

THE SMARTEST OF HORSES

JOHN IS A VALUABLE EMPLOYEE OF A CHICAGO SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

In Many Respects He is a Wonderful Animal—Duties Are Complicated But He Taught Himself Their Routine—He is a Very Excellent One.

John works in the killing room of a big stock yards firm. John is a horse, and in many respects he is a wonderful animal. He has the shapely head of a thoroughbred, and as he walks about the steaming floor of a slaughter house does so with an air of indifference and pride that is quite human. The employees of Louis Pfaelzer & Sons, the concern which owns John, say he is the most intelligent horse in the world, and take a genuine pride in the docile creature, although there is no such thing as familiarity permitted by John. "Keep your distance," is evidently John's motto.

John's principal occupation is to drag the carcasses of steers from the striking pens to the slaughter house floor, where the butchers hoist them preparatory to skinning and dressing them for market. For this purpose John wears a light harness which is attached by a hook to a rope passed about the dead steer's neck. When the butchers have finished the dressing of one carcass they will go to the "striking" pen. A sliding trap door that shuts these pens off from the dressing room is raised, and a rope is attached to the neck of the prostrate steer. Then it is up to John, who is standing in his usual place about midway of the big room.

"John!" calls the butcher. He speaks in a conversational tone, and might be addressing one of his fellow workmen.

John at once quits his post and walks up to the man who has called him. He turns about so that the man can fasten his harness to the rope about the steer's neck. No sooner does John hear the snap of the catch than he starts forward as if he were going through the opposite wall. But he does not. He stops abruptly, and it will be found that he has landed the steer exactly under the tackle by which the butchers suspend it for dressing operations. Not a word has been said to John, nor is any attempt made to guide or control him by means of reins or halter. Having placed the steer in position he has his tackle cast loose, and then stalks off to his favorite post of observation.

There are five of these "striking" pens in the room in which John works. Four of them hold only one steer at a time, the other holds two. When John is called upon to pull a steer from one of the single pens he knows his work there is done, and will not go back there for another until the steer he has last drawn out is dressed and run down on the overhead railway to the cooling room. But in the fifth pen he knows he has to haul out two steers before his work is accomplished. No sooner has he hauled out one and been cast loose than he turns about and walks back for the other. Not a word of command is ever given him except the call "John," when his services are needed.

In the vocabulary of the stock yards they have the term "downers." These are cattle that have broken a leg or that from any other of several causes are unable to walk but are yet fit for food purposes. Pfaelzer & Sons have a contract with a big Eastern concern that buys and ships live cattle to the East, to kill and dress all their "downers." The injured animals are loaded on low trucks and carted to the slaughter house. The truck is backed up to a door, and then the steer has to be hauled up to the spot where the tackle for the steer's elevation is. As the animals weigh from 1200 pounds to 1600 pounds each it is a hard pull for John, and he does not like the job.

In John's moments of leisure he stands facing the door at which the "downers" arrive. No sooner does he see a truck with one of the animals on it than he begins to be busy and absorbed in something else. He will carelessly stroll away from his post and roam all over the slaughter house, paying no attention to the calls for "John." It becomes necessary for an attendant to go after him and lead him to where he is wanted, but this done, he buckles down to work.

In killing at the slaughter house the beef cattle come first, and when they are finished they handle calves. The cattle are driven up a runway from which they are admitted into the "striking" pens as needed. John can see this runway, and he knows that when the calves come into it his work is done for the day, as the butchers haul the calves out from the pens by hand. No sooner does John see the calves coming than he quits work and walks off to his stable. He won't do another stroke of work that day.

The 12 o'clock whistle has just as much meaning for John as it has for the human employees of the slaughter house. When it blows John begins to walk about looking for his dinner, which is usually brought to him. He gets it and eats it in a dignified manner, and then resumes work. When the whistle blows again for resuming work, John walks back to his usual post, where he can keep his eye on the door for the hated "downers."

John is an extremely exclusive and aristocratic horse. He allows no familiarity with him, except from two or three people. One of these is Dr. T. R. Fugit, the United States Government Inspector at the slaughter house. The doctor knows a few things about horses, and he says John is the most intelligent animal he ever saw.

