

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom.
And softly from the further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh! for an hour in that dear place!
Oh! for the peace of that dear time!
Oh! for that childish trust sublime!
Oh! for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."
—Eugene Field.

A Race with a Mad Tiger.

Since the construction of the Dacca-Mymensing railway, a space of two years or more, I had been permanent way inspector of a certain division, ten miles in length, that lay about midway on the line, the total extent of which was seventy miles. This division began on the verge of the vast Madapur forest and lay completely in the midst of a dense tangled jungle, which was inhabited by only a few people and on the other hand was infested with bears, tigers, panthers and hog deer.

I never was much of a sportsman, and perhaps this explains how I fell into the careless habit of going on my inspections comparatively unarmed. I made the round trip three times a week on a trolley, which is merely a high seat on wheels, and is pushed along the track by the trolly-men, who are usually fleet footed athletic natives.

It was a very comfortable mode of traveling, if a little slow; for the seat is provided with a soft back rest and one can stretch out at ease with a sun umbrella and a good cigar.

Occasionally I saw deer run across the track, and once a panther gave a brief glimpse of himself as he dove into the jungle. Tigers I knew there were of course, for I frequently saw their tracks in the soft ditch that ran alongside the railway cutting.

One damp, sultry morning I had just started from the station and my trolly men, Pershad and Jung, were bowling me along at a gentle rate of speed. It had rained heavily the night before, and for a while frequent stops were made to clear away the limbs which the storm had blown on the track at some points in great confusion. This occupied considerable time, and it was toward noon when we approached the center of the division.

I always carried a pistol with me, not from fear of wild beasts, but because the few Hindoos who inhabited parts of the forest were not above suspicion. We had just struck the commencement of a rather heavy grade which circled round a bend some twenty yards ahead and then swept on in a straight line for a distance of a mile and a half.

We were going pretty rapidly, and I could hear the quick, heavy breathing of the Hindoos behind me as the trolly turned a curve.

I was in the act of lighting a cigar when a loud cry from Pershad caused me to drop the burning match, and wheeling round I saw the two rascally Hindoos making off as fast as their legs would carry them.

I stared in amazement for a second or two and then turned and looked down the railway. That one brief glimpse nearly stood my hair on end, for sprawled lazily on the track barely fifty yards away lay a monstrous tigress fondling two cubs that were sporting between the rails, and beside her stood the father of the family, sweeping his big tail to and fro and calmly watching my approach.

Just there the trolly struck a steeper part of the grade, and away it went with a rush. I grasped the brake wildly and threw all my strength against it. For one brief second the speed slackened perceptibly. Then came a quick, sharp crack, and off we went again at such a dizzy speed that the tangled foliage of the jungle shot past like a wavy green curtain.

The brake had given way. The thought of jumping off never occurred to me. I hung to the seat in helpless terror, my gaze fixed with a restless fascination on the group of tigers ahead.

I have a very faint recollection of seeing the tigress walk leisurely off the track at the last moment, followed by one of her cubs.

I remember the big tiger, too, crouching in the ditch, with his great red tongue lolling out, and then, as the trolly bounced and grated over some obstacle and my ears were deafened by a most fearful snarling, I knew that I had run over one of the

cubs. The jolting was over in an instant, and the trolly, without leaving the rails, swept on down the grade at a terrific rate of speed. There was one tiger less in the Madapur forest, I knew, for, glancing down at the footboard, I saw spattered drops of blood.

All of a sudden I heard above the dizzy hum of the wheels a most terrific roar, and turning instantly around, I was startled to see the big tiger bounding over the rails in hot pursuit.

At every jump he roared, and my first impression was that he would overtake the trolly in about one minute. Remembering my revolver, I took it from my pocket and cocked it. Another glance made it apparent that the tiger was not gaining any, and as the trolly was now on the very steepest part of the grade I felt pretty confident that I would ultimately leave him behind.

For the next quarter of a mile I actually did gain, and then, as I began to draw near the foot of the grade, the situation assumed a very ticklish phase, for, astonishing to relate, my vindictive pursuer showed no signs of giving up the race. He was bounding gracefully over the ties, thirty or forty yards behind, without the faintest trace of weariness. Of course, if I could keep up the present rate of speed I would be all right, but just there was the rub. The bottom of the grade was close at hand and then came level track.

