

HOW THEY SAY GOODBYE

EXHIBITIONS OBSERVED AT A RAILROAD STATION.

SCHOOLGIRLS' FOND FAREWELLS.

"Goodby, dear! You will surely write tomorrow, won't you?" "Yes, of course I will, and you will come out on Tuesday?"

The two young girls kissed each other as effusively as though they did not expect to see each other again for months, and yet were making an engagement for only three days later.

"You'd better hurry up," said the gate keeper. Then the girls made a wild dash at each other. Their lips were pressed together as though the coming meeting Tuesday was centuries, hence, and then the pretty blue eyed girl ran down the platform and was quickly helped upon the moving train.

"That's the way it is all the time," said the uniformed gatekeeper. "Kissing, kissing. I get so tired of it. Now, those girls see each other every few days, and yet they smack each other as though they were parted forever. If any one ever got sick to death of seeing hugging and kissing going on, it's an employe about a railway station. Why, if I had a girl, I wouldn't ever kiss her; I wouldn't in public at least."

Over near the baggage window stood a well dressed man and his wife. The woman had a tired, worn expression, as though weary with the exertion of getting ready for the journey she was about to undertake.

After he had settled the baggage on the floor he leaned toward, gave her a peck upon the lips swallowed as though taking a pill and then went out of the car. She looked wistfully after him, but he did not glance back, for he was already before the hour for the departure of the train, yet he did not wait after he had seated her in one of the compartments.

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LUNENBURG PROGRESS

of Belfast has at length been destroyed by the ruthless hand of the builder. The last of the thatched cottages which were the distinguishing feature of the picturesque, if not so advanced, Belfast of more than a century ago have just been demolished in accordance with the progressive ideas of the time, and in their stead will be reared a structure which, if not so interesting in appearance, will certainly be more in accordance with up to date ideas of comfort and sanitary efficiency, though half a century hence these ideas may be quite as effete as we are now pleased to regard those of the "good old days."

The two thatched cottages to which we refer were situated at the upper end of Frederick street, close to North Queen street, within two doors of the Nurses' home. When, about a century ago, most of the houses in Belfast were thatched, special provision had to be made by the civic fathers to prevent the frequent recurrence of the fires which played such havoc in the small town.

The upper portion of Frederick street was an old lane leading from Carrickfergus road, now North Queen street, for in the last century and early in the present the road to Carrick was along Carrick hill (hence the name) and to the Shore road, running into it at Lilliput. The old name of Frederick street was Brewery lane, and it was a locality of not much repute. Near to the house now being removed stood another cabin, known as the Thatched tavern, which was the haunt of many of the disaffected of the town and often the scene of much disorder and strife.

On the other side of the street, where the Friends' meeting house now stands, was another row of thatched cabins, with little gardens in front. Here a notorious character, called the Friar, lived for some time. He was sunk to the lips in all "treason, conspiracy and rebellion" and was versed beyond all others in the secret haunts and customs of the town. Nothing of a dangerous nature was hidden from him, and nothing was too daring for him to attempt to carry out. His funeral at midnight in Shanahill graveyard, when torches were used, was long a theme among the masses, somewhat similar to the "night before Larry was stretched" in Dublin. It was here that the ill fated young Lord Fitzgerald found a concealed shelter on the occasion of his short visit to the north prior to the rising in 1848, and here many others of a less prominent position found shelter from the weather and concealment from the eyes of the law.

In later years these houses were removed one by one, their declining years being closed by huckstering in a small way, the trading within their walls never extending beyond a few potatoes and a pile of dirty cabbage, with the inevitable on a nail, by the door, the number of which decreased each returning Friday, to satisfy the wants of the district, whose consumption seemed to consist largely in selling to each other fish and vegetables. While we may regret, because of its antiquarian interest, the removal of an ancient landmark, which, by the way, seemed strangely incongruous amid its more substantial surroundings, we can at least congratulate ourselves on the progress of which we are reminded by the comparison of the past with the present, and on the fact that the discreditable associations of the neighborhood in question are now a matter only of history.—Belfast Weekly News.

NEW USE FOR A BICYCLE. A TEXAS SHERIFF MAKES HIS PRISONER. Sheriff Messenger, a. county sheriff of Grayson county, Tex., has a brand new device for bringing prisoners whom he has arrested. He is probably the first peace officer in the United States to adopt it. The device is nothing more nor less than that of bringing them on the rear step of his bicycle.

"I should think you'd be afraid to risk yourself in your prisoner's power to that extent," suggested one of an interested circle of auditors as Mr. Messenger had been explaining how it is done. "Well, that was what that fellow thought the other night when I brought him in from Southmayd," was the reply. "But I don't have a bit of difficulty in explaining to him how matters stood. As a matter of fact it is every bit as safe to bring a prisoner in standing on the rear step of your wheel as any other way and possibly safer. If the fellow is on one horse and you on another he may make some motion and get the advantage of you

before you can help yourself, but if he's standing on the step of your bicycle he's got to hold on to your shoulders. It don't make a bit of difference how dark a night it is, if he goes to make the least unusual motion, you can feel him, and you can throw him off the wheel before he can wink an eye. Before he can get up again you can cover him with your gun, and there he is.

