# TURN MIGHTY STREAM

**Sticks in Sand Sufficient to Change the Current of the Swift Mississippi.**

In this region, too, the river is bordered with busy cities—Dubuque, Keokuk, Quincy, Davenport, Rock Island, Moline—thriving railway towns, full of factories, colleges, fine residences, and all the evidences of energy and culture. Most of these are built upon bluffs, and all on high ground. Seen from the river they present the finest views of themselves, something the cities of the flat country farther down never do.

It is a swift water that rushes past these cities. At low water, which is usually in summer and fall, the current drops to three inches an hour or less. But at high water, when it stands thirty or forty feet higher on its banks, it sweeps along at nine miles an hour with irresistible impetus.

Imagine what that means in a big river—nine miles an hour. We are so used to railroad trains that run sixty or seventy miles an hour that it does not seem an overwhelming speed. But consider that when a rail road train is once checked its power is gone. Interfere with the progress of the Mississippi and the river piles up against the obstruction, sweeps around it, over it, under it, and momentarily grows stronger about it. The power waxes until it sweeps away the fret.

Yet such is the contrariety of this mighty stream that while it will overthrow the strongest obstacle to its course that can be built, it will yield to the slightest. One could hardly think a more striking illustration of the power of slight things than the sharp contrast between the behavior of the river against a powerful check and against a slight one. For years the government engineers struggled to direct the river with massive stone dikes. When the river could not overthrow one of these it dug under it, and so wrecked it. Money without end was spent on dikes. There was a mighty one below Gold Dust landing in Tennessee. It stood longer than most of them, but a flood in the river at last conquered and swept it away.

How, then, can the river be directed? Simply by a few sticks set in the sand. A raw if piling, sometimes with a few brush hurdles, accomplishes it. The river sweeps through, eddies behind it, dropping sand and building up a bar. Nowadays, traveling down the river through stretches that once were broad and shallow, one finds them narrow and deep, with sandy sides, over the tops of which can be seen just the tips of the piles that accomplished the mighty change. —Amslee's Magazine.

The beadle of the parish is always of the vicar's opinion.

# Tragedies Due to Dreams

**Medical Science Has Long Record of Such Cases.**

The recent remarkable case of Henry C. Krause, who strangled his mother, has served to recall other instances on record in the history of medical jurisprudence where crimes have been connected with dreams and hallucinations.

One of the oldest cases of the kind is that of the English gamekeeper who was killed by his son. Both were guarding from poachers the preserves on which they were employed, when the son, wearied with the long vigil, fell asleep. Upon being suddenly awakened he seized his fowling piece and slew his father, evidently, in his half-awake condition, acting under the delusion that he was attacking a poacher. He was tried and convicted, but later was pardoned on the ground that, because he did not know what he was doing, there was no criminal intent to the action.

Marc, the noted English alienist, tells of the famous case of a peddler who fell asleep on the highway, having by his side a sword cane which he carried as a protection against robbers. A traveler in passing stooped to arouse him, thinking he might be either ill or intoxicated. The peddler sprang up and stabbed him to death with the sword cane. He was convicted at his trial, although he pleaded that he did not know what he was about when he committed the act.

Another case cited by Marc is that of Bernard Schedmaizeg. Attacked by a phantom in a dream he struc at it with a hatchet and awoke to find that he had murdered his wife, who was in reality not the phantom with which he had struggled. He was acquitted of the charge of murder, the jury in this case accepting the plea that he had done it unconsciously.

From Cleveland, O., comes an account of a well authenticated case, that of a prominent resident of that city. Out hunting and camping with a party of friends, he was suddenly awakened from sleepone morning and shot a member of the party in the back, inflicting a wound which caused paralysis.

In 1878 Simon Frazer, a Scotchman, dreamed that he was attacked by a wild beast, which he killed in his vision. When he awoke he found that he had dashed out his child's brains against the bedpost. — New York Press.

# WRITERS WELL PAID

**Modern Authors Munificently Rewarded, as Compared with Their Predecessors.**

Early American writers were poorly rewarded. Washington Irving was the first who made any notable success in literature. His Sketch Book brought him $600. During the forty subsequent years of his life his writings from sales and copyrights brought him, it is estimated, $205,583.

Bryant received no compensation whatever for his Thanatopsis and even at the age of 83 he could not buy a modest home with all he ever received from his poems.

