FIERCE FIGHT

An Enraged Tigress Attacked her Keeper in a New York Menagerie.

New York, Oct. 9.—Within plain view of a thousand or more spectators, Herman Weadon, an animal trainer, was attacked by a tiger last night and severely injured at Bostock's animal show, at St. Nicholas Gardens. While women fainted and screamed, and men left the parquet, Mr. Bostock rushed down a side aisle and rescued his trainer from what seemed death.

"Well, Goldie, you've had your revenge, haven't you?" snarled Mr Bostock, as he drew the prostrate man almost from the claws of the enraged beast. "And you didn't win, either, did you?"

Goldie's eyes glittered like carbuncles. She growled at the intruder, but presently skulked into her cage and huddled in a corner.

For months Goldie has been regarded as a dangerous tiger. Full grown, beautifully marked, having a splendid head, she added greatly to the picturesqueness of the act which Mr. Weadon does every day. But she had grown to hate her master. From the day, some four months ago, when Weadon struck her three times with a powerful whip as a penalty for stubbornness, she became his enemy, and no trainer likes an enemy among his tigers.

Last evening, before a houseful of enthusiastic spectators he entered the ring with the bears, lions, leopards, hyenas and wolves and made them per form all sorts of tricks.

Goldie was unruly from the beginning, and several times with leering eyes and open mouth, started toward Weadon, only to be driven back with the whip. She balked persistently. Still Weadon was warmly applauded for his courage and skill.

When the back door of the big circular cage was opened the animals galloped down the short aisle which leads to a narrow passageway upon which the cells open. Goldie went with the others and ambled off to her cage, which is close to the closed end of the aisle. All the cages are in plain view of the spectators, as is also the aisle which runs behind them.

Weadon walked down the passageway to see that the animals were in the proper cells. As he peered into the last of the row to the right Goldie poked her head out of her cage. Her little eyes blazed and she growled fiercely.

Weadon commanded her, but instead of cowing she growled again and moved toward him.

The experienced eye of the trainer told him instantly that the wily old beast knew her chance for revenge had come and was determined to make the most of it.

He drew the revolver which he always carries and fired two blank shots.

Not until this signal of danger and appeal for help had been sounded did the thrilled spectators realize that the tiger and not the trainer was master of the situation. They had their hands poised awaiting the moment when the unruly beast would slink back in the shadow of its cage.

Instantly the house was in an uproar.

A fierce growl followed the discharge of the pistol. Then the awed spectators saw the beast leap toward the trainer, snap at him and bear him to the ground. He shouted a fierce command at the animal, and Goldie retreated, but only for a second.

Before Weadon had gained his feet she leaped at him again and forced him to the floor.

When the excitement was at its hight a stalwart man with a short whip in his hand sped through the crowd, leaped over the ropes, and disappeared for an instant behind the cages.

Presently he reappeared, and with a stinging cut of the whip caused Goldie to turn from her intended victim and face him. Blow after blow he rained upon her, and as she backed into her cage, threatening every moment to leap at him, he reached down and lifted the prostrate trainer.

With him in his arms he slammed the door to Goldie's cell and lifted a hand to silence the burst of applause which followed the courageous act.

He Had Speculated.

Lucas—Did youse ever specalate on Wall street?

Timothy—Yes; I uster stand around the Stock Exchange an' wonder where my next meal wuz comin' from.

Timely Warning.

Old Rat—Stop, stop, Rodent! Don't you know that is the paste that kills?

A Confession.

He kissed her on the balcony;
I thought to see her faint,
This modest maid with look so staid
That I had dreamed a saint!

He kissed her on the balcony,
Ah, can I tell, alack!
The direful truth of woman's ruth—
I—saw—her—kiss—him—back!
—Atlanta Journal.

Judge—Do you understand the nature of an oath?

Witness—Yes sir, your honor. We keep a parrot, and my husband used to be a sea captain.

Mother's Girl.

There exists often a very beautiful companionship between the mother and her daughter. The intimacy is frank, free and sympathetic. But some day the mother feels as if something had chilled this intimacy. The child is silent and sad, and seems to shun her mother instead of seeking her.

This change very often occurs when the young girl is crossing the border line of womanhood. She is morbid, nervous, fearful, as she enters upon this new experience.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at such a time will do more than restore the normal balance of mind and body. It will establish the womanly function upon a basis of sound health, as well as improve the appetite, nourish the nerves, and promote the general physical health.

