

# Victim of Assassin



Frank Steunenberg, former Governor of Idaho, was killed Dec. 30, by a bomb at his home in Caldwell. A dynamite bomb had been placed at his front gate with a contrivance that exploded the bomb as he entered. He lived twenty minutes.

There is no known reason for the outrage, but it is charged to some members of the famous inner circle of the Coeur d'Alene rioters, whom he prosecuted relentlessly in 1899, while he was governor.

Mr. Steunenberg was governor of Idaho from 1897 to 1901, having been twice elected. He was born in Iowa forty-four years ago, and had been in Idaho since 1887. He leaves a widow and three children.

Gov. Steunenberg was a picturesque character, standing seven feet in his stockings. He never wore a necktie, and his appearance created something of a sensation on Broadway during his first visit to the East, made in 1899.

## PRELUDE TO THE REVOLUTION. TIMBER SUPPLY NEARLY ENDED.

### Russian Peasants Are Beginning to Think of Conditions.

In describing a Russian village in his article on "Russian Peasant Riots," in Everybody's Magazine, Ernest Poole says: "For an hour we wandered through the hummocky, slushy, steaming streets; watching crowds of peasant men and women who had come into town to market. The faces of these peasants were broad and dull and coarse. They were clothed in rags; the handkerchiefs on the women's heads were old and spotted with mud; the sheepskin coats were torn and foul. We saw hunger—always hunger—in the weak, shuffling steps of men, in the weary faces of women, in hollow, anemic cheeks of little children. They stood about by hundreds and by thousands in the mud. Scowls and gloomy silence. Only here and there groups would suddenly collect. In an instant hands would wave and voices rise in wild anger. Then the soldiers with their bayonets, or the Cossacks with their whips, would rush in shouting abuse, and the peasants would scatter, scowling, shivering—thinking. Such thinking is the Russian revolution."

### Landis' Entry Into Public Life.

When Fred Landis, now a congressman, was practicing law in Logansport, Ind., he experienced an unusually long briefless spell and had about concluded to give up his profession and accept an offer to go on a Texas ranch. Some girls of his acquaintance matter over for a few days and then consented to make the race. So it was that a theatrical performance indirectly made a congressman of him.—Chicago Chronicle.

### Long Time in Literary Harass.

John Bigelow, LL. D., who was our civil war consul and minister in Paris, passed his eighty-eighth birthday recently. He wrote a great Franklin biography, a life of Samuel J. Tilden and a life of William Cullen Bryant. He was Tilden's executor and trustee and president of the library foundation and he helped to found the Century club. He tried a hand at Journalism for twelve years on the Evening Post. He has written books about Hayti in English and about the United States in French and he has just published a pamphlet on Gladstone's attitude during the civil war. It is a sort of challenge to Morley.

### Expert Women Mathematicians.

It has been said that women are no mathematicians. That assertion is disproven by the fact that three women are engaged in the work of making computations for the nautical almanac bureau, under the direct control of the navy department. These women are Mrs. Elizabeth Brown Davis, who is responsible for many of the important tables giving the declinations of the sun, etc., by which mariners steer their courses, and Miss Janet McWilliams and Mrs. H. F. Hedrick, who have done much important work for the almanac.

### New U. S. Senator a Poor Man.

John M. Gearin, recently appointed United States senator from Oregon, will be the poorest man in that body. He owns no property and has no money in bank. It is true he has a lucrative law business. He owes nothing and does not lack at all for the comforts of life, but he has saved nothing. He is a democrat, is considered the best speaker in the state and is the fourth man to go to the United States senate from the law office from which he comes—Dolph, Simon and Mitchell, republicans, having preceded him.

### Brave Mother of Brave Sailor.

Among the clerks in the land office in Washington is Mrs. Anna Gridley, mother of the captain to whom Dewey said at Manila: "You may fire when ready." She is also the widow of a gallant naval officer who was killed in the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimack. Mrs. Gridley has just celebrated her eightieth birthday, and for forty years has worked faithfully at her desk. She scorns the idea of old age pensions and says she will keep on working until she reaches the century mark.

