

FONDLING AN ELEPHANT.

The Hero of This Stirring Story Relates It Himself.

"Did you ever fondle an elephant in a zoological garden?" asked the man with a lop-shoulder as he looked around on the group which had been smoking and talking.

No one ever had, and he was invited to give his experience.

"Up to about ten years ago," he said as he settled down, "I had an idea that I was born for an animal trainer, with elephants as a particular speciality. I never went to New York, Philadelphia or Cincinnati without going to the zoo and fondling the elephants. Many and many a time I have astonished the keepers and raised a great row by walking right up to an elephant and shaking hands with him as if he were. And they really took to me. When that big, bad elephant, Tippeo Said, of New York zoo, was killing his keepers and smashing up things I entered his den and pulled this ears and patted his trunk and got up such a friendship between us that he couldn't bear to let me go."

"Well, what next?" asked the man with the cat's-eye ring on his little finger.

"I got stuck on myself, as a matter of course. I wanted to be an elephant trainer and do with the big beasts what no other trainer had ever dared try but somehow I could never strike a job. That didn't prevent me from seeing the elephants at every opportunity, however and keeping in touch with them. One day I got around to Philadelphia and was told that an elephant called 'Hercules' had been in bad humor for a week or two. They had him chained to the floor, and his keeper dared not go within ten feet of him, while a man stood in front of the cage and warned the public to keep a safe distance. I'd seen the beast a dozen times before, and on two occasions he had lifted me up on his back with his trunk. I am sure he knew me on this occasion, but he gave me no greeting."

"But you were determined to fondle him just the same?" queried the cat's-eye man in a vinegary voice.

"Of course," replied the narrator. "It was an occasion I had been longing for for years. I wanted to show a professional trainer what I could do in the way of pacifying and humbling an ugly elephant, but for half an hour they watched me so closely that I had no show to get at old Hercules. The time came, however, and I slipped into his cage and walked right up to him and began to speak loving words and caress his trunk. Gentleman, excuse these two tears—the first I have heard for

years—but my emotions always overcome me at this stage of the game!"

"What are you crying about?" sternly demanded the bald-headed man in the big rocking chair.

"At the recollection of what occurred then and there. I hadn't fondled that miserable critter over three fondles, and hadn't time to feel conceited over my smartness, when he picked me up and waved me aloft and threw me slam-bang against the planks of his cage. But for the quickness of some of the zoo folks in coming to my rescue I'd have been a dead man in another minute. They handled me out of that with hooks, and the beast was so mad at my escape that he broke one of his tusks off in barging around. People a mile away could hear him scream in his rage. Everybody said it was a wonder how I escaped with my life. My left leg and left arm were broken, my spine injured, a knee-cap loosened, and I didn't get over spitting blood for a year. I was in a hospital in Philadelphia for 207 days before I could walk out. Gentlemen, here are two more tears! May I depend on your generosity to excuse them as before?"

"What you sniveling about now?" shouted the bald-headed man as he turned on him.

"More recollection, sir! I was no sooner able to be out than I was arrested, tried and convicted on the charge of fondling an elephant, and the judge socked me \$25 and costs! The whole affair cost me \$428, saying nothing of my sufferings and lost time."

"And after that you left the elephant training business alone?"

"Yes, after that," replied the lop-shouldered man in broken tones. "I let up on elephants and gave my whole attention to rhinoceroses. Excuse my seeming conceit, gentlemen, but I am the only man in the world who can make a rhinoceros stand on his head and spin about like a top. He also plays 'Home Sweet Home' on the accordion at my bidding, and will sit cross-legged with a pair of spectacles on and pretend to read the good book which our mothers taught us to respect."

There was silence for a long minute after he had finished. Then every man rose up and called him a lop-shouldered liar and a horse thief and left him to enjoy his own miserable society.

EASY GARMEN'S TORIDEIN.

Athletic Ladies Should Wear a Regulation Costume.

