

SPOOK QUILTS AS URN IS FOUND

Woman's Cremated Remains Strangely Recovered from Niche in the Wall

THE UNEASY GHOST IS LAID

Canister Containing Kate Bausch's Ashes from Crematory Discovered—Nocturnal Rapping that Drove Tenants Away May Cease with Burial.

New York.—The ghost that haunted the home of Mrs. Mary Miller, No. 347 East Sixteenth street, for six years, has been laid, and the lodgers in the house feel more comfortable.

After knocking about in the ice chest and under the counter of a saloon for more than four years, and being exposed to the wind, rain and snow in a niche in a brick wall for about fourteen months, a tin canister containing the ashes of a cremated woman was found, and sent to the city Morgue. With its disappearance from its haunts of six years it is believed that the uneasy spirit whose poundings on the wall caused consternation in two households will now rest in peace.

The canister, half the contents of which have been lost, bears the label, "Remains of Kate Bausch, Fresh Pond Crematory, April 20, 1903." Who the woman was is a mystery, and just how her ashes came to rest for so long in a saloon, is but little clearer. The Morgue authorities will hold the canister a reasonable length of time; then if no one claims the ashes they will be buried in Potter's Field.

The canister first appeared in 1903, when Thomas Moore conducted the saloon at No. 166 Third avenue. A stranger entered the saloon one day and asked the bartender to take care of a package wrapped in paper. The bartender thrust it into the refrigerator compartment back of bottles.

The bartender forgot all about the parcel. Not until repairs were being made in the refrigerator a year later was the can discovered. The proprietor unwrapped the parcel and for the first time learned the nature of its contents. Thinking the owner surely would return, Moore put the can under the counter. No one knew about it save Moore and his bartender.

Frank Dutton, a watchman, and his room was the first to notice a large knocking and pounding that seemed to come late at night from the saloon. Dutton, on several nights, went down to the saloon at his wife's request. Every time the hour was always long after the time of closing and there was no sign of life. Dutton says he often heard a noise as of some one splitting wood in the saloon, but when he opened the door at the foot of the stairs the sound ceased.

Others in house heard the noises, and several tenants moved because of the nervous strain.

About fourteen months ago Moore decided to lease the saloon to another man. In looking over the place the prospective lessee came upon the canister. He opened it. Part of the ashes was spilled on the floor and swept out with the night's collection of cigar stumps. Moore agreed to remove the canister.

Soon after the new tenant moved in Mrs. Miller, whose house is separated from the rear of the saloon by a narrow alleyway, began to hear strange pounding noises at night, as if a person were rapping on the inside of a closet door to attract attention and be released. The sounds caused several of Mrs. Miller's boarders to depart.

Mrs. Miller looked up at her wall when in the alleyway. She saw a small hole made by removing two or three bricks. Thinking this hole might be responsible for the noises, she called Patrolman Colledge, of the East Twenty-second street station. Colledge climbed up, reached into the hole and brought out the canister of ashes.

It is believed the canister was put in the wall by Dutton, who had been told by Moore to remove the object. The saloon man and Mrs. Miller's boarders are confident their sleep will be interrupted no longer by Kate Bausch's spirit calling for a decent burial of her ashes.

THE FLEA CAN'T SEE.

Merely Notes a Varying Intensity of Light Rays, Says Sayant.

Berkeley, Cal.—After a series of experiments with the California flea, Prof. C. W. Woodworth of the University of California announced that although that insect has eyes it does not see. To be more exact the professor stated that the flea does not see material objects, but merely sees a variation of the rays of light when near an object.

"There is no formation of images on the retina of the eye of a flea," said Prof. Woodworth. "All the insect sees when it approaches a solid object is a varying intensity of light rays."

Compares Wife to a Dog. Cleveland, Ohio.—In her cross petition to a suit for divorce filed by her husband a year ago, Mrs. Mattie Loesch, No. 2930 Lorain avenue, says that her husband, Eugene Loesch, at one time declared that the proper place for a wife was under the table with the cats and dogs.

