

THE REAL CIRCUS---SEEN BEHIND THE CANVAS.

Vicissitudes of Life on the Road Pictured From Real Life.

Circus day in any Western town at the present time, according to the New York Herald, is very much like the circus day of old, except that there is vastly more of it. It is as much a holiday as Christmas and the Fourth of July thrown into one. The poor, benighted little New York boy who goes to Madison Square Garden and thinks he has seen it all would have some of the conceit taken out of him could he be transported to some one day stand on the Western prairies on the day when the circus is billed to appear.

The first gray streaks of dawn find the town already astir, with the railroad station as the centre of interest. In the old days it used to be turnpike, but the time when the circus traveled from town to town in caravans is no more. Nowadays it is a very one horse show indeed that doesn't own its own rolling stock.

The small boy of course, predominates. He has secured the loftiest perch within the range of his inventive genius. Suddenly, from the dizzy height of the tallest telegraph pole he shouts, "Here she comes!" The cry is taken up below. Half a mile away, around a curve, a column of smoke is seen, trailing away toward the horizon and a few minutes later the powerful locomotive, snorting and puffing like a spirited horse, comes into view. Behind it is a long line of yellow cars, and far off, at the rear end, glimmer the lights of the caboose, which have not yet been extinguished.

Then comes the unloading of the no prosaic paraphernalia—the huge ten-poles, the acres of canvas, and all the other homely objects which are quite essential in the rapid transformation so soon to follow. Gangs of men scurry hither and thither, apparently all getting into each other's way, but really working like the one great machine of which each man is really a part.

Wagon after wagon comes off the train with military precision. Two, four, and even ten horse teams are coming from the direction of the stock cars, all ready to start for the show



THE MEN'S DRESSING ROOM.

grounds. The townspeople are agape. When Obadiah Jones's new threshing machine had arrived a few days before it had taken almost an entire day to unload it from the train, if they had undertaken to unload that pole wagon it would have taken them a week.

Meantime, away out on the prairie, toward the east, a faint cloud of dust has arisen. Toward the south a similar cloud is seen, and toward the west are others. The thrifty farmers, coming from far distant points, many of them having been en route all night, begin to come in and look for suitable camping places for their families and their teams. The dust cloud grows heavier and heavier as each moment passes, until by the time the warning whistle of the locomotive drawing the second train is heard gray streaks line

out toward the horizon in every direction. Two trains have been unloaded and the eyes of the multitudinous small boy are fairly bulging from their sockets. Where will it all end? A third train comes puffing in, and on this is the menagerie. The small boy is now in a state bordering on nervous frenzy. It is doubtful if he knows his own name.

Off toward the show ground goes the morning crowd. Sure! they will be in time to see all the tents put up, for

has not the last train just come in? To their surprise, however, the menagerie tent, with its six great centre poles, is up and finished. The horse tent is in position, the mangers are filled and the horses are munching away at that breakfast which the townspeople forgot to get. The cook tents, one large tent for the working men and another of similar size for the performers, have been erected and the choicest of steaks are broiling on the ranges, whilst the fumes of steaming coffee and hot biscuits, wafted upon



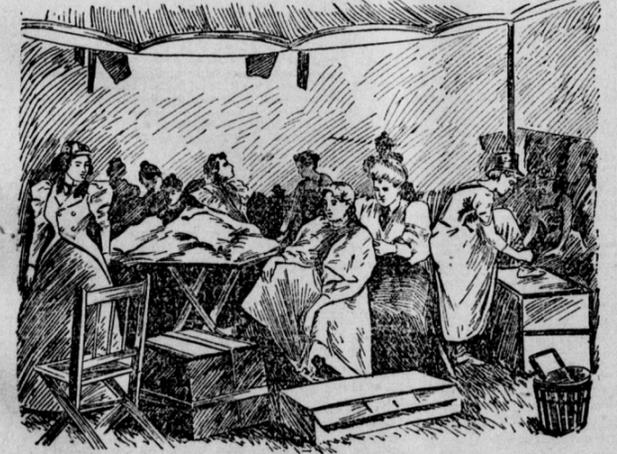
CLOWNS MAKING UP.

the morning breeze, smells sweet and savory to the hungry throng now filling the vacant spaces around the tents. The camp cooks have already lighted their fires and the great cauldrons are sizzling upon the cranes. This means preparation for the midday meal, which even now has all been arranged and is bound to be ready for every one shortly after return from parade.

