

STORIES OF THE ELEPHANT
HUNT.

Elephant shooting is the most dangerous and thrilling sport that I know of, says W. Robert Foran. Elephants commonly travel in herds of several hundred, and when maddened are the most ferocious of beasts.

Two government officials while on tour in the Kericho district, eighteen months ago, had their caravan charged by a herd of three hundred elephants. In self-defence they had to order their native escort to open fire. The elephants charged repeatedly, but eventually were driven off after a heavy fusillade, with a loss of four killed and many wounded.

A lucky escape was that of a major in the Third Hussars (British Army) who, for several days, had been following a small herd of elephants through the forests near Mount Kenia. Finding it impossible to get a clear view of the feeding herd, owing to the very long grass and jungle undergrowth, he climbed some thirty feet into a tree in order to get a good shot at his selected bull. He was armed with a six-hundred-cordiller, and when he fired the force of the explosion was so great that the major was knocked clean out of the tree, and remained stunned for several minutes at its foot. On regaining the use of his senses he found that the herd of elephants had thundered off through the forest, leaving him unhurt.

A friend of mine told me of another curious experience. He was carefully stalking a big bull elephant in a large herd, when they got his wind, and a big cow elephant charged him. He jumped behind a large tree as the elephant reached him and, being unable to stop herself in time, the elephant drove her tusks with such force into the trunk of the tree that they snapped off close to her head. The elephant was stunned for a moment, but luckily turned and galloped after the fast retreating herd, leaving him the possessor of some eighty pounds of ivory, valued at about two hundred and fifty dollars.

The elephant is a crafty animal. A Somali hunter once told me of an incident that happened while he was acting as guide to a German who was shooting elephants near Shirati, on the Anglo-German boundary. One day they chanced on a huge herd. The German gradually got near the herd, selected a big bull elephant and fired, wounding it. Maddened with pain and anger the elephant charged the caravan, choosing a native porter as the object of his wrath. He rapidly gained on the terrified native, who was flying for his life. Overtaking him, the elephant put his trunk into a small bag of native manufacture, fastened to his victim's back, in which were a few small articles, such as a knife and a small flat stone for sharpening knives, and, seizing the stone in his trunk, threw it with such force and accuracy of aim that the native fell dead at his feet, with his skull crushed.

BY THE WAY.

A minister of Cromsichael, in Fife Scotland, frequently talked from the pulpit to his hearers with amusing familiarity.

Expounding a passage from Exodus one day, he proceeded thus: "And the Lord said unto Moses—'snock that door! I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yersel', ye wadna' be sae ready leaving it open. It was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, got his death o' could, and I'm sure, honest man, he didna let it stay muckle open. And the Lord said unto Moses—'I see a man aneath the laft wi' his hat on. I'm sure, man ye're clear o' the soogh o' that door there. Keep aff your bannet, Thomas and if your bare pow could be cauld, ye maun just get a gray worsted wig, like mysel'. They're no sae dear—plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for tenpence apiece."

The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

CHILDREN TWO THOUSAND
YEARS AGO.

There has recently been put upon exhibition in the British Museum a new collection, or more strictly speaking, a rearrangement of certain old collections in such a way as to make an entirely new exhibit, representing the surroundings and houses of the Greeks and Romans two thousand years ago.

One sees here the dress, furniture, kitchen utensils, surgical instruments—all the paraphernalia of life of the old peoples.

But among all the cases none is of more fascinating interest, none brings the far-away centuries more vividly before us than the case containing the toys of the children. Here are a tiny chariot with two prancing horses an inch and a half high, a leaden horseman, a Pomeranian dog, a fox terrier with a collar—and also with a fine long tail—and a monkey eating a nut.

Here are tiny mechanical toys, a doll's chair and a sofa of some brown glazed ware with imitation rolled back and arms. There are also mugs painted with figures of children, and here, too, are the dolls. Most of them are carved, many with beautifully jointed legs and arms, and plainly very expensive, but the child of to-day would pass them by with no more than a curious glance. She would be right, for these dolls at least were never played with—they were discovered, nearly all of them, in funeral urns.

