

EARLDOM FOR ROBERTS.

Queen Victoria Rewards Returning Field Marshal.

MADE KNIGHT OF GAETER.

England's Sovereign Receives "Boob" With Unprecedented Honors—Large Crowd Greeted Him Enthusiastically at Cowes, Princess Beatrice Acting as Governor.

Cowes, Isle of Wight, Jan. 3.—The steamer Canada, having Field Marshal Lord Roberts on board, anchored off Osborne yesterday.

The ships in the roads were gaily dressed, the sea front was elaborately decorated with hunting and Venetian masts with festoons adorned the route to Osborne house, at the entrance of which was erected an unique tribute of the queen's appreciation of the field-marshal's work, in the shape of an arch of laurel. This was the first time such an arch had ever appeared there in honor of any subject of her majesty.

The field marshal landed from the royal launch at 3:30 p. m., which was the signal for deafening shouts of welcome. Princess Beatrice, in her capacity as governor of the Isle of Wight, and the Duke of Connaught, representing the queen, awaited Lord Roberts, whose arm was still in a sling as the result of being thrown from his horse in South Africa. He was warmly greeted and the party started in royal carriages for Osborne house. The route was lined with troops and thronged with cheering sightseers.

The queen has bestowed an earldom on Lord Roberts, with a special reminder for his daughters. He was also made a knight of the Jarter.

Lord Roberts stopped on his way at the town hall of East Cowes, where eulogistic addresses of welcome were presented to him. He then resumed his drive and entered the grounds of Osborne house by the Prince of Wales' entrance and proceeded up the noble, troop-lined avenue to her majesty's Isle of Wight residence. After a hearty reception in the council chamber by a number of princes and princesses, Lord Roberts was ushered into the presence of the queen. His audience with her majesty was quite private.

Replying to the addresses at the town hall Lord Roberts said he regretted that his return was not accompanied by immediate peace, but he added, while he feared hostilities would continue for some time, he had implicit confidence in Lord Kitchener and had no fear regarding the outcome. He concluded with an eulogy to the magnificent army of Great Britain, all the components of which, he pointed out, pulled together splendidly.

Family Stricken With Trichinosis. St. Peter, Minn., Jan. 3.—An entire family named Forbeck, living in the town of New Sweden, Nicollet county, are said to be stricken with trichinosis. Two of them, the father and daughter, are already dead, and the physicians are said to have abandoned all hope of saving the surviving members. The disease is said to have been contracted through the eating of smoked sausage which had not been cooked.

Sheep and Cattle Dying. Walsenburg, Colo., Jan. 3.—The winter in this vicinity is the coldest in several years. This condition was preceded by a snowstorm lasting several days. The present cold spell will cause the loss of considerable stock on the range. Reports are coming in of heavy losses of sheep. One herd ranging east of this city is reported to have lost fully 50 per cent. Losses of cattle are also reported.

Drummer Kills Landlord. Pine Bluff, Ark., Jan. 3.—Charles C. Morsheimer, a traveling salesman of this city, yesterday shot and killed Charles Bradley, proprietor of the Bradley house at Hamburg. The killing was the result of an attack made by Bradley on Morsheimer with an iron window weight. Morsheimer was exonerated at his trial today. He received a painful injury from Bradley's attack.

Ashore on Pensacola Bar. Mobile, Ala., Jan. 3.—It is reported from Pensacola that the Russian ship Yakaland, bound for Mobile, is ashore 30 miles west of Pensacola bar. She is in about five feet of water and will be a total wreck. The Russian bark Lochee is reported on shore 18 miles east of Mobile bar and full of water. She may have to be abandoned. Both vessels went ashore in a fog.

Kaser in the Lead. Boston, Jan. 3.—With but three inches to spare, Kaser, the German, crossed the finish line in the lead on the last mile of the third day of racing at Park Square Garden. Bobby Walthour, the southerner, was his closest competitor and the last man in the lot was not ten yards in the rear. The distance at the end of the day was 582 miles, 4 laps.

Cut in Price of Sugar. New York, Jan. 3.—The American Sugar Refining company has reduced the prices of all grades of refined sugar 10 points, and the National Sugar Refining company has made a cut of 5 points, making the prices of both companies the same.