BATTLE WITH HUGE DEVIL FISH

Fisherman in Monster's Tentacles is Saved by Companion, Who Goes Overboard with Knife.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The late Jules Verne and Morgan Robertson may hereby take notice that fictional devil fishes have a noteworthy rival for fame in the devil fish which attacked Joseph Lorber and William Buckholtz, of Baltimore. Lorber and Buckholtz arrived here from a month's fishing trip off the Newfoundland Banks a few days ago.

"We were trolling for horse mackerel and hooked a 600-pounder that dived under the boat and tipped it until I was dragged out into the water. I struck out in the direction of the disappearing boat; then all of a sudden what looked like a big log loomed in front of me and I clutched at it, to be clutched back by three long, slimy tentacles that wound themselves around my waist and neck. I and the octopus went down together.

"When we came to the surface I saw that the sea all around us was colored a murky brown and I knew the devil fish had thrown out his spume to cover the fight.

"Next thing I knew Lorber was beside me yelling encouragement as he slashed the arms of the octopus. He hacked off two of the tentacles around my body; snipped off a third that was choking me to death and then slid in an apparent that must have reached the heart of the monster, for it suddenly sank and left us two swimming on the ocean surface alone. Lorber dragged me aboard the boat and after a doctor had dressed the wounds we started for home."

Buckholtz exhibits three nasty wounds to prove the remarkable story.

FRINGE OF PITCHERS.



Sketch of a scene at the Polo Grounds in New York as Christopher Mathewson walks to the club house after winning a hard game from the Pittsburgh Baseball Team.

WOMAN CATCHES RATTLER.

Mrs. Kimble Bravely Trapped Reptile With a Milk Pail and a String.

Millbrook, N. J.—Mrs. Lydia Kimble, of this place, was out berrying in the meadow's a mile from her home when she encountered a huge rattler with ten rattles.

Mrs. Kimble was just reaching out over some low branches for a cluster of huckleberries when she heard a whirring noise on her left. She glanced around and saw the rattlesnake, coiled and ready to strike.

Without altering her position, Mrs. Kimble deftly turned the large milk pail she carried upside down and dropped it over the reptile. She then fastened a noose out of a piece of twine she carried with her. Lifting the edge of the pail, she coolly waited for the snake to dart out its head.

When it did she dropped the noose over the protruding head, and, with a quick jerk, swung the long, squirming body from her. As Mrs. Kimble was after berries first and snakes second, she hung her prize to the branch of a nearby tree and continued picking berries. When she had finished she returned for the reptile and brought it home.

MAN INVADERS DEN OF LYNX.

Kills Leader of Pack of Five That Caused Terror in Community.

Lowellville, Ohio.—Armed with a big knife, William Smith, a South Carolina hunter, crawled into a den of five lynx near here and killed the leader of the pack. The battle lasted intermittently for three hours. The lynx was 42 feet long.

For several months the lynx have been a terror to the community. They have killed stock and attacked persons. Their den was in a wild, rocky ravine, and none dared attempt to rout them. Smith organized a posse to help him fight the animals, but when he got inside the den the posse, frightened at the growls of the beasts, fled in terror. The battle was fought in darkness and the den was so small that Smith was unable to stand up to his full height.

A Toothpick Violin.

Hagerstown, Ind.—Thomas Atkinson, of Greenfork, who has a local reputation for making freak articles, has made a violin from 3,374 toothpicks. Everything about it, except the fingerboard, tail-piece, strings and pegs, is made of toothpicks.

UNION OF YOUTH AND OLD AGE CRIME

Judge So Declares in Freeing Child Wife-Mother from Octogenarian

FOURTEEN AND EIGHTY WED

Mother of Girl Scored from the Bench for Having Schemed to Ensnare the Old Man—Divorce Granted on Ground of Personal Indignities.

Seattle, Wash.—A divorce on the ground of personal indignities has been granted to Mary Landers, who, in 1905, at the age of fourteen and a half years, was married to Leroy O. Landers, a man in his eightieth year.

