

CLOTHES RIDDLED BY LIGHTNING



FREAK OF LIGHTNING

BOLT STRIPS CLOTHING FROM MAN IN MOUNTAINS.

Cloud Settles Down on Him and He Loses Consciousness—Lies Apparently Dead for Hours and Finally Fully Recovers.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—To have been struck on the head by a bolt of lightning without the slightest warning of a storm; to have had the clothes torn from his body and scattered in shreds around for a distance of several yards; to have lain, apparently dead, for hours, his body half burned over by the living flame, and, finally, to have recovered, with only a permanent injury to the iris of his eyes—such was the curious experience of P. D. Keim, formerly a small Chicago grocer and now in business in this city. In proof of this strangest story ever related of an accident with lightning Mr. Keim displays the scars, the clothing and a photograph taken immediately after the occurrence.

Mr. Keim was visiting with his son at North Park, Colo., last fall and had started out hunting on the mountain side one afternoon with his son Clyde and a neighbor when the accident happened. The neighbor was walking about 20 paces in the rear of the father and son, who were not more than ten paces apart. The country was almost clear of trees, at an altitude of 8,500 feet, in a district where because of the position of the mountains clouds were seldom known. "The sun was shining," said Mr. Keim, "and only up in the middle of the sky was there a bit of cloud. As we went on this cloud sailed down toward us and then suddenly there came a blank in my mind.

"What happened was told to me by my son and my neighbor. The latter heard a peal of thunder and was enveloped in a flash of lightning that left him all numb and speechless. He looked toward us and saw my son and myself fall as though some terrific force had thrown us to the ground. A bluish light seemed to flash out from where I fell and then a big puff of smoke went up from me.

"It was perhaps two or three minutes before he could move a foot, but finally he started toward me and as he did so my son, who had struggled to his knees, began to crawl toward me on his hands and knees, pulling at the sage brush to help him along. He was so badly shocked that he could not rise to his feet. When they reached my side they saw a sight that no man ever witnessed before. I was lying on my face, with my clothes torn in shreds in a dozen places, my shoes ripped to pieces and a hole burned through the back of my cap to show where the bolt had struck. My whole body was limp, as though I were dead, and they thought that this was the case.

"Two hours of hard work revived me to consciousness and they found that I was so paralyzed as to be almost helpless. My son was paralyzed on one side for some time, but the neighbor was only shocked temporarily. But my condition was such that I was sick for weeks and from part of the injury I still suffer. The lightning had struck the back of my head, run down over my shoulder, arm, back and side, down my legs and out at my heels, burning over half of my body in its course. My eyelashes and mustache were singed close off, both ear drums were burst and I was perfectly limp all over.

"Curiously enough, the iris of my right eye was affected. Although I never knew at the time what was happening, my eyelids had closed in time to save my sight, but the force of the

shock as the current passed over had burst the curtain or iris of the eye, shattering it into sections, so that it could no longer contract or expand. A specialist in Denver examined it a month afterward and said that it was broken up in a way unlike any ever mentioned in the history of eye treatment. The result is that even now I am scarcely able to focus my eyesight in the sunlight after coming from a shaded room and vice versa.

"My clothes were stripped from me and torn in a queer fashion, as if burst outward by explosions of powder. The shoes, which were whole a moment before the accident, were cut into shreds and tatters by the lightning and even my soft underclothing was torn out in places where the current seemed to be playing hide and seek about me."

The picture reproduced herewith was taken a few days after Mr. Keim's recovery from his sickness at North Park.

NEGRO LACKEYS FOR CADETS.

Colored Troops Assigned to West Point—Trouble Predicted.

Washington.—More trouble with colored troops is predicted as a result of an order issued by Secretary Taft detailing 76 men of the Ninth cavalry, colored, for duty at the West Point Military Academy. These colored troops will relieve the detachment of white cavalry, which has been stationed at West Point in the past, and for the first time in the history of the military academy, the young cadets will have their horses and accoutrements cared for by colored troops and will take turns commanding those troops.

According to the statement made by the war department the reason colored troops have been sent to the military academy to replace the white cavalrymen there is that the latter objected to taking care of the horses used by the cadets as well as their own mounts. The war department believes the colored cavalrymen will not object to this extra service.