Hardly conscious of what I was doing I turned and emptied the remaining chambers at the tiger as fast as I could pull the trigger. One or more of the shots must have struck him, for he stopped short with a fiendish roar and then came on more furiously than ever.

I hurled the empty revolver at him and then settled back on the seat in despair. I could hear the soft patter of the cushioned feet on the ties, the hot breath seemed to be scorching my neck, and then a gun shot was fired almost beside my ear and I caught a brief glimpse of a white helmet and a smoking rifle barrel. I tumbled off the trolly somehow and there lay my late pursuer, breathing his life out across the rails.

My timely rescuer was the resident engineer from Dacca, who was spending a week's furlough in the jungle. My firing had attracted his attention, and he had arrived just in time.—Philadelphia Times.

Some Surgical Oddities.

A strong-looking man consulted a surgeon about a pain in the back. The point indicated was very sensitive, and the slightest touch caused so much pain that the patient screamed. Finding no reasonable and probable cause other than nervous mischief, the surgeon affected a deep interest in the man's domestic affairs, and had the satisfaction of seeing him absorbed in the story of his daily life.

The relation lasted a considerable time, during which the surgeon struck repeatedly and sharply the hitherto highly sensitive part of the man's body without drawing from him any remonstrance or sign of hurt.

A youth employed at a large warehouse in the City had his arm hurt in a fall from a lift. On recovery it was found that the arm was useless. It would not remain straight, and the fingers were tightly clenched. Surgery was tried in vain, and the patient finally became the inmate of a hospital devoted to the treatment of epilepsy and nervous disorders.

When the youth was under the influence of an anesthetic, his arm and hand returned to their natural condition, so that there could have been no structural injury. But immediately he became conscious the arm stiffened and the hand closed. A cure was ultimately effected by fright, the surgeon suddenly threatening the limb with a red-hot iron.

The ruse was adopted with equal success in the treatment of a young woman who had been bedridden for nearly ten years. Her hands had been so long inactive that the skin of the fingers and palms had united, and the ossification that had set in made it necessary that the feet should be broken and re-set.

In each of these cases what would appear to a superficial observer to have been paralysis of certain parts of the body was, in reality, a subtle paralysis of the will, due to causes so obscure that they had hitherto eluded the most diligent research of the surgeon and physician.

"Shamming" is sometimes traced to an unnatural craving for sympathy. A north county surgeon tells how a young lady waited upon him for treatment of a wound upon the arm. He gave her a potion and an ointment, neither of which had any beneficial effect.

The origin and the obstinacy of an apparently trifling injury puzzled the doctor. At last he had the curiosity to take a piece of the black matter that covered the wound and submit to analysis. To his astonishment, he found that it was

nothing more than liquorice or Spanish juice.

Once upon the right scent, he made inquiries that confirmed his theory, and was soon able to inform the mother that her daughter made the wound by scratching the skin deeply enough to draw blood, and then rubbing in Spanish juice. The lady naturally indignant that her daughter should seem an impostor, wrote the surgeon down an ass, and started for London in order to consult a specialist.

She returned soon afterwards to apologise to the local practitioner, and to await with patience the result of a firm course of treatment which removed her daughter's craving for sympathy, and with it any reappearance of the self-inflicted wound.

There is also the case of a young woman under treatment at St. Thomas's Hospital. She declared that she was blind, and her statement was apparently confirmed by the fact that she had to be led into the room. No organic defect could, however, be discovered after the most careful examination by an oculist.

Suspecting that the case was one of those obscure nervous disorders whose effects take many curious forms, the surgeon adopted a ruse in order to ascertain whether or not his diagnosis was correct. He scolded the patient. She began to cry, and unconsciously betrayed her secret by carefully wiping away the tears as they fell on her cheeks.—London paper.

A Sleeping Car Episode.

Mr. and Mrs. Whiffin were on their way to the Hot Springs, where Mr. W. intended to get relief for his rheumatism in the baths. On leaving home Mr. W. prepared for an emergency by taking along mustard for plasters, with which any pains incident to the fatigue of railroad travel might be relieved. At a way station a drunken travelling man boarded the train, and was put to bed in the berth next to Mr. and Mrs. W. by the porter. Shortly after Mr. W. woke up with a dreadful stitch in his side. Like a good, dutiful wife, Mrs. W. arose and went to the lavatory to make a strong, extra strong, mustard plaster with which to relieve the pain of her lacerated lard.

