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**MACAYAN BULL FIGHTS.**  
 Less Exciting Than in Spain, but Lots of Sport for the Native.

A Malayan bull fight, in contrast to a Spanish bull fight, is a comparatively tame affair, says the Pall Mall Gazette. There is little of a show or pageant about it; no huge enclosed ring with its tiers and tiers of seats filled with fashionable Spanish beauties in graceful mantillas waving multicolored fans; no poor blindfolded horses to be tortured, no picadors, no dart planting banderilleros, and no espadas to risk their life in so-called sport.

In Malaya the bulls and buffaloes only follow their own natural instincts and fight with their own kind, without being goaded on to the combat by having darts plunged into them, and horses not being used there are none of the brutal and disgusting sights too often witnessed in a Spanish bull ring. It is, in fact, bull fighting as nature, stripped of all artificial cruelties, and if less exciting is infinitely more sporting, though to Spaniards, all elements of personal danger being omitted, it would doubtless seem a deadly dull affair.

Hidden by the Sultan to a bull fight, I arrived at the appointed place due to time, 2 o'clock, but the Sultan did not put in an appearance until 4 o'clock, the lateness of his arrival being really only custom, for whenever any show of this sort is on the time is invariably given about a couple of hours too early. Just outside the old chief's house, where we assembled, was the ring, a primitive arrangement, merely an open earth space not fenced in any way. All around the circle squatted a motley crowd of about three or four hundred natives, who had put on their best "bajas" and "arongs" for the function.

The bulls were led in by the nose, each by a Malay, and when within a few yards of each other let go and given a shove. They met with a crash, and then followed a pushing match, their horns for the most part being locked together, with a break-away now and again and then another bump together. The two bulls in this case were badly matched—father and son, the latter a much more powerful animal with stouter horns. The fight lasted only about six minutes, when "pa" bull turned tail and fled, chased by his son. A general stampede took place, after an opening had been forced, every one rushing after the bulls to secure them and bring them back for their wounds, which were very slight, to be examined.

Next day I went up river again to the place fixed on. This show gave much better sport than the other, as the buffaloes were immensely powerful brutes and very well matched, the fight lasting about ten minutes before one got a wound in the corner of his eye and in consequence abruptly turned tail and was chased off the ground by his opponent. In these fights one buffalo always defends his home and will only fight when another comes into his own particular haunt.

In nearly every case the one defending his home proved the victor, spurred on, I suppose, by patriotic feeling. As the fight lasted only a short time, the Sultan sent for another couple of buffaloes, but when they arrived, after a twenty minutes' wait, they absolutely refused to fight and were obliged to be led away again. When buffaloes are really well matched, as in the first fight, there is great excitement among the Malays but, in the ordinary way one buffalo turns tail after a few minutes' charging and the whole thing is over.

**A LESSON IN LOVE TACTICS.**

The full realization of her love for Meredith came to Helen as she watched him enter the drawing room with the avowed intention of proposing to her cousin Gweneth.

In her eyes still lingered the incredulous smile with which she had listened to his announcement, but as the door closed behind him came the appalling conviction that he had meant what he said.

Life without Meredith—her Meredith—the husband of Gweneth; such ideas were insupportable. With her hand pressed to her wildly beating heart, she turned and flew upstairs to the workroom.

Her brother was busy there carpentering, and not in the mood for interruption. "Shut the door, please," he cried, without looking up, "the wind blows the shavings about."

Helen complied, then sat down at his side.

"Tom," she said, in a strangled voice, "something dreadful has happened. Meredith has gone to ask Gweneth to marry him—he told me so himself."

This sudden information proved disconcerting to the young man, his hand swerved, and he cut a deep notch in the board he was planing for carving.

"Gadmon!" he cried, with two-fold disgust; "what will you tell me next?" Then he looked up and caught sight of his sister's face. His own changed instantly, and he put down his plane.

"The truth is," he said sternly, "you have been playing the fool with Meredith. I gave you credit for more sense. He is not a boy to be attracted by silly caprice. Meredith is a man of the world and my best friend. He has made no secret to me of his fondness for you. It was quite understood between us that the object of his visit this week-end was to clinch matters with you. You cannot say," he concluded, with some reproach, "that I did not give you a hint as to his intentions." Helen flinched. "That's just it," she said miserably. "You see—I knew why he was coming."

"Quite so," her brother replied; "but was that, I ask you, any reason why you should have led him a dog's life ever since he arrived?"

"You may condemn me," Helen said, meeting his gaze with some dignity, "but most girls under the circumstances would have done the same."

"Gris!" cried her brother, almost beside himself with chagrin and disappointment; "yes—you are right there. It is not enough for them to have a man's honest love; they must make a fool—a spectacle—of him to their friends. Pahaw!"

"Don't," Helen faltered, in a choked voice. "My heart's broken; is not that enough?" she was silent, then she looked up with tears on her lashes. "Tom, dear," she said, "try to understand me; think—if you were about to propose to a girl—would you like her, by her manner, to any way anticipate your doing so?"

