

TRICKY BABY PETE.

HE COMMITTED THE THEFTS FOR WHICH A MAN WAS DISCHARGED.

A Midnight Adventure In the Winter Quarters of an Elephant Herd—How Sly Pete Got Away From His Stake and Stole a Bag of Oats.

Pete is the baby elephant of one of the big circus herds. During his confinement in winter quarters he played a trick on his keeper, which the man relates as follows:

"Pete is a tiny little fellow and does not weigh more than 600 or 800 pounds, but I actually believe he would eat as many pounds of oats if he had access to them. The elephant house was dark one night, and I supposed every one of the animals was sound asleep, when my attention was attracted by a subdued, rasping noise, apparently coming from the farther end of the big herd. Instead of walking down in front of them all, I went around and came in at the other end. Hiding behind some bales of straw, I peered cautiously over to where the little rascal was chained, and there he was, carefully lifting his stake out of the ground. I saw in an instant that he had had the stake out before that time, for all he had to do was to lift it up and it came out. He slipped his foot chain down over the tapering end of the stake and was free.

"Across the room, distant perhaps 20 feet or more from his place, were piled some sacks of grain, containing about 100 pounds each. Picking up the foot chain very carefully with his trunk, so that it would not rattle or jangle upon the floor, he began the most delicate, sinuous, gliding motion across the space that separated him from the grain I ever saw, and I never imagined an elephant could go so quietly. I crouched behind the bales of straw, afraid to move for fear he would hear me and stop.

"On he went, cautiously, slowly, but steadily, until he was within reaching distance of the sacked grain. Then he laid the chain down and picked up a bag of oats with his trunk. His journey back to the herd, 20 feet away, was performed even more cautiously than had been his advance, for he had to drag the chain without making a noise. All the time he held the sack of grain tightly in his trunk, and his mouth must have watered when he thought of the feast he was going to have. He reached the herd at last and went up to great big Babylon, who stood like a bronze statue, her massive sides looming up like the sides of a house in the gloom. Pete stopped, and Babylon, whom I had imagined fast asleep, took the oats. They got into the bag in a jiffy and then began a feast. Pete filled his mouth and munched away like a man eating dry crackers on a wager. He knew that his big companion in crime would get the most of the oats if he lost any time. Babylon put away almost half the oats at the first jump out of the box, and poor little Pete, with his mouth full, looked at her with his watery little eyes, as much as to say, 'Oh, what a hog!' and gulped the oats down, his little throat at the risk of choking to death.

"I thought it was about time to make a noise, just to disconcert them. I had seen enough to assure me that a hostler who had been discharged hadn't been instrumental in the disappearance of divers and sundry bags of oats, and, as I walked around toward the other end of the elephant house, I wondered what I should do to punish the thieves. The big one had had a painful operation performed a few months before, and I thought that any sight of the instruments that had been used at that time would give her a good fright. When I had reached my own sleeping room, I purposely made a noise and heard the shuffling sounds of sly little Pete as he shuffled back to his place. He picked his stake up, put it down in the ground, and would have put it through the ring in the chain if he had had time. When I came along, he was leaning against the wall asleep. I gave him a gentle prod, and he awakened suddenly, with that sleepy stare that a person has when awakened from slumber. But he soon knew that I was on to him, for when I ordered him to open his mouth, he didn't want to do it. He finally obeyed, and there were the oats. His mouth was jammed full of them. I didn't do anything to him, but walked over to big Babylon. She was his partner in crime, but she was playing possum too.

"I had a good deal of trouble to wake her up and more to make her open her mouth. Much to her chagrin, I imagine, it was full of oats, and she had the empty sack closely rolled up and packed in with them. She was sheepish and ashamed, I assure you, if ever an elephant put on that expression. To punish her I ordered her to sit down and open her mouth and made a motion as if to pass a great pair of forceps into it, which had been used during the operation I referred to. She shut her mouth and cried like a baby, and was so thoroughly frightened that she never trespassed again. But that sly little Pete—why, he is more trouble than the entire herd, and he just gets loose whenever he wants to."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women as Soldiers.

"I do not see," said a clever woman, "why the newspapers should feel called upon to poke fun at the new law in Colorado which permits women to serve in the state militia. In time of battle woman is just as necessary as man. Just wearing a uniform and shooting a gun are not all that constitute a soldier. What about woman's place in the hospitals during time of war? Does it not require a brave heart and a strong nerve to wait on the wounded or dying? Is not a woman a soldier who can assist the surgeon as he amputates a limb or binds a fractured bone? Are not the Red Cross nurses soldiers? It seems to me that a woman will make just as good a soldier as a man and always find her place in time of war."



