

ABOUT THE TIGER

HOME AND HABITS OF THIS FEROCIOUS ANIMAL.

The tiger is met with in Asia alone; it is not found in Africa or the new world; it is rarely ever found west of the Indus, in the vast deserts which separate India from Siberia, as far north as the banks of the Obi, and the larger East Indies (Sumatra, for instance,) it is common; but Hindoostan is the headquarters of this destructive animal, and there it reigns supreme. Strange as it may seem, the finest, largest tigers are taken in the northern parts of India, on and about the Amoor river, where a boreal winter prevails seven months of every year. The idea of an animal which is confined to the tropical jungles of India, where heat and moisture prevail all through the year; the idea of a tiger, too—in the chilly steppes of Manchuria and Siberia is an odd one, but it is true nevertheless.

The loss of human life, however, which these beasts inflict every year in the great British Indian empire is appalling. The English estimates, which have been made with great care during the last fifty years, in the series of local reports established by the official precincts of that extended region declare that an average of 5,000 people, men, women and children, have been and are annually destroyed by tigers! Of course these people are not of the stamina of the Anglo-Saxon type, being the inert Hindoos, and most of them, indeed all of them, wholly unarmed, they offer to a tiger no more resistance than a goat or calf would, and were it not for the fact that the British officers and settlers make it a point to visit those localities where the man-eating tiger appears for the purpose of killing it, these figures of human slaughter, large as they are now, would be trebled or quadrupled annually. In Sumatra the natives seldom kill a tiger, being possessed of the absurd idea that the bodies of these animals are animated by the souls of their ancestors.

One of the most extraordinary features of the tiger's nature is the extreme courage and the utter cowardice which seems to be so blended as to give rise to the strongest expressions of difference of opinion when two or more experienced hunters are gathered together. The best illustration of this peculiarity of that great cat of Bengal can be given in the recitation of the following stories of actual occurrences:

As for extreme courage: December 22, 1782, a party of English hunters set out for Sawgar Island, Bay of Bengal, for the double purpose of killing tigers and deer. Their equipment and experience was ample, and the party of four was headed by a son of Sir Hector Monroe. These gentlemen landed in the morning, hunted with success for deer all day, until about four in the afternoon, the heat caused them to seek the shade at the edge of the jungle. They prepared refreshments, even to building a fire for cooking their game.

While the meal was under full headway of preparation young Monroe looked up and declaring that he saw a deer not far from them, he seized a gun and started for the spot. He had not taken twenty steps from the camp when his companions heard a dreadful roar, saw at the same instant a large tiger spring upon poor Monroe, and, seizing the man by the shoulder with its teeth, the beast turned and rushed back into the jungle, dragging the form of Monroe after it with the greatest ease—saplings, vines, and small bushes all bent and broke before the amazing strength of the tiger. All that Monroe's companions could do was done instantly, as only trained hunters can do—they fired all together at the tiger, and it was evident to them that their shots took effect, because almost as soon as the smoke cleared aside Monroe came staggering out from the thicket covered with blood, reached the campfire and fell. Everything that medical services could render was done for him, the ship's surgeon coming right ashore, but it was all in vain; the young man expired after the course of twenty-four hours in the greatest agony. His head was torn, his skull fractured and his neck and shoulders cleaved and torn by the teeth and claws of the savage beast. Here was a squad of men standing around a blazing fire, talking, laughing, and yet, though in broad daylight, all this was not enough to divert that determined tiger from making the attack, and that bound with which this ambushed animal threw itself upon Monroe was as wonderful in its extent as it was terrible in its effect.

As for its cowardice: On the same day that the above tragedy transpired another party of English ladies and gentlemen in the Bengal district left the shelter of an army post for a picnic on the banks of a lovely little stream that ran into the bay not far away. The lunch cloth had just been spread and the excursionists were taking their positions around it on the grass under the shade of trees when one of them, speechless with terror, pointed to the form of a huge tiger, not twenty feet away, crouched in form for its fatal spring. All looked on when instantly one of the ladies laid hold of her parasol, rose to her feet and stepping quickly directly over to where the beast was rapidly opened and shut it in the animal's face. The tiger quickly wheeled about and bounded swiftly off. Perhaps it is not strictly correct to call this an exhibition of poltroonery—on the part of that tiger; it may have been utterly provoked by the presence of mind displayed by that young woman, and turned and confounded rather than scared. The lady herself, after the affair was over, became completely unaccounted for, and her associates had to return to the post.

