

# HAS A QUEER BELIEF.

This Woman Believes That Dogs Have Souls...

Mrs. Izora C. Chandler, of New York, painter of dogs' pictures, author of stories about dogs, and lover of these intelligent animals, is a firm believer in the theory that they have souls.

"Yes, that is my conception," said Mrs. Chandler. "If dogs live up to the best canine ethics they will go to heaven just as we, if we live up to human ethics, will go to heaven. And I think that their heaven and our heaven are the same. Dogs and human beings are too close friends here to be separated hereafter."

Mrs. Chandler has a pet St. Bernard named Rex that died a few years ago and left a void in the world for her. "Heaven is a state in which we shall all be content," continued Mrs. Chandler, "and I should never be satisfied unless I met Rex there, and I know he would not be content to follow another angel about. The Indian is sure that the first object he will see when he goes to the happy hunting ground will be his dog. And why should he not, if he was a good dog and lived according to his light?"

"We claim to be their superiors. In some respects we are, but we can learn much from dogs. They serve us faithfully, they show their gratitude for the smallest kindness and their faith in us is sublime. Dogs feel love and hatred. They experience despair, they have patience that is angelic, they know the pangs of jealousy, and they show a desire to help and comfort that is more than human. Man has a will. So have they. They are capable of obedience, whether present or absent from the one giving the command. They endure self-denial for the object of their affection. I believe that the



MRS. IZORA C. CHANDLER.

possession of all these indicates a soul and that all souls have a future state."

Mrs. Chandler paints miniatures of men and women as well as those of dogs, but the novelty of the dog miniature painting has made it a fad. Recently she painted the heads of three French bulldogs belonging to one of New York's fashionable women and received \$300 for the work.

"Three of us," one of Mrs. Chandler's books about dogs, has been called the "Black Beauty" of the dog world. It is dedicated to the memory of a pet dog she once owned, and is full of the author's pleasing belief in the immortality of our faithful dumb friends.

## ZANGWILL'S STORIES.

He Recalls Delightful Tales of Married Life.

"I was married in Ventnor, at least so I gathered from the local newspapers, in whose visitors' lists there figured the entry 'Mr. and Mrs. Zangwill.' I do not care to correct it because the lady being my mother, is perfectly accurate and leads to charming misconceptions. 'There, that's he,' loudly whispered a young man, nudging his sweetheart, and there's his wife with him. 'That! Why she looks old enough to be his mother,' replied the young lady. 'Ah!' said the lover, with an air of conscious virtue and a better bargain, 'they're awful mercenary, these literary chaps.' The reverse of this happened to a young friend of mine. He married an old lady who possessed a very large fortune. During the honeymoon his solicitous attentions to her excited the admiration of another old lady who passed her life in a bath chair. 'Dear me!' she thought, 'how delightful in these degenerate days to see a young man so attentive to his mother! and, dying soon after, left him another large fortune.'—Philadelphia Press.

## WHITE-HOT BOLTS

Sent Spinning Through the Air by a Darts Twist of the Wrist.

The passing of white-hot bolts from section to section of the new Continental building, in course of erection at the corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, is one of the spectacles in connection with the setting of the steel for the structure which helps entertain the great numbers who day after day congregate about this busy vicinity, says the Baltimore American. The bolts and rivets necessary in joining the great steel girders are heated in portable forges, which, with the attendant, are placed high in the air on strong enough, but what look from the street like very frail, platform of boards. All about the forges the setters are at work placing the bolts, and as each is riveted another is placed in position. It is the method by which the blazing bolts get from the forge to

the riveter that supplies the spectacle—a fascinating, and at times an alarming one. The bolt is caught securely in pincers, and by a deft twist of the wrist is sent spinning through the air in the direction of the men at work on the structure, from five to ten feet away, and sometimes farther. There is a swift, brilliant flash through the air, and then a shower of sparks as the bolt reaches its destination—the bottom of a bucket held by one of the workmen. There is play for dexterity both in throwing and in catching the blazing metal, and, while misses rarely, if ever, occur, still there is a chance, and this chance gives zest to the interest of the watchers on the sidewalk. The bolts in their comet-like flights ordinarily pass from girder to girder, with open way through the skeleton structure below them, so that a miss means that the hot metal will come earthward at an alarming rate of speed, and with probable dire results to one or more of the scores of men at work between the sky line and terra firma. The men, however, who do this little turn have done it before a few times, and themselves and the hundreds below them have perfect confidence in their ability.

