

ETHEL RUNS ENGINE

MISS ROOSEVELT "PULLS" TRAIN 70 MILES AN HOUR.

President's Daughter Has Exciting Ride from Newnan to Atlanta, Ga.—"Is a Wonder, Has Nerve," Declares Engineer.

Atlanta, Ga.—Speeding over the rails at a rate of 60 to 70 miles an hour, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, daughter of the president, "pulled" No. 38 of the West Point line into the Atlanta terminal station at noon the other day. She had run the engine from Newnan to Atlanta, a distance of 90 miles.

"This is the jolliest frolic I have ever had," she said shaking hands warmly with Engineer John R. Still, as she jauntily jumped to the station floor with Capt. Fitzhugh Lee, the president's aid, and ran back to the special car containing Mrs. Roosevelt and party.

Few who saw the young woman, who will make her debut at the White House this fall, tripping down the station platform recognized her or knew of the adventure through which she had just passed.

The party was in Atlanta only 15 minutes, Miss Ethel having brought the train in on time, and the departure to the east was made at 12:15. When the train left La Grange immediately after the party had been served breakfast, Miss Ethel in her imperious way expressed a desire to ride in the engine. Conductor Bell stated that this was easy and told her that John Still was at the throttle.

"O, I remember him," she said, and with Capt. Lee as an escort, she boarded the engine cab at Newnan. Nothing would do Miss Ethel but that she must blow the whistle and as the train left Newnan she blew a blast which was heard at Moreland.

"Run the engine, too, if you want to," said Engineer Still. "Jump up in front and I'll show you."

Capt. Lee helped her to the engineer's seat and the engineer explained the intricacies of the throttle, the air brake, the reverse lever, the steam gauge, the whistle, and the like. "Pull her a notch," said Engineer Still, and No. 150 responded like a thing of life.

"O, this is jolly," said the engineer, "and on the strength of it pulled the throttle open two more notches. 'Blow your whistle,'" commanded Engineer Still, and without releasing the throttle, she blew a blast that was heard for miles.

"You are going more than 70 miles an hour now," said Still, "better shut her off a bit."

And this command was obeyed. "She did it all," said Engineer Still, in speaking of the trip, "and she is a wonder. I had the pleasure of being at her house on Wednesday a week ago, where I met her father and her. 'O, I ran the engine that took them to Tuskegee a couple of years ago. 'She is about as good an engineer as there is on the road. She has nerve.'"

NEGRO SLAVE 99 YEARS.

African in Texas Refused to Accept Freedom in 1862.

Moscow, Tex.—Ninety-nine years a slave! That is the record of "Old Duck" Holcombe, a typical negro, who, when offered freedom by the emancipation proclamation in 1862, refused to leave the family to which he then belonged.

From the day of his birth to the present hour, with the exception of about two years, he has never swerved in his fidelity and he declares he will die in their service.

"Old Duck" is now living here with Mrs. J. H. Holcombe, whose grandfather, Andrew Walker, originally owned him.

He was born in Marshall county, Ala., near the present town of Gunterville, then an Indian village.

"Duck's" one period of "freedom" was when, at the age of 15, he ran away, intending to invoke the aid of the Cherokee Indians in hiding him.

Instead, he ran into a camp of Creeks, with whom the Cherokees were at war, and remained in captivity for two years.

When he was freed through a government treaty with the Creeks he took an oath to life and die with the Walker family.

SEEK TO RAISE EMPEROR'S PAY.

German Ruler Can't Support Family on \$3,920,000 a Year.

Berlin.—An authentic report is in circulation here that a bill soon will be introduced in the Prussian diet raising the civil list of the emperor. This list now amounts to \$3,920,000 a year, which sum is paid the emperor as king of Prussia and not as German emperor, a position which carries no salary. The explanation offered for raising the list is the increased cost of living, which is particularly heavy on the royal house because a large number of children and other persons are dependent upon the purse of the monarch.

In this connection it was learned that the reports that the emperor lived beyond his income and often called upon rich friends for temporary loans are incorrect. On the contrary, his majesty up to several years ago saved each year a considerable sum from his income and invested it for his children.

FARMER HAS A ROARING WELL.

As the Tide Changes, Strong Gale Enters or Leaves the Bore.

