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GRAUSTARK

By
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER MOON AND MONASTERY.

FOR two days Lorry lived through intermittent stages of delight and despondency. His recovery from the effects of the blow administered by Dannox was naturally rapid, his strong young constitution coming to the rescue bravely. He saw much of the princess, more of the Countess Dagmar, and made the acquaintance of many lords and ladies for whom he cared but little except when they chose to talk of their girlish ruler. The atmosphere of the castle was laden with a depression that could not be overcome by an assimilated gaiety.

The princess could not hide the trouble that had sprung up in her eyes. Her laugh, her gay conversation, her rare composure and genteel hauteur were powerless to drive away the haunted, worried gleam in those expressive eyes of blue. Lorry had it on his tongue's end a dozen times during the next day or so after the count's narrative to question her about the condition of affairs as they appeared to her.

The Countess Dagmar, when not monopolized by the very progressive or aggressive Anguish, unfolded to Lorry certain pages in the personal history of the princess, and he, of course, encouraged her confidential humor, although there was nothing encouraging in it for him.

Down by the great fountain, while the soldiers were on parade, the fair but volatile countess unfolded to Lorry a story that wrenched his heart so savagely that anger, resentment, helplessness and love coaxed forth and enveloped him in a multitude of emotions that would not disperse.

"She will not mind my telling you, because she considers you the very best of men, Mr. Lorry," said the countess, who had learned her English under the Princess Yette's tutor.

It seems, according to the very truthful account given by the lady, that the princess had, in her power to save Graustark from disgrace and practical destruction. The Prince of Aphahn's son, Lorenz, was deeply enamored of her, infatuated by her marvelous beauty and accomplishments. He had persuaded his father to consider a matrimonial alliance with her to be one of great value to Aphahn. The old prince, therefore, some months before the arrival of the Americans in Graustark sent to the princess a substitute ultimatum, couched in terms so polite and conciliatory that there could be no mistaking his sincerity. He agreed to give Graustark a new lease of life, as it were, by extending the fifteen years, or, in other words, to grant the conquered an additional ten years in which to pay off the obligations imposed by the treaty. He furthermore offered a considerable reduction in the rate of interest for the next ten years. But he had a condition attached to this good and gracious proposition—the marriage of Graustark's sovereign—the ambassador set forth the advantages of such an alliance, and departed with a message that the matter should have most serious consideration.

The old prince's proposition was a blow to the princess, who was placed in a trying position. By sacrificing herself she could save her country, but in so doing her life was to be plunged into interminable darkness. She did not love nor did she respect Lorenz, who was not favorably supplied with civilized intelligence.

The proposition was laid before the cabinet and the nobility by the princess



"Cannot the loan be extended a few years?"

herself, who said that she would be guided by any decision they might reach. The counselors to a man refused to sacrifice their girlish ruler, and the people vociferously ratified the resolution. But the princess would not allow them to send an answer to Aphahn until she could see a way clear to save her people in some other manner. An embassy was sent to the Prince of Dawsbergh. His domain touched Graustark on the south, and he ruled a wild, turbulent class of mountaineers and herdsmen. This embassy sought to secure an indorsement of the loan from Prince Gabriel sufficient to meet the coming crisis. Gabriel, himself smitten by the charms of the princess,

at once offered himself in marriage, agreeing to advance, in case she accepted him, 20,000,000 gavras at a rather high rate of interest for fifteen years. His love for her was so great that he would pawn the entire principality for an answer that would make him the happiest man on earth. Now, the troubled princess, who had been so long in the hands of Lorenz, was much to be preferred. Gabriel flew into a rage upon the receipt of this rebuff and openly avowed his intention to make her suffer. His infatuation became a mania, and up to the very day on which the countess told the story he persisted in his appeals to the princess. In person he had gone to her to plead his guilt on his knees, groveling at her feet. He went so far as to exclaim madly in the presence of the alarmed but relentless object of his love that he would win her or turn the whole earth into everything unpleasant.

So it was that the Princess of Graustark, erstwhile Miss Guggenlocker, was being dragged through the most unhappy affairs that ever beset a sovereign. Within a month she was to sign away two-thirds of her domain, transforming multitudes of her beloved and loving people into subjects of the hated Aphahn or to sell herself, body and soul, to a loathsome bidder in the guise of a suitor, and with all this confronting her, she had come to the realization of a truth so sad and distracting that it was breaking her tortured heart. She was in love, but with no royal prince! Of this, however, the countess knew nothing, so Lorry had one great secret to cherish alone.

