[illegible] to-day cultivates about [illegible] acres of land. It has nearly [illegible] miles of irrigating canals and [illegible] and the combined capacity [illegible] reservoirs is more than [illegible]0 cubic feet of water. Al[illegible]ndo leads all of the States [illegible] in mineral production its [illegible]ural products exceed by far [illegible]ineral.

In consequence of the revelations regarding the abject poverty of one-[illegible]th of the 75,000 inhabitants of York, [illegible] made in Rowntree's book, [illegible] a Study of Town Life," two [illegible]urers, employing together [illegible]orers, increased their wages [illegible]y-four shillings a week; they [illegible] previously from eighteen to [illegible]ne shillings.

[illegible] French Minister of War has [illegible]rrangements for a number of [illegible]g rooms for the use of French [illegible]ers. They are to be supplied with [illegible], as well as newspapers and [illegible]s. Some doubts are expressed as [illegible] whether the soldiers will make use of their opportunities, in view of the fact that the English soldiers, with similar advantages, seem to prefer to visit their sweethearts or to spend their time in the tavern.

Glass of great durability, which resists great heat as well as sudden changes of temperature, is made from Brazilian quartz pebbles. The pebbles are heated red hot and then thrown into distilled water. The purest pieces are next selected and welded with the oxyhydrogen blowpipe into long stems like knitting needles, from which glass vessels of any shape can be made. At present the quartz glass is chiefly employed for making laboratory apparatus.

In several respects the Albanians [illegible] the most interesting people in [illegible]rope. They commit no crimes but murder. Among them human life has an even smaller value than in Sicily, and the vendetta prevails even more rigidly. The old law of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a life for a life is strictly enforced, but the laws of hospitality are equally respected, and when once a man has broken bread or tasted salt with Al[illegible]ans his life is sa[illegible] against all [illegible]ers as long as he remains their [illegible]

[illegible] ended from him had [illegible]n of the Kehab dy[illegible]n was a tiger worked [illegible]broidery upon a dark-green [illegible]

[illegible] rode home, and at the bungalow found Khatra Ahab, the shikari, awaiting me in the compound. He was master of his craft. He knew the habits of all the jungle beasts and could read the tokens of their goings and comings as surely as the white man reads the business signs in the city streets. Before I had time to speak with him I was hailed from the verandah by Captain Bent Murdoch, Chief of the Budhrapore police, who had ridden with his orderly from Caramhat that morning. After bidding him welcome I questioned Khatra as to the truth of the report of a man-eating tiger in the Nahrabad jungle.

"I have seen him," the shikari answered. "Watching from a tree, I saw him pass not twenty paces away. On that day he carried off my cousin's wife from the rice field. He had feasted and had no need to kill, but he looked at me, Sahib, his color! I swear by Krishna, he was white. And his eyes! The color of a tiger's eyes in daylight is yellow, but his were red—as red as the blood smears on his jowls. When I saw his tracks I knew them, for I had seen them before. Sahib, it is useless to follow him, for he is a ghost tiger. He's lair is in the haunted city of Nahrabad."

"Then to Nahrabad we will go for him," exclaimed Captain Murdoch, who was famous as a hunter of big game. "Ghost or no ghost, white or striped, we'll wait for him there to-night. If lead fails we'll try a silver bullet. I suppose, major, you can lend me a gun?"

"Two, if you wish," I returned. "Khatra, you know the tiger's path. You will guide us this afternoon to where we shall watch to-night by the Nahrabad ruins."

The shikari tried to object, but I overruled his objections, and he unwillingly agreed to be our guide. The details having been arranged, I had time to talk with Murdoch. For several months he had been unusually busy suppressing the dacoits who, at the beginning of the year, had started their annual carnival of robbery and murder in the Rajah's dominions. He had broken up the principal band, and, so far as could be known, those of the outlaws who had not been killed outright were in jail awaiting the trials which would determine whether they should be hanged or sent to penal servitude in the Andamans. One only had escaped, Nadraj, their chief, and no search could discover his hiding place.

"His death or capture would be worth more than that of all the rest of the band," Murdoch said. "There won't be an end of dacoity in Budhrapore so long as he is alive."

