

Some Novelties of the Day.

Monument to a Robber.

The Duchess of Beaufort performed the other day the chief part in opening a bazaar for the restoration fund of the parish church of Avening, England.

The church contains some fairly well preserved specimens of early British architecture, but its chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is probably the only church where a highwayman has been honored with a monument.

Lord John Chandos gained his barony and the grant of Sudley Castle by his strenuous support of Queen Mary's claims to the throne. Afterwards, when that ill-advised queen was hauling her subjects to jail and to death as here-



tics, Lord Chandos, though opposed to the executions, had to act as the queen's instrument. His son, Henry Brydges, connived at the escape of a family marked for punishment, and being recognized, he and his servants were forced to lead the lives of outlaws.

At his death his admirers put up the monument to him in Avening church.

Where Air Is Pure.

During the recent scientific expedition to Spitzbergen, under the direction of Professor Nathorst, the bacteriologist of the expedition, made careful examinations of the polar atmosphere to determine the amount of impurities it contained.

In more than ninety different places on Bear Island, Spitzbergen, and King Charles Land, air was filtered and not a single germ was found in it, although over 20,000 liters of air were subject to the test.

Similar investigations were made in regard to the purity of the water, snow, and ice. Even salt water from a depth of 8,000 feet was subjected to the bacteriological test. A few bacteria were found, but they were extremely rare.

An examination of the intestines of different polar animals proved that the animals are almost free from bacteria. Only the polar gulls made an exception. In the intestines of polar bears and seals some bacteria were discovered which resembled the bacteria usually found in human intestines.

A Wooden-Legged Cow.

In an animal's hospital in the East End of London there are to be seen many curious four-footed inmates who are in different stages of convalescence and our illustration is taken from a photo of a valuable cow which recently had one of its four legs amputated. The quadruped is shown with an in-



geniously made leg of wood, which has been affixed in place of the missing member. It was thought at first that the cow would have to be killed, as the injury to its leg was a serious one, but the owner begged that every effort might be made to save its life.

Johnny on the Beaver.

The beaver is an animal with sharp teeth and a tail like a large omelet. It inhabits watery places, and is very fond of its young, of which it usually has several. The beaver is very industrious, and acquires great skill in the use of its tail, with which it plasters its dwellings. The way a beaver operates is as follows: It selects a large tree growing on the banks of a brook or some similar stream, and then it gnaws the tree till it falls across the stream, thus forming a dam. It is not wrong to say dam when you are speak-

FEEDING THE FIGHTERS.

How British Tars Are Supplied with Their Food.

Certain foods are issued to men of the fleet daily, says a London newspaper. But these, apart from being in many cases of insufficient quantity, are also not varied enough to keep the men in good health. "Butter, cheese, milk, jam and fresh vegetables are often conspicuous by their absence. So to make good these very necessary articles the men buy them from the

ing of beavers. We should never indulge in profane swearing if we can avoid it. We should ever remember the lessons we learned at the knee of our dear parents when we were little, but a beaver dam is far different. When my grandfather was a boy he went to school where there was nothing but prairie, and the boys whispered because the teacher could not find any switches and had a boil on his hand. One day the teacher took a dried beaver's tail out of his desk and spanked the whole school with it, and it didn't leave a mark on the beaver's tail, but there never was any more whispering. My grandfather is blind in one eye, but his memory is good. The beaver is becoming very scarce, and you have to go to the Field Museum to see one now.—Johnny.

Child Captain in the Army.

The Kentucky state guard numbers among its members the youngest individual that ever donned shoulder-straps in the United States army or who has been under fire in battle. This person is Capt. Manley Lawton, son of the late Gen. H. W. Lawton, who, although only 13 years old, is the bugler for the first battalion artillery, Kentucky state guard.

