

# HOW BEASTS EAT.

## FEEDING TIME AT THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.

The Thrilling Scene When Chunks of Raw Meat Are Thrown to the Lions and Tigers—Feeding the Hippopotamus.

"FEEDING TIME" in the old-fashioned menageries was always planned to take place just after the performances. The arena having been cleared, one of the brass-lunged members of the troupe shouted from the outside that then was the time to see the wild animals fed at double the price of the ordinary admission. About half the spectators paid the extra fee and retraced their steps, and their numbers were greatly added to by those who came especially to see the animals feed and did not care for mere tricks taught them in their captivity.

Animals in cages soon become professional mendicants. Go up to Central Park any day and at any hour and munch something before their cages. The lions, of course, will treat you with dignified disdain. Their experience of civilization has taught them that few humans walk about with a raw log of mutton or shin bone of beef in their pockets, and for the ordinary food of mankind, such as the ham sandwiches sold in the Central Park restaurant, they have a supreme contempt.

It is not so with the huger beasts, however. The elephants sway their bulky figures and hold out their trunks with the persistence of an Arab mendicant demanding "backsheesh," and they will accept even such trifling alms as a gumdrop or a peanut. The bears, in the same way, are persistent beggars. Those in the pit at Central Park have a regular organization. One is always doing tricks at the top of the tree while the others are wallowing in the pool or coaling off in their caves. The monkeys are, of course, alive to everything that is going on, and if a child munches a cake in their house without tossing or handing them a sample of it they will raise a great

down with his huge paws and chest on it as if it were alive and might escape. Then he carries it in his mouth, snarling, with ears angrily set back, and lies down with it in a corner. He is not so particularly hungry after all, for before he eats he plays with it, pretends that it is alive and is trying to get away and has to be sprung upon and captured several times, after which he licks it all over to make it clean and purrs and then devours it. This is the pantomime the tigers go through every time they are fed. When they are eating they do not seem to like being watched. They get into the farthest corners, and if they catch your eye will growl and snarl.

When the bone is polished, or perhaps ground up and eaten, they wipe off their whiskers, lick their paws and rub their faces with the moistened pads, and spend quite half an hour in their toilets. Then they sit on their haunches, blink, and play just a little, and, perhaps, put a finishing touch to each other's toilet.

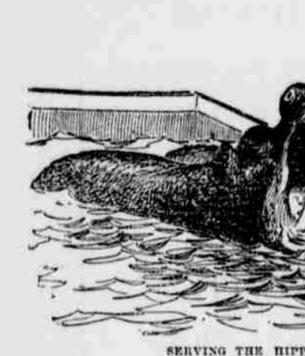


TAKES HIS FISH BY THE POUND.

They are simply big cats again, and lazily blink and dreamily blink for a time, and at length stretch themselves over the floor and go to sleep.

The male and female lions at Central Park are probably the finest pair in this country. The male is not quite so large or so majestic in appearance as the one in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, which Rosa Bonheur has immortalized, but that is simply because he has not the age. It is a thrilling sight to see these lions fed also, but not nearly so thrilling as the action of the tigers.

The lion stands erect before his bars,



SERVING THE HIPPOPOTAMI WITH FOOD.

to do. Even the shy deer and such nighttime creatures as the rhinoceros and the tapir quickly learn to beg and do some trick or other to attract the visitors' eyes to the sign, "Do not feed the animals."

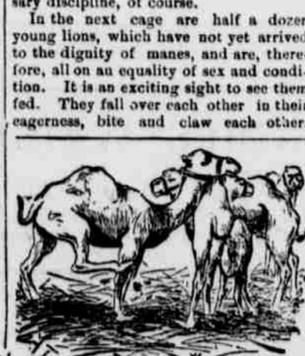
Watch the tigers as the provender man comes slowly along. They spring at the bars, not waiting to stretch themselves, and the sightseers are a trifle scared at first and then fascinated. The long, white teeth are bared as they snarl, their supple bodies and long, striped tails are tremulous with muscular excitement. Their streaked sides heave, their mouths froth, their eyes glare, the two come into contact as they sway to and fro, one springs at the other, and there is a loud, angry snarl, and their weight seems to shake the cage. Their quarrel is over in an instant, however, for both are intent on the provender man.

