

PRIDE.

Hark the rustle of a dress
Stiff with lavish costliness!
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garments brush

DOCTOR FRANK.

"Dear me! Such a pretty dress so sadly
wasted. It seems almost a sin to put
it on. I don't think either Uncle Reuben
or Aunt Jane will appreciate it, and
Fido I am sure will not, inasmuch as its
ruffles are not to be soiled by his dirty
paws."

And, thus soliloquizing, Kate Arden
hesitated a moment as to whether the
open trunk should receive back the pink
batiste, with its innumerable lace-edged
flounces and loops of rose colored
ribbon, or whether it should deck the
pretty face and form reflected in the
mirror of Aunt Jane's best bedroom,
occupied only since yesterday by her
pretty city niece, who had come down
to smell the June roses and woo some
of their color into her own pale cheeks.

Something in the reflection decided
the question. The trunk was closed, the
batiste donned; and, looking as lovely
as the first flush of sunrise, Kate tripped
smilingly down the stairs, knowing that
two pair of eyes would kindle into admiration,
and that Uncle Reuben would
break into a hearty speech.

Nor was she mistaken. He turned
toward her as she opened the door.

"Ah here comes the little girl now!"
he said. "Kate, dear—why how lovely
you're looking, my lassie!—this is our
new doctor—Doctor Lawrence! He
stopped in to know how my rheumatism
was getting on, and I was just talking
to him about you."

The girl looked up. All regret
concerning the pink batiste fled, for standing
by her uncle's side was a young,
handsome man, whose clear brown eyes
were bent full upon her, and who acknowledged
the introduction with a
courteous bow, utterly devoid of embarrassment
or rusticity.

"We thought at first no one could take
poor old doctor Gray's place," continued
Uncle Reuben. ("You knew he was dead
Kate? Yes, took a sudden cold last
winter.") But somehow I don't think
we'd quite know how to do without Doctor
Lawrence now, although we old
folks do laugh at some of his new-fledged
notions."

"You're very kind, Mr. Evans," answered
the young man, in a deep, musical
voice. "I hope you don't think me
unappreciative of how little you've let
me feel myself a stranger in Evansville."

"It was your own magic my boy; but
talking of strangers, you must certainly
not be so now. We don't quite know
what to do with this city girl, who's
come to spend a few weeks with us, to
get back the roses dissipation and town
life have scattered. You'll have to help
us make the country so attractive that
she'll not be in too great a hurry to run
away from us."

"If you always set such delightful
tasks, Mr. Evans, your prescriptions
will, I am quite sure, be religiously
followed, though, unfortunately, every
chemist cannot make them up."

And he glanced at Kate with a
mischievous smile.
She was not slow with some merry
repartee, and when, half an hour later,
Dr. Lawrence took his departure, he
had left quite a pleasurable little wave
of anticipation and excitement behind.
Nor did Kate experience any more regret
at pretty dresses being wasted, as
one by one she took them from her
trunks, and proceeded to make herself
as fascinatingly pretty as possible.

It was wonderful, too the time that
Doctor Lawrence managed to spare
from his patients. It grew to be a very
customary thing for his light wagon
to drive up in the early gloaming, and
for Kate to take in it her place beside him,
for one of those charming drives she
said were doing her so much good.
They had long talks, too—talks in which
he told her his hopes for the future, and
touched very lightly on some of his
disappointments and struggles of the past.

She learned that this man was
ambitious; that the post of a physician in this
obscure town was in his own mind a
stepping-stone across the stream which
yet separated him from honor, name
and fame. Somehow her own blood
coursed more quickly, and her pulses
leaped as she listened. It was all so
different from the languid talk she was
used to hearing from the men who
would spend, in roses they offered at
her shrine, a sum which would do so
much to realize his life ambition; yet
she wrote home:

"I am having a new experience—a
flirtation with a country physician. I
hope he's taking care of his heart; he
may find it difficult to heal himself.
For me, of course, I have no heart. He
has so much spare energy, I'm sure he
must find it a kindness to be able to
expand some of it even on me."

But after she had written this she laid
down her pen and sighed. After all the
words did not help her in a fight she
was having with herself, nor make her
arguments the stronger for her own
convincing; but she folded and sealed the
letter and mailed it the same evening,
she and the doctor driving past the
post office that she might do so. Was
she sorry for what she knew was inevitable?

