ADVANCING INTO DAHOMEY.

The French Bombard Whydah and a few Other Ports.

Col. Dodds Marches North with His Little Army to Capture the Capital.

A telegram from Paris says:—The French squadron off the Dahomey coast bombarded Whydah and other Dahomeyan ports about the beginning of the month, and the French troops then proceeded on their expedition to the interior, under command of Col. Dodds, whose policy is to drive the King into a corner by vigorous action. With the first arrival of reinforcements Col. Dodds began to enlarge the circle of the outposts, while fortifying at the same time the old positions. He opened two new roads, one from Porto Novo to Sakete, on the Adjara River, near the British frontier at Lagos, the other binding Porto Novo to Dangbo, a place between the Oueme and the Adjara, near the spot where Capt. Oudard was killed in 1890.

It is said that envoys from the neighboring tribes have offered their co-operation against the Dahomeyans. Great enthusiasm prevails. Numerous desertions are taking place from the Dahomey army on account of hunger and fear. The fine season will last until Oct. 15. Col. Dodds has 3,000 men, being a sufficient force to hold the different stations independently of the support of the ships anchored at Kotonu and Grand Popo. Kotonu and Porto Novo are now in a thorough state of defense, and Grand Popo is occupied. The Sace, the Talisman, and other ships are free to cruise about, and it is calculated that they will be able to maintain the blockade in a very effective manner.

Father Dorgerie, the missionary, who concluded the treaty with Behanzin, in which the latter consented to recognize the French Protectorate on the coast for the consideration of a subsidy of 20,000 francs per annum has been interviewed at Nantes, where he resides. He draws a picture of Dahomey, the conquest of which he advocates, which represents it as a commercial paradise. It is a very rich country, he says, coveted both by the English at Lagos and the Germans at Togo. In French hands, he considers, it will be a veritable treasure. "Kotonu," he says, "which only contains two French commercial houses and a telegraphic station, produced in 1890, when, owing to the war, business was slack, a revenue of 350,000 francs."

Several companies of the Foreign Legion have been sent from Algeria to Senegal to replace the Senegalese riflemen despatched to Dahomey. The Senegal contingents consist of 400 men formed into three companies. They are mostly veteran warriors, many of them being covered with scars. These troops are quite distinct from the regular Tirailleurs of Senegal, who are completely fused with the French army. These latter form the main body of the Dahomey expedition. Col. Dodds has full reliance in their military qualities.

The expedition under Col. Dodds, advancing from Porto Novo for Abemey, will pass by Afame, Obos, Agany, and Canna, where Behanzin has his military camp. The decisive action, it is anticipated, will take place there.

An official despatch from Porto Novo says that Col. Dodds advanced against Sakele. The Dayhomeyans, not only in Sakele but in all the neighbouring country, evacuated the district and fled northward, with the French in pursuit.

Former Cholera Epidemics.

Four hundred years before the birth of Christ, Hippocrates made a reference to cholera, which gives us reason to believe that that Asiatic disease had then visited Greece, while Aretæus of Cappadocia, A. D. 50, Galen, the celebrated philosopher, A. D. 131, Arabasius, of Pergamus, A. D. 230, and Alexander of Tralles, 525, have references showing their knowledge of the plague. Eugene Sue, in his "Wandering Jew," has lent a weird terror to the cholera by connecting it with that mythical mortal, who, driven by destiny, slowly perambulates the earth, bringing with him the awful scourge, and it is a strange feature of the disease that in the various countries it has visited it has generally advanced at about the speed of a man walking. But, as it is really carried by fugitives or others, it now progresses with the speed of modern travel, and along the lines of traffic, unless checked by precautionary measures of the strictest kind.

