

The News of the Week

IN PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

'Twas when they were married by old Parson Brown That he gave them his blessing and very best wishes; And his great aunt gave him a nice morning gown, And his great aunt gave her a nice set of dishes. So they went to housekeeping, and Happiness came And lived quite contentedly with them a week; When, lo and behold! the erratic young dame Began to play earnestly hide-and-go-seek. And sometimes, alas! it was hard work to find her. And when they had found her she wouldn't stay found; Mr. Gray then suggested 'twould be best to blind her— Who ever has heard of sweet Happiness bound? She slipped through their fingers when they thought they had her. Flew out of the window and in at the door; And the efforts of poor Mr. Gray grew still madder As he leaped every obstacle heaped on the floor! For poor Mrs. Gray had forgotten her duty And left all the house in a terrible stew— And also her person—which for a young beauty, A bride, too, at that, was a strange thing to do— To join in her husband's wild galloping race Which Happiness led them; for out at the door Sweet Happiness flew with a sorrowful face, As if she feared greatly that she never more Would enter that house where confusion now reigned. (That it is her own fault she never once sees!) And after her—although their moon hadn't waned, Which changes to honey its greenest of cheese— Just both ran, regardless of bonnet or hat— Just if they might catch her they cared then for naught. There was no earthly thing on their minds then than that— But Happiness wouldn't be caught! Faster and faster and faster and faster she flew. And harder and harder and harder they ran; Mr. Gray kept up swearing, as mad people do; Mrs. Gray talked as only a mad woman can. They climbed up steep mountains and ran down through vales, And then, all aware, two hobbles they hired, And still they hid after through downs, dells and dales, Till even of the saddle they found themselves tired. Still, Happiness seemed quite as far, far away, But they never gave up till they came to the sea; Then Happiness tossed them a whiff of the spray, With these words: "It's useless for you to chase me!" Mrs. Gray, all worn out, sank to earth, bathed in tears, As Happiness vanished from out of her sight. Though weak and exhausted, both into the cars. Of one another poured all their great spite. Recovering, they wondered what time they'd misspent In this wild goose chase after sweet Happiness! Then back again, sadder and wiser, they went, But what each one's thoughts were 'twould be hard to guess! They righted their house and soon laughed at the joke Of following Happiness over the earth. And, at last, when they grew to be elderly folk, And sought out of homely things all their true worth, And went about doing their duty to all, With hearts full of love for each mistaken one, Who, under the honeymoon's romantic thrall, Ran the wild, foolish race they themselves once had run; With mercy for sinners, advice to a brother, And charity ready for evils unmasked, And, above all, with gentle words one to another; Then Happiness came and lived with them unasked! —Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Their Wonderful Sagacity, Courage and Strength.

When a full-grown elephant, stung to frenzy by three or four wounds, turns at bay on you, look out! He is more to be feared than any other beast on earth, and the hunter who escapes him must depend upon luck or accident. There was a period of three years when I was regularly employed by an English house at Zanzibar to hunt for ivory, and I was situated in the most liberal manner, and permitted to go in any direction inland. The main object was to secure tusks, and I sent enough of them to Zanzibar to seemingly supply the markets of the world for fifty years—Something is written every day of the tame elephants—the big, good-natured beasts of the circus and the zoological gardens—but very little is written of the wild ones. I had opportunity to study them under all sorts of circumstances, and have never been satisfied with the accounts given by hunters and naturalists. In my opinion the elephant in his native pastures is the keenest, bravest and most intelligent of all animals. He has more courage than the lion, more ferocity than the tiger, and more cunning than the fox. Only man is a match for him, and he must be a pretty intelligent man too. One afternoon, while I was cleaning my guns, one of the natives, who had been out to look for a stray ox, came running into camp with the information that a "solitary" bull elephant was in a grove about a mile and a half away. These solitary ones are ugly old fellows who have been driven away from the herds for a time, and are very

