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AN ESOTERIC CLIMAX.

WHILE SPIKETOWN COUNTED SIXTY HOKO PREPARED IT.

A Professor of the Art of Egerdemain Enlightens a Whole Town, at Fifty Cents a Head, on the Difficult and Exasperating Subject of Cooking.

Nobody had ever heard of the celebrated Hoko Effendi, but the public curiosity to see him was no less keen on that account. In the little western Illinois town on which he had alighted like a flaming meteor the visit of a professor of magic was an event. All that was known of him was that he had made his appearance about the time the stage-coach from Shacksville came in, and was supposed to have traveled in that conveyance; that he had procured the printing of several hundred small bills at the office of The Blizzard, promising to pay for them the next day.

The evening came. The price of admission to the entertainment was fifty cents for adults, children half price. The celebrated Hoko Effendi was his own doorkeeper, and the people of Spiketown turned out in large numbers. There were no deadheads except the editor of The Blizzard and the dignified citizen who wore dyed whiskers and a plug hat and announced himself at the door as the mayor.

When the audience began to show impatience by the customary stamping and whistling the world renowned master of Egyptian magic accepted the proffered services of a leading citizen as doorkeeper, and went back to the other end of the hall, disappearing behind the curtain that hid the stage from view.

In a few moments he reappeared in front of it and made a pleasing little speech, requesting close attention to the performance, as many of them were of a nature bordering on the supernatural, and promising an entertainment such as had never been seen in Spiketown before and never would again.

After performing some curious tricks with playing cards he announced that the first really difficult feat of the evening would now be shown—that of baking a cake without a pan of any kind.

"The ladies in the audience," he said, "when they bake cakes are compelled to use butter, eggs, flour, sugar, flavoring extract, icing, etc., and put the dough in a hot oven. I do nothing of the kind. By the simple manipulation of flour, sirup, and a hat I can produce a cake in five minutes that no lady in this house can equal. I will make a cake that a committee, to be selected from the ladies present, will pronounce the best they ever tasted. I will do this or forfeit \$100. Will some kind gentleman present oblige me with the loan of a high silk hat? Will you kindly lend it to me? I will take excellent care of it and return it in a few minutes."

"Your hat will not be injured in the least, sir," the magician assured him. "I will return it to you without spot, blemish or stain. I have performed this feat thousands of times without the slightest injury to the hat."

The mayor of Spiketown, thus appealed to, relented and handed over his cherished tie.

Then the magician produced a pan of flour, which was passed through the audience and unanimously declared to be genuine. He poured it into the hat. Then a quart measure half filled with New Orleans molasses was produced and handed around in like manner, pronounced the pure, unadulterated stuff, and returned to him. He poured this into the hat likewise and stirred the mixture with a long lead pencil. The mayor involuntarily gasped and half rose in his seat, but the wizard again assured him, with a wave of the hand, "Your hat will not be injured in the least, my dear sir, and he proceeded with the performance.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we will witness the finale, the denouement, as it were, of this unparalleled feat of illusion. I can bake the cake just as well on a piece of ice as on a stove; but as there happens to be a good fire in this stove near the stage I will bake it on top of that. Again, I assure you, Mr. Mayor, that your hat will not suffer the slightest injury."

Stepping briskly down, he placed the hat on the stove.

"Now, good people," he said, "keep your eye on that hat till you can count sixty. I will retire and prepare the esoteric climax."

He mounted the stage and stepped behind the curtain.

In a moment a smoke went up from the hat on the stove, and the odor of something scorching filled the air.

The mayor of Spiketown jumped from his seat, and with one bound cleared the distance that lay between him and the stove.

He lifted his precious hat.

The bottom, or rather the top, fell out. The sizzling batter spread out over the stove. It hissed and sputtered and flew. And even as the mayor held up the hideous ruin of his once glorious hat and looked through it some of the yellowish mixture trickled on his vest and ran in sad, discouraged, bilious looking streams down his trousers.

His honor spoke a few words briefly, but emphatically—through his hat—and broke for the stage, followed by several of the leading citizens of Spiketown.

Behind the curtain were several empty barrels and boxes.

And the back window was up.

Somewhere in this wide, world wide wizard of the Orient is still wandering about, happily unaware doubtless that a standing reward of fifty dollars and no questions asked is offered by the mayor of Spiketown, Ills., for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction for the crimes of grand larceny, malicious injury and obtaining money under false pretenses, of one Hoko Effendi, master of Egyptian magic and so called eighth wonder of the world.—Chicago Tribune.

Beating His Way Around the World.

