

THE INDIAN MAN EATER.

A Tiger of the Dangerous Sort Described by Ex-Mayor Carter Harrison.

Chicago Mail.

In his letter from India, ex-Mayor Carter Harrison tells of the captured man-eating tigers shown in cages in the public garden of Jeypore. The man-eaters do not seem to be disappearing as rapidly as might be expected under English dominion in India, and many thousands of people are annually made victims. The tigers even lurk along the highways and devour the native postmen. Of how the dangerous beasts are sometimes destroyed is told in the following account by a late writer of the article having a timely interest from the allusions made in the ex-Mayor's letter:

While sitting in the little depot at Jooa one afternoon, in conversation with the station agent, "Freight No. 13," from Madras, came in on to the siding opposite to wait for the Bombay express to pass. Attached to the long train of rice cars were several flats, some with "daks" on them, others with palanquins, and on the hindmost a very odd-looking object which at once attracted our attention—the more that there seemed to be a man inside it.

"What have you got on that rear car, Fales?" my friend, the agent called out to the conductor of the freight. "You've got me now," replied that official with a laugh. "That's a nondescript. No name on it. Billed to Yuloodian. Walk up and see for yourselves, gentlemen. That is the shipper inside; name, Geeter Zoom Joog, by trade a tiger killer! But you won't find him talkative."

The "nondescript" was a round cage-like structure, some twelve feet in diameter by six or seven in height. The bottom was of dark timber, and the flat top of the same, but not quite so massive, while the sides were of thick, straight, brown bamboo rods or bars, set upright like stanchions in the black bed pieces, with spaces between them four or five inches wide. In short, it was a heavy round cage, made years and years ago, and of curious workmanship.

But the old native inside it was a still greater curiosity. He was arrayed in a dirty blue cotton frock and drawers or trousers of the same stuff. His feet were bare—such feet! They were shrunken, bony and of such shiny, wine-brown hue as to give one the idea that they had been calcined over a slow fire. The man was bare-headed, too, and what is not common among Hindus, his hair, thin and in part gray, was braided in a cue down his back. The tightness of the skin across his brows gave to his countenance a strangely mummified expression, hardly relieved by the deep, dull black eyes and coarse, thin eyebrows, while the lower part of his face was curiously marked with still coarser, crinkled hairs, too scattering to be termed a beard.

His general complexion was like an old withered walnut. From the elbow down his arms were bare, and they seemed mere parcels of bone and sinew bound tightly up in sun-dried hide, while his lean fingers, like claws, terminated in nails an inch or more long. Indeed, in matter of personal appearance Mr. Geeter Zoom Joog was one of the very strangest, unhuman human beings I ever chanced to meet in any country.

Set against the side of the cage were two short spears or lances five or six feet in length with handles of some black wood and their sharp, slender points of bright steel, which shone like silver. These blades or points were of themselves nearly or quite two feet long—altogether very ugly looking implements.

A few stolid responses were all that I could elicit from the man by questions. He said, or rather admitted, that he was going to Yuloodian to kill a tiger, and that killing man-eaters was his business. Fifty rupees was his price for killing a dangerous tiger. He had made this his business for twenty years since the Sepoy war. I felt very curious to know how the old man hunted and asked permission to go up to Yuloodian and participate in the hunt. To this request he made no reply for awhile, but upon my urging it several times at length said, "The Sahab can suit himself."

Just then the express whistled in, and as soon as it had passed the freight, and with it old Geeter and his cage, moved on.

Late in the afternoon after my duties on the section were over for the day, I went up on the way freight to Yuloodian, taking my Remington carbine and stock of cartridges. It was dusk and the huts were closed, but by dint of knocking and shouting I learned where the tiger hunter had located his cage. I found it a short distance beyond the village. After some little parley I was admitted through a little trap door in the top, which was securely fastened again, but my reception was a most ungracious one. He grumbled ominously in the native tongue of my disturbing the night and breaking the spells.

Besides our two selves in the cage there was the carcass of a goat to attract the tiger. Hour after hour of the damp, warm, dark night we sat crouched motionless there. Old Geeter neither spoke nor moved, but I could hear him breathe. Once we heard a short, querulous roar, which I supposed to be that of a tiger at a distance, but no tiger came near that night. The next night I took a bird-call with me. I had intended to imitate the beating of a kid, thinking thus to attract the tiger, but reflecting after a few trials that this was a tiger with a taste for human flesh, I began to counterfeit the crying of a child, which I found no difficult matter when once I had got the right key for it. I said nothing to Old Geeter of my trick

when I reached Yuloodian that evening, but joined him as before.