Before the introduction and perfection of our repeating breech-loading arms the hunting of the tiger was the most dangerous and exciting of all field sports known to man, and the tales told of that sport as it was conducted fifty years ago in India seem fairly incredible when compared with the story of such hunting to-day. An animal that has often measured fifteen feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, lithe, active, ferocious and powerful as a steam engine, was no mean antagonist for man when he had nothing but a muzzle-loading rifle to meet it with; it made the issue a doubtful and a desperate one for the human as well as for the brutal combatants, but to-day the same hunter with a Winchester carbine could and would pump a dozen heavy bullets into the tiger before it could reach him, granting that all failed to stop the beast until the last one was fired—a most unlikely case.

The lion (felis leo) and the tiger (felis tigris) are first cousins, and so are the panthers, leopards, jaguars, wildcats ("bad cats") and our common domestic puss, all equally close in relation; it is indeed a "far cry" from a lion to a tomcat or from a tiger to a sneaking, slinking wildcat, but the relationship is apparent and undisputed. The handsomest one of them all is the ocelot (felis pardalis), which, though not one-quarter the size of a lion or tiger, is so beautifully marked in bands, bars and dashes of black, brown and fawn colors, as to defy description. It is the chief depoulture of the monkey tribes in South America, catching these pre-Adamites by strategy. It stretches itself out on a limb as though dead, and the curiosity of the monkeys overcomes their discretion. Chattering and gesticulating they gradually gather closer and closer around the supposed corpse of their dreaded enemy until that limit is reached which brings them within the grasp of the shamming cat's powerful claws.—[Washington Star.

A Cow's Jealousy.

In the Spectator, C. Hunter Brown, of Nelson, New Zealand, tells the following odd story of a cow's jealousy of a dog:

A few years ago I had a quiet milch cow, Rose, which was certainly fond of Thomas, the man who milked her regularly, and she also showed an aversion to dogs even greater than is usual in her species. One night, for what reason I now forget, I had tied up a young collie dog in the little cowshed where she was accustomed to be milked. The following morning I had just begun to dress when I heard the puppy barking in the cowshed. "Oh," thought I, "I forgot to tell Thomas about the puppy, and now the cow will get in first and gore it." The next minute I heard a roar of unmistakable fear and anguish—a human roar. I dashed down to the spot, and at the same moment arrived my son, pitchfork in hand. There lay Thomas on his face, in a dry gutter by the side of the road to the cowhouse, and the cow butting angrily at him. We drove off the cow and poor Thomas scuffled across the road, slipped through a wire fence, stood up and drew his breath. "Why, Thomas," said I, "what's the matter with Rose?" "Well, sir," said Thomas, "I heard the pup bark and untied him, and I was just coming out of the cowhouse, with the pup in my arms when Rose came round the corner. As soon as she saw the pup in my arms she rushed at me without more ado, knocked me down and would have killed me if you hadn't come up." Thomas had, indeed, had a narrow escape; his trousers were ripped up from end to end and red marks all along his legs showed where Rose's horns had grazed along them. "Well," said I, "you'd better not milk her this morning, since she's in such a fury." "Oh, I'll milk her right enough, sir," by and by; just give her a little time to settle down like. It's only jealousy of that ere pup, sir. She couldn't abide seeing me a-fondling of it." "Well, as you like," said I, "only take care and mind what you are about." "All right, sir." In about twenty minutes Thomas called me down to see the milk. The cow had stood quiet enough to be milked. But the milk was deeply tinged with blood and in half an hour a copious red precipitate had settled to the bottom of the pail. Till then I had doubted the jealous theory. After that I believed.

Both Sides Were Pleased.

