

## WHEN BRUTES SUFFER.

DUMB ELOQUENCE THAT APPEALS TO A VETERINARIAN.

Mrs. Mountain Lion's Pride in Her Newborn Triplets—Teethache of the Great Lion—Wickedness of the Tigress and her Death From a Broken Heart.

"Why don't you ask me outright how I came to be a horse doctor?" interrupted the graduate of a veterinary college to whom a friend had been delicately insinuating that he was built for better things. "Well, I'll tell you," he continued after a minute's reflection, "though I can't see why you should place the relief of suffering in case of a four legged friend so far below the corresponding human profession."

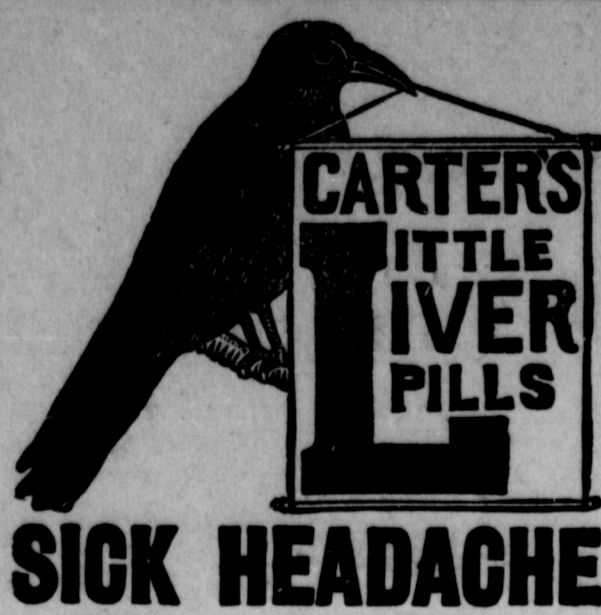
"When I was a boy, I lived in a big city near the public Zoo. I got to know the head keeper pretty well by always hanging about and never getting in the way. He used to let me into the lot where they moved the cages containing the sick wild beasts, and I took a great interest in studying out why they got well or died. I often looked on at minor surgical operations until I became very used to the beasts, and being very fond of wild things anyway, concluded there would be many a worse way of earning one's living than by gaining the gratitude of dumb animals."

"Not that they seem speechless to me, you know. I never heard anything more eloquent in my life than the actions of Mrs. Mountain Lion on the day she increased the population by three. When triplets come to an independent, self-supporting family they bring with them, to say the least, a temporary feeling of dismay, if not real annoyance, but when a similar calamity descends upon a royal household, the beneficiaries of a charitable institution, nobody minds. What difference can a baby more or less possibly make when all are public charges? Well, the morning those babies came, you would have known it at once by the important way the parents walked about in their front yard, while at every thirteenth turn before the door, Mrs. Mountain Lion would break the promenade and enter the house, only to return prouder than ever."

"But that was not what I started to tell you about. I was a bit older, but not yet a full-fledged vet. when there came to be trouble on Lion Hill. Three big lions, Judge, Mollie and Bub, lived together happily in one of the most prominent flats in that thickly settled locality. Judge was the superintendent's special pet, and the biggest lion in town. He had recently lost his appetite, and though he lay quietly enough in a corner, Mollie and Bub were suffering from having to eat up all the raw material, which Judge sniffed at, because they had to keep their porch clean. So much good food was making them cross, and besides, it hurt them to get no answer back from Judge when they asked why he did not do his share."

"The upshot of it was that Judge's continued dislike for general society finally attracted the keeper's attention and he promptly called upon the big lion, politely inquiring during the visit how he did. Getting no very detailed statement of symptoms, he finally begged for a view of the big red tongue. This was promptly granted, but its lack of coating showed that whatever the trouble might be, it had no connection with the stomach. Next came the teeth, and here was where the difficulty lay. The second molar on the left side of the lower jaw was badly ulcerated and needed to be extracted. Suppose you were a Boer, just from Africa, landed at a hotel where only English was spoken, with your jaw hurting and wanting a hamburger steak in the worst way, wouldn't you crawl into a corner and sulk when you couldn't possibly get it? That was all that ailed Judge."

