

THE LATE F. H. HURD.

CAREER OF ILLUSTRIOUS EX-CONGRESSMAN OF OHIO.

Apoplexy Is the Cause of His Death—His Many Careers for the National Legislature—Aspirations for Office Recently Laid Aside.

FRANK H. Hurd, the eminent statesman and lawyer, died in his apartment in the Boody House, Toledo, Ohio, recently after a few days' illness. He was able to walk about his room until the previous day, when he was stricken with apoplexy.

Frank Hurd was born at Mount Vernon, Knox county, Ohio, Dec. 25, 1811. His father, Judge Hurd, took great pains with his education, and at an earlier age than is usual he was sent to Kenyon college, at Gambier, where he graduated when but 17 years of age, taking the highest honors of his class.

In 1868 Mr. Hurd was appointed to codify the criminal laws of Ohio, which commission was ably executed. In 1869 he came to Toledo and formed a partnership with Judge Charles H. Scribner. During their partnership Harvey Scribner was admitted to the firm, and when Judge Scribner retired to go upon the bench, Mr. Hurd retained his connection with Harvey Scribner until Jan. 1, 1894.

In 1872 Mr. Hurd was first nominated for congress, and his career as a national character began from that time. He was defeated in that canvass by L. R. Sherwood. In 1874 he again ran for congress, and this time was successful. He was re-elected in 1876, but was unseated by J. D. Cox. In 1878 he was again elected, defeating J. B. Luckey in a close contest. In 1880 he was again defeated, Judge J. M. Ritchie being elected. In 1882 he was again elected, but in the campaign of 1882 he was defeated by Jacob Romeis.

At a recent congress of journalists held at Heidelberg, fac smiles of the first newspaper ever printed were distributed to the members. It is a sheet published at Strasburg in 1609 by Johann Carolus. In a letter from Venice, dated Sept. 4, in the first number Galileo's discovery of the telescope is announced.



Italy has a new magazine rifle, which holds only six cartridges, but can be filled and discharged in fifteen seconds. The bullet has an outside covering of German silver with a case of lead, hardened by antimony, and will go through a brick wall three feet thick at a range of a quarter of a mile.

HE WAS A YANK.

Why the Southern Army Decided to Surrender.

Governor Matthews is telling a good story he heard in the South recently, says the Indianapolis Sentinel. In a valley in the northern part of Georgia, between two mountains which shut out all communication with the outside world, there lived an old planter, who, while an ardent adherent of the southern cause, was too badly crippled by infirmities to shoulder a musket and march barefooted. But he had a son whom he sent, and after the boy had disappeared down the road the old man waited for the news of the strife.

The years wore on and news failed to arrive. The valley was deserted and there was no one to learn the course of events. The old man smoked his pipe and waited impatiently for news. One morning as he sat on his front porch with his pipe, far down the dusty road appeared the form of a solitary pedestrian.

"Shot?" "No." "Sick?" "No." "No?" "No." "What?" "The old man reached behind him for a stout club which he used as a cane."

A Famous Englishman. George Tinworth, whose marvelous panels representing sacred subjects have made him the most famous artist in terra cotta of his generation, was born in London, Nov. 5, 1843.



Developed a high order of talent, and his exhibits of figures, solitary and in groups, challenged such marked attention that he obtained a permanent appointment in the great Doulton art pottery in 1867.

A Deadly Rifle. Italy has a new magazine rifle, which holds only six cartridges, but can be filled and discharged in fifteen seconds.

Japan's New Minister. M. Hoshi, Japan's new minister to this country, is a statesman and scholar of prominence.

Similar. Squidlig—Campaign lies remind me of mosquito nettles.



M. HOSHI TORRI. He is an ex-president of the Lower House of the Japanese diet or congress.

A Monopoly. At Redditch, England, 20,000 people make more than 100,000,000 needles a year, and they are made and exported so cheaply that England has no rival and practically monopolizes the trade.

A man without enemies may not be much of a man, but he has a soft time of it.

LIBERTY IS IN PAWN.

A WALL STREET PLUNGER'S UNPATRIOTIC DEED.

Refuses to Pay the Debts He Incurred on Columbian Liberty Bell and It is Held in Chicago by His Dupe—A Chance for Patriots.

FEW people realize that the great Columbian Liberty Bell is in Chicago housed in a modest little building on Sheridan road, says a Chicago special to the Philadelphia Times.

