

## HOW I FOUGHT A WILD CAT.

"I have heard a great deal about cats and tigers, their similarity of species, their insatiable desire for blood. But I used to think that cats were made to suffer for the sins of their relative-tigers. It was difficult for me to imagine how such a domestic, friendly, cooing creature as the cat usually is could turn out to be a blood-seeking beast.

Ordinarily the cat rubs against one, seeks friendship, loves to be stroked and asks to be petted. But the horrible beast which attacked me has upset all my preconceived ideas about cats, says Yvette Gullibert in the New York Journal. Upon that cat was an exception. For on inquiry, however, I find the exceptions rather numerous. The horrible beast flew at me without provocation.

As I was alone. As I fl-tuck would have it, no one was within call.

The cat's eyes glared like fiery balls. It showed its tiger-like teeth. It hissed forth sounds such as are heard when one throws water upon the fire.

It wagged its tail with feline delight.

Then followed a terrific spring, the brute evidently intending to land upon my throat.

Nature has endowed me with very long arms.

The gestures occasioned by my calling have strengthened these arms. I had no weapon of defence.

With my arms I struck out against the cat.

Fortunately I did not lose my head.

The great thing was to prevent the cat from getting a grip on me. This I knew.

I struck with all my might. No prize fighter ever mustered up all his force with more energy than I. Prize fighters usually contend for a championship. I thought I was fighting for my life.

The policeman who fought two cats recently in Paris was armed with a sword. He lunged and parried as though he were fighting a duel. He pierced their bodies with his sabre. But swordless as I was, what could I do? Merely keep up the fight as long as the strength of my great arms lasted. I cannot describe the fight by rounds, for there was no respite. It was a case of continuous action. Every second I hoped would bring some one to my assistance. Alas, no one came! Even my maid, who rarely leaves me, was not within the sound of my voice. On this occasion every one seemed to have deserted me. I began to think what an awful fate was about to befall me.

An artist of my standing to be killed by a cat! Perish the thought!

I struck the brute a terrific blow. It staggered; it rallied. It made one supreme jump at my throat. Instead of

landing upon the desired spot, it succeeded in sticking its fangs into my arm.

The pain was intense, and the cat was furious to the last degree. I now suffered a twofold torture—one physical, the other mental. The latter was the worse. I feared that hydrophobia was before me—that I should go mad. The thought occurred to me that it were better to die bravely fighting even a cat than to be locked up forever in a madhouse.

With my unemployed hand I grasped the animal's throat.

I got my thumb on the apple.

I squeezed and squeezed as never woman squeezed before.

The ferocious light of the cat's eyes was soon replaced by a glassy stare.

It loosed its hold.

I flung the brute from me, rushed to the door, slammed it, and I, Yvette Gullibert, was safe.

That feline fight was the most terrible I have ever had in my life. I have had many struggles. I used to suffer keenly when I knew I had talent and people would not listen because I was not pretty. Still I fought my way without fear. I cannot say such was the case in my fight with the cat; for I was very much afraid, although my presence of mind did not desert me even for an instant, and this proved to be my salvation.

It is said that women and cats do not like each other. I can well believe it after the attack which the cat made upon me.

We frequently hear the expression "Worse than the furies is a woman scorned." I can only say that I did not scorn the cat which attacked me, yet it was more than any furies which the human mind can conjure up. Hence I infer that an infuriated cat is more spiteful than a scorned woman.

Cross-tempered women are called cats although my unhappy experience goes to show that feminine passion compared with feline rage is not even as moonlight unto sunlight.

A cat has thirty teeth.

It has six incisors above and six below.

It has four molars above and four below.

I felt as though the whole thirty were stuck in me. The physicians will not admit this, but, no matter, I am speaking of my feelings and not of the mere dental marks.

It was fortunate for me that there is a Pasteur Institute in Paris. Otherwise I might now be foaming at the mouth or in a madhouse or in the grave. However, I am here, safe and sound, firmly resolved to avoid the ire of cats for the future and to advise my friends to do likewise.

## ST. HELENA AND ITS HISTORIC PRISONERS.

London, March 27.—Napoleon, emperor of France; Cronje, farmer-soldier of the Transvaal. With almost a century between them, their units in conferring a sad immortality upon the name of a lonely mid-Atlantic isle.

St. Helena: The name spells tragedy. In 1815, broken ambition; in 1909, crushed patriotism. For it is here on this volcanic speck in the ocean that England cages the mightiest of her beaten enemies.

Seek it out on a map and see how remote it is from the world—1,250 miles from the coast of Africa, 1,800 miles from South America, the same from Cape Town, 4,050 miles from London, of which it has been a dependency for 250 years.

