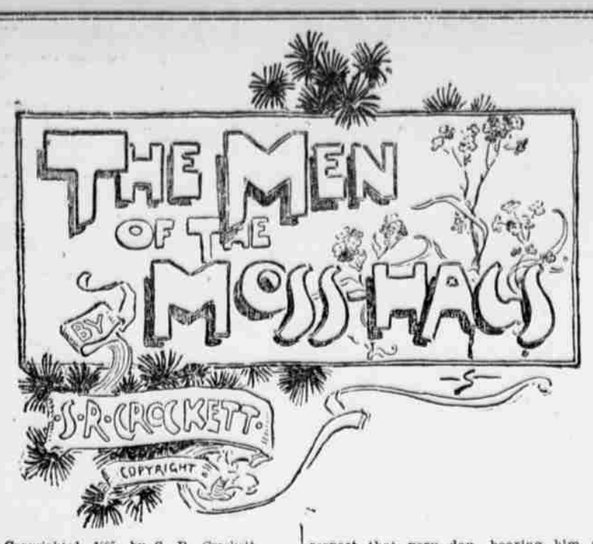

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CHAPTER XXV.—CONCLUDED.

But suddenly, even while we execrated Black MacMichael for that cowardly method of sighting a shot at a foe's back, we knew that we would have done as he, would have quartered the land, could we, for the sport of shooting the man he named.

"Mardrochat!" he said, rising from among the rocks and running down to the water, that still looked clear with its sheen of shimmering silver.

Yea, if the man lying on his face were Madrochat, I would have held it no sin to have done the same e'en to his back. I thought of all I had heard of this sly, wicked informer, who even the worst of the persecutors despised, as Kate McGhie had described him in the fight she had had with the lasses when they had discomforted him so blithely. Then it was a spirit of revenge which led him to seek the cave in the face of the cliff above the loch, to be quits with Maisie and Kate McGhie. I, too, would have shot him behind while I stopped hid behind the hags.

With a low cry of dismay MacMichael called back to us from the water's edge that this man after all was not Madrochat, but only one favoring him. And then, as we saw the poor creature lying there shot in the back, I believe we even would have taken our comrade at the throat, now that again the cowardice of the shot seemed apparent, like that of the soldiers I had seen shooting a poor maukin—a lad that ran from them. I believe that we should have come at once to an open rupture had I not remembered the prudence I gained during the last days. Our unwelcome comrade knew the country, how to hide, to run low, the lore of hill and dale; where the heather was thickest; spots for hiding among the moss-hags. We had found these traits upon our short acquaintance while we hasted along the way on that near impossible errand.

For how could we two, with but one unwilling retainer, who had a name bad enough for treachery, ever expect to free Anton Lenox or his daughter, Maisie? By what trick of wit or any cunning could we arrive at it?

I confess as we ran over the hills to reach a point ahead of them I saw no way at all, no hope of doing aught. For it appeared to me that Maisie was lost forever, and, forgetting all my good Scot training, I cursed the mischance, as I would not and should not have cursed, I deem, even at a like mischance having fallen to my own mother's lot.

It was as it had been when Sandy cared not so much about the others, because he knew that Jean Hamilton was safe, who was his wife. Maisie had come to me like Jean to him; although she was a winsome, quiet lass, she could have had the greatest man in all Galloway had she but willed it. I thought of her coming each day to me, when hidden under the roof of the well house; of the little Maisie in the adventure when my father's horse, Gay Garland, had saved both our lives. I would that we were again in a like plight together with me alone to aid.

And here we were running over the hills daft and fey, only with instinct keeping something, my chance to solve our puzzle.

As we ran on I was sick of the heart, cursing my folly in having gone to the conventicle of the United Societies, in having left her alone with Anton Lenox on his back—he whom they never would have took, alive at least, if he could have held a sword, for not until I had heard the story afterward did I know that even in the sheer extreme of his weakness he could find strength to fight his enemies when rage prompted.

You see how the matter had turned me mad, and yet Wat Gordon of Lochinvar was in almost equal bad way. And as we hasted he asked me if I remembered the head of his father falling in the snow that night of his gallantry with the Lady Wellwood in Edinboro' town. I told him I never could have forgotten that grisly thing, nor the creature I had dreamed or saw—I never can be sure—came out to bury it while I was in hiding.

"I told you that night you were a man, Will," said he, "when you were strong in the bonny fight."

I knew that he meant that I should not be disheartened, but he would not have been in better spirits had it been Kate McGhie in Maisie's stead.

And then on the instant Black MacMichael called back:

"Hist! I knew we should find them in time—if it be they!"

