IS ON THE WARPATH.

AND WANTS THE BLOOD OF THE SHOWMEN.

Left Stranded Hundreds of Miles from the Reservation—He Was Wanted as an Attraction for the Paris Exposition.

"Prince" Sitting Bull, son of the great Sioux chief, is on the war path. He wants the blood of a Frenchman who offered to take him to the Paris exposition as a star attraction. Now the Frenchman has disappeared and the chief is left stranded in Seattle, miles away from the reservation of the tribe in North Dakota. The young Sitting Bull is a splendid fellow phys-

"PRINCE" SITTING BULL.

ically. He is two inches over six feet in height and is tremendously strong. Incidentally he shows that several years at a government school have done him little good He was glad to escape after five years at Philadelphia to the wilds of the reservation. Life in Philadelphia, he declares, was too slow for him. It is not the education and the civilization of the Indian which has made further savage outbreaks improbable, according to "Prince" Sitting Bull. It is only the small number of the Indians and the fact that they are fast dying out which keeps them from taking to the war path again. His people are not at heart peaceable. They hate the white man quite as bitterly as did the braves who fought under his father.

OLD-TIME GUM SHOES.

Not So Pretty as the Rubbers of Today, but There Was India Rubber in Them.

Philadelphia Record: India rubber shoes were first manufactured in Roxbury, Mass., in 1833, and verily they were "fearfully and wonderfully made." They really bore no resemblance whatever to a shoe. They had the appearance of having been run into molds or blown, the same as glass bottles are made. They were made of pure rubber gum. No attempt was made to imitate the shape of the shoe or foot they were intended to cover. In shape they were hollow tubes, tapering toward the toe. At the place where the opening to pull them over the shoe should be was an irregular hole, without shape, just as they came from the mold. The hole was enlarged with a pair of shears to fit the instep, or cut high or low to suit the taste or caprice of the customer. The work was done by the salesman after the buyer had selected, according to his requirements, heavy or light, thick or thin. Men's sizes were very heavy,the soles being frequently from one-fourth to a half inch in thickness. They were tied in pairs and stuffed with straw or hay to keep them in shape for shipment. A lady's foot, incased in this huge, ill-shaped mass of India rubber gum, weighing at least a pound, presented a clumsy appearance, indeed, particularly when compared with the light and truly artistic appearance of the present styles. The first attempt at making overshoes of India rubber did not prove a success, a large amount of capital being sunk in the experiment, as well as all the unsold stock. They answered the purpose in cold weather, but would not stand the heat, melting into a disgusting mass. Experiments to remedy this difficulty resulted in reaching the opposite extreme, the cold weather freezing them so hard as to make them brittle, so they could not be drawn over the shoe until they were thoroughly warmed, and this obstacle to success was not not overcome until Charles Goodyear discovered the process of vulcanizing rubber, which has rendered his name immortal. Rapidly following this era of improvements,the India rubber shoe began to assume beauty of proportion and practical utility. The shoes were lasted, and the merchant threw aside his shears. One particularly popular style that had a great run for a couple of years was trimmed with fur around the tops and came well up on the ankles. Dickens has immortalized this particular style by placing them on the feet of the pretty Arabella that Mr. Winkle met and fell in love with while visiting with Mr. Pickwith at Old Wardle's. All rubber shoes were made from the solid gum at that time, and we are safe in saying that a single pair would outweigh six pairs of those now in the market. Besides being heavy and ugly, they were often painful from being so tightly stretched over the feet. They made the wearer look club-footed, and any attempt at embellishment was a failure and made them appear clumsier still. But this condition of things was not to last. In 1844, Goodyear pefected his vulcanizing process, and his method of spreading the pure gum upon elastic textile fabrics, and the manufacture of rubber shoes has since improved from year to year, until they have become a thing of beauty.

At 28 many a man's ambition is to enter the white house. At 78 his ambition is to keep out of the poor house.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE DARK.

British Scientist Discovers the Reason for Certain Curious Effects.

