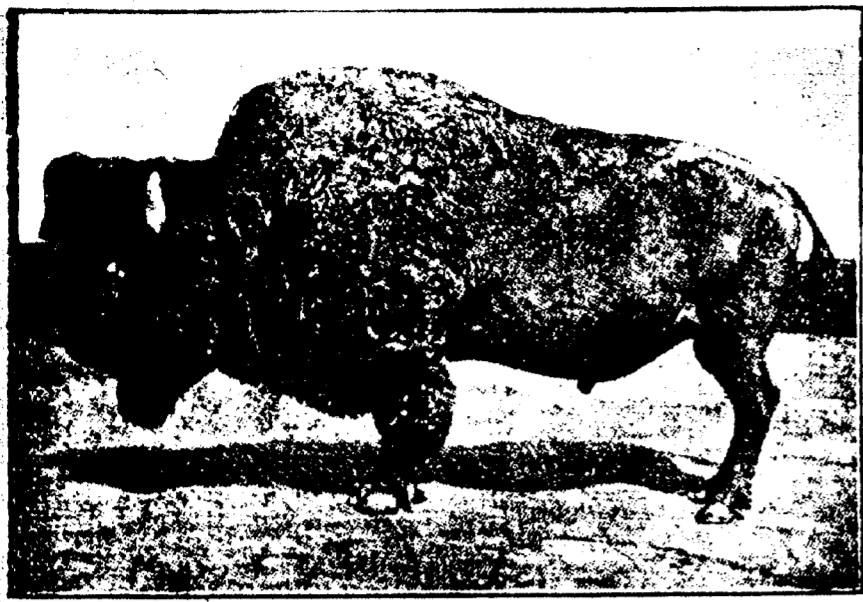


FINE SPECIMEN OF THE BISON



President Roosevelt is at the head of the American Bison society, the object of which is to preserve the animal from extinction. An effort is to be made to establish in this country a herd that shall be at least as fine as one collected by several prominent Canadians, who have some 500 in captivity.

WELL IS A WHISTLER

BORE BLOWS LOUD BLAST, BUT GIVES NO WATER.

Valuable Gas or Oil Field in Central South Dakota Has Been Tapped, If Experts Have Guessed Correctly.

Bloux Falls, S. D.—On a ten-acre tract of land owned by E. E. Hanson of Davison county has been struck the champion freak artesian well in Central South Dakota.

South Dakota already has a hot water gusher, situated at Edgemont, the water which pours from the well having a temperature of 125 degrees, but the well just struck in Davison county is a freak in a different way, and will be known as the whistling well.

The drillers had been at work for only a few days when they noticed that the well was emitting a strong, agreeable odor. After the drill had reached a depth of 80 feet the freakish whistles of the well became more pronounced. When the drill reached this depth a strong whistling sound came from the piping of the well, and this has increased in volume every day since that time. The drillers have since gone about 50 feet deeper, but the whistling continues to increase in volume. A pump was temporarily placed in the well, and when the water was pumped out it was found there was considerable sand in it. When this was first noticed the well, which is four inches in diameter, was left to itself over night in the belief that it would clear itself.

The pump finally was withdrawn from the piping and the drill was lowered in the casing, when the discovery was made that the wind or gas in the freak well had filled the pipe for a distance of about 50 feet with sand. The water now had been nearly all cut off, a little being permitted to escape through a small copper cap.

An inch elbow about two feet long has been extended from the pipe, and when the cap on this is removed the air or wind escapes from the well with such force that it can be heard for a distance of 300 feet or more from the well. This occurrence is said to be somewhat similar to what was encountered in the oil and gas fields of Pennsylvania and Texas just before a good flow of oil or gas is struck.

This leads the owner of the freak well and others who have visited it to believe that an oil or gas field of unknown extent underlies that famous portion of the state.

JUSTICE TESTS GALLUBES.

Mayor of Suspenders Loses Both Suit and the Goods.

St. Louis.—Storekeeper Farris made a big mistake when he took 27 dozen suspenders into Justice O'Halloran's court to show that the rubber in them was not good. They stretched very nicely, the justice thought, and he gave judgment against Farris on the strength of his own suspenders. And on top of all that, the suspenders were seized to satisfy the judgment granted against him.

