

# WHEN THE KING AWOKE.

By EDWIN L. SABIN.

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### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The story has to do with the King of Steens, a romantic little principality in Europe. He has a beautiful wife, but he is foolishly smitten by the Duchess of Marto, who cooperates with her husband in his conspiracy to overthrow the king and make the king's brother the throne. To this end, she is enticed by the Duke to yield to the king's pleadings to spend a day with him in his hunting lodge, where most conspirators plan to abduct him and make him prisoner. The queen knows of the king's infatuation; she knows, also, that he plans to be with the duchess on the morrow. She makes a black domino with tiny roses embroidered on its cuffs for identification. So the queen embarks a tiny rose on one of the cushions and on the other the coronet which the king requested. Apprehend that plots are afoot against him for his abduction following the ball, the king desires to impress his wife, but in vain. Believing that the duchess harbors the same attachment for him that she has for the king, he desires to visit the duchess in her apartments and gains her consent to fly to his hunting lodge for a day; that very night following the ball. At the ball the king holds forth conversation with a beautiful woman in black domino, who he erroneously believes to be the duchess, and makes known his further plans for their flight together. As he leaves the ballroom, he is confronted by Lord Vonne, his chief counselor. The king is impatient with Lord Vonne's persistent warnings of an abduction, and hears him only briefly. After saying good night to the queen, the king proceeds stealthily to the hiding place of the coronet, which he carries with his mistress to Steens, and there he meets a woman closely veiled, and together they drive rapidly away. They proceed with their secret until they reach a dense forest, where their coach is attacked and they are rudely dragged from the carriage. Then the king discovers that his companion is the Duchess Marto, but the queen, who has at the roadside, unconsciously, while over her jeans Sir Momus. In the midst of the king's amazement, the chief of the band arrives, and he is forced to march up the mountain side to the hidden den of thieves.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### The Cricket Guides.

The seven men were of various statures, and of various physiognomies; but all were of equal degree of motley, and the one degree of ruffianism. They exhibited sundry fresh wounds on faces, arms, and bodies, marks of the recent fracas; and added thereto were some old scars, mementoes of former adventures. In appearance they mingled the free-soldier with the woodsman.

They were garbed in scuffed and battered jack-boots well pulled up, and weatherbeaten, hard-used short jackets—the fashion thereof copied after the English jerkin—with greasy waistcoats showing beneath. The headgear was cap or hat evidently as fortune had bestowed. Colors all were faded by sun and rain. Coat or cap once gay was dingy and subdued. In their eyes there was a certain may-carelessness and rugged aspect of devil-may-care and rugged respect of the company blended well, like the bizarre but time-adjusted pattern of an old Oriental rug.

Straight sword for the left side, suspended from the opposite shoulder, and long-barreled pistol for the right side, likewise suspended, with leather satch for powder and square pouch for bullet and patch was the individual armament.

The seven stood stock-still for a minute, staring upon the king and the fool and the queen; and the king, the fool, and the queen eyed them back—the first laughingly, the second coolly, the third wonderingly.

The men spoke among themselves, referring to the trio in an impersonal style exceedingly risping.

"These three all?"

"Yes, but somebody gave me a crack when I was helping haul the woman out."

"That fellow in brown—he was the one I had hold of."

"The one in blue was trussed on the coach box. I remember him. In appearance he is a fellow of the same ilk."

"You lads can have the two men. 'Til take the pretty baggage."

"Not if Blind Joe's Bess knows it, Rob! You pig; best be content with what you've got. I'll take the woman."

The sally brought a chorus of rough laughter.

"Well!" demanded the king, coldly, his chin lifting.

"Hush!" bade the fool, with authoritative air.

The king flushed angrily, but something in the other's covert anxiety repressed him.

"What is it you want with us?" addressed the fool.

Nobody in the band made ready answer. Several laughed, looking one at another.

"Did you get your man, Fritz?" asked a faded purple jacket.

"No; I cut him off, but the rascal is still running, for all that," he growled, with a chuckle, a faded green.

"Well!" remonstrated the king, not hotly.

"What is it we want with you?" spoke a tall fellow in a jacket of staid yellow and boots with yellow tops. "Wait," and he jerked his thumb backward over his shoulder.

