

THE ALBERT STAR.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21, 1894.

Vol. I.

No. 28

New Season's Teas.

Our first direct importation of 640 packages of Tea from China, has been partially distributed, and our customers inform us gives splendid satisfaction.

WHOLESALE ONLY. F. P. REID & CO., MONCTON, N. B.



James Crawford, 207 Main St., Moncton, N. B.

Dealer in Sewing Machines, Organs and Pianos, etc. Sole agent for the New Home Sewing Machine.

PROFESSIONAL.

C. A. PECK, Q. C., Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, Hopewell Hill, Albert Co., N. B.

W. Alder Trueman, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Judge of Probate and Referee in Equity for Albert County.

C. A. STEEVES, Barrister, etc., MONCTON, N. B.

Jos. Howe Dickson, Barrister and Notary Public, Hop w ll Cap., A. Co.

A. W. Bray, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, MONCTON, N. B.

F. A. McCULLY, LL. B., Barrister, etc., MONCTON, N. B.

GRANT & SWEENEY, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc., 228 Main Street, Moncton and Miramichi, N. B.

CHANDLER & ROBINSON, Barristers, Attorneys, Etc., MONCTON, N. B.

O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.

E. C. RANDALL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Hillsboro', N. B.

DR. S. C. MURRAY, Physician and Surgeon, ALBERT, N. B.

DR. C. W. BRADLEY, DENTIST, Corner Main and Bedford Sts., Moncton, Good Work, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Drs. Somers & Doherty, DENTISTS, 106 Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

Stone Block, Opposite Public Market, MONCTON, N. B.

Regular Dental Visits will be made to Albert County on days given below.

MASTERS & SNOW, Representing the best English, Canadian and American Insurance Companies.

Change in Business!

We beg to notify our friends and the public generally that we have made a change in our business henceforward our dealings will be with the trade only and strictly wholesale.

THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21.

The Crossing Paths.

Our far diverging lines of life, Have for a moment crossed, To loom, and wind away, and be In the dim distance lost.

Average Value of Estates.

Mr. Charles B. Spahr, of Columbia University, has recently examined the records of the Surrogate of thirty-five counties in this State and has published the results in The Outlook.

Hotel Brunswick.

Moncton, N. B. The Largest and Best Hotel in the City.

Hotel Le Blanc.

Opposite Post Office, T. B. LeBlanc, Proprietor, GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS, TERMS REASONABLE.

Russell House.

Cor. Main and Latta Street, MONCTON, N. B.

Boarding House.

166 Main Street, Moncton, N. B. Permanent and transient boarders accommodated at moderate rates.

Queen Hotel.

MONCTON, N. B., T. F. LeBLANC.

Vendome Hotel.

Corner of Foundry and Main Streets, MONCTON, N. B.

Globe Hotel.

Albert, A. Co., N. B. WARREN W. JONES, Proprietor.

Barber Shop!!

Nearly Opposite Hotel, Hillsboro', Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Shaving, done in first-class style.

ANY ONE WISHING

To Purchase Haying Machinery, MacLachlan Carriages or Farming Utensils

ERNEST MOLLINS,

Local Agent for VANNEMER, BUTCHER & CO.,

WHEN NYE WAS GAD!

Table Etiquette as Taught by the Brave Editor of the Laramie Boomerang—Receipts for Making Tomato Catchups that Men not Women, Should Try.

Evangelina Pollanabee, East Timber Lake, La., writes to know if it is proper for the groom to furnish gloves and souvenirs to the ushers and best man; also what supplies he should furnish for the wedding.

Evangelina, if you know what a task it is for me to settle these matters of etiquette, you would be chary of your inquiries to an overworked man.

The Cure For Diphtheria.

Dr. Koch is exercising precaution in announcing his new cure for diphtheria. The expectations aroused by his experiments with tuberculin were due to the unwisdom of too enthusiastic followers.

On the other hand, 15 years ago, when I became a justice of the peace in Wyoming, I married a couple in the loft of Wagner's store, and the two rode home on one horse to battle with life on a ranch, asking me to wait till fall for my fee, when they hoped to be able to raise it.

Autumn came and with it the fee. Now they are visiting in Venice and hiring gondolas by the week. We should learn by this, Evangelina, that it is better to go to California second class and return via parlor car than to go there in a special car and come home astride the axle of a coach.

Natalie, Alkali Station, Wyo.—No; you are doing wrong to continue your friendship with a man who indicates that he loves you, yet does not follow it up by a declaration.

He is not sincere, and the quicker you sever a writ of matrimony on him the better. He is merely toying with your heart and killing time. Such a man should be arrested, taken out and thrown into the sea.

You should never let him tell him that life is real, life is earnest, etc., and that you cannot monkey about in life's glad morn with one who is not serious.

You are wrong while visiting in town who is quite natural, but reaching for a slice of lemon with your fingers when it was at the bottom of your iced tea was not so bad as your offering the ten afterwards to the gen who sat near you.

You also laid yourself open to censure when you got under the table in search of the steak which jumped out of your plate and when you bumped your head and broke your backcomb in getting out.

Though the guests laughed and thus violated the best table manner rules, it was not very surprising. You also did wrong in showing your temper and by saying "dam it!" at the loss of your steak, as you were among strangers at the time.

You did wrong in calling attention to the absence of the butter at the table, as quite a good many people recently adopted the custom of omitting butter at dinner, especially people who really need the butter money for the purchase of clothing.

For my own part I do not think there is anything wrong in having butter on the table at dinner. Those who do not care for it may let it alone or leave the table if butter be offensive to them.