On her return she pulled the wrong curtain aside and placed the plaster upon the stomach of the senseless drunken drummer. Then she went to the lavatory, washed her hands, and returned to her berth, getting into the right section and finding Mr. W. asleep. "The plaster has relieved the pain," said the good woman; and with that thought on her mind she fell asleep.

Nothing disturbed the sleepers except the rattle of wheels jumping rail joints for some minutes. Finally a loud groan was heard; then these words: "Oh, my stomach, my s-t-o-m-a-c-h, oh-h-h!" This was followed by, "I'll never touch another drop as long as I live. Oh, it's burning a hole in me; oh-h-h!"

By this time heads were peeping out from behind curtains and the porter was on his way to the travelling man's berth. On a sudden out came the bed clothes from the T. M.'s berth, and a cry, "Oh, my, there is my stomach. I'm dead!" The exclamation was topped off by the mustard plaster being thrown out on the aisle of the car. The porter then grabbed the drummer and shook him until awake. During the first stages of sensibility he muttered: "Oh, my stomach is gone, gone!"

The Foolish Sheep.

"No animal that walks on four feet is as big a fool as a sheep," says a sheep raiser.

"We have to watch them every minute and if vigilance is relaxed for an instant the entire flock is likely to practically commit suicide. In handling most animals some degree of self-help or intelligence can be relied on to aid the owner in saving their lives, but sheep seem to set deliberately to work to kill themselves. If caught in a storm on the plains they will drift before the wind and die of cold and exposure rather than move 100 yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. To drive sheep against the wind is absolutely impossible. I once lost over 1,000 head because I could not drive them to a corral 200 feet away. In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up they all move 'down wind' until stopped by the fence. Then begins the proceeding so much dreaded by sheepmen, known as piling. The sheep will climb over each other's backs until they are heaped ten feet high. Of course all those at the bottom are smothered. Not one has sense enough to seek shelter under the lee of the fence, as a horse or dog would do. Again if a sheep gets into a quicksand its fate teaches nothing to those that come immediately after, but the whole flock will follow its leader to destruction. No more exasperating stupid brute than a sheep walks."—N. Y. Tribune.

Forecast for July.

The hydrographer to the United States navy predicts generally fair weather for the coming month. Occasionally moderate gales, frequently accompanied by electric phenomena, will be felt north of the 40th parallel; and West Indian hurricanes are apt to occur, especially during the latter part of the month. Frequent fogs may be expected over the Grand Banks, off the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland and our coast north of Hatteras, as well as in mid-ocean, along the transatlantic route. Icebergs may be encountered to the southward and eastward of the Grand Banks, possibly as far south as the 41st parallel.

A Daring Leap.

CHICAGO, June 27.—Mrs. E. L. Philo, aged 23 years was arrested here yesterday on a warrant sworn out by deputy Sheriff Reno, of Denver, Col. She was turned over to the Denver officer who started with her from Denver last evening. When the train was near Ashton, 90 miles west of Chicago the woman jumped through the open window of the car and escaped. The train was running at full speed at the time. No trace of the woman can be found. Mrs. Philo is wanted in Denver on a charge of forgery.

Merry, Jovial People.

St. John Globe: Our friends of the W. C. T. U. ought to rejoice. A great many people—a very large number of people—took an outing yesterday. Trains, steamboats and every possible mode of conveyance took people hither and thither, in parties large and small, and yet there was nowhere trouble of any moment, if trouble at all; but everywhere there were kind, considerate, merry, jovial people, and, as for intoxication, it was scarcely to be seen; in fact considering the large number of persons on the move the intoxicated men yesterday might be said to be a blank number.

Here's an Idea.

A novel plan for extinguishing a church debt has been hit upon in Melbourne. The church committee or vestry, as the case may be—divide the total debt among themselves and each man insures his life for the amount that falls to his share. The policies are transferred to the church, and the annual payments on them are made out of the collections. Then, of course as the members of the committee "drop off" the sums insured drop in, and later, when the last committeeman is dead the last installment of the church debt will be paid. The plan has the merit, if merit it be—of throwing the whole of the responsibility for the continuance of the indebtedness upon Providence.