### Wonderful Sample of English.

English as an international language is gaining day by day. This is from a Belgian "fabric of special products of ice machines." "The salt, like the chlorids of lower degree, wears away, too, with much force the metallic objects. But the superiority of my product on the salt is to be better conveyor of cold, especially for the lower temperatures, through which the salted water may become thicker and stick as ice or hoar frost on the congelator's worms."

### At Present Rate of Consumption Forty Years Is the Limit.

The woodmen spared not the trees whose ghosts now return to threaten us with a timber famine. Whereas ten years ago only the soundest trees were used by the railroads, seconds and thirds are now accepted by the purchasing agents. Red oak, black oak, hick, gum, pines and other soft woods, which once were considered worthless, are now treated with creosote and other preservatives for ties, crossarms and poles. This treatment quadruples the life of a soft wood tie and will meet the demand for some years. But shortage is in sight and must be met by plantations. Maude Adams is said to have planted on her Long Island property 100,000 locust trees, which will make the best and most lasting telegraph poles and railroad ties. A catalpa plantation in Kansas owned by a railroad shows an annual net profit of \$12.65 per acre. The annual fee consumption of a single railroad is about 120,000,000, or fully one-sixth of the total cut of timber. Besides this are the vast drains upon the forest for telegraph and telephone poles, crossarms and other uses. At the present rate of consumption the United States will be bare of marketable timber in forty years. The government forest service offers substantial help to planters.—Chicago Tribune.

### SOUTH SHARES IN PROSPERITY.

Enormous Rise in the Value of Farm Property. In the race for wealth the southern farmer is abreast of the western granger and the northern manufacturer. He is no longer hampered by poverty and tradition. From all over the south come reports of expanding industries. It is computed that farm properties in the eleven states have risen in value more than \$1,000,000,000 in two years. The average yield of these lands since this century began is \$200,000,000 a year greater than it was in the preceding six years. The south now not only grows cotton for the world, but manages the marketing of it. The speculator who once got all the cream, gets it no longer. The planter is strong enough to fight his own battle, which means that he can defend his own property.—Philadelphia Press.

### Justin McCarthy a Hard Worker.

The most remarkable thing about the career of Justin McCarthy, who has been brought prominently to the front again, both in literature and in politics, is the tremendous amount of work he has been able to accomplish. Novelist, journalist, historian, politician and party leader, he has found time to travel widely and to cultivate delightful social relations with most of the leading literary, artistic and political people of his time. And in spite of the energy and thought devoted to political causes he has been continually pushing on some special and important literary undertakings of engrossing interest, involving an enormous amount of labor. How he has accomplished it all it is said that no one except perhaps his wife has ever found out.

### How the Kaiser "Hunts."

The Kaiser in his sports employs "all the modern improvements." The imperial deer-stalking forest is twenty-six miles square and is intersected with a network of telephone wires forming a connection with the gamekeepers' boxes, which are scattered all over the preserves and the royal hunting box. Thus the appearance of a stag worthy of the imperial gun is reported by telephone, particulars being given of where the animal was last seen. Within three minutes the imperial motor car starts for the spot.

### Inventor Holland's Prophecies.

When John P. Holland prophesied the submarine boat people looked at him askance and said to one another: "Isn't it a pity? And he looks so intelligent, too!" Now Mr. Holland says that he expects to fly from his home in Newark to his New York office within a few months and that before the year is out any man who has one of the machines he has invented can easily go through the air at a speed of forty miles an hour with no more exertion than is required for walking three miles an hour on land.

### Acquisition for Washington Society.

Aoki, the first Japanese ambassador to Washington, will probably bring with him to this country his wife, who is German. He was educated in Germany and was sent to that country several times as minister.

### Warn Against Emigration.

The Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland have issued a circular to be read in all the chapels of the four provinces, warning the young generation against the evils of emigration.