Strict Confidence, East Haddam, Me.—You doubtless feel a certain degree of bitterness when you refer to the full evening dress of your friends, and certainly you write like one whose neck and shoulders are a trifle skinny.

These do not let that influence you in the matter, for in England, where I have several times visited and fully enjoyed myself, it is the custom for ladies without exception to wear full evening dress even at the age of 109 years.

It is a custom to which one readily becomes accustomed, and one soon ceases to notice it, although I could never get quite accustomed to seeing grandpa's rigged out that way.

No senator does not receive over \$5,000 per year. The reason that a U. S. senator who was worth several millions of dollars should go to the senate year after year on \$5,000 salary is that he wants to do the country all the good he can. He would be and lose all night on his sleepless couch if he could be a senator, yet shirked the responsibility.

You will have to scald the tomatoes, peel them and then strain them through a cheesecloth in order to make a good catchup. Then cook over a slow fire, adding one thing and another to suit the taste. When it is done, using great care to avoid putting things in it that will not please the taste, while guarding against omitting necessary ingredients, you should bottle it.

Should the catchup ferment and burst the bottles, a good plan will be to make some more and make it different from the above.

KINDNESS OF THE CAR.

A Little Known Side of the Dead Ruler's Nature Revealed in a Visit to a Danish Toy Shop.

Alexander III, the great Car of all the Russias, who died on November 1 at Livadia, at the southern extremity of the Crimea, near the historical Sebastopol, was regarded by the world at large as a severe man of great dignity and gravity and a high sense of his historical responsibility.

A young American girl had an experience in Copenhagen, the home of the Danish toys, the aged King and Queen of Denmark, which revealed the Car in a light in which he seldom appears in the newspapers.

Entering a little toy shop to buy some of the quaint Danish toys to take back to a little American nephew, she found the place crowded by nearly a dozen children and half a dozen maids, all of whom seemed to be in charge of a tall plumed-looking man who was buying toys for all the children.

The big, athletic-looking man told the shop keeper to wait on the American girl first, as his small charges could wait, but one of the smallest children in the big man's party seemed to object so strongly to waiting that the American girl laughed and said that she would wait.

"Uncle Xander says I must give you this, because I was rude," and handed her a book which the man called "Uncle Xander" had selected. Then the whole party filed out and took their departure in a kind of grand omnibus which had driven up for them. And, as the American girl was watching them drive away, the big man nodded pleasantly, and the little child in his arms waved his hand.

"That," said the shopkeeper, "was the Car of Russia, and the baby in his arms was the Crown Prince of Denmark." And so this American girl had seen the "Great White Car" in what was probably one of the happiest moments, laughing and joking with his little nephews and nieces in a small Danish toy shop.

Kosuth's English. Kosuth had a remarkable mastery of English. This story shows how he strengthened his knowledge of our difficult tongue.

Speaking at Concord, Mass., Kosuth wished to express to the figure the Austrian eagle sending the young freedom of Hungary. The word escaped him. Stopping for a moment in the full flight of eloquence, he asked a matter of fact American who sat near him, "What you say when man tear his coat?" "Hole," was the reply. That word did not satisfy him, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who had overheard the question, whispered to him to say "sympathy for sympathy, and the stately sweep of the sentence was completed. He learned the language after his arrest in 1837, when he was sentenced to prison for three years' imprisonment, during a part of which he was cut off from all communication with his friends and was denied the use of pen and ink, even of books.

In the second year he was allowed to read, but as all political books were interdicted he selected an English grammar, Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, and Shakespeare. Without knowing a single word he began to read "The Tempest." He was engaged for a fortnight in getting through the first page.

Now as to the possibility of producing rain by artificial means. It is never safe to say what things are possible and what things are impossible to man. What the future may bring forth no one can tell. At the present time there is no evidence to show that even the smallest local showers have been produced artificially. Further than that, it is safe to say that no method of producing artificial rain has yet been publicly proposed which suggests to one familiar with the scientific principles involved even a possibility of success. That such attempts have been received the official recognition and financial support of Congress is only another instance of the gross ignorance of scientific principles which is prevalent among our so-called educated men. That some of the men who advocate these wild schemes are honest in their motives cannot be questioned, but that all the professional rainmakers are conscientious takers is scarcely more questionable. That many of them are able to submit testimony as to the efficacy of their system is equally true of every patent medicine fraud and electric healing quack who has ever swindled an ignorant public.

Some children were overheard discussing the Sunday services in the fashionable church at which the family worshipped. "Why now," said the seven-year-old boy, "I must say I should like to know what the sermon is for."

"Why, Harry, don't you know? answered his five-year-old sister. "It's to give the sinner a rest, of course."

The Cold Winter

Has come again, and we are prepared to furnish the public with anything in the stove line, from a bedroom stove to a furnace. We also carry a large stock of stove fittings, including coal hods, stove boards, stove pipe and elbows, and a general line of hardware and tinware at

JORDAN STEEVES.

Wooland Tweeds, etc.

The Subscriber wishes to exchange a fine selection of Yarmouth & Moncton Tweeds, Flannels Yarns for wool.

JOHN L. PECK.

The Fall Opening

of Millinery, etc., AT

Mrs. A. E. Keith's

store is announced. A variety of Felt Walking Hats, Sailor Hats, Turbans, and a variety of other Shapes, Feathers, Jet Ornaments, etc. will be sold at prices to suit the times.

A. B. LAUDER & CO.

Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs, Pungs, Carts, etc. Painting and Repairing Promptly Attended to.

UNDERTAKING

and all its branches a specialty.