More to His Advantage. "Dicky, people should live to help one another." "Yes, ma, but I'd get more pie if you'd let me help myself."—Chicago Record.

BUYS AMERICAN BEEF.

Chicago Firm Secures Contract for Supplying Meat for Russian Army.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—Signatures were affixed in this city yesterday to a great international contract and a Chicago packing firm will supply the Russian government this year with 1,500 barrels of a specially prepared meat to feed the soldiers of the czar's army. The vast field for supplies in Russia and Siberia has been opened to the Americans only lately, and it is believed that the contract is merely the predecessor of others which will amount to millions of dollars and result in the introduction and consumption of American packed meats in every part of the vast northern empire.

A new process of packing and pickling meats was an important factor in the awarding of the contract. By this process it is said that the problem of transporting the packed meat any distance and through any climate without affecting the quality of the supply has been solved.

FORECAST OF CONGRESS

Army Measure and Ship Subsidy Bill Will Divide Time of Senate—Reapportionment Bill in House.

Washington, Jan. 3.—The general expectation among senators is that the first few days of the time of the senate will be devoted to consideration of the army reorganization bill, but there is some disposition to make an arrangement for a division of time that will permit of the continued presentation of the ship subsidy bill during a part of each day.

The house probably will dispose of the reapportionment bill this week, although Chairman Burton of the river and harbor committee is inclined to contest the right of way with the census committee. The reapportionment bill, carrying out as it does a constitutional requirement, is a matter of higher privilege than an appropriation bill, and if Chairman Hopkins insists it probably will be given priority. Mr. Hopkins, however, may yield if he finds that any large proportion of the members will not return from their holiday vacation in time to vote upon the measure this week. A determined fight will be made against his bill by members from states which lose representatives under it, and Mr. Hopkins desires a full house when the vote is taken. He is confident that his measure will carry with a full attendance.

Chinese Crossing From Canada. Plattsburg, N. Y., Jan. 3.—Eight Chinese arrested at North Burke, near Malone, Dec. 23, and four others arrested at the same place on New Year's day for alleged illegal entry into the United States, were brought here. Four Chinese were arrested at Swanton, Vt., and two others at St. Albans this week on a similar charge. All started from Montreal. There are several hundred Chinese in Montreal and Ottawa and desperate attempts are being made to get them into the United States before the imposition of the \$100 head tax imposed by Canada.

Strike Settlement Likely. Pittsburg, Jan. 2.—A settlement is probable in the strike of the structural steel workers for a wage rate of 33 1/3 cents an hour and nine hour day. Not a structural steel or bridge worker went to work yesterday. A committee of three from the local union left for New York on invitation of Percival Roberts, president of the American Bridge company, for a conference with a view to a settlement.

Walthour Still in the Lead. Boston, Jan. 2.—In hurricane style Bobby Walthour again finished first in another day, the second in the six-day bicycle race at Park Square Garden. The lay was a quiet one, with but few spills. The forced retirement of Gougoltz, the sturdy Frenchman, was the cause of much regret. The men are all in fair shape and riding well. Ryser, Aucoutrier and Fredericks were the others who quit.

Eight Killed in Freight Wreck. Fayette, Miss., Jan. 2.—Two heavy freight trains on the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley railroad, both double-headed, collided near Hays' station, five miles south of here, last night, and seven men of the eight in the crews were killed. Fayette and Harrison were called upon for surgeons and an engine has left for the scene of the wreck, carrying all the doctors obtainable.

Spanish Cabinet Crisis. Madrid, Jan. 2.—It is said that the resignation of Rear Admiral Ramos, minister of marine, is imminent, owing to the recent rejection by the chamber of deputies of the government's scheme for increasing the navy. The crisis is becoming general, but no official announcement will be made before evening, when the cabinet will meet.

Horse Balks on the Tracks. Chicago, Jan. 2.—Mrs. John Powell of Chicago Heights was killed instantly and her husband fatally injured by being struck by a Chicago and Eastern Illinois passenger train while driving across the tracks yesterday near Crete. Where the accident occurred there is a sharp curve in the road. The horse which Mr. Powell was driving balked on the tracks and the engine crashed into the buggy.

