

SWEET MEMORIES.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORVELL.

CLYTEMNESTRA was as well behaved an elephant as any circus would care to possess. She had "tantrums" as seldom as any elephant in the herd; she would go through her performances dutifully; she could be trusted to carry children on her back, and was generally a mild mannered, good-tempered beast. It was for all of these reasons that no one was prepared for what she took it into her big head to do, and did, one fine morning.

The circus which "Clytie" belonged to was traveling through the country parts of England, halting at small towns to give performances. One night the caravan stopped at a little place called Hythe, and the tents were pitched and the animals made as comfortable as might be. Transporting a circus and menagerie, even over the good roads of England, is fatiguing work, and when a stop is made and the necessary arrangements for camping are completed, men and animals are, as a rule, very glad of the rest which follows. On the night of the stop at Hythe the work was no easier than usual, and everybody went to bed tired out and ready to take advantage of every moment's sleep.

Everybody but Clytie, at any rate. But a scheme was working in that massive head of hers and she did not sleep so long or so soundly as her fellows. By three o'clock in the morning she was wide awake. She was very wide awake. Nobody had ever known Clytie to be so very wide awake before.

The first thing she did was to lift her foot and strain gently at the chain which prevented her from being a free elephant. Then she stepped forward as far as the chain would permit and threw her whole weight against the chain. It was a stout chain, but she was a strong and heavy elephant, and so it happened that the chain snapped at one of the links and Clytie found herself free.

She was not at all surprised, for it was precisely what she had intended, and what she had striven to achieve. She had already studied the situation and was ready to act without any loss of valuable time. Almost as softly as a cat could have done it, she stepped over the low rope that was around the elephants, and made her way to the door of the tent. The door was closed, but that did not matter to her; she merely put her head down and walked straight ahead. Fortunately the canvas flaps gave way; for, if they had not, Clytie was prepared to carry away the whole tent.

Even after she was free from the tent she did not behave riotously, as if she did not know the difference between liberty and license; she walked soberly away from the tent and along the path across the common, until she came to the main street of the town. She was very deliberate and very quiet and did not pause once until she stood before a little shop which was as tightly closed up as shutters and blind-doors could make it.

It was too early for anybody to be stirring in the little place, but Clytie's manner was that of one who was not to be deterred even if there had been somebody to see her. She was very, very much in earnest.

She stepped up to the little shop and felt about its door and window with her trunk for a moment or two. Then she drew back from the door with her head held low, and lunged suddenly forward with a tremendous rush. The door was not elephant-proof, and so it crashed inward without trying to keep up even the appearance of resistance. Clytie followed without any haste, but with every evidence of complete satisfaction.

She had found her way into an elephant's Paradise, and she knew it. In another moment she had overturned the boxes and jars which stood on the counter and was stuffing the sweetmeats into her greedy mouth. She had broken into a candy and fruit store. She seemed to realize that it only happens once in the lifetime of an elephant to have the freedom of a confectioner's shop, and she acted as if she intended to improve the opportunity to the utmost. She sampled everything she could reach,—and she could reach almost everything in the shop,—and she did not think of stopping merely because the man who owned the candy rushed hurriedly into the store from the back room, and then rushed still more hurriedly out again yelling, "Ow! Ow!" at the top of his lungs.

Nor did she stop when the whole neighborhood took up the worthy man's cry of "Ow! Ow!" She went on eating and eating until a little man named Job came running up, and cried out in a sharp voice:

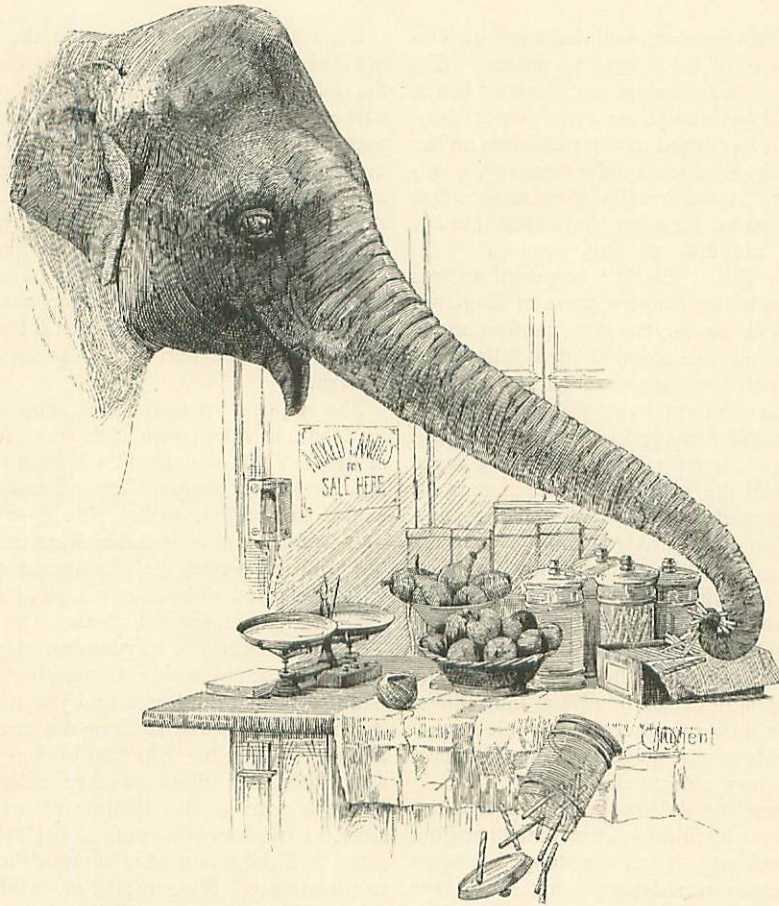
"Hi, there, Clytie! What d'ye mean? Come out o' that now, d'ye hear?"

Then she backed out in a great hurry and looked very much afraid of the little man. And she was afraid of him, for he was her keeper and she had

great respect for him, and knew he could punish her if he chose to do so. But, after all, she had eaten her fill of candy, and so, what did it matter?

But the question was, how did she manage to distinguish a candy-store from any other? Of course she could not read the sign over the win-

way to go directly to that store? Everybody was puzzled for a long time, but at last the man who kept the store offered the solution. He had fed an elephant from his shop as many as twelve years before. Was Clytie that elephant? More inquiries were made, and the fact discovered that she was



dow, and it was almost as unlikely that she could tell by the smell, even when she reached the spot. The difficulty is, how should she have known the

very elephant that had been fed there a dozen years earlier.

Her memory was better than her gratitude.