That free glimpse of the enchanted land behind the swelling canvas is given at about 10 o'clock. Who that has ever seen it on a clear, Western morning can forget the gorgeous bands of music, the cavalcade of equestrians, the open cages of wild beasts, the funny band of clown musicians, the general atmosphere of a voluntary holiday, when every boy has money in his pocket, when his whole object in life is to spend it.

But what of the streets in town during this interval? Excursion trains have been coming in from every point within fifty miles of the show town. Every train has been crowded to the very steps with eager, expectant people. Their tickets are in their hat bands, where they will remain until the conductor demands them at night, for who has time to think of tickets when there is a big show in town? Thousands upon thousands of farmers have come in from the surrounding country. Their teams, unhitched, line the side streets upon every side. Vacant lots are filled with them and the alleys and lanes of the town are impassable. The sidewalks and store doors are sought as places of vantage, and an hour before the band strikes up at the show grounds there is a solid line of humanity from one end of the town to the other.

By noon every face is turned toward the show grounds. The side show properly seen and its myriad of curios and freaks explained, the tide turns toward the ticket wagon. Another



IN THE LADIES' DRESSING ROOM.

menagerie tent. Its side walls come down with a rush, its poles are carried out in a steady line, its cages picked up by waiting teams, who, at a trot, start the procession of canvas covered dens toward the railroad yards. The great top comes down with a run and is unlaced into sections, rolled into huge bundles and loaded into waiting wagons, almost before the last cage has disappeared in the gloom around an adjacent corner. The herd of elephants has stalked off into the night, majestically and silently, following a man who carries a lantern half a square ahead.

The cook house, stable, tents, blacksmith shop, barber shop, band tent, side show, together with the numberless other smaller tents, have been expeditiously, yet silently packed and taken to the cars. In three-quarters of an hour the "big top" stands alone, its gant poles reaching far up into the darkness of the sky. At the railroad yards everything is bustle and activity.

The night show is out; the concert is finished, and the last of the performers scurries toward his trunk, which has been left upon the open space where the dressing tent once stood; a quick change of costume, a banging trunk lid, and the last member of the company takes his way to the train. By midnight the show is on its way to the next town.

atly, that the bewildered, perspiring purchaser scarcely knows how it was done. Yet, he has his tickets, and then begins a battle for exit from the crowd. There is no relief however, until the doorway to the menagerie is passed, and then the crowd spreads out within its spacious arena and begins the real enjoyment of the day. A circus is a circus the world over, and to describe the performance in this particular Western town would be but to repeat an old story. And yet there are some old stories that are

always new. One is love, another is the circus. The lithe limbed man, who twists himself almost inside out; the airy clothed woman, who fly through midair while you hold your breath; the clowns, who make you laugh in the same old way that they made you laugh years ago—who can resist the glamour of it all?

And the strange sights behind the scenes! Lucky the man or boy in that town who rejoices in the acquaintance of somebody connected with the show. He is the hero of the year. Countless times does he retell the stories of what he saw in the dressing rooms.

The evening performance is but a repetition of that of the afternoon. Within all is a scene of gayety, with myriad lights blazing. Outside a different scene presents itself. A few minutes after the performance begins, hundreds of hurrying men attack the



DOING A SICK ELEPHANT.

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Town Where Everybody is Irish. Of Benedicta, Me., Professor Bateman writes: "If there is another town in this country like it I am unable to locate it. The peculiarity of the place is the fact that the population is composed exclusively of Irishmen. There is not a family in the entire township through whose veins courses any other blood than that of the Emerald Isle."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

An expert declares that he knows of at least 600 counterfeiters of the old masters which are now hanging in private galleries in the United States, all purchased at high prices.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A Brazilian doctor says that coffee is a certain cure for anaemia.

