

## TRAINED BEAR CAUSES PANIC.

Chicago, Ill.—(Special.)—"Oh, let me off! Let me off quick!" shrieked a woman on an Ogden avenue car as a big black bear clambered clumsily to the front platform.

Her cries as she made for the rear door attracted the attention of the other passengers and for a moment a panic was imminent.

Then it was seen that there was a chain about the animal's neck, that a man had hold of the other end of it and that another man had hold of him. All this precaution, together with the fact that the door was closed and the bear made no effort to open it, in a measure reassured the passengers, but they sat during the remainder of the ride with uneasiness written on their faces.

The motorman, however, was not reassured. The bear stood uncomfortably close to him and insisted on standing on his hind legs.

The bear, too, was uneasy. He had never ridden on a street car before. The sudden lurches of the starts and stops bothered him. At one, more violent than usual, he laid a heavy paw, none too gently, upon the motorman's shoulder to steady himself.

The rapid transit agent was not used to such caresses. Many a time, when the car was crowded, he had been grabbed by frightened women or men who were not able to stand very steadily. But never before had a bear clung onto him for support. He emitted a screech that was heard for blocks and at the same time, through fright, turned the power on full.

The car leaped forward and the bear and his keepers were flung against the front door. By the time the motorman checked the car the two men hastened to assure him that the animal was harmless and he consented to finish the trip.

Then the conductor came to collect the fares. One of the men handed him a dime. The bear looked across the street.

"Three fares, please," said the conductor.

"You don't charge for bears, do you?" asked the man. "You let dogs ride free."

"Yes, but a dog doesn't stand on its hind legs," replied the conductor. "If you don't pay for the bear I'll have to put him off."

"Well, put him off, then," said the man, at the same time giving the bear's chain a savage tug. The animal turned around with a growl and the conductor decided to let him ride free.

The bear was on his way to court. He didn't go of his own accord, but had been seized by Constable Joseph Pniowski, who was sent by Justice La Buy to collect a judgment of \$25 against Proprietor Ward of a little circus at Twelfth and Leavitt streets.

Isaacs, the tame bear, was about the only thing of value the constable could find to seize, so he was attached. So also was Trainer Thompson, as the constable feared to take the bear without his master.

The arrival of bruin at Justice La Buy's court created a sensation, as might be expected in a community that is not accustomed to daily associations with carnivorous creatures. Clerk Matousek, who was formerly in the circus business, at once recognized the bear as harmless and was about the only person in the room aside from the late arrivals to retain his composure.

"What are you doing with that bear?" demanded Matousek.

"He was about the best I could get on the attachment," said the constable.

"Well, the justice is not here," said the clerk, "and as the law requires that prisoners shall be kept comfortably it will be incumbent on you to share your bed tonight with this unfortunate Mr. Bruin. If you don't care to take such company into your house you might drop into one of the neighboring lodging houses."

"Before I'd do that," replied Pniowski, in evident concern, "I'll have to bring the old toothless creature to Lincoln park and toss him into the bear pit."

The serious dilemma was relieved by the arrival of Proprietor Ward.

"This man is a scoundrel," he thundered. "He broke up my show and lost my business."

"That can't be helped," replied the clerk. "You have a judgment of \$25 entered up against you as a mechanic's claim and if you don't settle you must expect to be taken by surprise and put to some inconvenience."

"Well, can I take the bear and the trainer away for the night show," queried the proprietor more quietly, "if I make good?"

"Certainly."

The \$25 was promptly paid.

Dr. J. J. Lafferty of Richmond, Va., possesses a remarkable cane. At the time of the burial of General Stonewall Jackson someone planted a swig upon the grave. It grew to be a sapling several inches in diameter. Then friends of the Jackson family had it removed. They found that the root of the sapling had entwined itself about his skeleton. It was taken up and a cane was made of a part of it. This cane was artistically carved and given to Dr. Lafferty.

India was in possession of a steel secret once, which is now lost. This was in the inlaying of steel blades with gold in such a manner that the strength of the blades was not impaired nor their temper spoiled.

## BUREAU HELD BIG FORTUNE.

New York.—(Special.)—By the accidental breaking open of an old bureau it was discovered that Hazel Graham, eight years old, of 150 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, is heirless to \$30,000. She is the daughter of Edward Graham, an actor, and Mrs. Kate Graham, an artist. Her grandfather, James McKenzie, of Woodside, L. I., is a retired civil engineer who is accounted wealthy. His second wife died not long ago, and, as the children by his first wife were well provided for, she made her own daughters her heirs.

