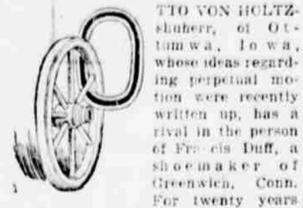


THE SAME OLD STORY

TOLD BY A MAN OF CIRCULAR TENDENCIES.

Shoemaker Duff Has Solved the Problem of Perpetual Motion—All Except Just One Little Wheel—Twenty Years' Hard Labor.



TO VON HOLTZ-Schubert, of Ottumwa, Iowa, whose ideas regarding perpetual motion were recently written up, has a rival in the person of Francis Duff, a shoemaker of Greenwich, Conn. For twenty years he studied over the problem before attempting to make a model. Then he constructed a machine out of wood and set it going. For a few minutes it ran at lightning speed, being beyond control, and then, being only wooden, it broke into pieces. He has another machine almost completed, this being of iron.

"What is the source of power in your machine?" he was asked. "Ah, that's the secret. It is perpetual motion, the invisible unknown force that controls the world. We utilize electricity, but does anybody know what electricity is or how it operates with such power and rapidity? It is an unknown force; we simply take advantage of its effects. My ma-



SHOEMAKER DUFF. (He imagines He Has Solved, After Twenty Years of Experiment, the Problem of Perpetual Motion.) chine will not be more than nine feet by ten feet in size. There will be thirty wheels and fifteen axes. These will all run smoothly, silently and ceaselessly. Their force will be unlimited. I shall be able to run vehicles, railroad trains and ships, the machine varying, of course, in size for the power required. I can put it in a torpedo boat and run under water as easily as on the surface.

But in the midst of this explanation of the wonders of perpetual motion a troubled look came into the old man's eyes. He studied his plans and turned the wooden wheels about. "If I only had it," he said to himself, "if I only had it."

"Had what," exclaimed a listener. "The first wheel, the missing one," he replied. "If I was only sure that this model is all right all would be well, but that first wheel is the only bar to absolute perfection. I have one, but, alas, I am not sure of it."

Flick of a Milliner.

One of the institutions of Asbury Park, N. J., is a milliner who delights in being called "Professor Mme. Grison." When the St. Paul recently ran afoul of the beach at Long Branch madame jumped on her wheel and rode to the shore. As she gazed on the steamer her sympathies were aroused. "I will make Shark river a harbor of entry," said she, "there a storm-tossed vessel may seek refuge."

Mme. Grison defied derision and incredulity. She prepared a petition to be presented to congress asking that government engineers be appointed to survey the inlet and report on the feasibility of the plan. The great petition went on until at last congress was importuned to the extent of nearly 7,000 names in behalf of a harbor at Shark river. The madame hasn't stopped yet. Engineer Kelly, who has devoted much study to Shark river, believes it can be made into a harbor at a comparative small cost. "Professor Mme." E. Grison, although



MME. E. GRISON. 60 years old, never seems to grow old. She rides a bicycle as gracefully as any girl.

A Natural Wonder.

One of the many natural wonders of Arizona scenery just made accessible by the opening of new rail and stage roads is a remarkable natural bridge in the Tonto basin, not far from Flagstaff. The bridge is 250 feet long, and spans a canon some 200 feet deep, at the bottom of which flows the river. The bridge is of rock, and is perfectly proportioned. The under side is gracefully arched, and the upper perfectly level.

THE RUBBER TREE.

In Indigenous to Florida and Grows in Profusion in the South.

Those familiar with the southern portion of Florida are aware of the fact that the rubber tree is indigenous here and grows in great profusion on both coasts south of a line drawn west from New Smyrna, says the Florida Citizen. Many large trees grow on the east coast, there being two well-known monarchs, one at Dr. Wittlieb's place, about six miles south of Rockledge, and another on Will Lanchest's place at Lake Worth. To the north countless numbers of immense rubber trees are known, but as their usefulness has not yet been developed here they are very little noticed.

On the west coast the trees are abundantly prominent and are an open bid for the people of our state to investigate their value. At this time, when the people are looking for new avenues in natural products of the soil to replace the orange culture, it would be reasonable to suppose that they would utilize the wild rubber tree. On any of the keys along the coast one could find a rubber plantation or estate in an advanced stage of growth.

At Anna Maria Key, at the entrance to the harbor, Col. John R. Jones has a place upon which is one of these trees with five separate trunks, similar to a banyan tree. The largest trunk is eleven feet in circumference; the others measure twenty-eight, twenty-seven, and eighteen inches respectively. When the tops of these trees become too spreading they send down a sucker, which takes root and assists in the support of the branches. Such a tree as mentioned above covers a large area and would afford good revenue were its great flow of sap utilized.

