DRINK, BUT DON'T TREAT.

THAT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF A SOCIETY NOW GROWING RAPIDLY.

A Railroad Man Started the Non-Treating Club in Chicago and It Is Spreading Itself Over the Country—Money to be Saved by Its Members—Its Growth in New York.

If you meet a man wearing a big white button about the size of a silver quarter in the lapel of his coat, with the letters "N. T. C." stamped on it in bright blue, don't stand and stare at him and wear your brain round and smooth trying to figure out what sort of new political bird he is. That button has no political significance whatever. It is the badge of a brand-new club here in town called the Non-Treating Club. This club is a man's club, of course, but all the women who know about it say that it is a very fine thing. And it ought to be, for it is founded on exceedingly liberal principles and the membership is increasing with amazing rapidity.

The club was founded by E. T. Monett, General Western Passenger Agent of the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad, in Chicago on Sept. 5 with one member, and that was himself. By Dec. 5 Mr. Monett expects his books to show a membership of 60,000. New York has taken hold of the movement under the leadership of J. F. Reece, who has been appointed Secretary for this State and has established headquarters at 227 West 130th street. Mr. Reece is a young man and for several years has been victimized by the treating habit. He is engaged in business at the corner of Fifth and Lewis streets, where treating is rather more compulsory than voluntary, and that's how he came to take enthusiastic interest in the Chicago organization. When asked to talk about the Non-Treating Club and its objects, Mr. Reece said:

"First of all, make it perfectly plain that this is not a temperance movement. There have been many non-treating clubs organized heretofore, but they were formed in the interest of temperance and all fell through. One reason for their not succeeding may have been that they had no insignia and no rules, and people desiring to join could not get any information about what they were expected to do. This club has been founded on different principles and has good sound common sense for a foundation. It all started in this way. Mr. Monett found that such a large part of his salary was spent in treating that he determined to keep an account of what he did spend in that way for one year. It turned out that he blew in just about one-fifth of what he made by constantly using the phrase, 'Have one with me.' He is a man who believes thoroughly that every one of us was put on this earth for some good, and he thought he saw a way through such an organization to help men to save their money and preserve their physical and moral soundness. So he asked a few of his friends to join this club, and they gladly consented, saying that they were all in need of just such a movement.

"The object of the club, which is really to do away with this pernicious habit of treating, is very simple, indeed, as it is stated on the card which is sent to each man who joins. It reads: 'When you want a drink, take it, and don't imagine you will offend any one by not asking eight or ten to join you.' The only pledge that a member makes is to wear the button and make a pledge to himself not to treat any one who is a member.

"When a card is sent to an applicant he is asked not to detach the button from the card if he has any conscientious scruples, but to pass it to some friend. One of the Chicago newspapers got hold of the fact that Mr. Monett and a few of his friends, all prominent business and professional men, had organized such a club, and the newspapers all over the country took it up. The result was that applications for membership began to pour in to him from one end of the country to the other and he was snowed under with letters, all expressing approval of the scheme. In a few weeks 18,000 names were enrolled, which result speaks for itself and is an indication that the club finds favor with the large majority. Mr. Monett didn't imagine for an instant that it would spread beyond Chicago, but I've enrolled over 3,000 right here in the city in a few days.

"How did you come to be so vitally interested in the club?" asked the reporter.

"Well, this neighborhood here where I work is a great one for treating. Every truckman and workman who comes in the place expects to be treated, and I've seen a man take a friend into a saloon he's expected to treat everybody in sight. I've been thinking for a long while that this treating habit is increasing among men rather than decreasing, and it is all rot; it is false friendship, and it is responsible for the ruining of many drunkards.

'Have one with me' is a phrase many a man has used because of the desire not to appear small, and is frequently accepted more to avoid giving offence than because the beverage itself is desired. For instance, you and I go into a café with the intention of having one drink, perhaps two. We meet eight or ten friends who insist upon our joining them. We do so, and then you and I reciprocate, and every man in the crowd insists on everybody having one with him. The consequence is that we each make eight or ten drinks under his belt, and I'll bet a new hat that there is not one of them but would have preferred the one drink to eight or ten consecutive drinks. This thing repeated several times a day year in and year out will ruin a man physically and financially, and it is all foolishness.

"I read about the Non-Treating Club in some paper and wrote to Mr. Monett for a button. As I was the second man from this State to seek membership he asked me to act as Secretary. The other was an up-the-State farmer. And that's the plan he is adopting to organize clubs in each State. He asks the first man who becomes a member to form a club in the place where he lives and to spread the good work, but I do not find my work confined to New York by any means. Here are three letters which came in this morning's mail and they will give you an idea of what hold the non-treating idea is taking on all classes of men."

The first letter was from the proprietor of a hotel in Edgeley, N. D., and was as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed 4 cts. Postage, for which mail to my address one of the buttons of the Non-Treating Club, and information, so that I can start a club here."

