

REAL STORY OF JUMBO

HOW BARNUM GOT THE FAMOUS ELEPHANT "AS HE STANDS"

Caging the Monster Brute Was a Contest Between Strength and Strategy, in Which Jumbo Lost and the Great American Showman Won.

When P. T. Barnum anticipated the decline of the freak and other small stuff as a superlative drawing adjunct of the circus he dispatched agents to Europe to round up something that would startle American amusement lovers. That was early in the year 1882, before the magic wand of Tody Hamilton had transformed the abnormality into the prodigy. To use his own words, Mr. Barnum wanted "twenty camels, thirty ostriches or some other big stuff." He clearly foresaw the tangible possibilities of the menagerie, and, as was so characteristic of the great showman, he decided to "go after it." His agents, headed by a Mr. Davis, landed in London. After viewing the animals in the zoological gardens at Regent park they were ushered into the presence of the big elephant Jumbo, the superintendent inquiring with levity, "Is he big enough?" But London had no intention of disposing of Jumbo, for he had created no little stir in the British metropolis because of his enormous size. The agents departed for continental cities, and at Hamburg nine camels were purchased and shipped to New York to become the nucleus of Barnum's first menagerie.

Two weeks later the Zoological society of London received a cablegram from Mr. Barnum inquiring if Jumbo was for sale and how much money would buy him. The members of the society chanced to be in session at the time and the matter was given some consideration, though they probably thought that this fellow Barnum was just joking. However, Mr. Barnum received in answer to his inquiry the following: "You may have Jumbo for £2,000 as he stands." There was considerable meaning to that "as he stands" clause, because Jumbo was no ordinary elephant. He weighed something over six tons, stood over eleven feet in his stockings and possessed a mind of his own that could be so contrary at times that people often accused Jumbo of being quite human.

In due time Mr. Barnum's agents arrived with the £2,000 for the purchase of Jumbo and a huge cage in which to encase him and transport him to America. The cage was upon wheels, was powerfully constructed and weighed something over four tons. The transaction was made with due formality, and Jumbo became American property. Accordingly and with considerable pomp the big elephant was escorted from his spacious and almost palatial quarters in the garden up to the American constructed cage, but Jumbo smelled a mouse (they say that elephants are afraid of mice), and he refused with dignity to lend himself to such nefarious plans. Coaxing and threats were vain, and Jumbo, triumphant, was led back to his quarters for the night. He was given his usual supper and dreamed unmolested of the elysium where all good elephants go.

The agents began to appreciate the significance of that "as he stands" clause. But they had a plan. The next day Jumbo was again escorted to the cage. Again he respectfully declined to enter, complacently putting a foot forward and defiantly bidding the overworked men to move him. Thereupon stout ropes were obtained, and it soon became apparent that Jumbo was to undergo the indignity of being pulled into his new quarters. But all the king's horses and all the king's men pulled and worked in vain. Jumbo was immovable. He had blue blood in his veins, and he couldn't understand why he should be obliged to exchange his elaborate quarters for a cage 9 by 12. Again at night Jumbo dined and dreamed in peace.

The following day was strenuous. A large force was drafted into service. Jumbo was coaxed, pulled, beaten and coaxed again, but again he slept and dined in his quarters in the garden.

That "as he stands" clause was about the biggest proposition that the American showmen had undertaken for a long time, and it soon became apparent that the Britishers did possess a streak of humor after all. The agents got busy. The next morning Jumbo was up with the sun and was somewhat surprised to find that his breakfast was not in its accustomed place. But he soon discovered it in an adjoining room—a new room by the way, but as Jumbo had been so victorious he evidently thought he was deserving of larger apartments, and he entered the new addition, said grace and enjoyed his breakfast. But that was the undoing of Jumbo, for no sooner had he begun to satisfy his morning appetite than the door through which he entered was closed and tightly bolted. Jumbo was at last in the cage, which had during the night been converted into an improvised room by the new purchasers. But Jumbo took his defeat philosophically. It was a case of strategy and diplomacy, and he had lost. The cage was wheeled away to the wharf, and soon Jumbo was bidding adieu and au revoir to old England, and P. T. Barnum's press agents were busy telling the people of America of the coming of the biggest elephant in the world.

Jumbo was born in Africa. When a weaver bit of a pachyderm he was taken to Paris, and soon thereafter he was taken to the London zoo, where he remained for seventeen years. As mentioned above, he stood almost twelve feet in height and weighed about six tons. Following his departure Jumbo became the reigning sensation of London. The society was criticised for selling him, for it had just dawned upon the people of London that Jumbo was

a "big thing." Children talked about him upon the streets. Grownups discussed him. The papers and magazines took up the subject. Parliament heard speeches on Jumbo; even the queen took time to discuss him. But the society in defense claimed that Jumbo was becoming ferocious and unmanageable, which proved to be true.

