

Steps to Fortune.

A modest, unassuming young business man, to his great surprise, was recently promoted to a position very much in advance of the one he then occupied.



This is the man who confessed to the outrage by which ex-Governor Stuenberg of Idaho met his death.

Harry Orchard.

secret service man trailed behind. The president, who had been cramped in a car all day, set a pretty lively pace for the lengthy vice president, and before they had gone much more than a mile Mr. Fairbanks was hot, thirsty, and gasping.

Just about then the farmhouse of Frank Thomas hove in sight, and the president set out for it across country.

Thomas was working on a haystack, but he threw down his rake mighty quick when the president introduced himself. Could the vice president and himself have a glass of milk? Thomas is a Republican. They could have all the milk and everything else in the farmhouse.

From Frank's the president and Mr. Fairbanks went over to the farmhouse of David Thomas, where he asked Mrs. Thomas how many children she had.

"Eight," the woman modestly replied. "Ah," he exclaimed, "when I return to Washington I shall have to tell Mrs. Roosevelt that I have found one woman who has a larger family than hers."

The president then dropped in to visit Mrs. Rose Hansen, who could not speak English, and he had to talk German.

Then he dropped in on John Wuchter. That proud old farmer said that if he had only known that Mr. Roosevelt was on his way from his home at Mrs. Wuchter's he would have had Mrs. Wuchter prepare a spring chicken supper. The president said he was mighty sorry to miss that.

REMARKABLE VITALITY OF CAT. Stood Current of 13,200 Electric Volts for Three Weeks.

Philadelphia.—That a cat has nine lives was demonstrated when a black feline was taken out of a brick conduit at the power station of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company, after being subjected for three weeks to a constant shock of 13,200 volts of electricity.

Although 1,000 volts will kill the average man, 13,000 volts and over did not injure the cat more than singeing his ears and feet just a little. During the three weeks he had nothing to eat or drink.

The cat got into the conduit through a small door that had been left open. The mechanism of the conduit is in operation day and night. The other night it was determined to get the animal out. The power was shut off for five hours, the trolley cars being fed from another station until the feline was recovered.

The cat, of course, was very weak, but was quickly revived when given some nourishment.

THE PRESIDENT HAS FUN.

TAKES INFORMAL JAUNT IN COUNTRY WITH FAIRBANKS.

Plays Ball with Boys and Tells Wife of Farmer Thomas Her Buttermilk is Finest He'd Ever Tasted.

Akron, O.—While Vice President Fairbanks sat on a fence and drank buttermilk, President Roosevelt hopped about in Farmer Frank Thomas' backyard, his coat and hat off, and his sleeves rolled up, and batted out balls for the awe-stricken children of the farmer.

Then, when the Thomas boys had almost run their legs off chasing his long drives, the president of the United States climbed up on the fence beside the vice president, said he'd had "a bully time," and joined him in another glass of Farmer Thomas' but-

termilk. And when he handed back the glass President Roosevelt made Mrs. Thomas the proudest woman in the state of Ohio by saying: "That's the best thing I've tasted in years." This isn't a fairy story. It's the positive fact. This is how it happened. After leaving Canton the other day, where he had attended the funeral of Mrs. McKinley, President Roosevelt learned that his train would have to lie over at Akron for four hours before connections could be made for Indianapolis. The president did not relish the prospect of kicking his heels around Akron for four hours and had his private car dropped about two miles outside of the city, where the country roads thereabouts looked cool and inviting.

Then, with Mr. Fairbanks, who anticipated a quiet stroll and nothing more, the president started off along the most alluring of the roads. One

ROBBERY LEADS TO WEALTH.

Prospector Thrown Over Cliff Finds Signs of Gold at Bottom.

Sturgis, S. D.—Arthur Brewer, a young man who came into the Black Hills eight or ten years ago, is in a fair way to become rich as the result of an attempt made to murder him. Recently it has come to light that Brewer was on his way from his home up in the hills west of here to White-wood with several hundred dollars which he intended to deposit in the bank, when he was held up by two masked men heavily armed.

The bandits stepped out in front of Brewer at a lonely spot in the hills and commanded him to throw up his hands. Instead of throwing up his hands Brewer pulled his own revolver and opened fire on the robbers. They returned the fire and Brewer was wounded in the left arm.

The bandits finally overpowered Brewer, took all his money from him and then threw him over a perpendicular cliff down into a canyon with murderous intent. Brewer was rendered unconscious by the fall, but his injuries were not serious and he was soon able to pick himself up and look around.

His practiced eye quickly discovered signs of gold in the canyon and the next day he set diligently to work, with the result that he now has a lead for which he has already been offered several thousand dollars and which bids fair to make him a rich man.

Hypnotist to Reclaim Bums.

