

PRACTICE AT THE RANGE.

Where the Crack Shot has Proved Himself Useful in Active Service.

It has been frequently asserted by cynics, who sneer at the art of rifle shooting as exemplified at Bisley, that your crack shot is absolute valueless in actual warfare, that he finds moving men very different from stationary targets, and that all sharp shooting in action is mere haphazard guess work, in which the duffer is just as likely to do execution as the expert. There may be some truth in that view of marksmanship, but that there have been cases in which the services of crack shots have been invaluable, the following instance will prove.

At the time of the Indian Mutiny, young Hercules Ross, son of the famous sportsman and marksman, Capt. Horatio Ross, and brother of Edward Ross, the first winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon, was the crack rifle shot of India. He subsequently won the Indian championship three years in succession, and on the third occasion put on 10 consecutive bullseyes at 1,000 yards. He was also a mighty tiger slayer. But he proved the value of his deadly skill with the rifle against more formidable foes than the jungle could produce. His greatest and most memorable feat was the following:—

He had ridden nearly 100 miles to a ford on the river Ganga, where it was expected that a large force of mutineers intended to cross. It was of absolutely vital importance to keep them at bay until the women and children and the sick and wounded could be removed from the English station close by. Hercules Ross heroically undertook the task. He had a pit dug on the bank of the river commanding the ford. Here he took his post with a dozen good rifles by his side and four attendants to load for him. The heavy rains had swollen the river and the ford was impassable; but the enemy had a large boat, and with this proceeded to make the passage of the stream. But Ross, from his rifle-pit, picked off the rowers one by one with marvellous skill. Time after time the boat put back, time after time it came on again; but the quick and deadly fire which the swift rifleman kept up prevented the oarsmen from ever getting more than a third of the way across.

Armed only with the old Brown Bess, the Sepoys could not touch the occupant of the rifle-pit. For three hours, with unflinching skill and nerve, Hercules Ross shot down the rebel rowers whenever they attempted to cross, till at last a body of English troops with three guns came up, and the Sepoys sullenly retired. By his splendid marksmanship, coupled with unflinching courage, young Ross undoubtedly saved the lives of those women and children with their helpless sick and wounded companions.

Another and even more remarkable instance of the practical value of marksmanship in action occurred at Lucknow during the long and terrible siege. The Sepoys had hauled a couple of 18-pounders on to a flat roof of one of the palaces which surrounded the residency in which the English were at bay. It could only mount these guns they would be able to pour a plunging fire down upon the defenders of the residency, which would soon have made the place untenable and compelled the English to surrender. It was imperative, therefore, that those guns should not be mounted.

Sergt. Halliwell, of the Thirty-second Foot, was the crack shot of the little garrison. He was supplied with the best rifles the officers possessed, and he was posted in an angle of the residency, with orders to prevent the Sepoys from mounting those guns.

The part of the building in which he took up his position had already been battered by Sepoy guns into a heap of ruins, and behind the shattered masonry he lay at full length—there was just enough cover to protect him in that posture. For several days he remained there, never once rising to his feet, or even to his knees, for to do so would have been to court instant death from the swarms of rebel marksmen in front of him. The only change of attitude in which he could indulge was by rolling over from his back to his stomach and vice versa.

His power of endurance was almost superhuman. He was a man who hardly seemed to know the need of sleep. He kept his eyes night and day on those dismounted guns. Whenever the Sepoys attempted to mount them his deadly rifle was at work, and he picked them off one by one till they dared no longer expose so much as a finger to the unerring aim of the mysterious and invisible death-dealer. In the dead of night provisions were conveyed to him by men crawling on their hands and knees along the slight barricade, which was all the shelter they had from the cannon and muskets of the foe. The guns were never mounted, and, at last, the palace was captured in a sortie and blown up, and Sergt. Halliwell's long and painful vigil was at an end.

