Young Man Must Have Found It Hard to Explain Away His Remarkable Statement.

Senator Depew, iamenting at a dinner in Washington the recent Paris

glood, said:

"How delightful Paris is! Almost too delightful for study.

"A friend of mine sent his son to Paris to study architecture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Then, the following June—in time for the Grand Prix, you know—my friend went over to Paris to see how his boy was getting on.

"The boy said he was getting on famously. Father and son, after a delightful luncheon under a tree at Armenonville, went sightseeing. They crossed the Seine, looked at the Whistler and the MacMonnies at the Luxembourg, then turned riverward again to see a little of the Louvre.

"As they drove in their taxicabe down a quiet, old-fashioned street near the Seine, the father's interest was excited by a fine, imposing building, with a spacious courtyard full of fragments of statuary, fine old bits of stone carving, casts and so on.

"What place is that, my boy? he inquired.
"Really, father, I can't tell you,"

said the young man. 'I'm so busy at the Beau Arts, you know, I get very little time for sightseeing.'
"So the father leaned forward and

touched the chauffeur's arm.

"What place is that, my man?" he asked.

"'The Ecole des Beau Arts, monsieur!' was the reply."

NOT HARD BY COMPARISON

Looked at In One Light, Nervous Man Really Had Little to Complain About.

The New York subway train was just leaving the ferry.

The stout man with the genial smile

The stout man with the genial smile and the easy-going manner settled back comfortably in his seat, while his little, thin, nervous friend cleared his throat to speak.

"As I was saving" started the next.

"As I was saying," started the nervous man, "I have—" but his voice was lost in that of a small woman who was telling her friend all about the deformity of her brother and painting it in such a way as to make the small man shudder. Promptly he gave up what he was going to tell his friend, and listened in a nervous manner to what this woman had to say.

At Eighth street the two women got

"Now," continued the nervous man, "these two women got me all mixed up, and—," but again he was to be interrupted, for two other women had taken the seat occupied by those who had just left, and one was telling the other in a high-pitched voice all about her husband. She had a regular gift of conversation. Every one in the car could hear her.

At Fifty-second street the stout gentleman and his nervous friend got off the car.

"I can't stand that," said the little man, "it makes me nervous." "Well," remarked his stout friend

"Well," remarked his stout friend,
"if some poor devil has to stand that
for 365 days, you surely ought to be
able to stand it for a few minutes!"

Captain's Heroic Act.

Penned in the cabin of a canal boat that had sunk at its pier without warning at New York, the other day, the captain saved his invalid wife and 12-year-old daughter in a most remarkable manner. The hero of this exploit was James Oelsen, captain of the Josie B. With his wife and daughter he was at breakfast in the cabin of the boat, which was loaded with coal, when suddenly the craft gave a lurch, and went to the bottom like a shot. The captain acted instantly, He pushed his daughter through the cabin door and she rose to the surface. Then he started to help his wife out, but both became wedged in the door. He managed to free himself and came to the surface. Seeing his daughter safe Capt. Oelsen looked around for his wife, but she had not come up, and he dived into the water, coming up in a few moments with the unconscious form of the woman. Other help was now at hand, ad all were got safely to land.

One Story and a Jump.
The old house in Baltimore which was once the home of Samuel Arnold, the friend of Wilkes Booth, the assassinator of Abraham Lincoln, is no more. It was the popular belief that

the Lincoln conspiracy was formed in this house, as it was the home of Samuel Arnold.

The house was supposed to be about one hundred years old. It was of quaint architectural design and was one story and a "jump." The first floor contained six rooms and the "jump" two. It was probably built by George Arnold, father of Samuel Arnold. Mr. Trainor bought it about 20 years ago from Mrs. Orlan Jackson of Washington. Several times he started to raze the old building, but refrained on account of its supposed historical value.

Claims to Have Found Black Rose.

Has the long-sought flower been found at last? It is reported that Dennis Tapple, a hopeless cripple, of Savannah, who has eked out an existence by making key rings, has been in Washington seeking a patent for a black rose that he has grown as the result of 15 years' experiments. Tapple says he has been offered \$100,000 for the secret on the day that it is protected by patent, but he is awaiting further bids.

