SHIPPING A BIG SHOW.

CERTAINLY OLD NOAH'S JOB WAS NO PICNIC.

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

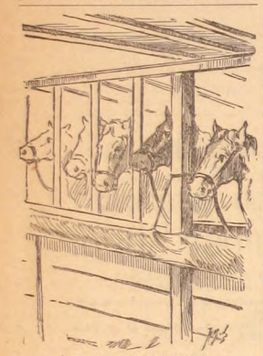
A Latter-Day Noah's Ark.

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

A big menagerie and circus with all the attending paraphernalia recently shipped from San Francisco to Australia. They sailed on a trip more protracted and perilous than that ever dreamed of by Noah. Elephants, tigers, hippopotami, lions, horses, clowns, riders and all—the whole outfit crowded together in one ship of the sea; tents, monkeys, chariots and every other item of the show adrift on the broad Pacific Ocean. Never was such a job of embarkation experienced at the Oceanic dock; says the San Francisco Examiner; never again do the 'longshoremen of this port hope to ship a cargo of wild animals to Australia.

Over 650 tons of animals were shipped, and out of that amount about 100 tons of elephants, hippopotami, etc., did not want to go. The lions and tigers and hyenas and kindred beasts were easy enough to handle, but when it came down to obstinate African elephants, who loved America for sweet liberty's sake, the fun of embarkation was ended.

Imagine a big, wide, yawning, covered dock, with its millions of cubic feet, simply aching to be overcrowded. Imagine the flooring of that dock simply packed with a traveling show, and you



'TWEEN-DECKS PASSENGERS.

will have some faint idea of what the Oceanic dock looked like.

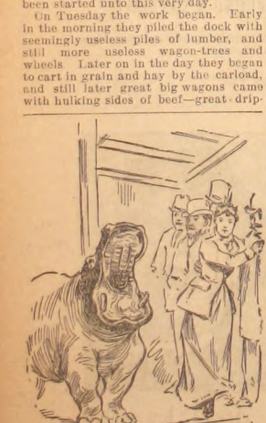
In the good old days when Noah went into the ship-building business the job of filling an ark with a complete, if heterogeneous, collection of mammalia of both sexes seems to have been a task of consummate easiness. Anyhow Genesis says nothing about its difficulty, and if any hitch occurred—any strike among the 'longshoremen, or any of that sort of business—genesis would have recorded it. As it was the animals went aboard two by two, or four by four as the case happened to be, etc.

When the job of loading began all was easy as a marriage bell. There were a number of obstreperous brutes, to be sure, and a certain number of all too willing ones. The jaguars, for instance, howled mournfully when they found that they were to be hoisted aboard the steamer, the monkeys simply shrieked with delight. They exemplified two extremes—the one demonstrated grief, the other joy—and neither cared for either. There was only one happy medium and that was the hay, and that hay came aboard in tons and carloads, tons upon tons of grass and oaten hay, and tons upon tons of wheat and crushed barley. One could see the great ship sink in the water as wagon-load after wagon-load of the baled forage was swung aboard on the creaking derrick; and then still lower in the water she sank as they hoisted on the seats, the tent poles, the hurdles, the stays, and the canvas.

For in the beginning the men did nothing but load on the mechanical contrivances of the show; and the embarkation of the horses and wild animals was delayed until the last moment.

Noah had no tents or things to load on the ark, and thereby saved a great deal of trouble; but there are men in the circus who contend that, tents or no tents, if Noah had to have shipped one African elephant, the ark would not have been started unto this very day.

On Tuesday the work began. Early in the morning they piled the dock with seemingly useless piles of lumber, and still more useless wagon-trees and wheels. Later on in the day they began to cart in grain and hay by the carload, and still later great big wagons came with hulking sides of beef—great drip-

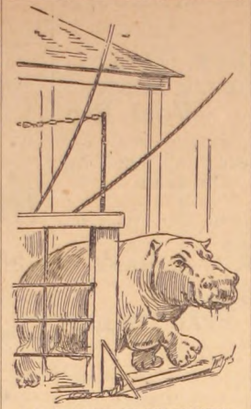


THE HIPPOPOTAMUS GETS "THAT TIRED FEELING."

ping carcasses to stow in the big refrigerators—meat-flesh for the carnivora to feed upon during their imprisonment aboard ship while traversing the broad Pacific Ocean.