## LIEUTENANT REDUCED IN RANK

Army Officer Punished for Discourtesy to Sergeant.

For requesting a sergeant of artillery to change his seat at a theater, First Lieut. Roy I. Taylor of the Coast artillery is reduced in rank twelve numbers. He was tried by court martial. The offense was committed at a theater in New London, Conn., where a sergeant of Taylor's own company, who was in uniform, vacated a seat at the request of Taylor.

"It is hoped," states the decision, which is signed by Brig. Gen. Grant, "that the sentence of the court will leave no doubt in the mind of any one that the uniform of a soldier is a mark of honor which must be respected in the United States."

It is also stated that a sentence more severe than the one given is warranted.

The theater incident took place last October. Sergeant Patrick F. Butler of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth company, Coast artillery, which was Taylor's company, was seated in front of his superior officer at the performance. Lieut. Taylor was not in uniform. Nearly were a party of friends whom he knew, but who were not members of his party. It was in order to make a vacancy for one of them that he told the sergeant to move. His words to the under officer, according to the printed verdict of the court martial, were: "Sergeant, you had better get your ticket changed and get your seat somewhere in the rear," or words to that effect.

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### SCANDAL BEHIND A ROMANCE.

Social Circles of St. Louis, Mo., Stirred by Reports. It is said that the "elopement" of Lieut. Scharrer and Miss Wilhelmina Busch of St. Louis to Belleville, Ill., where they were unable to get married, was not an elopement, but an attempted kidnaping. Scharrer having, it is said, forced Miss Busch to accompany him and threatened to kill himself and perhaps her with a revolver which he showed her. Scharrer is accused of attempting to compromise her.



LIEUT. EDWARD SCHARRER

Miss Busch in order to secure a club to hold over her father with a demand for \$1,000,000.—Chicago Tribune.

### New York Has Oldest Pugilist.

James Kelly, 90 years old, a resident of Old Bridge, N. J., is probably the oldest living pugilist. Kelly became famous in 1855, when he defeated Jonathan Smith with bare knuckles in a fight that took place at Melbourne, Australia. It took 104 rounds to decide the question of supremacy, the men standing in the ring under a broiling sun for six hours and fifteen minutes. Kelly was so severely sunburned that he spent several weeks in the hospital before he was able to move. He was born in Ireland, and in his time traveled with old gladiators like Heenan, Sayers, Yankee Sullivan, John Morrissey and Tom Hyers. The old fellow is still in good health and attributes his long life to his early athletic training.

### Secretary Taft Has Traveled Far.

Secretary Taft has traveled 100,000 miles since May 24, 1904, when he became governor general of the Philippines. In the five and a half years since his call from the federal bench he has spent 360 days on the ocean.

### Ontario Sugar Beet Crop.

There has been a modest revival of the beet sugar industry in Ontario, and farmers have raised more beets than the factories can take care of. The present crop is taken from about 15,000 acres and is valued at \$600,000.

### French Betting Tax.

The sum of \$480,000, which represents a 1 per cent tax on betting transactions under the French law, between January 16 and December 1 of the present year, is now available for the relief of the poor of France.

### Price of Lobsters in England.

The market price of English lobsters fluctuates very much, according to the supply and demand. On Oct. 23 lobsters brought 16 cents per pound, and on the following day 26 cents.

# "Cassie" Chadwick's Cell



CASSIE'S CELL IN OHIO PEN.

When Mrs. Cassie Chadwick reached the penitentiary she was greeted with scenes familiar to "Mme. Lydia DeVere," the Toledo fortune teller, and she will live over again the prison life of that hypnotic-powered prisoner, says a dispatch from Columbus, Ohio. There will be no strangeness to the scenes, for they are unchanged since Cassie Chadwick, the most famous woman freed financier of the era, was Lydia De Vere, and did time for flebbing money out of a Toledo man in connection with the percentage of a child. Nor will there be any change in the mode of prison life from that which obtained when she was there as Mme. De Vere. It's the same old work room and the same old work of making underwear and shirts for the male prisoners. Cassie will return to the needle which she plied when she was in as Lydia. The female department of the prison is located at the southeast corner of the institution grounds, surrounded by a thirty-foot wall, and in this way completely shut off from the male portion of the building, which it abuts. The life of Cassie will be a secondary one at all times, except the breathing spells granted for health's sake, during which the women are exercised in the open yard within the inclosing wall. Cassie's cell is more roomy than the rest and has the advantage of an east window that catches the cheering morning sun. This cell is No. 9.

