cruelty for its own sake. A tiger, for example, will frolic about an antelope like a cat with a mouse, as if it enjoyed the alarm of the poor creature ; and, should the antelope make a feeble effort to butt it, will clear its head at a bound. After the play has lasted some time the tiger will then crush its victim and begin its repast.

The tigress is much attached to her cubs, which are as lively and frolicsome as kittens, and at birth are about half the size of a cat. You would not like to peep into the real lair of a real tigress, especially if her ladyship happened to be at home to all callers. But if you will look at our picture entitled "At Play in the Jungle," you will be able to form an idea of the sportive way in which the tigress and her little folk amuse each other. One cub—as you will see—sits upon its mother's back, another toys with her ear, while a third, which is being "washed" by its attentive parent, taps her nose every now and then with its tiny paw.

They remain with the mother till they are almost full grown—that is, till they are about two years old, when they leave their home to provide for themselves. The tigress watches over them with great care, and so long as they are under her direct control she is remarkably vicious, while in the event of her being robbed of them, her rage is terrible to behold—so strong is the maternal instinct in the breast even of a tigress. She teaches them how to obtain their prey, practising at first on the smaller beasts, and so well do they profit by her example that they are far more destructive. Experience, however, soon brings wisdom, and it is extraordinary to observe animals which, as youngsters, killed three or four cows in a day, in course of a very few years satisfy themselves by slaying the same number in a week. It would almost appear as if they had come to see for themselves the folly of wasting so much meat when a time might possibly arrive when the larder would not be filled without much difficulty and danger.

You would hardly believe that a man could be as ferocious as a tiger, yet that such can be the case admits of no doubt. For instance, Tippoo Sahib, the Sultan of Mysore, who was slain in the British attack upon Seringapatam in 1799, was of such a cruel and barbarous disposition that he has been called, by some writers, "the Tiger of Mysore." One of his thrones is said to have been in the form of a howdah, or covered seat, resting upon a tiger—the emblem of his empire. And after his death there was found in his palace a remarkable "toy," which consisted of the figure of a tiger about to devour another figure intended for a British soldier. By turning a handle sounds, meant to represent the animal's growls, were made to come out of this grim plaything. It shows that he must have deeply hated the British when he had a "toy" of this sort constructed for the express purpose of beguiling his leisure hours with the semblance of the hideous tortures which, could he have his will, he longed to inflict upon the brave soldiers who had broken the powerful empire built up with so much energy and skill by his father, the famous Hyder Ali.

SOME LITTLE ONES OF THE STREET.

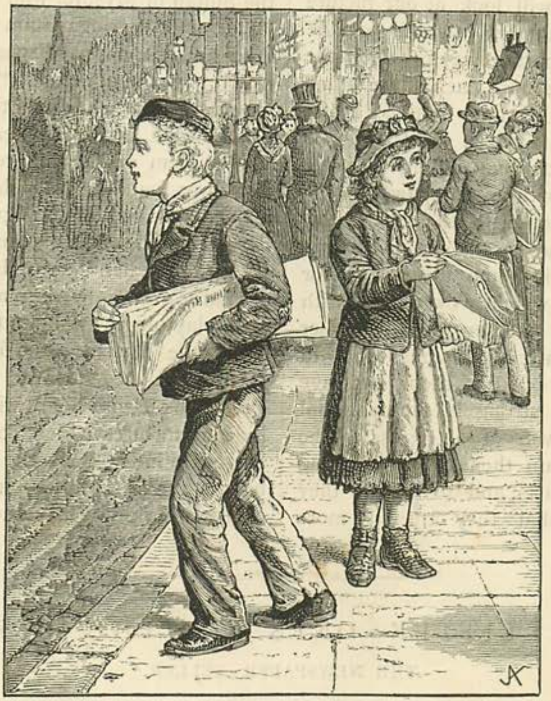
THE NEWSPAPER-SELLER.

"LOSS o' life ! paper sir ! Dreadful accident ! Fourth edishurn ! Evening papar ! Buy a papar !"