And then we, crouching low, as he had done, looked down on the highway, which we

I cried to her through the dark.

had run in on again, and there below as the road turned by the burn, I saw again that great man, my brother, Alexander Earlstoun, followed by some 300 men of the Covenanters, returning from the conference of the Seventh Thousand. As I started to run down to intercept him to tell all that had happened, Black MacMichael pressed my arm.

"Ay, mon, they cast me out, and I can join none of them."

I thanked him for the good service he had done me in showing me the strong hand that could help me in my need, even the hand of Sandy Gordon, my brother.

In an instant Wat of Lochinvar and I had astounded Sandy by seizing his bridal rein; while he exclaimed at what we told, of the witch mother of the idiot, Gash Gabriel, having in all likelihood told Mardrochat where Anton Lenox lay, hid in the cave in the face of the hill, and how that sly spy, remembering that he had sworn revenge on Maisie and Kate McGhie for their bravery and their taunts, had sought the spot out. We only could imagine the rest, even the worst. But on the other way, down that very road, were the dragoons who led her and Anton Lenox, her father.

And then, my brother, the great man in a foreign hat and coat, whom I had grown to respect that very day, hearing him speak from the Session Stone, smote his thigh with a malediction. I know the Almighty forgave. And then, we telling him he must hasten should we carry out our plan and free the prisoners before Anton Lenox should be near Edinboro and the headsman, he distributed his men, who near all knew the ways of the hill, scattering them over the slopes in the hidden spots and those on horses along the bosky edges of the burn. In such wise were we put that we had been able to have surprised a much larger force than that we awaited.

Presently as we lay, I with my pistols held ready to pick my men, we heard a voice shouting a ribald refrain.

"Hoot, a cavalier song!" one of ours said.

Others voices took up that ditty, steeped with the jollity of a soldier's freedom. We knew afterward that they were full of drink that they had had at the inn that stands half way on this road to the Clachan of St. John's town.

Presently they came, two by two, their gear rattling above the sound of their voices. The man by my side whispered that we had been right in our conjecture earlier in the day, and that it was Lag's Dumfries troop of renegades.

Presently there came a horse with a lass, and straining my eyes to be in truth sure, I saw she was, as Wat and I had thought, Maisie Lenox.

I rose up at the sight, maddened, I know well, and let fly a bullet that took the roystering blade that led the party in the groin, so that he yelled as he had not seen but had felt the deil.

At the instant white puffs of powder rose from both sides of the burn, while Sandy led his horsemen from their hiding in the bosky hollows.

They must have imagined us many more

Suddenly she laid her head on my shoulder and began to sob bitterly.

than we really were, for they scampered away right and left, to and fro, each thinking of his own skin, and forgetting those fallen in their tracks.

"Maisie!" said I, at her bridle rein now.

She had been struggling with the little horse that had his nerves tingling at the fearsome noises.

"Oh, Will," said she.

Then was I fearsome of that bonny face, so pale and distraught with what she had undergone. She reminded me in some way of the girl bairn who was still and grat not so much as the boys before James Johnstone's cruelty. She was not, after all that had happed, the same lass that had so recently the luxuries of the great house of Balmaghie to minister to the great sickness of her father, Anton.

But I cared not a whit. Distraught as she was, I again had her safe in charge before all that crew of dying soldiers and exultant members of our own.

But she was looking back the road by which they had come.

"My father," said she, "who never was taken before—and Margaret!"

Her heart was with them, as I knew well, but I tried to encourage her with stating what we would do to deliver her from this sair perplexity.

Sandy, returned from the pursuit, now dismounted by his beast's side, his foreign hat in his hand, out of respect for our little friend, Maisie of the Lenoxes.

And then, talking, she found at last how to explain that her father had interfered since he was captured in behalf of a little officer boy, who had been set on by two others of that disordered array. Anton Lenox, weak as he was, and after the stern fight he had of yesterday, had been overcome and then bound to a horse's back and sent on by the other of the two roads, Maisie thought, which forked near the inn where they had loitered.

When she had explained this and that she thought a greater party followed, with which it would be utmost folly for us to attempt contention, and, after all her regained self-possession, she broke into sobs, as, after all, she was but a lass.

"Poor Margaret!" said she. "Poor Margaret!"

But Sandy, who listened, said:

"Hoot, toot, be of guid heart, lass."

He declared that he would be after the party that had Anton Lenox, but that he would leave three to escort Maisie and myself to Tonoskin in the wilds.

Wat of Lochinvar would een stay with Sandy because he smelt the fray. And after all the indignities he had suffered he was not in very truth so unwilling to lift his hand in the fight against Charles Stuart, who had belied his inheritance as King o' the Scots.

