

PRESIDENT OF FRENCH REPUBLIC



Recent portrait of M. Fallieres, president of the republic of France, who recently visited England. It is said that the trip was of great political significance.

FIRST ELECTRIC CAR

OLD COACH AT APPLETON, WIS., NOW USED AS PLAYHOUSE.

Crude Vehicle Attracted such Interest When Started Twenty Years Ago That Crowd Left a Circus to See It.

Appleton—Twenty-two years ago last week work commenced here laying the first electric street car road in the United States.

The original line was of the Vanderpool system with two overhead wires. At the terminals of the line were located turntables, it being necessary to swing the cars around before the return trip was made.

The main line extended along College avenue with a cross line running from one depot to the other. As the latter line extended to the water power and was obliged to include a steep grade, it was found impracticable for use on account of lack of power to make the grade.

It was a great June day in 1886 when the first car was run out of the barn to make the trip which was to demonstrate to the world that which was to revolutionize street cars and to relegate the old horse car to the back-ground.

Two weeks after the line was put in operation Ringling's circus showed along the right of way, and as the car was about to pass the circus suspended to enable those in the audience from out of town to see the car, which was far more of a novelty than the circus.

Appleton was also the first city in the United States where a commercial electric light plant was constructed. It was in operation in 1882.

FLUFFY THINGS IN HIS GRIP.

Traveling Man Has an Embarrassing Experience.

Trenton, N. J.—When Noble C. Harrison, sales agent for a big manufacturing company, unpacked a gripful of fluffy lingerie and women's wear from his suit case in a Philadelphia hotel he thought he had picked up the wrong grip by mistake.

The next day, while dining in a hotel in Baltimore, he was the recipient during the meal of more than a half hundred postcards, all bearing the Trenton postmark, and the process of separate delivery by numerous bell boys invaded the dining room at intervals of about one minute at intervals of about one minute at intervals of about one minute at intervals of about one minute.

The agent has also learned that a number of facetious friends in this city were back of the scheme, suggested by his professed abhorrence of soap.

CLOG DANCE IS NEW FAD.

Society Prepares to Introduce Steps Next Season.

Chicago—Clog dancing is to be the fad of society during next winter's social season, according to the dancing masters of the country.

The delegates to the national convention of Terpsichorean Artists admitted this fact when they were called upon by the president to report on the work they had been most concerned in during the last year.

"I have several classes in clog dancing," volunteered Prof. Roderick Grant of New York, who is in charge of the dances given at the St. Regis hotel. "They are all society people who propose introducing the clog dance in the ballroom next fall."

James L. Bott of Cincinnati, president of the association, candidly confessed that Cincinnati society had also been taking lessons from him with the intention of using the clog this fall.

The clog that society intends to foster will be a modified form of the vaudeville theater clog. To lure men and women slightly overweight on the floor and ask them to dance a clog would be like dragging them into a lion's den if the gyrations were not tempered. The convention will adopt some form of clog that will be suited to young and old.

Prof. Sampson, the demonstrator, devised a new dance, called the "ball let de fleurs," in which two or more can dance together. The invention was prompted by the lecture by Marjorie Thuma on "The Grace of Man," in which she revealed the mysteries of the soul communication through the harmonious expression of the body.

ELEPHANT EATS MATCHES; FIRE

Big Animal Finds New Dainty Does Not Agree with Him.

New York—Khartoom, an African elephant at the Bronx zoological gardens, had his first taste of parlor matches the other day.

Visitors were feeding Khartoom and his charming, if somewhat bulky wife Sultana, peanuts. A young man offered Sultana a handful of matches. Sultana, as crafty a young lady as ever came out of the African jungle, sniffed at the proffered handful and turned away. Khartoom reached out his long trunk, scooped in all the matches, tossed them into his capacious mouth and crunched them.

In a moment there was a spluttering and a flashing and then a wild trumpeting as Khartoom began to spit burning matches. In trying to get the matches out, the elephant tossed his head so that some went down his throat. They gave him the stomach ache and Khartoom wailed more vociferously than ever. Then all the other animals who could make a noise added to the din.

Hair to Millions Starving.

St. Louis—William T. Elwen, who claims to be a graduate of the University of Vienna, and the son of a millionaire, staggered into a police station the other day and asked to be sent to the workhouse, so he could get something to eat.

