

SPECIES OF REDWOOD.

A SECTION OF ONE OF THE GIANT CALIFORNIA TREES.

Was One of the Most Wonderful Exhibits at the Chicago Exposition, and is Now One of the Curiosities at the National Capital.



PRIOR to the opening of the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago in the fall of 1893, the government decided to place on exhibition one of the mammoth trees of California. The idea originated with the Hon. H. A. Taylor of Wisconsin, then United States commissioner of railroads and the representative of the interior department on the board of management of government exhibits. The officials in charge of the Yosemite and Sequoia National parks of California, were instructed by the war department, which supervises the parks, to make an exhibition of the location of the various trees and give an estimate of the cost of securing one of the monsters for exhibition. The task seemed impossible, for the first step, to fell one of the trees, is the work of five men for a month with pumps, augers, wedges and other accoutrements necessary to do the work. Several of the trees were measured, photographs taken and the report made stating the possibility of the proposed plan. The size of the trees was not the only difficulty that confronted the men but the location and access was also to be considered.

There are eight or nine groves of these denizens of the forest, averaging one-half mile in length and one-eighth mile in width, situated in a mountain country several thousand feet above the sea-level and seventy-four miles from Stockton. The most famous of these are the Calaveras and Mariposa



SECTION OF THE "GENERAL NOBLE."

groves. Many of the specimens easy of access were found to have been damaged by fire, wind, or lightning, while others, though in a favorable location, were not regular in form, but partly decayed at the base, or bulging so as to spoil their symmetry. After a careful inspection the "General Noble," named in honor of the late secretary of the interior department, who was deeply interested in protecting the forests and upon whose recommendation Sequoia National park was made, was selected. This tree was much smaller than others in the grove (the "Father of the Forest," now prostrate on the ground, was 435 feet high and 110 feet in circumference) but was chosen on account of its soundness and symmetry. After a selection had been made it was with difficulty that any one could be found willing to undertake the job of cutting, hauling and shipping eastward the desired section of the large tree. After numerous methods and plans had been submitted a contract was made with the Kinz's River Lumber company, a branch of the Moore & Smith Lumber company of San Francisco. The section to be transported was subdivided into forty-six smaller sections, some of these pieces weighing over four tons each. It had to be hauled with teams of sixteen mules each on strong trucks built especially for the purpose, a distance of sixty miles over the rough mountain roads. The cost of hauling and delivering on the cars was \$7,500. It took eleven freight cars to transport the forty-six pieces to Chicago, and the total cost of installing the sections on the Exposition grounds was \$10,475.87. After the close of the World's Fair and the exhibits were being removed to their permanent locations this section of the big tree, which was taken from the trunk twenty feet above the ground, was shipped to Washington and placed in the Smithsonian grounds a few yards from the agricultural department, where it stands as one of the many curiosities of the nation's capital.

The "General Noble," from which this section was cut, was 300 feet high, twenty-six feet in diameter and eighty-one and one-half feet in circumference. Its bark is over eight inches thick, and the tree is supposed to be over a thousand years old. The foliage of these trees resembles the cedar, the wood is very heavy when green and will quickly sink in water, but when seasoned it is light as dry cedar and polishes nicely. No such specimens are found elsewhere in the world, nor are they surpassed in majesty and grandeur by any of the multitudinous marvels of nature. They were discovered by Mr. A. T. Boyd, a hunter, in 1852, and at once were the talk of the scientific men, and journals of both continents. The genus, a species of redwood, was named in honor of Sequoia, a Cherokee Indian, whose American name was George Guess. They are cinnamon colored and the bark is smooth, porous and light. Some of the few representative specimens now in existence are named:

Hercules, Hermit, Old Bachelor, Old Maid, Siamese Twins, Uncle Tom's Cabin and Mother of the Forest. They are not reproductive as no sprouts spring from the roots, therefore the government has, at this late day, prohibited cutting them, thereby leaving to the merciful hand of Nature the final destruction of these giants of the forest.

