

KILLED THE WRONG COW.

A MONCTON BUTCHER GETS HIMSELF INTO TROUBLE.

He Killed a Valuable Beef Heifer Instead of His Own Inferior Bovine—It Was a Mistake But He Has Been Asked to Pay Damages for the Error.

A good story which, however had a tragic ending for one of the actors, and may have very unpleasant results for another, is being told at the expense of a well known city man. It is quite a common practice amongst those citizens of Moncton who are able to indulge their epicurean fancies, to keep a cow, and thus secure an unlimited supply of such country luxuries as cream and butter. Of course it is impossible for even the most thrifflily disposed householder to pasture a cow on his front lawn, and it is equally impracticable to keep her cowship in the barn all summer without seriously imperilling not only her health, but more important still her milking capacity. Therefore it is customary either to board her with some reliable milk man in the outlying districts at whose home she will be sure to enjoy all the comforts to which she has been accustomed, and who will see that her owners receive a fair share of her milk each day. For those who prefer keeping their live stock under their own eye there are excellent pastures to be rented quite near the city where numbers of cows are grazed each summer and where they are supposed to be as safe as they would be in their own barns. Of course they are usually cows belonging to several different owners in the same pasture, but that does not matter usually. It mattered a great deal in the present case though, and that is what the story is about.

It so happened that one of the butchers in the city market purchased what is known to the trade I believe, as a beef heifer, and as she was not exactly in condition for market, he sent her out to the suburbs to pasture in a field where there were already a number of valuable milch cows grazing. Amongst these high toned boarders was a stately bovine dame with a pedigree who was the property of the city man mentioned above, and who must in some way have resembled the doomed heifer, because when the butcher considered that the latter was in fit condition to become beef, he sent his man out to bring her to town, and in due time to all appearances she went the way of all beef.

The very next day the city man drove out to the pasture to bring his cow home for the winter, but after a prolonged and indignant search he failed to find her. Not a trace was there of the once valuable milker; even the body was not to be found, and the irate owner concluded she had been stolen and took vigorous measures to trace her. His efforts were finally crowned with success but alas, the clue led him to the city market, and the stall of a certain butcher! Some of the remains were still exposed for sale, and a post mortem examination convinced the owner that they were all that was left of his high grade cow. Quite naturally the butcher did not consider the identification complete, but a visit to the pasture proved a triumphant alibi for the heifer was calmly chewing her cud in the field.

At present the city man is demanding a price for his murdered favorite which will have a surprising effect on the beef market if he succeeds in collecting his bill, and the butcher is vigorously resisting the claim which would establish a ruinous precedent if it leaked out that he paid so high for certain grades of beef.

Meanwhile the pasture from which the tragedy occurred has gained in popularity to such an extent that its owners are besieged with applications for board from people who possess worn out cows that they are anxious to get rid of, in the hope that their aged bovines will be mistaken for young beef heifers, driven off, and killed, so they will be able to demand a substantial indemnity for the loss, and nothing but the approaching end of the grazing season can avert a panic in the pasture business. The ultimate fate of the heifer who caused all the trouble had not been learned up to the time of going to press.

Wounds That Should Have Been Fatal.

It is inconceivable that men shot through the heart and brain should survive to tell the tale; and yet even the impossible has happened. In one case a man was shot in the left breast, the bullet taking an upward direction and shattering his shoulder-blade. In its course the bullet went clean through the heart; and according to all experience and expectation the man ought to have died. He is, however, as well as ever he was, and is proud of his remarkable achievement. It is assumed that the bullet struck the heart at the moment of its contraction, and to this fact the soldier owes his life. If the heart had been distended, as it was a

second earlier and later, it would have been so torn by the bullet that the man would have been inevitably killed. In several cases American soldiers survived after being shot through the brain, and in the cases where similar wounds were fatal the death was due to poisoning from foreign matter carried into the brain by the bullet. A very remarkable experience in the recent war was that in many cases where men were shot through the body it was almost impossible to find the places of entry and exit. In one case, in fact, a man was treated in hospital for a shattered legbone, and it was only by the purest accident that the doctors discovered that he had also been shot through the body from side to side. The only indications were two tiny red spots which marked the places where the bullet had entered and left the body.

PROBLEMS OF THE WOODS.

What Becomes of Beasts That Die a Natural Death.

'What becomes of wild animals that die in the woods?' said the naturalist. 'I mean wild animals that die a natural death. Age and disease must carry many of them regularly as human beings are carried off, but what becomes of their bodies? I have never heard of any one coming across a dead bear or deer or fox or wildcat in the woods that had died from natural causes. I have never heard of any one finding even the skeleton of a wild animal in the woods that did not show evidence somewhere that the beast had met its death through violence. But an uninjured skeleton or body of a wild animal without a wound, I have never heard of.'

'I found once in the woods of McKean county, Pa., the skeletons of two enormous bucks with their antlers locked together. It was plain that the two animals had engaged in mortal combat, during which their horns had become entangled, and it being impossible to break the lock thus made, both bucks succumbed to exhaustion and starvation. Another time I found the body of a doe in the woods, and near by lay the mutilated remains of a big rattlesnake. The story of the two bodies was plain to me. The deer true to its nature, had attacked the snake, but the snake had succeeded in striking the deer with its fangs before the sharp hoofs of the animals had killed it. I have come upon many other dead bodies and skeletons of wild animals at different times in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence that the beast had died from violence of some kind. So the mystery as to what becomes of the wild animals that die from natural causes remains.'

