

Marriage seems to the New York Mail and Express to be a failure in Switzerland, where one divorce is granted for every twenty-two weddings.

It appears that canned horse meat is really to come on the market. It is said, in the New York Sun, to be sweetish and not so good as dog, but it is not nasty.

Herbert Spencer takes a gloomy view of the future. He believes the world is approaching an era of State socialism, "which," he says, "will be the greatest disaster the world has ever known."

The Chicago Times-Herald offers four prizes, aggregating \$5000, for the best American inventions in the line of "horseless carriages." They must be ready to run from Chicago to Milwaukee in November.

The San Francisco Examiner believes that the English habit of carrying one's wife into an active political campaign could be adopted in this country without the wife being pelted with a stale cabbage or an out-of-date cat.

Some of the republics south of us are said to order a good deal of railroad iron from the United States. "If these States would buy more railroad iron and fewer guns they would get on much more comfortably," remarks the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When it is remembered that on the lines of a single railroad system in Georgia there are 2,088,000 peach trees that grow fruit for shipment, something may be known of the present magnitude of an industry that scarcely existed twenty years ago. The peach belt now extends over the greater part of the State, and some single orchards number 100,000 trees.

Western Pennsylvania, according to the report of the United States Geological Survey, has twenty-one or twenty-two bituminous coal seams of commercial value. Dr. Chance, the Assistant Geologist of the State Geological Survey, estimates the quantity of coal contained in these seams at 33,547,200,000 long tons. It is estimated that this supply would not be exhausted for 830 years taking the average annual production for the past five years, which has been 43,000,000 tons.

The existence of an international criminal league, recently discovered at Brussels, is only another proof that the world is growing smaller day by day. Just as with us one State is too bounded a sphere for the exuberant activities of the artists in the craft of appropriating other people's goods, so it is abroad. A European federation of thieves, secret agents and receivers of stolen goods has been unveiled. The headquarters were in London, where the fence had his quarters. This is a development of the theory of the solidarity of Nations that is not reassuring.

The Chicago Tribune observes that a newspaper reporter named William Wellon invented the idea of the "bicycle sulky," the record-breaking sulky with ball bearings and pneumatic tires. He suggested the innovation in a newspaper "fak" article, not really as a practical thing. The Tribune bewails the fact that he never took a patent for the idea, thus losing "millions." The Tribune is off-put, however, comments the Pathfinder, for the application of bicycle wheels to a sulky would not be patentable. To entitle to patent the invention must be "novel," and the Patent Office holds that a mere adaptation of a device to a logical though new use, is not such a "novel" use as will carry a patent.

This is apparently to be the greatest corn year ever known, and the season is now so far advanced, according to a contemporary, as to reduce the chances of disaster to a minimum. In 1891 we raised the greatest corn crop ever grown, but we are going to render it insignificant this year. In 1891 corn covered 76,204,000 acres and yielded an average of twenty-seven bushels to the acre. This year the corn fields amount to 82,304,000 acres, or 6,000,000 more than in 1891, and all reports indicate a larger yield per acre than in that year. But at the same average yield the crop will amount to 2,222,208,000—two billion two hundred and twenty-two million two hundred and eight thousand bushels. Corn is worth about fifty cents a bushel, not only in the markets, but in the feeding of hogs. This crop will therefore add \$1,111,104,000 to the country's wealth. Think of it! More than a billion dollars of actual wealth produced in a single year in the shape of a single crop!

#### SORTIN' THE MAIL.

I've ben sortin' ther mail at Jonesville fer goin' on fifteen year. An' know er-bout what's comin' fore they throws ther sak off here; Hev seen ther same handwritin' on ther letters, big an' small. Till I kind uv feel familiar like an' friendly with 'em all. Lord bless ye, yes, it seems jest like ther blessin' out ter me. A-givin' up the kindest words 'at's not fer me ter see. An' I get ter feelin' restless, it seems so long ter wait. Fore ther mail train comes er-whistlin' as ther clock is strikin' eight.

Then ther neighbors come a-hurryin' in, fer fear they may be late. Most on 'em ain't speakin', but they like ter stan' an' wait. Jest ter see ther ones 'at's lucky get er letter once'er week. Maybe watch 'em tear it open an' ther holder take a peek. Widder Tomkins stan's er-lookin' till they out on one by one. Like she has ter my bes' knowledge fer ther past five years an' gone; When she says at last so wistful: "Is ther anythin' from Ned?" Best if I kin get er word out, so I only shake my head.

