The Columbus Journal.

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NINETTE'S SACRIFICE.

PRETTY Ninette skipped daintily along the shore, her bright curls tossing with the breeze, and the gayly colored kerchief, which should have confined them, swinging in her hand.

She was happy as the birds, and her very heart sung for joy, for was she not on her way to the dear artist's studio, where she spent the happiest hours of the day? Was she not helping to make the beautiful picture which he said was to bring him fame and happiness? And as she thought, her steps grew slower, and the bright, beautiful past rose up before her like a wonderful panorama, each view more entrancing than the preceding one; her memory went back to that early summer's day, when he had come upon her as she sat mending her father's nets on the shore, and had asked her to sit for him each day, while he had put her picture on the canvas with a genius that almost frightened the simple fisher maiden.

Happy days! in which she had learned to love him for his gentle words, his bonny smile and the song and story with which he had beguiled the hours in which she strove with all her soul to embody his meaning, with an earnestness that pleased while it surprised him. Ah! but it was her signor, and he had chosen her from all the girls on the shore, and the picture was hers as well as his, and she gloried in its perfection. Half child, half woman, as she was, she did not understand what it was that made the sun so bright, the sea so joyous, and life so altogether delightful.

To-day she entered the studio with eyes shining like stars, the soft color coming and going in her cheeks, the dewy lips, arched like Cupid's bow, tremulous with excitement and it was no wonder that his artist soul reveled in her beauty.

When the day's work was over he called her to him and showed her the picture, which was approaching completion.

"We shall soon have it done, my dear, and then we will send it away to the big city, where there will be none so beautiful as my little fisher girl; only a few more days and our work is over."

He drew her close to him and pressed a kiss on her innocent lips; which to him was but an expression of thankfulness to the child who had helped him to win the fame he felt sure was within his grasp; but to her it was the awakening of a soul, and he, cold-blooded northerner as he was, did not understand how soon womanhood, with all its joys and sorrows, comes to maidens under a southern sun.

She silently left the room and thoughtfully pursued her way to her home. Her few simple duties over, she crept to her bed, still with this new secret warming her heart and opening

SHE FALLS OVER THE CLIFF.

out a new vista of happiness in her life.

Mother she had none; her father, a rough, uncouth fisherman, was seldom at home except to sleep off some drunken orgie; it was strange that so lovely a flower could have sprung from such a parent; but it was said that the mother had been of gentle birth, had married the handsome, rollicking dare-devil, and broken her heart when she came to realize his utter worthlessness.

Some time in the night Ninette awakened from a deep sleep by hearing voices outside the hut, and soon distinguished her father's and those of some of his cronies. As she listened she grew cold as with a sudden chill, as she heard them plan to waylay and rob some one, and she held her breath to catch the name. Ah! heaven, could it be that she heard aright! "The picture fellow," they said, "he has plenty of money and jewels worth taking." She must save him, he who had caressed her so fondly, her dear friend, for even to herself she scarcely dared call him by any fonder name yet. She would listen to all their plans, and perhaps she could warn him.

"He will be coming home along the cliff road from the chateau that holds his sweetheart," said her father's voice; "they will think he fell over," he added, with a fiendish chuckle.

"Hist," said another, "the girl may wake."

She could hear no more, for they moved away; but the iron had entered her soul, and jealousy had made a woman of the girl of yesterday. "Over the cliff to see his sweetheart," then she could never be anything to him; she was only a child to amuse him. Then all her passionate nature rose in revolt; no one else should have his love, she thought; they might throw him from the cliff, she would have the remembrance of that kiss of yesterday, and after he was dead she would go too, and find her lover in the cruel waves where they had flung him, and he should be hers in death.

She covered her head in the bedclothes and shivered and wept until morning; then with the bright sun came better thoughts, and she remembered the grand picture that was to go out into the world—she must save him or it would not be finished. She would go along the cliff road at evening and warn him of his danger. So, alternating between love and jealousy, she spent all the day, and when the sun sank to rest behind the hills she was on her way over the rocks and up onto the cliff, where she could hide herself and watch for his approach.

