HUNTING WILD KANGAROOS.

Great Sport With the Various Marsupials of Australia.

They do Not Jump With Their Tails, but Those Same Tails Make Excellent Soup—How a Kangeroo Disembowels a Dog, or a man.

The traveller whom fate brings to the colonies may journey from end to end of them, without seeing in the flesh either of the animals that figure upon the Australian coat-of-arms, the kangaroo and the emu. There are plenty of both in certain districts, but they are many miles away from the railroads, as a rule, and are seen only by those who have occasion to visit remote "stations," and to explore the alternate stretches of plain and "bush," which constitute the "back flocks," as the interior portions of the country are styled in colonial phraseology.

When the early settlers entered the country, they found the marsupial tribe swarming in countless millions all over it, and when they sought pasturage for their flocks, discovered that the ungenerous soil would not furnish grass enough for kangaroos and sheep together. A war of extermination upon the original pasturers upon the land was therefore inaugurated, and waged with such deadly effect that, at present, a kangaroo is in most districts quite as conspicuous by his absence as the buffalo upon the plains of America.

The old squatters relate extraordinary tales of the former abundance of these strange creatures—how the eye could not range in any direction without seeing hundreds of them; how they entered the "paddocks" and grazed in the midst of the sheep-and how, when the grass grew scant and the flocks were on the verge of starvation, "drives" were organized, in which thousands of the kangaroos were killed and the sparse pasturage was ceased. Wanton as seems the wholesale slaughter of these animals, it was, from the squatter's point of view, a stern and imperative necessity. The only regret of pastoralists in the premises is that they did not then know the fortune that they lost by allowing the carcasses of the slain to lie and rot where they had fallen; for there was no suspicion than that kangaroo leather was of any value, or that a demand would spring up for it that should make the skin of one of these animals worth more than that of the sheep whose protection was bought by their slaughter. So important has that trade in kangaroo hides now become that the question of how the animals that furnish them shall be preserved has taken the place of devising measures for their extinction.

The term "kangaroo," which is used generally in most of the world to describe any animal that has a pouch for carrying its young and a long tail, and that proceeds by jumping on its hind legs is of limited applicability in Australia. The kangaroo is differentiated by many exact particulars from his cousins the "wallaroo," the "wallaby." and the "paddymelon"—all of which strangely named animals appear to the uninitiated only as smaller individuals of the kangaroo's immediate family. Generally speaking, the kangaroo is larger than the wallaroo, the wallaroo than the wallaby, and the wallaby than the paddymelon—while tapering off from this last-mentioned animal are found other species, which include the "kangarooo rat" and end in the diminutive "kangaroo mouse," which is the image of the full-grown kangaroo proper when seen through an inverted opera glass. All these species are further subdivided, so that we have the "great red kangaroo," the "blue flyer," and many others in the first group, "bush" and "rock" wallabies, and paddymelons, black, gray and brown.

All these are easily domesticated except, perhaps, the larger representatives of the kangaroo species proper, which, as they grow to be six and even seven feet in height, are rather too cumbersome to make desirable pets. Many stations had one or more of the smaller varieties of kangaroos domesticated upon them, in company with cockatoos and parrots, magpies and laughing jackasses, and, now and then, a stately and generally ill-natured emu. The mission station of Kamahyuk had one in the person of Joey, a quaint creature who was always under foot and amused himself by frantic races with nothing around the enclosure formed by the mission buildings. There is something uncanny about the whole breed of kangaroos. As they sit up to watch you in the centre of the broad, dry plains they look like strange ancient images left to brood over desolation by a vanished and forgotten race, and under the shade of the solemn mimosas and whispering sheakes, whither they resort in hot noontides, resemble in their immobility the idols of a long extinct worship. Even in captivity and after long aquaintance they maintain this eerie quality. I shall never forget the start that this same "Joey" gave me one morning. I had got up before daybreak to go platypus shooting along the banks of the river, and as I opened the door that led from my room to the veranda, saw dimly in the morning's gray a ghostly shape that stood confronting me with staring eyes upon the very threshold. In the instant that preceded my recognition of the tame kangaroo I must confess that I felt my scalp move as if the hair upon it were about to stand upright, so strange was the attitude of the erect body and drooping paws, so intent the gaze of the lambent eyes. The next instant the figure had disappeared in the darkness, departing with the soft thud of thumping tail as the creature hopped slowly away. I did not feel my nerves fully in tune even when I reached the stream, and missed my first platypus.

