

WAITING.

Wearily waiting
All through long years;
Hoping and wishing,
Of shedding tears;
Mourning air-castles,
Faded and gone;
Slowly and sadly
Days wear on;

Thinking of sweet hours
Now passed away,
Listening for light steps
All through the day,
Nights spent in waking
Visions of love,
Clouds hanging o'er me
Darkly above.

It is worth living,
Living for naught,
Better than dreams with
Sadness so fraught?
What does it matter
That I should be
Living and breathing,
If I'm not free?

Vows, tho' to self made,
Chaining, 'tis meet,
Not binding thoughts, but
Word and deed;
Days full of sadness,
Nights full of pain,
Wishing and longing;
All—all—in vain!

Dreams of the bygone
Haunting my brain;
Thoughts crowding quickly,
Fleeting again;
Darkness enshrouding
All that is Past,
Present and Future:—
Death then at last!

Quebec.

FUCHSIA.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Buchârpore is a quaint, isolated little place, situate in that portion of Her Britannic Majesty's Eastern dominions known as Bengal proper. It is garrisoned by a solitary regiment of Irregular Cavalry, possessing also a civil surgeon, a collector or junior magistrate, and a missionary. Being quite out of the beaten track, it is naturally the quintessence of dullness and the abode of the foul fiend *ennui*. Three years in this benighted spot are almost equivalent to sojourning for the same period on a desert isle, and any regiment under such a ban is always cordially commiserated.

To this unblest region it was my bad fortune to return after two years' furlough. My leave had been spent in the very heart of civilization—partly on the Continent, and partly in our own tight little island. The contrast between the life I had led and that in prospect nearly drove me to despair. There was but one faint gleam of hope. My friend Jack Carrington, an enthusiastic sportsman, wrote that it was a splendid shooting country.

Jack, who was the laziest beggar alive, would never have troubled himself to put pen to paper but for that potent lever which rarely fails to move men's minds—to wit, self-interest. He wanted a rifle and a supply of ammunition, which he asked me to buy and bring out. I did as requested, taking care to stock myself pretty completely at the same time.

We never talk of winter in the plains of India; but luckily it was the middle of the cold weather when I arrived, so my journey was pleasantly cool. The last eighty miles were traversed in a doolie—palanquin.

I reached the outskirts of Buchârpore at about five a. m. My first impressions of the place were decidedly favourable. Instead of an arid waste, with nothing to break its blank monotony save here and there a stunted tree or sickly briar, and occasionally the whitewashed grave of an ancient Mussulman, with perchance at long intervals a tope—plantation—of mango-trees, I found myself jogging steadily along the banks of a wide river, the crystal waters of which, especially inviting to one weary and travel-stained, tempted me to bathe in their cool depths.

The pearly heavens welcomed the rising sun with a faint blush. A soft blue haze in the far distance presently resolved itself into a range of low hills. Trees full of bud and blossom were planted at regular intervals by the wayside affording pleasant shade, and scenting the air with their sweetness. Amongst them in abundance was the babool—acacia—the fragrant flowers of which resemble a tiny ball of golden moss, and are so faithfully and untiringly copied by the jewellers of famous Delhi. The path was carpeted with thick, soft turf, and from amidst its rich green peeped timidly myriads of small wild-flowers.

"Come," said I, "give a dog a bad name, and hang him. Buchârpore is belied. At all events I shall find some pretty bits for my sketch-book. Hi!"—to the doolie-bearers—"how far are we from the station now?"

"About three miles," was the response—in course in the vernacular.

In about another half-hour I was landed at the door of our mess, where I met with a cordial greeting from my old brothers-in-arms.

Travellers by the ancient and honourable method of palanquin dak—post—are obliged to content themselves with as little luggage as possible. What they do take is packed in tin boxes of various shapes and sizes, which are placed in wooden frames to avoid breakage, and called *pitardhs*. These are slung one to each end of a long pole, and carried across a man's shoulders, after the fashion of milk-pails, and called *bhanghy*. Bound by these restrictions, I was forced to leave my heavy baggage at the nearest line of rail, to be forwarded by bullock-cart.

Now Indian bullocks—albeit very useful animals in their way—will not for any consideration

whatever perform more than a stated distance per day. They may be tempted with the choicest food, beaten and tricked, but, lean or fat, they will not budge when once they have performed their usual task. Knowing this, Jack and I anxiously counted the days which must elapse before the arrival of our much-coveted shooting-material.

"If our blessed guns were only here," said Jack, ruefully, "we might have gone after a tiger that killed one of our unfortunate grass-cutters the other day. Bad scan to him! I dare say we shall get him some day, but unhappily we shall never know it."

