

ROUNDING OFF A SCENE.

A soft rain was falling. Umbrellas averted and gleamed in the light of the street lamps. The brightness of the shop windows reflected itself in the muddy rind of the wet pavements. A miserable night, a dreary night, a night to tempt the wretched to the glittering Embankment, and thence to the river, hardly wetter or cleaner than the gutters of the London streets. Yet the sight of these same streets was like wine in the veins to a man who drove through them in a hansom piled with Gladstone bags and F. & O. trunks. He leaned over the apron of the hansom and looked eagerly, longingly, lovingly at every detail—the crowd on the pavement, its haste as intelligible to him as the rustle of satin when their bill is disturbed by the spade; the glory and glow of corner public houses; the shifting dance of the gleaming wet umbrellas. It was England, it was London, it was home—and his heart swelled till he felt it in his throat. After ten years—the dream realized, the longing appeased—London, London, London!

His cab, delayed by a red newspaper cart jammed in alternative contact with a dray full of brown barrels, paused in Cannon street. The eyes that drank in the scene perceived a familiar face watching on the edge of the pavement for a chance to cross the street under the horses' heads—the face of one who ten years ago had been the slightest of acquaintances. Now time and home longed to be a friend. To meet a friend—this did, indeed, round off the scene of the home coming. The man in the cab threw back the doors and leapt out. He crossed under the very nose-bag of a stationed dray horse. He wrung the hand of the friend—last seen as the friend—by the hand. The friend caught fire at the contact. Any passerby who should have been spared a moment for observation by the caress of umbrellas and top hat had surely said "Damon and Pythias," and gone onward, smiling in sympathy with friends long severed and at last reunited.

The little scene ended in a cordial invitation from the man in the cab—to the pavement—to Pythias—of the cab—to a little table that evening at Damon's house, out Sydneyham way. Pythias accepted with enthusiasm, though, at his normal temperature, he was no dancing man. The address was noted, hands clasped again, with strenuous cordiality, and Pythias regained his cab. It is set him down at the hotel from which, ten years before, he had taken a cab to Fenchurch street station. The menu of his dinner had been running in his head like a poem all through the wet, shining streets. He ordered, therefore, without hesitation:

Ox-tail soup. Fried sole. Roast beef and horseradish. Boiled potatoes. Brussels sprouts. Chicken pie. Stilton. Cheese. The cabinet pudding was the waiter's suggestion. Anything that called for a pudding would have pleased as well. He dressed hurriedly, and when the soup and the wine card appeared together before him he ordered draught bitter—a pint.

—nothing matters now. But I've always been—well—curious. Tell me why you threw me over!" He yielded without even the form of a struggle, to the impulse which he only half understood. What he said was true—he had been—well—curious. But it was long since anything alive, save vanity, which is immortal, had felt the sting of that curiosity. But now, sitting beside this beautiful woman who had been so much to him, the desire to bridge over the years—to be once more in relations with her outside the conventionalities of a ballroom—to take part with her in some scene, discreet, yet flavored by the past with a delicate poignancy—came upon him like a strong man armed. It held him, but through a veil, and he did not see its face. If he had seen it it would have shocked him very much.

"Tell me," he said, softly—"tell me now—"

"I was giving you a chance, and I wanted to make sure that you would take it. If I'd just said, 'You don't care for me,' you'd have said, 'Oh, yes, I do,' and we would have been just where we were before."

"Then it wasn't that you were tired of me?"

"Oh, no," she said, sedately; "it wasn't that."

He left her then, and next day journeyed to Scotland to rejoin his wife, of whom he was, by habit, moderately fond. He still keeps the glove with her kiss on it, and at first reproached himself whenever he looked at it. But now he only sentimentalizes over it. He destroyed an ideal of himself that he had cherished for years. He killed a pale bud of hope which she had loved to nurse—the hope that perhaps in that old past it had been she who was to blame, and not he whom she loved. He had tramped in the mud the living rose which would have bloomed her life long—her living rose that she had thought, for his sake, I would make you believe you were to go for mine."

"So you lied to me?"

"I didn't love you?" he echoed again.

"Well—not for long," she admitted.