The kangaroo tribe are found in all sorts of country—on the plains, in the open wood, and in "scrub" so thick as to be almost impenetrable by man, in the "stoney rises" which, formed by ancient volcanic action, are almost entirely destitute of any other vegetation than a rank, course grass, which clings stoutly to crevices in the mass of disintegrated lava. Although each species usually keeps itself distinct from all others, one may at times see several different sorts of the plains kangaroos feeding together, although when disturbed each jumps away with others of its kind only. The progress of the kangaroo is rapid, and for a mile or two it requires a good horse to keep in sight of him. After that, however, he tires, and is overtaken without difficulty.

The chase of the kangaroo is undertaken variously—on horseback, with or without dogs, and by stalking, either with rifle or shotgun. A kangaroo hunt on horseback is an exciting and often dangerous pastime. In timber, where it usually takes place, it is particularly hazardous, owing to fallen logs and low set branches, which often sweep the incautious hunter over his horse's tail and drop him in an undignified position on the ground behind. Firearms are not employed in this pursuit, and when the game is cornered it is killed by a blow from the butt end of a heavy riding whip or from a stirrup which is unshipped from the saddle for the purpose. The dogs used in the chase are a rough breed of large greyhounds, which have not only the strength necessary to pursue a flying kangaroo for miles, but also to attack him when he is brought to bay. The old dogs in a station pack of kangaroo hunters are often marked from ears to tail with frightful scars, the records of many tough encounters with an animal which, timid and inoffensive as it is by nature, develops in peril a courage and even ferocity that are rarely found outside the order of carnivora

The kangaroo seems poorly provided by nature with offensive weapons. His powers of biting are not formidable, and his forepaws are so weak as to seem almost rudimentary members and of little use. His hind legs are muscular and strong, but are apparently of use only to assist flight from his enemies. In these hind legs is found, however, a most formidable weapon in the shape of a long claw as hard as steel and sharp as a chisel—as terrible to dogs as the scythe chariots of the ancients were to their enemies. When run down, the kangaroo, placing a tree behind him to protect his rear, will seize in his forepaws such indiscreet dogs as rush upon him. and, holding them firmly, disembowel them with a sweep of his sickle-like claws. Even the hunters themselves, thus caught in the vise-like grip of an "old man" kangeroo of the larger breeds, have sometimes suffered in like manner, and have now and then taken their own turn at being hunted as the enraged animal turned upon them and attacked their horses with blind ferocity. The kangaroo fights with great address and intelligence, and if he can find a stream or water hole in which to await his foes, will station himself waist deep in it and, pushing the dogs under one by one as they swim out to attack him, either drown them outright, or compel them to retire from want of breath. Against human enemies, armed only with clubs or stirrup irons, the kangaroo often shows himself a clever boxer, warding off blows very dexterously with his forepaws, and now and then making forward bounds, with rapid play of his dangerous hind feet, which are difficult to avoid.

NEARLY 3,000 MILES AT A CLIP.

Sleeping Car Porters who Have the Longest Runs in the World.

The only employees of the Canadian Pacific who are with the express trains all the time between Montreal and Vancouver are the sleeping car porters. They travel nearly 3,000 miles without a break, and are on the road for nearly six days. It is a pretty hard life, but at both ends of the route the porters have an opportunity to rest, though even then they hardly get sufficient recuperation. For two or three nights the porter is not likely to get over three or four hours' sleep a night, and he is lucky if he gets that. He is his own conductor, and collecting the sleeping car tickets and accounting for them adds considerably to his work. Leaving Monteal at 8:40 P.M., he is certain to have a busy time at Ottawa shortly after midnight, and then he has his boots to black, and he is lucky if he gets a wink of sleep before 2 or 3 A. M. He takes a pillow and lies down in the smoking room when no passengers are there, and catches cat naps if he can. He is likely at any moment to be aroused by a bell, summoning him to one of the berths, and the bell is sure to be kept busy after daybreak.