M. McLEOD,

CUSTOM TAILOR. Dealer in Foreign & Domestic Tweeds, Diagonals, Worsted, Meltons, Overcoatings, etc. Perfect Fit Guaranteed. - - A Call Solicited. Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

OUR 14th CARLOAD

CARRIAGES

This season is here and as we must make room for Sleighs now being manufactured, cash customers for TEN DAYS will find it to their advantage to call on us. ROAD CARTS, good supply of all kinds on hand. ENGLISH and FEED CUTTERS, HAND POWER and LEVER CUTTERS. PLOWS, PUNCH, JUDY, HERO, VILAS, and a full line of repairs for all kinds. FANNING MILLS made by Goss, Shapley & Muir Co., Ltd.

Van Meter, Butcher & Co.,

MONCTON, - N. B.

NEW FURNITURE STORE.

A full line of Bedroom, Parlor and Dining Room Furniture; Folding Beds, Mantle Beds, Iron Beds, Fancy Chairs and Rockers. VICTORIA BLOCK, 263, 265, 267 Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

DRY GOODS and CLOTHING

I invite Inspection of my well Selected Stock of Dry Goods and Clothing. Tailoring Done by Experienced - - Workmen In First-Class Style.

W. H. DUFFY.

55cts. Trimmed Felt Walking Hats 55cts.

Our Trimmed Felt Walking or Tourist Hats for Ladies at 55 cents each, has created a great excitement. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price 55 cents. Plain Quills all colors, 2 cents each; Jetted Quills, 6 cents each.

Henry C. Marr,

168 Main Street, Moncton.





How I Lost My Elephant.

By Wm. Murray Craydon.

During the time that I was in the employ of Hancock, the famous wild animal dealer of London, I had more adventures than I can count on the fingers of both hands, and I consider that I am fortunate in being alive to-day. It is pleasing to recall those experiences now, when I am safe and snug by my own fireside, but I don't think any money could tempt me to go through them again.

For a while I did a little of the actual trapping, but my business was mainly to travel about in search of bargains in the wild animal line. Even this occupation was not without danger, as the story that I am going to relate will show. A few years back—in 1886, to be explicit—I found myself in Calcutta. I had shipped a couple of choice Bengal tigers to England, and was thinking of going up the country as far as Lucknow, where I hoped to get some animals that could be purchased in the south for the price I was ready to pay.

But before I could quite decide what to do an incident occurred that led me to journey in another direction. In the speaking room of the Great Eastern Hotel I ran across an old friend, Captain Conyers, of the Twenty-first Bedfordshire Light Infantry. We had not met for a long time, and of course we at once hunted out a quiet corner for a chat. Conyers was fresh from Burma on a short furling, and had had good many stories to tell of the recent subjugation of that country. Then the conversation drifted my way, and I spoke of my difficulties and uncertain plans.

"I am not surprised that wild beasts come high in Calcutta," said Conyers, "for, as you doubtless know, all the European dealers have agents here. And I don't believe you'll fare much better up country. By the way, do you want a young elephant?"

"Bully," I replied. "I want half a dozen in fact."

"I can't promise that many," said Conyers, laughing, "but I know of one, and I dare say you can find more if you poke about a little."

"Where is it?" I asked, eagerly.

"In Burma," was the disappointing answer. "A native who lives on the Irrawaddy about ten miles below Mandalay has a grown elephant and a young one penned up in a stockade. I believe he trapped them in the jungle. That's the story he told when he pulled out to my steamer a couple of weeks ago with a load of fruit. He wanted to sell the young elephant, and I believe he made a like offer to all the passengers. Of course he did not find a purchaser."

"What did he want for the creature?" I asked.

"He didn't name a price," replied Conyers, "but I have no doubt he is willing to sell cheap."

"From Burma is a long journey for a baby elephant," I answered, and with that we changed the subject. But I felt thinking of the matter in my room that night and it took a strong hold on me. I knew that none of the dealers could have agents in Burma so soon after the war, and therefore I would run against no competition. And if one young elephant was to be had at a bargain, why not more? There was plenty in the jungles waiting to be trapped. I also reflected that tiger cats and rare birds abounded north of Mandalay, and a supply of these would more than cover the expense of the trip.

I smoked three pipes and paced the floor for an hour, but still could not make up my mind. Then I spun a shilling in the air, head for Lucknow, tail for Burma. The coin dropped to the floor tail uppermost, and I went to bed and slept soundly.

In the morning I found that a steamer called for Rangoon that very afternoon, so I packed my traps, said good-by to Conyers and was miles down the Hooghly by sunset. Fair weather allowed of a quick run to Rangoon, and there I luckily caught a steamboat of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, which started up river almost immediately.

For two days and nights the barge plowed sluggishly against the current, and on the morning of the third day the captain pointed out my destination a quarter of a mile ahead. It was not a cheerful prospect that I saw from the deck—a tiny clearing on the masky, jungle-grown bank of the river, containing two or three huts, a rinder, and a stockaded inclosure. The water was too shallow toward shore to permit the barge to venture near, but this difficulty was solved when a native put out in a small boat. He proved to be the very man I wanted, and after he had disposed of his cargo of fruit to my fellow-passengers, I lowered myself and traps into his leaky craft and was paddled to shore.

The passengers on the barge yelled and shouted, and a couple of shots were fired at the risk of hitting the party. For a moment the natives were helpless with terror. They let go of the baby's ropes and hung to the further side of the flat. Closer and closer came the great brute, growling with fury. When she was within twenty feet I emptied the whole six chambers of my revolver at her head; the balls had no more effect than darts from a pea-shooter. The maddened beast charged the remaining distance faster than ever.

