

a tiger's strength. A friend of mine, from an opposite hill, saw one of them spring upon a small horse, kill it, suck its blood, and then drag it to its lair in the mountain recesses. The spotted tigers do far more damage in our region than the striped, as they are much more numerous. If one gets a taste of human flesh, nothing else will satisfy it; but such diet soon makes it mangy and shortens its life.

We usually carry arms through these mountain jungles, but that day I had none. I had made the ascent of 1,700 feet, and, walking along the west slope of the summit for a quarter of a mile, I had crossed over to the east side of the rocky crest.

It was now one hour before sundown of a cloudy, drizzly afternoon. I had my double umbrella, black inside and white outside, and had closed it to go through a narrow opening in the bushes. I had crossed a little open grass-plot of a few rods, and was just entering a narrow footpath through the mountain jungle that would take me down to the east foot of the mountain, where I was to meet my pony.

Suddenly a spotted tiger sprang into the path between the bushes and disputed the passage. I saw at once what he wanted; only great hunger impels these tigers to come out during the day; he had had no breakfast and wanted missionary meat for supper. I did not wish him to have it; I had an appointment with the people of three villages, and wished to keep it. He stood in the only path through that mountain jungle, glaring at me. I eyed him intently, and, gaining his eye, held it while I formed my plan.

It is always best, if a scrimmage is to take place, to be the attacking party. My old grandmother used to teach me that everything would come in use within seven years, if you only kept it. When I was a boy I had gone out among an Indian tribe in Michigan, and learned their war-whoop. I had kept it for thrice seven years, but it proved trebly serviceable then. When my plan of attack was formed, springing forward toward the tiger, I raised this war-whoop, and at the same time suddenly brandished my double umbrella.

What it was that could so suddenly change a perpendicular dark figure into an alarming object, at the same time emitting such an unearthly yell, the tiger did not know. He stood his ground, however, until I dashed forward, and suddenly flourishing my umbrella, raised it to strike him. It seemed to occur to him that I was the more dangerous animal of the two, and that one of us had better run; as I did not, he did. Springing aside, over a bush, into the open ground, he made for the crest of the hill which I had just passed. His spring was the neatest specimen of animal motion I had ever seen. His forepaws were stretched straight out, and he had his nose between them. His hind feet were stretched equally straight, and between them his tail. Straight as an arrow he went through that opening.

Putting my head with its big white sun hat into the opening, I once more raised the war-whoop. Down he dashed again with impetuosity. Withdrawing my head until he slackened his pace, I repeated the operation, and on he dashed, and so continued, until I had seen him cross the stream, and go up into the woods on the opposite side of the valley. Then, feeling sure that I could see no more of him that day, I turned and wended my way down three miles to the foot of the hill, mounted my pony, and kept my appointment. I am thankful to say that such incidents are not common in our preaching tours. I have never known of a missionary being seriously injured by ravenous beasts or venomous reptiles. But such an incident forcibly reminds us of the protection promised in the last few verses of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, in connection with the giving of the Great Commission, and that promise is wonderfully fulfilled.

Japan has no large factories to speak of for the manufacture of the carpets, rugs, shawls and crepes that we admire so much, but instead, almost every house possesses its own hand loom, at which the entire family work. The curious feature of these miniature factories is that the weaving is set to music, each pattern having its own peculiar tune, to which the children, following the lead of the

superintendent or head worker, sing a simple 'nonsense' song, the movements of their deft little fingers corresponding to the rhythmic rise and fall of the music. When the time arrives for changing the pattern the weaver in charge of the loom begins to hum a new tune, which the little ones immediately take up, simultaneously changing the pattern to suit the music. Thus, among the Japanese weavers, it is quite common to speak of a 'two tune,' 'four tune,' or 'six tune' rug, as the case may be.—The 'Designer.'

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond The Isle of What's-the-use,
Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The Land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm—
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully!

When boys and girls their tasks would
slight,
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, 'Don't care! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow.'

But when in after life they longed
To make proud fortune bow,
He let them find that fate ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tent a long, long way
From the land of Anyhow.

—The 'Ram's Horn.'

In an Oakum Wash.

(Albert W. Tolman, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

The mill was a one-story wooden structure bordering the stream, and connected by a foot-bridge, another building on the opposite side.

Heaps and coils of frayed cordage filled the yard, hawsers, stays and shrouds of all sizes and lengths, stripped from dead ships, to be converted into oakum to calk the seams of vessels yet unbuil.