"You see, I began to doubt after a while whether it was really my nobleness, after all. It began to seem like some part in a play that I'd learned and played—don't you know those sorts of dreams where you seem to be reading a book and acting the story in the book at the same time? It was a little like that now and then, and I got rather tired of myself and my nobleness, and I wished that I'd just told you and had it all out with you, and both of us spoken the truth and parted friends. That was what I thought of doing at first. But then it wouldn't have been noble. And I really did want to be noble—just as some people want to paint pictures or write poems or climb Alps. Come—take me back to the ballroom. It's cold here in the past."

The Trade in Wild Animals

Hamburg is by far the principal depot for the shipment of wild beasts. Nearly the whole of the trade here is in the hands of one man, Mr. Carl Hagenbeck. Some idea of the immense amount of business done by this well-known dealer is evidenced when it is stated that in the course of a single twelve-month he dispatched from Hamburg some 76 lions, tigers and panthers, 42 different sorts of bears, 52 elephants, 64 camels and dromedaries and some 730 monkeys besides a large number of other animals and birds. The greater portion of this vast collection is sent to America to the various towns and is purchased by the directors of zoological gardens and by circusmen.

During the week the writer was in Hamburg Mr. Hagenbeck shipped \$2,500 worth of animals to Cincinnati and \$3,500 worth to Philadelphia. He was also busy preparing a large consignment for the New York Zoological Society. When Prof. Hornaday the Director of Bronx Park, visited Europe in the autumn of 1902 he spent \$17,000 in the autumn of 1902 he spent \$17,000 among the European dealers in the purchase of animals. He bought 6 lions, 2 tigers, a leopard, jaguar, cheetah, 2 black leopards, mountain goats and sheep, a chimpanzee, an ibex, a wild hog, a number of snakes, and a lot of large and small birds. When I mentioned this to Mr. Hagenbeck he admitted the fact that there is a growing interest in zoos and that in a few years' time the United States will boast of some magnificent gardens. He also told me that his thirty-six years' experience as an animal dealer had taught him that the three great nations that possess a natural inborn love for animals and desire to know all about them are the Americans, the English, and the Germans.

The great worry of the big dealers is to keep their stock up-to-date. At the time of my visit to Hamburg Mr. Hagenbeck told me he was daily expecting some of his travelers from Siberia with a herd of 30 roeders, 15 ibex, wild sheep and several smaller animals and birds. One man was bringing home 3 giraffes from Sudan, as well as a number of other antelopes. In a week's time he was expecting a shipment from German East Africa, which included 20 zebras, 2 African rhinoceroses, some white-bearded gnus, water buck, and other antelopes and a number of smaller animals and birds. From West Africa he was expecting several chimpanzees and also some gorillas, while a boat due the following day from Australia was bringing in a consignment of 60 kangaroos, several big red "boomas" and a number of rare birds. There were also other travelers on their way to Hamburg from different parts of the world with more or less valuable collections of wild animals. As to his present stock one has only to add that it is more valuable than any found in any one zoological garden in the world, to give some idea of its immensity and variety.

Altogether, Mr. Hagenbeck employs a staff of 60 European hunters. Many years ago he recognized the need of establishing depots in various parts of the world, from which he could replenish his stock as occasion required. He has five depots in Asia, three in Africa, several in Europe and one in America. These men employ the natives to catch the animals for them. Much could be written about the manner in which the various animals are captured. In Nubia, where most of the animals are now obtained by the natives, by careful watching, know exactly when a lioness is about to have cubs. They then go to the den and kill the mother and carefully remove the young cubs to the camp where they are brought up on tame goats' milk. When about two months old they are conveyed to the coast on the backs to camels and shipped to Hamburg. Lions are also obtained from Abyssinia and Senegal. The finest lion was that obtained from the Atlas Mountains of North Africa. The species now no longer exist, and there are only a few in captivity. Adult Nubian lions fetch \$1,000 apiece; Senegal lions range in price from \$75 to \$150 apiece and more, according to variety and rarity of the animal. Siberian tigers, for instance, sell at the latter figure. They are large, beautiful striped creatures. In the winter they grow long woolly coats. A very singular variety of the tiger tribe comes from Russian Turkestan. Its characteristic is that its hind quarters have brown stripes instead of black on a yellow ground. Mr. Hagenbeck imported one three years ago and sold it to the Berlin zoo. In Bengal Mr. Hagenbeck's agent employs a number of natives who catch them in pits and traps while they come across a path with young sheep and brought upon goats' milk.