## PAID FOR HIS FISH.

How Senator Quarles Victimized a Fellow Student.

When Senator Quarles of Wisconsin, a new man in public life, was a student at Racine college, he had for a classmate a young man who was more attentive to the pleasures of fishing than he was to his studies. He always relied upon Quarles to coach him at recitations. One of the requirements was an original essay from each member of the class once a fortnight. The piscatorial student had drawn on Quarles until that worthy thought it time to call a halt, and one day he refused. His class had a big fishing expedition on, and pledged earnestly for one more essay. "What do I get?" asked Quarles. "Half the fish," was the reply. "All right," said Quarles. "I'll help you out once more." On the afternoon for essays the fisherman student took his place, and when he was called he stood and read in the most solemn manner "Lochiel's Warning." His voice never changed from start to finish. Lochiel and the Wizard were one and the same to the reader. The class suppressed its laughter, seeing that the professor never changed a muscle. After the reading the professor asked: "Mr. A., do you wish the class to understand that you offer this as original?" "Certainly, sir. Entirely so," was the reply. "There is a striking similarity between your paper and the poem of Campbell on the same subject. Have you ever read Campbell?" "Which Campbell?" "Thomas Campbell, the poet." "No, sir." "If you will come to my room after the class is dismissed I will show you the poem." "You had better show it to Joe Quarles," said Mr. A., who realized by this time that he had been victimized, and, turning to Quarles, he said: "If you get any fish today you pay for 'em; understand?"

## Skillful Australian Scouts.

In March, 1892, a great corroboree, or mimic fight, was held by two savage tribes of Australian aboriginals at Port Darwin, and it became so realistic that grave fears were entertained that it might become a real instead of a sham battle. The accompanying picture shows one of the scouts, who, in real warfare, climb trees and keep a lookout for the enemy's reinforcements. But they also provide for action in the treeless deserts. Armed with a pole about 20 feet long, he scoops out a small hollow in the ground and plants the butt of his pole therein, afterwards ascending it and balancing himself so skillfully that his



SCOUT ON POLE.

insecure perch remains perpendicular. His curious mode of climbing is well shown in the snapshot. Grasping the pole with his hand, he draws up his legs until the soles of his feet are parallel and resting against the pole. With the purchase so obtained he then raises his body and takes a fresh grip, repeating the performance until he reaches the top of the pole.

Every man tells his friends he would do lots of things if he were in their place which he wouldn't expect them to do if he were in their place.

# HE PROVED UNWORTHY

Killed the Father and Shamed the Daughter.

Public opinion in the Old Dominion swung heavily against Andrew C. Gilligan, recently on trial at Windsor for the murder of Beverly Turner, on whose plantation the young man was brought up as a farm hand, when it became evident that in order to escape the gallows Gilligan stood ready to blacken the character of Isabelle Turner, his employer's daughter, who had been his sweetheart. The jury promptly convicted him. The murder of Mr. Turner grew out of his driving Gilligan off the plantation when the father discovered the attachment between the farm hand and his daughter. Gilligan planned to introduce in his defense love letters written to him by Miss Turner, and Virginia chivalry revolted at the idea. In the beginning the trial had every element to make it most interesting, for it was understood that the girl, Isabelle Turner, was in possession of facts that would tend to clear Gilligan or to convict him of the murder of her father. There was romance mingled with the tragedy, and people flocked from miles around to see the tangle unraveled.

But with the progress of the hearing the romance gradually wore away, and the testimony of the girl on the stand swept all vestiges of it from the face of the affair. The shadow of love that had somewhat hidden the hideous aspect of murder dissolved in the burning eloquence with which Isabelle Turner performed a two-fold duty—the aiding of justice in the avengement of the murder of her father and the defense of

Gilligan had tried to intercept her as she entered the house.