As he draws nearer they grow more and more excited. Their eyes gleam red, their jaws drip on the bars, their terrible claws are pushed backward and forward out of their velvety sheaths, the tails wave higher and faster and the snarling roars of hunger grow louder and louder.

Tom Meehan, who sees this performance every meal time, does not seem to mind it a bit. After tossing in two or three chunks of raw beef to the roaring lions he coolly wheels his barrow in front of the tiger cage, and while the tigers snarl, with those of the other animals in sight of him, are almost deafening, he swings two chunks of beef through the bars almost at the same moment. One

wagging slowly and expectantly the black paint-brush-like end of his long tail. If he speaks at all it is in low tones, and his wife always backs him up in a few words of her own. But generally he says nothing at all, and in these cases she says nothing. When the meat man comes into the building he rises to receive him, and looks him a glaring welcome. He receives his blood-red victuals with a growl of triumph, and devours it with a grunt of content. His wife has a piece of good cow, too, but he is not jealous. And what he leaves, in his lordly manner, he leaves to her. There is no quarreling, but the lord once in a way exercises a little necessary discipline, of course.

In the next cage are half a dozen young lions, which have not yet arrived to the dignity of manes, and are, therefore, all on an equality of sex and condition. It is an exciting sight to see them fed. They fall over each other in their eagerness, bite and claw each other,



THE BABY CAMEL AT DINNER.

steal from each other and say the angriest things they can think of while they are having their family table d'hote. Of course, this is due to the absence of their parents, who would teach them that the male eats first and the female eats next and cleans up the dishes.

It may be said that with the exception of the magnificent old lion, none of the animals have good table manners. They neither look after their wives nor their children. The hyenas, the jackals, and even the little red foxes fight savagely for the food thrown in to them, and, indeed, all the animals feed on flesh, whether large or small, do so.

Even the hippopotami have learned to open their huge red mouths for the biscuit of the visitor, but this is only at certain hours of the day. The keeper comes round three times a day to them with a headcart. When he does so the huge beasts, knowing his tread, come to the side of the tank and open their huge mouths. He takes a wide shovel, such as the malsters use for grain, and tosses a shovelful first into one mouth and then in the other of a sort of bran

mash. Half a carload is a meal for two of them. Once in a while they are treated to a change of diet. Last Thursday at the noon hour Caliph Murphy, as the male is called, came up from the bottom of the lake and smiled a two foot smile at his keeper. Mr. Meehan threw a two pound loaf of bread into the smile, and repeated it seven times in about five minutes, tossing a loaf first to the Caliph and then one to Mrs. Caliph. Both seemed surprised and dissatisfied when the supply was suddenly cut off.

The elephants are even more greedy. Both Tip and Juno are always eating and always hungry. Tip, by the way, has a record of a whole month in which he has neither killed nor injured anybody. He was knee deep the other day in tender dark green grass mown from the lawns by the machines, and it seemed to give him delight to take up the cool blades in his trunk by half a ton at a time and strew them all over him. All day long last week he was a green elephant, but when night came they had to put on his cruel harness all the same, for fear he might in one of his tantrums tear down the buildings. Tip now weighs about five tons, and is cunning enough to know just what this amount of well-directed energy can accomplish. He is certainly a magnificent beast; but whether he is worth keeping alive at the expense of one or more human lives is a question.

Juno is outside and as docile as a deer. She gets more sandwiches and presents than Tip, and yet she can eat 1000 pounds of hay for her third meal, drink a barrel of water and yet pretend to be hungry.

As to the eating of the camel it is altogether a subject unworthy of speculation, as is also that in regard to their drinking. The camel has seven stomachs, and always seems desirous of keeping the whole of them full, for fear he might be suddenly purchased by Russell Sage or some other millionaire, and have to live on short commons for a twelvemonth. There are four camels in the Park, not including the baby born there—now nine months old and six feet high—and they insist upon taking their meals in courses, one course for each stomach. Also, they do not quarrel about it. So they may be said to have the best table manners of any of the animals.—New York Advertiser.

**The Lyre Bird.**

In the vast forests of New South Wales, broken up and intersected with rock and ravine, stream and plain, you may still meet with one of the most beautiful birds known to naturalists, that is, the lyre bird.