Its extreme length is ten and a quarter miles, its extreme breadth eight and a quarter miles, its area 45 square miles, its population 5,000 human beings, three-fifths of whom are clustered in Jamestown—and innumerable goats.

The island dis an ancient volcano, thrust up in fire from the floor of the sea, long since dead and cold, somewhat enlarged by the slow processes of nature and garmented not alone with an indigenous flora so varied as to be the delight of the botanist, but also with exotics from all climes, so that

mouth Harbor from H. M. S. Bellerophon to H. M. S. Northumberland, 74 guns, flying the pennant of Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn, under orders for St. Helena.

In the stern of the boat sat he who was designated in England's official papers "Napoleon Bonaparte." The anchor was weighed and the Northumberland stood out to sea, bearing forever from Europe the man whose ambition her shores could not confine.

One month and ten days later the Northumberland dropped anchor in the harbor of Jamestown. Napoleon was escorted ashore and found a lodging in the town.

Sir George Cockburn selected as the exile's residence, Longwood, the country seat of the lieutenant-governor. Thither next day the fallen emperor cantered along the lovely road, escorted by his followers and a guard of English officers.

On December 9 the French exiles moved to Longwood. With Napoleon were Count and Countess Montholon and their child, Baron Gourgaud; the Count de Las Cases and his young son, Captain Piotkowski and Dr. O'Meara, the young Irish surgeon whom Napoleon had picked from the British naval service as his private medical attend-

and Undabuko, brother of the same redoubtable monarch.

There were many disturbances after the Zulu king's death. His people, the Xutos, rose against their British protectors and were suppressed. Cetewayo's son and brother were exiled to St. Helena for taking part in the rebellion.

Prince Dini is described as having a noble bearing and courteous manners. He and his followers make their home in a house known as Rosemary.

Four years ago the Natal government consented to Dini Zulu's release and a steamer was sent out from England to take all the exiles back to Zululand. Transported with joy, the blacks made preparations to leave their island prison.

At the last moment the British warship Swallow arrived with an order countermanning the first. There had been a fresh outbreak between the Boers and Zulus, and it was deemed an inauspicious moment to restore Dini to his own warlike people.

The present war makes still more remote this prince's prospect of liberty.

In sending Cronje to St. Helena the British military authorities are probably influenced by a variety of considerations. In the first place, Cape Col-

## BURGLAR HOODOOS.

One would hardly imagine that the professional thief would be swayed in his doings by superstition; it is difficult to conceive, for instance, an armed burglar, a man who breaks into your house with the fixed intention of putting a bullet into you or hitting you over the head with a jimmy if you surprise him and try to prevent his escape, being deterred from carrying out his nefarious plans by the sight of a black cat, yet this is one of the small things of life which are regarded by thieves as sufficiently important to upset a well-laid scheme.

Some three or four years ago a gang of three men had decided to break into the office of a large factory and make an attempt on the safe. At certain times, as they had found, a large sum of money was kept in the safe for a day or two, and on this occasion they had resolved to divert this money from going into its proper channel, and turn the stream toward themselves.

All the circumstances seemed favorable. The factory was in a quiet street, and not far from the railway, where the rattle of passing trains would drown any noise they might make, and where it was highly improbable that they would meet anyone as they made their way late at night to the scene of action. They had nearly reached the factory when a cat started from a corner and ran across their path, and by the light of the moon which peeped forth at that very moment, they saw that it was black; immediately they halted.

After some discussion one of them refused to proceed, and went back, while the others, although they were nervous at the thought of ill luck, went on. They were caught in the very act of drilling a hole into the safe door, and sentenced to long terms.

The sound of a child sobbing at night in a house near the one into which he intends to break is quite enough to make many a burglar go back home; if it is a sure sign of misfortune. Why this should be so regarded is not easy to determine, but, perhaps, the idea of innocence usually associated with infants has some indefinite effect upon the hardened heart of the criminal.

There are some who regard the sudden stopping of a clock as an intimation that some friend of relative has died at that minute; in the same way, if a clock stops in a room in which a burglar is at work he will consider it advisable to leave the premises without delay. This occurred to a man who was recently convicted, and he sorrowfully remarked to the policeman who took him into custody that if he had paid heed to the omen he would just have got clear before the master of the house returned.

If a crackman's path is crossed by a blind dog, or if a dog of any kind follow him, he will give up the job if he yields to his own inclinations; there is just as much chance of disaster in these circumstances as there is in "working" on a Friday or on the thirteenth of the month.

