

A PERSONAL RESEMBLANCE

"Well," said John Leidenhurst, drawing out a roll of bills, "I suppose you all want some money for last things."

KICKING A HINDOO.

[By M. Quid.] While we were capturing wild beasts for Hagenbeck in the district of Bengal, India, we one day heard of a one-eyed tiger which had killed at least a dozen people and alarmed a district ten miles square.



It took us two full days to get the fellow out of the pit and into the cage.

The man began by offering us a fair cash value for the captive, and finally raised his figures until the sum was doubled. The rest of us were for selling the beast, as he would fetch no more in Europe, but Robbins was sulky and spiteful and declared that no money could buy him.

It was a month later that we reached Benares and landed our large collection of captive wild animals at the shipping depot. This depot was a large enclosure in the suburbs of the city. There were three large buildings, all connected, under which the cages were sheltered, and there were stout enclosures for the elephants, buffaloes and other wild animals.

and at a certain date the records showed that the depot contained 30 elephants, 8 bears, a dozen of bears, 6 large serpents, 4 wild dogs and 15 hyenas. Some were to be sent off to Calcutta and some to Bombay, but all Calcutta and some to Bombay, and given a chance to pick up a little flesh.

I had general charge of the depot, with 40 or more native assistants. As the animals came in they were transferred to the usual iron cages used when shipping. While the assistants bunked down in the forage sheds at night, I had a room at one end of the building, and a board partition was run up to enclose a space about 12 feet square, and in this was a door opening into the animal house.

For ten days and nights all had gone well, but on a certain Sunday night, a quarter of an hour before I was to start out on my last round, I heard the one-eyed tiger cry out in a peculiar manner. It was just such a cry as he uttered when the Hindoo came into our camp in the jungle—any cry which you might imagine combined a half of welcome and a threat of vengeance. I instantly suspected that the fakir must be in the building, and reaching down my revolver, I stepped out of the room. Just then there was a terrific roar from tigers, panthers, wolves and hyenas, followed by shouts from the men and queer noises from the elephants and buffaloes. I knew that I was too late.

The Hindoo had kept his vow and followed us to Benares to secure vengeance. After his tiger had been placed in the shipping depot the man began work on the superstition of two of my native assistants, and after a few nights they let him into the enclosure and gave him the key to the animal's cage. On this night, after being in the cage with the tiger for half an hour, he had turned the beast loose in the big room and encouraged him to attack one of the elephants.

The man at once began freeing other animals, and in a few minutes he had rushed into the room at the first alarm, and not a dozen of them got out again alive. They were mangled and mangled by the elephants and buffaloes, and attacked on sight by the tigers and panthers. In five minutes after the tiger's first scream every animal in the building was mad with fright and a desire for blood, and had I had a hundred men at my back nothing could have been done.

In fleeing down a passage to get to an outside door, I ran against a buffalo, erect under the belly of an elephant and brushed a tiger, which was lapping up blood, and he dashed out, to find a crowd of a thousand people surrounding the building, and a fire from the central structure took fire from the broken lamps, and then the uproar became something positively terrific.

The door to the forage room had been broken open—it had been fastened by the Hindoo, who meant that the beasts being in the buildings should suffer death—and ten or twelve men pulled out alive. Of these two died, but the rest of their cries. No one dared to open the great doors and let the maddened animals out, nor did the men who came out from the city, dare go inside to fight the flames. A portion of the depot was saved by the change of wind, but the beasts and birds escaped the flames were suffocated by the smoke.

Not one single captive of any sort was taken out alive. Among the dead were the Hindoo and his tiger. The man had been forced to death by a buffalo as he moved about inciting the animals to attack each other, and the tiger was dead from the bite of a cobra, which he had attacked as it glided about.

The battle between the beasts and the confagration lasted for the best part of two hours, and never were people treated to a more barbaric exhibition. While attacking the assistants the beasts also fought each other, and even had no fire



This elegant evening or carriage wrap is made of champagne colored cloth, heavily trimmed with rich lace, dyed to match. The reverses are faced with the same colored silk, oddly crinkled by being shirred in waves; the rosesets are of the same silk, being just bias folds gathered under a button. Two stitched tucks trim the hem.