## FARMING ON SCIENTIFIC LINES.

### Analysis of the Soil the First Step in Improvement.

It would really seem that an analysis of the soil should be the very first step in scientific farming. To know what a given soil contains, what it needs and what it will produce most profitably can be ascertained only through two processes—analysis and long experience. Experience has taught the farmers of the country a great deal, but what they have learned by successive crop raising could have been shown them many years ago through a scientific study of the soil and the furnishing of official maps setting forth the results of such investigation. It will be a costly thing to put on record a true showing of soil values, which often change radically within short distances. But when such a record is made it will serve a great purpose for many years to come and it will be used as a basis for other scientific developments along the lines of special farming.—Kansas City Star.

## METRIC SYSTEM NOT POPULAR.

Its Adoption Means Radical Change in Many Familiar Habits. The periodical appeal for the use of the metric system is being made again and the familiar arguments of the rounds. The one thing which seems certain is that the French system will be adopted wherever the existing conditions, it makes the total work in any department easier and not elsewhere. It is more used than many people suppose, and it makes little advance in the ordinary trades of the commerce which is represented in retail business. Carpenters and most machinists prefer to stick to the 16 and 32 ounce measures and buckets have no disposition to dispense pounds and gallons by kilograms and liters. Too many familiar habits must be changed if a radically different system is to be brought in at once.—Harford, Conn., Times.

## Pleasures Various.

How different do the peoples of the earth take their pleasures! In a statistical book just issued in Madrid it is estimated that for luxuries the Spaniards spend annually more than \$100,000,000. Of this sum \$25,000,000 is for cigars and cigarettes, \$20,000,000 for lottery tickets, \$13,500,000 for bull fights, \$12,500,000 for holiday-making and \$31,000,000 to settle the wineshop reckonings. Published statistics concerning the riotous living in Boston show that the natives of that place are more than ever debauching themselves with baked beans. A Boston dispatch says: "Last year they spent on their favorite diet more than the cost of two battleships, or \$6,598,272. According to the wholesale dealers 68,732 barrels were consumed in that period, and the demand is increasing."—Harper's Weekly.

## Practical Religious Meeting.

Rev. William Asher is conducting a series of religious meetings along the Bowery, New York, gathering his hearers in the back rooms of saloons where the proprietors will permit. Sometimes in a dance hall as many as 20 persons of all ages will assemble. Mr. Asher mounts a chair and makes simple appeals for living cleaner lives. His wife, who is his constant companion on such occasions, sings a hymn, and generally they manage to bring most of their hearers away with them.

## Old English Wedding Custom.

One of the most interesting antiquities of Jarroo Church, Northumberland, England, is the chair of the Ven. Bede, kept in the vestry, whitewashed, and once repaired, after the marriage service, to seat themselves upon it. According to the general belief this act will in due time make them the joyous mothers of children and no wedding ceremony is considered complete until the bride has been duly enthroned.

## Submarine Signaling.

Both the Germania and the Carolla, the latest additions to the Cunard fleet, are equipped with submarine signaling apparatus. It seems to be a question of only a short time when all passenger steamers in the transatlantic service will be protected by the latest and best equipment for receiving underwater warnings of the proximity of the shore or of other vessels, when fogs or like conditions make it impossible to see such possible perils.—Cleveland Leader.