The bell is under the custodianship of George S. Knapp, who has had it in charge every hour since he accepted the trust on September 11, 1893. On that date Mr. William O. McDowell, who collected the historic metal of which the emblem of liberty is composed, requested Mr. Knapp to assume its official management, both at the fair, and during its trip around the world.

This salary has never been paid in full, and the deficit, together with money advanced at various times, now amounts to over \$3,000, so the famous bell is now practically in pawn at Mr. Knapp's home here.

In witness thereof, I, George B. Swift, mayor of Chicago, set my name and cause the corporate seal of said city to be attached, this twenty-ninth day of May, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and nineteenth year.

It was the intention of the originators to take the bell around the world, and on September 13, 1895, a huge stake, weighing seven pounds, with an engraved copper head, was ceremoniously driven into the ground at the City Hall in Chicago to commemorate the beginning of its journey.

To avoid delay Mr. Knapp paid this claim and started for Atlanta with just \$15 in his pocket. Unable to get any money from Mr. McDowell and unwilling to burden the bell with debt, Mr. Knapp and his son journeyed to and from Atlanta, and for four months lived in a box car on the exposition grounds.

Finally they secured sufficient excelsior to make a rough bed, which was afterward replaced by cheap cots. They were reduced to one meal a day and often driven to the extremity of resolving themselves into a tasting committee at the various booths.

The Columbian Bell will ring on the Fourth of July at 12 m. Historic flags will be raised. The Columbian Peace Plover can be seen and the International Rope. You and your friends are cordially invited.

Another? "Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land, Unto All the Inhabitants Thereof."

Two hundred and fifty thousand pennies from the children of the country enter into its composition. One day at the World's Fair a little girl gently pulled Mr. Knapp's coat, saying "Please, mister, won't you let me put my hand on the bell?"

Just then a big bronzed fellow raised his cane to strike the bell, and the little maid spread out both hands, crying: "Oh, don't strike my papa's penny!"

In the bell are 22,000 contributions from battlefields, keys from Jefferson Davis' brown, pike heads belonging to John Brown, silver spoons owned by J. C. Calhoun, Thomas Jefferson's copper kettle, widow's mite dug from the pool of Bethesda, hinge from Lincoln's home in Springfield, Whittier's pen and George Washington's surveying chain.

Bismarck as a Hand-Organist. It is credibly related by a German journal that during the reign of the Emperor William I, when the present emperor was a boy, Prince Bismarck, walking one day through a corridor of the royal palace at Berlin, came upon a strange scene.

"I see, my lord chancellor," he said with a smile, "that you are beginning early to make the princes dance to your music!"

His Bluff Promptly Called. "A man can get \$1,000 in gold anywhere in Chicago," said an enthusiastic silver man to a group in the Palmer House rotunda.

Pays Taxes with Wolf Scapls. Charles Bryant of Nevada, la., is a good hunter who pays his taxes with wolf scapls, wolf scapls being legal tender to the extent of \$2 each.

A Newspaper of Figures. About the cheapest newspaper is Le Monaco. It is issued weekly, is admirably printed on expensive paper, and its "news" consists almost exclusively of figures arranged in long columns.

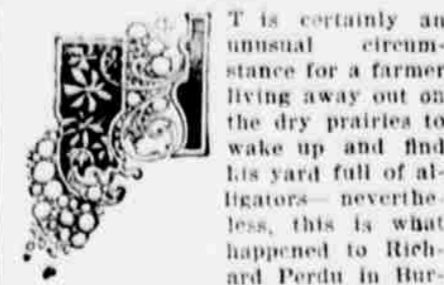
Works Both Ways. "Gracious, Billy, I'm in a fix; you know I sold my old wheel and got a '96?"

Works Both Ways. "Well—my wife got onto it—and blamed if she hasn't gone and sent off her sewing machine and piano—bound to have this year's make."

BOLD ALLIGATORS.

THEY MADE A VERY LARGE COMMOTION IN TEXAS.

Farmer Was Amazed One Fine Morning to Find His Yard in the Possession of the Creatures—Boys Made War on Them.



A few days ago, avers a correspondent in the St. Louis Republic.

About daylight Farmer Perdu was aroused from sound slumber by the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, the braying of mules, and the bellowing of cattle.