Tom's brown eyes met his sister's comprehensively. No," he said stoutly, "I don't know that I should."

"Well," Helen faltered, blushing to the tips of her little pink ears, "you see, knowing what I did—whatever he would, I wouldn't."

"Ah!" he brother said, "I suppose that would be the situation. It seems simple, but scarcely promising of result."

"Oh, it would have come right—in time," Helen said, "only—there—"

"Gweneth! what on earth had she—"

"You see," said Helen, "Gweneth is so obliging. She is always ready to make up for my many delinquencies. When I scratched—metaphorically, of course—she was there to bind up the wound. I confess her conduct exasperated me; I wasn't even as nice as I might have been had she never left Australia. I, at times, regretted that she was our father's third cousin once removed and had no other English relatives to visit this autumn. At last, when—when he did speak—I laughed at him, and suggested Gweneth as a substitute; and"—she concluded, with a wretched attempt at bravado, "you see—he has acted on my suggestion."

Tom was mentally denouncing himself as a blundering fool and Gweneth as a meddlesome hypocrite. "Of course," he said, "you are not yet certain she will accept him."

Helen sprang to her feet and stood, an indignant beauty with flashing eyes, before him. "Accept him!" she cried, with scorn; "can there be a shadow of doubt of such a thing?—she will be only too pleased, too proud, as any girl might. Accept him, indeed!—she would never have the impertinence to refuse. He, the cleverest, most brilliant K. C. in England. Accept him! Of course she will. Only—only—her voice broke, "she will never love him as I do, I who worshipped the very ground he walked upon." She sat down, her eyes full of despair. "No one will ever love him as I do," she said.

Tom was feeling ill with sympathy, but his face was still as hard as a flint. "I must say," he said doggedly, "that you had a queer way of showing your affection. I fear now there is nothing to be done."

Helen pushed back the golden hair from her face. "The house suffocates me," she said. "Let us go on to the river. I may feel better there."

Her brother threw on his coat. Downstairs they caught sight of the much-discussed couple standing together on the veranda. Gweneth had for once dropped her knitting, and was holding a flower in her hand, and Meredith was near her talking in a low voice.

Tom felt her fingers tighten on his arm. They hurried down the garden path unseen. Near the bank the boat lay moored, the cushion and oars ready there. A moment or two more, and the brother and sister were going swiftly down stream, and the house was out of sight.

Helen took advantage of the gloaming, and when her attention was not claimed by steering cried softly unseen "They will say," she declared presently, "that Gweneth has cut me out."

"I am afraid we must admit the fact," her brother answered mercilessly.

"All the same," Helen declared with spirit, "it is I whom Meredith loves a woman always knows," she said, triumph creeping into her voice. Then she began to laugh "I must laugh," she explained, with tears in her eyes. "Think of Gweneth as Meredith's wife; she won't understand him in the least. She will think him cross when he is only enthusiastic, and vulgar when he is witty; she never, you know, saw a joke in her life; and the smell of tobacco is abomination to her." Her voice had trailed into a sob.

Tom's endurance had run out.

"There will be rain," Tom said, "and you have no coat. We had better turn—there is barely time to get back for dinner."

The words, simple in themselves, brought fresh agony to Helen. Life was to be lived, dinner to be eaten, though Meredith was lost to her. Despair clutched her heart, death with its oblivion seemed kind; she looked down into the darkening waters.

"Be careful how you steer," cried Tom, as he turned the boat—"the light's queer."

Carefulness and Helen were at that moment antipodal—a watery grave alluring from a world empty of Meredith. Gathering gloom, the narrowness of the stream did the rest—a moment later the boat ran into the opposite bank with an ominous grating sound. Tom swore horribly. Helen put her fingers to her ears. "Save yourself, dear," she cried; "don't mind me—I prefer to die."

"Catch that oar and don't be an idiot!" yelled Tom. Something white glided by swiftly, and was lost in the darkness.

It was useless to go on with one oar and the stream against them. Having exhausted his imprecatory vocabulary, Tom discovered the water to be shallow enough, and in sudden displeasure assisted his sister to the bank above. Further investigation proved that the best plan would be to tow the boat home.

"We shall be horribly late for dinner," Tom grumbled, as they at last set forth.

Helen was feeling disappointed at finding herself still alive. The misadventure had ended tamely in mud and discomfort.

Some one from the landing-stage halted them as they approached. It was Meredith, and Helen's heart leaped at the sound.

"Are you all right?" he cried, and there was a queer ring in his voice. "Thank God you are back! I was horribly afraid that something had happened."

"Thank you," Helen said, trying hard to appear dignified and not to shiver. "I am quite all right. Where is—Gweneth?"

"Your cousin," said Meredith, making no attempt to release the hand that Helen was striving to free from his grasp, "went to her room some time ago."

"But I—thought—" Helen began.

Meredith laughed, it must be confessed a little awkwardly. "It didn't come off," he said, "I gave her a lesson in botany instead."

