

A TEN SHILLING TRAGEDY

SCENE I.

Burnfoot is a lonely spot. It lies at the foot of the back avenue to Barnocraig, and the wind stirring among the branches of the great beech trees, whispers uncannily over the three forlorn cottages of which the hamlet consists. The old quarry-hole at the back of the houses is filled with stagnant water, irresistibly suggestive of drowning, which suggestion is not lessened by the known fact that the body of a child was found in the pool some years ago.

The scene has other cheerless features. The houses are faced by the Quaker's Mill, whose great water-wheel, stopped by disaster, rots in the weather. The green slopes that shut the lonely hamlet in, run upward till beyond them the eye finds only the bare hillsides and the sky. It is true that a railway crosses the road within sight of the doors, but the mineral trains which flash through the Glen leave it lonelier than ever, as lightning seems only to deepen the darkness by dispelling it for a moment. A few farm carts use the road, which is deeply rutted and overgrown with weeds.

The signalman and his family occupy one of the cottages, but the dreariness of Burnfoot has stamped itself even upon this comparatively comfortable household. The children play about noiselessly and their mongrel puppy barks as if its own voice frightened it. Oddly enough, at the time when my story begins, cheerfulness was most at home in the little hamlet where it might least have been looked for, under the roofs of two half ruinous cottages, built gable to gable, wherein dwelt an old man and an old woman who had lived till it seemed as if death had overlooked the meagre harvest of their souls.

The elder of the two, Granny Wilde, was a little wizened woman in whom the vital spark had almost burned out. Her furrowed face and knotted hands were of a bloodless palor and grey with the gathered dirt of years. The skin of her neck clung to the sinews in yellow folds and her bleached eyelids dropped continually, through want of vigor to sustain themselves, over her faded eyes. She moved with difficulty leaning upon her stick.

In the dim background of Granny's consciousness lay a busy life. She had been wife and mother, but the very names of her children could only be summoned out of the past by a strong effort of memory. She lived in the sensations of the moment. Life to her meant tea and soup, scraps of soft meat, a draw of the pipe, the warmth of the fire and the heat of the sun. One passion possessed her whole soul and being. Her spirit's never-failing cry to God and man was for more coal. She thought of little else than the getting of coal and would cunningly twist any conversation round to the subject that lay at her heart. Our little ones at Barnocraig watched her store and never allowed it to become quite exhausted; but although she lived chiefly upon our benevolence, we knew that she had little faith in it. She feared the fires less than she feared the extinction of the fire in her grate. It was her custom to huddle up to Barnocraig daily, when the weather permitted, for milk and scraps, and often, with amusement, we have watched her prowling round the out-gate, where the coal was kept till she could snatch a lump, as she thought, unseen, and bear it off gleefully under her shawl to add to the bin at home.

Our mastiff represented to her the powers of evil in the world. The hatred which she bore to him was for long a mystery to us. As she passed by his kennel the coal was kept almost in her hand, and she would shake her head and pick out of it the best of the bones which had been put there that he might whet his great teeth upon them. The feeble old woman, undaunted by his rage, shook her stick at him angrily as she hipped off in triumph with the tit-bit of his supper under her shawl. It was well that when off the chain Nero was magnanimity itself. The twins often made him carry to granny's soup to Burnfoot in a can, but the poor earth could induce him to enter her cottage. He would wait at the door, whining and unhappy, till they reappeared. Granny heeded him not at all. She hated him only as the guardian of the bones, and feared nothing except that her coal might run down.

Between Granny Wilde and her neighbor, Danny Mann, a jealous friendliness subsisted. Danny, who was comparatively young, being only a little over eighty years old, could still, at times, do odd jobs for the farmers. Thus he did not live entirely upon charity.

It was in the matter of their coal supply that the old couple were permanently jealous of one another. It had become a fixed idea in Granny's mind that her neighbor helped himself from her store, and many an hour she spent staring into Danny's coal-shed in the hope of being able to identify as hers some peculiarly shaped lump of coal. It made Danny cross to find her thus occupied, his idea being that she was feeding the lust of her eye and would no doubt break through and steal at the first convenient opportunity. He labored hard upon the fence between the yards, but the poor crazy barrier wanted for its repair more skill and wood than he possessed.

Thus the old couple lived side by side, in outward amity, but with the center of distrust eating at the roots of their friendship.