Everybody in Budhrapore knew of Nadraj, and most people, native or European, had cause to dread him. A high-born Hindu, fanatically hating everything associated with the English rule in India, his crimes and cruelties had been inspired as much by hatred and revenge as by desire of plunder. Native mothers stilled their children with the threat of his name. As he was utterly desperate, even the Rajah himself, who favored the English, could not be safe from the chance of assassination while Nadraj was at large.

"I can't think where he can be concealed," the captain continued. "If he were friendly to the Rajah I could understand, but his Majesty has the greatest motive of any one for wishing him off the earth. Do you know that this dacoit is of the old royal family—a lineal descendant, it is said, of Raj Kehab? If the old dynasty had not been overthrown by the help of the English he might be Rajah of Budhrapore to-day. We are going to his ancestral city to-night to wait for the tiger."

Our preparations for the hunt were simple—two heavy rifles, a haversack with provisions, and a mat to sit on. We made our start for Nahrabad in the [illegible] leading, we went cautiously [illegible] paused at a line of beat and trampled grass where some large, soft-footed creature had made a pathway between the jungle and the nullah opposite the gateway. We followed the path into the nullah, which was swampy at the bottom. On the hard ground the tracks were invisible to the white man's eye, but here they were deeply imprinted in the moist soil, the great paws of a tiger, which, not many hours before, had descended from the jungle into the nullah and thence up the other side to the foot of the broken steps leading to the gateway.

"The tiger is at home," the shikari said. "If he comes out to range to-night he will pass here. We must await his coming beyond the nullah."

We went back across the nullah to chose our places. The sun was near its setting, and we had no time to lose. About thirty yards from the brink was a korinda bush large enough to shelter us all. We crawled under this, and the long, horizontally growing branches, with their tips drooped to the ground on every side, made a perfect place of concealment. Through the leafage we cut loopholes from which we could command the path on both sides of the nullah and the steps and gateway beyond. This done, we opened the haversack, ate our supper and settled ourselves for waiting. The sun had plunged down behind the ruins, and soon the blackness of the Indian night hid the ruined city a hundred yards away. The very stars were shut from our view by the overlapping branches above our heads. We tipped our rifle sights with phosporus in order that they might readily be caught in the darkness, and then made ourselves as comfortable as possible. There were the usual night noises of the jungle, and our ears quickened at the rustling of small animals in the grass about us, but there was no sound to indicate that the tiger had come forth. In an hour the round moon came up behind us, flooding the scene with light, and the shikari, crouching behind me, touched my arm.

"See, sahib! Below the wall, to the left of the steps."

Just above the tops of the bushes, between the nullah and the foot of the wall, a white spot was moving, as if afloat in the air, toward the steps that led down from the gateway to the ground.

"What is it, Khatra?" I whispered, but the shikari did not answer. With puzzled curiosity Murdoch and I watched the thing slowly skirting the foot of the wall. It was not difficult to understand that a superstitious native should see in it the spirit of Raj Kehab patrolling the bulwark of his city.

Up in the ruins two jackals, chasing each other about the palace steps, suddenly checked their play, paused in an attitude of listening and slunk away out of view. The shikari, crouching behind me, trembled violently. Turning our gaze upward, Murdoch and I looked at the palace doorway, where a new figure had appeared. The capstone on which, by tradition, Raj Kehab's tiger emblem stood carved in marble, had in the daylight rested level and bare upon the posts. Now upon the capstone, in the full rays of the moon, white as the marble beneath it, the form of a tiger was silhouetted against the night sky. For a few long seconds, while we waited and wondered, it remained like a statue of alabaster, then in an instant vanished. It was all very queer and eerie.

"It is no delusion; we both saw him. What do you think?" I whispered to Murdoch.

"We're here to shoot whatever comes," the captain answered. "If it isn't a trick of imagination, if that's the fellow that made the tracks in the nullah, he should show up next at the gateway. Ha! what's that—below the wall, at the foot of the steps? The tiger can't have gone down there so soon! It's a man—and he's going up into the city."

In the excitement of watching the apparition on the capstone we had taken no further thought of the [illegible]

[illegible] wonderful.

