THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE,

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

CHAPTER I.

Lord Arncliffe Causes a Dispute.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "I nearly had him that time!"

Perhaps the stolid "March Brown" at the end of the cast had dropped like a stone into the clear water. The whole bunch of flies might have fallen short. Or the shadow of the line as it sped over a sunlit space had flashed a warning to wary eyes. Whatever the explanation, the disastrous fact remained. A huge trout, feeding lazily at the head of the shallows, had darted silently up-stream, leaving a tempting array of "March Browns," "Black Gnats," and even a glittering "Greenman's Glory," to float back in a defeated tangle.

Although certain spasmodic wrigglings inside an ample pannier revealed that George Lester was a fisher of skill, it will be obvious to the sympathetic soul that the escaped leviathan was the trout of trouts, the two-pound monarch of the beck, the "wonder" of whose existence a beer-inspired poacher had hinted overnight in the sanded "bar" of the Fisherman's Rest. Was it not at this precise spot that the man in a rabbit-skin cap had warned his new acquaintance to "keep an eye open for t' big 'un?" Had not the speckled beauty not only rewarded expectancy but actually curled its plump body into the sunlight to gobble a May-fly? And now it was a memory, a brown ghost hidden in the black depths beneath the hazels and the willows! Scoffers — those to whom a fish is a mere item on a menu — might marvel at the bitterness of the moment. Not so this fisherman, nor any other brother of the rod.

Lester recovered his flies and whipped his line clear. The wide-spreading pastures had narrowed thereabouts into a lovely dingle, and the sylvan mysteries of the rivulet were choked by a belt of solemn firs. Gruffly insistent, where fences on both sides ran into the willows, was a notice-board: "Trespassers will be prosecuted — By Order." He laughed.

"An educated fish, evidently," he murmured. "Here endeth the common right. Some bloated colliery magnate probably owns the neighboring property and that fish. What is the fine, I wonder? Forty shillings and costs? I'll pay so much cheerfully. But the local papers will publish the full details. By Jove, what a change a month plus a mail steamer can make! With I had this coal merchant thigh-deep in the Banti swamp. He would give me the free run of his preserves for life to pull him out."

Consoled by the imaginary spectacle of a plethoric person in a frock-coat and a silk hat struggling through the hinterland of Ashanti, George Lester hitched the strap of his pannier out of a rut in his shoulder, laid the rod on the grass, and produced a pipe and tobacco-pouch. The mere thought of a smoke was so pleasing that he found himself indulging in the conceit that the trespass-forbidding ogre might be amenable to a polite request for permission to fish the protected waters.

And then, all unsuspected, the curtain rose on the great drama of his life.

Having lit his pipe, he disjointed the rod, and had turned to walk back to the village of Arncliffe and its comfortable inn, when a slight shriek broke the magic silence of the place. It appeared to come from the midst of the dense plantation. It was the cry of a woman in distress, and this young man was not of hesitating temperament under such conditions. Instantly he vaulted over a stout railing that closed a gap in the quick-set hedge and ran quickly through the trees, with eyes and ears intent.

The soft carpet provided by generations of fir spines rendered his passage almost noiseless. Once within the cathedral aisle of the straight trunks he could see a considerable distance. Nothing was visible in the wood except the white tails of several scuttling rabbits and the golden-brown plumage of an alarmed pheasant. Hence he concluded that the scream must have come from the denser growth by the banks of the little river. He hurried on, soon discovering that the plantation narrowed during its descent of the steep sides of the valley. A vista of rolling parkland, studded with solitary oaks, clumps of elms, and groups of short-horned cattle gradually unfolded itself.

And now, in the angle formed by the fir trees and the stream, he discerned a big straw hat covering a muslin dress. The wearer of these feminine accessories seemed to be greatly interested in some thrilling incident which was enacting itself in the water. An open sunshade, thrown heedlessly aside, and a book lying on the grass near a fallen tree, showed that a reader's solitude had been rudely disturbed.

Lester, climbing another fence, thought it best not to add to her alarm, whatever the cause, by appearing unexpectedly. So he shouted: "Don't be frightened! Can I help you?"