He thrust his sword, with a clank, into the scabbard, and swung around to the road. His companions followed suit. They sheathed their long blades, and, having casually examined the coach and the horses and the corpse up-starting in the road, one by one they sprawled down, to rest and to bind up their wounds. The three mounts fell to grazing, reaching and nibbling at the scant forage of the roadside.

The fool calmly seated himself by the queen.

"Have no fear, either of you," he said in low tones. "Let me do the talking, that is all."

The king also seated himself.

"But I do not understand," murmured the queen, plaintively.

The fool surveyed her keenly, thoughtfully; a shadow flitted across his face. The king, however, was gazing moodily at the ground.

Two more men—then another, and yet another, emerged from the forest depths and joined the company. They scanned the three prisoners curiously, and, flinging themselves down, exchanged quip and comment with their fellows.

"Where's Cap?" asked one.

The tall wight with the yellow jacket and boot tops jerked his thumb, as before, over his shoulder.

"Comin'," he said. The Cricket went on to tell him, at the other camp."

The lounging men talked in low voices, and nursed themselves; conversation languished, lapsed into the fitful and the disconnected, died away. The sun rose higher, gradually flooding the road about the lifeless bodies and the blood spots flung loudly buzzed.

The three prisoners exchanged not a word. The king continued to gaze abstractedly at the ground in front of him. Presently there was a jingle of bells and rattle of sword; and threading rapidly a faint path, scarcely to be noted, weaving among the trunks on the opposite side of the road at a trot, toward them came a man, closely followed by another.

you search it well first. Cut the silver from the harness. Strip that other carcass."

The hand bustled in action. Some ripped the coach upholstery for possibly concealed valuables; others overhauled the horses and the dead man. The coach was dragged into the middle of the road and down a few paces to a more open spot.

"Mind the trees!" cried the man on the horse.

Tinder and branches were heaped beneath the coach, and in a moment the smoke curled upward.

"That will do," interrupted the horse-mercer. "You, Cricket, and you, Jasper, bring those three people and come with me. The two men can walk; the lady can stride my horse, which will be proud of the favor, I am sure. The rest of you take the other horses and yourselves and be off. The meeting place is you know where."

He slid to the ground, as likewise did his companion, designated the Cricket.

"Come," bade one of the men—the faded green, Fritz—advancing and clapping the fool on the shoulder.

The fool arose.

"Come," he said in turn to the queen; and he assisted her to her feet. She rubbed her forehead, and then she stood, the fool picked up his cloak, upon which he had been sitting. The king also arose.

"Up with her," prompted Fritz; and lifting her in his arms he carried her across and planted her securely in the deep Spanish saddle.

"By Jude!" exclaimed the king, thickly, the red surging into cheeks and brow as he strode forward.

The king turned quickly as if to interpose; but Fritz only laughed mischievously, and seizing the horse by the bridle conducted the animal in through the trees.

The queen, clutching the saddle with both hands, looked back in great terror, and her two companions promptly followed.

The little party, set all in motion, hurried along the faint path.

The Cricket led. Square-bodied, hunch-backed, dark, and (as it is apt to be the case with one thus stunted) excessively hairy, with long hanging arms and splay feet, 'twas not difficult to see whence his nickname. Upon his heels trotted Fritz, red faced and in faded green jacket and rusty dangle boots, his arm, patched as to the elbow, through the bridle of the horse behind him; upon the horse the queen, her white countenance and flaxen brown hair a striking contrast with her black shadowing domino; behind the horse the fool; behind the fool, the king; behind the king, the yellow Jasper, a boyish appearing wight, yet not the less, therefore, a villain; and behind all, as it were, the faded green, Fritz, with his long hair and his beard, and the imperious hawk nose.

The crackling of the burning coach died away, smothered by the intervening foliage. The dark green of the trees closed about the party, and above, on either hand, steadily mounting, the path, with many a little circuit, led on, and on, and on. On, and on, and on led the Cricket, his flat outpointing feet seeming to cling like the claws of a beetle, his long arms clutching, balancing, supporting, like the arms of a climbing ape. The queen was constantly being obliged to bend low to avoid the o'erhanging branches; catching at her loose robe, ever and anon they were during the occasional brisk chatter of calling birds, was intense—so insignificant were the sounds amid such a brooding immensity.

"Up!" commanded hawk-nose.

