

JUMBO'S OLD CHUM.

He 's 't Return to England Because Jumbo's Carcass Is Here.

Animal trainers are a queer lot as a rule, and show-managers have to put up with many vagaries from them.

When the Barnum people bought Jumbo in England they brought over to this country with him Matthew Scott, who for some twenty years had been the trainer and keeper of the huge, homely but good-natured beast.

When the Barnum show closed its season last October Mr. Hutchinson told Scott that he would have to further use for him, and advised him to go back to England and accept the position at the London zoological garden that was waiting for him.

Mr. Hutchinson went up to the Bridgeport winter quarters then to see how things were progressing for the removal of the show's truck to this city.

Scott stumbled in his words considerably and explained that he'd made lots of friends in this country, rather liked it, and thought he'd stay here for a while for rest as he had a good pile of money for him.

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WOMAN IS THE HIGHEST

Somewhere I have heard this adage, And I think it is a true one: It takes more to make a lady.

His Second Wife.

"I must say, Mildred, that everybody means all your friends were pining for you," said Miss Lay, as she looked her gloves on the little table before her, and settled herself comfortably in her chair.

"All my friends. So that includes you, of course," said Mildred, with a little nervous laugh that was meant to hide her annoyance.

"One is privileged to change one's opinion, I suppose," interrupted Mildred, quickly and defiantly.

"Of course!" said Miss Lay, not at all abashed at Mildred's look and tone.

"But the question is how you managed to uproot your strong prejudice."

"I don't think it absolutely necessary for me to relate how the wonderful change came about," said Mildred, impatiently, and with a look of sudden anger in her eyes.

annoyed, "Just attribute my remarks to jealousy, sheer jealousy. The fact is," rising and drawing on her gloves "we all envy you. I wore my sweetest smile for John Vernon in vain for more than a year, and Belle Hunter gave up the only chance she had to go abroad, thinking that he would surely ask her to marry him, but he didn't.

"I shall never be too busy nor too happy to see my old friends," said Mildred warmly, though her face still wore a troubled look.

"Didn't I say we were all full of envy and jealousy? You are not really vexed with me, are you, Milly? You still count me as your best friend?"

"Until you prove an enemy," said Mildred, lightly, not answering the first question.

Miss Lay was a little vain, a little shallow, and yet not bad at heart, and when she parted with Mildred that morning she had not the smallest idea of the sting her thoughtless words had left behind.

"Her book!" she said, feeling a sudden pang of jealous pain for which she could hardly have accounted, and almost unanimously she laid the book aside.

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face, and withdrawing from his arms. Vernon signed, then bit his lip fiercely, to keep back an angry retort.

"I thought it would please you to have them, and—and—I—imagined I wouldn't care," stammered Mildred, on the verge of tears again.

"You know I love you fondly and truly, above all other women," said her husband, drawing her to his heart.

"That is not answering my question properly," said Mildred, her jealous heart prompting her to claim a stronger statement.

"If this is your belief, you should have remembered it when I asked you to marry me," said Vernon, coldly, pacing the floor.

"You can't be more miserable than I am!" said Mildred, with a little sob.

"You have given me unpleasant thoughts," retorted Vernon, losing patience, and speaking in a quick, angry voice.

Days and weeks passed thus, Mildred too angry and stubborn to confess herself in the wrong. Vernon too proud to intrude where he believed he would be unwelcome.

ter night, when they want and miss me so at home? I will not bear it another day!" she added, passionately, a sudden determination coming too her.

"Is Mr. Vernon out of town that you have condescended to pay me a visit? Surely you don't walk and it raining and almost dark?"

"You foolish child!" exclaimed Miss Lay. "I don't wonder that John was angry!"

"So you think I was wholly to blame?" said Mildred, with flashing eyes; "and after saying that you did about marrying a widower, too."

"I understand now; it was my foolishness that caused all the trouble. My silly tongue is forever getting me into a scrape," said Miss Lay, in a tone of genuine regret.

"You can let me stay with you till morning," said Mildred, with sudden eagerness.

"That's better, and goes to prove that you're not half as wretched as you imagine. Now, Mildred, the right way to manage a man is to make him believe he's the only man in the world worth looking at."

"I am certain he is. How can he be anything else? Now, Mildred, go home, like a good girl and make your peace with him."

restraint, for which, according to his idea of right and, he was not to blame, yet he longed to make his peace with Mildred, longed to take her in his arms and kiss away her tears, and assure her over and over again how dear she was to him and how much he missed the sweet companionship that had been theirs until this cloud came between them.

"Closing the door of his room softly, he crossed the hall and looked into his wife's room. A fire burned cheerfully in the grate; an open book lay on the table, and a pair of dainty, embroidered slippers had been thrown carelessly by the fire.

A sudden, vague foreboding seized him, as he pushed the door open and went in, then with a little nervous laugh he sat down before the fire.

"How foolish I am, she has only gone out for an hour or two. It is quite comfortable here; I will wait awhile."

"John!" and she came a step forward, her eyes shining, her voice full of pleased surprise.

"After to-night you are never to doubt me again," said Vernon. "Because—there is no perfect trust there can be no happiness."

Although Vernon, having always regarded Miss Lay as a woman most devoid of brains and with very little heart, wonders sometimes at his wife's choice of a friend, he says nothing; because he believes that Mildred has the happy faculty of drawing out Miss Lay's good qualities, and because in his fond foolish eyes, his wife is that creature of the imagination—a perfect woman!

A Feline Adopts a Litter of Rats. Joseph Messenger, a well-known farmer, who enjoys a reputation for truthfulness, credits the following story told of his cat, which is famous in the neighborhood where he resides for her record as a successful rat and mouse catcher.

In Boston "early June peas" are already advertised. This shows that the season is really advancing.