

THE GLOAMING.

A wish at close of day,
The evening waits;
A hope, a morning ray,
From eastern gates:
A bright and sunny spot
Along the stream;
A quiet sheltered grove,
Where we can dream:
A window looking west
Toward sunset gold,
Bespeaking gentle rest
When we are old:
A glow in yonder sky
When shadows creep,
And love's soft lullaby
Invites sleep:
A hand to clasp in ours
With pressure dear;
And then some simple flowers
With friendship near:
A good-night gleaming kiss,
Life's day complete;
A lingering hour of bliss
Where twilight meets.
—(Wallace Bruce in Blackwood.

THE RED FORESTER.

BY JANE L. ROBERTS.

One fine day in October three children were merrily at play on the outskirts of one of the grand old forests that are found on the Baltic shore. The pretty red and yellow leaves under their feet afforded them immense delight as they massed them into a pile, upon which the three-year-old Elsa was seated in great contentment, making the bright things fly in all directions with the stick in her hand.

The eldest child, a boy of ten, had a kind, thoughtful face; the other, a happy and light-hearted boy of eight, did not rest until he, too, had found a good, stout stick, with which he aided his sister in scattering the fluttering leaves to the four winds.

Suddenly the air about them was darkened, and over their heads a great bird came flying low with flapping wings and dismal croak. Down it came on the pile of leaves beside the little one. Its eyes were keen and piercing, and the child gave a scream of terror as it looked into her face with a hoarse cry. In a moment the older boy had caught up his brother's stick and, aiming two or three stout blows at the bird's head, laid it lifeless.

As he took Elsa in his arms and soothed her the younger boy examined the raven. "Oh, Hans," said he, "I fear that was one of the Red Forester's birds, it is so large and its look is so evil. Old Walther says sorrow comes to us when they molest them."

"Mother says old Walther is not always truthful," answered Hans. "We must not mind his stories. Leave the bird, Otto. Come, the wind is cool, and Mother will look for the baby now."

Two or three hundred yards from where the children played might be seen the straw-thatched roof of their little home, and from the sand bluff before the cottage one had a view of miles of seacoast. To-day the waves rippled and danced in the sunlight as if no storms could ever disturb their calm. At anchor near the shore lay a number of fishing boats, making a pretty bit of color with their copper-hued sails; and the white, sandy beach was covered for a long stretch with the nets hung out to dry on the endless frames, showing plainly the general occupation of the breadwinners of that pretty village nestling between the forest and shore.

Fisher Muller and his wife, although simple folks, were superior to the people with whom their lot was cast. In his youth the fisher had hoped to attain some better station; but the military service of his country held him the best years of his life, and he returned from service to find the only means left him of procuring a livelihood was to follow his father's calling, and so he continued to be a fisherman.

Frau Muller was gentle and thoughtful, and, as the little home was well tended and snug, they were content and only longed for something better for their children.

The mother met the children at the door and, taking Elsa from Hans, asked the reason of her cry. The boy eagerly told the story of the great bird that would have eaten Elsa's eyes, but that Hans gave him a smack in time. "Mother," said Hans, "Otto says the Red Forester will punish me. Old Walther told him so."

"What did Walther tell you about the Red Forester?" said the mother. "Have you not heard of the old red man?" asked Otto.

"What about him?" said Frau Muller, as she clasped Elsa close in her arms and pressed her lips to the rosy cheeks.

"He has a castle in the wildest and darkest part of the forest, but no one ever returns that seeks it; and if one kills his favorite bird, the raven, sorrow will come—bitter sorrow."

As the boy told his story, darkness had come on and the wind began to moan round the house.

The mother sat quiet, with her baby asleep on her knee. "Mother," said Hans, troubled at her silence, "you don't speak; do you believe old Walther's story?"

"No, Hans," said the mother; "but you should have tried to frighten away the bird before killing it."

are buckled securely about the legs and loins, there is no possible chance for a man to save himself in the water. And thus it is that none of the fishers learn to swim, preferring the drowning agonies to be over as soon as possible.

