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(who has upset a bowl of
wn the old gentleman's
Not a word, sir; not a
my fault entirely."

s Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Willie—"Yes, I am always
d in perpetual motion ideas.
m." Tatterdon To he—"Yer
hat for?" Weary Willie—
ever work."

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pplications, as they cannot reach the
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n Tube. When this tube is in-
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THE WALL OF DAMASCUS

Lessons to be Learned From St. Paul's Remarkable Escape.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: II. Corinthians xi. 33, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall." Sermons in Paul in jail, Paul on Mars Hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the sanhedrin, Paul before Felix, are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material, called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damask. A horseman of the name of Saul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterwards spoke of. He had started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician prisoner escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and

LET DOWN IN BASKETS.

Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends had him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate, but he feels his work is not done yet and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passes through a cloud of clinched fists and sometimes he secretes himself on the house top.

At last the infuriated populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospelizer and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

I observe first on what a slender tenure great results hang. The rope-maker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend upon

THE STRENGTH OF IT.

How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All the magnificent missionary work in Pamphylia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant entrance at Philippi in the Mediterranean Euroclydon, under flaggellation, and at his beheading would not have kindled the courage of 10,000 martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on slender circumstances.

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one awakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window; and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

PRACTICAL INFERENCE:

There are no insignificancies in life. The minutest thing is a part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals; great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope, make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat, let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be remembered in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the Church in the storm of the centuries.

O, men and women, you brag sometime how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach you from among the New England hills or from the western prairie or from English or Irish or Scottish home

A CORD OF INFLUENCE

that has kept you right when you would have gone astray and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as 30 years or 500 miles long or 3,000 miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to rowel him with sharpest spurs and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck and to give a shout to the racer if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in six days can't sail away from that. A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it? The most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven, the hunting up and picking out of those who did great good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on 19 centuries, and yet the world has not recognized the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian, "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those who got him out of

THE DAMASCUS PERIL.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on the circle of heavenly thrones. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in a humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaint all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for 20 years." Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for 30 years a Christian invalid and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward for all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the Kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival." But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking into my house and I could no longer keep him safely I advised him to

FLEE FOR HIS LIFE,

and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said: "Is that all." And he answered: "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures, and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! It was the very one who had said, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three naughts placed on the right side of the figure one makes a thousand, and six naughts on the right side of the figure one a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

THE MARCH OF REFORM

THE "MIDWAYS."

County and District fairs are the Meccas that at this time of year attract our urban population. That the pleasures offered should be free from vicious tendencies is a thing to be desired by all lovers of country and kind. Ever since the Chicago World's Fair, the tone of Canadian Exhibitions has been decidedly lower, for while liquor is excluded by law and its illegal sale cuts but a small figure, vulgar and even indecent side-shows have multiplied and games of chance, with sometimes outright gambling attachments, have flourished. The following item from a Chicago paper will be of interest to those who hope for an ebb in this tide of temptation to our Canadian youth:—

The Civic Committee of Boston submitted seven questions to the secretaries of all the State Boards of Agriculture, asking whether, in their opinion, the purely legitimate agricultural fair pays better in the long run. Twenty-four secretaries have declared unanimously against the wide-open fair, and say that intoxicating liquors should be vigorously excluded, together with games of chance, vulgar tent shows, "midways," circus features, etc. This is most satisfactory news. The annual fair has grown, in many instances, to be a centre of danger for attending young people, as well as adults, and it is to be hoped this body of secretaries may be able to rush their theories to practical issue."

THE ENGLISH CHILD.

On March 20th, the bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to persons under 16 years of age" passed the English House of Commons by 372 to 54. High hopes were entertained that a halt was to be called in the alcoholizing of the English child, so graphically described by many recent writers in English and American temperance journals. But the congratulations indulged in were premature. An August issue of the London, England, "White Ribbon" says:

"By a majority of one vote the Grand Committee has swept out of the measure its central principle, by passing an amendment, permitting drink to be delivered to children if in closed and sealed bottles!"