**Bunyan's Escapes.**  
Bunyan had some providential escapes during his early life. Once he fell into a creek of the sea, once out of a boat into the river Ouse, near Bedford, and each time he was narrowly saved from drowning. One day an adder crossed his path. He stunned it with a stick, then forced open its mouth with a stick and plucked out the tongue, which he supposed to be the sting, with his fingers, "by which act," he says, "had not God been merciful unto me, I might, by my desperation, have brought myself to an end." If this, indeed, were an adder, and not a harmless snake, his escape from the fangs was more remarkable than he himself was aware of. A circumstance, which was likely to impress him more deeply occurred in the eighteenth year of his age, when, being a soldier in the Parliament's army, he was drawn out to go to the siege of Leicester, in 1645. One of the same company wished to go in his stead; Bunyan consented to exchange with him, and this volunteer substitute, standing sentinel one day at the siege, was shot through the head with a musket ball. "This risk," Sir Walter Scott observes, "was one somewhat resembling the escape of Sir Roger de Coverley, in an action at Worcester, who was saved from the slaughter of that action by having been absent from the field."

**Whipped on Suspicion.**  
An American woman in Spain tells this story in the Independent: "Burgate is near one of the mountain passes leading into France, and from its situation is liable to visits from various orders of tramps anxious to avoid the custom houses along the regular route. One of these gentry happening to pass through the village the day a certain theft had been reported, was arrested on suspicion and whipped severely to force a confession. As nothing but a denial could be wrung from him another vagrant was arrested and subjected to the same treatment, with the same result. It was eventually discovered that a small boy, hidden behind the church tower, had been the culprit. There was no redress for the men, they expected none, and would have been incredulous if told they were entitled to any. Amazed at the indifference with which this act of tyranny was received, I expressed my own indignation. 'What would you?' was the reply, with a gesture intended to throw the responsibility of the act upon the world at large. 'They are worthless fellows; doubtless they have done other evil deeds if not this one.'

**MARGARET E. SANGSTER.**  
At the recent celebration of Brooklyn day at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, editor of Harper's Bazar, an honored resident of Brooklyn, delivered the poem of the occasion at the special exercises in the Woman's building. This lady is identified with several volumes of graceful and deep hearted poetry: "On the Road Home," "Little Knights and Ladies," and "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers." She has long been a prominent worker in the woman's movement for higher culture and freer opportunities, and yet has always staunchly opposed those extremes of opinion and practice which would rob women of their own particular birthright of femininity. In the pages of Harper's Bazar she has recently opened a department devoted to women's clubs; and her visit to the south will afford an opportunity of renewing her



MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

old acquaintances and securing new ones, and thus draw herself and all the leaders of higher culture into closer and more practical relation. She will extend her trip to Louisville, in order to be present at a drawing room meeting; to Lynchburg, where the object of her visit is social; and to Knoxville, where she will be the guest of the city at the forthcoming carnival.

**Working Under Difficulties.**  
It is extraordinary what some men can accomplish in spite of ill-fortune. Verestchagin had his right thumb so badly bitten by a leopard some years ago, that it had to be amputated. On the field of battle the middle finger of his right hand was made useless by a shot. By a fall on the Steppes later, the center bones of the same hand were shattered. Nevertheless Verestchagin is one of the foremost painters in Russia, and makes as dexterous use of his right hand, lamed as it is, as any man in Europe.

"MAUDIE AND I."



WO years or more back young Andrew Wilson might have been noticed with an astonished, half-scared expression on his face; some friends—of being a good fellow, he had many, ascribed it to hopeless love; others, of more material views, to simply feeling off his feed. Both were equally in error.

He had already given promise as a recruit to the first ranks of the literati. Perhaps his "leading line," as he himself termed it, lay in the dramatic social sketches of the interesting menage a trois order. In fact, so hard did he labor that a month's rest and country air were the imperative orders of his doctor.

