

Champion Scottish Deerhound.



This grand specimen of Scottish deerhound is St. Ronan's Ranger, the property of Mr. Edmund L. Mackenzie of New York. This hound has won more championships than any dog of his breed in the world.

RAISE POULTRY OR GO

HAWKEYE TOWN THAT IS ONE LARGE INCUBATOR.

Unwritten Law of Montezuma Is That All Residents Shall Breed Chickens or Be Excluded from Society.

Montezuma, Ia.—Love me, love my hen, is the motto which could be written with propriety over an illuminated gateway to this little town. If you do not raise chickens you cannot live in the town, enjoy its society and send your children to school.

These unpleasant conditions and real ostracism from the society of Montezuma were endured long, but at last the victims yielded. A delivery man left a bag of lumber and a few rods of wire netting and several mysterious boxes, from which filtered noisy, clucking and crowing chickens.

This little town raises more chickens per capita than any other town in America. Here everybody who is anybody raises poultry. The back yards of every resident are dotted with chicken houses and exercise pens, while the town is practically hedged in with chicken farms.

Those who believe that dead chickens are the only good variety to have on the place simply cannot live here. Gardening is mingled with the lost arts. There is little to do but raise poultry. The industry has woven itself with the affairs of life here until social evenings, as well as the meetings of the town council, are given over to discussions of the poultry industry and the rights of owners.

FORTY PORKERS FALL IN WELL.

Iowa Farmer Learns Strange Fate of \$800 Worth of Hogs.

Sac City, Ia.—John Patterson, a farmer living in Sac county, near here, is mourning the loss of 40 fine porkers, all of which fell into an abandoned well while being chased through some woods.

The animals had broken out and made their way to an old wild-artichoke field, where they remained about a week. Patterson finally got on their trail, and as he approached them they started off in single file, with an old bear leading the way.

Berlin.—Soap is used by German bakers as a cheap substitute for eggs in the "swieback" rolls which are sold for infants and invalids. A storekeeper made this alarming statement when he was prosecuted by the public health department for violating the pure food laws.

THEY ALL WISHED TICKETS.

Everyone Thinks the Theatrical Manager Has Them to Give Away.

The manager of a theatrical company had just written his name upon the register of the leading hotel. The clerk was all smiles.

"How's the world been using you since you were here last season?" the clerk asked. "Room with a bath?"

The manager said business had been fairly good. The clerk said he was glad of that.

"Say, Billy," he added, "can you fix me up for the show?"

The manager wasn't surprised at the question. He had heard it before. He would see what he could do.

During the day nearly everyone the manager met asked him for a "comp." to the show.

That night the manager was telling his troubles to a newspaper friend.

"Everybody tries to hold me up for tickets," he said. "But I don't give out many nowadays. Why should I? I pay well for everything I get in the way of accommodations.

"I'll tell you when the practice started. Years ago, when the old-time minstrel shows were in vogue, managers and actors gave tickets away by the wholesale.

Now Britain, Conn.—This city boasts a Spartan prosecuting attorney in Charles H. Mitchell. He fined his own father for not keeping his sidewalk clean. He fined the mayor, too.

A policeman read "Charles Mitchell" from a long list of citizens who had not cleaned their sidewalks of slush. The Spartan prosecutor thought he was the offender, but it proved to be his father, Charles H. Mitchell, who was United States patent commissioner under President Cleveland.

Major Landers also displayed noble public spirit. Said he to Mr. Mitchell, after pleading guilty in court.

The policeman who served the warrant told me that, being the mayor, I could settle this case by paying a two dollar fine. I do not like the idea of being treated more leniently than anybody else.

"Do not worry," exclaimed Papa Mitchell, arising among the spectators. "Don't worry, Landers. You'll not get off too easily. Why, he has even hauled up his dad."

The mayor's wish was granted; he paid the same fine as the others.

JORDAN'S WATER FOR AMERICA.

First Consignment Has Been Made For Baptismal Use in Churches.

Paris.—Water from the river Jordan is soon to be sent to New York for distribution throughout the country, for an expedition to the Holy Land for the purpose of barreling large quantities of it having been successfully finished.

Extraordinary precautions have been taken to insure absolute purity and cleanliness, by boiling the water before it was put in the casks on the very spot where St. John baptized Christ.

Great difficulties were encountered in getting the water by Col. Clifford Nadson, who headed the expedition, as there were no casks to be had in Palestine, so that he had to have them made in Asia Minor. Then he had to make his own wagons and devise his own methods of purification in the midst of the wilderness.

The water will be drunk as well as used for baptismal purposes, and if American churches support the enterprise, other consignments will be made.