Frau Muller rose at length and put the little one to bed, not dreaming that Hans was watching every look. Old Walther's forecast was indeed true, and before morning the sea was terrible to look upon. The rain fell in sheets, and the beautiful leaves of yesterday lay sodden and colorless when the children looked in dismay from the windows. Could things change so quickly?

The next day the storm grew still more furious. The mother's heart became as lead. Her husband had gone from his home young and strong. Was he never to return? She would not, could not believe it. The second night of the storm she was startled by a cry of pain from Hans, and running to his bedside she found him sitting up, white with terror. "Mother, the raven wants my father's life or mine. It came to me in my sleep."

"My child, pray for your father's life; he needs all our prayers," she answered, full of her sad forebodings. The boy was in despair; did his mother really think he had brought trouble on his home? Would the Red Forester demand an equivalent? The little fellow spent the next day in a dazed condition. His mother was too full of anxieties to notice that he neither ate nor spoke. One thought grew stronger in his mind as the storm increased. He would find the abode of the Red Forester. What was his life if only his father was saved to the rest?

As the third morning dawned the storm was lessening; but when no boats came in all was gloom and sorrow. The old men shook their heads as they looked on the sea. No doubt some had gone out who would never return.

The little fellow's brain was distracted. It was still early morning. The mother slept, worn out with care. He must go at once. Putting on his old jacket and looking his last on all he loved, the little fellow made his way into the wildest and most unfrequented part of the wood. He was a good walker and strong enough for his age, but his condition of mind for the last three days had brought on a feverish state; for he had neither eaten nor slept save to dream of horrors.

Hans had not walked far in the cold, damp place before his limbs began to fail him. A few hours found him in a strange, lifeless condition, with only one idea before him, to go deeper and deeper into the black, untrodden wilds.

By and by the fever took possession of his reason, and he began to mutter as he walked: "Oh, my father, my life for yours; spare my father!"

Hours went by and still he walked on, not knowing how he moved. The darkness came on early, and the boy began to fall in his weakness.

All at once he found himself in a clear space, in the middle of which a great fire was burning. Had he indeed found the Red Forester? Yes; it must be so. A man in a red gown and a golden cap was feeding the fire with fierce delight.

He would be burnt alive. That would be his fate. But what did it matter? He could not suffer more than he had done. He made an attempt to attract the red man's notice, but could not. His strength was gone, and tottering nearer the dread being with the cry, "My father, save my father!" Hans fell down beside the fire unconscious.

It was a most surprised old gentleman into whose presence the boy had tumbled. Lovingly and tenderly he carried the child into a warm, pleasant room where all was done to restore him. His wet clothing was removed; and although Hans felt the comfort of a warm bed, still, all night long he tossed and cried in fever: "My father, oh, Red Forester, my father!"

It was into a hunting lodge of one of the royal family that Hans had wandered. The old gentleman, who looked so fierce in the glare of the fire, was a most benevolent and gentle doctor of eminence, a friend of the Prince. The gnats had troubled him so during the day that a fire had been made to attract them from the lodge.

"I shall never be thankful enough that I made the fire," said the doctor, as he worked over the child. "Thank God, too, I have my medicine chest; what could the child mean about his father? Well, had he lain out there all night no mortal help could have saved him."

By morning the doctor had done much to reduce the fever, and when Hans opened his eyes at last to consciousness the red man stood at the door looking out. The child glanced around. What had come to him? What place was this, so warm and beautiful, yet fearful? The skins of animals hung everywhere; not only skins but heads with eyes, living eyes glared at him. All kinds of terrible, gleaming weapons shone on the wall. Oh, what a horrible place! Yet there were flowers in the windows, and the bed was so soft.

As he tried to move, the man in red turned and came to his side. The child clasped his hands and cried, fearfully: "Red Forester, take my life, but not father's. Mother could not live without him, and what would we poor children do then? Your raven gave Elsa such fear, and I did not know that you loved him so."