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For ten days and nights all had gone well, but on a certain Sunday night, a quarter of an hour before I was to start out on my last round, I heard the one-eyed tiger cry out in a peculiar manner. It was just such a cry as he uttered when the Hindoo came into our camp in the jungle—any cry which you might imagine combined a half of welcome and a threat of vengeance. I instantly suspected that the fakir must be in the building, and reaching down my revolver, I stepped out of the room. Just then there was a terrific roar from tigers, panthers, wolves and hyenas, followed by shouts from the men and queer noises from the elephants and buffaloes. I knew that I was too late.

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WANTS AND MISCELLANEOUS ADS.

PULL AN A. D. R. Call Box or call either telephone No. 61 and have your Want Ads. brought to the State Journal office by free messenger.

WANTED—SITUATIONS. WHEREVER you wish to hire a man or boy, call up Y. M. C. A. telephone 311. We have a list of men and confidential references containing them.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. "Remus," said Chloe, "Ah saw some self-raisin' buckwheat down at de stove."

Aunt Jane—"Helen, I saw that young man kiss you last evening!" Helen—"I don't think you need to complain. Auntie, I don't think he would have given the kiss to you if you had been there instead of me."

Mr. Ireland—"This book on swimming is very useful in sudden emergencies." Mrs. Ireland—"Is it?" Mr. Ireland—"I should say so. If you are drowning, turn to page 103 and there you'll see how to save yourself."

Too Considerate—"Misses (returning from holiday)—"Why, Bridget, whatever has become of the parrot?" Bridget—"Well, you see, mum, after you left it look a bit plump, and didn't talk much, so cook and I put it out of its misery, poor thing, and I had it stuffed for my new 'at."

Obviously—Benevolent Old Gentleman—"Don't you think fishing a cruel sport?" Fisherman—"I should just think it was. I've been sitting here five hours and never had a single bite, and I've got three wasp stings, and been astor up with flies, and the sun's taken all the skin off the back of my neck!"

"Yes, I'm a western man, myself." "That so? I've never been west, but I expect to go next year to the St. Louis fair." "Oh, that may be worth seeing, but it won't be in it with the 'A'! How are things in Chicago?"

"Oh, John, John, my little boy is playing with your moving machine!" "He won't hurt it, ma'am! Don't you worry!"—Brooklyn Life.

Visitor—"My man, what brought you here?" Convict—"Innocent. Mumdere couldn't sleep and so he was patrolling his beat!"—Puck.

Mrs. Crawford—"Is that an experienced girl or glass?" Mrs. Crabshaw—"Why, I should say she is! This is the ninth place she's had this year."—Judge.

Sortleigh—"Do you—aw—wealthy believe that a woman can make a fool of any man?" Miss Cutting—"Yes, if nature doesn't get the start of her."—Chicago Daily News.

Literary Critic—"I liked your new book, all except the last chapter. There was no reason, so far as I could see, for making the story end unhappily." Struggling Author—"I did that for a purpose. When the story is dramatic, the ending will be a lot of free advertising, both in the literary and dramatic columns of the papers."—Chicago Tribune.

"As innocent—"As a new born babe, of course, I'm innocent. Bagdad is a new born South American republic!"—Puck.

John Smith was being led to the block. "Fear not!" the maid exclaimed, in ringing tones. "Pooh! You'll save you!" "Is that the name of a new breakfast food?" he asked, weakly.—Harper's Bazar.

"I always feel sorry when I see a young man falling in love with a girl who has a chief charm in her beauty," remarked the scanty-haired bachelor. "Sorry for yourself?" asked the pretty boards.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Bullitt—"Tell me it again, darling; the story of your facing death fearlessly before Santiago." Major Bullitt—"You must be tired hearing it." Mrs. Bullitt—"Oh, no. It will nerve me to go down and face the cook"—Town and Country.

