

The Elephants of an Indian Prince.

Now we saw without his drapery, the elephant which had borne our howdah. He was very large, though not so tall as Jumbo, and had been captured when he was a wild little calf, and given to the Maharajah's great-grandfather, then a boy, and the elephant had been for nearly one hundred years the pride and pet of the stable and menagerie; no wonder that he was as much at home with the Maharajah and his keepers, as our most docile domestic animals are with us. In being groomed he was first lathered with soap, and then scraped and brushed by strong armed men and sprayed off with fire-hose, enjoying his bath with all his might, for at the end he was allowed a plunge in a deep river or pond, where he swam about for hours under water, with only the tip end of his trunk coming up to the surface for air, and this bit of a trunk, skimming along, looked not bigger than a small frog on his travels, though there must have been a pretty big swirl underneath the wave.

He came and went at will without a keeper, and after being shown to us and taking some tea cakes very gently from our hands, he trotted off alone when he was bidden across the fields and under the palm trees, to his stable three miles distant.

An elephant fight now promised much excitement, if the natives were to believe it.

The great creatures stripped off all trappings and made ready to fight by having their tusks cut off short, were brought, two by two, into a wide open field. When let go, they ran at each other head foremost, with their trunks in the air. The fight was very stupid, being simply a huge game of "push heads which is the toughest," where the stronger won and then drove the weaker off the field. They seemed good-natured, and also to enjoy the game.

Some ten or twenty other elephants looked on, apparently interested and amused, until one very strong, active elephant among the fighters ran after his vanquished antagonist with the evident intention of striking at his trunk, when all the other elephants became excited, and constituted themselves a company of umpires, and set up such indignant moaning that the keeper interfered.

We saw one beautiful elephant who was born in the Prince's province and had never seen a jungle, but had grown up in the pasture and stable, like any other cow. When she came to see her own little calf paced by her side. The calf was the little counterpart of the cow, and was a very pretty creature, whom one would like for a pet. She wore draperies and frills and gold lace like her mother, with ear-rings which nearly reached to the ground, and gold bangles. She walked jauntily along, "toeing out," stiffening her knees, and holding her chin down in the most approved manner. When we offered her a bit of sponge cake, she sidled nearer, like a pet lamb, lifted the little finger at the end of her trunk, and examined the trunk daintily before taking it; and apparently never having seen any before she turned towards her mother with a questioning look. The mother elephant seemed puzzled. She walked toward us with an expression of hesitation, anxious curiosity in her small knowing eyes, as one may see any cow do. She held out her trunk for the cake, and the little one dutifully gave it to her, whereupon the mother turned it over carefully, then held it up and looked at us as if for an explanation. We motioned toward the little one, to whom she promptly returned it, and then looked on contentedly while the calf enjoyed the tidbit.

This indulgence on our part seemed to gain the mother elephant's confidence, for she began showing off her offspring with unmistakable pride. She pushed the little one toward us, and turned it round and round with her great trunk. When the calf demurred she coaxed and caressed her, the cow was evidently vain of the calf's finery, and encouraged that spoiled elephantling to flaunt her furbelows and tinkle her ear-rings. She drew our attention to the big, little fat legs of the beauty, and finally wound her trunk affectionately round the small neck, lifted the little head, and showed us the beginning of her baby's first tusk.

We thought this gentleness and intelligence were due to training, as neither of these creatures had ever known the wild life of the jungle; but we had a chance later to learn that this was not altogether the case.

A wild elephant cow and calf lately captured were driven up to show us the difference. They were both darker and very rough, lean and hungry-looking in comparison with the domesticated ones. A strong chain tied the wild mother elephant's fore-legs together, and she was also fastened with a strong lariat to a tame elephant.