"My child, before I hear another word," said the doctor, "you must eat this good soup I have ready and drink a glass of cordial. My old red gown has given your mind a twist, I fancy; so off it goes." Hans looked up from his food and saw a fine old gentleman in a black coat with a face kind and winning as a child's. In the most loving manner he drew the story of the boy's trouble from him.

"My dear child, your father's life is in the hands of One who rules all things for the best. The storm has been a dreadful one, but we will not think of sorrow. Think only that you are safe, and sleep again so that you will be able to return to the mother, who must be bearing more trouble on your account."

In a few moments Hans was again sleeping, content and almost happy.

The Prince and a number of his friends came in to look at him as he slept, and to them the doctor told of the mental and physical suffering the little fellow had undergone. The gentlemen were deeply interested.

"That boy will grow to be a fine man if he only has the right training," said the doctor.

"You cannot do better than train him yourself," said the Prince. "You are without family. In the meantime if sorrow has come to the home we must help that mother. How soon will he be able to return?"

"As soon as he awakens I shall drive him home," answered the doctor.

A sleep of some hours almost restored Hans. He was lifted into a comfortable carriage, with the doctor by his side; and in the long drive that followed Hans was taught in the pleasantest way the folly of believing the silly stories so common among the people.

A drive of a few hours brought them in sight of the shore and the home Hans had left in despair the day before. The boy was still weak; but as the sea, now calm and still, came in sight, he sprang up and gave a long look at the boats at anchor. A shout of joy burst from him. The doctor also sprang up. "My father's boat!" he cried, pointing to one of the number. "My father's safe!" and the tears and sobs came fast.

The Herr Doctor found himself blowing his nose and wiping his eyes as well.

In a few moments the boy was in his father's arms, the doctor himself telling his story; and then fisher Muller related how they had been blown far out the first night of the storm and had taken refuge on the island of Rugen, where a benevolent Danish lady of title has built a refuge for fishermen, who find there warmth and food awaiting all who are driven on that shore; and many there are who bless this good woman for their rescue from the horrors of exposure.

The good lady and clear intellect of the man, his honest bearing and the neatness of the simple home won the doctor's heart. "Give Hans to me," he said. The father and mother did not speak.

"Forgive me, that is not right, you must all come to me; I have long needed some one honest and true to take an interest in my comfort and home. Hans can still be with you; we will share him together." So after a time all was arranged.

The doctor never repeated his interest in the Muller family, to the end of his life; for they remained his devoted and trusty servants. Hans studied the profession of his beloved friend and teacher, becoming his right hand truly. To-day his name stands first among the eminent and benevolent men of his time.—[New York Independent.

Terrapin Farming.

Terrapin farming is an undeveloped industry, but susceptible of yielding good returns. Over \$1,500,000 worth of diamond-back terrapin are taken out of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries every year. As the price averages \$30 a dozen, this represents \$45,000,000 annually. During the season 500 men are engaged in catching them. In two or three places along the Chesapeake bay variety of hatcheries and reared in "crawls." Such a "crawl" is simply an inclosure through which the tides ebb and flow. The bottom is of mud and grass, and there is a convenient sand bank for the mother turtles to lay their eggs in. At breeding time the turtle scratches a shallow hole in the sand and deposits from eight to twenty eggs, which she covers up, and then goes back to the water.

Least gulls and crows should scratch the eggs up and eat them, nets are sometimes spread over the nests. The young are hatched about September 1, but often remain buried until spring. Sometimes they are packed in boxes with straw until they are ready to be a few weeks old and are ready to go into the water. They grow about one inch a year, and at the end of six years are big enough to be called "counts" and to sell at the highest market price. They are fed twice a week with crabs and fish to fatten them.—[New York World.

Russia's Teeming Millions.