Then we went up the steps to the landing where the dead man lay. Murdoch lifted the head—the neck was broken—and as Khatra held the torch down to the upturned face they both exclaimed together, "It is Nadraj!"

We laid the dead dacoit out on the platform, with his folded turban covering his face, and went back to the tiger. The threat of death would not have induced Khatra to touch the body, but he held the torch while Murdoch and I skinned the beast. We carried the skins by turn through the jungle to the village, and, after informing the people that the tiger was dead, rode back to the bungalow. With a squad of police summoned from Caramhat, Murdoch and I next morning went to Nahrabad, where, having fully identified him as Nadraj, we buried the dacoit chief by the side of the nullah, at the foot of the old wall of the city, his ancestors had reigned.

Our white tiger skin was one of the year's wonders in India. It had seemed pure white in the night, but in the clear daylight the markings of the ordinary tiger could be seen faintly indicated by clouded streaks, like light crayon pencilings on the white ground color. The Rajah was delighted with what we had done, and he sent two splendid emeralds to Murdoch and me in appreciation of our service in ridding his dominions of the ghost-like disturber of the royal peace. He greatly desired the skin and repeatedly asked us to name a price for it, but Murdoch and I held it with the intention of presenting it to her Majesty the Empress at a convenient time. But we delayed too long, for it vanished from the bungalow one day in my absence and no search could recover it. I suspect that the Rajah and his priests could have accounted for its disappearance. Held in their custody, they would regard it as a hostage against future reincarnations of Raj Kehab. But nothing we could do helped the matter, and Murdoch and I had to regard the Rajah's emeralds as recompense for the loss of our priceless trophy.—Washington Post.

It Looked Like Home.

Every night when the man left the office he went around to the north side of the park and sat down on a stone pile that marked the site of a historic building and stared with dreamy, wistful eyes at a small frame shanty on the opposite side of the way. One night another man, who had seen him sitting there often, asked him what he was thinking about. "About home," said he. "That little frame house over there and a few others like it that have been put up by the subway company are the only things in all this town that look the least bit like home. In the place I came from most of the houses were frame, with gingerbread trimmings around the eaves, and a good many of them were shaped like that shanty, and some were painted that very color."—New York Times.

Reversible.

Wishing for a book I sent a boy to the different rooms in the building to see if any teacher had it, at the same time handing him a list of the numbers of the different rooms to aid him in his search.

On returning, he handed me the book with the remark that he had found it in room twelve.

Glancing at the list I inquired: "Why have you written the letter 'H' after each number?"

"Why, that means 'hasn't.'"

"But there is an 'H' after twelve," I persisted.

"Oh, but that means 'has,' don't you see?"—Harper's Drawer.

Useful Dog.

A man went to the city clerk of Horton to get a license for his dog. When asked for the name of the dog he said it was "Blacksmith." "How did you come to pick out such a curious name?" asked the clerk. "Why, you see," responded the man, "every time I give him a kick, he makes a bolt for the door."—Horton (Kan.) Headlight.

The greatest number of suicides occur in those between 30 and 40 years of age.

[illegible] and captured by retainers of Raisuli, the chief.

Raisuli, according to his story, is a handsome young man, mild in manner and courteous in address. Mr. Harris had known him well in Tangier before he took to the hills. He received the Englishman warmly and told him that no harm would come to him as long as the Sultan made no attack. If this happened he would sorrowfully be compelled to kill him. Perhaps he would kill him anyway, for by what better means could he embarrass his enemy than by killing a prominent Christian, and an Englishman at that? This was all said in the presence of some 2000 tribesmen, most of whom were flourishing their knives and hangers in a most threatening manner. In the meantime, everything possible would be done for the comfort of the prisoner.

They put him in jail. It was a very small, very dark and very dirty room. When the prisoner's eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he saw on the floor the headless trunk of a man. That was a cheerful beginning, and Mr. Harris's feelings were not quieted by the remarks made by some men who a little later came in to remove the corpse. The intimation was that soon there would be another in the same room, and of a giaour. For nine days he was kept in this room. He got, in quantity, all he wanted to eat, except once, when for thirty-six hours there was food for no one, and, save for a few kicks and slaps with slippers, he was not misused. He was not allowed to change his clothes or to wash his face. Every evening at sundown he was taken out to have a conversation with Raisuli, who kept assuring him that possibly, but not probably, his life would be spared. Once, as an earnest of this he was taken down to a gully to see the mutilated body of a Moorish soldier, who had been captured, and jokingly assured him that a few days might see him in the same condition.