Elwen had just stood in a long line of applicants for a job as dishwasher in a restaurant and had failed to get the place. He said he had been employed in iron works at Hamilton, O., and had been laid off at the time of the financial depression.

Later in the day an insurance man took an interest in Elwen and said he would get work for him.

Breaks Leg Ninth Time.

Napoleon, O.—For the ninth time in as many years Henry Davis, aged 30, broke his leg the other evening. He knelt down to fix a gate and the bone snapped just above the knee. It was the fourth fracture of the right leg and the sixth of the left. His limbs since he was a boy have been broken.

BOY PRESERVED HIS COOLNESS.

And So Did What He Could to Add to Driver's Exasperation.

The pedestrian and the driver have ever been at odds. Each thinks the other is encroaching on his rights, as doubtless they ever will think and so there is no love lost between them.

Here was a light delivery wagon with a young man driver coming around a corner, while crossing the street into which the wagon was turning was a boy. And the boy was not looking out and he would have walked right into the horse's head if the driver hadn't savagely hollered to him "Hey!" and held his horse up short.

Held up so the horse sagged back in the harness and that threw the front ends of the shafts up, and then the boy, who had never looked up nor swerved in his course in the slightest degree, walked calmly ahead under the ends of the uplifted shafts and under the horse's neck, while the driver glared at him and followed with words in concentrated form intended to show his deepest and bitterest contempt.

And the boy? He never looked back nor turned around, but just kept his way coolly on, ignoring the driver as completely as if he had never been born, and it is scarcely any wonder that the feud keeps up when boys treat the drivers so.

FROM AN OLD BILL OF SALE.

Interesting Inventory of Items of a Sale of a Hundred Years Ago.

A bill of sale of personal property 100 years ago was a very important item, and was recorded on the deed books of the county with all the red tape of a land sale. There are some very interesting items noted among these old sales of personal property, and it is amusing to take up some of the accounts and note the inventory of items in a sale of personal property by John Eddington of Spartanburg, to William R. Smith, also of Spartanburg, under date of May 8, 1806, the following are a few of the items which include a bill of goods that sold for \$30.

Two feather beds, one straw bed, one cattail bed, two white sheets, three checked sheets, two dutech blankets, two home-made blankets, one green and red, one pot and hooker, one skillet, three pewter basins, one-half dozen pewter plates, one dish, ten pewter spoons, tea cups, two quart bottles, one big wheel, one water pail, one pig, two plows, two saws, two clevers, one ax, one hand saw, one foot adze, one drawing knife, one curly comb, two men's saddles, one shoe tool, two meal bags, one sack bag, one trunk, and the men and women wearing apparel, etc.—Spartanburg Herald.

Much Good in the World.

That was a sober child's face at the window—but see, to what sunny smiles it lights up at the wave of a greeting hand! This is a plodding, uncouth stranger on his dull way to his morning's work. But with what glad alacrity he rouses up to do a passing kindness. You never suspected your grumbling neighbor of capacity for love—but watch him with his little child. There is more good in the world than we have been ready to allow, more kindness, faith and hope and joy. If there are wintry corners in the hearts of men, are we without them? May there not be detect of vision in our study of the world? May not some part of the retarding winter which we feel about us as we go on our melancholy way spring from our own hearts' frosty atmosphere? It will be so, indeed, if we go about the world like the east wind in May, that holds the leaves and blossoms back and keeps the birds from song.—The Congregationalist.

Cattle King of Australia.

Accompanied by his wife, his son and three daughters, Sidney Kidman, one of the most interesting personalities in the empire, has arrived in London from Australia. Known as the cattle king of Australia, Mr. Kidman was born in the island continent 51 years ago, and has never been in this country before.

At 14 Mr. Kidman, whose home is at Kapunda, about 50 miles from Adelaide, was earning two dollars a week where the Broken Hill mine now is. To-day he owns or is interested in 49,218 square miles of country, the acreage being something like 31,445,680.

Beginning life as a teamster, he has worked his way up till he is the largest horse-breeder and the greatest cattle-owner in Australia. He owns 100,000 head of cattle and 10,000 horses.—From a London Letter.

A Proper Pride.

Farmer Green—D'ye remember that ornary little Pimpernell boy that helped me with 'b' havin' last year? I gave him 18 a month an' found, 'Well, he's got to be a right smart ball pitcher, an' 'tother day a feller came along an' offered him 3,000 to finish out 't season with a professional club.