This second one came from a young man engaged in the insurance business at Louisville, Ky.:

"DEAR SIR: I noticed an article in a paper a few days ago in regard to your club and as a result you will find inclosed 25 cents in stamps for which you can send me half a dozen of your famous buttons. I tried this same scheme some three years ago, only we had no buttons or cards or any insignia whatever, and of course the idea was finally waited on the winds. I don't know how the plan will work in this State, but there is not a man to whom I have shown the newspaper clipping but who has said he would like to join a thing like that, and I am going to try to start the ball rolling with six fellows and if it is a go you can look for more orders."

An employee in the Hoffman House café at 7 Reserve street sent the following request:

"DEAR SIR: I have heard of the Non-Treating Club and I would like very much to become a member of same, so hoping that you will kindly accept me, I remain, &c."

"A German up the State," continued Mr. Reece, "sent four cents for a button and said he wanted to join the club because he was fond of drinking himself, but did not believe in making other people drink at his expense. A great many Germans are joining the club, by the way. They nearly all belong to some bowling club or more, and they all say that they want to introduce the idea among bowlers so that they will be of one mind on the subject. Many of the applications seem to come from laboring men who can ill afford to indulge in the treating habit.

"Mr. Monett writes me that he knows of numberless cases where men who were drawing salaries all the way from $2,500 to $5,000 a year are now working for $40 and $50 a month as clerks in offices and such places, and glad enough they are to get that. Not one of them will ever be on top again, and yet they were at one time capable of managing a department. What was the cause of their downfall? Treating. Nothing more, nothing less; it was not because they were slaves to drink, but slaves to custom. I know a man here in New York who had a magnificent salary in a corporation's office, and treating and accepting treats ruined him. When he started out he cared nothing for drink, but he tried to be a good fellow and was ruined. He wound up in the Tombs for misappropriating his employer's funds, and after his friends got him out of that scrape I don't know what became of him, but they all said that the treating habit had ruined him. But, as I said at the outset, this club was not organized to instil temperance doctrines into men, but common sense. It isn't the money that a man spends in treating that worries him, because he gets his treats back drink for drink; what he does mind is being tanked up with a lot of stuff that he doesn't want, but doesn't dare decline for fear of giving offence."

"How have the people in this neighborhood taken to your stand in this matter?" asked the interviewer.

"Many of them are angry about it," answered Mr. Reece, "but I haven't had any out-and-out brickbats on account of my badge and principles yet. I'll tell you one thing, though, all the saloon keepers favor the Non-Treating Club, or, at least, I know many who do, and all ought to. You see when a saloon keeper treats, which he is expected to do frequently, he has to treat everybody in the saloons else he will offend people, and drive away custom."

"Are women admitted to membership in the club?"

"Certainly they are," was the reply, "but so far I've received only one application from a woman. That was from Mrs. A. Van Wyck of South Brooklyn. At first I thought she must be related to the Democratic candidate for Governor, but I learned that she was not. She asked for two buttons, but whether she intended to wear one or not I cannot say. I wrote and told her that I thought that ladies could do more good in this organization than men, and I do, for a man will listen to a woman when he won't pay any attention to a man. I wish women would become interested in the movement and influence their husbands and sons and brothers to join. They would be directly benefited financially in the end, and then the Non-Treating Club has no clubhouse where its members can spend their evenings, and we have no dues and initiation fees. One hundred cards and buttons cost $1.50, or a single card and button is to be had for four cents. That is the only expense that a lifetime member has to meet. It is gratifying that young and old men of all walks in life are joining the club. The American press and a branch of the Non-Treating Club in every city in each State in the Union can in time completely abolish the treating habit, and this will be far more effective than legislative prohibition as a promoter of temperance and will do much toward making men more thrifty."

All inquiries about the organization should be addressed to Mr. Reece, at 227 West 130th street, New York.

SMITH'S YELLOW FEVER.

He Felt It His Duty to Warn the Officials, and Got an Immune Certificate.

HAVANA, Nov. 15.—His name was Smith and in performing his duties as nurse he contracted yellow fever. One can imagine that the yellow fever could be used as a weapon of offence, but to Smith must be left the honor of inventing its use as a weapon of defence. He was a colored man, and it is supposed in these parts that he had the colored yellow fever.

Smith's life had been monotonous. His occupation was sedentary. A nurse in a yellow fever case is not popular in general society. Naturally, when he succumbed to the disorder he was still further secluded. He was not a man of literary bent. He came directly from the plantation to the ship. Poetry and the arts of literary composition were things which did not interest him, and solitaire, as a steady pursuit, without the opportunity to obtain the wandering dollar or the razor from the opposition colored man, robbed life of all its charm.

Naturally, on obtaining his freedom he found himself possessor of untold gold in the shape of a bonus of $15 and his personal liberty. The world was at his feet; all joy was his so long as that $15 lasted. In carrying out the lessons self-taught during his illness, not entirely disconnected with cards, Smith encountered on the field of chance another colored man. Alas for him! Constant yellow fever practice had enabled Smith to rise above the ordinary rules of chance. Result, base charges of foul play, properly resented by Smith. No hearing was accorded, and the convalescent Smith, just out of the throes of yellow fever, did not get a medal for victory in war, but was consigned to a United States yacht in double irons and bread and water for five days, neither of which methods is approved in medical science as good treatment after yellow fever.