An American from Boston has reached Paris on a voyage around the world, "personally conducted" by himself under entirely novel circumstances. His avowed object is to complete the whole trip without the expenditure of any money whatever, and, according to his own statement, he has already crossed the ocean and visited England and Germany in accordance with the conditions of his self imposed task, which also contains the stipulation that he must do no work on the voyage. Needless to say that our traveler's rather unusual methods do not meet with the approval of all the hotel keepers whom he honors with his custom, and in Berlin he underwent one month's imprisonment for failing to pay his bill.

The only wonder is that this unusual kind of traveler does not spend most of his time in jail, but, needless to say, he is gifted with an unlimited supply of what may be best described as "self confidence," and is a past master in the peculiarly American art of "bluffing." As he himself puts it, "If I can only make a man laugh I've got him" and certainly there is a sublime assurance about his system which must force a smile even from his victims. Our circumnavigator has, of course, not set himself any particular route for his voyage, as he is dependent on "free passes," and has to be content with what he can get in that direction. Thus, to reach Paris from Berlin—as the railway companies declined to oblige him—Mr. Cook traveled via Bremen and London. He is now hoping to reach the Riviera, but what his itinerary will be is a matter of conjecture even to himself.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Killed by a Skyrocket.

An impromptu celebration that was held in honor of the arrival of a delegation of Turners from Freeport, Ills., was suddenly brought to a close by the almost instant killing of a man. A skyrocket, supposed to have been set off by a crowd of young boys, penetrated his forehead, and part of the stick was broken off and left imbedded in his brain.

As the procession reached the corner of Blue Island avenue and Polk street Philip Knopp, who had been watching the parade from the sidewalk, was struck by a skyrocket. The man's head and face were covered with blood, and Officer Halle, calling assistance, carried him to a neighboring drugstore. Dr. Lahey was summoned, and Knopp was sent at once to the county hospital. On the way Dr. Lahey extracted part of the stick, eight inches in length and three-eighths of an inch square. It had entered just above the right eye, and had gone through the brain until the end was blunted against the back of the skull. Knopp lived only a few moments.—Chicago News Record.

Cowboy Sailors Not Just the Thing.

Captain Hanson, of the new schooner Spray, on her maiden voyage from the Siuslaw river, in Oregon, had a lively experience with cowboy sailors. With six of this new variety the captain put to sea. Hardly had he got outside when a strong southeast gale came up. The schooner rolled fearfully and the cowboys became terribly sick and lay in a heap in the forecastle perfectly helpless. The captain and his mate succeeded in lowering the foresail, and with the mainsail and jibs set the schooner was driven before the gale at a terrific rate. Several seas were shipped and one of the cowboys was washed against the lumber on deck, breaking his leg. When the weather moderated the captain put into Port Townsend, where the injured cowboy sailor was sent to the Marine hospital. Two sailors were engaged and the schooner made the trip down in twelve days. The five cowboy sailors have decided not to go to sea any more.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Big Bills for Witnesses.

Dr. G. De F. Smith has filed a claim against the city for \$500 for services as an expert witness for the people in the trial of Carlyle W. Harris, the medical student, for the murder of his wife Helen Wilson Potts Harris.

Professor Withaus, the chemical expert who made the analysis of the contents of the dead woman's stomach, has filed with the district attorney a bill of \$5,000 for that service.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, another expert witness in the case, has collected a bill of \$1,500 for his services, and other bills from expert witnesses have been filed which bring the total cost of the expert testimony for the people up to \$9,000.

The bills of the medical experts who testified in the trial of E. M. Field aggregate \$4,000, and none of them has yet been paid.—New York Evening Sun.

A Queer Story of Two Apple Trees.

About sixty-four years ago Thomas Carr, living near Medora, in Jackson county, set out an apple orchard on his farm, about one-half mile southwest of Middleville, and having two apple trees left he gave them to his sons, John F. and G. W. The boys set these trees out along the fence, near the orchard, and they both grew well. John was the first to die, and on the day he died his tree fell. G. W. lived to be an old man, became known as a colonel, was chairman of the convention that framed the present constitution of Indiana and died only a few days ago at Crawfordsville. It is a coincidence that his tree also fell on the same day he died.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Food for Hot Weather.

The foods that are converted into heat—that is, keep up the heat of the body—are starches, sugar, and fat; and those that more particularly nourish the nervous and muscular system are the albumen and salts. The largest proportion of summer food should consist of green vegetables, cooked or as salads; white or lean meats, such as chicken, game, rabbits, venison, fish, and fruits.—Dr. N. E. Yorke Davies in Popular Science Monthly.

English and American Land Owners.

There is a constant feud between the suburban residents and the Sunday excursionists. The suburban resident goes to New York in the morning and goes back in the afternoon, except on Sunday, when he stays at home. It would suit him if the Sunday train service were almost entirely stopped, except one morning train out into the country and one evening train back to let his personal friends go out and spend the day with him. The Sunday excursionist represents to him a concentration of the destructive forces of mankind, so he goes to Taxedo or Wave Crest or some reservation where excursionists are not permitted to go, and when he gets rich enough he builds a place in the midst of grounds wide enough to hide him from the road, and puts out watchmen to prevent people he does not want from coming in and tramping on the grass.