"Two years ago my daughter's health began to fail," writes Mrs. Dan Hall, of Brodhead, Green Co., Wis. "Everything that could be thought of was done to help her but it was of no use. When she began to complain she was quite stout; weighed 170—the picture of good health, until about the age of fourteen; then in six months she was so run down her weight was but 120. I felt I could not give her up as she was the only child I had, and I must say, Doctor, that only for your 'Favorite Prescription' my daughter would have been in her grave today. When she had taken one-half bottle the natural function was established and we bought another one, making only two bottles in all, and she completely recovered. Since then she is as well as can be."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE WOODCOCK.

Where Does It Hide During the Molting Season?

It is during the months of August and September that the mystery of the woodcock's life begins. This is the molting season, when the bird changes its plumage before beginning its journey southward. At this time it leaves the swamps. Where does it go? That is a question which has never yet received a satisfactory answer, although each sportsman and naturalist has his own opinion, and many fine spun theories have been advanced. Some say that the birds move toward the north, some that they seek the mountain tops, coming into the swamps to feed only after nightfall; some that they seek the cornfields, and there have been many other such theories.

Probably the truth lies in a mean of all these statements. I think it probable that the birds know the loss of their feathers renders them to a certain extent helpless and more exposed to the attacks of their natural enemies, and they therefore leave the more open swamps and hide in the densest and most tangled thickets. It is certain that they scatter, for at this season single birds are found in the most unusual and unexpected places.

Years ago when shooting in Dutchess county, N. Y., I knew one or two swamps, which we called molting swamps, where in August we were sure to find a limited number of birds. These swamps were overgrown with rank marsh grass and were full of patches of wild rose and sweetbrier. If we killed the birds which we found there, we were sure in a week or ten days to find their places filled by about the same number.

The End of Sadler's Wells.

The approaching demolition of Sadler's Wells Theatre will break the most ancient of the links between the present and the past of the London stage. The venerable house in Rosebery Avenue, is, perhaps, the oldest theatre in the world—it is, unquestionably, the oldest in this country. The Mr. Sadler after whom it was named was a surveyor of highways at Clerkenwell in the time of Charles II., who was lucky enough to discover, beneath a flagstone in his garden, what was supposed to be the forgotten well of Clerkenwell priory, which, in the middle ages, was a kind of metropolitan Lourdes. Very soon the Sadler's Wells "cure" was so popular that five or six hundred people drank the waters every day.

A "music house" was presently erected, admission to which was free to those who paid for refreshments, and acrobats were engaged. The result was that by the middle of the eighteenth century the spa had degenerated into a nest of thieves, prize-fighters, and bullies, many of whom, no doubt, spent there the money they had acquired on "the road," for at a much later date a horse-patrol had to be placed in the new road for the protection of its patrons, and even in 1825 we find that "a full moon during the week" was an attraction not forgotten upon the playbills. When, however, the old wooden building was pulled down in 1765 and the existing one erected, its respectability increased, and within a few years it had become a stronghold of pantomime and melodrama of the broadsword combat variety. Edmund Kean made his first appearance there under the management of Mrs. Siddon's husband, and by the beginning of the last century Sadler's Wells was a theatre in which some clever scenic effects were to be seen—real vessels floating on real water, the New River flowed outside the door, naval battles, and ships on fire. Grimaldi was long connected with the house, as clown and as manager, and in 1844 Samuel Phelps took Sadler's Wells and made it famous by his Shakespearean revivals.—London Evening Standard.

I have only the most distant relatives.

Has the family run out?

No; they have all become rich.

SENT BY PROVIDENCE

. . . . By MAY REED

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For forty years Jacob and Hannah Matthews had been man and wife, and for forty years Hannah had been Jacob's slave. She started in to "love, honor and obey." He held her only to the obedience, and she never got away from that. He thought for her, spoke for her and acted for her, and after a year or two she wouldn't have dared to darn one of his socks without first asking him how much yarn she should take. Even when the husband boxed her ears, which he did occasionally, she took it meekly, and when she broke a dish and was put on a diet of bread and butter for a week, with the butter spread very thin, she never thought of helping herself to anything more.

The wife died as she had lived. It didn't cost him a cent extra, and it didn't take up any of his valuable time. One day when he was down in the potato patch she felt that her time had come, and she lay down on the lounge and closed her eyes and died.

As he was sixty-five years old when he became a widower and reared an eight dollar zinc headstone above Hannah's grave it was the general talk that he would not marry again. His demeanor corroborated that idea, but he was only lying low. Scarcely two months had passed when he called on Aunt Sarah Weldon one day and said:

"Aunt Sarah, I have been wondering whether I ought to marry again or not, but Providence seems to have settled the question. I want to see if you agree with me."

"I don't believe Providence has anything to do with old fools taking a second wife," bluntly replied Aunt Sarah, who was a widow of sixty and always said just what she thought.

