

CATCHING THE TIGER.

THERE are many ways of catching tigers. The picture below shows one way: it is with a looking-glass trap. The tiger sees his reflection in the glass, and his curiosity leads him to examine the strange object. Perhaps he sets



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up a roar, when the tiger in the glass gives back a roar of defiance. Resenting this insult the real tiger makes a spring at the sham tiger in the glass, when the heavy trap falls upon him and he is caught.

I will tell you a still more ingenious plan for catching the noble beast. It is practiced in Oude, and in some of the other provinces of India, where they manufacture a very sticky kind of bird-lime, by means of which numbers of those ferocious animals are destroyed.

The first thing is to find out the tiger's lair. This discovered, a few hundred broad tropical leaves, covered on both sides with the bird-lime, are spread about. The hunters then retire to a safe distance to await the appearance of the tiger. By-and-bye he comes sauntering along to where the bird-lime is strewn, and presently a big leaf sticks to his paw. When a vigorous shake will not release it of the clammy thing, he tries what a whisk at the side of his head will do, and succeeds in smearing an eye. By this time each paw is furnished with an unwelcome slipper, and perhaps his tail is fastooned with several likewise. He now loses his temper, becomes furious, bites at the limed leaves, and

rolls among them till both eyes are blinded, and his body covered with a network of leaves—a leafy coat-of-mail, not weapon proof. At the sound of his terrible roars the trappers rush up, and dispatch the blind beast with a shower of bullets.

Now, is not the fate of the tiger very much like the consequence of a lie? For just as the first leaf sticking to the tiger was followed by another and another, till he was covered with them, and fell helplessly into the hands of his entrappers; so the first lie is followed by another and another, till the poor victim falls completely into the power of Satan, the her-n-wait for souls—*Selected.*

PUT SOME SALT IN IT.

"MOTHER, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put in a little salt, and sometimes a great deal."

So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood "looking on."

"Well, Annie, I will make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find it out."

"O mother, it doesn't taste a bit good," said she after she had tasted it.

"Why not?"

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterward, "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother, and pulls his hair, and acts real hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke rough to me, and hit him again. Why won't she take my advice, mother?"

"Perhaps you didn't put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do; and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in it, or else it won't taste good."

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." (Col. iv. 6.)—*Evangelist.*