

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

AN INDIAN SUE FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.—Nora Engart, prepossessing in appearance, and aged 18 years, has sued Marshall Kid-Lo-Sio, a Miami Indian, living near La Fontaine, Indiana, for breach of promise. He is said to be of rather bad character, and is not such an individual as would naturally win the affections of a Caucasian maiden. The complaint alleges that Kid-Lo-Sio was assiduous in his attentions to Miss Engart, proposed marriage and was accepted, and subsequently disregarding his betrothal, wedded another woman, to all of which Kid-Lo-Sio sets up a stout denial. Several damaging letters, however, are in the possession of Miss Engart. The demand is for \$5,000, and as Kid-Lo-Sio has property, a verdict in favor of Miss Engart would be worth 100 cents on the dollar.

It is said that Maurice Strakosch has discovered another nightingale. This one, like Mme. Christine Nilsson, is a Swede. Her name is Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson. She is still in her teens, and is remarkable both for beauty and a superb soprano voice. It is now fully thirty years since Mr. Strakosch discovered the greatest of all songbirds in his young sister-in-law, Adelina Patti, but long as has been her reign and greatness has been the flight of time since his first marvelous discovery, he is still unwearied in the search for great singers.

Near Coblenz is the Church of St. Castor, and this church they are now bedecking with evergreens, for it is this month 1,000 years old and fifty years to spare.

At the late annual convention in San Francisco, the G. A. R. of California sent the President an invitation on a card of solid gold.

AGASSIZ AND THE STUDENT.—The writer well remembers his introduction to the late Professor Agassiz, and how he learned his method of investigation.

Having undertaken the study of natural history, I went to the Professor and asked him where to begin. "Ah," said he, "so you want to begin, do you? All right, here is a bluefish; now take it, dissect it carefully, note all you see, and come back to-morrow at the same time and report." Off I started with my fish, but as I was not to report until the next day, I kept at it, every hour finding something new. I went to the Professor at the appointed time, feeling proud and confident that my natural discernment, for such I was pleased to term it, had enabled me to master the subject, and that I should well acquit myself in my report. The Professor listened to all I had to say, and in his quiet way remarked, "So, so, very good, but not all." To make a long story short I kept at the fish for a month, receiving always the same answer, "very good, but not all." How I hated that fish at the end of the week. How it did smell! I did not want to touch it, and flew into a rage at least a dozen times, and yet each day I found something new, and so on until the end of the month, when what there was new about that fish that I did not know was not worth knowing.—*Electrical Review.*

A VERY DESPERATE GAME.—A writer in the *Paris Martin* tells the following story:—In 1871, immediately after the surrender of Paris, and when the German army was in the city, General Boulanger, then a colonel, was in command of the 127th of the line. The regiment was *en echelon* in the Rue Saint Honore, guarding the limit beyond which the Prussians were not to pass. At the intersection of the Rue Saint Honore and another street, the name of which the writer does not recall, but he remembers that it was near the Rothschild house, suddenly appeared the general in command of the Prussian army, followed by his brilliant staff. They were about to pass the line of demarcation, when Colonel Boulanger rode up in front of them. "General," said he in a loud voice, "you cannot pass." The latter pretended not to understand, and appeared to be about to come on, when Boulanger, purple with rage and hatred, dashed forward, sabre in hand, and shouted out in a savage voice: "General, you must not pass. If you advance another step—" Then, seeing that the brilliant troop had come to a halt, he added, with an imposing gesture, the words: *Respect la consigne!* "It needed but little," says the writer, "to put a match to the powder at that moment. There and then Germany might have lost some precious heads. Inspired by the conduct of our brave colonel, we grasped our chassapots. The quality of the game was most tempting."

SMART CAT.—A remarkable Maltese cat is to be found on Sullivan street. While sitting sunning itself the other day, all unconscious of game near by, a large rat that had been watching it stealthily from under an adjacent shed suddenly darted out across a narrow passageway about six feet from puss' nose and through a friendly knot-hole in the fence. At a glance the cat took in the situation. With one bound she topped the fence, some five feet high, and with the second she lit upon and caught Mr. Rodent just as he emerged through the knot-hole on the other side. The owner submits that it was the smartest feat that that or any other cat ever accomplished.—*Toronto Globe.*

Philadelphia has 1,500 miles of streets.

The breweries and distilleries of the United States pay to their employees in wages \$120,000,000 a year.

King Humbert has erected a monument to Victor Emmanuel at Turin; cost \$200,000.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

SO SHORT! SO SWEET!