No single production of Edgar Allan Poe brought him over $100 and only two seem to have reached that figure. He sold The Raven for $15, The Bells for the same, though he afterward received $10 for a lengthened and revised copy.

Longfellow's executors estimated that the plates and copyrights of all his work were worth $30,000. The Hanging of the Crane brought the poet $2,000, of which he gave $1,000 to the friend who negotiated the sale, certainly a liberal commission. Keramos brought him $1,000, and these two were the culminating prices for his single productions, though he was an industrious worker for more than fifty years.

While Hawthorne was hoarding the $1,800 he received for The Scarlet Letter, Mrs. Stowe was counting her thousands from Uncle Tom's Cabin, which brought her $10,000 in the first four months after its publication in book form. For the serial rights she received $300.

Emerson, at 44, found his last volume the only one that approached a remunerative sale.

There is a vast difference, in the matter of compensation, between the authors of the old days and modern writers. The latter are well paid for their labors and unfortunately it does not seem that their work is anything the better on that account.

## TRULY A VALUABLE TYPEWRITER

**Witty Reply of an Authoress Who Used a Pen.**

A New York bachelor author, who writes on a machine, wrote a note recently to a spinster authoress, who still works by hand, and incidentally called her attention to the fact that if she wished him to do so he would secure a machine for her at $5 per month, guaranteed to write poetry, able articles, fiction, etc. A day or so later he received a reply written in a beautifully clear, round hand to this effect:

"My Dear Mr. ——: This is my typewriting machine. Isn't it nice? It is called the Blank typewriter. It is sound, kind, in good repair, warranted to travel well in single harness and if you do not say it is the nicest machine you ever knew I shall refuse to believe that you were born when knighthood was in flower. It is warranted, like yours, to write able articles, poetry and fiction with equal facility, but, unlike yours, it is not for sale at $5 a month. Its original cost was large and I have put so many improvements on it since that I cannot dispose of it save at a considerable advance—and even then should be unwilling to part with it except to a responsible person warranted to treat it with care."

At present, says the Detroit Free Press, the author is striving strenuously to become a millionaire, so that he may secure the services of this intimitable typewriter.

**Three States Out of Debt.**

There are three states which have no debt—Iowa, Nebraska and Illinois. There are three states which are almost no debt—California, Montana and Nevada.

A tombstone marks the dividing line between here and there.

## JOHN WESLEY'S DREAM A PARABLE

**Vain Inquiry for Denominations at Gates of Heaven.**

It is reported that John Wesley once in the crisis of the night, found himself, as he thought, at the gates of hell. He knocked and asked who were within.

"Are there any Protestants here," he asked. "Yes," was the answer, "a great many." "Any Roman Catholics?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Church of England men?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Presbyterians?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Wesleyans?" "Yes, a great many."

Disappointed and discouraged, especially at the last reply, he traced his steps upward, found himself at the gates of Paradise and here he repeated the same questions.

"Any Wesleyans here?" "No." "Any Presbyterians?" "No." "Any Church of England men?" "No." "Any Roman Catholics?" "No." "Any Protestants?" "No."

"Where have you, then, here?" he asked in astonishment.

"We know nobody here," was the reply, "of any of the names you have mentioned. The only name of which we know anything here is 'Christians.' We are all Christians here, and of those we have a great multitude (which no man can number), of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues."—New York Observer.

**Russia's Inevitable Unrest.**

The only really surprising feature about the reported revolt of the peasants in some of the provinces of the Russian empire is that it did not occur long since. It will be equally surprising if it does not spread in spite of all the forcible efforts which the government will undoubtedly put forth to suppress it.

## EMBARRASSED THE CLERGYMAN

**Minister's Mateshirt All Right Until the Maid Appeared.**

A distinguished Episcopal clergyman was once called on to officiate at a fashionable summer resort church, and, finding only a short surplice and no cassock in the vestry, was very much disturbed at the thought of having to appear in a vesture that to the frivolous would look like a white shirt and trousers. But a happy inspiration came to him. Why not wear that of his black petticoats? The portion that would show below the surplice would look exactly like the regulation cassock, and no one would ever be the wiser. So he hurriedly sent one of the ushers with an explanatory note to his wife in the hotel, and in the nick of time the petticoat arrived. The housemaid turned out to be a perfect success, and no one at a distance could tell that he was not wearing a cassock. After the close of the service he decided to go out to the body of the church without taking off his robes, in order to greet some friends. And he was soon the center of a group of fashionable women, when a green Irish maid from the hotel came up, and in a loud voice said to him: "Yer Riverence, the missus sint me afther her petticoat that ye do be wearin', an' I wuz to wait till ye take it off."—New York Tribune.