"How about that fellow you brought in from Southmayd?" "Oh, I almost forgot to tell about him. He was a fellow charged with murder. After some little argument I persuaded him to get up behind me on the steps of my bicycle."

Here Mr. Messenger paused a moment and smiled rather sadly. "What arguments did you use?" asked one of the crowd. "Oh, I just persuaded him," was the reply, with a significant emphasis. "Of course I took his gun away from him, and then he got up behind me all right enough. After he had gone some little distance he seemed to take a notion to talk."

"You seem to be a sort of expert with a bicycle," he said. "But how do you know I may not be just as good myself? I can feel my thigh pressing against your six shooter, but what is there to prevent me from taking it away from you, shooting you and then riding off your wheel?"

"I just sorter laughed and said, 'Oh, I don't reckon you'll do any thing as bad as that.' " "Just about that time I felt him make some peculiar kind of motion I never did know whether he was earnest in trying to escape or whether he was just joking. I'm not even sure whether he himself knew or not. The first thing he really did know he was crawling out from under a barbed wire fence and was looking up the barrel of a big navy six shooter, with me at the other end. As soon as he could catch his breath he gasped:

"I understand now why you wasn't afraid of me; but darn it, you needn't have explained things in quite a blamed way."

After that he got up behind me again and never said another word till we got to Sherman. "How did you get started at bringing in prisoners in this way?" asked some one. "I was mighty near forced into it," was the reply. "One time I went out after a fellow named Zeb Hammon, who was wanted as a prosecuter in a certain case. I found him nine miles out in the country, and I found that he wasn't very anxious to come in. He declared he didn't have any way to come. He didn't own a horse and couldn't borrow one, and he swore he wouldn't walk. I was sorter puzzled at first, but he could ride behind me on the step of my bicycle, and I took him so. He said he never was on a bicycle and couldn't ride one. I told him I didn't know whether he could or not, but for him to try, and if he couldn't I'd let him off from going into town. I guess he thought that was a good way to be hid me, cheerful as you please. I don't know which was the most surprised, him or me, when we found that the scheme worked to perfection. I brought him in, over mighty rough roads, too—only a horse trail part of the way. A bicycle can come mighty near going where a horse can't go. It's only the dude riders that can't go where the roads happen to be a little bad."

days of the week, but she is promptly frowned down. She has no followers. It is only logical that ironing day should follow wash day and that baking should follow ironing. I presently saw the tiger, about 50 yards in from me walking slowly along among the bamboo. He neither saw nor heard me, and seemed to be nothing. I followed silently until I saw him dip into another ravine. Then I ran back and sent the men round to drive him toward me. There was no large tree available; so I lay down on a flat rock, with a sloping bank to my left, and eight yards wide to the side of the hill, which rose in a perfectly straight escarp. I hoped the tiger would come to the left below me. He did not, and I watched him from 80 yards off walk calmly toward me on my right.

He would have passed within six feet of me had I left him alone. But every moment I thought he would bear the beating of my heart. So, when eight or ten yards off, I fired, and the smoke cleared, saw the brute's jaws apparently close to the muzzle of my rifle. To pull the trigger, drop the rifle, turn heels over head down the bank and spring up the nearest small tree was the work of a few seconds and there I clung on, recovering my breath and wondering whether I was alive, until the tiger was above shoute, until the tiger was dead. He was half on the rock, where I had been, shot through the heart, and the hair on his face burned with the flash of the second barrel. He was a magnificent old killed, one of the largest I have ever seen.

I met a charging panther late one evening when returning to camp. Walking through low scrub jungle, I suddenly realized that in a fork of a tree about ten feet from the ground a panther was crouched looking at me. As his eyes caught mine he bounded down before I could raise the rifle, and I only got him, but it was too dark to see to follow. In the fork of the tree were the remains of a young nykphag, which evidently the panther had killed early in the day, eaten what he could and then dragged the rest up the tree, so as to be out of the way of vultures and jackals.

The next morning I took up the blood trail and about 30 yards off found the panther under a bush not big enough to hide a hare, yet neither I nor my men had seen him until we were all but on him. One step more, and he must have sprung on one of us, when my lucky shot caught him between the eyes.

