

## The Cunning of Elephants.

With some Instances of their Intelligence and Fervor.

"My family have been in the circus business for seventy years," said Frank Matlivo. "Speaking of elephants, I once rode forty miles on the back of one, and ever since when I was only a year old, and ever since have been in with them, we were, and had opportunities for studying their ways. I don't want any more intimate association with them than that, but so far they have a real fascination for me. During the testing season, when I am not at work in the ring, the most likely place to find them is in the stable yard. They are never tired of watching them; for they are always doing something new, showing how intelligent, cunning, and I may say devilish, they are. They understand what is said to them as well as most people do, and think about what they want to do just as a person would. I have seen them do terrible things, and again, when they thought nobody was about to watch them, they come into contact with an enemy in a way that detection that a human being could hardly beat. It is no uncommon thing for an elephant to pull up the stake to which he is chained, go to a food bin, containing oats or carrots, wrench the lock, raise the lid, eat all the carrots, and down the stalk to which his chain is fastened to the stable door. It comes out of a wild beast when he is wicked, because he has so much intelligence in planning devility and cunning in executing it with his terrible power. If an elephant could talk he'd be a man indeed."

"And the talk among themselves, too? They are always on the lookout to see if there is any chance to steal the feed of the others?"

"Speaking of the elephant's understanding of words—and mind you, he knows their meaning as words, without any accompanying gestures such as you have to make to the beast trained to understand them—there is a story of Tippoo Sait that goes like this: When I was a boy, we were going into Prairie du Chien, and he was going into the river. Elephants are very fond of the water, and he was enjoying himself immensely, with a crowd of us suppose a thousand people looking on. The comfort he was taking, a fellow named Mary Sait, who was a very young Newfoundland dog, that he had a most congenial notion of. The dog had, as the man said, whipped a bear, and the fellow thought could whip anything, even the elephant, and he kicked him on Tippoo Sait. Tippoo Sait supposed to the man that the creature was too big, and the dog would not take notice of himself, for he had swum around Tippoo and barked at him. But that seemed to annoy the elephant after a while, and Frank just said quickly: 'Take him, Tippoo.' The next second Tippoo took him around, towed him under his arm, and when he got him to the water, he was a mere wisp of hair, tossed him up, and hung him out on shore. 'Dead?' Dead? Why that dog looks like a handkerchief."

"Tippoo Sait was the greatest dog I ever saw. He was a full foot long, and when he was mad he was able to close his mouth together, spread them apart, as he liked in a way. I've never seen any other elephant do. When he got a chance to kill anything he would first knock it down, then pat the points of those tusks down tuks together, and, dropping his tusks, would drive those points through whatever he was murdering, or smash it into pieces with them. At one little town in Iowa, where we were stopping over Sunday, we had a sort of canvas enclosure around him, where he was chained to a stake. The keeper went away to his dinner, leaving the dog alone, and a boy, a young doctor, who had come around, and who rose up and said: 'I don't get out midday, but I'll be back at night.' He was a good boy, and his strength had got dangerous and about ten years after his fall they had to kill him."

"In another place, Ohio, I think it was, he got born, and stood at everybody that came near him, and, in fear of what he might do if he got fairly started, they killed him—shot him in the eye with a very large rifle ball, and settled him. I was not with the company then, and a desperate job it was. Canada was his only field of an elephant belonging to Maytie's combination when I was with them. We had trouble first with him in Chicago, where we were showing in an iron building near the court house. He had one of his tusks broken before he got them, and he would not let them out, so he had to treat them. They tried to tie him up with rope, and he would beat him until he 'hollered,' which is the token of submission. But the fit came of him suddenly a few days afterward, and he opened the proceedings by knocking down one end of his barn, and walking out into the street. His master had to stop him, and then he went into a house—knocked blocks into the air, striking stones across the street, tearing down signs and lamp posts, and playing the deuce generally. But he didn't kill anybody. Not that the citizens of Chicago gave him much chance, for about all he could get to see of them was cast-off disreputable up-stairways or running in the streets. They turned the horse to keep him from getting to the north or west side of the town. Finally the keeper got him under control."

"Then they sent him up to Mr. Maytie's farm at Delavan, Wisconsin, with the rest of the menagerie, to winter, and the life where he played the last part of his life. There we were training our horses there when the time and Cenaria's keeper was endeavoring to break him for some ring performance. One day the brute got one of his spells upon him, rushed from the stall into the stable yard, and began an indiscriminate slaying of the animals in his enclosure. In a moment he had killed two, and when he was scared, he started out, a couple of alts, three or four horses and ponies, and a white camel. He would seize an animal, toss it up in the air, catch it on his tusks as it came down, and then either jam or trample the life out of it. When he had killed everything in sight he called out to down town. The alarm had gone ahead of him, and he was soon surrounded by a dozen or more traps set with a long beam and an enormous block of stone, to entangle his legs and hold him. The chain was as thick as any log, and the stone—which had been intended for a corner stone or something of the sort, and had a large iron ring in it—was big as a bureau. When the trap was set a man ran out in sight. Cenaria's keeper, and the cobra, who had set it, fell a sleep that anything else took up him. The trap was successful, so far as making the chain and those fast him, but he kept right on and would have caught the man, who was a fast runner, if both had been kept to the level road. But the man jumped down into an unbroken car of a new horse, and the cobra, who had been sleeping, sprang off and alighted easily as a dog would with a big stone clattering behind him. Fortunately the stone was too large to pass up the flight of steps, and then struck wedged against the stones walls on each side. Canada was fast at last, but it was a mighty long call for the

They were getting the animals into waggon cages, preparatory to starting out in the spring, and when they came to that black rhinoceros the trouble began. He was in a cage opposite the door. Then he burst a cage up against the door, and the ropes and chain, jabbed pitchfork-like into his trunk and legs, and fastened him for many hours until he was literally exhausted and covered with blood, and then he shouted. Skeeter Craven, who had him in charge, asked him: 'Have you not enough?' and Canada gave a howl in reply, just as a man might have done, as much to say that he had.

"Cenaria's keeper was a scoundrel, but never malious and murderous. The bulls are said to get that way about four times a year, especially as they grow old. At such times they get those short fits of uncontrollable rage, such as Canada had, and was to such extent living as a brute as he had been. On the contrary I hear plenty of young ladies crying out that this Queen City of the West is a awful dull and kindred spirit of young gents who echo the cry and demand the throny. It is dull sometimes, when the streets are closed, and the houses are dark, and looked out from a door above, where I had a full view of the whole proceeding. When the rhinoceros found himself loose he went for his natural enemies, the elephants, that were tied up on one side. Empress, the oldest cow elephant in the country, was among them, and he took her by the nose, and went to her feet. First the black bull went for the four small elephants over in one corner, and chased them about, drove his nose under them, heaved them up in the air, and tramped on them, damaging them so that two of them died. Then when he got them all piled up in a heap, he made a rough wall, and then he went to the other side of the wall and killed them. Then he spent a great deal of time in another direction. As far as I can see, he did not kill any of the animals, but if you'll watch the beat until the man that they had to kill him. He killed a female elephant, a girl named Bill Peat, that day. Then Frankfort or Cincinnati, they killed him."

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## LIVELY?

(From the Toronto New Democrat.)

I can notice that whenever a good friend from the country comes to visit his City acquaintance, he always expatiates on the variety of things that are going on in Toronto and the number of amusements that here lighten the burden and monotony of life. You have always something to do.

"I am half complimentary, half ingenuous. Thus, it is thought, can one be

sobered up, and then he is half a man again.

"I am half a