

Chasing a Spent Shell in Mafeking.

This picture represents a race for a spent shell in Mafeking. Now, while spent balls and shells may be chased, they also do a little chasing on their own account. Because of this unpleasant habit it is unsafe to monkey



with the spent missile. Yet persons, especially those in the besieged town, are prone to do rash things. It isn't so dangerous to run out from the bombproof and pick up the pieces of an exploded shell. But when a race is made for a spent shell that has still

a good deal of momentum and has not exploded it is rather risky business. The other day such a shell fell between the women's camp and one of the forts, and there was an exciting race between the occupants of both positions for the souvenir. But to

touch the shell before it had stopped rolling probably would have meant a broken bone, and the race resulted only in trying to get hold of the projectile first after it had ended its journey.—Correspondence of the Chicago Daily Inter Ocean.

WIFEY CONCLUDED

That the Compact Was Being Overworked and Went Home to Mother. When the junior member of a well-known law firm got married, about two months ago, he entered into a compact with his bride which was designed as a preventive against conviviality. In his bachelor days he was known as a jolly good fellow, which is the same thing as saying that sometimes he was a jolly bad fellow; so when he got married, as a safeguard against the allurements of old comrades, he said to his wife: "Now, my dear, I shall only drink when you do. We shall have liquid refreshments in the house, and as you have no conscientious scruples against moderate drinking, all temptation to drink outside will be removed." So the compact was made, and religiously kept until last Tuesday, when some old college friends from New York drifted into the young lawyer's office. Nothing would do but that they must go over to the Bellevue and have something. In vain the Benedict protested. His protests grew feebler and feebler, and finally he fell. But he did it in this way: Stepping into the telegraph office he sent this dispatch to his wife: "Have a drink with me." When this reached her she was considerably mystified, but, like a dutiful wife, she did as she was bidden. Ten minutes later came another telegram which read: "Let's have another." She took another, wonderingly, a tiny sip of claret. Shortly afterward came another message reading: "One more, and this is the last." But it wasn't. This was followed by still another. "Whoop! take this with me." By this time the young wife was in tears,

which only flowed faster as other telegrams poured in upon her. When her husband came home to dinner in a cab at 6 o'clock, she had flown to the sheltering arms of her mother.—Philadelphia Record.

A Bonaparte's Charity.
The magnificent residence, or palace, rather, of Prince Roland Bonaparte, in the Avenue de Lena, Paris, was thrown open recently for the benefit of a charity, presided over by the Duchess de Gramont and the Marquis Costa de Beauregard of the French academy, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Needless to say that benevolence and curiosity combined to prompt hundreds of persons to avail themselves of so rare an opportunity to see and admire the beautiful interior and the treasures and precious souvenirs of the first empire and the imperial family, which the art-loving prince has collected there, and equally needless to add, that the good work profited largely by his laudable co-operation. For an entrance fee of \$2 the visitors, from 2 to 6 p. m., the carrying out of a program of entertainments, comprising music, song, a ballet-pantomime, shadow shows and legerdemain, etc., for which a number of noted artists, singers, dancers and musicians had offered their services.

His Point of View.
She—A married couple should pull together, like a team of horses. He—Yes, and they probably would if like a team of horses they had but one tongue between them.

The more delusion some people have the more happiness they enjoy.

LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

Called the Hurricane Tree, and is in Nassau, Capital of Bahama Islands. In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama Islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now, the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three story house. It is variously known as the celba, or silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree. For no matter how hard the wind blows it can not disturb the mighty buttressed trunk of the celba. In the hurricane of last spring all the palms and many of the other trees of Nassau were overturned, but the great hurricane tree, although it lost all its leaves, did not lose so much as a branch. Its trunk throws out great curving, wind-like braces, some of them twenty feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the trees against all attack, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer hundreds, even thousands of people may gather in the cool of its shadow. No one knows how old the tree is, but it must have been growing hundreds, if not thousands of years. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present, and even the oldest negro in the island can not remember when it was a bit smaller.—Washington Post.

HOSPITABLE CANNIBALS.