The City Boarder—Well, well! He jumped at it, of course? Farmer Green—No, yet. Sandy Pimpernell may be a trackle faced runt, but he's got a proper pride about him, too. He says that he don't know as he cares to be tied up to any team that looks like it might be a fall order.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Purely Personal Interest.

"Ought we not to do something for the preservation of our forests?" "Oh, what's the use?" answered Senator Sorghum, impatiently. "Trees can't vote."—Washington Star.

IN LINE AT THE RECEPTION.

Sad Story of Unfortunate Young Man and Busy Ladies.

The anaemic young man with the intellectual face hadn't wanted to go to the reception any of the time, but the fall clump of circumstances had so lightened that the fatal afternoon found him in line at the head of the reception line.

"Mrs. Smith," chirped the hostess, "allow me to present Mr. Montmorency."

"How do you do? Lovely day, isn't it? Mrs. Jones, this is Mr. Young." "Excuse me," began the young man, who was rather attached to his own name, but Mrs. Jones was already beyond human interference.

"I'm so glad to meet you. Are you related to the explorer?" Mrs. Brown, let me present Mr. Nansen."

The young man's face was considerably redder than when he started, but he had not yet reached the end.

"So glad. Nice weather, isn't it? Do you know, one really needs a parasol. Miss Smith, this is Mr. Hansen."

"You'll pardon me, but my name is—"

"Oh, I don't think it's peculiar at all Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Paris."

"I was just going to say," began the desolate young man, when the lady shook a warning finger at him.

"That you were the original bad boy. You young men are so dreadfully wicked these days. Gertrude—Gertrude, come here, dear—this is Mr. Peck."

He gritted his teeth, but the matter was past help.

"I'm glad to meet you," said the Sweet Young Thing. "Won't you come into the dining room and have some coffee? I don't believe I quite caught your name—Mr. Pickles, isn't it?"

Persons of a sensitive nature will appreciate how it pleased the young man some 15 minutes later when he expired, after partaking of a dish of very green ice cream.—Peck.

SMALL FORTUNES IN FLOWERS.

Valuable Orchids at the Temple Flower Show in London.

With a footman by his side, a quietly dressed, elderly little man stood leaning eagerly on an insignificant little cluster of purple petals in the amazing bank of orchids at the Temple flower show—a bank which is worth \$750,000 and is guarded night and day by detectives with as much care and anxiety as the bank in Threadneedle street, says the London Mail.

"How much," inquired the little man, "do you want for this odontoglossum?"

"Three thousand dollars," replied the attendant. A closer, keener inspection of the modest little tuft of blossom; then "Send it to this address," ordered the little man, handing the owner his card.

It was estimated that since the opening of the show something like \$250,000 worth of orchids have been disposed of on the spot.

One specimen exhibited by Messrs. Hugh Low & Co. is something of a little comedian in its way. It is called Bulbophyllum Barbigerum, and it trembles at the approach of man. This orchid is purchasable for \$25.

Always Prepared.

Bentley, the Greek scholar, always had his pockets stuffed with editions of the ancient classics. Once, while traveling, he met a stranger who insisted on showing off his familiarity with Greek and Latin. Presently the man referred to a passage in Homer.

Bentley denied that such a verse existed. The stranger insisted, and Bentley pulled a Homer from his pocket and asked his acquaintance to find the disputed line. The stranger failing, changed the topic to Euripides. Bentley corrected him, and proved himself right by consulting a pocket Euripides. The conversation shifting to Aeschylus, Bentley produced a three-volume Aeschylus from his overcoat pocket, when his antagonist collapsed. "Great heavens!" he cried, "whoever expected to find a man with the whole Bodleian library in his pocket?"

No Rash Answer.

Mr. Oscar Asche was once playing on a Scottish course, with a caddie of the taciturn type in attendance. After a series of strokes which were more energetic than effective, the player got in a really fine cleft shot, and, turning to the caddie, exclaimed: "There! I'm not the worst player you've ever carried for, am I?"

The bearer of clubs yawned so non-responsive he gave a non-committal grunt.

Presently another good shot was safely accomplished, and again the great actor cried exultantly: "I said before that I'm not the worst player you've ever carried for, and you didn't reply. I want an answer." The caddie maintained an obstinate silence for a moment or two and then growled: "Man, I'm just thinkin'!"—Free Lance.

The Human Touch.