At last my baggage made its appearance, unharmed. Jack praised my choice of weapons, and was enraptured with a brace of Derringers which I presented to him. These little pistols are small enough to slip with ease into an ordinary coat-pocket, although they carry a full-sized cartridge, and are deadly at anything like close quarters.

Jack and I were like two children over our new toys, and could scarcely persuade ourselves to lay them down, much less trust them out of sight. They were exhibited at mess, and duly admired. Every one was eager to try them; and so highly were they appreciated that the outgoing mail took home orders for a pair from each officer in the regiment.

We now set to work in earnest to find a tiger which in that neighbourhood was a matter of small difficulty. Word was soon brought that a huge beast, supposed to be the identical brute that had killed our poor grass-cutter, could be heard of in a certain ravine.

The intelligence rejoiced our hearts. At the time of which I write the Irregular Cavalry were allowed to do irregular things occasionally, and our fellows at that period thought it expedient to keep a hunting-elephant. Old Luchmee—such was its name—was instantly ordered to prepare for action, and, having arranged everything with the foresight of old stagers, and ordered a hapless goat to be tied out as a decoy, we retired to rest one evening fully confident of meeting our deadly foe in a few hours.

We started about 2:30 a. m., intending to reach our rendezvous with his royal highness a little before daybreak, and force him to atone for his depredations as he went down to drink after gorging on the luckless goat. We each pocketed one small pistol, handing its fellow to the friends who accompanied us. They were our commanding officer, Colonel Meredith, and—don't be shocked—his daughter.

Miss Meredith had not long arrived in the country. Our regiment was to spend only one more year at Buchârpore, during which time the young lady was to have remained in England, but the aunt with whom she lived died suddenly, and scarcely knowing what else to do, Colonel Meredith decided to have his daughter out to India immediately.

Buchârpore was not rich in feminine society. Besides Miss Meredith, we had only the ponderous civil surgeon's chattering "better half"—an abominable woman, whose magpie tongue did more mischief in a day than she or anybody else could undo in a twelvemonth—and Mrs. Vane, the popular Adjutant's fascinating little wife, on whom naturally devolved the care of Miss Meredith when she needed a chaperon.

A very sweet and charming little person was Miss Nellie Meredith, but determined withal. Selfish she was not; dauntless and impulsive she as certainly was, with that firm belief in her own power of overcoming difficulties which arises either from constant success or from inexperience. The girl had set her heart upon seeing a tiger-hunt before she left Buchârpore, and in a weak moment the Colonel promised that her wish should be gratified.

Although Jack and I meant work, we could not well object to Miss Meredith's company. The Colonel was a dashing soldier, still in his prime, and deservedly popular. Besides, being an old shikaree of established repute, his advice was most acceptable; and we felt sure that we would run no unnecessary risks while his daughter was with him. Well armed, with a trusty elephant, we feared no danger; moreover, there was but one lady, and she—men are brutal—was very pretty.

Such a sweet, saucy, naive face! The delicate features and large almond-shaped eyes seemed capable of every variety of expression. Her dark-brown hair, tied carelessly back with dainty ribbons, rippled in thick waves below a waist round and supple as Hebe's own. Her foot and hand were of the smallest; her voice was of the sweetest. Still, the girl's principal charm lay in her simple, unaffected manner, and the small opinion which, in spite of her waywardness, she entertained of herself and her abilities. Bright, sparkling, full of fire and *naïveté*, she was not coquettish, although an ordinary observer might have misjudged her in this respect. Nellie Meredith had no petty meannesses. Hers was a fine, frank, noble nature, containing the promise of great things to come.

We all liked the girl, and took pleasure in her society, as men do in that of a clever, pretty girl, who can make herself agreeable, neither falling violently in love herself nor expecting every man she meets to fall in love with her, as is an unfortunate weakness with some girls of the period. Carrington, however, was "hard hit," and under the circumstances I did not object to Miss Meredith's society. We should have preferred making up a larger party, but, as there was only one elephant, this was impossible. Mrs. Vane was thus prevented joining us, which she would otherwise gladly have done.

It was broad moonlight when we started, and, to the mind of a simple English girl freshly arrived in the country, there must have been something strangely weird and romantic in the scene. The elephant marched majestically through the thick jungle of waving feather-grass, from eight to ten feet high. Heavily she trampled it down before her, picking her way daintily for so huge a creature, in obedience to the whispered commands of the mahout.

We were all well wrapped up, for the air was keen and chilly, but our faces were distinctly visible in the pale cold light. Talking was forbidden; and, to do our lady-hunter justice, she might have been born dumb, so strictly mute was she. At a quarter to five we arrived at the ravine, and found the goat missing, but no sign of the tiger. There were however spots of fresh blood along a rough path down the side of the ravine, where evidently the animal had recently passed, carrying his prey with him.

