

Then his friend pinched his leg and whispered:

"Dry up, can't you? You're not in a theatre."

But that only added to his confusion; he couldn't comprehend the situation. It was a genuine novelty to him; he didn't know the ropes, and was bound to go it blind. He didn't understand the parson as he announced a hymn; but, noticing the congregation reaching for books in the racks in front of them, and seeing his friend do the same, he softly remarked:—

"Say, Jim, old boy, share up and declare a dividend on that libretto. I came here to accommodate you, and I want to understand what is going on."

He evidently expected to hear the "stage party" go off into immediate operative hysteresis, and when, instead, the whole audience joined in unaffected song, he looked astonished beyond degree, and seemed to imagine some one was receiving a grand, complimentary benefit. He finally thought he would take a hand himself, and tried to sing; but it was a sad failure—an absolute break-down, from the facts, first, that he hadn't tried to sing for twenty years; and, second, that he had never heard the tune.

It was the sermon that astonished him most completely, though; it made him nervous—he twisted about right and left, looked backward toward the door, and longed to be down in the print-shop with the boys tumbling a "jeph," but he dared not stir; finally, he turned to him as a relief to the monotony, and gave vent to his opinion:—

"If I'd known this was to have been one of these monologue businesses, I'd stayed away. I'm a victim of misplaced confidence; Dr. Landis can give this fellow lessons all his life. Wish I had a Clipper to read. He's an amateur. Wake me up, Jim, when they ring the drop-curtain."

He sank back in the cushions, and thought of days in years long past when he made his first tramp as a "joor print," and soon sank away to oblivious happiness until the choir aroused him. As the congregation was slowly filing out he said:

"Jim, I thought you had a better opinion of my appreciation than that."

SHOOTING A TIGER FROM A RAILROAD ENGINE.

WINNEBAGO CITY, Minn., Jan. 26, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Apropos of your correspondent "Fills" account of shooting a buck from a railway train, the following incident may be of interest to your readers:—

On the occasion of some special holiday to the employees of the Madras railway, some time in the middle of 1869 or 1870, two of them, an engine driver and stoker, made up their minds to spend it shooting, and with this object went from their quarters at Beypore up to the Paulghat jungle, some eighty miles further inland. This jungle fringes the Southern spur of the Belgherry hills; is composed in part of large forest trees, but mainly of very dense underbrush, and has so bad a reputation for fever that its recesses are seldom or never invaded by sportsmen. The word ghant in Hindustanee signifies an incline, and the railroad runs upwards from the western coast at a very heavy grade so soon as it reaches this jungle, so trains go as fast as but little more than a foot's pace through parts of it. The engine driver of these two had been a soldier in the 60th Rifles, and was known to the somewhat of a marksman.

They left the depot, and spent most of the day in searching after game, with, however, but poor success, and at some time after noon they separated in hopes of better luck, having agreed to meet at a large tree near the depot, which served quite as a landmark in the surrounding lower jungle. Towards evening the driver reached the tree, and becoming alarmed, after some time, at the stoker's continued absence, he went to the depot for assistance, and the result of a search, was the finding of the half-dead body of the stoker, quite close to the tree and the track, with the foot-prints of a tiger plainly visible all around the remains of the corpse. The party removed and buried what was left of their friend, and the driver returned by the night's train to Beypore.

Next day he was on duty, and whilst running his train slowly up the ghant eastwards, he saw, quite close to the scene of the yesterday's tragedy, a tiger slowly and quite coolly walking by the side of the line. He had his gun or rifle with him, and killed the tiger with a single