Instantly the Cricket started. Without ceremony the party was forced onward again.

The path separated, dividing, fanlike, into a dozen other paths, perplexing, diverging, and then, the Cricket chose, and the file followed after. The new path bore off obliquely; the other paths on right and left, speedily were lost. With enormous strides, sprawling over the ground like some gigantic two-legged tarantula, the Cricket pushed his way ahead, over rise and decline and rise again, into hollow and out, minding not how fared the followers, his energy as prodigious as it was merciless.

Unheeding, he followed; a few cedars could be noted. The path divided, again, and yet again; wherever the rendezvous, it was cunningly protected. The fool often shifted his cloak from arm to arm, and thrust it to shield; it was becoming a burden. The king's breath passed in and out with a wheeze through his dry throat. The horse stumbled and snorted his disapproval of the steady exertion.

"Another step and I'll burst!" grunted Fritz. In grumbling protest; and he abruptly threw himself down beside the way.

The fool and the king and Jasper behind sank with one mutual sigh of relief. The Cricket stopped and grinned upon them, and hawk-nose stood, impatient, like a sentinel, in the rear.

"Up!" he spoke, presently.

The march was resumed. The cedars, bushes and low, waxed more numerous, and the spruces were not so large. The ground was covered with a running vine, the Steens arbutus, which grows at an altitude of not less than eight thousand feet.

The trail was exceedingly obscure; frequently it left no trace; but the Cricket, bearing off at an acute angle, unerringly struck right at the far side margin.

Suddenly, in a little park, or clearing, amid the trees, he paused and waved his hat thrice, as if in signal to eyes unseen.

He proceeded. Twice the trail crossed a shallow, dashing stream, the water thereof icy cold, boisterous, severe. The last ford was half an hour behind, when without premonitory sign athwart the way opened a gorge, grim, sheer, uncompromising. Its cleft lips stretching upon either hand as far as could be made out, but spanned at this single point by a narrow bridge of two trees felled, laid side by side. Two hundred feet down flowed through, smooth, swift, with only slight thrashing murmur, a brown torrent, pouring its glassy flood between the imprisoning walls.

Slackening not, on over the narrow bridge waddled the Cricket. Followed Fritz, and with a short stopped hastily the horse. The queen uttered a little cry of dread.

"Hold fast!" panted the fool.

The Cricket gave a cackling chuckle. There was no stopping. The party moved up, and his glance swept the scene. It cannot be said that he was better dressed than the others; but he sat his horse as if no horse was there, and beneath his drooping brim, out from beneath two straight-set, competing dark eyes, jutted with bold curve a nose like the beak of a hawk, terminating square off just above the crisp, black moustache.

"Come, come," he said, brusquely. "Darn that coach, some of you. Be sure

merged with the plateau, or tableland, which upon either side rose from the gorge's very edge.

The ascent was the most toilsome yet; jester and king gasped, and the thumping of their hearts somewhat depressed, and a level area, somewhat depressed, and grassy and meadowlike; toward the upper end of it were a half score of cabins. On the right and on the left was the table land, with a scattering of timber and much rock; for a background rose a lordly mountain, rugged, lowering, its base dark green with foliage, its crest snow lined.

Fritz led drop a thankful oath. The horse whined, and was cursed therefor. The cabins seemed deserted, but the Cricket confidently continued ahead until, upon the edge of the settlement, he stopped short, and with a grin glanced from face to face along the line behind. His eyes rested upon hawk-nose, as if awaiting further instructions.

The fool's once blithe blue was mould stained, torn, and splashed with fording. The king's brown was as hardly used, although not so pronounced. King and fool waited with knees that quivered with fatigue, while the horse stood with drooping head. Suddenly the queen sighed, and pitched sideways from the saddle. The jester started, but the king was quicker, and caught her in his arms. She had fainted.

Holding her, the king noted, all together, the piteous rents in her domino, the loosened hair rudely combed by a forest finger, the red scratch across the soft cheek, the bluish shadow beneath the eyes, and the lashes resting in tired droop thereon, and he was swept afresh by an agony of contrition.

"Take her yonder," bade hawk-nose, interrupting, pointing to a cabin a little apart on the right.

Followed by Sir Momus, the king carried her inside.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### Del Oro Jest.

