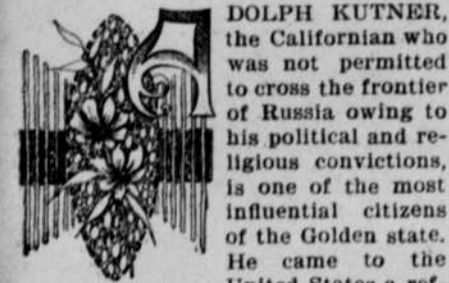


BARRED FROM RUSSIA

KUTNER CAN NOT RETURN TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

He is One of the Wealthiest Men on the Pacific Slope—He is a Jew and as Such Is Barred from the Czar's Kingdom.



DOLPH KUTNER, the Californian who was not permitted to cross the frontier of Russia owing to his political and religious convictions, is one of the most influential citizens of the Golden State. He came to the United States a refugee from Russia nearly fifty years ago, and went to California in 1852. He started in business in San Francisco, and did very well until his partner absconded with all the firm's funds. Then Mr. Kutner set to work to rehabilitate himself, which he did by hard work and thrift. Mr. Kutner branched out and opened a business in Fresno. He built the first school house and presented it to the city. He is now the leading banker of that interesting little town, president of the most important commercial house of the San Joaquin valley, and operates large stores at Fresno, Hanford, Selma, Fowler, Sanger and Madeira. He is a large shareholder in the leading banks of all these California cities. He supports a fine residence



ADOLPH KUTNER, in San Francisco and has made several visits to Europe, but he has never before attempted to cross the border into Russia. His relatives in that country have always gone to Germany to meet him. Mr. Kutner is one of the wealthiest men in the San Joaquin valley, and has contributed liberally to the support of the less fortunate members of his family. One of his brothers was an eminent physician in Guben, Germany.

Churches Cut Out of Solid Rock. Marvelous churches cut out of the solid rock may be seen both in Abyssinia and India. There are six such churches in the City of Lalibela, in

A CURIOUS STORE.

Stock and Prices Have Not Changed in Thirty Years.

From the Chicago Tribune: In Bainbridge, Geauga county, Ohio, not far from Cleveland, is the queerest country general store I ever ran across. Bainbridge is a small hamlet, but the store is as large and well stocked as the average suburban store. It is kept—that is precisely the word for it—by an old widower who has no relatives in that section of the country and is practically a hermit. When the civil war began he was running a flourishing general store in Bainbridge, and made money rapidly during the succeeding four years. When peace was declared prices, which had been greatly inflated, took a sudden drop. The old fellow believed that this would be followed by a boom which would send prices skyward again, and refused to sell his goods for less than he paid for them. Down went the prices—down—down—down—and finally he was forced to close his store for want of purchasers. Today his store stands almost exactly as it did thirty years ago. It is stocked with such goods as are generally found in country stores, but, of course, the stock is now practically worthless. Every day the old man opens the place to give it an airing. He is there, too, for business, if any one chooses to buy what he has to sell and is willing to pay what he asks. "Why, sir," he said to me, "some of the calico I've got here cost me sixty-five cents a yard in 1867. Wouldn't I be a fool to sell it for five cents?"

THE MORRIS BROTHERS.

Remarkable Quartet of Hale and Honored Men 306 Years Old.

Few localities are favored with a more remarkable quartet of brothers than Punxsutawney, Pa. The four Morris brothers dwell in the immediate vicinity of each other. Their combined ages number 306 years. The picture here given represents them as they appeared last week in a picture gallery, where they met by previous engagement to be photographed together. James Madison, the eldest (in center of group), is 82 years of age. He was born in Northampton county, and has three living children. Theodore, sitting on his right, is 78 years old. He was also born in Northampton county, but has lived here since childhood. C. R. B., the third brother, stands on the left of J. M., and is 76 years of age, and a native of Jefferson county. He has no living children. J. B., the youngest, is 70 years old. He has a large family.