The wild baby elephant kept close to its mother and stumbled along like a sly, awkward hobbledehoy. When the keepers tried to turn the wild calf toward us, and away from its mother, the little one threw back its head, struck up its chin, and cried out loud and piteously. The poor mother struggled toward her terrified calf, and managed to get her own ponderous body between the calf and the strange looking people. The little one refused to be comforted, and the mother's ways of protecting and soothing it were so tender and knowing as to seem almost human. She stroked it with her big trunk and shoved it lovingly behind her, and finally persuaded the little one to take some nourishment, when it threw back its small trunk dexterously, and drew the milk, smacking like any satisfied, hungry calf.

They became quieter when they saw that no harm was intended them, and then the little one was more amusing than ever, running under the mother and hiding behind her great legs, occasionally darting a shy, frightened peep from behind the shelter. If we looked, or went toward her, she dodged back and hid her face, and if we took no notice she came nearer, and even stepped one foot forward in a teasing, gingerly fashion. Meantime the bold town-bred elephant youngster looked on with great interest, wagging her tail, jingling her ear-rings, and tossing her trunk in high glee, apparently much amused at her countrified sister's awkwardness and discomfiture.

Coming down the Erie road the other day a young lady leaned forward, and touching a resident of Turner's Centre on the shoulder, asked him politely if he would tell her what those soft fluffy-looking animals were in a large meadow beside the track. "Them's Southdowns, marm," was the answer. "How interesting!" she said. "Mamma said she thought they were goats, but I knew she was mistaken, and as for me, I thought they were sheep. How little we know of the country!"

Peach Yellows.

Dr. Canniff, Medical Health Officer, having made an investigation regarding the disease of the peaches known as the "yellows," notice of which was published in the "Mail" some days ago, has sent in his report to the Mayor. The report deals with the extent to which the disease exists among those brought to the Toronto market, from which place they came, and to what extent the disease renders the fruit unfit for human consumption, or may be dangerous to the public health. Dr. Canniff also endeavored while at Niagara to make himself acquainted with the nature of the disease, how it spreads from tree to tree, and what is the proper remedy. The disease, he states in his report, is now recognized by those most competent to judge as parasitic in its nature, and as highly contagious, and that it is propagated through the agency of germs. The "yellows" bears a close resemblance to some of the diseases which affect the human system. A tree may sprout from the stone of a diseased peach, and seemingly be healthy until it begins to bear, when the usual symptoms will appear. These are the fading of the naturally green leaves, which become more or less "yellow" and the tree has the general appearance of decay. However, this is not always the case. There are three stages of the disease, which are developed in three consecutive years. In the first stage it often passes unnoticed, but the premature maturity of the fruit, which is characteristic, will at once inform the experienced fruit grower that it is the beginning of a fatal malady. As the symptoms develop the peach presents a highly-colored appearance, sometimes being blood red, and it is the belief of many that the so-called blood peach variety is but an ordinary peach affected with the "yellows." The outside is generally at first spotted with red, like an eruption, or it is mottled. On removing the skin the same red marks are seen extending into the flesh of the fruit. In a well developed case there are large streaks of red extending to the stone, to which the stringy flesh is unnaturally adherent. In the first year of the disease the taste of the fruit is little, if any, changed. It is often large and generally very palatable. In the second year the fruit is smaller and has less taste. In the third year it is often tasteless, and always insipid and sometimes mawkish.

- The modes of propagation are supposed to be:
1. When the tree is in blossom, by bees and certain birds, which carry the pollen from one tree to another.
 2. By the implement used for training the trees; the sap of a diseased tree being conveyed by it to the healthy one.
 3. It is supposed that the diseased spores may be cast off from the leaves or blossoms, and, floating in the air, be wafted by a breeze to another tree, which thus contracts the disease.
 4. There is no doubt that the planting of the pit of a diseased peach by nurserymen will propagate disease.
 5. In the practice of transplanting certain buds, the disease may also be transmitted.

After once affected can never be cured. If only a small branch is affected it is the same; consequently the proper means to exterminate the "yellows" is to destroy the tree—root, branch, and fruit—by fire, and disinfect the soil where it grew.

