HOW DID "23" ORIGINATE?

REASON FOR POPULAR SLANG PHRASE IS NOT CLEAR.

The Bible, the Racetrack, Dickens, the Circus and Broadway Are Some of the Sources Mentioned—Expression Has Penetrated Every Part of United States.

Whence came "23," that popular slang synonym for "get out," "you have reached the end," "quit," &c.?

This numerical phrase has no application, and if any one attempts to trace the origin he will find the derivation credited to many incidents. Members of many callings claim the distinguished honor of giving the diminutive to an eager world. All assert that its first employment was peculiarly fitting to the conditions that brought it forth.

It is a companion to "skiddoo," and is frequently used in conjunction with that equally expressive word, although when you say "23" you mean "skiddoo." "Skiddoo" is authoritatively asserted to be a Western expression, which was used first on the cattle ranges of the Southwest by cowboys and Indians.

It was declared to be a contraction and popularization of the old phrase, "skedaddle." "Skiddoo" and "bishwa," the latter a term of derision used to convey the same comment as "hot air," drifted East from the plains along with other terse expletives.

But "23" belongs to no section, or rather it originated in every part of the United States, according to the respective authorities who have devoted their energies to tracing its lineage, says the *Boston Globe*.

All the disputants on the question of the genesis of the expression agree that it was disseminated largely by a comedian named George Cohan, who used it in the musical comedy "Little Johnny Jones." But Mr. Cohan did not first employ the numeral as a slang phrase. He heard it and thought it a good line, so he used it.

Where did it come from?

Well, it is just about two years of age, says one man. This authority, by the way, is a baseball "fan."

"'Twenty-three' means being 'tin-canned,'" says he. "Of course, you know that 'tin canned' among ball players means being 'fired,' released.

"'Twenty-three' was first used as a slang expression through the South and Southwest. It is a modification of the slang phrase 'Eighteen and five.' 'Eighteen and five' was its first form, and it was sprung by a barnstorming ten, twent' and thirt' repertory company touring the jayhawk watertank towns of the South and Southwest.

"It seems the manager of the company was a kind hearted guy and did not want to bruise any one's feelings. He never fired any of the bunch, but had a habit of piling on the extra parts in the plays and keeping the ghost from walking in the direction of the actor or actress he wanted to get rid of.

"The man or woman who was in bad favor was ordered by the manager to study additional parts until the number reached 18, and at the same time the manager kept putting off salary day. It took about five weeks for the artful proprietor of the show to work up the list to eighteen parts. That meant five weeks unpaid salary.

"By that time the object of the scheme reached the subject and he or she quit the show. So in that company it got to be a byword. When one of the troupe fell down or failed to make a hit the rest of them would pass out the word '18 and 5 for you.' It meant that there were 18 parts and 5 lean weeks coming, and the actor had better leave.

"After a while the '18 and 5' was found to be too long and some one did an adding stunt and brought out '23.'

"The theatrical company left '23' along the lines of the railroad and other show people picked it up, and after a year or so it got to New York and Boston. Racing men took hold of it and used it to designate a horse that was a 'dead one.'"

The racing man takes exceptions to the above elucidation of the problem of discovery. "Not a bit like it," says he, "23 for that.

"Now I'll tell you just where it did come from," he asserts with positiveness. "It was this way. There were 23 horses entered for the Suburban Handicap over in New York and the limit was 22. They picked out the numbers to race under and of course one was 23. That horse was ruled out, marked off the list. It did not run.

"So in racing parlance '23' came to mean the horse that had to quit the track and so was used to describe the skate that wouldn't do.

"Don't let them fool you with any pipes about actors having originated the word; an actor never originates anything. He is only a repeater."

Authority Number 3 is the press agent of a circus. For more than two decades he has illuminated the columns of the country papers with thrillers and the canvas show has trailed him all over the country. This genius of lurid phrase and alluring paragraph claims for the circus man the credit of "23."

"It's as much the circus man's expression as 'Hey Rube,'" says he. "It is as old as that slogan. You know whenever a circus man runs up against a tough crowd in a hard town, is getting the worst of the mixup and needs assistance, he cries, 'Hey Rube!' That is the signal for every circus man within hearing to rush to the rescue with a tent stake or anything he can grab.

"'Twenty-three' is 18 or 20 years old. I heard it soon after I went into the business. In the ring show there used to be twenty-three turns, and after the last one the boss canvasman had to work the boys lively to get the tents down and pack things onto the wagons.

"That last feature, Number 23, was the Roman chariot race. During the performance the canvasmen always sleep, particularly if the show is playing one day stands. During the evening you'll find them lying around on the hay and straw in the various tents.

"When the Roman chariot race started the cry '23' was sounded through the tents and over the lot to arouse the canvasmen and get them up ready for the heavy work just as soon as the event was over. It meant 'get out,' just as it does now, and it was adopted by the circus men generally as a way of telling a companion that they were through with him."