"He took hold of my cape and wanted to talk to me," said the girl, as she shot a glance at Gilligan. "I told him it was too cold to talk, that I had no time and that I did not desire to talk to him. He kept hold of my cape, but I wrenched it from his hand and ran to the house." Then she gave Gilligan the lie. Sheriff Edwards swore that Gilligan told him that Mr. Turner had found his daughter in the embrace of Gilligan. The girl swore that she was in the house when her father was shot; that she heard the report of the gun and paid no attention to it, as the shooting of firearms in the neighborhood was not unusual during the holidays. She told in detail of her actions in the house that evening, of preparing supper, of conversations with her mother, of seeing a skulking form at the back gate and of going for "Andy" Cotton, a negro boy, to come to the house.

"While on our way to the cabin for Andy Cotton," said the girl, "my mother and I passed Mr. Gilligan on the road. He was whistling and passed us without speaking. We thought that papa was at Mr. Crocker's, but when he did not come in at 9 o'clock we sent Andy Cotton for him with a note. He was not there and Mr. Crocker came over. We searched for papa and Mr. Crocker found his body. It was lying in the snow near the fence and he was dead."

This testimony was given in a low, clear voice. The girl looked steadily at Gilligan, and Gilligan, with impassive countenance twirled a cigarette and gazed at the floor. Up to this time Isabelle Turner had been composed.



ANDREW CARTER GILLIGAN

MISS ISABELLA TURNER

her good name. A. C. Gilligan, who had entered the trial as one half excusable in the eyes of the people, came out of it with more than the stain of murder on him.

Gilligan is the son of the overseer on the Turner plantation. As a boy he was Isabelle Turner's playmate and grew up almost as one of the Turner household. As the girl budded into womanhood and Gilligan grew to be a tall, strapping youth, of handsome face and graceful bearing, the brotherly and sisterly affection gave way to love. Eventually, of course, Mr. Turner learned of the infatuation of his daughter for Gilligan. There was the usual stormy scene; the young girl was sent off to school and the young man was ordered from the plantation. This was over two years ago, when the girl was not quite 18 and Gilligan was little past his majority.

It appears that Gilligan from this time went to the bad. He took to drink in order to forget, and only made memory more poignant. When Mr. Turner thought that the love of the girl had grown cold he brought her back from school and commanded that she should see no more of young Gilligan. She promised, and that was the end of it in the mind of the father, who was an aristocrat of the old school, accustomed to obedience and unable to realize that his will was not sufficient to thwart the designs of Cupid.

Mr. Turner was murdered on the night of December 27. Gilligan had borrowed a gun that day, and after the murder he disappeared. Soon he came back, gave himself up and confessed to the sheriff. He said that the girl was with him when he murdered her father; that Mr. Turner had caught him with his arm around her and had threatened to kill him.

"I shot in self-defense," said Gilligan. "It was his life or mine."

This aspect of the case put Isabelle Turner in a cruel position. Accepting the truth of Gilligan's story, she was the sole witness of the crime. Upon her testimony hung the life of her lover. Would she so distort what happened as to clear him? Would she tell just what happened and be fair to the murderer and the lover? Or would she allow a spirit of revenge to actuate her and give testimony that would send Gilligan to the gallows? When Isabelle Turner took the stand for the first time since the murder of her father her features were first seen in public.

In her testimony the girl told of coming home from Hollins Institute on December 21 to spend the Christmas holidays. She told of a trip to Ferguson's wharf on the snowy day of the crime, and said that Gilligan had attempted to speak to her, and that she had repelled his advances. She swore that when she reached her home that night, after a drive to Smithfield with her mother,

Colonel Boykin arose and apologized for a question he was about to ask. It was a painful question, but it was made necessary by the character of the testimony of Sheriff Edwards. The girl answered it vigorously, sitting erect, her eyes flashing. Then she bowed her head and sobbed, and the shame of Gilligan was complete. His face expressed no emotion, nor did he raise his eyes from the floor when his attorney arose to cross-examine his former sweetheart.

The cross-examination was brutally searching, but it did not shake the testimony of the girl a particle. She said that she had loved Gilligan, but that for eighteen months previous to the murder she had been indifferent toward him. When the cross-examination had closed Isabelle Turner was strong in the affection of the people who heard her, while the murderer was branded with something more than the mark of Cain.