The consumption of the diseased fruit will produce diarrhoea. Fruit impregnated with elements so fatal to the free cannot be safely used for food.

Dr. Canniff further states that he found few orchards in which there were not some diseased trees, and in some a good many. He found also that not a few baskets of peaches with the "yellows" had been sent to Toronto; that he had been told by one grower that he thought some thousand baskets, more or less affected, had been sent during the present season. Diseased peaches come principally from the States.

The duty of stamping out the disease rests with the municipality in which the disease is located. The law is quite sufficient to do this.

In conclusion, Dr. Canniff submitted that an inspection of all the peaches brought to Toronto should be made, and all affected fruit confiscated, as the law directs.

The Story of a Picture.

Concerning an aged French priest, who built at his own expense the dainty little church at Mont Rouge, there is a story told which might have delighted Rossetti. An aristocrat by birth, title and training, he is said as a young man to have made a brilliant figure in fashionable Parisian society. Rendered suddenly dumb in the best years of his youth, either by some unfortunate accident or by some unfamiliar malady, he found himself compelled to abandon the career for which he had been destined, and to forsake those elegant circles he had charmed so often by his delicate wit and irreproachable grace of manner. Lading physicians of the time exhausted their skill in unsuccessful efforts to restore his speech; his case was pronounced hopeless; in the pleasures or distractions of travel he sought that forgetfulness of his misfortune which familiar scenes and faces might render impossible at home.

He went to Italy. There, while wandering in some world famous gallery—I know not whether in Florence, Venice or Milan—he beheld for the first time a certain celebrated Madonna a masterpiece of the grandest period of Italian art; perhaps one of those chefs d'oeuvre wherein the painter has told the whole secret of his love, and through the idealization of a woman's worshipped face made manifest the holiness of beauty. Astonished, fascinated, thrilled with emotion by the immortal loveliness of the work, the young traveler cried out in a voice that rang through all the colossal building: "Oh, que c'est beau! que c'est divin!" The passion magic of the master 300 years entombed—the marvelous power of the long dead hand surviving centuries—had thus given strength of utterance to the dumb, had unlocked the bonds of speech! Science may offer in these days a simple physiological explanation for similarly strange results of intense emotional feeling; but in the early part of this century, more than at present, such an occurrence must have seemed to religious minds supernatural, miraculous, a manifestation of heavenly mercy, a sign of the Celestial Will. Thus did the young nobleman, indeed, interpret this wonderful recovery of his speech; he forsook society forever and became a priest.

A despatch states that Major Bartelott, who was heading an expedition for the relief of Stanley, was shot on July 19 by his Mangema carriers. It is stated that Tippoo Tib is at the bottom of the murder.

WIT AND WISDOM.

When a dog growls over his food you may know that he likes it. When a man growls you may know that he doesn't.

Mistress, to new servant: "We generally have breakfast about eight o'clock." New servant: "Well, mum, if I ain't down to it, don't wait."

The man whose melon patch was robbed went around the town and whipped every boy that had the belly-ache. That's what is meant by circumstantial evidence.

A man in Wisconsin while digging a post-hole the other day unearthed a bottle 32-year-old whiskey. Everybody in the neighborhood is hard at work with a spade.

An hour's rest is almost an hour added to a man's life, but too many hours devoted to rest will shorten life. The only safe rule is for one to take a rest when he is tired.

"We can take your new furniture and make it look as though it had been made a century ago," advertises a cabinet-maker. "My children can do that," comments a reader.

Young Man (to jeweller)—Will the watch cost anything extra if I should want a little time on it? Jeweller—No, sir; you pay me \$6 for the watch and I'll throw the time in.

Young Wife—"John, mother says she wants to be cremated."

Young Husband—"Tell her if she will get her things I'll take her down this morning."

Proud Father (displaying twins to Mr. Oldboy)—"What do you think of them, old fellow?" M. Oldboy (who doesn't care for babies)—"Er—are you going to try to raise 'em both?"