It is a far cry from the sawdust ring and the animal tent to the Holy Writ, but the explorers for the original application of "23" have to make it if the quest be religiously pursued. It was not a minister who advanced this theory that the Bible is responsible for the most recent slang phrase, but a student of slang, who observed that many a colloquialism was suggested by the Scriptures.

The etymological scientist declares that "23" is linked with the departure of Adam from the Garden of Eden. He insists that an anonymous party fell to discussing the cause of the woes of the world and the banishment of the first man from the garden of bounty. They tried to recall in just what part of the Bible the expulsion of Adam was recorded and, opinions differing, one of the disputants procured a Bible and pored over the pages for the reference. At last he exclaimed: "Here it is. In the fifth chapter of Genesis, verse 23; remember 23."

This verse reads: "Therefore the Lord God sent him [Adam] forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken."

"In recollecting it afterward, the members of the party knew that Adam got his in the twenty-third verse," said the author of this exposition upon the rise of "23." "Afterward among themselves they used to employ the expression in this wise: 'It's yours to imitate Adam, what he got in the twenty-third verse.' Then came the contraction to '23.'"

Those who know their Dickens well say the phrase, "23," meaning the finish, the end, was suggested by his description of the death of Sydney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities."

This is the story of the French revolution, and Sydney Carton, lawyer, of brilliant promise but dissolute habits, finds his life of no value to himself. When during the Reign of Terror a clean, handsome young man, the husband of a beautiful young woman, is convicted and sentenced to death, Sydney Carton seizes the opportunity to consecrate his life to a noble purpose, and he takes the place of the condemned.

Many are led to the guillotine that day. As Dickens describes the scene, the citizen soldiers, the populace, and the "knitting women" are gathered to witness the executions. One by one the heads fall from the blade, and the "knitting women" call the numbers.

Carton approaching the guillotine a woman preceding him. "She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting women count 22—"

It is Carton's turn. The number, 23, is the end for him.

Underlying "The Only Way," a dramatization of Dickens's story, was played a couple of seasons ago, and he who traces "23" to the adoption of this numerical description of the departure from life of Sydney Carton, explains that the theatrical profession seized it as an easy way of indicating one's "finish."

No New Yorker would ever admit that anything which caught the American people could have come from anywhere but Broadway. So the metropolis has appropriated "23" as the product of conditions on its best known thoroughfare. Here is how a New Yorker tells it:

"The slang phrase came into use when the mounted squad of policemen were first stationed in Union and Madison squares to regulate the traffic. Each man was given a whistle and drivers were taught to obey the signals. One blast of the whistle meant 'stay where you are.' Two shrieks constituted an order to 'go ahead.' When the copper blew three times he told you to 'back up.' If he blew twice shrilly and three immediately after the driver understood he must back up and get out lively.

"So the cabmen took it up and shouted '23' at an obstructor of the traffic in any part of the city. Naturally, from Broadway the expression spread over the country."

Another New Yorker advances a second theory. He declares that in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital the padded cell for the worst cases is No. 23. Thus when, after a hard night, the sufferer from the effect of high and low ones lands in Bellevue he sees his finish in "23."

Jack O'Brien, the pugilist, was refused admittance to twenty-three New York hotels, is advanced by an ingenious delver into the mystery of "23." The only difficulty with the plausibility of this is that "23" was a part of the slang tongue before O'Brien hit New York and he was not thrown out of twenty-three places.

Still another explanation is that a party of Westerners started to "drink up" Broadway. They counted each successive bar, and as they advanced to the last they hailed the bartender with "23." All hands then passed away and were bundled in cabs and sent home.

One of the most commonly accepted ideas of the derivation credits the coining to the evolution of a telegraph signal. The story goes that old time operators used "23" to order interrupters off the wire. Among railroad train despatchers "23" was used when the despatcher wished to notify all operators along the division to copy a train order which was about to be sent to some junction point. It did not imply "get out," for, on the contrary, it commanded every one to "get in."

Telegraphers have a yarn to the effect that 'way back "23" was used for a death message, but veterans at the key do not recall the employment of the numerals.

The chances are that no one knows just how "23" did happen. As long as 'most everybody by this time knows what it means, why waste time in trying to trace it, when in a few months it will have been superseded by some terse phrase of equally mysterious origin?

MELODIES OF THE FORECASTLE.

Most of the Old Sea Chanteys Were of American Origin.

The chantey is another of the passing conditions of the picturesque and romantic side of the sea life. The snorting of the donkey engine and the champing of the steam capstan have almost entirely taken its place.

It is the music of the sailing ship, the measures to which the windlass is hove around, sheets and halliards bowsed taut, the pump wheels kept clanking and by which a hundred and one toilsome jobs are lightened.