Danny was nearly as unwashed as his neighbor, but his cheeks were more fleshy, and he was the centre of each glow-

ed a patch of crinkly red which seemed to have been stereotyped there by the hand of time. His back was much bent, so that in a sitting posture his small mousey head, with its spotted cheeks and ferret-like blue eyes, was thrust inquisitively forward to the level of his knees.

Against the wall, between the doors of the cottages, was a bench on which Danny often sat, sucking industriously at his short black pipe, whether there was anything in it or not. This pipe was the chief link between him and Granny Wilde. The old lady dearly loved a draw at it, and to procure this blessed privilege she was often forced to give Danny a cup of tea brewed from the leaves that had made her own, or a spoonful of two or her soup from the Barnocraig kitchen. As she would say, Danny had "a crap for a' corns."

So it happened that upon an autumn morning, Danny, in tattered sleeved-waistcoat and corduroys, crept out into the sunshine and sat him down upon the bench at his cottage door. The day was warm and soft. The dead leaves were dark with the night-dew. The slopes were green with the blades of the second crop, the sunshine lay cheerily upon the stubble and the warm stacks of fodder that were still standing in the fields. Even the spokes of the mill-wheel sparkled where the light caught the dew in its meshes.

The morning called for indulgence. Danny fished his pipe out of his waistcoat pocket, with a sigh that had many meanings in it. He knocked the dottle out upon his grimy palm and put it back again carefully to the last grain of tobacco. Then he pulled up his waistcoat, and groping deep in his trouser-pocket, drew forth a small round metal box out of which he took a two-inch screw of twist tobacco. From this he cut about half-an-inch with a dilapidated pen-knife and proceeded to crumble it carefully in the hollow of his hand. He then held his pipe as one who would prolong a pleasure to the utmost, and, all being ready for the pleasant sacrifice, he called out in a thin, cracked voice,—"Are ye steerin', Granny?"

(To be Continued.)

HER REFORMED DIET.

Mrs Newlight Makes a Series of Astonishing Discoveries.

"It's just awful how criminally ignorant I've been regarding our food," said Mrs. Newlight to her husband the other day. "I can never be thankful enough that I joined Prof. Scarem's class in domestic science. My! it's a wonder we're not all dead, ignorant as I've been. There's one thing sure, George Newlight, there'll be no more tomatoes on my table."

"Why?"

"Because Prof. Scarem explained to us to-day how tomatoes cause a marked arrest of vital activity in those who eat them, and he proved that the acid of tomatoes acts almost like a poison on the membrane of the stomach. Then I'm done with any berries that have seeds in on my table."

"I'd like to know why?"

"You wouldn't ask if you'd heard the professor's talk on appendicitis and its cause. A single dish of raspberries or strawberries may bring on that awful trouble. It's fearful to think of the risks people will run just to gratify the palate. And here we've always allowed our children to have sugar and cream on oatmeal!"

"What of it?"

"Well, you'd say 'what of it?' if you could hear the professor explain how the combination of oatmeal and cream and sugar causes dreadful gases to arise in the stomach and utterly retards digestion. 'Tis not the slightest doubt that the awful spasms our little Mamie had last year was due entirely to this cause. Then there's bananas! Why, George Newlight, they're simply rank poison! And you'll get no more white bread at my table."

"Why not?"

"Because there's no more nutrition in it than there would be in bread made out of pure starch. Every bit of the nutritive element has been refined out of it. It makes those who eat it thin-blooded."

"Do I look thin-blooded or as if I lacked nutrition?" asked Newlight, who weighs one hundred and ninety-nine.

"That doesn't signify. You don't know what day you'll break down under such bread. We'll have nothing but graham or whole wheat flour hereafter. And I've done with coffee, too. If you could see and hear Prof. Scarem denounce just how poisonous it is to the whole human system you'd shun it as you shun opium. He says that cocoa shells is the only real safe warm drink."

"I'd as soon drink dishwater," said Newlight.

"You'd better drink dishwater than your poisonous coffee. If you'd only take a little time to study domestic science and look into this food business a little it would be a good thing for your health and the health of your family. There's a lot more things we've been jeopardizing our lives by eating in our criminal ignorance and I'm going to cut all of them off our list."

And she did, which is the reason that Newlight is taking most of his meals down town at present.

BRAVE SURGEONS.

Instances of the Heroism of Two British Army Doctors.