General Batchelder Ill. Washington, Jan. 3.—General Richard M. Batchelder, former quartermaster general of the army, who is critically ill here, is much worse and fears are entertained that he will not live until morning. He is in the 62d year of his age.

BOERS ELUDE PURSUERS.

Kitchener Unable to Head Off Afrikaners in Cape Colony.

INVADERS NUMBER 5,000.

Burglers Maintain a Ceaseless Activity. Appeal to the Cape Dutch Comes Too Late—South African Situation a Bitter Pill for Great Britain.

London, Jan. 2.—The Cape Town correspondent of the Daily Mail, who deals on the gravity of the situation at Cape Town, says:

"The Boer invaders now number 5,000. The western invasion gives the most concern. It has split into two divisions, which are marching like the prongs of a fork, one by way of Sutherland, toward Malmesbury, and the other toward Beaufort west. The enemy are now ranging over immense tracts of territory, necessitating the employment of an army corps to deal with them. Lord Kitchener has poured troops into the disturbed areas, but the fugitive tactics of the Boers have to a large extent neutralized his precautions. It was felt that the only means of excluding the invaders from the rich districts in the western part of the Colony was to call out the farmers. Today's telegrams promise a splendid response from the eastern portion, but the western is doubtful, not 30 per cent of the population being regarded as loyal. Hence the Boer concentration in that direction. Letters are arriving here detailing damage and robbery by the invaders and beseeching military assistance. Any action on the part of the Colony will not abate the need of large reinforcements."

"The aspect of affairs is scarcely less gloomy," says the Cape Town correspondent of the Times, "than at the beginning of 1900. The invading Boers are numerically fewer, but they have penetrated farther south and their presence in such centers of hostile Dutch feeling as Graaf-Reinet, constitutes an element of danger which did not exist last January. The proclamation calling for volunteers comes very late. The invaders have been enabled to obtain fresh horses. All the horses in the Colony ought to have been commandeered or bought at the first sign of invasion."

Two hundred and fifty Boers captured 14 men of Nesbit's horse 50 miles southeast of Colesburg. The enemy, since increased to 800, has appeared near Weltevreden and is driving off stock. A special meeting of the cabinet was held today, at which it is understood a decision was reached to make a further extension of martial law.

COLVILLE MAKES DISCOVERY

Forged Message From Lindley Explains a Military Mystery.

London, Jan. 2.—Since his arrival in London Major General Sir Henry Colville has received information tending to show that Lieutenant Colonel Spragge actually received a forged telegram, purporting to be signed by General Colville, dated Lindley, May 23, saying: "I am badly in want of mounted troops. Come here at once."

The above telegram was sent off three days before General Colville reached Lindley, and was the cause of Lieutenant Colonel Spragge hastening there. One of the principal charges against General Colville is that after appealing to the yeomanry for help he abandoned them to their fate. "I never heard of this telegram," said General Colville, "until now. But it explains the mystery of my alleged message to Colonel Spragge. It was known at the time that some one was tampering with the wires near Lindley in the interests of the Boers."

Costly Blaze at Burlington. Burlington, Ia., Jan. 2.—A fire which broke out after midnight burned out the Connor Mercantile company's establishment, entailing a loss of \$80,000, and then spread to Schram & Schlegel's wholesale dry goods store, where \$75,000 damage was done. The Connor company was fully insured. Schram & Schlegel carried \$45,000 insurance.

Dies From Civil War Wound. Muncie, Ind., Jan. 2.—John Miles, aged 52 years, died in the soldiers' home from a bullet wound received in the civil war. He lived in Muncie 46 years, and was never married, having constant fear that he would die from his injury.

Ministers Turn Down Mrs. Nation. Wichita, Kan., Jan. 2.—At the regular meeting of the Evangelical ministers of Wichita, held yesterday, a resolution commending the action of Mrs. Carrie Nation in smashing saloon furniture, was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Kruger Postpones His Visit. Brussels, Jan. 2.—Replying to an address from the American Boer committee, Mr. Kruger expressed a desire to visit the United States, but said he must postpone the visit owing to the affection of the eyes, from which he is suffering.