## MADE LIVING BY CRACKING WHIPS

**Curious Trade Discovered by the Police of France.**

The Paris police have recently been informed by one of the fraternity of whip-crackers that such a calling exists and claims recognition as one of the "professions" by the exercise of which men earn their livelihood in France.

Whip-crackers, it appears, are men who possess strong wrists and are willing to crack whips all day long, if required, on receipt of a suitable fee. At the commencement of the shooting season, when the proprietors of neighboring demesnes are not good friends, the one who bears ill-will to the other engages a whip cracker, whose duty it is to crack a whip so as to frighten away all the birds at the approach of the disliked sportsman and his friends.

The whipcrackers are also found useful by farmers afflicted with diseased cattle which they cannot sell. Having engaged a whipcracker, they turn out the sick beasts on the most frequented highway they can find. The cracker follows with his whip, ostensibly to guide the cattle, really to drive them under the wheels of a carriage, a motor car or a tram. This he does by cracking his whip at the critical moment so as to frighten the beasts and drive them to destruction.

**Her Level Head.**

"Of course," he said in an offhand way, "it goes without saying that a beautiful girl like you must have had many offers of marriage."

She blushed prettily, and her eyes seemed to say "Of course," but she did not answer otherwise.

"And, of course," he went on, "I wouldn't think of asking who any of the men were or anything about them, but I am interested in knowing how they do it."

Then she roused herself.

"Look here," she said. "Are you trying to get hints how to propose to me or to some other girl?"

Thus it was that she pinned him down, as it were, and brought him to the point.

**Napoleon Bonaparte's Wealth.**

Napoleon Bonaparte's will, among those of great men, affords the nearest parallel to that of Cecil Rhodes in the fortune it bequeathed. He was surely the richest exile since the world began. From his lonely home at St. Helena he bequeathed to his relatives and friends $40,000,000. He had been rich, in gold as in power, beyond the dreams of avarice, and there must have passed through his hands a private fortune such as mortal man has rarely dreamed of. His exactions set down at nearly $375,000,000, which is, after all, but six times multiplying the gift he secured for himself from the Austrian treasury after Austerlitz. He died forty times a millionaire.

**Roads Made of Gold.**

The people of the two counties south of Lacrosse, Wis., especially near Prairie du Chien, have been for years using gold-bearing quartz for road making and house building, thinking it was common stone. The finding of a heavy, paying vein of gold in a farm of Mrs. N. S. Dousman set them right. By following up the vein it was traced for many miles around, touching, in some places, quarries where rock has been taken for years.

Lightning striking in the same place during successive storms led Miss Dousman to think that metal in some form existed there. Her investigations led to the discovery of the gold.

**For the Rich Only.**

Uncle and Aunt Melcher went to town to buy a new clock. "Now," said the dealer, "here is something very attractive in the way of clocks. When the hour begins, a bird comes out of the top and sings 'Cuckoo!' For instance, I turn this hand to 3 o'clock, and the bird comes out and sings 'Cuckoo!' three times."

"Don't that beat all?" cried Uncle Melcher, enthusiastically. "Mother, let's have one."

"No, no!" said his wife hastily. "That sort of a clock might do for folks that have got lots of time, but it'd take me half the forenoon every day to take care of that bird."—Youth's Companion.

**His White Umbrella.**

Aubrey de Vere, the aged English poet who died recently, cared little about his appearance, and even when called upon to act as "best man" at a wedding saw no reason for disregarding his shabby tweed suit and white cotton umbrella in favor of a wedding garment. In later years he still clung to his white cotton umbrella and on one occasion electrified London by appearing in Hyde park in Mary Anderson carriage. A time when she was at the zenith of her popularity, calmly holding up this dilapidated machine, the sides of which were ornamented with long ragged slits.

