

BOYISH FEAT WON GENERAL

Exhibition of Courage Determined by Youngster's Action to Beat the Army

In his 'Memoirs of Early Years,' Dr. Gordon Hake, who was a nephew of Gen. Charles Gordon, tells how he won the appreciation of his uncle...

It was a large mass of water, oblong in shape, with a wide promenade. There we would spend a whole afternoon...

There, to excite the wonder and applause of the other boys, I punished myself by taking the longest run to the water's edge...

In doing this I inflicted on myself a punishment equal to that of being flogged.

Being somewhat scowlish at the age of 15, I did not stand very high in the estimation of my uncle, Gen. Gordon...

There was a platform, probably for the soldiers to jump from into the water. This afforded me a long run...

My uncle was perfectly amazed at it, and often alluded to it with surprise in later years. After this display of my pluck, he was much in favor of my going into the army...

NEEDLESS SACRIFICE OF LIFE

Constant Supply of Pure Milk Will Result in Immense Reduction of Infant Mortality

The problem of the milk supply for the babies is one that has to be solved all the year round. The mortality from the gastro-intestinal diseases is heaviest during the summer...

Adders of Great Britain

An adder two feet 4 1/2 inches in length, killed in Ross-shire, reported recently, is a large one, but by no means a record. A correspondent of the Scotsman has kept a record of large adders killed in various parts of the country for many years...

St. Pierre Still Desolate

There is absolutely no truth in the report printed recently in a number of American newspapers that St. Pierre, Martinique, is being rebuilt. Said Chester W. Martin of the American consular service, stationed at Bridge town, Barbados, to the Washington Herald...

British Swindlers in China

The British endeavor to secure modifications of the loan regulations to conform to the Kowloon terms, claiming that these are best to insure an honest administration of the railway finances, has been given a rude shock by the arrest of the British chief accountant of the Kowloon railway at Canton, charged with heavy embezzlement...

DIES IN SECLUSION

Woman of Wealthy Family Lived Lonely Life for Years

Deserted by Husband and Son as Result of a Family Quarrel, She Finally Hid Herself in Little Cottage

Trenton, N. J.—After secluding herself in a lonely cottage for 15 years, during which time she preferred her loneliness to the luxuries of a mansion in Germany, Mrs. Katherine Zimmerman, a member of a wealthy German family, is dead in the Mercer hospital here.

A broken heart was responsible for the woman's desire for seclusion. The first trip she had made from her trim little cottage in 15 years was in the ambulance which took her to the hospital.

Mrs. Zimmerman, who was 83 years old, was surrounded by wealth in her childhood, passed near Berlin, with a poor lad named Henry Zimmerman as a playmate of the little Fraulein van Aigur.

In time Zimmerman told of his love, which was reciprocated. Marriage seemed impossible, because of his poverty. He sought the land of liberty to win wealth. He was but moderately successful.

Much to his surprise he received a letter from his fiancée declaring her willingness to leave her home, face separation from her parents and come to her sweetheart, Zimmerman, accepted the sacrifice and the couple were married in this country.

They located at Wilkesbarre, Pa. For 25 years the couple lived in peace. One son was born. He had grown to manhood when a family quarrel brought about separation between husband and wife.

Mrs. Zimmerman came to this city both her husband and son had disappeared. She had then passed the half-century mark and soon came into possession of a small fortune by the death of a relative.

After continuing her search for seven years, Mrs. Zimmerman wearied of the world. She purchased a cottage in the suburbs and began her life of seclusion. She decided never to talk to a human being again.

She told her resolution to several friends here, members of prominent German families, and they consented to see that she was supplied with food without leaving her home, as she desired.

She arranged to pay the money necessary for this.

Day after day during her entire period of isolation, food had been left on the rear porch of her home in the morning, at noon and in the evening.

To prevent herself from being seen or seeing others, those who brought the supplies would be far away before the aged woman would touch the food.

The meals, which were always left in a basket, were procured by Mrs. Zimmerman by lowering from the upper room of the house, in which she lived almost entirely, a rope with a hook attached, by means of which she would haul up the receptacle.

