

Above Suspicion.
They who imagine evil
That does not meet the eye,
Are the mean and base in spirit;
Pass them by, pass them by!
They who always cheer the worthy,
Help them onward to the goal,
Always think the best will happen,
Hail them, bless them, heart and soul!
—[George Griffith, in the Housewife.]

A "ROGUE" ELEPHANT.

By C. B. LEWIS.

I had read and heard a great deal of the famous "rogue" elephant of the district of Mysore, province of Madras, before I ever got within 200 miles of his stamping ground. He made his first appearance in 1868, and for years was a veritable terror to an area of country 50 miles long by 30 broad.

A "rogue" elephant, as has often been explained, is a male who has either voluntarily left the herd because of defeat or has been driven into exile by his companions for reasons not known to man. He no sooner takes up this solitary life than he becomes vindictive and reckless, and it goes without dispute that one of these "rogues," especially if past the age of 50, is more dangerous than a herd of a dozen ordinary elephants.

This fellow was called "The Wicked" by all the natives in that territory, and some of the stories told of his doings were really wonderful, as well as strictly true. His territory was along the Suddar Valley. On the eastern edge of this valley, which is from one to five miles wide, is a dense jungle fifty miles long, and this place was his retreat. He was probably hunted after more than any other "rogue" ever heard of in India. After a year or two the Government offered a reward of £100 for his death, and before he was finally disposed of this reward had been increased to £300. He was hunted on several occasions by bands numbering 400 men, and at least fifty different white hunters journeyed into the district and had a try at him.

It was wonderful how "The Wicked" managed to escape death so long, but it used to be asserted that he was only an elephant in form. The natives fully believed that he was the Evil One in disguise, and more than 1000 people moved out of that productive valley on his account. The official records of his doings would make a big book. He began killing as soon as he appeared. One night about midnight he entered a native village containing about seventy huts, penetrated to the centre and killed five people sleeping in a hut. Even the dogs knew nothing of his presence until he got to work. He put his tusks under the foundation poles of the hut and tipped it over and then he trampled on the family sleeping in the middle of the mud floor.

Only three or four people caught sight of him as he moved away. A grand hunt was organized, but he was not even discovered. It was hoped that he had been frightened out of the district, but two or three days later, as a native was driving a bullock cart along a road at the edge of a forest, the elephant, who was in hiding behind a clump of bushes, picked the man off his seat with his trunk, and flung him 20 feet into the air. In the same minute he drove his long tusks through the bullock and then disappeared. The native was so badly hurt that he died three days later. This was on a Thursday, about 11 o'clock in the morning. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the elephant appeared at a point up the valley, exactly 32 miles away, and killed a ryot, or native farmer, who was at work in his field.

In three years, according to official returns made, "The Wicked" killed upward of 100 people, destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of crops, and caused the death of hundreds of domestic animals. His aim was to kill and destroy, and he went about his work in such a queer and mysterious manner as to keep all the people afraid of him. Wild elephants never leave cover during daylight. This fellow stalked abroad by day as well as by night. He moved as silently and swiftly as a tiger. On one occasion five natives, who had been stacking grain, sat down to eat their luncheon. It was high noon, and they were half a mile from the edge of the jungle. The elephant came upon them over hard and stony ground, where the footsteps of a man would certainly have been heard, and the first known of his presence was when he struck two of the five down. The others escaped him by leaping into a ravine.

When I reached the valley it was half depopulated, and all those remaining were in a state of continual terror. Not a day passed that the elephant did not kill or attempt to

kill some one. As one of the precautions against his visits after dark the villages had been surrounded by walls of dry brush. The idea was that in breaking a way through or over the animal would make noise enough to betray his presence. On two occasions he had removed enough brush to make an opening and done it so carefully that people sleeping ten feet away had heard no noise. When discovered and shouted at "The Wicked" always made off for the jungle without attempting further mischief, but he generally managed to kill some one before an alarm was raised. At the time I reached his stamping ground there were two British army officers hunting him at the other end of the jungle, but no one had seen the elephant for about a week. He hadn't left the district, however, and neither had he been killed.

I took possession of an abandoned village at the lower end of the valley. Here the elephant had first appeared, and here he had killed over a dozen people. The villagers had at length become so terror stricken that they had abandoned the fertile spot and moved thirty miles away. There were about forty huts still standing, but instead of occupying any one of them I took up my position for the night in a ravine at the northern edge of the town. I had two native hunters with me, and to lead the elephant to believe that the villagers had returned we tied five or six dogs to as many doorposts. It was looked upon as doubtful if "The Wicked" would show up, and after watching until midnight I turned in for a nap, leaving both natives on guard. It appeared that they dozed off after an hour or so, but an hour before daybreak one of them awoke and found the elephant standing on the bank and looking down upon us.