## Savage and Venomous Guards.

The Paris exposition is producing some strange scenes in the drafts of life and incidentally giving the Parisian poltroons some novel situations to deal with. Some time ago the police spent five days besieging the house of Mile. Maina, the beautiful Indian snake charmer and shoplifter, who defied arrest, thanks to the protection of several cobras and other poisonous pets. Now it is Abdulah, an Arab connected with the exposition side show, who resists the authorities. Abdulah possesses a semi-tame panther, with whom he shares his apartment. The other tenants in the same house object to the presence of the animal, which spends every night in roaring dismally because of her homesickness. The Arab having refused to vacate, the proprietor invoked the aid of the police, but every attempt to enter has been checked by the presence of the snarling beast.

## Cat Had a Long Fast.

A cat belonging to a fire company in Cincinnati recently disappeared and was not found for thirteen days, greatly to the amazement and grief of its owners, who searched for it throughout the entire neighborhood of the engine house. Their efforts were finally rewarded when he was discovered buried under a ton of hay that had recently been deposited in the establishment. He had been there for all that time and when taken out, though very thin and sick, gave evidence that he was yet able to purr under caresses and renew his natural avocation as a rat catcher.

No, Maude, dear, people who are regarded as the salt of the earth are not to be found in the cellars.

## SCOTCH CRIMINALS.

STATISTICS OF PRISON COMMISSIONERS OF SCOTLAND.

Steady Decrease of Serious Crimes for Some Years Past—Short Supply of Convicts for Construction Work—Stringency of Obscene Language Laws.

Edinburgh special correspondence of the Chicago Daily News: The statistics of the prison commissioners for Scotland for 1899 are, from one point of view, of a very encouraging kind, while on the other hand they have a very depressing aspect. The figures show that there has been a steady decrease for some years past of serious crimes, for which the judges would sentence a prisoner to penal servitude. In 1850, for example, there were 373 men and 165 women consigned to penal servitude, with sentences averaging nine and one-fifth years for men and eight years for women. Last year the convicts numbered sixty men and one woman, and the average sentences for the men were four and a quarter years, and four years for the woman. The female convict for Scotland seems almost to be a thing of the past. Possibly judges are more lenient now than they were half a century ago, and probably the severer discipline to which convicts are subjected now has had a deterrent effect. But it is none the less true that there are fewer serious crimes committed now than formerly.

One curious effect this short supply of convicts has had been to upset the arrangements connected with the construction of a great harbor of refuge at Peterhead, on the northeast coast of Scotland. The work was planned in the belief that a certain number of convicts would be available every year for its execution. Now the working parties are less by one-half than they were, and the progress of the work will be correspondingly delayed. The disagreeable feature of the statistics is the fact that they show an enormous rise on the number of what may be

called "ordinary committals" during 1899.

There has been a rise in ordinary prisoners for some years back. The year 1898 broke former records, but even its high maximum has been surpassed by no fewer than 2,792 committals to prison. There was quite a startling development. In certain classes of offenses, such as wife assaults, drunkenness and cases of what are referred to as "obscene language and indecent conduct." In connection with a certain category of these minor offenses it has to be remembered that there has been great activity on the part of many burghs in procuring local acts of parliament, which are very stringent in their provisions. Local acts have a decided tendency to manufacture the smaller police offenses. But they do not explain away the rise (nearly 1,900 in the number of persons committed to prison last year for drunkenness. No other explanation suggests itself for that than the great prosperity of trade, on account of which wages for the laboring classes were plentiful, and means were thereby afforded them for indulgence in intoxicating liquors.

It is rather humiliating to think that a rise in the prosperity of the country cannot take place without a corresponding increase in the number of drunken committals to prison, but there it is, and the statistics cannot be explained away on any other footing. One thing the Scottish prison figures bring out is this—that for every three natives that appear at our police courts, there are two Irishmen—a considerable burden, it will be admitted, that we have to bear for our lively neighbors across St. George's channel.

## Excellent Memory.

"Of course, you do not remember the war, Miss Anteck?"

"Dear me, oh yes, I do! I remember San Juan hill and Manila, and that dear, fat Gen. Shafter at Santiago. Ah, I remember it all quite well."

He meant the war of the rebellion, but he did not press the inquiry.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# FOOLS THE EMPLOYES.