"Has she chosen the course she will pursue?" asked Lorry as the countess concluded her story. His face was turned away.

"She cannot decide. We have wept together over this dreadful, this horrible thing. You do not know what it means to all of us, Mr. Lorry. We love her, and there is not one in our land who would sacrifice her to save this territory. As for Gabriel, Graustark would kill her before she should go to him. Still she cannot let herself sacrifice those northern subjects when by a single act she can save them. You see, the princess has not forgotten that her father brought this war upon the people, and she feels it her duty to pay the penalty of his error, whatever the cost."

"Is there no other to whom she can turn—no other course?" asked Lorry.

"There is none who would assist us, bankrupt as we are. There is a question I want to ask, Mr. Lorry. Please look at me. Do not stare at the fountain all the time. Why have you come to Edelweiss?" She asked the question so boldly that his startled embarrassment was an unspoken confession. He calmed himself and hesitated long before answering, weighing his reply. She sat close beside him, her clear gray eyes reading him like a book.

"I came to see a Miss Guggenlocker," he answered at last.

"For what purpose? There must have been an urgent cause to bring you so far. You are not an American banker?"

"I had intended to ask her to be my wife," he said, knowing that secrecy was useless and seeing a faint hope.

"You did not find Miss Guggenlocker?"

"No; I have not found her."

"And are you going home disappointed, Mr. Lorry, because she is not here?"

"I leave the answer to your tender imagination."

There was a long pause.

"May I ask when you expect to leave Graustark?" she asked somewhat timidly.

"Why do you wish to know?" he asked in turn.

is most precious? Tell me, you who know all there is of this approaching disaster?"

"I cannot command you to leave Edelweiss. I can only tell you that you will have something to answer for if you stay," said the countess.

"Will you help me if I show to you that I can reach the wreck and save the one who clings to it despairingly?" he asked, smiling, suddenly calm and confident.

"Willingly, for I love the one who is going down in the sea. I have spoken to you seriously, though, and I trust you will not misunderstand me. I like you, and I like Mr. Anguish. You could stay here forever so far as I am concerned."

He thought long and intently over what she had said as he smoked his cigar on the great balcony that night. He saw in one moment the vast chasm between the man and the princess; in the next he laughed at the puny space.

Down on the promenade he could see the figures of men and women strolling in the moonlight. To his ears came the occasional laugh of a man, the merry gurgle of a woman. The royal military band was playing in the stand near the edge of the great circle. There were gaiety, comfort, charm and security about everything that came to his eyes and ears. Where was she? He had seen her in the afternoon and had talked with her, had walked with her. Their conversation had been bright, but of the commonplace kind. She had said nothing to indicate that she remembered the hour spent beside his couch a day or so before; he had uttered none of the words that struggled to rush from his lips—the questions, the pleadings, the vows. Where was she now? Not in that gay crowd below, for he had scanned every figure with the hawk's eye; cloistered again, no doubt, with her ministers, wearying her tired brain, her brave heart into fatigue without rest.

Her court still trembled with the excitement of the daring attempt of the abductors and their swift punishment. Functionaries flocked to Edelweiss to inquire after the welfare of the princess, and indignation was at the highest pitch. There were theories innumerable as to the identity of the arch conspirator. Baron Dangloss was at sea completely. He cursed himself and everybody else for the hasty and ill timed execution of the hirelings. It was quite evident that the buzzing wonder and intense feeling of the people had for the moment driven out all thought of the coming day of judgment and its bitter atonement for all Graustark. Today the castle was full of the nobility, drawn to its walls by the news that had startled them beyond all expression. The police were at work, the military trembled with rage, the people clamored for the apprehension of the man who had been the instigator of this audacity. The general belief was that some brigand chief from the south had planned the great theft for the purpose of securing a fabulous ransom. Grenfall Lorry had an astonishing theory in his mind, and the more he thought it over the more firmly it was imbedded.

