

# A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

### Only a Zumbi Good-for-Nothing, But He Played His Part Well.

(Copyright, 1896, by E. S. McClure Company.)  
Mawana was only a good-for-nothing young Zumbi. His father said so, and he certainly should have known. He declared that Mawana was not strong enough or brave enough to be a warrior, so the boy's kinky locks were never trained into the warrior's knot and the boy's ungainly bow-legs were kept busy all day long running errands for his brothers and the other members of the household. I needed a native boy, and in spite of the protestations of his father that he would be of no use to me, I decided that Mawana would make a passable servant. So it was decided and the boy passed into my hands. He was grateful to me and tried to show it in his clumsy Zumbi fashion by being very faithful and obedient, but at best he was a trial.

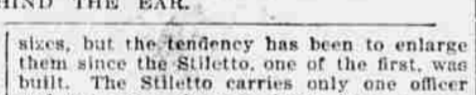
One day soon after I got out on a tramp across the country, accompanied only by Malmuke, Mawana and four native carriers.

IN THE GRASS.  
We had left the Yunda station about four hours behind and I was walking silently and somewhat gloomily along with my rifle on my arm and Mawana, carrying my eight-bore gun, close behind. Suddenly the boy darted up and touched me on the arm pointing to a thick clump of trees a hundred yards ahead, crying out:  
"Now, master, now (elephant)."  
I could not see anything, but the boy insisted that there was an elephant ahead of us, calling Malmuke to my side, we went forward cautiously. We had not gone more than a dozen yards through the heavy seven-foot elephant grass that lay between us and the thicker where Mawana assured us there was an elephant, before Malmuke stopped down, and patting the grass, showed me a single large snake. Malmuke crawled down and made our way painfully through the tall grass that tore our hands and faces until we reached its edge. Beyond that about twenty feet more ground intervened before the fig trees could be reached. We halted and listened carefully, but no

sound reached our ears, a fact which seemed to me rather disappointing, as an elephant usually makes considerable noise when feeding. After waiting for five minutes I rose to my feet.  
"Have a care, master," said Mawana, putting out a warning hand.  
But I was satisfied that there was no elephant in our vicinity, and started boldly across the open space. I had not gone more than fifteen feet when I heard Malmuke give warning cry. "There, in the trees," he cried, and I turned and saw a huge gray mass through the trees. An instant later the silence was broken by a tremendous crashing in the timber, and the largest tusked elephant I had ever seen charged into the open, hearing directly down on me. He looked the picture of frantic rage as he loomed up before me as big as a mountain, and I must admit that I was scared, though I didn't stop to think of that at the time. "Bang, bang," went two shots almost together and then I turned and ran for cover. I had not taken a dozen steps when I tripped on a trailing vine and lay on my head. It seemed as though I lay there an age, waiting for the maddened elephant to plunge over me. In reality it was not a quarter of a minute, for the instant I felt Mawana sprang to the rescue. With a loud cry the Zumbi lad, with my eight-bore gun still in his hand, leaped into the path of the great brute. The elephant had lost sight of me, and, winding Mawana at the same instant, he reared and plunged toward the boy. We had often laughed at Mawana because of his fear of a gun, but he seemed to have forgotten his terror of firearms in this critical moment. As the huge elephant turned toward him two sharp reports rang out from the eight-bore gun and Mawana leaped into the path of the brute while the elephant went him with the rush of a railway train. It was the coolest piece of work that I ever saw and Malmuke, who had killed the snake, quickly followed in his time, afterward said the same thing.

MAWANA'S MANEUVERS.  
But the battle was not yet over. The rush of the angry brute carried him some distance beyond the clearing and quickly turned and charged back again. I was just trying to rise, but sank back again, as the ankle which I had sprained in falling refused to bear my weight. The elephant had caught sight of me as I half rose to my feet and now he came charging down on me once more. But again Mawana saved me. Again he sprang directly before the brute and then as the elephant wheeled toward him sped away into the timber. There was another and a third of his hundred trees as the elephant broke through the thick growth after him, but this time the huge beast, now thoroughly frenzied by the chase, turned back and charged on into the forest. As Malmuke and the natives rushed forward expecting to find the body of Mawana crushed among the trampled bushes that marked the spot, of course the lad sprang laughing from behind the shelter of a fig tree and came dancing toward me in his frog-like fashion.  
"We have him now, master," he cried. "I shot him just behind the ear."  
In spite of the pain of my injured foot as I stepped on it when he returned, I could not help smiling at the first sign of enthusiasm I had seen the boy manifest, and at the idea of his killing the elephant—his foe so dearly loved, which end of a gun to take hold of. Of course, he had not killed the elephant, but he had acted the part of a hero and I wasted no words in telling him so.

