

# A FEARFUL STRUGGLE

FRANK C. BOSTOCK, ANIMAL TRAINER, TRAPPED IN ARENA WITH FIGHTING BEASTS.

Lions, Leopards, Panthers—Futile Attempts to Subdue Them and Escape—Their Final Attack—Rescue.

By Frank C. Bostock.

THE life of an animal trainer is full of perils. They are part of his every-day routine. Some of them, however, stand out above all the rest in the memory.

The closest call I ever had in my life was at Atlantic City four summers ago. I had an animal exhibit on one of the piers at the time. When taking possession of the pier I had discovered that in order to have room for all of my exhibits I would have to place my arena in the center of the auditorium, and keep the performing beasts in dens beneath it.

The purely exhibitive beasts I placed around the hall at the sides. The subterranean cages were in a circle, pretty much on the plan of the arena above it, save that the lower circle had space in its center for attendants to feed and water the animals. These lower cages were communicating, but shut off usually from each other by sliding doors.

Nine lions and a group of seven leopards, panthers and jaguars occupied these lower cages, the lions filling the cages of about one-half of the circle, and the leopards and their kind the other. When the lions were to perform guards pushed the communicating doors open and drove them through the cages on their side to a runway, and thence up this run to the stage through a trap door opened to admit them. When they were on the stage this trap was closed. The leopards were handled similarly, the lions reaching the run from one side of the circle and the leopard group from the other.

Lions haven't much use for leopards—that is, for live ones—and vice versa, and the guards had to be careful that in no way could the opposing forces, singly or combined, have opportunity to clash. When not performing the two factions faced each other from their cages across the lower circle.

The trap door was of heavy oak, with two inlaid snap locks. During the day of the misadventure I am about to relate one of my men had called my attention to a lock that had become impaired. I had enjoined him to have it fixed at once, but didn't consider the incident of much importance, feeling secure in the other lock, which worked perfectly.

The purpose of the locks was to prevent the lions by any possibility, during the night, when they were permitted to roam free around the lower circle, from one cage to another, finding their way to the arena (in which at night for the greater comfort of both factions I always kept the leopard group).

On this night, following an old habit, I had retired shortly after the last performance. It had stormed all day, and we had closed early, the board walk being practically deserted. Contrary to custom, my staff to a man had gone off for a swim and supper. As soon as the animals had been fed and watered the leopards were turned into the upper arena from their cages below, and the doors pushed open, allowing the lions below their usual nightly freedom of all the dens.

I could not have been asleep more than half an hour when I suddenly awoke with a start. Some one was banging on my door and shouting. Confused, I sprang up with a bound, and was in the center of the room before I knew it. Running to the door, and opening it, I caught sight of the scared face of the pier's night watchman.

Menagerie in Uproar.

Without waiting for him to speak, or considering my undressed state, I brushed by the man and sped downstairs. On the way down I recovered my composure. Below I could hear the roars of lions and snarls of leopards above an unusual hullabaloo of the menagerie. I stopped and deliberated whether I should return for my clothes. Increasing sounds of strife from below, however, determined me to go ahead as I was—in pajamas.

Turning into the auditorium at the base of the stairway, through the half-gloom—menagerie lights are always lowered at night—I traced the principal uproar to the arena. Hurrying over, I saw what appeared to be a mix-up of the leopards. I had been fearing something of the sort. Several nights before the group had had a free-for-all fight in the arena. As a consequence one had a badly lacerated forepaw. Because of this fight and the animal's wounded condition I had had a box placed in the arena at night, after closing time, to protect this leopard from possible future encounters. The box was about six feet long, four wide and four high. It had ample air holes and a lock that snapped like the lock on the trap door. Seizing a heavy training whip from a wall in passing, I reached the arena swiftly. To enter the arena from the hall one had to pass through two doors, one on the outside leading to a short steel-barred corridor, and another from this corridor into the arena, the device being designed as a protection against the chance escape of a beast into the auditorium, if, by accident, it passed through the arena door. Opening, then, this outer door, and snapping it behind me—I was now collected—

I proceeded to the arena door. Flung this second door open, I went toward the noisy mass, shouting commands the while and snapping the whip. The arena had a circumference of about 60 feet. The fight was at my left. My flight from my bed to the arena was accomplished so quickly that I had not yet grown accustomed to the half light.