"I was paired five times last year," said the senator. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Fairanthrity; and I haven't been paired once yet. What is the fare to Washington?"

"I can carry in some kindling wood if you insist on my doing it, ma'am," said the tramp, with a hurt look, "but it never did agree with me to take violent exercise just after eating."

"You are evidently worried over business matters," diagnosed a young physician; "what you need is peace of mind." "My dear sir," replied the patient, "I get a piece of mind every day."

Bishop (on his semi-annual round)—So you don't remember me, Bobby? Bobby—N-no, sir. Bishop—I remember you very well indeed. Bobby—That so? Well, why didn't you bring me something?

"I hear that you and your brother contested your father's will, Mr. Dollargon; did you break it?" "I should say we did; broke everybody that had anything to do with the estate or the family, except the lawyers."

"My dear," said a fond New Haven mother to her boy, "why do you not play with the little Jones boy?" "Oh, he's horrid. He says bad, naughty words, just like papa does." Reform will begin at home in that family.

Mother—Oh, doctor! I'm so glad you have come. We have had such a scare. We thought at first that Johnny had swallowed a gold \$5 piece. Doctor—And you found out that he didn't? Mother—Yes; it was simply a nickel.

"For Her Dear Sake."—Wife—"John, your hair is coming out at a terrible rate." Husband—"I know it is, my dear. I must do something for it at once." Wife—"I wish you would, John, for my sake. You know how people will talk."

Invalid—I have been here at these springs, doctor, six weeks, and I don't see that the water has had the slightest effect. Dr. Candid—You must have patience. There was a man here last season who didn't die until he had been here two months.

Johnny—Mamma, is papa a self-seeking man? Mamma—Why no, dear, he is very liberal and kind hearted. Johnny—But I heard him say that in politics he didn't know where he was this year, and I thought probably he was hunting for himself.

"Aunt," said a little New Jersey boy who was on a visit, "I thought you said you didn't have any mosquitoes in this part of the country." "We don't, dear." "But I can hear them singing just as they do at home." "No, Tommy; that is a saw mill you hear."

"Young man," he said socrorously, "are you ever abroad in the early morning when the great orb of day rises in all his majestic and brilliant glory?" "Well—yes, sir, sometimes," replied the young man, "but I generally try to get to bed earlier than that."—[N. Y. Sun.

Mother—Why, Bobby, you are very late from Sunday school; did you come directly from the church? Bobby (with conscious rectitude)—No, ma; the teacher told us that cleanliness was next to godliness; so after Sunday school was out some of the boys went in swimming.

Horace Greeley told this story of himself: Soon after he went to learn the printing business he went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is being grievously tormented with a devil."

"You seem to have quite a sum in your bank, Bobby," remarked the visitor. "Yes," said Bobby, "ma gives me ten cents a week for coming to the table with clean hands and face." "Ten cents is a good deal of money for a little boy to earn every week." "Yes, ma'am, but I have to do a large amount of work for it."

Tramp—"I know it, ma'am; I'm always out of work, but it's all my luck." Woman—"How is that, poor man?" Tramp—"It's this way, ma'am. In the winter I feel like mowing lawns, and in the summer I just actually crave to shovel snow, and nature continually balks me. Have you such a thing as a pie in the house?"

A man who subscribed to the News for three months writes: "I want to pay for my subscription, but I'm a little short of money; so I send you a half dozen eggs. If you'd put 'em under a settin' hen they'll hatch you enough chickens to pay for a year's subscription." Now, this is a new way to pay debts, but if somebody will give us a hen we will try the experiment.