One of these daughters was the late Miss Belle McKenzie of Woodside, an elderly spinster, who had a great love for her half-sister's little girl, Hazel. She used to take the child on her lap and tell her long stories, adding that when Hazel was a woman she would have money enough to live like a princess. As Hazel's father was poor and his "acting" was not very remunerative, the child could never see where her wealth was coming from.

But she accepted the prophecy in good faith. When the spinster died little Hazel was one of the most heart broken of the family. To cheer her grandfather Hazel was sent out to the village of Woodside, and has been there, the light and sunshine of the house, ever since.

Mrs. Kate McKenzie Graham left her amateur photography at her One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street home long enough the other day to go to her father's to see little Hazel. Hazel had announced that the deserted rooms upstairs in the homestead must be cleaned. When her mother appeared she enlisted her help, and with one of two sisters of Mrs. Graham the work began. They entered the closed room where Miss Belle died and put it to rights for the first time since the funeral. She having died without leaving any will, the estate was to be divided among the heirs-at-law.

One of the treasures of the dead woman was an old mahogany bureau made in England in 1691. It had always been kept locked in the lifetime of the spinster and at her death the key could not be found.

A family consultation was held and it was decided to break it open. This was done, the back falling out and revealing a secret compartment. The first thing that came to the eyes of the startled women was a faded bunch of American beauty roses that had been in the bureau for years.

Under these were two bunches of yellow letters tied with ribbon and addressed in a man's firm hand to "Miss Belle McKenzie." Tied to one of the bunches was a package marked "secrets." This was opened with tender

hands and reverent thoughts. In it was the last will of the dead sister, which read like this:

"These letters are not to be read by anyone while I am alive. At my death they are to be given to my beloved father. My whole estate I give and bequeath to my sweet niece, Hazel Graham." It was signed in the prim, delicate handwriting of Belle McKenzie.

When the letters were taken to the old gentleman he read the will with swimming eyes. Then he turned to the little girl and said:

"Hazel, she kept her promise, and you are an heiress!"

At the death of Miss McKenzie the estate was the subject of litigation, which has never been settled, and, of course, the property is intact now. The discovery of the will upsets all previous litigation and it is about to be offered for probate.

A cold blooded scientist has just administered a death blow to the traditional belief in the "Blue Danube." He watched the big river for a whole year, giving to his studies an hour every morning. The result of these observations was that he found the water to be brown 11 times; yellow, 46; dark green, 59; light green, 45; grass green, 25; greenish gray, 69; other shades of green, 110, and that it never had anything like the hue with which it is credited by the bards.

The fastest mile ever run by a horse was in 1:35. The fastest mile by an engine was 0:32 made by No. 999 of the New York Central road in 1893. The fastest time by a dog was in a race at Buffalo, in which Drake Carter ran 200 yards in 0:11 $\frac{1}{2}$ , which is a mile in 1:41. Experiments have shown that a salmon can swim a mile in less than two minutes. Last comes man. The fastest mile ever run by man was run by W. G. George in England. He covered the distance in 4:12 3-4.

Bobolinks rear their young on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and then go to Cuba to spend the winter. To do this twice a year they fly 2,900 miles, with one stretch of two hundred miles over water when they cannot light to rest. Some of them even continue on to Porto Rico.

Agiant crustacean of unknown species, but which from its appearance must be the father of all lobsters from the beginning of time, was found in a scoopful of sand and stone at the excavation at the big Wachusett dam at Clinton recently. It is 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and nobody in Clinton has ever seen any fresh water creature like it.

## FORGED A LAW IN MISSISSIPPI.

Jackson, Miss.—(Special.)—The biennial report of the attorney general to the legislature, just issued from the press, calls attention to one of the most daring, artistic and successful legislative forgeries in the history of the country.

Several years ago a man named Winemann obtained possession of an immense amount of the state's public domain by a fraudulent colonization scheme which enabled him to evade the provision of the law forbidding the sale of more than 160 acres to any one man for a homestead. He imported immense droves of negroes who bought the lands at a very low rate under the homestead act and then assigned their property to Winemann. To defray the expenses of this fraudulent scheme Winemann spent something like \$15,000. It was regarded as a very shrewd and successful scheme for a short time, but it afterward developed that the state's title had failed to the tracts involved and Winemann lost the property by a decision of the state supreme court.

He then bent his energies toward securing a refunding of the money paid by his assignors to the state for the land whose title had failed, but the legislature refused to pass any special act for his relief, or any general law which would include his case. At the last session an act was passed for a refunding of money paid for land where the state's title subsequently failed, but it was stipulated that the law was to apply only to such lands as had been gotten through the land commissioner's office.

