

Up to the cage walked the lad fingering a big Colt's revolver. It was loaded with blank cartridges. Notwithstanding my instant protest the father undid the fastening of the cage and the boy stepped in—revolver in hand and eyes on the wolves. "Bang" sang the Colt and through the smoke we saw the wolves leap to the other end of the small cage. Facing them the lad followed. "Bang!" and back they sprang. "Bang," and again they retreated to their corner. I pictured the lad in the only ray of light that penetrated into the cage. Open

swung around the cage in an uneasy lope.

"Hazel thinks she must have her picture with her cat." The animal collector, for it is but a fad of this hard-working Englishman to gather from all quarters of the globe rare beasts and birds and plants, opened the iron-barred door and the little girl entered as willingly as the same aged maiden in a city would enter a candy store. She had only a little willow switch in her hand.

"Bring the cat into the light," the father commanded. A touch of the switch



He Keeps an Army of Dogs.

swung the door and the boy slid out beside his watchful father.

"He's going to be a lion tamer, that boy," said French. I seized him in my arms and while rejoicing that harm had not come to him I pressed my hand over his heart. "It beats fast," I remarked.

"That's because you took notice of him. He's used to the animals." The next cage held an Ocelot. Its eyes glared green at us, every spot on its richly marked coat rippled in anger as it

and the grinning, snarling beast slid and crouched beside the girl. I worked my camera rapidly. "Come on out," said French. "Don't let the cat slip out." And safe and unflurried, for all the world as if she had been petting a house cat, the child swung out into her father's arms.

In the third cage a wild cat whined and grinned at us. "The cage is too small for either child to go in. These beasts spring right out and they would