

How the Elephant Fights

By FRANCIS W. DOUGHTY.

We have pictured the elephant in peace in "Happy Days" some years ago. Let us now picture him as he appears in war. The employment of the elephant in battle

take the place of a rifle when the line has been broken through by the elephants.

The other portions of this picture show how heavy artillery is put on the backs of elephants and transported.

As late as 1878 the British army employed war elephants in their Afghanistan campaign.

Figure 2 illustrates war elephants in the streets of ancient Rome, the occasion being one of the triumphs of Julius Caesar.

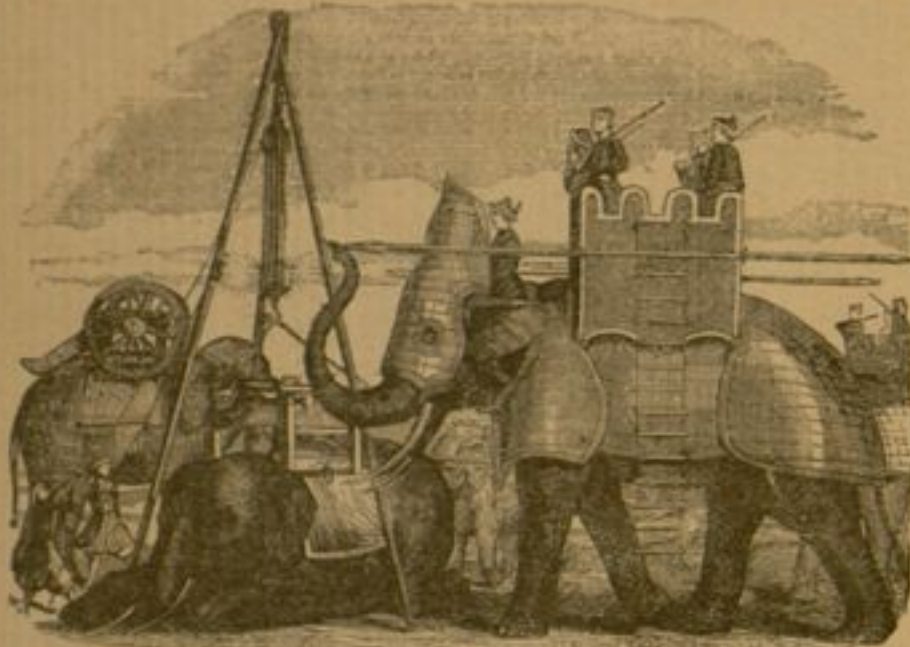


Fig. 1.—WAR ELEPHANTS IN BURMAH.

is a custom of exceedingly ancient origin.

Indeed, the further back we go the more generally we find the elephant used instead of the horse as a beast of burden and for purpose of war.

In the East the use of war elephants continues to this day, but in Europe, where it was once quite general, it has gone entirely out of date.

Ancient war elephants were always ar-

It is a night scene. Forty elephants trained as torch bearers and loaded down with spears, shields, flags and other military spoils took part in this procession.

The way it came to be a night procession was this:

"Triumphs" were great celebrations by which Roman military heroes signaled their victories upon their return to Rome.



Fig. 2.—WAR ELEPHANTS IN THE STREETS OF ROME.

mored to protect them from the arrows of the enemy.

It will surprise some of our readers to know that this practice still continues.

Look at Figure 1 and you will see a modern armored elephant as they do things out in Burma even now.

The elephants in this picture are those equipped for the transport of armed men and artillery, according to the plan of a

Julius Caesar had four triumphs after his final return to Rome.

Each was celebrated upon a separate day, and there was an interval of several days between them. On one of these days the triumphal car of Caesar broke down; the immense train of chariots, horses, elephants, flags, banners and captives which formed the splendid procession was stopped by this accident and night came on before they got in shape to enter the city. When



Fig. 3.—RHINOCEROS KILLING AN ELEPHANT.

French general at one time commander-in-chief of the Burmese troops.

The tower and defensive armor upon the elephant in the foreground are made of iron covered with double pieces of buffalo hide and ball proof at a very short distance.