The night was very still. Several times the weird cry of a devotee in the distant village of Razotpora came faintly to our ears over many miles. The stars shone down with a misty lustre. It was very damp, yet warm.

Once a cloud of green, sparkling fireflies came, and drifting in betwixt the stout bars of the cage fairly lighted it with their glinting fires. Later a dolefully howling pack of jackals swept past us, eight or ten rushing up to sniff the goat's blood. There were other sounds. Like a wall from dead, misguided millions came the melancholy cry of the devotee in his solitary and painful vigil, and not long after we heard the gruff bark or grunt of a prowling tiger from across the "sarak."

With that I softly drew out my "call" and began sobbing and crying like a child in distress.

Old Geeter started and uttered a low exclamation, then, as quickly divining my motive, he sat down again in his former listening posture. Several times I imitated the cry of Hindoo children—"maumay, maumay, maumay"—then sobbed on as some little one lost in the jungle. Presently my old confederate whispered "Heeah!" ("Hush") Tarku zo ("The beast hears").

I heard nothing and continued to hear not a sound, but the old native was grasping one of his spears, crouching on his knees, every muscle braced. Five or ten minutes passed on.

I fancied the old man's ears were hardly so sharp as I thought them. But on a sudden a low, eager shuffle, as when some carnivorous beast scents a gory morsel, broke the stillness. Looking intently through the darkness in that direction I espied two flashing orbs in the high grass. Slowly, stealthily, and with scarcely a rustle of the dry stalks those green-tinted, fiery eyes were coming nearer.

The carcass of the goat was hung up against the cage bars, inside it.

Within twelve or fifteen yards the creature seemed to fly at me, bound from out the grass against the side of the cage, uttering a low, intense howl. The cage rocked violently. I was thrown to one side, but old Geeter, better prepared for the shock than I, kept his crouching position, and as the tiger lunged forward and tearing at the carcass, he thrust his spear, giving it a slight wound.

Astonished at the sharp prick, the great beast bounded to one side, then with a savage roar sprang against the cage again, its eyes flashing, growling horribly, the picture of venomous wrath. The air was stifling with musky breath. It wrenched and tore at cage with its claws. The bamboo bars sprung and cracked frightfully.

But this was the chance Old Geeter was waiting for. Before I could take aim or fire he lunged with all his force, driving that long acute lance point out betwixt the bars, deep into the tiger's exposed breast.

With a loud agonized cry, strangely in contrast with its deep bass growl and roar, the beast leaped backwards to the ground. It was the animal's mortal cry, and I never saw a more fearful death struggle.

Time and again it bounded high in the air, tumbling down heavily, only to leap upward again. Its frightfully hideous cries might have been heard leagues off.

It must have been some minutes ere death relieved the animal's dying pains, nor did we venture forth till lay limp and breathless. Daylight showed it to be a very sleek, yellow and black mottled tiger of the largest size. It had fattened on human flesh. Not less than thirteen persons, including children had been its victims during the month it had beset the village.

I remained to see the people of the hamlet come out at sunrise to exult over the "karachu." They performed a kind of thanksgiving dance. Old Geeter remained with them—to collect his pay I presume.

Two days later I saw him pass Jooa in his cage on a freight train. He looked as grim as ever.

Law on Dogs.

Judge Dresser has ruled that a live dog is not stealable in Maine. Under the Maine law a dog in not subject to larceny, because he is not an article of food, not made by the toil of man, and not included in any other of the classes of stealable property. How over, the hide of a dog is stealable, because it is made valuable by the toil of man. Thus the owner of a dead dog is protected by law, while the owner of a live dog is left to his own resources to protect his dog. This is quite a premium on dead dogs. The Legislature has the power to make a live dog stealable. If the Legislature fails to do this the dog comes under the common law, and you can make off with him, and although he cost his owner a small fortune, and was imported from Italy, you can't be arrested for stealing. But the owner can bring a civil action either of trespass, trover or replevin. Hawks are stealable because they have a "noble and generous nature" and are serviceable to mankind. Bees are stealable because they produce food.