Persons who glorify military operations do not always stop to think that they could scarcely be undertaken without the aid of the medical staff. Here are men who must be consulted at every turn; who constantly suffer toil and anxiety in order to keep the troops at their fighting best, and who in the day of action risk their lives as truly as if they were heading a column. Blackwood tells the story of an English surgeon who was mortally wound-

ed at Majuba Hill, and who yet performed an act worthy to be mated with that of Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen.

The agony of death was closing in upon him. He had succumbed to his own hurt and weakness, but just at that moment he heard a wounded man shrieking in an extremity of pain. That was enough, and he crawled to the spot where the soldier lay, gave him an injection of morphine, and died.

During the Ashanti War in 1874, the English force was hotly engaged at Amfof, and one regiment was gallantly making its way through the bush. Several men had fallen, and every surgeon connected with the fighting line was fully occupied, when suddenly two Highlanders appeared, bearing between them a gallant old officer who had been shot in the neck. The arterial blood was spitting like a fountain from the wound, and the principal medical officer at once recognized the danger of the case.

"If that man is not attended to," said he, coolly, "he will be dead in five minutes."

And though they were at the moment in an open space exposed to almost instant death, he stopped short and applied himself to his task. He extemporized a support for the poor fellow's head, and laid him down. Then while the ugly "phit! phit!" of bullets sounded about them, he tied the carotid artery with as steady a hand and as unshaken nerve as if he had been in an operating-room.

One brave man had done his duty with the simplicity of true heroism, and another brave man had been saved for the service of his country.

REMARKABLE DRIVING FEAT.

A Man in Vienna Who Drives Ten-in-Hand—Very Difficult Feat.

The bespangled riders who guide a score or more of horses at terrific speed about the saw-dust circus rings have been considered for generations the most skilful and picturesque horsemen in the world. An entirely new and far more difficult problem in driving has recently been devised and satisfactorily solved in Germany. The familiar circus trick is, as a matter of fact, showy and misleading. The new driving feat includes all the difficulties of driving four horses abreast with that of managing a very elongated tandem. The team is made up of ten horses. The tandem is complicated by hitching four horses abreast to begin with, with a team of three horses in front of these, two immediately before these and a single horse on the apex of this curious pyramid.

This remarkable team was devised by William Wesner, of Vienna, and by him driven repeatedly. He has performed several feats in fancy driving with his team before the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Austria, and has received medals from both monarchs. The performance is easily the

MOST DIFFICULT FEAT.

of horsemanship in the world. The difficulties of controlling ten horses hitched up in this way may readily be understood. The principal difficulty is that of controlling animals driven at such a distance from the man holding the reins. The distance of the leader in this case is fully thirty-five feet from the driver's box. The difficulty in all tandem driving, that is, the problem of keeping the horses in a straight line, is besides greatly increased.

There is always a possibility that some one of the horses in this extraordinary tandem will draw in a direction opposite to the proper one, and this method of harnessing makes it possible for the horses to tie themselves into a very close imitation of a bow knot.

There is to move faster than its companions and to step upon the heels of the horse in front. The result of a single horse in this team talking is also likely to complicate matters beyond hope of disentangling without unharnessing with great risk. The reins are carried to each set of horses abreast. Mr. Wesner not only controls this complicated team in straightaway driving, but has succeeded in driving them in the form of the figure eight. This feat the driver asserts, he can perform after eight weeks' training with any set of horses, however wild.

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER.

Six women and two men are on trial for the wholesale murder of their relatives, of Hodmeze Vasarhely, in Hungary. The object was to obtain the small sum, about 100 florins apiece, for which the victims were insured. One man is charged with having poisoned his father, his mother, his wife, his wife's father and other persons on his side his family. The accused are fairly well off, have a certain amount of education, and were regular attendants at church. They obtained the poison from a midwife, who was the head of the conspiracy.

WHAT LONDON DRINKS.

The figures of the liquor consumption of London are not easy to conceive. It appears that about 177,000,000 gallons of beer are drunk in London yearly, and 485,000 gallons daily. The quantity of wine consumed in a day is about 5,500 gallons, or 44,000 pints, which could be stored in a wine vault 52 feet square and 1 foot deep. The consumption of spirits is 16,000 gallons a day. The tea consumed yearly is 33,000,000 pounds. The daily consumption of fat is 90,000 pounds, of coffee, 112,000 pounds and of cocoa 8,800 pounds.