"I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of me," replied Jacob, "but I must insist that Providence appears to have a hand in it. You know Susie White, of course? I am going to ask her to be my wife."

"Why, she isn't eighteen years old yet!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah.

"I know, but you see I can be a father as well as a husband to her. Providence seems to have had a hand in her father losing his farm and her

HE HAD TO GET OUTDOORS TO AVOID THE RAIN OF MISSILES.

mother being ill, and she can step right into Hannah's shoes and be loved and cared for. I may even do something for her parents, but of course I do not promise."

"Well, what have I got to do with it?" was asked.

"Why, I sort o' thought I'd find out if you and Mrs. Davison and Mrs. Jackson believed in Providence and thought my getting married was all right. I don't want everybody saying that I didn't wait till Hannah was cold, but I do want to foller the finger of Providence."

"Well, you foller away," said Aunt Sarah. "Folks will talk, I reckon, but if you and Providence are agreed you needn't care what is said."

"But you stand ready to say you think Providence is pointing out the way for me?" he insisted.

"Well, Jacob," she replied after a moment's thought, "I'll go as far as to say that Providence works in mysterious ways and that this may be one of 'em."

That satisfied Jacob Matthews. He went over to White's and had a talk with father, mother and Susie. After a couple of hours they were made to see the hand of Providence in it, and a week later the redheaded, humble looking Susie became the wife of the man who was hungry to boss and nag some one. The only fear he had was that she was too humble and docile, too much like his lost Hannah, but perhaps a box on the ear might call out a spark of temper, just enough to require another box to subdue her. The marriage took place in the afternoon before a justice of the peace, and the couple drove home. The bride entered the house, while Jacob put out the horse. When he finally arrived at the kitchen door, it was to find several chairs in the yard, all the curtains pulled down and a dozen dishes thrown on the ash pile.

"I don't like 'em and want new things," explained the bride as he stood with open mouth.

Jacob walked over and boxed her ears, and a second later some one was pulling his hair and scratching his face. He boxed again, and the bride stepped back and flung the teapot, the rolling pin and the dishpan at him, and he had to get outdoors to avoid the rain of missiles. That was the beginning of the honeymoon, and Jacob had to beg his young wife's pardon to save the rest of the dishes. He had been taken by surprise, but he had hours to think things over, and next morning he laid the law down to her and took his hoe and departed for the field. When he came up to dinner, there was no dinner ready. Jacob cuffed her ears, and she pulled out handfuls of his hair. He tried to shut her in a closet, but she kicked the door off its hinges, threw the cat into the hall and hit Jacob with the leg of a broken chair. Again he had to "come down" to bring about a cessation of hostilities, but it was only to save the closet and the cook stove. He had been too long to give up in a day, and the idea of giving up to a chit of a wife was not to be thought of. He took his own dinner and supper, and he attempted no more moves until the next morning. Then at the breakfast table, which he had been obliged to help prepare, he laid down the law. For his insubordination the young wife must pass two days and nights in the dark cellar on bread and water. She must also expect to go without tea or sugar or shoes the rest of the year to make good the damage to the furniture. Rather to his amazement the bride was humble and spiritless, and in due time the cellar door was locked against her. Jacob set off to work feeling that darkness and hunger were perhaps better than a box on the ear, although the box would come later, and as he toiled he reflected that he was an instrument of Providence.

Meanwhile the bride crawled through the cellar window without much trouble, but not until she had opened the spigots of the vinegar and cider barrels, upset the soft soap and smashed the jar of pickled peaches. When she got out, she filled up the well with the chairs from the house, broke up the table and the rest of the dishes with an ax, and as a sort of farewell went around and smashed out every pane of glass in every window. Then she made a bundle of her trousseau, gave the cat a last kick and departed for her father's house. Jacob came up to dinner in due time, wondering if the prisoner would knock on the cellar floor and ask forgiveness. When he saw the ruin wrought, he staggered outdoors and sat down on the grass to get his breath, and he was fishing for it when Aunt Sarah Weldon drove past with her old white horse and called out:

"Yes, Jacob, I'll go as far as to say that Providence works in mysterious ways, and if them ways are jerky and wabbly and full of colic we've got to grin and bear it and be thankful we wasn't drowned in the cistern when we was babies!"

A Hyphenated Message.

"When you take up a residence in the City of Mexico," said an American who had lived there for several years, "you are waited upon by the police, who ask you how many beggars may call at your house every morning and receive a dole. Your answer is recorded, and only the number of beggars mentioned dare show up. I had my brother with me at the house, and our answers to the police differed somewhat. Two weeks after their call a messenger came on an errand and inquired for Jones.