There seems to be some connection between the duodecennial Hindoo religious pilgrimages and the spread of cholera, as the years 1756, 1768, 1781, 1817-19, 1829-31, 1841-43, 1853-55, 1865-67, were noted for its prevalence. On March 22nd, 1781, some five thousand British troops, who had encamped near the great temple of Juggernaut very shortly after the great duodecennial pilgrimage, were attacked and died by dozens, there being, in addition to the dead, 500 cases the first day, and by the third day 3000 were on the sick list. The epidemic was carried to Madras and Calcutta by the pilgrims. In 1817, some 36 years later, the plague again became serious, spreading up the Ganges to Allahabad, turning south to the province of Bundelcund where it fastened upon an army of 90,000 men under the Marquis of Hastings, then warring against the Mahrattas. At Allahabad 10,000 natives had died, while of the army some 9000 succumbed to the disease, the line of march being marked by hundreds of corpses until the whole route resembled a battlefield. Re-inforcements were stricken almost the instant they drew near, while with the flight of deserters, camp-followers, etc., the plague was disseminated far and wide. It marched from town to town and hamlet to village with such regularity that its arrival could be foretold almost to a day. From Bombay it passed up the Persian Gulf to the only port of southern Persia, Bushire, and thence to Shiraz. Precautions as to quarantine saved Ispahan, and the plague sought Yezd, Teheran and Reshd, from which last it was carried to Astrakhan. From Bombay it was also carried to Bassorah, some 18,000 people dying there within 18 days, and then it passed along the Tigris and Euphrates to Bagdad, Damascus, Aleppo and the Mediterranean coast.

In 1826 cholera again broke out in India, at Hurdwar, the great centre of the pilgrimage, at which several millions of souls assemble every twelfth year. The pilgrims again carried it through the country, and it took the great north-west central Asiatic caravan route, reaching Orenburg in Russia, August 26, 1829. It reached Moscow and spread throughout the north and west. At Riga, on the Baltic, it took passage upon 60 or 70 British coal vessels, which bore it to Sunderland and Newcastle. It was also conveyed by Russian troop, then engaged with the Polish revolution of 1830-31, to Warsaw, and thence to Posen, Berlin, Hamburg and London, afflicting each member of the United Kingdom. Irish emigrants brought it to Quebec in 1832 whence it spread throughout the country up to Detroit, rendering incapable the entire force of soldiers going by way of the lakes to the Black Hawk war, one regiment losing over 200 men in a week. It was carried west and south, reaching New Orleans, where some 6000 deaths took place out of a population of 55,000.

The epidemic of 1841 began in lower Bengal, over-ran India, visited Afghanistan in 1844, Persia and Meshed in 1845, Teheran in 1846, and reached Astrakhan in Russia, July 30, 1847. It also visited Trebizond and Poti, Constantinople and Odessa, passing up the Danube to Germany and thence to Holland and England. In 1848 German immigrants carried it to Havre and thence to New Orleans, from which it spread as far west as San Francisco.

Another great epidemic commenced in India in April, 1865, and by railroads and steamboats travelled widely, reaching Italy, England and France, and passing from Havre to America, where it preyed upon the population in almost every quarter of the United States.

Since that time the plague has been kept off this continent by strict quarantine. The climax of another duodecennial period came about 1889-90 and cholera has been active in Asia and Europe, especially during the past year. It has found Russia a famine tried country and ready prey for its devastations, and it has reached several ports from which easy communication is to be had with this continent. Any moment now, may signal the arrival of a plague smitten vessel in our midst; and it behoves us to act accordingly. The proximity of winter is an advantage to us, but there is yet time for a terrible visitation. A dollar of prevention will save thousands of dollars of cure.—[Montreal Star.

UNCLE SAM AT FAULT.

President Harrison's Policy Responsible for the Friction.

The Boston Herald says:—It takes two parties to make a quarrel, but it often happens that the patience and wise foresight of a single person can prevent what would otherwise be a losing contest. But the Canadian policy of the present administration has not been of a character calculated to make the Canadians regard us in an amicable manner. A special effort seems to have been made to prove to our Canadian neighbors that in the opinion of the United States Government they were at best of but little account, and if any problematical gain could result to the United States from the injury of their industrial interests, the present administration was quite equal to the task of attempting to secure that end. Intercourse between nations does not differ materially from intercourse between individuals. The pride, the weakness and the sensitiveness of a man will be carefully considered by a shrewd negotiator when endeavoring to bring him into an amicable frame of mind, and subjects which are calculated to give offence and cause resentment will be scrupulously put aside.