Once in America, Mr. Barnum advertised Jumbo to the limit. Americans went wild over the animal, and he was exhibited from coast to coast. As Mr. Barnum had anticipated, Jumbo became "it." But on Sept. 15, 1885, while the Barnum & Bailey show was at St. Thomas, Ont., the famous elephant was killed by a freight train while he was on his way to be loaded into one of the Barnum cars.

But that was not the last of Jumbo. By prearrangement noted taxidermists were engaged, and the skin and skeleton of Jumbo were prepared and placed in the natural history museum in New York city, where they are the cynosure of all that visit the great institution.—Billboard.

MEN, WOMEN AND MEALS.

Something on a Tray and the Tyranny of Food.

When men suppose that dinner goes on whether they are at home or not they labor under a curious misconception. Arthur Pendennis, writing about this melancholy fact, declares: "Some one once said that an ordinary woman's favorite dinner is an egg in a drawing room. All women have a passion for something on a tray. To the masculine mind things on a tray are unsatisfying, but to the feminine body they embody the very manna from heaven." It is easy to understand that Arthur Pendennis or any other "masculine mind" might have trouble in comprehending the why and wherefore of this debilitated taste, but no woman would be at a loss to explain it. It comes from the fatigue which woman suffers as the result of her colossal task of feeding man. To nourish the human race is the appointed work of woman. At the very inception of life this is her labor, and never can existence be so fine, so free, so heroic or so beautiful that she must not pause three times a day—or more—to bend her mind to the menu that shall please her lord. She has been accused of writing no epics. It is said that she is incapable of composing an oratorio, of designing a cathedral or conceiving an heroic statue or painting a picture of the first quality. The report is that she might have done something of the kind if the men had not been hungry so frequently and so insistently. To be the nourisher of the human race is an undertaking so prodigious that it is a marvel that the mere exasperation of being chained to the larder has not made fiends or lunatics out of women, and from squaw to countess their sufferings in this regard have points of similarity. Is it any wonder, then, that with the ever hungry man out of the way the woman seeks escape from the tyranny of food and "eats strawberries by moonlight on a flowery bank?"—Reader Magazine.

Peers as Pugilists.

Lord Byron on an interesting occasion displayed his remarkable pugilistic powers, powers of which the poet peer was very proud, as he was of his cricket feats and almost unrivaled precision as a pistol shot. Lord Lonsdale was riding home from a fox hunt one day when he encountered a wagon driver who insolently refused to make way for a lady driving a trap. The noble lord got off his horse and, without throwing off his coat, ordered the wagoner to "put up his hands," which he did promptly, being an expert in the "noble art" and confident. It was a sanguinary fight for both combatants, but the wagoner was made to "bite earth" and acknowledge defeat. Byron was regularly trained in boxing by the famous bruiser Jackson, and in a history of the ring his lordship's name frequently appears as a "backer" at prize fights. The last of the aristocratic patrons of the ring was the late Sir James Boswell of Auchinleck, a grandson of the famous biographer of Dr. Johnson. Sir James was tutored by Jamie Goldie, for many years champion of Scotland, and the pupil was worthy of the teacher.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The World's Building Wonder.

The biggest and most mysterious building job on record may be said to have been the construction of the great wall of China, planned by the Emperor Chin Ise Wang, 214 B. C. The length of the wall was 1,250 miles, up hill and down dale, with a width and height of fifteen and twenty feet respectively. How the wall was built of brick and granite in a region entirely destitute of clay to make the former and bare of the latter is a problem which has never been solved. Fifty thousand men were employed in its construction, and so well did they do their work that, although in many places the wall has fallen into decay, there are still considerable portions of it intact.

Batherskite.

"Batherskite" is an Americanism, or, rather, an old word which has survived chiefly in American usage. The way it came to be popular here is curious. It is really the old Scottish "bietherskite," from "biether," to talk nonsense (old Norse "bladr," nonsense), and "skate," a term of opprobrium. In the song "Maggie Lander," written about 1850, occur the words, "Jog on your gait, ye bietherskite," and this song was a very popular one in the American camp during the war of independence; hence the vogue of the expressive word in its Americanized form. "Bietherskite" was the Irish version early in the nineteenth century.

IN A SHIPWRECK.

That is the Time That Men Really Can Eat Their Boots.

