"FATE."

In this dark belfry where we toil and grope
Toward the dim seen light of life within,
Where barely, or with panting breath we win
To shadowy glimpses of our dream of hope;
If still ascending by the steepening slope
With this small knowledge of our origin—
The what we were, plus all our sum of sin,
What need is there to cast a horoscope?
We are the angels of such destiny
As shall o'ertake us when we leave this place
Of temporary hiding, soon or late.
There is no thought, word, deed of such as we,
But moulds us unto grace, or to disgrace,
Though men are pleased to call their scapegoats "Fate."

—James McCreedy.

JUDGE RELF.

JACK RELF stood irresolute in the doorway of the smoking-room. The all-night poker game, of which he had been a spectator for an hour or more, had just adjourned for breakfast, and the empty room with its strata of various colored cigarette smoke was uninviting at so early an hour. Hardly more attractive was the row of pallid invalids—helpless and shapeless in their heavy wraps—on the deck before him. It was demoralizing to see men so colorless and women so utterly regardless of personal appearance as his fellow passengers. Three days of rough weather had wrought the usual havoc, and although the sea had become somewhat calmer there was an insidious swell, deadly in its effect. It addition to the general dreariness the fog-whistle had been blowing hoarse notes of warning all night, and even now, although the fog was lifting it necessitated this precaution. However muggy the outside air, it was delicious after the smoking-room, and Relf, delightfully conscious of being one of the very few persons walking the deck, threw back his head with a quick, characteristic movement, to enjoy more fully the salty dampness.

"He is a beautiful youth," said the Rabbi, and he murmured some apropos remarks of the Hebrew poets.

"In that long coat and round cap he is like a young priest," added the Bishop, and they both continued their discussion on "infinity." Relf smiled and touched his cap as he passed them. They were an interesting old pair, each so typical in his way that the young man felt that he had known them always. He looked at the Rabbi's strong, patriarchial profile, and reflected how invaluable he would be to a painter of Biblical scenes in need of an Abraham or a Moses.

Just then the fog-whistle, whose deafening bellow had of late been coming at longer intervals, burst out as if it would rip the pipe from its fastenings. Simultaneously came a concussion that sent Relf sprawling into somebody's lap, and for an instant there was the sound of crashing timbers up forward. Then, as if the whistle had sounded the day of judgment, the ghosts rose from their graves and swarmed in bewilderment about the deck. Pale, dishevelled women, who but a short time before had prayed for death, slid from their steamer chairs with surprising alacrity and became suddenly and inconsistently imbued with a desire to live. The men, anxious and wild-eyed, were crowding forward, and every one was in the feverish state of ignorance that a reporter describes as "a panic seemed imminent." The appearance of the ship's doctor, however, put an end to that possibility.

"There is no cause for alarm," he said, hurriedly, "we are unhurt," and he told them that the Dahlia had run down a schooner and the boats would be lowered to pick up her crew. "Look—see there!" Every one crowded to the rail.

It was as if the gauze curtains in the last act of a spectacular play were rolling up to disclose the transformation scene. Through the lifting fog, in a glare of white sunlight, the wrecked vessel floated aimlessly about in two pieces. There were men in her rigging—just how many it was impossible to tell. Every time Relf looked through his glass he discovered a new figure clinging desperately to the shrouds. It was a dreary sight, and the time it took the Dahlia's boats to go out to the wreck and back seemed interminable and strangely silent without the throbbing of the engines. Relf watched the rescued ones, twenty-two in all, climb over the side and disappear among a crowd of gaping steerage passengers. With the exception of the first mate and the carpenter, who had been lost, the shaggy-headed crew of the Lizzie Johnston were apparently unhurt. When they reappeared, dressed to a man in the neat blue and white of the Dahlia, they stood about in the steerage, allowing themselves to be questioned and admired with an indifference worthy of more experienced lions. They were a polyglot collection—German, French, some sallow Portuguese, several Dutchmen and a sprinkling of Americans, of whom the captain was one. Relf took an immediate interest in one young fellow—not on account of the man himself exactly, for his back was turned, and he could only see that he was tall and well formed. It was more owing to the effect the man was producing on a tow-haired German girl who was tenderly bandaging his right wrist. She blushed furiously when he spoke and bent her head to hide her confusion. Relf reflected that the man must be strikingly handsome or was saying unusually sweet nothings, and waited curiously until the operation should be completed, hoping to see his face. But when the girl gave a final pat to her skilful bandage, the sailor made her a funny little bow and went inside without turning round.