When Messrs. Evans & Sons had an establishment in New Oxford street, close to Mudie's, a tall, bronzed, soldierly-looking man, in a peculiar uniform, might have been seen standing at an entrance, ready to assist customers from their carriages and usher them into the shop. On his breast were several medals, and among them the little bronze cross, which bears the simple inscription: "For valor." This was Halliwell of the deadly rifle, the hero of Lucknow.—English Paper.

Uses of Proverbs.

A proverb may express a partial truth, which is often more deceptive than an actual falsehood; or may be true only in a limited and restricted sense, and that not always the one in which it is most usually employed; and its use in any other sense, or as a general proposition, may be in the highest degree deceptive and misleading.—Golding.

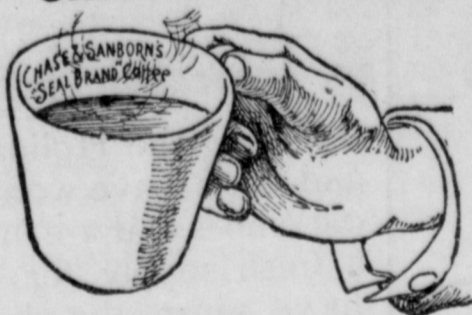
Nature dreads death, yet man by his disregard of the laws of health, courts its coming. A course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will speedily overcome the evil effects arising from an abuse of nature's laws.

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WILLIAM CLARK

CHINA A VAST GRAVEYARD.

Relics Everywhere of the Multitudes who Have Passed Away.

The face of all nature is pimpled with graves. No farm is so small that it cannot afford at least one; no hill is so high (I speak of the garden provinces of China) that it is not dotted with them to the top. No city lacks them, within and without its walls; only the compactest parts of the compact cities are without them. They vary in shape and form, as everything varies in China. The saying is that "In ten miles everything is different," and it certainly is so with the graves. Near Shanghai this eruption on the face of nature took the form of shapeless mounds of earth, perhaps six feet long by three feet wide and three or four feet high. There the coffins had been put on the ground and covered over with dirt. Further along, toward Soochow and the Grand Canal, the graves were brick affairs, round-topped and square at the ends. In the other direction, at and near Cha-pu, on the coast, they are often vaults of earth faced with stone and surrounded by a horseshoe or broken circle of earthwork. Some of these had three doorways, and looked like triple bake-ovens. But down Cha-pu way many of the graves were perfect little houses of brick, with tile roofs, and even with roofs whose corners were bent up in grand style.

There are graveyards in China, family or village graveyards, that look like mere disturbances of the earth, where acres have been turned up into mounds or covered with brick ovens, and there are graveyards that are solemnly planted with rows of trees. But, as a rule, the farmers bury their dead in their rice or cotton fields, or among their mulberry trees, and the poor buy or lease a renting place for their departed upon the acres of some wealthier man. I don't know whether it be true or not, but I was told that the graves are kept or let alone, until a change of dynasty occurs, when they are razed, and China begins over again to preempt a great fraction of her service for her dead. If so, it is time for a change of dynasty, because a vast portion of the soil is lost to the farmers, who otherwise cultivate almost every foot of it. And the graves are in all stages of rack and ruin and disorder. At one time you see scores of tombs whose ends have been worn down by the elements or have fallen out so as to show the coffin ends or an outbreak of skulls and bones.

There is nothing that is possible that you do not see, even to disclosures of green earthen jars full of bones; where the original graves and coffins have worn away. There the bones have been reentered in pots, and these in turn have been exposed by the careless hand of time. You see bare coffin set out in the rice fields, because the mourners were too poor to bury them over, and you see tens of thousands of coffins merely covered over with thatched straw. You see the grand tombs of mandarins taking up half a mile of earth. First there are the granite steps leading to a splendid triple arch, all beautifully carved. Then follows the stately approach to the tomb—a wide avenue bordered by trees, and set with lions and warriors horses and sages, all hewn out of stone. Finally the tomb itself, on a hillside if possible, stares down the avenue at all these costly ornaments. But it must be that most of these monuments are to men long dead—perhaps to men of distant ages. Therefore most of them are falling to pieces. Some are merely beginning to crumble, some are waste places with broken suggestions of what they were, and some have been invaded by farmers and by the populace, with the result that you see portions of the once grand arch set in a near-by bridge or used as steps to a water-side tea-house.—Harper's Magazine.