This reservation was intended to exclude Winemann, who assignors had gotten through the secretary of state, which official had charge of land matters at the time he made his purchase. Efforts were made by agents of the Winemann heirs, while the bill was pending in both houses to have the case of lands purchased from the secretary of state included as well as those gotten from the land commissioner, but both houses refused. When the bill was enrolled and signed by the governor, however, it was found to have this addition, in spite of the fact that the record showed both houses voted it down. The governor having signed the bill as presented to him by the enrolling clerk, it became the law under the generally recognized rule that forbids the courts to go behind an enrolled bill to discover the legislative intent. When the matter afterwards came up in court the lower trial judge ruled that way, and there is no doubt that the supreme court will follow the decision and the Winemann heirs will, after so many years, secure a refunding of the money.

An examination of the original bill from which the final enrollment was made show that the fateful words "or secretary of state" were interlined with a pencil. By whom the forgery was committed it not known. Attorney General McClurg in his report to the legislature in regard to the case, which he handled for the state, boldly says it must have been some agent of the Winemanns. In view of the facts in the case, he specially recommends that the legislature pass a law abolishing the rule that courts cannot go behind the enrolled bill to discover the genuine legislative intent in cases of fraud and forgery.

## FACTS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Infectious diseases are said to be unknown in Greenland.

Sometimes when a man is told to take a back seat he takes affront.

The world is wide, but some people take a decidedly narrow view of it.

A girl is sometimes satisfied with one admirer when that one is herself.

The editor of a funny paper says it costs him something to take a joke.

Kittens come into the world blind, but chickens at once take a peep at things.

The United States produces as much borax as the rest of the world combined.

The theatrical representative doesn't make a good impression if he's too theatrical.

Court plaster is the best adhesive we know of for mending broken engagements.

Western railroad magnates are putting on more trains to accommodate increasing passenger traffic.

The total sales at the art galleries of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo amounted to less than \$15,000 for twenty-seven pictures.

The fish commission sent out from Washington to Honolulu has already discovered about thirty new varieties, many of which are good for food.

The Lamas of Tibet, in some of their religious ceremonies, use drums which are made by stretching snake skins over the craniums of human skulls.

The values of the cotton manufactures sold by the United States in the Chinese empire last year was one-third of our total exports of such commodities.

An industrious seeker of the curious has discovered that President Roosevelt is the first occupant of the White house in whose name the letter "a" does not appear.

During the burning of the Standard Oil company's tanks at Bayonne, N. J., in July, 1900, an immense column of smoke, shaped at the top like an umbrella, rose into the air, where very little wind was stirring, to an elevation, measured by triangulation, of 13,411 feet, or more than two and a half miles. Above the column white clouds formed in an otherwise cloudless sky, and remained visible for two days, the fire continuing to burn and the smoke to rise. After the explosion of a gas oil tank flames shot up to a height of 3,000 feet, and the heat radiated from them was felt at a distance of a mile and three-quarters, where it was more noticeable than close to the fire.

## SAYS HE IS AN ANARCHIST.

Albuquerque, N. M.—(Special.)—Antonio Maggio, an Italian anarchist, is still in jail at Las Cruces, where he was taken from this city several weeks ago. He was indicted by the grand jury of the United States court at Las Cruces for conspiracy to murder President McKinley. When the grand jury returned a true bill against Maggio he was brought before Judge F. W. Parker and placed under \$5,000 bonds for trial at the April term of court. In default of bondsmen Maggio was remanded in the custody of a deputy United States marshal, and as soon as the court at Las Cruces adjourns the prisoner will be brought for safe keeping to this city.

While at Silver City in February last, a few days after his discharge as a musician from the Andrews opera company, Maggio indulged in drinking, and in the saloons of Silver City, where he had been engaged as a violin player, he frequently prophesied, it is alleged, the assassination of President McKinley, and is charged with having stated that he knew that the president would be killed before October 1 of this year.

Leaving Silver City a few months later, Maggio went to the mining camp of Santa Rita and followed the occupation of a barber and played his violin in the saloons, where, it is said, he reiterated his declaration that he knew the president would be killed. He also proclaimed himself an anarchist, and frequently declared himself an enemy of government.

When the assassination of President McKinley occurred persons in Silver City and Santa Rita, who said they had heard Maggio make the assertions mentioned, informed the secret service officials in Washington, and he was arrested.