The warm, blue coils from the cigar wafted away into the night, carrying with them a myriad of tangled thoughts—of her, of Aphahn, of the abductor, of himself, of everything. A light step on the stone floor of the shadowy balcony attracted his attention. He turned his head and saw the Princess Yette. She was walking slowly toward the balustrade, not aware of his presence. There was no covering for the dark hair, no wrap about the white shoulders. She wore an exquisite gown of white, shimmering with the reflections from the moon that scaled the mountain top. She stood at the balustrade, her hands clasped a bouquet of red roses, her chin lifted, her eyes gazing toward the mountain's crest, the prettiest picture he had ever seen.

later he exposed him," she whispered argumentatively. "He could not expect me to be silent and submit to a marriage under such circumstances. He knows that I would denounce him even at the altar."

"You do not appreciate my estimate of that gentleman?"

"What is to become of me?" she almost sobbed in an anguish of fear. "I see now—I see plainly! It was Gabriel, and he would have done as you say."

A shudder ran through her figure, and he tenderly whispered in her ear:

"The danger is past. He can do no more, your highness. Were I positive that he is the man—and I believe he is—I would hunt him down this night."

Her eyes closed happily under his gaze, her hand dropped timidly from his arm, and a sweet sense of security filled her soul.

"I am not afraid," she murmured.

"Because I am here?" he asked, bending nearer.

"Because God can bless with the same hand that punishes," she answered enigmatically, lifting her lashes again and looking into his eyes with a love at last unmasked. "He gives me a man to love and denies me happiness. He makes of me a woman, but he does not make me a princess. Through you he thwarts a villain; through you he crushes the innocent. More than ever, I thank you for coming into my life. You, and you alone, guided by the God who loves and despises me, saved me from Gabriel."

"I only ask"—he began eagerly, but she interrupted.

"You should not ask anything, for I have said I cannot pay. I owe to you all I have, but cannot pay the debt."

"I shall not again forget," he murmured.

"Tomorrow, if you like, I will take you over the castle and let you see the squalor in which I exist—my throne-room, my chapel, my banquet hall, my ballroom, my conservatory, my sepulcher. You may say it is wealth, but I shall call it poverty," she said.

"Tomorrow, if you will be so kind."

"Perhaps I may be poorer after I have saved Graustark," she said.

crushed him with the real awakening of helplessness. He stood beside her, looking up at the cold monastery, strangely conscious that she was gazing toward the same dizzy height.

"It looks so peaceful up there," she said at last.

"But so cold and cheerless," he added drearily. There was another long silence in which two hearts communed through the medium of that faraway sentinel. "They have not discovered a clue to the chief abductor, have they?" he asked in an effort to return to his proper sphere.

"Baron Dangloss believes he has a clew—a meager and unsatisfactory one, he admits—and today sent officers to Ganlock to investigate the actions of a strange man who was there last week, a man who styled himself the Count of Arabazon and who claimed to be of Vienna. Some Austrians had been hunting stags and bears in the north, however, and it is possible he is one of them." She spoke slowly, her eyes still bent on the home of the monks.

"Your highness, I have a theory, a bold and perhaps a criminal theory, but you will allow me to tell you why I am possessed of it. I am aware that there is a Prince Gabriel. It is my opinion that no Viennese is guilty, nor are the brigands to be accused of this masterpiece in crime. Have you thought how far a man may go to obtain his heart's desire?"

She looked at him instantly, her eyes wide with growing comprehension, the solution to the mystery darting into her mind like a flash.

"You mean"—she began, stopping as if afraid to voice the suspicion.

"That Prince Gabriel is the man who bought your guards and hired Geddos and Ostrom to carry you to the place where he could own you, whether you would or no," said Lorry.

"But he could never have forced me to marry him, and I should sooner of



The prettiest picture he had ever seen.

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Miscellaneous Reading.

SILK HATS ON THE FRONTIER.

How the Wearers of the Early Ones Were Greeted and Treated.

Recently the telegrams brought from Fagan, Texas, a story of how the town roughs had set upon and killed a Bible agent whose sole offense was that he wore a long-tailed coat, patent leather shoes and a plug hat.