These brothers are farmers, and have by industry and economy succeeded in reaching comparatively easy circumstances. In religion they hold to the Cumberland Presbyterian faith. In politics they are Democrats and Populists, but this makes no difference in their love and affection for each other. No family holds a higher place in the esteem of the whole community than these aged gentlemen, and for nobility,



THE MORRIS BROTHERS.

Abyssinia, which took twenty-three years to complete. These very remarkable churches were cut out in the twelfth century in the reign of Lalibela (after whom the city was named) by five hundred workmen, under the superintendence of an Egyptian summoned to the country for that purpose. The rock church or temples near Bombay required the labor of forty thousand men for forty years to complete. One of the most remarkable rock churches is that in the city of Karli, in India, which is regarded as one of the wonders of Asia. Before its entrance stands an immense stone elephant, upon whose back is seated a colossal goddess. The nave is 124 feet long, 45 feet broad, and 46 feet from floor to ceiling. There are aisles on each side separated from the nave by octagonal pillars. The capital of each pillar is crossed by two kneeling elephants, on whose backs are seated figures of the divinities to whom the church is dedicated. There are thirty-eight columns and pillars, the grandest of which is the lion pillar with its sixteen carved sides. The whole is cut out of the solid rock. At Keareborough, in Yorkshire, England, there is a chapel cut out of solid rock (also the seats), and this is said to be the only one to be seen in the country.

honestly, and everything that goes to make up a manly character they are excelled by none.

Lava Caves of the Azores.

The formation of caves in a lava-stream is a curious process, and in the Azores it has some remarkable and perfect illustrations. It will be understood that the stream of molten matter proceeding ordinarily from a volcano soon begins to cool externally as it travels. But with a great stream, say, thirty or forty feet thick, a long time passes before it becomes finally cooled and solid to its center. A large body of melted lava still remains liquid in its interior, forming as it were a huge conduit or tube full of the white-hot matter. As this accumulates by the continued supply from above, the vast pressure on the liquid on the lower end of the stream increases. The effect may be easily imagined. The solid crust of front of the flow breaks out, the melted interior rushes on again, and the great tube is emptied of its contents so far as they remain liquid, leaving behind a hollow cavern which may and occasionally does extend for an uninterupted length of several miles. In the course of centuries subsequent eruptions may deposit new beds of cinder or ash, or new streams of lava, to any extent above it, but the cave so formed may remain intact.

How Needles Are Made.

The making of needles is accomplished entirely by machinery. It is an interesting process to follow the "developing" of a needle out of a rough steel wire, the piercing of the eyes being a very delicate operation. After the needles are finished the same machinery counts them and sticks them in the papers and packages in which they are sold.

GAMBLER'S FORTUNE.

"COL. WILLIAM L. BLANCHARD" LIVED A DOUBLE LIFE.

Money Goes to a Ragman, His Brother—"Big Bill Leggett," the Shovel Welder and 32d Degree Mason, Posed as a Rich Swell.



HE fortunes of William L. Blanchard, known nearly all over this country as Col. Blanchard, the gambler and faro man, and in South Braintree as "Big Bill Leggett," the shovel welder in the Ames foundry many years ago, will go to his brother, Thomas Leggett, who up to the time of his good fortune pushed a cart around the streets of New York as a collector of old rags. Blanchard died about a year ago at Oceanic, N. Y., leaving an estate of between \$70,000 and \$80,000, but it was only last February that Lawyer George A. Smythe of this city succeeded in finding the heirs. The dead gambler left no will, but he provided for a number of people in such a way that they received large sums of money as soon as his death was announced. One of them was a woman living a few miles out in the suburbs, whom Blanchard at one time wanted to marry, but who threw him off when she learned he was a gambler. He was a most remarkable man and was 57 years old when he died. It was while in South Braintree, in 1861, that he joined company C of the 4th Massachusetts Infantry and went to the front as a three-months man. He never lived there again, but he visited his



COL. WILLIAM L. BLANCHARD.