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OCCURRENCE OF HAILSTORMS

Violent Vertical Disturbances Responsible for the Showers of Frozen Rain.

Hail storms occur most frequently during the heated season, and during that part of the day when the vertical disturbances of the atmosphere is greatest. These heated areas, and violent vertical disturbances of the atmosphere are more likely to occur over land than over water, owing fo the fact that land becomes heated more rapidly during the day than does a body of water. Hail is supposed to be formed by the congealing of rain or vapor carried up to a great height by a rapid vertical movement of the air. At a certain point in its ascent, after being congealed, the ice particles are thrown out from the center upon a stratum of air ascending less rapidly. Here they fall, and in their descent increase in mass by condensing vapor on their surfaces. As they descend they are sucked into the ascending vortex again, and by this process grow sometimes to enormous dimensions before finally reaching the ground. It may be seen, therefore, that hall is less likely to occur over a watered area than over a land area. And especially is this so in northern latitudes, where the waters are cold and are likely to retard vertical currents of any intensity. Although hail is most likely to be produced over land, it may be precipitated with greater frequency over, or in the near neighborhood of water, since the upward air current over water is sufficiently moderate in velocity to allow the precipitation of hall. That is the only way in which water can be said to attract hail storms. In a northern latitude there are fewer and less violent hailstorms over an area partly watered than over a waterless area.

UNHURT AFTER LONG FALL

Almost Miraculous Escape of Miner
Who Fell to Pit's Bottom, a Dis-

A wonderful escape from death occurred at a Staffordshire (Eng.) col-

A young man named Phillip Shenton, whilst working at a new inset, went to load a tub into the cage, which he thought was waiting in the shaft. As a matter of fact, however, the cage had not descended to the intake, and Shenton, instead of pushing the tub into the cage, pushed it into the empty space of the pit shaft. Having hold of the tub, and being taken by surprise, Shenton was also dragged after the truck, and fell headlong down

the shaft, a distance of 259 feet.

The tub and man were precipitated into the well at the bottom of the shaft, which contained water to a considerable depth. Everyone, of course, concluded that Shenton had met an instant and terrible death, but to the amazement of those who witnessed the accident, a voice was presently heard from the inky depths calling for help. The cage was at once lowered, and the man was able to scramble into it.

When taken to the surface it was found he had escaped with a slight cut on the head.

Tragedy of a Gypsy's Curse. An extraordinary story of a gypsy's curse and the tragic sequel to it is revived by the news of the death of Mrs. Frances Octavia Addison at Riga. She was the widow of Charles Greenstreet Addison. Mr. Addison was one of the four sons of a Kentish squire, who was cursed one night while standing on his lawn, by a Romany seer. The malediction declared that neither the squire nor any of his sons should die in bed. The gypsy's prophecy came true. The squire was killed in the hunting field. The eldest son was mortally wounded in India. The second son was asphyxiated upon Vesuvius. Charles Greenstreet Addison died suddenly in his drawing room. The other, Dr. William Addison, F.R.S., lay ill in his house at Brighton. When an old colleague came to play a customary game at chess one afternoon the patient had risen, and was found dead in his armchair with the chess-board ready for

Move to Protect Seals. Steps have at last been taken by the government of the Falkland islands to stop the indiscriminate slaughter of seals and penguins on the islands of their dependencies. Up to the pres ent the seal rookeries of the Faiklands have been at the mercy all the year round of every foreign sealing vessel that chose to invade them and the slaughter that has been going on for years in consequence has nearly exterminated the seals. Similarly, the killing of penguins, usually for the sake of the plumage and the large quantity of fat which each bird affords, has almost denuded the islands of these interesting specimens of their fauna. Two bills have now been introduced into the legislative councilone to regulate the seal fishery in the islands and the other to provide for the preservation of the penguins.

action before him.

Shipload of Girls Come to Marry.

Among the second cabin passengers arriving on the Cunard liner Ivernia at Boston the other day were more than one hundred young women from England and Ireland, many of whom declared that they had come here purposely to wed. The first one to meet her sweetheart was Miss Mary Greaves, a striking brunette from Oldham, Eng. William Alexander Abbott, Worcester, had paid for her passage here and was provided with a marriage license when he met her as she stepped off the gangplank.

