

The Landlady of "Brig o' Turk Inn."

Mrs Ferguson, landlady of the "Brig o' Turk Inn," Scotland, and well and favorably known to all tourists in the land of Wallace, Burns and Scott, has died at her wayside residence, in the seventy-fifth year of her age. She had been often ailing for some years, and had been attended by Dr. McNab, of Callander, for several weeks, on account of an increase of unfavorable symptoms. No immediate danger was, however, apprehended, and her death was quite unexpected. Mrs. Ferguson was a well-known public character in Britain, and it is no exaggeration to say that the tidings of her decease will be read with sympathy in both hemispheres. For fully thirty-five years she was the lessee of the Duncraggin or "Brig o' Turk" Inn, and by her long residence, her stout professional appearance, and most of all by her remarkable force of character, her fame was spread far and wide. Her father, Mr. Daniel Stewart, was a respectable farmer in Lendrick, and Mrs. Ferguson, during her long and active life, was hardly over a couple of miles distant from the place of her birth. Her inn was a favorite resort of anglers, pedestrians and other habitués of the romantic region of the Trosachs; and her frank, kindly disposition and attention to the comforts of her guests gave to her hostelry very much the character of a home. She was a woman of very generous nature, and notwithstanding certain peculiarities of character, such as Scott described in his "Mag Dods," was much and deservedly respected throughout the district. When Queen Victoria was residing for a time at Inver-trosach she presented Mrs. Ferguson with her portrait and a couple of bright sovereigns, the latter of which the good lady perforated and hung upon her bosom for ornaments. Mrs. Ferguson was never blessed with children, and had been long a widow. Her woman's wit and selfpossession enabled her to conduct her business in a secluded spot with as much security as if she had been in the midst of a populous city. On one occasion she admitted that she had been rather annoyed with a party of "navvies," who had knocked her up out of bed at an untimely hour, demanding whisky. But she said she "just ca'ed them 'sir,' ane an' a', an' they went away as quiet as lambs." Mrs. Ferguson's inn was on the property of the Earl of Moray, who had a great regard for her.—*Ex.*

A LIVE AGENT.

The following rich story is related by a Sonora paper at the expense of a queer genius who vibrated between the town of Oregon, as "advance" agent of a concert troupe, and who, though pretty clever in "selling" the curiously inclined, does not always come off first best.

Frank Ball, traveling in a vehicle bearing a strong resemblance to a peddler's cart. Old lady rushes out from a house by the road-side. The following colloquy ensues:

Old Lady—"Say, what have you got to sell?"

Ball—"I am a traveling agent, madam, for the greatest menagerie of ancient or modern times, which is shortly to be exhibited in this section, affording to the inhabitants thereof an opportunity of viewing the most stupendous collection of animals ever before exhibited."

Old Lady—"You don't say. Have you any elephants?"

Ball—"We have, madam, six elephants; but these constitute a comparatively unimportant part of the show. We have living specimens of bipeds and quadrupeds, who roamed over the earth, not only in the antediluvian, but also in pliocene and postmiocene periods, embracing the megatherium, with six legs and two tails; the ichthyosaurus, with four eyes and three tails; the gyasticus, with no eyes, two noses and four tails; the plesiosaurus, resembling Satan in shape, which spits fire and breathes sulphur, and many other species, too numerous to mention. We have also a pious lawyer."

Old Lady—"Well, I declare!"

Ball—"But, madame, the greatest curiosity by far of our exhibition, is a learned and classical educated monkey, who was brought up by a Mohammedan priest in the mysterious regions of the Great Desert of Sahara. This monkey talks with fluency all the modern languages, besides Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He can repeat the ten commandments, the emancipation proclamation, President Lincoln's last message, and performs the most intricate examples in mathematics with rapidity, ease and accuracy. While being exhibited in Washington he actually repeated a long

speech of the president's. This monkey corresponds—

Beautiful young lady suddenly sticks her head from the window and calls out:—

"Mother! mother! ask him why they let the monkey travel so far ahead of the other animals!"

The Boston Jubilee Coliseum.