Badges of Matrimony.

Americans are the only women in the world who do not exhibit some sign of matrimony. Among the Germans the badge of a married woman consists of a little cap or hood of which she is very proud, and "donning the cap" is the feat of the wedding day among the peasants of certain localities.

The married woman in Little Russia are always seen, even in the hottest weather with a thick cloth of a dark hue twisted about their heads. In New Guinea a young woman lets her hair hang about her shoulders, but when she is married this is cut short. Chinese matrons braid their hair like a helmet.

In Wadi the wives color their lips by tattooing them with iron filings; in parts of Africa the married women perforate the outer edges of their ears and their lips, and stick rows of grass stalks in them; and among a certain Mongolian tribe of people, the Manthes, the woman wear suspended from one ear a little basket full of cotton, to which a spindle is attached.

Sheep Tended by Game Cocks.

One of the most valuable flocks of South-down sheep in the United States is the property of Mr. Manson Migg, the beet-root sugar magnate. A peculiar fact in connection with the flock is that it is looked after, not by sheep dogs, but by six trained Spanish game cocks. They are armed each morning with spurs, and have so fierce a way of attacking any sheep that tries to run away or will not be driven, that the animals are now thoroughly afraid of the birds, and obey their directions perfectly. Mr. Migg's daughter brought the birds from the Canary Islands.

Must Have Been a Slow Cab.

Ampere, the famous mathematician, was noted for his absent-mindedness. On one occasion he mistook the back of a cab for a black-board. Taking out a piece of chalk, he proceeded to trace out a number of algebraical formulae, and followed the moving "board" for the space of a quarter of an hour without noticing the progress of the conveyance.

I WAS CURED of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

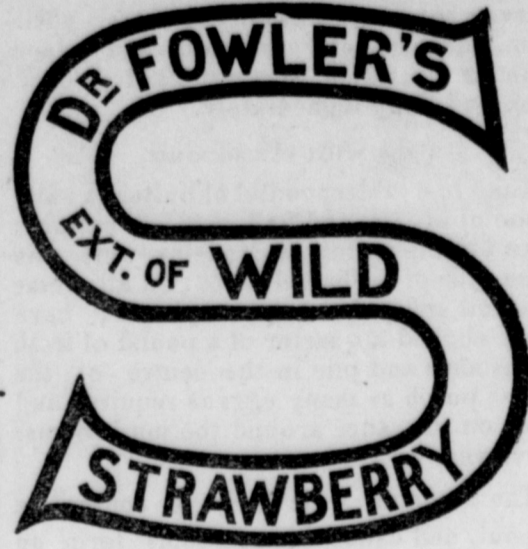
Oxford, N.S. R. F. HEWSON.

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HOW A TRIBE PERISHED.

The Strange Story of a Prophecy and How it was Terribly Fulfilled.

At a village near the source of the Oyapok, the stream over which Brazil and French Guiana are disputing, says the J. yages, an old man of the Caicouchiane tribe of Indians lives, the only person of this tribe thereabout, and he tells the story of his people's fate. The tribe was once great, he said, but for two generations it has been without a country. His people once had a country on the Tumac-Humac mountains called Paritou, and for allies the Oyayauas, the Oapourous, and the Emerillous. His people were strong, but the evil spirits (Yolocks) cast them down. A numerous people from the east came against his people and their allies. The great priest of his people abode three days without food in the house of divinations, and came out looking as if ten years had passed over his head. He reported that the Yolocks had done death to the people. Then the braves joined their allies and the war went on.

The invading people were not brave, but they came in swarms, until the allies were weary with slaughter. Many years passed and many young warriors perished, while the women cried out that their lovers were dead. The first to make this outcry was Anita, who had lost her lover in the mountains of Paritou. Then the high priest cried that this language deserved death, and Anita was strangled by the old women.