WORTH FIT OF INDIGESTION

Tenderfoot's Sandwich May Not Have Been Palatable, but it Was Worth Money.

"Poor Pat Sheedy." said a sporting editor, "used to entertain me, when I visited his art shop, with gambling tales. There was one tale about a sandwich that I rather liked. It seems, according to this tale, that a barkeeper in Tombstone or Dead Cat or some such town connived with three sharpers, and dear help any tenderfoot that ever ventured to sit in a little poker game among that crew. One night the tenderest tenderfoot imaginable, after a half dozen drinks in the saloon, agreed to take a hand in a dollar limit game. Things went along in the usual way for a while; then an amazing series of nods and winks began to pass about. The bartender had signaled that the tenderfoot held four kings on the draw. There were more nods and winks, then betting began. In the midst of the betting a waiter brought sandwiches and whisky in order to distract the tenderfoot, and, while the poor dupe was tossing off his drink, the sharper next him slipped a sixth card on to his hand, thus, of course, nullifying it. The unconscious tenderfoot took up a huge handwich. bit off a large mouthful, and began to bet again. Right and left, of course. they raised him. He ate on, and bet away calmly. An enormous sum lay on the table. Then, suddenly, the bartender resumed his nods and winks. He was terribly excited. Something was wrong. The sharpers, a little anxious, called the tenderfoot. The tenderfoot finished the last bite of his sandwich, took a long drink of whisky, and laid down his original five cards. Then, in silence, he gathered in his vast pile of winnings, and with a cool nod took his leave. After his departure there was a terrible time. 'What the dickens did he do with that sixth card?' the sharpers cried. 'Didn't you see?' cried the bartender, dancing up and down with rage. 'He ate it with his sandwich!""

SISTER COULD MANAGE HIM

Johnny Knew Better Than to Delay When Mollie Summoned Him to Come Home.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the tired mother, as she leaned out of the window of her flat, "I can't make that child come home at all. I have called 'Johnny, Johnny,' here for ten minutes, and I know he hears me, but he keeps right on playing with that crowd of boys. Mollie, run out and bring him in. You can always make him come. I don't know how you do it, but he seems to mind you better than he

does me." Mollie, aged ten, gave her mother a peculiar look and ran down stairs on her errand. Her mother watched the performance from the window, Johnny was rushing madly to a head-on collision with another enthusiastic fighter and was apparently oblivious of all else; but before Mollie had left the home steps he suddenly became limp. turned weakly away from his foe and then, gathering renewed strength, made a dash toward Mollie, who by that time had waved her hand at him. As he drew nearer their mother saw a frightful scowl on the heated face of her son and a malicious, triumphant grin illuminating the countenance of Mollie. The grin did not relax as she led the conquered hero to the hame

base.
"How do you manage him?" asked
their mother, determined at least to
learn the secret.

learn the secret.

"I call him 'Johnny Mathilda,' an' he's afraid the boys'll hear me. No, I don't do it this time. I never have to do it any more. I done it—did it—once, an' now he knows when he seem comin' for him that I'll do it if he doesn't make tracks; so he comes right alons."

Beauties of Nomenciature.

A new epidemic, that of congresses. pathetically laments a Paris contemporary, rages over our unhappy city. There have been "l'hygiene publique," "la fraude alimentaire" and le commerce et l'industrie." These have all afforded matter for exciting debates. but the most amusing of all the gatherings, we are told, is the congress for the repression of fraud of every description. This may be so, but the food congress is not without its humor so far as technical terms are concerned. For coloring matter the report recommends the use of "diethyldibenzyldiamidotriphenylcarbinoltrisulfone." This was formerly known as "vert acide." As alternatives the report suggests "le bleu patente" or metoxytetrethyldiamidotriphenylclarbinoldisulfone" and "le violet acide" or 'dlethyldibenzyldiethytriamidotriphen ylcarbinoldisulfone." Gallant little Wales, we think, cannot eclipse these for euphony.

Struck by a Dead Hand.