FREIGHT AGENTS DOOMED.

Plan to Do Away With the Services of High Priced Railway Officials. St. Paul, Jan. 2.—It is said there is now being prepared in St. Paul a special train of seven cars in which officials of nearly all the prominent railroads of the country will visit the principal shipping points, to study conditions with a view to doing away with "fast freight" lines and local freight agencies. The plan is to have in each city one man to represent all the different roads. All freight business will be done through him, and he will see that each of the roads secures its share of the business. Railroads not entering a shipping point who now have to maintain a freight agent to look after their interests there, will in the future be represented by the joint agent of all the roads, if this gigantic plan is carried out. At least 10,000 high priced railway officials, it is asserted, will be displaced, thus affording an enormous saving. But the main object of this "community of interests" is for the maintenance of tariff rates. Railroad officials, it is said, have long seen the folly of rate cutting, but have not been able to avoid it while there has been such active competition. Should the plan suggested be adopted, there would, of course, be no longer any competition for freight business and tariff rates would be maintained. The saving in this one respect would, the promoters of the scheme predict, result in enormously increasing the profits of the roads.

MEANNESS DOESN'T PAY.

IT IS POOR COMPENSATION FOR A CAREER OF CRIME.

THE FAMOUS LECTURER, Q. HOPE JONES.

Cites Some Noted Cases in History to Prove His Contention That Cassedness Doesn't Pay.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] Fellow Citizens of Oshkosh—Permit me to say that I am proud and grateful for this large attendance this evening. Although the admission is free and everybody came expecting a chronicle as a free gift, I am grateful all the same. Before beginning my lectures it is usual for me to take up a collection, and I will now proceed with the task. This collection is not necessarily an evidence of your good faith in anything particular, but is intended to pay my back rent and laundry bills and assist me to reach Beaver Dam. It doesn't matter to the undersigned whether you give cheerfully or grudgingly, so long as you give. A liberal spirit on your part will still further encourage me, but if there is one single knock-kneed, slab-sided son of a father in this audience who conscientiously feels that I ought to be sat down on, then let him hang on to his nickel. The collection is finished and the proceeds counted. The 250 enlightened and cultivated people before me have chipped in about half a cent apiece, and my labors can be continued in other fields. My dear people, I want to say a few words to you this evening about the badness of human nature. It is easy to be bad. There is also a good deal of fun in it. It is the bad man who has a fur lined overcoat in winter, a duck suit in summer and champagne and ice cream in the intervals. As I turn the stereopticon light on the canvas you behold the picture of Nero. Up to the age of 24 he was a good man. While other young men were off to the circus or races he was at home helping his mother cut carpet rags or whitewash the cellar. He retired to his couch at 8 o'clock at night instead of whooping things up at the Tivoli. He rose with the lark, and he rose without a head on him, no swearing, no smoking, no drinking—just goodness. One day, after young Nero had been sawing a cord of hickory wood in two, he sat down to rest his back and figure a bit. The result was that he decided to make a change. He had come to the conclusion that goodness didn't pay. That's where he made a mistake weighing a ton, as all the world knows. History has told you his career. He walked right into the house as a first move and kicked over the churn and upset the flour barrel and then demanded a quarter of his astonished mother and went off on a spree. From that day on he was a cuss on wheels. He painted the old town red every night in the week and got up next day to paint her blue. His mother died of a broken heart, and he sold her flannels and quilt frames to bet on a chariot race. His father was found dead with tears in his eyes, and young Nero sold off the chickens and pigs and the old homestead to back a gladiator. There was no holding him down except when the Roman constables sat on him. He became a sort of holy terror to the whole Roman empire, and when he finally died there was such general satisfaction that the factory whistles tooted and the wages of the hired girls were advanced a dollar a month.

VICTORY FOR QUAY.

Unanimous Choice of Pennsylvania Republican Caucus—Lacks Only One Vote on Joint Ballot.

