

# Warned by a Vision.

A Tragedy Prevented by a Dream.

The Scotch express is speeding southward. The night glides the autumn fields into a golden glory and plays upon the fair hair of the woman who occupies the corner opposite me. Utterly undisturbed by its persistent beauty, she reads his paper steadily, paying heed to beauties of landscape, which I mentally engross the other occupant of the train. I am studying the faces of my traveling companions with eagerness. Why do they interest me thus? Why do I note their straight features, my opposite neighbor with such eager interest? I mark the fine jaw, the right set of the mouth, the smooth even under the long moustache. I watch with unusual curiosity till the sunbeams slant straight across those studious features, and with a frown the lids are lowered for one brief moment, and a blind smile, strangely jerked down. Pale blue eyes glance powerfully through the intensity of the character they somehow betray—terrible eyes—too stern to yield to any pleading. Why do I cover so closely in my corner? What have they to do with me? The sunbeams slant out; he is again engrossed in his paper; my other traveling companion is gazing out of the window. Broad shoulders, covered by the sort of black coat which gentlemen don't wear, incline me to wonder why he is traveling first class.

To interest myself in its columns. All in vain; were my traveling companion a monarch, he could not fascinate me more. I don't seem to fascinate him, however. Except to pull down the blind he has never once looked up. I don't believe he has the vaguest idea of the man sitting with him in the parlor. "I will change my position," I said, "Guard!" "What do you want?" "If there is any room for me, please."

# TRICKED BY A DUMMY.

A Story of the Indian Jungles.

We had been beating the jungles in the Bengal district, to the west of Calcutta, for two weeks before any big game came our way. Our party was too large for a successful hunting party, being composed of over twenty men, officers, and military, who were on a vacation, and the servants must have numbered fifty. We had plenty to eat, and had a wolf or hyena, but we could not get within five miles of anything worth a bullet with such a camp as that. One day a man came in with a request that some of us return with him to a village called Dabur, about twenty five miles to the north-west. He said that an old tiger had taken up his headquarters near the village, and during the four weeks he had been there the beast had killed and devoured a man, two women, a girl, and a boy. The natives had set traps, but he would not enter them. They had poisoned the carcasses of goats and calves, but he would not touch them. It had got so that at 4 o'clock in the evening every one entered his house and made himself secure for the night, while

and hyenas. Next morning the head man said to us: "The woman was very fat she would last the tiger for an extra meal or two. He would not have touched the goat anyhow, but to-night he will come into the village in search of a victim. You must plan accordingly."

In the afternoon we had one of the families vacate their hut and brought up the dummy and laid it in the sleeping corner. We then took possession of the next cabin, only about thirty feet away, and out two openings in the wall to command the door of the first. The people went to their work as usual and returned at the usual time, and everybody was inside before the sun went down. What we hoped for was that the tiger would prow through the village, trying each opening to affect an entrance, and we had left this door so he could open it. We did not look for him before 9 o'clock, and were taking things easy at 8 when we heard an uproar at the other end of the village. The tiger had appeared, burst in a door by flinging his weight against it, and had seized and carried off a boy about 8 years old. The villagers were frantic with grief when they learned of the fact, and the head man said to us, while the tears ran down his cheeks:

"Ah, Sahibs, but we may as well abandon our homes to morrow. This is a wise and cunning tiger, and you can do nothing with him. If we do not go away he will eat us up."

We quieted the people as best we could, and next day went about in person to make every hut secure. Every window opening was barred, and every door provided with a prop. It was characteristic of the simple minded natives that, while they lived in mortal dread, more than half the huts were so badly secured that the tiger could have entered. We had to wait again for the tiger to get hungry. As the crops could now take care of themselves for a few days, we ordered that the villagers keep quiet and show themselves as little as possible, and two nights and days were thus worn away. On the afternoon of the third day

### WE KILLED A GOAT

and dragged its bleeding body from the creek to the door of the hut wherein we had placed the dummy, and at twilight the village was as quiet as a graveyard.

The Major and I stood at openings about five feet apart, and at 10 o'clock we had got no alarm. He came over to me to say that he was dying for a smoke, and to ask if I deemed it advisable to light a cigar, when I heard a pat pat pat outside, and cautioned him that the tiger was abroad. The cunning beast had not come by the trail we had prepared, but had made a circuit and struck into the upper or southern end of the village. As we afterward ascertained, he had been prowling around for an hour, softly trying every door in succession. Our openings were on the south side. The cunning beast seemed to be posted as to this fact, and lingered on the north side. We plainly heard him push at our door and rear up and claw the bars of the window, and we hardly breathed for fear of frightening him away. There was a crevice under the door through which one could have shoved his hand, and the tiger got down and sniffed and sniffed at this opening for fully five minutes. Then he got up and remained very quiet. He must have had the scent of the fresh blood only two rods away, but it was plain that he had his suspicions. We stood at the opening, each one with his gun thrust out and ready to fire, when the beast suddenly made up his mind to act. With one bound he emerged from shelter and covered half the distance to the other cabin. At the second he went bang against the door, pushed it in, and was hidden from our sight before we had had a show to pull trigger.

### What the Search-light Is.

The search-light consists of a powerful arc light, usually of about 25,000 candle power, contained in a metal cylinder about thirty inches in diameter. One end of the cylinder is closed by a silvered concave reflecting lens.

The carbon points of the lamp are placed in such a position within the cylinder as to bring them in the focus of the lens. The opposite or front end of the cylinder is fitted with glass doors, through which the beam of light passes.

The apparatus is on a pivot so that it may be revolved around the centre, and it is also arranged for elevation and depression from a horizontal position.

As ordinarily used, the beam of light emerging from the cylinder is so concentrated that at the distance of 1000 yards from the ship it illuminates a path only about fifteen yards in width.