New York.—Thirteen candidates matriculated at the Bowery mission the other night, where Dr. G. A. Gayer has organized what he termed a "psychic clinic for the study of the subconscious source." Several pupils endeavored to "sift" the teacher for a nickel, saying they desired to purchase slates and pencils. Dr. Louis Klopsch, a philanthropist and supporter of the mission, has employed Dr. Gayer to test his hypnotic powers in reclaiming gentlemen whose ambrosia appetites have outgrown their salaries. Dr. Gayer will notify the class when he is ready to turn on the current.

Chief Heir to "Silent" Smith.



George Grant Mason, a nephew of James Henry Smith who recently died suddenly in Japan while on a wedding tour around the world, found himself possessed of \$12,000,000 when the will of his uncle was read. Mr. Mason has been following the railroad business since his graduation from Yale in 1888 and for the last two years has been division superintendent of the St. Paul and Aberdeen, S. D.

Nuns as Strikebreakers.

Cuneo, Italy.—When the composers of the Roman Catholic weekly newspaper here struck for higher wages the proprietor, at his wife's end, went to the prioress of the convent. She was a woman of resource and suggested that her nuns should go to

the printing office and do the work. They did. In a few days they had become fairly expert and the paper appeared only one day late. The nuns made one characteristic stipulation, that the money they earned should go to the support of the strikers' families.

AMERICAN CLOCKS ARE DISPLACED.

Consul Says Time Keepers Should Be More Ornamental.

New York.—Ten years ago American clocks were in great demand at this place, but since then there has been a gradual falling off, until now one can hardly find an American clock in the whole city, writes Consul Felix S. S. Johnson of Bergen, Norway. On inquiry I find that the causes for the decline in this trade are many, and these can be remedied by our manufacturers, should they desire to regain the market for their goods in Norway.

First, no care is taken to make the clock ornamental. As a dealer explained to me, the American clock has a plain wooden case with no carvings or ornaments; besides, the dial could be improved. I found on examination that the clocks manufactured in Germany (now controlling the market) have neatly carved cases, with faces of metal, engraved dials and figures.

The works in the American clocks are better than those of the German make. It thus seems that it is the

Feats with a Lash.

Fred Lindsay, of Melbourne, who served through the recent Boer war with the First Victorian Bushmen, was trained on cattle stations in New South Wales and Queensland, and in the search for some means of amusement in the loneliness of camp life

out there, he turned to the 18-inch whip with a 24-foot lash, used in controlling the more or less wild cattle, says the London Daily Mail. Among the feats he performs are the extinguishing of a lighted candle by a flick of the whip; the use of the lash as a lasso in order to trip up a man; the disarming of a person, revolver in hand, and the cutting in half of a cigarette while actually being smoked.

In each case the trick is performed from a distance of 25 feet, and the lash of the whip used is made from 15 strands of tanned kangaroo hide.

Takes His Bride to College.

New York.—Guy D. Haviland, son of the millionaire china manufacturer, has been forgiven by his parents for contracting a secret marriage and will inherit a fortune of \$20,000,000, an originally intended. The youth is still under 21 and it is understood he has agreed to complete his college course, taking his bride of 20 to live with him in luxurious style while they both continue their studies.

So the "diamond" originated in China. We shall expect the Celtic revivalists to riddle that theory. They will be claiming the blarney stone in Peking next.

Wants to Stop Hat Tipping.

Vienna.—Count Johann Harrach, one of the leading Austrian noblemen, is organizing an association to suppress hat doffing as a salutation and substitute a military salute.

A Whole Town Waiting at the Church



Danville, Ill.—Spinsters and bachelor maids of this, "Uncle Joe" Cannon's home town, have joined hands in a common cause.

They want the town bachelors taxed. Furthermore, they want the tax graduated according to age. The older the man, the bigger the tax, demand the unwedded women of Danville.

And, what's more, this is no idle dream; they have drafted their demands in black and white, and it is now before the common council of the town in the form of a proposed ordinance.

Literally, it is a case of pretty much the whole unmarried female population of the town waiting at the church!

In Danville they have a delicate line drawn between spinsters and bachelor maids. A spinster, according to Danville definition, is one who is a maiden because she can't help it. A bachelor maid is a maiden because she wants to be.

But be that as it may, all distinctions have been cast to the winds. Those that can't and those that won't alike demand that bachelors be taxed, and the longer the eligible one remains a bachelor the bigger his tax mounts up, year after year.

There is no anonymity about the thing, either. Old maids and budding debutantes have signed their names in black and white to the petition.

Stirs Up City Officers.

Of course, the petition upset the city officers. A meeting was hurriedly called by Mayor John H. Lewman, City Clerk John Torrance, Fire Chief G. W. Bridges and Councilmen Clarence T. Brittingham, John H. Harrison, Joseph Mies, Samuel Strauss, Michael S. Plant, Dr. C. H. Evans, Clarence Baum and several other prominent citizens attended. Speaker Cannon was invited, but his Washington duties kept him away.

