

Quickly and quietly the lions and tigers were put through their tricks. Once when a lion refused to march between two tigers a lash of the quirt brought from it a roar that made even the oldest of the showmen start. "The Prince is unusually rash to-day," muttered the old menagerie keeper. For their last trick each lion was paired off with a tiger. The trainer then stepped directly in front of the first pair and lay down. With a slight toss of the quirt he beckoned them on. "Jesus!" muttered Father Jean, "it is sacrilegious to tempt the devil in those beasts that way. The largest of those lions has killed seven men in its life," whispered Pierre Lavant. "That smallest tiger has killed two men this season," his neighbor answered.

The first pair stepped over the trainer quickly; the second pair after sniffing a time or two stepped gingerly over him; the third pair stepped squarely in front of him. The lion gave a low growl that was echoed by the tiger. The audience stopped breathing. Father Jean closed his eyes and prayed. The quirt in the trainer's hand moved slightly and the pair passed slowly over him. The instant they were over, the trainer was on his feet and in the same moment the lion wheeled. Instantly the quirt popped like a rifle shot, and the lion crouched for a spring, uttering a roar that brought every person in the tent to their feet. There was another pop of the quirt and the lion turned. A few moments later the trainer was on the outside of the cage and the show was over.