His first impression of the face suddenly turned toward him was that nature, playing one of her pranks in the staid North of England, had transported to that secluded spot a Frenchwoman of Versailles, some charming Duchesse or Marquise such as Greuze loved to paint. There was a glimpse of Titian red hair framing an oval face, a hint of coral lips, a flash of eyes of myosotis blue. But instantly the vision was withdrawn, and a sweet voice wailed:

"Oh, it is too late!"

Lester was now near enough to witness the final act of a tragedy.

A full-grown dog otter was making off with his kill, a superb trout that could be none other than the poacher's "big 'un." A stream which yielded fish averaging six ounces in weight could not harbor two such monsters in one short reach. And there was the sleek thief vanishing silently with the prize, while the girl turned tear-dimmed eyes to the newcomer.

"How horrid!" she cried. "I was sitting here in absolute quiet when I heard a rush and a splash, and I saw that nasty otter spring after the fish. Poor thing! It tried to escape. But he turned over some large stones quite easily, and caught it."

"If there are no otter hounds in the neighborhood, the keepers should trap or shoot the brutes. They are perfect pests in a well-stocked river," said Lester.

"Lord Arncliffe will not permit anything on the estate to be killed."

"He ought to be told that by encouraging otters, weasels, stoats, and other destructive creatures, he is sanctioning wholesale murder, though indeed it is well not to push the theory too far, seeing that lex talionis is the law of nature."

"It may be; nevertheless I dislike such demonstrations. It has ruined my afternoon, and I am so sorry for the poor fish! Just imagine its feelings when it was pounced on by a fierce beast with sharp teeth and wicked eyes!"

Then the young woman became conscious that she was speaking thus impulsively to a stranger. Moreover, a squirm inside the creaking pannier revealed that the difference between man and otter, when equally intent on the capture of trout, would demand careful definition. Quick to interpret and anxious to remove the cause of her sudden embarassment, Lester bent to recover the book and parasol. Being an observant person, he noted that the volume was a presentation copy of an irreproachable French novel, a rarity in itself. Nevertheless, being a man of candid humor, he protested against the girl's generic description of the angling tribe.

"My own want of skill alone saved the victim from earlier disaster," he said, pleasantly. "Moreover, I saw him deliberately cut off a May-fly in its prime, so my sympathy rests chiefly with you, who were so disagreeably disturbed in this Arcady."

He was endowed with what his friends described as a "reassuring" smile. It won the goodwill of men, the confidence of women, and its present effect was to restore Miss Edith Holt to her normal mood of cheerful audacity. She glanced at his fishing equipment.

"You must not be caught poaching here," she said with a gravity belied by her eyes. "The plea that you are ignorant of the law will only enhance your punishment."

"My only offense is that I rushed to your assistance. Does the action constitute me a poacher If so, I will suffer the penalty with Christian fortitude."

"How could you know what was going on unless you were in the wood?" said she, sticking to her text.

"Because you screamed."

"I am sure I did nothing of the sort. I never scream."

"Then we have provided a case worthy of the Psychical Research Society's records, for I was mysteriously influenced to jump two hedges and traverse thewood in your behalf."

"I must have ser—cried out more loudly than I fancied. And you reached me very quickly," she added hastily, conscious that this unknown and distinguished-looking young man better deserved her thanks than dire threats of the fishery laws.

He was tempted to seize the new opening and prolong the conversation, but there was an element of unfairness in taking advantage of the girl's confusion. When all was said and done he was an interloper, and the first surprise of finding such a dainty divinity in that solitary nook was yielding to the surmise that he was addressing one who, in all probability, was the nineteenth-century goddess of Arncliffe Park.

So he lifted his hat with the polite ease of a man of the world.

"My excuse for intruding on your domain is that I thought my help was needed. Let me apologize for myself—and the otter."

"Indeed, I am very much obliged to you," she replied.

"And I to the otter," he could not resist saying, though now he was half-turned towards the wood.

"Hello there! Stop! What are you doing here?" suddenly demanded a loud voice.

Neither Edith Holt nor her would-be protector had noticed the rapid approach of a stoutly built, bull-necked youngster of the country squire type, who was striding across the park in a violent hurry. Indeed, he had just ceased running. The exertion gave an apoplectic tinge to his red face and brought his skin into curious harmony with the vivid hue of his leather gaiters and tan-colored boots. The cut of his clothes, the pattern of his waistcoat, the shape of his hat, bespoke a horsey individual. He carried a hunting-crop with a bone handle carved to represent a dog's head, while the gold pin in his hunting tie was fashioned as a fox at full gallop.