The contract for decorating the Coliseum has been awarded to Messrs. C. W. Roeth and L. Hollis. The central tower will bear an oriflamme banner of white bunting, lettered in red with the words "International Musical Festival." The corner towers will be decorated with American banners, and the turrets with flags of various nations. Over each entrance will be suspended a lyre, surmounted by an eagle painted in oil, on wood tipped with gold; a green wreath will depend from the lyre, supported by gilded rosettes. A standard seventy-five feet high, surmounted by a dove bearing an olive branch, will be placed at each side of the entrances, and from it will depend a white banner bearing the motto "peace." The Union shield and American flags will be suspended midway between the standards. The side entrance will be ornamented with a lyre in a laurel wreath, with draperies caught up by rosettes. The walls of the vestibules will be covered with water colors in neutral tints, with valances in crimson and gold at the angle of ceiling and walls. Between the braces will be oval armorial shields, festooned with tent-formed draperies. The reception lobbies will be similarly trimmed. In the interior the walls will be tinted in water colors. An allegorical painting in semi-circular form will be placed over the organ and orchestra. Horizontal poles with turned ends, gilded, will be suspended over the central aisle, trimmed with green, the extremities supporting festoons, terminating at the top of the columns with banners drooping gracefully. Painted valances, eleven feet, will be longitudinally arranged over the galleries, and draperies twelve feet deep will cover the dividing columns. Armorial designs and medallions of composers, wreathed in laurel and palm, will alternate the whole length of the sides. Between the columns designs of trophies will supersede conventional bunting surmounted by an eagle, surrounded by drapery. The gallery panels and hand-rails will be covered with crimson cloth, bordered with guilt.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*

HORACE GREELEY hits the nail on the head when he says:

"It is strange how closely men read the papers. We never say anything that anybody don't like but we soon hear of it, and everybody is telling us about it. If, however, once in a while, we happen to say a good thing, we never hear of that—nobody seems to notice that. We may pay a man a hundred compliments, and give him a dozen puffs, and he takes it as a tribute to his greatness and never thinks of it—never thinks it does him any good. But if we should say anything this man don't like, or something that he considers is a reflection on him or his character, see how quickly he flares up and gets mad about it. All of our evils are duly charged to us, but we never apparently get any credit for what good we do."

SCENES WITH TIGERS.

In June, 1866, tired with the monotony of a small station, and disgusted with the excessive heat of that hottest of recent hot seasons, our sporting medico and I fled from civilization one brilliant moonlight night, intent upon a week among the tigers. We were looked upon as raving "lunatics," but that we reckoned not of. We had arranged a rendezvous of the elephants at a then little frequented but since much-patronized spot, "hard by Ramganga's crystal stream," and not far from where it issues majestically from its native Himala. Boots it not here to speak of later meets upon that spot; never to be forgotten—of the lightsome chorus, the ready quip; the happy gibe, and the unquenchable laughter to which the place has rung again; of the noble mahseer landed with skill of hand and eye by R. and A.; still less of his noble brother potted for breakfast by "the general" (and the writer) with about as much skill as conscience, by means of the deadly "atta." Many a noble tiger and wily leopard have since then parted with their skins

upon that spot; of which, perhaps, more anon. But to return to our tigers. Few though they were that we bagged, each of them yields a story and gave us a scene which neither of us will soon forget. The first was on this wise. Convinced of the fact that the tigers were all on the move in the sub-Himalayan forests and that there was no use in seeking for them in their recognized haunts, we determined to penetrate into the valley which lies inside of the other mountain range, between that and the lowest true Himalayan chain, and which is known as the Patli Dun. I may be allowed to explain, (though it has nothing to do particularly with my story,) that from the Ganges at Hindwar eastward to a place called Laidhang, a distance of about seventy miles, there runs a comparatively low, broken range of hills, in appearance exactly similar to the Siwalik range west of the Ganges, and evidently a continuation of that range, which is cut in two by the Ganges at Hurdwar. These hills appear to be quite distinct in geological formation and in flora from the true Himalayan range, and to a much lesser extent their fauna is different also. Between the outer range and the true Himalayas a chain of valleys of greater or less extent, of which the Deyra Dun, inside of the Siwalika, west of the Ganges, is the largest and best known, and the Patli Dun, the scene of my story, the most easterly. The latter is drained by the Ramganga and its insignificant tributary the Sona.

The sun was almost setting on the evening of our entry into the Patli Dun, as we were going along the bank of the Sona towards camp, still some little distance off, very much down in our luck, for we had got nothing but a few francolin (*F. vulgaris*) all day I saw some vultures sitting on a tree some five hundred yards or so to our left, and we went to have a look at the object of so suggestive a concourse. We soon put up a fine tigress, and, after a very exciting little fight, "padded" her—i. e., lifted her on the top of the large sack-cloth-covered cushion of straw which is always on the back of an elephant when at work, and which is known as the "pad." On this she was secured with ropes. By this time it was getting dark, and when we reached our bivouac it was quite dark, save that the night was starlit. Or dismounting from our howdahs, our first care was to get some grass together on which to have the body of the tigress thrown off the pad, so as not to risk injury to the skin. We were both standing by, superintending the operation, and the tigress had been slid off the pad on to the grass, when, to our astonishment and terror—horror would perhaps be a better word—she slowly raised herself up on her fore legs, and turned her head towards us. We were of course, unarmed; and so, keeping a steady front to our foe, we retreated, calling for our rifles, in the direst of funks. All this while, and it seemed an age, the tigress did not change her position, and did not raise herself on her hind legs. When rifles came and lights, we cautiously approached where she was, and found her stretched at length again. After resisting entreaties to put another shell into her to make sure, we at length summoned up courage to go up to the prostrate form, and found her—as might have been expected, considering that she had come some two miles bound on a pad—stark and stiff! It was some time before we were able to account for the phenomenon we had witnessed with so much disturbance to our nerves; but we at last found out that, when the tigress was thrown off the pad—the elephant, of course, sitting down the while—the rope which had bound her had fallen over with her, twisted round the neck; on the elephant standing up the tautening of this rope raised the fore part of the tigress, and her head was slewed towards us by a swerve on the part of the elephant, who then stood quite still, and thus retained the body of the tigress in the startling position.