Tacoma, Wash.—Out on a ranch of Charles Christopherson, ten miles southeast of Tacoma, there is a "breathing" well that the people for miles around consider one of the most phenomenal freaks of nature they have ever seen.

Year in and year out for the 14 years since the well was dug a strong gale of wind is either going into or coming out of the well. The current of air is always strong and sometimes it amounts to a gale, the suction power of which, if the air happens to be going into the well, will carry newspapers or other light objects into it.

If the air is flowing out when the well is on one of these rampages, the wind will blow one's hat off, and the roar of it can be heard for some distance. A strong current of air was blowing into it when the newspaper man visited it, but Mr. Christopherson said it would change and the air began coming out of it as soon as the tide turned.

"I have a better tide indicator than any one living along the sound," said he. "For the four years I have lived here this well has recorded the coming and going of the tides and the turn of the tides with a precision and regularity that have been as infallible as the unconscious movements of the heavenly bodies."

"Whenever the tide begins to come in at Tacoma, eight miles away, as the crow flies, from this well, the air begins to come out of the well. At first, as the tide slowly turns, the outgoing rush of air is scarcely perceptible.

CLUB OF HAVANA'S CLERKS.

It Has 27,000 Members, Who Pay \$1.50 a Month.

Havana.—One of the most important institutions in Havana is the Centro Dependientes, which is a club of the clerks, and was established about 30 years ago, with the object of caring for the sick and providing instruction and recreation. The club maintains a hospital or sanitarium for the benefit of its members, outside of the city, and a school for the industrial education of their children. The club now has 27,000 members, who pay only \$1.50 a month. Its beautiful white marble club building, on the Prado, is three stories high, and about 120 by 300 feet, occupying one end of a block, giving windows its entire length. It is most beautifully decorated inside and the marble stairways are made of marble from Carrara, Italy, and command the visitor's admiration. Each step, ten or 11 feet long, is a solid stone, with marble rails and balusters. The ascent is made half way up and there dividing, the second floor is reached, and the same is repeated to the third floor. These noble stairs are duplicated at the rear end of the building. There are many billiard tables on the second floor, and the third floor is for balls, lectures and addresses.

The club is intending to build an addition on property adjoining, which it also owns, and the benefits of the institution derived from membership are secured by a very small sum for monthly dues. With such a large membership the club is now in condition to give increased benefits to the members.

SMART TEN-YEAR-OLD PRINTER.

Reading Newsboy Graduates Early into Business.

Reading, Pa.—A newsboy at nine, a printer and linguist at ten—this is the remarkable record of James F. Gantz, the ten-year-old son of Edward Gantz of this city. Master Gantz is one of those lads who feel unhappy if they have nothing to do, and, being of a very industrious nature, he first devoted himself to selling papers. Lately he desired to learn printing, and his parents installed a printing press in their home.

Young Gantz practically knows every schoolboy, woman and child in his neighborhood, and the business men have for some time been impressed with his fondness for work, so when he announced himself as Reading's youngest printer he was flooded with orders.

At school he is bright and stands at the front of his class, and lately he has taken up the study of Esperanto, the world's new language.

Girl Year and Half on Road. Grand Forks, N. D.—Madeline Schowe, aged 18 years, arrived in Grand Forks after being a year and seven months in making a trip from Russia to Grand Forks.

She was detained in Germany for a time on account of an ailment of the eyes, but finally reached Baltimore. There she was kept in a hospital, and her father was obliged to pay \$31 a month for her treatment, or she would have been deported. Her eyes passed examination just in time, for Schowe's friends were exhausted.

Friends raised money to pay her last month's hospital expenses and fare to Grand Forks, and she is now with relatives.

Court Bars Age Test. Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Miss Sue Beach, who was a witness in a suit for damages, was asked how long she had lived in Wilkesbarre. To answer the question would have disclosed her age, so the witness was embarrassed and blushed.

Judge Halsey came to her rescue by saying the question was immaterial, and that the witness had no reason to be embarrassed, as she was young and need not blush for her age.

Fences Stop His Hat Graft. Cody, Wyo.—Dean Thompson, who resides on a homestead south of town, threatens to bring suit against the city because of the number of fences which have been erected by property owners thereof. Thompson asserts that before the fences were put up he never had to purchase a hat, the wind bringing a plentiful supply from the direction of Cody. Now the fences catch the hats and Thompson's graft is at an end.