A man made mad over vegetarianism was a curious inmate of a Pennsylvania hospital. The sight of any animal, bird, insect or reptile, slain at the hand of man, would send him into paroxysms of hysterical rage. He would wear no shoes, in order to kill the fewer animalcule as he walked. Every shoe or woollen article of clothing that came in his reach he would destroy; a funeral would fill him with frenzy, for he held that the dead should be carried into the woods and covered with leaves; while his vegetarian ideas as to food were equally pronounced. On every occasion possible he would slip off to eat grass, each blade of which he would carefully wipe in order to preclude the destruction of an insect.

A Few Smiles.

"What made the tower of Pisa lean?" "Because of the famine in the land," said a boy who got the tower confused with Joseph's brethren.—Teacher.

Life Insurance Agent—"Madam, our company has never failed to pay a single claim, and when you consider that one-sixth of our holders die every year, you—"

"Madam—"So many die! Really I can't think of taking a policy; I don't think it would be safe."—Harper's Bazar.

Kosciusko Murphy, who is a book-keeper in a grocery store, met a friend who clerks in a cigar store on Austin avenue, and asked him for a cigar. "Ain't got any," said his friend. "Ain't got any," said Kosciusko. "Why, when I used to work in a cigar store I always had my pockets stuffed with cigars." "Yes; probably that's the reason you ain't in a cigar store now," was the crushing reply.

"John," she said, softly, "have you been saying anything about me to mother lately?" "No," replied John; "why do you ask?" "Because she said this morning that she believed you were on the eve of proposing to me. Now, I do not wish you to speak to mother when you have anything of that kind to say. Speak to me, and I'll manage the business with mother." And John said he would.

There lives in Leominster, on Central street, a rather nervous four-year-old girl, who could never sleep unless the room was dimly lighted. One night recently the lamp became extinguished, and she called loudly for her mother, who asked what was the matter. She said between sobs: "The light is out, and I can't see whether my eyes are open or not."

A Pittsburg editor says: "Husbands are not made to order." We'll bet he can't convince most wives they are not.—Washington Critic.

A Denver man has been arrested for stealing three boxes of cigars of the value of eighty-three cents a box. The defense will be insanity.—Life.

A steward wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library, in the following terms: "In the first place I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio."

New York daily papers often speak of "Long Island girls," but an investigation shows that girls who live on islands grow no longer than girls who don't.

irate father—"You remember you wanted to marry that bookkeeper of mine about a year ago." Daughter—"Yes, father." "A pretty sort of a man you picked out. He has decamped with my whole fortune." "You remember, father, that you told him he could not have me until he got rich, don't you?" "Of course, the young—"

"I have just received a dispatch from him at Montreal saying he is rich now, but is perfectly willing to marry a poor man's daughter."

Little Dot—"I don't like to help wipe dishes." Omaha mamma—"Why not pet?" "If I learn how to do such things just right, I'll grow up into a servant girl, won't I?" "No, dear. If you learn how to do anything just right you'll never be a servant girl."

Don't be impatient. It will soon be May-Day, and you can put on your Arctic overshoes and winter overcoat, tie up your ears, and go out in the wild-wood and sit down on the remains of a snowdrift and eat a spring sandwich. It isn't as if there was nothing to look forward to.

Some one observes that the class of men who used to blow out their brains, now merely blow out the gas; but it is believed that men who blow out the gas have no brains to blow out.

"Why do you wail so, George?" inquired Mrs. Saygood. "Because," groaned George, I have run the point of a nail into my foot." "Well," she said, softly, "never mind, I have seen you run the point of an ale into your neck and look up for more without catching your breath."

"I hear that Gen. Lightfoot is going to run for governor," said the judge. "Glad he's going to run for something," said the major, with feeling, "he ran from everything all through the war."

Perfect union in purpose and desire is a beautiful thing between parent and child. To illustrate: "Then Aldegtha, you will be mine?" "Yes, Ferdinand, if pa is willing. I always do what he wants me to." "But will he give his consent?" "He will." Pa always does what I want him to.

"We have heard a great deal about the reckless extravagance of the far west," says the Chicago Times, "but we cannot go quite so far as to believe the yarn that there is a hotel in Deadwood where they change proprietors every time they change proprietors."

He—"But ain't you afraid your parents will be angry if we get married." She—"No, they won't care. Why, they are married, too."—The Colonel.

Some were walking around an agricultural implement store, and they chanced to see in the rear a dressed hog hanging by a hook in the wall. "What sort of an agricultural implement do you call that?" they asked. "That is a patent combined root-grubber, corn-sheller, apple-grinder, gate-lifter, double-action, back-spring sod-plough; but I guess you won't want one, for it takes a mighty smart man to manage it."