The Chicago Union Signal comments as follows:—"Absurdity could not further go—a loose cork and a paper label would comply with such a restriction: and the main evil of familiarizing children with the scenes and the language of the public-house would remain untouched. America has a perpetual battle on hand to keep in enforcement such laws as we have prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to minors. Perhaps we do not realize how much deeper is the crime against childhood in fair England. Observation was very recently made by a Teetotal Evidence Society on one licensed house in London during seven hours. In that time, 1,792 men, 766 women and 1,365 children entered the house. Words fail in the face of such facts as these."

THE CANTEEN.

The life and death grapple in progress in our sister nation to the south, between the temperance hosts and the liquor elements, finds its storm centre in the effort now on foot to repeal the law, enacted December 6th, 1900, by the American Congress, prohibiting the sale of liquor in army canteens. Both sides realize that there is much at stake, for if the law is allowed to stand, it is a national proclamation that liquor is not necessary for the endurance of mental or physical strain, and its mandate will influence many a civilian whom temperance societies cannot reach.

Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Secretary of the American National Reform Bureau, said recently, in an address before the Cleveland Y.M.C.A.:—

"The regimen of the regiment ought to be that of the athlete, even if moral considerations be left out of account. As the pugilist, even in training for retail fighting, must abstain, much more should the soldier in the wholesale business, with vastly greater issues at stake. When the physically best equipped of modern pugilists lost the championship everybody knows that 'John Barleycorn' really knocked him out with a blow 'below the belt.' All intoxicants are really 'knockout drops.' Which reminds us of 'one more drop' namely, that intelligent men should drop the out-grown ignorance fossilized in that lying name 'strong drink.' 'Cold Water Bobs,' head of the British Army, got that proudest of his titles by appealing successfully to the athletic side of army abstinence. He took two regiments and gave them a ration of whisky and started them on a long march in the hills of India. On the same march he started also two regiments supplied with a ration of beer, and two other regiments with water in place of intoxicants. Whisky led in the opening spurt, but it soon fagged, and then beer led for a little, but the cold water army showed far greater endurance and reached the goal not only sooner but stronger than the others. By such tests and by showing in official statistics year after year that abstainers send only two-thirds as many per 1,000 to the hospital and only one-third as many to the guard house as the drinkers, British generals of the India Army have induced one-third of their soldiers to join the British Army Total Abstinence Association, which they encourage in every way, instead of saying, 'Soldiers will drink,' and making no effort to prevent it. Thus in peace abstinence is promoted, but in war it is required of officers and soldiers alike, not for the sake of morals, but for the sake of victory.

"To this anti-canteen argument from the field of athletics let me add a yet stronger one from the field of business, suggested by the fact that the railroad companies and 51 per cent. of all American employers favor abstainers in seeking employes, an argument to which attention had been called by a recent Buffalo interview with our own commander-in-chief, General Miles, whose anti-canteen opinion, with that of Generals Wheeler, Ludlow, Shafter and Howard, outweighs the opinions of all the lesser officers on the other side.

"The Washington Post recently intimated, in view of the abstinence increasingly required of employes by railroads and other business establishments, it would soon come to pass that the government service would be the only one open to hard drinkers. But perhaps those who control our army will learn, as our anti-canteen navy has done, that the man behind the gun needs a clear head as much as a man who runs a freight train."

NEW ZEALAND.

Woman's Suffrage in New Zealand has been a bete noir to the gamblers, liquor sellers, and purveyors for vice. It has given an impetus to all reform movements and has so increased the vote cast in favor of Prohibition, at the plebiscite taken with every parliamentary election, that the liquor interests are thoroughly alarmed, and are afraid to risk another vote three years from now. They are advocating a plebiscite in favor of not taking a vote for six or ten years.

WHAT NOT TO DO IN A BOAT.

Some Rules for the Guidance of the Land-Lubber.