Day after day women ride by with their dress skirts all over on one side of the wheel and pulled tight on the other, which does not look well. This is something that must be seen to while the rider is mounting. If she mounts from the right, when she puts her foot on the left pedal, preparatory to getting into the saddle, she ought to pull enough of the skirt over to the left to make the skirt fall evenly. If she mounts from the left she ought to pull enough over to the right to serve the same purpose. Old riders do this easily by

standing upright on the pedals while they are moving. Then their skirts fall naturally when they seat themselves again in the saddle.

One feature of these adjustable bicycle costumes of which much is heard seems to escape mention. All of them claim to combine elegance of appearance off the wheel with perfect ease and comfort to the wearer when riding. Yet in the last of

these features they must necessarily fall far short of perfection. None of them can be "easiest" to ride in, because, no matter how they are looped up or how adjustable systems of pins and hooks and buttons may make them, they burden the rider with unnecessary thicknesses through which she must pedal. There is only one garb easy to ride in, the garb that is skirtless. A suit may bristle with possibilities of ad-

justment, it may have a skirt capable of being looked up to amazing shortness, or perhaps "left open on one side," which many seem to think mysteriously advantageous, but the skirt will still be there to offer resistance to the motion of pedalling. The inventors never bother about this when they are proclaiming the merits of new costumes. Often the wearer never does, because she has experienced nothing different

The Organist of St. Patrick's Church. Prof. J. A. Fowler, Organist of St. Patrick's Church, and Professor at the Piano at the Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his private use as well as for that of his advanced pupils.

It is intended to give summer festival performances of "Ring de Niebelungen" beginning from July 12th to 29th August next.

Many Dangers and Perils!

THE VARIABLE SPRING WEATHER A HARVEST TIME FOR THE GRIM REAPER.

Paine's Celery Compound the Great Health-maker, Makes People Well at This Time.

It Gives Clear Fresh Blood, New Strength and Vitality and an Increase in Flesh and Muscle.

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE IT EVERY DAY, AND THEIR EFFORTS ARE CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

SEE THAT YOUR DEALER GIVES YOU PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND—DO NOT ALLOW HIM TO OFFER YOU A WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTE.

The season of dangers and perils is now with us. Are we fully prepared for it? It is not our wish to pose as alarmists—to create fear and trembling in the ranks of the timid and fearful. At this season, honest, strong and reasonable statements are imperative, so that the thousands of half-dead people in our midst may be made to realize that they are standing on dangerous ground, and that the iron hand of the grim reaper—death—may soon end their existence on earth. The early spring days with rapid changes from warm to frost, from clear, dry weather to chilly rains and piercing drenchings, is the time when the weak, the shattered and broken down, the sleepless, the nervous, the rheumatic, the neuralgic suffer most—the time when all blood diseases are rampant, and most effectually do their deadly work.

Thank Heaven for the provision made to stay the cruel hand of disease! Paine's Celery Compound, discovered by earth's ablest physician, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., is the protector and life-giver for all who suffer at this critical time. This marvellous medicine when used at this treacherous season makes the weak strong, gives energy and spirit to the despondent and morose, repairs every department of the nervous system, gives blood as fresh and pure as an infant's, and clears and purifies the skin now so sallow and dark. In the past Paine's Celery Compound has proved a blessing to the wearied and sleepless business man. It invigorates his whole system and calms his disquieted nerves. Young women and girls in stores, and those attending school

who have been made pale and listless, and who feel used-up, are soon made bright, happy, vivacious and good looking after using a bottle or two of nature's life-renewer. The worried and overworked wife, engaged in the never-ending round of household cares, can be made strong, healthy and joyous by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

Delays are often fatal. If you would derive the advantages guaranteed through the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, use it now while dangers threaten your life and health. It is an infallible cure—one that has blessed humanity above all other agencies.