Friends often and they welcomed him as a successful business man, member of the New York consolidated stock and petroleum exchange, 32d degree mason and hail fellow well met. They did not know he was Col. Blanchard, the gambler, and that the money he displayed so lavishly was earned at night, much of it from wealthy men he met at their summer homes and fashionable clubs and with whom he would not play cards until they coaxed him and apparently shamed him into it. Then Blanchard would play. He always entered the game when the pot was largest and when he had won everything in sight invariably received a telegram from somewhere which made it necessary for him to depart on urgent business. He made thousands of dollars in this way and those from whom he won never suspected that he was anything more than he pretended to be—a wealthy man who played for the fun there was in it. Blanchard was a splendid-looking man of striking personality, 6 feet 5 inches in height, weighing about 250 pounds. He dressed plainly but with the best the tailor could give him. He was proud of his appearance, his physique and manners, and he took every precaution to keep from the public, and even some of his most intimate friends, his real character and business. This is the only reason known for his change of name. He tried to make people believe he was the scapegoat of an aristocratic family, and while his brother was pushing a ragman's cart through the streets of New York, Blanchard told his friends about a sister who married, he said, a millionaire, living on 5th avenue, New York. She would not recognize him, her scapegoat brother, he was wont to remark. His was a double life such as we read about in novels, and when death came to him at Oceanic, where he had gone to get over the effects of a long debauch, the plot had developed to such a point that it seemed it would require a Dickens to unravel it. This work, however, fell to Lawyer George A. Smythe of Boston, and last Tuesday he saw the end of his labors, matters having been straightened out so that the property will come into the possession of its legal owners.

Business Man a Forger.

William F. Pitstick, one of Mendota's (Ill.) prominent business men, committed suicide in his store by shooting himself through the heart. He had been considered an upright man, but it was found at the coroner's inquest that he had been a forger and a gambler for ten years. In a letter which he left he said he had lately forged a note for \$1,100 which he would soon have to face, and he chose rather to die than go to the penitentiary.

Killed by Her Friend.

At a party at Newcastle, Pa., Emma Lutz playfully pointed a gun which she did not know was loaded, at Miss Leech, with the remark that she had better keep quiet. The weapon was discharged, killing Miss Leech and wounding another girl.

TINTS OF BIRDS' EGGS.

They Often Disappear When Exposed to Strong Sunlight.

The beautiful and delicate colors observed on the eggs of birds are not very fast to light, more especially when they belong to the lighter class of colors, says Nature. Egg collections should be carefully protected from the light by some covering over the case when they are not being inspected; otherwise much of their beauty of tint becomes lost in course of time. It is gratifying to notice that in museums and natural history collections this precaution of protecting egg-cases with covers is now almost universally observed. In many instances some of the finest and most characteristic tints of several eggs disappear on exposure to much sunlight. A common example may be found in the beautiful pale blue of the starling's egg. This, on exposure to sunlight for a few days, loses its clear blueness of tone and becomes purpler, approaching more to the slate tint. Such is also the case with most of the greenish-blue eggs, like those of many sea birds, the common guillemot's, for instance, the beauty of which largely depends on the clear freshness of its blue tints. The writer some time ago made some experiments on the fastness to sunlight of those egg tints. The method employed was a very simple one and may be briefly described as follows: Various birds' eggs were selected for experiment, those having decided and well-marked colors being preferred. These shells were halved lengthwise, care being taken before the operation to divide it so that each half should be as nearly as possible present the same amount of coloring. One-half was kept from the light for future comparison, while the other half was exposed in a glass case to direct sunshine. After various exposures amounting to 100 hours' sunshine each exposed half was then compared with its unexposed counterpart and the changes in hue carefully noted. Little change was visible in the darker color eggs of the olive-brown or chocolate depth, but in the lighter tints, especially among the blues and green-blues, the changes became more marked.