Yer see her "Ned" was reckless like an' run er-way ter sea. Was jest ther likeliest lad in town an' had some ez could be. That's five years back, an' every night ther widder without fail Comes er long ez patient like, with every evenin' mail. "The Lord 'll send it some time," was what she often said. But when she asks, night after night, I only shake my head. I somehow think she does 'at her letter's sure ter come. But's ben so long time on ther way my faith is dwindlin' some.

Polly Perkins "jest crops in" when all ther rest hev went. Then blushes to herself an' me, pertendin' she was sent. Ter buy some rashers uv bacon er half er-dozen eggs. If she ketches er glimpse uv er letter, why then she fairly begs. Her feller's in ther city, an' 's doin' first-rate, they say. So we're a-spectin' purty soon ter hev him name ther day. Jonesville's sort uv dall like, but yer lit it on ther mail. If yer say it's mighty interestin' er sortin' out ther mail. —Chicago Record.

#### A RUNAWAY MATCH.

MR. SHELDON was the principal merchant in the important manufacturing town of Torment. He piqued himself on his wealth, but he piqued himself more on the fact that he had made it all himself, and he piqued himself still more because he had made it by never allowing anybody to get ahead of him. "That's the secret of success in life, Harry," he said one day to his favorite clerk. "Sharp, is the motto, if you wish to rise. I don't mean you should cheat; that, of course, is both wrong and ungentlemanly." (Mr. Sheldon piqued himself, also, on being what he called "a gentleman," and above all little meannesses.) "But always be wide awake, and never let anybody cheat you. I've noticed, by the by, that you've seemed rather down-hearted lately. If it's because you've your fortune yet to make, don't despair; but follow my advice. An opening will come at some time for something better than a clerkship, and though I shall be sorry to lose you, yet I'll give you up, if it's for your interest."

"Thank you," said Harry, apparently not a bit cheered up by this cool way of being told that he had nothing to expect from Mr. Sheldon; "but it's not exactly that. I suppose I shall get along somehow."

"What is it, my dear boy, then? I really take an interest in you, as you know," and he did, so far as words were concerned. "Perhaps I can give you some advice."

"Well," said Harry, with some hesitation, "I'm in love, and—"

"In love?" exclaimed the rich merchant. "In love, and with only a clerk's salary to marry on. It will never do, never do, Harry. Marriage for one like you is fastening a heavy millstone round your neck, unless, indeed," and he stopped, as if a bright thought had struck him—"unless, indeed, the girl is rich."

"She is rich, or will be, I suppose," answered Harry, "for her father is a wealthy man. But that's just the difficulty. Her father would never let her marry a poor man, and she won't marry without his consent."

"What a miserable tyrant!" said Mr. Sheldon. "Gad! if I was her lover, Harry, I'd run off with her. I'd checkmate the old ruffian in that way;" and he chuckled at the imaginary triumph he would achieve. "I'm your soul, I would. I never, as I told you, let anybody take a rise out of me."

"But would that be honorable?"

"Honorable? Isn't everything fair in love and war? I thought you had some pluck, Harry. How I would like to see the stung old bulks rave and stomp about on his gouty toes—for he must be gouty—when he heard of your elopement."

And he laughed till his portly sides shook at the picture he had conjured up.

"He'd probably never forgive me," said Harry, dejectedly. "And what could I do, with a wife brought up to every luxury, and only a poor clerk's salary to support her on?"

"Never forgive you? Trash and nonsense! They always do forgive. They can't help it. Besides," with a confidential wink, "I think I know your man. It's that skindiv, Meadows. I've heard of your being sweet on his daughter. She's a pretty mix, though she is his child. Oh, you needn't deny it. I saw how you buzz about her at our

party the other night, and when I joked about it with my daughter the next morning she as good as admitted that it was true, saying it would be a very good match for you. Now, I owe old Meadows a grudge. He tried to do me in those railway shares last winter, and I mean to pay him for it somehow. I'll tell you what I'll do. I mustn't ask, mind you, who the girl is. Mum must be the word. I mustn't, of course, be known in the affair; but I'll give you a leave of absence for a month, and a check for fifty pounds to pay for your wedding trip, if you'll make a runaway match. Is it agreed? Well, there's my hand on it. Here's the check. Egad! won't the old rascal howl when he hears how we've done him?"