Some people, fearless because ignorant of dangers, will insist upon boat parties, and we have every summer a long list of unnecessary accidents on our rivers. Most of these might have been avoided by a little knowledge of what not to do in a boat.

To begin at the beginning, when taking your place do not step on the side of the boat, or the consequence will be that, unless you have a very experienced mariner as your companion, he will, through the sudden lurch of the boat, be pitched backward into the water.

But place your foot on the seat, well in the middle of it; don't stand there hesitating, but give your weight on to that foot and promptly step with the other onto the floor of the boat.

Sit down at once, even if not in the particular spot you wish to occupy; the change can be made ever so much better after a minute or so, when you have quite made up your mind, where you would best like to sit, and when the boat has recovered from the little wobbliness occasioned by your entry.

Be sure not to stand up when anybody else is moving about the boat. More accidents have happened that way than any other.

Even if you should think that by so doing you might avert a catastrophe, renounce the idea—unless, of course, a very trustworthy guide should counsel the action.

Above all things, remember that when going through the rapids it is perfectly essential to sit still.

Do not rock the boat, to tease a companion; and, if frightened, sit still and do not grab at anyone.

Do not wear fine clothes, but dress neatly. Large hats, feathers and streaming ends are inappropriate and most uncomfortable on the river. A light woolen skirt, a cotton shirt with a jacket to match the skirt and a plain straw hat are never amiss; but a more shady headgear may be donned with a simple summer dress for a smarter occasion.

It is impossible to leave the subject without a word of advice to a lazy man. Never allow a girl to scull you up stream in the blazing sun while you loll back at ease. The girl may be a would-be athlete, protesting that she likes it, but all the same you must not permit her to so overtax her strength as to risk a sunstroke. There could be only one opinion as to the man's breeding under these circumstances, and his selfishness is beyond hope.

SHAVERS, PLEASE NOTE!

Have you noticed that, after a very "close" shave in summer time, your face is irritated, and that some ugly pimples appear over the course taken by the razor? It is especially noticeable if you happen to go out immediately, and the streets are dusty. Scientists have been good enough to explain this disagreeable condition. Of course, the microbe is at the bottom of the mischief, but the explanation is interesting, and may help shavers to avoid the trouble. There are microbes that take advantage of erasures in the skin, and these minute organisms are driven by the wind, together with the dust which forms their dwelling-place, on to your face. If your skin be whole they can do nothing but wait till the wind takes them off again or until you wash them away. But the close shave has so scraped your skin that it offers the microbe the opportunity it wants; in it goes and you suffer for a time from irritation and pimples. The microbe may leave you without going farther, or it may enter your system to do mischief elsewhere.

QUITE PROPER.

Orthodox Mother—"Ethel! How many times must I tell you it is wicked to pick flowers on the Sabbath?"

Ethel—"But mother, I'm only picking real Sabbath ones—Adam's-thread-and-needle, Timothy, Solomon's-seal and Jack-in-the-pulpit!"

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, SEPT. 15.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxxii., 1-32. Golden Text, Luke xviii., 1.

1-2. "And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." In our last lesson the Lord and the angels appeared to him as he was leaving home and now, after twenty years (chapter xxxi, 38, 41), as he is about to return home with wives and children and servants and much cattle, the angels of God meet him. In what wondrous grace the Lord deals with this man! And He is Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day and forever (Heb. xiii. 8) and has just the same grace for you and for me. In chapters xxix to xxxi, inclusive, between the last lesson and this one, we have an account of Jacob's 20 years with Laban, his faithful service, his marriage, his increase and the Lord's special care of him (chap. xxxi, 11-13, 24, 29); also in verses 44 to 55 the incident of the covenant between Laban and Jacob at Galeed or Mizpah as they separated.

3-8. Jacob sent messengers to Esau, his brother, and on their return, learning that Esau was coming to meet him with 400 men, he becomes filled with fear and distress and attempts to provide for the safety of at least a portion of his company. Notwithstanding all God's gracious care of him these many years, he does not seem to have learned to trust Him without fear.