The matter was carefully gone over. The pros and cons were put forward. Married men and bachelors and one divorced man gave their opinions.

"Remember, gentlemen," counseled the mayor, "it is a very serious matter and a very delicate one, which demands our most patient attention. I dread to think what might happen should we take a wrong stand in the premises."

Committee Chosen.

Finally the whole proposition was left to a committee, of which all were to be bachelors and a majority lawyers. This committee of experts was carefully chosen from among the most popular bachelors of the town, in order that everybody might be sure of having a fair show. It consisted of Court Stenographer Harry Brittingham, Circuit Clerk John W. Barger and Attorneys Thomas A. Graham, M. F. Keegan, William H. Dwyer and Ray F. Barnett. After careful consideration they decided to issue a statement to the expectant unmarried members of the gentler sex.

They took the bull by the horns. In a word, they demanded that before action be taken they have the privilege of meeting the petitioners. Here is the bachelors' official reply to the proposition for an ordinance providing for a graduated bachelor tax for the unwedded adult male population of Danville:

"We, the single men of Danville, would like to make the acquaintance of the unmarried women of this community who are so much interested in us. We would like the privilege of petitioning the city council, as a matter of self-defense while awaiting further moves of the enemy, to enact an ordinance taxing these unmarried women of Danville \$50 for each time they turn one of us down, not because we feel aggrieved or wish to get married, but as a matter of protection.

Retaliatory Proposition.

"The above appears to be a fair proposition. If the unmarried women of this city who are behind this movement against our peace of mind are in earnest and have a grain of human sympathy, they will meet our propo-

sitions fairly and squarely. It is up to them to do so, and we don't think they will evade the self-imposed responsibility."

This didn't pour oil upon the troubled waters of Danville's spinsterhood at all.

"There isn't a peg on which to hang a single romance," sneered one elderly maiden, "let alone hundreds of romances. Let's reply to them, girls!"

"Let's!" chorused spinsters and bachelor maids, all in one breath.

And after a week this volley of hot shot was turned loose upon the enemy's camp:

"We have read the reply of the Danville bachelors to our appeal to the city council, in which they make a counter proposition to tax us \$50 for every time we turn them down. We are willing to agree to this provided they will agree that the following proposition is a correct position for us to take:

"Objects" That Are Barred.

"We do not propose to turn down any of them because they are ugly of face, but when one of them comes around to see us, fastened to the end of a big cigar, having not the slightest semblance to a man, and who has the appearance of not being able to support himself, much less a wife—then, out he goes."

"One would think by the comments in relation to this matter that there is such a thing as a matrimonial tree, and all that any girl wanting a husband must do to shake the tree and down comes a helpmeet.

"Laying aside the thought of such a ridiculous proposition, we desire to present the facts. We wish to say frankly that we feel rebellious against the fate that forces us into the commercial world, where we must go of necessity in order that we may earn a living. Not a day passes that we do not feel that nameless longing—a yearning for protection, for shelter, for a good husband's tender care and solace.

"How we hate the noise, bustle and worry of the commercial life! How we hate the competition, the clamor, the drudgery, incumbent upon us who must go through life alone, battling every day against a cold and heartless world in an effort to earn our daily bread!"

"Every finer instinct in us cries out against the coarse, rude life of the business world. Women, and only women, possess warm hearts which have depths and heights of feeling that a man can never hope to understand and which many of our gender are too sensitive to admit."

Thus did the spinster souls of Danville's maidenhood lay themselves bare to all the world. Results have already followed. Bachelors who golfed with other bachelors last year are golfing in mixed foursomes this season. Bachelors who went to dinners and dances and teas during the winter months with no further idea than their fair friends thought of anything more serious than the latest mode in dresses or the daintiest confection in headgear have had their eyes opened.

Within a short time many sweet secrets may be confessed. It is freely predicted that if the social upheaval crystallizes into an ordinance providing for a bachelor tax, the crop of autumn and winter brides will beat all records.

Things have gone so far now that City Clerk John Torrance, dean of Danville bachelorhood, has been threatened with social and political ostracism unless he takes a wife. But he has escaped from both by large majorities, much to the joy of his cronies of the clubs. Now he has come out with what is both a suggestion and a challenge.

"The old maids have taken us by surprise," said he. "We were of the opinion they were all more than satisfied with their condition. In fact, several of the boys have complained that they have been adopted as 'brothers' by our fairest spinsters, in lieu of a

closer alliance. We have bombarded them for years with candy, flowers, theater tickets, dances, moonlight rides and proposals of marriage, but not one of us has succeeded in getting them interested in matrimonial matters. Now that they have confessed a desire to obtain homes and husbands, I don't believe the bachelors will be found slow by any means.