# WONDROUS FAD OF FASHION

How fearfully and wonderfully is the feminine of the hour built up in back! A man with a discerning eye for these things swears that a fashionable young person who hat in front of him on the train the other afternoon towered yards above the back of her seat. Her collar, according to his calculations, was built up quite six inches high. It supported four diamond pins, each at least two inches long, so he reasons that this was a modest calculation. Where her collar fell off, her back hair began, and he states that never in his experience has he witnessed hair erect to such a sky-scraping height. He cannot undertake to say how it was done. He only knows that it was waved and puffed far above his level, and he could only peer toward its dim, retreating billows in wonder. He says he knows her maid must have stood on a step-ladder to dress it. A way up on top, he says, there was set something in the nature of a hat, he couldn't clearly tell what, except that it was mounted on coils and coils of velvet, tilting it, as near as he could judge from that distance, at least a yard above her back hair. The top of it, he says, was not for man to contemplate, nor woman, either, unless she were a Brobdignagian. When this extraordinary elevation turned around, the man says he got a distinct shock. The precision that had been reared to such a lofty attitude behind tumbled straight down sheer, threatening to slice off her pretty nose in the descent. "It looked," said he, vainly struggling to express his emotions, "like somebody had taken a sharp knife, trimmed her off close in front, as my mother used to slice the dough off the piekin. I must say, after the amazing quantity of that hat and hair aft, I wasn't prepared for such an anticlimax forward. She was quite a lovely pretty girl, but she appeared to feel that her hat didn't quite balance in front, and she kept thrusting out her chin as if she hoped to make up for the deficiency. Poor thing! I suppose it's the fashion!" Of course, what this man was talking about is the new felt sailor, erected to great heights behind and chopped off short over the nose. Fashionable? Well, rather! As many feminines as can pay the price are annexing the same, and many, many men are bound to be amazed thereby.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

# MATINEE HAT'S SAD FATE

Just before the curtain rose for a matinee performance recently, a woman very far above the weight that well regulated scales describe as normal, ambled down the aisle and took her seat, an end one. The whole balcony seemed to vibrate when she sat down. Not more than a few minutes later a small, wiry, business-like woman hopped down the aisle and with great difficulty and extraordinary gymnastic effort managed to climb over the fat lady and take the seat next to her. Everything was peaceful until after the first act, when the thin spectator decided to climb out again to speak to a friend ten or twelve rows back. She had a new hat, which she had been holding lovingly in her lap. With a last fond look at it, she hesitatingly left it on her chair, vent through the same gymnastic act, landed safely in the aisle and went quickly back to her friend. Now fat people are always counted good natured, and the end seat occupant was no exception. Realizing the hardships her neighbor would have to go through to climb back again, with a most divine expression of sympathy and good will on her face, she stood up, moved along, sat down in the second seat—on the hat. In the meantime the friends ten rows back finished a rather excited conversation, during which the wiry lady had become more and more excited, and then she came back. Forgetting all about her cherished hat and seemingly intent on some other business, she unquestioningly took the end seat. In two minutes she shot up—the hat was lost! She did not know just where she had left it, but it must be there! She searched under the seats within a radius of twenty feet. No hat was to be found. The fat lady, sympathetic but immovable, did all she could to help look for it, except stand up. Ushers were summoned, ice-water boys, programme boys. The whole balcony was having a nervous chill over the mysterious disappearance. Only the girl from Brooklyn, in the seat behind, knew the answer to the question, and she was too exhausted from the strain of suppressed laughter to explain. At the end of the play she did not wait to see the finish. Her conscience wouldn't permit her, for she caught one glimpse of the crushed hat when the fat lady arose.—Brooklyn Eagle.