Mix-Up of Lions and Leopards.

It struck me at once, though, even in the semi-darkness, that there were more animals in the fighting group than there should be. Instantly I concluded that the wounded leopard, through some one's oversight, had not been boxed, and that the others were again at him. Rushing over to the box, I flung the cover open. As I did so the wounded leopard leaped out. All the while I had been shouting and snapping the lash, but the brutes had paid no more attention to me than if I had not been present. Jumping back from the leopard that was leaping from the box, I was just able to check myself from a fall onto the runway.

It was the lions and leopards that came to the arena was open!

When I realized this I was momentarily paralyzed. I looked again, he trap was up surely enough.

It was the lions and leopards that were fighting. The impossible had happened.

The passing body of a leopard had brushed the projection of the sound bolt at a time when one or more of the lions roaming over the run below had been passing the trap. There had doubtless been an exchange of defiance and a raised paw from below had done the rest. I made these deductions much more quickly than I am telling of them.

Though I had been in delicate situations before, and had escaped serious disaster, I confess I felt apprehensive when I fully appreciated my new predicament.

The fight at my left was about the worst animal mix-up I've ever seen. The uproar was deafening; the sight chilling; a writhing mass of panthers, leopards, jaguars and lions. To attempt to bring order out of this riot were worse than folly. I therefore hurried back to the door leading from the arena, intending to summon help.

Trapped with Fighting Beasts.

Upon opening this door I got a fresh shock. In the hurry of my entrance I had neglected to fasten the arena door leading to the corridor. Within the inclosure was Denver, one of the wickedest of the lions, frenzied from conflict and from its present imprisonment in strange and cramped quarters.

Involuntarily I slammed the arena door and made for the runway, to find temporary refuge in one of the lower cages. I jumped to the run and was about to lower the trap over myself, when a growl from the passages below made me push the trap up again. The noise and action of this distracted the fighting beasts, and at once I became the center of their interest.

Here was a situation. I assumed a familiar training pose and snapped my lash. The only effect it had was to bring several of the beasts toward me. Nero, an old lion, was in the lead. I watched him and waited, trusting all to a blow planned for the sensitive forepart of the under jaw.

It was pure luck, but I caught him right with the butt end of the whip. He fell back; but as he did so the entire mass came forward.

Then I did think my time had come. I've heard lots about the impressions of drowning people, but I think I realized most of them then. The belief that one's danger from wild beasts increases with the animal's knowledge that you yourself feel insecure is authoritative. As the mass started for me I reversed my tactics, yelling and running toward it, lashing right and left. The brutes separated. But again they bunched and came forward.

With this second advance, I got an inspiration. Jumping to the light box at the door of the arena, I switched on all the arena lights. It was a timely move, but it halted them for only an instant. On they came again.

Once more I beat back the ring-leader and the others fell back with him. Meanwhile, at my right, another meleé had begun; before, behind and on either side of me, eyes snapped and jaws threatened. I was kept alert and active. I landed a blow wherever I could, whenever a beast got too near, and, of course, got clawed every now and then. My arms, hands, sides, lower limbs and breast were bruised and bleeding.

Efforts to Escape.

The main conflict among themselves continued. It was a trying period. I began to feel myself in a hopeless situation. My only hope was the return of my help. But they would have to come quickly. The night watchman had fled as soon as he had awakened me. I was now weak from excitement, exertion, wounds and loss of blood. My garments were in ribbons. At this juncture the lion in the lead leaped into the arena. As he did so, I made for the runway. Before I could pull the trap after me a leopard leaped from the fighters for the aperture and got through as the trap fell on both of us. Here was a new terror and in almost total darkness.