WIFE MUST SETTLE

JURY DECIDES HUSBANDS NEED NOT PAY FOR MILLINERY.

Fifty-Dollar Hats Not Necessary Household Expenses, According to Verdict—Ruling Establishes Precedent.

Chicago.—Twelve jurors, including three bachelors, decided in Judge Newcomer's court that \$50 hats are excluded from the "necessary household expenses" for which a husband in moderate circumstances legally may be held liable when incurred by his wife without his approval.

Consequently, the jurors rendered two verdicts in the case of the Maison Nouvelle vs. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Ferguson, 3921 Grand boulevard, the case in question being a dispute as to whether the Maison Nouvelle should receive a balance of \$165 alleged to be due on a millinery bill.

The jurors decreed in one verdict that Mrs. Ferguson must pay the \$165, the finding being in favor of the plaintiff.

In the other verdict the jurors relieved Mrs. Ferguson's husband from all responsibility, the finding being in favor of Mr. Ferguson as one of the defendants. The Maison Nouvelle was left to "hold the bag" for the \$165 unless it proves more successful in sophisticated attendants at the court.

The decision established a precedent so far as the classification of women's hats as necessities of life is concerned. It is evident that the men in the jury box mentally "put themselves in his place," when Mr. Ferguson, as a witness, related the sorrows of some young husbands when their wives succumb to an overweening desire for the "pretty things" that seem to grow in the windows of importers' shops.

After it was all over, some of the jurors spoke in hushed tones in mentioning the prices set down for feminine fripperies, and one of the bachelors remarked that he intends taking out a life membership in the Bachelors' club as a result of the revelations in the Ferguson case.

The innocent bystanders enjoyed the proceedings. Mr. Ferguson found it less funny when Attorney Joseph J. Thompson critically referred to him as model of sartorial exactness and attempted to enroll him among the "fussy boys," who go out with their pretty wives and spend a lot of money, cutting a dash in the city's smart set.

USED BELL TO COLLECT BILLS.

Odd Portland Character, Hated for His Methods, Passes Away.

Portland, Ore.—A queer old character who in his 85 years of life had been cursed probably more than any other man in Portland, was buried in the potter's field the other afternoon, although Sir William McDonald of Toronto, Ont., a wealthy manufacturer, is his brother. The dead man is "Jimmie" McDonald, who for the last 20 years had kept body and soul together from small commissions in collecting deadbeat bills.

McDonald's age and generally disreputable appearance naturally prevented him from using the methods of present-day collectors, but he got the money often than any of them. His system was to stand in front of the house or office of the debtor and ring a cowbell. Pedestrians would stop in wonderment. Others would come strolling up, thinking an auction was to take place. Meanwhile McDonald would nonchalantly ring the bell till some one would inquire the cause.

"Oh," he would reply, "there's a man in there who owes a bill and is trying to beat it."

Another of his terrifying methods was to call debtors when out in company, slinging this unpoetical distich: "The judgment day is drawing nigh. And unless you pay every bill you owe, You can never wear a golden crown."

Many times he was trounced, but times without number he got the money.

SAVED BY HIS GLASS EYE.

H. A. Roberts' Way of Proving He Is Not a Famous Crook.

Springfield, Mass.—A glass eye stands between Harcourt Allen Roberts and jail. Roberts, who is a traveling agent for a well-known periodical, has been greatly inconvenienced by being mistaken by the police of various cities for an embezzler whose likeness adorns every rogues' gallery in the country.

Roberts had his usual experience in Springfield. His description tallied perfectly with that of the much-wanted embezzler and the police smiled cynically, almost pityingly, at his protestations of innocence.

"Say," asked Roberts, "did the man you want have a glass eye, and if he has, can he show a bill of sale for it?" Then he removed his glass eye and received the apologies of the Springfield police.

Rare Old \$20 Piece Is Found.

New York.—Rarely found in circulation and seldom offered even at sales of old coins, a \$20 California gold piece, struck at one of the private mints at San Francisco in 1855, has turned up in a Wall street house in a consignment of miscellaneous coins from the United States of Colombia.