Mr. Perdu rubbed his eyes, and after taking a second look he shouted for his wife and his Winchester.

This is what had happened. Not a drop of rain has fallen in this section of country for more than two months, and in consequence of this fact nearly all creeks, ponds, and bayous are as dry as the throat of a famous Texas politician from whom his friends had to hide the coal oil can.

Courtesy's lake is the favorite haunt of hundreds of alligators, and never but once before within the memory of the oldest Texan was it entirely dry until a few weeks ago.

These young people scared the alligators off into the woods, and on that very night the whole army of saurians concluded to emigrate to the Brazos river, some 12 miles away.

They followed the line of fence for three miles, until they came to Farmer Perdu's gate. This gate is kept closed by a heavy weight attached to a chain. The alligators were evidently trying to get through the wire fence at every step, and when the big bull that led the army put his nose against the gate and found that it readily yielded, he was no doubt highly pleased.

The dogs were not long in scenting the saurians, and they went to barking in a way that Farmer Perdu had never heard before. The horses, hogs, and cattle in the adjacent lots acted as though they were much frightened.

One of the big monsters on the porch opened its mouth and snapped its jaws close to Mr. Perdu's feet. Mr. Perdu has some five boys, who are fond of fishing. Their experience made them wiser than their father, in natural history at least.

The funniest part of the affair was the excitement that it created in the neighborhood. The rapid firing of the guns, accompanied by the shouts of the boys, aroused the whole neighborhood. Old soldiers around on the prairie

thought of Vicksburg and Chickamauga. Everyone within five miles was sure that the Perdu boys were standing off a band of robbers.

In five minutes 50 people, armed with Winchesters, revolvers, and shotguns, were galloping to the Perdu home. When they saw the alligators they looked into each other's eyes and said: "What in thunder does it all mean?"

FADS IN PRONUNCIATIONS.

The Devil is Coming in for His Share of Attention.

It is possibly too late to cure the affectation of giving a Teutonic twist to the pronunciation of those good old Saxon words either or neither, in whose original there was no suspicion of an "i," for fashion seems to have decreed, notwithstanding, that they shall be the-ther and ni-ther, and so they will probably continue to be with those who aspire to keep pace with the popular whirl, until the turn of the wheel shall bring the correct form on top again.

But there are two other words that seem to be going the same road, and alike in opposition to all authority, concerning which I wish to make a few remarks. I mean the words evil and devil, which have a close relation to each other in more ways than one.

Cool Burglar, Cooler Victim.

In the current Littell's Living Age is copied an article by W. S. Lilly on "The Theory of the Ludicrous," in which article the following story is related:

"I think about the most curious man I ever met," said the retired burglar, "met in a house in eastern Connecticut, and I shouldn't know him, either, if I should meet him again, unless I should hear him speak. It was so dark when I met him that I never saw him at all! I had looked around the house downstairs, and actually hadn't seen a thing worth carrying off, and it wasn't a bad-looking house on the outside, either. I got upstairs and groped about a little, and finally turned into a room that was darker than Egypt. I hadn't gone more than three steps in this room when I heard a man say: 'Hello, there?'"

"Hello, says I. 'Who are you?' said the man, 'burglar?' 'And I said yes, I did do something in that line occasionally. 'Miserable business to be in, ain't it?' said the man. His voice came from a bed over in the corner of the room and I knew he hadn't even sat up. 'And I said: 'Well, I dunno; I've got to support my family some way. 'Well, you just wasted a nice night here,' said the man. 'Didn't you see anything down stairs worth stealing?' 'And I said no, I hadn't. 'Well, there's less upstairs,' says the man and then I heard him turn over and settle down to go to sleep again. I'd like to have gone over there and kicked him. But I didn't. It was getting late and I thought, all things considered, that I might just as well let him have his sleep out."

Antiquity of Soap.

Soap is not a modern invention. It is twice mentioned in the Bible, first in Jeremiah and again in Malachi. History tells us that more than 2,000 years ago the Gauls manufactured it by combining beech tree ashes with goat's fat. A few years ago a soap-buller's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible ruin of ashes that fell upon that city 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years. At the time that Pompeii was destroyed the soap-making business was carried on in several of the Italian cities.—Grocer's Review.

The number of wheels ridden in Chicago is variously estimated at from 85,000 to 100,000.