

**AFTER THE ELEPHANTS.**

**A Royal Hunt in India Enjoyed by a Man from New Jersey.**

The following account of a royal elephant hunt at Aynthia, India, was written home by a New Jersey man who happened to witness that interesting event:

"The stockade in which the elephants are yearly captured," he says, "is a quadrangular piece of ground, inclosed by a wall some six feet thick, having an entrance on one side through which the elephants are made to enter the inclosure. Inside the wall is a fence of strong teak stakes driven into the ground close together, allowing only sufficient room between them to permit the passage of a man. In the center is a small house erected on poles and strongly supported and surrounded by stakes, wherein men are generally stationed for the purpose of securing the animals, but on this occasion the elephants were let loose upon an open plain behind the arena and then captured. The wild elephants being then in the bamboo jungle in the vicinity of Aynthia, having been decoyed from a great distance in the interior and kept in readiness within a few hours' journey for the appointed day, and as we were informed of their near approach to us we remained and witnessed the wild beasts being lured by the tame ones.

"The sight to us was a novelty. You see over an immense plain at some distance a few tame elephants with their riders ahead of at least two hundred wild ones, large and small. You see them nearing you closer and closer, until they approach the stockade, when the tame elephants form a front—and fancy fifteen tame beasts hemming in some two hundred wild ones in a small space—when they were pressed forward through the entrance one by one. Here we experienced some excitement. Some go through quietly, others refuse, show fight, charge the line of front, and on several occasions broke through, when off go the tame elephants and bring them back, and so by patience and perseverance the whole number is driven in. The gate is then closed and they remain within the inclosure to await the pleasure of the King.

"Early the next morning the King arrived, accompanied by a large concourse of nobles. At about eleven o'clock he arrived at a sort of grand stand and operations commenced. The beasts that had been penned up all night were let out through another gate opening into a plain, where such as the King admired were caught. Here again the scene was exciting. If an animal which is admired escapes, chase is immediately made after it by the tame elephants, the driver of which throws a lasso to catch the fugitive's feet. Having effected this, the animal upon which he rides leans itself with all its power the opposite way, and thus brings the other violently on the ground. It is then strongly bound and conveyed to the elephant stables. One large male made its escape through the front ranks and was lost among the ruins and jungle of the old city. Naturally enough accidents are of common occurrence, men being killed by the infuriated animals, which are frequently confined for two days in the inclosure without food. I am happy to say that no accidents of a serious nature occurred on this occasion. I have only to chronicle a few upsets of no importance. From the two hundred elephants that were decoyed the King selected some twenty of the best. The remainder were driven into the interior to await the ensuing year."—Newark Sunday Call.

**HIDDEN JUST IN TIME.**

**An Incident of Mr. Kennan's Travels in the Land of the Bear.**

Mr. George Kennan, the Siberian explorer and exposé, is one of the most entertaining conversationalists whom a person can meet. He is a very unassuming man and very modest. Some of his most thrilling experiences will probably never be put in print, or, at least, not for a number of years, for, strange as it may seem, Mr. Kennan hopes to again visit Russia at the end of two or three years. He had very many narrow escapes from death and the mental strain produced by them was naturally very great. One of these which has not been printed occurred once while he was in a Nihilist's house. He had papers with him which, if found, would result in his being instantly shot. He was informed that the officers were on his track, and would arrive at this house within five minutes. Russian officers are very thorough when making a search for any thing of this nature, and what to do with these papers was a most pertinent question. But to think was to act, and taking up a hand-glass upon the table he pried out the back with his knife, hastily put the papers in the frame and restored the back to its place just as the officers arrived. The search was made, the glass raised from the table, but the papers were not found. This is but a sample of the many experiences Mr. Kennan had in Siberia. He says that the horrors of the prison system there in vogue can not be described in words so as to convey any accurate idea to the reader or hearer.—Philadelphia North American.