The initials, "W. M. & Co.," on the coin stand for Wess, Molter & Co., a firm doing a coinage and smelting business in San Francisco as early as 1852.

HELIE'S COUSIN'S ROMANCE.

It Is Said Count Henri de Feres Will Marry an Indian Girl.

Galveston, Tex.—Prince Helie de Sagan, who has been sojourning in New York for some time pursuing his courtship of Mme. Anna Gould, will come within a week or two to Sulphur, Okla., to join his cousin, Count Henri de Feres.

This information was conveyed in a letter received in Galveston by a friend of Count Feres, and the entire plans of Prince Helie are laid bare. The count has taken his friends in the Oklahoma city into his confidence, as well as the Galveston party, and several quotations of the prince's letter are enclosed. In one passage Prince Helie says:

"I will be with you in a fortnight in the wilds of the American continent and we will have the time of our lives, far away from the center of the prying newspaper reporters and persons who inquire into one's love affairs."

Prince Helie stated in his letter that his suit for the hand of Mme. Gould was being bitterly opposed by her American relatives and by powerful friends of the Gould family in New York. The prince stated that Mme. Gould is his friend and will never discard him, and that he suffers no uneasiness on that score, but he thinks it wise to leave New York for the present and let the furor of his pursuit of the heiress subside.

While Prince de Sagan is wooing Mme. Gould in New York, his cousin, Count Henri de Feres, is about to marry Juanita Lightfoot, daughter of an Indian chief, and worth thousands of acres of Oklahoma soil. The Indian maiden attracted the Frenchman's attention in an unusual manner, and it is said that the affair is a genuine love match.

UNDER KETTLE THIRTEEN DAYS.

Speckled Hen Survives Imprisonment with No Serious Results.

Spokane, Wash.—This is something about an ordinary speckled hen, which was imprisoned under an iron kettle more than 13 days and lives to cluck as energetically as any of the producers in a flock owned by Mrs. W. C. Kennedy, a pioneer resident of Palouse, a short distance south of here. The hen is known as "Old Booster," from the fact that immediately upon rising from the nest, after contributing to the local egg supply, it heralds the glad tidings by a series of noises which as near as they can be translated into language, sound like "Spok-Spok-Spokane."

Mrs. Kennedy missed the hen the morning of February 9, and it was not until the afternoon of the anniversary of George Washington's birthday when she heard the pecking against the kettle, that she recovered it. The theory is that the hen tipped the kettle while feeding from it, and was unable to release herself from the prison.

BUCKERS TAKE TO BRANDY.

Like Their Earth-Worms Highly Flavored in Darby Creek.

Darby, Pa.—With ordinary earth-worm bait, which they first diplomatically saturated in brandy as an experiment, Policeman Thomas Clark of Darby, and Policeman John Carr of Yeaton, returned home with 150 pounds of fish.

They left early in the morning for Darby creek, but after spending several hours without being rewarded with a bite, Clark, as an experiment, saturated the worm on his hook with ten-year-old liquor and threw the line overboard. To his surprise his hook was taken so quickly by a voracious sucker that the hook broke off short.

A new hook was affixed, the worm treated in the same manner, and following that Carr and Clark drew in a fish every time they cast their lines.

Sometimes they got two fish on one hook. The biggest fish weighed three and a half pounds. They were all suckers and were in fine condition.

TUNNEL TRUE TO A FOOT.

Remarkable Engineering Feat Finished in Montana.

Helena, Mont.—A remarkable feat in mining engineering was finished when, after driving for two years, less ten days, the station at the 900-foot level of the Iron Mountain mine was tapped by a tunnel more than a mile long at the desired spot to a foot.

For years the property was a regular producer and paid a million in dividends. It had to be abandoned because of the expense in pumping the water to so great a height. Then the tunnel was decided upon, and now the mine is being unwatered by gravity.

Great fear was expressed by the state mine inspector that the heavy water pressure would cause a break and drown the workmen, but this was avoided by running a zigzag crosscut. The mine is owned by Helena, New York, Missouri and Philadelphia capitalists.

Self-Watering Potatoes.