Trolley car ambulances are to be introduced in the city of Pittsburgh, running independently over all the street car tracks as called for.

Miss Eleanor Ormerod declares that the English cockroach is in danger of extermination before the hordes of imported German black beetles.

What is probably the largest locomotive in the world has just been completed and weighs, with the tender, over 285,000 pounds. It is for use in Mexico.

Munich used to be notorious for its excessive typhoid fever death-rate, it being twenty-nine per 10,000 in 1856. With the introduction of a pure water supply and improved sewer system it has fallen to less than two per 10,000.

The Semaine Medical publishes details of the successful experiments made in Naples by Cantani in making guinea pigs immune against the influenza season by vaccinating them with sterile cultures of the influenza bacillus.

Professor George Lincoln Goodale of Harvard university says that there are now about 200,000 species of plants, divided into flowering and flowerless plants, and although nearly all of the flowering varieties might be used for food, only about 1000 are so used and only 300 are frequently.

In a paper read before the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Jacquemin communicated the results of experiments showing that leaves of fruit trees, vines, etc., develop a strong bouquet of the fruit when soaked in alcohol. He thinks the quality of a poor vintage might be improved by the addition of some leaves during fermentation.

The Birth of a Language.

In the new number of the British Central Africa Gazette a correspondent gives some interesting particulars of a new language which has sprung up within recent years in Central Africa. It is, he says, "a weird jargon, or perhaps language, on a par with 'pidgin English' of the far East, or the numerous other tongues by which travelers and sojourners in strange lands make their wants known to the natives. Many may not know of the language, but it is spoken by hundreds daily, and flourishes mostly where the white man has built a boma, and in which there is a Sikh garrison. The originator of it is the Sepoy from over the 'black water' (sea). How was it first introduced? When he first came into the country did he buy Dr. Scott's grammar and dictionary and endeavor to learn the language grammatically and comprehensively, as the patient Europeans do? No; although here today and there tomorrow, as we are in conjunction with his comrades, the conservative Sikh evolved from his inner consciousness a language which is learned by his relief from India in turn. Its component parts are Hindustani, Gurmukhi, broken Swahili, broken Manganja, possibly a little Yao and Sepoy English, forming a whole curious in the extreme. Though, of course, chiefly the military language of the country, it is occasionally the medium of communication between the European and the Sikh, and of when the white man's highly grammatical book Manganja fails the Sikh will step boldly into the breach, and with a few chosen words make the native understand.

Power of the Marseillaise Hymn.

Nothing of the kind in this world can be more impressive than the way in which an audience of six thousand French radicals receives that wonderful air, (the Marseillaise), says Col. T. W. Higginson in the Atlantic. I observed that the chorus of young men who lead the singing never once looked at the notes, and few even had any, so familiar was it to all. There was a perfect hush in that vast audience while the softer parts were sung, and no one joined even in the chorus at first, for everybody was listening. The instant, however, that the strains closed, the applause broke like a tropical storm, and the clapping of hands was like the taking flight of a thousand doves all over the vast arena. Behind those twinkling bands the light dresses of the ladies and the blue blouses of workmen seemed themselves to shimmer in the air, there was no coarse noise of pounding on the floor or drumming on the seats, but there was a vast cry of "Bis! Bis!" sent up from the whole multitude, demanding a repetition. The moment the first verse was sung through for the second time, several thousand voices joined in the chorus; then the applause was redoubled, as if they had gathered new sympathy from one another, after which there was still one more great applauding gust, and then an absolute quiet.

But the Dog Would Not Keep Still.

A dog caused some commotion at a prominent East Side church Sunday evening. He sneaked into the church and kept fairly quiet until the bass soloist was singing a beautiful selection, "Wait Thou Still." But the dog did not heed the injunction of the singer. He barked right out in meeting, and some of the audience smiled. Just as the singer concluded his song the dog gave forth one sharp vigorous bark, as if of approval. The singer did not show any signs of interruption, but it certainly was somewhat trying on his nerves to sing while this dog was walking up and down the aisle. The preacher saw the dog before he barked, and so ludicrous was the situation that the preacher could not refrain from laughing. The dog was hustled out of church, but not until he had entered a protest in the shape of barks and growls.—Columbus Dispatch.