"So far, Mollie and Bub had shown only a mild interest in the proceedings, but when they were suddenly and violently thrust through their own front door and fastened in the flat, there arose a howl of rage, but the keeper and his helpers had to have the porch to themselves. Similarly, Judge seemed to think it quite the proper thing to let the keeper fumble about in the big red abys, and appeared quite prepared to open his mouth still wider if necessary, although it was already stretched sufficiently to take in a man's head. But when there was eight of us in side with him, and the big fellow felt his hind legs fast and knew he could not bite the ropes which held down his forepaws, it was different. With a two by four plank thrust in his mouth, and a stout cord fastened about each jaw, he felt and acted quite like a human king whose subjects had been to much for him. He attempted no resistance whatever, apparently understanding its futility, but watched me carefully while I prepared to administer the chloroform. As soon as he was thoroughly under its influence, I cut around



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

## Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

the gum and yanked one way with a forceps two feet long while an attendant pulled the great jaw quite as hard in the opposite direction, and presently I was holding up the tooth to an admiring crowd.

"That happened while I was a student, and it was the first time I ever rendered real professional assistance to a wild beast. The next time I ministered to similar needs or tried to, was a year after my graduation. Having settled elsewhere, I was back at my old haunts, visiting my parents and incidentally the Zoo, just when my old friend the keeper was greatly in need of a vet."

"The lady for whom my professional services were required was Mrs. Jenkins. For seven years she had occupied a most substantial residence on Tiger Row, and was well known to every child in the State, being particularly noted for her bad temper. Her near neighbors had mourned frequently and loudly because of her unwomanly conduct, her visitors had been heard to complain of their reception at her hands, servants could not be induced to remain with her even for the usual limited period—indeed, no one but the superintendent of the menagerie houses had ever been able to influence the lady at all."

"Circuses, you know, have a way of giving, if they can't sell at double value, to public menagerie purveyors animals which are either too old or too vicious to live. Mrs. Jenkins was entirely eligible on both counts, on the day when Forepaugh gave her to the authorities, and every day of residence had seemed to add unnecessarily to her previous meanness."

"Just before my visit there had been new developments in the case of Mrs. Jenkins. A large lump had been growing upon her back until it had come to the size of a pint cup and almost as hard as bone. The handsome creature absolutely refused to eat unless she could have an attendant served up as an appetizer, and she was wasting away so fast that my request to try to save her life was speedily accepted, and the lady was coaxed into a portable cage, carried into a large yard set apart for the breeding of domestic fowls, and left there quietly for a day or two to let the strangeness of her surroundings wear away."

"On the appointed day the head keeper and four assistants accompanied me into the enclosure. Mrs. Jenkins greeted us with a snarl. An assistant put an iron hook through the bars and got a hold on his shoulders. This was preliminary to putting a stout rope on each forepaw and tying the hind legs together. It took the entire force to accomplish this, and all the time the huge tigress was growling and biting at the bars, and her eyes said very plainly:

"It's not fair. Five to one in the jungle would be all right, but five to one and me in a cage! If I could not only get at you!"

"Presently she was secure. Then while one man held the ropes which fastened her forepaws another held the iron hook across her shoulders, a third held her head down with a crowbar and a fourth fastened the rope about her forepaws to a convenient tree, the superintendent and I entered the cage."

"Careful probing of the tumor showed no pus, but when I laid my head on her hairy breast to listen to her breathing and had fully sounded her lungs, I knew that the trouble was that great enemy to all animals brought here from tropical climes, tuberculosis. I said as much to the superintendent. All this time Mrs. Jenkins

had been uttering objections in her characteristic fashion and had broken her remaining fangs on the bars of the cage. There was baffled rage in her eye and murder in her snarl, and our lives would have been worth little had she regained for a minute that freedom for which she longed."

"I said there was nothing to do but to kill her, and we left the cage. The ropes were taken off one at a time, and as she felt the first one give, there came a terrible sigh from the tigress who then lay quiet, making no effort to arise or strike out as the bonds were carefully relaxed and removed. A minute later and the reason was evident."

"Mrs. Jenkins was dying. The telltale glaze was creeping slowly over her fiery eyes. That great sigh had been her last earthly protest against the injustice of captivity. Within ten minutes the great handsome creature which just a moment before it had taken five men to bind and hold was being dragged about by the tail by one of them. To me who had watched her gallant fight against such odds and who understood the physical suffering she must have endured, perhaps for years, this seemed a sorry end."

"Under the shade of the tree which had helped to subdue her, I presently sat beside the beautiful striped beast and made the incisions which verified my diagnosis. To the keeper I pointed out the tumors and watery vapors which showed how diseased were the lungs. To myself I said, she died of a broken heart."

## A Popularity That Increases With Mighty Strides.

## Diamond Dyes First in All Points That Make Perfections.

Notwithstanding the fact that imitation and crude package dyes and soap-grease dyes are before the public seeking recognition, the fame and popularity of the Diamond Dyes increase with mighty strides.