Later in the day, when Relf was talking with the captain of the Lizzie Johnston, and at the same time idly watching the picture of squalor the steerage afforded, he again saw the young man of the bandaged wrist, stretched out in the sunshine, apparently asleep, with his face concealed by his arm. He was on the point of asking the captain about him when a steward appeared on the promenade deck beating a Chinese gong for dinner.

At dinner, at the supreme moment when tongues wag liveliest, when the orchestra plays loudest, when every one is wittiest and no one else is listening—the steward laid a rather soiled envelope, addressed in an unformed hand, beside Relf's plate. He opened the dubious-looking cover wonderingly, and glanced down the half sheet it contained, upon which among other things was a smirch of blood, until his eyes rested upon the signature, "Richard Burns." He stared at it so long and stupidly that the impatient steward joggled his elbow, and Relf, who in the entire twenty years of his existence had never been so deeply moved, helped himself plentifully to mashed potatoes.

"Mr. Relf," the note ran, "when I saw you talking to the captain to-day I hid my face, but you will come again and see me anyhow, and I want to have a talk with you before you give me away. Can I see you to-night when the people have gone in? Very respectfully, Richard Burns."

Relf shuddered at this note with its blot of blood almost as he had shuddered two years before when in the pink and gray light of early dawn he stumbled over the dead body of a servant on the deck of his uncle's yacht. The shock had been a horrid one. The gruesomeness of unexpectedly finding some one for whom he had a liking, dead, with his head battered in, was more than Relf felt he could ever quite recover from; and now chance and a fog had placed the murderer in his hands when the police and a vast expenditure of money had failed to do so. Relf had often pictured to himself a noiseless struggle in which Manderson had succumbed to the lithe young stoker—the stealthy tip-toe across the deck, the soft splash, and the long, cold swim toward the lights of the distant watering-place. He saw it now so clearly, so intensely, that it made his head ache, and quite forgetting that the Bishop was telling him an anecdote, he left the table suddenly and went on deck, where, except for eight or ten ladies dining on lemonade, he found himself alone.

It was not because Relf was in doubt as to his duty that he felt the need of some one wiser than himself in whom he could confide. What he had to do he realized quite clearly; it had flashed through his mind the moment he saw the signature of the note. But how to go about it without becoming undesirably conspicuous was another matter. He had but vague ideas as to how a criminal was brought to justice on land. On the high seas it was probably a totally different proceeding, and among all the people on board with whom he had discussed the run, and the pools, and Rudyard Kipling, and the collision, there was no one whose advice he cared to ask. The Bishop was so utterly unpractical that Relf doubted whether he even believed in arresting people at all; and as for the Rabbi—Relf smiled.

Of course he would not see Burns, he reflected. To arrange a rendezvous with a murderer, in mid-ocean, after every one had gone in, was not exactly a subtle thing for a young man with no particular taste for athletics to do. Then, after thinking it over for some time, he decided that it might be—well, rather unfair to pay no attention to the man's request, and decided to meet him.

It was clear and cold when Relf stepped out of the smoking room late that night. Except for a fair compatriot and a college man the deck was deserted. He took up his position in front of the music room, and stood looking into the black depths of the steerage until there was a sudden gleam of light there, against which a man's figure stood out for an instant, and he felt that Richard Burns was waiting for him.

"Is that you, Burns?" he called softly, and then, without waiting for an answer, added: "Come up here, please." He neither had anything to say, nor did he know what the man wished to say to him, so he leaned against the rail and waited for the other to begin. During the silence that followed, his dislike of seeing any one ill at ease almost forced him to speak; but he resisted the impulse and waited. When the man finally plunged desperately into the middle of what he had to say, Relf drew nearer that he might not lose any of the slowly spoken sentences.

"I never meant to kill Manderson," Burns began. "It was him that had the grudge against me. He used to go out of his way to devil me—we never would have seen each other if he hadn't, because—" He broke off abruptly and added in a hopeless tone, "That wasn't what I was going to say first, for you won't believe that, if you're sharp, like they used to say you were. A knowing chap don't believe what's true."