Many of the animals will die before they reach Australia. The wild beasts of the Indian and African jungles can but little brook captivity, and the close confinement of a traveling cage aboard an ocean liner will knock the spirit and the life out of many of them. Nevertheless, the experiment of transportation was tried years ago, and proved a big success, and what matters a jaguar or a tiger or a lion more or less if the main percentage of the show once safely reaches Australia.

They have queer ways, those incarcerated denizens of foreign wildernesses. They live a while and struggle, then they get paralysis and die.



DICK INSPECTING HIS NEW QUARTERS.

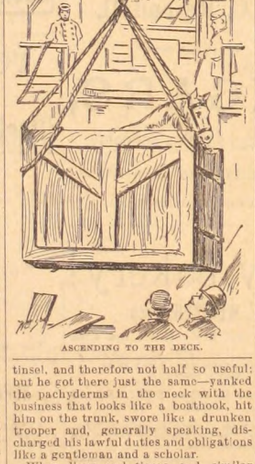
First they fight and starve, then they sulk and feed, then they growl and grow sick, then they get paralyzed. They run up and down and up and down and twist in their circumscribed cages. One day the keeper notices that one of them is lazy. He stirs him up; the animal is lame. Next day he is more lame, and, oh! so lazy. Next day he is lazier still, and won't even jump to his food. In a couple of days the truth comes out. He crawls to the door on his forelegs, the hindquarters dragging an inert weight behind. The forest ranger has succumbed to the paralysis of captivity. He is married to die. If he cost a lot they try to nurse him back to health. If he did not—why, pish! Heave him overboard at once and have more room for the living.

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

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

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

No gilt-edged queen of the hippodrome bestrode the haughty hippopotamus, nor did some bespangled son of the torrid Indies surmount the elephant's neck. The gilt-edged queen was absent, the bespangled son of Hindostan wore overalls and a jumper at $1.50 per suit. He did not look half so pretty as he did in



ASCENDING TO THE DECK.

tinsel, and therefore not half so useful; but he got there just the same—yanked the pachyderms in the neck with the business that looks like a boathook, hit him on the trunk, swore like a drunken trooper and, generally speaking, discharged his lawful duties and obligations like a gentleman and a scholar.

When lions and tigers and similar brutes are locked up in cage wagons they are as easy to handle as lumber. The wagon is rolled up to the edge of the wharf, the circus hands and longshoremen sling ropes under its body and hitch it on to the hook that swings from the big derrick attached to the mainmast. Then the stevedore blows a whistle, and the man at the donkey engine opens the throttle valve, and that cage wagon goes floating up in the air with all the sweet simplicity of a canvas-back duck. When it gets about six inches above the wharf the soaring ceases for a moment. The circus hands remove the wheels from the wagon, and pile them in cheap on one side. Then the stevedore whistles again, the tackle creaks, the cage creeps upward, the beasts inside it grunt their disapproval—they are too scared to roar—and then, with a sweep through the circumambient atmosphere, they are launched on the deck of the steamer.

They did not crowd the big dens down into the dark hold; they stowed them along the deck. All the after deck is crowded with cages of animals. There was no trouble in embarking the wilder animals, and the horses—sleek and lovely animals—were docile and tractable when placed in the open box prepared for them, and hoisted one by one from the wharf-side and lowered into the hold. There they were placed in little stalls, the same as ordinary stables.

It was in shipping the elephants, though, that the fun for the populace and the trouble for the circus men arose. The elephant stands pre-eminently the most sagacious among the entire brute creation; he may, also, when he gets his "mad" up, be classified among the most contrary. Your average Asiatic elephant, however, the fellow with the curly ears, seldom or never gets mad. His African cousin, the chap with the great flapping ears that look as if they could listen to a thousand orchestras at one time and hunger to listen to more, is never happy unless he is kicking against a grievance.

Max was the name of the star African elephant in this shipment.

Max had watched his old pal Dick, the hippopotamus being shipped, and he pitied Dick, and trumpeted out his sympathy when Dick got that tired feeling and yawned like a rusty thunderbolt. Then they tried to persuade Max to go and join the amphibious beast, but Max knew better.

America was good enough for Max; he did not want any antipodes in his. They got Dutch, the big Asiatic elephant, to march up to the land-end of the dock with him, and Dutch coaxed him like a brother. Out on the street way a big derrick had been hung, and pendant therefrom was a big square box, all bound with thick bars of iron.