# TWO PAIR WERE VALUABLE

George W. Brown, the local trader at Greenville, Me., is a quiet, good-natured gentleman, who can take a joke gracefully—and often retaliate, says a writer in the Boston Herald. Every fall he takes a few days off, and with some of his old friends, usually goes to the Roach River house. Charles Sawyer, the proprietor, is one of the cronies in these little gatherings. On one occasion, after a day's hunt and the usual reminiscences around the camp fire, they started a little sociable game of poker, using beans for chips. Mr. Sawyer, a little nervous, dark-eyed man, with a reputation for "closeness" hates especially to get beaten. This time luck was dead against him. Ante after ante, together with jackpots, were steadily decreasing the size of his pile of beans. At last an unusually good hand and the possibility of regaining all that he had lost made him reckless. After a good stiff raise, Mr. Brown, who was betting against him, tearfully remonstrated: "Be careful, Charles; remember every bean is worth a cent!" "Well," snapped Charles, "that ain't any more than I paid for 'em when I bought 'em at your store!" The laugh was on Mr. Brown, who took it with his usual good nature. Finally Mr. Sawyer's last bean was in, and he called for a show-down. Immediately two of the players laid down their hands. "Charles" had them beaten, and his eyes began to sparkle. "Well, George, what have you got?" he asked, in a way that showed he didn't think Mr. Brown had very much of anything. "Oh, I've only got a couple of pairs," Mr. Brown's tone was very humble. "U-m-m! I thought so; they ain't worth a darn; here's a full house!" cried Charles, and with gloating eyes he threw down his cards and began to rake in the pile of beans. "U-m-m!" said Mr. Brown, with gentle firmness, "but they are a couple of pairs of aces!"

# GHOST SHOWED HIM GOLD

A bottle filled with almost pure gold, taken from a ledge long hidden in mountain fastnesses, not far from here, W. E. Bartlett and M. C. Black, both well known business men, are making a perilous trip to the Cascade mountains. The story is so interwoven with spiritualism and romance that it is well worth a read. Bartlett is the grandson of D. E. Ingels, a miner of the early '50s in these parts, who was murdered in the hills by his partner. The Bartlett family are spiritualists, and Bartlett declares his dead and murdered grandfather, through a Portland medium, sent word to him to find the lost mine and he would be independent for life. Bartlett swears positively that he received specific directions from the spirit of his grandfather how to proceed to the lost mine. Moreover, he was told to select M. C. Black to accompany him. The men will not tell of the location of their find, but say it cannot be reached save by making an extremely dangerous trip and one filled with hardship, especially at this time of the year, when the mountains are firmly in winter's icy grasp. In the spring they will return and develop their find. In a rough and mountainous section, they say, they found a gray quartz ledge, literally filled with precious metal. Small pieces were broken off, pounded up in a frying pan which they had with them and the gold picked out by the men's fingers and placed in a bottle. Should the ledge prove as rich as the samples, a man could make a mortar and gold pan, and in a week's time take out enough of the gold to make him wealthy. As an evidence of their find they have the little bottle of gold dust, which has already been viewed by dozens of people, and tests have been made by O. D. Johnson which prove that the mineral is genuine.—Wenatchie correspondence Seattle Times.

# COULDN'T HURT THE WATER

The late Eugene Field, while on one of his lecturing tours, entered Philadelphia one bright spring morning after that city had endured a three days' rainstorm. There was some delay at the bridge over the Schuylkill river, and the humorist's attention was attracted by the turgid, coffee-colored stream flowing underneath. "It reminded me so much of my own dear Chicago river," he afterward explained. He placed a detaining hand on the arm of the colored porter, who was passing at the time, and inquired, in his languid tone, if he were a resident of the Quaker City, says Success. "Yassir!" replied that important functionary. "I was bo'n an' raised yere, Yassir!" "Don't you people get your drinking water from this stream?" queried Field. "Yassir! Ain't got no fadder place to git it frum 'cept 'th' Delaware." "Reminiscences Would Be Lively." Both as journalist and publicist Henry Labouchere, who announces his retirement from parliament, has been an exceedingly interesting figure in British life for many years. He could always be depended upon to enliven debate in the house of commons with an audacious and brilliant onslaught on the favorite of the hour or on some abuse that needed correction. In the old liberal school he was an extreme radical, but has not for years been in touch with the later forms of radicalism. Mr. Labouchere is being urged to write a book of his reminiscences, of which he must have a wonderfully interesting collection.