The cabin was roughly appointed; a bunk padded with straw and coarse quilting, across one end, a table, a freestanding, a couple of stools, comprised the furnishings; upon the walls, unplanned logs within as well as without, hung a few cooking utensils. There was a single window, sliding in a groove, the four panes of crossed paper.

The king laid his unconscious burden gently upon the bunk. The fool brought water from a bucket standing by the doorway, and the king bathed the blood-soaked face. The domino, opening upon the queen's bosom, disclosed the gown beneath, of pink, shot with golden threads. The breast rose and fell peacefully. Below the hem of the domino, as she lay, were exposed slender slippers ankles and high-heeled, pink silk stockings. The king, seeking to do his all, tenderly placed a fold of gown and domino, to cover them.

The queen lifted her heavy lids, wanly smiled, and drifted off again.

"I think," said the king, "she is asleep."

He turned, and the door, a shadow darkened the door, and a voice suavely addressed:

"How fared the lady?"

"'Twas hawk-nose, discreetly upon the foot, that she fared."

She has recovered from her swoon, and has gone to sleep," answered the fool.

"Well and good," pronounced hawk-nose. "The journey is one to which ladies find it hard to accustom themselves, although some make it, and now, mean while, if you two will step outside, we will not disturb her with our conversation."

With an admonitory glance at the king, the fool, without, the king laughingly followed.

"On account of the lady I waived ceremony, and did myself the honor of calling—as you see," quoth hawk-nose. He seated.

He waved his hand, indicating the grass, and obeying his own request, negligently threw himself upon the soft turf, by the cabin door. The fool, and the unwilling king, after a fashion, imitated his example.

Hawk-nose evidently had removed from his person a portion of the dust and stains of travel; and about a blue velvet jacket he wore a richly tasseled white sash.

"To which—the blue or the brown—shall I address myself?" he inquired, courteously.

The fool, sitting tailor-fashion, gravely inclined his head.

"I am the one to speak," he said.

The king eyed him with vague wonderment. This was not the Sir Momus of the palace halls. That Sir Momus, with his scant body, and large head, and Punch-like features, was grotesque, a plaything, a burlesque, a memento, born of prank and not of purpose. But here was a man, an equal among men; body, it is true, still unadorned, but features strong, alert, dignified, and noble, and his hair upon the large head was streaked with gray.

"A gentleman of title, I presume?" inquired hawk-nose, manner most gracious.

"Of title," assented Sir Momus.

"And that?" invited hawk-nose.

"Hugo, last Lord of Banly and of Witte," responded Sir Momus.

The king roundly stared.

"Ah," commented hawk-nose, with deference. "Strange I had not noticed the crest upon the coach."

"The coach bore no crest," corrected Sir Momus calmly.

"You relieve me," vouchsafed hawk-nose. "Heraldry is one of my chief amusements, and to have overlooked a crest—a crest so distinguished as your own—would cause me absolute pain. A man, you know," he added, as if apologetically, "must have his hobbies, my lord. The Banly crest—let me see. An eagle volant, and the motto: 'Where I fly, let others flee.' I am right, am I not?"

Sir Momus bowed. Hawk-nose smiled, gratified.

"I thought so," he said. "I rarely make

a mistake. It will be very pleasant to have you among us, even for a brief time, my lord. I have for myself, being also of noble birth; and pleasant, we trust, for you. Common people, unless of considerable means, are apt to pall upon us; they lack interest. And this other," he queried, looking toward the king.

"My servant," quickly responded Sir Momus.

"And the lady?"

"My niece and ward."

"I am very satisfied. I sincerely crave pardon for the hardship to which, of necessity, I have subjected you, my lord, and mademoiselle—mademoiselle, is it not? Yes? Your charming niece. You see, a fine estate, but somewhat remote. As for the coach—impossible, in the present condition of the road, impossible; and one must observe the law against obstructing the highways. Permit me," and he extended a snuff-box toward Sir Momus, who politely accepted therefrom.

Hawk-nose took a pinch for himself, delicately elevating his fine fingers as he applied the particles to his nostrils.

"A memento for you only, I regret to say, vouchsafed us, beyond the recollection of this fascinating presence—of the late Duke of Bas, who was our guest a few days," explained hawk-nose, contentedly, the box to the palm of his hand before restoring it to his sash.

"Poor duke—this altitude did not agree with him, and he failed to obtain the simple remedy that we suggested. He died."