Col. Jones, on April 14, 1895, planted a little rubber nursing eighteen inches in height. On Feb. 14, 1896 that tree stood five feet ten inches high, showing with what rapidity they grow in their wild state, without any cultivation.

A NOTED CHURCHMAN.

Pere Hyacinthe Has Caused a Sensation by Joining the Copts.

Pere Hyacinthe, who was for a time the talk of two continents, has been converted to the Copts. The announcement to that effect, recently made in France, and which made something of a sensation among the people of that country, has caused a certain feeling of relief among the friends which the former Roman Catholic priest made during his visit and his ministry in this country. Father Hyacinthe, who recently has been known by his civil name of M. Loysen, was not a success outside the fold of his church. His eloquence was great and he has many admirers, but the fact was that, having left the Roman communion, he professed no definite religion and did not advance any theological scheme or theory that appealed to the intelligence or the sentiment of any set of



PERE HYACINTHE.

It has been said of him that he was a man guided by the best and noblest impulses, but led into the errors of indecision by something that was independent of his own will and contrary to all his education. In appearance he has yet the typical look of the priest. His temperament is that of a child in its passion for applause and simplicity, and yet there is not lacking in him a certain stability and force of intellect. Hyacinthe professes never to have left the fold of the church. After disassociating himself from the church he married an American lady. His church in Paris was patronized by English and American people.

Olympic Festival Fixed by the Moon.

The time for the Olympic festival, like the Christian Easter, was dependent upon the moon. In accordance with an ancient tradition, the festival was held when the moon was nearest the summer solstice, at the end of June or the beginning of July. With the first appearance of the new moon began the Hieromenia, or sacred month, during which a sacred truce prevailed. Hostilities were suspended, and no armed soldier could enter the territory of Elis, and no assault could be made upon a pilgrim, under penalty of a heavy fine and excommunication from the temples, games and sacrifices. ("The Old Olympic Games," by Prof. Allan Marquand, in the Century.)

Niagara's New Bridge.

The arch span of the new bridge soon to be built across the Niagara gorge will be 80 feet long, and the center of the arch will be 170 feet above low water. The floor of the bridge will be 46 feet wide, affording room for two trolley tracks in the middle, an eight-foot roadway on either side of these tracks and a sidewalk three feet nine inches wide on each outer side of the bridge.

A grandniece of General Israel Putnam, Mrs. Lucy L. Deckery, died in Bangor, Me., a few days ago at the age of 89 years.

DIED FOR FREEDOM.

A CUBAN GIRL KILLED BY SPANISH SOLDIERS.

Volunteered in a Fortian Hope and Expired with the Words "Cuba Libre" on Her Lips—The "War Angel's" Sad End.



HE War Angel of Ayoleta," as the Cubans called Matilda Agramonte y Varona, was killed recently while fighting shoulder to shoulder with her brothers for the freedom of her country. She was the daughter of two of the great families of Cuba, heiress to the fame and traditions of two old names of Spain, and to the remnant of a fortune that was once one of the largest in the rich island. Every rebellion has found Agramontes and Varonas under the banner of Cuba. Her father and a brother gave up their lives in the ten years' war. Her remaining brothers and her uncles enlisted under General Maceo, and left her alone on the plantation in Puerto Principe, the only property left of the vast estate. She went to visit friends in a neighboring town, and on her return she found the family residence burned, the cane zone, the servants murdered or scattered. A Spanish guerrilla had crossed there and destroyed the place. There was no place for the girl to go, so she asked the first band of rebels that

ROMANCE IN DIVORCE COURT.

Denhard's Wife Comes from Germany to Contest His Action.

Romance tinges the Denhard divorce case, which will have its sensational airing before the court at Ottawa, Ill., in a few days. About six weeks ago Frank Denhard, a teacher of the piano and master of the choir in the aristocratic St. Hilda's Catholic church of Ottawa, filed a bill in court for divorce from his wife, who at the time was residing in Germany. The bill contained allegations intending to show that Mrs. Denhard was a cruel and unfeeling woman and unfit to have the custody of the three small children of Denhard's. No special attention was paid the matter at the time. Denhard is perhaps 27 years old, and received his musical education in Leipzig, where he was married a few years ago. Since coming to Ottawa he has been successful in a musical way and achieved a favorable position socially.