"I believe he understands what we say about him," said the doctor. "Don't you, John?" John laid back his ears, tossed his head, and looked as if he

was about to wink, but recollecting his dignity refrained.

"And he won't make friends with people, although there is nothing mean or vicious about him," continued the doctor. Just then David Pfaelzer, one of John's owners, came up. "He won't let me make friends with him," said Mr. Pfaelzer. "Just watch him." Mr. Pfaelzer went up to John and tried to stroke his head, John simply tossed his head away; he would not endure the caress.

John is a bay, about seven years old, and has been holding his present job less than a year. No special pains were taken to train him for his duties, but he had only been in the house a month when he grasped the situation, and is now esteemed a valuable employee. But with all his great strength and willingness when on duty he cannot be induced to do anything outside. "He won't pull five pounds for you outside this room," said Mr. Pfaelzer. "He knows his work is here, and simply declines to fill two jobs. He is an equine aristocrat, if there ever was one."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

ROUND-UP OF CALIFORNIA LIONS.

An Attempt to Kill Off the Big Cats That Worry Arizona Sheepmen.

John McCarty, Territorial Game Warden, has begun a big round-up of California lions in the San Francisco Mountains, about 150 miles north of Flagstaff, Arizona. In that country the big cats are found in larger numbers than in any other locality in Arizona, and the party expects to bag several hundred of them.

At one time the California lion was found in all parts of Arizona, but large Territorial and county bounties have caused its extermination in many districts. At \$20 a head hunting the beasts was a profitable business, and some hunters, in times past, have killed a score of lions in a week. A total of more than \$100,000 has been paid in Arizona for scalps in the past ten years. Hundreds of lions beside have been shot by cattle, horse and sheep men, who have not asked for the bounties, taking as their reward the fact that they have disposed of the cause of the slaughter of their calves, colts and lambs.

While the lions have grown less common in the southern part of the Territory, there has been no decrease in their numbers in the wider northern regions. Sheepmen in the San Francisco Mountains have complained of late that the lions were killing off all their lambs. Warden McCarty has taken the matter in hand, and with five experienced lion hunters and two score trained lion dogs, he expects to rid the country of the pests.

He will organize with the cowboys and sheepherders a large party, which will scour the district where the lions are most common. The animals will be driven into the centre of a circle where they can be killed.

The California lion is a small species of the panther family. It is about the size of a Canadian lynx and possesses a similar nature. It is cowardly and has never been known to attack a man unless cornered, but is capable of a fierce fight when driven to bay. McCarty is a collector of specimens for Yale, Harvard, Cornell and other universities and expects to send to them trophies of the big hunt.—New York Sun.

One Crow and Other Crows. A few months ago the gardener on John J. Telford's place at Peru, up the Short Line, accidentally wounded a crow while shooting at other birds, and he made a prisoner of the bird. After its wings were clipped it became quite tame and was placed in the garden, which is surrounded by a fence eight feet high. It thrived on worms and bugs and became as docile as a chicken. When the warm weather set in other crows began to gather about the garden at early dawn, and for hours at a time kept up a continual cawing. The crippled crow in the garden answered each caw and morning after morning the size of the visiting party increased until full two dozen perched themselves on the fence.

Sunday morning Mr. Telford heard a commotion in the garden. He went to investigate and found four or five crows hovering around the crippled one. Presently he saw three of the visitors place their beaks under the cripple, lift it up and attempt to fly away. They managed to get the cripple over the fence; then it was dropped. The liberated bird hopped 200 or 300 yards, when all but two of the other crows flew away. The remaining two swooped down on the crippled bird and seemed to be caressing it, when a boy captured the cripple and returned it to the garden.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New York's Pie Market. More pies are made in New York than in any other city in the world. The daily output of the regular pie factories is in excess of 125,000. The pie-baking record was held by Boston until two years ago. The pie habit is growing on New Yorkers.

The biggest pie factory in the country turns out 20,000 pies a day. There are scores of smaller factories which turn them out by the cartload daily. The work is under the direction of an expert baker, who receives a large salary. These factories claim to use the very best materials in making pies. Until recently there was a prejudice against factory pies, but this is disappearing.