Harry seemed to hesitate, however, and it was not till Mr. Sheldon, eager to see his old commercial rival put at a disadvantage, had urged him again and again, and promised to stand by him, that he finally consented and took the check which his employer persisted in forcing upon him.

The next morning Mr. Sheldon came down to breakfast in high glee, for a note had reached him just as he was shaving, which ran as follows:

Dear Sir: I have, with much difficulty, persuaded her to elope. It was not, however, till I showed her your check that she would consent to do so. She said that she was sure you would not recommend anything that was wrong; that you would advise her as if you were her own father; and she hopes you will stand by us. We shall be married to-morrow, before Mr. Meadows is up.

Very thankfully,  
HARRY CONRAD.

The old gentleman brought the note to the table, opened it out before him, adjusted his spectacles and read it over and over again.

"I'd give a ten pound note," he said, chucking, "to see the old fellow's face when he hears how Harry has done him."

It was the custom of Mr. Sheldon to read his newspaper at breakfast, while waiting for his only child and daughter, who, a little spoiled by over-indulgence, was generally late.

But this morning Mattie was later than ever.

The banker had read all the foreign, as well as the home news, and even reread Harry's note again, and still she had not made her appearance.

"The lazy puss!" he said at last. Then he looked up at the clock. "Half an hour late! Now this is really too bad. John," he cried, addressing the man servant at the sideboard, "send and see why Miss Sheldon doesn't come down. Tell her, with a severe air, 'I am tired of waiting.'"

John came back in about five minutes looking very much flustered.

"If you please, sir," he stammered. "Miss Sheldon is not in her room, and the maid says, she says, that the bed looks as if it hadn't been slept in all night."

The rich merchant's jaw fell.

If there was one thing he loved better than money, better even than life itself, it was his motherless child. What had become of his darling? What awful tragedy was about to be revealed to him? Had she gone out for a walk the evening before and stumbled into the river? No; he remembered parting with her at 10 o'clock. Had she been looking from the window of her room and fallen out?

He started up, with a cry of agony, to go and see, beholding, in imagination, her mangled and lifeless form. But he was prevented by the footman appearing at the door with a telegram.

"A telegram?" cried the merchant, unfolding it with trembling hands. "What can it mean? Has she been found dead anywhere?"

This was the telegram:

Dear Father—Harry and I were married at 8 o'clock this morning. I would not consent to an elopement till Harry assured me you had advised it, and had shown me your check as proof. He says you promised to stand by us, and I know you pride yourself on never breaking a promise. We wait for your blessing.

MATTIE.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Sheldon, when he had recovered breath. "The impudent, disobedient!"

But here he stopped—stopped and mopped his bald head, which, in his excitement, had broken out into great drops of perspiration. He remembered in time that both the butler and footman would overhear him. He remembered also that he had himself advised Harry to elope, and that if the story got wind he would be the laughing stock of the town, including, hardest cut of all, Mr. Meadows. He remembered, too, that he had but one child, and that she was all in all to him. So he accepted the inevitable and telegraphed back:

You may come home, and the sooner the better, so as to keep the fifty pounds for pin money. Tell Harry he's too sharp to remain a clerk, and that to-day I take him into partnership. Only he must remember that partners never tell tales out of school. God bless you.

H. SHELDON.

The runaways returned by the next train. The marriage proved, too, an eminently happy one. The story never got out. We only tell it now in confidence.—Hours at Home.

**Irrigation in the West.**

Some notion of the extent and importance of irrigation in the West is had from the fact that seventeen States and territories will be represented in the fourth national irrigation congress, which is to be held in Albuquerque, N. M., during the third week of next September.

"My mamma got ever so many falls when she was learning to ride the bicycle yesterday," explained the little girl to the caller, "and that's why she's so long coming down. She's got the blues all over her."—Chicago Tribune.

#### BATTLE OF THE YALU.

THE CHEN YUEN'S COMMANDER DESCRIBES THE FIGHT.

