

THE LONG AGO.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

When the rosy day is dying,
And the night comes on apace,
And the evening winds are sighing
With a wild, enchanting grace,
Oft before my memory's vision
Pass the forms I used to know—
Faces dear and voices tender
Of the Long Ago.

Faces that the violets cover
On a far and lonely tomb,
Lips unlinked by friend or lover
Smile and speak from out the gloom,
But too soon the dream has faded,
Like sweet music in its flow;
They are gone—the loved the cherished
Of the Long Ago.

ROCK ELM, WIS.

MY FIRST TIGER.

A Thrilling Adventure in Cochín China.



The entrance to the river of Saigon, the French capital of Cochín China, and forty miles from the city, there is a lonely telegraph station, where the English cable from Hong Kong and Singapore, and the French cable to Tonquin, touch ground. As I am much interested in telegraphy, and I had a circular letter of introduction from Sir James Anderson, the managing director of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, I determined to pay these exiled electricians a visit. And then I learned that twelve years ago an operator had shot a tiger that had come on the veranda and looked in at the window while he was at work, and that three months ago another had been killed in a more orthodox way. So when the next steamer of the Messageries Maritimes picked up her pilot at 4 a. m., off Cape St. James, I tumbled with my things into his boat and rowed ashore as the ship's sidelights disappeared in the distance and the lighthouse began to glow pale in the sunrise.

Next morning an Annamite hunter who had been sent out by Mr. Langdon, the Superintendent of the station, to look for tracks, returned and reported that he had built a "mirador," and we were to make our first attempt that evening. At 5:30 that afternoon we started, Mitt (that was his name or nickname) walking and running ahead, and I following him on a pony. We were on a small rising ground, dotted with bushes, in the middle of a rough tangle of forest and brushwood. I looked for the "mirador," and, not finding it, I yelled an inquiry into Mitt's ear (for he was stone deaf). He pointed to a tree fifty yards away, and I saw how marvelously he had concealed it. He had chosen two slim trees growing four feet apart; behind these he had planted two bamboos at the other corners of the square, and then he had led two or three thickly leaved creepers from the ground, and wound them in and around and over a little platform and roof, till he had made a perfect nest of live foliage. The floor was about twenty feet from the ground, and it looked perilously fragile to hold two men. But it was a masterpiece of hunting-craft. In response to a peculiar cry from Mitt, two natives appeared with a little black pig slung on a pole, yelling lustily. The "mirador" (or "mechan," as I believe it is called in India) overlooked a slight depression in which an oblong pond had been constructed for the buffaloes to wallow in, as the ugly brutes can not work unless they are allowed to soak themselves two or three times a day. By the side of this Master Piggy was securely fastened, neck and heels, to his infinite disgust. Then the two natives took themselves off with their pole, Mitt gave me a "leg up" into the "mirador," which shook and swayed as we climbed gingerly in, and we ar-



"MITT."

anged ourselves for our long watch. A soft cap instead of the big sun-helmet, the bottle of cold tea, and the flask put handy, half a dozen cartridges laid out, the rifle loaded and cocked. "The rest is silence." Till 10:30 we sat like two stone Buddhas. Then five wild pigs came trotting down to the water to drink, which was an intensely welcome break in the monotony. At 11:30 Mitt made signs to me to go to sleep for a while and he would watch. At 12:30 he woke me, and immediately fell back in his turn fast asleep. The rest, and the consciousness that I had no longer the sharp eyes of my companion to rely upon, made me doubly attentive, and I watched every twig.

Suddenly, in perfect silence and without the slightest warning, a big black object flashed by the far side of the little pool. It was like the swoop past of an owl in the starlight, like the shadow of a passing bird, utterly noiseless and instantaneous. Every nerve in my body was a thrill, every muscle stiff with excitement. Slowly I put out my left hand and grasped my sleeping companion hard by the leg. If he made the slightest noise we were lost. Like a trained hunter he awoke and lifted himself into a sitting position without a sound. Rifle to shoulder we peeped through our peep-holes. A moment later a blood-curdling scream broke the stillness, followed by yell after yell of utter terror. It was the wretched pig who had woke to find himself in the clutches of the tiger, and the effect on nerves strained in silence to their utmost tension was electrical. I shall never forget that moment. The tiger was there before me, he had the pig in his grasp, in another second he would probably be gone. And I could see nothing, absolutely nothing. It was pitch dark in the depression where he was standing, and I might as well have fired with my eyes shut. Stare as I would, I could not distinguish the least thing at which to aim. And all the time the pig was yelling loud enough to wake the dead. Suddenly I saw the same black shadow pass up the little incline for a dozen yards. The pig's screams dropped into a long howl. My heart sank. Had the tiger gone? No, for an instant afterward the shadow shot down the slope again and the yells broke out afresh. The situation was agonizing. I could hardly resist the temptation to fire both barrels at random into the darkness. Do I see something? Yes, the black mass of the pig, spinning head over heels on his ropes like a butterfly on a pin. And just above him a very pale faint curved line of white. It is the white horseshoe of the tiger's chest, and the inside of his forelegs, as he has turned for a moment in my direction. Now or never. A last glance