It grew dark, and the moon was hidden behind black clouds; a storm was coming up; still she did not stir; the thunder rolled, and lightning lit up the heavens with fitful dashes. Perhaps he would not return to-night, and she prayed he might not, although it was agony to picture to herself the lady at the chateau pleading with him not to go out into the night. Hark! that was his voice surely singing softly to himself, and in one of the flashes she saw coming from the chateau road the form of him she loved; in one swift moment she exulted that he had left his lady in spite of pleading; but the feeling was brief, for from the other direction she heard voices, and realized that the evil deed planned in darkness the night before would be executed unless she could prevent it. Nearer and nearer they come until they are almost opposite her hiding place.

Holy Mother! what can she do! There is no time to warn him, as he comes jauntily on to his doom, and she sees like a flash his mangled form on the rocks below, to be washed out by the cruel waves in the morning; then the picture rises before her in all its divine beauty; her brain is bursting with excitement. Unknowingly she rushes out of her concealment, and the ruffians, seeing the form in the darkness, think their victim is in their power. In her frenzy she has gone too far; one false step and she falls over the cliff; a lightning flash lit up the sky, and there was one shriek as of a lost soul as she went over the edge. The men turn and flee for dear life, thinking in their superstitious fear that evil spirits are pursuing them. In an instant all was over, and, unable to find the cause of the disturbance, the artist keeps on his way home.

The next morning the village rang with excitement, for the frightened men had confessed all, and the body of the girl was found in the surf.

The maiden had sacrificed her life for her friend, and although he never realized that his thoughtless kiss had cost her her life, he undertook the simple burial, and placed a white cross at her head, and he and his beautiful wife make yearly pilgrimages to the little grave of her who gave her life for his.—Boston Herald.

GIANTS, INDEED.

The Old Circus Man's Recollections of the Two Biggest Men He Ever Knew.

"Giants?" said the old circus man. "Oh, yes, we've had some big men in the show at one time and another. One of the biggest we ever had used to comb his hair with a section of a picket fence. That was part of the street show when we made the parade in a town. Usually we had an arrangement in advance with the owner of the fence, and had a panel loosened so that the giant wouldn't wreck too much of the fence in picking up the part he wanted to use. When the show came along to this spot the giant would step up to the fence, take off his hat, and pick up the piece of fence—it always looked as if he had tremendous strength, too—and raise it up and comb his hair with it. And then he would put the big comb down again and put on his hat and move on. This always tickled the people immensely. And he certainly was a big man, sure; but we had a bigger man once. I wouldn't dare tell you how big this other man was, because you wouldn't believe it."—New York Sun.

A Sherlock Holmes Deduction.

Biggs—"That man over there is a physician." Diggs—"How do you know?" Biggs—"I heard him say that he didn't enjoy good health."

He Had to Work

Wylie—Do you use your wheel much for exercise? Kiely—No; I use it for work. The bicycle gets the exercise.

Strictly Business Transaction.

First Heiress—"Who presented the count to you?" Second Heiress—"No one; I bought him."

LATE NEW INVENTIONS.

A recently patented bicycle frame has springs inside the tubing for the saddle post, crank hanger, front fork and handle bars, to deaden the force of a blow on the wheels and make rough roads easy to ride over.

Hammers for hand use in machine shops are operated by pneumatic pressure, a sliding spring pressed rod being set in the casing to be driven by pushing a button by which the air is admitted to the driving chamber.

To safely support a lady's hat at a theater a bracket is attached to the under side of the seat to carry a swinging shelf extending nearly to the floor, the device folding up against the bottom of the seat when not in use.

A recently patented water motor has an endless upright chain of buckets mounted on two axles with a stream of water at the top to fill the buckets as they start down, the length of the chain determining the power of the motor.

In a new French railway signaling device a lever on the engine hangs in position near the rail to receive a signal from a flat strip of iron lying parallel to the rail, an indicator in the cab showing how many signals were given by the iron strips.