The object entertained by the show people was to coax Max into that box and hoist him on shipboard. The object entertained by Max was to thwart and hinder their plans to the best of his capacities and understanding.

They coaxed on the monster with honeyed words and pickaxes; then they jabbed him on the north end with marlin spikes and boathooks, but all Max did was to pick up a wisp of hay with his trunk, fan himself therewith for a moment, and then chuck it upon his shoulder to keep the flies off. They explained the matter to Dutch and Dutch entered into the scheme to delude his African brother, and with true Asiatic duplicity entered the box himself, twirled around, snorted in bliss and made believe that that box was a small terrestrial paradise. Max watched his demonstration with unmoved dignity, and when Dutch came out and begged him (Max) to sample the delights of the box, the African just winked, but did nothing.

Then the men tried pickaxes and

AN UNWILLING EMIGRANT.

things again, but it was all no use. Max seemed to enjoy a clip from a pickaxe in the rear; anyhow he waltzed around in uncontrolled happiness, but would not go near the box.

A crowd gathered, but Max did not mind. One grows accustomed to crowds in the show business. The men got tired; so did Dutch, and eventually they asked the Asiatic to hustle his pal into the pen. Then the fun began. Dutch tried to get behind Max and shove him bodily with his tusks; Max dodged Dutch like a schoolboy. Never was seen such an instance of animal sagacity. The big Asian trying to force the African without hurting him, the African doing his best to avoid the Asian in a determined but good-natured way.

All this time Queen, the largest elephant in the lot, was standing down on the farther end of the dock eating peanuts. When the superintendent got tired of Max's antics he roared down to her:

"Come up here, Queen!"

Queen waved her trunk and wagged her tail, then solemnly stalked up the dock.

"Hurry up, there!" and as he spoke the big beast broke into a jog-trot, and her big, loose skin flapped on her sides like wet clothes on a living skeleton.

"Shove in Max! Help Dutch!"

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

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

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

Making It Realistic.

Quester—I wonder where Shakspeare got the idea reflected in the sentence, "When graveyards yawn?" Based altogether on superstition, I imagine?

Jester—Perhaps, although I can believe such a thing possible to be brought about.

"How?"

"By having Dominie Prolicks visit any of them and preach a funeral sermon."—Boston Courier.

A Water Gun.

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

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Town Property for Sale.

1. Two lots and house, corner property, south front, very nice, $1,300.
2. New 15 room house, 75 ft. south front new property; a rare bargain.
3. House and 70 ft. frontage on Franklin street, a good business location, $2,500.
4. One acre of ground with good house and improvements, facing Chippewa street, $2,250.
5. Five lots in west part of town, $350.
6. Six lots this side East school house on Mazon Ave., and Seminole street, $1,000.
7. Two lots, fine shade, south front, good location, $750.
8. Three lots on Waupansie st., $600.
9. Thirty-four ft. on East street with buildings, $9,000.
10. House and one lot on Mazon Ave., close to business, $1,300.
11. One and one-third acres of ground just west of Brick school house, $1,200.
12. Two lots on Deleware st., a bargain, $600.
13. Three lots on Deleware st., corner property, $1,500.
14. House and three lots well improved, corner, in fine location, $4,000.
15. House and two lots on Chippewa st., a bargain to anyone at $1,500.
16. Eight lots, will divide, corner Chicago and James st., fine, $2,500; inducements to purchasers.
17. House and lot on Deleware st., half block from business center $2,200.
18. A fine business corner, 114 ft. frontage on Franklin st., room for four fronts, $3,500.
19. Fine new modern house in fine location for $4,000.
20. Two lots on North st., facing the Park, $700.
21. An opportunity for an investment that will pay 15 per cent. a business house and lot, $2,000.
22. Twenty-five feet on Mazon Ave., the best business location in the way of vacant property in town. Investigate at once, $2,100
23. Two lots on Seminole street, $3,000.
24. House and two lots, corner North and Clinton streets, $1,100.
25. New modern house and one and a half lots on Mazon Ave., right in town, $6000.
26. A fine modern house, that cost the money alone, and 2 lots, $6,500.
27. House and three lots near Hahn's farm, $1,000.
28. House and two lots on Seminole st., 13 rooms, new, will pay for itself in two years, $3,750.
29. One and a half lots on Deleware st., $500, or one lot for $350.
30. House and one lot on Deleware st., corner property, $1,000.
31. House and two lots on Waupansie street, $2,000.
32. House and lot on Deleware st., close to business, $2,600.
33. Two very fine corner lots on Seminole street, $1,300.
34. Two very fine lots close to Franklin street, $550.
35. Three fine lots on Renfrew Ave., $750.
36. House and two and a half lots south front, fine location, $2100.
37. One lot on Deleware street $250.
38. House and 4 lots on Seminole street $1,250.
39. House and lot on Deleware street, not far from new club site, $3,000.
40. House and two lots on South street, $2,500.
41. A fine house, five lots, fine improvements, shade, etc., $6,000
42. Barn and five lots in Odell, will divide, $1,500.
43. Good dairy business for sale.
44. House and lot on Seminole street, nice location, well improved $2,000.
45. Fine new house with three and a half lots, a bargain at $3,600. Will sell with less ground.
46. House and lot on Chippewa street, good property, $2,100.
47. One lot on Seminole street, $500.
48. Block of 14 lots in southeast part of town, $2,100; will divide.
49. Two lot east of East Side school house, $1000.
50. House and two lots $2200.
51. One lot on Mazon Ave., $750.
52. Fifteen fine lots, will divide in any amount. These are fine.
53. House and four lots, or any amount, will sell the house without lots.
54. H. McLane, one and a half lots on Waupansie st., $700.
55. Business Block, stock and lease for 2 years. He is a chance.
56. House and lot on Deleware st., $1800.