The manner of his coming no less than his peremptory hail was offensive. His attitude bespoke the outraged upholder of property rights. "Wait till I catch you, my fine fellow!" he seemed to say. "I'll teach you not to try your poaching tricks here!"

Lester, habited to classify mankind in the rough, likened the truculent newcomer to a savage chief who once waylaid him, unarmed, in the Ashanti bush, but who was incontinently put to flight when the Englishman, by a happy thought planted the tripod of a camera before him and dived his head under the dark cloth. The warrior knew naught of photography, but once he had seen a Maxim gun in action—seen it from the front, too. The square black thing induced doubt. A flap of the cloth and a raised shutter caused the negro to fly with a yell. Lester wondered now what would happen if he charged the other man full tilt with his fishing-rod; but the girl gave a fresh turn to his thoughts by crying excitedly:

"Oh, Harry, I have had such a fright! I was sitting here reading when an otter caught a fish almost at my feet. This gentleman heard me cry out and very kindly ran to my assistance."

"Indeed?"

"Harry" still snorted suspicion, and the glint of his light-blue eyes betokened that the well-set-up, gentlemanly aspect of the stranger was as little to his liking as the more distant semblance of a trespasser.

"Don't you understand? He was fishing the stream beyond the wood, and he was brought here by my very natural cry of alarm."

The smile had left the girl's face. It was succeeded by a flush of annoyance. Her voice too had a touch of petulance. Harry's gauche manner evidently irritated her. Why had he not accepted the explanation she tendered so readily?

"Beyond the wood, was he? All right. I hurried here to tell you that his lordship has been taken seriously ill. My mother is asking for you—Edith."

There was still an ungracious tone in the man's speech, and he dragged in the girl's Christian name with awkward effect.

Lester, unwilling that he should be the cause of a quarrel between two young people who were on such familiar terms, raised his hat again.

"I fear I am to blame for disregarding the notice-board," he said. "But I did not wait to consider consequences. Happily, the affair is unimportant.

By this time the girl was hastening away, and Harry, apparently anxious to accompany her, thought fit to say, less roughly:

"Of course I didn't know what had happened. If you wish to avoid the wood you will find a path at the top of the hill. It leads direct to the village. Should any of the keepers meet you, say you were sent that way by Mr. Warren. Good-day!"

Lester, whose disposition was eminently placid, did as he was told. Relighting his pipe, he climbed the hill, and watched the fluttering muslin skirt and the red gaiters making rapid progress across the park. Above the soaring foliage of many elms he could now see the chimneys and gables of a large Elizabethan house.

"I am afraid my pretty little marquise and that half-educated clodhopper are pairing off," he mused. "How oddly humanity blunders at times! There should be a law to prevent such ill-matched sorting."

At that moment the "clodhopper" glanced back and his companion followed suit. Lester smiled good-humoredly.

"She is retching into him for being rude to me," thought Lester, 'and he is defending himself by explaining his extreme civility in telling me about the path. Well, if it gratifies mademoiselle—for she is certainly of French descent, notwithstanding the Saxon sound of 'Edith'—I am glad I came this way."

He encountered no keeper. When he reached the village, the stout landlord of the "Fisherman's Rest," known to two generations of anglers as "Jolly Jim" Jones, greeted him at the door.

"Well, sir, what sport?"

"Excellent, with a catastrophe thrown in."

"What was thrown in, sir?"

"A young lady, not to mention a fierce beast with wicked eyes."

"By gum!" said the landlord, doubtful whether to believe the grave words or the laughing voice. Handing the laden pannier to a maid-servant, the fisherman became more explicit. Then Jones yielded information.

"Aye, t' young leddy mun be Miss Edith Holt. She's a soart of a secriterry to his lordship. She kem frae somewheer i' t' South, soom pleace neamed efter a coo. Dang me if I can think."

"Named after a cow?"

"Well, mebbe t' coo was called efter t' pleace. Blow me—"

Suddenly light was vouchsafed to Lester. "Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney?" he tried.