# KILL ALL MOSQUITOES

**Pernicious Insects Proved to Be Active Agents in the Spreading of Yellow Fever.**

Some curious and even amazing information comes from Havana as to the disappearance of yellow fever through the eradication of the mosquito. The average number of deaths annually in Havana has, through a long series of years, ranged around 300, in the year that followed the beginning of the war on mosquitoes there were but five. The idea that these "terrors of the night" are the sole carriers of the yellow scourge is not new. It was put forth definitely by Dr. Finlay twenty years ago. Even now it is doubtful if it would have received any attention from medical men or the health boards if it were not for similar results in another field. The work of Major Ronald Ross, of the distinguished Dr. Koch, and especially of an untiring band of Italian bacteriologists, has conclusively demonstrated that the mosquito is the infecting agent in malaria, intermittent fever and all its varied forms.

A year ago the army authorities at Havana threw aside the usual (and useless) precautions against yellow fever and began a merciless campaign for the extermination of the mosquito there, with a view of testing Dr. Finlay's theory as to yellow fever. Every yellow fever victim was isolated from possible contact by means of netting, the house thoroughly fumigated, and the insects, so far as possible, killed off. Most of the stagnant pools were filled up. Kerosene was employed extensively, where filling was too expensive. Ponds were stocked with surface-feeding fish, which ate up the larvae as soon as laid. The result is indicated above.

In another year yellow fever will be as little known in Cuba, and, we hope, in all the rest of the world, as smallpox in well-bred places now. Concurrently with the disappearance of the chief scourge of the tropics will go the second—malaria. The variety of mosquito which carries the one disease does not carry the other. But the two may breed in the same pool. The only safe way is to kill all mosquitoes.—Harper's Weekly.

The best of servants get into hot water.

# DWELLINGS OF SENATORS

**Comparatively Few Statesmen Have Established Homes in City of Washington.**

Comparatively few senators have established homes of a permanent nature in Washington city. Not one-half of them maintain a housekeeping establishment. Of the eighty-eight senators now holding seats in congress thirty-three live in hotels and ten live in apartment houses. Three-fourths of those who reside in hotels are uptown, the balance being southern senators, who have quarters in downtown houses that have become famous in the past as stopping places for southerners and which still have memories of great statesmen clinging to them that form an attractive feature for many of these who continue to give them their patronage.

All the senators except two live in the "northwest," the venerable Senator Pettus of Alabama being one of those who has taken up his domicile in another part of the city. He is located on "The Hill," not far from the congressional library building and the capitol, in which large number of those not in hotels or apartments have rooms and board in private houses.

The popularity of hotels and apartment houses as abodes for senators is enhanced for several reasons peculiar to the lives of public men. A house carries with it social responsibilities which are not always easy to avoid, however agreeable it might be for the senator to rid himself of them. But a life in a hotel does not mean that the senator is taking only a small part in social affairs. Some of those whose entertainments are the most lavish patronize hotels, especially since during the last few years, all the large houses have made extensive improvements in which the idea of lavish entertainment on the part of guests has been a prominent factor. The hotel affords ideal conditions for those who wish to provide indefinite conditions for entertainment which will do for a small party or for a great gathering at dinner or otherwise.

The uncertainty of politics, says the Washington Star, has doubtless had much influence on the plans of senators who come here, for while a few of them have served for a quarter of a century or more and doubtless be reelected as long as they live, yet the majority of terms of senators are so short as to hardly warrant the establishment of a private home here, involving large expense.

There is no pride like that of a beggar grown rich.

# GRANDEES OF SPAIN

**Curious Custom of "Head Covering" in the Presence of Royalty.**

Our Madrid correspondent writes under date April 8: "The ceremony of 'head covering' was yesterday performed by a number of Spanish peers, who thereby passed to the rank of Grandees of Spain. The ceremony, interesting on account of its antiquity and its historical signification, is like many Spanish customs, remarkable for its extreme simplicity. The peers who yesterday took part in it were the Count of Cabra, the Count of Plasencia, the Marquis of Rafal, the Marquis of Malferit, the Marquis of Alcanadi, the Count del Real, the Marquis of Hoyos, the Marquis de la Cenia, the Count of Bilbao, the Marquis of Viana, and the Marquis of Tovar, who were each attended by a Grandee as their sponsor.