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 2.—Colonel Quay was the unanimous choice of the joint convention of Republican senators and members of the house held last night in the house chamber to name a candidate for United States senator. The caucus was attended by 123 legislators, or four less than the number necessary to a choice in the joint convention of the house, which will be held Jan. 6.

Thompson of Center and Haldeman of Montgomery, who are detained at home by illness, were pledged by their colleagues to Mr. Quay. This apparently gives Mr. Quay 126 of the 127 necessary to a choice. The other absentee voted with the Democrats on the organization of the house and are classed as anti-Quay Republicans.

The Quay people are jubilant over the result of the caucus, as the number present exceeded their expectations, and they assert that before the vote is taken they will have more than necessary to elect. Mr. Quay himself is quoted as saying he expected 121 votes in the caucus. The news of the result of the gathering was taken to him by the party leaders, and friends from all over the state extended their congratulations on what is considered a victory for stalwart Republicanism.

While the caucus was in session in the house chamber, a meeting of anti-Quay Republicans was held in their headquarters at the Commonwealth hotel. At the close of the meeting the pledge of the anti-Quayites binding themselves together to oppose Mr. Quay's re-election was made public. The pledge contains 68 names. A call was issued for a caucus of the house and senate Democrats on the evening of Jan. 14 for the nomination of a candidate for United States senator. Colonel James M. Guffey of Pittsburg will probably be chosen the caucus nominee.

Death of Judge Gottschalk. Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 2.—Judge Louis Gottschalk died of heart disease yesterday. By a queer coincidence it was his birthday. He was 62 years old. He was a captain in the Union army during the civil war. He was elected city attorney of St. Louis in 1864 and resigned his commission in the army to enter upon his new duties. Later he served six years as circuit judge in Missouri; was a member of the state senate, serving for a considerable time as president pro tem of that body, and was for eight months acting governor of Missouri.

It is a favorite statement of the writers for the newspaper press that there is no such thing as the "new woman" in China. This may be true as a general rule, but it seems to us that Tze Hsi An, the wily dowager empress, comes pretty near being entitled to that designation.

Saw Three Vessels Founder. London, Jan. 2.—The captain of the bark Idan, which has arrived at Cardiff, reports that during the gale Friday he saw three vessels founder in the Bristol channel and he believed that as many as 25 lives were lost.

TELEGRAMS TERSELY TOLD.

John Anderson fell from the roof of the new federal building at Dubuque, Ia., and was instantly killed. J. P. Sahn, for the past four years editor of the Pittsburg Volksblatt, was killed Tuesday night by a street car. Walter C. Casley, a Pueblo druggist, was shot through the head and instantly killed in his store Tuesday by a burglar.

V. L. Hopkins, one of the oldest residents of Yuma, A. T., is lost on the desert near Mesquite. There is no hope of finding him alive. London is in receipt of news of a native rising in the Gambia river region in West Africa. A punitive expedition is being organized. The Mason City electric light, gas and heating plant was sold to W. E. Brice and his associates in the electric railway for \$100,000 cash.

All the Populist members of the Colorado state senate, eight in number, entered the caucus of the Democratic members and announced their intention to join the Democratic party. Famine threatens the Amur and maritime provinces in Russia. The crops there are badly and the railways, being almost wholly engaged for war purposes, cannot be used for the transportation of food to the inhabitants.

MEANNESS DOESN'T PAY.

IT IS POOR COMPENSATION FOR A CAREER OF CRIME.

THE FAMOUS LECTURER, Q. HOPE JONES.

