

A Wonderful Elephant.

(Home Words.)

In our picture we have a life-like sketch of a young elephant, born in old England, far from its native jungle. Some day, perhaps, it will do duty in the Zoo, and carry half-a-dozen small riders on its broad back. Kindness is the great secret of training elephants. But, perhaps, a true story will be the best illustration of the fact.

It is told of a very old elephant, long since dead. Many years ago he was the property of an East Indian rajah, and had been in the royal stables no one knew how long. So great was his age that he became an object of the utmost reverence to the natives.

A garrison of English soldiers, commanded by officers, whose wives and children accompanied them, was posted near the rajah's grounds. One of the children, a bright little fellow of five years, became greatly attached

ed into the place and barred the door. The ayah, rudely aroused from her sleep, snatched up the child and screamed for help. The Sepoys, with a beam for a battering ram, dashed down the door and rushed forward, only to be met by the soldier, who with his Scotch broadsword struck down the two foremost of the band as they entered the door. The others hastily drew back, and, passing behind the cottage, fired the roof, thatched with rice straw, and then waited for the flames to do that which they dared not attempt.

But amid the crackling flames, the exulting yells of the Sepoys, and the screams of the ayah, a rescuer made his appearance. The elephant, recognizing the voices of the ayah and the child, had snapped his chain, and, despite the exertions of his mahout, or native driver, had broken away from his control. With his head he had smashed down the gates of his inclosure, and he rush-

A Boy and a Lady.

(Eleanor A. Hunter in 'Christian Work'.)

Physically he was very nearly perfect, and he was filled with such an abounding life that it was, I suppose, impossible for him to hold still for five consecutive minutes. It was a delight to see him run, and when he played baseball, which he did with all his heart, he was charming; but take him from any other point of view, and he was, to put it mildly, trying. He was a child of the streets, learned in their cruel knowledge, and he lived as they had taught him. He went to school, but did not advance in his studies, and did not care to. He was a master of the art of looking impudent in silence, and the different ways by which he could annoy his teacher were legion. She frankly avowed that he was 'a terror,' and delivered him over to the principal whenever she could for discipline. That gentleman spared not the rod, and between times he was scolded and 'kept in' by the lady. Some years of such treatment developed him both into a liar and a coward, and at the age of eleven all who knew him felt him to be incorrigible. Then it was that Margaret managed to get hold of him.

Margaret has rather a peculiar disposition; she likes boys, and apparently the worse a boy is the more she is attracted to him. He came to Margaret ostensibly to be helped in his arithmetic, but really she set her heart on making a man of him, and her idea was that the best way to begin would be to gain his affection; but after considerable experiment, so far as Margaret could discover, there seemed to be none to gain. Now Margaret is accustomed to winning love easily, but this time she was very nearly foiled, so the situation became rather amusing to the observer.

The boy came to see Margaret solely because he was compelled to do so by the powers that were at home. He knew he would be punished if he did not. This fact alone would naturally make him resist Margaret's charm; but the more stubborn, rude and sulky he became, the more her will was roused to conquer him. She wore her prettiest gowns for him, she arranged her parlor in the most attractive way. There were flowers in the vases and cake in the cupboard for that small boy, but none of these things moved him.

Margaret was faithfulness itself to her appointment. Other works of benevolence had to take the second place if they interfered with his hour. But in spite of all her efforts he was distinctly bored, and remained as rude, and sly, and dull as ever.

'I'm blundering awfully,' she sighed; 'I'm sure he's not so stupid as he looks, and nobody can make me believe that an eleven-year-old boy is heartless.'

Margaret was an idealist, and one day she had an inspiration which struck her family as an exquisite absurdity.