Curiously enough, although the British shellback has made these songs peculiarly his own, most of them are American in their origin, says the London *Express*. Their titles and choruses bear ample evidence of this.

In the '40s, when the famous Baltimore clippers were seriously menacing our own commercial supremacy of the sea, the Stars and Stripes waved over as splendid a race of sailors as the world has ever seen.

Those were the days of skyscrapers and moonrakers, when the dog funnelled paddle packet was still viewed with derision and the mariner whose "every finger was a fishhook and every hair a rope yarn" had not yet dreamed that steam would presently render his tattooed muscles impotent.

So the chantey was devised in order that pulling and hauling might be done in unison and with that gusto which is bred of a rousing chorus.

Very plaintive are many of these tunes, whose echoes have been flung back from every league along the trackless highways of the seven seas.

To hear a chantey in its full effectiveness you must needs be sufficiently distant not to catch the jarring falsetto into which mercantile Jack inevitably breaks, nor to hear his impromptu anathemas upon the skipper and mates.

As the work of seamanship varies from the rapid "swigging down" of jib sheets or royal halliards to the leisurely surging of the windlass handspikes in picking up an anchor, so is there a range of melodies to suit the cadence of every job.

There is a picturesque appropriateness about many of these chanteys. Thus when a ship is weighing to start upon her voyage her crew will heave in the ponderous cable to the slow, almost pathetic refrain of "Good-by, fare ye well."

Many a moist eye and many a lump in the throat has been raised to this sailor chant of farewell to "a fair little maiden," who is told that "the wind does blow, so the ship must go."

On the other hand, when a vessel is heaving-up to start for home the favorite chantey is "Hurrah, my lads, we're homeward bound!" The chorus encourages the "bully boys" to fresh exertions by the assurance that "when we come to the West Indee Docks, oh! won't the gels be there in flocks!" For Jack never forgets that the nymphs have hold of the tow rope.

The halliard chanteys offer the largest variety. Probably the most familiar of these is "Blow the Man Down," which is a swinging, hand over fist air. "Haul the Bowline" is another melody which I have heard hummed ashore. With these two exceptions, I have never heard a chantey save on shipboard.

It is in the unmistakably Yankee chanteys that we find the prettiest music. The long, lingering refrain of "Shenandoah, I Love Your Daughter," has a wild, yearning beauty about it which is reminiscent of Irish melody at its best.

"'Way Down Rio," "Blow, Boys, Blow," "Roll the Cotton Down," "Whiskey, Johnnie," "Across the Plains of Mexico," and "Ranzo" are indigenous to the American fo'c'sle, although for three generations past they have been very familiar in our town.

There is an indescribable haunting charm about the very simplicity of all these Yankee chanteys. Doubtless the romantic quality of their associations counts for much.

Among the purely English chanteys we may count "Storm Along, Boys, Stormy," "Boney was a Warrior," "Cheerily, Men," and "Dandy Ship and a Dandy Crew."

These working sea songs may still be heard, but with growing rareness. Yet so long as the sailing ship and the British shellback continue to exist they will not utterly die.

RARE LACES ON EXHIBITION.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S COLLECTION ON VIEW.

It Comprises 800 Pieces, Is the Most Valuable in This Country and Is a History of the Art of Lace Making—The Most Prized Exhibit the "Cardinal's Cape."

The most elaborate and by far the most valuable collection of laces in this country was put on public view yesterday in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The nucleus of the collection was a number of pieces of rare needlework contributed years ago by the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor. The collection was gradually added to, mainly by gifts, but to some extent by purchases, until to-day it numbers more than 800 pieces.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY ALTAR PIECE.

For a time no special effort was made to exhibit these laces to the best advantage. Recently Mme. Stefanie Kubasek was summoned from Vienna to arrange the collection for the view of the public. The result of her work was seen for the first time yesterday.

The collection occupies room 34 and the laces are displayed in cases in chronological order, beginning with specimens of the earliest known openwork, the handicraft of Christians of the period from the third to the seventh century. All these are made upon a background and are not laces in the strict sense of the term, but they show the beginning of the art.

There is a gap of something like seven hundred years between these exhibits and those next in order. The collection shows a striking array of pieces worked on net in the fifteenth century. Among them are altar pieces and embellishments for church vestments.

One of German origin portrays the Holy Family with the third person of the Trinity breathing the holy spirit into the mouth of the Mother of Christ. At one side is the devil looking on with fierce disapproval.

In the next case is more network of about the same period, which was produced in Germany, France, Italy and Egypt. On many of these pieces also are wrought pictures taken from Biblical history and worked out with exquisite skill.

