



THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATCH FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

CHAPTER I. One day we met at H. Lechien's house a young English gentleman who had traveled extensively in Asia, and who talked with me of the curious and interesting things which he had seen. As he was describing the manner of hunting elephants in the East, M. Lechien asked if he had ever seen one of these animals himself.

"Never," replied Sir William. "The man always seemed to me so near man in point of intelligence and reason that I should have feared to interrupt the serenity of his path of his transformations."

"Ah!" exclaimed somebody. "You have not been long in India that doubtless you are the ideas about the migrations of souls which prevail there."

"After a certain fashion, it is true," replied the Englishman; "but we might find some entertaining subject of conversation for the children who are listening."

"For my part," said one of the little boys, "this interests and pleases me. Could I tell me what I was before I was a little boy? I think myself that I must have been a bird, for I seem to be always regretting the time when I flew about among the trees just exactly as I liked."

BELL ROPE PATIENCE.

How the Street Car Conductor Trains Himself to Endure Cranks.

LEARNS TO BE A PHILOSOPHER. He Soon Finds That It Takes All Sorts of People to Make a World.

FACTS ABOUT THE HOURS OF SERVICE. The conductor is a man with a grievance. His life is a continued struggle to keep his temper in spite of the crankiness of the public that is ever trying to compensate him and sour his naturally sweet disposition.

He is supposed to know where each passenger wants to alight, whether he has been told or not, and if a passenger should change his mind just before he—more often, he—arrives at the street at which he has been directed to stop, he must have intuitive knowledge of the workings of the passenger's mind, and take the car on toward the right place without being instructed.

Some of His Commonest Trials. When the track is slippery, and the motorcar or gripman runs, a car a few yards beyond a street at which he has been directed to stop, the conductor is sharply asked, "What made you bring me two or three squares past my street for?"

It is the conductor who, on the "last trip" on Saturday night, has the difficulties with the gentlemen who have been celebrating the arrival of pay day, with a sharpness that is almost unbearable.

It is the conductor who, on the "last trip" on Saturday night, has the difficulties with the gentlemen who have been celebrating the arrival of pay day, with a sharpness that is almost unbearable.

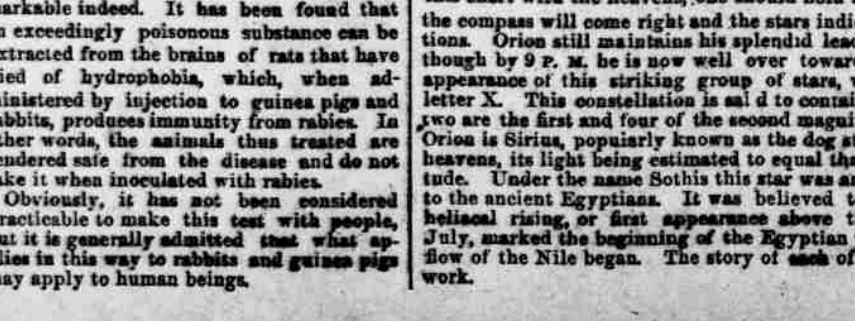
It is the conductor who, on the "last trip" on Saturday night, has the difficulties with the gentlemen who have been celebrating the arrival of pay day, with a sharpness that is almost unbearable.

THE INFORMATION BUREAU.

Shirley Dare Answers Some Questions for Readers of The Dispatch.

Shirley Dare answers questions put to her by readers of THE DISPATCH as follows: I have a birthmark on my cheek from eye to lip, of a bright red color. I have been thinking of getting it removed for some time, but it gets rough and greasy after a while, and I have also much trouble in getting the right shade to match my complexion.

THE STARS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FISHING FOR A SHARK.

Boats Used for Fishermen in the Delaware Bay. How the Fishermen of the Delaware Bay Catch Them—How the Fishermen of the Delaware Bay Catch Them.

work that required them to be constantly under water—without any apparent fear, although they well knew the danger. The negroes hunt the shark invariably and take each revenge as they can—that is, they cut him when other fish are scarce, and use his skin as a substitute for fish.

GLADSTONE AND THE SOUTH.

His Hatred of War Led Him to Be a Partisan of Jefferson Davis. During those first dark days of our rebellion, Gladstone was in a recent letter, Mr. Gladstone went to Newcastle and delivered there a memorable speech, in which he declared that "Jefferson Davis had made a nation and a navy."

THROWING A PAIR OF WILD OXES.

In a building in Central Park, New York, a low, red building, facing the beautiful South meadow, and shaped like a horse shoe, are the stables of the mounted police force of the park department.

Several of the two dozen horses have been with the force ever since they were made a part of the police duty. Of these John Wilson's "Dick" is the most famous. He is a noble animal and took the second prize at the Madison Square Garden Show.

ARROWS OF PRAYER.

A Pretty Superstition of the Farmers of the Soil in Far-Off Japan. In Japan, writes Lafcadio Hearn, I see everywhere, sticking up above the ripening grain, objects like white-feathered arrows.

ELECTRICITY IN STEEL MAKING.

A Sheffield inventor has taken out a patent for improvements in the manufacture of steel, by passing an electric current through molten iron or steel during or after casting. The effect is to cause the molecules to arrange themselves in such a manner as to condense and consolidate the metal.

THE FOX PLAGUE IN VICTORIA.

FOXES are so much on the increase in the Australian colony of Victoria that they threaten to become as great a plague as the wild dogs of former days. Young rabbits form their chief food, but when these are not available sheepfolds are attacked and poultry yards pillaged.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Advertisement for 'WORTH A GUINEA A BOX' featuring 'SICK HEADACHE, Disordered Liver, etc.' and 'CURE'.

HEROES AMONG HORSES.

The Magnificent Animals Used in New York to Stop Runaways.

HALF THE PICKED ANIMALS FAIL.

Their Training is a Marvel of Skill With the Bridle and Spur.

THEY were practicing their art in concert with a rider who rides at full speed. He pursues, catches, intercepts, stops him. One saddle horse out of two picked animals proves to be suited to such service.

THROWING A SHAMROCK.

These four are finally rejected. They haven't the heart for the work. They are cowardly, afraid to rush in where death is often to be met. It is with horses as with men. Your heroes are born, not made.

THROWING A SHAMROCK.

These four are finally rejected. They haven't the heart for the work. They are cowardly, afraid to rush in where death is often to be met. It is with horses as with men. Your heroes are born, not made.

THROWING A SHAMROCK.

These four are finally rejected. They haven't the heart for the work. They are cowardly, afraid to rush in where death is often to be met. It is with horses as with men. Your heroes are born, not made.

THROWING A SHAMROCK.

These four are finally rejected. They haven't the heart for the work. They are cowardly, afraid to rush in where death is often to be met. It is with horses as with men. Your heroes are born, not made.

THROWING A SHAMROCK.

These four are finally rejected. They haven't the heart for the work. They are cowardly, afraid to rush in where death is often to be met. It is with horses as with men. Your heroes are born, not made.

THROWING A SHAMROCK.

These four are finally rejected. They haven't the heart for the work. They are cowardly, afraid to rush in where death is often to be met. It is with horses as with men. Your heroes are born, not made.

THROWING A SHAMROCK.

These four are finally rejected. They haven't the heart for the work. They are cowardly, afraid to rush in where death is often to be met. It is with horses as with men. Your heroes are born, not made.