The most popular pie is that made of apples. For years its popularity has not been shaken. The standard pies next to apple are lemon and custard. Pumpkin pies are in great demand in the fall and mince pies in the winter. Peach pies are the most popular after these. Until the factory-made pie appeared New York was several times threatened with serious pie famines.—New York World.

ANIMALS I HAVE MET.

As I was walking out one day I met a pig along the way. And much I wondered when I saw The wondrous pearls without a flaw That hung about the creature's neck And his fat figure did bedeck. My wonder I could not conceal. "O Pig!" I cried, "where did you steal Or beg or borrow those fine pearls?" They must have been a king's or earl's."

"Excuse me, sir," the pig replied, Strutting about with pompous pride, "I never borrow, beg or steal; (He gave a most indignant snarl.) But, as I keep a sharp look round, Plenty of people I have found Who cast their pearls before the swine; I picked these up, and they are mine!" —Carolyn Wells, in Pack.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"But your amateur farming doesn't pay expenses, does it?" "I hope so. I am going to write a book about it."—Chicago Tribune.

She—"So this is the end of our engagement?" He—"It may be for you, but it will take me a year yet to pay the bills."—Brooklyn Life.

She—"What does it require besides patience to make a good fisherman?" He—"An utter disregard for the truth."—Yonkers Statesman.

In bowers once men used to court, From the spying world afar— But now that tender, artless sport Goes on in the summer car.

He—"I point out your faults because I love you." She—"Nonsense. If you really loved me you would think my faults were excellences."—Tit-Bits.

"Paw," said little Willie Gettit, "give me ten cents to buy a story book with." "Ten cents?" shrieked the old gentleman. "Do you think I am Andy Carnegie?"—Baltimore American.

Dunwell—"I thought when you sold me this dog you said he was a good bird-dog?" Ike Clodhopper—"He is; you jes try feedin' him on fried chicken an' see."—Ohio State Journal.

Digby—"Ray, what are your office hours?" Bigby—"Twelve to 1 p. m." Digby—"Only an hour a day?" Bigby—"But, great Scott, man, I live in the suburbs."—Ohio State Journal.

I begged Marie to smile on me, For I with love was dait. She smiled! She more than smiled, for she Just held her sides and laughed.

"After all that has come and gone, you reject me? I have been living in a Fool's Paradise." "Have you? How delightful it must have been. There is nothing like congenial society, is there?"—Brooklyn Life.

"Now that you are married," said her intimate friend, "do you intend to hyphenate your name and call yourself Mrs. Plumb-Duff?" "No," replied the lovely bride, with a shy glance at her proud young husband. "This is not a consolidation. It's an absorption."—Leslie's Weekly.

Hoax—"Wigwag is crazy on the subject of golf, and his wife is equally insane over auction sales." Joax—"Yes, and the funny part of it is they both talk in their sleep. The other night Wigwag shouted, 'Fore!' and his wife immediately yelled, 'Four and a quarter!'"—Philadelphia Record.

"How did you get rid of that unsightly bowlder?" asked the tourist, while the change of horses was being made. "Easy enough," responded Amber Pete. "We just started a little yarn about an Injun battle belt'n' fought around the rock, and the souvenir hunters clipped it all away."—Chicago News.

Evenly Divided. A lesson in arithmetic is no joke—a painful reality, rather—yet a Boston schoolboy is alleged to have been inspired to humor by the very worst of the problems in long division.

After he had fallen on the sums the teacher set, he asked permission to give one of his own. The privilege was granted.

"My aunt has eight children," he said, "and she doesn't like to favor one above another. She was at the market the other day, and she bought eight apples for them, one apiece; but when she got home she found she'd lost one apple. All the same, she divided the apples so as to give each child the same number. How did she do it?"

The class hadn't got along to fractions, and the boy insisted that his aunt knew nothing about algebra. So the puzzled teacher finally asked: "Well, how did she divide the seven apples so as to give each of the eight children an equal number?" "She made apple sauce."—Youth's Companion.