"Oh, dry up!" shouted somebody in the crowd to the intoxicated individual in the middle, who was trying to make a campaign speech. "Gen'l'men," said the speaker, stopping short in his harangue, and looking about with an injured and insulted air. "I donno what I've ever (hic) done to make you wish (hic) that I should ever (hic) come (hic) to such an awful end!"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DRESS REFORM.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, whom everyone knows as one of the hygiene dress reformers, is organizing "Dress Clubs" in different parts of the country. She has given up the older society and is bringing her weapons to bear on the younger portion. She hopes to induce girls to abandon their corsets or to grow up without any. Just now the leglette is her ambition and she is trying to rush that article of dress to the front. She says that already there are at least 5,000 of these garments in daily wear, and those who have worn it once will never go back to petticoats. Mrs. Miller, who has taken up her permanent residence in this city, is a fine-looking woman. Her movements and carriage are fine and easy and her manner dignified—all of which she attributes to the way she clothes herself. She says that Michigan is one of the States where women are beginning to see the advantage of high art in dressing and that they have organized nearly twenty "Dress Clubs" in the state, young as is the movement.—New York letter.

OLD MAIDHOOD.

There are many worse things than single blessedness, and the condition of the old maid is no less honorable to her than is that of matrimony to her wedded sister. The old maid may, if she will, and she generally does, bear a noble part in the good work of making the world a better and happier place. There are probably few who do not carry with them through life the tender memory of some old maid whose love and goodness cheered and blessed their early years. How often is she a ministering angel whose life is spent in acts of unselfish devotion to those around her? We cannot spare the old maid. She has an important role to play in the human comedy, and the thing for her to do is to study it and play it well. The woman who worries because she sees old maidhood before her is without good sense. Let her be sure that there are thousands of wives who only wish that they had led single lives, and then she may find it easier to learn of the Apostle in whatsoever state she is therewith to be content.—[North American.

LADIES OF JAPAN.

An American exchange says:—A number of eminent ladies, headed by Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Garfield, have addressed an open letter "to Japanese women who are adopting foreign dress." The writers warn the Japanese ladies that there are many objectionable features in the dress of women of this side of the world.

From the standpoint of beauty, grace, and suitability (the letter goes on,) Japanese dress, modeled after the best Japanese standards, is both elegant and refined, and it would take years for Japanese ladies to adapt to themselves and wear with equal grace a costume to which they are entirely unaccustomed. As to economy, European dress, with its ample skirts and trimmings, requires a large amount of material, and even if native stuffs are used the expense of the costume will be greatly increased, to say nothing of the change and expenditure in household furniture necessary if Western dress be adopted. Foreign carpets, chairs, and tables must be added to foreign dresses and shoes, and Japanese household interiors, now held up to the world as models of grace, simplicity and harmony, will have to be entirely remodeled.

But it is to the relations of foreign dress to health that the attention of the Japanese ladies is especially directed. Heavy skirts, dangerously close fitting dress bodies, "the insidious custom of wearing corsets, far more direful in its consequences than the Chinese custom of compressing the feet of women," are all commented on. Some of the writers think that the charges of immodesty sometimes made against the present Japanese dress could be met by the addition of under-clothing.

All these observations are made "that Japanese ladies may be made aware of the dangers of such a course before adopting foreign dress, and that they may be led to stop and consider well before doing what will affect not only their own health, but that of their sons and daughters."

A POPULAR GIRL.

What qualities go to make a popular girl? Study the girl everybody likes, and see wherein lie the reasons of her popularity. Very often she is not pretty, or she is devoid of the clothes-wearing faculty we call style; she may not even be accomplished; but we all like her. The most popular girl we know is always called pretty, though her features are irregular and she belongs to no decided type. But the moment she meets one her whole face lights up with friendliness and her first speech is either some merry quip or bit of kindly sympathy. So you see it is not very strange that she is loved. She is not rich; her own lively fancy and nimble fingers must do much to provide her simple gowns, but somehow she always has time to do so much for other people. Whatsoever her hand finds to do she does with all her might.

THE DOG CRAZE.

A wealthy New York woman is guilty of the latest and most nauseating phase of the dog craze. Her pet Skye terrier died the other day and she had him interred with as much pomp and solemnity as though he were a United States senator. A \$600 casket held the body, a \$250 plot in Woodlawn Cemetery was honored with all that was mortal of the unfortunate yet. While the "last sad rites" were being performed over this pup in his rosewood coffin, according to the paper which chronicles this bit of folly, a young mother was discovered penniless and starving in the streets, trying to get money enough to buy food and medicine for her sick baby. This is a queer world.