Shipwrecked persons have been kept alive on the most repugnant and unwholesome of foods. Probably the hardest fare that six strong men and a boy of fifteen ever kept alive on was the daily menu of the Windsor's survivors, who were cast up on the Irish coast near Killegg. They lived for sixteen days on stewed rope yarn.

When they took the ship's small boat they had water enough for a month, but only a small amount of provisions. These lasted four days. After having nothing at all to eat for the following two days they tried boiling lengths of tarred hemp rope into pulp and swallowing it.

They had a keg of paraffin wax, which they boiled to add to the nourishment. The sickness they experienced as a result of the diet, says What to Eat, was only temporary, and they landed in comparatively good health.

Captain Maholy of the foundered steamer Gwalior and his second officer created a record by living for seventeen days on boot leather and a pint of water a day each.

Of course no teeth can tear cowhide boots; they have to be cut up and shredded with a knife and the shreds chewed and swallowed. Boiling, even when possible, it is said, does no good, but takes from the nourishment of the boots. A few ounces of leather, being very hard to digest, stay the stomach for fifteen or twenty hours.

A diet of boots and shoes is one of the commonest of last resource foods, and, though it is hard for a well fed person to imagine that any one could masticate and digest the leather, a pair of long sea boots will keep a man alive for a fortnight if he has a little water.

Two men who went to a small island off the Irish coast kept themselves going for ten days on a diet probably worse than this. They landed in a boat which was smashed by a wave on their trying to relaunch her, and they were kept on the bare rocky island without food.

Fortunately there was a spring on the island, but nothing in the way of sea gulls, which they could catch, and nothing with which to make a fire as a distress signal. There was not even any shellfish, as there was no beach, and the pair had to subsist for ten days on cold raw seaweed washed up by the tide.

The best known and most useful of starvation diets for wrecked or cast-away people, however, is that of barnacles. Three Englishmen and a crew of lascars who had been forced to abandon the sailing vessel North Star kept themselves going for more than a week on barnacles, and only two of the crew died.

The worst of this diet is that the barnacles give one internal cramps and cause an insufferable thirst, but they do nourish the frame. You have to reach under the vessel's side and pull them off, taking care not to leave the best half of them sticking to the planks.—London Standard.

A Queer Story.

A city merchant once caused his friends much sorrow by disappearing in a strange fashion. He was last heard of at his banker's, where he deposited nearly £2,000 in his bank account. His subsequent whereabouts were enveloped in mystery, and years elapsed without any explanation being forthcoming. Ten years later his wife was driving through a west end district when she recognized in the figure of a crossing sweeper some semblance to that of her husband. She immediately stopped her carriage and found that the sweeper was indeed her missing husband. He was inclined to resent her persuasion to return to his home, but eventually succumbed. He afterward explained that he had amassed sufficient money to keep his family in comfort, and, tormented by the fear that he might be induced to speculate and lose the whole, he determined to disappear and leave them to his enjoyment. He had lived in common lodging houses and was content in his adopted business of a crossing sweeper. Often he had seen his wife pass him, and he had received many coppers and small pieces of silver from his family.—London Mail.

Advice to Teachers.

"Never try to teach what you do not yourself know and know well. If your school board insists on your teaching anything and everything decline firmly to do it. It is an imposition alike on pupils and teacher to teach that which he does not know. Those teachers who are strong enough should squarely refuse to do such work. This much needed reform is already beginning in our colleges, and I hope it will continue. It is a relic of medieval times, this idea of professing everything. When teachers begin to decline work which they cannot do well improvements begin to come in. If one would be a successful teacher he must firmly refuse work which he cannot do successfully."—Alexander Agassiz.

Rhodes and Beit.

Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Beit were equally undemonstrative. A great scheme of Rhodes was once collapsing when Werner and Beit came to the rescue and saved it. Beit for his firm—Werner & Beit—took up the obligations. Rhodes said simply, "That's all right," but the following day, as Beit and he stood together at the bar in the Kimberley club, he abruptly asked the steward for half a dozen promissory note forms, signed them in blank and stuffed them into Beit's pocket, saying: "You've backed me. If things go wrong you'll want mine too." In the success the notes were forgotten by both and were handed back some six months later.

DOGS OF ALASKA.

The Native Mopgrels the Independent Burden Bearers.