"Janie had a doll that would say 'papa' and 'mamma'." "What became of it?" "Janie's mother is an advanced person and said the doll was an inexcusable childish reminder of a grossly benighted period."

"And what did she do?" "She threw it in a dark closet where Janie didn't dare go. And then a day or two later she happened to step on it in the dark and it shrieked 'mamma!' so naturally that she fell over in a faint and bumped her head and had two buckets of water poured over her before she recovered consciousness."

WAS PRISON OF JOAN OF ARC.

Foundation of Ancient Tower Dug Out in Convent Grounds at Rouen.

The prison of Joan of Arc has just been located near Rouen. The foundations of the ancient tower in which it was discovered and opened up through some new construction work undertaken by the government in the grounds of the Ursuline convent, from which the nuns have recently been expelled.

The workmen in digging for the new foundations came upon a massive wall enclosing a circular space with a diameter of about 36 feet. When this was cleared of earth a wall was found in the center measuring six feet across and about 30 feet in depth. Water rose in it clear and cold as soon as the earth had been cleared away from the bottom.

When the antiquarians got busy they identified the wall as the foundation of a building which was known for ages as "The Maid's Tower." A document dating back to 1641 was produced, which, taking it for granted that this tower had been the prison of the Maid of Orleans 210 years previously, gave a description and measurements of it, including the wall, which unmistakably watch the ruins just examined.

The structure appears to have stood unchanged from the death of Joan in 1431 to 1690, when it was reduced to ruins in the course of a siege. In 1788 the city leased the site on which the ruin stood to Louis Mouchard.

In 1780 he appears to have stopped paying the rent. The greater part of the ruin was cleared away about this time, but as late as 1789 a visiting writing about the place mentions the foundation of the tower as visible and speaks of the well. After that it was filled in with earth and later the site became part of the nuns' garden and the existence of the ruin and the tradition attaching to it were forgotten.

REAL BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK.

Are by No Means Uncommon in Some Parts of the World.

"Whos, thar," he says pullin' up his boss, and then he whines: "For the love o' charity, kind gent, would ye be so good as to gi'ance a chut o' bread for meself and a head full o' oats for the old mare?"

The sailor smiled thoughtfully and stirred his icecream, soda with a long spoon.

"Yes, Hal," he resumed, "there's actual beggars on horseback in Roosts. They travel from town to town in caravans. They beg grub for them selves and fodder for their nags, just as I been tellin' ye."

"O' course, in the Argentine, where a hoss don't cost a song, it's only as natural ye should see beggars on horseback, an' I ain't sayin' nothin' about that. But in China they ride, too, while there's a Maltese beggar down Malta who takes even drives a spring wagon an' what his gal along. In-r-r-rupts his canoodle to ask you for a couple to wave off starvation, then starts right in again where he left off."

A Missouri Fish Story.

"It is a well-known fact that when alarmed fish scuttle into dark places beneath the water. A friend of mine told me of an ingenious plan adopted by an old fisherman on the Blue river to take advantage of this fish custom," said A. S. Van Valkenburgh, United States district attorney.

The old fisherman procured a barrel, bored a number of holes in it and weighted the bottom with lead and iron. To the top were fastened two ropes attached to a windlass on a boat. Rowing out to the middle of the Blue the barrel was sunk, resting on the bottom of the river. Then the old fisherman sent his four sons, two in each direction, to pole a 50 yards away, where they entered canoes and commenced to beat the water with paddles, raising a great hubbub. Gradually they worked down to the boat, where the old fisherman was ready to haul out the barrel. As they came close to him he quickly manned the windlass and the barrel came to the surface. By actual count there were 24 shad, 40 carp, 17 catfish and nine jack salmon in the barrel. The catch weighed 160 pounds.—Kansas City Star.

The Accident of Sex.

"In this new interpretation of life," said Julia Ward Howe, in an address before five religious associations in Boston, "its gifts and obligations, I must think the last two generations have seen accomplished a very great, almost incredible progress. How should I, a woman, fail to mention as part of this progress the rehabilitation of the sex? In the great vicissitudes of soul, the accident of sex involves of right no precedence of masculine force over feminine fitness, and in the new creature introduced by the new Christian teaching no distinction of promise or of responsibility was recognized."

Still Another Excuse.

"Are you willing to chop some wood for your dinner?" "Lady," answered Pleading Pete, "I'm interested in de preservation of the forests, an' it would be ag'in the principles to put an ax into one of de monarchs of de forest, even though he lay prostrate at me feet."

