

## JUNGLE ADVENTURE.

### The Terrible Experience of a Young Man While Tiger Hunting.

"And so," said the Major, as he lighted his cigar, "you want me to tell you a story, do you? Seems to me, I've told you all the stories I know. And they're always the same old thing. How is it you don't tire of them?"

"Ah, they're jolly!" said Ted, enthusiastically. "I'd rather hear 'em than—than—go to the circus! Almost," he added, conscientiously.

"Oh, do go on!" We all begged the Major, squeezing into a tight half circle round him. Bronzed old soldier that he was, we had known and loved him all our lives. His stories of adventure thrilled us as nothing else could. And the best of it was, we knew they were all true.

We also knew there was one story he could tell that we had never heard. In the Major's left sleeve the stump of an arm dangled, and often we wondered how he had lost it. But we had never asked this question, and somehow or other, he had never approached the subject of his own accord.

"I told you about my tiger hunt, didn't I?" asked the Major, as he settled back in his easy chair.

"A tiger hunt! Oh, no!" we almost screamed.

"Not about the time when the howdah slipped off the back of the elephant I was riding? And how I lost this arm? Oh, I must have told you that," said the Major.

"Oh, no!" Ted exclaimed, and "Oh, please begin!" Lily interrupted; and I, the oldest, was so excited that I jumped up and down, subsiding quickly, however, to lose not one sentence of the Major's narrative.

"Well, it was many, many years before I ever thought to find myself in America," said the Major, good naturedly—and here he interrupted himself in order to light a cigar—"and long and long before you youngsters were born. I was in the British army, as you know, and I was dispatched on service in India when I was only 23. India! I don't know what it is about the Orient that so captivates one's fancy, and so haunts one. There was hardship enough in the service, and its many years since I came home, crippled and unfit for any more fighting; but India calls to me yet. Those plantains!" said the Major, musingly. "There's no fruit like them in this country, children—to my mind, that is. They're a species of banana, but much larger and luscious. Well, maybe they're not. Best thing I ever tasted."

"However I started to tell you of tigers, not plantains, didn't I?" Don't be impatient. You know I always stretch my yarns a little.

"You enjoy looking at the wild beasts at the Zoo, but you never stop to think what a scourge they are to the countries where they run wild, do you?" went on the Major, while we listened, holding our breath. "They simply terrorize whole districts. It is a matter of fact recorded in the archives of the British Government, that one tigress, prowling around the outskirts of the jungle in a certain district, caused the entire population in thirteen villages to desert their homes, rushing to the city for safety. That meant 200 square miles of land abandoned when it ought to have been under cultivation. The tiger—"

"What's a man-eating tiger?" inquired Ted.

"Oh, it's just the same as any other," replied the Major; "only when the animal has once tasted human flesh it always craves it, and is then called a man-eater. Such a tiger will dash into the open, perhaps into the centre of a native village, and, striking down a woman or child, will carry them off into the jungle and devour them. It is a curious thing that the beast nearly always has sense enough, unless he's very, very hungry, not to attack an armed man. He seems to know quite well that women and children are his easiest prey."

"But your tiger hunt," we pleaded.

"Oh, yes, where was I?" returned the Major, flicking the ash from his cigar and settling back in his chair again.

"Well, you can understand that the natives are always trying to kill off the tigers. They set traps and pitfalls for them to fall into, and destroy them by shooting at them with poisoned arrows. Of course, the arrows wouldn't kill them, but the poison on the tip gets into the animal's blood, and they creep off to die in their lairs. The English, however, make a sport out of killing them. They go out on elephants, taking rifles and plenty of ammunition, and they employ natives to 'beat' the jungle, just as they beat the covers for partridges in England, and by and by the yellow stripes jump out of the undergrowth, and, bang! we let fly at him. It's a very risky business, because a wounded tiger sometimes springs on the elephant and terribly wounds the people in the howdah."

The Major was in good story-telling vein now. His cigar had gone out, and he was leaning slightly forward, gesticulating in illustration, his eyes shining with the excitement of these memories. That wrinkled hand! I looked at it and wondered if it ever could have steadied a rifle aimed at such awful foes.

"Well, this time I'm telling you of," went on the Major, "I went on such a hunt myself. We were after tigers—that is, we thought we'd like to bag a tiger—but we were not particular. Tiger or leopard, whatever came along, we were ready for. There was quite a party of us, and we had three elephants. Right at the start there might of been some of us killed, for in some way the housings of the elephant I was on became loose, so that the howdah slipped around, and we took a tumble out of it. Falling off an elephant is like falling off a house; but nobody came to grief, and we started off, and many, many miles we traveled without coming on any game. We had started very early in the morning, but it was growing hot, and we were getting disgusted at our ill luck. And finally, being all of us pretty reckless young fellows, we left the elephants in charge of some of the natives, and taking the rest with us entered the jungle on foot."