death-like and horrible sound. My left hand was about six inches from its head, and, in order to prevent being bitten, I grasped it right behind the eyes with my right hand. Holding it in this way for several seconds, my companion sneaked to me to throw the snake from me. I tried to do so, but was powerless, being, as it seemed to me, transfixed or charmed to the spot by the horrid eyes of the monster. I tried to talk, but my jaws would not open, and my tongue appeared stiff. I felt the cold sweat trickling down my back, and large drops of perspiration stood on my forehead. My face was as white as the driven snow, and I could neither move nor talk, but seemed to be as stiff as a post. It makes me shudder, as I write, to think of the stare of the reptile. Annie, my companion, seeing my dangerous situation, screamed for help. She seemed to have been bereft of reason, for instead of coming to my assistance she started to run away. Trying to turn my head to see whether she had gone, the eyes of the snake were also directed in the direction in which Annie was shrieking. From that moment the snake's spell on me was broken, and with all my might I hurled it from me. No sooner had the snake landed on the ground than I ran with the fleetness of the deer, fearing that it would overtake me. Judge of my feelings when, almost out of breath and ready to shrink down to the earth from sheer exhaustion, I turned around and found a snake with three others several paces from me, in hot pursuit. I remembered that snakes were afraid of anything red. Fortunately having on a red skirt, I immediately exposed it to the reptiles' view, and they at once stopped the pursuit. I advanced toward them, shaking my red skirt, and they retreated. I gathered up stones and threw at them, and killed the largest one, and the others escaped through the rocks. Just at this moment, a deputation from the school who had been in search of us came up. The large snake that had coiled itself around my neck was found by the escort, and it measures nine feet and four inches.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

That "luck" has been considered a potent element in horse matters, has some forcible and interesting illustrations in the annals of the turf. When Wild Dayrell was foaled, his future trainer, Rickaby, who was stead groom for Mr. Popham, assured his wife that the colt was destined to a wonderful career, for in the early morning after his birth a wild duck and drake set on the top of the quickest hedge which surrounded the paddock, and this was such an unusual circumstance, that the roosting of these web-footed bipeds had some pretensions meaning. The next year's Derby winner, Ellington, was ridden about the winter preceding the race by Admiral Harcourt's coachman, and this singular manner of treating a race-horse was not the best calculated to induce support. But one evening a gentleman who had a large book on the Derby, and not a very satisfactory one, was sauntering down Piccadilly, and as he passed the Wellington Club it was twenty-one minutes to eight. The hands obscured the letter W, and Ellington stood out boldly. He at once took the odds about the colt and won \$2,500 above the losses his book would have entailed without this "lucky pointer."

A more remarkable incident was in Bloomsbury's year. A wealthy butcher of sporting proclivities was on his way to Epsom, when he was stopped at Winchester bridge by a blockade of carts. He was behind time and his temper a good deal ruffled at the obstinacy of one driver, and when he passed looking for something whereby he could identify the wrong doer, he saw Bloomsbury on the side of the cart. It kept rising to his recollection, and when he got on the course he took the long odds of 25 to 1 which were laid against the horse of that name, and drove home \$60,000 better off.

It always requires more nerve to back an outsider than a favorite, and in risking his \$2,400 he must have been strongly influenced by the portent.

A teacher in a Boston school was delighted to see every child's hand go up in answer to the question of how many had ever heard of Mr. Emerson; but her soul sunk within her when she discovered it was Billy Emerson, the minstrel, whose show-bills had placarded the walls of the Hub for several days.

bridge, in reaching which Mrs. Oliver fell on the road insensible, so a chair was procured to take her to Colonel Arthur, who was out in his brougham. On reaching him they found he was already full, having taken in Count Clam Gallas, who also had a bad fall, causing concussion of the brain, besides a fractured jaw, and a little further on Captain Reynolds was down, and also much hurt. Another carriage was procured to take Mrs. Oliver home, and the Count was conveyed to Cottesbrooke in a brougham. On the same day Lord Suffolk had a nasty accident while out with the Duke of Beaufort. He was struck by a projecting branch of a tree and knocked from his horse, his head being badly bruised. Colonel Kingscote, M.P., also met with a bad accident while out with the hounds. The Colonel's horse fell upon him, causing serious injuries to his back, and a slight concussion of the spinal cord. On the same day, with the same hounds, there were two other serious accidents. From this graphic account, which is condensed from an English sporting paper, it is quite clear that the fox is having more fun than the distinguished company behind him.