As the collection is viewed from its starting point it is readily seen how the skilled workers gradually—very gradually—got away from the use of linen as a background and used the thread alone. In fact, the development from the older art of embroidery was so gradual that it is difficult to tell when the first true lace was made. In the sixteenth century pattern books were published, after studying which it is possible to trace the transition from white thread embroidery to needle point lace

Further along are shown bobbing laces, made a little later than the Van Dyke period. They are beautiful of design and the scroll work is exquisite.

Coming down to more modern times, there is a case containing laces made in the nineteenth century—bridal veils, dress trimmings and the like. In this section of the collection is a beautiful dress of lace for a child. The dress was made in Manila.

There are also some magnificent bits of Alençon, Brussels, Honiton and Valenciennes laces in the collection.

The most prized of all the exhibits is the "Cardinal's cape" which was in the collection made by the late Mrs. August Belmont and which came to the museum by gift. In spite of its name, it is supposed that the cape was really made for a woman. Its value is said to be $5000.

JEALOUS HUSBAND GAVE CLUE,

Which Enabled Post Office Inspector to Run Down a Mail Robber.

"It is generally the duty of a post office inspector to solve the mystery of a robbery of mail without a single clue to begin with," said Inspector in Chief Letherman to a *Boston Globe* writer.

"The recent finding of a mail pouch destined for Newton, but reaching the waters of the harbor, with the letters gone, is a case in point. I remember when I was an inspector at Cincinnati I was called out by telegram to unravel the mystery of a lost pouch containing valuable mail.

"I reached the town late in the evening and hunted up the postmaster, who was a prominent politician and a man of high standing. He told me there was absolutely no clue to the pouch, which should have arrived at 11:15 P. M. the night before and did not. He said, however, that a city officer had said to him that if some one talked with a certain woman some information might be secured.

"This woman, it was said, would witness a parade next morning from a window in the office of a business company, and a description of her was furnished. Just before the parade I went to the street number designated, but saw no one answering the description at any of the windows.

"There was a lady, very refined and well dressed, wearing the same sort of a coat and furs, standing on the curb, but it did not seem possible that she could know anything about the robbery. Still, as a matter of duty, I moved beside her and handed her my card.

"She did not glance at it, but turned her face away. I then asked when the parade started. She made no reply, but turned and walked away. I followed at a distance, and saw her enter one of the richest homes.

"I went back, thinking I had been deceived, and saw at the window the woman who had been described to me. I walked into the crowd around the windows and handed her my card. 'I cannot talk to you here, but come to my house to-night,' she said, 'this is the address.'

"I called that evening, and found the place was not the most aristocratic in the world. Far from it.

"She chatted for a time, and then, becoming friendly, asked me if I could get a money order for $50 cashed for her. I told her I thought I could and would see the postmaster about it.

"I took the order, and the next morning satisfied myself that it did not belong to her, and, furthermore, that it was in a letter sent in the missing pouch. This was my first clue, and I did not press it too rapidly.

"I went back to the house to see her about it, and asked where she got it. She said a man who owed her some money had sent it to her. I told her if it was all right it would be paid the next day, and changed the subject. At length she asked me if I would drink a glass of ale and started down to the cellar to get some. As an excuse when she was half down stairs I offered to help her, and started down. 'You must not come down here—my husband will not like it,' she said, but I kept on down.

"The cellar was filled with plunder—hams by the score, boxes and packages of all kinds, and one box opened at one end exposed two or three silk parasols. I asked her what the collection meant, and she said her husband was going to open a store and had been collecting merchandise.

"She pledged me not to tell, as he had not resigned his position yet, and did not want it known that he was going into business for himself until he got all prepared.

"I had heard of the pillaging of freight cars when I first came to town, but as I was not on that errand I made no further remarks. The next day bunches of looted mail began to come into the post office, picked up by citizens. It was found under board sidewalks, in store boxes and out of the way corners.

"The mail had all been opened and rifled, but the letters were in the envelopes. On my next visit to the lady's house she showed me four silk handkerchiefs she said she had received as a present, and asked me what I thought they were worth. I offered to buy them at a good figure, certainly high enough, for, strange to say, they were in the same envelope they were received in, and I had no trouble in tracing that later to the missing pouch.

"The next visit resulted in a full confession of all she knew about the robbery. She had an admirer who gave her the order to be cashed and the handkerchiefs.

"The husband was suspicious of him, and gave the slight tip to the postmaster. I learned that the admirer was employed at a livery stable and slept in the loft, that he was in the habit of hitching up for the man who had the contract for carrying the night mails from the trains to the post office, and that the two were very chummy.

"I went to the stable and was told the employee was asleep in the loft. I took an officer with me. We had to go up a ladder. There was nothing in sight in the loft but a pile of hay, but I noticed a tunnel in it. I reached in, got hold of a dog and quickly withdrew my hand. We then took a fork and turned over the hay, and at the end of the tunnel found the man we were looking for.