City, Ia., on the 2d for the murder of Rev. G. O. Haddock, Byron Webster, a deputy revenue collector, swore positively that Arensdorf was not in the Shepherd saloon at the time of the murder. This testimony refutes that of Arensdorf, Hagenan and Carson, by which an alibi was sought to be proved. Two cases of leprosy of the most loathsome type were discovered on the 2d at the Mt. Pleasant sanitarium. The first was a man named John Smith, who was brought to this fellow I had to make a long circuit, but it was made with such care that an antelope would not have taken the alarm. I saw him at intervals, but when I reached the spot desired he had disappeared from the grove. His spoor showed that he had moved hastily, as if suspicious, and after following it for a mile I gave up the chase and started for camp. Our route took us near the grove, and what was my astonishment to see that same elephant standing in his old tracks. This time I got a shot at him, but he went off at such a pace as to discourage me from following. Why did he leave the grove the first time? He had neither seen nor scented us. There was nothing to tell him that danger approached. He was, however, obeying what I afterward discovered was elephant instinct. These great beasts always act on the theory that they are pursued. If they rest for a time in one spot, they start up in alarm and go off with a rush when they go, and it is rarely they rest again until they have traveled twelve or fifteen miles. This fellow had been resting two or three hours, and he started up, went off at a trot for three miles, doubled back like a fox, and was contentedly feeding when I saw him the second time. I have often wondered that no hunter or native ever found an elephant who had died by accident or old age. I suppose the explanation is, that when an elephant dies in the forest, the wild beasts speedily devour his carcass and scatter his bones about; but one would naturally suppose that some of these bones would be found at some point or other. I have talked with many hunters and natives, and the discovery I once made has been declared an exception. I was going through an open forest, following in the wake of a troop of elephants which were feeding, when I came upon the skeleton of one stuck fast between two trees. The trees grew from the same root, but sprang several feet apart, and in the excitement of an alarm the beast had attempted to pass between them. He was firmly caught behind the shoulder, and had been held there until he starved to death. Hide and flesh were gone, and the bones picked clean and some of them fallen to the ground, but I secured a magnificent pair of tusks for the pulling of them from the fleshless skull. On another occasion I found an old bull lying flat on his side on the open plain, and not yet quite dead. He had been wounded by poisoned spears thrown by the natives. The first thought of a wild elephant is to flee from danger, but the very first wound inflicted arouses his temper and makes him a dangerous foe. He may run off with the herd after being struck, but if pursued and harassed he is quite certain to turn. The first elephant which charged me was the most vicious beast I ever had to deal with. I had wounded him severely one moonlight night as he stood drinking at a pool with five or six others. They all went off with a rush, and I supposed my shot had failed. About ten o'clock next forenoon, as I was beating a piece of forest fully four miles from the pool, with my boy Joe carrying an extra gun, the wounded elephant suddenly charged us up a hillside. He was not over a pistol shot away, but had been so well hidden that we had not suspected his presence. He had been hit in the shoulder, and the ascent was pretty steep. But for this he would have had us. The man who would attempt to run away from an elephant on foot would be a corpse in five minutes. They have an amazing gait in the open, and their pace is scarcely impeded by any obstruction in forest or jungle. Nothing smaller than a tree the size of a man's body will turn them aside. As the beast trumpeted and started for us, we both made for the nearest tree. It was a large one, with branches growing well down, but we only got one gun up, and were not above fifteen feet from the ground when the elephant reached the spot. He was in a terrible rage. His first move was to break off every branch he could reach; and we were not safe until we were twenty-five feet above him. He was not over three minutes stripping off the branches, and he did not cease his trumpeting for a second. The tree was fifty feet high and eighteen inches through the trunk. When the old fellow had everything cleared away, he took hold with his trunk, got a good brace with his feet, and lifted just as a man would. I felt the tree tremble from root to top, and I have no doubt that had the monster been free of wound he would have pulled it over. As it was, he started some of the roots when he sagged back with his full weight. He made four or five heavy pulls before he gave up, and then he tried another plan. He was quite at liberty to work any way he desired, as I had a cartridge jammed in