The scene at the death of tigress No. 2 might have easily been a more serious one. She was marked down into a thick mala bush, and was with some difficulty beaten out of it toward S., who, though he had an easy shot, either missed her altogether or only knocked off a forefoot claw—i. e., did more harm than good. She rushed off to my left front at a great pace, and was rolled head over heels by an Express shell behind the left ear. She lay breathing out her life in a sea of blood, and at last to all appearances died. I threw several heavy articles on her carcass, and my mawahut threw his "gajbank," or driving iron, on her, yet she stirred not. A pad was being got ready to receive her, and

several of the mawahuts had left their seats on the necks of the elephants for the easier seat on the front part of the pads, and, as is their wont, were clubbed head to head, "bukking" (*Anglice*, boastfully talking) of their parts in the fray. While the line was in this position, and most, if not all of our guns were empty (we had been blazing away at peafowl), and we imbibing the placid "peg," our defunct friend raised herself up, and, with a dazzled look round, caught sight of the elephants; and charged the next, effectually scattering the pads. She then fell foul of a tree hard by, and standing up against it to her full height—a splendid sight—tore and mauled it with her claws and teeth, evidently taking it for one of her biped tormentors. Recognizing the futility of this revenge, and presently spying the two howdah elephants, she came at us with a roar; but by this time we were loaded and ready, and a couple of shots finished her. The whole scene did not occupy a minute. I shall never forget the look on her face as she slowly raised herself up from what we thought was death—a look of stupid muzziness, rapidly and markedly changing to one of bloodshot rage as she saw the elephants, and connected them with what had happened to her.

My shell had blown away the whole of the rear part of the skull behind the brain-pan, leaving the brain untouched; every suture of the cranium was shaken more or less open, and the left under-jaw was fractured. The wound was, of course, a mortal one, but its immediate effect was only a temporary concussion of the brain and passing insensibility. It was an evidence of the tremendous vital power of the animal that she could do what she did after such a wound. No other animal in the world could have done it.—*Lahore (India) Public Opinion.*

THE railroad interest is one of the most important material interests in the country. Our own Territory and the Territories and States adjacent are being cut to pieces by graders and bound together again by tracklayers in the most enterprising and determined manner, in some places for the wide track and in others for the narrow track, each of which has its earnest advocates. It is not too much, however, to say that the narrow track system appears to be rapidly gaining in favor, and for good and sufficient reasons. It is attracting the increased attention of railroad men and many others. Next Wednesday (June 19) a narrow gauge railroad convention will be held at St. Louis, Mo., to which all narrow gauge companies in operation, all whose roads are in course of construction, and all manufacturers of narrow gauge motive power and rolling stock are requested to send a full representation. The committee appointed to set forth the objects of the convention, suggest the following points for discussion and elucidation—

1. The want of railway facilities.
2. The comparative cost of the two systems.
3. Our means of constructing the broad gauge as compared with the narrow gauge.
4. The comparative cost of operating the two gauges.
5. Can narrow gauge locomotives be constructed of sufficient power and speed to answer general requirements?
6. Can the passenger coaches be made safe, comfortable and popular, with the traveling public?
7. Can freight cars be constructed of convenient size for the transportation of cotton, live stock, and general freights?
8. What saving in dead weight will the narrow gauge effect?
9. How will the saving in first cost and dead weight effect rates of freight and passage?
10. Break of gauge or connections.
11. Experience and opinions of experts.
12. The narrow gauge, as compared with the broad gauge, as the means of development.

A funny incident occurred at a Detroit barber's the other day. An old negro arose from his seat to take one of the barber's chairs, when looking at one of the pier glasses, he saw as he supposed, another gentleman about to take the chair. The old darkey at once apologized for rising out of his turn, and was about to sit down when he noticed his image about to do the same. He again rose, and the mysterious stranger followed. This was repeated two or three times, much to the darkey's disgust, and he finally yelled out: "If it's your turn, why don't you sit down?" amidst shouts of laughter from the rest of the customers.