The population of Russia at the beginning of this year numbers about 124,000,000 souls. These are distributed in the following manner: In the fifty governments of Russia in Europe there are about 89,000,000 inhabitants; in the Vistula country, 8,900,000; in the Caucasus, 8,000,000; in Siberia, 4,850,000; in Asia, 6,100,000; in Finland, 2,980,000. These figures are worthy of note. The Russian army in time of peace numbers about 820,000 men, which, compared to the population, is but a small number. Other countries, such as Germany and France, have already more than 1 per cent. of their populations permanently with the colors. Should the czar one day, by a single stroke of the pen, choose to follow the example of other European powers, he would be in command of by far the largest number of men under one sovereign in the world.—[London Vanity Fair.

Indians Working at Logging.

It is reported that the Indians of Bad River Reservation, near Ashland, have never been in better condition than they are this winter. The recommendation of Indian Agent Mercer, which brought the Washington officials to favorably consider the proposition of logging on the reservation, is responsible for the happy condition. J. L. Stearns, the lumberman, has deposited a bond of \$50,000, which the Washington officials and begun logging on the reserve, giving ample employment to all the Indians who wish to work, and at a very fair rate of wages. He has eighty Indians at work now, and they are getting out 50,000 feet of logs daily. The attendance at the Indian school on Bad River Reservation has never been so good this winter.—[Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Jerusalem has been modernized by a railroad.

HOME OF THE BANANA.

HOW IT GROWS IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

Strange Result of a Scheme to Rid the Island of Rats.—Description of a Banana Field.

The great garden for banana growing is in the island of Jamaica. Mr. C. T. Simpson, who is connected with the department of mollusks in the Smithsonian Institution, has just returned from a journey there in search of shells in company with Mr. John B. Henderson, Jr. Mr. Simpson is a man of observation, and in his travels through the home of the banana has brought away many interesting tales of its tropical life and surroundings.

"The banana is the successor in the island," said Mr. Simpson, "to sugar and the old brand of Jamaica rum. With the abolition of slavery and the fall in the price of sweetening, coupled with other causes, the island became much reduced in its wealth and resources. Some fifteen years ago a Yankee skipper, Captain L. D. Baker, in coasting around the island, noted that the flavor of its bananas was unusually fine, and there conceived the idea of raising them in large quantities and shipping the product to the United States. He met with violent opposition, but he had a sublime faith in his business, and now his fields cover a large part of the eastern and northeastern end of the island, near the shore. He has a line of steamers running to Boston and Baltimore freighted with bananas. His company has the largest facilities for supplying the market with this kind of fruit, and has made the island of Jamaica blossom as the rose."

"Probably there is nothing," said Mr. Simpson, "that represents better the great power of nature than a growing field of bananas. It is a magnificent sight. The plants grow to be the size of a large man's body and 25 feet high. It requires but 16 or 18 months for the gigantic plant to grow. The leaves shoot out 14 or 15 feet from the stalk, are a soft pea green color, and are beautiful and delicate. The edges are perfectly entire when the leaf first comes out, but it is feather-veined, and the slightest wind cuts them into hundreds of slips, which wave and rustle and rise and fall. The poetry of the undulating wheat field is not to be compared with the beauty of these waving leaves. A marvelous thing about these trees is that they are as soft as a pumpkin vine. The natives with the machetes, or sabers, which everyone carries, are able to slash down the towering tree with one fell stroke."

"On the stump of the fallen tree one can behold a marvel of nature's power which outmarches the jugglers of India and their feat with the famous mango tree. These trees grow to maturity in about 15 months, and they grow from the inside, like the palm and canes and grasses, but unlike the oak and other trees, which grow by successive layers added from the outside. When the tree is cut off one can actually see the tree growing, the leaves unfolding from the inside as rapidly as the hands of a watch."

"Another curious thing about the banana tree is that it is the home of rats, and thereby hangs a tale. Some 25 years ago a member of the Jamaica Legislature, Espeut by name, laid a deep scheme to rid the island of rats, and to this end introduced from India a weasel-like animal called the mongoose. The greatest difference between the mongoose and the weasel is that the former has a short, thick tail, and instead of making war on poultry-houses and setting hens to pitch battle with any kind of a rat on short notice, and always comes off conqueror."