GRAFTED SKIN COVERS BODY

Woman with Crazy Patchwork Over Flesh Renews Suit for Damages for Burns Received

Chicago—Miss Emma Gallagher, 2207 West Harrison street, who had 4,500 particles of skin grafted on her body 12 years ago as the result of burns received while cleaning clothing with benzine, has resumed her fight in the superior court against a sewing machine company to secure damages on the charge that she was slandered by the company's agent.

The suit came up for trial a year ago and Miss Gallagher was given judgment for \$5,000. On the ground that the judgment was excessive, Judge Wright, from the country district, who heard the case, set the verdict aside.

The rehearing comes up before Judge Abbott. Mrs. Gallagher, who is crippled, declares she will fight the case to a finish.

"My terrible experience of 12 years ago has not in the least affected my fighting qualities," she said. "In fact, I think it has increased my aggressive nature. In those 4,500 pieces of skin on my anatomy is represented every nation on earth, and I think I have inherited some of the fighting qualities that go with them."

The skin grafting process undergone by Miss Gallagher covered a period of two years, and during that time 19 grafting operations were performed. More than 2,000 persons contributed portions of their anatomy in order that the woman's life might be saved.

Extra Pay Cut Off

Washington—There is weeping and wailing among the officers and employees of congress.

The long established custom of granting them an extra month's salary each year was ruthlessly swept away in the house when Mr. Wagner of Pennsylvania, the presiding officer, sustained a point of order made by Mr. Mason of Arkansas against the proposition.

In vain did Mr. Olmstead of Pennsylvania, the father of the proposition, plead for the withdrawal of the point.

MADE COLLECTIONS WITH CARE

Did Jerry's Particularly Personal Reasons for Separating the Sheep from the Goats

Mayor Story of Atlantic City was praising the excellence of the last summer season.

"I never saw before," he said, "so many beautiful women here, not such crowds, nor such decoration. They who prefer rowdiness to decency don't come here. They go elsewhere. They are like old Jerry Patterson."

"Judge Hindlip was going to give a big party and on road," he interrupted the invitations to old Jerry, his man, and Jerry, after delivering them, turned up drunk.

"Judge Hindlip looked at his old servant with disgust.

"Jerry," he said, "what does this mean?"

"M-means I'm drunk," Jerry hic-coughed.

"Drunk!" hissed the judge. "And what do you mean by getting drunk?"

"It ain't my hic-fault," said Jerry. "It's fault of them invitations. Every man I hic-delivered one to asked me to have a hic-drink, and thins hic-result."

"Terrible, terrible!" cried Judge Hindlip. "Have we got no temperance people in this township?"

"Shure," said Jerry, "but I shent hic—their invitations by post."

EASY TO OBTAIN REFERENCES

Woman Complains That Over-Enthusiasm Has Made Them Practically Valueless

"How in the world do other folk live?" "What other folk?" asked her friend.

"Why, the other folk who write the references. Take that last cook I had. She gave me the best written reference I ever saw, and also the telephone number of the woman who gave it to her and for whom she had worked for more than a year. I called up the woman and she was enthusiastic. 'Why, I'd take her back again in a minute if she'd come,' was her ultimatum, and before she reached that she praised the cook up to the skies. She said she was a splendid pastry maker, soups were her specialty, her desserts were always de-licious. The best dessert I ever got out of that girl was a plain corn starch, her soups were like dish water, and everything between was equally bad. And now look at the waitress I have. Her reference was a marvel. She was refined, the writer stated, and quiet and neat. She knew just what to do without being told. I never saw anybody so careless and indifferent as that girl. She never knows a thing that I haven't told her at least a dozen times. I have to keep my eye on what she does all the time. Am I such a frightful crank, or what is it? How in the world to other folk live?"

Varying Races in India

The dominant race in India is the Aryan, and to the western family of this race the designation Caucasian has been loosely applied. When the Aryans descended upon Hindustan from the snows of the Pamir they were confronted by the Dravidha race, which eventually yielded southward and is now represented by such extremes as the civilized Tamil and the Kurlumar of the jungle. This movement brought the Dravidha people in force upon a stock possibly yet earlier, the Kolarians, who were gradually forced inland as the invaders occupied the best lands. Both the Dravidha and the Kolarian stock seem to have negroid admixture, not however Ethiopian, and a slight Mongolian infusion is suspected. While these three are the principal races of the Indian peninsula there is a large number of small tribes whose affiliations are by no means clear.