Panthers are nasty, uncertain brutes and can hide in any cover. As a rule, they will attack you, but very I have seen some charge home without provocation. I have seen an occasional one run like a beaten dog. Nothing would make him fight. Twice I have seen them when wounded, charge almost within springing distance and then stop. One of these two sat down on his haunches within 5 yards of me and roared while I reloaded. He had been seen in a cave at the top of a small hill, and the men said he could be shot as he lay. Colonel C. watched the entrance of the cave while I climbed the hill and then saw the panther through a cleft shelving in the center, so that I could not fire without hitting the rock. We tried to tempt the beast out by shaking a turban in front of the mouth of the cave. All he would do was to put out one fore leg. I sent a bullet through this, hoping to stop him with the second barrel as he went off, but the pace was too good, and I missed him, so did Colonel C. from below. I was not quite sure which was the most dangerous, for the colonel's bullets whizzed about pretty freely among the rocks, but after emptying my two rifles the panther suddenly appeared on the top of the rock, 20 yards off, and came straight for me. I hurried up my reloading. Fortunately no one moved, and when some four or five yards distant the panther sat down and roared until I shot him dead.

On the other occasion, when the panther charged, the cartridge jammed, and I could neither get it in or out. He did not, however, come home or wait till I could get another rifle, but made off with him again. Panthers attack away and hide so easily that many see them without being fired on. I have killed many more tigers than panthers, though the latter are certainly the more numerous of the two.

One morning a cow was killed close by. Beaters were collected and the guns were posted, most of us in trees. Colonel B. said it was too much trouble to climb a tree, so he seated himself in an ordinary chair on the ground with a spy by him. The day was hot. There was some little delay. But directly the beat began I heard the footsteps of a heavy animal between myself and Colonel B., and then a jump. I waited for the shot, but none came, and in a few minutes a voice called out: "Stop the beat! The tiger has gone!" I soon found that the tiger had walked past, about 15 yards from my friend's chair, and then jumped a small water course behind. Both he and his orderly were quietly asleep. We changed our position and beat the hill the tiger had gone into. This time he came to me and was killed. One while tracking alone near the Jonk River I was met by an old Gond shikari who had been out a good deal with me in better times. He pointed silently to the four-point of a huge bull buffalo in the middle of my path, evidently quite fresh. The track led parallel to my road. So I dismounted, took the lead on, and signed to the old man to lead on. After following for half a mile we saw a large bull buffalo with only one horn. He, too, saw and heard us, and began pawing and tossing up the ground, uttering a low, deep bellow. The old Gond was by this time groveling at my feet, and he said that the bull had killed three men within the last month or two. I could not get a broadside shot, and the distance was two great for certainty. Time passed, as I had still many miles to go. So I suggested to my old friend that he should draw the bull by running across the small glade where we were standing and climbing up a tree on the other side, which had branches hanging conveniently low down. He said it was quite impossible and meant certain death to him. I then said that we must both retire together; that, too, was certain death—for one, or both. However, he presently saw that to climb the tree was the lesser of two evils, as I should check the bull's charge. So, mustering his courage and, telling me with his last words that he was going to his death, he ran across yelling. He had not 20 yards to go, while the bull had at least 80. But the brute had evidently been waiting for some one to run, and came out with a rush at the first shot. The old man was up his tree like a monkey well before the bull pulled me at the gallop, about eight yards off. I shot him clean through the heart, but the impulse of his rush carried him on for about 100 yards, crashing through the jungle like a traction engine let loose, till he fell dead against a tall tree, which quivered to the very top. We were both glad to be over that business. An old solitary bull is a nasty beast. Most buffaloes run away if hit. A solitary animal is not to be trusted and occasionally attacks any one he meets.

Colonel H. Ward says in the Badmington Magazine: I found the footprints—perfectly fresh—of a large tiger, which had evidently been only just disturbed, probably by us. Following very cautiously, I presently saw the tiger, about 50 yards in from me walking slowly along among the bamboo. He neither saw nor heard me, and seemed to be nothing. I followed silently until I saw him dip into another ravine. Then I ran back and sent the men round to drive him toward me. There was no large tree available; so I lay down on a flat rock, with a sloping bank to my left, and eight yards wide to the side of the hill, which rose in a perfectly straight escarp. I hoped the tiger would come to the left below me. He did not, and I watched him from 80 yards off walk calmly toward me on my right.

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LONDON'S POPULATION

London's population continues to increase rapidly, but recent census figures reveal a change in the character of this growth which has both surprised and puzzled the English statisticians. Up to times comparatively recent the city's increase was chiefly at the expense of the country districts and of other lands, the number of births within the metropolitan limits, when not less than the number of deaths, being not nearly enough in excess of it to account for the annual increment. Thus, in the period of 1871-80, the increase in population was more than 100,000 in excess of the births over the deaths. In the years 1881-90, however, the balance was the other way, the addition to the population being nearly 118,000 less than the natural increase. In the period 1891-5 the excess of births over deaths was 230,000, but the actual increase in the population was slightly less than 200,000. From these figures