Two Chinese Ships Ran Away, But the Others Fought With Great Bravery—Din of Striking Shells.

COMMANDER PHILLO McGIFFIN, the brave American officer in charge of the Chinese battleship Chen Yuen, writes a graphic account of "The Battle of the Yalu," for the Century. As Commander Giffin was the first naval officer belonging to the Nations of European civilization to witness an engagement with modern vessels and guns, his account has a value entirely apart from its interest. The following is an extract from his article:

The fleets closed on each other rapidly. My crew was silent. The lieutenant in the military foretop was taking sextant angles and announcing the range, and exhibiting an appropriate small signal-flag. As each range was called the men at the guns would lower the sight-bars, each gun captain, lanyard in hand, keeping his gun trained on the enemy. Through the ventilators could be heard the beats of the steam-pumps; for all the lines of hose were joined up and spouting water, so that in case of fire no time need be lost. The range was about four miles, and decreasing fast. "Six thousand meters!" "Five thousand eight hundred!" "Six hundred"—"five hundred"—"five hundred!" "Five thousand four hundred!"

The crisis was rapidly approaching. Every man's nerves were in a state of tension, which was greatly relieved as a huge cloud of white smoke, belching from the Ting Yuen's starboard barbettes, "opened the ball." Just as the projectile threw up a column of white water a little short of the Yashino, a roar from the Chen Yuen's battery seconded the flag-ships' motion. It was exactly 12.20 p. m. The range, as found on the Chen Yuen, was 5200 metres; on the Ting Yuen it was assumed to be 5500. On our side the firing now became general from the main batteries, but it was about five minutes before the Japanese replied. As they opened fire, the Chinese quick firing Hotchkiss and Maxim-Nordenfolt, three and six pounders, joined in, and hence forward the conflict was almost incessant. Like ours, the enemy's first shots fell short; but with an exultant chuckle we noted that a shot from one of our 12-inch guns had struck one of the Japanese leading ships.

The bridge of the Chen Yuen, although some thirty feet above the water, was very soon soaked, as was, indeed, the entire exposed surface on the engaged side, by spray thrown up by line shots that struck the water a little short. Many of the men at the guns on deck were wet through, and indeed the water was thrown on board with such violence as to sting the face and hands like hail. Every one in the conning tower had his ears stopped with cotton, yet the din made by projectiles rattling up against the outside of its 10-inch armor was a serious annoyance.

During this early part of the engagement the Chinese fleet as a whole kept their indented line, and preserved intervals fairly well, steaming at about six knots—the Chao Yung and Yang Wei being still out of station on the extreme right. The Tsi Yuen, with her faint-hearted commander, Fong, had bolted very soon after the enemy had opened fire. At 12.45 we saw this vessel about three miles astern on our starboard quarter, heading southwest toward Port Arthur. She was followed by a string of Chinese anathemas from our men at the guns. She reached Port Arthur at 2 a. m. next day (seven hours in advance of the fleet), spreading there a wild tale that we had been overwhelmed by a vast Japanese armada, etc.

Upon our arrival, Captain Fong claimed that his entire battery had early been disabled, and that he had been obliged to run to save his defenseless ship. But upon an examination of his battery by a detail of line and engineer officers, it was found in perfect working order, excepting the six-inch sternclasher—the one projectile which struck his ship having passed beneath the trunnions, lifting the gun from its seat. But this shot had entered from the stern, having evidently been received after the retreat had begun—administered, it would seem, as a contemptuous parting kick from the enemy.

Captain Fong's outrageous example was at once followed by the commander of the Kwan Chia, whose courage was scarcely exceeded by his knowledge of navigation; for, about midnight, he ran upon a reef outside of Tai-Lien-Wan, which he said was a most unaccountable mishap, as he had laid his course (in a 100 mile run) "to clear it by one and a half miles!" This vessel had not been struck at all, but some days later was blown up by her crew upon the approach of some Japanese vessels. Our force had thus early been reduced to eight vessels.