All this did not indeed take all the time I have needed to put it to paper. Yet we were, as it was, deliberating all too long; for suddenly we heard the tramp of many horses down the road whence the others had come.

As the hoof clank sounded down the road Sandy urged us to hasten in the other direction.

I was sore put to it that it was my need in order to help her we had rescued to leave him, my brother. I had no other way, but yet now I would that I had not; that I had stayed to see him in the guid fight, striving as only Sandy Gordon of Earlstoun ever could! Oh, that I had stayed to keep him from being taken!

But my duty was plain. I had no other notion in very truth save to accompany Maisie Lenox nad not to leave her again in such a plight as I had before. So separating we rode each to his destination.

Gradually Maisie's self-control returned, and she had told the story of all that had happened while we had been at the conventicle of the Seven Thousand.

"You had scarce gone, Will," said she, "when Margaret and I saw a face peering out through the bushes. I screamed in my horror, for it was that of the great black robber which stopped us, as Kate told you, on the way from Barmaghie."

"Mardrochat!" said I. "Mardrochat!"

"Yes, Mardrochat, the spy, was he, Will, whose wicked face peered at us. He knew that he had us affrighted, that we had no help near, and he remained there hid, glowering at us, while we knew not what to do. And then, as tired of tantalizing, he gave a whistle, when out of the woods a dozen men came running toward us and repeated a cry raised by Mardrochat, 'Make the lassies show up the whig's hiding place.' They had been told that it was a cave on the braw surface of the beetling crag, but their knowledge of the location was not more certain than this. The exact spot they bade us tell, and frighted us again with threats of all kinds of dire things. We told them they could find out for themselves if there were such a place, but, as for us, we would say neither yes nor no."

"When they had brought us by force to the face of rock and copse where, as you know, the cave is," Maisie went on, "they asked us again and again to take them to the whig's hiding place. When we refused they uttered the most horrid threatenings, swearing what should befall us. But they were not able at all to shake us, though we were but two maids and at their cruel will, and they were not able to find the mouth of the cave in that mile of tangled gairy face.

"So the cruellest and fiercest of all, the great, stark, black-a-vised man whom they called Mardrochat, that same that stopped us by the ford when first we fled from Balmaghie—"

"Oh, cursed Mardrochat," I cried; "wait till I come to a settlement with you!"

"No," said Maisie solemnly, "all is settled and paid already with Mardrochat. So they threatened till they were weary, and the night was coming on. Then Mardrochat turned about to his gallows' thieves:

"'Must we go back empty handed? Let me try my way with the lassies. They shall be complaisant to tell where the old fox lies, or else suffer that which shall serve us as well.'"

"With that he came near and put his hand upon me in the way to hurt me. Notwithstanding, with all the might that was in me, I strove to keep from crying out lest my father should hear, which they counted on. But, as God is witness, I could not. Then, the fear being upon me and the pain of a woman, I cried out in my agony, as I had never before done in this world."

"Oh, thrice accursed Mardrochat, die not till I meet thee," I cried again, beating my naked hand upon a rock in the impotence of hate.

Maisie went quietly and evenly on with her tale without heeding my anger.

"But when I cried the third time in my extremity, like a lion out of the thicket came my father forth, springing upon them with his sword in the gloaming. Never was there such striking since the world began. He struck and struck, panting and resting not, roaring in anger, till they fled from the face of him. And the first that he struck was Mardrochat—he that held me, and the blood spurted over me. Thus it was," she went on calmly, "my father clave him to the teeth, and he fell forward on that which had been his face. Then plucking his sword to him again, my father swung it hither and thither like lightning, and pursued them over the moor as a flock of sheep is hunted on the hill. And he smote and slew them as he ran. My father did that all alone. But alas in the valley, though we knew it not, there was a troop of horse encamped about a fire, the same that ye halted and took us from in the midst of Enterkin. Now, my father, running and smiting blindly, tripped over a halter and fell headlong in the heart of them. Thus they took Anton Lennox, who had never been taken before. They took us maids, also, but the dragoons being officered by gentlemen, there was no more ill usage. Now, though he had killed the informers and spies, the soldiers liked my father none the less for that, despising those whom they employed on such service. Rather they gave my father honor and not dishonor, as one that was mighty at their own trade. And to us the babe-faced officer was both kind and courteous."

"Is it not a noble thing," she said musingly, "to have a father that will render up his life for you as if it were a little thing?"

But I thought within myself that he need not have given it also for a peony-faced officer boy. But I uttered not the word aloud, lest I should be shamed for one that had not the true root of the matter in him, which, indeed, I had many a time suggested might prove to be the case with myself.