The four armed men who are in the tower go up there by means of a rope ladder hanging over the flanks of the big beast.

The lances fixed horizontally at each side of the tower are used only in a fight, and

the procession came through the streets of Rome at last each elephant carried a blazing torch in his trunk, creating a most impressive scene.

Although elephants are among the most docile of beasts, they make splendid fighters when forced to combat.

In his native wilds the most terrible enemy the elephant has to encounter is the rhinoceros. Why this is so will be found illustrated in Figure 3.

The horn of the rhinoceros is one of the

few things that the wild African elephant has to fear, for the rhinoceros is a very powerful beast and his horn is exceedingly sharp and capable of penetrating an elephant's hide where nothing else will.

If the rhinoceros gets any chance at all in the battle he is pretty sure to win. If a herd of elephants encounter this formidable animal they retreat if possible. If brought to close quarters, where a fight is a necessity, the elephant has but one way of handling this foe and that is to fall on him and crush him, which he invariably attempts, but often gets the worst of it even then.

In India the worst enemy of the elephant is the tiger. Figure 4 represents a fight between these two beasts.

The tiger is accustomed to conceal himself in the high grass of the jungle—grass as high often as the elephant's back.

Here is an account of an elephant and tiger fight, written by one who took part in the exciting scene.

It was suspected from the actions of the elephants which were carrying the party through the jungle that a tiger was near, and one gentleman insisted that his driver should beat up the bush and arouse the tiger if he were actually there. The result proved anything but pleasant, as will be seen:

"In spite of the tremendous tones of the agitated elephant, the tiger, finding himself compelled either to resist or be trodden on, sprang suddenly from the grass and fixed himself upon the elephant's thigh. Frightened by so sudden and painful an attack, the elephant dashed through the cover at a surprising rate, the tiger holding fast by his forepaws and supporting himself by his hind ones, unable, however, owing to the rapid and irregular motions of the elephant, either to raise himself any higher or to quit the hold he had taken with his

The riders urge the elephants on, either by encouraging words or sharp prods until they are face to face, with only the wall between them.

The shock is tremendous, and it is surprising that they ever survive the dreadful



Fig. 4.—COMBAT BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND TIGER.

blows inflicted with the teeth, heads and trunks; tusks of fighting elephants, which would make the combat entirely too formidable, are usually cut off.

The most exciting part of the fight comes

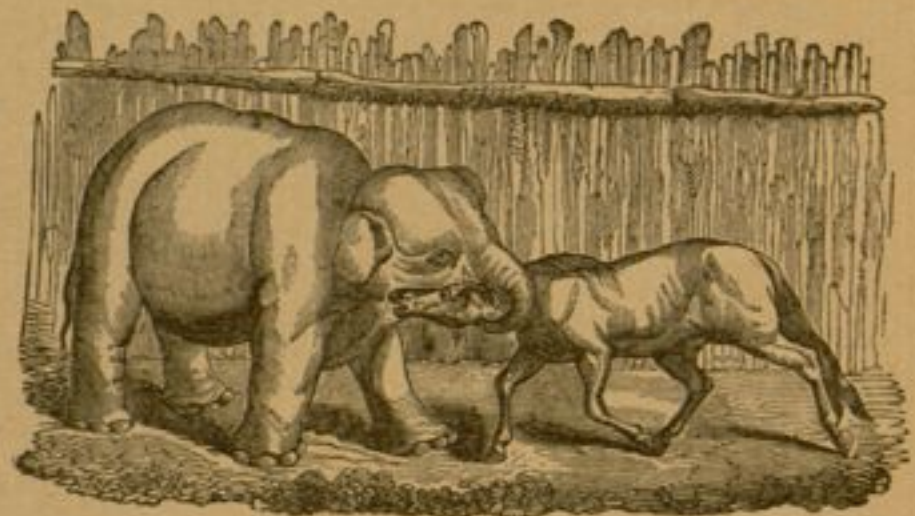


Fig. 5.—ELEPHANT KILLING A HORSE.

claws, the rider having all he could do to keep his seat."