Wave motors are being manufactured with a float mounted on the end of a rod to work up and down as the waves move, the rod moving a piston which operates a water or air compressor and fills a tank to furnish power to run machinery.

In a new non-puncturable shield for pneumatic tires the tread is formed of closely woven wires, with the transverse strands extended beyond the longitudinal strands, thus making an armored tread without decreasing the flexibility of the tire.

A recently patented insect-proof display rack has a base on which rests a cup, which is filled with water after the socket of the rack has been inserted in a hole in the center of the cup, thus preventing insects and vermin from crawling onto the shelves above.

Fire hose can be cleaned and dried by a new mechanism, consisting of two cylindrical brushes set in a frame which can be attached to the hose cart, the brushes being rapidly revolved as the hose passes between them by a chain geared to the axle of the hose reel.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME STRANGE, QUEER AND CURIOUS PHASES OF LIFE.

Use Color Judiciously — When There Were No Postage Stamps—A Bird Telegraph Line—To Harness the Sun—The Silliest Bird.

An Autumn Woodroad.

WHEN the partridge coveys fly
In the birch-tops cool and high;

When the dry cicadas twang
Where the purpling fir-cones hang;

When the bunchberries emboss—
Scarlet beads—the roadside moss;

Brown with shadows, bright with sun,
All day long till day is done,

Sleeps in murmuring solitude
The worn old road that threads the wood.

In its deep cup—grassy, cool—
Sleeps the little roadside pool;

Sleeps the butterfly on the weed
Sleeps the drifted thistle-seed.

Like a great and blazing gem,
Basks the beetle on the stem.

Up and down the shining rays
Dancing midges weave their maze.

High among the moveless boughs,
Drunk with day, the night hawks drowse.

Far up, unfathomably blue,
August's heaven vibrates through.

The old road leads to all things good;
The year's at full, and time's at flood.
—Charles G. D. Roberts.

Use Color Judiciously.

There are colors that are refreshing and broadening,others that absorb light and give a boxed-up appearance to a room, others that make a room with a bleak northern exposure, or with no exposure at all, appear bright and cheerful; some that make a room appear warm, some that make it cold. The thermometer seems to fall six degrees when you walk into a blue room. Yellow is an advancing color; therefore a room fitted up in yellow will appear smaller than it is. On the other hand, blue of a certain shade introduced generously into a room will give an idea of space. Red makes no difference in regard to size. Green makes very little. If a bright, sunny room gets its light from a space obtruded upon by russet-colored or yellow-painted houses or else looks out upon a stretch of green grass, it should be decorated in a color very different from the shade chosen if the light comes from only an unbroken expanse of sky. Red brings out in a room whatever hint of green lurks in the composition of the other colors employed. Green needs sunlight to develop the yellow in it and make it seem cheerful. If olive or red brown be used in conjunction with mahogany furniture, the effect is very different from what it would be if blue were used. Blue would develop the tawny orange lurking in the mahogany. If a ceiling is to be made higher, leave it light, that it may appear to recede. Deepening the color used on the ceiling would make it lower—an effect desirable if the room is small and the ceiling very high. Various tones of yellow are substitutes for sunlight.—The Upholsterer.

When There Were No Postage Stamps.

In these days postage stamps are a familiar necessity. Their loss would occasion almost as much confusion and difficulty as the loss of our money system; and yet fifty years ago the world never had seen a postage stamp, nor even an envelope.

Before the days of postage stamps it was the custom to pay in cash at the postoffice the charges for transporting the letter, and the postmaster stamped the word "paid" above the address. Our first stamps were of two denominations, 5 and 10 cents. The first bore the likeness of Franklin in rose color, and the second that of Washington. Envelopes were not in use in these days, but a sheet of paper was carefully folded and sealed with a red wafer. For a letter of one sheet of paper for a distance less than 300 miles the 5 cent stamp sufficed. When envelopes, including the stamped envelope, came in in 1851, a revision of postal practices was necessary, and weight, instead of the number of sheets of paper, became the standard of measure. Postage was in that year reduced, and the 3-cent price for the half-ounce letter was adopted.

