



A FRIENDLY EMBRACE.

PLEASE GIVE ME AN APPLE.

MAKING A SPEECH.

WAITING FOR DINNER.

MEDITATION.

FAST FRIENDS.

MR. DOLTON'S PET.

A TOY FOR THE RHINOCEROS.

MR. BARNUM'S GREAT SHOW IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

TWO-THIRDS of all the boys who read this article have without doubt been to the circus. But who has seen a show in winter-quarters? Not more than half a dozen of you, I fancy. And if you were to apply to the great gate of the mysterious inclosure at Bridgeport, you would not be let in, for there are very strict regulations, and the public are "not admitted." Somehow or other our artist found an "open, sesame," and he has given us a page of sketches showing some of the characteristic features of a great show *not* on exhibition.

To any one entering at the gate of the grounds two secretaries will usually present themselves. One of these is Mr. Barnum's private secretary, the other a pet bird of like appellation, to which is permitted a dignified freedom. There are also several pelicans strolling about, and a coach-dog, a great favorite with the elephants. On the right is the building in which the painting, carpentering, harness-making, and general tinkering for the show are going on. Here are a score of chariots in different stages of construction, orchest-melochors with the exasperating tune part taken out, broken cages and wagons. There are forges in different parts of the building. On the left is the car shed, a building over three hundred and fifty feet long, and four or five tracks wide, in which the cars for transporting the show are kept. It is full to overflowing, a number of flat cars being outside.

Under the wide eaves of the car shed are ranged the gorgeous and luxurious show wagons in which the animals are exhibited. The three large buildings form three sides of a quadrangle. Behind them is the ten-acre lot where the Bridgeport show is held at the beginning of every season.

How many elephants do you suppose Mr. Barnum has now? Can you fancy it?—there are twenty-two, big and little, young and old. Just think of the noise they can make! At a signal from the keeper they will begin to trumpet at once, and then the noise is like several thunder-storms with the rain and lightning left out.

As a matter of course you have all heard of the baby elephant recently born in the show. It came on the 2d of February. The mother is the elephant Queen. The father is named Chief. He is the largest in Mr. Barnum's herd of twenty-two. Those who have seen the elephant pyramid act will recollect him posed with uplifted trunk at the top of the heap. He is of wayward disposition, and has of late exhibited some savage traits of character. When the little one was born she weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds; her trunk was seven inches long, and she was about as big as a full-grown Newfoundland dog. Mr. Barnum has named the new-comer Bridgeport. He is going to exhibit her with Chief and Queen, as "The Elephant Family," and of course we are all going to see them.

One of the most interesting things about these elephants is the intelligence they show, and the attachment they form for their keepers, and even for the other animals about them. An amusing incident was daily witnessed last season in the greenroom of the show. Donald Melville, a little child two and a half years old, son of a trainer, formed a strange attachment for Gypsy, one of the largest elephants in the herd. Gypsy was equally fond of the child, and would follow it anywhere.

Donald could scarcely talk, but he would pull and tug at Gypsy's trunk until the intelligent animal would comprehend what was wanted, and carefully lay its huge carcass upon the ground, when the child would climb upon its back. To play hide-and-seek between Gypsy's legs was a favorite pastime with Donald.

There is a mammoth sloth bear in the menagerie which attracts a great deal of attention from such visitors as are admitted. He weighs upward of four hundred pounds,

and when standing erect is nearly six feet tall. At the word of command the bear stands upright upon his hind-feet, closes both eyes, opens his mouth, and makes a guttural sound that the men call preaching. His calm, dignified attitude is ridiculous in the extreme, and has earned for him his clerical nick-name of "the Preacher."

Among the leopards there is a full-grown animal called Pet. It is so tame that the keeper will enter its cage, take it in his arms, and handle it as familiarly as if it were a house cat. Yet this is dangerous business. The men whose profession is the training of wild animals had sad stories to tell of their own and others' experience. One of Mr. Barnum's tamers carries a great scar on his forehead. He was in the cage with some lions one day when one of them took advantage of his looking away, and sprang at him. Its paw struck him in the face, and a claw made the dent in his skull. He did not lose his presence of mind, but seeing that the lion was temporarily frightened at having hit him, he got out of the cage as fast as possible. The claw just failed to reach the brain. Another time he tried to tame some hyenas, and one of his fingers was bitten short off. "The hyenas," he remarked to our artist, "are among the most cowardly and treacherous of wild beasts."

A rhinoceros is not supposed to be a playful animal, but there is one in the show that has a decided taste for playing with a ball. He will roll it up and down the wall of the cage with his absurdly shaped nose, and apparently finds great enjoyment in the sport. He expresses his delight in what may be called deep grunts of satisfaction.

The circus business demands a small army of performers and attendants. Mr. Barnum in the coming season will have over six hundred persons in his pay. The "master of the sails" will have a force of one hundred and twenty-five tent-setters; the head groom, sixty grooms; the loading-master, one hundred "razor-backs"; the menagerie, sixty attendants; and the advertising department, seventy men always ahead of the show. There will be performers of all sorts, caterers, side-show men, etc., at least two hundred more in number. The master of the sails said that in eighteen minutes his force of one hundred and twenty-five men had taken down and packed in the wagons fifteen tents containing two hundred and sixty thousand yards of canvas, to say nothing of the ropes, poles, and other appointments.

A novel feature of the show the next time it starts out in a procession is to be "Mother Hubbard's Shoe." A shoe of gigantic size, mounted on wheels, and filled by the convenient children of the company, will take its place among the chariots and cars. This new attraction will unquestionably be a source of delight to all small people.

TONY'S BIRTHDAY, AND GEORGE WASHINGTON'S.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

IT was the great misfortune of Tony Butler's life to have been born on the Twenty-second of February.

There was no comfort in reflecting that there were doubtless plenty of other boys in the country who labored under the same disadvantage. The other boys might perhaps be better fitted for the honor, but for poor Tony the distinction was a crushing one.

In the first place, he had an older brother, and that older brother's name was George. Now it is generally conceded that one of a name is enough for any family; but when Tony was born on the Twenty-second of February, how was poor Mrs. Butler to act?

Not to have called him after the Father of his Country would have been, in that good woman's opinion, a positive slight to the illustrious dead. As long as her boy was fortunate enough to have the same birthday as our great President, it became her plain duty to give him one other point