Has Necklace Worn by Queen

The beautiful American Princess Rosapigliosi amazed the 'republican aristocracy' by wearing a priceless pearl necklace, which was once the property of an English queen and a French king. The princess was formerly Miss Marie Reid of Washington, and later Mrs. Frederick Hale Parkhurst before she married the head of the great Roman house of Rosapigliosi. The necklace originally belonged to Queen Henrietta of England. Louis XIV. bought it as a love token for Mlle. Mancelin. It passed into the Colonna family and thence to the house of Rosapigliosi. The famous heiress was a wedding present to the American princess.

Whales Along Massachusetts Coast

Officers of the steamer Vera, which arrived from Jamaica, report that they saw hundreds of whales off the Massachusetts coast. The frailer was off Nauset when Capt. Rynning and the chief officer first sighted the whales.

To the northward for miles the whales were disputing in the water. One of the officers declared that he had never seen so many of them. They swam along, apparently all heading northeast. Every little while one would nose alongside the steamer and would dive out of sight. The whales were in sight until Cape Cod was rounded.—Boston Transcript.

Logical Conclusion

"You look sweet enough to kiss," says the impressed young man. "So many gentlemen tell me that," cooly answers the fair girl. "Ah! That should make you happy." "But they merely say that," she replies. "They merely tell me the facts in the case and never prove their statements." Life.

IN OLD MONTREAL

GRAY WITH NUNNERIES AND GREEN WITH MEMORIES

Still the Soul of the City is French, as the Visitor Instinctively Feels. It Should Be—Hero Remembered

It is not necessary to speak French in Montreal, but it helps, says G. B. Lancaster in the New York Evening Post. The soul of the place is French; the spirit that pulses yet in the gray walls and the narrow streets, and the queer little popperpot gateways that belong to nothing in particular is French. The colonial passed the St. Lawrence boulevard into the east of the city, and here he found the line between French and English cut clean as a die. Never the old, old dwelling houses and pensions straight onto the street, the tiny lattice windows showing ladder stairs and naked rooms and dirt and infinite age, can mean to the English all that they mean to the French. La Salle, Cadillac, Bienville may have helped wear down the curve in those wooden steps once, before his day of shame, Van drouil, might have laughed at the children playing in that gutter as the passory laughs now. The sweet eyes of Helon, De Champlains wife looked down those crooked vistas when France's day was high.

There is a sharp tragedy round the name of this Helon. The island bought by Champlain when he wedded her lies out in the stream, still in yet with its old fort and blockhouse. Here, 160 years since a French general burned the golden bibles and the tricolor banners of France that they might not fall into English hands.

Montreal is gray with nunneries and green with memories, but it is also red and virile with blood poured out. One marvel that grass grows on the Champ de Mars. For ashes of Indians burnt at the stake have strewn it, the sweat of tortured men have dripped on it, the bent knees of the early Jesuits have worn it down to the flint.

Against the swell of grass, the dusty track below, and the stone houses in sunlight, the colonial shut his eyes for a space. And his fancy returned. Paul de Maisonneuve up that slope at the head of his keef-faced men, round in a rushing swing to the right, and across the Place d'Armes, where the Ironopolis met them. The taint of blood and black powder and dust and heated men struck on the air again as one near three hundred years ago, the very day was quick with lust and hate and daring, red man and white-robed together and went down to gather under the tossing flames; Indian yells and low French curses jarred. Here Montreal was won for France. And here, 120 years later, it was lost for France on a bloodless silent day, when France's soldiers laid down their arms before the British.

But Paul de Maisonneuve yet guards the earth he won. He guards it with the banner flung out in his hand and his hat thrust back from his eager face and his whole body in stinct with that life which does not pass with the flesh. Through the changes that the years bring Paul de Maisonneuve yet guards his own.

And beneath the statue, beside the other statues that cluster its base is written in the name of English and French:

"The citizens of Montreal grateful for the Cartier market, that on certain days, pulses with French chatter and smells of onions and cabbage, stands a little low white house with green shutters and the plaster flaking off. It was and still is the core of old Montreal, its very atmosphere misty with age. From the dim vaults where the windows slit into the deep walls look no more than half-healed wounds, vague memories, unwinding themselves, memories of that, edy of glory, of stately entertainments of keen business transactions of bitter sorrow, of war plots, of strategy and of simple, kindly life and undaunted courage.