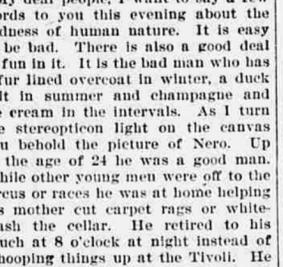
Cites Some Noted Cases in History to Prove His Contention That Cassedness Doesn't Pay.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] Fellow Citizens of Oshkosh—Permit me to say that I am proud and grateful for this large attendance this evening. Although the admission is free and everybody came expecting a chronicle as a free gift, I am grateful all the same. Before beginning my lectures it is usual for me to take up a collection, and I will now proceed with the task. This collection is not necessarily an evidence of your good faith in anything particular, but is intended to pay my back rent and laundry bills and assist me to reach Beaver Dam. It doesn't matter to the undersigned whether you give cheerfully or grudgingly, so long as you give. A liberal spirit on your part will still further encourage me, but if there is one single knock-kneed, slab-sided son of a father in this audience who conscientiously feels that I ought to be sat down on, then let him hang on to his nickel. The collection is finished and the proceeds counted. The 250 enlightened and cultivated people before me have chipped in about half a cent apiece, and my labors can be continued in other fields. My dear people, I want to say a few words to you this evening about the badness of human nature. It is easy to be bad. There is also a good deal of fun in it. It is the bad man who has a fur lined overcoat in winter, a duck suit in summer and champagne and ice cream in the intervals. As I turn the stereopticon light on the canvas you behold the picture of Nero. Up to the age of 24 he was a good man. While other young men were off to the circus or races he was at home helping his mother cut carpet rags or whitewash the cellar. He retired to his couch at 8 o'clock at night instead of whooping things up at the Tivoli. He rose with the lark, and he rose without a head on him, no swearing, no smoking, no drinking—just goodness. One day, after young Nero had been sawing a cord of hickory wood in two, he sat down to rest his back and figure a bit. The result was that he decided to make a change. He had come to the conclusion that goodness didn't pay. That's where he made a mistake weighing a ton, as all the world knows. History has told you his career. He walked right into the house as a first move and kicked over the churn and upset the flour barrel and then demanded a quarter of his astonished mother and went off on a spree. From that day on he was a cuss on wheels. He painted the old town red every night in the week and got up next day to paint her blue. His mother died of a broken heart, and he sold her flannels and quilt frames to bet on a chariot race. His father was found dead with tears in his eyes, and young Nero sold off the chickens and pigs and the old homestead to back a gladiator. There was no holding him down except when the Roman constables sat on him. He became a sort of holy terror to the whole Roman empire, and when he finally died there was such general satisfaction that the factory whistles tooted and the wages of the hired girls were advanced a dollar a month.



NERO, THE WHITEWASHER.

ingly, so long as you give. A liberal spirit on your part will still further encourage me, but if there is one single knock-kneed, slab-sided son of a father in this audience who conscientiously feels that I ought to be sat down on, then let him hang on to his nickel. The collection is finished and the proceeds counted. The 250 enlightened and cultivated people before me have chipped in about half a cent apiece, and my labors can be continued in other fields. My dear people, I want to say a few words to you this evening about the badness of human nature. It is easy to be bad. There is also a good deal of fun in it. It is the bad man who has a fur lined overcoat in winter, a duck suit in summer and champagne and ice cream in the intervals. As I turn the stereopticon light on the canvas you behold the picture of Nero. Up to the age of 24 he was a good man. While other young men were off to the circus or races he was at home helping his mother cut carpet rags or whitewash the cellar. He retired to his couch at 8 o'clock at night instead of whooping things up at the Tivoli. He rose with the lark, and he rose without a head on him, no swearing, no smoking, no drinking—just goodness. One day, after young Nero had been sawing a cord of hickory wood in two, he sat down to rest his back and figure a bit. The result was that he decided to make a change. He had come to the conclusion that goodness didn't pay. That's where he made a mistake weighing a ton, as all the world knows. History has told you his career. He walked right into the house as a first move and kicked over the churn and upset the flour barrel and then demanded a quarter of his astonished mother and went off on a spree. From that day on he was a cuss on wheels. He painted the old town red every night in the week and got up next day to paint her blue. His mother died of a broken heart, and he sold her flannels and quilt frames to bet on a chariot race. His father was found dead with tears in his eyes, and young Nero sold off the chickens and pigs and the old homestead to back a gladiator. There was no holding him down except when the Roman constables sat on him. He became a sort of holy terror to the whole Roman empire, and when he finally died there was such general satisfaction that the factory whistles tooted and the wages of the hired girls were advanced a dollar a month.