Commenting on this story, the Wellington, Kan., Mail declares that "a similar incident occurred in the early days of Caldwell." However, the plug hat shooting in Caldwell was a different affair from that of Fagan. In April, 1873, one McCarty, a local "bad man," entered a store in Caldwell and found there Dr. Anderson, who was known throughout the southwest as "the plug hat man," because he was usually adorned with that kind of headgear. Anderson was not a "tenderfoot." He had been a prominent member of the Butler county vigilantes, and it was known that McCarty had a grudge against him.

When McCarty entered Thompson's store and found Anderson there he pulled a six-shooter and said: "Watch me put a hole through that hat." He did not put a hole through the hat, and when Anderson protested he fired again, this time putting a hole through Anderson's head and causing his instant death. McCarty was pursued by the indignant citizens of the town and took refuge at the ranch of Curley Marshall. When the ranch house was surrounded he refused to surrender and the house was set on fire. In the running fight which followed he managed to escape, after wounding several of his pursuers, but a few days later he was overtaken and his body was left on the prairies.

There is no well-authenticated account of a killing in Kansas on account of the wearing of a plug hat, though it is popularly supposed that the incidents were frequent. It is quite true that when a stranger appeared in one of the border towns wearing this kind of head covering, he was always greeted uproariously, and the hat came to grief, but the affair usually went off in the best of humor. The first plug hat worn into Hays City, for example, was on the head of the late Connell Henley, who died at that place a few years ago. In 1868 he went to Fort Hays to be a clerk in the quartermaster's department. He was a good dresser, and when he stepped from the train he wore a tall silk hat. At once the town loafers and joshers, and killers congregated at the depot. They said nothing at all to Henley, but they formed a circle behind him a procession, and wherever he walked they walked, keeping up the lockstep. The foremost man walked so close to Henley that he could not even turn around to see his tormentors, and it was a sight—that procession solemnly moving along, each man with his hand on the shoulders of the one in front of him and all keeping step.

Henley tried to shake the crowd off by walking around the block. He did not succeed. On the contrary, the crowd kept augmenting until pretty much everybody on the townsite was marching. Then an stranger seized Henley, and he steered straight for Tom Drum's saloon, the most popular place in town. Walking up to the bar he set his silk hat down, bowed politely to the barkeeper, and said: "These are my friends, and they are all drinking with me."

It happened that there was a big bowl of tom and Jerry on the bar. Some one emptied it into the plug hat, and some one else got a dipper and passed the drink around. Presently the liquor soaked through the top of the hat, and thereupon it was placed on the top of a post, and every man in the crowd took a shot at it, riddling it into rags.

Henley came off from the encounter with every man his friend. He had met the rude introduction of the west with good nature, and his place was made.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

SHARKS TO BE MADE USEFUL.

Americans Propose to Turn Nicaragua Monsters Into Soup and Cakes.

Commerce proposes now to convert the sharks of the great bay of San Juan del Norte in Nicaragua into factory products.

Americans have been led by the vast number and size of the sharks down there, and the ease of catching them, into studying the possible uses for the monsters, and they find that there is a lot of money in sharks. Indeed, there hardly is a part of the brute that cannot be utilized for something.

Shark's fins furnish a jelly that makes a delicious soup. There is an excellent market for it wherever there are Chinese, and if it were once offered as an American product it might not be long before Americans and others would relish it as much as the Chinese do now.

The livers of sharks produce a clear oil that is very valuable, being in great demand for watches, clocks and fine guns. It is held in almost as much estimation as the oil obtained from porpoise and dog-fish liver, which is the finest animal oil there is.

The skin of the sharks is of a beautiful burnished gray or bluish color. It looks like finely grained leather, because it is full of tiny prices, all set one way. Under the name of shagreen it has a variety of uses.

Even the bones of sharks are useful. The backbone is in constant demand by walking cane manufacturers. The teeth and jawbones are salable to collectors and tourists.

When the American business man gets after the sharks in the bay of San Juan del Norte there will be dismay in the tropical fish world, for the natives have left the monsters practically undisturbed for centuries and the

result is that from Greytown north and south the sea is thronged with sharks of all species, ranging in size from two feet to fifteen and even more.

Among them are the swift blue sharks, the savage striped tiger sharks, spotted leopard sharks, hideous hammerheads, threshers or swingle-tails, and the immense but lazy basking sharks, which often grow so large that they have been mistaken for whales.—New York Sun.

MASON AND DIXON LINE.

Historic Boundary Is Being Resurveyed.