Building Law in Berlin.

According to *Building*, the new law in Berlin is very strict:—"No building can occupy more than two-thirds of the ground, nor be higher than the width of the street. None can be occupied as a dwelling until six months after it is built, and the number of persons to be permitted in each sleeping-room is to be prescribed by the sanitary inspectors by the rule of so many cubic feet of space for each person. No unventilated or unlighted room is allowed to be used for personal occupation. Severe penalties are exacted for violation or neglect of the rules."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

"COME UNTO ME."

Wearily and sad with toil and sin,
Beset on every way I flee,
With foes without and fears within
How can I come to Thee?

Worn out with heavy weights of care,
Heart-sick of earth's poor vanity,
Of friend and lover in despair,
Where is the way to Thee?

Wert thou beside that lonely lake
Amid the hills of Galilee,
How soon my feet the way would take
That brought me unto Thee!

What weariness of night or day,
What tossing over land and sea,
What ill or anguish could dismay,
If I might come to Thee!

Come unto Me—how may I come
Thy face divine I cannot see,
Though as an exile thirns for home,
I long to come to Thee!

Hark! Some sweet, tender voice I hear,
"My word is true for all—for thee,
Forget thy sorrows and thy fear,
There is a way to Me!"

Speak from thy heart one fervent word,
"Take me, dear Lord, thy child to be,"
Thy prayer is answered as tis heard,
"Thou hast come home to Me!"

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT!

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage if sorrow come to bear it,
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil
But only whitens soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Kentucky has six counties that have never had a church within their borders. The secrets of much success in this world are cash, confidence, cheerfulness and constancy.

The Prince of Wales distinguished himself at Homburg not long ago by drinking fourteen glasses of spring water before breakfast.

There are eight mission ships now cruising in the North Sea, each a combination of church, chapel, temperance hall and dispensary.

The London police have organized a brass band consisting of forty-one pieces. They are determined to drive the criminals out of the city in some way.

A man has just died in New Haven who has dug 2,500 graves during his long and useful career, and whose father had dug about as many before him.

The Emperor Franz Josef of Austria is also on his travels. It is very clear that some enterprising excursion promoter is offering reduced rates to crowned heads about this time.

—Stanley, the explorer, is said to be a man of remarkable taciturnity. In all the years he was founding the Congo State stations he kept all his plans to himself. The scheme might have matured more successfully if he had consulted his assistants.

The third-class passenger is becoming more and more conspicuous in England. According to a report of the Great Northern railway for one-half of the year, first-class passengers were 3½ per cent. of the traffic; second-class, 5½ per cent., and third-class 91 per cent.

There is a marriage law in Pennsylvania which legalises a marriage when both parties in the presence of a witness declare themselves man and wife. And these marriages easily made, without even decent formality, lead to no small proportion of the divorce cases.

Experienced Page—"Gentleman from Maine wants to look at the Republican platform, sir." Republican Statesman—"Here it is. Show him the temperance end of it." Experienced Page—"His nose is awful red, sir." Republican Statesman—"Eh! Show him the free whiskey park."

An Australian football club has arranged with an accident insurance company to pay any of its members who are disabled while playing the game 30 shillings per week as long as they remain on the sick list, and £200 to the relatives if the injuries received in the football field should terminate fatally.

The formation of that huge lumber trust, with a capital of \$60,000,000, to control the output of Minnesota and Wisconsin, will, if it is perfected, have a strong influence on the Canadian lumber trade. The prime objects of such a trust would be to raise prices, to cut wages and to resist the abolition of the timber taxes. There is no reason to doubt that the trust will be formed, but whether it will add to the permanence of the tariff it is difficult to say. There is no such state of satisfaction in the West with dear lumber that the farmers will stand an unnecessary rise in prices.