But among them there is one that no doll-loving little girl could fail to recognize—a little rag doll, faded and yellow and worn. That, there is no question, was loved and cherished by some child twenty centuries ago.

There are other things in the collection. Rattles of strange shapes, with glorious possibilities of noise, note soldiers, fish-hooks which the wise declare, save for a little rust might have been made last year. All the libraries of the world could not produce so clearly the eternal kinship of childhood as this one case of battered toys.—Exchange.

JUNE.

The sun is bright, the sky is clear,
The year is at its noon.

In fairest robes doth earth appear
To greet the glorious June.

The rose she throws her petals round
And sweetens all the air,

The birds they bid the woods resound
With carols glad and rare.

A carpet has been laid by May

For June's fair, jeweled feet,
'Tis wrought with flowers and leaf and spray

To make it all complete.

There's not a whisper of decay,

All nature seems to laugh,
And birds and bloom, and children gay
The cup of gladness quaff.

The circling months of all the year

Have beauties of their own;
We love them each, they all are dear,
But June, she wears the crown.

Phoebe Cary.

STORK'S HUGE CATHEDRAL NEST.

The following details concerning the structure and contents of a stork's nest investigated on the summit of the cathedral of Colmar, in Upper Alsace, may be of interest. The city architect has just delivered a public lecture there on "Storks and Their Ways."

He described a stork's nest which was about thirty years old. It measured 6ft. across, and was 5ft. in height. It weighed sixteen hundredweight, or over three-quarters of a ton, and it was such a solid mass that it had to be broken up by using a pick-axe.

The nest was made of twigs of wood and clay, and the materials filled twenty-four sacks. The walls of the nest were found to contain seventeen black stockings, five fur caps, the sleeve of a white silk blouse, three old shoes, a large piece of leather, and four buttons that had belonged to a railway porter's uniform.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS
FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

The hot weather months are an anxious time for all mothers, but particularly for young mothers. They are the most fatal time of the year for babies and young children, because of the great prevalence of stomach and bowel troubles. These come almost without warning and often before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. No other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets in promptly curing bowel and stomach troubles and an occasional dose given the well child will keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter and ensure good health to the child. Therefore the Tablets should always be kept in the home as they may be the means of saving a little life. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A CONTINUOUS EDUCATION.

Thirty-six years ago Mark Twain, in reply to a friend who asked him whether he did not think of marrying, said: "I am taking thought of it. I am in love beyond all telling with the dearest and best girl in the world. I don't suppose she will marry me. I can't think it possible. She ought not to. But if she doesn't I shall always be sure that the best thing I ever did was to fall in love with her, and proud to have it known that I tried to win her."

He did win her, and his devotion throughout a beautiful married life, which ended in Mrs. Clemens' death was quite the best chapter in the life and letters of the great American humorist.

It is good to think of the point he made when he said the best thing he ever did was to fall in love with the dearest girl in the world. People are inclined to smile at the young man in love, but down in their hearts they are glad of it, and they think more of him. What is better, he thinks more of himself. He has higher ideas about his appearance, the employment of his time and talent, the use of his money, the value of his opportunities and the whole scope of his future life. He has also his hopeless moments, for the average girl is trained through ages of heredity in the habit of not surrendering herself until fairly courted and caught, but the young man who pre-severes and who is faithful to his love seldom fails. In the meanwhile the process of education goes on, and after the marriage also the process of education goes on.

The massive gates of Circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall.

Whereof no visible trace survives,
These are the mainsprings after all.

We have known a great many natural prodigals whose subsequent conduct only tended to create a sympathy for the fatted calf.

The man who disbelieves miracles because he cannot understand them, forgets that the Hottentot disbelieves the multiplication table for the same reason.

The man who stays out of the church because of the hypocrites inside would keep others out were he in, and for the same reason.

Just as the eye seeks to refresh itself by resting on neutral tints after looking at brilliant colors, the mind turns from the glare of intellectual brilliancy to the solace of gentle dulness, the tranquillizing green of the sweet human qualities, which do not make us shade our eye like the spangles of conversational gymnastics and figurates.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.