Recently it became known that the wife proposed to contest the divorce suit to the end and she had filed a cross bill, also alleging cruelty. She arrived in Ottawa directly from Leipzig only last week, and immediately filed a cross bill for the custody of her oldest child, Frank. Mrs. Denhard is the daughter of a rich hotelkeeper in Leipzig and is very beautiful. The favored among her admirers was a German artist of distinguished family and whose suit was looked upon with favor by both families. All was well until the brilliant American came. His strong, manly face, and unquestioned ability as a pianist carried the day. It was not long until an engagement between the student and the daughter

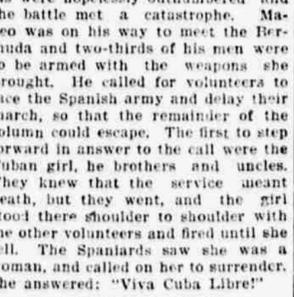
TRUE TO HIS LOVE.

The Couple Courted for Many Years, but at Last Were Wedded.

James Mote and Madge Pennington, of Newark, Del., were ardent lovers during the war. Miss Pennington was a beautiful, vivacious brunette of 19, and James a handsome and gallant fellow of 22. Their engagement was announced, but when the day set for the wedding arrived some unforeseen circumstance prevented the marriage ceremony. Another day was set, but still another obstacle presented itself, and the wedding did not take place. This luck did not dismay the lovers or tend to dampen their ardor, for day after day for nearly thirty years they have walked down the lanes and met at the trysting place with as much regularity as in their youthful days. On Tuesday last James celebrated his 55th birthday and incidentally resolved that he would get married. Accordingly the quiet and curious people of the town were surprised the next day by the announcement of the wedding of Miss Madge Pennington and James Mote on May 7. Miss Pennington has reached the interesting age of 50 years.

Shot the Sheriff at a Funeral.

At Cedar church, ten miles east of Antlers, T. Isaac Reubens shot and killed Campson Battiest, sheriff of Cedar county, the other night, while both were attending a funeral. Reubens says that Battiest fired two shots at him with a pistol, and he then drew his Winchester and shot out his brains.



F. DENHARD.

WHIPPING HIS WEIGHT.

The Champion Logger Overestimated His Fistic Ability to His Sorrow.

In the logging camps of Michigan might makes right and the man who has whipped all comers in fair fights is king of his camp. One of these, said a logger to a Washington Star reporter, was very boastful of his exploits. He had been the victor in a dozen fights and no one dared to enter the lists with him but every man in the camp hated the champion. Going into the saloon one day he announced: "I'm tired of these babies in camp. I ain't had a good fight in Michigan. I can whip my weight in dogs, wildcats or anything that breathes for \$100." A meek-looking man took the bet and arrangements for the fight were made. It was to take place in a closed room one week from the time the bet was made.

The day came and the champion called: "Bring on your animal." The man who had bet against the king of the camp brought in his antagonist in a large sack, which had been deposited behind the stove in the saloon where the match had been entered into, the weather just beginning to get cold. The gladiator entered the room, the sack was emptied and the people crowded at the window to see the contest. Out of the sack came three large horned nests, the occupants of which had been revived by the heat.

They issued from the nests in swarms and lit all over the man. He fought them for a minute or two, then, with a yell, jumped through the window, carrying sack and glass with him, never stopping until he reached the river, into which he jumped.

"Said he could whip his weight in anything that breathed," remarked the meek little man, as he pocketed the stakes, "but about five pounds or hornets knocked him out in the first round."

God in Forty-Eight Languages.

Hebrew, Eleah, Jehovah; Chaldeic, Eliah; Assyrian, Eleah; Syrian and Turkish, Allah; Malay, Alla; Arabic, Allah; Languages of the Magi, Orsi; Old Egyptian, Teut; Armenian, Teuti; Modern Egyptian, Teun; Greek, Theos; Crete, Thios; Aedlan and Dorian, Ios; Latin, Deus; Low Latin, Diex; Celtic Gaelic, Dia; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Portuguese, Deos; Old German, Diet; Provincial, Dion; Low Breton, Done; Italian, Dio; Irish, Dia; Oletu tongue, Deu; German and Swiss, Gott; Flemish, God; Dutch, God; English, God; Teutonic, Gote; Danish and Swedish, Gud; Norwegian, Gud; Slav, Buch; Polish, Bog; Polacca, Bung; Lapp, Jubul; Finnish, Jumala; Runic, As; Zembalan, Fetiza; Pannonian, Istu; Hindostanee, Raim; Caromandel, Brama; Tartar, Magata; Persian, Sid; Chinese, Prussa; Japanese, Gozer; Madagascar, Zannar; Peruvian, Puchecammae.

Iron Water Attracts Poisons.