We have before referred to the extraordinary photographic results obtained by Dr. Russell by the action of various substances on the dry-plate in the dark, says the London Chronicle. Dr. Russell found that many, though not all, of the metals and bodies of vegetable origin are capable of producing a latent picture on the photographic plate, which can be rendered visible in precisely the same way as the ordinary image produced by light. The action of these bodies is in general much slower than that of light, but under favorable conditions may be produced in two or three seconds. The most active metal has been found to be magnesium, but zinc is not much inferior, and for practical purposes it is the most convenient metal to experiment with. In its ordinary dull state it is entirely without the power of acting upon a photographic plate, but when scratched or scraped the bright metal is very active, and pictures of such a plate with all the scratches on it can readily be produced. The time required to produce these zinc pictures varies very much with the temperature. At ordinary temperatures an exposure of about two days is requisite, but if the temperature be raised to about 55 degrees centigrade an exposure of half or three-quarters of an hour is sufficient. Contact between the zinc and photographic plate is not necessary, as the action readily takes place at appreciable distances, although the time required is longer and the image not so sharp. Among the organic substances which act on the photographic plate the chief are those belonging to the terpene group. Copal varnish containing turpentine has been found to be very active, and all the essential oils, such as oil of lemons or peppermint, are also active, their activity being traced to the small amount of turpene they contain. It is interesting to note that the action is capable of passing through certain media—for instance, through a thin sheet of gelatin, albumen, collodion or gutta percha. The first explanation which was given of these phenomena was that the action was probably due to vapor given off by the bodies themselves, but Dr. Russell, in view of later experiments, rejects this view. He believes that the action on the photographic plate is due to the formation of a well-known chemical compound—viz., hydrogen peroxide, which, undergoing decomposition, acts upon the plate, and is the immediate cause of the picture caused. This explanation is found to fit in with all the observed facts, and explains why only some of the metals are active, as it is these metals which give rise in the presence of moisture to the formation of traces of the peroxide. The terpenes also are well known to favor the formation of this body. Direct proof, is however, easy, as hydrogen peroxide, even in a very dilute condition, is extremely active. One part of the peroxide, diluted with 1,000,000 parts of water, is capable of giving a picture.

A CHIEF OF THE ZULUS.

When considering the probability of war, now actually in operation, between England and the Dutch republics of South Africa, persons familiar with the history and conditions of that country have been wondering what the natives would do; and there has already been an intimation in the dispatches that some of the tribes would be drawn into the conflict. On which side they would fight, or whether they would make war on both sides, no one has ventured to predict, for they hate all whites, Briton and Boer, with equal intensity. Their warfare is conducted according to the most barbarous methods, and if they do enter the fray their part of it will surely

TITELIKO.

be of the most horrible description. The picture shows a chief of the powerful Zulu nation.

For a Census of the World.

The present estimates of the total population of the world vary from 1,000,000,000 to 2,000,000,000, and the Royal Geographical Society of England thinks it is high time that the people are counted. It believes a count, or at least an accurate estimate, possible even in savage and uncivilized countries, Russia having completed a successful census in Siberia and England one in India. It proposes the formation of an international organization to take in charge the work of a world census.

OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Typical of the Gentleman of Other Days and the Friend of General Lafayette—Mr. William C. Barker Has a Very Interesting History.

There is an atmosphere of unaffected hospitality and unquestionable comfort at "Point Stuart," the villa at Spring Like, Mich., of Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Howlett, of Grand Rapids, and of the venerable father of Mrs. Howlett, William C. Barker, a typical old school gentleman and probably the oldest living graduate of Princeton university. Mr. Barker was born in 1807 at Natchez, Miss., his father a New England man, being a merchant and importer of that place. With the coming of the war of 1812, Mr. Barker's father moved his family to Trenton, N. J. Just before he was 17 years old the boy was admitted to Princeton, and before he was 19 he was graduated, standing second in his class. He at once engaged in mercantile life with his father and for nine or ten years continued in that avocation, during which time he visited Paris five times, as a purchaser of fine fabrics for importation to the United States. Having met Gen. Lafayette on the occasion of his visit to this country as the guest of the nation, and having received an invitation from the eminent Frenchman to call upon him, Mr. Barker when he visited Paris, called at the residence of Lafayette to find that he was not at home. However, upon the urgent request, almost insistence of Madame Lafayette, he remained as a guest over night, and upon the return of the

WILLIAM C. BARKER.

general in the morning he remained for dinner the next day. Moreover, during the remainder of his stay of several months in France, he attended, by invitation, two soirees at the Lafayette home.

