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THE FOSSIL RAINDROPS.
 Over the quarry the children went rambling,
 Hunting for stones to skip,
 Into the clefts and the crevices scrambling,
 Searching the quarrymen's chimp.
 Sweet were their voices and gay was their laughter
 That holiday afternoon,
 One tumbled down and the rest tumbled after,
 All of them singing one tune.
 Here was a stone would skip like a bubble,
 Once were it loosed from its place—
 See what strange lines, all aslant, all-a-trouble,
 Covered over its face.
 Half for a moment their wonder is smitten,
 Nor divine they at all
 That soft earth it was when those lantlines
 were written
 By the rain's gusty fall.
 Nor guess they, while pausing to look at it
 plainly,
 The least in the world perplexed,
 That the page which old Merlin studied vainly
 Had never such wizard text.
 Only a stone o'er the placid pool throwing,
 Ah — But it told them, though,
 How the rain was falling, the wind was blowing,
 Ten thousand years ago!
 —Harriet Prescott Spofford in St. Nicholas.

A NIGHT WITH A TIGER.
 Being the Thrilling Adventure of Two Bachelors in India.
 In entering the drawing-room there were two doors; this must be borne in mind.
 The house itself was old-fashioned, a large and many-gabled one, standing quite alone and solitary in a spacious garden; all the windows had been closed and the jalousies shut and secured from the outside; the tatty-grass blinds on the piazza had been rolled up and put away till another blazing morning called for their refreshing shade.
 The locality was near that part of the delta called the Sunderbunds, through which the Ganges expands its branches as it approaches the sea—a labyrinth of crooks and rivers, of jungle and stagnant water. The night was perfectly fine, but moonless; there was a heavy dew rapidly falling, like misty rain, which in hot countries is a perfectly natural occurrence.
 I went into the drawing-room by what may be called the back door, as it led into the back drawing-room, and smaller one of the two; the other, a far larger apartment, communicated with this one by great folding doors of gold and white. The back drawing-room was very full of furniture, rather inconveniently so. As I was carrying an armful of books, and in my disengaged hand a bull's-eye lantern, I proceeded with tolerable security, though slowly, but then of course I knew the room, and could have gone to my destination in the dark. What struck me as both curious and irritating was the fancy that the room seemed more impeded than ever with the furniture, dark, old-fashioned rosewood furniture, that had been made to match the grand piano. The various articles looked as if they had been dragged about the room. Possibly the darkness above and around me helped the illusion; anyway they had the appearance of having been gradually spread toward the center of the room, round a heavy and solid table. It was this table that I wished to go to. I walked very slowly, partly because I did not wish to spill the books that I'd spent the last hour in collecting, and partly because of an unaccountably horrible feeling that had come over me. This part of the house was quite silent; indeed it was often so of an evening. My brother had passed me on his way up stairs, having been all day at Madrepore, and no doubt being tired had gone to bed. There were very few stairs at all, as the house was practically a one-storied one, rambling and full of angles, having been built and added to at various times; here and there little staircases streamed out leading to long passages and unexpected cupboards; the back drawing-room door itself opened from a side flight of five stairs. As I had encountered two small chairs and an overturned music stand, I stood still for a second, looking for a clear passage and thereby holding the lantern high and well in front of me; as I paused amid the complete silence that reigned an immense tiger slowly crossed the path of light, turning on me two burning yellow eyes, gleaming like vivid topazes. I stood there in stiffened terror and heard my heart beat. Its mouth was loosely parted and running with saliva; so wide was it hanging open at the corners that the serrated edges of the lower lips were plainly visible. It gazed with a steadfast look of such grinning cruelty, such conscious malignity, that it froze my blood and turned my limbs to stone. This description of sight and feeling was, of course, the impression of one vivid conception condensed by a minute's agony.