THE BUCKARO.

In the Southwest there are many characters of most peculiar individuality, who are found only on the frontier. There is the Ranchero or Rancho Herdsman, the "Greaser" mule skinner of Mexican tannery, the "Freighter" or American ox driver, the "Blander" or stock-marker, the "Prospector" or prospector, the post scout, the buffalo hunter, the squaw man and the "nobby" buckaro. Each has pride of calling, and wonderful boasts of their abilities are made, and marvelous stories of their successes are told in the light of the evening fire of the camp, rancho, barrack or hacienda. The buckaro is usually a Mexican or Texan. The Mexican dress is an embroidered and spangled velvet jacket, open at the throat, corduroy or velvet breeches, heavy Texan leggings ornamented with beads, coiled tightly around the legs, and tied below the knees; a wide red sash is knotted on the left side, and supports a light bowie-knife or dirk. His lasso encircles his waist when not in use, or hung on the saddle, and a large pair of spurs, with bells or jingles, ornament his feet. A slouch hat, with careless air, completes the costume and gives a "dare devil" look to the wearer. His bridle is without blinders—neat, but strong, with tassels at the sides. There is a heavy curb spoon bit, with long branches, mounted with chains for the reins. The saddle is Mexican or built on a California tree. It has a high pommel, studded with brass nails, and is trimmed with colored leather, ornamented with beads or pieces of jaguar skin. The croupier is broad and strong, and the cincho or girth is of hair, and a foot wide. The stirrups are wood, covered with large heavy leather topadoes, and all are carried by a well kept, sharp shod, spirited horse. The Texan usually wears a fringed and beaded buckskin suit, and trappings like the Mexican. The buckaro is a professional horse breaker, and will mount any animal, from the wild Indian mustang to the "corral" pony. Most picturesque is his braggish dress, and his grace of motion and feats in riding are equal to the Indian. He is a more than daring rider, and is seldom unhorsed. When thrown occasionally from his saddle he alights "cat-like" on his feet with lariat in hand, and when the pony has gone its length, he is "brought up" with a jerk, and is consequently conquered and remounted. Occasionally the buckaro receives injuries from his falls, but he treats them lightly. He breaks horses for corralmen, ranchmen, and single horses for individuals. He is always on the lookout for unruly ponies, which he buys cheap and trains, and sells them for good prices. Work is done by contract or by the day, and he is paid four or five dollars per diem.

There are in Sheffield over 200 angling clubs, comprising over 8,000 members.

and loss of strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause than this. Before India-rubber bits were to be had, I used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with a freezing weather. — *Boston Herald*

A TROUT'S GYMNASTICS.

The *Boston Post* says: "In the aquarium in the window of the Bromfield House, on Bromfield street, is a large brook trout weighing nearly three pounds, that cuts curious capers and gives gymnastic exhibitions of the most remarkable character. A few days ago a small rattan stick was laid across the top of the aquarium, four or five inches from the water, and the trout was seen to jump and catch the rattan in his mouth, hold on for some moments, then with a swing and a splash return to the water again. Since then he has repeated the caper frequently, and seems to enjoy the breath of air as he swings back and forth, suspended by holding on the rattan with his teeth. Stories have been told by fishermen that trout catch at twigs or overhanging streams and swing the masses out of the water, but Mr. Messenger, who has fished and raised trout for many years says this is the first trout he has ever seen indulge in such unfishlike gymnastics."

A MAN WITH THIRTY CHILDREN.

The Strohl family, of this county, is probably the largest family in the United States. The head of the house is Nicholas Strohl, a Pennsylvania German, now 76 years old. By three wives he had thirty children, twenty-seven of whom are living. His first wife presented him with eight, his second with eleven and his third with eleven. The youngest child is now 8 years old, and was born when his father was 73 years old. Of the twenty-seven children nineteen are married, and there families average about eight children. Mr. Joel Strohl, one of the well-known farmers in the lower end, and child of his father's first wife, has seventeen children, and he is not an old man by any means. He is the father of two pairs of twins, a distinction which his father, Mr. Nicholas Strohl, never attained. If the families should gather together there would be over two hundred persons. They nearly all reside in this country. Old Mr. Strohl is still hearty and bid to live many years.