A Notable Kentucky Cat.

Pat McGrath possesses a remarkable feline. His cat was born with only three legs, and as soon as the kitten became large enough to leave its mother, Pat constructed a wooden leg and successfully adjusted it to the little stump that grew out where pussy's fourth leg ought to have been. Pussy now trots along on four legs with as much ease and comfort apparently as though the wooden limb had been placed there by nature. But here is the wonderful part of the story: Instead of killing rats and mice with her claws, as cats usually do, pussy has learned to use her club leg for this purpose, and it is said to be a very amusing sight to see her run up to a rat and knock him into insensibility with her wooden leg.—Woodford (Ky.) Sun.

Poisoning the Dying.

An inquest held in Calcutta on the body of a wealthy Hindoo disclosed a curious custom. The deceased had suffered from malarial fever, and after his death arsenic and mercury were discovered in the stomach. A servant stated that an hour before the death of the deceased a dose of medicine properly prescribed was administered as a stimulant. The coroner explained mercury, which along with other poisonous drugs is given to patients on the point of death. The jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes—to wit, malarial fever.

Beefsteak Improved.

If you wish to improve upon the usual method of smothering beefsteak with onions, try this: Cut one quart of onions in very small bits, not over an inch long, and as thin as a sharp knife will cut them. Let them lie in cold water with a good sprinkling of salt in it for half an hour. Drain them well, and fry them in a deep fryingpan, with a good deal of very hot lard in it. They will cook immediately, and be crisp and most excellent.

Nearly twenty co-operative creameries are already at work in Iceland, taking the milk of 15,000 cows, belonging to nearly one thousand members.

Death Drums Beating.

A letter just received from Sierra Leone says that the vigilant suppression of the slave trade along that coast, and the consequent inability of the warlike races to dispose of their captives at a profit, has caused a revival in the most terrible form of the scenes of slaughter and bloodshed which formerly made every chief town in the interior a Golgotha. Coomassie, it is said, has again witnessed the killing of as many as two hundred victims in one day, and the death drum is heard in the streets even more frequently than before the British Ashantee expedition, when it was hoped that such scenes were put an end to forever. The savage Wangarus recently made a raid into Dagomba, completely devastating the village and carrying off over two thousand captives. They were unable to get rid of the prisoners as slaves and held a sacrificial feast, which lasted for three days, in which every captive perished, not even children being spared.

American Copyright.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the copyright difficulty with America has been settled. The new American act comes into operation this day month, but we shall then be no better off than we are now. Before the British author can enjoy the benefits of the measure, such as they are, we are expected to give reciprocity to the American author, who is to be placed on exactly the same footing, as regards copyright, as the English writer. That would be fair enough were the conditions equal, but Congress has taken care that they should be very far from equal. For an English book to obtain copyright in the United States it is essential that it should be printed there. Yet, in face of this, Mr. R. Marston appeals to parliament to grant reciprocity to America. What Parliament ought to do is not to grant a ridiculously one-sided reciprocity, but to pass a measure of retaliation. Let us give copyright to the American author on precisely the same terms that America offers it to the Englishman. Nothing can be fairer than that.—St. James' Gazette.

Farmer Abbott.

Though the new premier, Mr. Abbott, is known in Upper Canada as an able commercial lawyer and as a good business man, who has made his mark in the province of Quebec both in political and municipal life, it is not so generally known that he has devoted much of his spare time to farming. He owns a beautiful estate at St. Anne's, about an hour's ride by rail from Montreal, where his herds of Guernsey cattle and Shropshire sheep have long been the admiration of the neighborhood. There is no more beautiful property in Lower Canada. It is bounded by the Ottawa river, and the grounds are laid out with all the skill of a landscape gardener. To this estate Mr. Abbott has given his personal supervision for many years. Among the sights of the neighborhood is a ruined abbey on the river side of the ground.

Mrs. Million's Ride.