A number of congressmen were one day informally discussing the work of the experts attached to the department of agriculture. One of the representatives was inclined to poke fun at the new methods. "These chaps," said he, "remind me of a crank farmer in Kansas, who proposed to plant onions with his potatoes, the idea being that the tear-making qualities of his onions might act on the eyes of the potatoes and thus render the latter crop self-irrigating."—Harper's Weekly.

EASY TO REMEMBER ANY DATE.

Rhyme Will Fix Days of Week of Every Month.

The following lines, committed to memory, give an easy method of stating offhand the date of the week of any date in 1908:

Just a mother's arms, my Jorund Jean; A spell over Nature's dream The number of letters in each word represents the date of the first Saturday in the particular month to which it corresponds; thus, "Just," for January, has four letters, because the first Saturday in January is the fourth of that month; "a," representing February, has one letter, as the first Saturday in February is the first day of that month; and so on through all the 12 months.

Each word of the 12, excepting the "a," begins with the same letter as the month it represents. Thus, "Just" begins with "J" because January begins with "J"; "mother's" begins with "m" because March begins with "m," and so on all through, with the exception of "a" for February.

Having obtained the dates of the first Saturdays, the date of every other Saturday in the month is got by the addition of the necessary number of sevens, from which it is but a step to any intermediate day—Stray Stories.

COMPLAINED OF THE DISCORD.

Clarinet Player Had Real Grievance Against Loud Snorer.

A traveling man who recently put up at a hotel in Trenton was violently awakened the first night of his stay by a terrific pounding on the door. Hastily jumping out of bed, the traveling man jerked open the door, when there was presented to his astonished sight the spectacle of an excited German frantically waving his arms and spluttering away for dear life.

"What's wrong?" demanded the traveling man, amazed.

"You vos wrong! Dot's vot de matter!" exclaimed the Teuton, shaking his fist beneath the other's nose, "you vos all wrong!"

The man who had been so rudely awakened could make no reply to this strange accusation; but instead stood gazing stupidly at his midnight visitor.

"I dell you you vos all wrong!" reiterated the German, assuming a still more threatening posture. "I am a clarinet player in de next room! I cannot play vile you schnore like dot! You schnore all de vay from B to G! I cannot play, sir, I cannot play vile you schnore in dot manner! You schpoll my moosie. You make a discord dot drives me vild."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Institution Smell.

A reporter, at the end of a tour of the eastern penitentiary in Philadelphia, said:

"What I like about this place is that I don't notice here that unpleasant and peculiar smell which I have always found heretofore in prisons, almshouses, reformatories and such-like places."

"The institution smell is what you allude to," said the resident surgeon, with a gratified smile.

"What causes it?" asked the reporter.

"Dirr," was the reply. "This odd and nauseating smell, as alike in the most distant institutions as two bottles of the same cologne are alike, is caused by dirt and the conductors of prisons and almshouses and reformatories feel that they have reached the height of perfection in their work when they succeed, by eternal cleansing, in driving this smell away."

"A criterion of institution management is the institution smell."

Japanese Wedding Ring.

Mrs. Post Wheeler has what perhaps no other woman in the United States has—a Japanese wedding ring. For Helie Ermie Rives, as she is known to the literary world, was married in Japan to Post Wheeler, secretary of the American legation. Although the Episcopal ceremony was used she chose the Japanese marriage symbol in preference to that of her own country. It is a little wider than the ordinary band and is beautifully carved in oriental design. Between the chased work are inserted Japanese characters that read: "My beloved is mine and I am his." This is the favorite sentiment for the oriental wedding. This sentiment is repeated several times around the band.

Servant's Tribute to "Ouida."

On a little writing table at the foot of the bed on which "Ouida" died, the British vice-consul at Lakehorn found reverently arranged by her unlettered servant two writing quills. He had gone thither to attend "Ouida's" funeral, and he remarks: "The honor thus spontaneously rendered by symbols takes us back to the origins of armorial bearings, and it impresses. It is surely the one which would have appealed to her most of all." What more tender, more simple, expression of appreciation could have marked the ending of "Ouida's" stormy life than the crossing of these quills! It was most significant.

More Advice.

"Ought a man in politics to be communicative or silent?" asked the young man who is learning the statesmanship business.

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "he should not go to an extreme either way. The man who wants to tell all he knows becomes a bore and the man who seems afraid to tell anything he knows becomes an object of suspicion."

Doesn't Take Warning.