REASON IN A CAT.

In a New Hampshire town a family had two cats. A storeroom of their house, at the time we speak of, had ears of corn on one of its shelves, some of which hung down against the side of the room. The owner of the house saw, one day, one of his cats, which we will call number one, standing upon the steps of a ladder, near the suspended ears, watching them sharply. After a time the cat came down the ladder, went out of the room, and returned awhile after with the other cat, which we will call number two, and which took its position under the suspended ears. Number one then went up the ladder, stopped again opposite the suspended ears, and after a little careful observation, sprang from the ladder upon them, when a rat dropped from the ears to the floor, to be caught by number two, there waiting for it!

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLERT & Co., Portland, Maine. 318-ty

Crang, and told of his fine feat. When he commenced this trial he weighed 175 pounds, he now weighs but 167, by those figures it will be seen that he has lost eight pounds. He did not experience any difficulty until he had eaten his fourteenth bird, which seemed to weary him considerably, and came very near causing him to give up the match, but by perseverance and the assistance of an excellent table will be managed to pass this critical point with honor, and had no further trouble whatever during the remainder of the contest. But he admits that he is not a perfect nature from that time, and that he takes something to promote digestion, that he would have told Mr. Crang claims that he must perform this feat without a resting moment, but thereafter unless he takes something to promote digestion or assist the bow in performing their duty, but Mr. Crang was not restricted from assisting nature with every available means that he saw fit to take advantage of, he being only required to eat the bird and digest it. Mr. Crang has changed his views very materially with reference to eating quails, he being under the impression before commencing that it was an easy task to perform, and would be a real sport and good eating combined. He now thinks that it is more like labour than pleasure, and as for the good eating is concerned, a variety is preferable.

SCUTELLARIA AS A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

The New York Sun last week makes mention of the possible advantage of using scutellaria in cases where persons have been bitten by mad dogs. The authority of Mr. Crooks is cited, whose sister was bitten by a mad dog, and who was required to have suffered no inconvenience after having among decimations of skullcap why to her. Of course there is no reason why scutellaria should not be tried, though we do not think it would be of any practical use. Skullcap has long been known, and was used twenty-five years ago as a supposed cure for hydrophobia. The action of this plant is prophylactic, and is not so much as a nerve, but beyond this, as the hydrophobia goes, its employment, we believe, is useless. It is terrible to think that, as yet, there is no cure for hydrophobia. When a person is bitten by a mad dog, cut out the part, then wash with fuming nitric acid, and immunity from the disease becomes quite possible.

THE BET THAT WAS MADE

There were five of them, and they had assembled in a cigar store near the Capital Hotel, Sacramento, Cal. The subject was in regard to horse racing. Said a hack-driver, who was present:

"Talk about your bet time! Why, I've seen a horse trot a mile in 1:30."

"Impossible," said the cigar proprietor. "It can't be done. The best time I ever heard of was 2:14."

Said the hackman:

"I'll bet you five dollars I can prove what I say."

Taken by the cigar man, coin put up, an referee chosen.

In a drawing voice the hackman then explained to the man of cigars:

"Don't you know, you idiot, that 1:30 2 minutes and 30 seconds?"

"Turning to the stakeholder, the tobacco man then said:

"Give him the money; it's worth five dollars to know what a fool I am."

"Hold the forms, for I am coming,"

Sings the reporter shrill;

Cries the foreman, gruff old Roman,

"But your life I will!"

"How much type have you got to set?"

asked the foreman in the composing room. "On line," replied one of the types. "He's a liar!" answered "slut 11,"—in a low voice and a solemn hush fell upon that company of brave men who toil while others sleep.