At the end of nine days, on a hot, moonless night, he was put on a mule's back and taken up into the mountains, where he was the captive of a tribe friendly to him. There he remained for twelve days, in great luxury, as compared with what he had endured at the hands of Raisuli. He became, in a sense, one of the tribe,—shaved his head and adopted their customs generally. It was a very pleasant vacation, and would have been thoroughly enjoyed had not there been the very uncomfortable feeling that should the negotiations fall through he would be put out of the way with small ceremony. In the end he got his release, although it almost led to bloodshed among the tribesmen, and with great ceremony was conducted into Tangier. Thus ended the adventure, which merely shows that the Balkans have not a monopoly on the exciting incidents of the modern world.

A NIGHT IN A KING'S TOMB.

Writing of some of the many old places in which she has slept during her travels around the world, Jessie Ackermann says: While traveling in that most interesting section of India, Cashmere, I heard of a wonderful tomb of some ancient King, and was urged not to leave the country without seeing it. It was about a day's journey from where I was stopping, and I started on the trip one morning in a government cart (British) with a native guide, who also acted as interpreter, and a coolie driver. Expecting to return that night, I took neither bedding nor baggage. Winter was just setting in, and men looked wise as we started that morning, predicting all kinds of unpleasant weather. The road was abandoned during the winter, because it led over a great waste, and no provision was made for travelers. Fifteen miles from our destination an accident befell our horse. Darkness was fast gathering. The only possible refuge was the King's tomb, which we had started to see, so we decided that the only thing to do was to [illegible] tance. I [illegible] walking, [illegible] that I enjoyed [illegible] through the [illegible]

[illegible] willing to accept or even share the responsibility, and he couldn't throw it away for the sake of the "ould folks at home."

Toward the close of the second day the surgeon was taken prisoner. He lost his surgical instruments and his medicine case, but clung to the gold, and making a belt of his necktie and handkerchief, tied it around his waist next to the skin to prevent its confiscation by his captors. During the long, hot and weary march that followed, the gold pieces chafed his flesh, and his waist became so sore and blistered as to cause him intense suffering, but he was bound that the "ould folks at home" should have the benefit of that money, and by the exercise of great caution and patience managed to keep it until he was exchanged with other prisoners and got back to Washington. Here he found his regiment in camp, and one of the first men to welcome him was the Irish sergeant-major, who was so delighted to learn that the doctor had saved his money that he got drunk and gambled it all away the first night.—Washington Star.

CLIMBING MOUNT HOOD.

An excellent wagon road leads from the Willamett valley to within five miles of the summit of Mount Hood. To reach the top involves much toilsome climbing and no small amount of danger. Despite these obstacles, the peak has been ascended by thousands of persons, and only one fatal accident in making the descent has been recorded. That occurred two years ago. Although the air is extremely rare and the temperature low, a number of persons have passed the night on the topmost crest.

From the summit the scene is one of indescribable grandeur and beauty. Here you are lifted above the clouds—so far away that the world lies remote beneath the eye; cities and towns shrink into insignificance. Vast indeed is the panorama outspread to view. Forests, mountains, plains, valleys and streams grow indefinite and unsubstantial—like a subdued picture floating in the sky. An all-pervading sense of the unreal takes possession of the soul. Above the ethereal strata of the clouds you can gaze down upon them. The cloud effects are wonderful. Looking in all directions, you fancy your eyes are ranging over a vast, shoreless ocean. Yet there is a wildly tumbled and tossed aspect that the sea, even when shaken by the most furious tempest, does not assume. While the boundless stretch of clouds remind you of the vehement sea, yet the fleecy masses seem far too light and airy for the limitless waters of the Pacific with its far-reaching waste of waters. —J. Mayne Baltimore, in Sunset Magazine.