BUDDHISTS' IDEA OF HADES.

Buddhists believe that Hades is a place of eight divisions, each with a form of punishment somewhat different from the other seven. In the first division, which is the easiest, the sinner walks eternally in his bare feet over red-hot needles, points upwards.

THE LONE STAR

CHAPTER XI.

The crew of the Lone Star, and the relic of the devoted band that had sailed from Bristol in the Royal Charley, were all ranged along the deck, and were uproarious in their demonstrations of satisfaction. The freebooter and Eleanor were received with the delight one experiences at finding dear friends still living whom he had supposed to be dead. So great was the joy felt and manifested by all, save Henry Postans, who, however, was simply silent, that the negro's state was scarcely noticed. Presently, however, one of the passengers asked, "What has Josh been doing?"

"Ah, I had forgotten," said Sir Reginald who with Eleanor was still on deck; "Mr. Postans, look here, sir. Know you of any property belonging to your uncle which lay in his cabin?"

"There was a large sum of money in gold, which I searched for when we returned to the vessel, and which I found not," replied the young man in a hollow tone.

"Behold, then, the murderer of your father, Eleanor!" exclaimed Sir Reginald solemnly. "God knows I never suspected the scoundrel. Mr. Postans, I have a humble and most sincere apology to offer to you for my injurious suspicions. Villain—wretch! speak, or I will have you hung at the yard-arm in five minutes!"

"What I say?" cried the negro, manifesting all the abject terror of a cowardly assassin.

"Who killed Mr. Bowen?"

"I did, massa. What de debble he talk so loud to Massa Postans of all de money he had in him box?"

Passengers, crew, Mr. Postans, Eleanor, all listened in silent amazement at what they heard.

"But wretch could you not have robbed without killing the old man?"

"He wake an' make noise. Josh no fool! Dead man nebbel tell what him see! But, Massa Reginald, you no kill Josh? Him berry faithful servant, and tell the truth!"

"I shall not kill you; but you shall be tried at Kingston for murder."

"Oh, massa they hang me like one dog!"

"And you deserve it."

The crew and passengers gazed with horror on the assassin as he was removed, heavily ironed, to a place in the hold. The doubt and suspicion which had hung over two innocent men was, however, removed, and all felt this to be a deep relief. Eleanor looked, despite her deep sorrow, with a kind smile on both. But she was startled at the expression of her cousin's countenance. He was about to speak.

"Sir Reginald, your apology to me is as nothing to what I have to make to you," said Henry Postans, in a voice of low and deep emotion, which prevented her words from reaching any ears save those of his cousin and the captain of the Lone Star. "I know of course all along my own innocence of that murder; but—and the confession will do me good—I did meditate to slay a man that night; and that man was yourself!"

"Henry!" said Eleanor.

"Hear me! Maddened by hate and jealousy, I retired to my bed that night not in my right senses, I believe. My uncle had not shown half the resentment I wished him to feel at your attention to Miss Bowen. I loved her; and then I saw a stranger step in between me and that happiness which I considered I was entitled to. I saw clearly that you were preferred to me, and my brain became maddened! I know not how the ideas came flooding in upon me; but they came, and at last, exasperated, drunk with furious rage, I drew a knife in my hand, I rose to rush wildly to your bed. But I heard a step in the cabin, and I could distinguish that it was near your door. This gave me an instant's reflection, and I lay down again. Imagine my horror when I the next morning—an assassin had been murdered to your bed. But I firmly believed, by the very man I had myself doomed. This will explain to you my subsequent gloom and despair."

"But, Henry," said Eleanor kindly, "that was only a silly dream. It is over now. Think no more of it."

"It is over, Eleanor, and so is another dream, silly also, but much more pleasant. But no matter. This generous man has saved all our lives, and nearly perished in the attempt. We can none of us reward him as he deserves; you must show gratitude for us all. If I am not much mistaken, there is one reward which he would receive, and that is yourself."

"We will talk of that another time," said Eleanor.

"Yes," added Sir Reginald, taking his hand, and pressing it warmly within his own.

"No!" replied Henry Postans firmly. "I am her sole relative and guardian, and I will act. Publicly I have accused you, publicly I retract, and publicly I insist on joining your hands."