A rather grewsome incident, touched with comedy, occurred in Berlin, the other day. A fashionably dressed lady was passing down one of the city streets, when something fell on her upto-date capacious hat. Putting her hand up, she found that the object was a severed human hand. Her loud cries of "murder!" quickly attracted a large crowd. The police on reaching the room from which the hand had been dropped found that the place was used in connection with one of the medical schools. It appears that the students had been "amusing" themselves by throwing and catching the nevered hands and feet, and that in the course of the "game" one of the hands was accidentally thrown through the

STAND UP FOR CONVICTIONS

The World Has Little Respect for the Man Who Seemingly Has No Mind of His Own.

There are many men who seem to have no convictions on any subject. If they have any they give no sign. They only smile and are silent. That is probably better than to be verbose and violent. Vanity of opinion is as bad as to have none at all. In a real simon-pure conviction, there are modesty and courage both. Truth is in the quiet voice, since it does not depend on vainglory or rapt.

But a real man will say his say when the time comes, not for controversy—for that is not profitable, but to show his hand and what he is. A man's personal influence is stronger than his argument, and he is false to the truth that is in him if he does not show that

not show that We have great issues before usmoral, political, social-which every man should think about and understand, and be ready to take a stand upon, and take it. But there are many who don't do this, who are negative or cowardly and only smile or grin when one of these subjects is mentioned. They seem to think that to disagree with another is a great offense. It is an offense not to disagree if one really does, for if an error goes unchallenged, it is strengthened. When a man says such a thing is right and you think it isn't, say so. quietly and earnestly, and let it go at that.

The worst mollycoddle is the man who believes a thing is true and neglects to say so, when it is called in question. The world would go backward if all were like him.—Columbus Journal.

DEEP BREATHING MAY HURT

Carried to Excess, It Has Been Proved to Have Injurious Effect on the Lungs.

One of the solid satisfactions of life comes from the simple breathing of pure air—a satisfaction which fortunately cannot be affected by the cost of living. And the older one gets and the more the keen edge of other pleasures wears off, the greater is the felicity derived from merely filling the lungs with pure air.

But now it seems that danger lurks in even that pleasure, harmless, in-expensive, beneficial as it may appear. A physician who has had considerable experience in the treatment of soldiers says that he has found a large percentage of them suffering from distended air cells and ruptured partition walls in the lungs—an incurable condition. He calls it "vesicular emphysema," and says it comes from the practice of breathing too deeply. So, instead of deep breathing being a panacea for many ills and recommended by the physical culturists, it may even be fetal.

We mustn't eat too much, or drink too much, or exercise too much, and now the ban has been put upon breathing too much.

Bad Handwriting.

Every man who has his living to earn or any work in the world to do ought to be made to understand that if he does not write legibly at least, if not beautifully, it is entirely his own fault, and that if he is made to suffer for it he has only himself to blame. The pestilent theory that bad writing is the sign of a great mind ought to receive no countenance from men of common sense. It is sometimes, no doubt, the result of extreme pressure of business; but in most cases it is the sign either of bad training or of a contemptible perversity in fashion or of a careless and unstable disposition which will display itself sooner or later in things much more important than handwriting. In no case is it to be commended; in only few cases is it to be even excused.

Caim Face in Danger.

Mr. Jepson is a calm man, not easily upset. On one occasion as his motor car had come to a sudden stop he crawled beneath to see what was the matter. Somehow or other some gasolin ignited. A flerce burst of flame and smoke came forth, enveloping Mr. Jepson.

In the midst of the excitement he walked to one side, with his usual slow and regular step. His face was black, his eyebrows and eyelashes were singed, and what was left of his hair and beard was a sight to behold. Some one brought a mirror, and he had a look at himself. As usual, how-

ever, he took matter philosophically.
"Well," he said, slowly and deliberately, "I was needing a shave and my hair cut anyway."

The Cat Went Back.

Mr. Penn—They say the streets in
Boston are frightfully crooked:

M. Hubb—They are. Why, do you
know, when I first went there I could

"That must be embarrassing?"
"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

hardly find my way around.

"And you lost the cat all right?"
"Lost nothing! I never would have
found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"

Very High,
"Mrs. Mudge says that when her
daughter is married she is going on a
wedding tour."

"Good gracious! They told me she was marrying in high life, but I didn't think it was so high as all that."