In ignorance of his doom, Smith, being informed that he was to take a pleasure trip on a Government yacht, dressed himself in his best clothes, and learned, when seated in the Captain's gig, that once more he was to be secluded from the sight of man, and once more to be a victim of all the pangs of solitude, this time shorn of both razor and that deck of cards to which he owed so much. The preparation for $15 or ten days is usually the oldest suit. In honor of his pleasure trip Smith wore his best, and double irons and a derby hat, creased trousers and bread and water, do not go well together.

It was impossible to convince the boatswain in the gig that the colored man so attired was doomed to degradation. Seizing the opportunity, Smith informed the boat's crew concerning yellow fever, dwelt upon the horrors of the disease, and said that he was still in condition to give it, not to a Government yacht, but to the whole squadron. The men, impressed with the truth of his remarks, protested violently to his being placed in the brig, in whose sanitary seclusion the ordinary result of shore leave had sought safety and repose from time to time. A tent was erected upon deck, and the sight of Smith about to be incarcerated with yellow fever, malarial mosquitoes, and all which that implies, upon the spotless planks of their favorite boat—caused the otherwise well-behaved crew to rise as one man. Result, Smith liberated, sent to a first-class hotel for the night, supplied with additional gold, given express orders to treat him as a cabin passenger without manacles in a fine steamer, and a doctor's certificate furnished that he was without yellow fever and immune therefrom. He who runs may read.

AN ARIZONA LION HUNTER.

Why Packard Uses a Rifle of Only Twenty-two Calibre.

From the Globe-Times.

Florence Packard, who lives in Greenback Valley, Gila county, A. T., has a remarkable record as a hunter of mountain lions. He has killed scores of them and last year alone his record was thirty-three scalps. The mountain lions of Arizona are most destructive to herds of horses and cattle. The risk of life and difficulties attending their destruction has caused the lions to be more numerous than one would suppose, and if it were not for the bounty paid by the county, the stockmen would be short on their cattle and horses. Much of the country surrounding Packard's ranch is made up of irregular ranges of broken mountains.

Packard was in Globe a few days since and related some of his adventures. In the last twelve months Mr. Packard has brought to Globe besides thirty-three lions a few bears, wildcats, coons and foxes. He does not consider it worth while to count the small game. The dogs for this work are a cross between the fox and bloodhound. Usually four dogs are in the pack. The two youngest are yoked together, another is trained as scout, whose work is to go ahead and around for the scent of lion or bear, and when the scent is found, the oldest dog is put on the track, and to his credit, it is said, never fails to find the animal. Packard says he has frequently followed this dog over fifteen miles before the lion was found. Up to this date seventy-one lion scalps are to the credit of this dog. The dog is not a fast trailer, but very careful, and, considering the roughness of the country, the dog is remarkable. Most of the animals are found in the rocky cliffs, but when hard pressed seldom enter the many openings, but will back against the bluff or rocks and fight the dogs. The lion prefers these, but their scarcity affords little protection in this locality.

It was last August that Packard's methodical mode of hunting was changed a little. The dogs came up to where a lion had killed a deer. The dogs took the trail, followed it for some five miles and ran up a tree. The lion animal was a large tom lion, whose scalp was soon secured. Packard started for home, but on the way the dogs scented another animal and followed it for several miles, leading to a high, rocky bluff, following the edge some 500 feet to where it broke off, led down and under, and here the dogs had the lion cornered. Packard could not get sight of his game, and had to work around among the rocks, and in doing so came up to where the dogs were, and faced the lion, which was just under a ledge of rock, although this opening ran in and afforded the lion safety. The lion no sooner saw the hunter than, with a mighty bound, it went over Mr. Packard's head and landed all of twenty-five feet below. The dogs were after him, forcing the lion again on the bluff, where he was surrounded and compelled to back toward the bluff, over which he went, tail first, for twenty-five feet, holding on to the almost perpendicular sides with his claws, until the remaining distance of some twenty-five feet, he had to let go, and fell near the hole he was treed in. This hole did not go in very far, but it forked a few feet from the entrance, where the lion was. Packard said it was nonsense to go in, as the lion would see him first, and that there was no way that he could use his gun or knife after crawling in, the hole being so small. This lion was abandoned until next day, but a heavy rain came up and obliterated the trail. This is the only lion Packard has lost.

At another time Packard was equally surprised. His dogs had a lion under a rock some six feet high, and, believing the best place for him was on top of this rock, he mounted, but no sooner had he reached it than the lion came from under and landed within two feet of the first occupant. The lion had no sooner landed than a ball from Packard's gun struck him in the neck and rolled him off.