Farris sells suspenders and similar articles at 610 South Fourth street. He bought 61 dozen "gallubes" from the St. Rosenbaum Suspenders company, New York. After Farris had sold 44 dozen he claimed he discovered that the rubber was no good and refused to pay a balance of \$73.25. Rosenbaum sued him. Farris had suspenders of every hue in court to testify for him. O'Halloran pulled them and then pulled his own, for which he had previously paid 50 cents. He could not see much difference between them and gave judgment for the full amount.

While Farris was out looking for an express wagon to haul the suspenders, Constables Canty and Young seized them under an attachment.

Penguins' Eggs Latest Delicacy. London.—Penguins' eggs are the newest delicacy for the gourmet. There have arrived at Messrs. Spriggs & Sons, Leadenhall market, N. C., 1,000 of the eggs—the first consignment that has ever been brought to this country for eating purposes. The experiment was initiated by the Cape government, which carefully protects the birds. The egg is larger than the hen's egg, and in taste bears some resemblance to that of the plover.

WIDOW SEEKING SON

RICH WOMAN WOULD ADOPT ADULT MALE.

Is Worth About \$100,000, All of Which Will Go to Fortunate Man on Her Death—Many Applications from Farmers.

St. Joseph, Mo.—There are nearly 5,000 young men in America, any one of whom is willing to become the adopted son of a rich widow, 45 years old, who says the one she adopts will not be required to work.

A widow whose home is within three miles of the city called on William A. Ziemendorf, humane agent, and stated to him that she wanted to adopt a son, blond preferred, between the ages of 23 and 25. The woman is said to be possessed of real estate and other property valued at \$100,000, but has no near relatives, her husband and fair-haired son both being dead.

The story was given wide publicity and since then letters have been coming in scores to the humane officer each day. He has received letters from New York, New Orleans, San Francisco and Montreal, Canada, and from many intermediate points. In all he has received about 5,000 applications, many of the applicants sending their photographs and locks of hair. Hundreds of them have stated that they are good looking, although the widow did not specify that the successful applicant should be a handsome youth.

The fact that the woman desiring to adopt a son lives on a farm is taken to mean that she wants a farmer for a son. At least 2,000 of the young men who have applied state that they are farmers or have lived on a farm.

The other applicants are divided up among many occupations, and some of them have no occupation whatever. One admits that he is 50 years old, but says he looks younger.

"Tell the widow that if she will adopt me I will spend the money she has," writes a St. Louis youth. "She may not want to adopt a son with that inclination, but I notice that the sons of rich men and rich women spend it as fast as their parents can hand it out to them, and I think I can hit a gait as fast as the best of them."

Two-thirds of the applicants say they are poor and want a home, and others say the money is no consideration to them, the widow having stated that her adopted son will inherit the fortune at her death. The widow's name is being suppressed. She is not seeking notoriety, the humane officer says, and he will not subject her to the importunities of those desiring to be adopted.

"I did not know so many young men would be willing to be adopted," she said to Mr. Ziemendorf when he delivered to her the first batch of applications, consisting of more than 2,000 letters. "I had looked around among all the young men of my acquaintance and did not know of a young man who would suit me for an adopted son. That was the reason I asked that a suitable one be found. I am overwhelmed by these letters, and I shall make no effort to answer any of them. It is possible that I may be a year in making a selection, for when I have selected one I shall make every possible inquiry about him and know for a certainty that he is the one I want before I complete the adoption."

Many of the letters are hardly legible, and the grammar and orthography are noticeably deficient. A small proportion of them show business ability, and most of the applicants depend mainly on the statement that they belong to a church and can have many people vouch for their honesty.

The widow has found less than 100 letters that will be given further consideration. Perhaps it is her own fancy that guides her, or it may be intuition that causes her to reject many of those that would have been the choice of a man under similar circumstances. Among the communications are a number from young women who ask the widow to change her mind and adopt a daughter instead of a son. A few of them ask that she adopt a daughter as well as a son, and make up a family of three.

One of the applicants admits that he is married and has one child, but says he will not let his relations with them interfere with his relations with the adopted mother.

"I have not such a good opinion of humanity as I had before I had read these letters," said the widow. "The intentions of these applicants may be good, but somehow—I don't know why—they do not make a favorable impression on me."

She had not believed that more than a dozen young men in America would offer themselves for adoption. She thought the young American spirit was proud and haughty. She has learned that 5,000 of them are willing to live without work, and she is likely to hear from twice as many more.

CHICKS MATCHED IN TOOL BOX.