When they had made three customary reverences to the throne, the queen regent in the king's name, bade them 'Cover your heads and speak.' The speeches which followed, justifying the right of each peer to the honor he was receiving, were for the most part interesting excursions into the past history of Spain. The first, which was also the most brief, that of the Count of Cabra, may serve as an example: 'Senora, if noblesse obliges me to receive the honor of covering my head in the presence of your majesty, I come here obliged to the merits and virtues of my forefathers, and with the desire at last to imitate them, although to do so in reality may, unfortunately, be impossible. I also called Osorio, Borbon, Ponce de Leon, Carrulo de Albornoz, Hurtado de Mendoza, Fernandez de Cordova, Guzman, Manrique de Lara, Silva, Rojas, Alvarez de Toledo, and by other names as well, so illustrious that, were it possible to forget them, one would have to forget with them the history of Spain. Piety, heroic valor, wisdom, statesmanship, in all these my forefathers have offered examples for imitation; and, though it be not permitted to me to reach such heights except in admiration, in my love and loyalty to my country and my king, I am worthy of them.'

"The other new grandees were far more precise, not to say discursive, in relating the histories of their families, and one, the Count of Plasencia, devoted almost the whole of his discourse, to an ancient grievance—that Philip II. had cut off the head of one of his ancestors by mistake—unfuness to error."—London Times.

## KRAKATOA WROUGHT DESTRUCTION

**The Greatest Volcanic Explosion in the History of the World.**

The greatest volcanic explosion in the history of the world so far as energy is concerned, and one of the most destructive of human life was that of Krakatoa, on an island in the straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. During the month of May, 1883, the volcano of Krakatoa burst into activity, but the great explosion did not come until August 26. Then flames, which were visible at a distance of forty miles, shot from the crater. The crashing explosion which folowed these flames set in motion air waves that traveled around the earth four times one way and three times the other. Every self-recording barometer in the world was disturbed seven times by that blow-up. These waves traveled at the rate of 700 miles an hour.

At Borneo, 1,116 miles distant, the noise of this eruption was heard. The shock was felt in Burmah, 1,475 miles distant and at Perth, West Australia, 1,902 miles distant. The Krakatoa explosion was heard over a sound zone covering one-thirteenth of the earth's surface.

Sea waves were created by the explosion which destroyed two lighthouses in the straits of Sunda, all the towns and villages on the shores of Java and Sumatra bordering the strait, all vessels and shipping there, and 36,380 lives in that vicinity. The exlosion raised a tidal wave at Merak 135 feet high; covering 500,000 square miles of ocean with lava dust several inches thick; submerged an island six miles square and 700 feet high in a depth of water of 150 fathoms and created two new islands.

## ARE ADEPTS IN ART OF HAZING

**Girls Are in No Way Behind Their Brother Students.**

Hazing is no longer confined to the colleges where men receive a "higher education." The girls of Sage College, the institution endowed by the wife of New York's famous dealer in puts and calls, have risen in their might and declare that such pleasantries shall hereafter be a part of the institution's curriculum. The other night the freshmen toastmistress was "suddenly set upon by the sophs," says a veracious chronicler, but the freshmen "held their ground bravely and a long struggle followed." The toastmistress was captured, but afterward escaped. Another freshman speaker, however, was taken, "hustled into a cab and driven around the city during the entire evening," being released only after she had made a speech, standing in front of the restaurant where her classmates were making as merry as they could without her, "extolling the sophomore class."

A form of interclass pleasantry said to be much in favor among the young women of Wellesley is the sprinkling of flour on the locks of freshmen and sophomores and vice versa. At Vassar the students in the second year give some form of entertainment in honor of the bashful newcomers. But Vassar and Wellesley are not up to date and they are only girls' colleges anyway. They order the matter better in Ithaca.

The heart of a woman is as a driven well, and he would sound its depths must be blessed in patience, even like one who dives for pearls.

If you want a man to praise your judgment all you have to do is to agree with him.

## GOOD SAMPLE OF MEXICAN HUMOR

**Unique Message Left for "Jones" by a Police Official.**

"When you take up a residence in the City of Mexico," said an American who had lived there for several years, "you are waited upon by the police, who ask you how many beggars may call at your residence every morning and receive a dole. Your answer is recorded, and only the number of beggars mentioned dare show up. I had my brother with me at the house, and our answers to the police differed somewhat. Two weeks after their call a messenger came on an errand and inquired for Jones.

"'What Jones?' I asked.