We do not believe that any one, even the most ardent upholder of Mr. Harrison's administration, will maintain that this reasonable, because effective, form of diplomacy, has been employed in our negotiations with Canada. On the contrary, it seems to us that we have been utterly regardless of the effect which our self-assertiveness might have on the other side of the border, and have on one or two occasions behaved in a manner that has been little short of insulting to men possessed of a high degree of national spirit. Take, for example, the treatment that was accorded to the Canadian commissioners who came to Washington some time ago on invitation of our State department to consider certain important international questions. Unless reports are entirely misleading, these Canadian officials were discourteously dismissed because that treatment happened to favor the interests of the President in the personal contention then going on between him and his secretary of State. This is merely one incident out of a long list of illustrations that could be given of the domineering manner in which the present administration has carried on its negotiations with Canada.

We do not mean by this that such treatment justifies Canada in attempting to evade the true meaning of the treaties by which it is bound; but it must be evident to any one that our course of action has prevented us from approaching the Canadian Government in the friendly and amicable spirit that would lead it to easily recede from a position erroneously taken. Any ruler, no matter how much of an imbecile he may be, can govern by martial law; any negotiator can involve a nation in war, but it is the proof of a wise ruler and a wise negotiator to be able, by judgment, tact and good reasoning, to gain desired ends without the use of force. Judged of by this test—and it is the only test that, in these modern days, can be properly applied—the Canadian policy of the present administration must be classed as a conspicuous failure; all the more so if it leads, by large expenditures of money, to the duplication of canal services in the great lakes, where equal, if not better, service could be obtained without these.

Suicide by an English Naval Officer.

Letters received from Shanghai give particulars of the suicide, on the 3rd of last month, of Lieutenant Arthur G. Cawston, of the British warship Penguin, while that ship was at anchor in Shanghai Harbor. The other officers of the vessel heard the report of a pistol shot about half-past seven o'clock in the morning, and on entering Lieutenant Cawston's cabin, whence the sound proceeded, they found him lying dead on his bed, with a pistol shot through his brain, the bullet having entered the right temple. It was stated at the inquest that the deceased officer had been somewhat depressed of late, but there was nothing in his demeanour to indicate that he was likely to commit suicide. The jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

A Generous Rival.

Dora—"What a quantity of rice you threw after the bride!"

Clara—"She'll need it before he gets his salary raised."

A LADDER OF RATS.

The Cunning Rodents at Odds with More Cunning Man.

The former mayor of Brussels, M. Anspach, laid the residents of the Belgian capital under great obligations to him by enclosing the river Senne with brickwork, and thus bringing about an important and needed improvement in the health of the city, as well as by his construction of the fine boulevard that now connects the northern with the southern side of Brussels. It was in this boulevard that the city's first great market was erected. Several small halls in various parts of Brussels had previously been used as temporary markets, and they have been successfully carried on ever since.

One of these halls was erected not far from the river in the Place de St. Gery. This market was connected with the river by a subterranean canal, constructed to carry to the Senne the drainage of the square and the sewage from the neighboring Garden street. The rats of the Senne were not long in discovering the proximity of the market to their haunts. One nocturnal visit sufficed to show how completely the butcher's stalls were at their mercy, and what splendid suppers were to be had without even the trouble of the asking. Night after night, in fact, did the rats banquet off butcher's meat in the St. Gery market, but at last the disappearance of the food began to be noticed, and then the city authorities were asked to come to the rescue. The city council took the matter into consideration, and it was finally decided to coat the pillars of the market stalls—the pathway by which the thieves ascended to their booty—with plates of zinc, the slippery surface of which it was believed, would put an end to the climbing visits of the rat brotherhood. For a time this ingenious expedient had the desired effect; the meat was no longer gnawed and eaten, and the butchers began to recover confidence. Yet one morning the meat stalls were found to have lost their best "cuts"—here some hindquarters of beef had disappeared—there, half of a sheep; bare bones lay everywhere to indicate what had been taken away. That the rats had been "at it again" was evident. But how had they overcome the difficulty of the zinc plates?

There was only one way in which the problem could be solved, and that was to set a watch on the rodents, and thus surprise them in the middle of their enterprise. One of the injured butchers readily agreed to pass a night among the stalls. He had not been long at his post before he saw a procession of rats, most of them showing in their appearance unmistakable signs of good living, ascending from the outlet sewers. Up the boarded stalls the animals ascended with ease. But on reaching the zinc-covered pillars that separated them from the hanging meat above, they formed themselves, as promptly as if the movement were executed at the word of command, in a closely massed group at the foot of the pilliar; by climing upon each other the group rapidly grew in height. Upon the platform thus formed of rats' bodies other rats ascended, and standing on their hind legs, rested their forelegs against the pillar. These rats then served as means of ascent for a third body of rodents, and the composition of the ladder of rats went on until the cross beam of wood at the top of the pillar was reached. No sooner was the ladder complete than the mass of the invaders waiting below rose up in great swarms over the backs of their disciplined confederates, and reaching the cross beam with its suspended hooks carrying choice masses of juicy nourishment, precipitated themselves upon the food with the devouring zeal of a famishing army.