It is the rarer animals, such as the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros and the giraffe that are difficult to secure. In the first place it is practically impossible to secure a single beast, and the young ones, when finally secured, are by no means easy to rear. The feeding of them is no light task. A baby hippo will drink thirty pints of milk a day, and a rhinoceros almost as much. To arrange for such a supply in a desert, hundreds and probably a thousand miles or more away from any civilized center means that a large number of goats have to be kept with the expedition party. The plants are also very scarce; indeed, only five have been imported into Europe since 1880. Mr. Hagenbeck puts this down to the recent wars in the Egyptian Sudan. A hippopotamus is worth from \$2,500 to \$3,500, a rhinoceros slightly more, while giraffes sell at \$2,500, according to size, age and condition of the animal.

Water in Fish Bowls

Not Wise to Change it Too Often, Says the Aquarium Custodian.

"And I changed the water every day!" wound up a pretty Brooklyn girl, who had been relating her woeful experiences in keeping an aquarium the other day. "Funny" that, that," chorled Mr. Spencer, after he had seen what had been on Miss smiling on her way bright of piscatorial advice. "About every week in New York and the surrounding country who is keeping up a home aquarium, even though it may only be a miniature hanging globe, containing a couple of pin sized gold-fish, seems to be weighed down with the idea the sole necessity for fishes' salvation is frequent changes of water. They come in here almost daily with their tales of woe of how the 'dear little pets' have died, and never, no matter what else they may neglect, do they forget to ring in that particular phrase at some stage of their story—"and I changed the water every day!"

"Where they ever got the idea from I surely don't know, for almost any proprietor of a bird and animal store who makes a specialty of carrying aquariums and fittings in stock could tell them that this continual daily changing of the water is more of an injury than a benefit. "Nothing so annoys fishes as the continual changing necessary in changing the water in their aquariums. The fish are frightened half to death and the reaction often finishes the job. "Now, as an instance of how unnecessary it is to be always changing the water, here are two aquariums in which the water has not been changed for eight years, and during all that time they have contained healthy, active inmates, and for the last year or one they have been supplied by that sea anemone you see hidden behind that rock. The only change in those eight years has been a trifling addition about once a week, to take up the natural evaporation."

"How did you keep the water sufficient-ly charged with oxygen to keep the fish alive?" "Easiest thing in the world," replied the custodian. "It is merely a matter of proper balancing of the vegetable and animal matter in the aquarium. Balanced aquaria is the term by which the process is known to aquarium experts. Do you notice the great quantity of aquatic vegetation in these aquariums? Well, that is there for the purpose of aerating the water, or to supply oxygen. "No aquarium, no matter how small, should be without some living vegetation. Then you notice a few snails loafing about among the foliage; they are the scavengers. That crayfish, also has his uses in the general system. The shells, and even the whole of the debris, have much to do with the proper balancing of the whole. "But," continued Mr. Spencer, with a note of warning, "don't let a little knowledge work to your ruin. Don't rush away from here and tell all your aquarium-keeping friends that it is foolish ever to change the water. The experience necessary to keep an aquarium in a healthy state under those conditions is only gained by long years of laboratory study. As a general proposition," he concluded, "with ordinary care while feeding not to allow any of the uneaten food to remain and defile the water, changing about once a week will fill the bill."—New York Times.

Across the Sea to Harvest.