"The scheme of the statesmanlike Espeut worked to a charm so far as the extermination of the kingdom of rodents was concerned, but it upset the balance of nature. The rats had hitherto lived in peace, but when the mongoose began to multiply exceedingly the two could not live together, and after a fierce war the rats were worsted and compelled to take flight. This resulted in a change of habits. The whole rat tribe took to the cocoanut and the banana trees as a place of habitation, so that Jamaica of all countries in the world has a species of tree-living rats."

"This proved a most unfortunate result for the banana grower, for the rats fed voraciously on the product of his toil."

"This proved truly destructive of cacao, a nut from which chocolate is made. The cocoanut trees are more lasting, and the tree-climbing rats are kept down by a Yankee contrivance of zinc which is nailed about the trunk. This cannot be done with the banana tree, and no plan has been as yet devised by which they shall not have free passage to the luscious fruit."

"There is a prospect that in time the rats will come down, for nature will not long allow her balance to be upset. It comes about in a curious and indirect manner. The mongoose was not satisfied with rats alone, but he destroyed with equal avidity all the ground birds that came within his reach. Now, the ground birds were wont to feed on ticks, among other things, and so kept down the supply. But when the birds were killed off the ticks began to multiply with marvelous rapidity, so that stock-raising has become well nigh unprofitable, for the ticks attack oxen, sheep and other domestic animals with the greatest voracity and their hunger for the blood of live animals is never satisfied."

"There was another circumstance, however, which shows the truth of Shakespeare's saying that ingratitude is a marble-hearted fiend, and it certainly applies to the tick. It happened that the mongoose took up his residence in the guinea grass which abounds in the island. It was a favorable place for his burrows. The tick also lives in the guinea grass, and so soon as the mongoose relieved him from the pest of the ground bird, which was a terror to his life, he turned about and infested the haunts of his benefactor. The latest development in this many-sided war of lower animal life is that the ticks are thinning the numbers of the mongoose. Their special manner of at-

tack is upon the young, whom they fasten upon around the eyes. The first result of this is that the youngster becomes totally and forever blind, from which he is of no use for rat eating, or for any other purpose for which he is peculiarly made. Hence, it comes about that at last the scheme of the wily legislator will be thwarted, for the mongoose will be destroyed, and the balance of nature will be restored and the rats can come down and leave alone the festive banana tree."

"The plants are grown about 14 feet apart, and the fruit is formed from a big red bud, about the shape of the two hands together over his head preparatory to a plunge, which shoots out from the top. This grows heavy and bends over on its stem until it hangs like the lash of a whip. Then dainty and delicate buds start out by rows, which blossom and form the fruit in season. Then the rats truly have a picnic, for the banana is their favorite diet."—Washington Post.

A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS.

Vivid Description of One of the Plagues of Egypt.

I saw for the first time that afternoon a flight of locusts, says Sir Edwin Arnold in the London Telegraph. We were sitting on the hill with our backs turned to the west wind, which was softly blowing from the Mediterranean. The horses were picked close by grazing the sweet mountain grass. The Arabs of our caravan were cooking a "pilaw," a little distance off. Around us were laid out the wherewithals of a light lunch, among which was an open marmalade jar. I was thinking of Ahab, and wondering how he could put up so long with Elijah, especially when, on this spot, the prophet said to the king, "As the Lord liveth, in this place, where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood—even thine!"—when suddenly, right into the marmalade there dropped what I took for a large grasshopper. It was yellow and green, with long jumping legs and a big head, and while I was taking it out of the jar two others fell into a plate of soup, and half-dozen more of the same kind upon a dish of salad.