I heard two or three splashes behind me and knew what they meant. Flinging away the useless weapon I jumped to the continental that I had come ashore to do some shooting. I allowed him to remain under that impression. I very nearly betrayed myself, however, when he took me to a platform on the other side of the stockade, from whence we could look down into the inclosure. The two elephants were there, and the little one, about the size of a donkey, was a remarkably fine specimen. The mother was once deeply large and handsome, but she displayed such viciousness and tem-

er at sight of us that I promptly decided to have nothing to do with her on any terms.

The evening, under the influence of my good tobacco, Howatsa described how he and his neighbors had captured the two elephants, who had been damaging crops in the vicinity for a long time. It was his intention, he said, to tame the big elephant and use it for a beast of burden. The baby he was willing to sell, and he suggested that I might be disposed to purchase it.

I took the bait warily, and after a lengthy palaver the bargain was closed. The baby elephant was mine at a reasonable figure, and I paid Howatsa a sum that more than compensated for his trouble and ruined crops. In the morning he paddled me to Mandalay, and on learning that a barge started down the Irrawaddy at noon the next day I arranged with the captain to drop anchor alongside the settlement and take the elephant on board. Then I hired a small flat from some riverside boatmen, and Howatsa and I floated it down to his hut that same evening.

I was sitting at an early hour the next morning, and after breakfast three more natives arrived. Howatsa had engaged them to help him get the young elephant aboard the flat, with the accomplishment of which his responsibilities ended and mine began. There was a flaw in that bargain, though I did not see it until too late. I should have contracted for the safe delivery of the elephant on the deck of the barge.

I did the next best thing, however, by hiring Howatsa and his companions to complete the task. I gave them a rupee apiece, which was more money than they could have earned in a week. On account of frequent stops, it took about an hour for the barge to drop ten miles down from Mandalay, and promptly at noon we all entered the inclosure. I was careful to have a revolver ready in case of need. The four Burmen were provided with ropes and chains, and they had much less difficulty than I expected in securing the old elephant and hobbling her to strong stakes driven in the ground. She had lately been fed and was in a good humor.

But the trouble began after the baby had been driven into a corner of the enclosure and lassoed. The little creature was unwilling to go, and whimpered piteously as the natives dragged it toward the gate. At the first cry the mother went frantic with rage. She trumpeted and roared, pounded the earth with her great feet, and tore at her fastenings till I thought they must surely break. The Burmen were badly scared, but they hurried on with the whimpering baby and got it safely outside the stockade. I felt greatly relieved when Howatsa slammed the big gate shut. From the enclosure to the river shore was a distance of twenty yards, and at every step of the way we heard the shrill trumpeting of the old elephant and the incessant rattling of chains. Her rage was at a still higher pitch when we reached the flat-board and hauled the baby on board. The men held it quiet by drawing on the rope from opposite sides.

Howatsa glanced uneasily over his shoulder toward the stockade and listened for a moment. "Now, Sahib, the young elephant is in your care," he said, rubbing his hands sleekly together. "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain, and am not hired to do anything more."

"That's true," I admitted, "but I did not hire you to do anything more than to bring the baby on the deck of the barge. It won't be much of a task, for the captain has a block and tackle."

At this time the steamer was due, but I think we waited for nearly half an hour in the belting sun. The baby was restless and whimpered a good deal, and without a moment's intermission the old elephant squealed and trumpeted and strained at her fetters. I kept a sharp eye on the stockade, and I noticed that the natives did the same.

In almost less time than it takes to tell the savage beast had crossed the bit of ground and was splashing madly through the shallow water toward the flat, her trunk uplifted, her red mouth open, and her wicked eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

The passengers on the barge yelled and shouted, and a couple of shots were fired at the risk of hitting the party. For a moment the natives were helpless with terror. They let go of the baby's ropes and hung to the further side of the flat. Closer and closer came the great brute, growling with fury. When she was within twenty feet I emptied the whole six chambers of my revolver at her head; the balls had no more effect than darts from a pea-shooter. The maddened beast charged the remaining distance faster than ever.

I heard two or three splashes behind me and knew what they meant. Flinging away the useless weapon I jumped to the continental that I had come ashore to do some shooting. I allowed him to remain under that impression. I very nearly betrayed myself, however, when he took me to a platform on the other side of the stockade, from whence we could look down into the inclosure. The two elephants were there, and the little one, about the size of a donkey, was a remarkably fine specimen. The mother was once deeply large and handsome, but she displayed such viciousness and tem-

per at sight of us that I promptly decided to have nothing to do with her on any terms.

The evening, under the influence of my good tobacco, Howatsa described how he and his neighbors had captured the two elephants, who had been damaging crops in the vicinity for a long time. It was his intention, he said, to tame the big elephant and use it for a beast of burden. The baby he was willing to sell, and he suggested that I might be disposed to purchase it.

I took the bait warily, and after a lengthy palaver the bargain was closed. The baby elephant was mine at a reasonable figure, and I paid Howatsa a sum that more than compensated for his trouble and ruined crops. In the morning he paddled me to Mandalay, and on learning that a barge started down the Irrawaddy at noon the next day I arranged with the captain to drop anchor alongside the settlement and take the elephant on board. Then I hired a small flat from some riverside boatmen, and Howatsa and I floated it down to his hut that same evening.

I was sitting at an early hour the next morning, and after breakfast three more natives arrived. Howatsa had engaged them to help him get the young elephant aboard the flat, with the accomplishment of which his responsibilities ended and mine began. There was a flaw in that bargain, though I did not see it until too late. I should have contracted for the safe delivery of the elephant on the deck of the barge.

