

**AUGUSTUS HEINZE, VICTORIOUS
ENEMY OF COPPER TRUST**



F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE

F. Augustus Heinze, whose victory in the suits involving the ownership of Montana's richest copper mines has given the copper trust a severe blow and caused 20,000 employes to be thrown out of work, went to Montana as an engineer and promoter twelve

years ago, after graduating from the Polytechnic institute of Brooklyn. He is 33 years old, and almost since his entry into Montana has been engaged in the fight with the copper kings in which he has just gained another victory in court.

IN OLD NORTH CEMETERY.

Tablet in Memory of Men Who Fell in Siege of Boston Dedicated.

A tablet in commemoration of the soldiers who lost their lives during the siege of Boston, and who were buried in the old North cemetery, Dorchester, was dedicated at the cemetery last week by the Massachusetts society, Sons of the American Revolution. The memorial is in the form of a big boulder, with a bronze tablet suitably inscribed inserted in the rock. An American flag which was used in the war of 1812, covered the tablet, which was unveiled when Rev. Morris Cutler of Ashland had offered prayer. Charles E. Adams, president of the society, presided over the exercises, which were attended by members of various patriotic organizations.

SHOT AT PRESIDENT DIAZ.

Criminal Fails in Attempt to Assassinate Great Mexican.

An attempt to assassinate President Diaz was made Oct. 27, as he was passing the Cantador Garden at Guanajuato. Elias Toscano, a notorious criminal, fired five shots at the president. Although he used ball cartridges at short range, Diaz was not injured, nor was the car in which he was riding hit by any of the bullets.

Toscano has a most evil reputation. His latest crime was the murder of the jefe politico of San Luis Potosi, for which he was sentenced to a term in prison. He had just been released when he attempted to kill the president. He is now closely guarded in jail at Guanajuato.

An attempt was made on the life of President Diaz on Dec. 16, 1897. He attended on that day the public celebrations in the City of Mexico on the anniversary of Mexican independence. During the festivities a man rushed toward him and, evading all efforts made to check his progress, reached



President Diaz.

the president's side and attempted to kill him. Great excitement prevailed, but it was soon seen that the efforts of the murderer had been futile. President Diaz was not hurt. The assassin was at once arrested and thrown into prison. This attempted murder created much excitement and subsequently the would-be assassin was dragged from prison by a mob and lynched.

Shortest American Soldier.

John Brown of Lake City, Ia., who claims the distinction of being the shortest United States soldier living to-day, is a Scotchman and came to this country in 1850. Mr. Brown, whose height is 4 feet 6 inches, has in his possession an affidavit which proves that he is two and one-half inches shorter than any other United States soldier who served in the civil war.

FELL FAR WITHOUT INJURY.

Record Is Believed to Be Two Miles From Balloon.

The accounts of certain cat-like performances of several New York workmen who recently fell great distances and landed right side up and unharmed excited some incredulity. But a fall of ninety feet or so, which was the height chronicled in one of the cases, is a mere bagatelle compared with the drop experienced by a balloonist in Danville, Ohio.

His name is L. W. Sartwell, and he fell 1,200 feet. It happened through the failure of his parachute to act, says the Aeronautical World, which is authority for the facts, and he struck the ground with such force that both feet were driven six inches into the earth. The man sustained compound fractures in both legs and the severest shaking up of his life, but he was not killed. The physicians who attended him had no doubts of his recovery.

The case of two civil engineers who fell a distance of two miles was different. They would undoubtedly have been killed except for a fortuitous circumstance. Their balloon burst when two miles above the earth. The car containing the aeronauts shot down with tremendous speed. When it had almost reached the ground the balloon fortunately took the form of a parachute and the men were landed without receiving the slightest injury.

USE OF OLD TIN CANS.

Much Money Made Out of These Seemingly Valueless Articles.

"Do you know," said a Philadelphia business man the other day, "I once thought that all old tin cans were good for were to tie on the tails of poor little dogs or as food for goats. I was greatly surprised a few weeks ago when I was shown through a certain establishment to find that the material in a raw state was chiefly tin cans rescued from the various 'dumps' of the city. The products of the foundry in question are elevator weights, window sash weights and ballast for boats.

"When the cans arrive at the foundry they are piled into a large iron grating which is covered by a sheet iron hood through which is a smoke-stack. Crude oil is sprinkled over the cans and set on fire. This destroys all the labels, loosens the dirt and melts the solder. The solder falls below and is collected and made into blocks to be used again. Some of the cans fall apart when the solder melts, and the sheets forming the shell are straightened out and sold to trunk dealers, who use them for protecting the corners of trunks. Some are also sent to button factories, where they are used as disks for cloth-covered buttons. The remainder of the cans are put into a blast furnace, melted and molded into weights."

A Nocturne at Twilight.