OPAL RING UNLUCKY

Mishaps Come Thick and Fast to Minnesota Owner.

Sprains His Ankle, Pet Dog Dies, Thief Steals Prize Chickens, Loses Suitcase and Over-

coat.

Minneapolis, Minn.-"That is \$50." said the leweler. The opal ring looked handsome to Henry Luxton, deputy clerk of the Hennepin county district court, who was trying to select a present for his wife, so he bought it and took it home. He always scoffed at persons who believe opals unlucky. After alighting from the car, as he was nearing his residence, he slipped and fell, hurting his ankle, and on entering the house the ring was missing. He went back to the scene of the accident. The little package containing the ring was lying in the street. Returning home he found that his valuable setter dog was dead. It was alive when he started back to find the opal-

ring.

Mr. Luxton is a chicken fancier. In the night he heard a noise in the back yard. Donning his clothes, he hastened to the chicken house. The door had been forced open and ten of his prize brown leghorns were missing.

In the morning Mr. Luxton packed his suitcase to join his wife, who was on a visit to Milwaukee. When Mr. Luxton arrived at the courthouse he remembered that he had the suitcase with him when he boarded the car. The suitcase was missing. At five o'clock in the evening Mr. Luxton received word that the suitcase had been turned in at the office of the street railway company. He made his way to the office and recovered his property. An investigation showed that the opal ring was safe.

That night Mr. Luxton went to Nicollet avenue to make a train for Milwaukee. He stopped at Third street to buy a paper from a newsboy and when he purchased his ticket for Milwaukee he discovered that he had given the boy a five-dollar gold-plece instead of what he thought was a new cent. When Mr. Luxton turned away from the ticket office to pick up his suitcase and the fur-lined overcoat he had thrown over the case, the overcoat and the suitcase had both vanished.

Mr. Luxton hurried to the police station and reported the loss of the coat and the suitcase. He didn't care so much about the suitcase, but he did hate to lose the opal ring which it contained. He talked about the opal ring to Chief of Police Corriston.

The next morning Mr. Luxton, whose departure for Milwaukee had, of course, been delayed, recovered his overcoat and his suitcase. They had been taken from the station by mistake, and the opal was still in the suitcase. Checking the suitcase, Mr. Luxton started for the courthouse with the opal. At the courthouse door he met William Saunders, custodian of the vault in the clerk's office. Mr. Saunders told Mr. Luxton that a neighbor of Mr. Luxton had just telephoned that the Luxton house had been slight-

ly damaged by fire.

Mr. Luxton dropped the opal into
the hand of Mr. Saunders. "Take this
upstairs and lock it in the vault," he
said. "I take a train for Milwaukee
to-night." Mr. Luxton got his train and
Mr. Saunders locked the opal in the
vault, but that same afternoon a pickpocket, operating on a courthouse elevator, stole Mr. Saunders' gold watch.

MISSING TREES ARE FOUND

Not in Freight Cars Near Baltimore, and Freezing, But Growing Nicely in Japan.

New York.—After four days' search the pretty little Japanese cherry trees for Riverside drive which Park Commissioner Stover feared had been lost in transit, have been found. The commissioner had bothered railroad freight agents and burned the wires on the theory that the trees were freezing to death near Baltimore.

"Why, the trees are still growing in Japan," said the surprised Dr. Takamine, Japanese consul, when the park commissioner aired his fears the other day.

The commissioner had grown anxious in the Riverside matter, because he had heard that 2,000 trees presented by Japan for the ornamentation of the driveway at Washington had just been rooted out and burned; that they were found by experts to be infected by so many strange insects that it was feared they would lead to the propagation in the United States of

new germs.

Dr. Takamine was properly agitated over the fate of the Washington trees and the fear that had been aroused in the mind of the New York park com-

missioner.

"I think the Washington trees must have been five or six years old—so old that they had time to become infected before they left Japan," said he. "I have cabled that particular pains be taken to get young trees for Riverside drive, and that every one of them be looked over carefully, so that it will bring no germs into the United States."

Pigeons Bring Doctor.

Ocean Springs, Miss.—Carrier pigeons are used by a local physician as an adjunct to the practice of medicine in rural districts. Having many calls in the surrounding country, he uses the birds to bring daily reports from his patients.