"He confessed that day. He told us where the pouch was hidden, and we found it. He proved to be an ex-convict from a neighboring State. He got five years and the mail wagon driver got three, and all I had to go on was a little tip from a jealous husband.

"I did not investigate the other robberies, as we work only on United States cases. I do not know what discoveries were afterward made in the other cases.

"One of the painful incidents of this investigation to me resulted from the officious work of some busybody who wrote to the Post Office Department at Washington that I had been seen in the town for three or four days going to the house of a woman who was not entirely like Cæsar's wife.

"The department did not know what work I was on and telegraphed to my chief asking for information. I had just wired him of my success. What he said I do not know, but I was promoted shortly afterward."

AFRICAN GAME FOR SOUTHWEST.

Plan to Bring to America Thirty Species of Rare Beasts.

From the Los Angeles Times.

With the personal indorsement of the President of the United States and the hearty approval of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, one of the most interesting moves ever made by public spirited men in the Southwest is soon to be started.

It is for the transplanting of thirty species of African game animals to our preserves. Congress will be asked to set apart portions of the forest reserves as a perpetual United States sanctuary, and when this is done the importation will immediately commence.

Money is not wanting for the complete consummation of the scheme. At present $50,000 awaits the word of the projectors, and all or any part of it may be used in bringing the game to this country and establishing it upon a healthy footing.

Not more than a third of the proposed thirty species will be introduced at the start, other rarer varieties being brought in later, as fast as conditions warrant.

For the high mountains is proposed the tropical chamois, a beautiful creature, somewhat different from the Swiss chamois but better adapted to this climate.

Then will come the bush-bok, an African animal the size of the black tailed deer. The flesh of this creature is good to eat, and its hide makes leather of extraordinary toughness, worth probably five times as much as ordinary leather. The Boers use it for the extreme ends, or "crackers," of their great fifty foot whips.

For the open plains country the springbok will be bought. There will be different varieties for different altitudes, and as the species is very hardy, it is expected that there will be no trouble in preserving the species. This is the species for which Congress has appropriated the money to the Wichita reserve and the first experiment will be tried there. The local promoters, however, will procure their animals direct from South Africa, working in conjunction with Gardner Williams.

The mountain reedbok will be imported for the foothills. It will stand a considerable amount of heat and is about the size of a deer.

Another foothill creature will be the greater koodoo, a magnificent animal the size of the elk, weighing 400 to 500 pounds, with great spiral horns. Yet another is the great sable antelope, the size of the koodoo, black in color, with dainty white markings.

On the desert will go the gemsbok and also the grantai. The latter is an animal weighing about 150 pounds and is capable of going great distances from water.

In addition, several varieties of the small gazelle will be brought over.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

EXPEDITION INTO UPLANDS OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

Fascination of the Sport—Travel Through a Wild Country—Great Quantity and Variety of Game—Stalking a Lion—An Encounter With a Rhinoceros.

The hunting of big game is a pursuit which holds a deep fascination for those who have a taste for it. For the sake of his favorite sport the hunter is ready to turn his back on friends and on the comforts and pleasures of civilized life and to go out into the wilderness to make his home in a small tent, to live on hard scanty fare, to face loneliness, to undergo severe physical toil, to endure all extremes of weather and to encounter cheerfully hardships, sickness and the many dangers that the life involves.

A hunting tour after big game is not only pleasant from the contrast it presents to life in the busy world; it is full of fascination in itself and an expedition made in the uplands of British East Africa, where there are great tracts of empty country teeming with game, is an experience that is full of delight and that leaves a rich store of pleasant memories behind, writes E. G. J. Moyna in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

On the march you come on patches of swamp where you flounder knee deep along paths of slimy, washy, evil smelling mud, winding between high walls of tangled reeds that grow out of black, festering water; foul, noisome, unhealthy marshes, yet interesting in a way as a type of nature in one of her primitive garbs. You cross lonely rivers, fording them breast deep at the head of your men, feeling your way with a pole, half carried off your feet by the swirling current, stumbling awkwardly over loose stones, sinking into spongy mud and wondering doubtfully if there are any crocodiles near. Or if the water be too deep to ford you use a native made bridge, constructed by partially felling two trees on opposite banks so that their branches interlace across the water.

Sometimes you pass a stretch of open parklike country with gently rolling grassy slopes, dotted with shady groves in whose boughs hosts of wild pigeons flutter and coo, and watered by quiet streams flowing between banks where the long sweeping branches of graceful trees rise out of clustering masses of light green jungle foliage, and sometimes, as you come over a rise, you light suddenly on the gleaming waters of some reed fringed lake, hidden away amid lonely hills. From the green swamps you hear the hoarse grunts of the hippopotamus, crocodiles are lying like dead logs, basking in the sun by the edge of the shore, the water is dotted with wild fowl, on the sandbanks there is a brilliant sheet of dazzling white and pink from the plumage of packed armies of flamingoes, and over the scene there broods a mysterious air of primitive solitude and aloofness.