Packard was asked if he was scared, and replied, no, but a little surprised. He said if a man will keep cool and not lose his head there is no danger.

Packard says a lion will eat coon and wildcats when very hungry. The male lions generally run by themselves and are very vicious. Female lions have been found that were literally cut to pieces by the tom lions.

The bears are the shyest of all game. Having poor eyes and good ears, the least noise drives them off a good way. It may surprise some hunters to know that a twenty-two rifle is used by Packard for killing these animals. If a heavy gun is used the force of the shot would knock the animal out of trees or off rocks before dead and likely cause the death of some of the dogs. The lion is easily killed by a small ball when well aimed.

NO CHANGE IN KISS VERSES.

CANDY MOTTOES THE SAME NOW AS GENERATIONS AGO.

Fifth Avenue and the East Side Find the Same Verses in Their Confectioneries—Intentions to Get Out a New Set Never Cardrie Out—Rhymes for Old and Young.

Two thousand reams of kiss mottoes, or verses, 150,000 to a ream, are turned out annually at the New York headquarters for confectioners' wares. A large proportion of these mottoes are used in the United States; the rest are distributed to the four winds, some to New Zealand, Canada, Cuba, South America, wherever English or French or German is spoken, for only in those tongues are the mottoes printed. The kiss verse is entirely impartial and no respecter of persons, for the same little conceits that attend on Essex street functions, are a prompter to Bowery sociability, and figure at Thanksgiving and holiday parties away off in sequestered country homes are served up in expensive bonbon holders at fashionable luncheons and supper parties given at Fifth avenue assembly rooms and at private dwellings. The one factory is the author of them all.

"Who makes the kiss verses?" was asked of the superintendent of these peculiar sugary wares.

"I don't know," was the reply. "They have been on our plates for years. We never change them. I think Adam had something to do with the original manuscript and perhaps Noah took care of it along with other things that he tucked into the ark. It's possible that we will get out a few new motto forms next year, but simply because our old plates are wearing out from constant use. Kiss verses are the one thing in the trade that need not keep up with the procession. People buy them just the same whether they're old or not.

"When I first came into the business twelve years ago, and noticed how musty and archaic the mottoes were, I suggested to my uncle, who was then in charge, that we have some new things written that would be more up to date, but he said there was no need, that these would do as well. My uncle was then quite an old man, and had been superintendent here for years. He had no more idea where the verses we were using came from than I have now, but he thought they came from the other side somewhere, and maybe had been a little tinkered up here in the house to make them shorter and more serviceable. I've had a notion two or three times of getting some new ones written, some with hits on wheeling or golf, and with, maybe, some of the taking slang phrases that people use now, but I gever got round to it, and I notice that the French and German mottoes that come to us from abroad are no more up to date than ours; are exactly the same as when I was a boy, and, for that matter, as were used when my father or my grandfather was a boy. They answer just as well, and people read them and laugh and joke over them at parties just as they ever did. They are an important part of the candy business, at least the motto papers and ornaments are. We ship thousands of packages of those in the gross and every paper has to have a verse folded away in it."

"Do we use many kiss verses now?" repeated the manager of a big catering establishment which makes a business of having unique and entertaining devices. "Oh, yes; just as many as ever. See those cracker bonbons with the horses on them, and crops and riding hats, got up especially for Horse Show week. They go off with a snap when pulled, and have a paper cap or a tinsel favor inside. Every one of them has a verse in it. Meant for children's parties? By no means. They are used just as much for grown folks, although many of our prettiest motto devices are got up for that purpose. I have an order for a private dinner to-morrow night, a dinner for men. I shall use those motto bonbons as part of the decorations, which will be the most unique we have worked out yet this season."

On certain of the motto papers not yet irrevocably tucked away in these up-to-date bonbon devices the following sentiments are inscribed:

To chaff with a belle I like very well,
But marry I'm not quite so hasty;
As well as spend both pains and cash
My wife must learn to make pastry.

And this:

"I love" whene'er "thou lovest," too,
"We love" then we'll say and prove,
And echoes shall repeat anew
The blissful tale of mutual love.

Two employees of the place, young girls with slim, deft fingers and a knack for fastening flowers and dainty trifles in shape, are at work at the moment on some carnation motto bonbons, a set of elaborate pink function. This is one verse that is to figure at the feast, hidden in the stem of a pink carnation:

Hark! Cupid calls, let us obey,
Enjoy life e'er it rolls away.

Also this:

Accept this little pledge of love,
And love's requited obey;
And ever kind and constant prove
From this auspicious day.

Other mottoes read:

Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm, and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's kingdom never dies.

None but yourself shall e'er be mine.
Resolve, dear girl, to make me thine.

One most obvious and reminiscent of forfeits and fun-making games reads:

A certain girl—need I say who?
Would not refuse to marry you;
Now, Mr. Bashful, take the hint,
Prove that your heart is not of flint.