"Please go on," said Relf, dryly.

"He worried me like a cat until that night I couldn't stand it, and hit him. You remember Manderson when his blood was up, Mr. Relf? He jumped at me with his knife, and—well, I couldn't let him stick me, and how would it ha' looked if I'd ha' made a row? If it hadn't ha' been him it would ha' been me. But I never meant to kill him. I got his knife and rapped him over the head with the handle to make him let go—his teeth were sunk in my hand, you can see the marks of them yet."

Relf looked with some interest at the great paw that was thrust into the stream of light from the music room porthole.

"He loosed his grip," continued Burns, "and I let him down easy. I didn't know he was dead, but I couldn't set him on his feet again and his heart wasn't working. Well, I might ha' stayed there, and said then what I'm saying now, but I didn't. My people are hard-working and I was well raised, if I do say it. I'm only older than you by two years. I'm a common kind of a man, but everything is before me like it is for you. I couldn't give it all up. I can make something out of my life if no one knows who I am." His face showed an instant in the light, and Relf, who had always remembered it as something diabolical, streaked with sweat and coal dust, noticed that it was clean and brown and eager almost as useful as his own.

Burns talked on and on, but Relf had ceased to hear the words, only the earnest tones of the man's voice came to him. Under its influence he was seeing his own praiseworthy intentions in an entirely new light. He realized that he had in his power a creature like himself—a young and vigorous life that he was about to—if not quite kill, at least cripple as effectually as the limbs of a Neapolitan beggar that are tortured into hideous shapes in infancy. Exactly why he was doing this he didn't know. Obviously it was not for the man's own good. Perhaps it was for the good of the public. Then he reflected that this was "rot," as abstractly he did not in the least care for the good of the public, and at any rate an honest life was of infinitely more good to the world than any number of ignominious deaths. Was it thirst for revenge? Was it merely to satisfy a prejudice? He thought of these and many other things, with his eyes fixed on the black smoke that rolled from the funnels, and, trailing close to the water, struggled to obliterate the shimmering path of moonlight there.

The time passed with cruel slowness for the dark figure at his side, who had long since become silent, and was trying to read the younger man's large vague eyes.

At length Relf looked toward him.

"I believe what you say," he said slowly. "I have no wish to harm you." And as he turned to go, eight bells struck, and the watch sang out a long "All's well."—C. M. Flandrau, in the Harvard Advocate.

A Cane in Eleven Hundred Pieces.

William E. Yale, a wealthy Brooklyn (N. Y.) bachelor, is a remarkable traveler, and his delight is historical study. He has a cane that he carries with him, which is undoubtedly the most costly and unique of anything of the kind in the world.

The stick contains about 1100 pieces of wood. Each piece is cut in a curious and artistic shape, so that the cane with the various colored and shaped woods has a strange appearance.

Mr. Yale planned and made the cane, and work upon it consumed weeks of labor at different times in the course of several years.

Sixty of the 1100 pieces of wood are of great value to relic hunters. The head of the cane is made from a post in the house of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford, England. Set in the head is a small lock of white hair from Martha Washington's head, the lock having been given Mr. Yale thirty years ago by Robert E. Lee, a descendant of Mrs. Washington.

There is a piece of wood from the birthplace of Napoleon, on the Island of Corsica, and one from Napoleon's writing desk at St. Helena.

Other pieces of the cane came from the Charter Oak, from the home of John Adams, from a chair of Oliver Cromwell, from the home of Julia Hancock, from the Mayflower, Roger Williams's pew, from a desk of Abraham Lincoln, from a penholder of Gladstone, from a rule that Garfield used at school, from a penholder of Longfellow, from a trunk that Lafayette used during the Revolutionary War, from the bed upon which John Wesley died and from the guillotine upon which Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were beheaded. Mr. Yale spent years and much care in collecting the relics.

He has been offered $2000 for the cane, which is truly a wonder. He will leave it to the historical department of Cornell University when he dies.

St. Paul's Great Clock to be Replaced.