The engineers who are making the new survey of the Mason and Dixon line, under the direction of the United States coast and geodetic survey, are progressing rapidly with the work. The commission directing the survey includes the superintendent of the coast survey and a representative from Maryland and Pennsylvania. The original running of the line was done according to the terms of the final agreement concluded in 1763, after protracted negotiations. There was a conflict of grants of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and other complications affecting the titles. The Penns had a friend at court, and the Calvert were finally coerced into conceding everything demanded. It is the belief of many that the line formed the dividing line between the slave and anti-slave states. This is erroneous, although it was generally understood to be the division during the civil war and was frequently spoken of as separating the north and south.

In the briefest way, the Mason and Dixon line is the boundary between Maryland on one side and Pennsylvania and Delaware on the other side. It formed the northern and eastern boundary of Maryland, so far as limited by contiguous states. At the time of its survey Delaware was part of Pennsylvania, and was known as "the three lower counties on the river Delaware." The term is, however, often extended to cover the whole southern boundary of Pennsylvania, and not without good reason, as Mason and Dixon had received instructions to complete the whole of that line and had actually progressed some thirty miles to the westward of Maryland, then unmarked and unknown, when their operations were stopped by the Indiana, who were then all-powerful west of the Alleghenies. This was in 1768, and was the final act of a long-maintained and rancorous dispute between the lords proprietors of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which had its birth in the grant of King Charles I. of England to Cecilius Calvert, Baron Baltimore, of the province of Maryland, carved from the parent province of Virginia, and extending on the north to the 40th parallel of latitude. This included the whole of Delaware and about fifteen miles wide along the southern border of Pennsylvania. When, many years later, William Penn obtained from King Charles II. the grant of the province of Pennsylvania and established his town of Philadelphia, he found to his dismay that the 40th parallel would pass through that town, and he therefore refused to accept that charter limit as his boundary.

It was only after nearly a century of controversy, of litigation, almost of civil war, that Penn's descendants finally acquired the fruition of his schemes. After several years' abortive attempts by local surveyors to carry out the mandates of the English courts of law, the proprietors employed two noted English mathematicians—Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon—to come to this country and mark out the boundary on the ground. They brought the best instruments of the day, and entirely discarding the compass needle, so generally and unfortunately employed in similar work, they made a survey that is really monumental in its way and undoubtedly the best of all the provincial boundary surveys. Arriving at Philadelphia in the fall of 1763, they began active operations the following spring and continued the work until the fall of 1768, when they were discharged.

The object of the present survey is to restore the old monuments, many of which have been destroyed or removed and to erect additional monuments for the better definition of the line. Owing to the fact of Maryland being a slave state, while Pennsylvania was a free state, this line was frequently mentioned in the long discussion that burning question and many confound it with the "Missouri compromise" line. It was also generally forgotten that the boundary between Maryland and Delaware was a part of the Mason and Dixon line. These were both slaves states, and there was, therefore, no distinction to be drawn. Since the appointment of the survey commission, under acts of the legislatures of Pennsylvania and Maryland, in 1899 and 1900, the engineers have run across many of the stones used by Mason and Dixon to mark the line. It has long been the desire of the government to have a correct division, and the commissioners were appointed for this purpose.—Baltimore American.

"KEEP YOUR TOP COOL."—It is reported of Artemus Ward that he once offered his flask of whiskey to the driver of a stage through a mountainous section. The stage driver refused the flask in most decided tones. He said: "I don't drink; I won't drink; I don't like to see anybody else drink. I am of the opinion of those mountains—keep your top cool! They've got snow, and I've got brains; that's all the difference."

There is a deal of wisdom in his remark—"Keep your top cool." Without a sound brain man is not of much use in the world. Alcohol, whether in beer, cider, wine, brandy or whiskey, is a foe of the brain; and when it gets there it inflames it, and renders it unfit for use. Be like the veteran stage driver, and resolve to "keep your top cool."

"Now we have just had one experience that illustrates my point. We shipped an immense lot of exceptionally fine animals to Calcutta—four baby elephants, five tigers from Bengal, four leopards and about one hundred cranes, some of which were so rare that they had not even been identified by Indian zoologists. We also had thirty-five serpents, among them a python twenty feet long.