Then you skirt dense forests where the ground is covered with a tossing welter of luxuriant undergrowth, the tendrils and creepers twining and intertwining between bushes and plants, swarming thickly up the trunks of the trees, falling again in cascades of swaying streamers and lacing one tree to the next till there is an impenetrable mass of matted boughs and foliage, while above the spreading branches of the mighty forest trees weave a canopy so thick that even at noonday there is dim twilight in the leafy caverns beneath.

The quantity and variety of the game to be seen are really astonishing. Beasts large and small, harmless and dangerous, all living amid their natural surroundings, as they have lived for centruies, in unfettered freedom—to any one with a love of natural history they are an unfailing source of interest and pleasure. You see a broad plain thickly dotted with antelope and gazelle; some are heavy and ungainly in form; others there are with light delicate limbs and daintily poised necks supporting prettily curved horns; and all, with the bright sunlight picking out the tints of their coats against the dull hues of the grass, give life and movement to the loneliness and monotony of the country.

Sometimes the beasts are found singly or in small groups; more often there is a large herd with a wily old buck stalking arrogantly among them, seemingly cunning enough to know that he possesses the most valuable horns, and taking the lead in swift retreat at the first warning of danger. Magnificent is the sight when a herd of graceful animals, like the impela, scents danger; a quick startled jerk of the head, a few terrific bounds, and then the whole herd rushes helter-skelter over the plain, a flying jumbled mass of lithe leaping bodies, the embodiment of easy grace and activity.

It is an endless source of interest to watch for and pick out the different varieties, to recognize each type by its characteristic features of horns and skin, to mark small differences, to watch the beasts in their natural state, and to observe their movements, habits, and instincts, till you learn to know them all as old friends, from the bulllike eland with heavy spiral twisted horns, and big wildebeest with shaggy head and twitching tail, to the graceful gazelle with daintily marked coat of fawn and white, and the pretty little dik-dik, hardly larger than a young goat.

Then there are the large herds of zebra, their beautiful striped skins glistening in the sunlight; the troops of tall ostriches, stalking proudly about with long peering necks and fluffy coats of black and white feathers; the snarling, yelping packs of wolfish bushdogs; the slinking, cowardly mangy hyenas; the little fully coated jackals and the scuttling warthogs and bushpigs, armed with curved gleaming tusks.

In the semi-twilight of the jungle you may catch a glimpse of the beautiful skin of a leopard as he bounds into the depths of the bush before you can fire; and as you cross a dry watercourse you may stir up a troop of lions from their noonday slumber or in the early morning, while the land is still wrapped in darkness, you may hear their coughing grunts and deep roars breaking the mysterious stillness of the plain.

As you march through scrub you may sight a rhinoceros standing sleepily under a clump of mimosa-thorn, with the rhinoceros birds keeping a watch on his neck; an animal so strangely blind that you can crawl unperceived within a few yards of him, yet so keen scented that if he gets your wind he may come crushing furiously out of the bush and scatter your caravan almost before you have realized his presence.

In the big green reed covered swamp there is the huge African buffalo wallowing in the mud, coming out morning and evening to feed in the open; he is when wounded, perhaps, the most vicious and dangerous of all African game. And if fortune is kind you may sight a big herd of elephants on the march, forming a superb spectacle with their high, massive heads, huge, towering bodies, long, white tusks, and gigantic, flapping ears. They jog along over the plain in long single file, all superbly indifferent to everything around, trampling straight ahead through or over all obstacles, swaying their great trunks.

The greatest excitement, of course, comes in an encounter with dangerous game. There is the thrilling consciousness of danger when you follow a lion through long grass, catching only a bare glimpse of him as he bounds along, hearing now and then a sullen growl of anger, but never knowing exactly where he is, whether still retreating, or lying in wait for a sudden spring when you come within reach. His tawny skin blends perfectly with the color of the dry grass, and the first clear sight you get of him may be at a few yards distance, as he stands crouching for attack, his powerful body quivering with rage, his head set low over his chest. He looks the embodiment of threatening ferocity, with his fierce open mouth, cruel teeth and savage eyes, as he snarls and growls with maddened fury, twisting his tail ominously, or raising it stiffly above his back, as he does when about to charge.

A beast fully as dangerous, and often harder to kill, is the buffalo. You come perhaps on his spoor in the midst of thick bush, and if the ground is at all soft his heavy weight and deeply marked feet leave a trail that is easily seen. You follow it eagerly as it winds up and down, knowing from the fresh impress that the beast cannot be far off, your fingers itching on the trigger, your eyes striving to pierce the density of the branches around: and then, perhaps, as you are growing weary and losing hope, your men suddenly scatter on every side, leaping like monkeys up the prickly bushes, and the buffalo crashes furiously out of the undergrowth where you least expect to see him.