Andrew reluctantly consented to the country air, and, with a mental reservation on the part of his beloved social studies (as he had the audacity to call them), to the month's rest. In due time he found himself settled in the best parlor of an old-time farmhouse. The household consisted of the farmer, stout and jovial, his wife, a shrewd, quick, good-natured little body, and their daughter, a quiet girl with beautiful blue eyes.

One afternoon in the second week it was brought suddenly to young Wilson's mind that these great brown eyes betrayed a peculiar gleam when they rested on his own august person. The girl had an extremely retiring disposition, of which it was difficult to form definite views, but he determined to mark her henceforth more closely.

When, later, she entered the parlor, he chanced to be dozing on a sofa by the window, with the strong afternoon sun on his face. She bent forward to lower the blind. Her hands hovered over his hair, her white blouse rustled against him, and when she stepped away, though no word had been spoken, two red spots burned on her usually pallid cheeks.

"By Jove! that girl is certainly gone on me," he said when alone; and he prided himself on his discovery with the pride of a man who did that kind of thing for a living—though it is probable any ordinary fool would have made it days before.

It must be understood that Andrew Wilson was a thoroughly honorable man; flirtation, mild or otherwise, was not in his way. He had always



**IN THE OLD MILL POND.**  
been too engrossed in writing his splay, social tales to pay much attention to mere flesh and blood. Besides, he was a very shy fellow, and scarcely knew how to conduct a concrete affair of this sort—except on paper.

Yet he was far from being displeased; and in the next few days, while keeping his own actions down to the severely commonplace, managed to absorb a good many mental impressions; the drooping of her eyes, her speech—disdainful, anxious, moody in its variety—the lingering touch of her hands, and so forth, all stored as future "copy" for the good of Andrew Wilson and his generation.

Then the idea of some immediate sketches done from life entered his head; he called them "Maudie and I"; they were piquant little snapshots of various fictitious pleasantries, flirtations and general carryings-on between that very charming, witty, and imaginary young lady, Maudie, and himself. At this period he certainly opened out a little with the brown-eyed girl; yet there passed absolutely nothing, in deed or speech, to which Exeter Hall Meeting might not have listened unstartled.

Still, innocent as the relation was, it supplied the foundation of his first de siccis "Maudie" yarns, but written up a hundredfold with all the cunning of the old dramatic style. And undoubtedly there was good work in "Maudie." After the real girl and himself had been for an evening stroll he used to sit down and "do" a "Maudie" sketch right away, so that lively young lady had actually a ground layer of human nature in her, which no doubt was the cause of the favor she excited.

Andrew Wilson's stay was lengthened out considerably. He had wished before leaving to close his "Maudie" things with a farewell sketch, his fictitious Maudie was not a marrying person, and it would be unsatisfactory to leave the man still fluttering after her.

But here he found himself at a standstill; a recreation, even in story, has something inevitably mournful about it, and mournfulness had not hitherto characterized the series. All one morning he gnawed his pen in vain; the fantastic airiness he wished for would not be enclosed from his ink pot.

Then he decided to wait and see how the living she and himself parted; not that he expected anything—the affair had not been serious enough, thank

goodness; nevertheless, he might pick up a wrinkle or two as before.

Even his last benevolent intention was frustrated. "Positively stupid! I think she might have disguised, or at least attempted to disguise, her complete indifference," grumbled Andrew to himself in the train afterward, without knowing why he was irritated.

These feelings possessed him until next day he saw recorded the death of the girl with the brown eyes; she had drowned herself in the old mill pool beside which they had so often sat.

Andrew Wilson was not used to this sort of thing; he did not understand it, and that was why two years ago he went for a short time with a seared expression on his face. Also, he dropped his favorite menage a trois themes—for a while.

REWRITING THE BIBLE.

The Stupendous Task Being Undertaken by an Englishman.

Because the bible in its present form is not as lucid as it might be to him, an English enthusiast has determined to rewrite it. All the Greek and Hebrew idioms and names in the two testaments will be replaced with pure English words and names. The person who has undertaken this stupendous task is Howard Swan of Howard house, Arundel street, London, W. C. He thinks after the bible has been transformed and rewritten it will be more beautiful and instructive, and more widely read. In regard to the work he has commenced he said recently: "I expect that the rewritten version will give enormous stimulus to spiritual energy throughout the land. It may take a little time to become popular, but I believe there are thousands and thousands who only require to be shown the proper road. My version of the bible will, I hope, point the way. What I propose is to produce quite a different effect by the employment of pure English, and I am convinced that a reunion of the higher thought of the various religions will be attained by the reduction of all foreign idioms to English. In my version the book of Job will be headed 'Afflicted,' and Isaiah will be known as 'The Spirit is Safe.' I need hardly tell you that I have been moved to undertake the work by very serious considerations, considerations which involve deep and important theological problems. But into the philosophical basis of my argument in favor of a bible in a new and, as I venture to think, improved form, it is not necessary to go. And yet there is no reason why anything should be withheld, for these very questions of religion at which I am now hinting will be in the mouth of everybody before another year has gone. The effect upon international questions will be of immense importance. Now, as to my work on the bible, it is simply this. The bible at present is written in three languages—English words, Greek idioms, Hebrew proper names. What I propose to do is rewrite it in pure English idiom, which shall be as vigorous in expression as the original, and shall at the same time have deeper and more lasting effect upon the minds of those who read it. Then there are the Hebrew names. How many people do you suppose understand the meaning of these names? Do you know what Barabbas means? You don't. Perhaps you can tell me what Ezekiel signifies? You can't. There are lots of others in the same fix."

THE CARD PARTY.

It Degrades Women and Brings Out Their Worst Traits.

The card party as a breeder of every and all uncharitableness is as potent a factor as the church fair, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. The average woman of intelligence and common sense will scorn to fill her home with cheap trumpery, imitation bronze and cheaply painted china; but let some inspired hostess offer the least beautiful of ornaments as prizes and every woman will play as if her soul were at stake. She will keep silence—a frowning, ominous silence—for three hours at a stretch, playing all the while. She will set her nerves on edge watching her partner's play and strain her eyes trying to see her neighbor's hand. And when the worst comes to the worst she will throw caution and honesty to the winds and cheat and fib and, if necessary, fight—all for that prize! This is the downfall of the skillful player. The envy and hatred of the bad player are caused by her inability to get even a respectable number of gold and red stars on her tally card. She does not know how to make the most of a good hand or the best of a bad hand, and she becomes finally that unenviable species of flora, the "card party wallflower." No one wants to be her partner, and good players even dislike to play against her. She becomes a most unhappy bore. For this type of card lover only one remedy. She must learn. Out of her—the bad card player—need has grown a new vocation, that of "card instructor to women of good society." The instructor undertakes to teach whilst in so many lessons, euchre in so many, and all the other games and the various ways in which they are played. The social and domestic, as well as the scientific value of the art of playing cards well, should be impressed upon the flighty woman who pins her hopes and ambitions on a "prize." Some husbands like cards at home, as well as at the club, and it is always better to know than not to know how to play games which may at some time help to enliven a dull evening or a rainy day.

YELLOWSTONE PARK BEARS.

Col. Young, acting superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, reports that coyotes and black bears have multiplied so rapidly in the park, under the protection afforded them against hunters, that they have become a source of annoyance. He advises that some of the coyotes be killed, and that specimens of the bears be captured and presented to zoological museums.

ENGLISH BISHOPS.

Eton is responsible for 14 of the present English bishops; and Winchester comes next with 8. Seven were educated at Rugby, 6 at Harrow, 5 at Merchant Taylors, and the same number at St. Paul's; while Marlborough, where the sons of many of the clergy are educated, turned out 4 bishops. The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Colchester were both formerly in the army.

BONES OF A MASTODON.

The bones of a prehistoric monster have been discovered on a large farm about a mile south of Batavia. While Philip and George Baker, dairymen, were digging a grave for a dead horse, at a depth of about three feet the shovel struck an obstruction, which, on being pried up with a rail, was broken. It turned out to be an ivory tusk in a splendid state of preservation. A portion of the tusk is of the consistency of chalk. One end of it, however, was not injured, and was of solid ivory. It is five feet in length, and about five inches in diameter at the widest end, and at the point about two and a half inches. A portion of a rib, about 36 inches long, was also found. Dr. E. E. Snow, who has traveled extensively in Africa, pronounced the tusk that of a mastodon.—Scientific American.

ROBBERS BIG HUNT.

The home of Francis H. Scott, president of the Century Magazine company, in Orange, N. J., was entered by thieves the other night and articles of wearing apparel and household goods amounting to \$10,000 in value were carried off. The police arrested three persons in connection with the crime, and have recovered most of the property. One of them is a woman, Mary Rogers, alias "Chicago May," and when the detectives broke into her room two revolvers were lying on the bed. She tried to pass them to the men, but was overpowered before she could cause any bloodshed. One of the men is Cyrus Hyland, a Westerner, and reputed husband of "Chicago May." The third person is George Bennett, alias "the New York Kid," an associate of two criminals who are now in the Indiana state prison for robbing in the house of General Harrison.

FOOTPADS KILL AN AGED "NEWSIE."

Footpads in Chicago last Sunday morning "held up" Frank Brunstein, a newspaper carrier, 60 years old, and after struggling with him for a few pennies and nickels, amounting to \$1.80, shot the old man and made their escape. Brunstein died shortly afterwards.

BIG GAME PLentiful.

Beaver, Moose and Caribou Numerous at the Upper Ottawa's Sources.

From the New York Sun: An Indian missionary, Rev. Father Laniel of the Oblat order, has recently returned to civilization from the longest trip yet made by any of his order to minister to the aboriginal inhabitants of the wild and little known country watered from the sources of the upper Ottawa river. From the outer confines of civilization at Mattawa the missionary traveled no less than 800 miles through this rough north country, the greater part of his journey being made in a birch bark canoe. He passed by the headwaters of the Gatineau, the Deserit, the Coulogne, the Damaio and Lake Keopewa, visiting also the Indians of the posts of Barriere, Grand Lake Victoria and Grassby lake. At Barriere the missionary found 150 Indians congregated to trade with the factor of the Hudson Bay Company. Their method of bartering with the company is quite ingenious. For the first day or two after their appearance at the post they say nothing of their hunt and make no offer to sell anything to the factor. Finally their discretion is overcome by their want of tobacco or flour or trinkets, and they cautiously advance with a few skins, which they dispose of for the means of supplying their immediate wants. To all inquiries they reply that the hunt has been a poor one, and that they have secured but few trophies of their chase. Gradually more and more peltries are produced, and soon the entire season's hunt is disposed of, immediate use being made of the goods obtained in exchange, with no regard for future necessities. Nominally, these Indians are Christians, but practically they live in the grossest immorality. Father Laniel in his last trip persuaded five couples to pass through the ceremony of matrimony, and other missionaries testify to the difficulty which they experience in preventing polygamy and in inducing some of the leading men of the tribe to put aside their superfluous wives. These Indians are exceedingly superstitious, and the killing of a bear is the occasion of a remarkable festival among them. The bear's head is placed upon a pole with a piece of tobacco in the mouth. While some contend that this is simply to show other Indians that bears have been found there, or to keep the skull beyond the reach of dogs, others say that it is to honor the animal and propitiate the spirit of its kind. At times many bears' skulls may be seen upon the same pole. Occasionally the skulls of beavers are treated thus. But this season beavers have been exceedingly rare, and but few have been killed, and now the animal is to be protected by law until 1900.

NOTED FORGER IS CAUGHT.

J. H. Morris Placed Under Arrest at Shelbyville, Mo.

J. H. Morris, wanted in Chicago and several other cities on charges of forgery, kidnapping, and breaking jail, was arrested recently by the police of Shelbyville, Mo. For the last four months officers have been searching for Morris and Miss Fanny Rutherford of Minneapolis, who, it is claimed, was kidnapped from her home and kept in concealment by the alleged forger. Jailer John L. Whitman of Chicago has also been on the lookout for Morris, he having escaped from the county jail over a year ago. The police received a tip last May from Miss Rutherford's mother that Morris and her daughter were in Chicago and had been seen here by persons acquainted with the young woman. Officer Allen Ames of the Cottage Grove avenue police spent a month running down Mrs. Rutherford's clues and learned that the couple had left Chicago and were somewhere in the West.

Circulars containing the pictures of Morris and Miss Rutherford and offering a reward for their apprehension were sent broadcast all over the West, and the arrest of the couple in Shelbyville resulted. Morris will not be brought to Chicago, but will be taken to Memphis, Tenn., where he will have to face a dozen charges of forgery. While an inmate of the Memphis jail Morris escaped, and a large reward was offered by the Memphis authorities for his apprehension. Miss Rutherford was with him at the time of his arrest and was detained in Shelbyville to await the arrival of an officer from Minneapolis, who will return her to her home.

Miss Rutherford was the daughter of Captain George Rutherford, who recently died, and comes from one of the leading families of that city. She is an heiress. The young woman is broken down in health. She tells a long story of her wanderings with Morris, but denies that she was kidnapped. She first met him last winter on a river steamer while she and her mother were spending the season in the South. Morris represented himself as a wealthy planter, and last April he appeared in Minneapolis, and induced her to go to Geneva Lake, Wis., with him. She soon learned the true character of the man, but feared to run away from him. From Geneva Lake the couple came to Chicago and stayed for two months. Morris learned that the police were searching for him and with Miss Rutherford fled to San Francisco. They staid in San Francisco until a cousin of Miss Rutherford's met her on the street with Morris and notified the Minneapolis police. It was then learned by the police that the couple had left for Kansas City. The Chicago police circulated were sent all over Missouri, and from them the Shelbyville police recognized Morris and arrested him and Miss Rutherford. Morris had half a dozen aliases. He was known in Chicago as Morse, Thurman and Tuttle. While imprisoned in the Cook county jail he impersonated an attorney and escaped. He had been an inmate of the jail several times, and at the time of his escape was under a dozen indictments for forgery.

NOTED FORGER IS CAUGHT.

J. H. Morris Placed Under Arrest at Shelbyville, Mo.

J. H. Morris, wanted in Chicago and several other cities on charges of forgery, kidnapping, and breaking jail, was arrested recently by the police of Shelbyville, Mo. For the last four months officers have been searching for Morris and Miss Fanny Rutherford of Minneapolis, who, it is claimed, was kidnapped from her home and kept in concealment by the alleged forger. Jailer John L. Whitman of Chicago has also been on the lookout for Morris, he having escaped from the county jail over a year ago. The police received a tip last May from Miss Rutherford's mother that Morris and her daughter were in Chicago and had been seen here by persons acquainted with the young woman. Officer Allen Ames of the Cottage Grove avenue police spent a month running down Mrs. Rutherford's clues and learned that the couple had left Chicago and were somewhere in the West.

Circulars containing the pictures of Morris and Miss Rutherford and offering a reward for their apprehension were sent broadcast all over the West, and the arrest of the couple in Shelbyville resulted. Morris will not be brought to Chicago, but will be taken to Memphis, Tenn., where he will have to face a dozen charges of forgery. While an inmate of the Memphis jail Morris escaped, and a large reward was offered by the Memphis authorities for his apprehension. Miss Rutherford was with him at the time of his arrest and was detained in Shelbyville to await the arrival of an officer from Minneapolis, who will return her to her home.