Then here is another mystery of the woods. Who ever killed a buck that had no horns, and whoever found a set of deer antlers in the woods—antlers that had been cast to make room for a new set? I have roamed for many years the woods where deer abound, and I have never either killed a hornless buck or found a pair of horns. And I have never heard of any one who did. Yet every woodsman knows or ought to know, that no buck has even the sign of a horn until he is two years old, and that every buck who has horns casts them off each spring and grows a new set. Now, where do all the bucks under two years old keep themselves. The cast-off antlers, as every woodsman knows, are eaten by field mice and wood mice; but that fact explains one of the mysteries of the forests.

'I wish some one would tell me also why it is that a dog, even the smartest kind of a dog, don't seem to be able to let a hedgehog alone, although the dog may have had ever so many lessons. There are no hedgehogs in this locality and consequently, folks hereabout don't know much on the subject of this passion of dogs for tackling hedgehogs but up in the Pennsylvania hemlock belt, people know all about it and wonder at it correspondingly. Some folks would call the hemlock belt hedgehog or porcupine, but that would make no difference to the hemlock belt dog. He would let that habit of pitching into it get the better of him just the same. I have known the best trained deerhound to stop suddenly on a hot trail to have a fight with one of those porcupines, although he may have just got in shape from his last encounter with one. Of course, the dog usually kills his game, but it is always after more or less wear and tear to himself. He is bound to have his mouth and nose filled with the porcupine's quills, and it is this that seems to egg the dog on with renewed spirit. The pain they inflict maddens him, and he pitches in fiercer than ever, only to receive another quiverful of the sharp and penetrating little weapons. Many a valuable hunting dog has been ruined by these quills. Such numbers of them entering his nose and mouth as to destroy his scenting quality. The quills sink so deep into the flesh that it

is almost impossible to remove them with one's fingers, and the longer they are left in the deeper they insert themselves. Any part of a quill left in a dog's flesh will continue its journey into the flesh, and will in time result seriously if not fatally. Yet the dog seems to have an inborn predilection for fighting the hedgehog; in fact it is almost impossible in a region where that animal abounds to eradicate that singular inclination.

Where Holidays Are Enforced.

Very few people know that there are a great and increasing number of firms in this country—banking firms especially—who make an inflexible rule that all employees, whether they be managerial heads or mere junior clerks, must take an annual holiday.

The speaker was one of the best known accountants in London, and he continued: The reason is that all great employers now realize that most long-continued cases of embezzlement and breach of trust are only as a rule, discovered through the offender being compelled, through illness or some other cause, to leave his books for a time.

Nearly all defaulting bank managers are trapped through their enforced absence, and thus it has begun to be the rule for employers to insist that servants who have the manipulation of books and money must go away. Hundreds of sets of books come into my hands and those of other accountants in this way, and I could tell you of many cases where two or more clerks, who could in their ordinary work play into each others hands, are sent holiday-making at the same time.

Another fact of the same kind that is little known is that many employers make a rule of having their employees photographed very plainly in groups every year or two—on some occasion of festivity that is made the excuse—so that the firm always possess a valuable means of identification in case of any man absconding.

HOW A SORE HEALS.

WHEN THE BLOOD IS PURE AND RICH IT WILL HEAL RAPIDLY.

This Fact Demonstrated in the Case of Chester Gawley, who had Been Troubled With a Running Sore for More Than a Year.

From the Times, Owen Sound.

In the township of Sarawak, Grey county, there is probably no better known or respected farmer than Thos. Gawley, of East Linton P. O. Learning that his nephew, a young lad now about ten years of age, had been cured of a disease of his leg, which threatened not only the loss of the limb, but also of the life of the little fellow, a reporter of the Times made enquiry, and we are convinced that the wonder working powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have not exhausted themselves. Meeting Mr. Gawley in one of the drug stores of the town, he was asked if the reported cure was a fact. His face lighted up with a smile as he said, 'Indeed it is, sir. I was afraid we were going to lose the lad, but he is now as well as ever, hearty and strong.' Asked for particulars, Mr. Gawley did the most natural thing in the world, referred the reporter to his wife, who in telling the case said:—'In the month of September, 1897 my nephew, Chester Gawley who lives with us, became afflicted with a severe pain in his left leg. In a few days the limb became badly swollen and painful, and the family physician was called in. The case was a perplexing one, but it was decided after a few days to lance the leg. This was done, but the wound inflicted would not heal up, but became a running sore. The little fellow soon was reduced to almost a skeleton. This continued through the winter months, and we thought he would never get off his bed again. In April two of the best physicians of Owen Sound operated on the leg for disease of the bone, resorting to scraping the bone. In spite of this treatment the wound continued to run and we were in despair. In August a friend residing in Manitow, Manitoba, advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We commenced to use them at once, and in a short time several pieces of the bone came out of the sore, and before the boy had taken four boxes the leg was completely cured. This was over a year ago, and Chester is now well and as strong in the left leg which caused the trouble, as in the other. Of course I recommend highly the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

Such is the story of the fourth cure which it has been our pleasure to report from Owen Sound. Chester Gawley is growing up into a strong healthy lad, and it is but adding another tribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to say that they were the instrument in his restoration to bodily vigor.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

\$7 to \$10 a Week in leisure hours; any one can do the work. We want reliable families in every locality to help us manufacture Children's Toques, Gaiters and Bicycle Leggings for the trade, by a new process. No canvassing or experience required. Steady work, good pay, whole or spare time. Write to-day. Address, THE CO-OPERATIVE KNITTING CO., 15 Leader Lane, Toronto.

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