At the age of 11 years this boy was on the firing line and under fire. He went to the Philippines with his father and served in various commands until his father's death in December, 1899. Soon after arriving he was assigned to the position of volunteer aide on his father's staff with the rank of captain. He served faithfully and well, going through the entire campaign, taking part in all the expeditions, and enduring the same hardships as the others of the command.

Before starting on that long northern expedition with his father to Luzon, the result of which meant so much, he served for some time as an aide to Gen. Fred Grant while the latter was stationed at Bacor. Of all the relics brought back from the Philippines, says the Philadelphia Inquirer,



CAPT. MANLEY LAWTON.

the most treasured by him are the official papers showing his assignment and promotions while serving in the volunteer army of the United States.

Prophecy of Automobile.

Nahum, the Elkoshite, one of the tersest and most compact of the Old Testament prophets, may have foreseen the era of the automobile. In his memorable utterance, entitled "The Burden of Ninevah," he uses these words: "The chariots rage in the streets; they jostle one against another in the broad ways; the appearance of them is like torches; they run like the lightning." Self-motors in New York's chief thoroughfare meet that description exactly.

Odd Facts Affecting Calendars.

Those persons who have the double advantage of ancient family and careful forefathers, by turning up the calendars—unfortunately, they are not printed ones—for the twelfth century, by Solomon Jarchus, will find the days and dates coincident with the present century. Such persons can save the expense of buying for 100 years. Again those with a frugal mind who have preserved the almanacs of the nineteenth century will avoid an outlay for calendars of the century commencing January 1, 2201, as the dates for the hundred years following will be coincident with those of the last century. But life is scarcely long enough for such economies.

Pistol Used by Booth

The assassination of President McKinley recalled to George Plowman, a theatrical architect of Philadelphia, the murder of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's theater, Washington, D. C., on April 14, 1865. Mr. Plowman is the possessor of the der-

ring, a small vest-pocket revolver, from which Booth fired the fatal shot.

"Several times it has been doubted that the derring which I have is the one with which Lincoln was murdered," said Mr. Plowman, "but there is absolutely no doubt that it is the same weapon. Three or four years after the shooting, while George K. Goodwin and myself were running the Walnut Street theater in Philadelphia, the stage carpenter, who was working at Ford's theater the night of the assassination, put in an appearance at the Walnut Street theater. He informed Mr. Goodwin (they had been friends for many years) in a confidential manner that he had in his possession something that had caused him great anxiety. The carpenter, whose name I do not recall, told Mr. Goodwin in my presence that he had the derring that Booth had used to murder Lincoln.

"The reason he had not said anything about it prior to that time, he said, was because he was afraid of being arrested. The carpenter said he



DERRINGER WITH WHICH LINCOLN WAS SHOT.

picked it up on the stage of Ford's theater after Booth had fled to Virginia. He pocketed the weapon and kept it a secret. He drew up a statement of the occurrence and signed it in our presence. Then he gave the derring to Mr. Goodwin. When Mr. Goodwin died his widow made me a present of the weapon, together with the stage carpenter's signed statement.

Mr. Plowman prizes the weapon very highly, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, and no amount of money could purchase it.

Device for Truing Up Railway Wheels.

A simple device, it is reported, has been put in operation on some of the railroads by which the wheels can be trued up without interfering with their use. It consists of a brake-shoe that contains pockets, filled with grinding material, so that when a wheel becomes flattened, it is only necessary to remove the old shoe and put it in its place, doing the braking as usual, the wheel becoming trued down in the course of a little while.

Aids in Carrying Lantern.

While the invention shown in the cut has been designed principally for the use of railway conductors in examining tickets at night, yet it may be utilized to advantage by persons who must have their hands free for carrying packages or for doing other work.

The arrangement consists of a frame of metal rods, which are hinged together to allow the lantern to be tilted in any desired direction so as to impede the work to the smallest degree. This frame is attached to the arm by two straps, which pass around a curved plate at the rear of the frame.