"I was born at Cepatu, a small town near Palermo, in Sicily, 25 years ago," said Maggio, when interviewed, "and came to this country in 1892, landing at New Orleans, where I remained a few months, and then visited several small towns in Louisiana, being with a small circus one season as a musician. Then I went to St. Louis and thence to Chicago, where I was a musician in Thomas Day's show. I then left for Omaha, and during the Trans-Mississippi exposition was a member of Hagenbach's wild animal show band. I left Omaha and at Carbondale, Kan., joined a minstrel show as a musician, staying with them several months.

"I then went to Kansas City and was again with Hagenbach during the winter. I also was a barber in Kansas City. After this I joined the band at the National Military home of Kansas, at Leavenworth, where I was for about a year. I joined the Andrews

Opera company as a musician at Leavenworth in the winter of 1900, and last February, while the opera company was in Silver City the manager and myself had some trouble over my anarchistic leanings and I was discharged.

"Up to my arrest, since which time I have been confined in jail at Albuquerque, Silver City and Las Cruces, I followed the trade of a barber, also playing in saloons and dance halls in southern New Mexico.

"I deny that I ever told any person that President McKinley would be shot. I was surprised when he was assassinated. I have told many persons that I am an anarchist, but I am not against the United States. I am against my own country, Italy. In the United States a person gets from \$2 to \$3 per day for his labor, while in Italy you are starving all the time you are at work. Since I have been in this country I have made good wages, while in Italy I could only make a few cents a day.

"These conditions abroad have been brought about by the monarchial governments, and that is the reason I am an anarchist against my own country. I would like to see a revolution in Italy and other foreign countries of like character and every crowned head to be made a victim.

"When I asked for my passport to come to this country the Italian government gave it to me with the understanding that when I became 21 years old I should return to Italy and serve the allotted time in the army of that country at about 2 cents per day. Yea, I am an anarchist of the worst kind, but not against the United States."

Maggio expects his mother, brother and sister, who sailed from Palermo, Sicily, a few weeks ago, to join him here some time this month. He has a brother, Rosario Maggio, at Baton Rouge, La., and another brother, Frank Maggio, at Leavenworth, Kan. All are barbers, musicians and anarchists. Maggio says he did not know Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, and when told that the assassin had been electrocuted he said the punishment was entirely too light.

Maggio is short of stature, has a pleasant face, small mustache, and is an inveterate smoker of cigarettes. The United States authorities of the territory believe that they have a most important prisoner, and United States Attorney Childers is collecting a large amount of evidence which he will introduce in the trial next week.

Judge: The Countess—You've no idea how embarrassed the count was when he proposed to me. The Dear Friend—I heard it took considerable of your father's money to pay his debts.

## THRIFTY WESTERN INDIANS.

Helena, Mont.—(Special.)—The Indians of the Northwest are taking from the shoulders of President Roosevelt his self-appointed burden of trying to find the solution to the problem of making the Indian a self-sustaining citizen of the United States. President Roosevelt's long residence in the west has made him especially interested in this problem. Washington dispatches state that he has been holding long conferences with Indian Commissioner Jones.

Commissioner Jones, like an economical official, is looking at the financial aspect of the situation. He believes that the present annual appropriation of \$15,000,000 for the care and maintenance of the various Indian tribes could and should be cut down. He proposes that every Indian be given 160 acres of good agricultural land and told to go it alone. He wishes the President to urge congress to take action along these lines.

So far Mr. Jones is all right, but the facts do not bear his statement out that the continuation of the present system of caring for the Indian wards of the government is making them more dependent every year. This certainly does not hold true in regard to the Indians of Montana. Some interesting facts along this line have been developed of late.

## CITES TRIBE OF CROWS.

For instance, Major J. E. Edwards, agent for the government on the Crow Indian reservation, one of the largest in the state, said to the Chicago American:

"Aside from a few mendicants and paupers, the Crows are self-sustaining. My reports to the department at Washington will bear out my statement that the Crows are today the best and most industrious band in Montana. This has been an exceptionally good year with them. Those who have farmed raised good crops and found a good market for them.

"The principal business and the big money maker for Indians is stock raising. Those following this line also did exceptionally well this year. Their cattle brought a good price. Many carloads have been shipped east from the reservation. Nearly all of them used their profits in buying yearlings and generally increasing their herds. Some good horses were also sold by the Indians to agents of the British government, for use in the South African war.

"The 2,000 Crows on the reservation are taking kindly to the new order just put in force from the department at Washington, namely, that the rations be diminished by degrees and finally cut off entirely; but the Crows have been practically self-sustaining for some time."