The broken lights flow in—
The broken lights flow in—
And the notes flow out, flow out;
Life with its sorrow and sin,
Death with its endless doubt;
And the same old weary din,
Goes on in the street without.
But the soul of the twilight sings—
The soul of the twilight sings—
And I hear the din no more,
But a sound as of laughing springs;
A murmur of waves on the shore,
And upward on rhythmic wings,
Doth the mounting melody soar.
And the broken light flows in—
The broken lights flow in—
And the white hands leave the keys;
So, ere they well begin,
End all life's melodies;
And again arises the din
Outside that shall never cease.
—H. E. Clarke.

THEIR 'PHONES NEVER USED.

Many People Seem to Keep Them Merely for Ornament.

"I don't know why it is," said the inspector, as he gazed into the "innards" of the machine, dusted the transmitter and got a few sample calls to see that things were working properly, "but we have a number of subscribers who do not have one call or make one call from the year's beginning to its end.

"We install the telephone, inspect it regularly, and that is all there is to it. I don't know why they have put it in. It may be they like the looks of their name in the book, or they think it gives them standing in some way. But they have as little use for a telephone as a lone man on a desert island would have for a local line.

"There are other subscribers who only use the 'phone once or twice in a quarter. There are lots of these. It would be cheaper for them to go to a neighboring drug store and pay their ten, fifteen, twenty cents, or whatever it may be. But men are vain—or women, rather, for these persons mostly are women. So they keep the telephone for which they apparently have no use."

In Serious Trouble.

"Did circumstances ever compel you to associate with a superstitious person for any length of time?" asked the girl in blue.

"Yes. Why?" inquired the girl in gray.

"Oh, I was at a resort in the country for a month with one, and she gave me the hidden meaning of everything that happened to me and of everything that I thoughtlessly did."

"Well?"

"Well, pretty nearly everything in that line seem to pertain to matrimony, and before I got away I found I had six marriages ahead of me."

"Oh, that only assures you sufficient pleasurable excitement. It ought not to worry you."

"It doesn't, but the husband I now have does. You see, we've only been married three months, and he doesn't like the outlook at all. He keeps bothering me to know what I'm going to do with him in order to get the other



Like the Subject.
"D'Auber is home from his trip to the Rocky mountains, isn't he? What sort of a time did he have?"
"Oh, he spent most of his time making sketches of the mountains. He showed me a lot of them."
"How are they? Natural?"
"Well—er—they're certainly rocky."
—Exchange.

How He Got Out.
Gyer—Well, poor Peckem is out of his misery at last.
Myer—When did he die?
Gyer—He didn't die; he got a divorce.

Getting Easier.
Cholly Horse—How are you getting along with your suit for Miss Roxley's hand?
Percy Vere—Oh, I am making progress.
Cholly Horse—I thought her father kicked you out every time you called.
Percy Vere—Yes, but he doesn't kick me quite as hard as he used to.

Pleasant Outlook.
"All the world will be damned," said the dour sectarian, "except myself and the meenister; and I'm na too sure about the meenister!"—Liverpool Mercury.

Often the Case.
"I am sorry," said the earnest citizen, "to see the love of money exerting so much influence."
"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I'm sorry to hear you talk that way. When I hear a man grieving about the love of money I take it as a pretty good sign that he is suffering from unrequited affection."—Washington Star.

A Woman's Reason.
He—And so you think that if women had the ballot they would have minds of their own and be able to give logical reasons for their beliefs?
She (decisively)—I know they would.
He—But how do you know it?
She—Why, because.—Kansas City Journal.

TAKES A LONG TIME.



He (getting ready for the theatre)—Better start to put on your hat.
She—Why?
He—Well, we'll start in about half an hour.

The Model Man.
Mayor Low says that since over-hearing a conversation between two girls in a bridge car the other day he can't help smiling whenever he hears anybody spoken of as "a model man."

It appears that one of the young women was perusing a book, and her companion asked:
"What's that you're reading?"
"It's called 'A Model Man,' and I think it's awfully stupid."
"Yes, the model man generally is, particularly after he's married."—New York Times.

The Popular Tune.
"Aren't you going to play that piece the lady just requested?" asked the musician.
"No," answered the bandmaster.
"But three or four people have asked for it."
"That's true. I have observed that when a composition is requested by three or four people a day there are several thousand who would pay more rather than hear it any more."

Misunderstood.
Weary Willie—Lady, I'm near dead for a good square meal.
Mrs. Housekeep—If you'll saw some of that wood over there I'll let you eat your fill.
Weary Willie—Good day, lady. I don't eat wood, thank ye kindly.

Relieved.
"So the physicians thought you had appendicitis?"
"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "and I was ever so relieved to learn that they were mistaken. Appendicitis is going completely out of style, you know."

Sure to Bring Him Home.
Farmer (to lady)—Have you seen my bull?
Lady—Mersey, no! Where is he?
"He got loose. And if you should see him will you please keep on that there red coat and run this way?"—Life.

No Immediate Danger.
"It's funny," said the sick man's wife, "but the doctor says he hasn't discovered yet what's the matter with you."
"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the sick man, "then I'm safe for a while yet."

Friendship's Tribute.
Maude—I've found out that Irene was not invited to the Scadwells' party, anyhow.
Mabel—Did she tell you?
Maude—Same thing. She said she wasn't going.—Chicago Tribune.

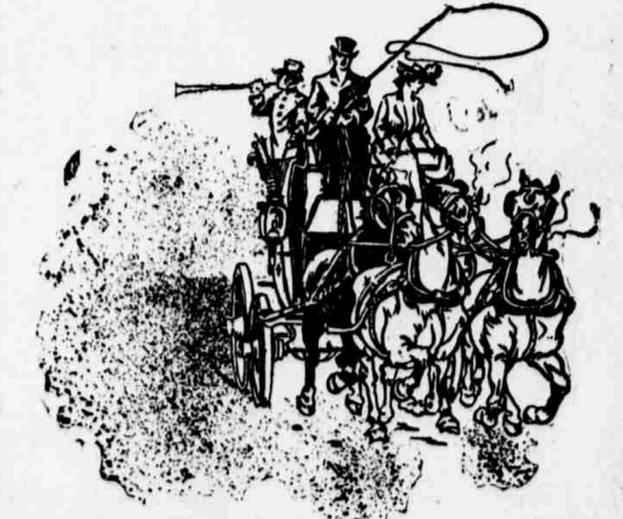
Discouraged.
"There is no such thing as luck," said the sturdy, self-reliant person.
"I can't contradict you," said the patient sufferer. "All I can say is that if there is I haven't seen it."

Cause and Effect.
"A young man should never make the mistake of calling on a girl when he has been drinking," said the moralizer.
"That's right," rejoined the demoralizer. "Many a young man has become hopelessly engaged in just that way."

Literary Appreciation.
"Are you fond of poetry?" asked the young man with the curly hair.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "poetry has done a great deal to make life easier. It gives people an opportunity to use quotations instead of being original and tiresome."

Nothing Home-Made.
Mrs. Gaddle—I see you're going in for society. Has your daughter made her debut yet?
Mrs. Nuritch—Well, I should say not. She got all them things made to order in Paris.

THE REASON.



He—Miss Millions has broken off her engagement with the marquis.
She—What caused it?
He—She found out that she could get a lord for the same price.

What People Call Him.
"Some day," said the would-be monopolist, "I will be known as a great pig iron and steel man."
"You're partially successful already," replied Bitters. "All your little lacks now is the 'iron and steel man.'"

Buffet Attachment.
Harker—There is a new fad among tourists of sitting in the observation car observing things through glasses.
Barber—Yes, and a great many sit in the club car and do the same thing.

Resigned to it.
Bess—Yes, after Maude is married she and her husband are to live abroad.
Nell—I should think her parents would be sorry to see her go.
Bess—Oh, not necessarily. They have been trying to give her up for the last ten or fifteen years.

Tells How.
"And aren't you married yet?"
"No."
"Well, well. I thought you were engaged to a certain young lady in Germantown?"
"No, I was engaged to an uncertain young lady in Germantown, and that's why I'm not married."

As Others See Us.
Percy—"Which is the aw—correct form to use—bwaan or bwains?"
Jack—"In speaking of yours or mine?"
Percy—"Why—er—of mine, for instance."
Jack—"Oh, the singular form, of course."

Case of Easy Picking.
"You know that man, Flipperton, who climbs to read character at a glance?"
"Yes."
"Well, he swindled me out of \$300."
"Indeed? I didn't suppose he ever put his boasted talent to any practical use."

How He Helped.
"Have you ever done anything to make the world happier?" asked the solemn-looking person with the unbarbered hair.
"Sure," answered the jolly man with the double chin. "I was once invited to sing in public and declined."

Society and Caprice.
Edmonia—How was Mrs. Von Pusher's reception?
Eustacia—Oh, horribly dull! Nobody was there.
"And how was Mrs. De Chic's tea?"
"Oh, dreadful! Everybody was there."—Life.

Office Repartee.
"Wish I had a drink," said the dry inkwell.
"Why don't you be like me?" said the office towel. "I am never dry."

From Bad to Worse.
"It is sad," remarked the moralizer, "to think that every man has his price."
"Yes," admitted the demoralizer, "and it is sadder to know that more than half the time he can't get it."

Future Expectations.
"Your last husband was tall and dark," said the great fortune teller.
"Why, that is my present husband," said the Chicago woman in alarm. "Don't tell me he is to be the last."