 The tiger crossed the India matting of the room with a noiseless swinging gait; as it appeared to have come from the obscurity near the piano, so it vanished into obscurity beyond—that is, outside the pathway of the lantern light. I stood perfectly immovable, still clutching the books with my left arm, still holding the lantern before me, still gazing at the place it had crossed, and apparently forever seeing that awful look upon the tiger's broad face. It seemed as if my eyes saw the face, though my mind had rapidly suggested the frightful probability that the tiger was behind me. At the same time, by some dual mental process, it was holding out hope that the animal had passed through the great folding doors into the dark room beyond. I have no remembrance at all of my mind dictating the next action I pursued; it seemed just an instinct indulged in by the body upon its own account and for its own immediate preservation.
 I laid the books very carefully down without making the slightest unnecessary noise or disturbing the hand that held the lantern, and then raising with slow effort one of the heavy little chairs that blocked my passage, I silently swung it on to my shoulders and held it so that it covered my head, then turned slowly sidewise with my mind impressed with the necessity of keeping my lantern as far as possible behind me. This struck me at the time as clever and of unquestionable importance in saving my life. I managed to walk gently out of the room. I suppose I had been in five minutes, but it seemed like a weary hour.
 As I closed the door and locked it my brother unexpectedly came down the passage and passed me on the little stairs; he was rather in a hurry.
 "Godfrey," I called after him, "do you mind pulling the front door to in the large drawing-room as you go by?" It seems strange now, but I could think of nothing else to say then, and I said it slowly and quite naturally.

He assented and disappeared, and I, without noticing it at the time, took in the chair again and with my lantern ascended the short flight of stairs, and proceeded along the passage to my own room, walking slowly and guardedly. The mind had evidently been so shocked that it had not recovered its dominant sway over the body. Upon reaching my own room I put the chair carefully down and sat upon it. The lantern I had placed on the table at the same time. I sat there a few seconds feebly wondering which room the tiger was in. Then I got up with a sudden alacrity, took from its case a large revolver, and turned into the passage again. In a minute or so I was in Godfrey's room. He was half-dressed. "What's the matter?" he demanded, with startled eyes. When I had told him he took my hand and wrung it. "You may thank God that you are alive, old fellow." Then he dressed hurriedly, took a heavy rifle from a rack, filled his pockets with cartridges. "Come along; stay, let me go first; your nerves are a bit shaky yet."
 We crept out and awakened the punkah-wallah, an old and faithful Hindu, whom my brother once nursed during a dangerous illness—a brave, reliable and trustworthy man, who would have laid his life down for Godfrey.
 "It is the man-eater!" said the Hindu, after my recital. "Will the sahib let his servant advise him?"
 "Yes, Ramee, tell me your plan."
 As the Hindu rapidly unfolded it my brother smiled dubiously at the strange idea.
 "Cunning must be met with cunning," said the Hindu.
 "It'll take three hours to arrange," I remarked.
 "Three hours will bring the dawn; now, who can see in the dark; not the Sahib, but yes, the tiger."
 "Very well," said Godfrey. "Let's set about it at once." From the gardener's outhouse we brought a roll of wire netting that had been put there for fencing in a paddock a few days previously. Together we collected armfuls of shavings the workmen had not cleared away, quantities of dried leaves, rags, every thing we could find soft and pliable; and having cut the wire into three square lengths firmly lashed them together, one over the other. When completed it was the shape, but rather larger than the window in the room in which the tiger lay hidden and the doors of which had been locked. Our operations so far had been conducted upon the veranda outside, near the gardener's room; we then rolled up the wire netting and carried it round the corner of the house to within a few yards of the big window; here it was unfurled again and flattened out, then upon its surface we poured all the shavings, rags, leaves and the refuse we had collected, and upon this mass smeared and spread a quantity of lime left by the workmen for the morrow. This we smoothed down as well as we were able till the whole mass assumed some consistency and clung to the interstices of the netting. Ramee next took some stout twine and improvised a rough kind of needle from a bamboo cane. With this implement he sewed all over the mass of stuff, thus making a strong netting that helped to keep the composition in its place. So far, so good; the most difficult operation yet remained.