Kind to White Strangers, Though They Occasionally Eat a Black Man. Rev. Dr. R. H. Nassau expects to return in the spring to his field of missionary work in equatorial Africa. This is Dr. Nassau's fourth visit to the United States since, as a young man, he was sent to Africa as a missionary 39 years ago. During the last five years he has been stationed at Liberville, Gaboon province (French), engaged in translating 14 books of the Bible into the Fang language. These translations are being printed by the American Bible society. The Fangs are a tribe of cannibals, numbering about 1,000,000, and inhabiting the country lying far up the Ogove river. They are large of stature, warlike, and represent much the strongest tribe in that portion of the country. Dr. Nassau said before leaving Baltimore that he could not call the natives that he meets in Africa savages; they are cruel, he said, but not bloodthirsty; their desire to kill is more for superstitious reasons. There are cannibals, he said among them. He has seen them boiling human arms for food and offering for sale with other meats human hands; "and one day," continued the doctor, "while floating down the river in a canoe, accompanied by my little girl and two natives to row the boat, we were called to from a group of naked men standing on the shore to know if we wished to buy any meat, and, holding up a human arm, they informed us in their language that they had just killed two men belonging to a hostile tribe not far from there. This was about thirty miles below my house." The only means of transportation through that portion of the country, Dr. Nassau said, is by boat. Trade is carried on without money, a cake of soap or a piece of calico or beads being all that is necessary. "The men there are polygamists, their importance in the community being estimated according to the number of wives," said the doctor. They are kind to their mothers, but abuse their wives. Our mission has succeeded in bringing about 1,800 of them into the Presbyterian church. If before coming Christians they had married more than one wife we require them to set all free (all their wives are slaves, bought and sold) but one—the one they might prefer. The African is very hospitable. No medicine ever gave me more benefit than the Christian kindness of these heathen friends of our little mission. They have a religion—they are more religious than you or I. They feel honored to receive us as their 'official' guests, and so we can depend upon their protection."

ANTI-TREATERS.

They Organize in Baltimore, Md., and Propose to Save Lots of Money. The latest movement of the anti-treaters has its headquarters in Baltimore, Md., where an anti-treat circle, with a president, officers and twenty-eight members has been formed. Its object is, of course, to break up treating. The members meet at their hall once a week, but no one ever dares to say, "Have one on me," for if he should he would be penalized with a fine of 25 cents for each treat. Some of the reason which led to the formation of this circle may be gained from this lucid statement from one of the members, who draws a picture whose fidelity to truth will be recognized from Maine to Manila: "You and I go into a saloon with the intention of having one drink—perhaps two. We meet eight or ten friends who insist upon our joining them. We do so. Then you and I reciprocate. Finally every man in the crowd insists on everybody else having 'one with him.' The consequence is that each man takes eight or ten drinks of whisky or beer, and after the boat is over there is not one but who would have preferred a halt at the first drink. This custom, repeated several times a day, year in and year out, will ruin a man physically and financially."

Too Dead Turkeys.

A produce dealer who deals in both live and dressed poultry, says the Albany Argus, sent to the consignee of his dressed poultry a letter intended for the shipper of the live turkeys, as follows: "Dear Sir: We regret to advise you that four of the turkeys in your consignment of December—reached here dead. Please make deduction for same and return corrected account. Yours truly." The poultry man commended with himself and replied thusly: "Dear Sir: I am sorry to say that I find it impossible to make concession requested. I have established a rule requiring all customers who desire live dressed turkeys to notify us in advance, so we can send them in heated cars. Turkeys without their feathers and insides are liable to catch cold if shipped in the ordinary manner. The mortality among dressed turkeys was very large this year. Yours mournfully."

Mellowing Muskmelons in Southern Italy

In southern Italy muskmelons are at best much inferior to the American fruit, lacking the sweetness and flavor of our fruit. Strange to say, however, this inferior melon, when saved for winter consumption, becomes of an excellent flavor. The melons are pulled from the vines while green and hung in the open air until winter, when they are eaten. The melon treated thus becomes not only far superior to the ripe fruit of summer, but equal to the American melon in sweetness and flavor.