Emerson's Brother.

There are countless stories of men who in gratitude for rescue from direst peril have devoted themselves to what is popularly, and in the special sense, understood as the divine ministry. But who ever heard of anybody abandoning it for exactly that reason? Ralph Waldo Emerson's brother did it; which showed that Emerson's brother was nothing if not original. Emerson himself told the story to his friend, Prof. Max Muller: My brother and I were both meant for the ministry in the Unitarian community. My brother was sent by my father to Germany * * * and after a thorough study of theology was returning to America. On the voyage home the ship was caught in a violent gale, and all hopes of saving it and the lives of the passengers were given up. At that time my brother said his prayers, and made a vow that if his life should be spared he would never preach again, but give up theology altogether, and earn an honest living in some other way. The ship weathered the storm, my brother's life was saved, and, in spite of all entreaties, he kept his vow. Something of the same kind may have influenced me. Anyhow, I "felt that there was better work for me to do than to preach from the pulpit."

From Madhouse to Palace.

This picture represents John Joseph Nouri, who was put in an insane asylum in California five years ago as a slight return for his information about Noah's ark, says the New York World. He claimed to have found the vessel of biblical fame snugly inclosed in ice on the top of Mount Ararat, about 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Nouri had come to America to seek proselytes for the Greek church. His personal title was Chaldean arch-deacon of Babylon and Jerusalem and pontifical delegate-general of Malabar.



JOHN JOSEPH NOURI.

Besides, he was identified as a prince of Chaldea. He was released from the asylum after a year. Now he is king of the Chaldeans, living in opulence and a palace at Tricolium and some people are thinking twice about his ark story.

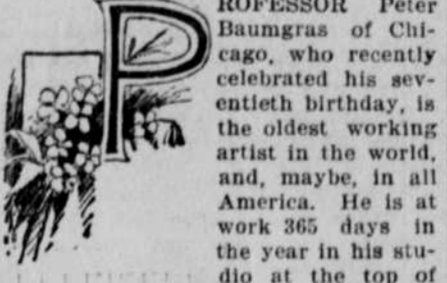
A Costly Tiny Boat.

A jeweler in Turin, Italy, has made a tiny boat of a single pearl. The hull is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a great sloop. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. Its weight is less than an ounce, and it is said to have cost \$5,000.

PAINTER AT SEVENTY

PETER BAUMGRAS OLDEST ARTIST IN THE WORLD.

Works Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Days a Year and Says That He Will Do His Best Work Between Now and His Eightieth Birthday.



PROFESSOR Peter Baumgras of Chicago, who recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, is the oldest working artist in the world, and, maybe, in all America. He is at work 365 days in the year in his studio at the top of the Lakeside building. He is, too, the only painter of shells in the world, and nobody understands the aesthetic side of conchology, if one may so speak, so well as he. He has the finest private collection of shells in the country, and his representations of them in oil colors upon canvas adorn the walls of many art galleries, public and private, east and west. He was born in Bavaria, where his grandfather was the Benvenuto Cellini of the kingdom. Peter, when a boy, attracted the attention of the king by his ability as an artist student, and received \$100 from the royal purse. He studied art in Dusseldorf, and in 1853 he came to the United States. For many years he lived in Washington, and it was in his studio that Franklin Simmons modeled his bust of General Grant. Professor Baumgras at that time painted a portrait of the hero, which is one of the best in existence. The shell painter was personally acquainted with Lincoln; and has many anecdotes to tell of that great man's ways and words. In 1871 Professor Baumgras went to Panama to sketch and study. While there he met Professor Agassiz, and the two became good friends. The aged artist says, youthfully, that he expects to do the best work of his life in the next ten years. He has lived here for twenty years, and has occupied one studio for about twelve years.

HER LUCKY MISTAKE.

Miss Williams' Slip of a Key Saved New Jersey \$40,000.