An Unfortunate Misunderstanding.

"I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the sinful life, and they wouldn't wait any servants about the place."—Punch

WHAT INTERESTED THE CHIEF.

South Sea Potentate Anxious to Hear of Famous White Men.

Dr. Russell Cool of California happened to suppress an epidemic of measles while on a vacation trip to Tahiti, and Chief Oreoro gratefully invited him to a banquet in his primitive palace. The South Sea potentate and his white guest sat amiably on the floor, and dined off roast pig and other native delicacies served on broad leaves and eaten with the fingers.

After dinner, host and guest adjourned to seats outside the palace, lit long, fat black cigars, and gazed out over the moonlit Pacific.

In the eyes of Chief Oreoro, Robert Louis Stevenson, who did so much to improve the condition of the South Sea Islanders, was the greatest white man that ever lived. The chief related to Dr. Cool many incidents to illustrate Stevenson's kindness, then asked a score of questions about the health of Stevenson's widow and of his stepchildren. When the last question had been answered there followed a long period of silence. The two friends puffed slowly at their cigars and luxuriously regarded the radiant tropic moonlight glowing upon rustling palm fronds and the silvery ocean. Then Oreoro turned to the doctor and demanded: "Now, tell me about John L. Sullivan!"

PUT CHILDREN IN SAFE PLACE.

Father's Ingenuity Saved Offspring from the Tornado's Fury.

Wills which are serviceable only in fair weather are not of much use to the pioneer of a new country. All sorts of vicissitudes present themselves to the dweller of the wild regions. Mr. Willey in his "History of the White Mountains," gives an instance of a man whose ingenuity withstood a cyclone. The incident took place in the early days of Jackson.

A terrible tornado passed over the little settlement. It was so strong hardly anything could stand before it. Houses and barns were leveled, trees were whirled about in the air like sticks, and men and women were caught up and carried along for miles.

One house was waded to the ground, and chairs, tables, beds, bedding and children went flying about in the wind.

The father of the family, snatching his babies from the rude grasp of the monster, thrust the little folks' heads through two rails of a fence and left them thus secured, with their legs dangling in the wind. He then went to look after his other property.

The five little children remained safe in their fastening, and unharmed outrode the tempest.—Youth's Companion.

Subway Room.

The other night, quite late, in a Broadway subway express sat a lady, accompanied by a gentleman. She was a very pretty lady, and exquisitely dressed. Her escort was in evening clothes. In the next facing them was a man who had evidently been indulging in good liquor, for he was in a happy, mellow mood, telling himself all about it.

The beautiful woman fascinated him, and he kept watching her and smiling pleasantly at her, much to her embarrassment. There was nothing in her escort could do save to make the best of it, for no offense was intended nor intended. At the time the smiling man kept his hand on his coat pocket. Once or twice he started to take the object he was gazing out, but thought better of it.

"Columbus Circle," called the guard. The man arose, gave an unsteady but gallant bow, and handed the lady a glass of jelly. Where he had picked it up was hard to imagine. He went lumbering out the door, and the recipient of his odd gift was too amazed to do anything but hold it in her white-gloved hands and blush.—New York Times.

Extraordinary Lightning Stroke.

Prof. A. Herschel, in the Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society for October last, describes the extraordinary effects produced by lightning in the midst of an open moor in Northumberland. A hole four or five feet in diameter was made in the flat, peaty ground, and from this half a dozen furrows extended on all sides. Pieces of turf were thrown in various directions, one three feet in diameter and a foot thick having fallen 78 feet from the hole. Investigation showed that in addition to the effects visible on the surface, small holes had been bored in the earth radiating from the large excavation.

Women Need Fine Dress.

Dress is found to have a great effect upon the insane as well as upon the sane, and instead of putting the poor creatures into nondescript garments, some wise people have given them just the sort of garments that their souls seemed to crave, even to tinsel crowns. A woman who does not feel that life is not worth living when she finds her dresses spoiled in the making, or when she is not able to afford a well-fitting dress, is not normal, and should begin to take care of herself, lest her mind fall altogether.

Literary Success.

Grubb—I hear your last novel has already appeared in its sixth edition. How did you manage to become so phenomenally popular?

Scrub—Very simple. I put a "per-sonal" in the papers saying that I was looking for a wife who is something like the heroine of my novel. Within two days the first edition was sold out.—The Bita.