(To Be Continued.)

TO YSAYE.

Written for The Bee.

Ysaye, gifted, from the realm of sound,
Thou leadest music with a gentle hand
Along the winding ways of harmony,
As one, who, knowing best, lovest the most,
Yet masterful in all.

Thou, having sounded well expression's depth,
Speaks to no sinful ear, no selfish soul;
Hears no one message on thy siren string
Of love, faith, beauty, fame, or dark despair,
Yet holds them all and more in mighty grasp,
Within the chord control.

The young heart hearing feels a vague regret,
A longing wake where satisfaction slept,
A mighty upward impulse as desire
Mounts upon aspiration's tireless wing.
The old remember—still within thy lyre
Breathes that they wot not of,
Save as experience, lighting all the past,
Reaches athwart to gloom to where faith's star
Burns bright, eternal set.

MRS. H. N. SHUMAN,
Nebraska City, July 8, 1895.

AN AMERICAN LEGEND.

Don't Kick Up a Fuss Unless You Know You Are Right.

Once upon a time, relates the Detroit Free Press, an eminent citizen entered the office of a gas company and threw down the month's bill he had received that day and shouted

"Now, by the beard of my father, but I am wroth and want gore!"

"Anything wrong?" kindly and sympathetically queried the young man at the window.

"Wrong? Wrong? Can you not read? Can't you get that sum total through your young and innocent head!"

"Of a surety I can, sir. I see by this bill that you are charged with 50,000 feet of gas at $1.50 per thousand, for the month of August—total, $75. Prithee, sir, but why this fervidness of speech?"

"I never burned that gas!"

"But the meter, sir—the meter makes no mistakes! However, I will summon here the secretary, who is a man of more fluency of speech than myself."

"Why this kick, my dear sir?" kindly asked the secretary as he appeared.

"Because of the size of that bill."

"But you must remember that last month was a long one."

"But I was away on a visit and my house was deserted. I did not even burn one foot of your infernal old gas!"

"'Tis passing strange," quoth the secretary. "I will summon hence our president, who hath the knack of unraveling strange things."

"Man, hath thy better senses left thee?" severely asked the president as he looked out upon the kicker. "Hath news of war or the excitement of politics turned thy head?"

"Not by a jugful! How could I burn your gas when my house was shut up?"

"Prithee, sir, no one says you burned the gas, and no one denies that your house was shut up. This bill is simply for the leakage that always takes place in the house when the family is absent. 'Tis but a trifle, and if thou art inclined to raise a great row and——"

"Oh! no! no! no! I simply did not understand. It looked like highway robbery. Your explanation is not only satisfactory, but here is the cash and I beg your pardon for my unseemly conduct!"

And he counted down $75, shook hands all around and wished them peace and prosperity, and his shadow had scarcely turned the corner when a woman came in and said they might take the shoes off her feet before she'd pay the outrageous bill of $1.75 they had sent by the same mail.

It Worked.

Harper's Bazar: "Miss Harkaway," said Dolliner; "I suppose you have seen the statement in this week's Gazette that we are engaged to be married."

"Yes," said she. "I saw it."

"Well, I wish you to know that I had nothing to do with that announcement, and I have written this letter of denial."

"Oh; I wouldn't sent it," said she, naively. "What is the use?"

"But it isn't true!"

"That is so, but it isn't impossible. Do you know that paper contains a great many valuable hints?"

And he took the hint.

In Other Days.

Times have changed since the days of long ago, when one church member went to another with this offer: "I know you are very busy, Mr. H., but I will take your little boy to the circus for you, if you cannot go."

"Not much!" responded Mr. H., warmly, "not much. I have been waiting seven years myself for this boy to be old enough to take. You go borrow a boy out of the family where they've got more than one."

TRAINING THE ELEPHANT

A Most Unruly and Dangerous Pupil for Teachers to Handle.

CRUDE IDEAS ABSORBED BY MACHINERY

The Asiatic Beast Quite Tractable Under Compulsion — Rewarding the Good, Punishing the Bad — Market Value of Show Elephants.