This bank was 12 feet high and very steep. The man plucked at my sleeve, but the instant I moved the elephant vanished. I would not believe that he had been there, but daylight proved to the contrary. It was soft ground, and the prints of his feet were so deep that both natives declared he had stood in one spot for many minutes, perhaps half an hour. We further found that "The Wicked" had traversed a good part of the village, and that so quietly that not a dog had given the alarm.

The natives of this valley had long before resorted to pitfalls, traps, and other practices in vogue, but all to no purpose. The white hunters had set spring guns and even poisoned some of the pools where he was supposed to drink, but "The Wicked" had outwitted every move. I determined to take up his track and follow it until he was found. One of the natives refused to enter the jungle for any price I could pay, but the other had more pluck and agreed to stay with me. We found the elephant had gone straight into the jungle from the ravine, and as the soil was moist from a recent storm, the tracker had no difficulty in following him for about five miles. Then all evidences of the trail were lost on rocky ground. A wild elephant moving through a jungle generally leaves a plain path by breaking and trampling. If in retreat it looks as if a troop of cavalry had forced its way along. This fellow had moved as cautiously as a deer, and no white man could have followed him half a mile.

At the spot where the trail was lost there was an immense outcrop of rock, and after looking around for three hours without finding trace of footprints, I became heated and exhausted, and sat down for a pull at the water bottle and a bite to eat. The tracker also refreshed himself, and then, while I had a smoke, he started off to search anew on his own account. He had not been out of sight more than five minutes when I heard him shriek. After running a distance of 400 feet I came to a small dell or glade in the jungle. About the centre of this lay the body of my tracker. It could hardly be called a body; it was rather a mass of pulp. There was no living thing in sight, but there were footprints to prove that the elephant had been there. "The Wicked" had been in ambush behind a large mass of rock. He had only fifteen feet to go to seize the unfortunate tracker, and he had made short work of him by trampling on him. I ran through the forest in several directions, perfectly reckless of the probability that the elephant was in ambush again, but I got no track or trace of him. He had vanished as silently and swiftly as a startled wolf.

I returned to my quarters fairly beaten, and to learn two days later that the elephant had killed one of the British officers the day after killing my tracker. He had ambushed him in the same fashion and had torn

him limb from limb. It had now become utterly impossible to hire native assistance. At least no one would consent to beat up the jungle with me, and I saw that I must depend entirely upon my own resources or leave the field. In this emergency I determined to meet "The Wicked" with his own weapon—trickery. For several nights he had not molested any of the villages, but during each day he had committed some depredations. His last victim was a woman, and she was killed within two miles of where I was stopping. She was working in a field with a heavy fringe of bushes along the north side. The elephant rushed out of cover and killed her with a blow of his trunk, and was gone before the husband, who was working 200 feet away, got the alarm.

The night was dark and rainy, and I hired some of the natives to go with me and prepare the plot. We dressed up a lay figure to represent a ryot's wife in the act of reaping grain. We placed this about forty feet from the bushes. Then at the edge of the bushes and thirty feet away from a straight line to the "dummy" we dug a rifle pit deep enough to hide me. Every care was taken to leave nothing by which the elephant's suspicions might be aroused, and as soon as the natives retired I went to sleep. I neither hoped nor looked for "The Wicked" to appear during the night. If he did, then I should miss having a shot, and he might even find me as I slept and pull me out of the hole.

The night passed without an alarm, and I was awake when daylight came. I had an English elephant gun carrying a two-ounce explosive ball, and I knew that elephant was my meat if he appeared. I was well covered in with bushes and branches, but had peepholes through which I could clearly survey the field. It was 9 o'clock in the morning before anything moved, and had I not been watching "The Wicked" would have played me a sharp trick. He came out of the edge of the jungle just where I had hoped he would, but so quietly that but for seeing him I could not have credited his presence. He covered the ground between the jungle and the lay figure at a swift pace, and it was not until he seized the dummy that he suspected anything. He tossed it sky high and wheeled to go back, and I stood up and gave him a ball behind the shoulder. As he received it he wheeled and started across the grain field, but I rolled him over before he had gone ten yards.

The trickiest old beast was dead at last, and he had been lured to destruction by one of the simplest plots ever put into practice against him. I had to walk around him three or four times before I could realize that he had actually been downed. Indeed, until the natives began to gather and rejoice over his death, I was afraid that I had missed the "rogue" and trapped some beast from a near-by herd. He was soon fully identified, however, as he carried several marks by which he was well known. For instance, he had a deep scar across his forehead, where a bullet had furrowed the hide, there was another on the trunk, where a native had once slashed him with a big knife; he had a peculiar spot on his side, and, in brief, there was no possibility of mistake. The Government paid the reward without hesitation, and it no sooner became known that the dreaded scourge of the valley had met his fate than the people began to return to their homes, and the anniversary of the event has for years been celebrated in the district as a holiday.—[St. Louis Republic.]