Acres of Grain from a Single Seed

Great interest has been manifested by the farmers of Russia over recent experiments in their country regard ing the production of grain. It has been shown that a single seed can produce over an acre of grain. The method is to plant each grain in a conical pit 11 to 17 inches deep and 42 inches wide. After every three weeks the sprouting grain is covered with a layer of earth. This process is repeated ten times. The result is that each grain planted in the inverted apex of the conical pit gives a stalk with blades. Under these blades is a thickening of the stock, which is called the "bushy knots." The result of the first covering will be three stalks, and at the tenth covering there will be over fifty thousand. By a system of transplanting the grain is then raised in great quantities from the one seed.

An Anatomical Location

McMurr met Pleader, the lawyer, not long ago. "Ah," said he, "you're just the man I've been looking for for a week. I went over to your office, but found you'd moved."

"Yes, I'm a block around the corner now," said Pleader. "A dentist has my old place."

"So?" ventured McMurr, "then after this when we want our teeth pulled we'll have to go where we used to get our legs pulled."

Name to Fit the Trade

Old newspapers give us many instances of men's names fitting their callings. Thus we have Last, a shoe maker of Exeter, and Tredaway, who plied the same trade in Hammersmith.

There was a Bristol shoemaker named Rod, Dodge and Wynne, attorney at law of Liverpool, must have been the butts of their fellow towns men, while few could have a more appropriate name than the Primitive Methodist preacher River Jordan.—London Chronicle.

The Harmless Foo

"Your political antagonist is calling you every name he can think of," said the agitated friend.

"Don't interrupt him," answered Senator Borghwin. "It is better to have a man searching the dictionary for epithets than going after your record for facts."

Best Man at 88

London.—WILLIAM CURTIS, aged 88, has just acted as best man at a wedding at Tilverton, Devon.

MADE VERY SURE OF DEATH

English Laborer's Preparations for Ending Life Have a Distinct Note of Pathos

With no hope in life, a 71-year-old laborer named Joseph Lambeth, made morbidly elaborate preparations for hanging himself recently. He was a victim of cancer, and, having come to the end of his slender savings, had only before him the workhouse as the alternative to starvation. He lived alone in a cottage, and his self-execution was thus undisturbed. He built himself a gallows at the stairhead, using the stairs as the gallows pole. His beam was made of two lengths of stout timber, lashed together. Through one of these he drilled a hole for the rope, and beneath the cross-piece he improvised a rude platform to answer for the trapdoor, through which, at the prison, the condemned man falls as the hangman pulls the lever. The rope-attachment to the beam and running noose were carefully spliced. The preparations had plainly occupied him some considerable time. From appearance it is also evident that he had read up the subject of hanging; he had tried to gauge the necessary length of the drop by his weight, and when all was ready he had adjusted the noose to his neck with the knowledge that the professional hangman is reputed to do to his subject. But careful as he was, he had overlooked one important point, which the hangman never forgets—testing the strength of the rope. The result was that when he performed the final act the rope snapped, with his weight. But the jerk at the end of the drop had at the same moment fulfilled its purpose and dislodged his neck. He was found lying dead at the foot of the stairs.

RATHER A LEADING QUESTION

Interrogation Calculated to Embarrass Anyone But a Newspaper Reporter

When it was rumored that the late Elijah M. Haines would be a candidate for the speakership of the Illinois house of representatives, he was besieged by reporters for interviews, but he was non-committal. Finally, the reporter for a Chicago newspaper came to him, along with a bunch of other reporters, and he was as aggressive and persuasive as John C. Wain, and quothed as handsome. He wore good clothes, too, and smoked cigars that spoke for themselves. He had a diamond in his tie which revealed the stars on the heavens for brilliant eyes before all of the reporters, Mr. Haines said.

When I give out this interview, you shall have it in advance of all other reporters. Evidently you are a man in whom I can place confidence because I see that you have secured the confidence of some big business man in Chicago, or elsewhere. That is a marvelous diamond that you wear. Where did you get it?—Sun day Magazine of the Pittsburg Dispatch.