BLACKSNAKE CHOKES WOMAN.

Mrs. Mahlon Long, wife of a farmer living at Sugar Grove, Ohio, is critically ill of nervous prostration, the result of a shocking experience with a monster blacksnake. She was working with milk in her spring-house when the snake dropped from the rafters upon her.

Being of the constrictor species, it coiled itself about her neck, and so strong was it that it required all her strength to tear it loose. When she was free she was powerless from exhaustion and fright. It is believed that the snake accidentally fell, as ordinarily a blacksnake will not att[illegible] a human being.

A BEAR STORY.

The brave act of a mother saved her child from a terrible death ne[illegible] Prescott, Mich. Mrs. Frank G[illegible] her family of four children [illegible] ing berries, when a larg[illegible] appeared. The three [illegible] ran to the house, leaving [illegible] under a tree. The bea[illegible] and started on [illegible] frightened moth[illegible] shot [illegible]

[illegible] carrying in [illegible] hen, which had been run over by a hay-wagon and killed.

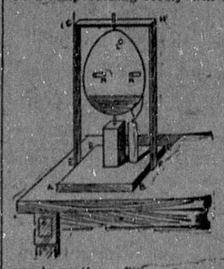
"What will become of Brownie's little chickens, mamma?" he asked. "They are out under a currant-bush all peeping for their mother."

Missing Dinner Puzzle.

Where is the duck and chicken we ordered?

[illegible] platform between the upright pieces; into the crosspiece insert another pin; the two pivots so formed will serve to hold the egg.

Prepare your egg by emptying it through a small aperture L; then make two other openings (N M), to which glue two little paper tubes, disposed as indicated in the illustration. Through the opening L introduce a little cold water, and close the opening with a piece of gummed paper and set your egg in position, balancing it on the pin points. The flame of a candle on a lamp burning feebly will set the



egg in motion. Steam formed in the egg brings pressure to bear on the side opposite an opening, and a rotary motion is communicated to the egg.—New York World.

A SHETLAND PONY FARM.

A Shetland pony farm, where ponies are raised and trained for their life-work, is full of interest to one who admires the gentle little creatures. The Chicago Tribune describes such a farm, located in Wayne County, Indiana, where about 200 of the little animals are raised every year.

There are warm barns with long rows of straw-littered stalls. Overhead [illegible] are mows of sweet-smelling hay, [illegible] trough of pure running water [illegible] and gurgles at one e[illegible] Each stall con[illegible] are all as [illegible] thoro[illegible] d[illegible]

[illegible] ches, and they should stand about three inches apart. Into a block of wood about half an inch across and an inch high stick a strong pin. Then place the block in the centre of the

Mrs. Allan went out in the garden with Arthur to look at the poor little chickens. There were thirteen of the yellow, fluffy little things, and they were only three days old.

"They mustn't die," said Arthur. "I'll take care of them myself."

He brought a basket and put all the little chickens into it. Then he carried them off to an empty oat bin in the barn, where there was plenty of room for them to run about.

The next morning, when Mrs. Allan went out to the barn to tell Arthur to hunt for some eggs, she stopped at the oat bin to look at the motherless little chickens.

There in one corner of the bin hung the big feather duster, and gathered under were all the little chickens!

"I thought the duster could be a mother to them," said Arthur [illegible] So Mrs. Allan [illegible] duster hung [illegible] the bin, and [illegible] little chickens gathered under it until they were old enough to roost on a bar.—Florence Hallowell Floyt, in Youth's Compan[illegible]

Raising Alligators.

A New Orleans correspondent writes: The departure by express to-day of two cages of small alligators to Hot Springs, Ark., disclosed the existence at that place of an alligator ranch for the purpose of raising alligators for the market, and that another alligator ranch, owned by the same breeder, is in operation in Florida.

The hunting of alligators has almost exterminated them in Louisiana and Florida, and it is evident that in a few years the wild alligator will be extinct. In view of this and the great demand for alligators for zoological departments, an effort is being made to raise them by hand.

A considerable part of this year's hatchings, instead of being mounted [illegible] are being sent to the Arkansas and [illegible] and raised for the [illegible]