The Sleep of Butterflies.

Washington.—The scientists in the employ of Uncle Sam are forever making queer experiments tending more or less to the extension of scientific knowledge. The oddest, perhaps, of experiments of late years has been those conducted by an official of the botanic gardens, who has been watching the sleep of butterflies. The official contends that butterflies are rendered secure from their enemies at night by reason of their peculiar colors and markings.

Substitute Soap for Eggs. Berlin.—Soap is used by German bakers as a cheap substitute for eggs in the "swieback" rolls which are sold for infants and invalids.

Mr. Newcomb—Really, Miss Grace, your face is very familiar, but I can't think who it is you resemble.

Mr. Newcomb—No. It's either the Scrubbit Tooth Wash Girl or the Tippler's Tonic Girl, one or the other.

GIANT TURTLES FOR NEW YORK.

Aquarium Obtains Five Large Alligator Snappers.

New York.—The aquarium has lately received from New Orleans five big snapping turtles of the species commonly known as giant snappers, or alligator snappers (Macrochelys temminckii), biggest of all fresh water turtles. The giant snapper is peculiar to the region of the lower Mississippi river.

These five big snappers average about 75 pounds in weight. The largest of them weighs 82 pounds and measures four feet two inches in length from tip to tip.

The giant snapper has a long tail and a disproportionately big head. It is an ugly looking creature, and as dangerous, in fact, as it is ugly in appearance, for it has extremely powerful jaws. A big snapper of this kind could break a man's leg or bite a broom handle in two; such a snapper has been known to bite a piece out of an inch plank.

The giant snapper subsists largely on fish and young ducks. It is itself edible.

There is in the aquarium a mounted specimen of this species that weighed 106 pounds and measures four feet seven inches in length. In the National museum at Washington there is a mounted specimen of the giant snapper which weighed 155 pounds, its length being five feet four inches.

Recently added to the aquarium's exhibits are 14 sea horses, taken off Atlantic City, the two largest of them being each nearly six inches in length, which is pretty large for the sea horse of those waters.

Small as it is, and often as it may be seen, the sea horse is still likely to appear as one of the most remarkable of living things. There are always people looking in at the aquarium's sea horse tank.

THE OLDEST DIAMOND FIELDS.

Kohinoor Probably Came from Them About 350 Years Ago.

In a recent report of the geological survey of India there is an interesting account of the Panna diamond fields of central India. Historically this country is believed to be the original home of the diamond and from them it is supposed that the famous Kohinoor was extracted some three and a half centuries ago, the earliest diamonds dating some 25 years previously.

Of late years India has quite retired from the field as a precious stone producer to any extent or value, but from the account given it should be worth the while of a small syndicate to take up these diamond fields, says the Pioneer, and work them systematically, though it is said that neither in luster nor price do the stones found compare with the yield of the South African fields.

The methods, however, now in vogue mean merely superficial treatment, following the lines which have been in vogue for centuries, with the probable result that the strata containing the most valuable deposits of stones are not reached. From a geological point of view there are said to be diamond bearing conglomerates over several areas, which would admit of deep shaft sinking, and systematic mining under competent control being carried on profitably.

An Easy Mark. The following is told as having occurred in the lobby of the Palmer House, Chicago:

A guest came in from the street, took off his overcoat, folded it carefully and placed it over the back of a chair and then sat on it, producing a newspaper and soon becoming absorbed in its contents. Before long a stranger tapped him on the shoulder and politely asked if he would please get up and let him have the overcoat he was sitting on.

The guest obligingly arose and handed his own coat to the stranger and then seating himself again continued to read the paper. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he had made a fool of himself. He became excited, and rushing over to the desk told the clerk the circumstances of the robbery.

The clerk listened patiently and then quietly said: "I'll tell you what to do. You go back and sit where you were and wait; then when the rascal comes and asks for your shoes you can nab him."—Short Stories.

The First House Clocks.

The very early house clocks, which are the kind in which ordinary collectors are chiefly interested, were called bird-cage or lantern clocks. There were some of them very small, four or five inches high, and could be hung on the bedpost, which was where Catherine of Braganza had hers, and where Pepys saw it. He says in his diary (1664): "And her body was at her head as she sleeps, with a clock at her bed's side, wherein a lamp burns and tells her the time of night at any time."

Tobacco Test for Novels. The other day in a public library in London an attendant noticed a young girl sniffing suspiciously at the books. When he asked the reason of her strange conduct she told him frankly, "I sniff at a book," she said, "to see if it smells of tobacco. If it does then I know it's a book a man has been reading and that it's a poor one. This is a novel literary test, but a wise one in some respects. Horse sense lies behind it and feminine intuition.