The great clock of St. Paul's, London, England, has been taken down from its lofty height and is to be replaced by one of modern construction. Why this piece of vandalism should be perpetrated it is difficult to imagine. The clock, which was put up by Langley Bradley in 1708, is in splendid condition, and might to all appearance go on for another two centuries without failing to bear accurate record of the passing time. It is a grand old clock, remarkable for the magnitude of its wheels and the fineness of its works. It cost £300 to build. Its two dial plates are fifty-one feet in circumference and the numerals two feet 2½ inches in height. The minute hands are nine feet eight inches long and weigh seventy-five pounds each, and the hour hands are five feet nine inches long and weigh forty-four pounds each. The pendulum is sixteen feet long. It is an eight-day clock, striking the hour on the great bell, which is suspended about forty feet from the floor. The head of the hammer weighs 145 pounds and the clapper 180 pounds.—Chicago Herald.

Familiar Extravagance.

"It is a peculiar fact," observed a cashier of a popular restaurant, "that most people help themselves to half a dozen toothpicks after each meal, when each individual among them must know, if he thinks about it, that he won't more than half use one of them. But with most of them it is merely a matter of habit. They fell into it originally, I suppose, by yielding to the idea that it is true economy to help yourself liberally to what doesn't cost anything. I often wonder what they do with all the toothpicks they take away. Some people contract a habit of chewing toothpicks. It would be far better for them if they chewed tobacco or even gum, for the fibre of the wood often lodges in the throat or gets into some piece of internal machinery, where it plays the mischief."—New York Herald.

THE ANIMALS OF CIRCUSES.

A FAMOUS SHOWMAN TELLS SOME MENAGERIE SECRETS

The Elephants, Lions and the Cat Species Are the Best Stock to Handle—Monkeys Are Delicate.

JAMES A. BAILEY, the foremost showman of this country and the principal owner of the Barnum & Bailey Circus, gave the following interesting facts in regard to his menagerie, to a New York Tribune reporter, the other day:

"The lions and the animals of the cat species, such as tigers, leopards and panthers, are the best stock to handle. Considering that most of them come from the tropics, they stand the changes of our climate remarkably well. As a rule they will live a dozen years in captivity, and often much longer. I have known of lions to live in the cages for twenty-five or thirty years. Tigers, leopards and panthers are not far behind the lions, either. Well-grown lions and tigers in a sound condition are worth from $800 to $1200 each. If you can buy lions or tigers in pairs they are a good investment, as they reproduce so frequently. A good tigress will produce two litters of four in a year, and generally one-half of them can be successfully raised and sold at good prices. Leopards and panthers are given to eating their young, or at least to killing them.

"You have to be mighty careful with your lions, tigers, panthers and leopards, though, for while they are hardy, disease makes short work with them if it once gets hold of them. Pneumonia is their greatest enemy. Colds, developing into lung troubles, kill by far the most of them. During our London engagement we lost five leopards in three weeks. Post-mortem examinations showed that they all died of cold which had settled on the lungs.

"It is necessary to keep a close watch on the appetites of these animals, too, for if they get off on their feed you are likely to lose them. Zoos generally feed their animals on horse meat, but both at the winter quarters and on the road we give them good beef. It pays to do it. If they begin to show a distaste for their food we give them a little hot, fresh blood to drink. If that does not stimulate them we drop a few live chickens, turkeys or rabbits into their cages and let them slaughter them. That generally brings them around all right.

"So far as hardiness and longevity go, elephants are even better stock than the lions and cat animals. They are not much good as an investment, though, for they seldom reproduce in captivity. So far as I positively know, the one that was born with our show several years ago, and is in our herd yet, though it is not now much of a baby in size, is the only one born and successfully raised in captivity.

"They are an exceedingly useful animal and are not much trouble. They will stand almost anything and seldom get sick. Up in our winter quarters and on the road they are very useful for us in pushing cars around and hauling heavy loads. It was not many years ago when the elephant was considered the chief attraction of the show, and the worth of a show was reckoned by the number of elephants it had in its herd. Now they are a drug on the market. I have lent them to zoos and have been glad to get rid of them. I sold ten and sent them to Europe a few years ago.

"A good elephant here is worth from $1500 to $3000, according to his age, size, temper and intelligence. In Europe prices run a little higher at present. A finely trained elephant will bring a much higher price, but those who own such generally do not want to part with them. There is no telling how long an elephant will live as a circus attraction. I never knew one to die a natural death. If they do not get killed in an accident or in a fire they eventually become savage and dangerous and have to be killed.