down the almost indistinguishable barrels, and I press the trigger. The blinding flash leaps out, the answering roar scares even the terrified pig into silence, and a blue veil of smoke, hiding everything, hangs before us. Mitt turned toward me with interrogation or reproach in his eyes, and shook his head doubtfully.

For two minutes we sat and listened. Then a long, hard-drawn breath, expelled in a painful, heavy sigh, came out of the bushes on our right. I never heard a sweeter sound in my life. It meant that the tiger was hit so badly that he could not get away at once, and evidently hit somewhere about his lungs. Every two minutes for half an hour this sobbing sigh was audible. Then it ceased, but no matter. If he was hurt as badly as that we should get him for certain. So I lighted my pipe and tried to wait patiently for daylight. It was so long in coming that I began to think the sun had overslept itself, but at last at 5 o'clock we climbed down and stretched our cramped limbs; the coolie arrived at almost the same minute with the pony, the two natives returned with their pole, and we started out to reconnoiter. First, as to the pig. Instead of being half eaten, as we supposed, he was all right except for five long scratches down one side, where the tiger had evidently put out his paw and felt of him with a natural curiosity as to what he was doing there. Just behind him were two deep footprints. That was all. No blood, no tracks, and we looked cautiously round without seeing a sign. Fifty yards away there was a stretch of grass three feet high where he was very likely to be hidden.

Where could the tiger be, anyway? Mitt and I walked over to the edge of the grass and looked carefully all along it for tracks. That moment came very near being the last for one of us. While we were peering about the tiger suddenly sat up in the grass not ten feet from us, and, with a tremendous roar, sprang clean out into the open. He was so near that it was out of the question to shoot. If I had flung my rifle forward it would have fallen on him. I could see his white teeth distinctly and the red gap of his throat. I remember even at that moment wondering how he could possibly open his mouth so wide. Mitt and I were, perhaps, ten yards apart, and the tiger leaped out midway between us. Instinctively the Annamite made a wild rush away on his side and I on mine. The tiger had evidently walked just far enough into the grass to be hidden and had then lain down. His presence there took us so completely by surprise that we were helpless. I may as well confess that my state of mind at that moment was one of dreadful funk. If the tiger had been slightly less wounded than he was, it is perfectly certain that in another instant he would have killed one or the other of us. We had not the remotest chance of escaping him by running away. But his first spring was evidently all he could manage, for he turned immediately and sneaked back into the cover. Mitt fired into the moving grass after him, in spite of my shouted protests, tearing a piece of skin off his flank, as we afterward dis-

covered. We took five minutes to recover from our scare, and then, as the beast was practically helpless, we followed him through the grass. After a hundred yards, his growls brought us up short again. I sent Mitt up a tree, and he reported the sight of his head. So I beckoned him down, climbed up myself, pulled up the rifle after me, and there I could distinctly see the tiger about seventy yards away, sitting on his haunches, with his back toward me. I aimed at his spine behind his shoulders, and when the bullet struck he simply got up and turned half round, giving me a splendid chance. My second bullet struck him in exactly the right place, and he made a grab with his mouth when it entered, then spun round three or four times, like a terrier chasing his tail, and fell in a heap. At this moment the three other men, who had not gone home after all, arrived on their ponies, so we walked carefully up to him in line. There he lay, or rather she, for it was a fine tigress, a little under eight feet long, and very beautifully marked.

Too High.

The new reporter, a young man whose graduating essay, entitled, "The Unseen Forces of Moral Philosophy," had been highly complimented by the professor of botany, took a seat near the city editor's desk. "I am delighted," said he, speaking to the editor, to think that I have so easily and with so little delay found the work for which I am well fitted. How do you like my sketch, "Walraven St. Borrie?"

"It is magnificent," the editor answered, as he took out the manuscript. "Your diction is delightful and your style is captivating; and in nearly every line there is a gentle yet strong rebuke to the blunt and commonplace writer."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the reporter, "you charm me."

