

with a friend the other day. I warned them, but the friend stepped too near and out shot the yellow arm and seized her dress and drew her up to the cage. I choked the beast and Hazel whipped it and we got the woman free, but the dress was ruined. He's a bad chap this Bounder." All the time Mr. French was stroking and petting the big spotted beast. "He caught me by mistake the other day; you have to watch him." He dragged the savage, snarling beast around and showed me its injured tail; he pryed open its mouth and let me gaze with affected delight upon its great toothed jaws.

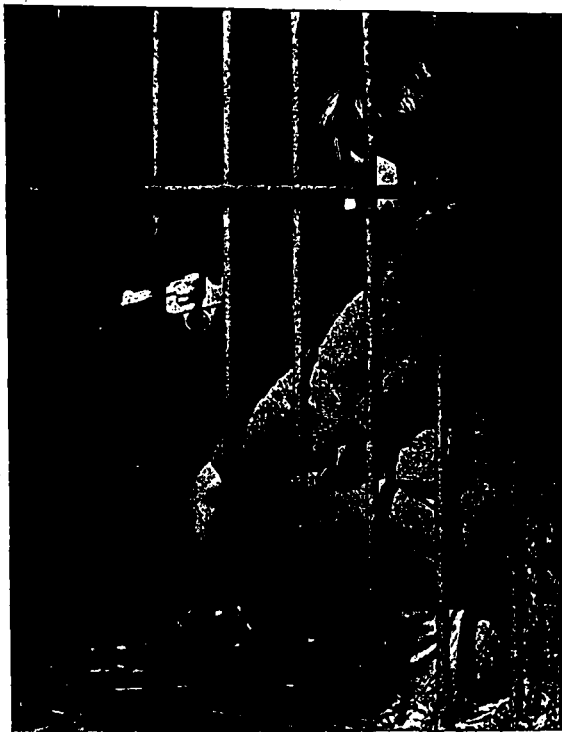
"Here is a Civet Cat. Not a bad little beast," he said, as he pushed it about in its cage. I used to have these animals far down the trail, but as we had to box them in, or to pack them in on either side of a horse, or else to carry them one at a time between us on tote pole, I moved here so that I can handle them more easily. He showed us gorgeous Macaws, rare game Currasows, (birds with coaly black coats and crests with a golden yellow button on their white bills), a big handsome Mexican game-bird. "Bounder likes guinea pigs," he said as he held one up to the grinning leopard in the cage that was now out in the sunshine. The leopard snarled a

horrid acquiescence. He showed us strange prehensile tailed beasts, sharp-toothed Peccaries, cage after cage of beasts and birds and lesser animals. "Do you ever get a rest," I asked him. "Oh, yes," he responded. "It takes six hours to feed and water, after that some days we hitch up and Mrs. French and the little ones and I drive away off down the Island after butterflies. Up we get at dawn the next morning. I have a couple of hours hunting and back we scamper as fast as the horses can run, for the beasts are hungry again by then." Strange rest, I thought.

"Does it take much to feed them?" asked the boy Fritz.

"Yes, sixty mouths take much food, but I get a horse a week from the city." Now we bade good-bye to the happy-faced lad that had been smiling at me whenever I met the glance of his big brown eyes. Good-bye to the little

maiden, the future animal trainer. As I shook hands with Mr. French. "Take care of the little ones," I said to him. "I never let them go near the cages alone, and I only let them go in with animals that I have broken thoroughly," and from the love glance he cast back to the two youthful trainers that stood waving farewell I felt perfectly assured of their future safety.



Ivan in the Cage.