Mother (after the wedding)—Horror! My afraid Clara has made an awful mistake. Her affianced looked young and had excellent credentials, but I do believe he's an impostor and has been married dozens of times before. Friend—Goodness! It can't be. Mother—"But did you see him? At the altar he didn't drop the ring or stumble over his own feet or act like a half-witted fellow?" "It's a fraud, and I know it."—New York Weekly.

Briggs—I have promised never to touch liquor again if she will marry me. Briggs—"Don't you had to have to break your promise?"—Brooklyn Life.

"Their marriage was a hasty affair, I understand." "Yes, indeed. They told the minister to hurry as they had engaged a cabman by the hour."—Judge.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP. WANTED—Cooks, housegirls, waitresses. Capital Employment Agency, 733 Kan. av.

WANTED—MALE HELP. MOLE'S barber college of Dallas, Tex., Denver, Col., or Salt Lake, Utah, offers advantages in teaching the barber trade that can not be had elsewhere. Write nearest branch for our terms.

WANTED—AGENTS. WANTED—Active agent to sell our high quality guaranteed lubricating oils, greases and mixed paints; a good opportunity for a hustling agent. The Malone Oil Co., Cleveland, O.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS. WANTED—To rent a 4 or 8 room house, suburban property, must be good location, with chicken house and yard. Address Roscoe, care State Journal, stating references, wanted at 733 Kan. av.

FOR RENT—ROOMS. FOR RENT—Jan. 1, north half of Morrisson's jewelry store, 631 Kansas ave.

FOR RENT—HOUSES. FOR RENT—6 room house, furnished, gas and water. Inquire 630 Lane st.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. FOR SALE—Just got in 6 cars of good dry wood, cut up and ready for your stove or grate. Also lots of good coal at lowest prices. Mutual Ice Co., telephone 285.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. 100 acres 10 miles southeast of Topeka, excellent for stock raising, schools and churches, new 8 room house, fine large barn, never failing water, timber; price \$20,000. Terms, payments, a decided bargain. Call on or address J. R. McNARY, 222 Kansas St., Topeka, Kan.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—My application for a permit to sell intoxicating liquors, according to law, at 601 Kansas ave., in the Fourth ward of the city of Topeka, is now on file in the office of the probate judge of Shawnee county, Kansas. The hearing of the same is set for Friday, December 25, at 10 o'clock a. m., Jan. 8, 1904. E. T. SIMS.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—My application for a permit to sell intoxicating liquors, according to law, at 601 Kansas ave., in the Fourth ward of the city of Topeka, is now on file in the office of the probate judge of Shawnee county, Kansas. The hearing of the same is set for Tuesday, January 12, 1904, at 9 o'clock a. m. M. A. PUNCHES.

LOST AND FOUND. LOST—Black silk umbrella, silver tipped bone handle. Reward at 107 W. 7th st.

MONEY. MONEY TO LOAN on real estate, stocks, bonds, mortgages, household goods and personal security. L. Blasco, 622 Kan. Ave.

CARPET CLEANING. WANTED—You to have your carpets cleaned. McCormick & Pezala. Telephone 421.

FLORESTA. MRS. M. E. HOLCRAFT, 217 Kansas av. Cut flowers and floral designs. Phone 174.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. IDA C. BARNES, M. D. Office 725 Kansas ave. Residence Thirteenth and Clay. Office hours: 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 9 p. m. Telephone 638 residence, and 15 office.

HAIR DRESSING. SWITCHER pompadour, all kinds of hair work. Mrs. Van Vleet, 222 E. 5th.

STORAGE. MERCHANTS' TRANSFER & STORAGE Co. packs, ships and stores household goods, etc. 126 Clarence Skinner, 411 Quincy st.

MUSICAL. WHEN you want music for parties, entertainments, etc., call on Elmer H. Gibbons at 222 Lake st.; he also sings the latest comic and sentimental songs. Prices reasonable.