"Then—" Helen's lips tried to frame the question, but only a little inarticulate cry broke from her, as in the darkness she felt Meredith draw her close to his heart.

"Dearest," he whispered, "it was wrong of me, but did I quite deserve to be given the worst hour in my life? Is teasing to be your monopoly?"

Then his voice rang out sharply to Tom in the boat, "I say, old chap, have a light? I am afraid Helen has fainted."

But out of the darkness came Helen's voice, feeble, but tinged with bliss: "It's all right, Tom," she said, "he didn't do it—it was just a mistake."

Other sounds of bliss came to Tom as, feeling no little relieved, but distinctly out of it, he strode up the garden between the sunflowers, brushing the cobwebs from his face.

"What a silly business!" he told himself, realizing for the first time that he was desperately hungry and wet to the skin; "and hang, hang! I have quite spoiled that oak panel!"—Clifford Mills in The Pall Mall Gazette.

A man who helps another helps himself. This may appear strange—it is a truism nevertheless.

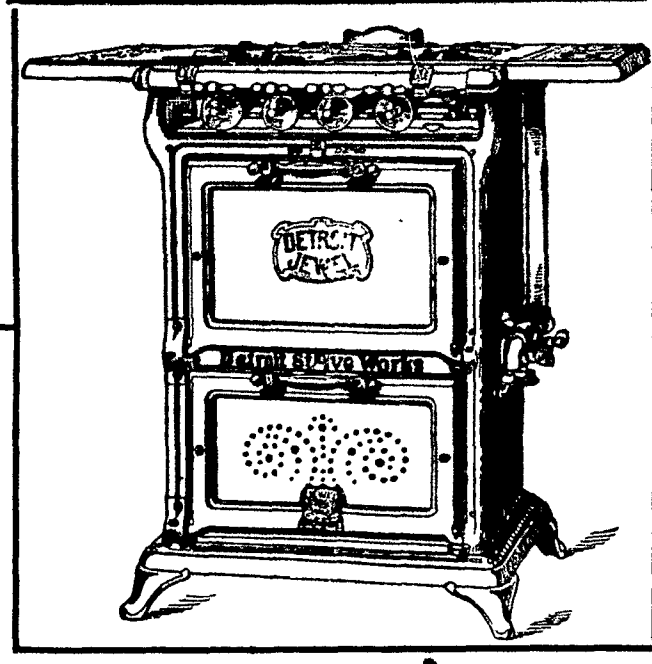
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 The novel feat of tuning a piano by the use of the telephone was accomplished by M. J. Archer, a piano tuner of Wabash, Ind. Some time ago Mr. Archer sold a piano to Thomas Pilkington at South Bend, Miss Pilkington called Mr. Archer up and advised him the piano needed a tuning.

She was asked to sound the instrument, which was near the telephone. The tone was transmitted clearly to Wabash, and directions were given which enabled her to change the tension. The directions were carried out and the instrument sounded until it was perfectly tuned and the tones all normal.

**Uses of Gentian Root.**  
 Gentian root, often used as a tonic is considered in many malarial countries a remedy against intermittent fever. Especially is this the case in Corsica in that section of the island near the town of Aleria, which is infested with malaria. The inhabitants recently protested violently against the introduction of quinine on the part of the medical authorities, declaring that they would not abandon the remedy which had been used among them for centuries, the gentian root, either powdered or simply masticated.

**President's Salary.**  
 The salary of the President is \$50,000, President's travelling expenses \$25,000. Secretary to the President \$5,000, other employees in executive office \$61,000, contingent expenses \$30,000, care and furnishing White House \$35,000, fuel for White House \$8,000, care of greenhouses \$9,000, repairs to White House grounds \$4,000, policemen at White House \$40,000, secret service men \$4,000, naval yacht Mayflower \$150,000, naval yacht Ayolph \$25,000. Total, \$472,000.

**Teacher of Golf.**  
 The only woman golf teacher in England can proudly point to her position as being unique. She is a professional instructor in the game and gives her lessons at the Prince's Ladies' Golf club at Mitcham. Mrs. Gordon Robertson has been teaching for just a year, and in that time has given over 500 lessons. In one month alone she gave 97, for golf is a game that ladies are taking up with enthusiasm, and they yearn to excel their male friends. "I think women can teach women golf much better than men," said Mrs. Robertson to a representative. "It is difficult for a man to teach a woman, for the woman knows (at least I do) the faults that women make in learning the game. She knows their power, strength and their weakness, and can, therefore, anticipate and overcome their difficulties. Personally I am not a great golf player, but people tell me that I know how to teach it." With the exception of two "finishing" schools that she visits, Mrs. Robertson only instructs members of her own club on the club course and does not go further afield. "I don't want to enter into competition with the male professions," she said.

**No Cheap Man, Either.**  
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"Oh, ah, a most charming young lady, of course!" he said, hastily gathering up his hat and cane; "but I had been led to believe—aw, that is, I couldn't think of that price, you know!"—Puck.

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