

PURSUED BY A MAD TIGER.

A Startling Story of an Adventure in India.

Long immunity from harm is apt to make men careless and indifferent, blinding them to dangers that others can readily perceive, and the tale that I am going to relate presents a forcible illustration of this truth.

Since the construction of the Dacca-Mymensing Railway, a space of two years or more, I had been permanent way inspector of a certain division, ten miles in length, that lay about midway on the line, the total extent of which was seventy miles. This division began on the verge of the vast Madapur Forest, and lay completely in the midst of a dense tangled jungle, which was inhabited by but few people, and on the other hand was infested with bears, tigers, panthers and hog-deer.

I never was much of a sportsman, and perhaps this explains how I fell into the careless habit of going on my inspections unarmed. I made the round trip three times a week on a trolley, which is merely a high seat on wheels, and is pushed along the track by the trolley men, who are usually fleet-footed athletic natives.

It was a very comfortable mode of traveling if a little slow; for the seat is provided with a soft back-rest and one can stretch out at ease with a sun umbrella and a good cigar.

Occasionally I saw a deer run across the track, and once a panther gave a brief glimpse of himself as he dove into the jungle. Tigers I knew there were of course, for I frequently saw their tracks in the soft ditch that ran alongside the railway cutting.

The rainy season which begins in the latter part of February always gave me extra work, and I was compelled to make daily trips on the division for young trees were apt to loosen at the root and topple over on the track, and sometimes the earthen banks would sink into the treacherous soil of the jungle.

One damp, sultry morning I had just started from the station and my trolley men, Pershad and Jung, were bowling me along at a gentle rate of speed, when Colonel Danvers, commandant of the cantonment at Mymensing, stepped on the track just ahead of me, with his gun on his shoulder and a couple of native beaters at his heels.

"My dear fellow," said the Colonel, as soon as the first greeting was over, "you surely won't make your inspection trips unarmed."

Pulling a small revolver from my pocket, I replied laughingly: "That is all I carry, Colonel, and I have never had to use that even."

The Colonel uttered a long, expressive whistle. "It's madness," he said. "You'll repent it some day, take my word for that," and with this parting shot he vanished into the forest and I continued on my way.

It had rained heavily the night before, and for a while frequent steps were made to clear away the limbs which the storm had blown into the track at some points in great profusion. This occupied considerable time, and it was towards noon when we approached the center of the division. The colonel's words had somehow left an impression on my mind which I had tried in vain to shake off, though what there was to fear I hardly knew myself. I always carried the pistol with me, not from fear of wild beasts, but because the few Hindus who inhabited parts of the forest were not above suspicion. We had just struck the commencement of a rather heavy grade which circled round a bend some twenty yards ahead and then swept on in a straight line for a distance of a mile and a half.

We were going pretty rapidly, and I could hear the quick heavy breathing of the Hindus behind me as the trolley turned the curve. I was in the act of lighting a cigar when a loud cry from Pershad caused me to drop the burning match, and wheeling round I saw the two rascally Hindus making off as fast as their legs would carry them.

I stared in amazement for a second or two and then turned and looked down the railway. That one brief glimpse nearly stood my hair on end, for sprawled lazily on the track barely fifty yards away lay a monstrous tigress fondling two cubs that were sporting between the rails, and beside her stood the father of the family sweeping his big tail to and fro and calmly watching my approach. Just there the trolley struck a steeper part of the grade, and away it went with a rush. The sensations of that moment were indescribable.

I grasped the brake wildly and threw all my strength against it. For one brief second the speed slackened perceptibly. Then came a quick, sharp crack and off we went again at such a dizzy speed that the tangled foliage of the jungle shot past like a wavy green curtain.

The brake had given way. The thought of jumping off never occurred to me. I hung to the seat in helpless terror, my gaze fixed with a restless fascination on the group of tigers ahead. They were terribly close now and I closed my eyes with a shudder, as I remembered what would happen when the trolley struck that great tawny brute and bounded into the air.

I have a very faint recollection of seeing the tigress walk leisurely off the track at the last moment, followed by one of her cubs.

I remember the big tiger, too, crouching in the ditch with his great red tongue lolling out, and then as the trolley bounced and grated over some obstacle, and my ears were deafened by a most fearful snarling, I knew that I had run over one of the cubs. The jolting was over in an instant, and the trolley without leaving the rails swept on down the grade at a terrific rate of speed. There was one tiger less in the Madapur Forest, I knew, for glancing down at the foot-board I saw scattered drops of blood.

All of a sudden I heard above the dizzy hum of the wheels a most terrific roar, and turning instantly around, I was startled to see the big tiger bounding over the rails in hot pursuit.

At every jump he roared, and my first impression was that he would overtake the trolley in about one minute. Remembering my revolver, I took it from my pocket and cocked it. Another glance made it apparent that the tiger was not gaining any, and as the trolley was now on the very steepest part of the grade I felt pretty confident that I would ultimately leave him behind.

For the next quarter of a mile I actually did gain, and then, as I began to draw near the foot of the grade, the situation assumed a very ticklish phase, for, astonishing to relate, my vindictive pursuer showed no signs

of giving up the race. He was bounding gracefully over the ties, thirty or forty yards behind, without the faintest trace of weariness. Of course, if I could keep up the present rate of speed I would be all right, but just there was the rub. The bottom of the grade was close at hand and then came level track. The momentum I had gathered would of course carry me a mile further, but somewhere in the space of that mile I would be overtaken by the tiger. The cold chills ran over me at the thought.

