

## A LOVESICK GIRL.

Let me come back; let me come back to thee!  
I know the place is empty that I left,  
Without thy love my soul is all bereft;  
And aethy joys complete away from me!

Speed, speed the message o'er the distance  
That lengthen on between thy heart and mine;  
Grant me the pealing calm, the blithe-  
some wine  
That shall assuage my soul's dire loneliness.

What morrow brings it? Ah, so far away  
The nearest morrow while alone I wait,  
Exiled from thee without the Eden gate;  
O, sing to me the summoning song today!

The song! Yes, sweeter than the drowsy hum  
Of yellow-bellied bees, if short or long,  
If but one golden distich, yet a song,  
And still a song if but the sole word, Come!

Let me come back! O all of life to me  
Is found within the glad circumference  
Of the sweet syllables that bid me hence,  
From alien ways, from banishment, to thee.

To put away my pride of heart and sue  
For my old place to importune and weep,  
Is only this: "Deep cooling unto deep,"  
A tremulous blossom thirsting for the dew.

Asking my own again for mine; for me  
A refuge, haven, heaven, to rest me there,  
Safe from the tempest-stress of my despair;  
Let me come back, let me come back to thee!

—Rosalind E. Jones, in New York Sun.

## A TIGER HUNTER'S NERVE.



It was in the State of Miranda, New Venezuela. It was 3 o'clock in the morning, and I was with Manuel, the tiger hunter, on the mountain. After a half hour of cautious walking Manuel paused

at a turn in the narrow path, and I felt rather than saw the dawn of day was at hand. There was a strange stir in the air, as though the feeble breath of life had come back to the dead and inanimate nature. Over beyond the eastern mountain tops the stars were growing pale. The first gray tinge of dawn was coming a long way off.

Day came slowly. I noted this with surprise, for I had any number of times read descriptions of dawn in the tropics wherein it was represented that day came with a bound out of the blackness of the night. Perhaps the writers of these descriptions had waited until the sun had already reddened the eastern sky before watching for the dawn. From the time that I noticed the first faint gray streaks in the sky until the sun was actually shining on the mountain tops it was perhaps a little more than an hour. I have seen the day break in the Rocky Mountains in the same length of time, with the only difference that in the tropics the day came more swiftly after the rosy lights had come into the sky. Between the first grays of the early morning and the rosy hues of actual day there was little difference in the Cordilleras and the Rocky Mountains.

I could have watched the coming day for another hour, but as soon as it was light enough to see surrounding objects Manuel carefully chose a spot which I could occupy during the impending gladiatorial exhibition. It was the peak of a high rock that almost overhung the path that he eventually chose, and with some difficulty I climbed to the top of it. Nature evidently had intended the rock for some such purpose as this, for it gave a good view of the path for some distance on each side. I could easily have seen any animal walking upon it for a considerable distance in either direction. There was plenty of evidence, too, that the advantage of this peak as a lookout station had

been appreciated and used by other hunters than man. Indications showed that wild beasts presumably tigers, had crouched here in wait for unsuspecting prey. This discovery gave me a mild sensation. I might be reasonably safe from the attack of a tiger in the path below, but I hesitated to think what would be the result if a tiger came up and found me occupying his private personal outlook.

When I was comfortably concealed behind the rock, although in a position to keep careful watch of the exposed parts of the path Manuel disappeared. He was standing by the base of the rock one moment and the next moment he had vanished. He must have gone like a serpent, for I heard no sound. Then I was alone on a tiger's favorite resort in an unhaunted South American forest. It was hardly a pleasant sensation, especially as my revolver seemed to be, as doubtless it was, a very inadequate weapon. A suspicion might have crossed my mind that Manuel had left me there as a bait for a tiger, but I would not give it a moment's credence.