9-12. In humility he looks to God and pleads His promises to him, acknowledging all His great goodness with gratitude. This is a right attitude toward God. The assurances of God when he left his home and when he was about to return should have delivered him from all fear concerning Esau's treatment of him. But many believers are not any more trustful now, for with such assurances as John x, 27-29; Phil. i, 6; II Tim. i, 12, etc., there are those who have their fears lest they may not reach home, but be lost somewhere by the way.

13-23. He prepared a great present for Esau that he might therewith appease him—five droves of goats, sheep, camels, cows and asses—580 in all, with instructions to those in charge of the droves as to what they shall say to Esau when they meet him. It looks as if he felt that he must do somewhat to help God in this matter. He evidently believed the world's motto used by many believers, "God helps those who help themselves," but the teaching of Scripture is that God helps those who cannot help themselves, and we must come to an end of ourselves before we can know His power (Ps. lxxii, 12; cvii, 27, 28; Isa. xl, 29, and all His miracles).

24. "And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of day." The margin says until the ascending of the morning. It is not Jacob wrestling with a man that he might prevail over him, but the man wrestles with Jacob that he may conquer Jacob, and Jacob evidently stoutly resists him until morning. God is ever seeking to break us down, to humble us, to bring us to an end of ourselves, that He may bless us indeed and show us His strength and magnify Himself in us.

25-26. Toward morning the man who wrestled with Jacob touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh and put it out of joint, so that Jacob could no longer resist, after which Jacob clung in his helplessness, saying I will not let thee go except thou bless me. This is the secret of prevailing with God, our helplessness clinging to His power. Consider those who came to Him when He was on earth for us and see how in every case His power was made manifest on behalf of utter helplessness; the blind, the lepers, the woman with the issue, those at the point of death and those who had died.

27, 28. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men and hast prevailed." We cannot get our new name of saint until we confess that we are and have been sinners and naught but sinners. Jacob must acknowledge himself as Jacob or supplanter (chapter xxvii. 36, margin) before he can receive his new name of Israel (margin, a prince of God). The Spirit through Hosea says: "By his strength he had power with God; yea, he had power over the angel and prevailed; he wept and made supplication unto Him; he found Him in Bethel, and there He spoke with us, even the Lord God of hosts; the Lord is his memorial" (Hos. xii, 3-5). Then follows the exhortation to turn to God and wait on God continually. This is the secret of prevailing prayer, persistent clinging to God alone, pleading only our need and His great mercy. We will always have occasion to say, "Though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake" (Jer. xiv, 7). When we take the place of utter helplessness and unworthiness, and like Jacob, cry, I will not let thee go, we shall see fulfilments of John xiv 13, 14, and similar promises. This is the first mention of the great name of Israel, a name that always is used to designate Jacob or his posterity. It is never used as a name for the church, not even in Gal. vi, 16, where it evidently means the believers in Israel, who are spoken of in addition to other believers. There is no authority for the term "spiritual Israel" though it may properly be used in reference to true believers in Israel, but should never be applied to gentiles. We must not confound the church with Israel, nor the kingdom with either, though both will be very prominent in the kingdom.

29-32. "He blessed him there." So Jacob called the name of the place Peniel (margin, the face of God), for he said, I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved. This and Ex. xxiv, 11; xxxiii, 20, in the light of John i, 18, teach that every manifestation of God is through His Son. In Eden as well as here and in all the other appearances of God we must recognize Him whom we know as the Son of God, or Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of hosts, the Lord God of Israel, Jehovah of the Old Testament, who by His precious blood shed for us has provided eternal redemption and a joint heirship with Himself for all who receive him. It would seem that Jacob parted with him from that time the evidence of that night's conflict, and we must never forget that we have been rebels against God, children of disobedience, and by His grace have been redeemed. We must learn to know that in us—that is, in our flesh—there dwelleth no good thing (Rom. vii, 18) and glory in the Lord alone, seeing no man but Jesus only and coveting above all things His blessing, which maketh rich (Mark ix, 8; Prov. x, 22, R.V. margin).