To kick against a piece of coal in the street is a sure sign of misfortune should a thief attempt to continue his professional duties on that day, unless disaster be warded off by some lucky omen.

It is but rarely that a pickpocket will steal anything from a blind man. One can hardly imagine that the man's affliction and helplessness appeal to the finer feelings of one who would not hesitate to steal the last penny from the pocket of a poor woman; yet, as a matter of fact, it is because he is convinced that a long run of bad luck will dog his steps as a punishment for having taken advantage of the man's infirmity.

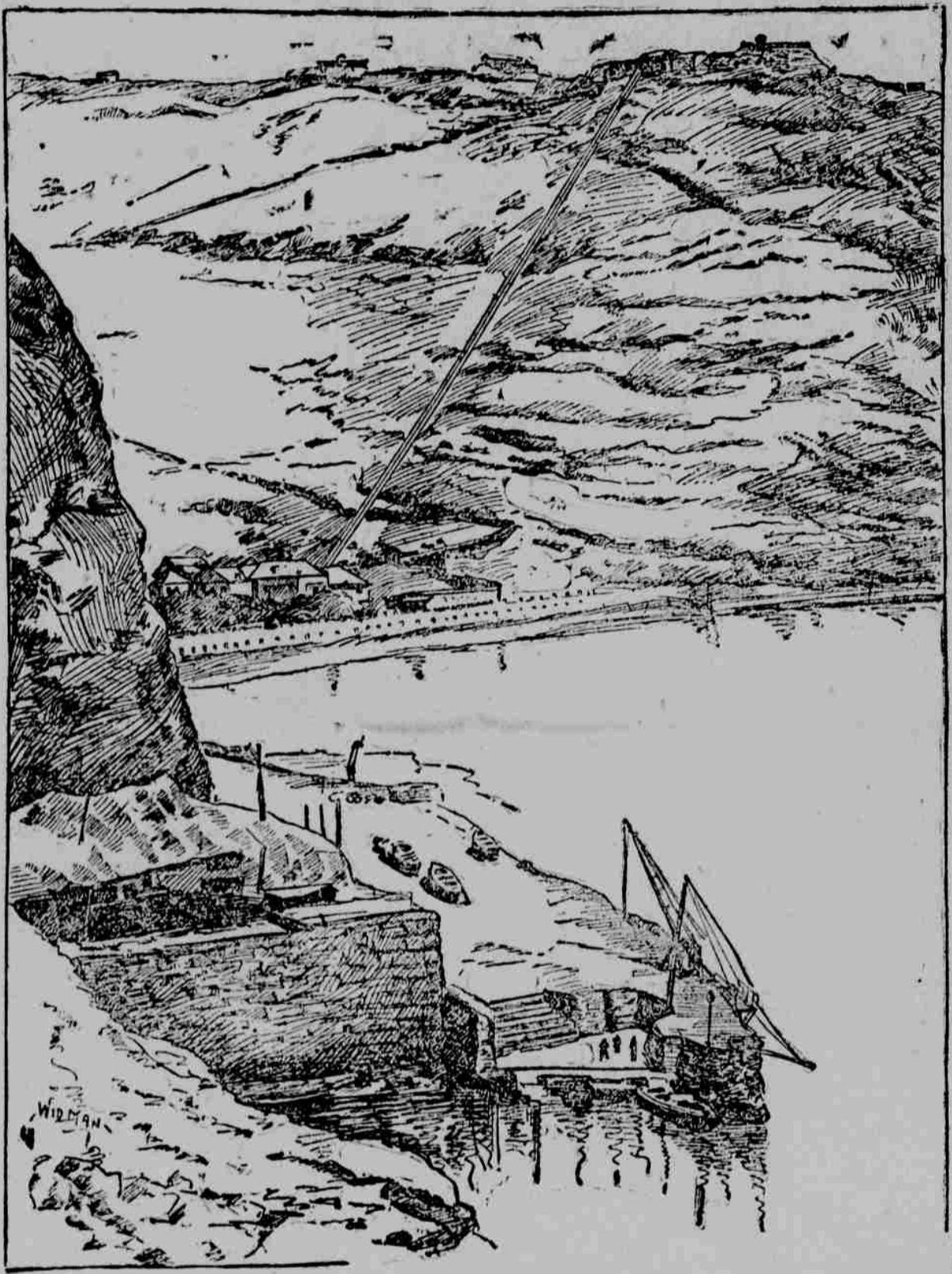
THE DOBIE STEER.