I did the next best thing, however, by hiring Howatsa and his companions to complete the task. I gave them a rupee apiece, which was more money than they could have earned in a week. On account of frequent stops, it took about an hour for the barge to drop ten miles down from Mandalay, and promptly at noon we all entered the inclosure. I was careful to have a revolver ready in case of need. The four Burmen were provided with ropes and chains, and they had much less difficulty than I expected in securing the old elephant and hobbling her to strong stakes driven in the ground. She had lately been fed and was in a good humor.

But the trouble began after the baby had been driven into a corner of the enclosure and lassoed. The little creature was unwilling to go, and whimpered piteously as the natives dragged it toward the gate. At the first cry the mother went frantic with rage. She trumpeted and roared, pounded the earth with her great feet, and tore at her fastenings till I thought they must surely break. The Burmen were badly scared, but they hurried on with the whimpering baby and got it safely outside the stockade. I felt greatly relieved when Howatsa slammed the big gate shut. From the enclosure to the river shore was a distance of twenty yards, and at every step of the way we heard the shrill trumpeting of the old elephant and the incessant rattling of chains. Her rage was at a still higher pitch when we reached the flat-board and hauled the baby on board. The men held it quiet by drawing on the rope from opposite sides.

Howatsa glanced uneasily over his shoulder toward the stockade and listened for a moment. "Now, Sahib, the young elephant is in your care," he said, rubbing his hands sleekly together. "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain, and am not hired to do anything more."

"That's true," I admitted, "but I did not hire you to do anything more than to bring the baby on the deck of the barge. It won't be much of a task, for the captain has a block and tackle."

At this time the steamer was due, but I think we waited for nearly half an hour in the belting sun. The baby was restless and whimpered a good deal, and without a moment's intermission the old elephant squealed and trumpeted and strained at her fetters. I kept a sharp eye on the stockade, and I noticed that the natives did the same.

In almost less time than it takes to tell the savage beast had crossed the bit of ground and was splashing madly through the shallow water toward the flat, her trunk uplifted, her red mouth open, and her wicked eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

The passengers on the barge yelled and shouted, and a couple of shots were fired at the risk of hitting the party. For a moment the natives were helpless with terror. They let go of the baby's ropes and hung to the further side of the flat. Closer and closer came the great brute, growling with fury. When she was within twenty feet I emptied the whole six chambers of my revolver at her head; the balls had no more effect than darts from a pea-shooter. The maddened beast charged the remaining distance faster than ever.

I heard two or three splashes behind me and knew what they meant. Flinging away the useless weapon I jumped to the continental that I had come ashore to do some shooting. I allowed him to remain under that impression. I very nearly betrayed myself, however, when he took me to a platform on the other side of the stockade, from whence we could look down into the inclosure. The two elephants were there, and the little one, about the size of a donkey, was a remarkably fine specimen. The mother was once deeply large and handsome, but she displayed such viciousness and tem-

per at sight of us that I promptly decided to have nothing to do with her on any terms.

The evening, under the influence of my good tobacco, Howatsa described how he and his neighbors had captured the two elephants, who had been damaging crops in the vicinity for a long time. It was his intention, he said, to tame the big elephant and use it for a beast of burden. The baby he was willing to sell, and he suggested that I might be disposed to purchase it.

I took the bait warily, and after a lengthy palaver the bargain was closed. The baby elephant was mine at a reasonable figure, and I paid Howatsa a sum that more than compensated for his trouble and ruined crops. In the morning he paddled me to Mandalay, and on learning that a barge started down the Irrawaddy at noon the next day I arranged with the captain to drop anchor alongside the settlement and take the elephant on board. Then I hired a small flat from some riverside boatmen, and Howatsa and I floated it down to his hut that same evening.

I was sitting at an early hour the next morning, and after breakfast three more natives arrived. Howatsa had engaged them to help him get the young elephant aboard the flat, with the accomplishment of which his responsibilities ended and mine began. There was a flaw in that bargain, though I did not see it until too late. I should have contracted for the safe delivery of the elephant on the deck of the barge.

I did the next best thing, however, by hiring Howatsa and his companions to complete the task. I gave them a rupee apiece, which was more money than they could have earned in a week. On account of frequent stops, it took about an hour for the barge to drop ten miles down from Mandalay, and promptly at noon we all entered the inclosure. I was careful to have a revolver ready in case of need. The four Burmen were provided with ropes and chains, and they had much less difficulty than I expected in securing the old elephant and hobbling her to strong stakes driven in the ground. She had lately been fed and was in a good humor.

But the trouble began after the baby had been driven into a corner of the enclosure and lassoed. The little creature was unwilling to go, and whimpered piteously as the natives dragged it toward the gate. At the first cry the mother went frantic with rage. She trumpeted and roared, pounded the earth with her great feet, and tore at her fastenings till I thought they must surely break. The Burmen were badly scared, but they hurried on with the whimpering baby and got it safely outside the stockade. I felt greatly relieved when Howatsa slammed the big gate shut. From the enclosure to the river shore was a distance of twenty yards, and at every step of the way we heard the shrill trumpeting of the old elephant and the incessant rattling of chains. Her rage was at a still higher pitch when we reached the flat-board and hauled the baby on board. The men held it quiet by drawing on the rope from opposite sides.

Howatsa glanced uneasily over his shoulder toward the stockade and listened for a moment. "Now, Sahib, the young elephant is in your care," he said, rubbing his hands sleekly together. "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain, and am not hired to do anything more."

"That's true," I admitted, "but I did not hire you to do anything more than to bring the baby on the deck of the barge. It won't be much of a task, for the captain has a block and tackle."