After leaving Winnipeg he has a comparatively easy time accross the plains, though he is compelled to be up after midnight both at Regina and at Calgary. At all important stations he has to go to the telegraph office with a statement of the accommodations unoccupied in his car, so that the station agents ahead may dispose of berths. He has a busy time through the mountains. As a rule he loses nearly his entire car load at Winnipeg, and it fills up there at once with passengers from the south. He loses his passengers again at Banff, and their places are supplied by tourists who are going on from that pleasure resort: then many of his passengers get off at Glazier, and others come on, so that nearly all the time he has much to do in the way of keeping his accounts, besides his duties as porter.

At Vancouver he lays over for two days, and as a rule he sleeps in the car, occupying it all the time for the round trip. When he returns to Montreal he has been away fourteen days. Then he has a longer rest. He is off duty for five days, except that he has to take his turn reporting at the depot at night to assist the outgoing porter in taking care of luggage. His five days' rest puts him in pretty good condition for another two weeks' seige.

The porters say the trip is rather trying, but that there is nothing like getting used to a thing. The company pays them $40 a month, and they expect to make at least as much more in fees. All of them are colored men from the States and have served on some of the best lines. They say they like the service of the Canadian Pacific, for the company treats them well. Once in a while a man is switched off his regular run, which does not please him very well. For instance he may reach Winnipeg going east with an empty car, and he is likely to be side tracked for further orders. He has plenty of leisure then, but the fees, which form so large a part of his income, are not forthcoming, and he prefers more profitable activity.

A Terrifying Subject.

Blinks—"I saw a man turn pale and tremble to-day at the mention of the American Navy."

Klinks—"Eh! Was he a foreigner?"

"No: he belongs to the marines and he can't swim."

A Good Seat.

"Oh, sir, well I do like the day that you preach!" "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. And why do you like it when I preach?" "Oh sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat."

TIT BITS.

Solicitous.

Aged husband (anxiously): "I understand you were engaged to him before we were married?"

Young wife: "Yes, but he's single yet, and there's certainly no harm in his asking how your cough is getting along."

Parting Pangs.

"Good-by, my dear friend, I am going to leave you. I am going to Canada and I will probably never come back," said a New York youth to Sophleigh.

"Will I never see you again?"

"Never."

"I say, do me one last favor. Lend me twenty-five dollars."

"O, no: don't let us do anything to increase the pangs of our parting."

An Appeal to the Court.

Judge Coonby—"I'se sorry to commit yo', Blackstone, but Justice am blind."

Blackstone—"Jedge, in dis case she am cross-eyed. Doesn't, or dassent you remonah remembah dat I's gibben yo' two ob der chickens I stole?"

Too Strong a Resemblance.

Photographer: "Now, try to look like yourself." (Noting the effect): "Well, er, h'm; now try to look like somebody else."

Wanted all for Himself.

He (suddenly): "Do you think the minister will want to kiss you, dear?"

She (pleadingly); "Let him if he wants to, Harry. He's just grown abeautiful mous tache.

By it's Fruits.

Smarte: "That tree hasn't borne a solitary pear for eight seasons."

Smiley: "Indeed? Why don't you cut it down?" "Because it's the best apple tree I've got."

The Art of Conversation.

Young B. (on his first appearance at a ball to elderly friend); "What am I to talk to my partner about?"

Friend: "Her beauty."

"But if she doesn't happen to be beautiful?"

"No matter; she'll take your word for it."

Children Should be Seen—Not Heard.

"Father," he suddenly remarked, as he looked up into the paternal face, "you are awfully good to ma."

"Am I? Well, I hope I treat her as a husband should a devoted wife," replied the old man.

"And it's all over the place how liberal you are to her."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why I heard three or four men in the 'bus say that all you had in the world was in her name."

"Yes—ahem! you—you go to bed, sir; and the next time you hear people talking about me don't listen to what they say."

After Vacation.

School Teacher: "Johnny, you may tell me what "success" means."

Johnny: "The prosperous termination of anything attempted."

School Teacher: "Now, Bobby, what is a failure?"

Bobby: "Ma says pa is."

Just Likely.

We quarrelled, my sweetheart and I,
She's a fav'rite soubrette;
With deepest despair do I sigh,
And I worry and fret.