Looking at the illustration, it will be seen at once that the form and structure of the tail resembles an ancient Grecian lyre, hence the bird's name. The size of this bird is about that of the common hen; the eyes are dark hazel, large, mild in expression, and very beautiful; the wings short and concave, rendering great assistance when running, but of little use in flight. The bird's running powers are extraordinary, and it is not easily overtaken; the legs are rather long; the color of the body is a reddish brown, and the general appearance is exceedingly graceful. The bird is of gentle disposition and altogether harmless.

It is painful to know that the constant destruction of rare and beautiful birds, as well as animals, is going on even to



THE LYRE BIRD.

extermination. An English writer is authority for the statement that the lyre bird will soon be lost to us forever. He says that the tail feathers were formerly sold in Sydney at a low price, but now that the beautiful creatures are nearly exterminated the price has risen greatly. Upon fashion and "sport," even more than the ignorant savages, he places the blame of their destruction, adding that the birds might easily have been domesticated and thus preserved.—St. Louis Republic.

It kept the Crows Away.

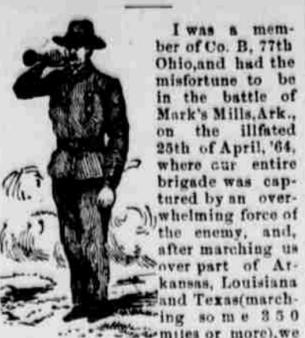


Farmer—"I kicked when William sent the bill home from college for that suit; but it will pay me three times."

# SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

## CAMP FORD STOCKADE.

An Ohio Comrade's Experience in the Prison at Tyler, Tex.



I was a member of Co. B, 77th Ohio, and had the misfortune to be in the battle of Mark's Mills, Ark., on the ill-fated 25th of April, '64, where our entire brigade was captured by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and, after marching over part of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas (marching some 350 miles or more),

finally reached Camp Ford Prison, near Tyler, Tex., May 15, 1864, where we were confined until Feb. 25, 1865, when we were finally paroled and exchanged at the mouth of the Red River, La. I well remember that a few days after our arrival at the Tyler Prison an occurrence took place which I can now number among the first sad events of my stay in that pen. This was the return of Col. J. B. Lenke's command, as it was designated in the prison. I think it consisted of the 19th and 20th Iowa, and they had been prisoners since some time in the Fall of 1863. I remember correctly, they had been marched to our lines at two different times to be exchanged, but on some technicality the exchange fell through each time, and they were returned to Camp Ford for the third time. I saw them coming in the gate at the old prison, and a more miserable-looking set of men it has never fallen to my lot to behold.

At the sight of them I began to realize that perhaps I too would be reduced to the same extremity before my turn would come to be exchanged. At the very thought my heart sank within me, and I could realize that we could only hope against hope that the fight would win. Boy as I was, I often thought, how could it be possible that the loyal people of the country and the enemies of the country were both worshipping the same God, both sides praying for success; that He in His infinite wisdom would give right the power to win, and we would ultimately be released from our place of torture and return to loved ones at home, and demonstrate to them that their daily prayers for our safe deliverance had been answered by Him.

Of our treatment by the enemy I may have more to say in the future, but it seems hardly possible to have been penned up in a shelterless stockade for nine or ten months, no shelter day or night, not enough clothing left to cover our bodies, the ground literally alive with maggots and other vermin, and to-day live to tell the story.

About 12 or 13 years ago I wrote to the postmaster at Tyler, asking him if Camp Ford Stockade still remained. His name was Hunt. He wrote me a very gentlemanly answer, that the stockade was torn down, the Union dead all removed to the National Cemetery at Shreveport, La., and the ground was being cultivated.

I hope this will be the means of resurrecting the pen of some dear comrade who suffered in the same prison.—L. J. CUTLER, in National Tribune.

**Battle of Franklin.**

Although oft recounted, that charge of Opdycke's Brigade at Franklin can never become tedious, by repetition, in the minds of the old soldiers. Special acts of heroism are cherished by all men, and the annals of warfare furnish no greater feat of valor, no more gallant achievement, and one of greater significance to the army and nation than the charge here referred to.