ROCKEFELLER GIVES SON A JOB.

John D. Jr., to Be Superintendent of Father's Country Place.

Tarrytown, N. Y.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is to be the new superintendent of Boxwood, his father's country estate in Tarrytown. C. V. Hemenway, for many years the superintendent, has resigned and Mr. Rockefeller will soon assume charge. Only recently Mr. Rockefeller resigned from his Sunday school class because of poor health. His new position will give him plenty of outdoor exercise and should be a great help in rebuilding his physical condition.

Mr. Rockefeller will have charge of about 200 men, mostly Italians, and an estate of 5,000 acres. He will oversee all work and will be interested particularly in the erection of his father's new mansion. As he will have to deal mostly with Italians, Mr. Rockefeller is busy studying the language.

Nicotineless Tobacco Now.

Paris.—Yielding to the inquiry of the medical fraternity, the government has put on the market nicotineless tobacco. It tastes strong, like the caporal of ordinary use, thus satisfying the native palate, but a rabbit inoculated with an infusion of it grows fat and flourishes, whereas a similar dose from caporal coats the heart with a stony growth.

Roentgen Rays for Oysters.

Colombo.—A new use for the Roentgen rays has been found in the island of Ceylon. The pearl fishers now employ them to explore the contents of oysters without opening. It is said that the rays will save the fishermen much time and trouble.

HUMAN BRAIN A PHONOGRAPH.

Takes Records of Environments for Reproduction.

Briefly, the procedure is this. The operator being given the attention of the subject, places in his mind the idea of sleep—which state the subject passes into at the moment of the complete absorption of his attention by the operator. In other words, the operator has completely absorbed the environment of the subject, or at least his power of registration—normal sleep being a non-registering state of mind. The part of the brain capable of receiving impression being no longer active, what is left? The accumulated records of the previous environments of the individual. As the original record was made by the impression of the combined report of an environment made by the senses, a recall of a cylinder may be made by a word picture appealing to as many of them as possible. To the suggested environment the brain reacts with whatever record it has on its cylinders. The subject is not "thinking" what the operator is "willing" him to do, as is popularly supposed, nor is there new mental action on his part; he is simply reemploying old records put in place by a recall of the environment which gave rise to them. Under hypnosis nothing not already in the brain can be taken out, nor can anything new be put into the brain.—T. Gilbert White, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

MAKE FAST TIME ON SKIES.

Remarkable Performance at Annual Norwegian Contest.

As a test of skill, strength and endurance, it would be difficult to beat the long distance ski races in Norway and Sweden. Of these contests the most severe is undoubtedly the 12-mile race over the mountains which opens the great annual "Snow Derby" at Holmenkollen, about four miles from Christiania. In this race, which begins with a steep ascent of 400 to 500 feet, the skier has to jump clefts and ravines, to hop over fallen tree trunks, and overcome every kind of obstacle that man can devise; to run down steep declivities, and to make his devious way through mountain forests, until he reaches the goal, triumphant, but utterly exhausted. Considering the arduous nature of these contests, some of the performances are remarkable. Thus, the winner of a recent international speed competition held at Stockholm covered the course of 40 miles at an average speed of eight and one-half miles an hour.

To Measure Natural Gas.

When natural gas was first brought into use in America there seemed to be a general idea that the supply was inexhaustible. It was sold at low rates and usually without measurement. This method encouraged waste in the consumption of gas, and was shortly abandoned by the larger companies. To-day nearly all consumption is sold by measurement. It is believed that the time has now come when it is possible to procure statistics of the quantity of gas consumed, and next year this will be undertaken. The method will give such figures in the future that a more direct knowledge will be obtained of the capacity of gas areas to maintain a commercial supply of gas for a certain number of years.—Iron Age.

Our Most Humiliating War.

As we have said, but for Osceola there would never have been any Seminole war at all, and all things considered, his career marks the most humiliating war the United States ever engaged in, says a writer in the Outing Magazine. There were less than 6,000 Seminoles, men, women and children in all Florida, when hostilities began with the murder of Gen. Thompson by Osceola. That great chief's cunning, capacity and courage had cost the nation no less than \$30,000,000 and the lives of three soldiers for every Indian brave that he led.—Such an appalling record of destruction stands against no other fighter on all our frontiers.