"But Henry, dear Henry, hearken to me," said Eleanor speaking hurriedly; "reflect. My poor father is but just dead. I scarcely know Sir Reginald. This is to sudden an engagement—it seems wrong, unnatural, at such a time."

"My dear cousin," continued the young man in an extremely solemn and anxious tone, "will you on your complete at, I beg it. Remember, I pray you, what I have suffered, and be generous to me."

"Whatever you ask me, Henry, I will answer," said his lovely cousin, much moved.

"Do you love Sir Reginald?" asked he gravely.

The freebooter stepped back not to hear the reply.

"Stay, Sir Reginald; come hither. You owe me both this kindness, to let me know my way. And now answer me, Eleanor?"

"I do," said she in a low tone scarcely audible to the ears of Henry Postans, er. And the young girl fixed her eyes upon the deck, while her cheeks were suffused with crimson.

"Thank you, Eleanor," whispered her cousin quietly. "I wished to hear that word, and I have heard it. And now listen to me. I spoke last unto your kind and good father, and I can now speak in his name. Had he lived, he would have done what I am doing. The instant that I convinced him you loved the stranger, his only care was that he should be worthy of you. This I can answer for. Captain Montrose, to whom I told all, convinced me of this."

"Thank you," said Sir Reginald.

"My friend, I but do my duty. I am unblinded and aspered your character. I find my mistake and I own it."

"But let us not forget what I ask of you, Eleanor, we are going to a strange place. You must have a protector. A rich heiress, you will be persecuted; and then, dear cousin, reflect that as long as you are free, I shall have hope left me. That would be cruel indeed. But once you are affianced, once you are married, I shall calmly make up my mind to what must be, and be once more your affectionate and attached cousin and friend. Will you refuse me this favour?"

Reginald and Eleanor refused no longer; and Henry Postans, with a grave and solemn air, placed the young lady's hand in that of the ex-freebooter; but, according to his promise, freebooter no more. Everybody was much moved at the sight, though unaware of the painful confession made by Henry Postans; and though the gallant crew of the Lone Star foresaw the consequence, they could not forbear a loud and glad shout at the sight of the happy countenance of their beloved captain.

Josh was, as we have said, put in confinement in the hold; Eleanor had the captain's cabin given up to her, and then all sail was set and the Lone Star once more was on its way. A good breeze, a lovely vessel, and fair winds, soon brought them to their port, which Sir Reginald entered without hesitation. Captain Montrose gave such an account of the events that had befallen him that the governor of Jamaica welcomed him most heartily. In those days the brethren of the coast were very differently considered from what pirates are now. Lopez and his gang of regular sea-robbers were given up, with Josh, to the authorities, and ten days later were all hung together, after a very summary trial. The Lone Star then departed. Williams took the command, resigned by his former captain; and the charming little schooner made for Turtle Island, and joined the renowned buccaners, who were for some time yet to carry on warfare in those seas under the orders of Henry Morgan, Montbar, and others.

Sir Reginald and Lady Wollaston, a year later, returned to England, the former having obtained leave from the government to reside on his paternal estate; and Eleanor saw realized all, and more than all, that had been promised by her dream. She was indeed happy. She had a good and noble husband, who never allowed any other serious fault than strong political bias and a morbid love of adventure. She in due time became a proud and happy mother, and was beloved to enthusiasm by all around her. Mr. Postans settled in Bristol, and became one of its most powerful and wealthy merchants. Neither he nor Sir Reginald, nor Eleanor, have ever forgotten the lessons of caution, temper, and patience, which they learned on their cruise with the Royal Charley and the Lone Star.

Some years afterward a lady and gentleman, attended by numerous servants, and accompanied by several children, got out of a rich carriage drawn by four horses at the door of a small inn, the only one in the little fishing village they had stopped at. The gentleman was distinguished-looking, and the lady beautiful, and both seemed what was far better—supremely happy.

"Upon my word, Sir Reginald," said the voice of a man inside the carriage, "this is a funny place to look for the Dublin packet."

"Do not be in a hurry, my worthy friend," replied the other, speaking to a rubicund, and rather portly gentleman, who now also got out of the carriage—"there is a reason for everything in this world."

"Perhaps, then, sir," said the lady, with affected gravity, "you will condescend to give me, and explain all this mystery?"

"And so you no longer like mystery?" observed the gentleman laughing.