At this time the steamer was due, but I think we waited for nearly half an hour in the belting sun. The baby was restless and whimpered a good deal, and without a moment's intermission the old elephant squealed and trumpeted and strained at her fetters. I kept a sharp eye on the stockade, and I noticed that the natives did the same.

In almost less time than it takes to tell the savage beast had crossed the bit of ground and was splashing madly through the shallow water toward the flat, her trunk uplifted, her red mouth open, and her wicked eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

per at sight of us that I promptly decided to have nothing to do with her on any terms.

The evening, under the influence of my good tobacco, Howatsa described how he and his neighbors had captured the two elephants, who had been damaging crops in the vicinity for a long time. It was his intention, he said, to tame the big elephant and use it for a beast of burden. The baby he was willing to sell, and he suggested that I might be disposed to purchase it.

I took the bait warily, and after a lengthy palaver the bargain was closed. The baby elephant was mine at a reasonable figure, and I paid Howatsa a sum that more than compensated for his trouble and ruined crops. In the morning he paddled me to Mandalay, and on learning that a barge started down the Irrawaddy at noon the next day I arranged with the captain to drop anchor alongside the settlement and take the elephant on board. Then I hired a small flat from some riverside boatmen, and Howatsa and I floated it down to his hut that same evening.

I was sitting at an early hour the next morning, and after breakfast three more natives arrived. Howatsa had engaged them to help him get the young elephant aboard the flat, with the accomplishment of which his responsibilities ended and mine began. There was a flaw in that bargain, though I did not see it until too late. I should have contracted for the safe delivery of the elephant on the deck of the barge.

I did the next best thing, however, by hiring Howatsa and his companions to complete the task. I gave them a rupee apiece, which was more money than they could have earned in a week. On account of frequent stops, it took about an hour for the barge to drop ten miles down from Mandalay, and promptly at noon we all entered the inclosure. I was careful to have a revolver ready in case of need. The four Burmen were provided with ropes and chains, and they had much less difficulty than I expected in securing the old elephant and hobbling her to strong stakes driven in the ground. She had lately been fed and was in a good humor.

But the trouble began after the baby had been driven into a corner of the enclosure and lassoed. The little creature was unwilling to go, and whimpered piteously as the natives dragged it toward the gate. At the first cry the mother went frantic with rage. She trumpeted and roared, pounded the earth with her great feet, and tore at her fastenings till I thought they must surely break. The Burmen were badly scared, but they hurried on with the whimpering baby and got it safely outside the stockade. I felt greatly relieved when Howatsa slammed the big gate shut. From the enclosure to the river shore was a distance of twenty yards, and at every step of the way we heard the shrill trumpeting of the old elephant and the incessant rattling of chains. Her rage was at a still higher pitch when we reached the flat-board and hauled the baby on board. The men held it quiet by drawing on the rope from opposite sides.

Howatsa glanced uneasily over his shoulder toward the stockade and listened for a moment. "Now, Sahib, the young elephant is in your care," he said, rubbing his hands sleekly together. "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain, and am not hired to do anything more."

"That's true," I admitted, "but I did not hire you to do anything more than to bring the baby on the deck of the barge. It won't be much of a task, for the captain has a block and tackle."

At this time the steamer was due, but I think we waited for nearly half an hour in the belting sun. The baby was restless and whimpered a good deal, and without a moment's intermission the old elephant squealed and trumpeted and strained at her fetters. I kept a sharp eye on the stockade, and I noticed that the natives did the same.

In almost less time than it takes to tell the savage beast had crossed the bit of ground and was splashing madly through the shallow water toward the flat, her trunk uplifted, her red mouth open, and her wicked eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

The passengers on the barge yelled and shouted, and a couple of shots were fired at the risk of hitting the party. For a moment the natives were helpless with terror. They let go of the baby's ropes and hung to the further side of the flat. Closer and closer came the great brute, growling with fury. When she was within twenty feet I emptied the whole six chambers of my revolver at her head; the balls had no more effect than darts from a pea-shooter. The maddened beast charged the remaining distance faster than ever.

I heard two or three splashes behind me and knew what they meant. Flinging away the useless weapon I jumped to the continental that I had come ashore to do some shooting. I allowed him to remain under that impression. I very nearly betrayed myself, however, when he took me to a platform on the other side of the stockade, from whence we could look down into the inclosure. The two elephants were there, and the little one, about the size of a donkey, was a remarkably fine specimen. The mother was once deeply large and handsome, but she displayed such viciousness and tem-

per at sight of us that I promptly decided to have nothing to do with her on any terms.

The evening, under the influence of my good tobacco, Howatsa described how he and his neighbors had captured the two elephants, who had been damaging crops in the vicinity for a long time. It was his intention, he said, to tame the big elephant and use it for a beast of burden. The baby he was willing to sell, and he suggested that I might be disposed to purchase it.

I took the bait warily, and after a lengthy palaver the bargain was closed. The baby elephant was mine at a reasonable figure, and I paid Howatsa a sum that more than compensated for his trouble and ruined crops. In the morning he paddled me to Mandalay, and on learning that a barge started down the Irrawaddy at noon the next day I arranged with the captain to drop anchor alongside the settlement and take the elephant on board. Then I hired a small flat from some riverside boatmen, and Howatsa and I floated it down to his hut that same evening.

I was sitting at an early hour the next morning, and after breakfast three more natives arrived. Howatsa had engaged them to help him get the young elephant aboard the flat, with the accomplishment of which his responsibilities ended and mine began. There was a flaw in that bargain, though I did not see it until too late. I should have contracted for the safe delivery of the elephant on the deck of the barge.