June had nearly passed before Frank
Lawrence put his fate into her hands.
She had had many men make love to
her, but never one in those simple, earnest
tones:

"You'll have to share some of the
hardships, Kate," he said; "but I'll make
it as light as may be for you, darling;
and one day I'll make you proud of me.
Looking ahead to the light, will you let
my love make the present not quite
dark?"

He used no eloquence, no passion, but
his face was very pale, and his hand
trembled just a little as he folded hers
within it and awaited her reply.

A sharp pain she could not then analyze
shot through her heart.
"I am very sorry, Doctor Lawrence,"
she murmured, "but it is impossible."

"Impossible! Why?"
"Impossible! Why?"
She got no further.

"You do not love me? Is that what
you would say? Look straight in my
eyes and tell me true!"
She dared not. He knew that once
her eyes met his she would hide her
head upon his breast and whisper what
she dared not acknowledge—that he
alone had not been burned in the hot fire
her hands had helped to kindle.

For one little minute the memory of
the past month returned to her—the
strange, sweet influence he had exerted
over her life—the future sweetness life
might yet hold for her.

"Pshaw! This was but a girl's idle
sentiment. Did not every man dream of
glory? And to grow old, like Aunt Kate
and Uncle Reuben, in a stagnant country
town—to have her sleep disturbed by
every old man and woman within a
radius of twenty miles who wanted a
potion for their latest ailment—how
could she bear this?"

"I am already engaged to be married,"
she answered, hastily, as though seeking
strength in the words, a vision rising
before her as she uttered them; of the
man of her choice—a man more
than twice her age, bald and gouty,
but with bonds and bank-notes
sufficient to atone for all deficiencies,
and make the world esteem it high honor
or that she should be made his wife.

"Oh, Frank, forgive me!" she cried in
quick contrition—for his hand had now
unclasped itself from hers, and he
sprang to his feet with a look upon his
face of mortal agony.

But he answered her not a word, as
he walked away in the mockery of the
June sunlight.

Five years later, and in one of the
fashionable hotels of Paris lay a child ill
unto death—a little fairy creature, of
perhaps three years of age, but whose
golden curls now clustered about a face
white as the lace-trimmed pillows on
which it rested.

Over her bent her mother a woman
young and beautiful—a widow, wondrous
rich, the world said, but who, in
this hour would gladly have poured out
her treasures to buy the priceless treasure
of her darling's life. She had not
loved her husband, this same world
declared; but, be this, as it may, he had
made no moan into its listening ear, and
after two short years of wedded life,
when death, after a short, decisive
struggle, had claimed him, all that he
had was willed unreservedly to the
woman who had filled alike his pride and
his heart.

If she had also made the latter suffer,
there was no codicil in his last generous
testament to that effect.

A light knock on the door aroused her.
She softly opened it.

"The young American physician to
whom madam was recommended is below,"
announced an attendant.

"Show him up," she answered, and
returned to her post. "Come in," she
called, softly, when a second knock was
heard; and then, standing motionless,
she turned to look into the face of one
who, though a stranger, was at least a
countryman, but started back as though
confronted by a ghost. "Frank!" she
murmured; "is it you?"

His own amazement equalled hers.
"Ah, I comprehend!" he said, the first
to regain his self-control. "I did not
recognize Miss Arden in Mrs. Geoffrey,
and doubtless the French tongue so
garbled my own name as to render your
mistake an easy one. Pardon me I will
withdraw at once."

"No, no, stay!" she cried, laying one
entreating hand upon his arm. "I have
heard of your wonderful skill, which has
made your name famous even on this
side of the water. Oh, Frank, be merciful!
Save my child—my baby! She is
all, all that I have."

"Where is your husband?"
"Quick, curt tones he put the question.

"Did you not know?" she said. "He
has been dead three years."

"And your child—Yes, I have
heard. It is the brain which is affected."

"She has been unconscious for twenty-
four hours. The physicians here have
given her up. Oh, Frank, do not tell me
she must die, if you would not break my
heart," and she clasped her hands
together in an agony of entreaty.

A scornful, incredulous smile crept
about his lips—this woman spoke as if
she had a heart; but his physician's
instinct conquered hesitation, and bending
over the little sufferer, with careful,
tender skill he lifted the clustering rings
from the baby's brow, and made a brief
examination of the head. He looked
very grave as he lifted his own.

"There is but one chance for your
child's life, Mrs. Geoffrey," he said then,
and only the physician spoke. "There
must be an immediate operation of a
most precarious nature. Her recovery
from it is extremely doubtful; but there
is a chance. Otherwise there is none.
Will you consent?"