"Monkeys are mighty poor stock to handle, but they are so cheap that we hardly keep any account of them. A dozen of them are liable to drop over from pneumonia any day if a draught happens to blow through their cage. They do well enough in winter quarters, where the temperature is even, but we seldom bring back half as many as we start out on the road with. They are subject to all sorts of digestive disorders, too, and people feed them with all sorts of stuff calculated to produce these disorders, in spite of the vigilance of keepers.

"Often we have to replenish our stock of monkeys in the middle of a season. There are plenty of dealers in New York from whom we can get them. They buy them of sailors generally. As for chimpanzees, I would not have one in the menagerie, for, although they are great attractions, they are far too delicate to make it profitable to invest in them. No, monkeys are so hard to keep alive that the wise showman contents himself with letting rare species alone.

"An animal the people like to see and that is good stock for the showman, is the kangaroo. They are cheap. In Australia there are still huge droves of them, and the natives capture them very easily, with dogs trained to seize them by their long tails. The kangaroo's tail, you know, is his rudder and balancing pole. Without it his huge hind legs are likely to carry him anywhere except where he wants to go. So when a half-dozen of these Australian dogs get hold of the kangaroo's big, flat tail he is completely at the mercy of his captors. They live many years in captivity and reproduce so often that we have to sell off the stock occasionally.

"One of the best animals for show purposes is the giraffe, but he is the most delicate animal we carry around. I have only one, but it is worth $5000, as is any good specimen. Colds and stomach troubles are the giraffe's ailments. When it is sick it refuses food. The antelopes are expensive animals, but, with the exception of the eland, they are a hardy lot and will live around the circus until they get toothless and blind.

"You would perhaps think that an ostrich, the hardiest of all birds, would be the easiest to keep in captivity, but they are very risky. You know they will eat anything from an oyster shell to a piece of lead pipe. Well, they are always getting their stomachs out of order, and when they are sick if you do not roll food up in balls and cram it down their throats they will starve themselves to death. I bought eleven of them for $800 each. We trained them to run races, but they died off. I have only one now.

"On the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus we can count as surely as we can on the elephants. Once in awhile they will reproduce, but the young are so susceptible to cold that it is very rarely one is raised. If my hippopotamus should die I do not believe I could get another in this country. They are getting mighty scarce.

"Bears are as good stock as we can buy, as they are easily kept and not subject to disease. The North American grizzly, though—the real article—is getting scarce. I would like to get one. The only one I know of is in California. I offered his owner $1000 cash for him, but he would not talk of selling him. You see plenty of so-called grizzlies around. They are not the real article though, but of the silver-tipped variety, worth $250 each for the best specimens. Other bears are cheap enough."—New York Tribune.

WISE WORDS.

The heart that has not suffered has not loved.

Condemning other people will not justify us.

Eternity will make the good better and the bad worse.

Mark this: You don't have to be disagreeable to be good.

If there is good in us it will be sure to inspire good in others.

Fear to die till you have done some good that will always live.

The man who worships a golden calf is burning incense to himself.

There is nothing easier to believe than a pleasing lie about ourselves.

There is no bigger coward than the man who is afraid to do right.

The strongest man in the world is the one who can best control himself.

We sometimes think we need more grace, when all we need is more rest.

Whatever sin has caused in the human race, it will cause in you if not given up.

The man who deprives his brother of a right is no better than the one who robs his house.—Ram's Horn.

Music and Heroism.

More than any other of the arts music is capable of one particular interpretation—that of heroism, writes Camille Bellaigne. Its worst detractors have not been able to deny that it inspires courage. The military value of music is the first that strikes the attention, but it is not the only value. Its heroes are distinguished not only by extraordinary bravery in war, but by force of character, of virtue, of greatness of soul seldom met. Perhaps it is to veil the horrors of war that music has always been united with it. Music is more natural to combat than religion or love. It is easier to worship or to love silently than to kill. Savage and civilized races alike are nerved for battle by music. It has a mysterious and double power, it calms and excites, it lulls suffering and quickens courage. Animals are sensible to music alone of the arts.

It is not the noise, the sound, which makes the impression, but the music; that is, sound regulated and modified by certain laws. And of these laws it seems that the most necessary to the expression of war-like sentiment is rhythm. The trumpet is par excellence the instrument of warfare.