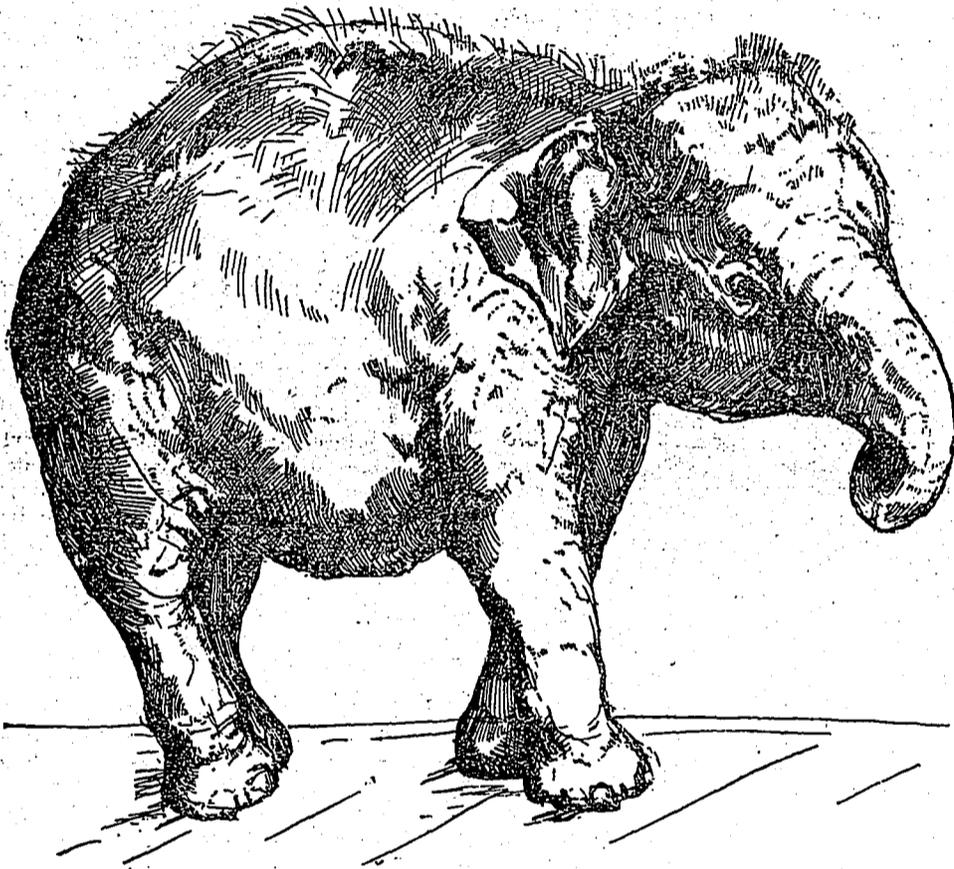
'I'm going to try him with the Arthurian Legends.'

The family laughed.

But that afternoon she read him a simple version of 'The Coming of Arthur.' When she came to the part where the Prince draws the brand excalibur from the anvil when no other knight could do it, the boy was stirred. 'I like that,' he declared. 'I like a feller that's strong, I'd like to know him. Is there more to that story?'

'Oh, yes,' responded Margaret, 'there are many stories about Arthur. In the next one there is a lovely fight, and if you will have your arithmetic quite perfect to-morrow I will read it to you.'

'All right,' said Boy loftily. 'I will if you will.'



A BABY ELEPHANT, BORN IN OLD ENGLAND.

to this elephant. Regularly every morning he went with his ayah, or native nurse, to the inclosure where the elephant was kept, and fed him with bonbons and cake. The animal, in return, never failed to caress the boy with his trunk, and manifested the liveliest pleasure by trumpeting whenever his youthful friend made his appearance.

The Sepoy Rebellion broke out, and the rajah, at first faithful, finally became involved in its meshes. Soon after Lucknow, orders were received from Nina Sahib to the effect that the rajah should massacre the garrison, and, with all the Sepoys he could muster, join the camp of Nina. The order was executed early one morning. The few English soldiers were speedily killed. The ayah and child were sleeping in a cottage some distance from headquarters, and at the first alarm, the boy's father, a captain, sent an orderly to bring the child to camp. Before he could get there, the camp had been surrounded, and the screams of the women and children, and the din and hubbub following, showed how English valour had been overmatched by numbers.

A party of Sepoys, seeing the soldier entering the cottage, pursued him, and he rush-

ed toward the cottage. The sight of fire and the calls of the child repeating his name roused him to fury. He charged the Sepoys right and left, scattering them, and uttering the hoarse cry that always proceeds from the elephant's throat when enraged.

The soldier, rendered desperate by the prospect of speedy death and torture, seized the child, and, with the ayah, ran out of the burning cottage and took refuge near the animal. The sight of the sacred elephant interfering in this unexpected way in behalf of the party was too much for sepoy superstition. They fell on their faces in fear, and the soldier, seizing the opportunity, was shrewd enough to take advantage of it. He guided the animal out of the way of the Sepoys, and down the river some miles, where a garrison of English soldiers had withstood the attacks of the enemy.

From here the elephant was used to convey some of the fugitives farther still down the river. His romantic history and great age induced the general commanding to send him to England.

For many years the boy used to write inquiring after the friend who preserved his life in so singular a manner.—R. S.