In a German Garden. Elizabeth was busy writing the tenth volume of her series on a German garden. She lacked 4000 words of finishing the chapter, and the printer said he must have it at once.

"Hold on," said she, or German words to that effect. "I have an idea." She reached up to her book shelves, and seized a catalogue of flowers issued by a German seed company. She tore out twenty pages hurriedly.

She wrote: "The little fragrant plot southeast-by-east-a-point in the garden was radiant with these flowers."

Then she pasted in twenty pages of flower catalogue. It rounded off the chapter beautifully. It didn't quite suit her, however. "I have forgotten to mention my husband," she mused. "But never mind. I can put a line in about him when I get the proof."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

What's in a Name? Two boys and a strong man staggered along, half carrying, half dragging an immense package. After they had deposited it in the proper place and while they stood panting and wiping their brows the great attorney arose and pointing to the thing they had been laboring with said: "I now file my brief."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length."—Mrs. A. Boydston, Atchison, Kans.

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hair hunger, for instance. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—Ayer's. This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long and heavy. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use CUCKINGHAM'S DYE OF THE WHISKERS. Sold by Druggists or by P. W. Wills & Co., Newark, N. J.

Convicts Making Binding Twine.

The use of binding twine is so general that the industry of manufacturing it has become one of magnitude. The states of Kansas and Minnesota have state binding twine plants where the convicts of the penitentiary prepare the twine for farmers at cost. The state of Kansas will this year use about 12,000,000 pounds of twine at a cost of about 10 cents a pound, of which the state plant will furnish one-fourth.

Laundering Thin Dresses.

To launder the exquisite creations of muslin and lace in which this season abundance has become quite a problem, yet the most delicate materials will not be injured if washed with Ivory Soap and dried in the shade. But little starch need be used.—ELIZA R. PARKER.

Indians of the Colorado.

The Coepa Indians of the Lower Colorado (in both Baja, California and Sonora) are of interest partly because they have practically escaped attention on the part of scientific investigators until within a few months ago, and partly because of the customs which distinguish them from most neighboring tribes. They are essentially an agricultural folk, though their agriculture is of the most primitive sort, affording, indeed, a better picture of prehistoric agricultural methods than those of any other known tribe. Their customs well illustrate, too, the dependence of primitive industries, modes of life and even habits of thought, on surroundings; for, like the fellahs of the lower Nile, they are creatures of the river along which they live, driven from the bottom lands by the annual freshets, and brought back by ensuing droughts to plant anew in the soil fertilized by the annual silt deposit. Perhaps of primary interest among their customs is their disposal of the dead. They not only distribute the property of the deceased among non-relatives, but burn the body and the habitation together. A considerable part of the tribal lore is connected with the mortuary custom; and custom and lore together afford the remarkable insight into the esoteric life of primitive peoples.

As early as 1866 there were 40,000 operatives in the English silk mills and cocoon houses.

Garfield headache powders help people to feel well even in the extreme heat of summer; by their use a headache can be cured quickly and the whole system toned and refreshed. A trial always repays.

The King of Italy received 26,000 telegrams of congratulations in the first day of two after the birth of his daughter. He also received 20,000 requests for money in honor of the event.

Each package of PERRIN'S FADELESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

Of 2000 pigeons set free at Spandan, the majority reached Hamburg, a distance of 160 miles, in three hours.

Some people get like fools and other people don't have to act.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or itchy shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Ginstel, Le Roy, N. Y.

Myrrh, which comes from Arabia and Persia, was used as medicine in the time of Solomon.

Best For the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headaches to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting you really healthy. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The frog is a kicker, but the fish gets along swimmingly.

A London diamond merchant, while going to his office recently, in a fit of abstraction pulled an old envelope out of his pocket and commenced to tear it up. When he reached the last section the terrible fact dawned on him that it was the envelope in which were some 1,000 small diamonds valued at \$500, and that he had been solving these broadcast over a public thoroughfare. Some of them have been recovered, but others have never been heard from.

FIT'S permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise from Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The self-made man never thinks of apologizing for himself.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, 25c a bottle.