There were noises on the mountain side by this time, and some of them were so distinct that I could distinguish them. Small animals were scampering about in the undergrowth and birds were calling in the trees. A commotion among the birds some distance down the path attracted my attention, and I wondered if a tiger had stirred them up, or if Manuel had strayed a far way as that. A few moments later there was another commotion in the distance on the other hand of me, but I gave little heed to it. On the right hand side of the path a small creature, something like a North American woodchuck, stopped short in his leisurely morning walk and sniffed suspiciously at the air. I was to leeward of him in the light breeze that had sprung up, and so he could not have scented me. He sniffed a moment in the direction of the first disturbance, and then suddenly dived headlong into the undergrowth. Assuredly there was something

off to windward that he was afraid of. The disturbance ceased after a time and then the mountain side was still again.

Looking down over the rock a few moments later I found Manuel gazing up at me. He pointed away off to the left, in the direction of the second disturbance, and again disappeared. It is probable that on this occasion he hid himself in the undergrowth alongside the path. I gave my undivided attention to the distant fluttering of birds. It was a curious sort of circus that the birds were having. The little things circled about in the tops of the trees and screamed shrilly one to the other. It might have been a huge snake that frightened and fascinated them, or it might have been a tiger. Manuel knew, in all probability, but he made no sign.

The disturbance came a little nearer but it seemed to me that it moved very slowly. If a tiger were coming along the path he should, in my opinion, have made better time. I calmed my impatience by assuring myself that if it were a tiger he would come fast enough when he once got wind of me. It was a long half-hour of suspense before the disturbance came within reasonable distance. Before half of that time had passed I was satisfied that something very objectionable to birds was walking leisurely along the path, and perhaps stopping now and then in the hope of surprising one of the birds unawares.

At length the thing was just beyond the turn in the path. In a moment or two I should see what it was. Then I became conscious that Manuel was standing in the middle of the path, with his short spear held in a horizontal position over his shoulder. This was interesting and at the same time very suggestive. I concentrated my entire nervous system in an intense contemplation of the turn in the path. The suspense was awful.

Ah! what was that? A striped and spotted animal suddenly stood out in the open. His long tail swung slowly from side to side, and his smooth

coat moved nervously with some passing emotion. It was the tiger of the South American forests. He had stopped with one foot advanced, and with his head in the attitude of attention. He had seen something in the path before him. It was Manuel, who was standing as immovable as a rock beside him. It was a beautiful beast, all silk and softness and graceful curves. I thought it a pity that so beautiful a thing should be hunted to death, but at the same time I reflected that this wonderfully beautiful exterior covered a nature that was the living incarnation of ferocity.

I do not know how long Manuel and the tiger faced each other there in the narrow path like gladiators. It seemed a very long time. This was the test. The tiger waited instinctively to see the strange thing before him turn and run away as everything else in the forest invariably did, but greatly to his surprise the thing stood its ground like an immovable rock. The tiger was king of the forest, and he knew it, and when he had made up his mind that this thing was not going to run he came forward slowly to investigate. This was courage, even in a wild brute, and I respected him for it. I doubt if the lion or tiger of India has this unshakable nerve.

I looked at Manuel as the tiger came slowly and cautiously up the path. He stood like a bronze statue, with his spear held over his right shoulder. Not so much as an eyelid moved. I confess that during this trying time I was a bit nervous. This was a new way of hunting to me, and a decided novelty in the actions of a wild beast which had not been attacked. I should expect an attack from a grizzly bear after it had been wounded, but assuredly the bear would not take the aggressive as this lithe and beautiful beast was doing. I will acknowledge that my heart thumped against my blue flannel shirt so hard that I was afraid that the noise would attract the attention of the tiger.

Slowly came the tiger; like a rock stood Manuel. It looked as though the case had been reversed, and that the tiger instead of the half-breed, was the hunter.

At length the tiger was within touching distance of the man. He looked the bronze figure over from head to foot and then thrust forward his head and sniffed at the man's feet. Back the great beast sprang like a steel spring. The figure was flesh and blood.

The tiger's tail twitched back and forth like a flag. The great jaws opened in a snarl. Quickly the beast measured his distance and crouched with quivering sinews for a spring. Such calm courage was grand beyond all description. It was matched only by the steadfast nerve of the man.