"For instance," said the editor, taking no notice of the reporter's enthusiasm, "you say that Walraven located in this portion of the country."

"Yes; do you like the way I express it?"

"I am delighted. Some writers—old Pinkney, out there, for instance—would have said that Walraven settled in this part of the country."

"Yes, I see. He doesn't understand rhetoric very well, does he?"

"Oh, no; not at all. Here is another excellent point," said the editor, turning the leaves of the manuscript. "You say that Walraven went to a hardware establishment and procured a rifle."

"That's good, isn't it?"

"First-class. Old Pinkney would have said that he went to a hardware store and bought a rifle."

"That's because he is crude in his manner of expression, isn't it?"

"Assuredly. And again you say that Walraven partook of refreshments."

"How does it strike you?"

"Way up."

"What would Pinkney have said?"

"Oh, in his vulgar way he would have said that Walraven ate supper or luncheon, or something of that sort."

"I wonder that he does not learn better," said the reporter.

"It seems that he should. By the way, we cannot afford to use this sketch. It is too high for our readers."

"What must I do with it?"

"Bring it out in pamphlet form and sell it on the campus."

"That's a good idea; I'll do it. Shall I go out now and write something?"

"No; old Pinkney is covering the ground pretty well. You may go to the county asylum, though."

"To write up the abuses of the institution?"

"No, to stay there until we send for you. Good day."

Elixir of Life.

Wonderful thing, that "Elixir of Life" discovered by Dr. Brown-Sequard.

Is it?

Of course it is. Makes an old man of ninety feel as frisky as a boy.

You don't say!

Fact. Methuselah would have been alive to-day could he only have had a dose of it occasionally. Going to be a great thing for Egypt when they get hold of it.

In what way?

Well, you see there is a desperate war going on in Egypt. The dervishes are trying to conquer that country. Thousands of men are killed and the Egyptian army must be recruited.

How are they going to do it?

Inject the Brown-Sequard elixir into the mummies. Many of them were fighters from way back, as they say, and their youth being restored they will pitch in and lick them dervishes out of their sandals, see?

The elixir will restore a mummy?

Certainly. Restore anything. I expect it would set the Sphinx on its feet.

There's one thing that I don't believe that it can do.

What's that?

Put new life into the Grant Monument scheme.

Well, there are some things that appear to be impossible, and perhaps that is one of them.

A Philadelphian's Mistake.

Philadelphian (in a strange city)—Well, this is a fine city, and there's no denying that it's a little ahead of Philadelphia; but there's one thing puzzles me. I didn't suppose it was possible to get into New York from Philadelphia without crossing a ferry.

Small boy—Guess you didn't hear the conductor right, mister. This ain't New York; this is Newark.—*New York Weekly.*

THREE OCEAN RACERS.

TEUTONIC, CITY OF NEW YORK, AND CITY OF ROME.

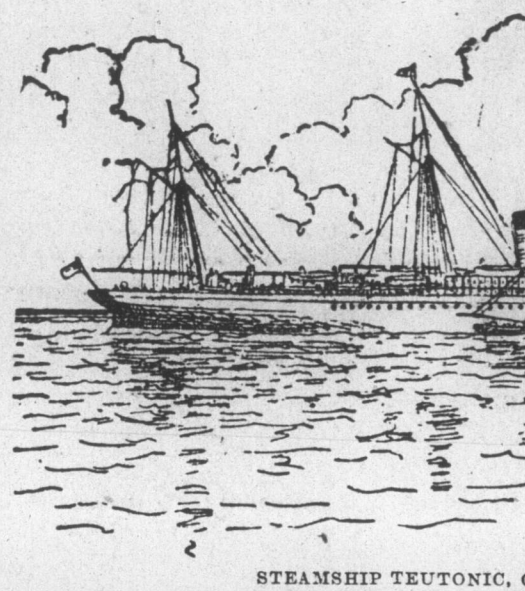
How the City of New York Won the Great Atlantic Race—Sport of Titanic Proportions Over a 3,000-Mile Course—A New Era in Shipbuilders' Art.



American railway train, the combination offered is one to appeal to any one who is impressed by big things, whether on land or water.