"You will perform it?"
"I will intrust it to no one else."

"She is in your hands. Do with her
as you will."

"And if she dies?"
"Oh, Frank she is my child! You will
not let her die."

Was it the remembrance of these
words which made Dr. Lawrence hesitate,
a few hours later, as, with two of the
most eminent surgeons in Paris, he
stood beside the little sufferer? If his
judgment should be at fault? But there
was no time to weigh the question.

Two hours after he stepped into the
darkened room, where one woman
awaited him.

"She is sleeping. When she wakes
she will know you. I think she will
live."

He had stopped some little distance
from her as he spoke, but with a suddenness
he could not divine she had
fallen on her knees before him, grasping
his hands, and covering them with
kisses and her tears.

"You must be calm for your child's
sake," he said, in a voice all unmovd.
"Now go to her. I will return to watch
with you through the night."

But when morning dawned his proph-
cy had been fulfilled. Death had taken
away his grim shadow, and the
baby, waking, smiled into the beautiful
face above her and whispered:

"Mamma!"

Throughout Paris spread the news of
the marvellous operation. It was another
on the long list of triumphs accom-
plished by this young man, who had not
yet attained his thirty-fifth year—"Doc-
tor Frank," baby Alice called him; and
as the old gulf grew and widened be-
tween Mrs. Geoffrey and himself, they
became the greater friends.

Three weeks had elapsed, when he
said, one day:

"Little Alice is quite well now. My
visits will be no longer necessary."

"I can never repay my debt, Dr.
Lawrence," answered Alice's mother.
"Here is my cheque. Fill it with
whatsum you will. It shall be honored."

"Madam," he said, "it is I who am in
your debt."

And with a quick motion he tore in
two the piece of paper she had handed
him.

"See! you make mamma cry said the
baby. She always cries after you have
been here. Why does she do that, Doc-
tor Frank? Kiss her—Please kiss her—
and tell her you are sorry. You must
not make my pretty mamma cry."

"Good-by, little one!" he answered,
casting no glance to the lovely face, pale
with its long anxious waiting.

"You haven't kissed mamma," pleaded
the baby voice. "She says she was very
naughty to you once. Please forgive her,
and do not let her cry any more."

He strode toward Kate at these latter
words.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you fancy
you stand in need of my forgiveness?
When I cease to love you, I will send it
to you."

"Frank," she whispered, "must you
wait till then? God knows I have suf-
fered from my fault. I was only a child,
Frank. I did not know my own heart,
or that I had one, until—until—"

"Until what?"

His voice was very hoarse now, and
he drew a step nearer her.

"Must you wring all from me?" she
said. "Yet I owe you the atonement.
Until I learned your image filled it.
Scorn, despise me you will, I cannot
banish it."

But ere she could finish her confession
Doctor Frank had caught her in
his arms, baby Alice clapping her hands
exultantly—the little hands which had
unwittingly bridged the chasm between
two divided hearts.

How He Made the Dust Fly Be-
tween Chicago and Mendota.

From the Chicago Herald.

"Yes," said Mr. Dooflicker, as he
drew his chair out on the porch to the
family circle, "I had some wild ex-
periences when I was a locomotive engineer.
I remember one night I was ordered to
take a doctor from Chicago to Mendota
in the quickest possible time. To make
my engine lighter I uncoupled the tender
and left it on the side track. When
the doctor took a seat on the fireman's
box I threw the lever down in the
corner and gave her steam. Away we
jumped like a scared kangaroo. The
doctor's eyes bulged out like a pair of
porcelain drawer knobs as we hustled
over the prairie toward Riverside. Ripity
click we smashed along over the
switches and frogs and bridge at
Riverside, and the doctor hanging on
for his life and looking like an uninsured
man sitting down to his first dish of
cucumbers."

"What's that—a post?" asked the doctor
as we passed something in a jiffy.

"It was a coal shed 120 feet long. So
you can see how fast we were going."

"What's that funny looking fringe on
our left?" asked the doctor.

"Them's the telegraph poles," answered
the fireman as he stopped half a minute
from shoveling coal, just as we zipped
through the shop yards at Aurora.

"Well, we made Mendota, without a
stop, in forty-one minutes and a half,
just two miles to the minute; and I
boiled the coffee in my dinner-pail on
the driving boxes."

Mrs. Dooflicker heaved a sigh of relief
and said: "Well, I'm glad you got
there safe. I expected, much as could
be, you would tell us that the engine
jumped off the track and all three of
you were killed."