(To be continued.)

DISEASED KIDNEYS

Made Sound and Strong Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Two doctors told me that I was incurable, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I am a well woman today." This strong statement was made by Mrs. Ed. Rose, of St. Catharines, to a reporter, who hearing of her remarkable cure called to see her. "A few years ago while living in Hamilton," continued Mrs. Rose, I was attacked with kidney trouble. The doctor lulled me into a state of false security, while the disease continued to make inroads. Finding that I was not getting better I consulted a specialist, who told me that the trouble had developed into Bright's disease and that I was incurable. I had dwindled to a mere shadow, and suffered from pain in the back, and often a difficulty in breathing. Insomnia next came to add to my tortures and I passed dreary, sleepless nights, and felt that I had not long to live. In this dispairing condition my husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to please him I began to take them. After using several boxes I felt the pills were helping me and I continued taking them until I had used some twenty boxes, when I was again restored to perfect health, and every symptom of the trouble had dissappeared. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly brought me back from the shadow of the grave, and I have since enjoyed the best of health."

Every drop of blood in the body is filtered by the kidneys. If the blood is weak or watery the kidneys have no strength for their work and leave the blood unfiltered and foul. Then the kidneys get clogged with painful poisonous impurities, which brings aching backs and deadly Bright's disease. The only hope is to strike without delay at the root of the trouble in the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new blood. They flush the kidneys clean, heal their inflammation and give them strength for their work. Common kidney pills only touch the symptoms—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the cause. That is why they cure for good. and at the same time improve the health in every other way. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

RASPBERRY COCKTAILS

Clean and chill some choice red raspberries. To the pulp and juice of two oranges, from which skin and membrane have been removed, add the juice of a lemon, bits of pineapple, slices of banana, other seasonable fruit and sherry wine at pleasure. Sweeten to taste with sifted powdered sugar, leaving the mixture rather tart, then chill. To serve, half fill small cocktail glasses with the berries, cover with the fruit mixture and add a teaspoonful of finely cracked ice. These are now in high favor, and are served at the beginning of a meal. To convert them into an attractive and delicious dessert, cover each portion with a spoonful of orange, lemon, or pineapple ice, and do not add the cracked ice.—Good Housekeeping.

Rheumatism

Ought to be called by its right name—Kidney Disease. Uric Acid gets in the blood, because the Kidneys are too weak to filter it out. "Blood purifiers" —"salts"—only relieve temporarily. Strengthen the kidneys to do their work, and there will be no more excruciating rheumatic pains. And until you do cure the kidneys you will suffer with Rheumatism.

GIN PILLS

cure Uric Acid Rheumatism by curing the Kidneys. They clean and purify the Kidneys—make them strong enough to do nature's work as it should be done.

We have such implicit confidence in the remarkable virtues of GIN PILLS that we authorize druggists to refund the money if they fail to cure.

At all druggists, 50c box, 6 boxes for $2.50 or we will send you a free trial box if you will write mentioning this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

One of Three Things Always Cause RHEUMATISM

Do you know the system rids itself of waste matter through bowels and kidneys? Yes, but by the skin as well.

As a matter of fact, the skin rids the system of more urea than the kidneys do.

If the skin, or bowels, or kidneys are unhealthy—they won't throw off enough urea. This urea is changed into uric acid—carried by the blood to joints and nerves—causing Rheumatism.

One never inherits Rheumatism. One does inherit weak kidneys, irregular bowels and bad skin action.

Fruit-a-tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

will positively cure Rheumatism because they increase the eliminating action of skin, kidneys and bowels—and make these three organs so vigorous and healthy that there can be no urea or waste retained in the system to poison the blood and irritate the nerves.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are fruit juices, combined with tonics—the whole forming the most effective cure for Rheumatism.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED - OTTAWA.

EGG AS BIRTH CERTIFICATE

This singular birth certificate was submitted at a meeting of the school attendance committeee at Norwich Union. A widow had been called upon to prove that her daughter had reached shool exemption age. She produced an egg, beautifully colored in purple, yellow and cream, whereon, in almost copper-plate characters, the name and date of nativity were picked out in white, together with the texts: The Lord shall guide thee continually," and "Teach me to do Thy will." This novel certificate was the only record possessed by the mother, and, after being much admired by the committee, was accepted as evidence.