SHIP CAPSIZED OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

Seventeen Lives Lost.

A telegram reached Liverpool on Monday from Captain Jones, of the Liverpool screw steam-tug Sarah Joliffe, stating that the four-masted ship Thracian had capsized on Sunday night off Port Erin, Isle of Man, and that the ship had disappeared, and nothing was seen of the crew. The Thracian was a new ship, and was coming round from Port Glasgow in tow of the Sarah Joliffe. She had on board a crew of Liverpool riggers, who left Liverpool on the previous Friday in the Sarah Joliffe especially to bring round the Thracian. It is not exactly known how many went, but it is understood that the number was about fifteen. Captain Herbert Brown was in command of the ship and he had his wife with him on the ill-fated trip. Besides the above might be either one or two officers, but this is uncertain, so that the number of persons known to have been on board would be about seventeen or eighteen. During Sunday night and Monday morning heavy gales prevailed, and it was during a terrific squall that the vessel turned over and foundered. She, of course, was in ballast, and left the Clyde on the previous Saturday. The Liverpool agents of the vessel were Messrs. G. T. Soley and Co., and the only name they knew among the riggers was that of Fitzgerald, who was the head man. The tug-boat cruised around till daylight on Monday morning in the hope of seeing some of the crew, but nothing could be seen of either the vessel or her crew. It was, of course, believed that all of the poor people had met with a watery grave. The tugboat put into Douglas to report the disaster, and was then ordered to Liverpool, where she arrived on Monday night. Although a native of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Captain Brown resides in Helensburg, Scotland, and leaves a family of six children. The riggers were most of them married men, and also leave large families. The Thracian was a four-masted barque of 2,008 tons register. She was on her way to the Mersey to load a cargo of coal at Birkenhead for San Francisco. When the disaster became known there were many sad scenes, as the relatives of the lost men were making inquiries after the poor fellows. The Thracian belonged to the Thracian Sailing Ship Company (Limited), whose managing owners were Messrs. W. Thomson and Co., of St. John's, N. B.

How Nicefello Got Even.

Irate Father—"I found my best coat hanging on the fence, with the tail torn all to pieces."

Daughter (quietly)—"You shouldn't have left it in the hall."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Most likely Mr. Nicefello put it on over his other last night. It was a little cool, and—er—I presume you forgot to tie up the dog."

A WEIRD PROCESSION.

Ghosts Dressed in Striking Continental Garb.

On a certain evening not long ago I started out, writes a gentleman whose veracity is not to be questioned, to walk a distance of two miles. My object was to call upon two young ladies with whom I had an engagement for that evening. My path lay along one of two parallel valleys and across the ridge between. I had traversed the valley road and had reached the summit of the ridge, following an indistinct trail, had climbed over a high staked and ridered railline fence in the woods and was just nearing the edge of the timber that marked the crest of the slope. It was just beginning to get dusk, but still light enough to see across the valley I was facing, when, all at once, I saw coming up the slope, almost but not quite directly toward me,

A PROCESSION!

I should say there were at least 40 of them, in somewhat open order, light, airy, noiseless tread, in Continental garb, the first six men of unusually fine forms and bearing between them a black velvet covered coffin with silver handles. Attire—Three-cornered hats, low reaching vests, military coats, knee breeches, dark stockings and low-cut shoes with silver-like buckles. But the faces were most remarkably noticeable. Brows with an impress of highest culture, or highest birth and breeding, classic features, good, clean-cut noses, fine bodily contour throughout, and looking as if into vacancy and straight ahead. All this in a few seconds. The rear of the procession was made of perhaps 12 or 14 figures in cloaks that seemed to cover the head, with a white bandage across the foreheads, altogether garbed as I have seen "sisters."

I swept all this in brief but intense eagerness, such as only one with utter disbelief in the spiritual could give. I watched the feet on the soft snow, no mark, no sound! I saw them glide into the timber, watched, if and how the forms met contact with the trees—no break in time or step, no attention to the obstacles!