Thrilling, too, is the stalking of rhinoceros and elephant. Rhinoceroses are usually found on the plains or in the more open bush, but elephants must often be followed in the depth of the forest, where the tangled foliage produces the dim gloom of cavern, adding a strange ghostly feeling to the sense of the risk that must be faced. Both rhinoceros and elephant are furnished with very thick hides and wonderful tenacity of life; they are very difficult to kill with a frontal shot, so that it is wise, if possible, to get the first shot into the brain or heart by creeping close up to them before attempting to shoot. The danger involved is somewhat lessened by the fact that they cannot see clearly over fifteen or twenty yards, but on the other hand a slight shift of the wind may bring them charging down on you.

You crawl onward with wary stealth, watching the wind anxiously, wondering as you gain the cover of a tuft of grass if you can ever hope to cross the next open patch unperceived; lying motionless, hardly daring to breathe if the animal seems to grow suspicious, feeling as you look at his huge bulk that you are ridiculously puny and feeble, and that your powerful Express rifle is little more than a pop-gun, and longing for the moment for the crack of the rifle to break the silence and dissolve the uneasy tension that the long stalk and wait can hardly fail to produce.

The most critical and thrilling experience is the following up of a savage wounded beast driven desperate by pursuit and maddened by its hurt. Then risks must be taken and must be met by unceasing vigilance and wariness, and perhaps the moment may come when you have to face the nerve shaking charge of the furious animal, when there is no time for thought or calculation, and your life depends on your capacity for instant decision, and quick and accurate shooting. A successful day after dangerous game is not a day that you forget.

BOY RESCUED DOG FROM WOLF.

Desperate Fight on Kansas Prairie in Which Dog Is Beaten.

From the Iola Register.

To have his dog attacked in broad daylight in an open field by a wolf and to witness one of the hardest fights he ever saw was the experience of the nineteen-year-old son of William Bennett, who lives east of Elsmore, yesterday afternoon. The dog was nearly killed and the wolf was driven away only after repeated assaults with a club in the hands of the sturdy farmer boy.

The story was told to Sheriff Richardson while he was in Elsmore by Mr. Bennett. The boy was ploughing yesterday and the dog, which is a shepherd of fair size, was playing about the field. Suddenly the boy's attention was attracted from behind by the barking of the dog, and he turned to see the animal fighting full tilt with a large gray wolf. The fight was fast and furious and the animals went round and round, finally working their way clear up under the plough handles. The wolf was so interested in its combat with the dog that it evidently did not take account of the fact that the dog had a faithful ally in the person of its master.

The Bennett boy saw that the wolf was getting the better of the bargain, and seizing a club hammered the animal with all his strength. The wolf hung on with great tenacity, however, and it was only after a severe beating that it let go. After the experience which the animal had when it came in contact with the club it was considerably cowed, and made off to the woods as fast as its legs would carry it. It made no attempt whatever to attack the Bennett boy. The dog was thoroughly exhausted and covered with blood, but it was not cowed, and a little later in the afternoon raised a great rumpus around a pile of rocks in the field near where the fight had taken place.

The Bennett boy made an investigation and discovered a wolf's lair in the rock pile. From the pile of rocks he took eleven young wolves. The game fight which the wolf put up was then explained. The dog had discovered the wolf's den, routed out the wolf, and the animal, for the purpose of protecting its young, had made the hard and determined fight which wild animals know how to make under such circumstances.

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Screens: (Fifth Floor)

Cloth Screens, Floral Decorated panels; 4-fold; 4½ ft. high. Were $3.00....Now $1.50

Cloth Screens, Gold Embroidered panels, Red Backgrounds; 4-fold; 4½ ft. high. Were $3.00. Now 2.00

Chintz Screens, Various Colors; 4-fold; 5½ ft. high. Were $4.00 and $5.00. Now 2.00 and 2.50

Cloth Screens, Gold Embroideries on White Grounds; 4-fold; 5½ ft. high. Were $7.00..........Now 2.50

Cloth Screens, Silk Floss Embroidered, Various Colors; 4-fold; 5½ ft. high. Were $12.00. Now 5.00

These are offered subject to slight imperfections.

Summer Furniture at Special Prices:

CHINESE RATTAN RECLINING CHAIRS. Were $12.00; Now.......... $9.75

CHINESE RATTAN CHAIR, High Back. Were $6.75; Now........ 5.00

CHINESE GREEN GRASS CHAIRS 4 Styles. Were $8.00; Now........ 4.00

JAPANESE BAMBOO CHAIRS. Strong, Matting and Inlaid Seats. Were $9 and $10; Now 3.00 and 3.50

MOTTLED BAMBOO TEA TABLES Side Shelves. Were $5.00; Now.... 2.25 Each

Bamboo Sidarris or Porch Screens:

An indispensable Comfort for the Summer Home.