Hair Growing Time.

The hair grows considerably faster in winter than in summer.

NEW YORK TRAGEDY.

DENTIST KILLED EMPLOYER'S WIFE.

Murderer Completes the Deed by Shooting Himself—Invaded Woman's Room. Shot Her Dead and Then Ended His Own Life.

Mrs. Mamie Hayes was murdered the other night in her sleeping apartment in the Hotel Endicott, New York city, by Dr. Franklin L. Caldwell, who then shot and killed himself. The woman was shot in the head. Caldwell was employed as an assistant by Dr. Ephraim H. Hayes, husband of the dead woman. Three days prior to the tragedy Caldwell ordered a solution of morphine, which was delivered to him an hour before the shooting. The bottle which had contained the morphine was found on a table in the room with the bodies.

Dr. E. H. Hayes came from Chicago four years ago to take charge of the dental rooms of a department store company. He had been a dentist well known in Chicago, and when he left there he placed his office in charge of Dr. Caldwell. Mrs. Hayes did not come to the city with her husband, but remained in Chicago for some time. Just how long is not known.

Four weeks before the double crime Hayes opened an office in the Hotel Endicott. Caldwell was placed there as an assistant. The Hayes family occupied with the office a set of apartments on the ground floor of the hotel. With them lived Dr. Caldwell, Ralph Hayes, a nephew of Dr. Hayes, and a colored maid. Mrs. Hayes was 35 years old. Dr. Caldwell was the same age.

On the night of the tragedy, Dr. Hayes and his nephew went out. Mrs. Hayes directed the servant to attend to her work in the kitchen, at the same time saying that she would change her dinner gown for a house dress. Within half an hour Dr. Hayes' nephew returned, and as the servant opened the door to admit him there came the sound of a pistol shot. Two more shots were fired a moment later. The young man and several others who had heard the shots ran into Mrs. Hayes' apartments. On the bed lay Mrs. Hayes. She had thrown off the dress she had worn at dinner. She lay in a natural position. There was a jagged wound in her right temple, from which the blood flowed. The bullet had entered her brain, and she must



DR. FRANKLIN CALDWELL.

have died instantly. Beside the bed lay Dr. Caldwell. He, too, was dead. There were two bullet wounds in his head. His right hand still clutched a revolver, with the finger on the trigger, showing how he had died. Dr. Hayes was found in a drug store near at hand and hurried to the rooms. He was quite distracted, talked wildly, and it was feared for a time that he would have to be restrained. He could not offer the faintest suggestion of a cause for the wild act of Caldwell. Nothing was found that gave any idea as to the cause of the shooting, so far as he is known, or so far as any one would say. When the revolver was taken from the hand of the dead man it was found that but three chambers were empty. It is learned that for several weeks Mrs. Hayes had been attended for a nervous trouble by Dr. Richardson, a specialist. It is said that she was about to be taken to a private institution, as her nervous condition did not improve, and she needed absolute quiet. There seems to have been no indication of intended murder on the part of Caldwell, who had dinner with the family. The maid says that Mrs. Hayes and Caldwell chatted together for a few minutes after the others had left the table, and there was not the slightest suggestion of a quarrel. They were talking of commonplace affairs, she says.

Everything indicated that Dr. Caldwell had followed Mrs. Hayes into the bedroom almost immediately. She had only partly removed her bodice. Apparently she had been standing with her back to the bed when he fired upon her, and she fell backward upon it. Then there was an interval of a few seconds. Evidently Dr. Caldwell paused a few moments to make sure that his shots were fatal. Then he turned the weapon upon himself.

Swore at Her on His Fingers.

Mrs. Emma Jane Jones is suing her husband, Thomas Ellsworth Jones, for divorce. The couple are both deaf mutes and have lived together for ten years in Philadelphia. Mrs. Jones alleges that her husband swears at her and calls her vile names on his fingers.

WONDERFUL CURES BY FAITH.

Michigan Man Who Has Healed 400 Cases by Laying on of Hands.

John Griffit, a young laborer of Niles, Mich., is attracting a great deal of attention by his marvelous power of faith healing. It is said that up to date Griffit has treated over 400 cases, embracing nearly every variety of disease, and that he has effected a cure in each instance. He cannot explain his power, but attributes it to a divine gift which he believes that he received when a child. He has visions and believes in everything he dreams. He will undertake to cure only at certain times, at night time and in the new and full moon. Young Griffit is a bright-looking fellow, apparently quite intelligent. He invariably bestows his services free. No less wonderful than his curative feats is the fact that he can stop the circulation of the blood instantaneously, when the body will become cold as ice. With no apparent effort he can as speedily cause the blood to resume its natural course. He is not a member of any church and was never baptized in any faith. In case a vein is severed he can, without bandages of any form, stop the flow of blood instantly. The young fellow is not familiar with the extent of his wonderful abilities, as he has never yet met with failure in his attempts to cure. Altogether he is an extraordinary character, and is attracting widespread attention, especially in medical circles. Griffit is 24 years old and was born in Miami county, Ind. At the age of 14 instinct told him that he possessed marvelous powers of healing, and his first case was that of a horse which was so badly afflicted with tumor of the neck that his father was about to kill the animal, when the boy interceded and commenced operations, and in a few days the animal was entirely well. His next case was that of a young woman suffering with goiter, which the boy cured in one week. His method is to lay hands on a patient and pray.

WOMEN STEAL A FIRE TRUCK

Episode in the Hook and Ladder and Literary Society Warfare.

In the warfare that is being waged in East Marion, L. I., over the custody of a hook and ladder truck purchased by the women of the Literary society of that place for the use of the local fire department the women have met with their first defeat. The fight has grown out of the recent action of the officers of the fire companies in having the village fire department incorporated. The women of the Literary society considered that this would deprive them from having any say concerning the hook and ladder truck, and they immediately put in a claim for the apparatus. They wanted their gift returned, but what they intended doing with it is not known. The firemen refused to surrender the truck, so the other night it was stolen from the truck house. From that time until today the members of the truck company scoured the country side for traces of their machine. Today it was discovered secreted in a barn. It was immediately taken back to the truck house. The women assert they dragged the truck away themselves, but it is understood that a number of male sympathizers aided in the capture. A guard will now be placed in the truck house until the fight is settled.—New York Sun.

Exploded 44 Years After Being Fired.

The longest time that is known to have elapsed between the firing of a shell and its explosion is forty-four years. Recently a shell which had been fired into the Russian harbor of Sebastopol during the Crimean war at least forty-four years ago, was hauled up by some fishermen, and it exploded on being taken from the water, killing one of the men and wounding several of the others, notwithstanding the long period which had elapsed since it had left the gun which fired it. Finds of shells are exceedingly dangerous, if they happen to be unexploded ones, as a similar accident happened not long since at Bolton-le-Sands, where a dredger named Wilson fished up one that had been fired from the artillery camp at Bare, and took it home. An attempt to break it up cost him an eye, a foot and a broken head, besides causing serious damage to property.

Tooth Marks Betray Thief.

The peculiar shape of Charles Mack's teeth is the cause of his arrest, and confinement in the county jail at Omaha, on the charge of burglary. A grocery store on Twenty-fourth street was burglarized a few evenings since but the thief escaped. When the police and citizens were investigating the case Mack appeared and was very zealous in his search. Mack has peculiarly formed teeth. A detective noticed a piece of cheese on a counter bearing marks corresponding to Mack's teeth and made him bite another piece. The marks were identical and Mack was arrested. The goods stolen from the store were later found in his house.

Said His Prayers.

Senator Vest of Missouri, has a grandson he is very proud of. The other night his mother went into the nursery to kiss him good night. "I have come to hear you say your prayers, Harry." "I've done said 'em, mamma." "Why, you can't say them by yourself." "Yes, I can. I said, 'God bless grandpa and make him well and fat again; God bless mamma and papa, and make 'em give me everything I want. And, please, God, bless and take care of yourself, for you are the boss of us all!'"—Brooklyn Life.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