"Ah, master," he said in a low voice, "it was nothing when I saw that you were in danger."  
On the chance that the elephant might be fatally injured, Malmuke and three of the natives set off to follow his trail, while the fourth, with Mawana's help, carried me to the neighboring village of the English. There the pain in my ankle and the returning fever, aided, I suppose, by the excitement of our adventure with the elephant, overcame me and I lost consciousness.  
It was late in the evening when I recovered, to find myself in the tent of the Omaha chief with two of his women attending me. From the other side of the village came the sound of the tom-toms and whistles, and it seemed no words to assure me that the elephant had been captured. As soon as it was seen that I had become myself again a messenger hurried off to inform the merry-makers, and presently a strange procession filed past the tent. First came half a dozen youths and maidens making the most diabolical noise that can be imagined on the tom-toms and skin drums. After them came four warriors bearing the huge tusks of the dead elephant. Directly behind the warriors were the chiefs of four principal slaves bearing the shields, and in the chair at the head of the hunt—Mawana, the good-for-nothing. The boy had been right in saying that he had killed the big rogue elephant, for his bullet had reached a fatal spot and



A BULLET BEHIND THE EAR.

# READERS OF OTHER DAYS

### Reminiscences of Former Candidates for National Office.

#### MANY HAVE JOINED THE MAJORITY

#### A Few Linger on the Stage, Some in Retirement—Incidents and Campaigns.

(Copyright, 1896.)  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—A picturesque participant in the present campaign is the venerable George W. Julian of Indiana. Mr. Julian is the hero of an interesting career. He was born of Quaker parentage in 1817, taught school in his teens and became a lawyer at the age of 23. He was elected to congress in 1849, re-elected in 1863, and served in that body without interruption until 1873. A born radical, his lot in that body was, from first to last, a stormy one. Through a long line of Quaker creators he had inherited an aversion to wrong in all its forms, and as William Penn in his humorous biography of Billie Penn said: "He was a man of peace, and determined to have it if it took a lifetime of contention and dispute to get it."  
Julian was one of the original free-soil and anti-slavery men, and carried on the war against slavery at the risk of his life. He had not only to encounter the opposition of his political enemies, but also that of members of his own party, among whom was Oliver P. Morton, an acknowledged power in Indiana. No man was ever more bitterly denigrated than Julian, when he took it all with unflinching serenity, and seemed rather to enjoy it. And with success crowning every political contest in which he engaged, he could well afford to laugh at the impotent rage and harmless vituperation of his enemies, and was doubtless well repaid for his labors in the evening when he could see so zealously and heroically contended at last become the settled policy of the whole country and embodied in its fundamental law. The reward which comes to those who are willing in a just cause "to labor and to wait."

LABORING AND WAITING.  
But Julian, while willing to labor, was not always willing to wait. A radical of the lives of his fellow-passengers. He was utterly indifferent. The captain became impatient because of his delay, and demanded that he take a turn at the pump. "Do you know," replied the indifferent passenger, looking down into the blue ocean, "that I have a canoe and cannot live more than twelve hours anyhow? How long do you think it will take her to sink?"  
The story was not new, but it applied to Julian as it applied to any other. It is probable that history of his disposition at other times, for he was born with an innate fondness for kicking and he has been indulging it all his life. He was the body of an athlete, the eye of a hawk and the pluck and tenacity of a bulldog. For the last half dozen years he has been one of the chief apostles of populism. His home is in Dec Moines, where he edits a newspaper and is, or was, superintendent of a Methodist Sunday school. Should Bryan be elected Weaver would not object to being made his attorney general.

A KANSAS REMINISCENCE.  
None of the other candidates of 1896 are known to me as well as Julian, but I can give you a few facts about him which you may not know. He was born in 1817, in the early part of the present year. During the last years of his life English was engaged in the work of preparing and collecting material on the early history of his native state. This work he only partly completed, one volume that touches on the conquest of the Northwest territory, being in print. Both Blaine and Butler are dead, and aside from Cleveland, John P. St. John of Kansas is the only presidential candidate of 1896 who is still alive. St. John, after a protracted career as governor of Kansas, ran for president as the candidate of the prohibitionists in the year named, polling 151,809 votes. Since then he has been one of the chief spokesmen of temperance and the creed of the populists. This year he is one of Bryan's most active supporters.