Upon one occasion, in 1832, when returning to this country from Europe, there were but four passengers on the clipper ship, and one of these was Prof. S. F. B. Morse, who, during that voyage of thirty-three days, spent much of his time in an effort to evolve the dot-and-dash system afterward utilized and known as the Morse alphabet in the perfection of the electrical telegraph. "During that voyage," said Mr. Barker, "I formed a warm friendship for Prof. Morse, which was continued up to the time of his death." Another of Mr. Barker's recollections was of repeated occasions when he was a passenger—at a fare of one York shilling—on the ferryboat between Elizabethport and New York, the skipper of which was the original Commodore Vanderbilt. "I remember he was an active, energetic man, whose chief anxiety was that his boat should be on time, and who was rather fond of carrying bank notes in his left hand, arranged according to denominations—the ones between his first and second fingers, the twos between his second and third fingers, and the fives between the third and fourth fingers. Notes of larger denominations went into one pocket and coins into the other. This peculiarity as to his handling money was so commonly and well known that it was looked upon as a characteristic, and with his habits of energy and promptness as a young man—he was not then more than 25 years old—foreshadowed his greatness as a systematic man of business."

In 1836 Mr. Barker came to Detroit and for a time was engaged in business here and at Grand Haven. It was at the latter city that he wooed and won for his wife, Kate, the younger daughter of Robert Stuart, who had long been, as the representative of Jacob Astor, the agent on the great lakes for the American Fur company, and who at once time was the owner of nearly all of the territory at present occupied by the city of Grand Haven, and whose home was on Jefferson avenue, near where now stands the residence of Dr. Morse Stewart. Several years later, his wife having died, he married Mary, an elder daughter of Robert Stuart.

In spite of his present 92 years of life Mr. Barker is in superior physical condition, his perfect hearing, reasonably good eyesight and clear memory, coupled with superb courtesy and sincerity, forming an equipment as host that is exceptional; and as he shows his guests through his luxurious dwelling and about the eighty acres of charming park at "Point Stuart," he is a living demonstration of the fact that there are many, many things in life that are very decidedly worth while, outside of and entirely away from that which is purely material.

THE DOORBELL.

It Tells What Manner of Man You Are by Your Ring.

Doorbells are pretty fair indicators of character. Probably you have not been conscious of it, but every time you pull a doorbell you register what manner of man you are. Your ring will not tell everything about you, from the color of your eyes to your taste in flowers, but to those who know the signs the doorbell is as good as a title page. Any one who has had occasion to answer bell pulls knows how much difference there is in them. One person's method varies little from time to time, though the difference between that method and somebody's else, while slight will be sufficiently well-marked. It is seldom that two rings are exactly alike. The housewife recognizes each, the impatient man, who pulls the bell twice in quick succession and does not wait long before trying it again; the one of whose ring is slower and more substantial; the hesitating woman, who draws the knob out in a succession of nervous jerks; the seedy individual with matches to sell, who stretches the wire carefully to its full length and then allows it to relax with a faint, apologetic tinkle, and the jolly friend, who knows he is welcome, and therefore grasps the knob with a hearty swing that is fairly eloquent with good nature, and sets the bell to shaking its sides with such peals of echoing laughter that it positively cannot stop at once, but subsides gradually, with a merry, irresponsible little titter. A doorbell has as many voices as visitors. —Berlin (Md.) Herald.

KNEW OF JAMESON PLOT.