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One of the notable exhibits that will represent Texas at the Paris exposition this year is the Dobie steer, which started on February 10th across the water to take its place in this great show. This steer, which belongs to Mr. J. M. Dobie, proprietor of the Kentucky ranch at Ramires, Tex., goes by the name of Champion, but is known throughout the state as the Dobie steer. It was calved in 1891 near the Mexican border and was bought by Mr. Dobie in 1894 in a herd of 1,000 head of cattle. It measures fifteen hands and weighs between 1,600 and 1,700 pounds. The horns measure from point to point nine feet and seven inches, and they could easily be made to measure ten feet if taken off the steer and steamed and straightened somewhat. When the steer is standing in a natural position on level ground the tips of his horns are fully six feet from the ground.

While the Dobie steer in one sense represents Texas, in another it is no more representative of the present cattle-herds of the state than the mammoth and mastodon are representative of the animals of this country. The long horn, of which the steer is an example, is as practically extinct as are the monsters of the Miocene period. Time was when long horns approached those of this steer were common enough but now one could travel all over Texas without finding another animal with a pair of horns like these. He is the last survivor of a tribe of monster horned cattle, whose place has been taken by better blood under the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest, and he goes to the Paris exposition not as a specimen of the cattle now in Texas, but of those that formerly roamed in great herds over the prairies from the Red river to the Rio Grande.

The size of a man's bank account has nothing to do with his dimensions as a man.



## LOST TRIBE IN THE FAR NORTH.

Thomas Campbell's vision of "The Lost Man" came near being realized in the history of the tribe of Eskimo recently discovered by Captain Cromer, commander of an Arctic whaling vessel, on Southampton Island, in the north end of Hudson bay. These people are less than 100 in number, and they believed that they were the only human beings on the earth. For more than 400 years they had been shut up in that lonely retreat, which is about the size of the state of Maine, living in the most primitive style. Incredible as it may seem, not a single article introduced on the American continent since its discovery by Columbus was found on this island.

Captain Cromer obtained a large collection of the weapons and household effects used by this strange tribe. This collection has been secured by the American Museum of Natural History of New York, and it will soon be placed on exhibition in the east wing of that great institution.

These Eskimo speak a language different from that employed by the Eskimo of the far North, and different from any other language known, but their size, color and habits proclaim them undoubtedly members of the same general family. The men and women are clothed alike, in jackets and trousers of deer and sealskin. The jacket is hooded, with openings for the face and hands. The women fashion the skin into clothing and footwear. Sewing is done with bone needles and thread of sinew from the seal.

Among their hunting weapons the bow and arrow plays an important part in shooting land animals. The bow is of wood, wrapped with twisted sinews, the arrows are pointed with chipped flint. Bow and arrows are carried in a bow case and quiver that is slung on the back.

In stature they are of medium height and robust and muscular, but the women are much shorter than the men, occasionally almost dwarfish.

Much of their food is eaten raw, but they cook it when convenient. They will split and devour the back, fat and flesh from the body of a deer killed in the chase and while the fibers are yet quivering.

Seal's fat and seal's blood are put into a dish and stewed. This oily liquid is used like butter. Lean meat is dipped into it to make it more palatable.

Kaiaks or skin canoes are the water craft of these people. They are from 18 to 30 feet in length. In the middle is a hole for the body, the rest being entirely decked over. The chief outfit of the kaiak is a harpoon and spear, which are used in the hunt for whales and seals. These are from six to eight

feet long, having sharp points of ivory which become detached when the game is pierced. The long line attached gives ample scope for play until the animal is exhausted.

On land the sled drawn by a dog team of from seven to ten animals is the only means of travel. The harness consists of two large nooses, placed one above the other and joined by two perpendicular straps four or five inches in length, so placed as to allow the heads of the dogs to pass through, so that one noose will lie along the back and the other between the legs.

The body harness is made of undressed sealskin, which does not chafe. The whips are of plaited thongs of sealskin some twenty-five to thirty feet long, and the natives possess a surprising dexterity in the use of these whips, being able to flick the ear of a particular sluggish dog the full distance of the length of the lash.

The huts or houses of the Eskimo are made by putting together the great jawbones of right whales, which are covered with skins and seem more fitting for the lairs of animals than for the homes of human beings. There are no windows in the houses, only a small opening about two and a half feet high serving for a door. Each building is occupied by several families.

Walrus and seal meat is stored away in caves excavated in the snow. As the temperature never rises above the freezing point, the meat soon freezes solid and keeps indefinitely. They have no furniture; the sole effects used in housekeeping are a limestone lamp for cooking, a dish made of the same material to hang above the lamp, and a few cups made of whalebone.