"These are the identical rhymes used at a supper party given to Washington or at some of those notable gatherings that Oliver Cromwell frowned on," said the manager. "The kiss verse never changes. The German conceits are quaint and pretty, the French more subtle and delicate than the English; some few of the French are philosophical or pessimistic, but the majority are all about love, pure and simple, and are almost childlike in their simple directness. Here's the little sheet of French mottoes that is to be clipped up for use in those violet favor bonbons. There are twenty-four mottoes repeated over and over in regular succession on the sheet, and only two out of the twenty-four are about anything else than love. I presume the fact that love and courtship are as old as the hills and never change is the reason why the importers and the American distributers of candy motto verses think one single stock article will answer the purpose. We have no Spanish motto verses. That sort of badinage in love matters is not approved of in Spain or Portugal. I have been all through those countries and I never saw a kiss verse or motto used there, except when they floated in to English or French people. Not that the Spanish are more straitlaced, in fact, but, in their etiquette, love matters are not to be alluded to in public any more than a Spanish girl is permitted to see a man friend otherwise than in the presence of a duenna. To jest of love in Spain is branded bad form. The English mottoes, many of them reversions of Irish or Scotch rhymes and sentiments, are the crudest we have; and when the Americans have tacked on or taken off something to make the verse shorter or better it becomes balder or cruder still. Some few are vulgar, but most of them are sentimental with the stiff-stilted sentiment of a generation ago that seems comically out of place with all the up-to-date conveniences and improvements that are in use now.

"All our finest and most delicate incasing of motto bonbons is done in Europe," added the manager. "The distinctive novelties that we plan for any unique occasion are done here, but the bulk of the fancy designing and ornamenti is done where accurate, painstaking labor can be had cheaper than we can get it. All the silver dusting of those butterfly wings and the intricate tracery of silk and embroidery-floss rosetting used on the motto cases takes too much time for us to do it with profit. The best labor here is high priced, so we still turn to Europe for things of this sort, and maybe that is why the verses in the motto bonbons yet come from the same source that has supplied them to us for centuries. Only one department of motto labels is done by original design now, and that is the inscriptions on the ribbon scrolls drawn across the inside lid of fancy bonbon holders. Verses translations from old loving-cup toasts and salutations are used for these, and each season as the bonbon holder grows more important these little messages come more into use. As much as $25 or $30 is no uncommon price for a fancy case or box filled with four or five pounds of candy, and somewhere about it will be an inscription made so as to be appropriate, whatever use the box be put to.

"As to the motto candies themselves, they were never more elaborate or more exquisitely put up and ornamented than now. Every device in nature—sea shells, flowers, grains, and all sorts of insect and vegetable delicies—is imitated, and the kiss verse is in the centre of each, the same old kiss verse, never mind how new in design the cover that hides it."

Everybody, from the humblest to the highest, smiles when you ask about kiss verses—the white-capped candymaker, busy about his starch-lined moulds, the girl basket and box packer in the big factory, the candy sellers, and even the stoical order taker and immaculate cashier in the smart shops, who look as if anything less automatic than a prim assent or dissent to a question asked in business hours need never be expected of them. Perhaps it is the naive guilelessness and unblushing silliness of the kiss verse that makes it such a universal expansionist; but certain it is that anybody starting out to track a kiss verse to its origin by way of the people who handle kiss verses leaves a trail of smiling astonishment behind.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," is instinct in the kiss verse, unless, as that one man who starts them all out in New York has threatened, the old type plates shall be changed next year, or some other and remoter year, and new ideas and phrases set up. In the meantime the little kindergarten pupil gives a kiss verse to her grandfather, and he is tickled at the joke; the old bachelor statesman hands one gravely over to the budding débutante, an identical copy of the one he might have handed her mother or aunt two decades ago, and the grandmother gives some motto bonbons to take with her to the nursery, and pop off with the play caps that the toddlers love. Few people read the old timeservers in earnest, maybe, but it would seem strange, indeed, to undo one of the compactly twisted and puckered-up sugar comfits and not find a narrow little paper within, hinting of love and courtship and sentiment. Kiss verses, like icecream, are a common bond, linking all ages and kinds and conditions of people in holiday humor, a source of unbending which does the old folks good and gives the young ones something to remember.

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A HEARSE.

A Day of Glory for Indian Warriors in Early Times at Cheyenne.

When Cheyenne was a much smaller place than it is now, when, in fact, it was so small that one had always to speak of the place as Cheyenne City or stand the chance of shooting, city life was characterized by a familiarity with the Indian which the town would now blush to own. Much of the time the warriors of the Cheyenne tribe were street loaters who had to be pushed out of the way if any one was in a hurry, but there were times when the Cheyenne warrior drew his allowance of cash from the Great White Father and then he was an object of consideration until he had spent it. There was a society in Philadelphia which looked out for the Washington end of the transaction on the score of philanthropy and Indian rights and made sure that the Indian got the cash. The citizens of Cheyenne and every other town which had an Indian agent looked after the other end of the transaction and saw that the Indian restored the Government funds to speedy circulation by spending quickly, if not well.