"Well, our animal men who accompanied the shipment got them through all right for thirty-three days until we struck the Newfoundland banks, when a steep storm hammered the ship, and for a night she labored through tremendous icy seas that swept her decks continually.

"Canvass and straw were piled around the animals and everything was done by our men that was possible. But when morning came three elephants, three tigers, two leopards, almost all the rare cranes and every one of the snakes lay dead and had to be thrown overboard.

"This shows why wild animals cost so much. And there are many other risks. Last year one of the big American animal dealers heard from a beast catcher in Rangoon that he had seven fine full-grown rhinoceroses in perfect condition.

"He sent a message at once accepting the animals and then hurriedly had timbers cut and shaped to build the great pens that are necessary to hold powerful beasts like these on a steamship. The expense of these pens and the freight charges for shipping them from America more than half way around the world made a big item in themselves. Then there were the expenses of the dealer and the three assistants whom he had to take with him.

"After their long voyage to Rangoon they found a difficult trip into the interior before them. They had to drag the heavy timbers for the pens with them, knowing from bitter previous experience that the Oriental animal catchers would be provided with nothing except bamboo cages—tough and strong enough so long as they are stationary, but almost sure to work apart when they are moved over bad roads.

"At last they reached their objective point and then after all their work and expenditure, they found three small, sickly and poor specimens. Not one of them was in condition to be shipped even to the coast, not to mention the long voyage to America. So here were almost four months wasted, many thousands of dollars lost, and worst of all, no rhinoceroses! At the very time, when a dozen menageries were offering big amounts of money for specimens.

"Shipping the beasts is always a hard job. Sailors are afraid of wild animals and they handle the cargoes with such unwillingness that they often drop a cage into the hold and kill or injure the beast, because they are afraid to get near enough to it to guide or swing it properly.

"I have often put my arm into a cage and rubbed a tiger or a lion merely in order to show the crew of the ship that they need not be apprehensive. But they generally don't do anything except to grin sheepishly and say: "All right, mister. You're welcome to do them kind of foolish things all you please. We'd rather not."

"The consequence is that when a storm comes and the seas sweep the vessel and tear a few cages from their fastenings, the wild animal men rarely get any help from the crew and many a rare and valuable beast has been lost merely because everybody was afraid of it.

GIRAFRES DEAR AND SCARCE.

They Are the Costliest of All the Wild Animals.

"What is the most valuable animal now?" was asked of one of the most experienced wild animal collectors and dealers of the United States.

"The giraffe," he answered. "It is the most expensive animal now, not only because it is rather rare, but because it is at the same time one of the most difficult to catch and to keep after you catch it, and the worst kind of an animal to ship.

"A captured giraffe has to be handled like a bric-a-brac. And it is a mighty big piece of bric-a-brac, too. "Imagine a delicately carved cabinet twelve feet high, as crazy as a whole lunatic asylum and as powerful and quick and dangerous as an automobile. It may be hard to imagine such a thing but it isn't any harder than it is to handle a fully grown giraffe.

"A wild animal dealer has to take all the risks. The shows and menageries and parks that buy from him don't pay for an animal until it is delivered. Consequently the risk is enormous and we have to charge a price that will make up for the danger of loss.

"Now we have just had one experience that illustrates my point. We shipped an immense lot of exceptionally fine animals to Calcutta—four baby elephants, five tigers from Bengal, four leopards and about one hundred cranes, some of which were so rare that they had not even been identified by Indian zoologists. We also had thirty-five serpents, among them a python twenty feet long.

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"At last they reached their objective point and then after all their work and expenditure, they found three small, sickly and poor specimens. Not one of them was in condition to be shipped even to the coast, not to mention the long voyage to America. So here were almost four months wasted, many thousands of dollars lost, and worst of all, no rhinoceroses! At the very time, when a dozen menageries were offering big amounts of money for specimens.

"Shipping the beasts is always a hard job. Sailors are afraid of wild animals and they handle the cargoes with such unwillingness that they often drop a cage into the hold and kill or injure the beast, because they are afraid to get near enough to it to guide or swing it properly.

"I have often put my arm into a cage and rubbed a tiger or a lion merely in order to show the crew of the ship that they need not be apprehensive. But they generally don't do anything except to grin sheepishly and say: "All right, mister. You're welcome to