

THE YAK.

The yak, or grunting ox, derives its name from its very peculiar voice, which sounds much like the grunt of a pig. It is a native of the mountains of Thibet, and, according to Hodson, it inhabits all the loftiest plateaus of High Asia, between the Altai and the Himalayas.

It is capable of domestication, and is liable to extensive permanent varieties, which have probably been occasioned by the climate in which it lives and the work to which it has been put. The noble yak, for example, is a large, handsome animal, holding its head proudly erect, having a large hump, extremely long

and when properly mounted in a silver handle, it is used as a fly flapper in India under the name of a chowrie. These tails are carried before certain officers of state, their number indicating his rank.

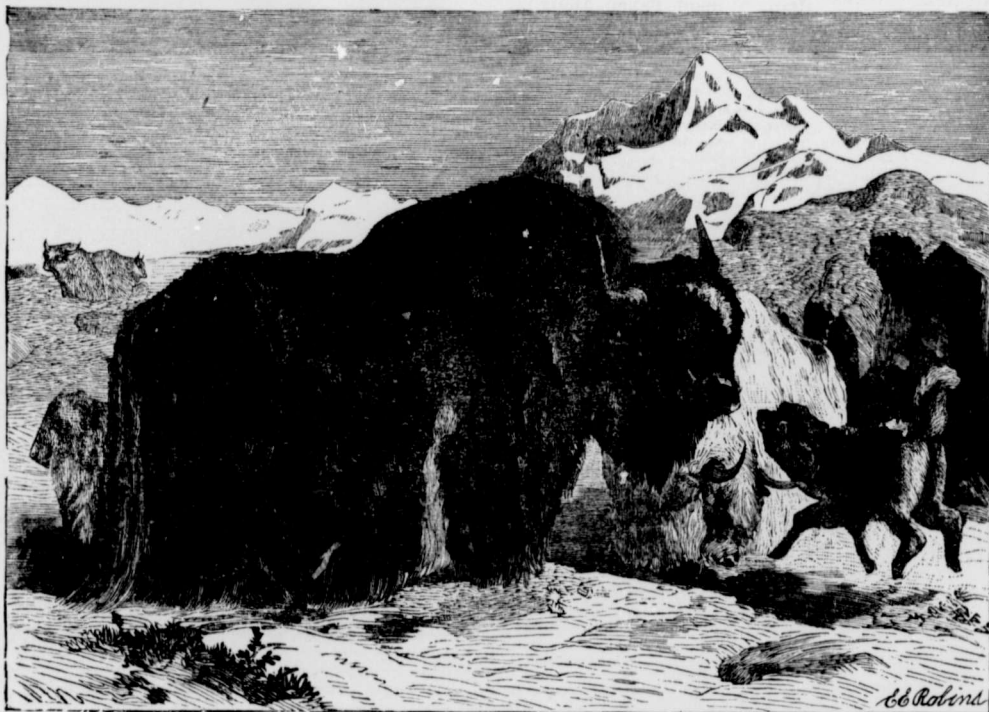
The plough yak is altogether a more plebeian-looking animal, humble of deportment, carrying its head low, and almost devoid of the magnificent tufts of long silken hairs that fringe the sides of its more aristocratic relation. Their legs are very short in proportion to their bodies, and they are generally tailless, that member having been cut off and sold by their avaricious owner. There is also another variety which is termed the Ghainorik. The color of this animal is black, the back and

first learned this fact from two old and experienced fishermen when out on a fishing excursion, one lovely August day, off Swan Beaca, New Jersey. It came out in the course of a story, which is here given as it was told in the boat:

"On a fine morning in August, 1867, we started at daylight for this very reef of rocks. With plenty of bait, we looked for four or five hundred-weight of sea-bass, flounders, and blackfish. At first we pulled them up as fast as our lines touched bottom; then we had not a single bite. Surprised, we looked up and around, preparatory to changing our ground. To our astonishment the water was alive with sharks. We

glared ferociously at our pale faces. One shark dashed at the boat and seized one of her side planks and almost shook us out of our seats. Fortunately his teeth broke off, and away he went. In a moment he was devoured by the other sharks. Then the shoal returned to us again.

"We were in despair, and never expected to see shore again. We could not sail, we could not row, and were drifting out to sea. Finally, Charlie said, 'Bill, we are in an awful mess. Let us see if God will help us.' We knelt down, and I prayed for help, confessed our sins, and promised amendment and repentance. We had hardly finished before we saw a great shoal of porpoises.



THE YAK.

hair, and a very bushy tail. It is a shy and withal capricious animal, too much disposed to kick with the hind feet and to make threatening demonstrations with the horns, as if it intended to impale the rider. The heavy fringes of hair that decorate the sides of the yak do not make their appearance until the animal has attained three months of age, the calves being covered with rough curling hair, not unlike that of a black Newfoundland dog. The beautiful white bushy tail of the yak is in great request for various ornamental purposes, and forms quite an important article of commerce. Dyed red, it is formed into those curious tufts that decorate the caps of the Chinese,

tail being often white. When overloaded, the yak is accustomed to vent its displeasure by its loud, monotonous, melancholy grunting, which has been known to affect the nerves of unpractised riders to such an extent that they dismounted, after suffering half an hour's infliction of this most lugubrious chant, and performed the remainder of their journey on foot. — *Scientific American*.

A SHARK STORY.

It may not be generally known that in that playful marine acrobat, the porpoise, the shark possesses an implacable enemy that will permit no intrusion on its feeding grounds. The writer

commenced pulling up our anchor, when a savage fish rushed to the bow of the boat and bit the rope in two. Then we hoisted sail, but the moment we put the steering oar into the water, several sharks began biting it into pieces. So we were compelled to take in sail and drift. We were in the midst of a school of sharks two miles long and half a mile broad. They were of all sizes, from six feet long to twelve or fourteen. They swarmed around our boat, and dashed it one-third full of water with their tails. We had to bail, one with his hat, and the other with the bait pail. Every moment some big fellow would put his nose almost on our gunwale, while his yellow tiger eye

They hurled themselves out of the water, jumping twenty feet at a bound. Soon we were in the midst of them. The sharks started out to sea, but the porpoises were too quick for them. They bit and tore the sharks fearfully. Sometimes three porpoises would have hold of one shark. Then they jumped out of the water and fell heavily on these tigers of the ocean. The fight continued for miles, and we were saved. We rode safely to shore, and by God's mercy became professors of religion. We have respect for porpoises, and believe if they were not so plentiful, the New Jersey shore would swarm with sharks, and then good-bye to fishing and bathing." — *British Workman*.