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LARGE DEALINGS IN ANIMALS.

Carl Hagenbeck, the largest dealer in wild animals in the world, said to a New York reporter :

"I have been a dealer in wild animals ever since I was sixteen years of age, and now have agents in Nubia, India, South America, Algeria and Sumali. I sent out my expeditions in September, and they usually return in the following July. Of course these expeditions are expensive. This is how I take care of my large stock of animals and curiosities: In the building, 120x50 feet, the tigers, lions and leopards are kept. The elephants, dromedaries and ostriches occupy another, 150x40 feet. Two smaller buildings are devoted to alligators, snakes and smaller curiosities. I have twelve aviaries for my birds and two tanks for seals. I am obliged to keep a very large stock constantly on hand. There are in my garden at Hamburg to-day seven Indian and two African elephants, twenty-four ostriches, twenty-four boxes of snakes, two zebras, fifty-five alligators, thirty-three giraffes, a double-horned rhinoceros, fifteen camels, and a host of other things."

"What does a good menagerie cost?" asked the reporter.

"All the way from \$25,000 up," was the reply. "Elephants bring from \$1,500 to \$20,000—the cost of Jumbo. Some snakes are worth from \$25 to \$150. I send out a dozen menageries every year in Europe on my own hook. I have furnished the United States with seven-tenths of all the animals in her zoological gardens and menageries."

CHEAP READING.—Circulating libraries of an entirely new description are about to be started at St. Petersburg. A society has been founded for the purpose of supplying the horse cars of that city with daily newspapers and illustrated weeklies. Passengers who avail themselves of these literary stores are to dip into a box a copeck for each paper they read. No watch is to be kept over the box, the payment being left to the honor of the readers. The society trusts that it will be only occasionally defrauded.

RICH SOIL.

A pretty good story is told about land agent Milner, of the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, who, one day, had a party of eastern farmers in town, trying to sell each of them a farm in the Arkansas valley. Milner had taken them in his light wagon, and behind his spanking team of bays had given them a grand ride, lasting all day. He had done his best to make them enthusiastic, by rehearsing the stories which he had at tongue's end, but to all intents it was "love's labor lost," for they would not enthuse. This annoyed Milner, but he had his revenge in his reply to one of the party, who with a sardonic smile asked :

"Well, Mr. Agent, is there anything that won't grow here?"

"Yes said Milner, "pumkins won't."

"What!" exclaimed the cynical land-buyers together, "pumkins won't?"

"No," said Milner, "there are men in this country who would give \$250 an acre for land that would mature a crop of pumkins. They never have been able to get a crop since I've been here, and that's ten years."

"Well, how strange? Why is it?" said land-buyer No. 1.

This was Milner's chance, and with a serious expression he replied, "Well, sir, the soil is so rich that the vines grow so fast, that they wear the pumkins out dragging them over the ground."

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked a judge of a witness. "Yes, sir, I do; I know him intimately; he and I were in a bank together at the same time." "Ah, when was that?" was the question of a shrewd lawyer, who was counsel for the prisoner. "Well, as near as I can remember, it was five years ago, and about 3 o'clock in the morning; none of the bank officers were present at the time." The witness was speedily excused.

A sailor who had fallen overboard and was speedily interviewed by a shark, cried out to his enemy: "Have pity on a man who is down!" "My friend," replied the shark, "a man who keeps himself above water is of no use to me. Moral. The man who falls overboard in business can expect no favors of the sheriff."