

THE LONG AGO.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

When the rosy day is dying,
And the night comes on apace,
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
And the world longs to see,
Lips unkind 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, WIA.

MY FIRST TIGER.

A Thrilling Adventure in Cochin China.

AT the entrance to the river of Saigon, the French capital of Cochin 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 grow 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 "mechanic," 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-

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 woken 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

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 Great Monument scheme.

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

Philadelphia's Mistake.

Philadelphia (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*.

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.

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The Teutonic has a length of 582 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 lie 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 those 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 1858. 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

THREE OCEAN RACERS.

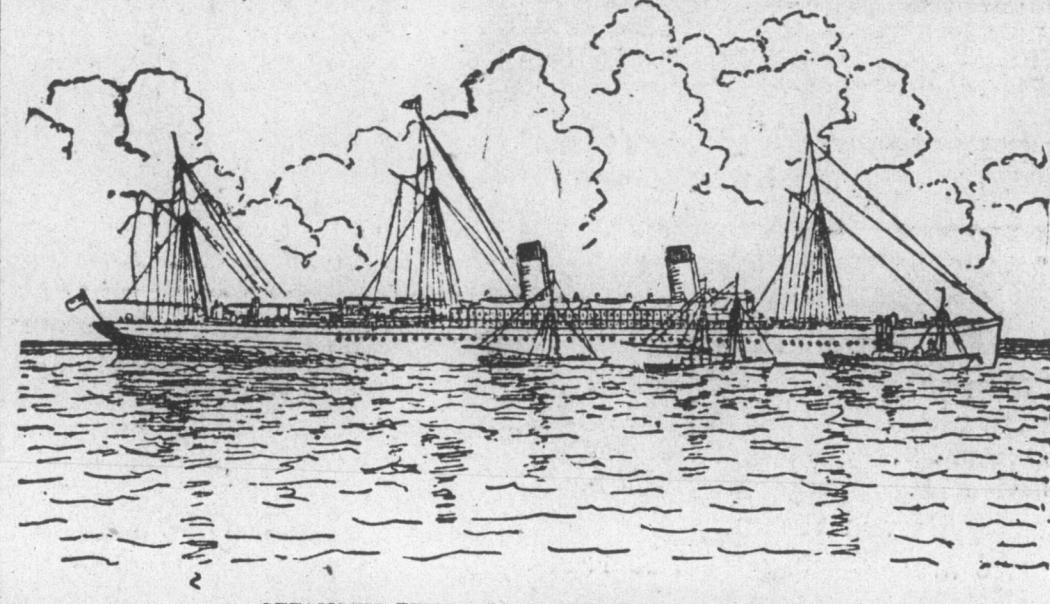
TEUTONIC, CITY OF NEW YORK, AND CITY OF ROME.

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.

THE English press is devoting considerable space just now to the racing achievements of the Atlantic lines, for if it can be called sport it is certainly sport of Titanic proportions and well worth the wide interest taken in it, writes the London correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

With a course of 3,000 miles and repeat, gone over by the largest craft afloat at a speed which exceeds the average of an 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



STEAMSHIP TEUTONIC, OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.

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

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 was 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.

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 conduct 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 panelled in poker work on light oak, with a gilt ground. In addition to this are tastily 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

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, some 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 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

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.

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A LATE acquisition at the British Museum is a specimen of the Fregilopus, which has been the chief treasure in the great ornithological collection amassed by the Counts du Riocourt 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.

ON DECK.

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