Gen. Opdycke was the idolized Colonel of the 125th Ohio, and when promoted and given command of the First Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Corps, his old regiment followed him, and I can recollect no time—any important occasion—when we were not in his immediate vicinity, and so at the battle of Franklin, on the retreat from Spring Hill to Franklin, we were rear-guards on the Columbia pike, and he was with us. We passed over the works at Franklin, and when about 100 yards to the rear our regiment "fired left" at right angle with the pike, and with the left company (B, my own) resting its left on the road, halted and stacked arms.

My recollections is that we were then a continuation of the brigade line, with the other regiments on the opposite side of the pike. Only a moment and the battle began. If the 88th Ill. was also rear-guards that day, then we must have taken this position at the same time, or nearly so—about 4 p. m. If not, I can readily see how it was that Opdycke consulted with Col. Smith about orders. He certainly was about where he should be to render that effective service.

When the battle began—when the fall opened—I mean that cannon-ball that came bounding down the pike—Opdycke was sitting on his horse within a few feet of us. About this time pandemonium broke loose; the Southern Confederacy came pouring over our works.

And about those orders. Should I live 100 years I could not forget them; with us as with our comrades of the 88th Ill., at this supreme moment we needed none; but "First Brigade, fall in!—Charge bayonet!—Double quick!" rang out the commands of Gen. Opdyck needlessly, for each soldier was in his place, the coffee-pot and frying-pan had given way for the musket, and those veterans of a score or more of

battles, with their glittering steel firmly clenched, stood ready to spring as soon as "elbows touched."

The 88th may have been first in motion, but they were not in our front. We first met our fleeing line coming away from the works, and closely following came the rebel hosts. Co. B numbered about 35 men, but each was an expert with the musket, and our volley, fired at such an effective range, was most destructive to that host of rebels that crowded into Carter's doorway. We had more of the same, but one pill was a dose, and they greeted us with "Don't shoot! We-uns surrender."

Never were orders more promptly given, or successfully executed; and no man appeared a greater hero than Opdycke on the field of Franklin; and no regiment in that serried line, reaching from the Mississippi to the sea, did better service than the 88th Ill.—R. C. RICE, in National Tribune.

## CONDITION OF BUSINESS.

Despite the Heat, the Volume is in Excess of 1891's.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly Review of Trade says: Extreme hot weather for an entire week has checked many kinds of business but has not prevented a considerable excess in the volume of trade over that of last year. The crop outlook on the whole is decidedly improving. Money has been abundant and cheap and collections generally good for the season, and there are no signs of threatened disturbance.

The great interruption of iron and steel manufacture at the West continues, but there are distinct signs of probable settlement. Business at Boston is active in dry goods, and cotton and woolen mills are well employed, as are boot and shoe shops. The demand for leather is steady, manufacturers buying freely. Wool is firm and active with sales of 7,000,000 pounds and prospects of better prices.

At Philadelphia manufactured iron improves, and the Reading coal business is very active. Wool is firm, with increasing demand, the market for wooden goods enlarging, and dry goods generally are more active in spite of the weather; distribution being very favorable.

At Baltimore hot weather retards much trade, though in dry goods and boots and shoes and sporting goods it exceeds last year's. The tin can and box factories are running full and the packers rejoice in living prices.

Dry goods have improved at Cincinnati, the crops look better than a year ago and the general prospect is very fair.

At Cleveland trade is fairly active in spite of the weather, and the whole production of manufactory iron is quickly absorbed.

Trade is quiet at Detroit, but crops are running well better than was expected. Trade and collections are better than a year ago at Chicago, even retail trade increasing in spite of the weather.

Money has been extremely easy at 4 per cent., and from nearly all points come reports that the markets are well supplied and the demand generally light, though improvement is seen at some. Yet the exports of about \$4,000,000 gold this week are not altogether encouraging to those who calculate that, with Congress out of the way, a better foreign demand for American securities may be expected. It often happens that such hopes are unrealized. The Treasury is gradually strengthening itself, as is needful, and is comparatively easy for this season, but when the fall demand for money to move the crops begins in earnest pressure in the money market may speedily appear, unless gold comes back from abroad in large amounts. American buyers of stocks are encouraged by improved crop prospects, and by the belief that the traffic in connection with the World's Fair will help all the trunk lines, and during the past week stocks have been dull, but fairly strong.