Why is't so long that Winter stays
To rack the earth with bitter blast,
And clogs with frost his darkness days,
But Summer goes so fast!

How is it, when the heavy skies
Their cold white burden earthward cast,
That Time walks slow, with downcast eyes,
But Summer goes so fast!

O laggard Time! Escape the storm!
Go clasp the Spring lest she slip past.
Who walks with her, his heart grows warm,—
But Summer goes so fast.

Deep is the sky of softest blue,
Darker the blue of waters vast.
Sweet flowers the field and roadside strow,—
But Summer goes so fast.

Still runs the burden of our song—
The same refrain from first to last;
How is it Winter stays so long,
But Summer goes so fast!

FREDERICTON, N. B.

JANE E. G. ROBERTS.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

A TIGER HUNT IN INDIA.

(From the French.)

While living in India, I have assisted at several very interesting tiger hunts, but I will not speak of them now for two reasons, first, because I have related the most curious, and secondly, that in these wild chases I have not taken that brilliant role which all narrators attribute to themselves in speaking of each expedition in which they have had a part. My passion for the chase has procured me the friendship of several old hunters, among them, a mighty nimrod named Major Walker, generally known as the *tiger eater* throughout the three presidencies. It is one of Major Walker's tales that I give here, as told by himself.

"I was an ensign in Her Majesty's 23rd Regt. of Infantry. My regiment was stationed at Palamow, except one battalion, to which I belonged, and which was detached at Sahruk. The place was dull, and to cap my misfortunes, two officers obtained leave of absence, and another dangerously ill had been left at Palamow.

One day I was chagrined at having my captain's daughter reject my addresses. In the hope of dissipating my grief, I had my horse saddled and rode out with the intention of plunging into the thick jungles which begin a few miles from Surak. Only a few moments after starting I met a lieutenant of my regiment named Richard Mowbray. At the time of which I speak, he had been married for three years to a charming woman whom he adored; as to him, he was a man six feet in height, ugly enough, but active and robust. He had conceived a friendship for me, and on my side I was much attached to him. Seeing me at a hard gallop, Mowbray hurried his horse and joined me. At twenty years old one must open his heart, and I related all to my friend, who did not try to comfort me, but pressed my hand and rode on in silence beside me. At the end of a few miles we heard cries of distress. Pressing forward we soon arrived at a clearing. About five hundred feet before us ran a deep stream, bordered with rushes and bamboos; on the other side, about twenty Indians, men and women, were indulging in noisy lamentations. We crossed the stream and approached to learn the cause of their grief. Perceiving us they separated, and in the midst of the group we saw an unfortunate woman, covered with blood, kneeling near the horribly mutilated body of an Indian. The body of this man was horrible to see. The skin of his head terribly torn almost fell over his eyes, his neck was broken, and a little above his right hip was an enormous wound.

Five or six Indians ran towards us, lifting their arms and crying aloud, 'The tiger, sirs! the tiger! He has carried off the child, and killed the father, and the mother, see what a state she is in.' The poor woman was indeed to be pitied. Though the claws of the tiger had only grazed her, they had made deep scores in her shoulders and arms, and the unfortunate creature was suffering horribly. They told us that while the unhappy family were walking by the river, a tiger had sprung upon the child. Though without arms, the father had hastened to the rescue, but what could he do against the terrible animal? After throwing him on the ground, biting him in the neck and side, the tiger shook him as a cat shakes a mouse, then seizing the child in its mouth, with a few leaps disappeared. Three other persons, inhabitants of a village seven miles away, had already been devoured by this same tiger. 'He will not stop there,' said the speaker of the crowd. 'Once a tiger has tasted human blood, he wants no other—if the gentlemen do not come to our help and kill this *man-eater*, we are lost!' At this moment the unfortunate woman, absorbed till now in her grief, suddenly raised herself, and throwing herself at our feet cried out, 'Avenge my husband, avenge my child.' In my then frame of mind life was a burden, and a danger to face, a godsend indeed.

'Be calm,' I said to the poor widow. 'I will myself go in pursuit of your enemy. A few days hence, I swear, he shall have devoured me or I will have rid the country of him.' Cries of joy greeted this promise, made in all sincerity, and with all the thoughtlessness of a heart twenty years old.

Mowbray said nothing, but made a gesture of dissent, of which I asked him the cause. 'I will explain presently,' said he in a low voice. A tiger hunt demands some preparation. I promised to return the next day or the following one, and was turning to go, but Mowbray stopped me. 'Is the *shiklaroo* (native hunter) here?' demanded he. A man already old and