"My son, don't misplace your sympathy. When a man goes to the dogs, remember that in many instances it is mighty rough on the dogs."—Burdette.

Swimming Among Sharks.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

The brig W. G. Irwin, Capt. J. E. McCulloch, arrived recently, twenty days from Honolulu, having on board Frank Miller, a young seaman picked up at sea off Diamond head, six miles out from the island capital. The rescued sailor belonged to the whaler Jacob Howland, which sailed from this port on the 27th of November last. His experience was certainly a terrific one, involving as it did a seventeen-hour swim in water infested with sharks; and that he was not devoured by some of them appears little less than miraculous. Miller's story, as related to an Examiner reporter, is as follows:

"On the night of March 2, while it was my watch below, I had occasion to come on deck and get into the forward chains. We had just been trying out two sperm whales which we had taken, and everything about the ship was simply smeared with grease. When I stepped into the chains my feet slipped, and I fell, striking my head against the side of the vessel, partly stunning me. When I came to myself enough to make an outcry, the ship had got a long way ahead, and I could not make them hear me. I knew which way the land lay, and swam for two and one-half hours in that direction, but a current kept carrying me back. When I was pretty nearly done up, I found a piece of a wooden gutter floating in the water, and kept it by me afterward. But I couldn't get to shore try as I might, and the sharp-edged of the plank rasped my arms and legs dreadfully.

Toward morning the wind began to drive me ashore, but very slowly. I floated along all the forenoon and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon had become so weak that I couldn't hold on any longer. I gave myself up, and was just letting go when I caught sight of the Irwin. She had just cast off the tug which had towed her out of the harbor. Of course I held on awhile longer, and as they came by they heard me call and lowered a boat. They had to lift me into the boat, and on board and up to the deck of the brig like a baby. I was that weak. But I very soon got all right again, for never was man treated better than Capt. McCulloch and his men treated me. My ship was nine miles off shore when I went over and I was in the water nearly eighteen hours. The sharks had swarmed around the ship the day before, when we were throwing the whale refuse overboard, and I tell you I did not feel easy."

Capt. McCulloch of the Irwin seemed of the opinion that young Miller had purposely jumped overboard with the intention of swimming ashore. A Kanaka sailor had done the same thing two days before, swimming five miles to land and carrying a large bundle of clothes. Young Miller, however, insists that he fell overboard, though admitting that life on board the whaler had been a veritable hell through the villainess of the food furnished and the harshness of the officers. The Howland, he states, must now be cruising toward the Arctic. She is commanded by Capt. Shockley.

A Doctor's Strange Death.

Dr. F. G. Fuller, a prominent physician of Lincoln, Nebraska, left home to visit a patient in the country. That night he went to the residence of Mr. Grant, six miles south, and explaining his horse had run away and thrown him out of his buggy he was cared for. The next morning Grant with him went to where his sickly wife, some distance along the road, and left him looking for his mare. Next morning Grant saw the sulky still there and going to it found the doctor on the ground dead. The impression is that death resulted from concussion of the brain. He had taken a couple of lap robes and fixed a bed a few feet from the buggy, had also put his umbrella to keep off the sun and had taken such remedies as would be proper for a shock, evidently knowing what was the matter. The body was found about twenty feet down the bank from where the bed was, having probably rolled there in the death struggle.

A Continent of Coal.

Cor. Boston Globe.

Thirty years ago there were less than 3,000,000 tons of coal a year taken out of the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania; last year the output was 34,000,000 tons, an average increase of over 1,000,000 tons a year. In spite of this enormous output the coal beds of that region are hardly opened yet, and Pennsylvania alone is estimated to have coal enough inside its limits to last the whole world for 50,000 years to come.

This is not all. The whole continent of North America is nothing but a big coal sandwich. Under the ledges of the Rocky Mountains, below the prairies of the great West and supporting also the farmlands of Ontario and the virgin forests of British Columbia, are billions of tons of coal, waiting for the miner to come and dig it. Prof. Hitchcock, in his "Geology," says that reckoning on the present rate of increase in the earth's population, there is coal enough in the United States alone to supply all the inhabitants of the globe for 333,333 years to come.

The Privilege of the Floor.

The privilege of the floor of the senate or the house during its session is very highly valued by most men. It is restricted, as you know, in the house to the president and his cabinet, senators, representatives and ex-representatives, officers of the army and navy who have received the thanks of congress, and the higher officers of the senate and the house. The senate extends the privilege a little further, so as to take in a few of the higher officials in the departments and one private citizen, by the name of Mr. George Bancroft.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Sharp in His Business.