The very excusable error which Miss Margaret Williams of Trenton, N. J., made in transcribing the election bill and which necessitated the calling of an extra session of the legislature, proves to have been a blessing in disguise, for the state is saved about \$40,000. The error was a very simple one. Miss Williams' nimble and graceful fingers were too quick, and she clicked off the word "provided," instead of pro-



PROF. BAUMGRAS.

A Magnetic Mountain.

In the Arabian tales a story is told about a magnetic mountain, which attracts irresistibly all ships, and, when they come near, extracts every particle of iron from them, even to the nails. Such a mountain exists in reality, although not quite as dangerous in its activity as the one mentioned in the Oriental fairy tale. The island of Bornholm, in the Baltic, belonging to Denmark, consists almost entirely of magnetite, and its magnetic influence is very well known to the navigators of those waters, and also much feared by their ships, but because of its influence on the magnetic needle, which makes the steering of a ship almost impossible. This influence is felt, even at a distance of miles, and, when this island is sighted, all mariners on the Baltic discontinue steering their course by the needle, but turn to well known lighthouses and other helps to direct their course. Between Bornholm and the mainland there is a bank of rock under water, which is very dangerous to navigation; because of it being constantly submerged, vessels have been frequently wrecked at that point. The magnetic influence of that ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle, suspended freely in a boat over the bank, will point down, and, if not disturbed, will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

Thinking It Over.

A St. Louis widow, moderately well off, bluntly refused to give her consent to her twenty-seven-year-old daughter's marriage because she would thereby be deprived of the benefit of the \$40 a month salary as stenographer which the dutiful daughter regularly turned over. The young man was in a quandary until the prospective mother-in-law, with a keen eye to business offered to relent if he would pay her \$25 a month for three years. He is thinking it over.

A VISIT TO TOLSTOI.

Thinks Himself a Poor Christ an Because He Hasn't Given Up All.

The family live handsomely, but as we were not invited, only tolerated, guests we only took off our outside wraps in the ante-room, where a man was in waiting to remove them, leaving our hats on, says the Literary World. We passed upstairs and through a room where a son was playing delightfully on a piano when we went in and bowed to us as we went through. We stood waiting around the room into which we were ushered, when Tolstoi came in in the most cordial manner possible, inquired of Mrs. — about her son, whom he spoke of most flatteringly; was introduced to us all, asking us to be seated, etc., and no one could have been more cordial and agreeable. A daughter afterward came in, and both spoke English with perfect ease. He inquired how we came to be traveling in Russia and when he learned that most of our party were in Berlin to study he said he wondered when foreigners would come to Russia to study. He asked where each of us was from and seemed perfectly familiar with our country. He is a tall man, stooped somewhat, and was dressed as the peasants are—in a blouse with a skirt coming almost to the knees, belted in, and trousers of the same goods, a dark-brown homespun. His long beard is not as white as I expected to see. He has fine eyes and I had good opportunity to study his appearance, as I sat next and he turned to me sometimes. He does not consider himself a good Christian, I understand, because he has not given up everything.

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MISS MARGARET WILLIAMS.

hibited, that was all. Unfortunately, somebody was careless enough to let her hurriedly written copy go without comparison, and when Governor Griggs discovered the error of course Miss Williams had to bear the unpleasant part of it all, when in reality she was not at all to blame. Now, however, comes an hour of congratulation for her. In the new bill providing for the special election to vote upon the constitutional amendments, several registration days were abolished and other changes made to simplify the election and reduce the cost. Senator W. M. Johnson of Bergen county has written



MISS MARGARET WILLIAMS.

Hens Used to Hatch Fish.

Hens are used in China to hatch fish. The spawn is placed in an egg-shell, which hermetically sealed, and the poor deluded hen sits on it with maternal hopes. After a few days the egg-shell is removed, and the spawn, which has been warmed into life, is emptied into a shallow pool.