## A KLONDYKE IN OKLAHOMA.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—(Special.)—There is a big rush to the gold fields of the Wichita mountains in Oklahoma. A fresh Klondike is said to be springing up in the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservations.

Gold, copper and oil are said to be found in many places, but whether in paying quantities has not been definitely established. Before the results of assays are known the rush continues. The trails are covered with a mass of humanity. The hills are dotted with men swinging a pick over one shoulder with one hand and carrying a grub basket in the other.

There have been 6,000 mineral claims taken, with half that number left vacant. The remaining ones will not last long.

For three years there have been certain old miners from California and Colorado who prospected for gold in the mountains of Oklahoma. What they found will never be known. Some have gone away and are said to be living in luxury in other states, others remain and guard zealously the claims which they are working. If they are taking out gold in paying quantities they do not seem anxious that it become known.

It was not until August 6 that anyone was legally allowed to prospect for gold in these mountains, but even prior to that time about 2,000 claims had been staked. Some were worked for years, and not all without bringing good fortune to the prospectors. Not a few half and quarter blood Indians have taken out lumps of gold and traded them in the stores at Mountain View, Oklahoma, for cash. The store keepers there profess no surprise when they get a lump of ore to send off for assaying purposes. Two-thirds of the miners pay that way.

The specimens are sent east. The cash is returned to Mountain View, then transported to the mining camps. The Oklahoma Mechanical and Agricultural college has assayed some gold ore taken from the mountains south of here, and officially reported to be worth from \$30 to \$500 a ton.

Granite City is the typical Dawson City of the Wichita gold excitement. It is on the branch line of the Rock Island railroad and is reached from the main line of that road by stopping off at Chickasha, I. T. The trail from Granite to the mountains is worn out deep. Every Saturday night the miners strap their gold dust or whatever else they have found, into a bag and hit the trail for Granite or some other mining camp.

## A FEW SHORT JOKES.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Miss Smilax out? Didn't she get my note this morning?" "Shure, sor. I thought it was a bill from the face she made."

Chicago Post: "Don't you dare to kiss me, sir!" she exclaimed, as she thought she detected symptoms of an effort in that line. "I don't dare," he replied. "Then, why don't you?" she asked.

Washington Star: "I am afraid," said a certain small boy's father, "that you are overeating. Aren't you a little apprehensive?" "No," was the answer, after due deliberation, "I'm not afraid. You know ladies are naturally timid."

Philadelphia Press: Tess—How do you know Bess is going to marry Mr. Hoamilmug for his money? Jess—She told me so, herself. Tess—What! Did she really say that? Jess—Same thing. She said she was going to marry him.

Boston Transcript: Miss Stalemate—Do you think a woman is justified in lying about her age? Miss Spring—If her looks won't lie for her, I suppose she is forced to do it herself.

Chicago Tribune: "Sir," said the subordinate officer, touching his hat, "I have the honor to inform you that the ship is badly ventilated." "Ha!" exclaimed the captain, starting from his reverie. "Who has been ventilating us?"

Chicago Post: "What makes your father look so blue tonight?" "S—s—sh! Somebody thoughtlessly mentioned the fact that Christmas is coming."

Detroit Free Press: Mr. Marmaduke Jenkyns—Well, old boys will be old boys, Mrs. Jenkyns. Mrs. Marmaduke Jenkyns—Oh, no; you mean that old boys will keep on trying to be young boys.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard: Knox—I sat down in my easy chair last evening and picked up that new novel of Scribblers and I didn't get into bed until 4 this morning. Cox—The ideal Why, I thought it awfully tiresome. Knox—Exactly, it was 4 o'clock when I woke up in my chair.

M. Berthelot, the French chemist, has been trying to find what is the smallest weight of any odoriferous substance that can excite the nerves of smell in a human being. By repeated dilutions, he found that even such an unimaginable quantity as three-eighths of a millionth of a grain of iodiform would produce the characteristic smell and musk was many times stronger still.

Mr. Whimper thus describes the commencement of an eruption of the volcano Cotopaxi: "A puff of steam was emitted and then a brief pause. Five minutes later a column of inky blackness began to issue, and rose up straight in the air with such prodigious velocity that in less than three minutes it was 20,000 feet above the rim of the crater. The top of the column was about 40,000 feet above the level of the sea."

The Turkish postal system has of late been reformed with much benefit to the people of that nation. It used to be a frequent occurrence for letters to be irretrievably lost. The pay of the Turkish letter carriers is so low as to oblige them to combine with their official profession that of mendicant, and ask publicly for "bachsheesh."