The native dog is known as the "huskie" or "malamoot" and is a mongrel—one-half timber wolf. He has characteristics which especially fit him for his work. He is heavy set, with a thick coating of hair, impervious to cold and wind. A tough wolf in his nature, he is never restless, eager to go, and with a marvellous mixture of dog to temper a fierceness and a treachery which might and sometimes do become dangerous. All this is understood—in fact, carefully studied and watched by the Alaskan—and those qualities which manifest themselves in fidelity and gentleness are encouraged by kind treatment, while the wolfish side of their nature is quickly and effectually subdued by numerous whippings. These animals have not yet learned to express themselves by barking, and the only noise they can make is a dismal howl. It is a rare occurrence for them to bite a human being, but they will fight among themselves on the slightest provocation, and it is not an uncommon sight for half a dozen "huskies" to hold a pitched battle on the main street of Fairbanks. A bucket of cold water will generally put them to flight, but in the majority of cases the miners pay no attention to the melee and allow the dogs to fight it out.

The wolf nature manifests itself in their thieving propensities, and all food must be "cached" out of their reach. A hungry "huskie" will open a box of canned beef with ease by biting through the tin. He will lie before the door of a tent or cabin, pretending to be asleep, when in reality he is waiting for a chance to ransack the kitchen. One day I saw a miner's dinner wrecked by his own dog, a splendid, big, wolfish fellow, who overturned a pot of beans and in the most unconcerned manner walked off with the hot bacon in his mouth. No matter what deprivations they may commit, severe punishment, so as to cripple or kill them, is out of the question, on account of their great value in the transportation of supplies. It is an inferior dog that is not worth \$40, and many of them, say their masters, "are not for sale."

Two good dogs can haul a man forty or fifty miles a day on a good trail or carry from 500 to 600 pounds of freight about twenty miles in six hours. They are faithful to the last degree and will work even when weak from lack of food. When in this condition, however, they sometimes become dangerous, and should the driver fall he may be attacked, but these instances are rare, and more often the dog is sacrificed to save his master from starvation.—Mrs. C. R. Miller in Leslie's Weekly.

The Farmer Grows Wiser.

"You can't fool the farmer any more on merchandise for his farm," said the proprietor of an agricultural store as he wrote down a large order for a certain fertilizer. "Time was when you could sell a farmer anything in the way of fertilizer and no questions asked. It was a fat time for the manufacturers of fertilizers, but that time is all past. Now the man who tills the soil must know all about what the market offers for enriching crops. He insists that he be given the formula of every fertilizer on the market, and he knows whether too much phosphorus, potash, etc., predominates. He knows what his soil needs most; he understands that certain crops demand a certain sort of enrichment of the earth and that other crops necessitate an entirely different sort of an enrichment. In the old days he'd dump anything on his land and trust to luck that things would grow all right; same way with tools. He won't buy a farming implement until he has some actual knowledge of its worth. It's all because of the agricultural colleges which spread agricultural information gratis into the country towns, so that a farmer can hardly help learning a thing or two."—New York Press.

The Teacher's Output.

Teaching is essentially a giving of oneself for others, a daily dying that others may live, and yet renewing one's life again that there may be more to bestow the next day. No matter how obscure and modest the place may be where one is at work, if its opportunities are only utilized in the right spirit it may be a center from which the mankind of the future draws strength and health. The joy of the teacher is in his ideas, his plans, his dreams, live on in his pupils. Others may jealously guard their possessions. The teacher takes pride in the abundance of his gifts. He does not talk about patents and copyrights. It pleases him to see his pupils give body to his thoughts and derive pleasure and profit from them. Teachers, as a rule, are of the right spirit. It would be a sad day for our country if they were not. They give freely and grow richer the more they give.—School Journal.

A Robin at the Funeral.

A few weeks ago a little dog had to be taken by force from the grave of his mistress in Ryden churchyard, England. The affair has reminded the bishop of Barking of an incident in the same village when he was officiating at the funeral of the late vicar. He says: "After the coffin had been placed in the chancel and just as the service was beginning a little robin hopped up the center aisle, glancing to right and left at the villagers and mourners, and finally alighted on the coffin, where as the service proceeded he sung a few notes at intervals. I was told after the service that the same little bird was a pet of the vicar's and was present in the church on several occasions and among them when he preached his last sermon before his death."

A LUCKY CHOICE.

How a Famous English Authoress Won a Fortune in a Lottery.