"That's a good answer, Sir Reginald," cried the gentleman with the rubicund countenance, "and puts me in mind—"

"Of what, sir?" said the lady putting.

"Of the shabby way in which Sir Reginald contrived to insure my remaining a bachelor. Never mind, he won't gain a farthing by it. All my property shall go to that wicked-eyed Henry there, pointing to a boy of five years old."

"Thank you, my dear cousin, and now, Reginald, will you condescend to give me your reason?"

"Why, my dear Lady Wollaston," said her husband smiling, "as we were going to trust ourselves upon salt water again to visit my Irish estates, I thought I would have a yacht of my own, instead of going in the Dublin packet. Look!"

Eleanor and Henry Postans followed the direction of his finger. In the small port lay a lovely schooner.

"The Lone Star!" cried our delighted Eleanor, recognising the vessel, the flag, and its captain's ex-commander, brought the vessel to England, and enrolled a picked crew of honest seamen.

"Upon my word," cried Henry Postans, "the man is still hankering after black-mail. But if we must go, better go in that beauty than in the Dublin packet."

And the whole party were in a few minutes more again on the deck of the Lone Star; and the lovely vessel bounded on her voyage as if she felt the presence of her old commander.

(The End.)

A story is told of a child witness in an Irish court who was asked by the judge: "If you took a false oath what would happen to you?" He hesitated, and at last said: "I suppose I wouldn't get my expenses."

ELEPHANTS IN WAR

MONSTER BEASTS ENLISTED INDIAN ARTILLERY.

They Move the Big Guns With Ease—An Important and Well-known Addition to the British Forces.

The elephant has become of most important adjuncts of the British army in India. He is at the artillery in every sense of the word, and drags the biggest guns, were feathers, keeping up with the tramp, tramp, of the infantry. He is no laggard, and deep indeed must be the high the barricade which he walk through or demolish. He respect the elephant in artillery Napoleon—he never knows.

The officers and men of the army have for years been well the idea of making the elephant more useful. At first it was used on the fortification timber, and all kinds of which strength, absolute docility were required. The not a particularly intelligent and therefore his progress slow along the lines laid out disciples of Mars. Now he well what to do as the best tillerymen and will bring the regimental front with a cision as the veriest marksman wields the sword could do.

Everybody who knows about elephants is aware that when excited, he is in of a terror. Oddly enough

THE TRAINED ELEPHANT

rarely gets into that state. With the knowledge he has to come the power to control and do his duty as best he can.

The particular use to which the elephant is put in the Indian is as a beast of draught heavy batteries and for the siege train. These animals are tremendous in size, and very heavy. Until the elephant, it had been thought to have them drawn by long locks. There was, however, trouble with these beasts hard to control and so were required that they deal of a nuisance. So British artillerymen resorted to the substitution of the elephant bullock. One elephant would effort a piece of ordnance a long line of bullocks, and difficulty in moving them.

Every one of these elephants which the artillery move to place consists of four and two 6 and 3-inch how one elephant can draw a single piece of artillery, to strain him at all they paired or driven tandem in such a battery as the British. These are not all employed the artillery at the same is well not to work at hard, because, if that is

APT TO BECOME

despite his usual tractable reason the elephants are used and under those conditions that is asked of them.

The elephant battery guns thereof, is always ammunition wagons and owing to the fact that the perly trained elephants locks are still utilized in the batteries.

ments. The fact that required to draw the ordnance forms a striking contrast between their powers and elephants, for the gross ammunition and the latter is less than that of itself.

The British artillery tempt to manage the elephants. The task, there is employed twelve mahouts, with the latter being under of an official known as captain. All are natives besides the elephant besides the six mahouts with regular, six sidars, who care for the bullock can be seen that a lery in India amount.

In fact, it is a little of every one of the mahouts suppose to be competent to fight if necessary.

Whenever it happens to be transported.

THE RAILROAD

as an aid, if it can be available. In such cases, of course, to the plants by rail, and they been made for the purpose of carrying coal cars on our railway about one-half the cost.

At one end of the house in appearance omitted. In this instance, mahout, or attendant, who sees that during does not become fiery in opportunity of interfering with the rest of the crew. There are three sides. Running lengthwise to the ease of the load, and about the size of a beam of the size of steel on a side with steel to a height of feet. The top of these is in the form of the steel section, and the elephant must be down. He must be lifted or stand up on the car and a section of steel on team that keeps the