JUDAS AT THE PLOW.

badness is inevitable. It may prosper for a short time, but the bad man is busted and laid low when his pride is greatest. It may not pay above 3 per cent to be good, but with a clear conscience, a good crop of potatoes and a sure interest on your money you can fall asleep on the cellar stairs or the kitchen roof and know that all will be well with you when the cows come home to be milked. M. QUAD.

FREAKS OF THE MIND.

Some of the Strangest Powers It Often Has Over the Will.

Did you ever think how often you eat and never stick your fork in your eye? You always stick your fork in your mouth. If you ate in the dark, it would be the same thing. You would never put your eye by putting your fork in it. Why? Because your subconscious mind is doing its automatic duty and knows very well that you eat with your mouth and not with your eye.

Many other actions are automatic. For instance, 20 people have gathered on a street corner to board a passing car. The very fact that they are there means that the car will stop. The first man has already signaled the motor-man. So do the other 19. And the same thing happens if ten people gather to descend in an elevator. The first corner rings the bell. So do the other nine—merely automatically. The sign says "Ring," so each man takes this sign to himself and rings.

A shoemaker once had a shop in the basement of a large building down town. The shoemaker worked with his back to the door. Every time the door opened the shoemaker turned his head to the left to see who entered. For ten years the shoemaker worked and turned his head almost every hour in the day. Before many years had passed the shoemaker's head turned automatically, and now that man has spent all the money he has ever made trying to be cured of this automatic habit. But his head still jerks, so that he looks over his left shoulder constantly.—New York Herald.

His Touching Appeal.

"Can't I teach you to love me, Miss Genevieve?" pleadingly asked the young man. "I fear not, Mr. Spoonmore," she answered. "Then won't you please teach me, how to teach you to love me?" he insisted eagerly.

This appealed to the essentially masculine or pedagogic element more or less latent in every woman, and she promised to take it under consideration.—Chicago Tribune.

Moral of the Garden.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive.—Weekly Bonquet.

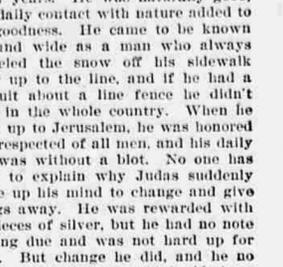
MEANNESS DOESN'T PAY.

IT IS POOR COMPENSATION FOR A CAREER OF CRIME.

THE FAMOUS LECTURER, Q. HOPE JONES.

Cites Some Noted Cases in History to Prove His Contention That Cassedness Doesn't Pay.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] Fellow Citizens of Oshkosh—Permit me to say that I am proud and grateful for this large attendance this evening. Although the admission is free and everybody came expecting a chronicle as a free gift, I am grateful all the same. Before beginning my lectures it is usual for me to take up a collection, and I will now proceed with the task. This collection is not necessarily an evidence of your good faith in anything particular, but is intended to pay my back rent and laundry bills and assist me to reach Beaver Dam. It doesn't matter to the undersigned whether you give cheerfully or grudgingly, so long as you give. A liberal spirit on your part will still further encourage me, but if there is one single knock-kneed, slab-sided son of a father in this audience who conscientiously feels that I ought to be sat down on, then let him hang on to his nickel. The collection is finished and the proceeds counted. The 250 enlightened and cultivated people before me have chipped in about half a cent apiece, and my labors can be continued in other fields. My dear people, I want to say a few words to you this evening about the badness of human nature. It is easy to be bad. There is also a good deal of fun in it. It is the bad man who has a fur lined overcoat in winter, a duck suit in summer and champagne and ice cream in the intervals. As I turn the stereopticon light on the canvas you behold the picture of Nero. Up to the age of 24 he was a good man. While other young men were off to the circus or races he was at home helping his mother cut carpet rags or whitewash the cellar. He retired to his couch at 8 o'clock at night instead of whooping things up at the Tivoli. He rose with the lark, and he rose without a head on him, no swearing, no smoking, no drinking—just goodness. One day, after young Nero had been sawing a cord of hickory wood in two, he sat down to rest his back and figure a bit. The result was that he decided to make a change. He had come to the conclusion that goodness didn't pay. That's where he made a mistake weighing a ton, as all the world knows. History has told you his career. He walked right into the house as a first move and kicked over the churn and upset the flour barrel and then demanded a quarter of his astonished mother and went off on a spree. From that day on he was a cuss on wheels. He painted the old town red every night in the week and got up next day to paint her blue. His mother died of a broken heart, and he sold her flannels and quilt frames to bet on a chariot race. His father was found dead with tears in his eyes, and young Nero sold off the chickens and pigs and the old homestead to back a gladiator. There was no holding him down except when the Roman constables sat on him. He became a sort of holy terror to the whole Roman empire, and when he finally died there was such general satisfaction that the factory whistles tooted and the wages of the hired girls were advanced a dollar a month.