gun, canvassed on the 1st, is 10,978 for, 57,958 against; majority against prohibition, 7,985. The Prohibition conference in Chicago closed on the evening of the 1st with a mass meeting at which ex-Governor St. John named General Clinton B. Fiske, of New Jersey, as the Presidential candidate. Circuit Judge Thomas of West Virginia, on the 2d denied the validity of an act of the Legislature of that State which provided that the State should be divided into counties. His first trial was over the case of the State vs. the People, and then gave it up. My extra ride now caught his eye, and he picked it up, whirled it around several times, and then smash, it went against the tree, breaking into a dozen pieces. I had got my gun clear by this time, and I now proceeded to put seven-ounce bullets into him, one after the other. He screamed and trumpeted and rushed around, determined not to give up the fight, but at last grew faint and dizzy, and went down on his side with a crash, which made the earth tremble. A second instance of elephantine ferocity, combined with stealth and shrewdness, occurred on that same trip. Six of us were scattered through a wood in search of signs of the presence of elephants, when a "solitary" sneaked out of a jungle, where he had been hidden, and rushed upon my horse. I was two miles away, but one of the natives saw the performance. He said the elephant broke cover as stealthily as a man, carefully approached the horse, and was only a few yards away when discovered. Then he trumpeted and made a rush. His sudden appearance seemed to strike the horse with terror, and he made no move to escape. The great trunk, held aloft as the beast charged, struck the horse a "side swipe" and knocked him flat, and he was no sooner down than the elephant knelt upon him and kneaded him into bloody pulp. When his vengeance was satisfied he rose up and retreated to the same thicket, sneaking along as if he was seeking to hide his trail. It was an hour later when I reached the spot, and I was so angry over the death of my steed that nothing the men could say would stop me from entering the thicket in search of the destroyer. Joe followed me, bearing a gun, and both of us were ready for any trick the beast might be up to, but we were too late. We found the spot where he had stood for hours, and from which he had sallied out to attack the horse, but he had quietly sneaked off. The elephant, when pursuing an ordinary course through the forest, leaves a broad trail behind him. He breaks down branches, uproots small trees, and the prints of his big feet could be followed on horseback at a gallop. This fellow had gone off so softly that we were half an hour in picking up his trail. There was not a broken branch, and he had set his feet down with the utmost care, and selected the hardest soil. After getting a quarter of a mile away he had selected a rocky ridge to travel on, and we soon lost him entirely. Our camp was about three miles from the spot where the horse was killed. We always had one guard and a couple of fires, and as there was only the wild beast to look out for, we had slept in perfect content. On this night, soon after midnight, the guard awoke me and stated that some danger menaced the camp. He had heard what he believed was a body of men lurking about, and the bullocks seemed greatly excited. The camp was aroused as quietly as possible, the fires were allowed to burn low, and in a short time the statements of the sentinel were verified. Somebody or something was lurking about. We were in the lion country, but the movements were too heavy for the king of beasts. The noise passed clear around the camp and back, and then all was quiet. We were under arms for half an hour, and then, all being still, we lay down, and all but the sentinel were soon asleep. An hour later, as suddenly as if shot from the gun, the old solitary of the day charged into our camp, trumpeting like the blasts from a locomotive, and evidently in a great rage. It was he who had been lurking about for two or three hours. He had approached the camp as carefully as a man could walk, and had passed around it to locate every thing and decide on a point to charge from. When we got the alarm, he placed himself in the shadow of some bushes, and the natives, who examined the spot, said he stood there for an hour and a half without moving a foot. Bloody and destructive work followed the charge of the elephant. He stepped on and crushed a sleeping native, picked a second up and dashed him to the earth a corpse, and broke the back of a third who was trying to get out of his way. He was soon among the bullocks, knocking them right and left with his terrible blows, and just then I got my gun ready. His charge had been so sudden and fierce that we were all demoralized for two or three minutes. Fortunately for us all, someone had the sense to throw some light brush on one of the dying fires and started a big blaze. This seemed to disconcert the elephant, and he showed signs of retreating. In this he was encouraged by two of our bullocks, who dashed at him for a fight, and raked him severely with their