A Bird Telegraph Line.

Uncle Sam is busily at work establishing a bird telegraph line. At the United States navy yards in Brooklyn a two-story pigeon cote has been erected and more than 100 of the finest carrier-pigeons have been purchased and placed inside of it. Most of them are young and inexperienced, and Mr. Carter, their keeper, is busily giving them a good education. They are first taught to push open the little wire door that leads into the cage, so that when they return from a long flight they can easily be caught. Next the muscles of their wings are hardened by flying practice, which lasts for half an hour every morning. All the birds in the cage are kept in motion by the waving of a white flag, and by constant repetition of this exercise the pigeons become exceedingly strong. When they get a little older they are taken a few miles away—to Governor's island in New York harbor, to Staten island or to Sandy Hook and set free with a message tied to their feet. Each time they are given a longer flight, until they learn to return homeward unerringly. As they come in Mr. Carter makes a record of the time of their flight, so that he knows just what every bird can do. Some of the best pigeons made as good time as the fastest express trains. The use to which these birds will be put is most important. Suppose a foreign navy should cross the Atlantic and attack New York city. Of course, our ships would go out to give them battle and then the pigeons could be set free and bring reports of the engagements or requests for re-enforcements. It is expected that the pigeons will be able to return from a ship 300 miles out to sea in less than eight hours, which is much faster than any boat can sail.

To Harness the Sun.

One would think the sun had enough work to do in warming up the whole earth, but there are some shrewd Yankees down in New England who are not at all satisfied and are determined to make it do still more work. They have already taken out a great number of patents for solar heaters, solar cookers and solar engines of many kinds, although they have not been able to invent any machine that is really practicable for converting the sun's heat into power. And yet they still have hope. They say that lightning has been harnessed, and they don't see why sunshine should not be made to carry burdens. Many wonderful things have been accomplished by using the sun's rays. In Europe a newspaper has been printed by power from the sun, and salt water has been distilled and coffee and cider made. The only problem to be solved in harnessing the sun is to properly concentrate its rays. To do this many inventors use an immense curved mirror or a large lens like a burning glass, but they are hampered in their work, first, by the fact that the sun does not shine steadily, and, next, by the immense expense of large lenses. It is reckoned that the heat of the sun would sufficiently warm and illuminate 2,000,000,000 globes as big as our earth. It would seem that some clever inventor would sometime be able to discover a way to use it. The man that succeeds will make a fortune.

City Where Sunlight Never Shines.

Deep down in the earth near the city of Galicia, in Austrian Poland, there is a considerable city with streets, houses, churches and other public buildings, and a population of over 1,000 men, women and children, a good number of whom never have seen the daylight. It is known as the City of Salt, and it is approached by means of a deep hole in the ground. All the year around the temperature is nearly the same, and although no grass grows on its lawns and no water runs in its streams and the only sky is a vaulted arch of solid rock salt, the inhabitants love their town as well as if it was situated by a running river and under a blue sky. They have built a theater, a church and a town hall, ornamented with beautiful statues, all carved out of rock salt. The streets are beautifully illuminated with electricty, and the homes are large and comfortable. Here men and women are born and grow up, are married, and die, and some of them never once go to the surface and have no idea how the big outside world looks. The population is made up almost entirely of the salt miners and their superintendents.

Silliest Bird in the World.

Dodo is the Portuguese name for simpleton, and it is given to the silliest bird that ever lived.