On one such pay day there was a particularly large sum coming to each Indian. Possibly some of his very shadowy rights to something which he did not use and never could use had been purchased by the Government. At any rate there was a distribution which turned each warrior loose upon the business community of Cheyenne City with something in the neighborhood of $2,000.

In the early stages of a plains community there are not many specimens of the pleasure rig. The rolling stock is for the most part composed of quartermasters' wagons and the almost equally cumbrous ambulances used by the officers at the post. But it is never long before a commendable spirit of enterprise introduces a hearse. At the time of the great payment to the Cheyennes the new hearse was the only ornamental wheeled conveyance in Cheyenne City. This hearse caught the eye of a warrior with more money under his blanket than he had ever had before. On catching his eye it was no long step to exciting his desires to own that vehicle and to celebrate in style. That's Indian nature, at least the kind of Indian that people know on the plains. It took very nearly all the money he had, but he bought the hearse and a team of six mules complete. There wouldn't have been any surplus for the Indian but for a miscalculation on the part of the undertaker in setting his price. He made allowance for the Indian's spending money a little more freely than was actually the case. However, the surplus was not lost to the general circulation of the currency. The warrior and his squaw got on the box seat of the vehicle and drove off in style. As other Indians of standing in the tribe were encountered the hearse was stopped and they were invited to get aboard. When they had filled every available inch on the roof of the conveyance other Indian passengers were crowded into the box and sat behind the glass panels looking solemnly out upon the world. When the hearse could not be made to hold another Indian the outfit set off at a gallop on a tour of the business houses which particularly appealed to their custom.

As their money gave out, or as they succumbed to their too great purchasing power, the first batch of Indians dropped off the hearse and fell by the wayside, but there were others keen to take their places, and the vehicle passed from one Indian owner to another for a very small consideration. Never before had a hearse been concerned in such an orgie. But through it all some sort of luck looked out for it; it had fallen on disreputable uses, but it came through the wild debauch without serious damage. After the spree was over the last of its succession of Indian owners took the hearse back to the undertaker. It was an elephant on the Indian's hands; there was no use for such a wagon in the Cheyenne village, and he was willing to sell for a thousand dollars, for a hundred dollars, ten, five, two bits and a bottle of whiskey, on which last terms the transaction was completed. It is not of record that any of the first citizens of Cheyenne objected to being carried in this conveyance because of its lapse from sobriety for a single day of Indian extravagance.

ELEPHANTS IN THE ARMY.

Some Points as to Their Employment by the British in India.

From the Philadelphia Times.

CALCUTTA, Oct. 15.—One of the most interesting features of the English army life presented to the layman in India is furnished by the remarkable efficiency of the elephant brigade, most highly developed through the skill of the Burmese in handling the giant animals. Their usefulness in India can scarcely be imagined by one not familiar with the amount and variety of work which they accomplish, but it would be a serious mistake to imagine that this degree of usefulness is attained through any antitude of the unwieldy animals or natural tendency toward it. It is due solely and entirely to the wonderful ability of the natives in training the huge animals and overcoming their natural inclinations. This cannot be too highly praised. Neither must it be imagined that the use of elephants in army life is not attended by great disadvantages, not the least of which is the difficulty with which they are transported.

Naturally the elephant is not an intelligent animal. He can be taught remarkable things, in which his strength and endurance play an important part. He can never, however, perform these feats without continual attendance and direction. Abstractly, his power of work is unappreciable; when directed by skillful hands, however, it is remarkable.

The transportation facilities which are provided for the sole use of the elephant are quite as remarkable. I witnessed recently the loading and detraining of a lot of elephants on the Madras Railway. Both were remarkable processes. In loading a rope is fastened to his fore leg and a lot of natives haul and pull at it to induce the animal to take the first step into the car. This is only accomplished, however, by admonishing him in the haunch by means of a tusk. The first step taken is rapidly followed by the others until he stands safely on the car.

This portion of the task is accomplished comparatively easily, however, when compared with the next. At first he is timid and slightly frightened, but when the car starts his fear is wonderful to behold. Though he may ride a hundred times, he never overcomes this fear, though it is much more pronounced when he takes his initial ride after, say, two months' acquaintance with civilization. He rends the air with wild trumpetings, endeavors fruitlessly to escape, and only ceases his efforts when the car has again come to a standstill.

Of course, wonderfully strong cars are necessary to hold him. They are made completely of iron, with huge iron bars rising to a height of ten or twelve feet above the platform. Often these cars are rendered useless by the twisting of the bars, due to the application of the occupant's remarkable strength.

In transporting the elephant by sea the difficulties are almost as great. They are raised by means of a canvas running from the wharf to the ship, struggling to escape and rending the air with their cries. Once aboard ship they are easily managed, the motion not affecting them, because they do not see the moving panorama before them. Unloading them is easy. They are lowered on a raft beside the ship and allowed to swim ashore. They take to the water easily and are excellent swimmers, being able to swim eight or ten miles at a stretch without tiring.