AMBULANCE DOGS.

A Regular Canine Battalion For Service in Military Movements.

One may see any day circulating in the streets of the village of Lechenesch, near Cologne, a regular battalion of



A DOG OF WAR (NEW STYLE).

dogs. Their master is training them for ambulance service in military movements.

Each animal carries upon its back a little saddle furnished with pockets, containing all that is necessary for the first dressing of wounds, as well as a bottle of stimulant.

The dogs are taught to recognize the wounded and to stoop down to them, in order to permit them, while awaiting the stretchers, to quench their thirst and to alleviate their sufferings a little.

A large red cross is marked on the saddle, and leather straps serve to fasten around the neck of the animal a little lantern that is illuminated for night service.

The ambulance dogs figured at the German manoeuvres last year, where their usefulness was appreciated; so this year their instructor has been engaged to train a whole pack. He has chosen Scotch dogs, of medium height, whose docility and intelligence in learning are said to be remarkable.

The Diamond.

The diamond was not appreciated by the most ancient people. Diamonds are not mentioned in the Bible, nor did the Romans, when in the zenith of their splendor, seem to know of them; even the "Medes and the Persians" seem not to have known of them. The Jeweler's Review states that the stone called adamant may be noted as a possible exception. Adamant like the diamond was distinguished for its hardness, and it may have been the diamond under that name. This belief is strengthened by the fact that the diamond does not display its incomparable brilliance except when properly cut. Little seems to have been known about the diamond until as late as the seventh century. The first absolute study of the art of diamond cutting was made by a French monk as late as 1500. Up to that time what cutting had been done was very wasteful, the facets being formed by tediously grinding off the diamond at a loss of the material now saved by proper cutting. It may not be generally known, but the finest diamond cutting in the world is accomplished in this country, the cutters being imported from Europe, where practically all of the diamond cutting of the world has been done up to within the past twenty-five years. This superiority is due to the progressiveness of the American, the workmen in the old world being afraid to adopt new and improved trades. The art of diamond cutting is carried on in such rigid lines that the difference in stones cut in Antwerp and Amsterdam is easily noted. The commercial source of the diamonds to-day is the marvelous Kimberley mines of South Africa.

Diamonds will always remain the most popular stones. Fashion's whim sometimes sets them to one side for the pearl, ruby, emerald, sapphire and turquoise, but their banishment is always brief.

Shall Men Fly?

A flying machine has just been tested near Berlin, and the observers, including army officers, agree that it solves the problem of aerial navigation. It needs only a little tinkering with the steering gear. It is a peculiarity of flying machines that each, at its trial, is a success, and needs only a slight change in the guiding apparatus to fit it for commercial uses. Yet with the end of the century in sight, the century of science, man is still tied to the earth, derided by the humblest thing with wings. After sitting up nights with the problem and achieving everything except the little change in the steering apparatus, the man of science is not able to soar, except when he happens to be blown through the roof by an explosion of his chemicals.—Washington Post.

Novel Race Between a Moose and a Pacer.

The moose is owned by Mr. Germaine, of Newark, Mont. He is a peculiarly gaited animal, and at first glance he did not appear to possess



A MOOSE OUTFRONS A HORSE.

nearly the speed that he displayed in the race. It is really a long, low, sweeping trot, and is not unlike the gallop of the horse. After an exciting race the moose, who showed signs of nervousness when the crowd cheered, won by a length. The above cut was made from an instantaneous photograph.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Bath for Dressed Fowl.

In preparing all fowls for the table, after the pin feathers are removed scrub the skin thoroughly with warm soapuds, then rinse with clear cold water and wipe dry. No one has any idea how dirty the skin of a fowl is until it emerges from such a bath, with a complexion entirely altered.

To Waterproof a Dress.