Pittsburg.—Six weeks ago a workman in the Pennsylvania repair shops in Allegheny left two dozen eggs in an abandoned toolbox in the roundhouse. Steam pipes go through the box. All over the eggs a heavy layer of soft soot soon settled. Three weeks ago 14 sooty chicks arrived. It was found that the steam pipes kept the temperature of the box at 102 degrees. Recently a second batch of 30 chicks appeared, sooty but healthy. Another batch is being prepared. Born among the clanging noises of the roundhouse, every chick so far discovered, is deaf.

GOWN A MISFIT? NEEDN'T PAY.

Judge Decides Against Modiste in Favor of Plump Actress.

New York.—The court finds that the dressmaker is under obligations to produce a gown which should afford no reasonable ground for complaint as to its fit.

Judge Lauer of the municipal court used those words the other day in deciding the suit of Miss Prudhomme, modiste, against Louise Dresser, the actress.

Miss Dresser wanted a gown. She went to Miss Prudhomme. When it was delivered the actress said it did not fit. She had ordered "a gown that would make her look as if she had been poured into it." When she tried it on Miss Dresser's friends said the actress looked more as if she had been dumped into it, and payment was refused.

The result was that Miss Prudhomme sued for the \$50. The modiste being without sentiment, declared that Miss Dresser was fat. She indicated this by a wide extension of her arms. But she insisted (and the hands approached each other) Miss Dresser had grown ever so much less robust while the gown was in the making. Her lawyer intimated that the actress had reduced her flesh by some process best known to herself and that this caused the trouble.

There was a lively tiff in court and the blushing Louise explained her troubles.

The judge listened intently. He regarded the gown with critical eyes and decided that Miss Dresser need not pay.

CAMERA AS A TOMBSTONE.

Animals Carry It Away, but Natives Always Return It to Grave.

Cape Town.—An amusing example of native superstition is related in a letter to the Cape Times by a traveler who has lately returned from a long trek in Portuguese West Africa. Some two years ago the Cape newspaper arranged to supply a hand camera to Leslie Barclay, a member of an expedition that was about to proceed overland from the Transvaal to the west coast, on the understanding that he should forward any photographs he secured for publication. Unfortunately, Barclay succumbed to blackwater fever in January of last year, and was buried in the wilds by his companions. By that time the camera had become warped and twisted out of all form, as a result of repeated wettings, and it was left in lieu of a tombstone on the dead man's grave. The present correspondent of the Cape Times came across the lonely grave in the course of his travels, and found the dilapidated camera still in its place. "My native guides," he says, "informed me that the hyenas carry off the camera about twice a week, and that as soon as the natives miss it all the men round about turn out and scour the bush until they find it. They firmly believe it to be an important part of the white man's burial rites, and that vengeance will be wreaked on the tribe should the camera go a-missing."

BARS VEILS IN COURT ROOM.

Judge Rules That Applicants for Divorce Must Reveal Features.

Pittsburg.—Divorce applicants hereafter cannot hide their blemishes behind long, thick veils, or even behind short, thin ones, if the precedent set by Judge Ball is followed. Women who want decrees from undesirable or naughty husbands must henceforward either lift their veils from their faces or take them off altogether. The case in which the ruling occurred was that of Mrs. Kittle Silvers against Louis N. Silvers. Mrs. Silvers took the stand gowned in a fashionable suit, topped by a "Merry Widow" sailor. From the hat was suspended a huge black veil, with large dots. Mrs. Silvers began to give her testimony from behind the veil. Judge Ball promptly acted.

"Wait a moment, madam," said he. "You must remove your veil or lift it above your hat. No more veils are to be permitted over the faces of women who seek divorces in this court."

FOUR OUNCES OF BRAIN GONE.

Brooklyn Man Apparently None the Worse for Loss of It.

New York.—With four ounces of his brain removed, Jacob Ritz, 23 years old, of Brooklyn, is preparing to leave St. Mary's hospital, that borough, apparently in good health and in possession of all his faculties. The operation was performed by the surgeons of the hospital, and is regarded as having been entirely successful. Ritz shot himself in the head with a revolver a short time ago, the bullet entering the side of his head. A tumor formed between the brain and the wall of the skull and pressed upon the frontal lobes. In removing this it was found necessary to take out about four ounces of brain matter. Because of the course the bullet had taken it was thought that Ritz' senses of sight and taste had been impaired. Tests which were made, however, showed that these had not been affected.