As the Japanese fleet approached, it steamed along our front from left to right, at perhaps double our speed, and each vessel could thus exchange shots with each of ours in turn. The Japanese Principal Squadron kept at closer range, upon the whole, than did the Flying Squadron. The latter, upon reaching our right flank, turned it and poured in a heavy cross-fire on the extreme wing, the Chao Yung and Yang Wei receiving the most of it. From the first these two old-fashioned cruisers were doomed. Two passages in each superstructure connected the bow and stern ten-inch guns, on the outboard side of each being officers' quarters, etc., and the partitions and bulkheads being of wood highly varnished and oiled. These vessels were early set on fire, and the draft down these passageways at once turned

them into alleys of roaring flame. The machine guns overhead were thus rendered useless, the deck being untenable, and the bow and stern guns were isolated from each other and from their magazines. As a forlorn hope, the ill-fated vessels made for the nearest land.

#### WISE WORDS.

Art is an acquired habit.  
Mirth is a great sweetener.  
There is only one of each of us.  
The house is cold when love goes out.  
A child's "why?" is a parent's bugaboo.  
Turn "the tragic" hungry from your gate.  
It is better to be born lucky than tired.  
Don't give to man, woman or child who whines.  
A woman's kingdom is anarchy if there be no man in it.  
"An ounce of prevention" and a pound of anticipatory anxiety.  
It is a very mean nature that won't borrow once in a while.  
Well regulated love is six of one and half a dozen of the other.  
In the home the power behind the throne is the eldest daughter.  
Matrimony is a hard teacher, but some people will learn under no other.

A fool and his money are soon parted, for the general good of mankind.  
A man's goodness must be in his heart, not in his head, if he wants to be well balanced.  
Time and tide wait for no man, but if they did some men would get there late just the same.  
Some young people who marry in haste have to hustle so for a living that they have no leisure in which to repent.

The man with a million dollars thinks more of feeding one man a million times than he does of feeding a million men one time.

**Played a Trick on Vanderbilt.**

Brice's greatest play was building the Nickel Plate. He put in every dollar he could get, and from any source. There came a time, too, when, to save himself from utter ruin, if not something worse, he had to sell. He went to Vanderbilt, whose road the Nickel Plate paralleled. Vanderbilt wouldn't buy the Nickel Plate. He said he could afford to wait the first mortgage foreclosure and buy it from a Sheriff.

"If you don't buy it, Jay Gould will," said Brice.

"Oh, no, he won't," said Vanderbilt.

Brice then went to Gould. He knew that he didn't want the Nickel Plate, but he had a beautiful scheme to propose. He knew Vanderbilt would buy the road before he would allow Gould to get in. Here came Brice's strategy. He told Gould that if he would sit silent and not contradict, neither affirm nor deny, any newspaper articles to the effect that he was going to buy the Nickel Plate, and after this clamorous silence had continued for a week, if he would then ride slowly over the Nickel Plate in an observation car, Vanderbilt would buy the road, and he would give Gould \$500,000.

Gould didn't care for the \$500,000, but he was a jocosse speculator, and it struck him that the whole thing would be a majestic joke on Vanderbilt. The papers said that Gould was going to buy the Nickel Plate. Gould, when questioned, looked wise. At the end of a week he meandered, snail-like, over the Nickel Plate in the rear end of an observation car, and had all the air of a man who was looking at a piece of property. Stories were wired about Gould's trip from every water tank and way station along the line, and before Gould had reached Chicago Vanderbilt, in a fit of hysterics, wired Brice that he would take the Nickel Plate. Vanderbilt took the Nickel Plate and Brice was saved.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**A Compromise.**

Prosecuting Attorney John T. Dare and opposing counsel exchanged a few hot words yesterday morning.

"Mr. Dare, sit down," ordered Judge Joachimson.

"Your Honor, I prefer to attend to my duties on my feet, as a respectful attorney should," replied Dare.

"Mr. Dare, sit down!" shouted the Judge, now thoroughly angry, and Mr. Dare saw that it was necessary to hedge a little to bolster his bluff.

"Your Honor, I don't know why I should be singled out," said Dare, "and I must therefore decline to sit down. I would, however, obey a general order for every one in the court room to be seated," he suggested by way of a compromise, though he was the only one in the court room who was standing.

"Everybody sit down!" roared the Judge, who had been blinding himself and was only too glad to accept the compromise. Mr. Dare took his seat respectfully and the business of the court proceeded harmoniously.—San Francisco Post.