British Cabinet Ministers and Golf

The chancellor of the exchequer may be described without offense as a ministerial golfer. That is to say he plays, as well as is necessary for any cabinet minister. Although the golf standard is on the whole fairly high among M. P.'s there has been one of cabinet rank, with the exception of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who could be truthfully described as an accomplished golfer. Mr. Balfour is probably the best known of all the golfing M. P.'s, but his enthusiasm is greater than his skill. Of Mr. Asquith it may be said that neither his skill nor his enthusiasm is immediately apparent. In truth, however, no cabinet minister can afford to play golf too well. The country would feel decidedly distrustful of a prime minister or a foreign secretary whose golf was a kind likely to win the amateur championship.—Throne and Country.

Radium in Sea Water

Some fresh determinations of the amount of radium present in sea water have been made with specimens taken from the Atlantic at various places. All possible precautions were taken to eliminate error, and the mean result for the six samples was 9.10 16th grams a gram of sea water. This is only about one-seventeenth of the value (1.6x10-14th) obtained by Joly but agrees fairly well with the value 6x10-16th previously obtained by A. S. Eve. It is also shown that, when testing for the quantity of radium emanation present in a given solution, about equal accuracy is obtained by collecting the emanation over water or over mercury.

Philadelpia

Where a big snake came from which made its appearance in the pantry of the British steamship Peruviana as the vessel came to the Delaware river the other day puzzles Capt. Jones, master of the Peruviana, and all the others on board. The crew say that hissing sounds had been heard in the vessel's hold all of the way across the Atlantic, but no one could be induced to go below and investigate.

The first tangible evidence that there was a menagerie below was secured when the snake appeared in the galley and wanted things his own way. The steward did not think that there was any reason for having two boxes in the culinary department and killed the snake. The Peruviana came here from Lulea, where snakes are uncommon. Prior to that she was engaged in the Brazilian trade, where it is believed the snakes came on board.

Snake is Master of Ship

Peruviana and Whole Crew Makes Retreat.

The other reptiles are hid away in remote places where it is impossible to locate them.

San Francisco Woman Horrified by Stories of Reptiles

Boa Constrictors, Rattlesnakes and Dozen Other Kinds of Serpents Seen by Citizens if Hysterical Stories Can Be Believed.

San Francisco.—Boa constrictors, water snakes, gopher snakes, black snakes, rattlesnakes, garter snakes and a dozen other varieties of the reptile family have been seen in and about Panama-stus Heights during the last week, if the hysterical stories related by saucer-eyed citizens of that section are to be believed.

Rumor has it that a king cobra was killed at the end of Stanton street, and, further, that a rack python, measuring from four to twenty nine feet in length, gave battle to an army of residents in Woodland avenue and escaped into Sutter forest after having hugged three men. The python was said to be a female.

Patient investigation, however, disclosed that the rumors are somewhat exaggerated, but that, like many rumors, they have a foundation in truth. A rattler, carrying no rattles and a button was killed in Sutter forest the other day by John Pedina after it had almost frightened Mrs. L. T. Grant and her daughter, who reside in Belmont avenue, into hysterics.

And the venomous snake measured five feet eight inches in length, as anyone can verify by calling at the Park museum, where the reptile rests in alcohol.

Also two big blacksnakes, of a variety unknown to the sober citizens of the district, have been encountered and overcome within the last week in Stanton street. Each measured over six feet in length, as likewise can be proven by communicating with Al Guyton, a carpenter, who has earned the title among residents of Panama-stus Heights, of "the snake charmer." Guyton killed one of the reptiles and "Snakes" Miller, a plasterer, captured and imprisoned the other.

Now, these three serpents were all subdued within an area of less than one square foot and near the residence of Mr. O. C. Julien in Woodland avenue. The doctor's neighbors say that the monsters escaped from captivity in his back yard, where they were being held prisoner, but this the medical man stoutly denies. His wife insists that the last of their pets died a year ago and the doctor declares they passed away some four months ago, both in fact that no snakes ever escaped from them, but that all were gathered in by the grim reaper.

However, the snakes have been encountered and slaughtered amid considerable hysteria among the women citizens, and not a few quakings among the men.

D. L. Westover, owner of a house now in process of repair at 1347 Stanton street, awarded "Snakes" Miller a plasterer employed on the building, with one dollar for killing the six-foot blacksnake found in the front yard.

Westover frequently inspected his dwelling, but has not been seen there, it is said, within the last few days. John Herman, contractor on the building, is displaying great haste in repairing the structure, and his carriage is being driven to the city.

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