"Girls." Mr. Newcomb—Really, Miss Grace, your face is very familiar, but I can't think who it is you resemble.

Mr. Newcomb—No. It's either the Scrubbit Tooth Wash Girl or the Tippler's Tonic Girl, one or the other.

ODD PHOTO ALBUM

BOOK WHICH CONTAINS ONLY PICTURES OF THE HUNTED.

Likenesses of Men with Record for Misdeds Kept in Unique Collection at Detective Headquarters in Chicago.

Chicago.—The strangest photograph album in Chicago is what is known as "Billy" Lothart's "Big Book." None of Lothart's friends has his picture in this mysterious book. When a person is represented there it is pretty certain that he has killed some one, has run away with money, escaped from the penitentiary or has been lost or stolen. The odd thing about this book is that a picture goes in whether the original does or does not care. Besides all this, it's pretty hard for a man to stay in Chicago without getting into jail if his picture is in the book.

Big, thick, canvas covers and mysterious looking printing on the back make "Billy" Lothart's album an object of pious interest at the central detective offices in the city hall. Between those covers there is the queerest lot of pictures ever seen in an amateur snapshot fender's collection. But these are pictures every one of which tells a story, a sweatheart slain, a trusted employe's defalcation, the murder of an enemy, the theft of thousands of dollars. These are some of the little tales told by the sketches that fill the heavy pages. And there are thousands of pictures and sketches, too, with more coming in every day.

This collection contains the photograph of Paul O. Stensland, with descriptions and rewards printed in seven different languages. That picture is now considered obsolete. Anyhow, there are others with rewards which aggregate large sums.

Robert L. Qix, who escaped from the Jefferson county jail at Birmingham, Ala., is worth \$1,500 to the man who finds him. William "Bossie" Francis, the alleged murderer of Miss Mary Henderson, near Columbus, Mo., has a reward of \$3,750 offered for his capture. The state of Missouri agrees to pay \$300; the county court \$500; the city of Columbus \$700, and even his dead body will bring \$500. For evidence that any white or black person aided him in the deed \$500 more will be paid. If it can be proved that he was harbored, fed, supplied with money or helped to travel, the informer will get \$150. Besides all this a special reward of \$1,000 will go to anyone who proves that persons have libelously connected the name of W. C. Hyatt with the murder.

Michael Liebel disappeared from his home in Erie, Pa., according to this cosmopolitan book, and the one who finds him alive will get the snug little sum of \$5,000. The story of a New York elevated railway wreck is told by one circular which bears the picture of Paul Kelly, a workman, who is alleged to have discarded the signals. His possession, says the circular, is worth \$500 to the city's police. The picture of an intelligent, bright looking young man, William Robert Vice, serves as the guide post for a search instituted by the Union Pacific railroad. Gambling is said to have caused the already wealthy Vice to embezzle thousands of dollars from his employers and hide from place to place after the posting of a \$1,000 reward for his capture.

The person of the murderer of Sol Bardenheier, who was found dead at Blooming Grove, Wis., is good for a \$600 reward. The minute he is captured, Tom Jones' escape from the Colorado state penitentiary will cost that state \$200 if he is caught. So it goes on through the list of new fugitives and old ones whose activities have made them wanted by the police. From Maine to California, men with a record of misdeds behind them are represented in this Chicago photograph album and their faces are eagerly scanned day after day until the word comes that they are in jail or dead.

RED TIE SPOILS ELOPEMENT.

Man's Return to Get Lurid Piece of Neckwear Discloses Plans.

Waterbury, Conn.—When Miss Julia Toupense crocheted the most lurid red necktie that ever graced the neck of a Waterbury Adonis and worked in a number of pretty sentimental inscriptions upon its fiery floss she little thought that the same necktie would shatter her hopes of an elopement.

Albert Vernice, the young woman's fiancé, has neither a red tie nor a wife to-day and is awaiting some one to appear in the courthouse to go on his bond for \$300. He is charged with abduction.

Miss Toupense's father, fearing an elopement when she wanted to go to New York, insisted on accompanying her to the station. The young couple had everything arranged, so when Vernice saw the father with the girl he hid in a freight car until the New York train was just starting. Then he made a running jump and landed on the rear platform.

When the young couple arrived in New York, the bride-to-be discovered that Vernice had forgotten his red necktie. He was sent back post haste to get it, as Miss Toupense refused to be married with him wearing any other neckwear. When Vernice got back to Waterbury Mr. Tompense was at the station and had him arrested.