I could not push the trap up again without the probability that the leopard, somewhere near, would return and attack me. Leaving the trap down, I stepped slowly forward down the run, whip in hand, and faced the darkness. I had scarcely done so before two eyeballs, gleaming as only leopards' can, warned me anew. A single leopard is not formidable to a trainer who knows his business, and in good light I would have had little fear of this beast if I could have kept him in front of me. But he was in the dark and was excited. I steadied my-

self on the runway, with my shoulders braced firmly against the under side of the trap. Presently the eyes came forward. Then it occurred to me to try to beat him back into the first cage at the bottom of the run. If I could do this, I could lock him in, and later lock myself in one of the other dens, and be safe. But it was not to be. The leopard was in a state of alarm and kept leaping forward despite my cries and whip.

The uncertainty of the conflict prompted me to raise the trap and let the beast return to the arena. Accordingly I pushed the trap up for this strategy, but as soon as the gleam of light from the arena shot below the leopard bounded forward. The unexpected movement startled me and my recoil threw the trap up full. The door swung up on its hinges with the impact and fell on the other side open. Still facing the lower darkness I stumbled backward up the run and into the arena again. The leopard remained below. My second sudden entrance in the arena had the same effect on the fighters as the light had had. I was now quite exhausted. The strain had lasted too long. I was asking more of myself than nature could give.

The Last Stand.

As several of the beasts came toward me I assumed an attitude of determination that I did not feel.

I was too weak to check a further attack. One good cuff from a paw, and then a slip and I knew it would all be over with me. I was ready to clutch at a straw. In this desperate state of mind I ran toward the light box again, and switched off all the lights completely. I was now again in almost total darkness. An infinitesimal period of this state was sufficient. I was decidedly worse off than before. I then swung the lights on again, and kept switching them on and off rapidly. The recurring light and darkness confused and distracted the animals' attention. But the delays were only respites. I had the switch box at my left hand; the right was holding the whip as a menace. Flung the lights up, after one of the momentary alternatives of darkness, I found myself again confronted.

This time there must have been five or six assailants, the furthest not three feet away. I backed against the wall of the cage, striking right and left feebly with the whip butt. It was the last stand. I threw what strength I had into my blows. But the beasts flanked me and forced me to recede along the sides of the cage. Then came a climax. They suddenly started for me, pretty much together. My next sensation was of sharp pain from a vicious blow. It sent me reeling and stung against the bars. I clutched at these in falling, missed, stumbled and fell backward across the cover of the wounded leopard's open box and later into it in a heap.

Securely Boxed.

The lid, resting against the bars, slammed down with the concussion and snapped fast. Call it fortuitous circumstance or what you will. When I realized what had occurred I was a grateful man. The box had been built stoutly for the protection of its regular occupant against the attacks of its fellows, and I now felt safe, though I knew the trouble wasn't all over.

About what I anticipated happened. The brutes played football with the box, turning it over, crowding down and over it, snapping, snarling, growling and roaring. They had continued this for some minutes, when I heard the sound of voices. Help had arrived.

Simultaneously with this cheering sound the attack on the box ceased. Then I could distinguish the voices, and could hear the men trying to separate the beasts by pushing long planks through the bars, a procedure always the first step toward quelling an animal riot.

Gradually the men succeeded. This separation in time brought comparative quiet. I could next hear the men deliberating how to dispose of the lion in the corridor. The conclusion they reached was about the only feasible one. They shot him. To get into the arena then and drive the beasts into the cellar was a comparatively easy one for ten or more men. The next thing I knew I was in my bed. It was in the afternoon of the following day I had fainted in the box from loss of blood, just as the rescuing trainers had entered the arena. It had been some little time, it seems, before they had discovered me. They had expected to find what little was left of me in the cellar. Not discovering any traces of me there, they had become very much concerned and puzzled. Then one of them had noticed the lame leopard and had started to get the box ready for its return. The discovery of my senseless body followed.

The inattention to the lock cost me a month's inactivity. Three animals were injured so badly in their scrimmage that it was necessary to shoot them. Two leopards were killed outright in the fight.

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Aerial Navigation.