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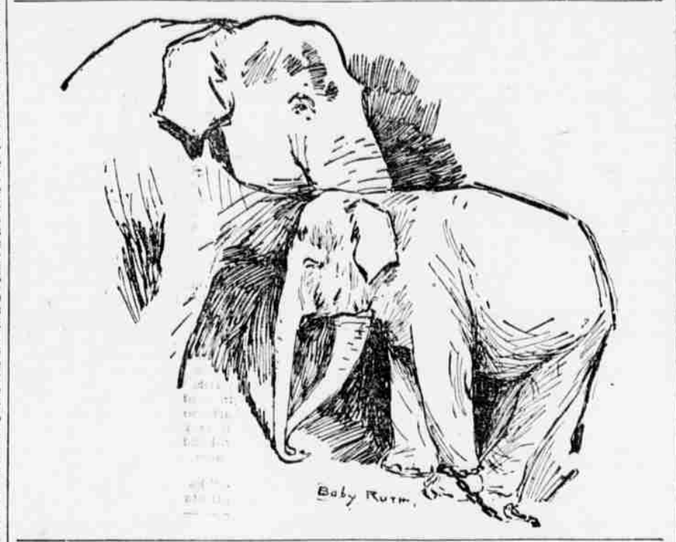
Only Asiatic elephants are capable of receiving much instruction, and in the Barnum herd, numbering twenty-four, there is not one of the African variety.

The most difficult trick an elephant is called upon to do in the circus ring is to stand on his head. Of the twenty-four in the Barnum show there are only three that have learned this difficult feat. They are "Babe," "Lena" and "Columbia," all young and females. Doubtless with great pains and patience the older elephants and some of the males might also be taught to stand on their heads, but it would be a long struggle.

When the trainer, George Conklin, has an elephant to break to this feat he begins by chaining the animal's front legs to strong stakes, and then fastens other chains to the hind legs below the knees, the ends of the chains being connected with a block and tackle attached at the top of the building. When all is ready a number of men or a pair of horses are set to work hauling on the tackle, and the elephant's huge hindquarters are literally hoisted into the air until the force of gravitation and the restraining power of the front chains bring him into the required position. Of course the animal when treated thus for the first time is thrown into intense rage and fear. She trumpets fiercely, thrashing the ground



with her trunk and straining at the chains. Sometimes the chains are broken in the violence of the struggle, but more often the stakes are pulled out of the ground.

Fifteen minutes at a time is as much of this severe exercise as it is considered safe to put upon an elephant. She is released and given two or three hours to recover herself. Then the chains are made fast again, the hind legs once more lifted into the air and the elephant brought back into the position desired. Four or five times a day this operation is gone through with, and every time the same struggles and resistance are encountered. Once entered upon, the task is never abandoned until the elephant has learned the lesson, although six or seven weeks are usually necessary to success. By degrees the elephant grows accustomed to standing on her head, and allows the chains to do their work more willingly. At last comes the day when the keeper can make her roll forward and lift her hind quarters into the air merely at a word of command and perhaps with a prod with the elephant hook.

The remarkable memory possessed by elephants shows itself in the persistence with which they stick to a certain order in the tricks they do, once these have been thoroughly learned. For instance, if Conklin should give a wrong command to his elephants while they are performing in the ring, the chances are they would disobey him and execute the order which should have been given. If, for example, he told them to march when ordinarily he would have told them to waltz, they would go ahead and waltz, refusing to do the march except in the usual order.

CRUEL PUNISHMENTS OF ELEPHANTS.

When an elephant becomes unruly he must be brought into subjection at any cost, and unually no half-way measures will serve. Indeed, many elephants, when fits of rage have taken them, have been thought so hopeles of reform, so given over to the desire to kill, that the only course open was to kill them. Thus the famous "Tip" in Central park was put to death with an agony of poisoning a few years ago. In this way many elephants have been simply murdered. George Conklin declares that it is only in very rare instances that it is really necessary to kill an elephant.

"We used to think," said he, "that the only way to deal with a bad elephant was to torture him until he squealed, which meant surrender. And I am sorry to say that many

AN ELEPHANT FOREHEAD—FRITZ.

good elephants have on this principle been tortured to their death, because their keepers knew no better. Fully half the elephants that are taken with these bursts of frenzy will endure any suffering that can be put upon them rather than show the white feather. They will let you drive hooks and spears into them until they are covered with blood; they will let you burn them all over with red hot irons; they will let you beat them, shoot them, do anything to them, but they will not give up; you can't make them squeal. And if you persist in this kind of torture you will surely end by killing the elephant. It's an awful thing the way keepers used to torture elephants to their death; it makes me shudder to think of it.