NEAL DOW.  
The supreme type, he has always believed in cutting across the stream, instead of purring it and digging about it and trying a little round to see if it would produce good fruit. He was impatient of Lincoln's conservatism in dealing with the rebellion, and thought it required more drastic treatment. He favored the confiscation of the landed estates of confederates as well as the abolition of slavery, believing that the former was the foundation and buttress of the latter. He was one of those who most bitterly opposed the southern policy of Johnson, and in dealing with the rebellion, he led him into the liberal republican movement. Four years later he was one of Tilden's most ardent supporters. Such are the political legacies which Julian can leave to future generations.

POPULISM AND PROHIBITION.  
All the men who were nominated for the presidency and vice presidency when the republican party first came into power are dead, and so are those who were candidates in the four succeeding campaigns. However, two of the presidential candidates in 1896, are still alive, and one of them is still living. General Dow in now in his 83d year, but when I called upon him at his home in Portland a few months ago I found him in the full enjoyment of a green and vigorous age. General Dow was the father not alone of the Maine law, but of the prohibition party. For many years he was that party's directing spirit and chief almoner, and in 1880, before stating his candidacy for president, he secured a trifling over 10,000 votes. He is spending his last years in Portland, where everyone does honor to the name.

WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.  
General Weaver was the presidential candidate of the greenbackers in 1880 and he received 307,749 votes and in the last 1,041,028 votes. Weaver's political record is as varied as that of the veteran Julian. Born in Ohio and reared in Iowa, he started his career in 1855, when he joined the young republican party. He served in the civil war, and later was for a number of years a leader in republican politics in Iowa. In 1877 he became a greenbacker, and as such served several terms in congress. For a time he was the greatest power in the house. All of the rest of the members combined was not so powerful as he was. He used to stand on the floor and prevent their doing anything. He was a worse objector than Holman and McKim harder than Kilgore. As an obstructionist, at a time when one man, if he so minded, could hold congress up by the tail, so it could kick and

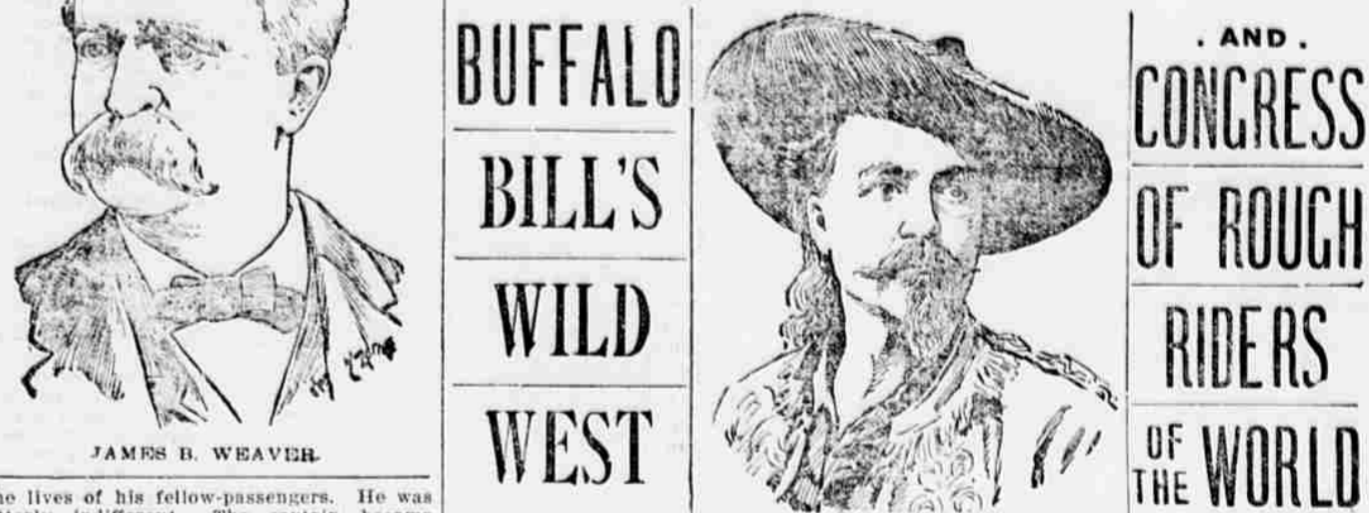
A Chinese Pile Driver.  
Piles were being driven at one of the new buildings for a foundation for a punch. They were eight inches in diameter and fourteen feet long. The staking was bamboo, and so was the frame for the hammer, which was a round piece of cast iron, with a hole in the center for a guide-rod.  
Attached to the hammer block were twenty-seven screws, carried up to the top of the frame and down on the outside, looking very much like the old-fashioned Maypole. Twenty-seven women had hold of the ends, and with a single song, all together, pulled up the rod, four feet, traveled the hammer; then, at a scream, all let go, and down it came on top the pile, which was unprotected by a band or ring. The women were paid 20 cents in gold per day. This Japanese driver is in general use throughout Japan and China.