With respect to combinations of vertical and horizontal movements man is absolutely without experience of them. Therefore, as all our sensations of movement are practically in two dimensions, this is the extraordinary novelty of aerial navigation that it affords us experiences not in the fourth dimension, it is true, but in what is practically an extra dimension, the third, so that the miracle is similar. Indeed I cannot describe the delight, the wonder and intoxication of this free diagonal movement onward and upward or onward and downward, combined at will with brusque changes of direction horizontally when the airship answers to the touch of the rudder.—Sanjos-Dumont's "My Airship."

# THE UNITED STATES WILL SOON KNOCK AT THE DOORS OF CANADA FOR WHEAT.

A Crop of 60,000,000 Bushels of Wheat Will Be the Record of 1904.

The results of the threshing in Western Canada are not yet completed, but from information at hand, it is safe to say that the average per acre will be reasonably high, and a fair estimate will place the total yield of wheat at 60,000,000 bushels. At present prices this will add to the wealth of the farmers nearly \$60,000,000. Then think of the immense yield of oats and barley and the large herds of cattle, for all of which good prices will be paid.

The following official telegram was sent by Honorable Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada:—

"Am now able to state definitely that under conditions of unusual difficulty in Northwest a fair average crop of wheat of good quality has been reaped and is now secure from substantial damage. The reports of injury by frost and rust were grossly exaggerated. The wheat of Manitoba and Northwest Territories will aggregate from fifty-five to sixty million bushels. The quality is good, and the price is ranging around one dollar per bushel."

Frank H. Spearman, in the Saturday Evening Post, says:—

"When our first transcontinental railroad was built, learned men attempted by isothermal demonstration to prove that wheat could not profitably be grown north of where the line was projected; but the real granary of the world lies up to 300 miles north of the Canadian Pacific railroad, and the day is not definitely distant when the United States will knock at the doors of Canada for its bread. Railroad men see such a day; it may be hoped that statesmen also will see it, and arrange their reciprocities while they may do so gracefully. Americans already have swarmed into that far country and to a degree have taken the American wheat field with them. Despite the fact that for years a little Dakota station on the St. Paul road—Eureka—held the distinction of being the largest primary grain market in the world, the Dakotas and Minnesota will one day yield their palm to Saskatchewan."

Mistaken for a Tiger.

Near Manantoddy, India, a man, while sitting in his compound with a striped blanket wrapped round his body, was mistaken for a tiger by another man, an inmate of his own house, and shot dead on the spot.

MARKET REPORT.

Table with market prices for various commodities like CATTLE, CALVES, HOGS, SHEEP, LAMBS, FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, HAY, PORK, LARD, BUTTER, APPLES, POTATOES, and TOBACCO. Includes locations like Cincinnati, Chicago, and New York.

Table with market prices for FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, and LARD. Includes locations like New York and Baltimore.

Table with market prices for WHEAT, CORN, OATS, CATTLE, and HOGS. Includes locations like Louisville and Indianapolis.

ALL BROKEN DOWN.

No Sleep—No Appetite—Just a Continual Backache.

Joseph McCauley, of 144 Sholto St., Chicago, Sacher of Tecumseh Lodge, says: "Two years ago my health was completely broken down. My back ached and was so lame that at times I was hardly able to dress myself. I lost my appetite and was unable to sleep. There seemed to be no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pills, but four boxes of this remedy effected a complete and permanent cure. If suffering humanity knew the value of Doan's Kidney Pills, they would use nothing else, as it is the only positive cure I know." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

# TWO PAT ILLUSTRATIONS.

In Which the True Source of Physical Strength Was Well Set Forth.

Speaking of toads, with incidental reference to other salutory animal life, recalls a mot attributed to one of the justices of the supreme court, which has been given the Washington gossip as a good deal of amusement of late, says the New York Evening post. He was dining the other evening with the family of a distinguished ex-senator, who are noted for their extravagant advocacy of the vegetarian diet. Over the delicacies of the table, which included pretty nearly every form of edible plant life suited to the season, conversation turned upon the familiar theme; and the hostess, after trying in vain to convert her beef-reared guests by arguments based on the chemical constituents of various foods, pleaded:—"But surely, Mr. Justice, you must admit that vegetarianism means strength and agility, when you remember that the rabbit, which feeds wholly on vegetables, can make such great leaps through the air from hiding place to hiding place."