Hunters Stop Train to Chase Deer. New Martinsville, W. Va.—A party of hunters were returning from a trip in Pocahontas county, when, as the train was nearing Toberlick, the sudden approach of a deer caused the engineer to bring his train to an abrupt stop. From the windows the feet-footed animal was seen to bound track just in front of the engine. By the time a number of the hunters on the train had got their guns the deer had plunged across the Greenbrier river. A volley of bullets was fired, and the deer fell dead about 150 yards from the train. Fifty men each claimed his shot had killed the deer. The hunters plunged into the river and swam across. A hunter from Marlinton was the first across the river, and he got possession of the deer. The train was delayed over an hour.

HAS BURNS' MANUSCRIPTS.

Original Writings of Scotch Poet Brought to America.

New York.—J. Pierpont Morgan has imported what is said to be the most complete set in existence of the original manuscripts and private letters of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet. Mr. Morgan's agents have been scouring Great Britain for the last 15 years in order to secure the documents. An expense of no less than \$200,000, it is estimated, has been so incurred. The manuscripts are in two books of some 100 pages apiece. They were finally appraised by the United States customs examiners at \$25,000 each, and subject to a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem, so that the Morgan customs brokers paid \$10,000 duty.

Under the Dingley tariff law works of art and literature are admitted free of duty when brought in for public, educational, or religious purposes, but when imported by private citizens the full duty is imposed. It is believed to be the intention of Mr. Morgan to bequeath the Burns manuscripts and letters to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and that his importation is the forerunner of the arrival of numberless other European treasures of literature and art, which Mr. Morgan is reported to have accumulated on the other side. The value of his collections is said to be nearly \$5,000,000, but the heavy tariff has deterred him from bringing them over.

Runs Seven Miles on Ties. Bakersfield, Cal.—The Southern Pacific has made a new record for rapid transit. A light engine coming down the Tehachapi mountain ran seven miles on the ties before the engineer and fireman awoke to the fact that they were not traveling according to schedule.

Trainmen are loyal to each other. They tell no tales and one man's mistake never forms food for gossip, but enough has leaked out to warrant the statement that this engine traveled seven miles on the ties before the engineer awoke to the fact.

A wrecking crew was called out and it took a good many hours to drive the spikes and replace the ties which the flying wheels had torn loose.

The accident happened between Ruwan and Heaville about daylight, and fortunately but one train was delayed. The owl had already passed, but No. 7 was caught and held up nearly 12 hours. It was due to arrive at Kern at 7:45 o'clock in the morning, but did not pull in until 6:30 o'clock in the evening. Santa Fe train 107 was also delayed by the accident.

Muskrats a Dangerous Pest. Lake City, Ia., Offering Bounty for Every One Caught.

Lake City, Ia.—Muskrats are burrowing under the town, allowing the waters of Lake creek to flow into cellars, and so threatening the stability of many houses.

Lake City is two miles from Lake creek, and the invasion of the rodents cannot be explained by ordinary theories. The muskrats have honey combed the earth under the Northwestern shops, and have come out in the pits where the engines are cleaned.

Following the undermining of the railroad shops, a systematic effort will be made at extermination. The Northwestern Railroad company has offered a bounty of five cents for every rat caught, and Calhoun county will pay ten cents more. A Sioux City hide buyer will pay 35 cents a pound for the pelts. Boys have been supplied with hundreds of steel traps and the war has started. It is this or sink, as the high water in the spring might prove fatal to many buildings.

Gothamites Like to Die. Health Commissioner's Report Shows 191 Suicides in Three Months.

New York.—During the three months considered in the report of Health Commissioner Darlington just sent to Mayor McClellan exactly 191 persons found life in New York too distasteful to make it longer bearable and in consequence escaped it by the suicide route—an average of more than two a day.

Shooting seemed to be the most popular method of self-destruction, since the total number of 55 selected it. Twenty died by carbolic acid, 20 hanged themselves, 17 took gas, one died of Paris green, nine by jumping from high places, one by chloroform and one by leaping in front of a train.

Only three women hanged themselves, while 17 men died by this means. Sixty-seven persons were killed by electric cars during the quarter.

Married While Sound Asleep. Cleveland, O.—As counter suit to that of her husband against her parents for \$10,000 damages for alienation of her affections, Mrs. Iva Warren McDonald, of Cleveland, who married him two years ago in London, Canada, sues for divorce. Judge Phillips, of Cleveland, heard the divorce case, which was not contested, but refused to grant her a bill, on the ground that they had not been living together long enough for him to find out which was to blame. The girl claimed in her petition that she married McDonald in a dream, that she never entertained any regard, much less love, for him, and that she was unconscious for five days.