This is more an American than an English feeling. In England almost all of the show country places are open to visitors under restrictions which are generally observed. It would be regarded as an improper and unsocial thing for an Englishman with a fine country place to drive people off the grounds. Instead of that he welcomes visitors and provides guides to take them around and look after them.—New York Sun.

Big Prices for Old Toys.

Old toys so very seldom survive the rough work which their possessors give them that if by any chance they do weather the storm they become extremely valuable. A collection of old playthings, many of which belonged to royal children, has just been sold at the Hotel Drouot, and some of the articles fetched prices which even their artistic merit and their strange survival of the vicissitudes would hardly have seemed to merit. For instance, a little doll, rather less than a foot high, but clad in a panoply of steel, "armed at all points exactly cap-a-pie," but perfectly modeled, and made at the time when Louis XIII sat on the throne of France, sold for 615 francs; and even this price was eclipsed by that given for a tiny set of carriages carved in wood and accompanied by little wooden soldiers, made not console platoon, but when Napoleon was first consul, which brought in nearly 1,000 francs. A miniature kitchen, interesting as being an exact model of that useful household apartment, tempo Louis XVI, and a little jointed doll, sixteen inches high, dressed in a broche silk Watteau dress, fetched 340 francs and 110 francs respectively. Many other toys belonging to bygone epochs sold at almost fancy prices.—Galignani Messenger.

Rat Exterminators.

An old trapper has been bringing from the mountains for two weeks a number of peculiar little animals that have puzzled a good many people to tell what they were. They are about the size of a common cat and have large bushy tails like that of the raccoon. Their bodies are long and slender and well protected with a thick growth of brownish colored hair. Their eyes are black and snapping and when teased they growl and spit like a cat, showing a row of teeth as sharp as cambric needles. The name of these little animals is the Bassaris, and they are a species of the civit cat, ranking between the fox and the weasel. They are better than all the pussies in creation as rat exterminators, and about twenty of them have been turned loose in different warehouses and livery stables in this city.—San Francisco Call.

Racing on Wooden Legs.

A race on wooden legs from Bordeaux to Biarritz and back, a distance of 303 miles, was begun yesterday. Eighty-one stilt runners entered for this race left the Hotel de la Gironde at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, being "played off" by a brass band. They were accompanied by a party of bicyclists, whose duty was to see that fair play was observed. Among the racers was the Areacomb baker, Silvain Dornon, who traveled on stilts, or claimed to have done so, from Paris to Moscow.

A quarter of an hour after the stilt racers had set out from Bordeaux a party of eighteen women and young girls, also mounted on stilts, left Bordeaux for Cerans, having undertaken to run there and back, a distance of fifty miles, in the day.—London News.

Hydrophobia and the Dog Catchers.

A great deal of rot about hydrophobia is being printed in the newspapers just now. It is done, we suppose, in order not so much to scare people into having their pet dogs licensed and muzzled as to give the dog catchers the sort of moral support they certainly need in the pursuit of their infamous business. So yards about mad dogs and their depredations are invented and published, a great many sensitive people are terrorized and the dog catcher drives a profitable trade. There is no truth in these blood curdling tales. There has not been a case of hydrophobia in Chicago this year, and it is a question whether there actually ever has been any.—Chicago News.

Renewing Old Straw Hats.

"Don't throw away your straw hat because it is discolored by rain," said a hatter this morning. "Scrub it with wet cornmeal, and then hang it up for a few minutes in sulphur smoke. It will come out as white as a brand new one."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Blandyte is the name given to the new material made of Trinidad asphalt and waste rubber. It resists the heat of high pressure steam and lasts well in the presence of oil and grease.

The harbor works in Lisbon are about to be abandoned, as far as improvements are concerned, as the contractor finds himself unable to carry on the work.

A street in Germany, like a portion of an Edinburgh street, has been paved with india rubber. The result is said to be most satisfactory.

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PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, at between Fifth and Sixth. Father Caney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth St. Services morning and evening. Elder J. H. Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St. at Granite. Rev. Hirt, Pastor. Services: 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 10:30 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30; Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. The Y. R. S. C. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend the meetings.

FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St. between Main and Pearl. Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 a. m., 8:00 p. m. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday eve, 7:30.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. White, pastor. Services on main hours. Sunday School 9:30 a. m.

SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORADO BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Boswell, pastor. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Praying meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. G. A. Taylor, pastor. For men only, every Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Praying meeting Tuesday night, 8:00 p. m. Praying meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday 8:30 a. m.; Praying, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Praying meeting Tuesday night; choir 10 p. m. Friday night. All are welcome.