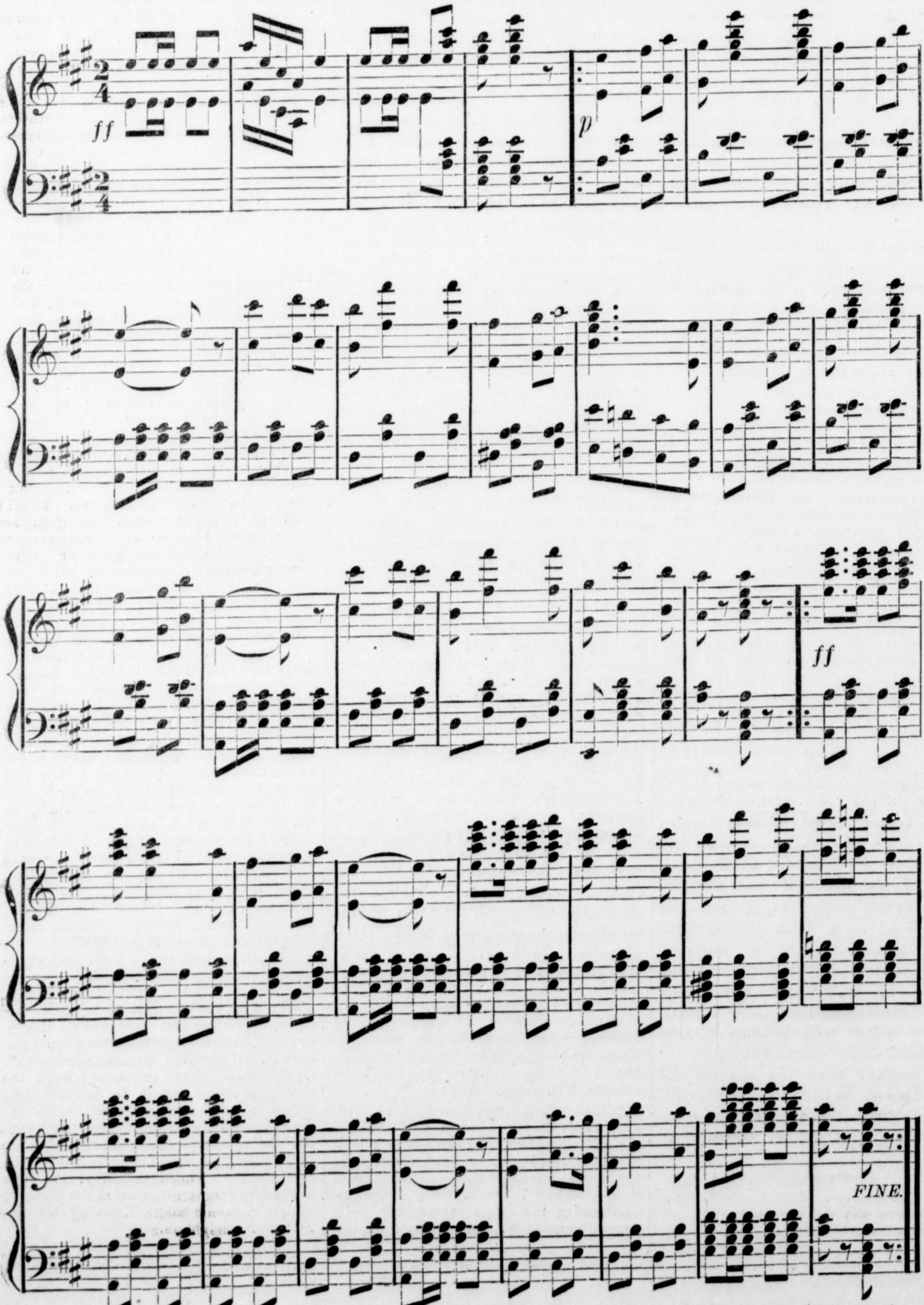
The best physicians of the land speak of Paine's Celery Compound every day, and never hesitate to recommend it as the best

of Spring medicines. Just a closing word to every reader who determines to use Paine's Celery Compound.

There are many dealers and merchants who, for the sake of gain and extra profit, will offer you, or recommend you to take what they term something just as good. Their object is money—profit pure and simple. They care not for your great anxiety about your condition of health; it matters little to them what becomes of you after they have taken your money. Their motives are purely selfish; reject them always. Insist upon being supplied with Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that has made so many wonderful cures in Canada, and which the newspapers have reported so fully.

"FAULTLESS" TWO-STEP.

JONAS ROSENFELD.



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"Faultless" Two-Step.