"'Senor,' he replied, 'I know that there are two of you—the Jones-you-can-send-along-about-eight-of-'em and the Jones-I-won't-feed-a-cussed-one-of-'em, and the Jones I want is not the first.'

"Then, as I'm the one who said eight beggars might come around, you don't want me.'

"'It cannot be. It is the I-won't-feed-a-cussed-one-of-'em-Jones I want.'

"But he is not in just now. Can you leave your message with me?'

"'Si, senor. Tell him when he comes that if he don't want-to-feed-a-cussed-one-of-'em he-can-go-to-blazes-and-be-hanged-to-him.'"

## BOYS ATTACKED THEIR TEACHER

**But She Thrashed Several of Them and Horsewhipped the Leader.**

Miss Lulu Nelson of Osage, N. Y., a pretty and athletic school teacher of the Hooper's Valley school, has demonstrated her ability to care for herself by thrashing several pupils who attempted to assault her, and has been acquitted by a jury of flogging one of her assailants with a horsewhip.

Several pupils of the school, led by Ira Hillegas, had organized a plot to oust the teacher. Miss Nelson ordered young Hillegas to replenish the fire. He refused and she threatened him with a whip. He attempted to strike her with a coal scuttle, and the other boys in the plot came to his aid, but she was equal to the occasion and placed her would-be assailants hors de combat. Then with a large horsewhip she administered a thrashing to Hillegas, raising fourteen ridges on his arms and back and drawing blood in three places. He swore out a warrant for her arrest and she was tried before Judge Smith. When, at the close of the evidence, the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, there was a dramatic demonstration in the court room.

**Private Libraries in Mexico.**

There are not a few fine and extensive private libraries in Mexico, for there are many book lovers among the educated people of this country. In the city libraries, ranging from 4,000 to 10,000 volumes exist, and one of the most valuable collections of "Americana," books relating to the discovery and early settlement of Latin America, is that of Don Jose Maria de Agreda, an erudite gentleman descended from an ancient and noble Spanish family, who is the librarian of the national museum. Senor Agreda's collection is noted for its many priceless volumes, for he has been collecting books in this city since he was a lad. He is an enthusiastic antiquarian, and no man is fitter for the great task of writing a history of the City of Mexico than this learned and cultivated gentleman, one of the ornaments of Mexican culture.—Mexican Herald.

**Knee-Deep in Kansas.**

Mr. Eugene F. Ware, the new commissioner of pensions, who over the name of "Ironquill" long ago established his reputation as a wit and writer of verse, has been much interested for years in the condition of roads in his adopted state of Kansas.

Recently Mr. W. W. Richardson, secretary of the National Good Roads Association, who is preparing to take a Good Roads Construction train across the continent, said to Mr. Ware:

"How do the farmers in Kansas stand on the road question?"

"Up to their knees," was the reply. —Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

**Prominent on English Turf.**

Capt. James Octavius Machell, who died a few days ago, was for years England's foremost turfman. He did not, perhaps, win so many of what are called the "classic events" as some others, but in the course of a racing season his colors were so often to the fore that his stable had a larger following than any other in the United Kingdom. He was a soldier at 16, went in for regimental athletics, became champion amateur runner of England, and was a dead shot. In 1864, after taking a leading place on the turf, he retired from the army, dying at the age of 65.

**Long Term in Bishopric.**

Frederick Dan Huntington, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of central New York, now nearing his eighty-fourth birthday, asks for an assistant to relieve him of part of his duties. He has been bishop for thirty-three years.

**Traits of Sienkiewicz.**

Sienkiewicz is said to be a demon of unrest, and does not stay in one place a novel until he finishes it he goes about from place to place through Europe writing a little here and a little there. The collection made in England some time ago for the purpose of honoring Sienkiewicz on the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary as an author yielded 107,183 rubles, of which 45,000 were spent for a house, which was presented to him, and the rest given to him in cash.

**Senator Hanna's "Conversion."**

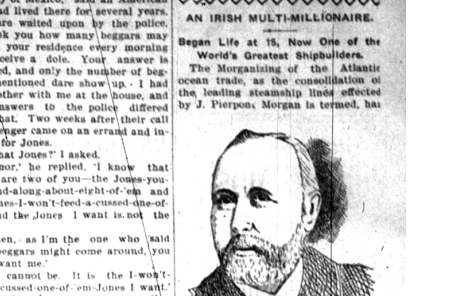
Some newspaper man recently quoted Senator Hanna as saying that he was in sympathy with Salvation Army work. The "news" soon reached the army in Washington, and at once a detachment appeared in front of the senator's residence there, vigorously exhorting and giving thanks for the conversion of such a distinguished sinner. The senator, by the way, recently refused an offer of $100,000 a year to become president of a large concern.

