

SHIPPING A BIG SHOW.

CERTAINLY OLD NOAH'S JOB WAS NO PICNIC.

Difficulties of Embarking Animals Today that Did Not Exist Before the Deluge—Scenes Among the Animals on the Steamship Monowai.

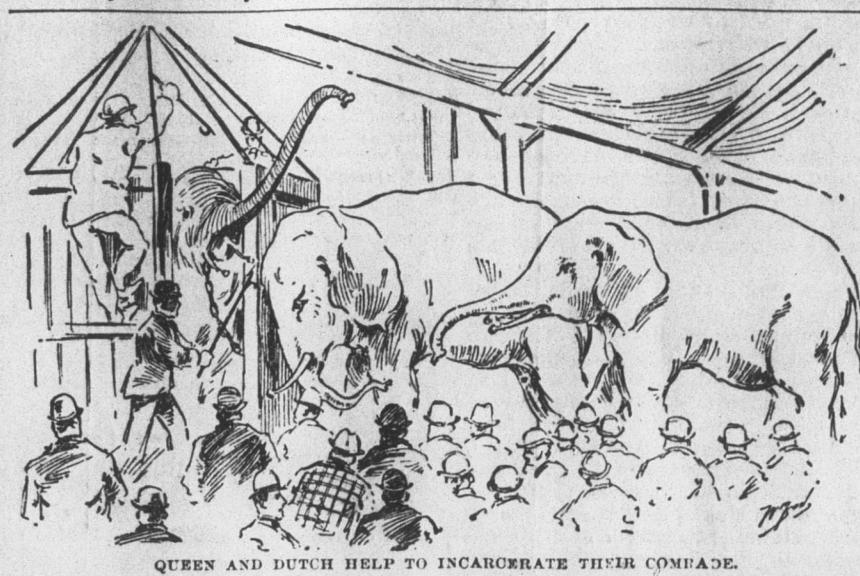
A Letter—Day Noah's Ark.

An old circus man says that Noah's job was certainly no picnic, and that if the eminent patriarch had spent one year in the circus business, he would never have taken the contract of running the ark at all, but would have just laid down in his barn and waited for the deluge to come and drown him.

A big menagerie and circus with all the attending paraphernalia recently shipped from San Francisco to Australia. They sailed on a trip more protracted and perilous than that ever

the keeper notices that one of them is lazy. He stars him up; the animal is lame. Next day he is more lame, and oh! so lazy. Next day he is lazier still.

Max had watched his old pal Dick, the hippopotamus being shipped, and he pitted Dick, and trumpeted out his sympathy, when Dick got that tired feeling



QUEEN AND DUTCH HELP TO INCARCERATE THEIR COMPADE.

and won't even jump to his food. In a couple of days the truth comes out. He crawls to the door on his forelegs, the hind-quarters dragging an inert weight behind. The forest ranger has succumbed to the paralysis of captivity. He is marred to die. If he cost a lot they try to nurse him back to health. If he did not—why, pish! Heave him o'erboard at once and have more room for the living.

It's not nice to be an exhibit in an American circus en route for Australia.

When Noah was running the animal business the animals were docile and tractable, and no especial arrangements had to be entered into for their shipment. Nowadays, however, the average star beast is out for human lives and he cannot be driven abroad with impunity. There or, it was that elaborate precautions had to be taken in loading.

To begin with, each den was hauled up the dock pretty much the same as the dens are hauled along the main streets of the dock town as it comes to town. But the cages lacked vivacity, so to speak; they lacked the golden glamour of a swell triumphal entry, and the gold and the tinsel were missing.

No gilt-edged queen of the hippodrome brode the haughty hippopotamus, nor did some bespangled son of the torrid Indies surmount the elephant's neck.

The gilt-edged queen was absent, the bespangled son of Hindostan wore overalls and a jumper at \$1.50 per suit.

He did not look half so pretty as he did in tinsel, and therefore not half so useful; but he got there just the same—yanked the pachyderms in the neck with the

big, loose skin flapped on her sides like wet clothes on a living skeleton.

"Shove in Max! Help Dutch!"

In a second Queen had her tanks against Max's flanks, in half a minute she had him pinned up against the inside of the box and was holding him there while Dutch hustled around to close the big door. When Dutch had jammed to the door and was holding it safe Queen withdrew, hit Dutch a smack with her trunk on the shoulder and stalked down to her peanuts once more. Max is shut out from America.