"Does your son profit by your example? Does he imitate your successes and avoid your mistakes?"

"No. He wants to get married."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

OCCUPATION JUST SUITED HIM.

Man with Grouch Had Chance to Laugh at Others' Misfortunes.

"It isn't everybody that gets a place to life that's just suited to him," said Mr. Hobart, thoughtfully, "but I declare it seems as if Jed Loring had landed in the very spot he'd choose above every other."

"I didn't suppose anything would ever suit Jed," remarked Mrs. Hobart. "A man that always thought everybody was better off than he, and never appeared to enjoy anything except other folks' misfortunes. Where in the world is he?"

"While I was visiting Henry's folks," said Mr. Hobart, "they took me across the ferry to the island one day. I thought the face of the man that worked the gates looked kind of familiar, and he gazed at me real searchingly as Henry and I stood there."

"Aren't you Jim Hobart that used to live in Dushby?" he asked me at last.

"I am, and still do," says I, "and it's just come to me why you are. You're Jed Loring."

"He nodded that I was right. 'Got a job that suits you here, I guess,' I said, for he's grown stouter and looks considerable cheerfuller than he used to when he was in Dushby."

"Yes, I have," says he, real hearty. "Why, this ferryboat runs back and forth every half-hour all day long, and there's hardly a trip but what somebody misces it, and gets as mad as fury!"—Youth's Companion.

NOT DEPENDENT ON HIS PEN.

Stage Driver Glad Literary Man Had Anchor to Windward.

The solemn-faced man who drove the stage between Willow and Greenfield never lost an opportunity to display his knowledge to a new passenger, nor had he ever been known to suppress his opinion on any subject, no matter what it might be. "They tell me you're the man that wrote the story that's running now in one of the big magazines. I forget which 'tis," he said one day to a cheery passenger who had been endeavoring to ask a few questions himself.

"I believe I am," admitted the gentleman.

"I've never turned my hand to writing," said the stage driver, flicking his horses in meditative mood. "No, sir, I've been too much took up with other things, but read everything, most. I was having a little talk with Bill Sears about you yesterday. We'd both been reading your last book before this new one. Now, do you rely entirely on what you write for a living?"

"Not entirely," said the author, with due humility.

"That's what I thought when I finished the book," and the stage driver looked kindly at the man of letters. "I'm real glad for ye that you've other means," he said, benevolently. "Got 'em well invested, I expect, too. I told Bill Sears that was most likely the case."—Youth's Companion.

Appearances Deceitful.

It was high noon when he entered the crowded restaurant. He stood fully six feet three inches in height, was built in proportion, and must have weighed at least 250 pounds. As he strode down between the rows of tables he looked as if he could eat up the house. He took a seat beside a diminutive, fussy little man with a bald head and chop whiskers, who was bravely and successfully polishing off a sirloin steak with onions. The little fellow, with his napkin tightly wedged under his chin and his mouth full of dinner, looked up in wonder at his gigantic side partner, and then down at the frail canebottomed chair, which creaked and groaned piteously under its immense weight. But the big fellow took no notice of the little one. When the waitress approached him he gave his order in businesslike fashion.

"Bring me," said he in a falsetto voice, "a cup of weak tea and a couple of doughnuts."

Aroused Her Ire.

"Female suffrage is bound to come," exclaimed the wandering agitator in the small hamlet. "How would you like to sit on the jury, madam?"

The eyes of the old lady in the pink sunbonnet blazed, and, pointing to the little courthouse, she snapped through her teeth:

"How would I like to sit on a jury, mister? Well, I'd just like to sit all over that jury yander. What do you think they did? Awarded me two cents damages after the blasted steam cars jumped off the track, upset my barn, killed two cows, stunned a mule, cut the cat's tail off and woke up the hired man. Sit on that jury? Well, I jest wish to goodness I could, mister."

Self-Watering Potatoes.

A number of congressmen were one day informally discussing the work of the experts attached to the department of agriculture. One of the representatives was inclined to poke fun at the new methods. "These chaps," said he, "remind me of a crank farmer in Kansas, who proposed to plant onions with his potatoes, the idea being that the tear-making qualities of his onions might act on the eyes of the potatoes and thus render the latter crop self-irrigating."—Harper's Weekly.