A Portland lawyer relates an anecdote which illustrates one of the principal weaknesses of mankind about as fully as possible. He says that not long ago a man came to his office thoroughly angry. He had called upon a debtor and asked for the payment of a little bill of \$2.50 and had been abused for his pains. Now he wanted the lawyer to collect it. But the legal light said that he could not afford to bother with it. It would cost all to collect it. But the client insisted; he didn't care if he got none of the money so that the debtor was forced to pay it. So the lawyer consented to write a letter and see what could be done.

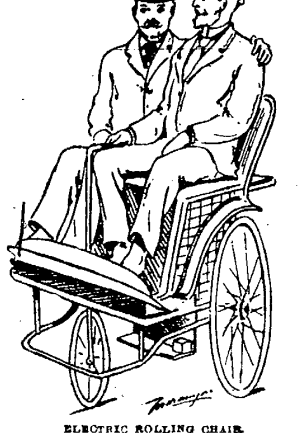
The debtor came in response to the letter, in high dudgeon, and made declaration that he owed no \$2.50, and he wasn't going to pay it. The lawyer listened quietly to his story, and then said that his instructions were to sue, and he didn't think the other could well afford to defend for so small a sum. "Who'll get it?" inquired the debtor, "if I pay?" The lawyer was bound to confess that it would all go for the cost of collecting, and when the debtor found that his enemy was barred out from receiving any of the money he paid willingly. The next day the client called, and when he found that the money had been paid, he, too, was entirely satisfied, so that the lawyer did the very unusual thing of pleasing both sides.—[Portland (Me.)

ROLLING CHAIRS

Make it Possible for the Physically Disabled to Go the Rounds.

You can press a button and take a seat and ride in an electric rolling chair at the World's Fair. It has been decided that no carriages will be allowed within the grounds, and some means of conveyance must be provided for those who are physically unable to meet the exertion of walking through all the departments. In this emergency another "button" device has been provided. It is in the shape of an electric tricycle with a chair frame.

The tricycle will be operated by electricity. A storage battery will be



ELECTRIC ROLLING CHAIR.

hung under the chair, and from it power will be transmitted to the wheels. It will only be necessary to take a seat in the chair, press a button, and the battery will do the rest. The vehicle will be steered by means of a small front wheel governed by a lever. The battery is warranted to last fourteen hours without recharging, so that there will be no danger of its balking at an unfortunate moment. The machines will be rented at so much an hour, the Exposition sharing in the profits.

A Healthy Trade.

The healthiest trade is said to be that of a waller, a man who attends to the pans in salt works. If he falls in he dies, but while he lives he is free from cholera, smallpox, scarlet fever, and probably influenza.



Children of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Soller, Altoona, Pa.

Both Had Eczema In Its Worst Form

After Physicians Failed, Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured.

Great mental agony is endured by parents who see their children suffering from diseases caused by impure blood, and for which there seems no cure. This is resorted to, for it expels the foul humors from the blood, and restores the diseased skin to fresh, healthy brightness. Read the following:

"We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most valuable medicine on the market for blood and skin diseases. Our two children suffered terribly with the

Worst Form of Eczema for two years. We had three physicians in that time, but neither of them succeeded in curing them or even in giving them a little relief. At last we tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a month both children were perfectly cured. We recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a standard family medicine, and would not be without it." Mr. and Mrs. M. M. SOLLER, 1112 Second Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headaches, indigestion.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY!
Holds the worst rupture with ease under all circumstances. ADJUSTMENT, PERFECT, COMFORT, DURABLE.
New Pat. Improvement. This is the only and best catgut. Write for prospectus and securely sealed. G. F. Sewer, 257 Broadway, New York City.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating, indigestion, biliousness, headache, nervous prostration, constipation, etc. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 42d St., N.Y.

Cures Constipation
Pico's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Quickest, to Use, and Cheapest.

COAL COMBINE CONQUERED!
The Rochester (Stove Pipe) Gas Stoves save one-half the fuel. Write for prospectus and prices. First order from each neighborhood filled at wholesale rate, and secured an agency.

ROCHESTER RADIIATOR CO., Rochester, N.Y.

Wanted: Men and Young Men to work at home. BICYCLE SULKY. JOHN S. LEWIS, 508 E. 6th St., New York.