Sig. Ferraris is well known both as postmaster general in the Crispi government and as editor and proprietor of the Nuova Antologia, the principal review of Italy. He will also be known ere long as the head of the movement for promoting foreign travel in Italy, and the comfort of travelers. The movement has not been started before it was wanted. Italian station masters will hardly ever do anything to help or protect foreigners. They always side against the foreigner. The facchini, or porters, are a serious nuisance. Tips and tariffs in Italy are exceedingly numerous, though railway fare are cheap and the under officials obliging. According to Sig. Ferraris' calculations, foreigners have spent in Italy during the first four months of 1899 no less than \$60,000,000, and in May the proportion must have been even greater.

Sig. Ferraris has some excellent stories to tell about his experiences as postmaster general. He made a point, whenever he had any time on his hands, of paying Haroun Al Raschid visits to various postoffices. The particular failing of his employees was playing cards while they were sending telegrams. It was "dot and carry one, I'll raise you," "dot and carry one, you order me up," "dot and carry one, four aces." In Italy you dare not even send a telegram without paying a half-penny extra and getting a receipt for it, and even when you have insured its going at all the card player may be too agitated to send the message as you wrote it.

One day the leader of the opposition in parliament said to him: "Ferraris, somebody has sent me a postal order of 100 francs; what have I got to do to get it changed?" "I'll go with you myself," he said, "and see to it. When they got to the postoffice none of the officials recognized the head of their department, though he was accompanied by his deputy. He inquired for the office for changing orders and was handed about from pillar to post.

When at length they arrived at the right window they could not persuade the man in charge to take the smallest notice of them. "Can you not attend to this gentleman?" asked the postmaster general meekly. "He has important business to return to." "Can't you see that I'm busy?" said the underling, gruffly. "Yes," said Ferraris, "but I think you had not better keep this gentleman waiting any longer." The man held out his hand rudely and snatched the paper. "How am I to tell that you are the person mentioned in this?" he shouted to the leader of the opposition.

"This gentleman and I will testify to that," said Ferraris. "And how am I to know who you are?" he shouted still more rudely. "If you will send for the head of your department," said Sig. Ferraris quietly, "he will let you know that I am the postmaster general and this is my deputy!" The man saw the ghastly trap into which he had fallen, and, rushing out, knelt down on the pavement and groveled before his chief. "No, don't apologize to me," said the postmaster general. "Apologize to this man" (and he pointed to the leader of the opposition), "who represents the public, that pays your salary and mine."

On another occasion when he was going to Turin, which he represents in parliament, he wrote to tell the postmaster of that town that he would call at 5 o'clock to make a visit of inspection. At 5 o'clock he went, not in a state carriage, but on foot, in a tweed suit, with a billycock hat. When he got to the door of the postmaster's office, the porter, without taking the trouble to lift his eyes, turned him away: "The postmaster won't see you today, my good fellow. His excellency is coming, and I am given orders to admit no one else." "Hadn't you better look at me," said Ferraris. The man being a Turinese recognized him and made profuse apologies. "Don't apologize, but just let me in so quietly that other people can make the same mistake as yourself."

# ZULU AND BOER.

Among interesting paragraphs on unusual incidents of the war coming from the front, Mr. Bennett Bureleigh sends to the Daily Telegraph the following criticism passed on Buller's methods by an old Zulu chief who had fought against the British under Cetewayo: "What do you think of the fighting, William? It was at Spensman's after Spion Kop, Vaal Krantz, and the rest, William was questioned. The old negro groaned and wearily rolled his head and eyes about for a minute or so before he answered. 'Umph,' said William, 'Zulu, when he fight, he five Boer no rest; he no wait for things; he go all night, all day. Zulu don't mind what he eat. Zulu give Boer no time to thake ready; he beat him and kill

him, every man. Your generals from England, they no sense make fight. They sit down one day, two day, three day. Then he fight one day, two day, and then he go away again. Your soldiers, I see thousands of them everywhere. They go 'bout, all day doing nothing, no fight. While they go 'bout, Boer come make plenty big holes back of hill; then you can't get him out. It's all foolishness. Oh, your generals from England, no sense make fight. Zulu, when he can't fight here, there, he go around him Boer (indicating with his fingers) this way, that way, and gives rasal no rest; and old Willie groaned again in spirit and flesh. The conversation really took place, and this is but an outline of the Zulu Othello's criticism of the British methods."