In the first moment I had determined to follow them into the growing gloom and the woods, come what would. And I did.

MARCHING WITH THE GHOSTS.

I was material and had weight. I sank into the leaves and snow and I had to calculate on trees and logs and the dusk increased—it was soon down grade and into denser wood. I hurried as I saw that the march would cut slantingly across the high rail fence down the now steeper incline, and yet all this time I watched the spectral column.

I deflected a little away from the column to reach the fence sooner—and we were now near the lowest point, but in my hurry I missed my foothold on the rail and lost some seconds. I was close to the rear coffin bearer, on the right hand side. But I cleared the fence, and while my breath was getting short, having come pell-mell nearly 350 yards, I ran along the fence in time to see pallbearers, coffin and procession all go through the obstruction like so much mist. I could distinctly see both rails and forms at the same time.

But I saw ere yet the procession was through the fence that the column was slowing up, and I waited, standing in deeper snow by the fence, at the same panel where they passed, to see the robed figures of the rear, of which I had seen the least. I scanned the approaching faces as they came up. The dozen or so preceding the "sisters," as I shall call them, were as young men in later boyhood, but not once did one of the entire throng look at me or in my direction.

WITHIN THE CIRCLE.

I glanced toward the head of the procession, and saw that a circle was forming, the pallbearers nearly ready to halt, having come far enough around to face me 30 yards away.

The rear end of the procession was slowly closing in to complete the circle, the hooded figures were filing past me—so close that I could have touched them. A sense of unutterable loneliness and an increasing something like terror came on me.

Why it was I know not, but an insane impulse suddenly possessed me to rush into the midst of the ghostly throng, regardless of any earthly proprieties!

With chattering teeth and nervous unsteadiness I plunged forward to strike into the center, and I had come to within a few feet of the circle nearest me, when my foot caught under a treacherous snow-covered snag and I found myself about to fall headlong into the midst of the silent, solemn, ghost-like group!

AN UNEARTHLY WAIL.

But now there went forth a sound such as perhaps has never yet had a parallel on earth. Something strange, weird, wild, lone, despairing, uncanny—a wail that seemed made up of groan, dying or distant trumpet tone, echo of tolling bell, sighs, muffled, shrieks cadenced low and quivering and with this the wraiths sank shivering into the earth and out of sight. I saw them, as it seemed with my mortal eyes, sink down under the snow surface and disappear. I had strength to rise; I drew on what courage I could summon; I got on my feet, brushed the snow from my woolen mittens, struck vigorously with my stick which I still held, but only the woods, the wintry night were about me. I went down and out into the clearing, down onto the road and home.

An Infant Phenomenon.

She has been discovered at Plaisance, a suburb of Paris, in the person of a little girl called Jeanne Eugenie Moreau, aged only five, but endowed with a most extraordinary memory. She is a walking encyclopædia on all matters appertaining to the history of France, and especially to the great Revolution; is an adept also in natural history and at the same time answers without hesitation or error practical questions about cooking, gardening, and household, management. The youthful prodigy was born in Paris in January, 1887, her father, Philippe Moreau, being a humble labourer, but descended from a Revolutionary hero whose name figures in the annals of 1789, and who was decorated by General de La Fayette after the taking of the Bastille.

Unpardonable.

Mrs. Winks—"Why do you hate Deacon De Goode so?"

Mrs. Minks—"He lost patience with a crying baby in a railroad train."

"Most any man will do that."

"Yes, but it was my baby."

SEASONABLE SMILES.

Persistency is a great virtue, but it is hard to admire in a fly.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie" and half of it an "if."

"And when you asked her to wed she declined?" "Yes. She dismissed me without ceremony."

"Did she thank you for the seat?" "No; but after she settled down in it she smiled sweetly and begged me not to rise."

"Do you believe all you see, Hicks?" "No; I see you whenever we meet, but I don't believe you more than a tenth of the time."

He—"Is this the first time you've eve been in love, darling?" She (thoughtlessly—"Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last."

"You must be the oldest hen in the flock,' said the new rooster as he surveyed his harem. "Yes," replied Biddy; "I'm the Nester of the barn-yard."

She—"What did papa say, dear, when you told him you wished to marry me, dear?" He—"I do not remember what he said, darling, but I know I felt hurt."