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MAL FIGHTING DEER THE

Bucks Too Furiously Engaged In Duel to Cease and Fire from Hunter on Texas Plains.

Cotulia, Tex.—An unusually large number of deer were killed in the ranch territory west of Cotulia during

the hunting season.

Lee Petty, of Cotulia, got his limit of three bucks, allowed under the law for one season, in a remarkable way one day recently. He was acting as guide for a party of hunters from Austin in the Santa Roque pasture, 30 miles west of here, and was out spying for the most likely place for deer. without any particular notion of killing one himself. He found a number of deer trails leading to a chalk bluff, upon which a thicket of maguey plants and prickly pear was growing. The morning was cool and invigorate ing-just the right sort of weather for the bucks to be running. . Petty crept along through the mesquite bushestoward the hill, thinking he might get a view of a buck or two.

Suddenly the faint noise of the clashing of horns was heard. He knew instantly that a fight was in progress between bucks. Carefully making his way in the direction of the noise, Petty reached the edge of a small clearing upon the bluff. There, not 50 feet away from him, were three big bucks, all busily engaged in

a desperate encounter.
Petty watched the fight for several moments. The bucks, if they saw him, took no notice of his presence. He finally decided to take a hand in the game himself. He fired at the biggest buck, killing it instantly. The other two bucks continued the fight, the report of the shot not alarming them in the slightest. Petty then fired two more shots, killing the other two bucks.

INDIANS DO NOT RUN AMUCK

Application to Trap Wolves Causes a
Fear That This is Not Universally Known.

Guthrie, Okia.—With a Harvard professor disparaging the high schools of Okiahoma and a Texas trapper asking if he may set his traps and roam the country in search of wolves, the fact that fierce aborigines are not running amuck through the department stores and cow punchers have ceased to perforate the plate glass windows of million dollar banks does not appear to be universally appreciated.

County Clerk Fred R. Morgan has received the following communication from Hale county, Texas:

"Dear Sir—Seeing your county was so bothered with wolves and coyotes. I write you to find out what you will pay for scalps, to have these wolves killed, and is that county ruff and hilly? I would want to use traps and dogs.

dogs.

"Are they easy caught, and do they go in bunches? Let me hear from you.

"W. J. DUNLAP."

Morgan replied as follows:
"Dear Sir—Your communication at hand, and to answer beg to state that this county pays \$1 for the scalp of each wolf killed in this county. The county is only rough in those localities where there are more or less hills and in places where there are no hills in sight the land is more or less level.

"There would be no objection to your using dogs or traps, and especially none to traps, for they are considered very stylish here, and can generally be observed every day on the principal streets of Guthrie.

"Yes, they are very easily caught. They go in bunches."

FEARS JOKE; MUSTN'T LAUGH

New Jersey Woman, Whose Jaw is Easily Dislocated Takes Many Wise Precautions.

Camden, N. J.—Miss Cassie Conner, fears a joke more than a mouse. If she laughs heartily her jaw becomes dislocated.

If her friends are too solemn-looking for her to laugh she laughs because of their very solemnity. Occasionally, when someone is disposed to be mirthful, she must run from the room. Red pepper carried in her handkerchief she has found will start sneezing and stop laughing. She is never without it.

"Oh, please, don't say anything to make me laugh," she warns her friends. Dr. Martindale, who has attended Miss Conner, says her case is one well known to medical science but seldom met.

Baldheaded from Fright. St. Paul, Minn.—For being scared until she turned baldheaded, Tillie Ominsky, a factory girl, was awarded \$2,000 by a jury in the Circuit court here the other day. Tillie was employed a little more than a year ago at a machine which elevated paper boxes to the floor above. In some manner her waist caught in the wheels and shafting and she was drawn tight against the machine. During the trial just concluded physicians and surgeons testified that fright had so affected her nervous system that her hair fell from her head.

Roof Garden for a Church.

New York.—One of the features of the new Fifth Avenue Baptist church, which is to be built on the site of the old building, at 4 West Forty-sixth street, will be a roof garden. This will extend across the entire top of the building. Just what use is to be made of it has not been determined. The roof will have a flat deck and will be fireproof. It will be surrounded by a coping.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS