

REAL KANSAS CRANK.

GENERAL HUGH CAMERON IS AN ECCENTRIC BEING.

Lives in the Open and Allows Hair and Beard to Grow—Insists That Ascension Day Should Be Recognized by Federal Law.

(Special Letter.)

POSSESSED of considerable wealth—at least enough to render him independent of all things earthly—General Hugh Cameron of Kansas, widely known as the Kansas hermit, makes his bed on an old barn door in the wild woods near the historic city of Lawrence. He lives in the open air, and when he sleeps has no other roof than the foliage of the trees, through which the stars twinkle as if amused at the eccentricity of the man. He has one pet hobby, which he is urging on congress. He wants Ascension day to become a national holiday by virtue of a law of the supreme legislative body of the land.

General Cameron would be a picturesque figure even if he were not so filled with eccentricities as to attract attention. He is tall, finely formed and straight as an arrow, in spite of his advanced years. His white beard and white hair hang down from a massive head and face, the former reaching below the waist, extending forty inches in length, and the latter descending in a snowy cloud thirty-six inches. He is one of the richest men in the state, but he refuses to live in a house, preferring the freedom of the woods to the confinement of a civilized dwelling. He is a marked man, but clear-headed and well versed in the science and folk lore of this and most other countries. He is not in his dotage, but he clings to any idea he embraces with all the vigor of a man accustomed to pushing things to success.

General Cameron's Ascension day idea has been advanced by him for years. He believes that the day on which Christ returned to heaven after the crucifixion should be set apart by a Christian nation such as America as a day of rejoicing equally if not more significant to the people than July 4, the nation's birthday. He has commenced agitation in favor of this idea, and will work with a singleness of purpose toward its accomplishment until he is called to his fathers, unless success crowns his efforts before that time.

General Cameron erected a pole on Easter day of this year to commemorate the resurrection. Imposing ceremonies were conducted under his direction. The site chosen was a suburb of Lawrence, and the old man, now 70 years of age, caused the pole fifty feet long, to be raised with ceremonies of the most impressive nature. On the top of the pole is a cross symbolical of the crucifixion, and near by a liberty cap, symbolizing true liberty to all. He bent on an American flag to the halcyons, and ran the silken emblem to the top with his own hands. Many of the residents of Lawrence were present, for the old man, while queer in many things, is always interesting.

He is called the Kansas hermit because he himself adopted the title. He saw hard service in the civil war, and was severely wounded. In spite of this fact and his advanced age, he works on his farm early and late. Uncle Sam helps him out to the extent of \$20 a month. Fifteen years ago he threw off the bans of fashion, declaring that he would be perfectly independent—and he has been. Since that time he has neither trimmed nor cut his hair or beard. His hair is three feet long and silken, while his beard has reached the length of three and one-half feet. While working he braids both hair and beard, and tucks them inside his shirt. On his head he wears a close-fitting cap, and over this either a thick winter cap or straw hat.

For years Hermit Cameron has been praying for a fuller acknowledgment, by the people, for the divinity of Jesus Christ. As Easter is the commemoration of the ascension of Christ, he thinks it should be at a fixed date every year, instead of as now, arranged according to the ecclesiastical moon. "Easter is for the rich folks to wear fine clothes," says the old man, "two thirds of the common people—God's chosen people—don't know what Easter

is. This custom is very rare, usually the titles only being read to the senate. The document caused no little comment on all sides and here is the substance of it:

To the Congress of the United States of America: Your petitioner, the undersigned, respectfully asks your honorable bodies to make the 5th of April a national holiday, it being the day on which the "king of the Jews," whom Pontius Pilate caused to be crucified on April 3, A. D. 33, achieved his splendid victory over the grave. The king of the Jews has always been a true friend of the United States of America. He was with Washington and his compatriots during their great struggle for independence, and was also with the union army through the entire war to maintain that independence with union and liberty. Your petitioner has an abiding faith that your honorable bodies will cheerfully grant this request, as well on your own account as that of the multitude of his faithful followers, comprising all the industrious poor people (God's chosen people), many of whom are now prayerfully waiting for the second coming of said king, which, it is claimed, will be to the United States of America. Unquestionably this king has done more to establish and maintain free government on this continent and to make the United States of America a respectable nation than any other king, and so we as individuals and as a nation ought not to be ashamed with



GEN. HUGH CAMERON.

frankness and alacrity to acknowledge that we owe him a debt of gratitude which we will never be able fully to liquidate. For all these and many other obvious reasons the undersigned hopes that your honorable bodies will without delay make resurrection day a national holiday, for which we will continually pray. Respectfully,

HUGH CAMERON.

Camp Ben Harrison, Douglas county, Kan.

After the reading the senate referred it to the committee on judiciary. As will be seen, this resolution, if adopted, would upset the present arrangement of Easter days according to the church festival. Easter is a movable festival. The rule which has been followed in fixing its date each year is that it shall be the first Sunday after the fourteenth day (not the full moon) of the calendar moon, which happens on the next after March 21. The calendar moon is not the moon of the heavens, nor the moon of astronomy, but an imaginary moon for ecclesiastical convenience. Easter may come as early as March 22, or as late as April 25. Last year it occurred on April 14.

NAPOLEON AND EUGENIE.

With Their Child at High Mass—The Archbishop.

I had a card of admission to a seat immediately in front of the altar and close to those occupied by the imperial party, says Blackwood's Magazine. It was interesting, of course, to be able at such close quarters to scrutinize the somewhat sombre countenance of Napoleon III., the delicate features of his beautiful wife and the fair face of the boy on whom so many glowing hopes were fixed—all doomed to be quenched in the dust of death at one desolate spot in far-off Zululand. But it was the venerable archbishop who attracted my attention most strongly, from the subdued gentleness and humility of his aspect, in spite of the gorgeousness of his vestments, rich in crimson velvet, gold embroidery and priceless lace.

The archbishop wore a little red skull-cap over his soft, white hair and the expression of his mild countenance was that of simple, genuine goodness. His complete absorption in the religious service on which he was engaged was quite in accordance with what I had been told of his pure, devoted life and the appearance of the meek, defenseless old man would have led one to believe that he was one of the last persons who could ever become the object of implacable hatred and brutal violence. Yet two years later I stood on the spot where that gentle spirit had at last escaped by the tardy mercy of death from an agony of persecution and torture little known, I believe, beyond the prison walls where the last cruel scene was enacted.

The Star Chamber Lock.

The veritable lock and key of the famous Star Chamber were sold at Christie's rooms, London, recently. The lock is soundly made of brass, and though decorated to a certain extent is plain compared with the key, which is a wonderful piece of fretted steel. The metal is of a beautiful temper, otherwise it seems impossible that the stem should not snap off if there were the slightest hitch in the turning of the lock. On both sides are portrayed crowned heads, presumably of Charles I.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

VOTES AND COMMENT ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Hoyt's Midnight Bell. One of that Comedy-Carpenter's Most Laughable Productions—Stories of Two Players—Some Stage Whispers.



"AMIDNIGHT BELL," is one of the best things Mr. Hoyt has taken at unprotected literature. The human element is sympathetically present and covers much of the Hoyt crudeness and triteness. Hoyt's wakeful faculty of observation is next of kin to creative ability and although nothing particularly inventive is discoverable in any of his literary carpentering, there is that pleasant familiarity and truth to commonplace scenes which are vastly more agreeable to the idle majority than wise disclosures or the vivacious magnet of surprise. Charlie Hoyt never thinks out novel propositions, but he reproduces actual occurrences, real characters and dialogue copied from overheard conversations with a certain degree of appreciation which passes for fine humor. What real people and real incidents have not furnished Mr. Hoyt, he has taken from shelled comedies written by moderately clever story-tellers, and Hoyt's actors flit out the measure of the author's



EMILY JORDAN.

incompleteness, so there is scarcely anything vital to amusement lacking in a Hoyt entertainment.

There must be song and brisk movement and continual ripple of small talk gingersly with harmless slang up to the hour, occasionally a smart paragraph political or sociological, and the photographed human beings colored exactly after living patterns trick listeners into a lively recognition of Hoyt's talents without worrying them about the exact quality of the playwright's work. Nothing on earth is so lifeless as a Hoyt farce once the public is through with it, but there is so little substantial or necessary to one of these literary alarms that so long as the title remains intact and the skeletons of the characters, changes interminable and unnumbered may be made in the farce, so that if the public will have it at all they will accept it jubilantly as something perennially new. And undeniably Charles Hoyt is a shrewd caterer if he is not a creator or a literary giant, and his farces mark an era which, strange to say, they will not live in except by titles. As written things they will sink with the popularity of musical farce, but the fun they have made and the fleeting enjoyment they gave everywhere will be remembered if not perpetuated.

How to Become an Actress.

Emily Jordan, who in private life is Mrs. Carr, was born in London, Eng., June 29, 1872, and came to this country in September, 1886. She located in Jersey City, N. J., where she met Mr. Carr, whom she married in September, 1890. Although her husband was a professional she had no inclination for the stage, nor did she ever attempt to entertain her friends by singing, and in fact she knew but parts of some of the popular ballads of the day. Several years after her marriage, having grown weary of the loneliness of life, consequent upon her husband's professional tours, she resolved to fit herself for stage work that she might be able to be with him. Finding that she possessed a sweet and sympathetic voice she studied the art of singing for about six months with some of the best masters in New York City. She then joined an opera company in which her husband was engaged in order that she might acquire a knowledge of stage deportment and of acting. At the termination of that engagement she played the ingenue role in a farce comedy, after which she joined her husband to present their well known sketch, "A

Farce Comedy Rehearsal." How well she succeeded is apparent to all who have seen their refined comedy creation, to the presentation of which she renders such able assistance.

Story of an Actor.

William S. Clifford, the actor, was born at Urbana, Ohio, Jan. 23, 1869, and first appeared upon the stage in his native city, in January, 1881, with an amateur minstrel company, doing a snare drum specialty. His ability in that line attracted the notice of Manager Hi Henry, who signed him to play the snare drum in the band and work in the big eight song and dance, with his minstrel show, during the season of 1882. During the summers of 1883-84 he traveled with the John Robinson circus, playing the snare drum in the female band. George Fuller Golden and Mr. Clifford formed a partnership for the purpose of playing variety houses, in 1885, and for three years they toured the West and South, Mr. Clifford going with Miles Orion's circus during the summers of 1885-87. When Ringling Brothers made their circus a railroad show, in 1888, he was with the show, closing in the fall to join Sim Williams in an act, in which they appeared through the West during the next two years. He joined Al. G. Field's minstrels for the season of 1890, as a feature of the regimental first part, doing his snare drum specialty. On July 28, 1891, at Buffalo, N. Y., he married Maud Huth, and in September, 1892, first attempted a sketch with his wife, appearing later in the same year at Tony Pastor's theater, then making his first appearance before a New York audience. They visited the principal vari-



WILLIAM S. CLIFFORD.

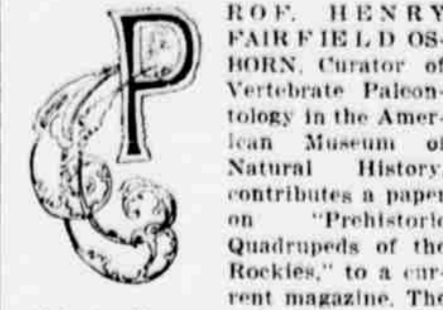
ability as a performer, Mr. Clifford is possessed of keen business instincts, turning his earnings to the best possible advantage, and adopting measures, at all times, to further his interests in the profession. An instance of his enterprise was shown last summer when he rented from Manager Pastor a large bill board, near Union Square, in New York city, maintaining thereon a stand of bills advertising his specialty. He recently purchased a valuable farm near Paterson, N. J., where he spends his leisure, his brother-in-law and his wife's mother maintaining the property during the team's absence upon the road, and also caring for Billy S. Clifford, Jr., who was born Feb. 23, 1895.

Sutton Vane is writing the libretto for a musical play based upon Robert Cromble's story, "A Plunge Into Space."

HUNTING FOSSILS.

PREHISTORIC QUADRUPEDS FROM THE ROCKIES.

Bones of Giant Monsters That Existed Centuries Ago Recovered After Long and Tireless Search—An Exciting Quest.



PROF. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History, contributes a paper on "Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies," to a current magazine. The article is illustrated by drawings by Charles Knight, giving careful reconstructions of these strange beasts. Prof. Osborn says: Before describing the animals themselves, we may stop to note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human skill and endurance. Every one of these pictures is drawn from a complete skeleton hewn out of the solid rock, and each of these skeletons represents years and years of arduous exploration in which Wortman, Hatcher, Peterson and others sent out by the American Museum, by Princeton, or by Yale, have become famous. Our party found the Titanotheres in a broiling alkali canon of South Dakota. Its head was protruding from a hard sandstone cliff, and the chest, limbs, and trunk were chiseled out by the men under a rude shelter which lowered the noon temperature to 106 degrees. They were encouraged to think that the whole beast had been mired in a standing position. This was probably the case originally, but suddenly they came across a fault; it appeared that the hind limbs had been swept away; and it required two years' more searching before bones of an animal of a corresponding size were secured. Every other skeleton has its own story of determination, disappointment, and surprise.

The old lake basins, once on sea-level and enriched by the moist, balmy winds of the Pacific, are now elevated from four to five thousand feet. The only redeeming feature of their present aspect of absolute barrenness is that the absence of vegetation leaves the old graves and burying grounds bare. Fossil bones and skeletons are not plentiful far from it; but a trained eye sees a great distance along the bare gullies, cliffs, and canons, and your daily scramble of fifteen to twenty miles enables you to prospect over a vast stretch. You are off in the morning stiffened by a frosty night. You know by sad experience that the ice in the basins does not promise a cool day. Your backbone is still freezing while the sun begins to broil and blister your skin, and you are the living embodiment of the famous dessert served by the Japanese—a hot crust without an ice within. Your trail begins on the upland, which may be the actual level of the old lake bottom; and as if walking through a graveyard, you never look for bones until the land breaks away by erosion.

When you reach the edge of this upland, you look off into a sea of rock, sometimes wild beyond description, and you plunge down the slope to a certain level. Then you follow this level round and round and in and out. Here you are on a seam which bears fossils. Above and below it are other similar fossiliferous seams, and between them are barren seams where you will not find a bone if you search till doomsday. This level, perhaps, represents the delta of a great mountain river which swept the animals out with coarse sand, pebbles and debris. Sometimes you walk miles and miles, up and down, day after day, and see nothing but common turtle bones, which are so deceptive and tempting at a distance that the fossil hunter profanely kicks them aside. Turtles are found everywhere because they swam out, basked in the sunshine in the mid-lakes, and occasionally sank to the bottom, while the carcasses of land animals were buried in the deltas or nearer shore.

In such fossil-barren land the heat seems twice as torrid, on the buttes your muscles and back ache dourly, your tongue lies parched from the last gulp of alkali water, your soul abhors a fossil, and longs for the green shade of the East, and the watermelon, when, all of a sudden, a little projecting bone strikes your wearied eye. You fall on your knees, and breathe gently on the loose sand; a little scraping, and you see the signs of a skull—perhaps of some missing link. The thrill of discovery spreads like an elixir through your frame, and two or three hours later, after carefully cutting out the prize, you walk vigorously back to camp, every inch a man.

Thus fossil-hunting is a life of vicissitudes and emotions. The fossil-hunter is predestined to his work, like the sportsman. He returns East in the autumn, vowing he will never go back to the Bad Lands; but as the favorable months of spring come round he becomes more and more restless until he is off. The country that is as hot as Hades, watered by stagnant alkali pools, is almost invariably the richest in fossils. Here, in fact, as you find the greatest variety and number of bones, you enjoy the most delightful flights of the scientific imagination; when parched and burned, you conjure before you the glories of these ancient lakes.

Sir Christopher Wren built forty-two churches in London. His greatest work is St. Paul's cathedral.

THOUGHT IT WAS A HORNET.

How a Grocery Clerk's Cure for Cracker Stealing Worked.