The Hon. Alan de Taton Egerton, M. P., who declares that Cecil Rhodes told him that Joseph Chamberlain was fully acquainted with the details of the Jameson raid before it took place,

HON. ALAN DE TATTON EGERTON.

has been a member of parliament since 1883. He was formerly colonel of a battalion in the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, and is a man of such importance that his avowal will go far in convincing the English public of the truth of the charges against the colonial secretary. He is the heir of his brother, Earl Egerton of Tatton, who is prominent in religious and philanthropic work in England. Mr. Egerton is also a justice of the peace, and has traveled extensively in south Africa, in the affairs of which he has always taken the greatest interest.

LATE MR. APPLETON.

GREAT PUBLISHER WHO RECENTLY PASSED AWAY.

Some of His Greatest Enterprises—One of the Earliest Advocates of International Copyright—Association with Foreign Authors and Publishers.

William Henry Appleton, head of the publishing firm of D. Appleton & Co., died the other morning at his home at Riverdale, near New York. He was in his eighty-sixth year. He was for many years the oldest member of the house of D. Appleton & Co. The history of his life is the history of the Appleton company. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 27, 1814. As a boy he was in constant association with his father, Daniel Appleton, at the little retail store which the latter opened in Exchange place when he went to New York from Boston, in 1825. When the founder of the house published his first book, "Crumbs

WILLIAM H. APPLETON.

From the Master's Table," in 1831, William H. Appleton was actively employed as a clerk in his father's store. From the time of the first venture his part in building up the business was a conspicuous one for over sixty years.

His associations with foreign authors began with Thomas Moore, and his acquaintance with English publishers goes back to the time of the elder Murray.

He was a leading spirit in the direction of great undertakings like the American Cyclopedia and "Picturesque America," and his business life included a safe passage through the troubled waters of three great financial crises—in 1737, 1857 and 1873. In addition to his publishing interests he had an important part for years in the direction of other large enterprises.

One of the earliest and most persistent advocates of international copyright, he and his partners recognized the moral rights of foreign authors when they were constrained by no legal obligation.

Speaking of the first book published by the firm, in 1831, William H. Appleton recently said: 'That book was about three inches square and half an inch thick, but its publication caused the firm more anxiety than the American Cyclopedia, undertaken some thirty years later." The American Cyclopedia cost $25,000 a volume before a sheet was printed. "Picturesque America" was also one of the firm's costly enterprises. The capacity of the house is shown by such projects as these. Of Webster's Speller over a million copies a year were sold at one period, and this book was only an item in the firm's diversified business, nearly all of which came within the intelligent grasp of the subject of this sketch. He was married on April 16, 1844, to Mary Worthen, of Lowell, Mass. His children now living are Miss Mary Appleton, William Worthen Appleton and Henry C. Appleton.

Horses for the English Army.

The purchase of a large number of horses in the United States for the use of the English army in south Africa is made necessary by the fact that even with the elaborate horse registration system in force in Great Britain it is impossible to secure all the animals needed for immediate service at home. In time of peace the military establishment of England requires for its use a total of 13,599 horses. In time of war this total jumps at once to 28,749. Horse buyers for the army are now at work, not only in this country but also in Canada, in Australia, and in Austria. Under the present arrangement in Great Britain a sort of horse militia is kept always at the disposal of the government in time of war. Persons having a number of horses at their disposal apply to the war department, which sends an officer to examine them. Such horses as are found suitable are registered and a price set upon them. Their owners agree to hold them always ready at the call of the government and receive in return an annual subsidy of $2.50 a horse. Under this provision 14,000 horses are registered, but even with this large supply upon which they may draw it has been found necessary to go abroad for a majority of the heavy draft and artillery horses.

Dot's Prayer for Peace.

On one evening little 4-year-old Dorothy had failed to remember her father in her prayer because he had scolded her. "You must pray for papa, too, Dot," said her mother. "But I don't want to," replied the little one. "But you must, Dot," said her mother. Dropping upon her knees again, Dot added: "And for pity's sake, bless papa, too, and let us have peace in the family."

Thirty Feet of Sand.