Five minutes more little Topsy, the African lady elephant, is locked under the hatches. Still a few more minutes and Big Dutch joins her. Last of all Queen comes and stalks into the box. The tackle strains and creaks, the big men rise upward, a great gray trunk lifts itself above the sides and trumpets an roar. Then down it disappears through the fore hatch, and the crowd on the deck watch it sinking and sinking into the darkness of the lower hold.

A whilst! The cracking stops. Another whilst and an idle hook swings upon the end of the tackle. The labors of the modern Noah are ended. The animals are all aboard the ark.

BATTLE OF BIRDS.

How Two Wrens Fought Two Blue Birds and Whipped Them.

In Silver Lake Township, Pennsylvania, a two-story stone milk-house has been standing for more than fifty years. When the masons built it they knocked the mouth from an old earthen jug, and cemented the jug into the solid wall toward the peak, leaving the open end on the outside of the wall. The kind-hearted workers put the jug there for a purpose, and every summer since then wrens have built their nests in it.

This season a pair of blue-birds got there a few hours before the wrens did, took possession of the jug without any ceremony, and began to carry bits of straw and dried grass into it, flying out and in again every fifteen or twenty minutes. Toward noon a pair of wrens flitted into the yard, and flew around the milk-house two or three times. Then they made a dive for the opening in the old jug, darted into it, and soon flew out squalling spitefully. The reason why they did this was because they found one of the blue birds in there, very busy fixing things up inside. The surprised blue bird followed the wrens, and then a feathered warfare began that lasted for two hours. Finding a stranger in a home that had been occupied by wrens for half a century made the little wrens mad all over. They pitched into the blue bird and tried to drive it away, piping and screeching as they fought.

For a time the blue bird battled with the wrens; but the two were more than a match for it, and it retired to a tree. While it was perched there the wrens flew into the jug, and started to drag out the straw and stuff the blue bird had carried in.

The wrens were busy cleaning out the jug when the blue bird on the tree was joined by its mate. All at once they flew in a straight line for the jug. They darted into it like a flash, and in a second the wrens came out as though they had been fired. They had not been cowed by the larger birds, however, for they immediately turned, darted into the jug, and drove the blue birds out. Then the four birds had it back and forth among the trees for half an hour, neither party entering the jug while the battle lasted.

Finally they stopped fighting, and each side began to carry things into the jug. The wrens made two trips while the blue birds made one, and late in the afternoon the wrens had filled the jug so full of twigs that the blue birds could not get in. There was room for the wrens to go in and out, and they held the fort against their bigger foes, who made several attempts to tear the barrier of twigs away but without success. Toward sundown the birds flew away and never came back; and the wrens have had possession of the jug ever since.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Rules of Health.

"Sit down," said the fat business man in a hurry, "and order lunch, but let me go ahead on my own account. I'm slow; afraid of increasing dyspepsia if I eat too fast, you know. Disgusting, this guz—ah!"

Gulp and gulf, and the soup was gone.

"This guzzling! isn't it? Eat slow, with conversation; a pleasant frame of mind helps digest—Waiter, where's the fish? You're waiting on me; not I on you. Ah, at last."

Three great bites and the fish was gone.

"Where's the lamb? These fellows, look at 'em, eating pie by the square yard! ought to see themselves as others see 'em. Time's not so valuable as health—and there's the lamb."

Three seconds finished it, and two more for as many glasses of claret.

"Peach pie, waiter. And this hurrying is mostly habit. They've been doing business fast and come to lunch with the momentum and devour. I take a light lunch and eat sl—"

Bite, chew, swallow,gulp, and the pie was gone.

"Bill and ice-cream. My plan saved me from dyspepsia till I was 30, then I succumbed to bad cooking. There's not a good cook in New York. Those that make nice food make it indigestible, and those that make it healthy cook it plainly—no la Bechamel, no truffles, a flat desert to the taste—but better dyspepsia, say I—"

Bite, bite, chomp.

"By, but the ice-cream is cold. I've got toothache."

Chomp, chaw, gulp, gurgle, gurgle of coffee.

"What, you're not through! Well, now, I must hurry; can't spare time in business hours except for health. So long."

Time—4 min. 15 sec.—New York Sun.

A Water Gun.

Near Horn Head, County Donegal, Ireland, there is a hole in the rocks on the sea coast, and is said to have connection with a cavern. When the north wind blows and the sea is at half-flood the wind and the waves enter the cavern and send up jets of water from the "gun" to a height of more than 100 feet. The jets of water are accompanied by explosions which may be heard for miles.

STATISTICS prove that only one man in six who emigrate does so with advantage.