At the same moment my horse stamped violently, and I saw more of these grass-hoppers pelting his locks and haunches. Turning round from whence this insect shower came, I witnessed what was to me an extraordinary spectacle, though common enough, of course, in the east. A large cloud denser in its lower than its upper part, filled an eighth part of the western hemisphere. The remotest portion of it was as thick, as brown, and brumous as a London fog. The nearer side opened suddenly up into millions and billions, and trillions and sextillions of the same green-and-yellow insects, pelting in a close-winged crowd quite as quickly as flakes of snow upon all the hillsides near and far. You could not stand a moment against the aggressive and offensive rain of these buzzing creatures. The horses even swung themselves and stood with lowered crests, taking the storm upon their backs and flanks. You had to turn up the collar of your coat to keep them out of your neck, and button the front not to have your pockets filled with the repulsive swarm, which in two minutes had so peppered the whole scene round about that its color and character were entirely altered. Every little creature of the interminable flight on alighting veered himself round head to wind on the earth, just as if he had dropped anchor and swung to the breeze; and it was curious to notice that the general tint of the ground of their countless bodies was brown if you looked to windward and green if you gazed to leeward."

But very quickly the only green to be seen round about was the hue afforded by this sudden invasion. Even while we yawned and packed our lunch baskets for departure, they had cleared off grass and leaves and every verdant thing around; and where they rose again from the soil, or from any clump of trees, in a hungry throng, the place they quitted had already assumed a barren and wintry aspect. The Syrian peasants passing along the roads were beating their breasts and cursing the ill fortune of this plague. Some of them, none the less, gathered up a clothful of the noxious things; for the locust is distinctly edible. Half in wrath and revenge, and half for a novelty in diet, the Arabs to this day eat a few of them, roast them in wire nets or in earthen vessels over a slow fire till the wings and legs drop off and the locust becomes crisp, in which state they eat, as I am able to say from personal experience, something like an unsalted prawn. But it seemed as if, had all Syria and the globe itself taken to living on locusts, they would hardly have made a sensible mark upon the extraordinary number that drifted that day over our heads."

Big Mastodon Tusks.

A prospector who came down on the steamship City of Topeka, Thursday night, from June gold fields of Alaska, brought a number of curious relics of that far-away region. The most interesting of the collection is a set of ivory tusks of enormous size, the remains of a mastodon. A great tooth was also found with the tusks, which were discovered in a deep canon several hundred miles back in the mountains from Juneau. The size of the tusks in question is something phenomenal. They form almost a semi-circle, the circumference being ten feet by actual measurement, tapering down to a point from a thickness of about six inches, where the tusk projects from the head. The elements of ages have apparently had but little effect on these mastodon ornaments, for the surface is almost smooth, and nearly as hard as rock, and the combined weight of the two tusks exceeds 350 pounds. The tooth is of an irregular shape, probably fourteen inches long, six inches through, and weighs ten or fifteen pounds.—[Seattle Telegraph.

Nearly all the known varieties of precious stones are found in the United States.

THE NANSEN EXPEDITION.

It Will Probably Not be Heard From in a Long Time.

Dr. John Murray, the well-known authority on Arctic and Antarctic exploration, has made the following statement with regard to Dr. Nansen's expedition to the North Pole: "In all probability we shall not hear any more of Nansen for a long time to come. The last news from him clearly indicates that he was able to push his way through the Kara Sea early in August. By the time he arrived in the Nordenskjöld Sea he most probably found the dogs an intolerable nuisance on board his small ship, and very likely he had made up his mind that they would be of little use to him, except in the improbable event of his finding a large stretch of land toward the North Pole. Supposing the expedition to be all well off Cape Chelynskin, there seems to be no reason why it should go south to Olenok. Nansen had no intention of going as far east as the new Siberian Islands, supposing an opportunity offered of penetrating the ice to the north of Cape Chelynskin, and all reports tell of open water in this direction during the past season. The chances are that he is now fixed in the ice somewhere between the longitude 120 and 180 east and latitudes 78 and 80 north. If so, he is then in the most favorable position for progress next summer. During the winter it is not likely that any great advance will be made, but in the spring and summer months it is believed that the drainage from the Siberian rivers and the wind pressure on the surface of the ice floes combine to set the currents and ice from opposite the mouths of the Lena across the Pole and down into the Norwegian Sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland. If the Fram is carried through the Polar basin without being crushed among the ice floes, she will have an extraordinary run of good luck. It is possible, but not probable, for I have no great faith in her being lifted up on the ice, should she come in for a 'nip.' But supposing the Fram be crushed, Nansen's expedition is not at an end. In all probability he will be able to save his boats, transfer his stores to the ice floes, and there construct comfortable quarters. Should his supplies fall short, he will always be able to fish up from underneath the ice plenty of food in the form of minute crustaceans by means of tow nets let down through holes in the ice. Once when frozen in between Spitzbergen and Greenland, I procured enormous numbers of animals in this way which made an excellent soup. I presented the Nansen expedition with a large number of silk nets for this purpose. Nansen may be five or many more years in passing across the Arctic basin, he may fail altogether, but I shall be disappointed if he be not heard of to the north of Spitzbergen during the summer after next."