SPLENDID CARVING

New Decoration at Customs House Entrance is Being Generally Admired.

The rough unfinished appearance of some sections of the stone work around the custom house main entrance is a thing of the past, having given place to as fine a specimen of stone carving as can be found.

The large cable representation beneath the semi circular window is certainly as handsome and appropriate a design as could be placed there. Beneath this and immediately above the wide arch of the door, appear the old English letters V. R., one on either side of the Victorian crown. The letters though bold, standing out some three and a half inches from the face of the stone, are most graceful and of correct and pleasing proportions. The crown is an admirable production, the diamonds, emeralds and pearls showing perfectly in the delicate carving, as do the crosses, fleur de lis, the velvet work, ermine frame and all the component parts of the crown. The work as a whole seems to be just the finish required at that part of this handsome customs building, which is easily pronounced one of the finest in America. The contract was given to Messrs. Stanton Bros., and the designs and patterns were the work of D. Waterbury, superintendent of buildings.

A NEW IDEA

In place of the tiny cards used to announce the little one's advent "christening boxes" have now come into favor. They at least have the quality of novelty, and are as dainty as one could wish. The boxes are about five inches square and covered with white satin. Embroidered the right hand corner is a bunch of forget-me-nots, and in the lower left hand corner is the baby's monogram done in silver.

The box is filled with pink and white sugar-coated almonds over which is a dainty lace napkin.

Lucius M. Cook of Leominster has the stuffed skin of what was the largest dog in the world. The dog was a great dane and stood 35 inches high at the hips. It measured 7 feet 9 inches from the tip of its tail to the tip of its nose and weighed very nearly 200 pounds.

News from Camden Town

Situate in London, Camden Town is well-known as the home of the Gilbey Gins which are of world-wide popularity. Here W. & A. Gilbey have their celebrated Distillery, daily producing from the finest materials thousands of gallons of the

Purest and Most Wholesome Gins

Spurious Gin, like spurious Whisky and Brandy, is injurious to health—a deadly enemy to the consumer and a foe to decent morals. But—

W. & A. GILBEY'S

PURE LONDON GINS

Are of Finest Quality and Delicate Flavor

Distilled from choice Corn and flavored with the juice of selected Juniper berries, they are unequalled in Quality and Purity and unexcelled in Medicinal value.

Among the celebrated specialties are:

"GILBEY'S PLYMOUTH GIN"
"LONDON DRY" and "OLD TOM"

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W. & A. Gilbey

Largest Wine and Spirit Merchants in the World

Special cases containing six and twelve assorted bottles of W. & A. Gilbey's Pure Wines and Spirits. Ask for particulars and prices.

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EVEN ANIMALS EXHIBIT THE MANIA FOR SUICIDE

Celebrated Animal Expert Tells of Many Cases He Has Seen in an Experience of Nearly Forty Years---Elephants and Monkeys the Most Susceptible.

"Do animals exhibit the suicidal mania to any extent?"

George Conklin, the famous animal expert with the Barnum & Bailey circus, to whom this question was put, has an experience of nearly forty years in handling and studying zoological specimens. His opinions regarding animals have been quoted all over the world.

"The instinct for self-destruction is common among all kinds of animals," he said, "and the causes are in many instances the same as would impel a man or woman to commit suicide. Probably the most pronounced of these causes are loneliness, homesickness, loss of companions or progeny, and ill-health. There are animals that periodically have a return of the suicidal mania, and which can only be saved from self-destruction by the most intelligent and careful treatment. As a rule, however, when the animal has made up its mind to commit suicide nothing can prevent it, and the keeper, not only for reasons of humanity, but also because an animal in that condition is extremely dangerous, is often compelled to end the animal's sufferings by hastening its death.