The straps are of spring metal, having several eyelets for varying the adjustment. With this arrangement in use by the brakeman he will have both



hands free to assist passengers in getting on and off the trains and yet the spring clamps allow the light to be instantly detached for waging a signal.

Versatile Dr. Gittings.

In addition to inventing a new process for manufacturing iron, Dr. Enoch Gittings proposes to displace steam as a motive force, abolish coal and harness the tides. He has also discovered a cure for cancer, and is writing a book on psychic phenomena. It will not be Dr. Gittings' fault if there is nothing doing for the next few years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The King's English.

"They say that King Edward VII. is careful of his speech and often corrects an error in language made by others."

"Well, he is the natural guardian of the King's English, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

As a rule, the saving price is fixed at about two-thirds of an article's value. Salt pork, for example, costs the government 6d a pound, but if they buy it back from the men they give only 4d for it. As showing to what extent food is bought by the men, the report states that the annual turnover of an average battleship's canteen often exceeds £6,000. If sailors had enough and sufficiently varied food allotted them, the "savings" system would soon die out of its own accord.

Ran for Their Lives

Party of Hunters Routed by Mosquitoes.

Two hunters, Thomas Cowles and Jerry Fisher, nearly fell victims to an attack of mosquitoes near Nag's Head, N. C., during the July hot spell. They were in the Sound side hunting jack snipe. Nearby was a herd of wild ponies and half-wild cattle feeding in the marshes. Cowles noticed that the brutes were getting uneasy and commented upon the fact to his companion, who replied laughingly. Cowles kept on watching the animals and suddenly cried out:

"I have it. The wind has changed to the west and we've got to leg it to the ocean!"

Cattle Gave the Alarm.

Cowles had been at Nag's Head before and knew that the west wind would rouse the herds of mosquitoes which lay in the marshes. The two had hardly started for the water, which was a mile away, when the air was seen to get filled all at once with mosquitoes. Now was presented a scene which beggars description. The cattle and the horses, moved by former experiences, turned their faces eastward and neighing and bellowing scurried across the yellow sands. The two men lost no time in following their example. The dog imitated his masters and was close at their heels.

The sands were loose and the feet of men and brutes sank deep with every step. And as they pressed forward the swarms of mosquitoes thickened. The men could scarcely see their way across the beach. They zig-zagged in their course and for a time beat their faces and hands and bodies to drive off the pests, which pierced them painfully. Where one mosquito was driven away half satisfied another took its place, hungry and bloodthirsty.

Then it occurred to both that it was futile to attempt to drive the mosquitoes off. In the ocean alone was safety. Every energy must be bent to this object. Their hands, their faces, their bodies were black with the mosquitoes, which were piled 5, 10, 50 deep upon them. Then guns were cast aside, their cartridge belts were loosened and dropped and their game bags were thrown upon the sands. The heat and the exertion of rushing through the sinking sand covered them with perspiration. They panted as they ran.

The dog was mad with pain. He yelped and howled unceasingly. Ever and anon he would stop in his mad rush and roll over and over. He bit his sides and his bushy tail sank deeper and deeper between his legs. The creature was frightened beyond power of control.

To Ocean for Safety.

The other beasts pressed forward as best they might; but they, too, were overcome by the suddenness and continuousness of the attack. Some ran to and fro, against others or across or between the lines of fugitives. Others

would fall upon their knees for a moment, moaning with pain.

On and on, in the very midst of the frightened beasts the men went. The distance seemed interminable. Their strength began to fail them. The common danger had made men and beasts indifferent to everything else. The latter had forgotten their dread of men; the former gave no heed to the danger of being trampled to death.

The strength of the men was almost exhausted when they reached the ocean and plunged in. Here they remained until the cloud of mosquitoes passed by, and the mosquitoes were fully a half hour in going over. Then the men returned the way of their flight to gather up what had been thrown away and the dumb beasts left the saving waters to go back to their feeding place in the marshes.