When necessary, however, a broader arc can be illuminated. One of the 20,000 candle-power lights will reveal an object at a distance of two and one-half miles.

The effect of the perpendicular search-light in a fog, to those at a distance, has been described as very much resembling the aurora borealis.

### The Rod.

A rod for bass and wall-eyed pike, When over sandy shoals they throng, Adapted both to "cast" or "strike," Of split bamboo and lithic and long; With pliant tip that wavers like Some shivering aspen stem and strong.

And at the butt the clicking reel With braided silken line is wound, A miniature of fortune's wheel When good fish the lure has found, And in your nervous grip you feel Its shining circle whirl around.

A good plain rod by all that's fair To whip the water like a throng, In northern lakes all lonely where The muskallunge and bass belonging—Simple and straight beyond compare, And worthy of a better angler's rod.

A delicate preparation, adds digestion reveals Dizziness, cramps, nervous appetite, purifies the system, Adams' Fruit Gum. Sold everywhere, 5 cents.

### Out in the Storm.

There's a shadow over the sky, sullen and heavy as lead, And as black as the terrible dread that lies deep in a murderer's heart— So frightfully like an unuttered curse that I fear to lift my head, And I hate the loneliness so that I shiver and quiver and start.

The world has a traveled life—albeit 'tis worn and old; That one touch of primeval feeling maketh the whole world kin; But I read in their passionless faces and lips so cruelly cold: "There's an ocean 'twixt untried virtues and terribly-tempted sin!"

Up from the bleak, black river the pitiless northern comes, Stabbing me—flouting my rage with a scorn that is almost human, Oh, generous world immortals! keeping so warm in your homes, Have ye never a thought for a hunted soul—a starving woman?

God! how it stung me then, with a red-hot throbbing pain! For standing here in the storm my eyes were cursed with a sight That broke through the blank that is creeping lolly over nerve and brain, While ten times darker and colder grew the pain of this desolate night!

I saw unwrinkled Content at rest in the arms of Wealth— The light from a curtained window was falling warm at my feet, And, creeping up sly and softly, I saw by stealth How riches and love and beauty can make life rare and sweet.

Well! but her brow was not whiter nor holier than once was mine: Nor the eyes of that babe's young mother more grand with a sacred pride. Once—when I lay so terribly quiet, quiet and giving no sign— Starving, but pure! Oh! joy if then I had died!

Pallid and faded, and trampled and wronged, and sin defiled— Cast out with a curse of bitterness to die on the frozen earth— Father I know I can reach Thee! Thou wilt not disown Thy child! Oh! claim me and save me, and wrap me in clouds of thy pitying worth!

HOWARD GLENDON.

Miscellaneous.

Light guards—lanterns. What is the difference between an honest and dishonest laundress?—The former iron your linen and the latter steals it (steals it).

Young Springs: "Mr. Biq'qualok, I am worth \$50,000 and I love your daughter." Mr. Biq'qualok (retired auctioneer): "Sold."

"Marriages are made in heaven," quoth Miss Antique. "Then there is some chance for you yet," was the cool reply of her younger sister.

White one of Pittsburgh's mounted policemen was chasing a criminal his horse suddenly lay down. The policeman got off, and so did the fugitive.

Mamma: "You must not eat so many sweets, Flossie—it will injure your teeth!" Flossie: "How long will it be before I can take my teeth out like grandma does?"

A legal Persecution.—Witlow—"I hear Jones has been arrested for keeping a cow." Bito—"For keeping a cow! What an outrage?" "Yes, she belonged to another man."

She (at the mill):—"Ah, now I know, Harry, why I think you as good as gold." He—"O, get out!" She—"No; but you are, really. You are pressed for money, you know."

Old Cashbox, to applicant for clerkship: "Have you any bad habits, young man?" Applicant, with humility: "I sometimes think I drink too much water with my meals."

Small boy: "Papa, what does 'monotonous' mean?" Father, wearily: "Wait till your mother begins to talk dress with your aunt, my boy; then you'll realize the full meaning of the word."

Mudge: "Doctor, if I were to lose my mind do you suppose I would be aware of it myself?" Dr. Boless: "You would not, and very likely none of your acquaintances would notice it either."

Barber (running his hands through customer's hair):—"Your head, sir, is quite—" Customer (irritably):—"You gave it a shampoo yourself two days ago." Barber (quickly recovering):—"It's quite a remarkably well shaped head, sir."

They had chickens for dinner, and the host said to the guest: "Didn't I hear you say that you liked the neck of the chicken best?" The visitor, who liked the neck with some of the rest, said "Yes." "Well, you shall have both of these necks," and that was all he got.

In a recent grammar examination, in one of the Boston schools, a class was required to write a sentence containing a noun in the objective case. One of the boys wrote the following sentence: "The cow does not like to be licked." "What noun is there in the objective case?" asked the teacher. "Cow!" said the boy. "Why is 'cow' in the objective case?" "Because the cow objects to being licked."

The Silent Style of Courtship.

A young couple walked out together for the first time as lovers, by some mysterious understanding felt but unexpressed. Only once during the walk was the silence between them broken, when the youth touchingly observed:

"Corn's risen, Sarah."

"Has it?" said Sarah, affectionately.

On they walked, through many fields and country lanes, and nothing more was said until the time came for parting. Then the ardent lover mustered up courage to ask:

"When may I come again?"

"When corn settles," was the calm response, and they went their several ways.

An Investment.

"That would be an exceedingly good investment," said a tall, to one of his younger customers.

"What is it?"

"One of those new fancy fruitcakes,"

"The business-like lady."

Sold everywhere, 5 cents.

I turn to my paper and try

A FINE SHOW TO DROP THE TIGER

if he appeared. But he did not appear.