HARDWARE. THE COUGHLIN HARDWARE CO. Hardware, pumps, fine tools. 706 Kansas ave. Tel. 666.

RUG FACTORY. WANTED—You to let us make your old carpets into rugs. Call phones 421 or address McCormick & Pezala, 421 Jackson.

JEWELERS. JAMES B. HAYDEN, Jeweler and Optician. Complete stock of watches, diamonds, silverware, etc. Eyes examined and specialties properly fitted.

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN. F. W. SWERINGER, Jeweler and graduate optician. We guarantee every pair of glasses to fit and every watch we repair. We carry the largest line of watches, clocks, diamonds, cut glass, etc. in the city. Watch inspector U. F. H. R., 724 Kansas ave.

COAL DEALERS. SOUTHWESTERN FUEL CO. All kinds of Coal. Best Quality. Full Weight. Prompt Delivery.

FREE DISPENSARY. TOPEKA FREE DISPENSARY, 400 E. 2nd corner 15th and Tyler sts., from 1 to 2 p. m., except Sundays. Conducted by registered nurses, physicians and other benefit of persons without means who need medical attention and treatment. Patients are assured of careful and considerate treatment. Medicine furnished in most cases.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE. TIME TABLE. Topeka, Kansas. The "Right Road" to and from and between:

CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS. OMAHA. MEMPHIS. DENVER. COLORADO SPOB. PEORIA. FORT WORTH. ST. JOSEPH. ST. PAUL. KANSAS CITY. MINNEAPOLIS. (Effective Nov. 1, 1903.)

Trains leave Topeka as follows: EASTBOUND. No. 12, Chicago and Express, 5:30 pm. No. 14, East Ex. and Mail, 5:30 pm. No. 4, El Paso and Chicago, 6:15 pm. No. 13, Colorado and K. Ex., 6:30 pm. No. 65, Chick. and K. Ex., 8:00 pm.

WESTBOUND. No. 11, Chicago and Tex. Ex., 12:05 pm. No. 3, Colorado Ex., 1:30 pm. No. 15, Texas Ex., 1:30 pm. No. 2, California and Mexico Ex., 1:30 pm. No. 25, K. C. and Chickasha Ex., 4:30 pm.

DON'T SNUB SPAGHETTI.

One Way to Cause Surprise in an Italian Restaurant in New York.

When a customer enters an Italian restaurant in New York, he is supposed to have bestowed himself upon that particular establishment for the purpose of procuring spaghetti. The experienced patron yields to the requirements of the restaurant and enjoys the spaghetti when he gets it, though there is no positive assurance in an Italian restaurant at what point the spaghetti will appear any more than there is when the cheese or salad will be served. It is no unusual thing in an Italian restaurant for a dinner to be begun with salad and cheese, and served in a saucer, is generally brought in with the soup instead of at the end of the repast.

The unsophisticated patron of an Italian restaurant in New York, high or low, expensive or cheap, celebrated or new, can in one way only cause surprise, bordering on bewilderment, to the conductors, employees and patrons of the establishment, and that is by declaring with firmness at the proper moment: "I don't care for spaghetti. Take it away."

Such a declaration, seldom made and never repeated in the same restaurant, has the same effect on the business, done in it that the explosion of a boiler has on a locomotive. It brings everything to a full stop. It ends abruptly the popularity of the patron there. He pays his score, and departs, but not until he has done so in severity restored.

"And now, madam," said the kind-hearted old judge who had granted the divorce, "let me advise you as a friend to wait a decent interval before you marry again." "How long do you think I ought to wait, Judge?" asked the young woman, with some anxiety. "Two hours!"—Chicago Tribune.

Beautiful costumes of white peau de crepe, appliqued with rich cream lace. The full bouffants and the ruffled and tucked sleeves of white mousseline de sole are edged with fine chantilly lace, application of the same appearing on the skirt, mousseline front. The sores of the upper part of the waist are joined by chantilly insertion. The hat is of white silk beaver, with binding of sable, and white plumes.