TO SUCCEED GREVY. M. Sadi-Carnot Elected President by the French National Congress—The Result Satisfactory to the Populace—Rouvier's Cabinet to Be Retained for the Present. VERSAILLES, Dec. 5.—M. Sadi-Carnot has been elected President of the Republic. The Formal Congress of Senators and Deputies to elect a successor to President Grevy was convened at Versailles, and as easily as you can lift an axe over your head. He held him in the air a minute, and then flung him clean over our Cape Colony wagon to the ground. The bullock alighted on a large heap of freshly-cut grass, and was but little injured. I opened on the elephant just as he flung the bullock, and he at once bolted out of camp, carrying three bullets with him. He had scarcely got clear when he stepped into a hole in the ground, lurched forward, and went down with a broken leg. Before he could get on his feet again I had given him his death blow. He had killed three men and four bullocks, and wounded one man and two bullocks, and his death gave us deep satisfaction.—N. Y. Sun. BIXBY WAS CALM. A Devoted Father's Self-Possession Under Trying Circumstances. One of the Bixby children was seized with a fit of croup the other night. Bixby heard the little fellow's labored breathing, and bounding clear over the foot-board of the bed, yelled out "Croup!" in about the same voice that the escaped idiot yells "Fire!" at the theater. Then he tried to put his trousers on over his head, but finally got them on wrong side out, and tore into his shirt with it wrong side in front. "Jump!" he screamed to his wife, "there isn't a second to lose! Get the sirup of squills! Put on a tub of hot water! Give him something to drink! Get hot flannels on his chest instantly! Hurry! hurry! Don't lie there doing nothing while the child is choking to death! Fly around!" Mrs. Bixby is one of those meek but eminently sensible and practical little women who never get a tenth part of the credit for the good they do in this world. While Bixby was racing up and down stairs, declaring that nobody was doing any thing but himself, Mrs. Bixby quietly took the little sufferer in hand. "Do something quick!" screamed Bixby, as he upset a pan of hot water on the bed and turned a saucer of melted lard over on the dressing-case. "Here, somebody, quick!" he yelled. "Can't anybody do a thing but me? Run for the doctor, some of you. Give the child some more squills. Is there any thing hot at his feet? Give him aconite! He ought to have a spoon of oil. If he don't get relief instantly he'll die, and here there's nobody trying to do a thing but me! Bring him some warm water with a little soda in it. He ought to have been put into a hot bath an hour ago. Heat up the bath-room! What's on his chest? Great heavens! has the child got to die because no one will do a thing for him?" Mrs. Bixby quietly and unaided brings the child around all right, and sits with him until daylight, after she has quieted Bixby down and got him to bed. And next morning he has the gall to say at the office: "One of my little chaps nearly died with croup last night, and I had mighty hard work bringing him around all right, but I did, after working like a Trojan all night. It's a terrible disease, and scares women nearly to death. They fly all to pieces right off. A person wants their wits about them. You want to keep perfectly cool and not fool away a second in hysterics. That's where a man has the advantage over a woman in managing a case of croup. It's mighty lucky I was at home to take my little chap in hand."—Zenias Dane, in Tid-Bits. Gray's Latest Invention. A wonderful account of the telautograph of Elisha Gray, the electrician, is brought from Paris. The principle of the device is analogous to that of the telephone, and consists, briefly, of a plaque on which is laid the paper for writing the message. As the writing is done the plaque vibrates under the pressure of the instrument used, which may be a pen, a pencil or any other pointed article, and a similar instrument at the other end of the line acting synchronously, reproduces exactly what is written at the station of transmission, so that not only the words of the telegram but the reproduced writing of the sender will be put into the hands of the receiver. The advantages are so apparent that it is hardly necessary to name them. The telautograph is nearly finished, and it remains to be seen whether it will, in actual use, prove equal to the claims its inventor makes for it.—Springfield Republican. —Some one has discovered that a "mule can not bray if a brick be tied to his tail." It is extremely doubtful if the man who undertakes to make the combination can do much braying—or breathing, either—about ten minutes later.—Hotel Mail.