The Sympathetic Typewriter.

"Do you know," remarked the man with a cold in his head, who was pounding away on his typewriting machine, "I have come to the conclusion that this keyboard of mine is genuinely sympathetic. Every time I've started to write a word that, if I was talking, would show how bad my cold was the blamed old machine would spell it just the way I would pronounce it. The keys spelled 'mordid,' 'brilliant' and 'chestnut' before I could catch it, so that now I have to stop and think out just how each word is spelled before I see—there it goes again—down."

Not to Be Bossed.

An Alabama politician, who was formerly a magistrate in the town of Montgomery, tells of a marriage ceremony he once performed for a negro couple.

At the proper point the magistrate put the usual question:

"Will you take this man to be your lawful husband; love, honor and obey him?"

"Look heah, ledge!" suddenly exclaimed the woman, "ise promised to wash an iron for dis nigger, but I will be dorned if ise goin' to let him boss me!"

A Failure.

"I hate him!" He tried to kiss me!" "But I tried to kiss you and you do not hate me?" "I know, but you succeeded."

AND HE HOOFED IT.

Mr. Jenkins Gave Stranger a Little Lesson in Politeness.

There was never a time when Mr. Eben Jenkins was not perfectly willing to give a lift in his wagon to a foot traveler along the sandy roads of Hillville, but he did not like to have too much taken for granted.

One day he was accosted by a flashily dressed young man who was stepping along the road with a disdainful air.

"Hold on there a minute!" he called, as the wagon came abreast of him. "I believe I'll take a ride, as you're going my way and I'm in a hurry," and without waiting for any response he swung himself up beside Mr. Jenkins, who looked at him sharply, but made no demur.

The road made many twists and turns, but although the young man kept up an incessant stream of conversation he received only the most laconic replies from his host.

"It's a good deal further to Hackett than I thought from what they told me," said the young man at last, when they had been driving more than half an hour. "How far is it from here?"

"Um-m," said Mr. Jenkins, deliberately, "I'm not a great hand at mathematics, but keeping straight on as we're going now I should say 'twould be in the neighborhood of 25,000 miles."

"If you've a notion to get out of 'tis conveyance o' mine and hoof it back to the first turn and take the other road, 'twon't be more'n a little matter of seven miles or so."

"He hoofed it," said Mr. Jenkins, relating the story that night with keen relish, "and it wouldn't surprise me a mite if the next time he wants a lift he addresses the man he expects 'll give it to him some different from what he did me."—The Youth's Companion.

COULDN'T REFUSE TO DRINK.

Preacher's Predicament of Nearly a Century Ago.

In speaking of the evil of intemperance Dr. Wayland Hoyt has related the following:

"In the autobiography of Dr. Goodell, prefixed to his life, he tells us that 70 or 80 years ago a very golly minister used to pass his father's door and often stepped in to see the family. Once the minister chanced to meet there the family physician, and he asked his advice. He said: 'I am about visiting the sick and the afflicted and the inquiring, and everywhere I am asked to take something to drink. I cannot decline without giving mortal offense, but after awhile I find myself growing dizzy, and I am afraid that I shall say or do something to disgrace myself. Now, what do you advise me to do about this?'"

After great deliberation the physician advised him to, as soon as he felt himself growing dizzy, go home to his study while he was able to walk. There he was to sit until the dizziness had passed off, when he could resume his visiting.

That was nearly a century ago, and it never occurred to either of them to "cut it out." Fancy a preacher of to-day pursuing such leisurely methods!

What is "Popjoying"?

"P" must be the most tricky and elusive letter of the alphabet, the one that gives the lexicographer the greatest trouble. Dr. Murray has been steadily pursuing it for a couple of years or more, but his quest is not yet over. In his latest appeal for information sportsmen and schoolboys may be able to render assistance. G. H. Kinsey's book on "Sport and Travel" has a reference to "the stream and on which he himself was wont to popjoy in a very original manner." And "Tom Brown's School Days" contains this sentence: "After a whole afternoon's popjoying they caught three or four small coarse fish." Dr. Murray wants to know the precise meaning of "popjoy," how the word has been made up and whether it is school slang or a specimen of local dialect.

Thimble Clubs.