Hawk-nose tucked the box away.

"Ah," he resumed, looking frankly upon Sir Momus. "Hugo, Lord of Banly and of Witte. But I have been under unfortunate impression that the line of Banly was extinct." He waved his hand. "You see, even up here, so apart from the world, news of current events reach us."

"The name of Banly will be extinct with my death," stated Sir Momus, quietly. "I am the last."

"Presumably you have been under an alias," suggested hawk-nose. "That would explain my most lamentable ignorance." He paused, as if for reply. None coming he proceeded. "It is melancholy to be the last of a distinguished race. I, too, am in that position. Grant me to present myself, Romona, countess of Heitenfahr, an house somewhat known by history, but latterly in eclipse."

"The last count of that title was hanged for robbing a sanctuary. The estate was confiscated, and the name Heitenfahr was erased from heraldic records. I, however, interrupting, pointing to a cabin a little apart on the right.

"True as to the part," drawled hawk-nose. "My good lord, your servant's tongue runs too fast for accuracy. It is a great fault. My intention, however, did indeed lose his life by reason of a collar o'er-tight for him, superinducing apoplexy; but I am his son, therefore, by evidence of the fact, successor to the man who was hanged, but not the title. I observe it to be a favorite theory of princes that shutting off a people's breath proves them to have no right to breathe. Some time I shall explain to you a king and an emperor prove that he has no right to reign. 'Tis a poor rule that does not work two ways."

"Your mother was—?" inquired the king, with a scornful smile.

"Exactly," responded hawk-nose, his voice dangerously even. "My mother was—possibly she is; if so, let her be. I have a genealogy relating to our nobility, care-fully compiled, as to descent, and in my opinion, prove that he has no right to reign. 'Tis a poor rule that does not work two ways."

"I looked suddenly full upon the king; then cast a glance at Sir Momus. From beneath the iron mask of his countenance, he did indeed lose his life by reason of a collar o'er-tight for him, superinducing apoplexy; but I am his son, therefore, by evidence of the fact, successor to the man who was hanged, but not the title. I observe it to be a favorite theory of princes that shutting off a people's breath proves them to have no right to breathe. Some time I shall explain to you a king and an emperor prove that he has no right to reign. 'Tis a poor rule that does not work two ways."

"The name, however, may not be wholly unfamiliar, as you must be aware of his tone a covert threat, like the iron gauntlet beneath the silken glove.

"It is rivalling, in repute, the name of Heitenfahr," answered Sir Momus, with a faint smile.

"Very good," responded hawk-nose, himself, perforce, smiling. "And now—you will pardon me—I am intensely curious. My lieutenant—or, I should say, my steward, for he is an adept in managing my affairs—I have just returned from below—you remember him?—informs me that when your coach was so happily encountered, the blue was on the box and the brown was in the inside with a departing guest. He returned it. 'What must have changed. Very likely I am again ignorant."

Sir Momus hesitated. Hawk-nose mildly coughed, and waited.

"This is not exactly of our choosing, you must recollect," asserted Sir Momus, bluntly. "Your lieutenant was a little late upon the scene. A barrier in the road—myself and my servant on the ground to examine—a sudden onset of rain, and we were obliged to wear myself neatly trussed and pitched upon the box, my servant flung, bones lacking, into the coach, where was my terror-stricken niece—and away were we thus comported."

He spread his hands, with an effective shrug.

"Just so," murmured hawk-nose. "My ignorance again." He was most self-deprecating. "I must be the last of my race," he said, glancing at the sun. He consulted a jewel-studded timepiece. "So says my watch." He flashed the case, nonchalantly. "A pretty thing, is it not? Like the snuff-box, a memento from a departing guest." He returned it. "What your permission, I will go and see what my cook is doing, so that we may dine together. Be good enough to present my humble respects, Sir Hugo, to mademoiselle—your niece. Certainly she is charming. I crave her better acquaintance. Should you not have appetite enough, and should choose to walk, pray consider this estate your own. But—just a word before I depart. I would be glad that direction, toward the mountain; a miserable morass lies there, quite impassable, unless one knows the path very accurately. It is bottomless. And as for east and west, I would be glad to be nothing worth the being; rocks and thickets swarming with the black blow-ard, and the morass—that wretched morass—curving around to cut one off, at last, in case one gets through to it. Of course, as you know, to the immediate south, we have that deep chasm. The only bridge that I have yet been able to put over it is not at all safe, and I must beg of you not to attempt it. A little bit to the one edge the bridge is crumbling, a giddiness, and, ah, I shudder to think how you would fall! In fact, I always have a trusty man stationed, just overlooking the point, to prevent strangers and visitors from crossing. Aside from the obvious trifling limitations, you may stroll whither you please. The last of a house should be very careful; his life is doubly precious."