"Oh-h!" three voices sighed in awe-struck anticipation.

"You understand," said the Major, taking a pull at the cigar, which had gone out, and rubbing one hand on his knee, "it was a piece of jungle where we believed ourselves safe. A path from village to village led through it, and we plunged in more for coolness than anything else."

"Well, of all those reckless fellows, I guess I was the worst. I didn't know much about fear in those days. To this hour I don't know just how it happened, but I let myself get separated from the crowd, and I lost the trail through the jungle, and the moment came when I stood amid that gloomy, tangled undergrowth, realizing that I was alone, and feeling the oppressiveness of the most intense silence which has ever pressed about me. Mind what I say, children; pressed around me. That's the only way I can describe it."

"I was standing still, not knowing what to do, when I heard a slight rustle. It was a positive relief, breaking that awful stillness. I turned toward the sound, and it stopped. I wasn't afraid, I know I wasn't, but I could hear my heart thud—thudding as though it were a stone striking water."

"Once more the rustle sounded—and then—a violent shudder interrupted the Major's speech, and I instinctively covered my eyes to shut out what was to follow. "And then," went on the Major huskily, clenching his hands, "a great yellow head showed itself, and a tiger hurled itself upon me! I had no chance to use my gun. I was down—down—down, with that hot breath upon me, and that great body crushing me into the earth!"

I flung myself on the Major's arm in a transport of horror, crying: "Oh, poor! poor—" but he never heard me. Stroking his empty sleeve, he continued:

"The brute took my hand in his mouth, and I heard the bones crush in his jaw! I heard that sickening crunch as plainly as you hear me, and yet I had my wits about me and knew that in a minute I must die. And I saw pictures flashing before me—scenes on the ship coming over, and in England, and mother as she looked when she said good-bye to me. And, oh, how I prayed that the beast would make quick work of it!"

The Major's excitement equalled ours; his jaws worked convulsively.

"Then the tiger took my forearm in his mouth—spanning the space with his hands—and I heard those bones go like the others, and then he turned his head and looked in my face with his great gleaming eyes, and I looked back at him until my eyeballs ached, for I dared not—indeed, I seemed unable—to close the lids. Things were getting a bit misty then," said the Major, clearing his throat while his broad chest heaved as we had never seen it. "When the tiger turned his head I seemed to see plainly all at once the mess room of my regiment. And then—and then—he took my elbow in his mouth and a third time I heard the bones snap; then a loud explosion rang in my ears—and I thought I died!"

"And didn't you?" he burst in, not knowing in the least what we said.

"No, I didn't," replied the Major, "but I didn't know anything for a good long while; and when I did my arm was gone. My friends had wandered into the neighborhood, still looking for game, and spied the tiger eating his dinner, as they thought, never dreaming until they had popped him over that the dinner was I. Yes, you're right, Ted. In aiming at him they might have shot me; but their aim was guided, somehow, you see."

We hugged the Major and made much of him, as though he had only just been saved. "And that," concluded the Major thoughtfully, as we nestled up to him, "is why I had to leave the army—being crippled and not much good; and why I came to America, being a born wanderer, to seek my fortune; and how I happen to be earning a way like this to you youngsters."—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Hints on Pronunciation.

If the place is on the Chinese coast, remember the number of your laundry ticket, multiply by six, subtract what is left, and find the puzzle. If a Russian name, add three portions, sneeze, cross your fingers, and forget it.—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 20, 1904.



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful. I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, MRS. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

#### A serious Offense.

Mr. Banks had acquired a dictatorial manner in his youth, and it had grown with his years. When he gradually became near-sighted he refused to wear glasses, and held other people responsible for any difficulties into which his failing sight led him.

One day he clutched by the coat sleeve a man who was hurrying past him on the street.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Griggs," he said, sharply. "I will detain you only a moment."

"My name is not Griggs. You have made a mistake," said the man.

"Your name isn't Griggs?" said Mr. Banks, still detaining the stranger and peering into his face. "I should like to know why not?"

#### Sorry He Spoke.

Old Mr. Gardiner had a difference with the local grocer, and he openly avowed never to patronize the shop again. Therefore the grocer in question was agreeably surprised when one afternoon his late customer entered and ordered several pounds of sugar with complete nonchalance.

Prudence would have dictated silence, but human nature is weak, and as he tied the string the grocer could not help saying:

"I thought you declared only the other day that you would never darken my doors again, Mr. Gardiner?"

"That is true, and I should not have done so," was the retort, "but I've just received a fine lot of bulbs, and I have no sand for potting them."