Suggests Club for Girls.

"My experience has shown me that we who have our clubs are more at home in them than in the drawing-rooms of these girls, who have appeared human icicles, notwithstanding our most ardent campaigns. I would suggest that the bachelor girls also form a club, and that their rooms contain a reception or billing and cooling room where their friends can spend a pleasant hour occasionally, becoming acquainted with those who desire to be brides.

"Of course, I don't want you to think we are over-anxious to get married, but on behalf of the bachelors of Danville I will say that there are some of us who will surrender gracefully and gladly if we have the right opportunity. This would be a better plan than to try to bulldoze us by having an ordinance passed taxing us. That would only make us more stubborn."

IRISH HOPEFULNESS.

Sure, Things Are Never so Bad but They Might Be Worse.

The Irishman sees everything through rose colored glasses, says a writer in the Gaidhean. He is supported, too, by a simple, sturdy faith, a spirit of resignation and unworldliness worthy of the saints of old.

The dread blight had fallen on the fields in most of the district where we were visiting in Ireland, and the potato vines hung limp and brown. No word of complaint was spoken, and when the likelihood of famine was mentioned the answer came:

"Danger, ma'am? Yes, there is, indeed, but God is good. He'll find a way."

"What a glorious night, Mikey!" I said to the boy, as he and I and the donkey drove home under the August moon.

"A fine night, indeed, ma'am. Thanks be to God for giving it to us!" They showed us, on the road to town, a gentleman's place where, in a stretch of what no long since had evidently been thickly wooded land, stood stump after stump of giant trees. Four or five years ago, when the winter was exceptionally long and cold, the peasants suffered from scarcity of peat. They begged this landed proprietor to sell them wood, offering not only to pay his price, but to fell the trees and carry them off. He refused.

Again and again they begged, for the suffering grew intense, but he would not let his land be marred. One night there came a wind so frightful that it seemed for a time as if the "big wind" were blowing again. In the morning the highway along this proprietor's domain was impassable. Huge trees, blown to the ground, lay across the road for a distance of two miles, and the forest beauty was a thing of the past. The town authorities ordered the obstruction cleared away, and the peasants got for nothing more than they had been refused for pay.

"'Twas the hand of God in that, ma'am," I was told, "for, with all the wind, not a poor man's cot was harmed, nor another tree on the countryside, only those. God always looks after His poor."

Then There Was a Fight.

"You refuse to fight me?" "Certainly."

"I believe you are a coward."

"Of course you do. Otherwise you never would have mentioned the matter."—Chicago Journal.

LIVING CHEAP IN INDIA.

No Fixed Prices for Food—Pay According to Husband's Wages.

The Indian club is a unique institution; there is nothing like it anywhere else. In a small station it is the one rendezvous for all the men and women in the neighborhood. Punctually at five o'clock, when the sun begins to lose its power, nearly every one moves clubward. The glaring white road, until then occupied only by an occasional bullock bandy with its native driver, suddenly becomes the scene of the utmost animation, dogcarts, carriages, ponies, and bicycle all following one another in the same direction.

Play and chat are at once the order of the day. While some indulge in croquet or badminton, others fill the tennis courts, which are provided with a number of little brown faced boys who run about and pick up the balls. When the light falls, two groups are formed in the compound; the women sit and gossip over their tea drinks, while the men cluster around the peg table. Finally, the club building itself is entered, and cards and billiards are enjoyed under the punkah until it is time to go home and dress for dinner.

Nothing is more striking on one's first visit to the club, says a writer in the Lady, than the extraordinary high spirits one meets on every side. Some say they are forced, others that they are due to the lightness and brightness of the air, but certainly such jokes and laughter are not heard elsewhere. Tragedy may lie underneath, but on the surface all is merriment. Almost every one is young, and all are ready for a little companionship and amusement after the long, hot hours spent in office or bungalow. It is this friendly intercourse with one another which Anglo-Indians miss so much when they first return to England and have to put up with the aloofness of county society or the limitations of suburbs.

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Then, India is the ideal country for visiting. Each visitor arrives at a friend's bungalow with his own servants and ponies. Native servants are responsible for their own meals of curry and rice and curl themselves up in a rug to sleep in any available corner, so they are no trouble in another person's household. The butler, who knows your likes and dislikes better than you do yourself, makes it his special duty to see that no home comforts are lacking, and is always particularly generous with a strange "master's" goods.

If there are many visitors, the array of smart turbaned butlers in the dining-room is most imposing, and the waiting is done as if by magic.

There are certain advantages in living in a country where houses are cheap, servants are cheaper and meat can be bought for 2d a pound. By a curious native arrangement there is no fixed standard of prices for articles of food sold in the bazaar. The membership pays much or little, according to the salary earned by her husband, which is always known to a penny.