One of our native beaters, who from long training understood the customary manoeuvres of such animals, crept down the path, and presently returned to say that a tiger and tigress were both in the cave, apparently breakfasting on the goat's carcase.

We immediately settled our plan of operations, and ordered the shikaree to fire his piece into the cave, to apprise the royal pair of our approach. Carrington and I hastily climbed a couple of large trees overlooking each side of the ravine. Colonel and Miss Meredith, on Luchmee, were safely posted out of harm's way, where they could command a good view of the animal's movements, and where also the Colonel's rifle might tell with good effect should Jack and I fail to give either of the brutes its *quietus*.

It was now broad daylight, although the sun had not yet risen. This was fortunate, as we could see much better, and there was less chance of our prey escaping.

Bang! bang! went the shikaree's piece into the cave, and immediately out sprang a tremendous Bengal tiger into the centre of the ravine.

A right royal beast was he; nothing but princely blood ran in his veins. A true king of the forest he looked, as he stood there lashing his sides with his tail, with a roar like thunder, his eyes flashing rage and defiance, his head turning eagerly from side to side in search of his enemies. He measured at least twelve feet from nose to tail, and was beautifully marked.

The shikaree fired from a large tree, and was completely hidden in the midst of thick foliage. We had agreed that Carrington should fire first; so, after a few seconds spent in sincere admiration of our enemy, bang went Jack's rifle. The tiger staggered, gave one bound into the air, and with a hideous yell fell mortally wounded.

At this instant the tigress appeared. I aimed at her, but my trigger catching in a branch, the shot failed. Carrington hastily let fly his second barrel, but, being in too great a hurry, and possibly rather excited, he also missed, and the tigress bounded up the side of the ravine; meanwhile I had put my second shot into the tiger, who now lay lifeless.

The tigress fled straight towards the jungle, passing old Luchmee unawares, then turned suddenly, perhaps to seek her mate, and, facing the plucky old elephant, charged straight at her. Luchmee gave a squeal, and brandished her trunk in the air, but never offered to turn tail.

So rapid were the tigress's movements that, although Colonel Meredith was thoroughly prepared, and a capital shot, he could fire only one barrel before the huge beast leapt on to Luchmee's hind-quarters. The shock threw his rifle to the ground!

Seeing what was likely to happen, Jack and I descended from our perches with lightning speed, and hastened to the rescue.

I have had plenty of tiger-shooting, but never again has such a strange sight greeted my eyes as met them then. The howdah, unused for some time, was slightly white-ant-eaten, and at a desperate assault from the frantic tigress partially gave way. Nellie Meredith was slipping slowly but, as it seemed, inevitably into the tigress's jaws. Colonel Meredith's shot had taken effect in the animal's shoulder, and the monster, unable to spring, crouched ready to receive her victim. Not only had the woodwork of the howdah broken, but the whole affair was turning round, and, although Colonel Meredith sought for his pistol, he could not get at it.

Nellie's hand dropped in an endeavour to catch hold of the howdah, which only helped to drag the ponderous machine round. Lower and lower still slipped the girl. In another moment she would have been seized by her merciless foe, but that grand old Luchmee, watching her opportunity, wound her trunk round Nellie's supple waist, and lifted her into comparative safety beside the mahout. At the same instant bang went Carrington's rifle, and "ping" sounded the Colonel's Derringer, whilst the tigress rolled over on her back, biting the dust in her death-agony. Colonel Meredith's shot entered the brain, passing through the right eye—Jack's went straight to the heart.

As soon as he felt himself on firm ground the Colonel turned to clasp his daughter in his arms. "I am quite safe, thank Heaven, papa dear," were her first words. "But how foolish I was to drop the pistol!"

Brave little thing, she never fainted! And, although her face was white, neither hand nor voice trembled. But, when we reached home, the poor child said her head ached, and went to her room suffering from an attack of nervous fever which kept her in bed a fortnight.

This happened many years ago; and, though we have long left Buchârpore, Colonel Meredith

still commands the regiment. I am supposed to be a confirmed old bachelor, but need I add that my dearest friends are Captain and Mrs. Carrington? A. L.

DOMESTIC.

FRENCH TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Take two ounces of tapioca and boil it in half a pint of water until it begins to melt, then add half a pint of milk by degrees and boil until the tapioca becomes very thick; add a well-beaten egg, sugar, and flavouring to taste, and bake gently for three-quarters of an hour. This preparation of tapioca is superior to any other, is nourishing, and suitable for delicate children.

