

Young Folks.

A CHILD'S POWER.

"T. S. Arthur tells us somewhere of the power that rests in a 'gentle hand.' Belated in his travels, he called at a farm-house. He was greeted first at the door by a huge dog. As he was about to retire with fear, a slender girl appeared, and with a gentle voice commanded the dog to go into the house. The voice at once controlled the animal. 'Who is there?' growled a voice from within, and Arthur was told that he could not remain overnight. The girl's hand soon rested on her father's arm and a gentle voice spoke a few tender words, when the rough voice modulated and the stranger was made welcome. Several times in the course of the evening was the power which rested in that slender girl's hand and voice clearly manifested. As morning dawned and Arthur was about to depart, the farmer informed him that he could ride to the town. The offer was gladly accepted. As they took their seat in the buggy, however, the horse, a rough-looking Canadian pony, stubbornly refused to go. The farmer jerked and whipped the horse, but all to no effect.

"A stout lad now came out into the road, and, catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using at the same time the customary language on such occasions; but Dick met this with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharp angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clenched hand, and jerked cruelly at the bridle. It availed nothing, however. Dick was wrought upon by

has a monkey—a pert fellow, who knows ever so many tricks. The monkey often helps the cook to pluck the feathers from fowls. One day the cook gave the monkey two partridges to pluck, and the monkey, seating himself in an open window, went to work. He had plucked the feathers from one of the partridges, and placed it on the outside of the window with a satisfied grunt, when lo! all at once a hawk flew down from one of the tall trees near by, and bore off the plucked bird. Master Monkey was very angry. He shook his fist at the hawk, which took a seat on one of the limbs not far off, and began to eat the partridge with great relish. The owner of the chateau saw the sport, for he was sitting in a grape arbor, and crept up to watch the end of it. The monkey picked the other partridge, laid it on the ledge in the same place, and hid behind the window-screen on the inside. The hawk was caught in this trap, for when it flew down after the partridge, out reached the monkey, and caught the thief. In a moment the hawk's neck was wrung, and the monkey soon had the hawk plucked.

Taking the two birds to the cook, the monkey handed them to him, as if to say, "Here are your two partridges, master." The cook thought that one of the birds looked queer, but he served them on the table. The owner of the house shook his head when he saw the dish, and telling the cook of the trick, laughed heartily.

HONOR THY FATHER.

Once upon a time there lived an old man, who was so very old that he could hardly walk. His knees shook under him; he could see little and hear less; and he had lost all his teeth.

When he sat at a table he could hardly hold the spoon, he spilled his soup on the table-cloth, and some of it fell into his mouth.

STORIES OF TIGER HUNTS.

TOLD BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER NOTED AS A SHIKAREE.

Queer Mishaps Which Have Led to Hair-Breadth Escapes—Why Married Men Should Never Hunt the Jungle Chief—Blood-Curdling Midnight Adventure of an Englishman.

Among the many foreigners who visited the United States as a spectator during the war with Spain was Captain Edgar Underwood, who for quite a period of his life was attached to the Anglo-Indian army, and, being a lover of sport, told many interesting stories of encounters with tigers. At the dinner table in a prominent hotel Captain Underwood recently recalled a number of his experiences while a young officer in her Majesty's service.

"One of my first and possibly queerest adventures with a tiger," said he, "happened years ago when I was quite a boy, the youngest of a party under the direction of Major B., a noted shikaree, whom we obeyed implicitly, and whom we expected to show us no end of tigers. I had been out with him time after time without seeing one. Once I had climbed to my appointed post in the forks of a tree, and had seen my companions disappear with the ladder to take up their allotted positions before the heat began. Two weary hours, with a hot sun beating down, and I became so sleepy, in spite of the red ants, it was all I could do to hold on to my perch, can be more easily imagined than described. In those days beds built up in trees and breechloaders were unknown to us; if you could not balance your rifle and smooth-bore on branches, you held on to them somehow. The branches near me served as a gunrack, and as, putting rifle to shoulder

I SIGHTED RIGHT AND LEFT

through interlacing boughs and leaves, every avenue of approach, I felt myself most favorably situated. The heat began, and at last I saw my first tiger. Instead of passing within any of the ranges I had marked out for him, he quietly trotted under my tree and lay down at its foot. Swinging round hastily into an attitude not previously rehearsed, in the excitement of the moment I overbalanced, and, my rifle going off, descended in a heap on the top of the tiger. Luckily for me, the report of the shooting iron, and the vision of a dark body in the air, frightened me so much he was off at a gallop at the moment I crashed down upon him. A bruised shoulder and damaged rifle were my only reminiscences of that adventure. Of course I got horribly chaffed about it.