There was a coffee planter who lived near Kandy, whose bungalow was in the mountains, and whose name was Dawson. He had a number of fine China pigs, which became the apple of the cheetah's eye. The feline tribesman made nightly calls, and the porkers were borne off one by one. Attempts to shoot the intruder failed. Two English mastiffs, belonging to a neighboring planter, were invited over and placed in the piggery. Dawson, his neighbor and myself wrapped ourselves in heavy coats, for the nights in those parts are very chill, and climbed into a crow's nest, which had been built in a tree top near by. The early hours of the night were as dark as Erebus and lagged painfully, the oppressive stillness being now and then broken by the cry of some wild denizen of the jungle. Toward one o'clock the pale light of the moon flickered through the dense foliage. Cooped up in the nest, we were half asleep, when, with a cat-like screech, a magnificent cheetah bounded over the palings of the enclosure, and for an instant crested to take a survey of the situation.

"The mastiff closest the outside, and very near as large as the cat, bounded at him, and was struck dead with a single blow from the cheetah, which then quickly approached the pen. The other mastiff, a female, doubly enraged at the fate of her mate, with a terrific growl fastened her fangs deep in the throat of the cat. A red-hot fight followed. With screeches, hisses and growls the cat and dog rolled over and over, the cheetah making desperate efforts to break the dog's hold, but it was no go. The mastiff had come to stay. Dawson got down from the nest in quick order, and with a well-aimed pistol shot sent the cheetah to its last, long home. The dog was horribly injured, it having been literally disemboweled by the claws of the great cat. She was sent via rail to the Marine Hospital at Colombo, sewed up and carefully nursed back to health. The cheetah measured seven and one-half feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and was about the largest ever killed in that district.

"I tell you, sir, the cheetah is a cat from away back. No dog is anything like a match for it in a fair fight. The cheetah is a worthy kinsman of the Bengal tiger, and with the latter animal no lion is to be compared in strength, agility, or fighting qualities."—[Washington Star.

Deepest Metal Mine in the World.

The United States has now, we believe, the deepest metal mine in the world. For some time that claim has been made for the Maria shaft at the mines of Freiberg, in Austria, which was 8,675 feet below the surface at the time of the great fire in 1892, and nothing, we believe, has been done upon it since that time. It has now been surpassed in depth by the No. 8 shaft of the Tamarack Copper Mining Company in Michigan, which on Dec. 1 was 8,640 feet deep, and is now more than 8,700 feet, the average rate of sinking being about 75 feet a month. This makes it beyond question the deepest metal mine in existence, and only one other shaft has reached a greater depth, that of a coal mine in Belgium, for which 8,900 feet is claimed.—[Engineering and Mining Journal.

The Tea Habit in Japan.