The business failures during the last seven days number, for the United States 171, Canada 22, total 193, as compared with 157 last week, 193 the week previous to the last, and 247 for the corresponding week of last year.

## Will Try Municipal Saloons.

At Sioux Falls, S. D., the City Council has decided to open six municipal saloons, one in each ward. They will be open from 5 a. m. to 10 p. m., and sell nothing that cannot be bought from home merchants. Beer will be sold for 5 cents and whiskey 25 cents a glass, to discourage the consumption of the latter.

## THE NATIONAL GAME.

**CAPTAIN TERREAU**, of Cleveland, is lame. **GORE** is playing with the St. Louis team. In **Clousen** the Louisvilles have a good pitcher.

The Cincinnati miss the services of **PITCHER MULIANE**.

**BASSETT** is now playing a great game at third for Louisville.

**PITCHER HEMMING** is making a good record in the Louisville team.

**RHODE** is away in the only Eastern State in which they allow Sunday baseball.

The Boston Club has signed **Lake** as catcher. He did good work for Kansas City.

**BUFFINGTON** is pitching for an amateur team, it is reported, under the name of Brown.

**STEVENS**, of Boston, and **Sanders**, of the Louisvilles, are giant pitchers, resembling each other considerably in build.

There seems to be a tendency to do away with non-playing managers in the League, as **Chapman**, of Louisville, is the last to retire from the arena.

If there is any one thing that hurts baseball it is the unjust criticism of an umpire on the part of spectators who do not know what they are kicking about.

**WASHINGTON** didn't finish in the first division, at the bastion New York and Chicago, which is the first time Washington has done anything of the sort.

**CAPTAIN JOHN M. WARD**, of Brooklyn, is noted for his courtesy on the ball field and for the moderation with which he accepts "rank" decisions of the umpire.

**CHICAGO** has released **Shortstop Cooney** and **Washington** has signed him. This enables **Manager Irwin** to put **Richardson** back to second base, where he is needed.

One by one the old guard, which for seasons maintained the honor of New York up on the diamond, are drifting to other clubs, and their places are being filled by recruits from the minor leagues.

**MANAGER POWERS**, of New York, has signed **McMahon**, formerly catcher of the Kansas City Club. The New Yorks are paying a strong game now that the club has been reorganized and new blood instilled into the old carcass.

**KNOWLES**, of the Providence (R. I.) Club, in an exciting game at Birmingham, N. Y., struck **Catcher Wilson**, of the Birmingham, in the face as the former was making the run. It took twenty policemen to save Knowles from the vengeance of the spectators.

**COMBES** certainly appears to be entitled to much credit for the good work of the Cincinnati. He took practically the same team that for years past has shed gloom over that city, added some strength and his generalship brought them up to fourth place.

# PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

## SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

### SHOT TO DEATH.

**JACK COOLEY'S** NOTORIOUS CAREER ENDED BY A TRAP-BUCK SPRING SET IN A FARMER'S SPRING-HOUSE.

Near Uniontown a spring gun set as a trap for thieves has done what the county authorities long have admitted their inability to do—rid that section of Jack Cooley, one of the notorious outlaws who for years has spread terror in the mountain region of this and adjoining counties. On Thursday night Jack Cooley, Frank Cooley, his brother, and Jack Ramsey attempted to effect an entrance into the spring-house of Thomas Collier, near Fairchance, for the purpose of robbing. Jack Cooley was the leader of the gang, and when he forced the door open a gun, set inside and loaded with buckshot, was discharged, the load taking effect in Jack Cooley's abdomen, producing wounds from which he died yesterday morning. The injured man was at once picked up by his comrades and carried to his father's home, three miles away.

The dead man's father came to Fairchance for a coffin and told the following story of the shooting: "The boys were away from home Thursday night, where I did not then know. Along about 2 o'clock Friday morning they returned, bearing the bleeding form of Jack. The poor fellow did not seem to realize that the end was so near. I wanted to go for a doctor, but he and Frank would not let me. They said the wounds were not fatal, and that to bring a doctor would be to spread the alarm and cause their arrest. I finally agreed not to go for a doctor, and we spent all day yesterday in doing what we could for the poor boy. Shortly before midnight Jack became unconscious, and I then went for Dr. Holbert, but when he arrived it was too late."