Then the high priest at length declared that the lates had prophesied aright, and it was time for the people to take flight through the forest.

"They shall eat no more cassava or tapioca," he said, they shall no more drink caederi, they shall no more know the manioc. They shall go through the forest known only to the tiger and the tapir."

It was in the moon of Ayamouri, and the people ate only grains and cocoa. They started and reached the banks of the Oyapok the long river. They passed over the rocks of a great falls and reached the great river Yngarari. They followed it toward the south.

Three months after they had left the forest of Paritou they came upon a high mountain whence flowed another Oyapok. This Oyapok, they learned, was called Agamionare. The high priest said that the people should retire here to die. So they settled there and upon the banks of another river, the Ouratouait, and the women hoped that the warriors would love them again and the fields would be planted. But the high priest said:

"Plant, drink, dance. Be beautiful, young women; be handsome, young warriors, but do not burn the pimento. It's useless, for the giant Couroup [the small-pox] comes to lead you to the funeral butchery."

The giant Couroup was without pity; he struck, and struck again. Mothers fled their children and children their mothers. The villages were full of the dead, full of uneaten cassava. The cinders of the hearth were not relighted. Nearly all of the Caicouchianes died. That was long ago. To-day there remain not more than fifty Caicouchianes dispersed among the Oyampis. The Caicouchianes are dead, slain by war and Couroup, because the fates willed it. Fate is neither just nor unjust, but it is often sad.

CHEERFUL GREENLAND.

Its Ice Mountains are not so Bad as Some People Think They Are.

As with many of the foreign countries, there is a wrong impression existing in the minds even of well-read persons with reference to the nature of the peninsular of Greenland. It is supposed to be a cheerless waste of ice and snow, and, indeed, a land of desolation. On first acquaintance the country does not seem calculated to inspire enthusiasm, but this feeling soon wears away, and the returned traveler from Greenland is smitten with "the Arctic fever," the principal symptom of which is a longing to return to these northern shores. Prof. Angelo Hellpin, in his interesting account of the Peary relief expedition, conducted by him, account of which is set forth in his book, "The Arctic Problem," thus speaks of Greenland:

"Once the foot has been set upon the mirrored rocks, the charms of this garden spot, one by one, unfold themselves. The little patches of green are aglow with bright flowers, rich in the colors which a bounteous nature has provided. The botanical eye readily distinguished among these the mountain pink, the dwarf rhododendron, several pieces of heath, the crowfoot, chickweed and poppy, with their varying tints of red, white and yellow. Gay butterflies flirrt through the warm sunshine, casting their shadows over 'forests' of diminutive birch and willow.

"Here and there a stray bee hums in search for sweets among the pollen grains, while, from afar, woven through the music of gurgling rills and brooks, comes the melodious strains of thousands of mosquitoes, who ever cheerfully lend their aid to give voice to the landscape. Above this peaceful scene tower the dark red cliffs of basalt, which from a height of 2000 feet look down on a sea of Mediterranean loveliness, blue as the waters of Villafranca and calm as the surface of an interior lake. Over its bosom float hundreds of icebergs, the output of the great Jacob-shavn glacier 50 miles to the eastward, scattered like flocks of white sheep in pasture.

"Such was the summer picture of the region about Disko, as it was found by the writer in two successive seasons. There was little of that Greenland about which we habitually associate with the region, nothing of those terrors which to the average mind reflect the qualities of the Arctic world."

Rates of Speed.

One who has made a study of the subject states that the average rates of speed attained by certain travelling things are as follows: A man walks three miles an hour; a horse trots seven; steamboats run 18; sailing vessels make 10; slow rivers flow four; rapid rivers flow seven; storms move 36; hurricanes, 80; a rifle ball, 1000 miles a minute; sound, 1143; light, 190,000; electricity, 280,000.



DISEASED LUNGS

CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, neglected it. I then consulted a doctor, who found, on examining me, that the upper part of the left lung was badly affected. The medicines he gave me did not seem to do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."

—A. LEFLAR, watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

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