From Texas Siftings.

"Now, that name," said the hotel clerk running his diamond-bitted finger down the register and pausing at the name of Guriproat, "that name is a fraud. That man is traveling incog., and there is something crooked about him."

"Why do you think so?" inquired a reporter, on the trail of a fugitive item.

"Why do I think so? Why, I almost know it—in fact, I do know it intuitively. It is my business to be familiar with names and the derivation and nationality of them. Now, there is no such name as Guriproat. It is neither English, Irish, Scotch, German, Swedish, Welsh, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Malay, Greek, Norwegian nor Choctaw. It is a machine name, manufactured for an emergency something like the characters in Dickens's novels—the Veneerings, Pogonaps, Weggs, Dorrits, Jaggers, Nickelbys and Chuzzlewits. I am obliged, you know, to be sharp in my business."

"Are there any other earmarks by which you know this man to be a fraud?"

"Well, yes; I have spoken to him on several occasions, calling him by name—Guriproat—and on every occasion he has appeared to fail to recognize the name as at all familiar, and I have to repeat it. I tell you he is a sly fakir from Flyn town. He is a queer and you can bet high on that."

"Now, there is a man," continued the hotel clerk, pointing to another square-toed specimen of calligraphy; "that man Jones there, A. Q. Jones, he's all O. K. There is no subterfuge about him. He comes in and plunks down his grip sack, deposits a roll of bills in the safe, calls for a styler, indorses the register, and there you have it flat-footed. A. Q. Jones, \$2,000 in his roll in the safe. He is a man who will do to tie up to. We have to be good judges of human nature in this business, I tell you, and are obliged to be teetotal and strictly sharp. But Jones is solid with this house. He has been here a week now, and I have advanced him \$550 or \$600 on his roll."

"You are sure the roll contains money, are you?" inquired the reporter, carelessly.

"Sure! Why, it is an express package, sealed, and the amount marked on the corner. Guests often leave them with us for security."

"I should want to know it was all right before I loaned money on it," pursued the reporter.

"That's where you would fool yourself. That's where you would insult guests and drive trade away. But this sharp clerk spoke this a little un-easily—'just to show you what a square man Jones is, I'll send up this bill,' and the clerk proceeded to sound the loud timpler which summoned a bellboy."

"Here, run up to 58 with this," said the clerk.

While the bellboy was on his mission the suspicious Guriproat came up to the office to settle his bill. "That's him—Guriproat," said the clerk, forming the words with his mouth without uttering a sound: "Eight dollars and a quarter—two days and a hall."

"Hey!" said the despised Guriproat. "Two days and a half—eight and a quarter," answered the clerk winking at the reporter.

"Eight dollars—"

"And a quarter."

"All right; correct," and Mr. Guriproat tendered a \$10 bill. The sharp clerk spent five minutes critically examining and testing the same. While doing so the suspected guest observed:

"If Colonel James Guriproat of Montgomery, Alabama, calls for me please tell him I have gone to Washington."

The hotel clerk looked suddenly up and his face was like a circus poster gilded by the rays of sunset.

"Are you Congressman Guriproat of Alabama?" he inquired.

"Hay?"

"Are you Congressman Guriproat of Alabama?"

"No, I am his brother. I am Judge Guriproat, formerly of the Supreme Bench."

He had his change, and in another instant the porter was obsequiously escorting him out to a carriage.

"Why," exclaimed the clerk. "It's singular I happened to forget that Guriproat family of Montgomery. It just beats all. Funny, isn't it, when you miss a man's name."

The bell boy returned at this interesting juncture of the proceedings with the startling information that A. Q. Jones had skipped, bag and baggage, hook, line and sinker, foot, horse and dragons. The clerk turned white, and his fingers shook like a splinter on a rail in the wind as he suddenly went down into the safe after the express package. He fished it up, tore off the end and proceeded to shake out—a generous wad of newspaper clippings, some of it gems of poetry, the balance choice extracts from the humorous papers and medical reading notices.

Safety of Building Associations.

The co-operative banks, sometimes called building associations, although they never build directly, are the very ingenious out-growth of an endeavor to make the savings of men of modest means yield a higher rate of interest than savings banks pay, and also to distribute these savings in small loans among the same class. They have proved eminently safe and successful in both respects. But here, also, the borrower must have a "margin," albeit a smaller one will pass muster than in the savings banks. This is no indication of insecurity, for the loan is at its maximum and the "margin" at its minimum only at the outset, for the monthly payments immediately and constantly increase the latter and decrease the former.—Boston Herald.