Tea is the beverage and relish of every meal in Japan, even if it be nothing but boiled rice. Every artisan and laborer going to work carries with him a rice box, a kettle, a tea caddy, a teapot and a cup and his chopsticks. A few dry sticks boil the water, and the refreshing beverage is made. The rice is eaten either cold or mixed with hot tea. A complete tea apparatus belongs also to the fittings of the "picnic box," with which every Japanese is provided when traveling or making an excursion, or at picnic parties. Of the latter, called hanami—i. e., "looking at the flowers"—the Japanese are exceedingly fond, the lovely landscapes with which their country abounds offering the most tempting inducement.—[New York Times.

A mirror only reflects ninety to ninety-two per cent. of the light thrown on it.

FULL OF FIGHT.

A Cheetah's Battle with a Pair of Big English Mastiffs.

Dore Lawton has spent some time in the island of Ceylon. "Speaking of cheetahs," he said, "I want to tell you a story of a battle between English mastiffs and a thoroughbred Ceylonese cheetah."

"There is a very general impression that the cheetah and the royal Bengal tiger are just about the same thing, but this isn't so. The main difference in them is that the former is not so bloodthirsty as the latter. Right down in his heart he is not a man-eater, but he can digest that kind of meat when occasion requires. As a rule he will give the human brotherhood a wide berth, but if you corner him there is no telling how hard he can fight. Stir him up and he will make the fur fly in a fast and furious fashion. He has been known to lie in wait along the mountain roads for human prey, but these instances are rare, and his manivorous taste is not very highly developed. There are many authentic statements recorded where cheetahs, at certain seasons of the year, have appeared in the mountain villages, generally seeking the fires which have been lighted for cooking purposes on the hard earth floors of the rude huts. Then the population migrate, leave the cheetah to his glory, and report to the neighboring village that the animals are working havoc among the hogs and chickens. On one occasion of this kind Capt. Baker, the great Oriental sportsman, made an investigation on the spot, shot a cheetah as it stood before the fireplace in a hut, and made the discovery that the animal had sought the warmth because of a peculiar disease of the jaws and teeth. On examining the mouth of the dead cheetah he saw that the gums were full of maggots, and these, when warmed by the fire, would crawl far enough out of the sockets of the teeth to be reached by the cheetah's claws."

"There was a coffee planter who lived near Kandy, whose bungalow was in the mountains, and whose name was Dawson. He had a number of fine China pigs, which became the apple of the cheetah's eye. The feline tribesman made nightly calls, and the porkers were borne off one by one. Attempts to shoot the intruder failed. Two English mastiffs, belonging to a neighboring planter, were invited over and placed in the piggery. Dawson, his neighbor and myself wrapped ourselves in heavy coats, for the nights in those parts are very chill, and climbed into a crow's nest, which had been built in a tree top near by. The early hours of the night were as dark as Erebus and lagged painfully, the oppressive stillness being now and then broken by the cry of some wild denizen of the jungle. Toward one o'clock the pale light of the moon flickered through the dense foliage. Cooped up in the nest, we were half asleep, when, with a cat-like screech, a magnificent cheetah bounded over the palings of the enclosure, and for an instant crested to take a survey of the situation."

"The mastiff closest the outside, and very near as large as the cat, bounded at him, and was struck dead with a single blow from the cheetah, which then quickly approached the pen. The other mastiff, a female, doubly enraged at the fate of her mate, with a terrific growl fastened her fangs deep in the throat of the cat. A red-hot fight followed. With screeches, hisses and growls the cat and dog rolled over and over, the cheetah making desperate efforts to break the dog's hold, but it was no go. The mastiff had come to stay. Dawson got down from the nest in quick order, and with a well-aimed pistol shot sent the cheetah to its last, long home. The dog was horribly injured, it having been literally disemboweled by the claws of the great cat. She was sent via rail to the Marine Hospital at Colombo, sewed up and carefully nursed back to health. The cheetah measured seven and one-half feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and was about the largest ever killed in that district."

"I tell you, sir, the cheetah is a cat from away back. No dog is anything like a match for it in a fair fight. The cheetah is a worthy kinsman of the Bengal tiger, and with the latter animal no lion is to be compared in strength, agility, or fighting qualities."—[Washington Star.

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