"I have going after a tiger with a married man," he continued, "and I'll tell you why. There was a fellow called Cranley, who was always bothering me to show him a tiger. 'I have been 12 years in India,' he said, 'and never set eyes on one.' So I took him with me. The beat was on a lofty parapet. I told Cranley to wait until he saw the tiger side on, and then to fire. If his shot failed, the beast would come down to me at the southern end of the parapet. Well, on came the beaters, and when I judged from their shouts that they were well past Cranley's post, and no shot rang out, I naturally concluded there was no tiger. 'After I had waited a little longer this conclusion was so certain that I went round my end of the parapet to the other side to meet the beaters and make enquiries. Just

AS I TURNED THE CORNER, What should I see, about 50 yards from my front, but a big tiger? I pulled up with a jerk, my heart in my mouth, and we stood looking at each other while he slowly waved his tail. I covered him with the rifle, and felt my life depended on his dropping to a single shot. My aim was too unsteady to let me draw the trigger, so I lowered the weapon and stared spell-bound at the enemy. Again I raised it, only to lower the rifle as before. My hand shook, I dared not fire. A third time I drew a bead on that magnificent head between the terrible eyes; but it was no use—I had not the pluck to shoot. Then to my astonishment and immense relief, the big brute, blinking lazily, turned round and moved slowly toward the beaters, who by this time were within 150 yards of him. In an instant I was back round the corner of my parapet, and on the right side as the beaters turning the tiger sent him on again, past my entrance to meet the fate he ought to have experienced at the hands of Cranley. Talk of funk—I had never been in such a funk before or since as I was when, glued to the parapet, I faced that tiger and dared not fire. I asked Cranley how he had allowed the tiger to pass, and his explanation was particularly frank: 'When the tiger passed within a few feet of his post, he was so impressed by thoughts of his wife and children, that he lay down his rifle and hid his face in his hands; thereby leading me to believe there was no tiger, and to leave my post as already related. I never heard of his going out again.' I can answer for it he did not go wild yet."

"A friend of mine, of the name of Mr. B. is the manager of a tea garden in Assam, where a man was in the habit of carrying off the estate coolies for his dinner, probably finding them much less trouble than a deer or a pig. At last, emboldened no doubt by unhampered success in obtaining victims, he took to

CARRYING OFF COOLIES.

Who were sleeping in the verandas of the master's bungalow. Many traps had been laid for him, the bodies of his victims poisoned, watchers with guns on the lookout over the killed men, but so great was his cunning that he had escaped them all.

"Everything having failed, things had become desperate, and B., and some of his planter friends determined to sit up for the tiger, in the veranda, with native blankets disguising them—an exceedingly exciting business, for, be it remembered, no lights were allowed, and the brute cared nothing for numbers, so that his appearance might be too sudden for unsteady nerves.

"One of the planters, after they had sat a long time in breathless suspense, entered the house for something that he wanted, and while looking for it was startled by a sudden terrible uproar in the veranda which he had just left. Seizing his rifle he rushed out to find all the party gone, but from the dark tea garden he heard the voice of S. B. calling out, in agony:

"'Help! for God's sake! Help! The tiger's got me. Help! Help!'

"Fixing his bayonet he ran toward the spot, and in the dim gloom made out the outline of the tiger dragging B., who was walking by his side, his hand in the brute's mouth! Without a moment's hesitation he rushed up to the tiger, plunged the bayonet into its side, at the same time pulling the trigger. The tiger fell, releasing B., and both men rushed back to the house, but before they could reach the steps the tiger was upon them, and again seized poor B., biting and clawing his back and shoulders in a terrible manner. It was, mercifully, an expiring effort, for the brute fell dead before it could kill B."

FRENCH GRIP ON SPAIN.

The Relations of the Two Countries Have Long Had Peculiarities.

Ever since, and even before, the days when the Kings of France and Spain met on the Isle of Pheasants and made the treaty of the Pyrenees, one of the chief aims of the French policy has been to obtain influence and control in Spain. It was for this that France fought her two most bloody and also most unsuccessful wars. The war with the Spanish succession was chiefly fought out in Bavaria and the Low Countries, but the object of France was control in Spain. Louis XIV., in fact, defied the world, and very nearly ruined his country by insisting on his policy of controlling Spanish affairs.

It was the same with Napoleon. Though, like Louis XIV., he did not try to annex any part of Spain after the manner of his annexation in Italy and Germany—he knew how dangerous it is to "spoil the face" of a Spaniard—yet he strained every nerve to obtain the control of the Iberian Peninsula, and may indeed be said to have maintained the empire by his determination to make Spain a political satellite of France. But for the Peninsular war Napoleon might have escaped his final obstacles. But no sooner was Napoleon overthrown and the Bourbons re-established than the secular desire to control Spain re-asserted itself.