**Dean Hole and the Oxford Snob.**

Dean Hole, the distinguished English churchman, who recently visited this country, dearly loves a good joke. One day a somewhat snobbish Oxford friend of his, wishing to impress upon the Dean the high social character of his familiar acquaintance, wrote him a letter, beginning:

"My dear Countess," and then scratching out "Countess," substituted "Hole."

Whereupon the Dean, not to be outdone, began his reply: "My dear Queen," and then drew his pen through "Queen" and substituted "Dick."—New York Sun.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The electric lines in Chicago now extend over 500 miles.  
A metallic ribbon is the latest substitute for bicycle chains.  
The only dyes impervious to the bleaching power of the sun's rays are Prussian blue and chrome yellow.

The meat of the herring gives the muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor, and it is not flesh-forming.

A mastodon skeleton unearthed in Border County, Texas, in August, 1894, had tusks attached to the skull which were ten feet long.

The problem of employing spirits for lighting on a new principle similar to the incandescent gas light is reported to have been successfully solved by a German.

A French medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciousness ensues.

It is urged that photographers generally should be prepared to catch views of lightning in order that it may be studied photographically as effectively as astronomy is now done.

A new method for identifying handwriting is reported to have been discovered. It consists in enlarging the letters by photography and measuring the alteration due to beating of the pulse.

One of the most recent projects for rapid transit is the suspension of the cars, the motive power being electricity. The inventor claims that the enormous speed of 186 miles per hour may be attained.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has discovered that a drop of air at a temperature of minus 180 degrees will freeze a hole through a person's hand just as quickly as would the same quantity of molten steel or lead.

An expert says that in the nerves at the finger tips of blind persons well defined cells of gray matter, in all respects identical with the gray matter of the brains, are formed. They carry their brains in their hands.

Slag brick chimneys are being tried abroad. The weight is but half that of brick, and a special cement binds together the blocks composing the chimney so firmly as to require neither chain nor iron band for strengthening.

It has been pointed out that the hairs of some caterpillars, prevalent at this season of the year, may cause serious inflammation of the eye, and impairment of vision. They should be removed from the eye at once if introduced there.

**A Lucky Accident.**

As an example of how a remunerative specialty in hardware forced itself on a receptive and appreciative Yankee, the following incident will be of interest:

Among manufacturers small castings are often put in revolving cylinders with pickers or stars made of cast iron, having usually six points, the extremes of which are about an inch apart.

They are also familiar to toy dealers, who sell them to children as "jackstones." The pickers, together with small castings, are put into the tumbling barrels, so that any particles of sand adhering may be removed and a better finish given the castings.

A large and well-known New England concern, which, in addition to the other lines, manufactures screw wrenches largely, formerly used a peculiarly shaped malleable iron ferrule, with irregular openings at the four sides and circular openings at the two ends, weighing about an ounce. Some of these ferrules chanced to be a part of the contents in one of the tumbling barrels. When the barrel was opened the attendant noticed, what to him seemed almost incredible, that the picker with all its prongs was inside the ferrule, the openings of which were comparatively small. The observant mechanic logically concluded that as it had got in it could be got out again.

The phenomenon was brought to the attention of parties who decided to apply the idea in a puzzle, and the result has been that the original manufacturers are now making the two parts under contract, in ton lots, while the first order is said to have netted a profit to the promoters of \$1700.—Iron Age.

**A Reticulous Custom.**

But there is nothing more amusing, perhaps, in all the quaint and curious "customs" of the House of Commons than the strange ceremony which marks the termination of its every sitting. The moment the house is adjourned, stentorian voiced messengers and policemen cry out in the lobbies and corridors: "Who goes home?" These mysterious words have sounded every night for centuries through the Palace of Westminster.

The performance originated at a time when it was necessary for members to go home in parties for common protection against the footpads who infested the streets of London. But, though that danger has long since passed away, the cry of "Who goes home?" is still heard night after night, receiving no reply, and expecting none.—Chambers's Journal.

**The South American Tea.**

One of the principal products of Paraguay is the yerba mate, which is largely used as tea in South America. It was discovered recently that adulteration was practised in the commerce and preparation of that plant, and the Minister of the Interior, at Asuncion, has recently taken severe measures to detect and punish those who practice adulteration.—New York Tribune.

