

## How I Lost My Elephant.

By Wm. Murray Craydon.

During the time that I was in the employ of Hamroch, 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 not be purchased in the south for the price I was ready to pay.

But before I had quite decided what to do an incident occurred that led me to journey in another direction. In the smoking 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 a 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?"

"Badly," 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 fell to 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 expenses 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 up, and I went to bed and slept soundly.

In the morning I found that a steamer sailed 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 marshy, jungle-grown bank of the river, containing two or three huts, a ruined pagoda 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.

Howata was the name of the Burman, and he evidently made a good living by selling fruit to passing steamers. He had quite a garden under cultivation, and his hut looked so clean that I felt no repugnance to spending a night there. As Howata jumped to the conclusion 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 outside 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 enormously 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.

That evening, under the influence of my good tobacco, Howata 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 Howata 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 Howata and I floated it down to his hut that same evening.

I was ashore at an early hour the next morning, and after breakfast three more natives arrived. Howata 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 Howata 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 Howata 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-boat and hauled the baby on board. The men held it quiet by drawing on the rope from opposite sides.

Howata 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 any bidding."

"That's true," I admitted, "but I did not hire you and your friends for nothing. You must get 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 boiling 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.

At last we heard a whistle and saw a curl of smoke beyond the bend of the river, and then the big barge bore in sight. It was barely anchored in midstream till we had the flat adrift, and were poleing across the current. About one-third of the distance was covered when a lurch of the boat made the baby give a frightened scream, and it was instantly followed by a furious trumpeting from the mother. At the time I was watching the passengers crowding to the rail of the barge, and as I turned around I plainly heard a snapping of chains and ropes. I knew well enough what that meant, and I was prepared for what happened next. With a long smashing and rending, part of the stockade fell in ruins, and out rushed the old elephant, a terrible and gigantic picture of wrath.

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 barge, 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, squealing 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 turned just in time and dived from the flat. The water was about four feet deep, and my nose stuck in the

mud. I tore loose and swam about a dozen strokes before I came to the top.

Howata and his companions were swimming on each side of me, and a small boat was being lowered from the barge. Glancing over my shoulder I saw the old elephant plant her forefoot on the edge of the flat and upset it. The baby splashed about as though enjoying the bath, and after fondling the little creature for an instant the mother came on with a vengeful scream.

There was some lively diving and swimming now, but we were no match in speed for the savage monster, and the steamer's boat was too far away to help us. I almost lost hope, but for the life of me I could not help looking back as I tried hard to escape. I saw one of the natives apparently trampled under the brute's foot, and the next instant Howata was seized and lifted high in the air.

The elephant was headed my way, and without stopping to see Howata's fate I dived like a flash. But at the second stroke I ran foul of a sunken limb, and by the time I was able to extract myself I had come to the surface for breath. I shall never forget that moment. The mad creature was upon me, and as I struggled frantically to swim her trunk twined around my waist. She let go as she flung me upward, and the momentum sent me whirling twenty feet. Then I came down dizzy and stunned, and it was all I could do to keep my head above water.

Luckily there was help at hand. The steamer's boat was now close by, and the three men who were in it opened fire upon the elephant with rifles. I don't think the bullets did more than convince the brute that she had taken sufficient revenge. At all events, she turned and splashed for shore, with the baby trotting by her side. They ran along the front of the stockade, and then both vanished in the jungle.

We were all picked up by the boat, and a pull at a flask of brandy put me in shape again. Happily nobody was killed. Howata, whose experience was similar to mine, was badly bruised, while the native who was run over by the elephant had a broken arm.

Instead of being thankful for my narrow escape I confess that I was in an angry mood. Howata had the money, and my baby elephant was gone beyond the hope of recapture. I had intended to ship it to Calcutta and then push on up country, but this mishap changed my plans. I went ashore for my luggage, and took passage to Rangoon on the barge. That was my first and last experience in Burma.

### Hindoo Tricks.

Keller, the prestidigitator, speaking to one of our representatives, said:

"A trick which puzzled me for a long time was making a pineapple grow under a handkerchief. The juggler lays a handkerchief flat on the ground and then begins to sing and beat on the tom-tom, when in the centre of the handkerchief something begins to stir and rise in pyramidal form, dilating upon just about the size of a pineapple, when the conjurer inserts his hand under the handkerchief and pulls out a ripe pineapple."

"I watched this trick several times before I could get a clue to it. The motion of life puzzled me. But one day I took a position on the side—the conjurers sit on one side of a circle, making the spectators form the rest of the circumference—where I could see the conjurer's motion clearly, and I noticed that one of the conjurers put a bag like a sailor's bag near the conjurer's hands."

"He sat there tailor fashion, and as he spread out his handkerchief on the ground, I saw his hand make a trip swift as lightning to the bag and back under the handkerchief, and I thought I saw something like the tail of a snake accompany it. That gave me an idea, afterwards, by pretending to understand the trick, and by paying one of the Hindoos four rupees, I got him to confess how the trick was done."