To Meet Department Issue.

Unable to compete further with big department stores, thirty of the smaller shopkeepers of Chicago will open an immense establishment, to be conducted on the co-operative plan, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000. The promoter of the scheme is C. F. Gillman, president of the North Side Business Men's association, who fought department stores in the legislature during 1897. He says he has found, as have other retail merchants, that it is of no use to oppose the department stores. The people seem to want them and will trade at them to the exclusion of the smaller merchants. So it has been decided to get into the swim, to fight the others on their own ground, and get a share of trade that way.

An Undisturbed Palace.

The palace of Emperor William I in Berlin has been kept in the condition in which he left it. In the bedroom there is still the simple iron bedstead on which he always slept and on which he died. It is suggestive of his simple tastes in all respects. His economical habits are illustrated by the fact that when, in his old age, the physicians advised him to drink a glass of champagne at lunch, the emperor always had the bottle corked again and the remainder saved for his dinner.

Restore the Death Penalty.

The death penalty for murder has been restored in Colorado and Iowa. In both States the imprisonment-for-life experiment resulted in a largely increased list of homicides. There are now only four States in which the death penalty is not inflicted.—Chicago Post.

The largest salary paid to a woman is drawn by a clever daughter of California, who receives \$10,000 per year as manager of an insurance company.

How Monkeys Hunt.

"Most monkeys have a liking for land crabs, and the beasts when in their natural element in the jungle will often travel for miles to some marshy region in search of a crustacean meal," said a dealer in all sorts of wild animals to a Washington Star writer. "Some years ago, when I was in Singapore trading with the natives for monkeys, I was one day greatly amused to see the artful methods practiced by jocko to trap crabs. The monkey, having located the whereabouts of the crabs, lies flat down on his stomach, feigning death. Presently from the countless passages piercing the mud in every direction thousands of little red and yellow crabs make their appearance, and after suspiciously eyeing for a few minutes the brown fur of the monkey, they slowly and cautiously slide up to him in great glee at the prospect of a big feed off the bones of Master Jocko.

"The latter now peeps through his half-closed eyelids and fixes upon the biggest of the assembled multitude. When the crab comes within reach, out dashes the monkey's arms, and off he scampers into the jungle with a cry of delight, to discuss at leisure his cleverly earned dinner.

"Rarely did the monkeys seem to miss their prey. I saw, however, an old fellow do so, and it was ludicrous in the extreme to see the rage it put him in. Jumping for fully a minute up and down on all fours at the mouth of the hole into which the crab had escaped, he positively howled with vexation. Then he set to work poking the mud about with his fingers at the

entrance to the passage, fruitlessly trying now and again to peep into it."

Encouraging a Smile.

Mrs. Cheeseman, arrayed in her best gown, was sitting for her photograph. "Your expression—pardon me—is a trifle too severe," said the photographer, looking at her over his camera. "Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Wait a moment." He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the headrest, then stood off and inspected the result. "Now, then, ready. Beg pardon, the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post. All ready. One moment again—pardon me, the expression is still too severe. Relax the—" "Jemima!" roared Mr. Cheeseman, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely, "smile, confound you! Smile!"—London Tit-Bits.

King Gave Son a "Bike."

To celebrate the seventh anniversary of the birthday of Prince Edward of York the king gave his son a bicycle. The machine is, of course, very small. The frame has been made of the lightest tubing. The gear is thirty-seven, and it is interesting to note that by the king's express desire the frame has been enamelled in plain black, there being no elaborate decoration in the way of gold lining.

Now doth the aristocratic potato make gooson eyes at the millionaire.

Prof. Huxley's Experience.