When Gabriel blows his trumpet,
I wonder if he'll play—
In tones like rolling thunder—
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-re?

It is difficult for the belated clubman to realize that the towering female who stands at the head of the stairs is the timid little girl who once fainted in his arms at the sight of a mouse.

"Great Scott! the market's going up like a rocket! What shall we do?" exclaimed Lambkin to Shearer, his stock broker. "Well, the best thing to do is to try and bear it," was the smiling reply.

Jinks—"After all, the difference between a society girl and an actress is only a seasonable one." Slymme—"What d'ye mean?" Jinks—"Well, one is engaged for the Summer, the other for the Winter."

Witherby—"I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown." Plankington—"What, was she angry?" Witherby—"Oh no, it wasn't that; but she wants another one."

Maud—"What a beautiful new gown Jane is wearing. Did she bring it from abroad?" Clara—"No; it's her last season's dress. The dressmaker turned it inside out, and now she says it's from the other side."

Mrs. Van Cruger—"It strikes me, my dear, that flirting has become almost a science. It reminds me much of chess." Edith Theodora—"Yes mamma, that's so. You can't get along without the men, you know."

The Village Pastor—"Johnny, you tell me you have been to Sunday school?" The Bad Boy—"Yes, sir." The Village Pastor—"But, Johnny your hair is wet." The Bad Boy—"Yes, sir; it's a Baptist Sunday school."

Mistress—"Well, Bridget, and how is your husband?" Washerwoman—"Shure, an' he's all used up, mum." Mistress—"Why, what ails him?" Washerwoman—"Indade, thin, mum, last night he had such bad dreams that he couldn't slape a wink all night, mum."

A young married lady had gone to the market to buy a goose. She was a long time making up her mind which to choose, for none of the birds seemed to suit her. At last the saleswoman lost all patience. "Excuse me, ma'am," she said angrily: "but your husband can't have been half so long in choosing you!"

Fanny—"Why are you crying, love? I should think you would be very happy engaged to such a nice young man as he is!" Annie—"Oh, I'm afraid he won't be true to me!" "Why, he's very, very good, isn't he?" "Yes, but I am afraid he's too good to be true!"

Wooden—"And so Miss Passee and Mr. Gotnix really got married. Was it a love match?" Miss Smilax—"On the contrary, I should call it a hate match." Wooden—"Why, I don't understand you." Miss Smilax—"Why, she hated to be an old maid and he hated to be poor."

Oh! for a carload of ice cream
And a lake of lemonade,
A million fans all run by steam,
A county or two of shade,
Clothes as thin as gauzy tales
Of husbands who have strayed;
Oh! for a blast from polar vales
Or the glance of a Boston maid!

IN THE JAWS OF AN ALLIGATOR.

The Fight of a Brave 15-Year-Old Boy in Florida.

While swimming in Crescent lake, near Crescent City, Fla., the other day, Richard Burnham, a 15-year-old lad, had a narrow escape from death in the jaws of an alligator. When Burnham discovered the alligator underneath him and about to rise he bravely swam for a boom of logs several rods distant.

The alligator came up nearer the surface and made for the boy as he swam along rapidly. Opening his huge jaws, he was about to close them upon the trunk of the boy's body, when Richard made a dive and swam 15 or 20 feet under water in the direction of the logs.

As the boy came to the surface the alligator got his bearings again and gave chase. Richard was nearly winded and the reptile gained on him. When the boy was within three feet of the logs, the reptile closed his big, ugly jaws on the boy's thigh. He was pulled under, and his companions thought he was gone. They yelled for help. But Dick rose to the surface again in about a half a minute, the alligator having evidently let go of him in order to get a fresh hold and a better one.

Dick reached for a log and caught it with both hands, the alligator rising up from beneath him as he did so. The boy was weakened from his exertions and by fright, but he held to the log. Before he could get his feet, out of water the reptile seized one of Dick's legs in his jaws and began to pull. Dick pulled too. It was a question of which would pull the harder and win. The animal kept loosening his hold and then grabbing hold of the leg again, and just when the boy was about to fall back into the water, screaming with pain and half dead, some men from the mill appeared upon the scene and rescued him by beating the animal off with clubs. When killed and brought to land the alligator was found to measure 11 feet and 3 inches in length.