"The conjurer does take a snake from the bag placed conveniently at his elbow. When the cobra is put under the handkerchief he naturally coils himself up. Then the conjurers begin their music and the cobra raises his head, and this gives the lifting motion to the handkerchief. One of the first things a cobra does when excited is to swell out his neck, and this gives the pyramidal shape. When the juggler puts his hand under the handkerchief he takes with it a hollowed pineapple and removes the cobra inside of it concealed by his hand. That is one of the cleverest tricks I saw in India."

### The Deepest Metal Mine in The World.

The United States has now, it is stated, the deepest metal mine in the world. For some time that claim has been made for the Maria shaft at the of Freiberg, in Austria, which was 3,675 feet below the surface at the time of the great fire in 1892; and nothing, we believe, has been done in it since that time.

It has now been surpassed in depth by the No. 3 shaft of the Tamarack Copper Mining Company, in Michigan, which on December 1st last was 3,640 feet deep, and is now more than 3,700 feet, the average rate of sinking being about 75 feet a month. This makes it the deepest metal mine in existence; and only one other shaft has reached a greater depth—that of a coal mine in Belgium, for which 3,900 feet is claimed.

### They See Little Things.

The eyes of birds are microscopic.

### Wise People of Helbon.

In a little valley amongst the hills, ten miles to the north of Damascus, is the small Moslem village of Helbon, with its single mosque and quaint old tower. Fragments of columns and ancient hewn stone built into the houses and garden walls give evidence of the antiquity of the old city, which thousands of years ago was a great market for wine; and as mentioned in the Bible, used to supply wine for Tyre as well as for the great kings of Persia.

The country is admirably adapted for the culture of the vine, the valley being bounded by vast slopes of fine chalky rubble. Some of these are still covered with vines, but the grapes are now all dried to form raisins.

These long centuries devoted to agricultural pursuits and vine culture have not sharpened the wits of the dwellers in this little Syrian valley, and many laughable stories are told of their simplicity. At one time they became dissatisfied with the Turkish Government under whose protection they were, and resolved to establish a Government of their own. They, therefore, met in solemn convocation to distribute the posts of honor among themselves, but were obliged to abandon the project, as they found that there was not enough men in the village to fill all the public offices. At another time, it is said, these good people wished to drag a little to one side a mountain which kept the midday sun from their village. With this object in view they tied a rope to a large oak growing on the mountain, and pulled at it till the rope broke and gave many of them so severe a fall that they were content to postpone the removal of the mountain till some more fitting opportunity.

On another occasion, when there was a total eclipse of the moon, the inhabitants of Helbon took it into their heads that the people of the neighboring village had stolen that planet. Accordingly, to force them to give back their moon, they all turned out arms against their neighbors; but before they had quite reached the village the eclipse was over, and the moon reappeared in full splendor. On this they returned home in triumph, boasting of the army of Helbonites.

A native of Helbon was once driving to Damascus a donkey, laden with wood for sale; when, the load being too heavy for the poor animal, he considerably took it off and put it on his own shoulders, and then mounting the donkey, he rode on to Damascus. Another of these Syrian Gothamites, who wanted to purchase a cradle for his child, measured the length of it with his hands, stretched out at the exact distance from one another. In passing through the crowded streets first the one arm and then the other was knocked out of place by the passersby, so that the good man soon lost his measure. On this he hurried back home, and tied between his outstretched hands a stick the exact length of the cradle, and thus succeeded in reaching the Carpenter's shop and giving him the correct measure.

A boy once thrust his hand into a narrow necked pitcher containing walnuts, and, having filled his hand with them, was unable to draw it out again. He cried bitterly; the whole village assembled to deliberate on what was best to be done, and the wise man of the place gave it as his opinion that the boy's hand must be cut off; when, fortunately, a stranger who happened to be passing, freed the boy from the danger he was in by telling him to drop the walnuts, and so he drew his hand out of the pitcher empty, as he had put it in.

### A Strategic Son-in-Law.

"One of the funniest experiences I remember of my boyhood times was that of a couple in our neighborhood who ran away and got married," said Newt Moore. "After the bridal tour over the couple went to the young lady's home to make peace with the old folks. The young lady's father met them at the door, and taking his daughter by the arm thrust her into a room and locked her up, and gathering up the shotgun ordered his son-in-law off the place and threatened his life if he ever returned. The young man went home and sat down and did some hard thinking."

"Finally he sent word to the young lady's mother to come and get her daughter's clothes and everything that belonged to her. She did so, and the young man held his mother-in-law as a prisoner and hostage for the return of his wife. He, too, took a shotgun and stood guard."

"The second day after the father of the young lady came over to negotiate a surrender of prisoners. As soon as he came in sight he waved his white handkerchief in token of a truce. The result was there was a mutual exchange of prisoners. The young man made such a good impression upon his mother-in-law during her captivity that all differences were patched up, and the hatchet was buried."