Natural Color Dark Bamboo:		Striped Bamboo, Mottled and Natural Alternated Heavy Bamboo.	
4x8 ft.	65c	4x6 ft.	55c
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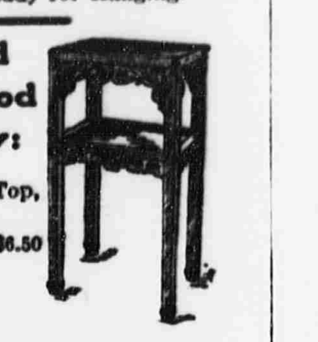

Black Marble Top, 12x16 in., reduced from $6.50 to $4.00

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FAMOUS BALLET DANCERS.

Stories of La Taglioni, Fanny Elssler and Lola Montez.

A feature of this year's opera season will be the revival of the ballet at Covent Garden, with Mlle. Boni, from Brussels, as principal dancer.

It has been asserted that the grand ballet died when the famous Taglioni retired in 1845. At any rate the ballet to-day is chiefly a spectacle of dresses and colored limelight. Except for a very few performers dancing as a high art has vanished.

There is no one now to set beside La Taglioni, who was the queen of the stage sixty years ago, says the London *Daily Mail*. Balzac introduced her into his novels. Even Thackeray condescended to notice her and declared enthusiastically in "The Newcomes" that the "young men of the day will never see anything so graceful as Taglioni in 'La Sylphide.'" At that time she was the rage. Stage coaches and greatcoats were named after her.

La Taglioni owed her charm to a wonderful lightness and grace. Her style was rather ideal than realistic and voluptuous, as was then the vogue. The hideous ballet skirt of to-day she never wore, but a skirt that reached nearly to her ankles. It was one of the principles of her father, who taught her all she learned of the art, that the dancer should be modest in dress, in movement and in expression.

Another famous master, who called himself "Le Dieu de la Danse," always told his pupils to use all the coquetry they could.

Vestris, who founded the famous Vestris family, was an eighteenth century celebrity, and quite remarkably conceited even for a dancer. "There are but three great men alive," he used to say, "myself, the Prussian Frederick and Voltaire." (It is interesting to compare Southey's remark that a male dancer deserves to be hamstrung.) That profession of which he was so proud is, indeed, an arduous one. Vestris used to practise for about six hours a day. A dancer must be extremely strong and supple.

A curious story is told about Fanny Elssler, a German dancer with coal black hair, which illustrates the extreme muscular strength a dancer acquires. She was crossing to America, when she entered her cabin one day and discovered a thief abstracting the jewel case which she kept hidden under her pillow. Before he could attack her she planted her foot full in his chest and killed him on the spot.

It is curious that no English woman has ever achieved supreme success as a dancer. It is possible, as foreigners assert, that they lack the dramatic gift. It is certain that a lifelong devotion and arduous apprenticeship are essential to any expression through the medium of dancing. The "rats," the beginners at the Paris Opéra, are articled for five years, and then unless they have danced from their cradle they cannot hope to attain the first rank.

Another quality essential to the great dancer in infinite patience. The only English dancer who ever gave promise of attaining the front rank failed in this respect. Lola Montez was the somewhat foreign name she had taken. She lost her temper one day with the manager at rehearsal and expressed her feelings so dramatically as to break an umbrella over his head. Managers will endure much for Art's sake; but this was too much.

Carlotta Grisi is another famous name of the old Opéra. It was she who first introduced the polka into England—a Bohemian dance that came to stay. It was for her, too, that Heine, Gautier and Adolphe Adam collaborated in writing "Giselle."

There were a score more famous names that were familiar words in those days. Of the twelve leading dancers engaged at the King's Theatre in 1824 for a two months season five were a sufficient attraction to receive more than £1,000 each.

Little Girl's Narrow Escape.

From the Tyrone Herald.

As a Beech Creek train rounded the curve near Lock Haven on Saturday, Engineer E. J. Morrison and Fireman Hoover almost simultaneously discovered a little girl, apparently about 3 years old, standing directly on the track.

The engineer promptly reversed his engine and Fireman Hoover lost no time in crawling through the cab window and down on to the engine pilot, where he braced himself in preparation of picking the baby up. Before he could do so, however, the baby stepped outside the rail and the fireman called to her to lie down, realizing that this was her only salvation. She promptly obeyed, falling flat on her face. The engine pilot escaped her body by only a couple of inches and the entire train passed over her, the little girl emerging afterward unharmed.