MENU FOR A SMALL FAMILY.—1. Oyster soup made by boiling twenty oysters, with their juice, in a pint of milk, with five ground butter crackers, for two hours; 2. Stewed dice of beefsteak and potatoes, with mushrooms (which are in season); vegetables—beets, boiled cabbage; 3. Salad of water-cress cut fine, with dressing of sweet oil, vinegar, pepper, salt, mustard; 4. Mush, fried in slices and buttered; 5. Rice pudding, cooked very thin, with raisins; 6. Sweet cakes and grapes, with coffee (small cups).

BUTTER SCOTCH.—Now that cool weather is coming, and molasses-taffy, cream-candy and chocolate drops are all the rage (or soon will be), the following recipe for making butter-scotch will be found useful: Take one cupful sugar, thoroughly wet with vinegar and butter size of an egg; boil until a little dropped in water will harden; then take it off the stove and pour into a buttered dish; when cooled, cut into cakes about three-fourths of an inch square, then eat it. Of course you can make more or less, as you please, but always observe these proportions.

THE problem of feeding the young and the poor physiologically is not easy, but it is simple if considered from the scientific point of view. That the bulk of the food of the poorer classes must always be bread is unquestionable. Peas, beans, and other like leguminous plants, however rich in albumen, can never be expected to successfully compete with bread; first, because they require steeping in water and boiling for hours—next, they become hard so easily, and then are indigestible, while at all times they are not so easy to be digested as bread. But bread is not so good a food as meat—and here chemistry comes in, and shows that bread soaked in broth made from extract of meat is as good food as the best meat diet. Indeed, the most eminent chemists and physiologists are now agreed in the opinion that, when people will use more of such simple vitalising extract, and a little less tea, for their strength and health, they will be willing to dispense with the present artifices of cookery as numberless as they are useless.

HYGIENIC.

PROF. SCHIEF of Florence has demonstrated that the non-edible mushrooms have a common poison, muscarina, and that its effects are counteracted either by atropine or daturine. Italian apothecaries now keep these alkaloids in the rural districts where the consumption of the non-edible fungi is apt to occur.

THIN cotton socks—at least for some persons—are said to be much warmer than thick woollen ones. The woollen socks cause the feet to perspire, and as the moisture cools they become chilled. Persons who have suffered from cold feet as long as they wore woollen stockings have ceased to complain as soon as they have changed them for cotton.

DR. L. B. PALMER, of New York, has been led to conclude, from a series of experiments, that the decay of the teeth is not, as is generally supposed, due to acids, but to alkalis. With alkalis he reproduced decay of the teeth as it is seen in the mouth, but was unable to do so by acids. With the assistance of an electric current, acids simply acted on and destroyed the whole of the enamel.

Is butter a food—that is, does it nourish and strengthen the body? Butter is a food quite as much as meat. Indeed, there is more strength stored up in an ounce of butter than two ounces of the best lean meat; but butter will not furnish material to build up the tissues of the body as bread and meat do. A man would starve on a butter diet in a very short time. Butter is a fat useful in the body to support animal heat and generate force, as coal and wood do under the boiler, and of some use in building muscular and nervous tissues.

SCIENTIFIC.

In a communication to the Academy of Sciences M. A. Moret states that, during a recent balloon ascent off Cherbourg with M. Durouf, they were surprised, at a height of 1,700 metres, to see the bottom of the sea in its minutest details, though the channel at that point must be 60 or 80 metres deep. The rocks and undercurrents were clearly visible. He suggests that balloon observations might prevent shipping disasters due to deficiencies in charts.

THE Paris Acclimatization Society has received at its garden in the Bois de Boulogne two Russian hares of a peculiar species. They have the singular property of changing colour with the season. In February their fur is of a reddish hue, quite unlike that of the animal in France, and in the month of November it becomes perfectly white. In form they differ little from the common hare, the change of colour being their only rarity.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARMORE, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. Montreal.—Problem and letter received. Many thanks.
O. Trempe, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 88 received. Correct. Also correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 87.
Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 88 received. Correct.

The most interesting circumstance connected with Chess at the present time in Eng., is the proposed publication by Mr. W. T. Pierce of a hand-book containing a selection of the best games of past and living masters, arranged according to their several openings. He gives the following as a few suggestions with reference to the form, scope, and general plan of the work.

(a) It should be brought out in parts; each part to be complete in itself, and devoted to the illustration and elucidation of one opening.

(b) The book should be quarto size, and each game presented on one page, the opposite page being devoted to notes and analyses of the opening.

(c) The games should be readable *without a board*, by means of diagrams every five or six moves.

(d) The games, as far as practicable, should be selected and annotated by the players or authors of the games themselves—subject only to the general supervision and