A country store is the scene of many curious happenings, says the Philadelphia Times. One of these occurred in a small village in the upper part of Dutchess county. The clerk was a bright, smart, active country lad who was equal to all emergencies. He found that a certain denizen of the place, named "Jake Brown," always found a convenient sitting on the counter in the farther part of the store near the cracker barrel and that when the clerk's eyes were not upon him the old man's position allowed him to pilfer a number of biscuits. The clerk soon grew tired of this and he arranged a good-sized needle with a spring in a hole on the counter under the oilcloth covering, with a long string, which could be pulled at any point in the store. One extremely hot day in June the old man entered the store and took his position as usual on top of the counter near the cracker barrel. The clerk was apparently engaged with a customer, but had his eye on "old Jake," and when he was reaching for the crackers the string was pulled. "Jake" went up in the air, landing on his feet in the middle of the store. He felt for the object of attack, he wearing only overalls. Not being rewarded in his search, he mounted the counter a second time and was about to make another attempt at cracker raising when he felt another thrust which lifted him in the air again. He started for the attic above the store. His prolonged absence caused the clerk to go up to the attic, where he found it as hot as an oven, to see what was going on. He found the old man distracted and nearly disrobed in the middle of the floor, shaking his overalls furiously. The sight was laughable. The clerk asked him what was the matter. He replied: "This morning, while mowing in the meadow, I struck a hornet's nest, and one of the pesky things has crawled up the leg of my overalls and has struck me twice, and I'm hunting for it."

The clerk wore a smile.

Rope for a Tire. A wheelman who happened to be a man of resources had his tire punctured while on the way home from Coney Island a few days ago. He removed the tire, substituted a piece of heavy rope in its place and rode to his home, a distance of about eight miles, without discomfort. The claim of which he is a member is so proud of his performance that it has had the rope framed.—New York World.

The Widow's Melodion. Unscrewing the cover from an old, locked melodion, that the instrument might aid the choir at the funeral of a childless New England widow who died last week, the decedent's relatives came upon \$12,000 in United States bonds stowed away inside.

In the Light of Experience. The Newly Married Man on his first night off, sadly—I wonder what my wife will say when I get home? The Other—When you've been married as long as I have, old man, you'll know beforehand.—Truth.

THE CHURCH MILITANT. The meetings lately held at Fort Dodge, Ia., under the ministrations and preaching of Dr. L. W. Munhall, were a splendid success. It is reported, Bishop Stephen M. Merrill, of the M. E. Church, is prostrated by a stroke which is believed to be paralytic. This is the second attack of a similar nature the Rev. Dr. has lately suffered.

It is said that the Rev. Samuel D. Merrill, now of Rochester, was the first white child born in the territory, now state, of Nebraska, when his father was laboring as a missionary among the Indians.

Reports from the various camp meetings, that have been held all over the country, indicate that this year, whatever may betide in the other affairs of the nation, the open air worship of the living God has been well and fruitfully attended.

The Evangelical Lutheran Church of the United States and Canada held its annual conference at Evansville, Ind., lately. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Rev. John Badring, Milwaukee; vice president, Rev. Peter Brant, Pittsburgh, Pa.; secretary, Prof. John Schaller, New Ulm, Minn.; treasurer, Chris Yansen, Detroit; chaplain, Rev. C. C. Schmidt, St. Louis.

The sum of \$18,000 has been raised for the semi-centennial in honor of the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational church, Brooklyn, and the sum is constantly growing. The special committee hopes to complete the full amount of \$25,000 by November 19, when it is proposed to celebrate the semi-centennial of Dr. Storrs' pastorate in the Church of the Pilgrims by special services in the church, and in all probability a great mass meeting in the Academy of Music.

An immense crowd of people participated in the twenty-sixth annual Methodist camp meeting at Pitman Grove, N. J., under the charge of Rev. D. B. Harris. The closing days of the last week were marked by the prostration of Rev. Dr. S. M. Vernon, who was overcome while delivering a sermon. The speaker had been discoursing for about a half hour when his auditors were startled by seeing a pallor spread over his face. Evangelist Boswell, detecting his condition, supported him to a chair and he was afterward removed from the platform, and, after a quiet rest in the ministerial room, he revived.



CAMP BEN HARRISON.

It is the church-going people only who know its real significance." He announces that he feels convinced that April 5 is the true date of the resurrection. He prepared a petition to congress, which is remarkable as petitions go. Unable to get either Senator Baker or Congressman Curtis to present it to congress, he sent it to Senator Pfeffer, and that gentleman presented it to the senate a short time ago. A full reading was demanded by the curious senators. It was read in