NERO, THE WHITEWASHER.

ingly, so long as you give. A liberal spirit on your part will still further encourage me, but if there is one single knock-kneed, slab-sided son of a father in this audience who conscientiously feels that I ought to be sat down on, then let him hang on to his nickel. The collection is finished and the proceeds counted. The 250 enlightened and cultivated people before me have chipped in about half a cent apiece, and my labors can be continued in other fields. My dear people, I want to say a few words to you this evening about the badness of human nature. It is easy to be bad. There is also a good deal of fun in it. It is the bad man who has a fur lined overcoat in winter, a duck suit in summer and champagne and ice cream in the intervals. As I turn the stereopticon light on the canvas you behold the picture of Nero. Up to the age of 24 he was a good man. While other young men were off to the circus or races he was at home helping his mother cut carpet rags or whitewash the cellar. He retired to his couch at 8 o'clock at night instead of whooping things up at the Tivoli. He rose with the lark, and he rose without a head on him, no swearing, no smoking, no drinking—just goodness. One day, after young Nero had been sawing a cord of hickory wood in two, he sat down to rest his back and figure a bit. The result was that he decided to make a change. He had come to the conclusion that goodness didn't pay. That's where he made a mistake weighing a ton, as all the world knows. History has told you his career. He walked right into the house as a first move and kicked over the churn and upset the flour barrel and then demanded a quarter of his astonished mother and went off on a spree. From that day on he was a cuss on wheels. He painted the old town red every night in the week and got up next day to paint her blue. His mother died of a broken heart, and he sold her flannels and quilt frames to bet on a chariot race. His father was found dead with tears in his eyes, and young Nero sold off the chickens and pigs and the old homestead to back a gladiator. There was no holding him down except when the Roman constables sat on him. He became a sort of holy terror to the whole Roman empire, and when he finally died there was such general satisfaction that the factory whistles tooted and the wages of the hired girls were advanced a dollar a month.



JUDAS AT THE PLOW.

badness is inevitable. It may prosper for a short time, but the bad man is busted and laid low when his pride is greatest. It may not pay above 3 per cent to be good, but with a clear conscience, a good crop of potatoes and a sure interest on your money you can fall asleep on the cellar stairs or the kitchen roof and know that all will be well with you when the cows come home to be milked. M. QUAD.

FREAKS OF THE MIND.

Some of the Strangest Powers It Often Has Over the Will.

Did you ever think how often you eat and never stick your fork in your eye? You always stick your fork in your mouth. If you ate in the dark, it would be the same thing. You would never put your eye by putting your fork in it. Why? Because your subconscious mind is doing its automatic duty and knows very well that you eat with your mouth and not with your eye.

Many other actions are automatic. For instance, 20 people have gathered on a street corner to board a passing car. The very fact that they are there means that the car will stop. The first man has already signaled the motor-man. So do the other 19. And the same thing happens if ten people gather to descend in an elevator. The first corner rings the bell. So do the other nine—merely automatically. The sign says "Ring," so each man takes this sign to himself and rings.

A shoemaker once had a shop in the basement of a large building down town. The shoemaker worked with his back to the door. Every time the door opened the shoemaker turned his head to the left to see who entered. For ten years the shoemaker worked and turned his head almost every hour in the day. Before many years had passed the shoemaker's head turned automatically, and now that man has spent all the money he has ever made trying to be cured of this automatic habit. But his head still jerks, so that he looks over his left shoulder constantly.—New York Herald.