The music of war may be traced as far back into the past as war can itself; military music, properly so called, began to be organized by Louis XIII., but it is from the French Revolution that the true beginning of heroic music dates. The French Conservatory was formed by a Captain of the National Guard and musician, Serette. His little orchestra first taught the "Marseillaise" to the troops, who in turn taught it to the world. By it the world was revolutionized. Of all National songs the "Marseillaise" is the most heroic. The heroic lies in its rhythm, which is of a marked particularity, starting as it does with an upward beat. All the impulse of the composition confers in its peculiar accented measures.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Curing a Cold.

Just beneath the surface of the skin, all over the body, there is a network of minute blood vessels, finer than the finest lace. When one is chilled, the blood is forced from these capillary vessels into one or more of the internal organs, producing inflammation or congestion, and thus often causing diseases dangerous to life. The mouths of numerous little sweat glands are violently closed and all impurities which the glands ordinarily carry off are driven back to the blood. Just as soon as a chill is felt which closes the skin glands, steps should be taken to open the glands. As soon as any one feels that he has taken cold, he should put his feet into hot water as hot as can be borne, and containing a tablespoonful of mustard. "Have it in a vessel so deep that the water will come up well toward the knees," urges the Boston Journal of Commerce. "Throw a blanket over the whole to prevent rapid evaporation and cooling. In from five to ten minutes take the feet out, wipe them dry, and get into a bed on which there are two extra blankets. Just before or after getting into bed drink a large glass of lemonade as hot as possible, or a glass of hot water containing a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, with a little sugar if desired." Eat sparingly of plain, simple food. Baked apples and other fruit, bread and butter, bread and milk, milk toast, baked potatoes or raw oysters may be eaten.

TEACHING THE HORSE.

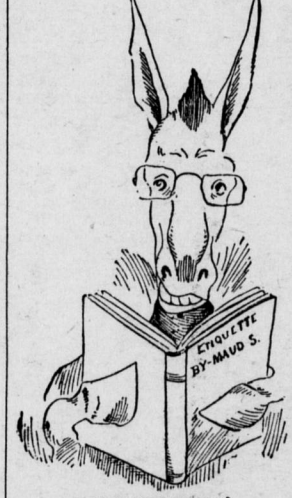
A FAMOUS TRAINER DESCRIBES HIS METHODS.

Professor George Bartholomew Gives Details of His Scheme of Equine Instruction—Tells How Many Amusing Tricks Are Successfully Taught.

An Ingenious Instructor.

A horse to be susceptible to training must be spirited, full of sensibility, quick to understand and to put his conceptions into action, writes Prof. George Bartholomew in the New York Press. It makes no difference as to the age or sex of the animal; of course young horses are preferred to old ones. But old horses have been trained as successfully as young ones. For some time I don't request the horse to do anything. I pursue this course until the horse feels at home with me and looks upon me as his friend. I do not use force in training—nothing but kindness. Sometimes I give the new comer a lump of sugar or a handful of grain. Then he will come to me of his own accord for these things. That is a point gained. I have taken the most vicious horses, runaways, "man-eaters," and by my methods trained them so that they could be driven with perfect safety. Kindness and firmness will accomplish wonders in training horses. There is a great difference between firmness and cruelty. I do not believe in being cruel, but I do in being firm.

To make a horse stand on a pedestal, first of all I teach the animal to stand still in one place. Then I call him, alternately, to step backward, to step forward. I may lead him, but when I give him the word it must be obeyed at once. Next I take hold of his foot, keeping it for a few moments in my hand. I continue that lesson until he begins to think that all I want to do is to hold his foot in my hand. I practice that until he knows it perfectly. Next I take a small box about a foot high



WILL IT COME TO THIS?

and place it in front of him. I lead him up to it. I take up his foot and try to place it on the box. He will pull it away. I take up his foot again, hold it awhile, rubbing his leg gently with one hand. After a few lessons he will allow his foot to remain on the box. After he consents to put one foot on the box I raise the other foot and hold it in my left hand, so as to keep the other in position on the box. If he pulls down the foot on the box (which he is likely to do) I place the other one on the box. When I have trained him to bear his weight on the foot which is on the box I have made great progress, for then he will allow the other one to be put up. I keep both hands behind his legs. If he attempts to take down either one I catch it and give it a light rap, at the same time pushing his head forward so that he raises it and allows his weight to rest on both feet on the box.