Thousands of Italian laborers are able to work every year in the wheat harvest both of Italy and Argentina and make good money by doing so, says the New York Sun. The fact has often been mentioned that in one or another part of the world the harvest of wheat is in progress every month in the year. Argentina, being in the Southern hemisphere, reaps its wheat several months after our crop has been gathered and most of it sold. The Italian harvest begins in May, including not only wheat but other cereals and also hay. So the Italian field hands are busy from May through the summer months. After the hard summer work at home is over thousands of them buy steerage tickets for Buenos Ayres, which cost only about \$10 or \$12 in the United States currency. The harvesting and other hard farm work of Argentina begins in November and ends in March. About 15,000 Italian immigrants on this journey to Argentina every year, and after the harvest season is over they return home all ready for the harvest on the Lombardy plains. The fact that so many Italians go over to Argentina only to remain during the harvest season helps to swell the statistics both of Argentine immigration and emigration. In the ten years ending in 1902, 808,175 immigrants were recorded as entering Argentina. These figures, however, are somewhat misleading, for they include many thousands of Italians who crossed the ocean merely to work in the harvest fields. In the same ten years there is a record of 382,572 emigrants from Argentina. These figures suggest the idea that the emigrants must have found something undesirable in Argentina, and so returned to their Fatherland, the fact being, however, that about a third of this emigration is accounted for by the Italian farm hands, who go home to do their usual summer work in Italy. Most of the immigrants who settle in Argentina are Italians. A recent lecturer before the American Geographical Society said that the Italians in Argentina are superior in every way to the Italians who have come to this country. This is true, but at the same time it is no reflection upon the class of Italian laborers who come here, for they are a very industrious and well meaning people. They come, however, for the most part from the mountainous regions of the Italian peninsula, where they have been scarcely able to procure bread for their families; while on the other hand practically all the Italian immigrants into Argentina are from the great Lombardy plain of the extreme north of Italy, where work is abundant, wages are better than further south, and the farmers are more prosperous, accustomed to better food, enjoying some educational advantages and living under conditions that have developed, on the whole, more energy and intelligence. Having worked on well tilled farms all their lives, they follow the same occupation in their new home, while most of the Italians who come to us are laborers in the cities or on the railroad. Takes Pictures 20 Miles Away. John H. Heaton, M. P., who has returned from Italy, says he accompanied Signor Marconi, writer he saw at an observatory near Rome specimens of a new system of electric photography, by which clear pictures can be obtained of persons and scenes twenty miles distant. He thinks it conceivable that the system can be developed so as to enable the making of photographs of friends in distant lands while conversing with them by wireless telegraphy.

Notoriety.

"You don't mean to say he's bought a copy of the City Directory for his parlor. What use has he for it there?" "Why, man alive, his name's in it—in print."

Curiously enough, Mr. Hagenbeck does not insure his animals after dispatch from Hamburg. He prefers to take the risk. The insurance rates are much too heavy, for if proper care is exercised the mortality is very slight. In the case of large consignments Mr. Hagenbeck sends one of his own men to attend and feed the animals to the voyage. In a recent shipment to the Makado of Japan, which included lions, Polar bears, panthers, kangaroos, antelopes, monkeys, as well as a collection of larger birds,

We Need Fewer Doctors.

The other day at the convention of the American Medical Association in New Orleans, where some 4,000 or 5,000 physicians and attendants were gathered, Dr. Billings drew attention to the decided over-supply of medical men in the United States. He attributed the surplus to the fact that the medical colleges are graduating annually from 10,000 to 12,000 physicians, when the actual needs of the country are for only about 2,500. Dr. Billings is correct, and there is no reason to doubt his figures, from 7,000 to 10,000 young men are entering a profession in which they have but the slimmest hopes of making even the proverbial "comfortable living." Of course, it goes without saying that most of the professions are more or less over-crowded, but we doubt if any of them, except the Law, could afford a parallel to the condition of things brought to light at the New Orleans convention. What this disparity between the demand and supply means to this army of young men can only be surmised; but certain it is that in the majority of cases it will involve the loss of much money, that can ill be spared, and much time that can be spared still less. It does really seem a pity that some of these graduates have not entered other professions that are not so crowded, and can offer better prospects of remuneration. Sanitary engineering, naval architecture, and the comparatively new profession of forestry, for instance, are not overcrowded, and there will soon be a great demand for really competent automobile engineers, men who combine with mechanical ability a thorough knowledge of gas and other engines that are competing for the control of the field. Then there is the sphere of journalism, which, while abundantly supplied as to numbers, is pitiable supplied as to quality. There must be among those thousands of graduates not a few young men who have a natural gift for good writing—in these days an all-too-rare accomplishment that threatens to become a lost art.—Scientific American.

To Whiten the Hands.

Melt a pound of white castile soap over the fire with a little water. When melted, perfume slightly with any one of the extracts and stir in half a cupful of common oatmeal. Use this preparation when washing your hands and you will be surprised at the improvement in their appearance.

A Reminder.

"My boy," said the parent, "it should be your ambition to carve your name some day upon the temple of fame."

Million Dollars in Salt.

A very large salt plant in South Chicago was completely consumed by fire recently. With it were destroyed about 75 salt laden box cars and three grain laden boxes. The resulting loss amounts to over \$1,000,000.

The Three Causes.

"Congratulations, old chap; I'm the happiest man on the earth to-day."

"Engaged, married or divorced?"

"Life."