Three hundred years ago, when the Portuguese first visited the island of Mauritius, they found a great number of these birds. They were about the size of a large swan, blackish gray in color and having only a bunch of feathers in place of a tail, and little, useless wings. More stupid and foolish birds could not be imagined. They ran about

making a silly, hissing noise like a goose and the sailors easily knocked them over with their paddles. They couldn't fly, they couldn't swim, they cculdn't run at any great speed, and as for fighting, they were the greatest cowards in the world. They were much too stupid to build a nest, and so they dropped an egg in the grass and went off and let it hatch as best it could. Added to all of these things, its flesh was fairly good to eat, and the Portuguese pursued it so steadily for food that in less than a century's time there wasn't a single dodo left in the world. It was quite too silly and stupid to save its own life and so it became extinct.

Farming for Frogs.

You have all heard of corn and pumpkin farms, but who ever heard of a frog farm? Yet just such a novelty exists in the Trout river basin of Ontario, Canada. It has been in operation for many years and has a large annual output of frog legs and live frogs. In the summer time it is probably the greatest place for hops in the world, and as for orchestras and vocal music few places can equal it. The farm is mostly a stretch of shallow water and swamps and the frogs are allowed to hop at large and breed until they are 3 or 4 years old. Then the "farmers" go out at night with torches and the frogs are caught in nets and placed in pens. When they are wanted the water is drained off and the frogs are sent away to market. The farm is stocked mostly with big bullfrogs, which provide the largest and best legs. In 1895 and 1896 the "farm" produced the immense amount of 5,000 pounds of dressed frog legs,besides 7,000 live frogs for various purposes.

Caught on Fly Paper.

A Pittsburg grocer has been catching flies on sticky fly paper, and the other morning he caught something else. Having left several sheets on his counter at night, when he opened the store next morning he found the sheets partially rolled up on the floor, and tangled up in them was a rat. It had evidently got its feet on the paper in such a manner as to prevent its running, and then in lying down to free itself gave the stickiness a good chance upon its hairy coat, so that at last it was unable to move and thus came to an untimely end.—Golden Days.

Bushels of Berries.

Little Lyndon went alone to pick field strawberries and brought back a small cup half full. "Oh, mamma," he said, "there were bushels and bushels of berries, but I picked them all."—Youth's Companion.

A GREAT ACTOR.

Forrest Was Always Tragic, Especially When Alimony Day Came Round.

McCullough did not carry the actor into every day life, as Forrest did. Forrest was always "the great tragedian," and after his divorce generally moody and silent, but when he spoke it was in deep, tragic tones and with shakings of his black curly locks that impressed the listener with unbounded awe, says the Overland Monthly. No one, I think, ever dared to joke or be familiar with the great Forrest. When "alimony day" came around and he had to pay a good, round sum to his divorced wife it was better to keep away from him, for then he allowed his temper and "ugliness" to have full sway. Nowhere in American dramatic history does an actor stand out with the prominence of Forrest. His individuality was so pronounced that no one who once met him could ever obliterate that meeting from his memory. Forrest is also a part of history, for there are many who remember the "Macready riots," incited primarily by Forrest hissing Macready in Hamlet for introducing some business he did not like—waving a handkerchief and dancing on in the players' scene—which Forrest sarcastically dubbed "the Pas de Mouchoir." This was in London and the news spread like wildfire, so that after playing a magnificent first engagement all over England his second was made a failure by Macready's friends hissing, groaning and interrupting his plays.

HOLDING SUSPECTED VESSELS.

The system of quarantine observed by civilized nations to-day shows the methods of the past in anything but a flattering light. The old habit of detaining a suspected vessel for months with its cargo, passengers and crew constantly exposed to the possible infection is now absolutely disregarded and after the people on the boat have been removed, she is sent on her way with very little fear of further disease following, since the cargo has been kept fastened close under tight hatches during the whole voyage. It is an endless task to clean a vessel and its cargo of supposed contagion and it is rarely done. The main precaution is to get the exposed passengers and their contaminated personal property off into little bands, where, if the disease does break out, only a small number of people will be in danger.

At the discovery of vaccination by Jenner in the beginning of the present century the matter of taking care of smallpox epidemics on shipboard became a simpler matter and the comparatively recent discoveries in the science of bacteriology have put the matter of caring for infected craft on a high plane of systematic intelligence. Steam is now used largely in treating the baggage of passeners and crew and constant experiments are being made with a view of securing absolute security in such cases.