What's in a Name.

All the Year Round.

A name is certainly not the least important factor in a man's career. How much more difficult would it be for a Muggins or a Finnigan to gain acceptance as a poet, however great his talent, than for a Tennyson or a Milton? No matter how great a man's energy, talent or courage may be, an odd or ridiculous name will be a clog to him through life, and add immensely to his difficulties in making his way upwards. Of what avail a man's aristocratic appearance, correct dress, coat of the most fashionable cut, and satisfactory balance at the bank, if his visiting card condemns him to pity or ridicule? What a consolation it must be to a lady afflicted with a disagreeable name to know that she may have an opportunity of changing it for a better in a way at once gratifying to her pride and affections. This privilege of the ladies has been assumed by the Popes who change their names when they are chosen as successors to St. Peter. The introducer of this Papal custom, Sergius II., may well be excused for the innovation, seeing that his own name signifies Hog's-mouth. Melancthon was not above this weakness, and he adopted the Greek form of his proper name, which signified "Black Earth," and the learned Erasmus made a similar transformation of his dutch name, Gerrard.

In the time of Louis XVI, a distinguished writer who was member of the Academy, a Councillor of State and a friend of Richelieu, had the misfortune to bear the name of Gueux (Beggars). Can we wonder at his adopting the name of his paternal estate, and calling himself Balzac? Many other instances might be quoted of men of talent and eminence being dissatisfied with the names that were borne by their ancestors.

Some people in their anxiety to compensate their children for the vulgar or ridiculous family names which they have inherited, couple with them what they consider aristocratic or euphonious Christian names. Hence, we have such combinations as Gladys Beatrice Higgs, Constance Aurelia Smith and Victor Augustus Jones. One can sympathize with the fact that many pleasing hours of consultation and discussion are given in deciding what name will sound most melliflously and assort most fittingly with the sterling and attractive qualities which are so preceptibly packed up in that little cherub—their first born.

The ancients had many superstitions as to names, and even elevated the study to a science under the title of Onomastia.

When the Romans raised an army or numbered the citizens, they were always careful that the first name taken should be an auspicious one. More than one Emperor owed his elevation simply to his name, and Caesar, in his expedition to Africa, gave a command to obscure Scipio, because the people believed that the Scipios were invincible in Africa.

Similar influences weighed with the French envoys, who went to negotiate a marriage between one of the Spanish princesses and Louis VIII. They rejected Urraca, the elder and more beautiful princess, who was intended for their royal master, and preferred her sister, because her name, Blanche, had a more musical sound.

A Spanish Ambassador to the Court of Elizabeth considered his dignity slighted when the Queen appointed a wealthy citizen to receive him because his host bore the very short name of John Cuts. He soon found, however, that if Cuts had a short name he had a long purse and a right royal way of dipping into it for the sake of upholding the English name for hospitality.

Had Enough of It.

Boston Globe.

Little Fred D— and his father and mother were going to board with a neighbor for two weeks, while the house was undergoing repairs. Fred was delighted at the prospects.

"Mamma," he said, "didn't you say I must thank God for every good thing?"

"Yes, Fred."

"Shall I thank him because we are going to board?"

"Yes if you like."

When the two weeks had expired, and the last dinner at the boarding house had been eaten, Fred leaned back in his chair and heaving a long sigh of relief, said, in the hearing of his hostess:

"Now let's thank God we've got through boarding."

Swift Birds.

Thomas Alexander, in his book entitled "Game Birds of the United States," says that wild ducks, unaided by the wind, fly from sixty to 100 miles an hour, and that the blue-winged teal, "going down the wind at the top of his speed, will make fully 150 miles an hour, possibly more."

The swiftest bird on the wing is the frigate bird, a sort of nautical bird of prey. Sailors believe that it can start at the peep of dawn from the coast of Africa, and following the trade winds, land on the American coast before sunset. It can undoubtedly fly more than 200 miles an hour, but we do not know of any trustworthy record of the speed of which it is capable.—Golden Days.

Some Get Left.

From the Omaha Herald.

Pundita Ramabai is a young lady from India who is now lecturing in this country on the condition of her sex in her native land. She says that in India girls are often betrothed before birth. This statement is a little hard to grasp. The girl who, betrothed before birth, should turn out to be a boy, would certainly be playing a mean triak upon somebody.