"We had a remarkable instance of this kind when the Barnum & Bailey show was returning from Europe several years ago. One of our largest animals was known as Mandarin. This splendid specimen of the Asiatic elephant attracted universal attention from the public because of his size and the great width of his head. Among the circus people there was a an especial regard for Mandarin because he was the father of Columbia, the only baby elephant ever born in America that grew to maturity. Before boarding the boat, Mandarin had given no evidences either of ill-temper or melancholy. One morning, about the fifth day out, one of the elephant men came to me and reported that Mandarin, who was corralled in a large stall in the first hold, was acting strangely and seemed to be laboring under great excitement. On going to the stall I found Mandarin swaying back and forth, straining at his chains, and making every effort not only to break the bars in front of the stall, but also to beat his great head against the heavy partitions on the sides. Mandarin was a particular favorite of mine. He had been with the show a long time, and I had never experienced any difficulty in handling him, As soon as I spoke to the excited animal my voice seemed to have a soothing effect, and he reached out his trunk and permitted me to pat it with every appearance of friendliness. This was an evidence that Mandarin had no homicidal intentions, and that his excitement came from other causes. The animal's head was badly cut from coming in contact with the wood work and iron supports, and was bleeding in several places. To prevent, if possible, any further injury to the animal, I had the chains drawn tighter, leaving him just enough room to stand comfortably. In this way we managed to restrain the elephant until the steamer was approaching New York City. Mandarin had, however, been growing worse all the time, and was, in spite of the tautness of his fastenings, literally covered with self-inflicted wounds To help him was impossible; to release him was too dangerous; the only thing we could do was to kill him and relieve him from his mental sufferings. This was done by strangulation. A chain was wound around his neck and the two ends fastened to winches. When all was ready, the Chains were drawn tight and the breath literally squeezed out of the poor animal's body. It was the only thing we could do. For days Mandarin had not eaten anything, and it was only a question of a few days at most before he would have killed himself or starved to death. The only reasonable cause for Mandarin's persistent attempts at self-destruction that I could discover was a fear of water, which was accentuated by the movement of the ship, and seasickness.

"It is a fact not generally known, except among Barnum & Bailey animal men that Jumbo, which was brought over to this country from the Regent's Park zoological gardens in London, suffered terribly from homesickness and made several almost successful efforts to commit suicide. On one occasion, while the elephant herd was being treated to a bath on the lake front in Chicago, it was only with the assistance of several of the other big elephants that Jumbo was prevented from drowning himself. Columbia, the daughter of Mandarin, has also on several occasions attempted to make away with herself, and more than once only the chains with which she was fastened have prevented her from venting her fatal spite upon herself.

LIONS HAVE IT TOO.

The suicidal mania in the lion is often developed after his mate has for any reason been taken away. During the winter of 1904 an exceptionally fine lioness died at the winter quarters at Bridgeport, Connecticut. For several months the lioness had not been separated from her mate, even by iron bars,and the effect of her death was almost immediately apparent. The lion paced restlessly up and down the cage for hours, uttering low, plaintive whines, and giving every evidence of grief. One morning, one of the keepers found the lion stretched out at full length in the cage, with a great jagged wound in his throat, dead. The animal had lacerated himself with his claws and bled to death. I have also known several instances in which lionesses have killed themselves or died from grief over the loss of cubs that have been taken away from them; and yet, strange to say, if the baby lions have not been removed they would probably have been killed by their mothers.

"When the tiger attempts self-murder it is necessary to tie him down, but even this is not always effective. The mania for self-destruction often continues for days, though apparently subdued by forced helplessness; but the animal is crafty, and while pretending to be meek and resigned to existence, will watch for the first opportunity, after being released, to inflict wounds that will result fatally.

"One of our most recent suicides was a monkey named Chang. Chang was the oldest monkey with the show, and had been with the Barnum & Bailey show for considerably over twenty years. Most of that time he had been associated with Jennie, a monkey almost as old, who was noted in the menagerie as being the mother of a large number of bright and healthy monkey babies. Early in March, while the paraphernalia of the show was being moved from winter quarters to Madison Square Garden, New York, Jennie was frozen to death. For a day or two Chang did not seem to realize that his mate had gone from him forever, and there was no evidence of fretting. As the days went by, however, and Jennie did not return, Chang became visibly depressed. He moped in the corner of the cage, and, at times, crying like a human child, gave vent to the most pitiful moans. Twice the forced his head through the narrow interstices between the bars of his cage, but was extricated by one of the keepers before he could be strangled. The third time he succeeded. It was as clear a case of suicide as was ever put on record.