What a piercing voice the boy has ! It rises above the din and traffic of the great thoroughfare of the Strand. The biting east wind that blows from the river, and comes with a rush round Trafalgar Square, carries the shrill sound right into the omnibus, where we are sitting closely packed, on our journey from Charing Cross to the Bank. When we stopped just now for one of us to get out, the cry of "*Papar!*" seemed a long way off on the other side of the road ; and yet before we move on again here is the boy himself, standing on the step, and with enough breath left to repeat in a lower key all that he has been shouting. Before the conductor has time to say, "Now then, come out o' that," he has noticed that three gentlemen are feeling in their pockets for coppers, and by the time the coppers are ready he has contrived to hand three papers into the omnibus, and to clutch twopence halfpenny—for two penny papers and a halfpenny one. But he hasn't done yet, for another customer, who *has* no change, tells the conductor to take a paper for him, and so the boy is still on the step, hanging on to the door of the omnibus with his elbow, that he may have his hand ready for the money, his other arm having enough to do to hold the many fluttering sheets of news, which are still quite damp from the printing-machine, and contain accounts of the strange events that have happened in various parts of the world since this morning.

A quick-eyed, quick-footed little fellow is this newsboy. Perhaps he would be quite a nicelooking boy if he were to be washed and combed and put into a warm room, where his nose would thaw. Just now his nose is red with cold, and his hair seems to be more outside his ragged cap than in it, and his jacket is too small for him, so that he has to make the most of an old woollen comforter which is twisted round his neck and brought down over his chest.

Before the omnibus stops again he has dropped off the step, and is halfway down the next street, where we can hear his cry of "*Papar*, sir!" long after we have lost sight of him. But his evening's work has only just begun. If we return in an hour or two we shall be very likely to meet him again. Let us suppose that we go back, after having finished our business in the City, where we leave other boys—and a few girls too—all trying to sell newspapers. Here at the corner of a street are four or five lads, all shouting at the top of their voices, "Latest edishurn!" while the girls walk to and fro, on the look-out for a chance customer. A girl has a hard fight to sell her newspapers, unless she can go every evening to the same place, outside some railway station, or large building where she is allowed to remain, so that people begin to remember her, and will buy of her in preference to others. Then, if any of the boys try to interfere with her, or drive her away, somebody will take her part.



LITTLE LONDON NEWSPAPER-SELLERS.

But there is *our* boy—just at the top of this street, leading to the entrance of the theatre. The bundle of papers on his arm has grown smaller, and his voice has grown larger, or it seems to sound more loudly still. Suddenly he stops in the middle of his cry. All that we hear is "Evening Papar," and there he is, staring in at a shop window. For a minute he has been tempted to neglect his business. A savoury steam comes from that grating below the shop; and as it reaches his little red nose he turns and casts longing looks at the great slabs and rolls of boiled and baked puddings that have just been brought up and placed in the window; where they are to be seen rich with plums, and crisping in big tin dishes, amidst hot roast pork, with sage-and-onion stuffing, and flaky meat pies full of gravy. It is no wonder that the boy stands open-mouthed for a moment, nor that he should cast a wistful eye upon the last tray of pudding just brought to the front, and dimming the glass of the windows with greasy steam. Who is this stout, rosy-looking man with a large overcoat and a low-crowned hat, just coming out of the shop-door? He looks like a farmer or a fruit-grower, who has come up to Covent Garden Market, and has stayed to have dinner before going home by the train.

"Buy a evenin' paper, sir," says the boy. "Last edishurn!" and he turns away from the window with a sigh.

"Yes, give us a paper, you young rascal," says the burly man. "What are you staring in here for, eh? Let's have a look at you," and he takes the lad by the chin, and turns his face towards the light.

Another second and he is inside the shop; another minute and he is out again with one of those meat pies and a slice of pudding, large enough to make a giant's mouth water.

"Here, you young scamp, just you put these inside of you," he says, "while I get a light for my pipe. How much have you made out of your papers to-night now, eh?"

"Oh—I've—done very well—to-night," answers the boy, between the bites that he gives the hot pudding, and holding the pie in his other hand. "I shall have made a shillin', when I sell these three last papers—and thankee, sir, for this here treat—ain't it prime?"