### A Long Way Around.

Switzerland, with its mixture of races and tongues, is a sort of modern Babel, a fact which causes much trouble, in particular to the military authorities. At Wallenstadt recently at the recruiting station there was a guard composed of five men. The chief was a lieutenant who spoke German only; the second a sergeant who spoke Italian only; the third a corporal who could speak French and Spanish, the fourth a private who could speak French and Italian. When the lieutenant had to transmit an order to the sergeant he had to get the last named man to interpret for him; when he wanted to communicate with the corporal he had to requisition the fourth man, and so on, great delay and confusion thus being occasioned.

### Things Worth Remembering.

Lace can be cleaned thoroughly by first putting a pin in every point of it, which will confine the outlines to board; pour over benzine and rub off with a clean sponge. Repeat until cleaned and the lace will keep its pattern perfectly and look like new.

Quite an idea for developing the chest as well as the arms, is as follows: Every night and morning practice kneading the chest with the arms crossed. That is, rub the right side with the left hand, and vice versa, about one hundred times. This will increase the chest one-fourth of an inch monthly and the arms in proportion.

Every one knows the value of lemon in cookery, and as an emollient for the hands, but every one does not, I think, know that a lemon cut in half, or better still in quarters, so that the pulp can easily be applied to the roots of the hair, will stop any ordinary case of falling out. It is an agreeable remedy. Besides being cool and pleasant to the skin, the scent, unlike that left by the petroleum cure, is distinctly refreshing and it also has the merit of cheapness.

Fine paste for scrapbooks can be made from alum water and flour. A teaspoonful and a half of pulverized alum, dissolved in enough cold water to make a pint of paste when the flour has been added; when the alum has entirely dissolved in the water, pour it into enough flour to thicken as stiff as common paste; then bring it to a boil, stirring all the time till done; then add a few drops of oil of cloves. The alum prevents fermentation, and the oil of cloves will prevent or destroy all vegetable matter.

### The Religions of China.

The eyes of the world are at the present time centered upon China. Particular interest is taken in the 'Flower Kingdom' by Christians. It is claimed that defeat in the present war would wonderfully open up the way for missionary work. China being now about the most unfruitful field for missions. Apropos of the progress of Christianity in the Empire, it might prove interesting to glance at the other great religions that hold sway there. Christianity counts for little so far as not much has been accomplished, relatively. The state religion of China is Confucianism, which, though, is rather a moral code than a religion. It is exclusively the belief of the higher class, and emanates from Confucius, who was born in 525 B. C.

Taoism is another religion of the country, and consists in the belief in a multitude of spirits, who are supposed to influence the destiny of man. Buddhism is the great popular religion of China, and has had a foothold there since the first century of our era. It alone has nearly a million of priests. A strange thing about it all is that there is a bond of harmony between these three faiths, the adherents of each of them frequently being found at worship in the same temple. For example, the Confucians, or high caste, will worship in the Buddhist, or lower-class, temples, using the Taoist, or heathen ritual. This is more than can be said of a great many Christians, especially when we consider the great difference which exists between heathen religions.

A young lady at a fashionable dinner party pestered an Oxford don with a conundrum—a thing which the learned man detested.

"Why is the letter 'J' like the end of Spring?" was the question.

Of course the don could not tell.

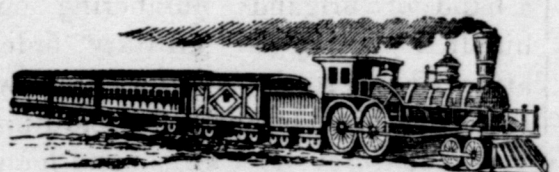
"Because it's the beginning of June," was the solution.

"Now, will you tell me why the letter 'K' is like a pig's tail?" sternly asked the don.

The young lady had to give it up.

"Because it's the end of pork," He was bothered with no more conundrums.

### Intercolonial Railway



On and after Monday the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SALISBURY.	
Express for St. John (daily).....	7.30
Express for Moncton, Campbellton and Halifax.....	9.51
Express for St. John.....	13.43
Express for St. John.....	15.29
Express for Halifax.....	16.11
Express for Moncton-Quebec, Montreal.....	19.02
Accommodation for St. John.....	20.35

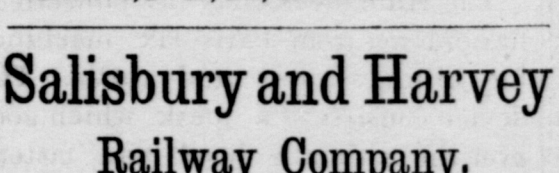
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager

Moncton, N. B., 4th, October, 1894.

Salisbury and Harvey

Railway Company.



### TIME TABLE NO. 31.

In effect Monday, Oct. 15th, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Leave Harvey.....	4.00
Leave Albert.....	4.15
Leave Hillsboro'.....	5.50
Arrive Salisbury.....	7.30
Leave Salisbury.....	10.00
Leave Hillsboro'.....	12.00
Leave Albert.....	13.20
Arrive Harvey.....	13.35

Connections made with Morning Express leaving St. John at 7 o'clock for points East and North, and with Quebec Express for points West. This Time Table shows what hour trains are expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but it is not guaranteed for any delay resulting from failure to make connections advertised.

By Office, Ellsboro', Oct. 15th, 1894. Manager.

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