Miss Rutherford was the daughter of Captain George Rutherford, who recently died, and comes from one of the leading families of that city. She is an heiress. The young woman is broken down in health. She tells a long story of her wanderings with Morris, but denies that she was kidnapped. She first met him last winter on a river steamer while she and her mother were spending the season in the South. Morris represented himself as a wealthy planter, and last April he appeared in Minneapolis, and induced her to go to Geneva Lake, Wis., with him. She soon learned the true character of the man, but feared to run away from him. From Geneva Lake the couple came to Chicago and stayed for two months. Morris learned that the police were searching for him and with Miss Rutherford fled to San Francisco. They staid in San Francisco until a cousin of Miss Rutherford's met her on the street with Morris and notified the Minneapolis police. It was then learned by the police that the couple had left for Kansas City. The Chicago police circulated were sent all over Missouri, and from them the Shelbyville police recognized Morris and arrested him and Miss Rutherford. Morris had half a dozen aliases. He was known in Chicago as Morse, Thurman and Tuttle. While imprisoned in the Cook county jail he impersonated an attorney and escaped. He had been an inmate of the jail several times, and at the time of his escape was under a dozen indictments for forgery.



J. H. MORRIS.

sapped. She first met him last winter on a river steamer while she and her mother were spending the season in the South. Morris represented himself as a wealthy planter, and last April he appeared in Minneapolis, and induced her to go to Geneva Lake, Wis., with him. She soon learned the true character of the man, but feared to run away from him. From Geneva Lake the couple came to Chicago and stayed for two months. Morris learned that the police were searching for him and with Miss Rutherford fled to San Francisco. They staid in San Francisco until a cousin of Miss Rutherford's met her on the street with Morris and notified the Minneapolis police. It was then learned by the police that the couple had left for Kansas City. The Chicago police circulated were sent all over Missouri, and from them the Shelbyville police recognized Morris and arrested him and Miss Rutherford. Morris had half a dozen aliases. He was known in Chicago as Morse, Thurman and Tuttle. While imprisoned in the Cook county jail he impersonated an attorney and escaped. He had been an inmate of the jail several times, and at the time of his escape was under a dozen indictments for forgery.

BONES OF A MASTODON.

The bones of a prehistoric monster have been discovered on a large farm about a mile south of Batavia. While Philip and George Baker, dairymen, were digging a grave for a dead horse, at a depth of about three feet the shovel struck an obstruction, which, on being pried up with a rail, was broken. It turned out to be an ivory tusk in a splendid state of preservation. A portion of the tusk is of the consistency of chalk. One end of it, however, was not injured, and was of solid ivory. It is five feet in length, and about five inches in diameter at the widest end, and at the point about two and a half inches. A portion of a rib, about 36 inches long, was also found. Dr. E. E. Snow, who has traveled extensively in Africa, pronounced the tusk that of a mastodon.—Scientific American.

ROBBERS BIG HUNT.

The home of Francis H. Scott, president of the Century Magazine company, in Orange, N. J., was entered by thieves the other night and articles of wearing apparel and household goods amounting to \$10,000 in value were carried off. The police arrested three persons in connection with the crime, and have recovered most of the property. One of them is a woman, Mary Rogers, alias "Chicago May," and when the detectives broke into her room two revolvers were lying on the bed. She tried to pass them to the men, but was overpowered before she could cause any bloodshed. One of the men is Cyrus Hyland, a Westerner, and reputed husband of "Chicago May." The third person is George Bennett, alias "the New York Kid," an associate of two criminals who are now in the Indiana state prison for robbing in the house of General Harrison.

FOOTPADS KILL AN AGED "NEWSIE."

Footpads in Chicago last Sunday morning "held up" Frank Brunstein, a newspaper carrier, 60 years old, and after struggling with him for a few pennies and nickels, amounting to \$1.80, shot the old man and made their escape. Brunstein died shortly afterwards.