MULE EXPRESS FROM GRIFF.

Rising Sun, Md.—Grief-stricken over the death of its mate, a mule owned by Dr. D. T. Richardson of Calvert worried itself into spasms. The other night it kicked its stall to pieces, leaped over the manger, and was found dead next morning in the entry way of the barn.

A GREAT EGG EATER

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL SAYS SHE IS GOOD FOR 45.

Kansas City Miss Certain She Can Eclipse Record Claimed by Missouri Champion, Who Offers to Eat 42 on Wager.

Montgomery, Mo.—Louis Gill, champion egg eater, who has offered to wager \$50 that he can eat 42 boiled, scrambled or "sunny side up" without stopping to rest or to think it over, has a rival, Miss Helen Brown, 14 years old, of Kansas, says she can equal his feat, and then add the usual order of three eggs to the repast as a chaser or as dessert.

Miss Brown writes from Kansas City to announce her capacity for eggs. "I can eat 45 eggs," she confidently asserts. "I would like to prove it to you, but you are in Montgomery and I am in Kansas City, so I can't, but I thought I would let you know that there is one who can eat more eggs than you can."

Mr. Gill, who has never really eaten 42 eggs at once, but who has a record of three dozen, and says there was certainly room for six more, is a little worried about the Kansas City woman's challenge. He does not know that it would be good form to enter an egg-eating contest against a woman, and he is afraid that if he did his gallantry would overcome his ambition and he would permit her to defeat him long before he had satisfied his appetite.

Lova has a champion egg eater, named Stephens. He visited Montgomery the other day and without any flag or brass band dropped a hint of what he could do.

"Let me have 18 eggs," he told the waiter at the Hanover hotel. "Half of them cooked on one side and the rest cooked on the other. Add two dozen radishes and a cup of coffee, and my breakfast will be about complete."

Charley Bunnenberg, proprietor of the hotel, was told about the hungry guest and he asked Mr. Stephens if he had not made a mistake. The guest offered to pay in advance as a guaranty of good faith.

While the 18 eggs were being cooked and eaten Mr. Bunnenberg tried to find Gill to let him watch the Iowa man's performance, but the Missouri champion was out of town and the meeting could not be arranged.

Miss Brown is only 14 years old. She admits that she is passionately fond of eggs.

"I can eat 45 at one time, too," said Miss Brown, when interviewed at her home in Kansas City, "but I didn't write any letter to Montgomery, Mo."

"Did you read about Mr. Gill's record?"

"Yes, and I said at the time that I could beat it for the \$50. Some one must have sent the letter and signed my name," and she laughed in a most unconvincing manner.

"Were you ever in an egg-eating contest?" she was asked.

"No," she replied. "I eat eggs for their own sake, and not for the sport there is in it."

"How do you like 'em best?"

"Oh, fried over or scrambled, provided, of course, they are good and fresh."

Miss Brown's extraordinary egg-eating powers are well known in her section of the city.

"No," she declared, "I won't go into a contest with the champion. I could beat him, though."

"Why, do you know, my elder brother, Willie, has eaten 20 eggs at one meal; then, too, my sister ate four dozen oranges one after another last Christmas. And I could eat those eggs, too."

STOLEN HORSES ARE PAINTED.

New Yorkers Adopt a New Way to Disguise Their Equine Booty.

New York.—A new art, whereby stolen horses are made over, was uncovered recently by Detectives Miley and Carrette, who were investigating the loss of several horses and wagons. They caught Giuseppe Clementi and Giuseppe Capalo painting a horse and wagon which had been stolen from Sales Zahn & Co., Tenth street and Sixth avenue.

The two men were so frightened that they dropped their brushes and fled to their knees. In their anxiety to escape punishment they told the detectives that not only the wagon but the horse that had been stolen with it, was being painted, and that the performance was a regular thing.

They led two officers to a cell where the horse, changed so that it would not have been recognized by its owner, was found. Its tail clipped and the mane cut short; white spots had been painted over its body. The animal, once a bay, looked almost like a cayuse pony of the west, with the glaring spots on its sides and flanks.

Miley rubbed his finger on one of the spots, but the paint had dried so hard that it would not come off. It was apparent, however, that paint, and not natural coloring, accounted for the spots.

MAIL COACHES COMING BACK.

Springfield, Mass.—Stage coaches again will carry the mail in many Connecticut and Massachusetts towns as a result of the decision of the Central New England railroad to curtail its passenger service between Springfield and Hartford to one train a day. The railroad commissioners of both states will be asked to take action.