#### TRAINING BIG ELEPHANTS.

CRUEL PUNISHMENT FORMERLY INFLICTED ON ANIMALS.

How the Mammoth Brutes Are Taught to Stand on Their Heads—Their Remarkable Memory.

THE most difficult trick an elephant is called upon to do in the circus ring is to stand on his head. When the trainer has an elephant to break to this feat he begins by chaining the animal's front legs to strong stakes, and then fastens other chains to the hind legs below the knees, the ends of the chains being connected with a block and tackle attached at the top of the building. When all is ready, a number of men on a pair of horses are set to work hauling on the tackle, and the elephants huge hindquarters are literally hoisted into the air until the force of gravitation and the restraining power of the front chains bring him into the required position. Of course the animal when treated thus for the first time is thrown into intense rage and fear. He trumpets fiercely, thrashing the ground with his trunk and straining at the chains. Sometimes the chains are broken in the violence of the struggle, but more often the stakes are pulled out of the ground.

Fifteen minutes at a time is as much of this severe exercise as it is considered safe to put upon an elephant. He is released and has two or three hours to recover himself. Then the chains are made fast again, the hind legs once more lifted into the air and the elephant brought back into the position required. Four or five times a day this operation is gone through with, and every time the same struggles and resistance are encountered. Once entered upon, the task is never abandoned until the elephant has learned the lesson, although six or seven weeks are usually necessary to success. By degrees the elephant becomes accustomed to standing on his head and allows the chains to do their work more willingly. At last comes the day when the keeper can make him roll forward and lift his hind quarters into the air merely at a word of command and perhaps with a prod of the elephant hook.

The remarkable memory possessed by elephants shows itself in the persistence with which they stick to a certain order in the tricks they do, once these have been thoroughly learned. For instance, if the trainer should give a wrong command to his elephants while they are performing in the ring the chances are that they would disobey him and execute the order which should have been given. If, for example, he told them to march when ordinarily he would have told them to wait they would go ahead and waltz, refusing to do the march except in the usual order.

"We used to think," said an elephant trainer, "that the only way to deal with a bad elephant was to torture him until he squealed, which meant surrender. And I am sorry to say that many good elephants have on this principle been tortured to their death because their keepers knew no better. Fully half the elephants that are taken with these bursts of frenzy will endure any suffering that can be put upon them rather than show the white feather. They will let you drive hooks and spears into them until they are covered with blood; they will let you burn them all over with red-hot irons; they will let you beat them, shoot them, do anything to them, but they will not give up; you can't make them squeal. And if you persist in this kind of torture you will simply end by killing the elephant. It's an awful thing the way keepers used to torture elephants to their death; it makes me shudder to think of it."

"I have found out a way of bringing fierce elephants to their senses without pushing things too far. I never found it to fail. I chain them down, but I don't use hot irons or spears or axes, only clubs. I get two gangs of twelve men each, and keep them clubbing for a couple of hours. In one case I had one gang club until they were tired out, and then let the other gang lay on, and so on. The elephant never squealed while they were clubbing him, he was too game for that; his rage was up and he would have let them torture him to death without showing the white feather. But that wasn't my idea; I didn't want to make him squeal that day. So after the men had clubbed him for two hours I loosened the chains and let him get up, but kept the chains on the fore-legs. The next day his body was so sore from the clubbing that the slightest touch caused intense pain. After he had been left alone for twenty-four hours his rage was calmed a little; and when we chained him down the next day and the men began clubbing him again he squealed within five minutes; he couldn't stand any more clubbing on that sore hide of his. The result was we had his spirit broken without doing him any great harm. Now there isn't a more obedient elephant in the whole herd."—New York Sun.

**He Feeds His Horse by Alarum Clock.**

George W. Belt, of Auburn, Me., has invented an ingenious device for feeding his horse, and he does it with one of the ordinary alarm clocks. The horse gets its feed grain when the alarm goes off. For instance, if Mr. Belt wants the horse to have its morning feed of grain at 5 o'clock and he himself does not care to turn out till 6 o'clock, he sets the alarm at 5 o'clock, and when the morning comes the horse gets its breakfast an hour before its owner's eyes are open. It is so arranged that the alarm pulls the slide, letting the grain run through a sluice to the manger.—Portland Express.