 "Take my gun," said Godfrey to me, "and give me the revolver."
 He pushed the revolver in his belt, laid hold of one end of the netting, and threw off his shoes. With slow and noiseless step the netting, looking very like a large mattress, was carried exactly opposite the window and laid gently down; then both retired as silently as they had advanced.
 Ramee then brought from the outhouse a ladder, and with a gesture of entreaty signed to my brother to stand aside and take his rifle in his hand. With bare feet the Hindu crept up to the window again and reared the ladder against the wall. Taking a coil of rope from his neck, he deftly fastened it to the highest wall staple of the outside shutter. Descending, he quickly enlaced the short strand in the netting, placed the ladder on the other side, and ran the thong through the other staple. For the first time he made a noise, but it was unavoidable, and was caused by the netting being drawn upward till it hung like a great curtain covering the shutter and hiding the window from us.
 Godfrey and I stood ready to fire.
 The Hindu, perspiring at every pore, descended the ladder, which he lowered and placed horizontally on the window sill, and lashed it to the bottom of the netting, and again fastened that to the two lower staples on either side.
 The thing was done; far away in the east the dawn was breaking, above which the morning star was slowly paling his silver fire.
 "But, Ramee, the shutters are still fastened!"
 "Sahib, I unfastened them; they are open as the breadth of a man's hand; presently the light will stream through."
 "Quick! fetch another rifle!"
 When he returned I took the gun and gave him my revolver.
 A light breath of wind passed murmuring through the feathery crowns of the slender cocoa palms, two great spears of light shot up in the sky, somewhere in the garden a bird sang; the sun had risen. "Wait the signal," whispered my brother; "now, Ramee." The Hindu knelt down and imitated the bleating of a kid that had lost its mother. At the instant Ramee sprang to his feet the silence was rent by a sundering crash and a sudden terrific roar; the shutters were torn from their sockets; a great mass hurled itself precipitately through the window, and the tiger with his head and shoulders buried in the lime-covered debris, was grappling in maddened fury with an enemy he could not see nor make much impression upon.
 Our guns were at our shoulders.
 The animal was twenty feet from us, tearing up the gravelled path and coiling itself in inextricable confusion in the broken netting and splintered ladder. Ramee uttered a loud cry. The animal had freed its head, and stood with its bleeding mouth in an enforced and listening attitude. It was the moment Godfrey had waited for, and he fired. The tiger, evidently not seeing him, sprang at the window again, but missed the opening, hurling himself against the wall and falling on the broken shutters. At the minute it alighted I aimed at the spot behind the shoulder and fired; it gave a convulsive leap and turned its bloodshot eyes in our direction. Then Godfrey fired again and told me to do the same.
 "Back! back!" cried Ramee.
 The animal had gathered itself together and sprang forward with one mighty bound, and rolled over with a scream of dying rage.

THE HAUGHTY MILKMAN.
 He Tries His Hand at a Speculation and Ruins Himself Forever.

 MILKMAN who had tied his cow to the pump and milked her until his arms ached and the well was dry, was toiling on his rounds one bleak, cold morning in February, waking the slumbering world in terror from its rest by making unearthly howls every time he paused to sell a customer, and, as he distributed wrath and pure spring milk along his whey, he laid a scheme that would collar the scads. "When I have sold out the last can this morning," he said, "I will sell the route to a sucker from Vineland and then I will have a roll that will take me to Washington and stake me for two rooms and a stand on the route of the inaugural procession. The rooms I will pierce with two twin windows and divide them across the middle sash, which will make two floors with eight windows; at \$40 a window that will be \$320, and, of course, the rooms will be extra; \$25 each for the rooms.