"Well, come, you young gormandiser," says the stout man, laughing till he almost shakes his pipe out of his mouth, "let's consider the last three sold —here's the threepence; and now I want to know who you are and where you live, and how you go to work in this newspaper trade. Now then, fire away at that pie, and finish it, because, you know, you can't talk with your mouth full. But, no ——, stop a minute ; here, I'll take the pie, and when you've said your say you shall have that and the threepence." But the boy is too quick for him. About a quarter of the savoury patty has already disappeared in one big bite, and the gravy is running out of the corners of his mouth. Three more bites finish it, and then —— "I ain't got nothing much to tell," says the lad, "except as my name's Joe, or leastways Joseph Hawkins, and father he's a porter at the railway. That's the reason we want to live in Clarkingwell, so that father should be near his work, and mother she stops at home now and takes in cap-makin', along with Bessie, as is a year younger than me, but has learnt the business—not that there's much to be made out o' that, and we was a'most better off when mother came out to sell papers, becos you see she used to stand just by the church railings, where she had a sort of stall for the papers, and strings to hang 'em on ; and then me and Bessie used to take some of 'em and go up an' down, so that what she didn't sell, we did. But she can't stand the cold and the wet weather now ; and, besides, there's too many that sells newspapers for women and gals to have much out of it. They can't cut after the 'busses ; girls can't at least—they ain't allowed to—and the big cads that's took up the trade pushes 'em off the pavement, and shoves 'em a one side. I'm glad Bessie ain't in it—and I don't mean little Polly to go into it; no, nor yet George, when he's old enough, which he's only five now. I come out of a night because you see I know the trade, but even I can't do nothing about the big railway stations. The grown-up fellows has it all their own way there, and us little uns only gets cuffed about, or else trod on, or nearly run over, or something. The big uns often clubs together and takes a lot of papers—two or three of 'em at the same station—and they're quick ; and as soon as the papers is published they shove into the office and get the first lot that's printed, and then away they go right away to the City, and to the West End, and sells 'em off like fun, and back again for the next edishurn. Some of the papers sends men down to the City and the stations with carts now, so as us newspaper-sellers can get our supply from them — a quire or half a quire, or whatever we want ; but most of us goes to the publishing office, and we're obliged to go there for the late edishurns. Some only goes to a news-shop and buys half a quire or a quire, what you may call second-hand. Don't you see, sir, this is how it is, we get say twenty-six penny papers to a quire, and for them we pays eighteenpence, or such—and for ha'penny papers of course double as many. Well, if we can sell 'em all at a penny apiece for the penny ones, or a halfpenny for the ha'penny ones, we makes just eightpence, if you come to reckon it. But, lor ! it often takes a precious time to sell six-and-twenty penny papers, much more fifty-two ha'penny ones, on wet nights or when it's cold and people ain't out. Other times, when there's a murder or a fire, or a awful accident, or somethink, we can often sell fast enough, but then it's hard work to scrouge in to the publishing office to get your papers. I work in the day-time, of course, but I haven't nothing reg'lar, except four mornings, when I'm a bottle-washer at a pickle warehouse close by us, and the rest of the time I get a job to carry a bag or a trunk, or go a message outside the station, where father's inside porter. To-night I shall do well, partly through you being so kind, sir ; but often I can't get rid even of a quire nohow—and it's well that most of the papers takes back six out of every quire—that is, if we only sell twenty instead of the twenty-six they take the six again, and let us have our money back. You see if we go to a newsvendor that keeps a shop and has to buy his papers, we only gets twenty-four to the quire for our eighteenpence, and so we only make sixpence if we sell 'em all—and sixpence is nothing much to go towards our stock the next day."

"Hum !" says the stout rosy man, who has left off laughing and looks quite grave now. "Can you read the papers that you sell, and can you write as well as reckon up your takings ?"

"Well, yes, I should hope so ; the Board School's done that much for me ! I can write—not to say well, you know, but pretty tidy—and I can read a'most anythink like one-o'-clock !"

"How'd you like to be a market gardener ?"

"What, to grow things—fruit and taturs and cabbages, and bring 'em up to market ?"

"Yes."

"Why, it's just what I *should* like. But what's the good o' liking ? I belong to the streets seemin'ly, and in the streets I reckon to stay."

"I don't know about that. I want a boy. Here, just write down your mother's name and address in this book, and be at home next Wednesday morning, do you hear ?"

"Hear !" shouts the boy in his shrill voice. "I should rather think so ! I say, sir, do you think as I should suit ? I could have a good character, I could indeed ; and who knows, sir, p'raps it would happen that I might be able by'n-by to help little George !"

THOMAS ARCHER.