**Nutmegs as a Medicine.**

The medicinal qualities of nutmegs are worthy of a great deal of attention. They are fragrant in odor, warm and grateful to the taste, and possess decided sedative, astringent and soporific properties. In the following affections they will be found highly serviceable: Gastralgia (neuralgia of the stomach), cholera morbus, flatulent cholera, dysentery, cholera infantum and infantile cholera. In all cases nutmegs may be

prepared for administration in the following manner. Grate one or more nutmegs into a very fine powder. For children, give one-sixth to one-third of a teaspoonful, according to the age, of this powder, mixed with a small quantity of milk. For adults, from a half to two teaspoonfuls may be given in the same way according to the severity of the case. Every two hours is generally the best time to administer this remedy. Insomnia (sleeplessness) is very often effectually relieved by one or two doses of nutmeg, when much stronger agents have signally failed.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"You would not think," said an old actor, "that a little, festive mosquito would break up a performance, would you? Well, such is the fact. You remember Ned Buckley, don't you? Used to be leading man in Boston theater; also with Booth and Barrett. One rather warm night, before some sort of a holiday, Ned took a snap company out to a town in Western Massachusetts to do 'Julius Caesar.' It was not a sumptuous performance by any means, but still it pleased the audience. Buckley played Caesar, and did it well. If I am not mistaken Fred Bryton was the Marc Antony. It became so hot before the performance had fairly begun that the windows in the rear of the stage were wide open. It was not long before the stage was swarming with mosquitoes, they being attracted, no doubt, by the strong light on the stage. Buckley had on a pair of white tights, and he discovered at the last moment that there were several small holes in the legs. So he got a piece of billiard chalk and whitened over the tights where they were burnt.

"Well, the play ran along smoothly enough until the time came for Marc Antony to bury Caesar and not praise him. Poor Julius was lying on the bier, and just as Marc began the oration he felt the infernal little animals getting in their work. Buckley said forever afterward that they were educated. They just picked out the spots where he had used the chalk. He stood the agony just as long as he could; then he began murdering his tormentors. Several times did Julius slap his limbs, and every time he slapped he grunted with relief. He kept slapping his limbs and grunting all through the oration, the audience shouting with laughter all the while. The audience just about knew the cause of the trouble, because they were doing some slaughtering on their own hook. Buckley stood the agony just as long as he could, then he gave Anthony a tip, and the oration was cut remarkably short. The audience was tickled immensely, and insisted upon the actors going before the curtain several times. The mosquitoes who made the hit went with them. The performance was a farce for the balance of the evening. Every time that some body began to act one of the auditors would begin to laugh and every body would join in the chorus."—Boston Herald.

**A WIZARD'S JOKE.**

**How Herrmann Once Upon a Time Fooled a Greedy Chinaman.**

"Talking of the Chinese play here," said a well-known lawyer, "I never had more fun than I did at a Chinese performance in San Francisco several years ago. I went there with Herrmann, the magician, and several San Francisco journalists. It was in the Chinese quarter and the performance was the adjourned act of a play that had been started a month before. In the lobby were a lot of Chinese peddlers selling sweetmeats, oranges and other fruits. Herrmann made a dead set at the orange man, a thin-faced, avaricious-looking fellow, who wore a queue about five feet long. Herrmann bought an orange and cut it open. With an exclamation of delighted surprise, his eyes sparkling and his face lit up with smiles, he drew a five-dollar gold piece out of the pulp and held it up so that the Chinaman could see it. The latter's eyes bulged from their sockets and a pained look of disappointment crossed his expressionless face. Herrmann bought three more oranges, and from each he drew a shining five. By this time the perspiration rolled in beads down the Chinaman's face, and he looked so sick I felt sorry for him. He gathered up his stock, muttering to himself, and when Herrmann wanted to buy another half-dozen the Chinaman refused to sell them.

"I'll give you one dollar for them," said Herrmann.

"The price was only ten cents, but the Chinaman was tired of giving away gold pieces.

"Me no wantee sellee," he said shrilly.

"A few minutes later he retired into a corner and with the air of a conspirator began to cut up his oranges. One after another they went, and his look of disappointment became darker and darker as the magic gold pieces failed to appear. It was actually tragic when the last one was gone, and Herrmann gave him one dollar to prevent his committing suicide."—N. Y. Sun,

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2:45 p.m.	..... West Solo	.....	10:30 a.m.
3:45 p.m.	..... Spicer	.....	9:52 a.m.
5:31 p.m.	..... Brownsville	.....	7:42 a.m.
6:30 p.m.	ar. Coburg	lv.	6:00 a.m.

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Foot of F Street.

7:30 a.m.	lv. Portland (P. & W. V.)	ar.	6:20 p.m.
9:25 p.m.	..... Lafayette	.....	9:25 a.m.
12:10 p.m.	..... Sheridan	.....	2:15 p.m.
2:11 p.m.	..... Dallas	.....	12:07 p.m.
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