About 8,500 women are employed in the British Postoffice, or one to every eight men employed.

IT IS A BITTER FIGHT.

BOTH SIDES DETERMINED IN THE COAL FIELDS.

The Strike May Terminate Within a Week and It May Last Far Into the Spring. The Men Say Nothing Short of Starvation Will Induce a Surrender.

The Situation Is Serious.

The better part of the Solomon Islands belongs to the German Government, but that does not prevent the English from inflicting summary punishment on the natives whenever guilty of outrages on anyone claiming to be a British subject, says a writer.

On such occasions they are handled with as much freedom and severity as if the Germans had never been heard of in the vicinity. At the present time the English war ship Royalist is visiting the different islands from which crimes have been reported and chastising the guilty ones whenever they may be, even to the extent of destroying their villages whenever they have had any difficulty in locating the right parties.

I suppose the Germans do not care much whether these subjects of theirs are exterminated or not, as they are not likely to bring credit to either their masters or themselves.

Misionary work has been a total failure in the Solomon Islands, although persisted in for many years and by different religious bodies.

In most cases the only result arrived at by the

misionary is to supply a banquet for his congregation, forming himself the principal dish of the occasion.

As a people the Solomon Islanders are perhaps the most savage, the most brutal and the most degraded race on this earth to-day.

They practice nothing but the most barbarous of customs, and are of so fierce and rapacious disposition that it is not safe to approach within 100 miles of any of the islands inhabited by them.

They are cannibals of the worst kind; visitors to the islands in quest of sandalwood and tortoise shells, the chief products, have seen in different houses various parts of the human body in process of preservation for future consumption, just as civilized nations would cure animal meats, and the owners of vessels have frequently human flesh offered them in exchange for something desired by the natives.

Head-hunting is another of their accomplishments.

It is practiced under all sorts of pretenses, in some cases the chiefs offering rewards for the best results of an expedition.

Professional head-hunters are not uncommon, and they usually take the honors.

SAVAGE SOLOMON ISLANDERS.

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HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.

Warranted Safe.

Mr. Goodman—I want to buy a nice toy pistol for my little boy. Something handsome but not dangerous, you know.

Mr. Binks—Here's the exact thing you're after, sir. A French duelling pistol—very pretty, and perfectly harmless.—Grip.

The Figure Flend.

Mrs. Colemiger—I'm surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do?

Mrs. Pentwezel—The last thing he did was to figure out how many times a clock ticked in the course of a year.—Epoch.

He'd Made a Discovery.

Thinkhardt—Isn't it curious?

His Wife—What?

Thinkhardt—That although a watch is misplaced or even lost, it is still handy.—Jeweler's Weekly.

A Spirit of Discussion.

What was the subject of your debate this evening?

"Whisky."

"Was it well discussed?"

"Yes; most of the members were full of the subject."—Kate Field's Washington.



"DROP A worm in the slot, and hear me sing."—Life.

It Was Late.

I had asked the colored porter at the depot if the train from Savannah was on time, and he replied in the affirmative, writes M. Quad in the New York World, when another colored man came up and inquired: "Did yo' want to know sunthin', sah?"

"I was asking him if the train was on time."

"And what did he say, sah?"

"He said it was."

"Huh! Dat's all he knows 'bout it! Dat pusson, sah, ar' employed to sweep out de doap an' fill up de water-cams."

"And you?"

"While I, sah, ar' employed to put de checks on de baggage an' put de baggage on de kyars! Yo' wanted to know if de train was on time, sah. No sah, it hain't, sah. De train is exactly two seconds late, sah!"

Dangerous Revelations.

Belle—Don't you think a gentleman should always wear a dress suit when he makes a call on a young lady?

Nell (doubtfully)—Well, I don't know. If he wears a full dress suit his shirt bosom when he gets home gives him dead away.—Somerville Journal.

Doubly Defined.

Tommy—What is a "running account"? Pa says it's an account merchants have to keep of customers that are in the habit of running away from paying their bills.

Uncle—That's one definition of it.

Tommy—Is there another?

Uncle—Yes. A running account is, in some instances, an account that gets tired out running after a while, and then it becomes a standing obligation.—Boston Courier.

Useful if Not Ornamental.

Stayer—I hope I'm not keeping you from anything, Miss Pert?

Miss Pert—Oh, dear, no! I like to have you sit there, where you are.

"M—may I presume to—"

"Why, certainly! Yes, you hide that spot on the wall paper, that has been an eyesore to me, beautifully.—Boston News.

The Way of It.