I did the next best thing, however, by hiring Howatsa and his companions to complete the task. I gave them a rupee apiece, which was more money than they could have earned in a week. On account of frequent stops, it took about an hour for the barge to drop ten miles down from Mandalay, and promptly at noon we all entered the inclosure. I was careful to have a revolver ready in case of need. The four Burmen were provided with ropes and chains, and they had much less difficulty than I expected in securing the old elephant and hobbling her to strong stakes driven in the ground. She had lately been fed and was in a good humor.

But the trouble began after the baby had been driven into a corner of the enclosure and lassoed. The little creature was unwilling to go, and whimpered piteously as the natives dragged it toward the gate. At the first cry the mother went frantic with rage. She trumpeted and roared, pounded the earth with her great feet, and tore at her fastenings till I thought they must surely break. The Burmen were badly scared, but they hurried on with the whimpering baby and got it safely outside the stockade. I felt greatly relieved when Howatsa slammed the big gate shut. From the enclosure to the river shore was a distance of twenty yards, and at every step of the way we heard the shrill trumpeting of the old elephant and the incessant rattling of chains. Her rage was at a still higher pitch when we reached the flat-board and hauled the baby on board. The men held it quiet by drawing on the rope from opposite sides.

Howatsa glanced uneasily over his shoulder toward the stockade and listened for a moment. "Now, Sahib, the young elephant is in your care," he said, rubbing his hands sleekly together. "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain, and am not hired to do anything more."

"That's true," I admitted, "but I did not hire you to do anything more than to bring the baby on the deck of the barge. It won't be much of a task, for the captain has a block and tackle."

At this time the steamer was due, but I think we waited for nearly half an hour in the belting sun. The baby was restless and whimpered a good deal, and without a moment's intermission the old elephant squealed and trumpeted and strained at her fetters. I kept a sharp eye on the stockade, and I noticed that the natives did the same.

In almost less time than it takes to tell the savage beast had crossed the bit of ground and was splashing madly through the shallow water toward the flat, her trunk uplifted, her red mouth open, and her wicked eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

per at sight of us that I promptly decided to have nothing to do with her on any terms.

The evening, under the influence of my good tobacco, Howatsa described how he and his neighbors had captured the two elephants, who had been damaging crops in the vicinity for a long time. It was his intention, he said, to tame the big elephant and use it for a beast of burden. The baby he was willing to sell, and he suggested that I might be disposed to purchase it.

I took the bait warily, and after a lengthy palaver the bargain was closed. The baby elephant was mine at a reasonable figure, and I paid Howatsa a sum that more than compensated for his trouble and ruined crops. In the morning he paddled me to Mandalay, and on learning that a barge started down the Irrawaddy at noon the next day I arranged with the captain to drop anchor alongside the settlement and take the elephant on board. Then I hired a small flat from some riverside boatmen, and Howatsa and I floated it down to his hut that same evening.

I was sitting at an early hour the next morning, and after breakfast three more natives arrived. Howatsa had engaged them to help him get the young elephant aboard the flat, with the accomplishment of which his responsibilities ended and mine began. There was a flaw in that bargain, though I did not see it until too late. I should have contracted for the safe delivery of the elephant on the deck of the barge.

I did the next best thing, however, by hiring Howatsa and his companions to complete the task. I gave them a rupee apiece, which was more money than they could have earned in a week. On account of frequent stops, it took about an hour for the barge to drop ten miles down from Mandalay, and promptly at noon we all entered the inclosure. I was careful to have a revolver ready in case of need. The four Burmen were provided with ropes and chains, and they had much less difficulty than I expected in securing the old elephant and hobbling her to strong stakes driven in the ground. She had lately been fed and was in a good humor.

But the trouble began after the baby had been driven into a corner of the enclosure and lassoed. The little creature was unwilling to go, and whimpered piteously as the natives dragged it toward the gate. At the first cry the mother went frantic with rage. She trumpeted and roared, pounded the earth with her great feet, and tore at her fastenings till I thought they must surely break. The Burmen were badly scared, but they hurried on with the whimpering baby and got it safely outside the stockade. I felt greatly relieved when Howatsa slammed the big gate shut. From the enclosure to the river shore was a distance of twenty yards, and at every step of the way we heard the shrill trumpeting of the old elephant and the incessant rattling of chains. Her rage was at a still higher pitch when we reached the flat-board and hauled the baby on board. The men held it quiet by drawing on the rope from opposite sides.

Howatsa glanced uneasily over his shoulder toward the stockade and listened for a moment. "Now, Sahib, the young elephant is in your care," he said, rubbing his hands sleekly together. "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain, and am not hired to do anything more."

"That's true," I admitted, "but I did not hire you to do anything more than to bring the baby on the deck of the barge. It won't be much of a task, for the captain has a block and tackle."

At this time the steamer was due, but I think we waited for nearly half an hour in the belting sun. The baby was restless and whimpered a good deal, and without a moment's intermission the old elephant squealed and trumpeted and strained at her fetters. I kept a sharp eye on the stockade, and I noticed that the natives did the same.

In almost less time than it takes to tell the savage beast had crossed the bit of ground and was splashing madly through the shallow water toward the flat, her trunk uplifted, her red mouth open, and her wicked eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

The passengers on the barge yelled and shouted, and a couple of shots were fired at the risk of hitting the party. For a moment the natives were helpless with terror. They let go of the baby's ropes and hung to the further side of the flat. Closer and closer came the great brute, growling with fury. When she was within twenty feet I emptied the whole six chambers of my revolver at her head; the balls had no more effect than darts from a pea-shooter. The maddened beast charged the remaining distance faster than ever.

