



CHAPTER XXII.

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pened to issue from his den, and proceeded to let her in.

"Is that June's voice?" she asked, putting on the most surprised and shocked expression her puritanical face was capable of. "What is she doing?"

"She and Dal are playing battledoor," answered Tom, and then, for the first time, the idea occurred to him, or rather was forced upon him by Agnes' face, that their mirth was rather exuberant.

"Oh!" she uttered, putting a volume of expression into the word.

June had just sunk, breathless from laughing and running, into a chair, and Dallas leaned against the wall in much the same condition. Both their faces were becomingly flushed from excitement and exercise, and, to unjaundiced eyes, they would have seemed the picture of two handsome, happy and innocently amused young people. But not to the envious eyes of Agnes, and she allowed them to express to June how very much scandalized she was by such levity. In a moment June read her cousin's face, and a thrill of anger and defiance shot through her breast, which the previous moment had been a harbor of peace and happiness.

"How do you do?" she said, nodding, and making her battledoor an excuse for not shaking hands. "I am quite exhausted. Would you like to have a turn with Tom?"

"No, I thank you," replied Agnes, frigidly. "I did not know it was a game grown-up people played."

"Did you not?" said June, lightly. "Ah, that comes of living in the country. One sees and knows so little."

"Perhaps one is the better for that," returned Agnes, in her most schoolmistress-like manner.

"I doubt it," retorted June. "Now, Dal, I have recovered my breath. Shall we go on?"

It was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name, and she would not have done it now but that Agnes had inspired her with a furious desire to do something that would give her cousin cause to be shocked.

"May I go and see darling boy?" said Agnes to Tom, with a glance of deepest commiseration, and he replied cheerily that he would go with her.

The game no longer had any charm for June; she felt as though the serpent had entered paradise, and, after five minutes, she declared she was tired.

"I must go and write some letters," she said, and Dallas pleaded that he might be allowed to occupy himself in the same way in her company. So they betook themselves to her ladyship's boudoir, where she supplied him with the requisite materials, and then sat down to her writing table.

Dallas had come for the inside of a week, and sorely sorry was his hostess to see him depart on the Saturday morning. It was like sunshine going out of the house.

June went to the door to see her guest off, and returned to her room with a decided sinking at her heart, knowing that his bright face and voice would make themselves terribly missed, and suddenly burst into a fit of crying. Agnes passed the window, and stopped for a moment to look in. As she reached the hall door, Tom was coming round from the stables.

"Oh, Tom," she said, with well-feigned anxiety, "there is nothing the matter with darling boy, is there?"

"No," he answered, startled—"certainly not. But why?"

"Why, I just came round past the morning room," returned Agnes, innocently, "and I saw poor June crying so dreadfully that I thought—I was afraid—"

"June crying!" exclaimed Tom; and then he paused abruptly, as a most unpleasant thought smote him.

Dinner that night was a very different sort of function from what it had been of late. A gloom seemed to have fallen on the party.

"How silent we all are!" observed Mrs. Ellesmere, as it was drawing to a close, "and how dreadfully I miss that dear boy! Don't you, my dear?" to June.

"Yes," answered June, and at that moment she caught Tom's eye fixed on her in a manner she neither quite liked nor understood, and was deeply mortified to find herself growing crimson.

(To be continued.)

An Invisible Clue.

"There was one time in my house-keeping career," said the lady who had had the experience, "when I thought there was no use of locking doors, for thieves would break through anything."

"We were sitting at dinner one night when I heard a noise that sounded as if some one was walking around in my room. I went up immediately to see. No one was there, but every drawer in the room was open and all my jewelry and valuables of every description that I kept in my room were gone. It took five or six keys to get at them all, as I had been very particular about keeping them locked up. I had not been out of the room more than fifteen minutes, and how any one not familiar with every inch of the house could have accomplished such a piece of work was a mystery. There was one thing I noticed upon entering the room and that was a peculiar odor. It was like a mixture of cheap perfume. I had never smelled anything like it before."

"We notified the police and they worked on the case for weeks, but could make nothing out of it. One day when I was passing through the laundry I noticed that same strange odor."

"Mary, what's that you are ironing?" said I, for it seemed as if the odor came from the ironing board.

"It's some of my brother's handkerchiefs," said she.

"We investigated, and of course found that the brother was the thief."

A 130-pound conger eel has been caught in Loch Long, Scotland. It measured 6 feet 10½ inches in length and 2 feet 7 inches in girth.



CERTAINLY in few fields has the progress been more rapid than in the care and training of wild beasts for the instruction and entertainment of the public. Of course it is natural that, with the growth of knowledge and experience in their handling, the treatment has become more humane, and the methods by which they are schooled have undergone the most radical changes. The man who has charge of a modern animal spectacle calls himself a trainer, rather than a tamer; and he is really a teacher in every sense of the word. He must be a man of fearlessness, to be sure, but he must also possess the magnetic qualities, the quick understanding and the ready sympathy which characterize the successful teacher of men. Indeed, it is something of a commentary on human educational systems that the trainer of animals is selected with far more care and receives a much larger reward than the instructor of men and boys. Then, too, he has this advantage over the public-school instructor—he chooses his pupils slowly and with an eye to their future. Indeed, the most important factor in attaining a complete, interesting exhibition is the choice of the animals who are to form the nucleus of the show. For this purpose the very young are always given the preference, and those born in captivity are obtained whenever they are physically perfect specimens of their kind, though the domestic-bred beasts are not numerous. Such cubs are always tamer to start with, and their attention is much more easily fixed. They do not have the far-away, long-lingering look which can be seen in the eyes of a desert-bred lion. They have never learned to strike and to exult in the feel of quivering flesh beneath their paws.