# COL. CODY COMING HOME

## OMAHA SATURDAY, OCT. 10.

Council Bluffs Friday, Oct. 9	Beatrice Thursday - Oct. 15
North Platte Monday, Oct. 12	St. Joseph Friday - Oct. 16
Hastings Tuesday - Oct. 13	Leavenworth Satur., Oct. 17
Lincoln Wednesday, Oct. 14	Omaha City, Topeka, Fort Scott, Sedalia and Moberly to follow.

Col. Cody will positively take part in both the afternoon and evening exhibitions at all these points.



AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.  
An exact duplicate, man for man and horse for horse, of the exhibition given at the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, all summer in New York in 1894, and 100 of the principal cities of the East in 1895.  
ORGANIZED ON THE MOST LAVISH SCALE,  
WITH MORE MEN, MORE HORSES, MORE CARS THAN ANY TWO EXHIBITIONS,  
And perfected in all the details that the combined managerial experience and wealth commanded by the trio of Triumphant Careered Captains to public instruction and entertainment.  
**NATE SALSBURY, JAS. A. BAILEY AND COL. WM. F. CODY**

Assuring to the public the production of America's National Entertainment  
In a colossal manner, equaling if not surpassing the magnificence of massive magnitude at  
New York, London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, and all  
The Columbian World's Fair, CHICAGO.  
Where the multitudinous millions meted equal honors to  
The White and Tented Cities New, Enlarged and Augmented.  
THE ORIGINAL WILD WEST  
Absorbs Primitive and Civilized Heremanship.  
READ THE ARRAY  
That Nations, Furnish and Races are Exhausted to Complete.  
All kinds, all colors, all tongues, all men fraternally mingling in the picturesque racial camp. All born  
Hereditary Princes of the Saddle  
100 INDIAN WARRIORS.  
Ogallala, Brule, Unkapapa, Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe Tribes.  
50 Mexican Cowboys.  
30 Mexican Vaqueros and Rurales.  
20 South American Gauchoes.  
50 Western Frontiersmen, Marksmen, Etc.  
25 Bedouin Arabs.  
20 Russian Cossacks of the Caucasus, Detachment of U. S. Cavalry, Royal Irish-English Lighters, French Chasseurs, German Cuirassiers.  
ALL UNDER THE COMMAND OF  
**COL. W. F. CODY—BUFFALO BILL**  
THE LAST OF THE BUFFALO ONLY HERD ON EXHIBITION.  
This enormous outfit is transported in  
**Special RAILROAD TRAINS**  
Using its own specially constructed rolling stock, the largest traveling Commissary, Dormitory and Equerry Accommodations, complete in every particular, and equalling the requirements of the modern methods of moving.  
**A FULLY EQUIPPED ARMY IN TIME OF WAR.**  
Carrying all the paraphernalia necessary to  
**A Covered Grand Stand Seating 20,000 Persons.**  
ASSURING PERFECT  
**Protection from Sun or Rain.**  
So organized and arranged as to camp close to the city in an easy accessible location. On the first day of arrival there will be given  
**A FREE STREET CAVALCADE**  
At 10 a. m., by detailed detachments from each division (Wild Horses, Buffalo, Cattle, etc., being necessarily guarded in camp). So that "he who runs may read." The march will be witnessed by  
**3 MAGNIFICENT MUSIC BANDS OF**  
Buffalo Bill's Cowboy Band.  
At night a Brilliant Electric Display by the Largest Portable Double Electric Plant of 250,000 candle power yet constructed for any similar purpose. Two circuits ensuring a perfectly reliable illumination, making night as light as day.  
**Two Exhibitions Daily, Rain or Shine**  
AFTERNOON AT 2 O'CLOCK. NIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK.  
Doors Open One Hour Earlier. Night as Light as Day and as Complete in Detail.  
General Admission 50c. Children under 9 years 25c.  
Numbered coupon, actually reserved, seats will be sold on the day of exhibition at Kubo & Co.'s Drug Store, 16th and Douglas Streets. Bicycles checked.