A scientific paper adds these new terms to ice water as a beverage. It says the water possesses the quality of attracting to itself the poisonous gases exhaled by the lungs and pores of the body. One of the best ways to purify a freshly painted room is to set about it basins of ice water, changing them every few hours. The water in these basins will be found to be deadly poisonous.

Men and Fate.

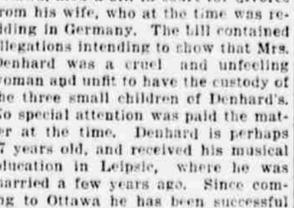
Men are made by what they inherit and by what finds them. Heredity and circumstances added together make fate.—Rev. Myron W. Reed.

A Watch which is in good running order in one year's time ticks 157,690,000

TAKEN BY A GORILLA.

HORRIBLE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF AN AMERICAN.

Saved by a Cowboy's Sure Shot—The Beast Carrying Away His Victim When Help Arrived in the Nick of Time—In Darkest Africa.



JUST WHAT IT IS to struggle with a gorilla is the unenviable experience that fell to the lot of a Cincinnati recently returned from Delagoa Bay, on the east coast of Africa. "My permanent quarters," he said, in telling the story, "were at the Central, but dinner was served the night I arrived at the International. I was thoroughly fatigued, and after dinner I told the manager I wished to go to my room."

"He walked to the door and yelled for a servant in a voice that could be heard above a driving wind and dashing rain."

"Out of the black darkness came a negro as black as the night itself. He took my bag and, with instructions from the manager to keep close to my guide, we started."

"The way led through what I afterwards learned was a garden. "We had not gone more than thirty or forty paces when I received a cry and at the same moment I felt a violent blow on the head."

"The force of the blow almost stunned me, but I managed to whip out my revolver and shoot at my assailant. Instantly I was grasped in a grip that seemed to crush my very bones. One hand was free and I fired two more shots from my revolver. Then came another crushing blow on the head, and I lost consciousness."

"Three days later I came to myself. My head ached and my body was sore even to the touch. I then learned that my unknown enemy had been a gorilla."

"It seems that some friends of Jim Carpenter's returning from the interior had brought a huge beast as a present to the hotel man. There were no accommodations for the newcomer, and until they could be provided, he had been chained to a big tree in the garden. By some means he had broken his chain, though it was an exceptionally strong one, and I was the first thing he found to pounce upon."

"When I fired the second shot, an American in the hotel, 'Texas Wilson' by name, heard them, and calling for a lantern, he seized his gun and ran out to see what the trouble was. After he had gone about 200 yards, the light from his lantern flashed full in the face of a giant gorilla, who was carrying me on his back. The beast scowled and uttered repeated angry cries."

"Wilson was a man who possessed courage of the highest order and the coolness that long experience in the southwest as a cowboy had taught him. He was a dead shot and he waited until he could get a chance at my captor without injuring me. When it came, he fired. The animal fell. He carried me to the hotel and here I am, but no more gorilla for me, if you please."

Letter-Writing for Busy People.

One of the best of all times to hold imaginary conversation with absent friends is when one is doing work commonly called tedious, because it is almost purely mechanical," writes Emma M. Hale in an article on "Letter-Writing for Busy People," in Ladies Home Journal. "When one's fingers are occupied and the conscience is easy, your thoughts should be at their brightest. I have never seen any inconsistency in reading a chapter from Herbert Spencer in the evening and thinking it over next day while paring potatoes for dinner."

"Letter-writing may be the only literary work you ever do, so do not be afraid of obeying one or two fundamental rules necessary to success. It is well known that the best things you read have not been written once, but many times over, before they meet your eye on the printed page; but I have promised that you have only time to write your letters once, so try the plan of having good thoughts collected and classified for your absent friends, and you will gradually find that you have no longer cause for thoughts of regret that you are neglecting those you love, nor they for reproaching you with forgetfulness."

Crow Goes to Church.

Mrs. Eugene Daniels, of Canaan, N. H., has a tame crow that is a curiosity. It is about 18 months old, and has been in captivity from the nest. It talks and seems to understand what is said to it, and is fond of music. It goes to church every Sunday and waits outside till the services are over.

The British Crown.

The ruby in the center of the Maltese cross on top of the British crown is the stone that was given to the Black Prince by King Pedro of Castile after the battle of Nejava. Henry V. of England wore it in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

How She Lived a Hundred Years.

"I have taken pretty good care of my health and let others do the worrying," is the testimony of a hale old woman in Indiana, who celebrated her 100th birthday in September.

Another Mayores.

Among the odd results of the spring elections was the success of Mrs. C. A. Curtis for mayor of Cimmaron, Kan. She is over 60 years old and is wealthy.