelope that I had the desperate encounter which I am about to relate."

"I was hurrying along through the woods, when I stumbled against two queer-looking little animals coiled up at the foot of a great black-jack tree. They at once caught my attention, and I paused to examine them. They were apparently about 2 months old, and seemed to be half starved."

"When I stumbled over the whelps they set up a series of hideous cries, which no doubt goaded the mother on to a great degree of desperation. "As I stooped over the whelps to inspect them more closely an angry snarl greeted me from the compact foliage overhead. Glancing up quickly, I caught the gleam of two fierce eyes regarding me through the thick branches."

"Before I was able to make out what the animal was, or step back from the tree, she threw herself down upon me with almost stunning fierceness. "I knew at once it must be the mother of the ugly, half-starved whelps at the foot of the black-jack. "I imagined it was a wild cat, and flattered myself that I would have little trouble in frightening her or choking her off."

"But, as I very soon realized, I was reckoning without my hostess. "The creature had landed lightly on my breast, to which she clung with her sharp nails. She sank her claws into my buckskin jacket clear through to the skin, all the time squalling hideously, and making frantic efforts to get at my throat. "The force with which she had flung her, self upon me had made me stagger backward, and would most probably have knocked me down had I not fallen up against a stout sapling hard by."

"I quickly threw one of my arms around the tree, so as to avoid, if possible, being dragged to the ground, while with the other hand I sought to grapple the throat of my savage assailant. "The agony caused by the ocelot's hold was becoming insupportable. The blood was running from the wounds in my breast and began to weaken me so much that I feared the battle would soon be over with me."

"I might have tried crying aloud for help, but I was all of three miles from my friend's ranch, and I knew there was no one in that wild region to hear me and come to my rescue. "I was absolutely alone with my mad assailant, and I realized at last that the issue of that terrible encounter meant death for one of us. My apprehensions were very strong that the ocelot would become the victor. "I could fight only with one hand, for if I relinquished my grasp on the sappling the weight of the animal would drag me down in spite of myself."

"By moving my arm down the sapling I managed to slip my hand into my belt and draw out a hunting knife which I always carried with me on such excursions. "Cautious as my movements were, the ocelot seemed to understand my purpose, for the instant my hand closed on the handle of the knife, she grasped my arm in her mouth, breaking one of the bones with her powerful jaws."

"Despite the pain I quickly caught the weapon in the other hand, and as the ocelot and I swung backward together into our former position I struck at her again and again, with all the power of which I was capable at that dreadful moment. "The knife cut her in several places on the head and neck, but, with all the gasps she had received, she manifested no disposition to give up the combat. "She tightened her hold upon my arm so savagely as to draw cries of agony from me. We presented a horrible spectacle, clinging there in deadly strife, and both covered with blood from our wounds."

"Loss of blood had so exhausted both that neither of us could do more than keep quite, with eyes fixed on the other, as if in some horrible fascination. "Once I attempted to draw my arm out of the ocelot's gaping jaws, but they closed on it with such a remorseless grip that I was forced to relapse again into quietness. "From the film which I noticed gathering over the bloodshot eyes of the ocelot I knew she must be growing weaker every moment."

"Having recovered my breath, I felt able to resume my part in the battle to the death. Summoning all my remaining strength for a final blow, I thrust my hunting-knife to the hilt into my enemy's body. "Uttering a wild scream, she sprang upward, then fell to the ground, over which she rolled frantically for a few moments. The screams died away into feeble moanings, and with a long shiver she lay dead by her whelps."

"After the desperate struggle I sank to the ground, too weak to move. Here, hours afterward, my friend and one of his herders, who happened to pass that way, found me and conveyed me to the ranch, where my wounds were attended to."

"The ocelot which I killed was really a beautiful creature, and measured almost six and a half feet. We took the whelps to the ranch and tried to rear them, but they were such perfect savages we had to kill them."

"There is considerable stiffness in this arm, which will always be there to remind me of my first and last encounter with an ocelot.—[New York Ledger.