As soon as a cub is able to crawl around its cage, the trainer gets acquainted with it and feeds it and shows it that it has only kindness to expect while its behavior is good. When it is four or five months old, easy tricks are undertaken—sitting on a chair, lying down and rising at command, playing with a ball, and so on. At first, the trainer devotes all his time to a single animal until he has impressed it with his ability to control and direct its movements. Then an older, thoroughly trained animal of the same breed is introduced, partly for the example it can set in illustrating how the more difficult tricks are done and partly to accustom the cub to association with its kind. Many a trainer bears deep and permanent scars as a reward for performing the first introduction or for offering to arbitrate early differences of opinion between two future friends.

The hardest task of all is to accustom animals of one kind even to tolerate the presence in the same cage of animals of another kind, and months of patient effort are necessary before a newly assembled aggregation of animal actors will perform even the simplest combined tricks. The make-up of such an assemblage must be carefully studied out, for the methods of teaching vary with each new combination of animals.

Their health, too, is a matter of never-ending anxiety, and gives a trainer more trouble than the impetuous opera singers. If an actress is indisposed, her understudy can take the part at a moment's notice; but these animal actors have no understudies, and the omission of a beast or even his chair or pedestal from an act often disconcerts all the performers. On the other hand, to compel a sick animal to perform sometimes turns the act into a tragedy for the trainer; for if he once turns his back on his charges, and flees for safety, he may never be able to control them again, and if he stays to face the trouble, serious wounds may result. Once let a beast see that you fear him, and discipline is destroyed; and, indeed, a crisis in which a trainer flees or is rescued by helpers as a rule works so on his nerves that even if he should wish to enter the cage the secret that he feared his beasts would be discerned by them in spite of all he could do, and his mastery of them would be lost. Sometimes it happens that a trainer relaxes his caution or commits an error of judgment. Many a trainer takes desperate chances because he or she had been fascinated by the beauty of a particular lion and has determined to master it at whatever risk.

Almost all animals have more discernment than they are usually given

credit for. They fix the responsibility for their discomfort where it belongs, and harbor grudges long after a trainer has forgotten the entire incident which aroused them. The greatest factor in the safety of a trainer and the success of the show as a whole is the health of the animals, and this is dependent directly on food and exercise. In its natural state a wild beast kills when it is hungry, eats what is good for it, and fasts until hungry again, but in captivity it seems to lose its judgment, and if given the opportunity will usually indulge in gluttony, or, in some instances, deliberately starve itself.

Very few proprietors of great shows capture beasts through their own agents. The organization of their business, with the mass of detail—advertising, transportation and finance—occupies all their time. Most of the animals now in captivity, therefore, are purchased of dealers who make this business a specialty.

There is a great deal of financial risk involved in a large business of buying and selling wild beasts. Risks must be carefully figured, and profit from sales and loss from deaths must be constantly kept in mind and balanced. Purchases are often made on the spot where an animal is captured, and the buyer stands the risk of transportation. The way in which a beast can bear a rough sea voyage plays a great part in determining its value. Even after its safe arrival, there is a continual liability to colds and disease. The loss from deaths, even among the animals safely installed in such a menagerie as that of Jamrach in Hamburg, is rarely less than seven hundred to a thousand dollars a month.—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in the Cosmopolitan.

PROTECTING THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

To the average American, the precautions taken to protect the Sultan of Turkey against possible poisoning must seem utterly absurd, yet long experience has taught those who surround the imperial presence that too



many safeguards cannot be hedged about Abdul.

Before a meal is prepared the palace officials visit the royal kitchen and inspect the dishes, which are tasted and then sealed up with long ribbons, the ends of which are held by the major domo. Guards, reinforced by strong armed escort, then carry the food to the imperial presence.

Sympathy Was Powerless.

To exercise a general supervision over lost children and stray pets is characteristic of a kind-hearted resident of South Paris, Me., who is represented by the Lewiston Journal as ready to sympathize with every childish trouble. He was walking along the street recently, when he noticed a little boy on the sidewalk, evidently in the deepest trouble. His chubby fists burrowed into his fat little face. Great round drops of misery rolled down his cheeks and fell on his little blouse.

"Did ye get hurt, sonny?" asked the kind-hearted man.

"No!" howled the boy.

"Lost?"

"No," with a wilder burst of sorrow.

"Where do you live?"

The boy pointed.

"Waiting for your dad?"

"No. Boohoo!"

"Well, then, what is the trouble?"

The boy sobbed bitterly, and answered in tones of anguish:

"I've got the tummy-ache."

It is said that the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, but this does not cut any ice.