Quarantine, which means literally a detention of forty days, was originally instituted as a protection against the bubonic plague, which is working such dire havoc in India at the present time. This dreadful visitation, known as the "black plague," was first officially treated in Venice in 1348, at which time it is estimated that fully one-quarter of the population of Europe succumbed to the terrible disease. Although these early attempts to stem the flood of death were generally of little effect, we read that the plague in 1656 carried off 300,000 people in Naples, while Rome's policy of better sanitation kept its death rate down to 1,400.

England established a rigid quarantine against the plague in the first part of the eighteenth century and the rules were later extended to all "highly infectious disorders." The system thus imposed was, however, named a "commerce-destroyer," for it was no rare thing for a boat to be held for at least two months while waiting for further cases to appear among its passengers or to arise from contact with the cargo. Lazarets for the keeping of suspected goods were constructed at a great cost to the government. There are records of cases where whole vessels and their valuable cargoes have been burned or sunk, the government paying the vast sums to their owners as indemnity.

Consoling.

Patient—Doctor, this is the worst attack I ever had. Doctor—Well, don't worry yourself. I am quite sure you won't have another.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Three-fourths of all the iron mined in the United States is shipped from Duluth.

It is affirmed by men in the building trades that the Italians make splendid union men.

Some twenty city councils in the United States now use the union label on their official printing.

Last year the United States exported $12,000,000 worth of hams—130,000,000 pounds—of which England bought 103,000,000.

It is reported that the Florence mills at Forest City, N. C., have been bought by the Henrietta mills and will be equipped with 12,000 spindles and 400 looms.

The strike of the British Society of Amalgamated Engineers for an eight-hour day without reduction in wages continues to spread, and 70,000 are now out of employment.

A Georgia cotton mill has paid 90 per cent in dividends during the last seven years, a testimony of the prosperity of that form of industry in the south which carries its own lesson with it.

The Tremont and Suffolk mills, Lowell, Mass., are receiving unfinished goods manufactured by southern mills. This company recently napped a consignment of 11,000 pieces of cloth for a Georgia mill.

There are fifteen woolen establishments in Stafford, Conn., and all are in operation except the worsted yarn mill of the Warren Woolen company, and arrangements are being made which will insure the starting of that mill before many weeks.

POWERS OF MUSIC.

ANCIENT PHYSICIANS BELIEVED SOUNDS WOULD CURE.

Effect on Philip of Spain—In Egypt Certain Songs Were Used to Promote Virtue in the Young—Stories About Famous Musicians.

THE powerful influence of music on our intellectual faculties and consequently on our health has long been ascertained, either in raising the energies of the mind or producing despondency and melancholy associations of ideas, says the Fireside. Impressed with its sublime nature the ancients gave it a divine origin. Diodorus tells us that it was a boon bestowed on mankind after the deluge and owed its discovery to the sound produced by the wind when whistling through the reeds that grew on the banks of the Nile. This science became the early study of philosophers and physicians. Herophilus explained the alterations of the pulse by the various modes, and rhythms of music. In the sacred writings we have many instances of its influence. The derangement of Saul yielded to the harp of David and the hand of the Lord came upon Elisha as the minstrel played. In Egypt certain songs were legally ordained in the education of youth to promote virtue and morality.

