



Commanded by a Tiger.

It is not often that a tiger takes command of a vessel, but that is what happened in Delaware Bay some time ago. The captain of a Philadelphia tug-boat which had been forced to lie to near Lewes, by a heavy wind, was awakened early in the morning with the intelligence that a schooner, with her sails set, was drifting broadside on, toward the tug. As she came nearer, it was seen that there was no one on the deck. The captain hailed her, and half-a-dozen men answered from the rigging and from a yawl astern, with pitiful cries for help. The tug's anchor was got up, and she was started in chase of the schooner, which, still drifting in shore, soon grounded. The captain of the tug tells the rest of the story:

"By that time I made preparations to board the vessel and capture the mutineers, who, I supposed, had possession of her. I shouted to the men in the yawl to cut adrift and come on board of us, but they had only one oar in the boat. As we got near the schooner I mustered the five men on board the *Hercules*, and counted our weapons. We had three revolvers and a shotgun.

"Now let her go for the schooner," I called to the pilot as I reached up for the signal rope and blew three shrill whistles. The last shriek had hardly died away when a terrific, blood-curdling roar that almost took us off our feet came from the schooner's deck.

We were almost alongside, and I had barely time to pull two bells to back her when the vessels touched. There was a jar, the schooner trembled, and as tug slowly drew off, another terrific roar drowned the noise of escaping steam.

"Hold on, boys," I said; "let us make up our mind what is best."

The schooner's crew, who were perched in the rigging, cried to us to shoot low and kill the beast. I pulled one bell and stopped the tug. By this time the men in the yawl boat had cut adrift, and they clambered over the side of the tug. They were Captain Pettit and the mate and the cook of the schooner.

There was no time for explanations. We had to work sharp, for a sudden veer of the wind might blow the schooner off, and start her adrift again. Captain Pettit had a heavy navy revolver with him, and we now slowly steamed around the stern of the schooner and crept up alongside as close as we could with safety.

His majesty the royal Bengal tiger lay on the star-board side of the galley house. As I pulled the gong to stop the tug, he raised his head and I gave the word "aim!" He looked at us for a moment, and as he opened his mouth to roar, I shouted "fire!"

The contents of four revolvers and a shotgun were poured at the tiger, and with a roar of rage and pain the animal rose on his haunches. One of his forepaws hung limp. The beast tried to gather himself up for a spring, but he couldn't manage it; he had been shot in the legs.

"I don't want to kill the tiger," said Captain Pettit, "if we can get him to go back between decks, where his cage is. I am afraid the consignees won't pay freight on him if I make away with him."

"After that we threw chunks of coal, clubs, boards, anything we could get hold of, at the tiger, but he only got wilder and roared louder. We were no better off than at first, unless we killed the beast. I then had the fire hose gotten out, and gave the order to pump hot water from the boilers.

The boiling water shot out of the muzzle of the hose, and, when it struck the tiger, he

jumped ten feet into the air, and sent forth a roar that fairly shook the vessel. Again the water struck him, and he jumped and roared. We followed him all over the deck, giving him the benefit of the hot stream at every pause. He climbed halfway up the fore rigging and nearly put the man up in the foretop into a fit. But he dropped back on deck, and, as a fresh spurt of steam struck him square in the face, he turned tail and jumped down the main hatch, where his broken cage lay.

In two seconds we were on board the schooner, the hatches were on, and the tiger was secured. For an hour after Captain Pettit sat in my cabin, and told me and my crew how he managed to get into such a fix. Last Thursday he took the tiger on board at Richmond. He had been sold by Adam Forepaugh to the trustees of Roger Williams Park, in Providence, R. I., to be placed in the menagerie there.

In the blow on Friday night, coming down the river, the cage broke adrift from its fastenings, and was so damaged that the beast managed to crawl out. The hatchway over his cage had been left open for air, and the tiger took possession of the schooner's deck. They had been drifting for nearly three hours when we sighted them."—*Baltimore American*.

Corn Tie.

The following cut illustrates a corn tie which has been found to work well by those who have used it. It is home made, easy of manufacture and strong. It is made of galvanized wire.