Mix two ounces of powdered alum and the same amount of sugar of lead with two gallons of rain water, and when sufficiently amalgamated pour off the water from the sediment which will necessarily settle. Soak the garment in the liquid for about twelve or fifteen hours, and when dry it can be ironed and considered ready to withstand the rain. It will of course be wise to subject only fast colors to the treatment, and very fine fabrics would be better left alone.

A Good Wood Polish.

In these days of uncarpeted floors and Persian rugs a good wood polish is always welcome. A polish that hails from Japan is said to be very fine for furniture as well as floors. It consists of one pint each of linseed oil and cold, strong tea, the whites of two eggs and two ounces of spirits of salts. These several ingredients to be mixed thoroughly together and poured into a bottle, which should be well shaken before the polish is used. A few drops are poured upon a rubbing pad of soft silk and the wood rubbed with it, being afterward polished with an old silk handkerchief. The process is a tedious and fatiguing one for the cleaner, but its effect surpasses that of any easier or quicker method.

Bedroom Slippers.

To make a pair of bedroom slippers knitted in two colors, two knitting needles, No. 13, a pair of lambs' wool soles, a quarter of a pound of Berlin wool in two contrasting colors, and a yard of narrow satin ribbon for bows. About two and a quarter ounces of the dark wool and one and a half, or a little over, will be sufficient for a No. 4 slipper.

The pattern is simple and consists of eight rows. Cast on eighteen stitches with the dark wool, knit one row plain and join on the light wool. Then the actual pattern begins:

Slip two stitches, knit two with the light wool, slip two dark, knit two with the light and so on. The next three rows are exactly the same except that the light stitches knitted in the first and third rows are purled in the second and fourth. The remaining four rows are plain and all with the dark wool, two knitted, the next purled, and the last knitted. This completes the pattern and gives a pretty rib, which will be necessary to pin the strip of knitting round the sole to test the length before taking off the stitches. The shape of the shoe is formed by one end of the knitted strip being sewed very firmly not to the end, but to the end of the side, so that the first rib knit lies at right angles to the final ones, to the ends of which it is joined. The last rib thus makes part of the lower edge. To be sewed to the sole. The extreme corner should be turned under, which gives a nice round shape to the toe.

To turn the toe make a strip of loop trimming in crochet or knitting. It is most quickly done in crochet. Four stitches will make it wide enough and the loops are made in each stitch in alternate rows, winding the wool three times round the fingers.—Detroit Free Press.

Receipts.

Ginger Snaps—One cup molasses, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one-half cup butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour enough to make stiff to roll. They can be cut in any desired shape.

Chicken Pile—Cut up the chicken and put on to boil with sufficient water to keep it from scorching. Add salt, pepper and a small piece of onion. When the chicken is done add pieces of bologna sausage, then stir in with a silver fork one quart of rice and continue to stir until the rice is well cooked and dry. Serve on a flat dish.

Cranberry Batter Pudding—To one cup of milk add two well beaten eggs, two tablespoons of sugar and two tablespoons of melted butter, one-quarter teaspoon of salt, two and one-half cups of flour, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder and one cup of cranberries, coarsely chopped. Steam for two hours and serve with a sweet sauce.

Potato Pone—Peel four large sweet potatoes, grate them and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, one pint of molasses and one pound of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered orange peel, one-quarter pound of citron cut in small pieces, and one quart of cold water. Pour into biscuit pans and bake. When nearly cold cut in square pieces and serve.

Ribbon Wafers—To one pound of fine sugar add one-quarter of a pound of flour and the grated peel of two lemons; beat the whites and yolks of two eggs separately, then add the other ingredients to them; grease some shallow pans with melted butter, roll out the paste very thin. When the wafers are half done, cut in strips, roll round your finger and return them to the oven again to crisp.

Red Cabbage Salad—Shred one-half of a large head of red cabbage and pour boiling water over it; cover closely for ten minutes, then drain. Boil five Frankfurter sausages for fifteen minutes, and when cold cut into slantwise slices; add to the cabbage one tablespoonful of chopped onion and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Season with pepper and salt, and when cold dress with French dressing.