Polybius assures us that music was required to soften the manners of the Arcadians, whose climate was heavy and impure; while the inhabitants of Cynaethe, who neglected this science, were the most barbarous in Greece. The medical power of harmonious sounds was also fully admitted. We find Pythagoras directing certain mental disorders to be treated by music. Thales was said to have even cured a disastrous pestilence by its means. Martinus Capella affirms that fevers were thus removed. Xenocrates was credited with curing maniacs by melodious sounds, and Asclepiades deafness with a trumpet. In modern times it has been related of a deaf lady that she could only hear while a drum was beating, and a drummer was kept in her house for the purpose of enabling her to converse. Aulus Gellius tells us that a case of sciatica was cured by gentle modulations, and Theophrastus maintains that the bites of serpents and other venomous reptiles can be relieved by similar means. Ancient physicians, who attributed many diseases to the influence of evil spirits, fancied that harmonious sounds drove them away, more especially when accompanied by incantations; and we find in Luther "that music is one of the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy." In more modern times we have several instances of the medical powers of music. The effect produced by Farinelli on Philip of Spain is well known. This monarch was in such a deplorable state of despondency from ill-health that he refused to be shaved or to appear in public. On the arrival of Farinelli the queen was resolved to try the power of music, and a concert was ordered in a room adjoining the king's chamber. Farinelli sung two of his best airs, which so overcame Philip that he desired he might be brought into his presence, when he promised to grant him any reasonable request he might make. The performer, in the most respectful manner, then begged the king to allow himself to be shaved and attended by his domestics, to which Philip consented. Farinelli continued to sing to him daily until a perfect cure was effected. The story of Tartini is rather curious; In a moment of musical enthusiasm he fell asleep, when the devil was said to have appeared to him playing on the violin, bidding him with a horrible grin to play as well as he did. Struck with the vision, the musician awoke, ran to his harpsichord and produced a splendid sonata. Bruckman and Hufeland relate cases of St. Vitus' dance cured by music, which, according to Desessarts, also was reported to have relieved catalepsy. Schneider and Becker have ascertained its influence in hysteria and hypochrondriac affections. A singular effect of music is related by Roger in the case of a poor wretch broken upon the wheel. In his agonies he screamed in the most fearful manner. Some itinerant musicians chanced to pass by; they were stopped and requested to play to the sufferer, when, to the surprise of all around, he seemed relieved, and became so tranquil that he confessed his manifold offenses and died, according to the tale, with "calm resignation." It seems more likely that the man lost consciousness owing to the horrible torture inflicted.

This Thief Is Eccentric.

San Francisco has probably one of the most peculiar thieves in the country. He is William H. Kinney, a middle-aged Australian, who takes anything in sight when drunk and then when sober gives himself up to the police. Ten years of his life have been spent in jail for petty thefts, of which no one would have known but for his voluntary confession. Only a few days ago he was released from jail after serving six months, but yesterday he saw a nickel-in-the-slot machine in a saloon, and when the barkeeper's back was turned he stole it and pawned the machine for 75 cents.

This Is Awful.

"Good story, eh?" "Yes, it is very original to have a man fall in love with his landlady. What are you going to call it?" "I haven't yet decided. Can you suggest something?" "How would 'A Border Romance' do?"

A New Meaning.

Grover Walton—The bass that got away was at least three feet long. You may think I'm crazy, but—— Friend (interrupting)—Oh, I don't think that—I think you're only an angler-maniac.

A Four-Bagger.

Playwright—I think my play will make a hit. Manager—By! I want a play that will make a run.

HEIRESS KIDNAPPED.

The Police of Minneapolis Believe Miss Rutherford Has Been Carried Away.

The Rutherford family of Minneapolis is a very wealthy one, and as it consists at present only of Mrs. Rutherford and her daughter Fanny, it will be seen that this young woman is heiress to no small fortune. But her present wealth and future prospects seem to be more of a curse than a blessing, for they have made her in the past a target for fortune-hunters, and now she is missing from home, and the police have offered a reward for J. A. Morris, who is believed to have kidnapped the young woman. Morris, who has a long criminal record, met Mrs. Rutherford and her daughter while they were traveling in the south last spring, learned of their wealth, and that they lived in Minneapolis. On the 6th of May Miss Rutherford disappeared from her home, leaving a note saying that she was going to St. Paul and would return the following day. Since then a letter has been received from her, evidently written under restraint, saying that she was happily married to a man she worshipped. The police are convinced that she was kidnapped by Morris and is held by him, and they are making every effort to find her. Miss Rutherford is about twenty-five years old and is highly accomplished. Her father was Capt. George Rutherford, a pioneer citizen of Minneapolis, who left a vast estate to his widow and only daughter. This wealth has brought Miss Rutherford many suitors, but she has always refused to leave her mother, and has expressed no desire to marry. All these things strengthen the police in their belief that she has been kidnapped.