The size of the Indian elephant is usually about eight feet in height and ten feet in length. The male is a little larger, perhaps eleven feet, and weighing about 5,000 pounds.

Near a State of Perfection.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"You haven't changed much since I saw you last."

"You mistake. When you saw me last I was a Populist, an anti-expansionist, and a free silverite. I am now a gold standard Republican expansionist."

"It's on me. What'll you drink?"

"I've quit drinking, too."

WOMEN VIEW THE SNAKES.

ALSO HANDLE THEM IN A SURPRISING WAY AT THE SHOW.

Their Hereditary Repugnance for the Serpent Destroyed Apparently by Familiarity—Entertainment Provided by the Visitors—Seven Rattlesnakes Stolen.

The snake show, as a wriggling rival of the Horse Show, made a record for itself last week. It is about the weirdest thing New York has seen in many a day. The snakes themselves are not so remarkable. Plenty of New Yorkers, who have occasional little snake shows of their own, have seen funnier specimens. But the exhibition at the Grand Central Palace doesn't have to depend entirely on its reptiles. Women hate snakes and love horses, but they are helping the snake show along with the same fervor they devote to the Horse Show.

Some men, as before said, have grown so used to seeing queer snakes that plain common serpents, with no appendages except rattlers, bore them. Anything less spicy than a green and violet specimen with a flibbertigibbet head, sapphire wings and a fantail seems tame to their jaded appetites. These eccentric specimens are not uncommon in New York. But while plenty of men know a snake when they see it and even when they don't see it, not one man in a million has ever beheld his wife amiably juggling with the serpents he saw or with those he thought he saw. He will have to go to the snake show in order to realize this vision. After he has seen his wife tickle the boa under the chin and heard her talk baby talk to the cannibal king, he will want to ask somebody to introduce him to her so that he can get acquainted all over again.

The hall where the exhibition is held suggests a warm summer day in Tophet. Thermometers are not provided, but any one especially anxious to be on the safe side would guess that the mercury would hustle up to 90° without loss of time. The snakes like it. The fifteen baby rattlers stand on their tip-tails and stick out their tongues in the friskiest kind of way. In the middle of the afternoon the big snakes get a live rat apiece and testify their appreciation of the favor by acting their prettiest. But the most interesting exhibit is the crowd. At first the men and women go peering into the boxes saying "Ugh!" and "Oh, my!" and tapping on the glass to rouse the snakes inside. Pretty soon some woman says to Mr. Higby:

"What kind of a snake is that big one?"

"A boa constrictor."

"Oh, my! How long is he?"

"Eight feet. He is getting ready to shed his skin. That's the reason he's so dull."

"Oh, my! How can you tell when he is going to shed?"

"By his eyes," and Mr. Higby calmly opens the case, which contains the boa, with four smaller snakes, slaps the others lightly in the face to make them keep away, and hauls out the great coils of the constrictor.

The crowd stares, and when Mr. Higby lays the big snake on the floor the people edge respectfully away. The other day when the boa was put on the floor a man was standing at another case with his back to the crowd. The movement of the people back of him as they edged away in a circle made him turn around and brought him face to face with the constrictor, which was perfectly free. The man didn't make a sound, but plunged madly through the crowd, almost upsetting two or three men who happened to be in his road. Of course, everybody laughed and the man came back rather disciplined.

An incident like this generally starts the real show, and from that time until the crowd goes some of the snakes are scarcely inside of their cases. Men and women walk about in the crowd with the serpents twined around their arms and necks, or holding one in a mass of knots among the fingers of one hand. It is the commonest thing to see a well-dressed woman go up to a snake which some one is holding and stroke it with her bare hand.

"Did you ever touch a snake before now?" the reporter asked such a woman.

"No."

"Why do you now?"

"Well, if it won't hurt this man it won't hurt me."

"But how about the repugnance women are supposed to have for snakes?"

"Women are curious to know how it would feel, and I suppose my curiosity overcame my repugnance. Really it isn't unpleasant to touch them," closing her fingers around the snake and passing her hand up and down. "It's cold, but it is perfectly dry. I always had an idea they were slimy."

"Doesn't that beat all?" a man said as the woman turned away. "What gets into women any way? Why, I brought my wife and my little four-year-old boy in here yesterday afternoon, and inside of half an hour my wife was patting the boa on the head while my boy was pulling its tail."

A woman has a box of pine snakes in one corner, and her assistant, a quiet-looking young woman in a greenish dress with a green velvet collar, seems to have a particular fondness for a long, light-colored pine snake from Florida. The snake seems to return the liking and is particularly effective coiled around that green velvet collar. While the pine-snaked young woman was standing near one of the cases, a girl in a blue tailor-made suit came along. There was quite a crowd, so the two young women were pretty close together. The snake seemed speculative eyes on the tailor-made blue girl and evidently concluded that the color would suit its complexion quite as well as green, so, without deserting its first love, it wriggled and wriggled around her neck until it got quite a long reach, and then it bowed politely to the blue girl.