Had the elephant been alone in this case, he would, in all probability, never have been able to get rid of his burden; but as it was, the tiger was speedily shot by another of the party, and the elephant freed.

In Ceylon elephants are trained to fight. These fighting elephants are kept separate from each other and fed on stimulating

when the wall is at last thrown down, as it always is, and the strongest elephant rushes upon his opponent.

Sometimes they close upon each other so fiercely that they cannot be separated, and it is only by discharging firearms between them that they are forced apart.

During these elephant fights the riders are often dismounted and trampled to death, for elephants are very intelligent, as everybody knows, and understand the



Fig. 6.—ELEPHANTS ON THE RETREAT.

diet in order to make them furious. The keepers approach them only with great caution, for as soon as they hear any one coming they show signs of restlessness and begin lashing their trunks about and straining at their chains.

When the day fixed for the elephant fight comes, a wall of earth three or four feet wide and five or six feet high is built, and an elephant with two riders driven up on each side.

necessity of dismounting the riders if they can.

Not infrequently fighting elephants, maddened by their wounds, turn on the crowd and many people who come to witness this barbarous sport are trampled to death.

Figure 5 illustrates an elephant in the act of killing a horse, and is here given simply to show the manner in which the elephant goes to work to dispose of a large beast of whom he has no fear.

But the greatest enemy of the elephant in modern times—and, indeed, all times—is man.

The exorbitant prices paid for ivory in old times caused myriads of elephants to be slain; nor has the demand decreased, in spite of the many substitutes for ivory invented. The number of elephants, however, has decreased, and is decreasing every day, for elephants do not flourish under the influence of civilization. In India they have managed, by great care, to preserve them, but in Africa, as the opening up of the country increases, they are being slaughtered right and left. Nothing more exciting than an elephant hunt can be imagined. We give a good picture of one in Figure 6.

It is not easy to come upon elephants even in an African forest, unless one understands how to go to work.

The first thing is to find their tracks near some stream where the big beasts are accustomed to come to drink, and then follow them on until the herd is overtaken, a matter of a comparatively short time usually, unless they take to the thick forests, where the trail is often lost.

As soon as a herd of elephants become aware that they are being followed by man some such stampede as is shown in our picture comes.

The hunter selects the elephant he proposes to kill and rides as close behind him as is safe, yelling loudly.

This angers the brute and he presently turns on his antagonist, while the rest of the herd continue their flight, at the same time trumpeting loud enough to make the earth tremble.

The hunter must now ride for his life and when the elephant halts, he must halt, shooting when he gets the chance.

It is not at all easy to shoot an elephant under such circumstances, and often as many as twenty or thirty shots have to be fired before anything definite is accomplished.

Often the elephant has to be chased for hours, the hunter alternately charging and retreating, until at last the strength of the beast gives away and he falls to the ground from sheer fatigue, and may be readily dispatched.

The Zulus are very fond of elephant meat; they cut it in long strips and dry it in the sun, when it is tied in bundles and will keep a long time.

The foot is the greatest delicacy and is eaten fresh roasted, being put into a hole in the ground and a big bonfire built over it. The tusks have to be cut out of the trunk with a hatchet, and this is a long and tedious job.

Thus the elephant, although the largest of all beasts, is surrounded on all sides with foes, as well as the most minute creature in creation.

As a matter of fact elephants belong to a stage in the earth's development which is rapidly passing away, and but a comparatively few years must elapse before they will have practically disappeared, for the world has not the use for them it formerly had and never will have again.

We are still selling good watches for 75 cents. See 16th page.

[This story commenced in No. 280.]

Grit and Gold;

OR,

Working for a Fortune.

A Story of Life and Adventure.

By GASTON GARNE.

Author of "Those Barclay Boys," "333," "His Last Chance," "Holding His Own," "Enchanted Mountain," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

PUSHING ON.

When Bob and Tony bade farewell to the genial Mr. Clark, the railroad superintendent, he placed twenty dollars in the hand of each.