LOVERS OF THIRTY YEARS WED

Indiana Boasts a Bright Example in Constancy and Devotion.

A bright example in constancy and filial devotion is afforded in the experience of a couple recently wedded in Liberty township, Indiana, the newly married pair being Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foreman, who reside on their 400-acre farm near Greentown. In point of age both bride and groom have passed the half-century mark. Though lovers from early childhood and betrothed from youth, the marriage was deferred until now, the engagement covering a period of thirty years. Young Foreman had a stepmother to whom he was greatly attached, and to whom he solemnly pledged to support during her lifetime, promising not to marry while she remained alive. Contrary to expectations, the invalid and dependent stepmother lived until a year or more ago. During this long wait of nearly a third of a century the lovers scrupulously observed their vows, toiling on through the years without a thought of disregarding the pledges given the stepmother or breaking faith in any manner whatever. They grew gray, lived frugally, saved their earnings and patiently bided their time. When death removed the barrier, the lovers had accumulated sufficient means to buy the largest farm in the township. The minister first engaged to perform the marriage ceremony died of old age many years ago, and a divine of a new generation officiated at the long-delayed wedding.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Wheel in Court.

The Adams express company has been assessed $50 in a somewhat singular suit decided by the New York Supreme Court. A trained nurse went to New Brunswick for her vacation, and intrusted her bicycle to the express company to be sent there. The agent mislaid the document furnished by the owner to get the machine through the custom house, and not until the close of vacation time was the wheel discovered. Having been deprived of its use when she wanted it most the nurse sued for its value. She recovered a judgment for $50, and this decision has just been sustained on appeal.

His Discovery.

Grinnen—"Old fellow, I've discovered the fountain of youth." Barrett—"What?"

Grinnen—"That's right. And it isn't a fountain at all. It's a bicycle." Barret (still incredulous)—"What make?"—Chicago Tribune.

Not Up-to-Date.

He lies in jail for bigamy;
The law is most inhuman
In robbing man of liberty
For wanting a new woman.

NOTED MEN AND CHILDREN.

Children have a genuine friend in the person of the King of Siam, and he has always taken an immense interest in watching the progress of the child rulers of Europe—Alphonso of Spain and the little queen of Holland. During his present European trip he intends to make their personal acquaintance and become their fast friend. In Alphonso of Spain he will find the unique combination of a small boy alive with infantile fun, mingled with stately dignity, for the small king of Spain is fully aware of his exalted position.

By the younger members of the royal family the Prince of Wales is considered a martinet and a disciplinarian, in spite of his worldwide reputation for jovial good nature. A short time ago he saw the little Princess of Battenberg and Prince Edward of York at play in one of the palace courtyards. Running past a sentinel they omitted to return the salute which soldiers are obliged to give every member of the royal family, whether the age be 60 years or 60 days. Immediately the prince called the children back and insisted that each should make his salute to the soldier.

President Faure of France is extremely fond of the youngsters, and his greatest pleasure is a romp with his grandson. When he became a grandfather for the second time the fact was carefully kept from the public for a couple of weeks, the reason for this act throwing a new light on the French attitude toward Russia the great. The strange reticence is officially explained in this way. Almost at the time of the birth of his grandson in Paris the czarina also became a mother, and the French president thought it wiser to wait for the royal proclamation from St. Petersburg, so that his congratulations to the czar might precede those of the czar to him.

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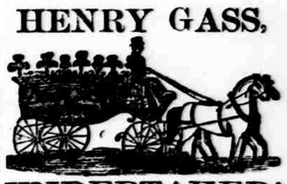

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