One thought comes consolingly bright,
My remorse to assuage;
I know she will make up to-night
Ere she goes on the stage.

But bitterness flavours my cup,
And my wrath again melts,
When I think that perhaps she'll make up
Unto somebody else.

Late Stragglers Always Suffer.

Bliffer—"What's that? You don't mean to attend our reception to-night? I'd just like to know why?"

Bliffers—"Well, if you must know, every time I have attended any sort of a gathering at your house, Iv'e lost my hat."

Bliffers—"Well, why do you always stay so infernally late?"

Getting Rid of a Nuisance.

First Little Bird—"Here comes a boy with a gun. Shall we fly away?"

Second Little Bird—"No, He'd only follow us."

First Little Bird—"But what shall we do?"

Second Little Bird—"Sit here and let him fire at us. By and by he will shoot off a finger or something and go home."

A Close Observance.

Little Girl—"To-morrow will be Sunday won't it?"

Lady—"Yes. How do you expect to spend your time?"

Little Girl—"Wishin' it was Monday."

Cut Out.

Mr. De Cutter—"Why this sudden coolness, Cla—I mean Miss Beauty? A few days ago you allowed me to infer that I had at last won your favor and perhaps—"

Newport Belle—"That will do, Mr. De Cutter. A new yacht has arrived in the harbour, and it is ten feet longer than yours."

A Question of Color.

"Say, grandma, do people always paint the devil with red clothes on because he is wicked, and has evil spirits near him all the time?" "Yes, dearie; red is the colour of wickedness and sin." "Well, then, is it because grandpa has bad spirits near him that his nose has got so red?" And grandma suddenly commenced to knit, and said she didn't know.

ONE NIGHT IN KURDISTAN.

A Traveller Who is Resolved Henceforth to Avoid that Land.

"Talk about experiences that turn one's hair gray in a night," said a gentleman wnose curling locks were as black as the traditional raven's wing. "I had one once which, according to authorities, ought to have made me not only gray, but bald-headed, if the traditions are right, which I don't believe they are.

"It was in Kurdistan that my experience occurred. I was travelling through that forsaken country merely for the sake of seeing it, and I was accompanied by but two men, Jean, a French servant, combining in his own personality all the excellencies of cook and valet, and a Persian guide named Mufti, whom I had engaged for the trip. We had two horses and an ass, which Jean rode, and on which he carried the utensils necessary to the cuisine. We had been in Kurdish territory for four days, had passed through several villages, and I was just beginning to think the Kurds were a pretty decent sort for a half-savage people, when one night we came to a little town that I never succeeded in finding on my map, and I decided to put up for the night. I saw the head man of the village, and despite the fact he was as villainous a ruffian as I had ever met, his words were those of welcome and hospitality. Now, I had never heard of actual brigandage among the Kurds, who, while they are semi-barbaric and fierce, are essentially a race of shepherds and small farmers. So when the head man assigned me a hut I felt remarkably secure and rather thankful, despite the fact that I knew I should have to pay liberally for my accommodations. I bought a sheep, and Jean soon transformed it into a savory stew. Supper over, I smoked a few pipes, and, rolling myself in a travelling rug, lay down upon a cot of ill-smelling sheep-skins to sleep.

"I did sleep, and soundly, too. The first awakening I had was when a shrill shriek rang in my ears, and I jumped up to find myself surrounded by burly ruffians, armed with ferocious-looking knives, and to see one of their number withdraw his ensanguined blade from the breast of my Persian guide, who lay as he had fallen on awakening across his pallet. Jean was in the grasp of two more of the party, and so frightened that he couldn't speak, I was sure at first that they intended nothing less than to instantly despatch both of us, but, as I heard them parleying and disputing, I gathered hope. They ransacked the place, took everything we had except our trousers, tied us tightly, and departed. The hut was entirely cleaned out as far as our effects were concerned—portmanteaus, revolvers, rugs, coats, even Jean's cooking utensils were gone. In agony I lay till daybreak, and then, hearing some one passing, I shouted at the top of my voice, A Kurd entered, and he was not of the visiting party of the night before. Now, I didn't know a word of Kurdish and poor Mufti was dead. I finally made him understand that I wanted to be released, but he only grinned and shook his head. Then, remembering the name of the chief, I repeated it several times. He finally shuffled off, leaving me in an agony of suspense as to whether or no he intended going to that personage or not. After half an hour's wait, however, the chief appeared. He gave some order, and we were immediately cut loose.