"I have in mind another case of monkey suicide in which the suicidal mania was developed by chagrin caused by the victim being ostracized by his fellows in the simian cage. This particular monkey had for many months been the boss of the cage. Being a powerful monkey, and a very clever one in the bargain, he had succeeded in compelling all the other monkeys to acknowledge his supremacy. As he was often malicious, and seemed to delight in showing his strength and power, all the other monkeys hated him. One day a young monkey that had suffered some indignity from the 'boss,' turned on him and gave him a terrific drubbing. That settled the 'boss.' He had to give way to the new leader. After that none of the other monkeys had any respect for him. They pinched and shoved and snarled at him without mercy. The heart of the ex-boss was broken. He lost all spirit, grew thin and gave every evidenence of going into a decline. When he was found dead on the floor of the cage with several self-inflicted wounds, no one was astonished. It was just what had been expected.

"One would scarcely imagine that such a seemingly insensate animal as the hippopotamus would ever be guilty of suicidal mania, but it is nevertheless a fact that a hippopotamus, captured wild, and confined in a cage, will give every evidence of homesickness, and the only way to prevent the animal from committing hari-kari under the circumstances is to keep him well fed and to surround him with animal company. A peculiarity of the hippopotamus is that the animal does not grieve especially for his own kind, but seems to get a certain amount of pleasure in knowing of the presence of other species of animals in the circus zoo. For that reason the 'hip' cage is always placed immediately opposite the giraffe corral, so that the movements of the giraffes can always be observed. We never had but one hippopotamus that was guilty of self-destruction. Having injured his leg, he was replaced on the road by another specimen, and left alone at winterquarters to spend the summer. The loneliness of the great, deserted winterquarters was too much for the animal, and he resisted all efforts of the man in charge of him to either cheer up or take his food. He literally starved himself to death.

"There are times when the rhinoceros would beat out his brains against the iron bars of his cage if it was possible. The rhinoceros is an animal of strangely varying moods. Sometimes he is playful, and will caper around his enclosure like a colossal lamb. At other times he is sullen and morose, and gives every evidence of a desire for self-destruction. This undoubtedly does not come from any fret at being kept in confinement, for African hunters say that the suicide of a rhinoceros in its native habitat is not an unusual thing.

"The same thing is said of giraffes. I have known several of these animals to commit suicide by starvation, and my impression is that loneliness is the usual cause of the giraffe's self-destruction. It is an absolute cruelty to exhibit one of these sensitive animals alone. They must have company of their own kind in order to be contented. They are, however, affectionate in a dull, bovine way, and often become very much attached to a keeper. It is for this reason that the same keeper is often kept in charge of our giraffes for years. The continued absence of a favored keeper will compel the animals to fret and display every evidence of disquiet; and if the separation is a permanent one every effort has to be made to keep the animal from fretting itself into a condition of illness. The giraffe that we Oslerized at the winter quarters last January was killing itself because, owing to the roughness of the other giraffes, it had to be separated from them. It repeatedly injured itself by butting its head against the partitions, and very little could be done in the way of restraint for fear of twisting the animal's neck or hurting its spine. The latter finally happened, and we had to chloroform the giraffe to relieve it of its sufferings.

"Many other instances of attempted or actual suicide among animals have come under my notice during the years that I have been actively engaged in looking after zoological collections. There is nothing phenomenal about this suicidal mania in animals. It is simply another proof of a fact that I have always maintained, that in their general characteristics there is mighty little difference between some animals and many men, except the power of speech."

The Barnum & Bailey menagerie will prove an especially strong feature of the big show when it exhibits in St. John, Friday, July 20.

FREDERICTON NEWS

FREDERICTON, July 13 (Special)—Forty thousand dollars worth of sewerage debentures, bearing interest at the rate of four per cent, will be sold at par by the city treasurer between now and August thirty-first.

The ratepayers of St. Marys at a meeting last evening shelved the proposition to instal a fire and water system until next season. At the meeting a few weeks ago a committee was appointed to procure plans and specifications, but having no funds were unable to act.

The smallest woman living is Mlle. Paulina, of Holland. She is 18 years old, 20 inches tall and weighs less than nine pounds.

A line-up of Barnum and Bailey Elephants