"I remember several years ago, when old Chief went mad and tried to kill several of the men. He was a big, fine elephant, one of the best in the herd and the quickest to mind in the ring. But he seemed to be so dangerous that something had to be done, and the order was given to break his spirit or kill him. We got a gang of men and went to work about 9 o'clock one night. First we chained the big fellow down by his four legs, using block and tackle, and we had some trouble doing it, I tell you, for he fought like a devil. But he didn't make a sound, not a trumpet or a roar; he just buckled down and fought until the whole place shook. Well, we finally got him stretched out so that he couldn't move at all except to thrash his big trunk form one side to another, and we took good care to get out of the way of that. Honestly, it was a pity to see him lying there helpless but game. I was sorry for him when I thought of what he would have to take before we got through with him. There was nothing else to do, though, as far as we knew. It was a case of his life against ours, and the only way to get along with him was to make him give up. So the men armed themselves with stakes, sledges, pokers, pitchforks, hot irons, axes, everything you could think of, and formed around old Chief in a circle—though the circle had a gap in it, you can make up your mind, where his trunk was thrashing. Then we began on him; kept it up hour after hour all through the night. I tell you it was an awful sight. From 10 o'clock that night until the next morning without any let up, that elephant took his medicine and never whimpered, never gave up, never squealed. He died at 8 o'clock in the morning, and he died game. When I saw the last struggle come to an end, the last quiver die away and the big body all torn and tortured lie still, I tell you I felt as if a crime had been committed. And I was mighty glad it was over. I didn't believe the old boy would give up anyhow; he was too good an elephant for that."

PUNISHMENT NOW.

Mr. Conklin paused a moment in his recital. Then he went on:

"And the worst of it all was that all this suffering was unnecessary, if we had only known it. You see our idea was that the only way to save the elephant's life was to make him own up that he was beaten, and the only way we knew of to do that was to make him suffer until he squealed. If he wouldn't squeal, then he had to die. Since then I have found out a way of bringing fierce elephants to their senses without pushing things so far. I never found it to fail. Why, there's 'Old Fritz,' the biggest elephant in the herd, who tried to kill me every day for three weeks, and was in such a murderous mood that no one dared to go near him. Now he's all right, you see. Look at him! You wouldn't hurt me, would you, Fritz? Come up here, old boy. There, see how he lifts his trunk. He's as docile as the baby elephant, and yet I wish you could have seen him a couple of years ago.

"What did I do to him? I chained him down just as we chained down 'Chief,' but I didn't use hot chains on him or spears or axes, only clubs. I got two gangs of twelve men each, and kept them clubbing him for a couple of hours. I had one gang club him until they were tired out, and then let the other gang lay on, and so on. 'Fritz' never squealed while they were clubbing him, he was too game for that; his rage was up and he would have let them torture him to death, just as 'Chief' did, without showing the white feather. But that wasn't my idea; I didn't want to make him squal that day. So after the men had clubbed him for two hours I loosened the chains and let him get up, but kept the chains on the forelegs. The next day his body was so sore from the clubbing that the slightest touch caused intense pain. After he had been left alone for twenty-four hours his rage was calmed a little; and when we chained him down the next day and the men began clubbing him again he squealed within five minutes; he couldn't stand any more clubbing on that sore hide of his. The result was we had old 'Fritz's' spirit broken without doing him any great harm. Now there is not a more obedient elephant in the whole herd, is there Fritz?

The keeper patted old "Fritz" tenderly on his big trunk, which the elephant curled up in a half affectionate and half respectful way, as if he appreciated the good turn which had been done him by breaking his spirit on an improved plan.

ELEPHANTS EASILY FRIGHTENED.

In view of their enormous strength and size, it is remarkable how easily elephants are frightened. If one of the little circus ponies is led past the elephants as they stand in their quarters every one of them will begin to move about uneasily and show signs of nervousness. It is worse still if a dog gets into the quarters and runs among them, while a sheep or a pig coming near them will set the whole herd shrieking and trumpeting as if some terrible danger threatened them. A mouse, perhaps, will throw them into greater panic than any other animal. Whether this fear compelling power of the mouse is due to the notion in the elephant's mind that the little creature might run up his trunk or whether it is to be accounted for in some other way, is a matter for zoologists to puzzle over; but the fact of the fear elephant keepers know.

It is remarkable how little sleep elephants need. Two or three hours a day are usually sufficient for their rest, and even this small amount is often taken standing. Indeed, when traveling on the railroad the elephants are packed so close that there is only room for about half of them to sleep lying down. Those that lie down first gain the precedence and the others are of necessity obliged to sleep standing. But even in the winter quarters, where they all have plenty of room to lie down, several of the herd usually sleep standing, merely leaning their big bodies against the wall and sinking into slumber. They seem to like this way better.

THE MOST VALUABLE ELEPHANTS.