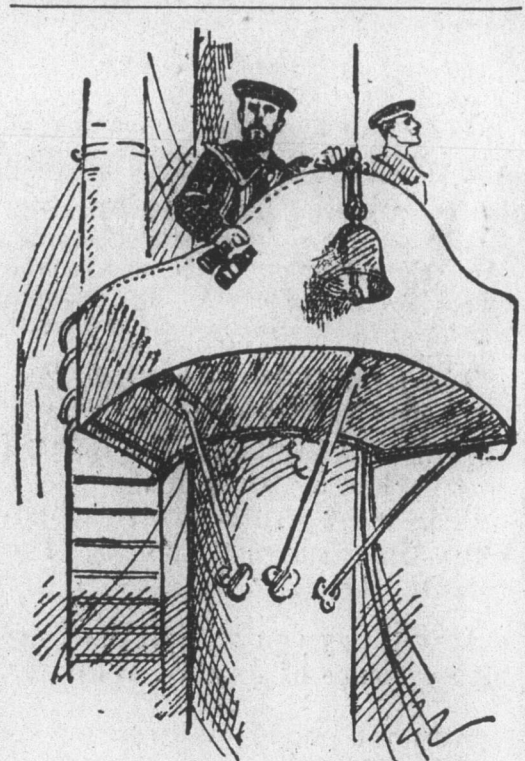
The world has been apprised of the results of the great race between the White Star Teutonic, the Inman City of New York, and the Anchor Line City of Rome, representing three rival builders of Ireland, Scotland, and England respectively. The Scotch

boat won, with the Teutonic an easy second, and the Rome third.



STEAMSHIP TEUTONIC, OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.

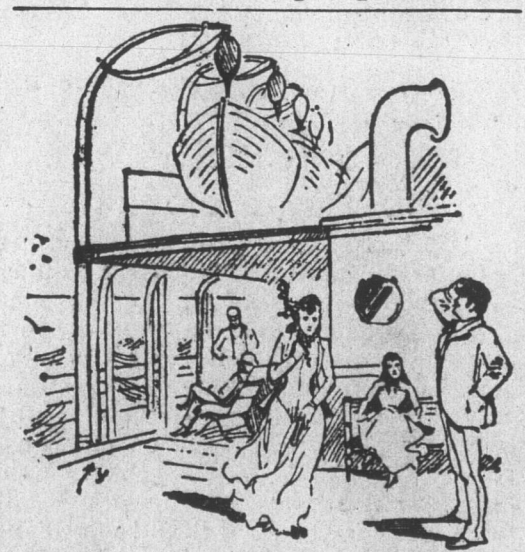
The New York, determined to win at all hazards, was put through at the top of her speed at nearly all times, and not only kept her big wheels going at an average of eighty revolutions to the minute, but she took the northerly course over the banks, risking fog and a possible iceberg, thus materially cutting down the distance. The Teutonic, which on her maiden round-trip, gave a performance which was remarkable for a new boat, lowering the maiden record. Her average number of revolutions was probably below sixty-five.



THE LOOKOUT STATION.

while she is capable of eighty. In addition to this, she took the southerly course around the banks, her officers and Mr. Ismay, the chief owner, who was aboard, not caring to risk too much for speed. When these facts are considered, it will be seen that under exactly similar conditions there is but little actual difference in the speed of the two boats, and, if the races are continued, many exciting and close contests may be looked for.

The chief interest in England centers in the Teutonic, which is a magnificent experiment in marine architecture. She is a novelty in more ways than one, being the longest steamship afloat, and built as to interior arrangements and machinery on new plans. But the principal feature of interest to Americans is the fact that she was constructed under a subsidy of the British Government, and upon demand can in forty-eight hours after reaching port be turned into a formidable war vessel with an armament of effective five-inch guns. She is thus to the English navy what the militia is to the army. In pursuance of this plan, all her vital machinery is placed below the water-line, and protected by coal-bunkers. In other respects naval models are followed where so doing will not affect the use of the ship as a passenger craft. It is thus that the English Government takes a parental interest in the doings of the Teutonic, for at any moment it may become an important factor in conducting naval operations, being especially calculated to be of service in transporting large bodies of

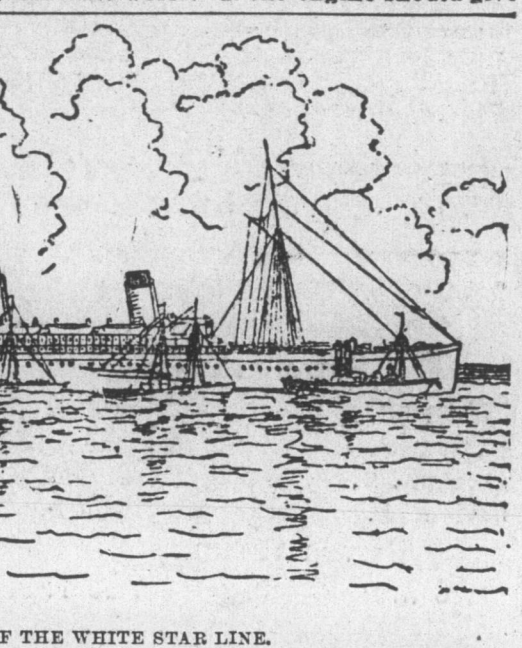


ON DECK.