HORSE TALK.

Frank Agan's yearling sister is owned by A. H. Moore.

The Robert McGregor horse Sacaza is still winning in France.

Irving Bailey has charge of Railey Bros.' stable of trotters at the Lexington (Ky.) track.

San Telmo is the name of the brown yearling colt by Arion (2:07 3/4)—Houri (2:17), by Onward.

Scavonic, 2:15 3/4, by King Wilkes, is in the stable of the New England trainer Bard Palmer.

Cloud Pointer, the full brother to Star Pointer, has been returned to his home at Chicora, Pa.

Trainer Fred McKee has moved his stable of trotters from Versailles to the Lexington (Ky.) track.

The 32 head of trotters sold at public auction at Palo Alto April 20 brought \$3,405, an average of \$106.

Volney French of Geneva, O., will take his stable of horses to the Glenville (O.) track for final preparation.

Famous old Trinker, 2:14, went under the auctioneer's hammer at Boston and brought the magnificent sum of \$110.

The five pacers with records to be campaigned by Village farm this year have average records a trifle below 2:00 1/2.

Mr. William Davis of West Elkton, near Gratis, O., has a youngster by Island Wilkes, and it is reported that he can step a 2:20 gait.

Robert T. Kuebs, having concluded his term in the Berlin prison, has shaken the dust of the inhospitable fatherland from his feet.

Albina de Mer, the Stamboul mare that produced the redoubtable Wiggins and Mabel Money Penny, is represented in the Kentucky Futurity of 1897.

PITH AND POINT.

It is an awfully smart man who knows enough to know when he is being laughed at.

We have never heard a man referred to as one of nature's noblemen until after his death.

In breaking himself of a bad habit a man usually accumulates the bad habit of boasting about it.

People are like silver plated knives and forks—good care makes a big difference in their looks.

There are very few people in the world who admit their faults to those whom they have married.

It is a rare husband and wife who can look at each other without feeling ashamed about something.

We have noticed that a henpecked husband is seldom a smart Aleck and nearly always a good citizen.

A man will always give up the rocking chair to his wife, but he demands that she give up the newspaper.—Atchison Globe.

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GRANT AS A WRITER.

His Style Was Vigorous and Terse, With Little Ornament.

General Horace Porter in "Campaign, ing With Grant" in The Century expresses the following opinion of Grant as a writer: His powers of concentration of thought were often shown by the circumstances under which he wrote. Nothing that went on around him, upon the field or in his quarters, could distract his attention or interrupt him. Sometimes, when his tent was filled with officers talking and laughing at the top of their voices, he would turn to his table and write the most important communications. There would then be an immediate "Hush!" and abundant excuses offered by the company, but he always insisted upon the conversation going on, and after awhile his officers came to understand his wishes in this respect, to learn that noise was apparently a stimulus rather than a check to his flow of ideas, and to realize that nothing short of a general attack along the whole line could divert his thoughts from the subject upon which his mind was concentrated.

In writing his style was vigorous and terse, with little of ornament. Its most conspicuous characteristic was perspicuity. General Meade's chief of staff once said, "There is one striking feature about Grant's orders—no matter how hurriedly he may write them on the field, no one ever has the slightest doubt as to their meaning or ever has to read them over a second time to understand them." The general used Anglo-Saxon words much more frequently than those derived from the Greek and Latin tongues. He had studied French at West Point and picked up some knowledge of Spanish during the Mexican war, but he could not hold a conversation in either language, and rarely employed a foreign word in any of his writings. His adjectives were few and well chosen. No document which ever came from his hands was in the least degree pretentious. He never laid claim to any knowledge he did not possess and seemed to feel, with Addison, that "pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion—a form of knowledge without the power of it."

He rarely indulged in metaphor, but when he did employ a figure of speech it was always expressive and graphic, as when he spoke of the commander at Bermuda Hundred being "in a bottle strongly corked" or referred to our armies at one time as moving "like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together." His style inclined to the epigrammatic without his being aware of it. There was scarcely a document written by him from which brief sentences could not be selected fit to be set in mottoes or placed upon transparencies. As examples may be mentioned: "I propose to move immediately upon your works," "I shall take no backward steps," the famous "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and, later in his career, "Let us have peace," "The best means of securing the repeal of an obnoxious law is its vigorous enforcement," "I shall have no policy to enforce against the will of the people" and "Let no guilty man escape."