"No, we were all alive and safe" added
Dooflicker, confidently.

"What a long-armed fireman you
must have had, pa," put in young, Theophilus
Dooflicker, as he looked up
from the copy of Aesop's fables that lay
on his lap.

"How's that?" asked Dooflicker.

"Why, to shovel coal in Aurora from
a tender that stood on a side track in
Chicago."

Dooflicker went in the house to get
his pipe.

Concerning the Beauty for Whom
Senator Fair Shattered All His
Household Gods.

From the Peru (Ind.) Republican.

Reference has been made lately to the
unhappy domestic relations of Senator
Fair, of Nevada, which culminated in a
decree of divorce and alimony for his
wife. The girl in the case, who seems
to have completely captivated the old
man with his \$10,000,000 is "Annie Car-
penter" a plump and handsome blonde,
about 27 years of age, with crushed
strawberry hair. Annie has a history,
and so has her mother and her aunt.
She is the daughter of J. H. Smith, who
was the editor and proprietor of the Peru
Free Press about thirty years ago. In
1856 Mr. Smith left her husband in Peru
and accompanied Mr. and Mrs. John
T. Stevens to California—or at least was
a passenger on the same ship with them.

Mrs. Smith went to the home of her
sister, Mrs. Schultz, also a Peruvian, who
was then living with her husband and
keeping hotel at Young's Hill, a mining
town not far from San Francisco. Very
soon after her arrival there her daughter
was born and christened "Annie." Mrs.
Smith obtained a divorce from the
husband she abandoned in Peru
and married a miner named Car-
penter, whose name her child by the
former marriage was permitted to

assume. She left Carpenter, obtained a
divorce from him, and for a while had
employment in Washington. After re-
turning west she was remarried to Car-
penter. The little daughter Anna went
to live with her aunt, Mrs. Shultz, who
was very fond of her. Mrs. Shultz be-
came a member of Colonel Baker's fam-
ily in San Francisco, and, taking advan-
tage of her husband's absence in a min-
ing town, procured a divorce and ac-
companied Colonel Baker to Washing-
ton. Soon afterward Colonel Tom Fitch,
silver-tongued orator of the Pacific slope,
became enamored of Mrs. Shultz and
married her after having procured a di-
vorce from his wife.

Like her mother and her aunt, Anna
Carpenter has her charms. Some time
ago a San Francisco doctor or dentist
fell desperately in love with her, al-
though he was at the time the husband
of one wife. Through the influence of
Colonel Fitch he procured a divorce and
married his new love at Virginia City.
Afterward the wronged wife had the
proceedings of court granting him a di-
vorce set aside and this annulled his
marriage with Anna Carpenter. She
has since made conquest of larger game.
Her relations with Senator Fair
were the grounds for the
divorce recently obtained by Mrs. Fair.
The ten-millionaire is now free to marry
his bonnie Annie, who is said to be
pretty as well as vicious.

Stories About Talleyrand.

Mr. Greville's most interesting stories
are about Talleyrand, whom he knew
very well. Stories about Talleyrand are
almost always good; it is difficult to re-
member whether or not they are new.
Some verses of his, written when he
was a priest and in love, are mentioned,
but not printed. "He was very proud of
a definition he had made of 'L' Amour.'
'Love is a reality in the realm of the
imagination.' It does not sound much
to be proud of—in English. The anecdote
about M. de Narbonne is not new,
but it is good. This gentleman was very
tedious, and one day, when driving
with Talleyrand across the Pont Neuf,
was particularly dreary. Talleyrand
said a man yawning at a distance, and
said to his companion: 'Don't speak so
loud, we are overheard.' He said of
Lady Holland: 'She pretends to know
everything, to make herself of impor-
tance, and when she does not know she
invents'—the consequences of her in-
vention being ill-natured stories. Napo-
leon, according to Talleyrand, had mo-
ments which he played the moralist
among the ladies of his court. The Em-
peror thought the conduct of the Mare-
chale Ney 'trop fort,' which gives one
an unholy desire to know what the
Marechale could possibly have been
doing. Madame de Galles enraged Mad-
ame de Stael (and no wonder) by saying,
'Si Madame de Stael avait ete elevee,
elle aurait ete tres superieur.' Talley-
rand said that Louis XVIII used to cut
irreverent jokes on Sunday afternoon,
which was very ungrateful conduct in
that monarch. Otherwise Louis XVIII
was very agreeable and well read, par-
ticularly well acquainted with Horace,
and extremely proud of his beauty, and
of the grace with which he took off and
put on his hat. In this respect his Maj-
esty considered himself the most accom-
plished man in his own dominions. Na-
poleon, oddly enough, was very fond of
theology. It was not so much that he
was truly pious or a devout believer,
but that he had a natural taste for the-
ological study. His library was peculiarly
rich in books of divinity. So far there
was a certain resemblance between the
Emperor and Lord Byron. He kept
three bishops with whom he used to ar-
gue on these serious and difficult topics.
This was almost culpable luxury, and it
shows how self-indulgent the Emperor
was and could afford to be, that not one
or two bishops could satisfy his curiosity
about divine things. Talleyrand admitted
that he himself was "not wholly des-
titute of religious belief," so open was the
mind of this really clever man. In ear-
lier days he had some very odd ex-
perience of revolutionary society. He was
at a meeting of the Directoire when Bar-
ras gave Carnot the lie; the lie was re-
ported, not courteously, and Barras re-
plied in the style of an unpolished coal
heaver. "I had never seen anything
like it," said Talleyrand.—London News.