All Chinese Are Not Educated.

The common belief in the United States that all Chinese read and write and are well informed does not contain one particle of truth. The higher classes, who do not exceed five per cent. of the population, receive what might be called a good literary education. As for the Chinese language, there is no such thing. Every province has its own language and every dialect its own dialect. The native so-called written language is not a language, but an ideographic system and is one of the greatest marvels of human genius. It could be applied with almost as much facility to English, French and German as it is to the numberless languages of China, Korea and Japan.

Largest Orange Trees.

J. T. Hancock, Sr., has an orange tree on his place, two miles west of Fort Meade, that measures 24 inches in diameter two feet from the ground. Six years ago it bore 7000 oranges. The age of the tree is not known. It was there 40 years ago, when Mr. Hancock first took the place.—[Savannah (Ga.) News.]

MUSHROOMCULTURE.

One of the Simplest and Most Remunerative of Industries.

A Dainty Relish Easily Propagated in Your Cellar.

The usefulness of mushrooms as an article of diet is very earnestly advocated by the Department of Agriculture. Dr. Thomas Taylor will contribute a few remarks on the subject to the forthcoming report of the Secretary. He says:

"In the most progressive of all countries mushroom growing, one of the simplest and most remunerative of industries, is almost unknown. Mushrooms are a healthful food. No one can grow them better or more economically than the farmer. He has already the cellar room, the fresh manure and the loam, and all he needs is some spawn with which to plant the beds. Nothing is lost. The manure, after having been used in mushroom beds, is not exhausted of its fertility, but is well rotted and in better condition to apply to the land than it was before being used for the fungus crop. The farmer will not feel the little labor it takes.

"There is no secret whatever connected with mushroom culture, and skilled labor is not necessary to make it successful. The common farm hand can do the work, which consists in turning the manure once every day or two for about three weeks and then building it into a bed, planting it with spawn and covering it with mold. Nearly all the labor for the next ten or twelve weeks is expended in maintaining an even temperature and in gathering and marketing the crop. Many women are searching for remunerative and pleasant employment on the farm. What can be more interesting and profitable work for them than mushroom growing?

"After the farmer has made up the mushroom bed his wife or daughter can attend to its management with scarcely any tax upon her time and without interfering with other domestic duties. It is clean work, too. No lady in the land would hesitate to pick mushrooms in the open field. How much less, then, should she hesitate to gather the fresh fungi from the clean beds in her own clean cellar. Mushrooms are a winter crop; they come when they are most needed. The supply of eggs in the cold season is limited and pin money often proportionately short. The market demand for mushrooms all winter long is insatiable at good prices, so that no farmer's wife need care whether the hens lay eggs at Christmas or not. When mushroom growing is intelligently conducted there is more money in it than in hens, with less trouble.

"The cellar of a dwelling house is a capital place for mushroom beds. A private family which desires to grow only a few of the fungi for its own use may partition a part of the cellar with boards and make the bed within the inclosure, or a bed may be constructed along the wall and boxed in from cold draughts and from mice and rats. Bear in mind that mushrooms thrive best in a temperature of from 50 to 60 degrees, and if you can give them this in your house cellar you ought to get plenty of good mushrooms. Supposing that the natural temperature of the cellar is not warm enough the necessary heat may be supplied by boxing up the bed or by spreading a piece of old carpet or matting over the boxing.

"The beds may be made upon the floor, flat or banked against the wall, ten or twelve inches deep, in a warm cellar, three feet wide and any length desired. Boxing may consist of any kind of boards for sides and ends, being built about six to ten inches higher than the top of the beds so as to give the mushrooms plenty of room. The top of the boxing may be a lid, hung on hinges or straps, and made of light lumber, say of half-inch boards. In this way, by opening the lid, the mushrooms are under observation and can be gathered without any trouble. When the lid is shut they are secure from cold and vermin. With this protection supplied the cellar can be ventilated without interfering with the welfare of the mushrooms.

"The notion of manure beds in a dwelling house may seem queer to many people, but when rightly managed they emit no bad odors. Manure should be prepared away from the house and, when ready for making into beds, should be spread out thin, so as to become perfectly cool and free from steam. When it has been for two days in this condition it may be brought into the cellar and made into beds. After a few days it will warm up a little and then may be planted

with spawn and covered over with a thin layer of earth. Do not bury the spawn in the manure, but merely set it in the surface."

A Sailor's Life on a Cruising Ship.