The old man then gave Frank's version. The three boys were trying to get into Mr. Collier's milk-house. Jack opened the door and the gun was discharged. He uttered a groan and fell back. The boys thought they had fallen into the hands of the sheriff and his posse. Without waiting to return the fire or see who had fired the shot, they picked up the wounded man and bore him to his home.

Thomas Collier said his milk-house had been robbed several times and he placed the gun loaded with buckshot, in the milk-house with the muzzle pointing toward the door. He tied a string to the trigger so that whoever opened the door would be shot. About 1 o'clock at night his wife awoke him and said the gun had been discharged. He did not go out until morning, when he found the ground in front of the milk-house covered with blood. He also found two large, loaded revolvers, which indicates that the Cooleys had fled precipitately.

Mr. Collier is afraid the Cooleys will have revenge and says he would not be surprised if they should waylay him or burn his house any night.

### A BIG OIL FIRE.

At Washington a fire in the big oil tank of the Southwest Pipe Company, which was struck by lightning, was kept from spreading to the other tanks by throwing earthen embankments around it and then liberating the oil in the basin thus formed, by firing a cannon-ball into the tank. It required the labor of 200 men for eight hours to accomplish the work. Steam was pumped into the other tanks to prevent combustion from the heat thrown out by the burning oil. The loss on oil tank and labor employed is about \$20,000. The destroyed tank was of 40,000 barrels capacity and was almost full. The oil burned for many hours and threw a vast column of flame high into the air.

### FOUR FATALITIES IN A DAY.

Near Johnstown, Fred Kupferer was overcome by heat while at work in the Johnson mills and died shortly after. Milton Saxton was struck by lightning and instantly killed. James Goggin was struck by a train and killed while driving a brewery wagon across the Pennsylvania railroad track. John Moore was run over by a train and killed.

**FARMER REEK** was killed near Phillipsburg, Center county, by lightning, which struck a tree and was conveyed to the house by a wire clothes line.

**D. A. SHAW**, of Delmont, fell 25 feet from a roof, alighting on his head. He was fatally injured.

**ISAAC REEKARD**, pit boss of the Kyle Works, near Uniontown, was fatally injured by a fall of slate.

While toying with a shot gun at Idlewild, Arthur Dalton, aged 13, accidentally shot and killed himself.

A terrific storm passed over Wilkesbarre. The Welsh Congregational church was struck by lightning and badly wrecked. Scores of other buildings were struck and some caught fire.

An infant daughter of Robert Douds, of New Brighton, drank a saucerful of liquid fly paper poison and died in three hours.

**DIPHTHERIA** is raging in George township, south of Uniontown, and several deaths are reported, with many children ill.

An organized gang of horse-thieves is at work in the northern and western parts of Washington county, and scarcely a day passes without one or more horses being stolen. On Wednesday five were reported.

**FRANK WILLIAMS**, a colored driver at the Calhoun planing mills, Connelville, was caught between a board and post at the mills and horribly crushed. He cannot live.

An unknown man applied to Dr. Frank W. Thomas of Philadelphia to have a dislocated shoulder reset. The doctor gave his patient ether and in a short time the man was a corpse.

A fight occurred at the quarry of the Carbon Limestone Company, at Carbon on Sunday and Frank Marshall was fatally wounded and Aquina Knox had a leg nearly shot off.

During a quarrel among drunken Italians at Hilltown, Anton Pasquali killed two of his countrymen and wounded a third.

**JOHN FRICKS**, aged 18, was drowned while bathing at Rochester on Sunday.

At a wedding of two Poles in Mahanoy City Sunday, the guests became involved in a fight and the bride was shot. Twenty-seven of the participants were arrested.

A plant for the manufacture of wood alcohol is to be established at Warren.

Rice has just sent \$1,220 to the Oil City relief fund, making the city's total contribution \$9,220.



"HURRY UP!" SCREAM THE MONKEYS.

is caught in the air by a tiger's fore-paw, and he immediately brings it