Those who have the misfortune to try any of the inferior dyes sold by some dealers know well how deceptive they prove. The users are thoroughly disheartened and disappointed. Their work with these common dyes show muddy and dull colors, and anger is kindled because valuable garments are spoiled.

The Diamond Dyes, simple and easy to use, have a standard of excellence that no others can approach. They give true uniform and honest results when used in the mansion or cottage. Bright, clear and brilliant colors are always obtained on all kinds of goods—all wool, all cotton, or mixed goods—when the plain directions are followed.

Do not be deceived by any dealer when he offers you something just as good as the Diamond Dyes. There are no other dyes in the world that can equal the "Diamond"; no others that can so successfully make old things new.

## Professor Von Martens' Foresight.

Professor Frederick Von Martens, who holds the chair of International Law in the St. Petersburg University, and is a frequent representative of the Czar in legal councils of moment, is not a Russian citizen, nor even a Russian subject, but a philosophic German. He is a notable linguist and author, and at the Venezuela Arbitration Conference in Paris, where he read the decision of the Commission, he had a pleasant fashion of addressing each delegate in his own language. One of the English journalists wondered how the Professor was able to keep up his knowledge of so many modern tongues.

The Professor replied: "It is self defence. You see, in case I lose my chair I wish to be prepared for any offer you foreigners may make."

**SIDES SORE FROM A HACKING COUGH.**—Take Pny-Pectoral, it will cure you quickly, no matter how bad the cold. Endorsed by thousands of Canadians. Sold throughout the land. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

## How Halliday was Taught Patience.

Patience is accounted a rare quality; but it is particularly unusual in a man who has lost an arm in battle and finds himself at middle age handicapped in the ordinary details of life. Ex-Governor Frederick Halliday, of Virginia, lost an arm while fighting for the Confederacy.

Since the war he figured prominently in Southern politics and traveled widely in foreign countries. But even more noticeable than his empty sleeve was the evenness of his temper. Nothing ever ruffled it, and for the last twenty years he was never known to speak a harsh word.

A few years ago one of the Governor's friends asked him how he happened to control his temper so well.

"I'll tell you," said the Governor. "Before the war we owned slaves, and the position of a young master in the slave owning house is something like that of the heir apparent of a European throne. Every want of mine was anticipated. And if it wasn't it didn't take me very long to know the reason why. I was ruled by my tem-

## IMPORTANT STATEMENT FROM A POSTMASTER.

Paine's Celery Compound  
Saved His Life Years Ago.

## HAS NOT BEEN ILL A SINGLE DAY SINCE HE WAS CURED.

If there are doubters who in the past questioned the efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound in saving life, they must after carefully reading Mr. Kilbride's second letter, come to the conclusion that the great medicine is worthy of closer thought and attention that they were disposed to give it weeks or months ago.

Mr. P. J. Kilbride, postmaster of Inverness, P. E. I., is no idle theorist or speculator, neither has his important testimony been unduly obtained. This second letter, vouching for a permanent and lasting cure, is allowed to be made public for the advantage and weal of thousands of sufferers who are anxiously looking for new life and freedom from the power

of disease. Mr. Kilbride says:

"Nearly six years ago Paine's Celery Compound cured me—in fact, saved my life. At this time I am still feeling well and have not been ill a single day since I used your famous Compound. I truly owe my present health and strength to Paine's Celery Compound; it saved me from insanity and the grave. I shall never forget the awful state I was in before I used your grand life restorer. Now I can sleep and eat well, for which I thank God and your wondrous curing medicine. I have answered over two hundred and fifty letters written to me by other sufferers after my first testimonial letter was published. These letters have come from all parts of Canada and the United States."

per, and it was not a pretty temper, either. One day at dinner (it was a big dinner—a function) the butler, who had grown gray in our family service, failed to do something that I wanted him to do, so I threw a knife at him. It was a sharp, keen-edged knife, and fortunately it missed him, but was sent with such force that it was buried half way to the handle in the wall. The meal went on without interruption. The next morning at breakfast the knife still remained in the wall.

"That knife," remarked my father, "shall stay in the wall just where you threw it, and the story of your brutal assault shall be told to every guest who comes into this house until you have mastered your temper."

"The knife stayed there fully six months because as I said before, I had a temper, but before it was withdrawn I had learned the lesson of thoughtfulness and patience."

## An Editorial That Made a Man Famous.

The editorial, What's the Matter with Kansas? which gave to the Emporia Gazette its first impetus and which was written by William Allen White, the author, was to a certain extent an accident.