I heard two or three splashes behind me and knew what they meant. Flinging away the useless weapon I jumped to the continental that I had come ashore to do some shooting. I allowed him to remain under that impression. I very nearly betrayed myself, however, when he took me to a platform on the other side of the stockade, from whence we could look down into the inclosure. The two elephants were there, and the little one, about the size of a donkey, was a remarkably fine specimen. The mother was once deeply large and handsome, but she displayed such viciousness and tem-

per at sight of us that I promptly decided to have nothing to do with her on any terms.

The evening, under the influence of my good tobacco, Howatsa described how he and his neighbors had captured the two elephants, who had been damaging crops in the vicinity for a long time. It was his intention, he said, to tame the big elephant and use it for a beast of burden. The baby he was willing to sell, and he suggested that I might be disposed to purchase it.

I took the bait warily, and after a lengthy palaver the bargain was closed. The baby elephant was mine at a reasonable figure, and I paid Howatsa a sum that more than compensated for his trouble and ruined crops. In the morning he paddled me to Mandalay, and on learning that a barge started down the Irrawaddy at noon the next day I arranged with the captain to drop anchor alongside the settlement and take the elephant on board. Then I hired a small flat from some riverside boatmen, and Howatsa and I floated it down to his hut that same evening.

I was sitting at an early hour the next morning, and after breakfast three more natives arrived. Howatsa had engaged them to help him get the young elephant aboard the flat, with the accomplishment of which his responsibilities ended and mine began. There was a flaw in that bargain, though I did not see it until too late. I should have contracted for the safe delivery of the elephant on the deck of the barge.

I did the next best thing, however, by hiring Howatsa and his companions to complete the task. I gave them a rupee apiece, which was more money than they could have earned in a week. On account of frequent stops, it took about an hour for the barge to drop ten miles down from Mandalay, and promptly at noon we all entered the inclosure. I was careful to have a revolver ready in case of need. The four Burmen were provided with ropes and chains, and they had much less difficulty than I expected in securing the old elephant and hobbling her to strong stakes driven in the ground. She had lately been fed and was in a good humor.

But the trouble began after the baby had been driven into a corner of the enclosure and lassoed. The little creature was unwilling to go, and whimpered piteously as the natives dragged it toward the gate. At the first cry the mother went frantic with rage. She trumpeted and roared, pounded the earth with her great feet, and tore at her fastenings till I thought they must surely break. The Burmen were badly scared, but they hurried on with the whimpering baby and got it safely outside the stockade. I felt greatly relieved when Howatsa slammed the big gate shut. From the enclosure to the river shore was a distance of twenty yards, and at every step of the way we heard the shrill trumpeting of the old elephant and the incessant rattling of chains. Her rage was at a still higher pitch when we reached the flat-board and hauled the baby on board. The men held it quiet by drawing on the rope from opposite sides.

Howatsa glanced uneasily over his shoulder toward the stockade and listened for a moment. "Now, Sahib, the young elephant is in your care," he said, rubbing his hands sleekly together. "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain, and am not hired to do anything more."

"That's true," I admitted, "but I did not hire you to do anything more than to bring the baby on the deck of the barge. It won't be much of a task, for the captain has a block and tackle."

At this time the steamer was due, but I think we waited for nearly half an hour in the belting sun. The baby was restless and whimpered a good deal, and without a moment's intermission the old elephant squealed and trumpeted and strained at her fetters. I kept a sharp eye on the stockade, and I noticed that the natives did the same.

In almost less time than it takes to tell the savage beast had crossed the bit of ground and was splashing madly through the shallow water toward the flat, her trunk uplifted, her red mouth open, and her wicked eyes gleaming like coals of fire.

per at sight of us that I promptly decided to have nothing to do with her on any terms.

The evening, under the influence of my good tobacco, Howatsa described how he and his neighbors had captured the two elephants, who had been damaging crops in the vicinity for a long time. It was his intention, he said, to tame the big elephant and use it for a beast of burden. The baby he was willing to sell, and he suggested that I might be disposed to purchase it.

I took the bait warily, and after a lengthy palaver the bargain was closed. The baby elephant was mine at a reasonable figure, and I paid Howatsa a sum that more than compensated for his trouble and ruined crops. In the morning he paddled me to Mandalay, and on learning that a barge started down the Irrawaddy at noon the next day I arranged with the captain to drop anchor alongside the settlement and take the elephant on board. Then I hired a small flat from some riverside boatmen, and Howatsa and I floated it down to his hut that same evening.

I was sitting at an early hour the next morning, and after breakfast three more natives arrived. Howatsa had engaged them to help him get the young elephant aboard the flat, with the accomplishment of which his responsibilities ended and mine began. There was a flaw in that bargain, though I did not see it until too late. I should have contracted for the safe delivery of the elephant on the deck of the barge.

I did the next best thing, however, by hiring Howatsa and his companions to complete the task. I gave them a rupee apiece, which was more money than they could have earned in a week. On account of frequent stops, it took about an hour for the barge to drop ten miles down from Mandalay, and promptly at noon we all entered the inclosure. I was careful to have a revolver ready in case of need. The four Burmen were provided with ropes and chains, and they had much less difficulty than I expected in securing the old elephant and hobbling her to strong stakes driven in the ground. She had lately been fed and was in a good humor.

But the trouble began after the baby had been driven into a corner of the enclosure and lassoed. The little creature was unwilling to go, and whimpered piteously as the natives dragged it toward the gate. At the first cry the