Being taught gradually, he finds experiment quite easy. After awhile he will approach the box and put up one foot. Then you tap him on the other foot, and in a few more lessons he will consent to get up on the box. You gradually raise the height of the box. In the same way you teach him to place his foot on an upright bar, placed on the corner of the box.

I can take a new horse and in three days so teach him that he will strike a position with his foot on a pedestal. But, of course, a novice in horse-training could not do that.

A New Scholar.

Sometimes I have to add a stranger to the group. By talking and pantomine I give the others to understand that the newcomer is to be a member of the class. And in this, as in other respects, the horses behave a good deal like boys in school when a strange boy comes into the class. The horses look critically at the visitor, and, as boys do, sometimes persecute him. They will bite him, and he, seeing that he is not welcome, will make an attempt to leave. If he does I put him back in his position. I pat the others on the back and make them understand that they must allow the newcomer to remain. He will gradually become acquainted with the rest. And then, with the others, he, too, will "pick" at the next new horse.

After the horses have been trained to perform various tricks they not only enjoy taking part in the exhibition, but sometimes when a horse is negligent or reluctant in going through his act, those next to him will urge him, and, by biting or crowding, seek to punish him for not performing promptly or properly.

Teaching a Horse to Fire a Pistol.

To teach a horse to fire a pistol is a long and difficult piece of work. First, I teach him to hold a small, flat piece of soft pine wood, about half an inch thick, in his mouth, or, rather, between his front teeth. At first he will spit it out. I put it back again carefully, without hurting him. Finally he will relax his grip to allow the stick to pass in easily between his teeth. After a while he will shut his teeth and hold on to it. Then I let go of it. If he drops it, I pick it up and gently replace it. When he has learned that you wish him to hold the stick, and that it


FIRING THE CANNON.

does not hurt him, he is willing to do it. The next step is to hold the stick down below his head; make him lower his head a little and then put the stick in his mouth. That drill is followed until the stick is placed on the ground and he consents to take hold of it and pick it up with his teeth. You can finally throw the stick on the ground, say "pick that up; give it to me," and he will obey. I now take a strap of leather, and so arrange a pistol that it can be fired off by pulling the strap. The pistol is not loaded at first. He must be taught that the strap is the object he is to take. Next you load the pistol with a blank cartridge from which two-thirds of the powder has been extracted, then let him pull the strap. The report of the pistol makes a slight noise and the horse will probably start back. Without reloading the pistol let him pull the strap a few times to convince him that he is not going to be hurt. After an interval try another cartridge. Gradually show him that the cartridge will not hurt him any more than the strap. Reduce or increase the sound according to the way he behaves, until finally you can use a full cartridge.

The Most Difficult Lesson.

Probably the most difficult thing to teach a horse is the meaning of words and sign language. I am careful when I utter words to make a physical movement to indicate their meaning. Give the horse the word, and at the same time in some way show him the movement you wish him to make. You want to teach him to obey the command to turn to the right. Each time you give the order turn him to the right, pat him approvingly, go away, and again tell him to turn to the right. Continue turning him to the right until he knows the meaning of the command. It is by this process that one horse will learn another horse's name. In the presence of the animal I call another horse, which may be standing over in a corner, by name. He comes to me. The horse who is learning his lesson knows it is not his name that is called, and that he is not called for. He hears me continually call the other horse "John," and he learns that "John" is the other horse's name. In this way my group of twenty-four horses have each learned to know the name of the other.

Punishing a Horse.

When I am training a horse for any particular trick and he does not go through his work in a proper way, I tap him gently with the whip, but only enough to attract his attention to the fact that I am not exactly pleased with his conduct. I never "lash them into submission," for I do not believe in that theory of training. Such a course only tends to

TURNING BACK THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK.

scare the horse. If a horse has successfully gone through a difficult performance I pat him encouragingly, as much as to say, "That's good, old boy; you're all right." After such acts a horse, just like a gymnast or an acrobat, will draw a long breath and seemingly say, "Well, I got through that without making a break."

PATIENT—"What do you think of a warmer climate for me, Doctor?" Doctor—"My dear man, that's just what I'm trying to save you from."

"CAN'T you give me employment, mum," asked the tramp. "Certainly," said the kind woman. "Go chase yourself off the place."—Exchange.