"Your kindness is overwhelming," said Sir Momus, gravely.

"Ah—that chasm," continued hawk-nose, musingly. "It furnishes a fascinating engineering problem. So many of my guests have been interested in it. You would be astonished, Sir Hugo, if you knew the money that has been spent in bridging it—and yet behold! You heard what I said, and I still talk funds."

He spread his long, sinewy hands, with a gesture of defiance, and Sir Hugo, if you knew the money that has been spent in bridging it—and yet behold! You heard what I said, and I still talk funds."

"So-o-o?" commented Sir Momus, mockingly. "That is lamentable, indeed." He recrossed his thin legs, and yawned.

"May I inquire what sum is needed to make the bridge safe—at least temporarily?"

"I have figured on 350,000 francs," replied hawk-nose, with the glimmer of a smile touching the thin lips beneath the crisp black moustache. "Yes, we will say 350,000 francs; a small amount, too, when the benefits are considered. For

350,000 francs I will guarantee that the bridge can be so repaired that you, my lord, your charming niece and your rather forward servant can pass over and run not the slightest risk."

The face of Sir Momus whitened, and a muttered exclamation came from the king. Sir Momus wagged his large head, solemnly.

"That," he declared, with emphasis, "is too much."

"No-no, I think not," purred hawk-nose. "Now when the bridge must bear the weight of three, I am planning to send one of my worthy fellows into the city this afternoon, and any message that you may wish to dispatch by him will be faithfully delivered. I assure you; for instance, word to your friends, your bankers. You may decide to tell them of this chance of investment, up here—most urgent opening for capital. I am sure that they will recommend you to go into it. What is 150,000 francs, compared with human life, my lord? Tut, tut! And the bridge so very very unsafe! Ah, what an opportunity for capitalist and philanthropist. Every day adds to its unsafety. To-morrow, or, say, day after to-morrow, and 200,000 francs will hardly put it in repair. This altitude is the very devil on bridges."

"Well," said Sir Momus, curtly. "Possibly it can be arranged. However, I must ask that my servant, here, be permitted to carry my message. I am the last of my line—my finances are in rather a peculiar shape—my servant is the only one who understands the matter. The matter is going to be difficult, but with my servant on the ground, there will be hope. Otherwise—" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"I would not think of depriving you," protested hawk-nose, gallily. "No, Lord Banly is entitled to all the attendance that he can get, and the loss of your servant, considering that I myself could not supply his place, would be a positive hardship for you. I can never forgive myself if I allowed it. My messenger will be very intelligent, and you can explain, fully, in a note, which will be delivered by him anywhere. But to be deprived of your servant—unthinkable, my lord. Now, for a brief space, I leave you. Adios! The last Heitenfahr salutes the last Banly—ah, these two melancholy reminders of the fall of the old regime! Let us hope that each lives long."

And with easy, but insolent bow, and graceful, but insolent lift of the drooping-brimmed hat, hawk-nose lounged away across the green—a thorough-going villain.

"D'Or," he knew, and, muttering the fool, bitterly, gazing after.

"How?" began the king.

But a faint rustle, and a low, plaintive murmur within the cabin, interrupted; and king and fool together sprang for the doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.)

### MONKEY SHAVES HIMSELF.

#### Animal with Ringling Brothers Circus Doesn't Use Safety.

Darwin, the famous missing link with Ringling Brothers' Circus, has learned to shave himself—and he doesn't use a safety razor, either. Several scientists who looked Darwin over during the engagement of the circus in Madison Square Garden, New York, were undecided as to the proper classification of Darwin, but rather leaned to the belief that he was a chimpanzee.

Ringling Brothers have made some important additions to their animal display this year, and the newest is a zoological garden that is practically complete. Two giant giraffes, a sole surviving rhinoceros