In 1823 a French army crossed the Pyrenees and occupied Madrid, and for the time France obtained complete ascendancy in Spain. The influence thus obtained had no doubt to give way to English pressure; but it reappeared again with Louis Philippe's scheme for the Spanish marriages, the scheme which so nearly produced a war with England and seemed to promise so much for French influence in the peninsula.

Napoleon III. always exercised a great deal of indirect influence in Spain, and was careful to maintain the old policy—that of possessing what Americans call "a pull" on the government at Madrid. It was, indeed, the fear of losing French influence in Spain that nominally produced the Franco-Prussian war. (The immediate cause of the war was a dispute as to the filling of the Spanish throne.) After the war France was for a time too busy at home to pay much attention to Spanish affairs, but it was with a sense of deep indignation and disgust that she learned that Alphonso XII. had visited Berlin, had accepted the colonelcy of a regiment of Uhlans, and that Spain was apparently slipping under the influence of the Triple Alliance. Immediately the French statesmen saw the error that had been made, and it became at once the avowed object of the French Foreign Office to do everything that was possible to conciliate Spain and re-establish French influence at Madrid. Chance helped the French by the death of the King, and since then French influence over Spain has been steadily and zealously built up by every possible means.

QUITE TRUE.

Once in a while you meet a man who has a scrap-book that he keeps filling up with lovesick poetry, but he never amounts to much.

DID NOT BELONG THERE.

While Willie was sleeping his mother had curled his hair for the first time. As soon as he became awake she lifted him up before the looking glass.

Oh, mamma! exclaimed the little fellow, let me get down and shake off the shavings.

TACT.

Nearpass—I hope the minister didn't refer to the creditors the deceased left. Benet—He merely said that his loss would be felt wherever he was known.

HEALTH.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOODS.

An English food specialist says in speaking of the peculiarities of various foods that:

Blanched almonds give the higher nerve, muscle and brain food; no heat or waste.

Walnuts give nerve or brain food, muscle, heat and waste.

Green water grapes are blood-purifying, but of little food value; reject pips and skins.

Blue grapes are feeding and blood-purifying, too rich for those who suffer from the liver.

Tomatoes, higher nerve or brain food and waste, no heat. They are thinning and stimulating. Do not swallow the skins.

Juicy fruits give more or less the higher nerve or brain, and some few muscle food and waste, no heat.

Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give stay.

Prunes afford the highest nerve and brain food, supply heat and waste, but are not muscle feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.

Oranges are refreshing and feeding, but are not good if the liver is out of order.

Dried figs are excellent food. Dried figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat, and waste, but are bad for the liver.

All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver, and should be used cautiously.

Lemons and tomatoes should not be used in cold weather; they have a thinning and cooling effect.

HOW TO KEEP THE HAIR.

A luxuriant head of hair has been, and always will be, one of the most important ornaments of feminine beauty.

Women, as a rule, know very little about the care of the hair, with the result that they have not such attractive looking heads as they should have. A fine head of hair is supposed to be a sign of vigor and health.

The hair, to be kept in good condition, should not be irritated by too vigorous treatment. There is as much difference in the quality of the hair as there is in the skin of the face, and it needs the same careful and systematic attention to keep it as it ought to be kept.

Taking care of it one week and neglecting it the next will do no good whatever.

Some women's hair is fine and silky, while others is coarse and bristly, but whatever the hair may be, it requires equal attention.

The scalp, like the pores of the face, must be kept clean to be in a healthy condition. When it is dry and hard it requires a nourishing tonic. Some people's hair, after being washed, will dry more quickly than others. It is not good for it to be too dry, so when this is the case, be sure and use a tonic.

Many people differ about how often the hair should be washed. There can be no rule about it, as every head needs different treatment. For instance, some people wash their hair once a month only, while others find that unless they wash it once a fortnight it looks dirty and feels uncomfortable. Hairdressers generally advise once a month, but if your hair is dirty before that it should be washed, as a scalp that is not kept clean cannot do the hair any good.

Fair hair, unless washed frequently, generally has a sticky, greasy appearance, which is anything but beautiful.

FOR CAREFUL REFLECTION.

The blues are often dispelled by a long, quiet nap.

Cultivate a cheerful disposition if you wish to retain a youthful appearance.

Plenty of outdoor exercise and sufficient sleep are conducive to health and beauty.

Let all the air possible into the sleeping rooms through the summer months.

Thinking less of yourself and more about other people will cultivate remarkable good nature.

It would be wise to overcome the prejudice against olive oil in foods, for this article possesses much healthful value.

Avoid all patent nostrums for beautifying the skin. Frequent bathing and a wholesome diet are all your complexion needs.

Human machinery never wears out from a reasonable amount of hard work, but hard work without rest is suicide.

Onions are an excellent addition to the spring and summer diet if one is willing to sacrifice his friends in a good cause.

Too many people mistake carelessness for indigestion. Imperfect breathing and lack of exercise are to blame for many weak stomachs.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Weary Willie (politely)—Do you take summer boarders here, ma'am?