#### Ye Editor Man.

"An editor is a millionaire without money, a congressman without a job, a king without a throne. He constructs without a hammer or saw, builds railroads without rails or spikes, and farms without a plow. He runs a butcher shop in the journalistic world and deals out brains for cash or credit. The editor is a teacher, a lawyer, a preacher; he sends truth out to save souls, and gets lost himself."



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Judging from the very number of Washing Machines we have sold during the last year, we know that of the many useful mechanical helps that contribute to the comfort and happiness of the well-appointed modern home, the washing machine is by no means the least important, and if it could not be readily replaced, would be one of the last of such aids to be parted with. Any Washing Machine is preferable, tenfold, to the washboard.

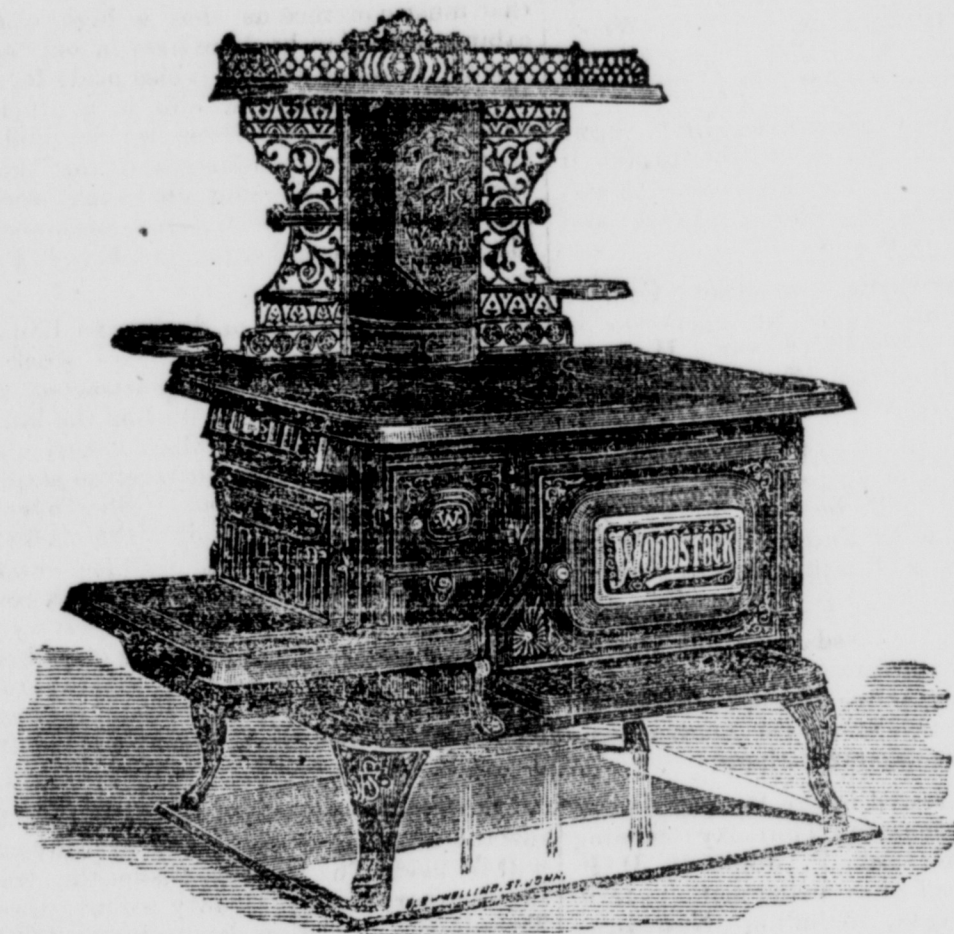
The above cut shows the Re-Acting Washer, with round body—the cover is open to show the internal working parts.

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Yours faithfully,

P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end of March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

### SMALL & FISHER COMPANY, Limited,

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The undersigned offers for sale his valuable farm containing 250 acres more or less, 175 acres cleared, well watered, the balance well wooded, five barns, two houses, wood-shed, carriage-house and other out-buildings, also a good orchard; situated five miles from Woodstock, seventy rods from school house and Post office. Sold with or without stock and farming implements, and at a bargain. HENRY BLACKMORE, Plymouth, N. B.

Feb'y. 10-3 mos.

#### FARM FOR SALE.

Situated in Parish of Woodstock nearly five miles from town, one quarter mile from school house and post office. Contains 150 acres more or less, 90 acres cleared, well watered, fine growth of hard wood. Large orchard, good dwelling house, three barns, carriage house, sheds etc., all in good repair, and land under excellent state of cultivation. Sold with or without stock, farming implements etc.

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Plymouth, N. B.

Jan. 27 3 mos.

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