HE LIKED TO "SUCCUMB."

Brewery Man Wore the White Ribbon Because He Was Tempted and Treated.

Mrs. Robert J. Burdette tells a story about the white ribbon which is the sign of total abstinence. "There are some persons," said Mrs. Burdette, according to the Chicago Daily News, "who don't wear the white ribbon with sincerity. They wear it, perhaps, about as hypocritically as it was worn by the employe of a certain brewer. This employe, after years of dissipation, appeared one day at the brewery with the white ribbon on his breast."

"Nothing was said to him and he wore the ribbon for some months. Then one day the boss of the firm, happening to notice the man's badge, approached him. 'Why, Frank,' he said, 'it is strange to see you, a brewer, wearing the white ribbon.' 'It does look strange, sir,' the man admitted. 'Well, said the brewer, 'why do you do it?' 'It is like this,' said the workman. 'I wear the ribbon because it makes men like to tempt me, and when I'm tempted I succumb, sir.'"

Pleasant Prospect.

He—Here is good news for women. A high medical authority says that the little toe will gradually disappear.

She—Why is that good news for women? He—Why, if the little toe disappears, why not the others? And if they all disappear women will be able to wear smaller shoes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Exception.

The philanthropist of the neighborhood, "there is not a living creature but what appreciates kindness."

"I axes your pardon, sor, but my nose wore as straight as any man's till I trod to brush off a horse fly that was stingin' the hind leg of a mule."—Detroit Free Press.

An anxious mother once brought her son to Princeton and consigned him to the tender care of the president, Francis L. Patton. With great seriousness he accepted the charge and said to the mother: "We guarantee satisfaction or return the boy."—Success.

People sneer at women's lack of admiration for others of their sex, but it's a fact that one doesn't find a man going around praising his fellow man, either.—Baltimore American.

Once a tortoise beat a hare once. It never happened again, yet the whole timid world has been talking about it ever since.—Success.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

If you are going to wear a pleasant smile all the time, pick one that fits your face.—Chicago Tribune.

Men who are carrying to-morrow's burdens are not counting to-day's blessings.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Bears The Signature Of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Use For Over Thirty Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Western Canada's Magnificent Crops for 1904. Western Canada's Wheat Crop this year will be 60,000,000 bushels, and wheat at present is worth \$1.00 a bushel. The oat and barley crop will also yield abundantly. Splendid prices for all kinds of grain, cattle and other farm produce for the growing of which the climate is unsurpassed.

Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers. The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 1, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a card to the undersigned at the following address: J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l. Pass' Agent, Live Stock and ELECTROTYPES Miscellaneous. In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by A. H. Kolbig, 222 1/2 St. Louis, Mo.

# WHAT ROME THINKS

THE POPE'S PHYSICIAN ENDORSES AN AMERICAN REMEDY.

Dr. Lapponi Uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills In His Practice Because Results Meet His Expectations.

Dr. Lapponi, the famous physician to the Vatican, whose name has recently come so greatly to the front on account of his unremitting attention to His Holiness, the late Pope Leo XIII, and the high esteem and confidence with which he is regarded by the present Pope, His Holiness Pius X, is a man of commanding genius. He is more than a mere man of science; he is a man of original and independent mind. Untrammelled by the "etiquette" of the medical profession and having used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in his practice with good results, he freely avows the facts and endorses the value of this remedy with an authority which no one will venture to question.

Dr. Lapponi's Letter.

"I certify that I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple anemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation not only in the treatment of other forms of the category of anemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like." (Signed) GIUSEPPE LAPPONI, Via dei Gracchi 332, Rome.

The "simple anemia of development," referred to by Dr. Lapponi, is of course, that tired, languid condition of young girls, whose development to womanhood is tardy and whose health, at that period, is so often imperiled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at that time is of the highest scientific authority, and it confirms the many published cases in which anemia and other diseases of the blood, as well as nervous diseases such as nervous prostration, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis and locomotor ataxia have been cured by these pills. They are commended to the public for their efficiency in making new blood and strengthening weak nerves. After such an endorsement they will be accepted by the medical and scientific world at their full value.

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