Mr. White, who is only thirty-one years old now, had lately bought the Gazette, after serving a lone apprenticeship in editorial writing on various Kansas papers. He left his town for Colorado, where his bride was spending the summer. Before leaving he wrote this editorial and hung it on the copy hook. When he came back he found not only himself but his paper famous. The Republican National Committee sent it out as a campaign document, and among the letters of commendation he received none was more valued than that from Speaker Reed which greeted him on his return from the West.

Mr. White, contrary to general belief, finds it more profitable to devote his time to his newspaper than to fiction. While he is a Republican and has been offered political offices, among which was the Emporia post-office, which is worth \$8000 a year,

## WEAK, FAINT FEELINGS.

Serious Conditions that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can Readily Cure.

One of the indications of serious heart trouble is the sensation of weakness or faintness that comes on at times.

Sometimes it is simply a dizzy feeling that passes off, or it may be a state of unconsciousness with hands and feet cold and countenance ghastly pale.

These symptoms indicate a weakened heart. They are unmistakable evidences of the engine of life breaking down.

Now there's only one reliable remedy for restoring strength and vitality to weakened hearts and relieving all the distressing symptoms. It is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The case of Mrs. A. Stratton, Fredericton, N.B., amply proves this. Here is her statement:

"I suffered very much from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. A dizzy sensation arising quickly or coming down stairs, often troubled me, and my breath was so short that I could not walk up stairs. The least exertion caused my heart to flutter and palpitate violently, and I sometimes felt a smothering sensation on going to sleep."

I doctored back and forth for my weakness, but I got no relief from any medicine until I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can say that they helped me wonderfully. Sometimes my face and arms would swell and puff, but all these troubles speedily yielded to the restoring influences of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am now strong and well. I did not use them long until I regained the blessing of healthful, refreshing sleep and it will always be a pleasure to me to recommend them to others."

he is a stickler for local reforms, and he has steadfastly declined to receive any money that he does not earn. He says that the highest compliment that ever was paid him was by an Emporia hack-driver who drove an Eastern visitor from the station to the editor's house.

"How does Mr. White stand in Emporia?"

"Oh, he's all right, I guess. But he's trying to make this town too infernally good to live in."

**AFTER A COLD DRIVE** a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer mixed with a glass of hot water and sugar will be found a better stimulant than whisky. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

## How Ensign Eames Lost his Wager.

Miss Emma Eames has a brother, Harold, who was an ensign in the United States Navy. His ship was stationed at Leghorn, and one day the flagship entered the harbor with the Fleet Command on board. The latter was very dignified and was never known to lose his self-control. One day the Commander was in swimming, and young Eames made a friendly wager with a fellow-officer that he would destroy his senior's equanimity—in naval parlance, "rattle" him. The wager was in the water swimming toward his superior officer. Suddenly he paused, and, stopping his powerful overhand stroke, began treading water. Then he saluted precisely as if he had been on a quarter-deck. To the young man's intense surprise the Commander returned the salute with equal gravity. Mr. Eames lost his wager.

**THE JAPS DID IT.**—They supplied us with the menthol contained in that wonderful D. & L. Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly headache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Lim.

## Mexico's Most Active Statesmen.

Senor Mariscal, the Mexican Vice-President and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and also the representative of the Republic at the recent Chicago festival, has had a career worthy of the proverbial backwood's boy.

He was born in humble circumstances at Oaxaca, and from his early years displayed inordinate ambition and energy. During his long career he has been almost everything, from errand boy to Vice-President. A friend once said to him:

"You have filled every position excepting President, haven't you?"

Senor Mariscal shook his head gravely as he replied.

The honor is very great, but it has not enough hard work to suit a man of my active temperament."

**THE D. & L. EMULSION** benefits most those having Lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Lim.

## Professor Tolbert Discovers Something.

We learn from the London Zoophilist that one "Professor Tolbert of Chicago desires to know how the brain works and how it affects the muscles, and he has hit upon the plan of boring holes through a dog's skull and fixing ivory plugs in the holes, to which are to be attached electrode knobs resting on the surface of the dog's brain. As the Professor then plays on his knobs he can watch the effects on the various parts of the poor animal's brain and muscles."

Why doesn't the playful Tolbert get a piano and have done with it? Or is the dog cheaper? Not only cheaper, probably but a heap more fun, as the agony of the dog is real, while that of the piano is only mechanical. And the vivisector who does not inhale real agony—of others—and plenty of it is not of the inner brotherhood.—Life.