"This is only a small reward for your services," he said. "But it is honestly earned pay, and you must set aside your scruples and accept it, Bob. The company would make it two thousand if I asked, but I respect your principle of working your way, and taking only what you earn, so I will offer you no more. But you have earned this."

"If you think our services worth all that we will not demur," replied Bob. "But I think it is liberal pay. I shall be glad to see you again, Mr. Clark."

In Denver at last! Bob and Tony both felt that the future was opening before them. From Mr. Clark's description of the land they could not help but feel that it might be of value.

The fact that gold mining was conducted on adjacent land would indicate that the precious ore might be also found on Bob's

land. In that case the orphan boy's motto of Grit and Gold might indeed find verification.

Bob was eager to proceed at once to the spot. His first move was to find out what the railroad fare to the nearest point was. Unfortunately the railroad was remote from the claim, so that it was necessary to make a rough journey over the wild mountain ranges.

But Mr. Clark had spoken of the likelihood of an extension of the railroad to that locality within a year. In such a case the value of the land would naturally rise appreciably.

But with only forty dollars between them the two fortune seekers found that it was quite impracticable to think of traveling one hundred and fifty miles and opening up a gold claim.

It was certainly necessary to have more money with which to buy prospecting tools and the requisite miner's equipment. Unlike the usual form of mining, which is placer, the Colorado gold is extracted from the virgin quartz by means of the stamp mill and flume.

All these things the two adventurers learned, much to their advantage. They discussed the matter again, pro and con.

"If we land there without necessary tools or money," said Bob, "I see no help for us. We would starve."

"Yes," said Tony; "that is so. Unless we might manage to live on wild game."

"To do that we would need weapons," argued Bob. "Good rifles and ammunition. They cost well."

"Just so, my lad. But I have an idea how to raise that money."

"How?" asked Bob, with interest.

"You own this land?"

"I do."

"It is free and clear?"

"The title says so."

"Now, I think you can find some wealthy man who will loan you a few hundred on it provided you are willing to pay interest. Give him a mortgage. Take the money and develop your land. If it is what you think it is, you can pay off the mortgage in no time."

Tony looked triumphant. At first the idea looked to Bob very reasonable and business-like.

Certainly it ought to be an easy matter to pay off a few hundred dollars on a gold claim. The loan need only be a limited one.

But just then there came to Bob's memory an instance of foreclosure in his own native town of Markham. He remembered seeing a farmer dispossessed and his farm and stock ruthlessly taken from him for failure to meet a mortgage.

This at the time had made its impression on Bob. He had resolved never to be the slave of the mortgagee. He experienced a revulsion of feeling.

"Come," said the tramp, eagerly; "I am sure Mr. Clark will loan you the money. It need only be a limited loan."

Bob turned and met Tony's gaze squarely.

"No," he said, "I'll not do it."

The tramp was dumfounded. He gazed inquiringly at the orphan boy. He could hardly believe his ears.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You won't try the plan?"

"No."

"Why?"

"It is not feasible."

"Pshaw! Nine out of ten men in this country carry heavy mortgages."

"I don't care if they do," said Bob, resolutely. "I'll put no incumbrance on my land. I'll never pay interest on a mortgage."

Tony whistled and thrust his hands in his pockets. He looked to be a little out of patience.

"Well," he said finally, "of course that's principle. You can do as you choose. But you will lose valuable time."

"I prefer to do it," said Bob. "I would rather start with our present store of money."

"Well, suppose we do that?"

"Perhaps we can work our way the one hundred and fifty miles to the Golconda mines, which is the name of the gold mines near there."

"Very well," agreed Tony with a yawn; "we can make up a bundle of provisions now which ought to last us."

With this they set about their preparations. A few dollars were judiciously expended in clothing and provisions. Also a small mining outfit was bought.

Then the two fortune seekers left Denver. For days they wandered on, sleeping at night in ear-sheds and even in the forest or some hillside cavern. Thus they worked their way down into the very wildest part of Colorado.

It took them two weeks to reach the Golconda mines. They had done an immense amount of tramping and experienced many adventures in that time.