 "The stand I will arrange in close seats 5½ inches to each person; at \$4 a seat this arrangement ought to net \$750. That isn't enough. I will have to make the seats smaller or charge more for them. Ha!" he added, suddenly, as an inspiration struck him, "what's the matter with doing both? I will do so; I will also double on the rent of the windows. If I don't come back from Washington and buy a hotel you may write me down for a chump, that's all." He haughtily tossed his head as he thought what a swath he would cut when he came back. He carried out his plan nicely as far as he went. He collected all the bills, unloaded the route on a man from Vineland; went to Washington, paid \$450 for the two rooms and put up a stand that would seat a thousand people in about room for 300. He had to present one window to a Civil-Service Commissioner for nothing, because the Commissioner sat there at last inauguration, and said he couldn't be put out except for cause.
 The other was taken at half rate by a cousin of the President, a fat man from Crawfordsville, who took up all his own window and crowded the commissioner. The grand stand filled up pretty well and he began to think he would make on the pig what he lost on the corn, when the stand gave way, broke the arm of a Congressman so that he couldn't use his frank, smashed two old school mates of the President, and a lot of Vice-President Morton's cousins, and six or seven men named Harrison, nearly killed a pension agent and two or three all-round lawyers. When he settled as far as he could, to avoid suits for damage, he crawled out of Washington on the trucks of a blue line freight car, and when he reached home the Vineland man, who was sorry for him, gave him a job in the yard teaching some calves to drink skimmed milk out of a pail. Moral: The grand-stand business makes us poor indeed, but not always enriches the man who runs it.—R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE:
 Rules Not Contained in the Popular Works on Social Department.
 After a somewhat careful examination of the various works on etiquette we are forced to the conclusion that, excellent as they are, much of practical value has been omitted. Hence we present the following supplementary rules for conduct, not in the hope of becoming a second Lord Chesterfield, but only desiring that the science of good breeding may be advanced:
 Don't cool your coffee in the finger bowl.
 When at table don't scratch your head with your fork.
 Take your naps at home and your wife to church.
 Chew your food thoroughly before swallowing. This applies particularly to gum.
 A gentleman should remove his hat on entering the hall, but not necessarily his false teeth.
 It is not considered good form to gnaw popped corn off the cob. It is better to cut it off with a knife before eating.
 A gentleman should raise his hat on meeting a lady friend, but not necessarily his eyebrows.
 It is indelicate to ask a lady if she paints, but you may inquire if she is a devotee of the pallet and easel.
 Don't break your engagements; and unless you know just about what is best to say don't break a silence.
 Girls should not whistle, but custom sanctions their puckering their lips occasionally when alone with their beaux.
 It is very impolite to ask a lady her age; but if you can get hold of the family Bible custom sanctions the practice of looking the matter up there.
 Ladies should not whisper in company. Gentlemen may, if they can, as the pleasure afforded the company of overhearing atones for the rudeness of the act.
 Don't ask your hostess how she cooks her celery. A lady who has the art of preparing an especial delicacy does not always like to give the secret away.
 Do not eat more than one toothpick at table. People abhor a greedy person, and, besides, too free indulgence in such food has been known to produce indigestion.
 In treading on a lady's foot the old forms of excuse such as "I beg your pardon," "Pray excuse me," etc., are superseded in the best circles by "Forgive me. How could you expect me to see any thing so small?"
 In taking leave of your hostess after a party where refreshments have been served it is considered a delicate mark of courtesy to turn your pockets inside out to show her that you are not carrying away any of the silver. Besides, you are more likely to get another invitation.—Epoch.

Dickens and the Clergyman.
 Says James Payn in the Independent: "Dickens used to tell a story of meeting with a clergyman in a railway train who held forth to his fellow-travelers ever so long upon the novelist's private feelings. 'Dickens is an atheist, sir, as I happen to know; he is also a gambler, and I regret to say, drinks,' and so on. 'Dear me, how sad. Have you ever seen him drunk?' asked Dickens. 'Well, not exactly drunk; no, but certainly overtaken by liquor.' 'Have you ever seen him sober?' 'Well, that is too much to say. Oh, yes, I have seen him sober.' 'Often?' 'Yes, often.' 'No, sir; only once. You see him now for the first time.'"
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