"Once my hands were free I succeeded in explaining to him finally by pantomime what had occurred. He seemed to understand, and sent for some one else. The party sent for appeared eventually. He wasn't a Kurd, but a Persiam, and he spoke a little French. I told him of the outrage, and he told the chief. Then he replied to me that the chief said he could do nothing, as the robbers must have been of another band or village. This I greatly doubted, as I was sure I had seen two at least of my assailants loitering around when we arrived, but of that I deemed it best not to speak. I implored the chief to give me an escort back to the last town I had left, and where two Englishmen and their retinue were stopping. I knew one of the Englishmen, and promised to amply reward him if he would do so. He finally consented to that, and furnished me with a guide and two asses upon my swearing to him that I would pay the man, he also agreeing if he could get track of our assailants to visit summary punishment on them.

"So Jean and I finally set out, and the next day, hatless, coatless, penniless, and nearly starved, arrived at the head town of the section, where I borrowed some supplies from my friend, paid the Kurd who had accompanied us about $10 of Canadian money in Persian silver, and from whence, rehabilitated in borrowed raiment, we set off for the Persian frontier. I afterward learned that our friends of the Kurdish village were notorious robbers and murderers, and that the chief himself had been seen later wearing my coat and riding my horse. I'll tell you I never crossed the Kurdish border again, and I don't ever intend to. I like travel, but in the future I'm going to keep under the flag of some civilized or semi-civilized nation.

BURIED ALIVE.

A Woodchopper Caught in a Hollow Tree and Sank in a Swamp.

Charles Smith, a woodchopper on the High Ridge plantation in Terre Bonne parish, La., was buried alive last Monday. He was with a party of men chopping wood on the swamp just back of Bayou Dularge. He cut down a large hollow tree, and in falling it slipped back and caught him in the hollow and then slid down into the mud and water of the swamp, thus sealing him up.

The other woodchoppers saw the accident and rushed to Smith's assistance. The tree was too heavy for them to lift and continued to sink in the mud. They could hear the imprisoned man beating on the inside and ardently appealing for assistance. They went to work vigorously to relieve him by sawing and cutting into the tree so as to reach the prisoner, but when they had cut to the hollow they found it was too late. Smith had been smothered, the air in the hollow being completely exhausted.

Cricket Champion.

The celebrated Australian Cricket Team, of which Mr. David Scott is a noted champion, is safe against field injuries. Mr. Scott writes: "The effects of St. Jacobs Oil are magical. I used it for a terribly bruised leg. The relief was surprising." Members all of athletic clubs would be alike surprised at the results of its use.

Frozen Out.

"Could you not, if you tried, grant me a place in that icy heart of yours?"

"My heart may be of ice, as you say, Mr. Sophleigh, but, all the same, I am not in the cold storage business."

A Sum in Arithmetic.

"How are you coming on, Uncle Mose?"

"Poorly, poorly, thank God."

"What's the matter?"

"I has seben gals to support, boss. Hit costs a power of money to fill up seben moufs free times a day."

"Yes, but I heard one of your daughters was going to get married, so that will leave only six to support."

"Dat's wahr you am foolin' yeaself boss. Dat ar gal am gwine ter marry one of dese culled politicians, so instead of habin' only six to support when she marries, I'll have eight moufs to feed, for mighty few ob dese politicianers, white or black, is wuff de powder hit would take to shoot 'em. "No, boss, it will be eight instead ob six ter feed when dat gal marries, not countin' de natural consequences."—[Texas Siftings.

Those Beautiful Antlers.

Eastern Sportsman (with full assortment of dogs, guns, etc.)—"I hear that over a thousand elk are killed in this region every year. What do you do with the antlers?"

Western Hunter—"Sell 'em to Eastern hunters on their way home."

A Careful Host.

Country Boarder—"How is it, Mrs. Hayseed, that with all the cucumbers on your farm you never have them on the table?"

Mrs. Hayseed—"The horse is lame."

"The horse lame! What has that to do with it?"

"Well, you see we live way off in the country, and it's 'most ten miles to a doctor."