HIS ONE WISH.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the man who resents all superstition. "No, suh," answered Mr. Erasmus Pinkley. "An 'll 's hopin' is dat dem ghosts will lemme stay dat way 'stid o' comin' 'round' tryin' to convince me."

WARSHIP IS ALSO WORKSHOP.

Moving Forts of Steel Swiftly Through the Waters Isn't an Easy Task.

A warship is a tremendously busy workshop, where the boss, his assistants and the workmen have a peculiar kind of work on hand, such as exists nowhere else in the world, and there is no time in which to ponder to the whims and desires of an outsider sent on board by the order of executive authorities higher up.

The work on hand is to move a floating fort of steel swiftly through the water in complete synchrony with a lot of other floating forts, and then to prepare those who are engaged in work in this fort for just one thing, to destroy and kill. Everything is subservient to one idea—to be ready to fight at the swiftest pace for just about one hour; for be it known that if one of the warships in this great battle fleet were fought at its swiftest and fullest capacity it would be all over, one way or the other, in an hour or less.

You see, fighting a warship is not a long-drawn-out race. It's a hundred yard dash, to change the figure. Getting ready for that dash, that supreme effort at the fastest speed, calls for all the concentration and hard, unremitting toil that years of education in a complex specialty and years of experience can employ.

When this work is going on those engaged in it want outsiders out of the way, and if you're a wise outsider you want to get out of the way. Hence at such times it is likely that you'll get pretty tired standing around on your feet, with no place to rest your weary bones and no companion with whom you can even be bromidic. Yes, it's fine and great to cruise 14,000 miles on a splendid warship, but truly it has some drawbacks.—New York Sun.

MOOSE SWAM OUT TO SEA.

A monster bull moose that has been loading around the Saco ferry district this month became frightened at dogs early in the week and swam out to sea, never more to return.

It is believed by George Peterson of the ferry, who was watching the moose when he took to the Atlantic, that the animal became exhausted and was drowned. The moose was seen by William Edgecomb and sons. Several curs were chasing the king of the forest and kept close to him. When the monster beast would come to a fence he would lift it up with his horns and throw it to one side. The powerful animal threw aside barricades of every kind and fled through the ferry community to the sea.

At Ray View the dogs were at his heels and he took to the ocean near the breakwater, evidently becoming confused and thinking he was crossing the river. The dogs gave up the chase when the big fellow took to the salt water. The ferry resident watched the animal till he disappeared from view, and though he waited for hours the moose did not return.—Kennebec Journal.

THE LITTLE WEAKNESS.

One of the strangest paradoxes in human nature is that men and women, struggling apparently with all their might to succeed, are yet constantly doing things, saving things, and thinking things which drive the very success they are after away from them.

Some men work like Trojans to gain a coveted position, and then, by getting puffed up with conceit or some foolish or weak act knock the scarf folding which they have been years in building out from under them and down they go.

Their lives are series of successive climbs and tumbles, so that they never get anywhere, never accomplish anything worth while.

Others are always driving success away from them by their lack of courage, their lack of confidence—driving it away by thoughtless habits which rebel success conditions.—Home Chat.

PARABLE BY PEARY.

"You will get there yet," an admirer said to Explorer Peary. "You become a better explorer every trip." "Well," said the other, "there are tricks in every trade, of course, and as we live we learn. I knew an old grocer in Cresson who had learned a lot I stopped before his shop one day and looked curiously at a great line of barrels of apples, some marked with an A and some marked with a Z. Why are these barrels marked differently, Uncle Josh?" I said to the old man, "They seem to be the same kind of apples." "They is the same kind, son," the old man replied, "but some customers want a barrel opened at the top and some at the bottom."

WORKING TOGETHER.

The good old parson accosted the village blacksmith.

"Henry," said the good man, "I notice you do a lot of automobile repairing. Now, good friend, suppose you move your shop around in the back of my parsonage."

"Do you think it would be a profitable move?" queried the cautious smithy.

"Undoubtedly, my good friend. While you are splicing the broken parts of the machinery I can splice the hearts of the runaway couples."

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the man who resents all superstition. "No, suh," answered Mr. Erasmus Pinkley. "An 'll 's hopin' is dat dem ghosts will lemme stay dat way 'stid o' comin' 'round' tryin' to convince me."