THE DEFENSE ENDS. A Grand Jury's Verdict—The Last of the Witnesses in His Behalf—Evidence in Rebuttal—A Prominent Witness for the State Deals a Death-Blow to the Alibi Theory. SIOUX CITY, Ia., Nov. 30.—Very important and seemingly reliable evidence was given in the Grand Jury's verdict in the case of the late judgment and a little practice will enable the farmer's wife, daughter or son to become quite proficient, and in many cases to make a better cheese than is made at the factories and if a good market is at hand, to sell it at a factory price. The reason is obvious, the farmer handles only his own milk and can always make sure in regard to its purity. He can always handle it in the same manner and be sure that it is well taken care of; while the factory man has milk from scores of customers, and there the greatest skill must be exercised to make a good product from the mixture. The requisites of farm cheese-making are few and not costly. A boiler for heating the milk, a tub for setting the curd, unless the boiler or vat is specially made for the purpose, a thermometer (cost forty cents), and a press which any farmer can make comprises the necessary outfit. The average quantity of milk required for a pound of cheese is five quarts. One hundred pounds of milk will make a ten pound cheese. The milk, as it comes from the cow, is just about the right temperature to make cheese. If two milkings are used, the night's milking should be cooled at once and warmed in the morning. Warm the whole mass of milk to a temperature of about ninety degrees (some warm it to eighty-three degrees), and add the rennet. It is better to use the liquid rennets put up by various firms than use the genuine calf's stomach. The market preparations are always of the same strength, and will give directions how much to use to the one hundred pounds of milk. The rennet should be very carefully added, and thoroughly mixed. The curd should form in about half an hour. When formed enough to cut, if you have no curd knife, take any long bladed knife and cut it into squares of about one inch. When the whey has separated, draw it off, gather the curd on one side of the tub or tank to drain. If you are using a tub and have no way of keeping the curd warm, it may be necessary to heat the whey to about ninety-five degrees and pour it over the curd, and then draw off again. Let the curd stand for about an hour, when it will have acquired a slight acidity. Now break it up fine with the hands, adding at the same time about one-third of an ounce of salt to every pound of curd; four ounces of salt to one hundred pounds of milk is a good proportion. The curd is now ready for the hoop. This should be of sheet-iron the size desired for the cheese. A nice size for farm cheese is eight inches in diameter and ten inches deep. This will make a ten-pound cheese. The bandage for the cheese can be made and be placed inside the hoop before pressing, if desired. Fill the hoop with the hand, and press down firmly. The cheese is now ready for the press, where it should remain for twenty-four hours, when it should be placed in the curing room, which should be quite cool. Turn every day for three or four weeks; then turn less frequently. It will be ready for market in about two months. Most factories cure in a room kept at seventy degrees, and market after two or three weeks, but the quality of the cheese is not so good. I am aware that I have used many "abouts" in my description of the process. The fact is there is no exact rule, every good cheese-maker having one of his own; one must ascertain by his own experience just what he likes best.—Farmer. Peculiarities of Razors. Barbers declare that razors are even more capricious than fickle woman, and gentlemen who shave themselves recognize the individuality or idiosyncrasy of razors. Some razors need a rest after using, and no amount of stropping will make them efficient unless they are humored, while others will be the better for constant use. Some razors will be better if stropped immediately after using, others require the edge to be put on before application. Many gentlemen who shave themselves have a set of razors—one for each day in the week. The more expensive the razor the more capricious is the finer-tempered steel blade. As a rule a new razor is not as profitable as a well-tempered old one, and barbers declare that the breaking in of a razor is a matter of skill as important as the training of a colt. Once ascertained the temper of a razor can always be relied on.—N. Y. Times. —Mr. W. A. A-he, of Quebec, reports that the Eskimos living near Hudson Strait have a mean height for the men of 5 feet 3.9 inches; and for the women, about 5 feet. Their body temperature averaged 100.2 degrees for winter and 98.4 degrees for summer, that of the observing party being 98.1 degrees and 97.7 degrees respectively.—Arkansas Traveler.