Mary Russell Mitford, the English authoress, when a child won a fortune in a lottery. Her works comprise poems, dramas, tales and descriptive sketches. She wrote three tragedies—"Julian," "The Vespers of Palermo" and "Rienzi." The last named had a notable run on the stage. But it is her tales and sketches, thrown off apparently with little effort, but full of grace and charm, that have given her lasting fame. The story of the lottery is quite romantic. The family were in some straits and had come up to dingy lodgings in London. One day—her tenth birthday, as it happened—Miss Mitford and her father were walking about London, when he took her into an office where an Irish lottery was soon to be drawn. Pointing to some bits of printed paper (whose significance she had no idea of) that lay upon the counter, he asked her to choose the number she liked best as a birthday present. She selected No. 2,224. Not being a whole ticket, another number was suggested, but she firmly stuck to her first choice, pointing out that the figures cast up to ten, the number of her years. The office being able to complete the ticket, the whole of it was purchased. Time passed on, and one Sunday morning while preparing for church the clerk of the lottery office appeared to tell them that an express had just arrived from Dublin announcing that No. 2,224 had drawn a prize of £20,000.—London Mail.

FLETCHERISM.

What Should One Eat and How Should It Be Eaten?

Henry Ward Beecher made the remark once in talking with friends on helpful Christianity that "good eating and sound digestion were positively needed to insure the kind of Christianity Christ taught."

"What shall or dare I eat?" is a serious question with many mothers. Horace Fletcher tried to answer the question with a view to helping the largest number of people putting the query. He said:

"Eat only in response to an actual appetite, which will be satisfied with plain bread and butter.

"Chew all solid food until it is liquid and practically swallows itself.

"Sip and taste all liquids that have taste, such as soup, lemonade, etc. Water has no taste and can be swallowed immediately.

"Never take food while angry or worried and only when calm. Waiting for the mood in connection with the appetite is a speedy cure for both anger and worry.

"Remember and practice the above four rules, and your teeth and your health will be fine."

These rules some time ago became known as "Fletcherism" and are being practiced by many who favor them. They cannot be harmful, and they certainly are helpful.—Mothers' Magazine.

Unnatural Finis.

Mrs. Meeds—And did your husband die a natural death?

Mrs. Weeds—No, he died suddenly.

Mrs. Meeds—What was there unnatural about that?

Mrs. Weeds—Why, poor, dear John was the slowest man that ever lived.—Chicago Tribune.

The Society Way.

Duty called.

The man looked at the card sadly.

"Just say that I'm not at home," he ordered the maid.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If you knowest how to use money it will become thy handmaid. If not, it will become thy master.—Diodorus.

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CHARTER APPLICATION.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on October 25th, 1906, by J. W. Sphrit, John Dougherty, J. M. Norris, J. A. Lindy and G. M. McDonald, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Paradise Telephone Company, the character and object of which is constructing, maintaining and leasing lines of telegraph and telephone, for private use of individuals, firms, corporations, municipal and otherwise, for general business, and for police, fire alarm or messenger business, and for the transaction of any business in which electricity over or through wires may be applied to any useful purpose in the County of Jefferson and State of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.
G. M. McDONALD, Solicitor

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LABEL IN DIVORCE.

Mary E. Donders vs. Peter Donders.

No. 9, April term, 1906. Pluries Subj. in Divorce.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, ss:

To Peter Donders, Greeting:

We command you, as twice before you were commanded, that all matter of business excuses being set aside, you be and your proper person before our Judge at Brookville, at our Court of Common Pleas, on the second Monday of November next, to show cause, if you have, why your wife, Mary E. should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you the said Peter Donders, agreeably to the petition and label exhibited against you our said Court, and this you shall in case omit at your peril.

Witness The Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville, the 15th day of August, A. D. 1906.

Allowed by the Court.

CYRUS H. BLOOD, Prothonotary.

To Peter Donders, Greeting:

You are hereby notified to appear before the Honorable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, at Brookville, Pa., on the second Monday of November next, to answer as set forth in the above subpoena.

GILBERT SCHEAFNOCKER, Sheriff.

September 29, 1906.

LABEL IN DIVORCE.

Malcolm G. McGiffin vs. Alice H. McGiffin.

No. 108, November term, 1905. Pluries subpoena in divorce.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, ss:

To Alice H. McGiffin, Greeting:

We command you, as twice before you were commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Brookville, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the second Monday of November next, to show cause, if any you have, why your husband, Malcolm G. McGiffin, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which he hath contracted with you the said Alice H. McGiffin, agreeably to the petition and label exhibited against you our said Court, and this you shall in case omit at your peril.

Witness The Hon. John W. Reed, President of our said Court at Brookville, the 15th day of August, A. D. 1906.

Allowed by the Court.

CYRUS H. BLOOD, Prothonotary.

To Alice H. McGiffin, Greeting:

You are hereby notified to appear before the Honorable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, at Brookville, Pa., on the second Monday of November next, to answer as set forth in the above subpoena.

GILBERT SCHEAFNOCKER, Sheriff.

September 29, 1906.

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