LIMIT OF THE COAL SUPPLY.

Great Britain Has Deposits Which Will Probably Last 300 Years.

The coal pit is not inexhaustible. The bottom may not be in sight, nor its future cleaning up be of any immediate concern, but its eventual depletion is none the less a predetermined fact. It may or it may not be of any appreciable concern when its last contribution to human service is dumped in a coal bin, as in the unseen process of its manufacture and storage it has evidenced a creative design, in which the provision of fuel for man's use was not limited to an exhaustive article. The formation of fuel was not arrested when anthracite and bituminous coal became a mineral fact, nor, according to the Age of Steel, was the process of formulation stopped when what is known as the creative week had its Saturday night. This may qualify but it does not annul the fact of a limit to future supplies.

The world's annual output of coal has, it is estimated, reached a total of 485,000,000 tons, and the countries contributing to that enormous total were as follows, together with the amounts they produced in 1890: Great Britain and Ireland, 182,000,000 tons; America, United States (estimated for 1891), 144,000,000 tons; Germany, 90,000 tons; France, 28,000,000 tons; Belgium, 20,000,000 tons; Austria, 9,000,000 tons; Russia, (1888), 6,000,000 tons. During the last twenty years there has been a marked increase in the consumption of coal, which was, no doubt, commensurate with increased industrial activity. Thus, comparing European countries alone, the average annual output for the period of 1881-90 was upward of 62,000,000 tons greater than during the previous decade, and that rate of interest bade fair to be maintained, so that the world's consumption of coal would soon reach 500,000,000 per annum, if it had not already done so.

In an investigation made by a royal commissioner as to the ascertainable sources of coal in Great Britain it was estimated that not more than 146,793,000,000 tons were available at depths not exceeding 4,000 feet from the surface, a reserve which, at the present rate of increase of population and of coal consumption, would be practically exhausted in less than three hundred years. The law of limit in this, as in all other mineral products, is, of course, without exception. It is simply a difference in tonnage. Industrial activity, to which under present conditions the use of coal is indispensable for steam and power purposes, is not only multiplying the demands of consumption, but has a widening area of use, to which the map of two hemispheres is the only limit. We cannot add a pound of coal to nature's deposits or build an addition to the planetary cellar, but it is possible to economize a product in the use of which civilization has been ignorantly wasteful.

In this matter it is interesting to observe the action of economic laws, in counteracting the abuse of natural resources. Spasmodic increases in the cost of coal, the increasing pressure of the smoke nuisance, and the necessities of house and street lighting, have evolved the production and use of gas, in which both the gaseous extract and the coke residue are corrective of waste. The processes of manufacture in this direction are by no means mature or final, while its services as a fuel are as yet incipient and fractional. With possibilities yet in embryonic form of economic uses of coal, the wastes of its products in which we have sometimes been ignorantly criminal will largely cease, with benefits not only immediate, but prospective. With coal as with cash, the old adage holds good, "Waste not, want not."

In Olden Times
People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Just Think Of It!
What seeds of disease are sown by opiate in the form of Cough and Croup Syrups. Heart failure is induced by these debilitating mixtures. Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure does not contain opium in any form. A cough, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis promptly yield to it. Sold by druggists. 50c. Address A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

A messenger and call-boy service is soon to be established in the City of Mexico.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Mich., writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Immense flocks of crows have exterminated the grasshopper pest in some parts of California.

Don't fool with indigestion nor with a disordered liver, but take Becham's Pills for immediate relief. 25 cents a box.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED
with Paste, Rosin, and Salts which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn the wood. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no oil or glass package with every purchase.

We pay the printer to give you good advice about health and to lead you to careful living.

Our reason is that Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is so often a part of careful living.

If you would go to your doctor whenever you need his advice, we might save our money. He knows what you need.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. #1.

"August Flower"

"What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked. It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver.— Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia.



CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no more symptoms of the disease remain.

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Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism. Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver. Impaired digestion, gout, bilious headaches, SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, Le Grippes, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood. Scrofula, malaria, general weakness or debility. Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not cured, Druggist will refund to you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. "Invaluable Guide to Health"—Free—Consultation from DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

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