Close by the open door, under the low, projecting roof, stood a truck waggon which was piled with moist brown fibre, ready for drying in the field near by. An odor of tar hung about the premises, strong, penetrating, but not unpleasant.

I stepped through the door into a long, dimly lighted room where several men were at work. Two were operating a knife, or cutter, which chopped the rope into sections a few inches in length.

These pieces were taken to another room and stripped of all refuse, such as parcelling, service or worming, until only the hemp was left. The hemp was then soaked in tubs of warm water until it was sufficiently softened to allow the strands to be unla.

Basketfuls of these untwisted strands were thrown into a steam-heated wash, which soon reduced them to a fibrous state. After remaining in this receptacle for about fifteen minutes, the material was taken out, drained of all surplus water and placed on trucks, ready for spreading and drying in the adjacent field. Later it would be carded out and pressed into bales for shipment.

To me the most interesting thing in the mill were the 'wash' and the man who operated it. Directly in front of the entrance was a wooden platform three feet high, shaped like a circle, and about eighteen feet in diameter, rendered slightly elliptical by the flattening of a pair of opposite sides.

On the very edge of the opening stood a man who might perhaps have been fifty years of age, short, square-shouldered and strongly built, weighing apparently not far from two hundred pounds. He was light-complexioned, and slightly bald, and he had a smooth-shaven, cheerful face.

In his hands was a stout wooden bar about five feet long. This he constantly thrust down into the rushing, steaming torrent, and after holding it there a brief space, lifted it with a dripping brown mass trailing from its end. Sometimes it was all he could do to raise it, so heavy were the sodden fibres.

He deposited his burden on a wooden grating fixed above a broad, shallow trough, and so inclined that the water would drain back from the hemp into the trap-door. When the mass had become dry enough it was transferred into the wash, and the process repeated.

I stood for some time watching the basketful of short strands change to brown, shapeless skeins of fibre.

The workman saw that I was interested, so he took pains to make every step of the manufacture plain to me.

He explained that the wash was simply a covered wooden canal, running round under the outer edge of the platform; that the water was heated to any desired temperature by steam brought in through a pipe from the boiler, and that it was kept in motion by a paddle-wheel under the box which I had noticed on the other side.

I peered down through the trap-door. The brown, foamy, streaming tide, which was sweeping on so rapidly, fascinated me. 'It strikes me that that would be rather an unpleasant place for a workman to fall into,' I said to the workman.

'Mighty unpleasant!' returned he, emphatically. 'I know it, for I've been there myself, and I count myself lucky that I ever got out alive.'

Then while he worked he told me the story of his adventure.

This mill has been turning out oakum for over fifty years, and there are hundreds of tons of our product afloat now all over the globe. Of course there isn't the call for it that there was before steel sailing ships and steamers came in, and since they've got to using steel rigging there isn't so much old rope for sale to supply us with raw material.

'Still, there's enough demand to keep us fairly busy, for our goods are made on honor, and we don't have any trouble in disposing of all we manufacture.'

'I've worked at the business twelve years, and know it from A to Z. We use chiefly the standing rigging of old vessels, every kind of hemp except Mannila; that's too wiry to make good oakum.'

'We get most of our material from junk dealers and ship-chandlers, though now and then we buy direct from some craft that's being stripped not far from us.'

'Seven years ago this August we were cutting up the rope from the old 'Conqueror,' a ship that has made at least a dozen trips round the world in the East India and Pacific trade, but that had lately been dismantled in Boston, and her gang of rigging sent down to us. Business was pretty lively with us that summer, and we had taken on a good-sized crew in order to keep up with it.'

'One morning I was the only man left in the mill; everybody else was busy in the field, turning the oakum so that the hot sun would dry it thoroughly. I was tending the boiler and looking out for the wash at the same time.'

'About each half-hour I threw into the trap four large basketfuls of hemp-strands, weighing two hundred pounds in all, and took them out with my stick after they had been reduced to fiber. It was hard work in the trying heat, and I rested frequently.'

'At ten o'clock I came in from the bridge over the stream, where I had been to get a breath of fresh air before taking the next batch of fibre from the wash. I opened the trap, and up came a rush of hot steam.'

'After waiting a moment for the air to clear, I took my stick and pushed it down against the current. In a few seconds a mass had collected about its end, and I was about to raise it again when something occurred that distracted my attention.'

(To be continued.)

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