I stole another glance at my pursuer. Horrors! The distance between us had certainly lessened already. I took him as well as I could and fired one chamber of my revolver. The only effect produced was a dismal roar. I did not try another shot, for I remembered that I would probably have need of the remaining chamber for use at close quarters. The sensations experienced as the trolley gradually lessened its speed were horrible. For the space of five minutes I suffered torments as actual and real as though the brute already had me in his jaws. I was bowling over the level track now and the tiger was closing in on the homestretch. A minute or two more and the race would be ended, for I knew that my revolver was about as useless as a pop-gun.

Hardly conscious of what I was doing I turned and emptied the remaining chambers at the tiger as fast as I could pull the trigger. One or more of the shots must have struck him, for he stopped short with a fiendish roar and then came on more furiously than ever.

I hurled the empty revolver at him and then settled back on the seat in despair. I could hear the soft patter of the cushioned feet on the ties, the hot breath seemed to be scorching my neck and then a gun-shot was fired almost beside my ear and I caught a brief glimpse of a white helmet and a smoking rifle barrel. I tumbled off the trolley somehow and there lay my late pursuer, breathing his life out across the rails.

My timely rescuer was not Colonel Danvers, as I had supposed, but the resident engineer from Dacca, who was spending a week's furlough in the jungle. My firing had attracted his attention, and he had arrived just in time. He accompanied me back to the station on the trolley, for I was completely unnerfed. My recent Hindus, Pershad and Jung, were promptly dismissed from the service, and I picked out two others, who stoutly affirmed that they had no fear whatever of tigers.

Ever afterward, however, a loaded rifle lay on the seat beside me, and I kept a sharp watch ahead for tigers on the track.

Reducing the Surplus.

The problem of the enormous surplus in the treasury at Washington is on a fair way to solution. The House of Representatives have hit upon a plan which promises to bring peace to the minds of those who feared that the treasury might be filled to overflowing. The wonder is that it never occurred to these wise men before. What plan more simple than the for the representatives to vote the money for public institutions and buildings; of course, in such a manner as not to injure their chances of doing to-morrow the same as they do to-day. In two days they appropriated more than three millions of dollars for public buildings in various parts of the country. Nearly eighty bills have been reported, which, according to the average amount of those that have been passed, would make an aggregate appropriation for this purpose of more than fourteen million dollars. Having so much money to dispose of they do not appear to be exercising very great care in scrutinizing the nature of the requests for gifts. For instance, a member from Alabama asked and received an appropriation of \$40,000 for a post-office in a town of less than 2,500 inhabitants, where the postal receipts at "the small and poorly managed office now existing" were reduced by the establishment of branch offices. The House passed a bill giving \$50,000 for a public building in a country town in Louisiana, with a population of 1,800 persons. York, in Pennsylvania, a town of 21,000 inhabitants, would like \$150,000, and the House Committee recommends \$80,000 for a post-office building. What with the new regulations which is expected to reduce the revenue by \$45,000,000 per year, and what with this generous division of the pie now on hand, it is not likely that more than a decade shall have passed before the complaint about the large surplus will have become a mere historical remembrance.

No Reliance on Figures.

A somewhat ridiculous mistake was made the other day by the *Merchant's Review*, an American monetary journal, which made the astounding statement that the American capitalists who desire to engage in the manufacture of tin plates need not wait for an increase of duty, for they can buy Dakota tin at \$2.15 per ton, while the Cornish tin costs English tin plate men \$4.44 per ton. The *New York Press* advises the *Review* to make a deal with the Dakota miners if it can secure tin at \$2.15 per ton for at the rate at which tin sells in the metal market, viz., 20.6 cents per pound, it could enrich itself in a single day. The *Press* then points out that the \$2.15 per ton represents not the value of tin per ton, but the expense involved in producing it, that it does not include the cost of the ore. One would have supposed that the absurd figure would have suggested itself to any one who had the faintest knowledge of the value of that metal. The *Review's* representations will hardly bear out the old adage concerning the reliance to be placed upon figures.

On the Street.

"Well, did he give you a pointer?"
"He said it was, but I lost so much money on the spec that I half believe it was a yellow dog."

With groans and sighs, and dizzied eyes,
He seeks the couch and down he lies;
Nausea and faintness in him rise,
Brow-racking pains assail him,
Sick headache! But ere long comes ease,
His stomach settles into peace,
Within his head the throbbings cease—
Pierce's Pellets never fail him!

Nor will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

The bustle is a thing of the past," says a fashion exchange. It always was a little behind.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

Killed Five.

Father—Well, Charles, it's nearly six months since you hung out your shingle. How do you get along?"

Young Doctor—"Pretty well. I've had seven cases and two have completely recovered."

Father (cheerfully)—Good. I guess you'll soon be able to give Jack the Ripper points.

Two Ways.

Sollum—"How do you manage to make your home happy?"

Jolly—"Oh, I let my wife have her own way in everything. How do you manage?"

Sollum—"I always go away."

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

Influenza is raging in New Zealand.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti Gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.

Jinks—Mr Spicer, I have a four-dollar bill against you and I would—"Spicer—"My dear sir, there is no such thing as a four-dollar bill, and to-day I am in no humor for jesting."

C. B. U.—Mr. Thos. Bengough, founder of the Canadian Business University and Shorthand Institute, Public Library Building, Toronto, has associated with him Mr. W. A. Warriner, of Jamestown, N. Y., who will take charge of the Commercial department, as teacher. He is one of the most original teachers in America. Mr. Brooks has no further connection with the business, to which Mr. Bengough gives his personal attention as manager.

There are many men who contract debts in the East and then go West to settle.

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The trouble with some theologians is that they think nobody can get into heaven who doesn't have a latch key.

All Men.

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak an exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, constipation, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, basiffulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address or book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

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