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When Elephant **Meets** Crocodile

General Baratler, of the French Army tells the following story of a desperate flight between an elephant and a crocodile.

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I was resting for a moment beneath the shadow of a tree (in the African jungle) which covered my whole body, and was idly watching one of those giants of the jungle-an elephant standing motionless on the edge of the river, his long, yellowish-white tusks curved downward on each side of his mouth like two long moustaches. The elephant had a grave and sertous air. He certainly seemed engaged in profound meditation: I wondered what his thoughts could be. With the tip of his trunk, which he gently moved from right to left, he was brushing the water, much as a bather tests the surface of the sea with his hand before plunging in.

Not a puff of wind ruffled the surface of the river, Along the banks only the current gave any motion to the grass. From time to time a bit of dead wood floated on the water, whirled against some projection of the shore, and then took up its course very slowly Sometimes a jumping fish disturbed the silence. A slight splash followed by a duller one-and then again calm would reign.

A hand was laid upon my should . to draw my attention. "You no see something over there?"

And with his finger a lynx eyed native soldier pointed out what seemed to be a tree trunk floating along the bank and just about to pass near the elephant.

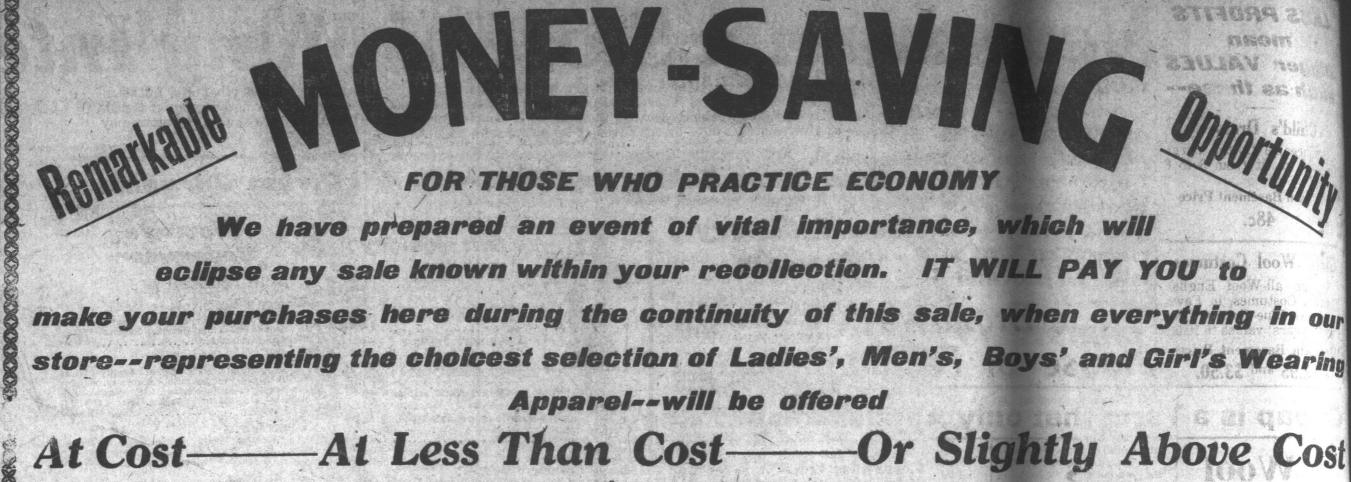
"What do you see?" I asked. "That no tree trunk. That crocodile. Clever fellow. Him eat up big fellow."

Crocodile Attacks.

I looked at my soldier, not quite sure whether he was making fun of me. How could that log of wood be a crocodile How could a crocodile eat an elephant? My sympathy was all with the latter, I should have yelled to make him run but I had no time. Like a flash I saw the tree trunk rush, saw two enormous jaws open and close over the trunk of my friend the elephant. In terrible pain the huge beast bent his knees, while most of his trunk was pulled under in the wake of the crocodile; but on his knees he opposed the whole weight of his body to the borrible thing that was dragging him down.

I saw him shake his head to right and left with a desperate effort. The trunk shook and stretched like the line of a fisherman who is trying to land a fish too heavy to be pulled from the water. Rings of blood began to come up everywhere.

The elephant uttered no cry. He



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