African elephants, in contrast with the Asiatic, are rather stupid and of little use in the circus ring, since they are almost unable to learn tricks. They are more imposing, however, in a circus procession, being taller and longer, and having thinner legs and a high arched back. The famous "Jumbo" was an African elephant. To get the greatest height an Asiatic elephant, like a horse, is measured at the shoulder, but an African elephant is measured in the middle of the back, which is considerably higher than the low-placed neck. An African elephant has only four toes on each foot, while an Asiatic elephant has five, and the head of an African elephant is much narrower and more peaked than the head of the Asiatic. Elephant trainers have an easy, and, as they claim, infallible method of estimating the height of an elephant without the trouble of precise measurement. They simply measure the circumference of one of the forelegs at the toes, and the result multiplied by two gives exactly the stature of the elephant at its greatest height.

An ordinary elephant is worth $3,000 or $4,000, but those that have received special training are much more valuable. "John L," the boxing elephant, for instance, would bring $5,000, and "Dick" or "Fritz" at least $6,000. Mr. Bailey would not part with the little 3-year-old "Baby Ruth" for less than $2,000. A still higher price would be demanded for "Columbia," the one elephant born in this country that is now living. "Columbia" was born of "Babe" and "Mandy" fifteen years ago in Philadelphia. There was another elephant born in this country at Bridgeport, Conn., and named after that city, but it died several years ago of water on the brain. The body is in the Bridgeport museum.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

The Balmy South.

All eyes are now turned to the south. You can't afford to fight long, cold winters and hot, dry summers, and take chances on crop failures when you are sure of a good living and of making money on Orchard home lands. Particulars on application; correspondence solicited. George W. Ames, general agent, Omaha, Neb.

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THE PASSING OF THE HORSE

Carriages Propelled by Motors Seem Destined to Succeed Him.

THE RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN FRANC

Details of the Mechanism, Manner of Generating the Power and Other Features—Popular in Paris and Likely to Invade This Country.

"There is a splendid carriage team—gentle, intelligent, spirited travelers and without a blemish. They are noble animals. To know them well is to love them."

The speaker was an eminent Omaha citizen seated behind a handsome team of Kentucky thoroughbreds. It was the morning of the Fourth of July. Bands were playing, crackers exploding. There was a riot of natal din on every side, and the gentleman expressed a natural anxiety lest the horses should become unruly. The animals seemed to understand that it was a day for noise and walked through it with becoming dignity. Their behavior provoked the exclamations above quoted.

"Good horses," he continued, "have not reduced much in value. The common grades have, because the demand has enormously decreased. Yet I fear a like fate awaits the better grades. It is impossible to predict where the development of electricity will end. If a man had prophesied ten years ago that electric motors would supplant the horse and cable cars he would have been classed as a lunatic. Even five years ago, when the Omaha street railway people were discussing means to check the competition of the Mercer motor line, an officer of the company expressed the opinion that the rolling stock would be worthless except as junk. Yet within a very short period electricity superseded the horse and later banished the cable. Indeed, the development of electric power is so vast that we no longer marvel at its strides. The electric locomotive is no longer an experiment. It is not unlikely the same power will eventually be harnessed to the carriage."

The melancholy fears expressed by this admirer of the horse are well founded. It is conceded on all sides that the bicycle has made alarming inroads into the livery business, materially diminishing the demand for horses. But the bicycle is not as serious a menace to the usefulness of the horse as the application of mechanical power to carriages, which has undergone elaborate tests in France. The tests have excited world-wide interest and are regarded as the beginning of a revolution in road locomotion.

Electricity and petroleum were the rival powers in the competition, and liberal prizes were offered, the largest, 40,000 francs, being for the best four-seated vehicle. The distance covered was from Paris to Bordeaux and back, about 737 miles. About twenty inventors competed. The best time was something less than forty-nine hours, an average of nearly fifteen miles an hour. The speed record was made by a two-seated petroleum carriage. Omnibuses, Victorias, buggies and bicycles were among the competitors.

THE FAD IN PARIS.

A horseless carriage at first in the streets of Paris was looked upon as a freak. It was a good deal more of a curiosity than a railway train ever was to the Chinaman, who looked at it in astonishment and said: "No pushee, no pullee; go allee samee." There was absolutely no way of seeing how the thing went. It must be remembered that the horseless carriage is not a steam propelled vehicle, and it leaves not the slightest trace of its means of locomotion visible. There is no noise such as steam invariably makes, no exhaust, no waste, no smoke, no cinders. The thing seemed incomprehensible. The passengers on the earlier Parisian horseless carriages seemed to move by some enchantment. They sat there doing nothing but directing the movements of a vehicle that seemed to go by itself.

The earlier trips of the new carriages were attractive to the idlers, and many a "cocher" received orders to follow and see how long the curious thing went without having to stop for fresh supplies of fuel. Many a Parisian horse got weary in these attempts. The new vehicle swept down the Rue de Rivoli, out beyond the Musee du Louvre and then returned up the hill of the Champs Elysees, and the more the horses followed it the more tired they got without in any way solving the problem as to where, when or how the curious affair got its power. It would be difficult to find anything more simple, easy and graceful in appearance than a horseless carriage.