The Footlight Queen's Boudoir.

The New York Morning Journal thinks
that Sara Jewett doesn't believe in
crimping her hair. She has very nice
hair of her own, of a soft, wavy texture,
and she has been told that any extra
manipulation with hot irons would
make her bald at forty-five. Kate
Claxton has the finest hair in the theat-
rical profession, and it is her special
pride. The color is a dark, rich auburn,
and it falls below her waist. If Kate
Claxton gives way to any particular van-
ity it is her hair, at which she will some-
times spend two hours before the glass
of a morning, brushing, combing and
plaiting those luxuriant tresses.

Rosa McAllister is a rather pretty
young woman of twenty-seven or so, who,
in preference to occupying any second-
ary position in a large city, prefers to
be a star at the west. Recently she has
been touring in Dakota. During the
trip she was joined by one of the part-
ners of a large house in Duluth, and out
of this a local editor made a sort of Lan-
gtry-Gebhart episode. But the merchant
in question was a different sort of man.
He straightway came back and had a
battle royal with the editor. It seems
the lover militant had advanced some
money to Miss McAllister to carry on
her company, and went on simply to see
about his business affairs. Now the two
have become engaged, and the wicked
editor is covered with confusion. Rose
Coghlan is now on her way to California,
and nothing does she regret more than
being obliged to leave her pretty flat on
Fiftieth street, which, from the parlor in
the front to the kitchen in the back, is
a marvel of taste and pshaw. Coghlan
is very methodical. Three years ago
she made a horse and brougham by her
benefit. She puts so much of her salary
of \$225 away for that every week, so
much for living, and the rest goes straight
into bank. By no possibility does she
overstep any of these separate expendi-
tures. She hates traveling because she
says it is stuffy. She can conceive noth-

ing worse than a Pullman car; the meals
are as a rule very bad and it disarranges
all her habits. Rose is getting a bit old
maidish.

One of our hospitals (let us hope it will
be the eternal Hahnemann) is trying to
get up a diamond exhibition for some
time next winter, and all those who own
fine parures are to be asked to lend
their gems to the cause of charity.
Mme. Patti and Mme. Janauschek are
expected to aid the enterprise by lend-
ing their precious coronets. No private
lady, I believe, has any parure to
equal either of these.

THE CRAZY FITS OF ELEPHANTS.

A Showman's Recollections of Keepers Kill-
ed and Destruction Done by Them.

"Of all mad elephants, Hannibal, I
think, was the worst," said Dr. I. A.
Graves, the veteran showman as Bunnell's.
"Most elephants recover from a mad fit
within a few days, but Hannibal—well, he
would keep up a tantrum for weeks and
months at a time. The longest spell he
ever had began early one morning in June,
1854, while travelling with Raymond &
Waring's menagerie from Pawtucket to Fall
River. He broke away from his keeper and
ran the highway thirteen miles, smashing
everything he could. Talk about elephants
being large! Hannibal looked as big as a
locomotive that morning. The keeper at-
tempted to check him, and was chased into
a swamp. The first vehicle the mad ele-
phant met was a butcher's cart loaded with
mutton. He smashed the cart, killed the
horse, broke the driver's arm, and scat-
tered the quarters of mutton along the
highways. Two vegetable wagons were
upset and the horses were killed, the
drivers escaping unhurt. When the
fury of his fit was spent, Hannibal was
found beneath a tree on the road side com-
pletely exhausted, and for the time submis-
sive. Tusk chains were applied, and for
many weeks afterward he was kept under
the strictest surveillance. To approach
him during this period was dangerous. On
turning out one morning in Burlington, Vt.,
I found a number of women and children
petting him, while he was swinging his
ears in evident enjoyment. Then I knew
the spell was broken. He was very docile
and tractable the rest of that season."