The blue girl took no notice, being absorbed in the pretty picture of the black cannibal king eating a rat. Then the pine snake bowed some more and waved its head in a most insinuating fashion, but still the blue girl paid no attention. So the snake tenderly laid its head on the blue tailor-made shoulder and snuggled down with evident delight. Hard-hearted tailor-made girl in blue! All she did was to brush the reptile aside impatiently and go on watching the cannibal king.

Said the reporter: "Aren't you afraid to have that snake poking its head around you in that manner."

The girl turned and eyed it calmly.

"If it won't hurt her, it won't hurt me," she remarked.

"But if you should see a little gartersnake in the road you would run a mile. Yet you know that the gartersnake isn't going to hurt you."

"Well, I might not run, but I admit I should be glad to see the snake run. It seems different here. After you have been in here a while you get used to it."

"Then, you wouldn't have touched one when you first came in?"

"Mercy, no! I thought they were loathsome. I don't want too much of them now, but somehow you can't keep on having cold shivers and thrills of horror for such a length of time unless there's something to help you along."

The manager of the show stood around beaming placidly.

"This is the easiest show I ever had to run," he said. "It just runs itself. Let some of the women play with the snakes and the men and the rest of the women stand around and watch, and it's all they ask. I hadn't any more idea that this was going to turn into a sort of a free-for-all affair than I had that the snakes would grow feet and walk around the hall. The only trouble is to keep enough of the snakes in the boxes to have a few for people to look at that way. We've lost seven rattlers in copperheads 'Danger.' If I didn't, people would be inviting a Coroner's inquest by trying to pick the rattles off the tails for souvenirs.

"Well, I have one other trouble; that's so. You see, we have to give the snakes live rats to eat, and some people raise a howl about it. It is kind of pitiful to see one of the little fellows crouched down in a corner, his hair just standing on end, waiting to be made a meal of. But, you see, I'm between two fires. Either I've got to let the rats be killed and eaten by the snakes or I've got to let the snakes starve to death for lack of the rats. And there you are.

"Here are a couple of snakes that don't seem very hungry. I put the rat in there quite a while ago and at first he crouched down behind the drinking dish and truly his hair just stood up straight. But the snake didn't pay any attention to him, and finally he began to think that, at any rate, maybe he'd like to get a drink before he died. So he crawled over the edge of the dish, drank some of the water, and now he seems to be climbing around over the snakes as if they were the best and oldest of friends. As things stand now, I'm not sure whether the rat will eat the snakes or the snakes will eat the rat."

At this point several women came up to ask questions, and finally the manager lowered his voice to a confidential pitch and said:

"I wonder what would happen if I should tell these women who are so free to handle the big snakes that there are five little ones loose around here somewhere."

"Loose!" exclaimed the women with a sudden change of countenance.

"Oh, we've just little fellows. I don't know just what ones did get away, but they were harmless, whatever they were. I went out into the lobby day before yesterday, and I found one scooting out to get a look at the cable cars. This morning they found one in the branch Post Office in the corner of the building, but I think there are four or five others not reported yet."

One of his listeners had disappeared by this time, and it took some searching to find her in one corner, her eyes big and both hands holding her skirts several inches from the floor.

"I've been looking for them," she said almost breathlessly.

"Well, I don't like the feeling."— began another.

"Nor I!"

"Let's go!"

"All right!" and they started for the door. Half an hour later the reporter found them stroking the coach whip under the chin and saying to the king snake, "Oh, you beauty!"

A boy of about 10 was there with his father, and when the reporter first noticed him he was dividing his attentions between the coach whip and an immense chicken snake from Florida.

"Wouldn't mother have a fit if I should put one in her workbasket," exclaimed the boy, with touching filial enthusiasm.

The father looked curiously at the women around and remarked, "Perhaps."

"Why don't you buy one, father?" pleaded the boy. "Buy half a dozen."

When next seen the boy had the coach whip tangled up in his fingers. His eyes were shining with excitement and he was still pleading with his father to buy one or two or half a dozen.

Almost every day photographers set up their cameras in front of the star animals and make flashlight pictures. Sometimes the snake, fascinated by the light which burns before the flash, lifts its head from six inches to a foot and stares straight out through the glass. It is almost as if it knew what was going on and posed for the camera. The boa, by the way, has posed for its picture. Mr. Higby bought it in the first place because he wanted to paint a picture of Eve in the Garden of Eden. He pried open the snake's mouth and put an apple there. Since that time artist and model have become firm friends and Mr. Higby has added other snakes to his collection.

One of the queer things which have happened is the theft of seven fifteen inch baby rattlers. The manager now recalls the fact that one day a man of the Western frontier type lingered long before the happy rattler family. He supposes that the exiled frontiersman felt himself lonely in New York and abducted the seven rattlers to keep him company and make the effete East more tolerable. The manager offers a reward of $25 for