But victory had crowned their efforts. Bob at last was enabled to gaze upon the rough acres of his inheritance.

And they were indeed rough. The entire tract was little else but ledge and boulder-strewn slopes.

The Golconda mines were located in a narrow valley. A mountain river foamed down through this and furnished the necessary means of washing out the gold.

Deep shafts had been cut into the moun-

tains and hundreds of miners were busy bringing out the quartz. The stamp mills were busy day and night.

A small settlement was in the valley. It was called Golconda, and consisted of a collection of small and rude cabins.

Bob and Tony gazed down upon this from the height of a mountain pass. They were hungry and footsore.

"What do ye say, lad?" asked the tramp.

"Shall we go down there?"

"I see no better plan," declared Bob. "In fact there is no other way."

"Right you are, my boy. Certainly we can accomplish nothing here. We've got to have some place to stay while we get the lay of the land."

"That is true," agreed Bob. "Of course I do not even know the boundaries yet. That is essential."

"Perhaps we can get a job of work in the Golconda for a time."

Bob had thought of this.

"We will try it," he said. "Of course it will be hard getting started, but grit wins gold, Tony."

"Right you are, my boy," cried Tony, with rising spirits. "Let's go down there at once."

So they descended into the valley. An hour later they crossed the little river on a foot-bridge and entered the mining town of Golconda.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT GOLCONDA.

Golconda contained a population of fifteen hundred souls. Most of these were miners. There were a few gamblers and idlers, as is the case in all towns of its class.

A tramway extended from the mine ten miles down the valley to a stage station, which in turn communicated with the railroad twenty miles east.

Right in the heart of a mighty wilderness, Golconda was beyond the pale of the law, as one might say. In fact justice was in the hands of the community at large, and it was generally of a summary sort.

The two travelers entered the little street of the town.

There was a small tavern, and to this they proceeded. Over the door was a sign rudely painted:

"TERRY O'HARE. HOTEL."

Bob and Tony were hungry and tired, and they indulged in a hearty meal and engaged a room. The terms were extremely reasonable, and the tavern keeper a genial Irishman.

"Prospectin', are ye?" he asked in a good-natured way. "I reckon ye've come a good ways."

"Are there many prospectors in the town?" Bob asked.

The landlord shook his head.

"Not on yer life," he replied. "They don't come this way. Most of 'em goes further down inter ther placer fields."

"But there must be gold up in these hills," said Bob.

"Bless yer soul, yes," replied O'Hare. "But it's hard work to git it. An individual miner kin wash it out of a sandbank easier than to blow it out of a quartz ledge and hev to pay commission to the quartz mill. See?"

"I see," agreed Bob. "But the Golconda makes money."

"In course, fer they are a big stock company. Why, lad, it cost fifty thousand dollars fer the stamp mill that they use. Ye see, no poor miner kin do that."

Bob's heart sank a bit with this intelligence. It began to look, after all, as if his inheritance was a white elephant.

That there was gold, perhaps to the value of millions, on his land, there was no doubt. But it must certainly stay there so far as his present ability to claim it was concerned.

He had not enough money to develop it, and just how he was to secure it was a problem.

However, he said nothing more. But when they retired that night the two gold seekers had a long conversation.

"I am in an anomalous position," declared Bob. "I own a fortune and yet I have not got it. I am legatee of riches which nature holds in trust. Can I secure possession of those riches?"

"I think if you had raised a little money by mortgage you could have got a start with it, my boy," said Tony.

"Perhaps you were right, Tony," agreed Bob. "But I could not see it at the time. However, we must do the best we can. Perhaps we can find a pocket of gold or something of that sort to give us a lift."

"At least it will do no harm to put in a few days of prospecting."

"Certainly not."

They slept soundly. At an early hour Bob was astir. He went down and consulted with O'Hare.

He inquired about the various claims in the vicinity, but took care not to mention that he was the owner of one himself.

As near as possible he got the location of his own. He soon learned that it was one of the largest in the region, comprising three thousand acres.

When Tony came down a little later Bob was all ready for the start.