# TWO MEN OF MARK

**AN IRISH MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.**

**Began Life at 15, Now One of the World's Greatest Shipbuilders.**

The Morganising of the Atlantic ocean trade, as the consolidation of the leading steamship lines effected by J. Pierpont Morgan is termed, has



brought to public notice another forceful character and a remarkably successful business man. He is W. J. Pirrie, of the Harland & Wolf shipbuilding plant, at Belfast, Ireland, one of the largest of the kind in existence.

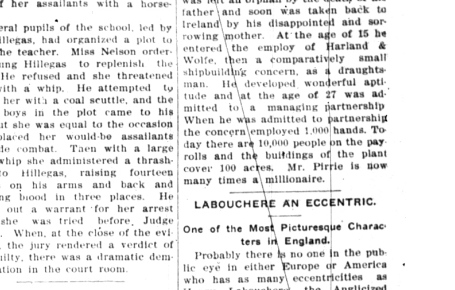
Mr. Pirrie was born in Quebec, where his parents, who were Irish, had settled in hopes of bettering their fortunes. When he was a year old he was left an orphan by the death of his father and soon was taken back to Ireland by his disappointed and sorrowing mother. At the age of 15 he entered the employ of Harland & Wolfe, then a comparatively small shipbuilding concern, as a draughtsman. He developed wonderful aptitude and at the age of 27 was admitted to a managing partnership When he was admitted to partnership the concern employed 1,000 hands. To day there are 10,000 people on the pay-rolls and the buildings of the plant cover 100 acres. Mr. Pirrie is now many times a millionaire.

## LABOUCHERE AN ECCENTRIC.

**One of the Most Picturesque Characters in England.**

Probably there is no one in the public eye in either Europe or America who has as many eccentricities as Henry Labouchere, the Anglicized Frenchman who has for so long been conspicuous in the journalism of London and the politics of Great Britain. "Labby," as he is familiarly called, does not care a fig for public opinion or for the good will of any creature under the sun, yet in some respects he is immensely popular.

He is a radical of the radicals and represents Northampton in parliament. He has been involved in many libel suits and at one time Sir Charles Russell accused him of wearing shabby



clothes in order to reduce the damages in such cases of litigation.

## PLENTY OF BOYS IN BERLIN.

**Peculiar Distinction Enjoyed by the German Capital.**

In general statisticians have to complain of the unequal increase in the number of female children as compared with that of males. It is interesting, therefore, to note that Berlin, the capital of the military monarchy of Prussia, has always broken the record in that respect, so that Kaiser Wilhelm need not fear that the ranks of his legions will be thinned. Last year 52,245 children were born in Berlin. Of these 27,077 were boys and 25,168 were girls, showing an increase to the credit of the male population of 1,909. Berlin, for some reason or other, seems to have the privilege of turning out more boys into the world, for, taking the numbers from 1891 to 1900, we find there was an average annual increase in the male progeny of the city during the ten years of 1,361 over the female—in other words, out of every 1,000 infants born, 13 more boys and 487 girls. Since year 1820 was the record year last century, when 525 boys were born out of 1,000 babies.

**Twins Seem to Be a Fad.**

Three pairs of twin girls have been born within a few miles of Stillman Valley during the past few weeks. Early in March Mr. and Mrs. Frank Quist welcomed a handsome pair of little daughters; a month later Mr. and Mrs. Carl Friday announced the arrival of the cutest and sweetest pair of girls, and last Sunday morning the home of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Armour was gladdened by an addition to their family circle of two bright-eyed and beautiful baby girls. We therefore rise to remark that twin girls are the fad in Stillman Valley.—Stillman Valley (Ill.) Graphic.

**Madagascar Litterateurs.**

Madagascar is believed to be civilized enough by the French to have an Academy of Letters and Sciences of its own. It contains sixteen members at present, thirteen Europeans and three Hovas.

**New Use for the Toes.**

A woman without arms has been married at Christchurch, New Zealand. The ring was placed upon the fourth toe of her left foot.