It is supposed that the average depth of sand in the deserts of Africa is from thirty to forty feet.

TWO COINCIDENCE STORIES.

Told in Good Faith in a Club Where All Romancing Is Barred.

Chicago Inter Ocean: It was the secretary's turn to tell a yarn to his fellow-members of the Coincidence club. The Coincidence club, by the way, has no cumbersome machinery. It has members and officers, meets once a week to tell queer stories along the line suggested by its name, and everything but the strict truth is barred. "I've got two stories, much alike, to tell. "There's nothing dramatic or sensational about them. They struck me as queer, though. You know I'm a lawyer. One day a man named Dodge brought in a letter of introduction to me from a friend out west. He had a simple sort of a case, and I asked him to come back at 3 o'clock that afternoon. Then I went over to the criminal court on business that kept me till within a few minutes of 3 o'clock. As I entered my office there was a man sitting in the shadow. Without really looking at him, and with my mind full of the appointment I said, as I went to my private office. 'How are you, Mr. Dodge? I'll see you in a minute.' Pretty soon I rang and told the office boy to show in Mr. Dodge. The man came in and he wasn't my Mr. Dodge at all. Imagine my surprise when he said: 'How did you know my name?' At the same time he handed me a letter of introduction from a friend down east. His name was Dodge all right, and he had a case. I gasped over the oddity of the situation, explained the coincidence to my visitor, and even showed him the other letter of introduction. But the man did not believe me. He evidently thought I was a liar, and left without putting his case in my hands. A few minutes later in came the first Mr. Dodge, and we had a good laugh over it. The other coincidence was this: I got letters from two friends—one west of Chicago and one south, asking me to collect claims against a big Chicago firm and a big insurance company with an agency in Chicago. I telephoned and made appointment with representatives of each of the concerns—one at 12 and the other at 12:30 o'clock. I went out on an errand and was delayed until 12:30 o'clock. When I came in both men were waiting. Strange as it may seem, both men were named Rose. I introduced them. One was originally from Rhode Island and the other from Connecticut. As far as they could figure out they were not related. I've used false names, but otherwise the stories are strictly true, and can be proven by evidence that will pass muster in a court of law."

FRENCH ARMY AGAIN AVENGED

The cable announces that Urban Gohier, one of the editors of the Aurore, has seriously wounded Lieut. Mercier, son of the general, in a duel resulting from attacks made on the officer by Gohier's paper. This is not the first time that the brilliant journalist has attacked "the honor of the army," and has in turn been bitterly assailed by the officers. In the thick of the Dreyfus excitement, when the "honor of the army" was a thing to conjure with, Gohier published a book called "The Army Against the Nation," in which he exposed the moral rottenness of the military establishment. He did not criticise the army from a military standpoint, but pointed out its defects and weaknesses from the social side, declaring it to be a constant menace to republican institutions. The book created such a sensation that its author was arrest-

URBAN GOHIER.

ed, charged with libel. It was found impossible, however, to secure a conviction.

Anglomania in Paris.

A correspondent of the Westminster Gazette writes: "If Anglophobia reaches its acme in a certain class of Parisian journals Anglophilia has attained the ne plus ultra in social habits. So uncompromising is the belief in Anglo-Saxon superiority that Frenchmen of fashion not only order their clothes from English tailors, but dispatch their cuffs, collars, and other washable garments across the Hanche to be 'got up' in London! This fact I have on the authority of one who should know—i. e., a Paris doctor in large practice. What is the reason? Are English laundries supposed to be conducted on more hygienic principles? Is Thames water found to be less microbic than that of the Seine? My informer did not elucidate this point, but the fact he insisted on, and a curious one it is; in the wake of 'Five o'clock,' 'le tub,' football, and cricket have followed Anglo-Saxon soapsuds and flatirons!"

Traveling in Russia.

From Tit-Bits: Russian Official—"You can't stay in this country, sir." Traveler—"Then I'll leave it." Official—"Have you a permit to leave?" Traveler—"No, sir." Official—"Then you cannot go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do."