The first, second, third and fourth prizes at Paris in the Bordeaux race were won by carriages propelled by one kind of motor. The engine that furnished the power is powerful, light, and has no such inconveniences as steam, but it has one disadvantage which steam has not, and which the best brains in Europe have long been vainly trying to do away with. This slight inconvenience is what inventors on this side of the water are now going to try to eliminate.

PRINCIPLE OF THE MOTOR.

This motor, which has met with much success in its adaptation to launches in this country, produces its power by a series of explosions conducted in a cylinder or hot box, and brought about by the mixture, at a certain temperature, of air and gas. The down stroke of the piston draws a current of hot air into the carburetor attached to the motor. The temperature of this current creates the generation of vapor from gasoline contained in the carburetor, and the mixture of vapor and air is drawn out of the carburetor into the cylinder. Between the carburetor and the cylinder a cold air pipe is attached to the suction pipe, which is opened or shut by an admission valve. It needs a certain proportion of air and vapor to secure an effective explosive mixture, and by opening the admission valve more or less, the proportion of this mixture is regulated. The upstroke of the piston forces the explosive mixture into a platinum tube attached to the explosion chamber on top of the cylinder. The platinum tube is heated by a small lamp, the only fire used. It ignites the explosive gas, thus creating a sudden expansion of it, which forces the piston down again. The second upstroke in the cylinder exhausts the expanded gases through an exhaust pipe opened by a valve at every second stroke only. The exhaust pipe is opened at the rear of the carriage and the motion carries any disagreeable odors away from the occupants of the vehicle.

The objection to this motor is the fact that to start it one must turn a little crank a half dozen times instead of merely opening a lever or turning a tiny wheel, as one would do to start a steam engine. To do away with the necessity of turning this crank to give the initial start is the problem, for this motor has no explosive force on hand requiring a safety vavle, as has a steam engine. When a motor of the kind just described is shut off it is practically dead. There can be no effort on its part until a half dozen turns of the crank have sucked in a mixture of gas and air to begin a new series of explosions in the cylinders.

The efforts that have been made across the water in doing away with this disadvantage of having to start the machine by giving several turns to the crank may be appreciated when it is said that in the large motors of this kind, the engines of say 100-horse power, the start is obtained by the use of several smaller engines. Of course it would be futile to attempt to start by hand a large engine, but the large engine will not budge unless the initial impetus is first given to it. This is obtained by a series of sometimes three smaller engines, the smallest of which is not too large to be started by hand. This smallest engine then starts the next larger, and that in turn sets going the main motor. It remains to be seen if this clumsy and roundabout arrangement cannot be improved upon in America.

SOME OF ITS ADVANTAGES.

The more one looks into it the surer he becomes that the next fad in America is going to be the horseless carriage. One of the objections to as well as the pleasing feature of the bicycle is the work it takes. This may seem paradoxical and inconsistent. There can be no doubt about it, the average human being likes, when he is not actually intent upon hard work in the way of exercise, as easy a time of it as can be devised for him, and there are few exercises more popular than driving. The main difficulty with driving is that it costs too much. There is just the right amount of exercise about a good carriage ride for the average human being. You sit there in a comfortable wagon or carriage, and the horse does the rest. Now, horses are expensive animals, and require knowledge and care to make them give a reasonable amount of pleasure in return for the capital invested.

The pleasures of driving have long been lauded, and the happiness of the gentle exercise of long outings in country lanes in the open air, with only enough exertion and mind effort required to keep the thing from becoming monotonous, have been praised in the highest terms, but now comes an exercise fully as beneficial as the ordinary driving, and having many of the advantages over it that the bicycle has over human legs. One of these is the ability to travel long distances. Everybody knows that one objection to walking is the fact that when one has gone far enough to begin to get anywhere he is tired out, to say nothing of the journey home again. The thing is tiresome and monotonous, because it is impossible to have change of scene without too much fatigue. With a horse it is much the same. Of course, one can go much further afield with a horse than if he were afoot, but to go on a really long journey, as things are now, when a trip of half a dozen miles out in the country hardly means more than a change of city streets, horses are of little use. With a horseless carriage one may go, not half a dozen miles, but half a dozen score of miles and return in time for dinner, unfatigued, with no fears of a lamed pet or a "vet's" bill.

Buy it and try it if you want a delicious wine with a beautiful boquet—Cook's Extra Dry Champagne.

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