The sailor's life on a cruising ship has much improved in the last few years, and many of the stories told of the unhappy lot of the men on the new ships are pure fabrications. One of the improvements is the food. The old ration with all its repulsive features is entirely done away with. The "weevily" biscuit and the putrid "salt horse" are no longer served out on board the warships; nor are there such things now as wormy dried apples, rotten butter, "bootleg" coffee, and the vile "soup and bully," the term applied by sailors to bouillon, the making of which he usually described as "two buckets of water and one ongyon, makes ze good soupe de bouillon." The navy rations to-day include good coffee roasted in the bean, pilot bread, flour, tea, oatmeal, hominy, tinned ham, desiccated vegetables, succotash, etc. In former years a sailor rarely got liberty on shore oftener than once in three months, and was sometimes kept on board a whole year without being permitted to tread the sand. But he is now permitted to go ashore two or three times a month for periods of from twelve to twenty-four hours, providing he is out of debt and does not get drunk and become riotous on shore. Most of the sailors of today can read and write; in fact, it is in rare instances that sailors of the navy have not both of these acquisitions. The ships, the methods of discipline, the pay and the general conduct of the service have undergone a complete transformation. Each ship has its library, and its interest and value are enhanced when it is added to by some philanthropic citizen, as, for instance, the gift of an entire library by a well-known citizen of this State to the cruiser New York. The books of a library of a navy ship will be found at the end of a three years' cruise to have been well-thumbed over. The natural instinct of the enlisted men whether they be of the engineer's department, the marine, or the sailor—is toward fiction. As they have a strong love of life of adventure, so they have a strong love for tales of adventure.—[New York Tribune.]

A Twelve-Mile Whisper.

A marvelous tale comes from Dakotas of a discovery which has been accidentally made in the mountains northwest of Rapid City. It is stated that there is a natural telephone line between two mountains in the Black Hills range. On each side of a valley twelve miles in width stand two peaks, which tower above the other mountains, and have long been known as landmarks. These mountains are several thousand feet high, and only on rare occasions have they been scaled, so but little is known of their topography.

Some weeks ago a party of tourists decided to make the ascent. They divided into two parties, one for each peak, taking with them heliographs for the purpose of signaling to each other across the valley. The ascent was made, and, so the story goes, while the members of one party were preparing to signal to those of the other, one of the party on the north mountain was surprised to hear voices which apparently came out of the air. He moved his position and the sound was no longer heard. By changing his position several times he discovered that at a certain spot of the mountain he could hear the voices, and it was not long before he discovered that they proceeded from the party on the other mountain.

He called the attention of the others to the phenomenon, and when the attention of the opposite party had been attracted it was found that an ordinary conversation in an ordinary tone of voice was plainly heard from one mountain top to the other. There was only one place on the mountain where it could be heard, and this appeared to form a natural telephone. No shouting was necessary, and the words were perfectly distinct. Assuming this story to be true, an explanation may be sought in the form of as elliptical reflectors of sound (the speakers placing themselves in the foci at the end of the ellipse), and in the low density of the atmosphere at the altitude at which the phenomenon was observed.—[Electricity.]

A Sensitive Point.

Jack—How did Miss Fitz come to ask you to release her?
Harry—The last time I dined there her mother baked a delicious cream pie, and I asked if she got it from a bakery.—[New York Sun.]

It is estimated that there are to-day 12,947 Jesuits. In the United States there are 564 in Maryland, 403 in Missouri, and 195 in New Orleans.



Willie Tillbrook

Mayor Tillbrook

of McKeesport, Pa., Cured of Scrofula in the Neck

By Hood's Sarsaparilla
All parents whose children suffer from Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or other diseases caused by impure blood, should read the following from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."
"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a

Bunch Under One Ear
which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until it healed up. Last winter it broke out again and was followed by

Erysipelas
We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger. The doctor seemed quite pleased at his appearance and said he feared at one time that we should lose him. I have also taken

Hood's Sarsaparilla
myself and am satisfied that I have been helped by it." Mrs. J. W. TILLBROOK, Fifth Ave., McKeesport, Pa.
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, do not grip.
B. N. U., No. 13.

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There is cure for those not far gone.

There is prevention—better than cure—for those who are threatened.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, even if you are only a little thin.
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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.



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Rheumatism,
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,
Impaired digestion, gout, biliousness, headache, SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

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Scrofula, malaria, general weakness or debility. Guarantee—The contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. "Invaluable Guide to Health" free—Obtain from DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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QUICKLY CURES
COLD IN HEAD
PRICE 25 CENTS.

Apply freely into each nostril. ELY'S BROS., 51 Warren St., N. Y.

If you have no appetite, indigestion, flatulence, sick headache, "fall run down" or losing flesh, take

Tutt's Tiny Pills
They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. 25c.