The most indispensable of these utensils is the lamp, the only source of heat and light. One of the chief duties of the women is to prevent the lamp from going out. The lamp is utilized for cooking and drying clothes, skins, boots and mittens, which are hung around on a rack of bones.

Cooking is done in an oblong dish or pot suspended above the flame. In this their meal of blubber and fat and whalemeat is always kept slowly simmering. The people are obliged to make their cooking vessels and lamps out of slabs of limestone, glued together with a mixture of grease and deer blood. The lamps are burned by means of wicks of moss arranged around the edge.

At a meeting of the Baptist Social Union in Boston last week an announcement was made formally of an offer of John D. Rockefeller to give \$150,000 to Newton Theological Seminary, provided a like sum be raised by the institution.

It presents the aspect of a botanical garden—the oak growing side by side with the bamboo and banana, and date palms shooting skyward from fields of English gorse.

St. Helena was quite a flourishing island before the Suez canal was opened. It was a port of call for ocean traffic between Europe and the Orient. With the junction of the Red sea and the Mediterranean it became as unfashionable as Cape Horn will be when the Nicaragua canal is open for business.

Cronje and his 4,000 burghers will almost double the population, which is a shadow of what it was in the pre-canal period.

One of the most interesting residents is M. Morilleau, the French consular agent in charge of Longwood, Napoleon's home. There he lives with his family, religiously preserving all mementoes of the Emperor.

An important feature of the place is the garrison. It is quartered in barracks on Ladder Hill—so named on account of the wooden steps by which the eminence of 600 feet must be scaled from the seaside.

The highest point of the island is 2,704 feet above the sea level. This is Diana's peak. It has one near rival, High peak, rising 2,635 feet. Both are peaks of the principal ridge, the northern rim of a vast crater which belched fire thousands of years ago. There is a legend that England seized the island before it was cold, but this is untrue. She grabbed it when the Dutch and Portuguese found they could do nothing with it.

On August 7, 1815, when the world was reverberating with the echoes of Waterloo, a boat was rowed into Ply-

ant. Count and Countess Bertrand and their three children were quartered in a little house at a distance.

Dr. O'Meara used only portions of his diary in compiling his book. The entire MS. he bequeathed to Louis Mailard's descendants in the United States.

Those parts that O'Meara did not dare to publish are at length being given to the world in the pages of the Century Magazine.

They show that Napoleon was dissatisfied with the treatment accorded him. He found fault with Sir George Cockburn because of his seamanlike lack of ceremony, which O'Meara endeavored vainly to explain away. But this was mild compared to his hatred of Sir Hudson Lowe, who in April, 1816, succeeded Cockburn as governor of St. Helena.

"I am convinced," he said, "that this governor, this chief of jailers, has been sent out on purpose to poison me or put me to death in some way or another, or under some pretext, by Lord Castlereagh."

"I had reason to complain of the admiral, but he, though he treated me roughly and was not inclined to do as much good as lay in his power, never behaved in such a manner as this new jailer, this Prussian more than Englishman."

In such manner, more indolent and fretful as the weary years passed, did Napoleon live, until in 1821 he died from a cancer in the stomach.

But Napoleon was not the only royal prisoner to fret away his days on England's prison isle. General Cronje will encounter there two princes with whom he may have had former acquaintance—Dini Zulu, son of Cetewayo,

ony, with its threatenings of an uprising of the Cape Dutch, and with the pronounced Boer sympathies of Afrikaners of Dutch parentage, is no longer a safe place in which to keep prisoners of the importance of Cronje and the men who defended themselves so heroically against Lord Roberts' great army. The most secure place for Cronje upon the arrival at Cape Town was deemed on board a British ship, but this for most imprisonment promptly called out continental criticism, and possibly on that account, but more probably with a view to the greatest possible security against rescue, the famous Boer is now to be sent to Great Britain's mid-ocean prison. That not only the Boer general, but also his men, are to be deported to this prison, 2,000 miles from Brazil and 1,400 from Africa, with Ascension Island, its nearest neighbor, 700 miles away, is a great compliment to the prisoners. The fact, also, that it is announced that no prisoners will be exchanged is a still further tribute to the valor of an enemy which has tested British courage and generalship more severely than it has been tried since Balaklava and Malakoff.

Pretty fancy waists are made of alternate rows of inch-wide velvet and tucks running around the waist and sleeves. The rows of tucks fill an inch-wide space. Other waists have the ribbon running lengthwise, with its width in tucks running across them. A pretty silk waist has narrow tucks set some distance apart, running lengthwise of the waist, and over this bands of the silk stitched on diagonally from the shoulder to the waist.

Khaki is the latest English shade in fashionable attire.