"'Which Jones?' I asked.

"'Senor,' he replied, 'I know that there are two of you—the Jones-you-can-send-along-about-eight-of-'em and the Jones-I-won't-feed-a-cussed-one-of-'em, and the Jones I want is not the first.'

"'Then, as I'm the one who said eight beggars might come around, you don't want me.'

"'It cannot be. It is the I-won't-feed-a-cussed-one-of-'em-Jones I want.'

"'But he is not in just now. Can you leave your message with me?'

"'Si, senor. Tell you him when he arrives that if he don't-want-to-feed-a-cussed-one-of-'em he-can-go-to-blazes-and-be-hanged-to-him.'"

Fasting For Health's Sake.

We all eat more than we require, and this daily repeated superfluity lends to stodginess. In a more primitive state of society meals were more irregular, and the amount of food tallied more with the effort expended in obtaining it. Now we eat because it is a mealtime. Too many of us eat not by rule, but to repletion, while probably all of us eat again before we are really hungry. Day after day a little more is taken than is used, and this excess either disturbs the liver or teases the stomach or, circulating in a hyperplastic blood, leads to torpor, or sometimes is put by—out of harm's way for the time, but much to the distress of the patient later on—in the form of fat. Thus we never have an opportunity of striking a proper balance between intake and output unless we follow the wise maxims of the church and fast once a week, not mere abstaining from the more toothsome delicacies, but fasting honestly, even to emptiness and discomfort.—London Hospital.

Our Daughters.

The household blessed with noble daughters ought to be a happy one. Most parents forget, however, to imbue them with love of nature, which is so invigorating and healthful. Give them not only noble teachings, but noble teachers, and give them the help which alone has sometimes done more than all other influences—the help of wild and fair nature. You cannot baptize them rightly in inch deep church fonts unless you baptize them in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth from the rock of your native land. You cannot lead them faithfully to those narrow, ax hewn church altars while the azure altars in heaven remain for you without inscription—altars built, not to, but by, an unknown God.—Ruskin.

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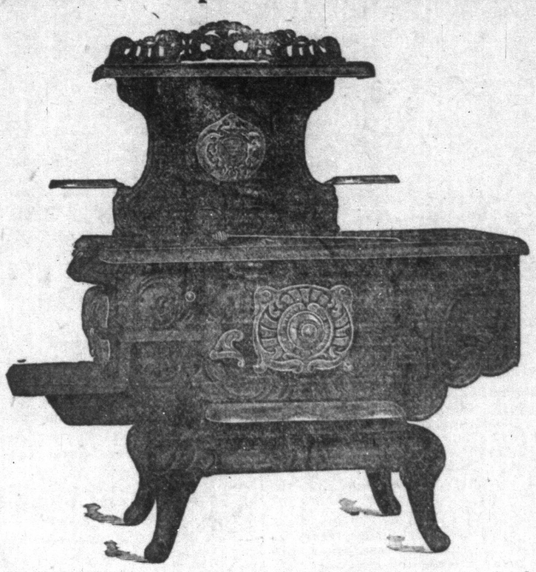

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*2.36 a. m.	Express	*1.11 p. m.
*3.32 p. m.	Express	*1.05 a. m.

*Daily.

GRAND TRUNK.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
1.45 p m	Accomodation	2.30 p m
2 23 p.m.	Buffalo, New York and Toronto Express	
8 32 a.m.	Express	8 15 a.m.
		12 42 p.m.
	Buffalo, Toronto and North Bay.	
5 08 p.m.	*"Eastern Flyer," for Montreal and Muskoka.	
8 50 p.m.	Accomodation	4.25 p.m.
	*"International Limited	9.10 p.m.
	For Detroit and Chicago.	

*Daily Sunday included.

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GOING WEST		EAST BOUND.
No. 1—6.45 a. m.	No. 2—12.23 p. m.	
3—1.07 p. m.	4—11.00 p. m.	
13—1.25 p. m.		
5—9.52 p. m.	6—1.32 a. m.	
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Ridgetown	7.05 a	10.30 a	7.05 p	"	"
Rodney	"	"	"	"	"
West Lorne	"	"	"	"	"
Dutton	"	"	"	"	"
St. Thomas	"	"	"	"	"
London					
Leamington	7.45 a		4.35 p	"	
Kingsville	"		"	"	
Walkerville			"	"	
Dresden			9.05 a	2.05 p	5.45 p
Wallaceburg			"	"	"
Sarnia			"	"	"

Rond Eau 1 p m

Rond Eau Service—Commencing Oct. 1st, will run Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 1 p. m.

7.05 a m for London is a through train, other trains connect at Blenheim for East and West changing cars.

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