troops and being, unlike most transports, able to defend herself with vigor. This, and the majestic, a sister ship, are the first subsidized American liners, and the experiment is watched with great interest by

other nations, especially France and Italy. The Teutonic has a length of 583 feet, being the longest craft afloat. This may not convey much of an idea of her length to shore-going people, but it will strike sailors as something a little remarkable. It will be remembered what a great furor was aroused over the Great Eastern on her first trip to America. She was looked upon as a marvel in size and appointment, and was visited by thousands, making more money as a show than as a freight and passenger carrier. It will also be remembered how the monster was found to be unmanageable in a heavy sea, and condemned to a life of inactivity. It was supposed at that time that the limit of ocean boat construction had been exceeded by one-half at least, but now comes the Teutonic with a length of but thirty-six feet shorter than that of the Great Eastern, and the sureness and ease with which she has been handled in the worst weather she has thus far encountered will doubtless tempt her owners and builders to further experiment in the way of still larger craft. Before the Great Eastern came the Great Western, which was but 210 feet in length, and made the trip across in eighteen days, something which was then pronounced by the New York papers of that time as "a matchless performance." In these days it was predicted that this vessel of 210 feet would break in two, owing to her extreme length.

The launching of the Teutonic marks an epoch in ship-builders' art almost as well defined as that marked by the Great Western in 1838. She is built of Siemens-Martin steel, and is propelled by two independent sets of triple expansion engines, driving twin propellers with Manganese bronze blades, and are the strongest known to the maritime world. If one engine should give



out the other may be worked independently, and should both become disabled there is sufficient spread of canvas to give steerage-way in a very moderate breeze.

The older vessels of the White Star Line have four masts and are square rigged, but the Teutonic has but three of fore-and-aft rigging. It is not the intention to herd the passengers like cattle on the new boats. The number of first-cabin passengers is limited to 300, with accommodations for 150 in intermediate, and about 750 in the steerage. By limiting the number of first-class passengers the necessity for two tables is done away with, which is usually such a source of annoyance, especially to those who are compelled to sit at the second one. The elegance of the boat in fittings and decorations is a matter of course, and it is enough to say that everything to conduce to the comfort of the passengers is present. The main saloon is decorated in the renaissance period and the prevailing tones are ivory and gold. The library contains a large and careful selection of light literature, and is paneled in oak work on light oak, with a gilt carved. In addition to this are tastefully carved panels in low relief in sixteenth century French and Italian work. The gentlemen's smoke-room is especially sumptuous for one of its character, and even the second cabin accommodations exceed in comfort, if not elegance, the first-class accommodations of some of the other lines.

Forward in the hold are electric light plants, by which the whole ship is lighted; refrigerator and ice machines, condensers for distilling salt water for culinary purposes. In fact, the boat itself is an object of curiosity to old ocean travelers, and while in New York on its first visit it was thrown open to the public at 25 cents per head, and had 6,000 visitors a day, the proceeds going to local charities.

The horse-power and speed made by the Teutonic on her trial-trip are an office secret, but her officers give it out that after a few trips she will develop surprising speed.

Speaking of the Teutonic, a Liverpool paper states that its success has demonstrated the feasibility of large boats to a body of American capitalists who have been considering the establishment of a line of ten or twelve ships, none of which



A DANCE IN THE STEERAGE.

are to have a tonnage of less than 12,000. The Teutonic measures 10,000 tons gross. It announces they are all to be built in the United States, and sailed under the stars and stripes. They expect to procure the steel in America, but will draw on England or Scotland for many of the men to do the work. Whether this will happen or not is still a matter of conjecture, but there has at least been some serious figuring done on the matter.

A LATE acquisition at the British Museum is a specimen of the Fregilupus, which has been the chief treasure in the great ornithological collection amassed by the Counts du Riocour during three generations. This bird belongs to the starling family, and was at one time common in the Island of Reunion, but through the ease with which it was killed it became totally extinct a third of a century ago. It is thought that a total of sixteen specimens may now be preserved in the various collections of the world.

It is well known that three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the northern side. Thus early pioneers, lost in the woods, could find their way out by following the proper direction, guided by the moss.