It is easy to fall into a fortune without hurting yourself.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOMAS ROSS, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

It is easier to pay compliments than to pay debts.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An uncertain temper is better than one that is certainly bad.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

It takes a pointed remark to get some heads.

Sailors do not constitute the floating population.

Simple and effective: these are two of the reasons why Garfield Headache Powders meet with the approval of conservative people; they contain nothing that harms or dranges the system and they cure many bad feelings.

Speaking of women who cry, the Eskimo woman fairly wept on blubber.

If You Wish To make

solving a comparatively easy THOUGHT TEST, which will give the name of a well-known flower, send your name and address to "THE UNIQUE MONTHLY," Dept. A, Temple Court, New York.

The University of Notre Dame,

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA. Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture. Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses. Ecclesiastical students at special rates. Rooms Free. Junior or Senior Year College Course. Rooms to Rent; moderate charge. St. Edward's Hall, for boys under 15. The 85th Year will open September 10th, 1901. Catalogues Free. Address R. V. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY;

quick relief and cure guaranteed. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

"The Sauce that made West Point famous."

McILHENNY'S TABASCO. FREY'S VERMIFUGE. The children's tonic, cures of WORMS. Removes them effectually and without pain. 60 years' record of success. It is the remedy for all worm troubles. Entirely vegetable. 25c. at druggists, country stores or by mail.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Consumption

If afflicted with sore eyes use Thompson's Eye Water

Canoe-building is one of the industries of Kennepunkport, Me., which used to build great ships, and even now launches an occasional schooner.

The vegetarian movement does not appear to have made noteworthy inroads upon the armies of the meat eaters. Never was the demand for fresh food so extensive.

Prevent Baldness

And Cleanse the Scalp of Crusts, Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with



Cuticura SOAP

And light dressings with CUTICURA; purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

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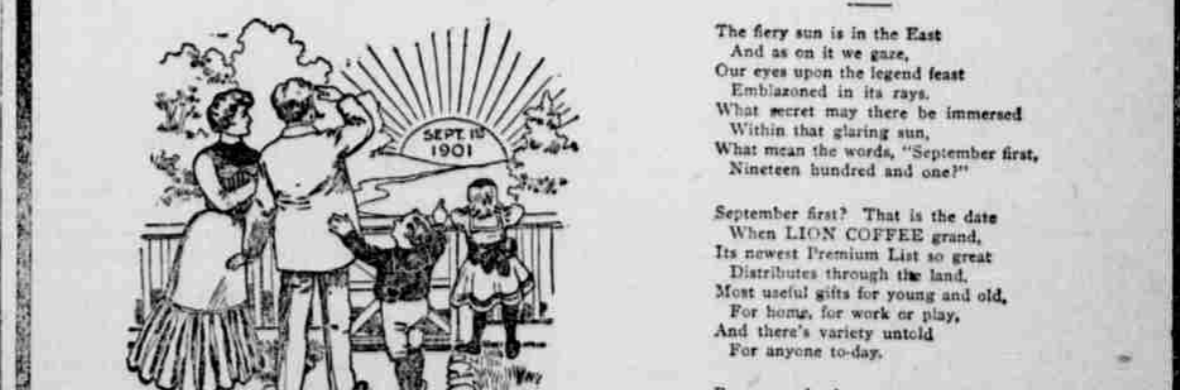
USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour, Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours.

with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. Newell & Sons, 25, Charterhouse Sq., London. FOSTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

LION COFFEE

A LUXURY WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.



"The Enigma in the Sun." The fiery sun is in the East And as on it we gaze, Our eyes upon the legend feast Emblazoned in its rays. What secret may there be immersed Within that glaring sun, What mean the words, "September first, Nineteen hundred and one?"

September first? That is the date When LION COFFEE grand, Its newest Premium List so great Distributes through the land, Most useful gifts for young and old, For home, for work or play, And there's a variety untold For anyone to-day.

Be sure and ask your grocer, then, To give you, on that date, Our newest List, or, take your pen, If you don't want to wait, And write a letter straight to us— A two-cent stamp include, We'll forward you the List, and thus, No trouble you impose.

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