Mrs. Farmer (suspiciously)—No, sir; we do not.

Weary Willie—Den I guess I'll trouble you fer a bite to eat. I'm a little pertickler on de grub question, and can't stand de stuff they feed to summer boarders nohow.

PART OF THIS PAGE IS MISSING

posses-
to his
The fair
with surprise
and pleasure
as he replied.
"She's good!
Everybody
and everything
loves her."

"Indeed there was the secret of her power; the quality of her soul was perceived in the impression of her hand even by dumb brutes. Even so can the magic touch and the gentle tones control the boy. In handling or correcting him, see that mercy seasons justice, and that love be mingled with firmness."

AGUSTUS ANDERSON AT ANDOVER.

Augustus Anderson's Aunt Abbie anxiously awaited Augustus's arrival at Andover. Aunt Abbie annually asked Augustus, and Augustus always accepted, and autumn after autumn, arrived at Andover as arranged.

Augustus arrived and anxiously asked Aunt Abbie about apples. Aunt Abbie answered, "Aye, Augustus, apples are abundant." Augustus ate an apple, and Aunt Abbie asked Augustus's assistance about arranging asters. Augustus assisted Aunt Abbie about anything asked, and Aunt Abbie always appreciated Augustus's amiable acts.

Aunt Abbie's asters artistically arranged, Augustus asked Aunt Abbie about afternoon amusements. Aunt Abbie allowed Augustus any agreeable amusements appropriate and attainable.

Augustus ardently admired Andrew Arnold, architect, and also Andrew's adjacent antiquated abode. Augustus's attention amused Andrew.

Augustus accompanied Andrew around Andover, asking about architecture, and Andrew accommodatingly answered all Augustus's asked.

As afternoon advanced, Augustus again arrived at Aunt Abbie's abode, and Andrew's and Augustus's appearance allowed Aunt Abbie's anxiety about Augustus's absence.

Augustus's abstracted air attracted Aunt Abbie's attention, and Aunt Abbie asked about Augustus's afternoon amusements. Augustus's animated account amused Aunt Abbie, also Augustus's anxiously asking about accompanying Andrew Arnold around Andover another afternoon. Aunt Abbie amiably assented.

Aunt Abbie's assistant, Ann, arranged an appetizing array. Augustus's appetite appeased, Aunt Abbie arranged Augustus's attic apartment, and Augustus agilely ascended.

Aunt Abbie and Ann awoke, and Augustus, already awake and attired, appeared. After Aunt Abbie, Augustus and Ann ate, Augustus accompanied Aunt Abbie around, admiring all Aunt Abbie's arrangements, assisting Aunt Abbie and Ann, and anxiously awaiting afternoon. Andrew Arnold, and additional adventures at Andover.

THE MONKEY AND THE HAWK.

There lived in the south of France a man of wealth whose chateau, or country place of residence, has around it very tall trees. The cook of the chateau

STRANGE FREAKS OF WOMEN.

The story is told of a lady of respectable position who ordered her apparel in such a way that it never could be said of her that she wore a pair of anything. She wore stockings of different colors and gloves of opposite hues, and in the same way introduced strong contrasts into other portions of her daily attire. When asked to give a reason for her eccentricity, she could only say that it made her uncomfortable to do otherwise.

Many other freaks of feminine eccentricity in connection with dress might be cited, but it would be difficult to instance anything more absurd than the craze in France some quarter of a century ago for using snakes and insects as toilet adornments.

The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne used to keep a little live snake in her pocket, and in spite of the entreaties of her husband and her friends would insist upon having it for a companion at public functions.

Mme. Musard wore a small viper on her neck amid her splendid diamonds, and when she appeared in the box at the opera every glass in the house was levelled at her as she sat scintillating with diamonds and with the dark coil of the reptile's body setting off the whiteness of her neck.

Later on the Comtesse de Villeneuve for several months wore on her neck a beautiful scarabee beetle. It was tethered to a ring by a very slender gold chain, which allowed the insect to run about on the lady's shoulder.

A young lady living in California some little while ago took it into her head that she would like to make a horseshoe. It had been a favorite pastime of hers to watch a neighboring blacksmith at work, and she at last asked to be allowed to try her hand at a shoe. Permission was granted, and she did so well that she continued her employment and came to be largely employed. Specimens of her handiwork were subsequently exhibited at San Francisco, and the blacksmith who taught her the art of the horseshoes as a present to Queen Victoria.

CONSERVATIVE CUSSINESS.

Biker (blocked by load of hay)—H-y, there! I pull out and let me by.

Farmer—Oh, I dunno ez I'm in any hurry.

Biker (angrily)—You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow's carriage get past.

Farmer—That's 'cause his horse wuz eatin' my hay. That ain't no danger o' yew eatin' it.