When Mrs. Million goes to ride she travels forth in state. Her horses, full of fire and pride, go prancing from the gate; but all the beauties of the day she views with languid eye. Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh. For Mrs. Million is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She envies her rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Million of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. \$500 reward is offered by the manufacturers for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

The statistics in regard to the effects of the tobacco-smoking habit upon students that have been collected at Amherst College are analogous to those recently collected at Yale College. The non-smokers at Amherst are of greater weight than the smokers; they are superior in chest girth to the smokers, and their lung capacity is higher. The non-smokers are more athletic than the smokers, and more successful in athletic sports. The non-smokers at Amherst, as at Yale, have also an advantage over the smokers in mental power and in scholarship. The facts recently collected in American colleges concerning the physiological and psychological effects of the tobacco-smoking habit are instructive to the young men who go to college, and also to those who do not.

Among the curiosities on exhibition in the British Museum is a Chinese bank note issued during the reign of the Emperor Hung-Wu, A. D. 1368-99. This is supposed to be the earliest specimen of a bank note in existence.

ALL SORTS.

One can with dignity be a wife and widow but once.

If idleness is the root of all evil, then matrimony is good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work.

Women who are confident that they know their own minds are not so sure that they know their own hearts.

Cattle pastured in swampy or muddy grounds are especially liable to "foul in the foot."

The quickest way to get the rust off a spade or shovel is to coat it with coal oil and scour it with a brick.

It is said that nine-tenths of the swine crop of the United States is put into market under a year old.

Narrowness of mind is often the cause of obstinacy; we do not easily believe beyond what we see.

The consumption of canned goods in the United States is increasing much faster than is the demand for these goods abroad, according to Bradstreet's.

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of Time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion.

Canada, last year, exported over \$30,000 worth of wood ashes, not to say anything of the quantity that must have been used in the manufacture of pot and pearl ashes of which over \$100,000 worth were exported. This distinctly informs us that some farmers are making a mistake through not knowing the fertilizing value of ordinary wood ashes. In view of the current price and the benefits that follow the use of wood ashes, it is not making an overdrawn statement to say there is not a better fertilizer on the market to-day. They contain large quantities of potash, some lime and a little phosphoric acid.

If those making a practice of selling their ashes, or worse still, allowing them to go to waste, would apply them to their potatoes, beets, cabbages, onions, clover, peas, or other such like crops, or use them in their orchard, they would soon have their eyes opened to the error of their former ways.

Adventures on the Plains.

Early in March, 1867, a party of friends, all old buffalo hunters, now living in prominent citizens of Wichita and G. Bend, in Kansas, were camped in Park Valley, then a famous rendezvous for animals they were after. One day, when out on the range stalking, and widely separated from each other, an awful blizzard came up. Three reached camp without much difficulty, but he who was furthest away was fairly caught in it, and night coming on, was compelled to resort to a method frequently employed by persons lost on the plains. Luckily he soon found a superannated bull that had been abandoned by the herd, and killing him, took out the viscera, and himself crawled inside the huge beast, where he lay comparatively comfortable until morning, the storm having cleared off and the sun shining brightly. But when he attempted to get out, he found himself a prisoner, the immense ribs of the creature having frozen together, and locked him up as tightly as if he were in a cell. Fortunately his friends, who were searching for him and firing off their rifles—which he heard, and yelled out to them—discovered and released him from his peculiar predicament.

At another time two old plainmen were away up the platte among the foot-hills hunting buffalo, and they, as is generally the case, became separated. In an hour or two one killed a fat young cow, and, leaving his rifle on the ground, went up and commenced to skin her. While busily engaged in the work, he suddenly heard, right behind him a suppressed sort of a snort, and saw to his dismay a monstrous grizzly, ambling along in that animal's characteristic manner, within a few feet of him.

In front, only a few rods away, there happened to be a clump of scrubby pines, and he incontinently made a break for them, climbing into the tallest in less time than it requires to write of it. The bear deliberately ate a hearty meal of the cow, and when he had satiated himself quietly lay down alongside of the carcass and went to sleep, keeping one eye probably on the hunter corralled in the tree. In the early evening his partner came to the spot, killed the bear, which, full of buffalo, was sluggish and unwary, and became an easy victim, and the unwilling prisoner came down from his perch. The last time I saw him he told me he still had the bear's hide, which he kept as a memento of his foolishness in separating himself from his rifle, a thing he had never done before nor since, and which no hunter should be guilty of.