"Hannibal was the most vicious elephant
that ever tramped with a show. In 1849,
while we were at Connelleville, Ohio, a
stranger gave him a pail of water. He drank
the water leisurely, and then, suddenly
turning his head, struck the man with his
tusks. The poor fellow died. While
chained at Williamsburg, N. H., in 1857, he
took a fit and pursued the keeper into a
stoneyard, when he got wedged in among
the boulders, and was subdued in that
dilemma. Up to 1845 Hannibal was noted
for his unchangeable good nature. In those
days old 'Put' Townsend used to be his
keeper. 'Put' had trained him to drive the
stake to which it was customary to chain
him. One day 'Put' started the stake and
banded the sledge to Hannibal to complete
the job. Hannibal made a ponderous blow
at the stake head, but struck his foot in-
stead. He threw the sledge so far that it
required an hour's search to find it, and
never would touch one again. Hannibal
lived to be 100 years old, and killed twelve
men."

Columbus was another bad elephant. In
December, 1849, while at Raymond & War-
ing's menagerie, Chestnut street Philadel-
phia, he killed his keeper, took possession
of the show, and retained it for three days,
killing in that time two camels, a llama,
and upsetting a large stove and two animal
cages. The doors were barricaded, cannon
were mounted in the street, and soldiers
paraded on the premises in readiness to
give him a warm reception should he ap-
pear. Finally two keepers entered the
building from above, straddled the cross-
beams, and dropped a noose rope to the
floor. He walked into the trap, and when
he realized that he was caught, submitted
quietly to the chaining operation. Colum-
bus fell through a bridge at North Ad-
ams, Mass., the following summer, and
died a few days later."

"Bill Williams, or 'Canada Bill,' as he
was professionally called, was Columbus's
first keeper. Forepaugh's elephant Romeo
killed him in winter quarters at Frankfort,
Pa., in 1865. Bill went into the elephant's
den to do some chores and his crushed and
mangled body was found in a few hours
afterward. Geo. Waste was killed in much
the same manner by Turner's African Rom-
eo. Before a rescuing party could get
his body away from the elephant it was
denuded of everything except one boot. The
elephant Pizzaro had mad spells oftener
than those I have mentioned. In 1850 he
killed his keeper and two camels near New
Orleans, and then raided the country for
miles around, doing a great deal of damage
to farm property. Chief, who is the only
one of the mad or 'rogue' elephants alive,
killed John King, the keeper with Robin-
son's show, in 1879."

"What causes the madness of elephants?"
was asked.

"If you have ever noticed, you may have
seen that there are issues from the head of
the elephant, just behind the ear. When
these are kept open, a thin, watery sub-
stance exudes therefrom. I have always
remarked that elephants are kindly disposed
and easily handled while these issues are
open, but just so soon as they become clog-
ged madness ensues. The insertion of a
common tape needle brings relief."

"Is it true that elephants are fond of
stimulants and narcotics?"

"Yes, exceedingly so. Now, there's a
popular error that should be corrected. It
has always been thought that if you gave an
elephant tobacco he would never forget it,
and years afterward would kill you did an
opportunity present itself. That is not so.
On the contrary, there are but two things
which they relish more appetitously than
tobacco and thistles. Their passion for fine cut
tobacco is something marvellous. Some
years ago, when I was traveling with the
elephant Conqueror, it was my custom to
carry a meerschaum pipe in a particular
pocket in my coat. One day I left my
coat within reach of his trunk, and in less
time than it takes me to tell it, he had
found the pipe, crushed it, and swallowed
it, case, stem, and all. During the few
years I was with Conqueror I reckon he
must have eaten several hundred pounds
of tobacco. The truth of the matter is,
gentlemen, an elephant, like an intelligent
person, will eat only what suits his taste,
and never harbor any dislike for those
people who give him disagreeable food."

Emperor William's favorite hat is 25
years old—and gray.

Anna Dickinson will, it is said, under-
take to act again next season.