We have opportunities in the investline.

If anyone's property is not shown in the list it is for want of space,

Farm Property for Sale.

Eighty acres of land in Murray county Minn., $1,000.

Eighty acres of land in Pipestone county, Minn., $1,000.

Eighty acres four and a half miles south of Dwight, a fine eighty at $60 an acre.

A fine eight hundred acre stock farm, the finest in Central Illinois; $85 an acre.

Lands in Arkansas, Kentucky, Southern Illinois and Minnesota for sale or trade.

Three thousand acres of timber and coal land in Kentucky.

One hundred and sixty acres three and a half miles southwest of Odell, tiled, etc. at $60 per acre:

One hundred and sixty acres, fine tiled farm, with good improvements; $50 per acre.

315 acres, white oak, popular and hickory, timbered land in Williamson county, Ill., 5 miles from R. R. Price $10 per acre. Cut from 3 to 5 thousand feet per acre.

80 acres, cut from 5 to 8 thousand feet per acre, 7 miles from R. R. in Williamson county, Ill.; price $15 per acre.

160 acres 1 1-2 miles west of Gardner, a fine farm. Space will not admit an outline of improvements. $62 per acre.

Five miles from Gardner and seven from Dwight, a fine quarter section at $60 per acre.

100 acres four miles south and two miles east of Dwight, $55 per acre.

80 acres 5 miles northwest of Dwight; a fine farm, well improved, all kinds of fruit, and tiled, $68 per acre

160 acres five miles east of Dwight, fair improvements, $55 per acre.

3 miles from Reddick, a fine 160 acres well improved, $62.50.

2 1-2 miles west of Dwight; fine 160 acres at $75 per acre.

Eighty acres, 3 1-2 miles from Dwight, improved as follows: 1 1-2 story house twenty-eight by twenty-four and kitchen, in good shape, all kinds of fruit, good barn, buggy shed, granary, crib, flowing well and tiled complete, $7,500.

160 acres, 3 miles west of Dwight, well improved, worth the money; any one wishing a good farm of 160 acres will do well to investigate; $70 per acre.

One hundred and sixty acres, 4 miles south from Dwight, a well improved farm, needs only to be seen to be convinced that it is a bargain, ten thousand dollars.

We have located in the German settlement a fine farm of two hundred acres, four miles from Dwight. Two good houses, one which contains 9 rooms, fine shade, 3 good wells, one 404 feet deep that will never fail. All fenced and middle fenced. Fine shades, milk cooler, new, and a fine barn 92x52, crops never fail. Investigation will prove the above a bargain at $70 per acre.

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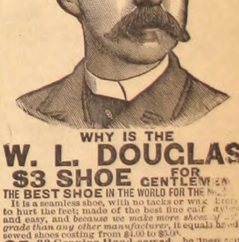

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Ladies' 2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola, Stylish and Durable.

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