There is one kind of a woman's club against which there have been made no objections and no criticisms, and that is any kind of a "sewing club." These are generally the first clubs that the conservative type of women join, and are the kindergarten from which they graduate to clubs organized for the broader purpose of altruistic work, says the Pictorial Review. One of the most interesting of thimble clubs has been heard from in far away Mexico, where Mrs. E. Leon, in the town of Aguas Calientes, brought together over 300 women experts in that beautiful drawn-needle work for which the Mexican women have become so famous, and enlisted their united efforts to produce the most beautiful gown made from needlework and embroidery that the world has ever seen.

Queen Alexandra's Diplomacy.

Very recently while at Buckingham palace it came to the queen's knowledge that one of the upper housemaids, who had been in the royal service for years, was very unhappy over a love affair, says P. T. O. The queen sent for the girl and after advising and consoling her sent her to Sandringham for a change. Then the queen summoned the lover and after a good-natured homily with humorous tact sent him to Sandringham, too. The couple have since returned, and there will be a wedding at Buckingham palace soon.

TYPES OF ALL NATIONS.

Cosmopolitan Gathering Seen in a New York Hotel.

New York's cosmopolitanism was well illustrated the other night in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue hotel. On one of the lounges sat two Japanese chattering animatedly. On another seat close by sat a man who looked like a native of the Blue Grass state. He was tall and lanky, wore a large-brimmed felt hat; and a liberal display of shirt front. On another lounge in the opposite end of the hall sat an Englishman conversing with a Scotchman. The English twang and the Scotch burr could be heard distinctly. On a seat further down the row a somewhat stout individual was resting himself. He made his nationality evident, as he was reading a German newspaper. Still further down the line sat two men talking and puffing away at cigarettes. One was an Anglo-Indian and the other a prosaic Canadian. Just within the hallowed precinct of the "Amen Corner" United States Senator Dubois, of Idaho, was seated, looking the picture of contentment, with his legs crossed and pulling at a black cigar.

As if to further emphasize this cosmopolitanism, a colored hackman entered the hotel with a trunk on his back. This is not to speak of the hotel's three husky Irish porters, who were hustling in and out of the hall with baggage.—N. Y. Times.

FIRST TOOL WAS THE HAMMER.

Also Used in the Earliest Ages as a Weapon.

The hammer, besides being a tool of universal use, is probably the oldest representative of a mechanic's tool kit. The hammer was originally a stone fastened to a handle with thongs, and it was as useful as a weapon as a tool.

Hammers are represented on the left monuments of Egypt 20 centuries before our era. They greatly resemble the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. Claw hammers were invented some time during the Middle Ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers.

Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic 50-ton hammer for shipbuilding establishments, some of which have a falling force of from 90 to 100 tons. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.

Florida Shark Story.

A tarpon pursued by a shark near Garden Key, California, in one of its tremendous leaps fell across a skiff containing two fishermen who were so busily engaged with a net they did not notice its approach.

The skiff broke in two, the fishermen became entangled in the net and the shark took a huge bite out of the side of one of them, Helton Larkin, cutting his body nearly in two. It is thought the shark mistook Larkin's body for the tarpon it was in pursuit of, for sharks in those waters have never been known to attack a man.

Diplomacy's Triumph.

Henry Labouchere, the well-known English publicist and proprietor of Truth, once made a deputation of suffragists in the lobby of the house of commons. He says of the encounter: "They all talked at the same time. After listening for a few minutes I said: 'Ladies, although your arguments may not persuade me, I am particularly susceptible to female beauty, and I am afraid that this may influence my judgment if I stay any longer.' The compliment was enough, and they all, I think, felt that my heart was in the right place, if my judgment was not."

Kindly Words and Deeds.

How few estimate the power of kindly words and deeds; and yet what mortal being has not felt their benefit and sweetness? How many a weary lot has been cheered and brightened by their gentle sunshine! What music there is in a kind expression of sympathy—what radiance in a gentle smile! And how little do these Heaven-entailed duties of life cost to the giver, and how do they confer on the receiver?

Dog Steals a Ride.

A sagacious dog is able to beat the railroads and the anti-pass legislation if men cannot. A story is told by railroad men about a dog which boards passenger trains on the Boston & Maine and, concealing himself under a seat, rides to Boston. After a run about the streets of the city, frequenting his favorite haunts, he returns to the North station, plays his trick once again and lands home safe and happy. How he is able to pick out the right trains and why he does not get aboard an express and get carried by his home station is a mystery.