FIRST WHITE HOUSE BATH.

Van Buren Was Criticised For Introducing the Tub Into the Mansion.

In an article on "The Domestic Side of the White House," in The Ladies' Home Journal, ex-President Harrison gives this interesting view of the home portion of the executive mansion: "Properly speaking," he says, "there are five bedrooms in the executive mansion, though by the use of two dressing rooms and of the end of a short hall that formerly opened to a large north window, but has now been closed up to make a small bedroom, the number may be increased to eight. There are no suitable servants' quarters. Those provided are in the basement, and only these opening to the south are habitable. The north rooms open upon a damp brick arena and are unhealthy. One of the basement rooms, having a southern exposure, is fitted up as a billiard room, but very plainly.

"It is said that provision for a library for the White House was first made during Mr. Fillmore's term. Neat cases are arranged about the room, and most of them are filled with books—old editions of historical and classical works. There is no catalogue, and the library has not been kept up.

"President Adams introduced billiards into the White House, purchasing the first table, balls and cues at a cost of \$61, paying for them out of his own pocket. President Van Buren was charged by a political adversary and scathing critic as being the first of our presidents to discover that the pleasures of the warm or tepid bath are the proper accompaniments of a palace life. For it appears that our former presidents were content with the application, when necessary, of the simple shower bath. Mr. Van Buren's critic then refers with high approval to the salutary side of Mr. Adams' heroic habit of bathing in the Potomac 'between daybreak and sunrise.'"

Color Run Mad.

Are we not losing any innate perception of grace of line and harmony of coloring that we may once have possessed through our weak minded submission to chameleon coated Dame Fashion, who plays pranks that at times are positively sardonic? I saw a woman the other day in a bonnet that boasted three shades of pink, two of magenta, four of green, three of yellow and a fine blob of scarlet like a "little round button at top." And at first I thought she looked nice! It took time to realize that each tint clashed with the other tint, so decadent had become my taste in millinery.—Woman.

Necessity So.

Maud—Is life worth the living? Ah, that is a great conundrum!
Cynthia—Yes. We all have to give it up.—Brooklyn Life.

EDMUND KEAN.

To See Him Act Was Like Reading Shakespeare by Lightning.

Before the third century after the birth of Shakespeare had reached its first quarter there was born in England to a stage carpenter and a strolling actress a child destined to grapple with the poet's highest thought and interpret it with a vividness that to this day stands unrivaled. Coleridge's terse comment, that to see him act was reading Shakespeare by lightning, reveals him with the fullness of a volume. Edmund Kean, along with most people early trained to an art, had little, if any, education of the schools. He was when a boy provided with instruction by some benevolent people whom his smartness and beauty attracted, but he rebelled against the tasks of study and went to sea. But life there was too rough for his fine nature. He returned to England, and at the age of 7 began the study of Shakespeare's characters with his uncle Moses. This he continued with an actress named Tidswell, who taught him besides, as well as she knew, the principles of her art.

At that early age he had the credit of originality so surprising as even then to challenge the supremacy of Philip Kemble. At 14 he played Hamlet. King George had him recite at Windsor castle, and it is said this incident led some gentlemen to send him to Eton, but there is no record of it. At 20 he was in a provincial troop, a member of which he married, and for six years thereafter, until his glorious night at Drury Lane, his life was one of hardship, struggle, obscurity, but, thanks to the faith in himself, not hopeless. His London debut was made at 28. He had fought for it hard and long and would then have missed it but for the falling reputation of the theater. London debuts in first roles are not easy for provincial actors, and none knows better how hard they are to get than Henry Irving. Kean seems to have been at his full splendor, and made a hit. After that his habits were altogether prejudicial to the refinement of taste or the acquisition of knowledge.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



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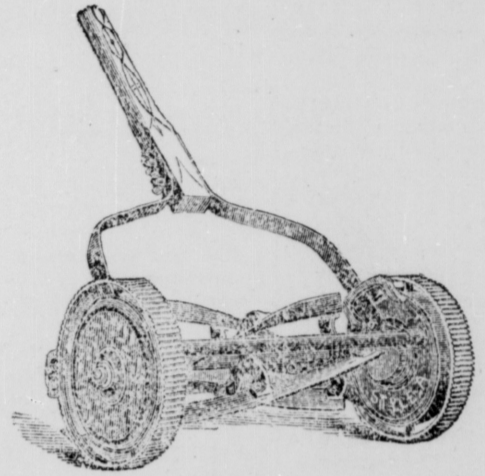
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