It was once remarked by Professor Huxley, after falling into an indiscretion which annoyed him, that when a man says what he has no need to say he is sure to blunder. The truth of the observation will hardly be questioned unless by the very few, if there are any such, who never say more than there is necessity for saying. Most of us acknowledge, if we review our own experience in the matter, that we have frequently erred by saying what we did not mean to say. But why is it that people so persistently commit this mistake? Is the ordinary small talk of the household, or of society, it matters little whether it is committed or not. But when serious matters are in question, whether in conversation, in set speech, or in correspondence, a case

is frequently spoiled by irrelevance or redundancy. To say what you mean to say is comparatively easy; to leave off when you have said it is difficult and for many people impossible. If Huxley's case the fault, which he probably did not often commit, was due neither to want of clear thinking, nor to want of facility in the use of words. One, or the other or both of these causes will explain the inability to "keep to the point" which is usually apparent in the speech and writing of uneducated persons. But often, also the speaker or writer forgets that extraneous considerations, interesting enough to himself, are of no interest to those whom he wishes to convince. If seeing is believing the blind man must be a skeptic.

The Smallest Piece of Real Estate.

The smallest parcel of real estate in New York city is for sale. It is located at the corner of Third avenue and East One Hundred and Forty-ninth street, and the lot is 6x14 inches. A new building is going up on the corner and the people who are erecting it wanted the small lot. They offered \$200 for the lot. Frederick Uhl, the owner, demands \$1,050, and will very likely receive it.

Webster's Slave.

Among the interesting things on view with the collection of books by negro authors at Buffalo is an autograph of Webster, dated March 19, 1847: "I have paid \$120 for the freedom of Paul Jennings. He agrees to work out the same at \$3 a month, to be found with board, clothes and washing, to begin when we return south. His freedom papers I give him. They are recorded in this district." This Jennings was the son of one of President Madison's slaves, his father being an Englishman of family. He became a body servant of Madison, and afterward wrote "A Colored Man's Reminiscences of President Madison."

Cripple's Good Fortune.

The London school board has opened the first of a series of schools for cripples. The children are taken from their homes to school in an ambulance, and afterward taken home by ambulance. The school curriculum includes a substantial midday meal.

The Teacher's Wife.

Clarissa, Minn., Oct. 28th.—Mrs. Clara Keys wife of Charles Keys, school teacher of this place, tells a wonderful story.

For years her life was one of misery. Her back ached all the time; her head ached all the time; neuralgia pains drove her to desperation. She used much medicine, but failed to get any relief till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. She says:

"Very soon after I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills all my aches and pains vanished like the morning dew. I consider this remedy a God-send to suffering womanhood."

Encouraged by their success in her own case, Mrs. Keys induced her mother, an old lady of 74 years, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills for her many aches and pains. Now both mother and daughter rejoice in perfect freedom from illness or suffering which is something neither had enjoyed for years before.

Began in Journalism.

Through the door of Journalism, Marion Crawford has attained the fine position he holds as a novelist. His first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," was published twenty years ago. He now lives a great deal of his time in the United States. He was 47 years old on August 2.

Never Should Have Been Started.

The movement to raise funds to buy Admiral Cervera a loving cup has come to grief. His remarks about America in connection with Mr. McKinley's death did not please the "Cervera Memorial Association," of Sidney, N. Y., and that body has now decided that Cervera is undeserving of a testimonial.

The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

says: "Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability, and highest nutrient characteristics are retained. Their preparations are known the world over and have received the highest endorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer."

Edward's Chum.

One of the greatest of King Edward's favorites among the foreign ambassadors to England is M. de Soveral, the Portuguese ambassador. He is a fine looking man, with black eyes, a huge mustache slightly touched with gray, and is almost entirely bald. His wit is inexhaustible and his knowledge of English perfect.

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is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

Still Mrs. Blackburn.

Mrs. Mary Blackburn, for many years a clerk in the war department at Washington, has resigned to become the bride of Senator-elect Blackburn, of Kentucky. Mrs. Blackburn is the widow of the late Judge H. H. Blackburn of Martinsburg, W. Va., a distant relative of Senator Blackburn.

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