Largest Admiral's Flag.

To Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, the new admiral of the fleet, belongs the distinction of having flown the largest admiral's flag used in a modern warship.

The flag measures 22 feet 2 inches by 15 feet. It was made by the young man of signals on board the Exmouth, and it was hoisted in place of the more commonly used paying off pennant.—London Daily Graphic.

CRUELTY TO HUMBLE HEN.

Man Complains of Mean Trick Played on Defenseless Biddy.

"The meanest trick I ever heard of," said a poultryer, "is now being played on a certain family of New Jersey hens. This trick comes under two heads. It comes under the head of cruelty to animals and under the head of giving intoxicating drinks to minors. It should be taken up and put a stop to by our female societies. Let the sex stand by one another all the way down the line." "But I thought you were talking about eggs?" "I am talking about eggs. That is the point to my story. You know how hens only want to set at certain times after they've laid a couple of dozen eggs running? Well, on this New Jersey hen farm I speak of they feed the hens alcoholized grain, and while the poor, unprotected creatures are under the influence they place them on top of nests of eggs, and when they come to themselves the past is a blank, they think they laid the eggs beneath them, and for many days squat there dutifully until the chicks are hatched. It's a money-making trick, but it ain't right. To make a poor hen drunk—to deceive her besides in so important a matter as that of offspring! How would you like to be deceived about your offspring? No, sir, it ain't right, and it ought to be put a stop to."

HAD A USE FOR THE STOVE.

Doctor Knew Where He Could Place It to His Advantage.

The following story is being told of a certain celebrated Parisian doctor, whose domestic relations are said to be not altogether satisfactory. He was called in one day to prescribe for a lady who thought she had influenza. But the doctor, after observing her symptoms, looked about the room in order to discover the cause. Suddenly he perceived the stove, a very beautiful work of art, and exclaimed: "My dear madam, that stove is the cause of your trouble; it is filling your room with poisonous gas, and if you continue to use it, it will end by killing you." "But doctor, it cost me \$24!" "No matter; better lose your money than your health." But as the lady seemed unconvinced, the doctor added: "I will give you one-quarter the price, and see if I cannot get rid of the thing." So the stove departed. Later on the patient was changing her apartments and went to look at some others that were being vacated. In one of the rooms she inspected she recognized her former stove. "Who is living here?" she inquired. "Mrs. G.—the mother-in-law of the famous Dr. —" was the reply. With a smile of understanding the lady left.—Tit-Bits.

Where Beggars Ride.

"If wishes were horses beggars might ride," says the old saw, but in Persia beggars actually do ride, although they patronize the humble donkey instead of the more aristocratic brother. How they manage to obtain these useful animals, or even to exist themselves, passes European comprehension, but the fact remains that they do both. The Persian tramp, astride his donkey, often makes very long journeys—even as far as Meshed or Mecca, whence he returns with the proud title of "Hadj!" Useful as the donkey is to his mendicant master, the latter usually treats him in a most brutal fashion, a length of chain being a frequent substitute for a whip when the unfortunate animal needs encouragement.—Wide World Magazine.

Buying by Moonlight.

"I made a queer trip one night not long ago," said the agent of a cemetery company. "I went out to the cemetery after dark with a prospective customer, so she could see how the burial lot under consideration looked by moonlight. The lady was of a romantic turn of mind. She had taken a fancy to a plot on a little knoll overlooking a lake, but before closing the deal she insisted upon seeing the effect of the moonbeams on the water and surrounding landscape. I had sold many lots under peculiar circumstances, but that poetic phase of our business was something new. The lady seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from it. Anyway, she bought the lot."

Taking a Wrong View.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth nor honor that makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy little comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.—The Christian World.

Nassau.

A free patient came into one of the New York hospitals the other morning. She had been there before. "Well, how are you today?" inquired the physician who saw her. "I ain't suffering no pain, doctor," she replied. "But I have such a feeling of Nassau all the time."—Judge.

A Broken Family.

"I thought your married life was so happy," said the gossipy woman, "and now you say the courts have separated you from your husband." "Yes," answered the woman who was weeping. "John has been drawn on the