Now came the crisis. I could see the huge muscles heaving under the striped skin. In another second the tiger would leap upon his prey. In that instant the hunter made a motion with his left arm as quick as light itself. He tore a handkerchief from his neck and thrust it full in the tiger's face. Up went the tiger's head in a quiver of electrical amazement. Then the hunter's poised right arm shot forward with incredible force and the spear buried itself half way to the huddle in the tiger's neck.

Ah, it was nobly done; and throughout it all, from the beginning until the wonderful ending, the hunter's nerve never flattered so much as by a hair's breadth. Before I could catch my breath and swallow the lumps of apprehension that had risen unbidden in my throat the fierce beast was dead in the path.

I scrambled down from the rock stood beside the dead forest-king. Manuel picked up his handkerchief and pulled out his spear. There was a faint suggestiveness of a smile about his impassive face.

"Does the Senor Americano believe?" he asked.

"He does," I answered, and I reached him my hand in that universal brotherhood of man which civilization can never efface. By the side of that dead tiger the savage and the son of civilization were on the one common level of man. There could be no difference.—New York Recorder.

## TROUBLES OF AN INVENTOR.

How the First Manufacturer of Melinite Was Cheated Out of His Work.

At the close of the year it was announced in French newspapers that a new explosive had been invented, compared to which dynamite and nitroglycerine were as playthings. The name of this new article was melinite, and the inventor was a M. Turpin, a French chemist.

Army engineers tested it and found it "altogether satisfactory." A shell which was fired into an old condemned fort near Paris blew the whole structure to atoms; not a stone or a handful of earth was left in its place. In exploding the melinite resolved itself into such powerful gases that nothing could withstand its destructive force. The invention meant a revolution in warfare; even the best modern works of defense were now rendered quite useless.

The inventor received the due amount of praise. His explosive was called baulangite in honor of the then popular minister of war, and the French government promised to buy his invention.

But Boulanger fell, and his successor, M. Campon, seemed to have forgotten both Turpin and the melinite, as it again was called.

Patriotism is a very noble quality, but the best patriot must have money, and M. Turpin concluded to sell his invention to some other government, or to some gun manufacturer.

He thought of the Armstrongs, in England, says the Detroit Free Press, who are the most extensive manufacturers in their line, next to Krupp, in Essen and he addressed himself to M. Tripounet, their agent in Paris. Tripounet advised him to go to their works at Newcastle, which Monsieur Turpin did.

His astonishment may be imagined when he upon his arrival found that his invention was already known in England. The Armstrongs had a complete knowledge of the relative quantity of the component parts of the melinite as well as of all other secrets connected with its manufacture, and the firm had called him only to obtain his personal affirmation of the correctness of the process, and the genuineness of the article, for which they offered him 750,000 francs. This proposition M. Turpin rejected and went back to Paris in a rage.

Here he very soon learned how the English firm had come into possession of his secret. Their agent in Paris had simply had his father-in-law steal the necessary document from the archives of the war department.

M. Turpin now made formal complaint to the government, and a committee of investigation was appointed. The chairman was an army officer who had assisted Tripounet's father-in-law in the theft, and the investigation ended in smoke, of course.

After four years of waiting and futile agitation, M. Turpin has now finally taken the bull by the horns and published a pamphlet in which he gives a complete account of the case and the treatment he has suffered. The publication of several of the documents and facts contained in this pamphlet was very annoying to the government, and the unsold balance of the edition was recently confiscated by order of the war department. At the same time Tripounet and Turpin were both arrested. Tripounet's father-in-law, the actual thief, had already "evaporated."

## Time for All Things.

Deacon Ebony—"Now that th' was termillion crop is bout ovah, it seem ter me, Mistah Jett, it would be a good time ter start a rev' al."

Jarson Jett—"Not yit, Brudder Ebony, not yet. The spring chicken crop is jes began."