"You're a hustler, Bob," said the tramp, jovially. "I owe you an apology for over-sleeping. But I'll be ready very soon."

"All right, my dear pard," said Bob, with a laugh. "I can hardly wait to get there. Just think of the romance of searching for gold on one's own land!"

"I hope we will find a bonanza."

"So do I."

Tony was soon ready. They took with them the small outfit which they had bought in Denver, and also one loaned them by the tavern keeper.

"I hope ye'll have good luck, gents," said O'Hare, heartily. "But there's one thing I'd warn ye against."

"What is that?" asked Bob.

"Prospectin' on any private claim. People out here hev a trick of shootin' first an' explainin' afterward, an' the law backs 'em up in it."

Bob hesitated a moment. He looked at Tony and then at O'Hare. The tavern keeper seemed to be a whole-souled, honest fellow. Bob decided to tell the truth.

"Well," he said, "you see, I ought to be all safe, for I own my own claim."

The tavern keeper started as if shot, and a strange expression flitted across his face.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "You own a claim hereabouts?"

"Yes."

"How large? Five or six acres?"

"No, three thousand!" replied Bob.

O'Hare gasped and leaned over the bar. He stared at Bob.

"For the love of Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Do ye know that's enough to make ye the richest man in Colorado? Why, thar's more gold hereabouts than anywhere else in the State."

"I am glad to know that," said Bob, with delight.

"An' you own three thousand acres?"

"Yes."

"Ain't that a mistake?"

"No, sir."

"Whereabouts is it? Nigh here?"

"Well, as near as I can reckon, it is," replied Bob, drawing the deed from his pocket. "Here are the boundaries."

O'Hare took the deed and looked it over carefully. Then he handed it back to Bob and took down a bottle of whiskey.

"Have a drink," he said. "You're the luckiest man I know."

"No, I thank you," replied Bob; "but I hope you will consider this confidential."

"Ye may be sure I will."

"And you are really sure my land is rich with gold?"

"Thar's big ledges of gold quartz up thar, my lad. Why, jest step down to the office of the Golconda Company. They'll give ye half a million at sight fer yer claim."

Bob's brain swam. Tony's eyes seemed like to burst from his head.

"Oh, Bob," he whispered; "and to think thet shark of a lawyer and thet old farmer came nigh getting it away from you fer one of your father's debts."

"I owe that to you, Tony," replied Bob, with feeling. "You shall see that I am not ungrateful."

O'Hare had drunk alone. The liquor flushed his face.

"Now, lad," he said in a friendly way, "I s'pose ye've got money to develop yer claim?"

"No," replied Bob. "Not a cent. There is the trouble."

O'Hare brought his hand down on the bar with a bang.

"I'll loan ye twenty thousand on yer word," he cried. "What's more, if ye'll give me a fifth interest, I'll stand in with ye and furnish all the money fer a ten-stamp mill."

Bob reached over the bar and shook O'Hare's hand.

"Mr. O'Hare," he said, "I thank you very kindly, but I cannot accept your offer."

"Why?" asked the tavern keeper.

"I am going to work the problem out alone, that is all," declared Bob.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LUCKY STRIKE.

O'Hare looked disappointed. But he said good-naturedly:

"Oh, well, that's your own affair, lad, and I wish you luck. But I'm afraid you're up against a big job. Have ye thought of what ye'll have to go up against?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, perhaps there's squatters on your land. They won't get off without a fight. An' then, thar's the boundaries."

"Is there a good surveyor in Golconda?" asked Bob.

"Yes, there's Jim Hayes, as square a man as ever walked."

"Very well," said Bob. "I'll take a look over my claim. If there are squatters on it, they must prove their rights or get off."

"That's the way to talk, lad. But if ye haven't got any money what kin ye do about it?"

"There is law in Colorado as well as every other State in the Union," said Bob. "I will arrange to have it enforced. But I thank you for your kind offer, Mr. O'Hare, and also for your many favors. I will hope to repay them some time."

"Thet's all right, my boy. Good day."

Bob and Tony left the hotel. They at once struck out for the locality of Bob's