TRACKING A TIGER.

An Exciting Adventure in Search of a Man-Eater.

A writer in the Indian Sporting Times gives some details of the depredations of a tiger in various villages during the famine year. In the course of his remarks he says that for a whole year the monster continued his depredations almost without molestation. Over forty people had been slain, and the village herds suffered severely. The local forest ranger was in a state of terror, and had written to his superior in terms much as follows, showing the difficult situation in which he compiled his reports:—

"February 1st—Up a tree, where I adhere with much pain and discomposure while big tiger roaring in a very awful manner on the fire line. This is two times he spoiled my work by coming and shouting like thunder and putting me up a tree, and making me behave like an insect. I am not able to climb with agility owing to stomach being a little big, owing to bad water of this jungle. Jungle mans can fly up tree quickly. Even when I do not see this tiger, and he does not make a dreadful noise. I see the marks of his hoofs and his nails on the path.

The writer of this article continues: So it came about that when my camp was pitched in the vicinity of the "Yellow Peril," a deputation, headed by Koombappa, presented itself before my tent, and begged me to rid the neighborhood of a monster concerning whose doings each one had some piteous tale to tell. It was a long tramp up the valley before daylight next morning, and a stiff climb up the path, which wound its way over the rocks and through the thick bamboo jungle. Now, the jungle was so thick and extensive that to beat for the tiger would be a useless task. Nothing could be seen in the dense thickets of the cover where he lurked. What was to be done?

"SHIKAR WITH BELLS."

Then I bethought me of a mode of hunting of which a sportsman of 60 years of age had told me. This was the "shikar with bells." A native, adorned only with a coating of wood ashes, with a tray containing burning oil-wicks upon his head, and a chime of bells in his hand, precedes the hunter in search of game on a dark night. Such was the plan now proposed. At ten o'clock at night Koombappa, smeared with ashes and bearing the lights upon his head and the chimes in his hand, preceded me to the forest. It was a weird adventure. Nought could be seen but the dim outline of trees in the gloomy forest. My companion's movements became more grotesque and, as it were, inspired. The lights danced before my eyes and cast a beautiful glare for some yards ahead. The tinkle of the bells became more sonorous, and filled the forest with a weird noise that exerted an indescribable spell over the senses. Suddenly the spectral ashen figure ceased to advance, but frantically continued its ceaseless antics. I peered into the gloom in front, and saw two luminous orbs shining through the darkness. Slowly they approached. The movements of the dancer became spasmodic as the huge form of the tiger emerged from the shadows and stood erect before us in the dim flickering light, with every hair set, breathing heavily, with panting tongue and heaving sides. As I raised my rifle and fired between the creature's eyes Koombappa sank to the ground exhausted by his exertions and excitement. The lights were exhausted at the same moment, and all was silent and buried in darkness. For some moments I dared not move. At length as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, objects outlined themselves amid the surrounding obscurity, and the great form of the tiger appeared lying on the ground a few yards off. My bullet had pierced his brain.

LARGE LANDOWNERS.

The largest landowner in England proper is the Duke of Northumberland, who possesses 186,000 acres, mainly of course, in the county from which he takes his title, and he is the only one of these eight-and-twenty great lords who has not an acre either in Scotland or Ireland. The largest landlord in Ireland is the Marquis of Conyngham, who owns 150,000 acres; in Wales, "The Prince in Wales," Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, whose acres amount to 145,000, is the only possesser of more than 100,000 acres who is not a peer.

A PERFECT BOY.

"I never heard of but one perfect boy," said Johnny, pensively, as he sat in the corner doing penance.

"And who was that?" asked mamma.

"Papa—when he was little," was the answer. And silence reigned for the space of five minutes.