Judge J. T. Ronald, of the Supreme Court, in his decision, characterized the union of childhood and old age as a crime, scored the girl's mother as having schemed to ensnare the old man and get his money, and stated plainly that he believed Landers was robbed of \$1,200 by a sister of the wife. The plaintiff was declared to have been perhaps the most innocent of all the parties concerned. Yet she was characterized as ignorant of the value of money, and incapable of handling it in trust for her two-year-old boy, the fruit of the marriage.

The wife was ordered to dead back to the old man property he had given her, and this, with the remainder of Landers's property, is to be placed in a trust fund for the use of the aged husband and father and the sustenance of the child.

The couple were married Aug. 24 and lived on Landers's ranch, near Burton, on Vashon Island. Mary left spring the wife left Landers, and with her baby and her sister and \$1,200 of the old man's money came to Seattle. Landers accused her of larceny, but afterwards withdrew the complaint, and the matter was settled by compromise.

Then the young wife commenced divorce proceedings. On the witness stand she told the court that Landers was cruel and abusive when he was drunk, which was often.

Landers pitiously appealed to the court to "give him back his little wife." "Mary is all right; she is a good little woman if they would only leave her alone," said Landers.

The aged husband told the court that the mother of the girl was to blame for the trouble and was constantly at him for money. According to the plaintiff's statement, Landers is worth \$25,000 and owns a valuable patent on "Landers's logging jack."

Judge Ronald's decision, as rendered, was in part as follows: "This marriage, in the first place, was a crime. The girl is perhaps the most innocent of all the parties concerned, and she is not altogether innocent. I think the marriage was instigated and brought about by the machinations of the mother of the wife.

"In answer to the question by the court as to why this mother permitted this marriage, even going herself with the old gentleman to procure the marriage license and swearing falsely to the age of her daughter, she answered to the effect that she had four children to support and 'what was she to do?' This answer shows that the mother's motive was one looking toward relieving herself of responsibility of supporting the daughter.

"He gave the wife a note and mortgage which he owned for something like \$550; he gave her some lots which cost \$1,000. As the result of that marriage she has one boy nearly two years old, and one child unborn.

"If I don't divorce these people it will be but a few months at the longest until the old man is dead; then what he has left will be dissipated by this child wife, who doesn't know the value of money.

"I will grant the wife a divorce on the ground of personal indignities, which have rendered her life burdensome."

JUDGE HIS OWN ALIENIST.

"Find End of Your Nose with Your Eyes Shut," His Test of Sanity.

New York.—An unusual physical test as an index to one's sanity was introduced by a police magistrate when Mrs. Harriet R. Berry, a trained nurse, was brought to court on a physician's application that inquiry be made into her mental condition.

"Close your eyes, madam, and touch the end of your nose with the index finger of your right hand," demanded the magistrate.

It was only after several attempts that Mrs. Berry succeeded, and the court ruled that the result of the test was sufficient to warrant her commitment to Bellevue for observation.

Her case is said to be one of "persecutory delusion." She thought a friend had sold the manuscript of her book, "The Design of Life," to President Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard, and that the latter had plagiarized it.

Saved by a Bit of Soap.

Washington, D. C.—John Godfrey was arrested for carrying concealed weapons, a razor having been found on him.

"I shave with that razor, Judge," said Godfrey in the police court.

"Show me the rest of your equipment?" commanded Judge Kimball. A piece of soap about as big as a dime was fished out of a pocket. "Discharged," said the Judge.

ALMOST GENEROUS.

Casey was Close But Once He Came Near "Losing Up."

Harry M. Daugherty, of Columbia, who, some persons believe, will be the next United States Senator from Ohio, while in the national capital recently told this story to the Washington Post. Two fishermen were discussing the death of a friend.

Said Pat: "Sure, Casey was a good fellow." "He was that," replied Mike. "A good fellow, Casey?" "And a cheerful man was Casey," said Pat.

"A cheerful man was Casey, the cheerful I ever knew," echoed Mike. "Casey was a generous man, too," said Pat.

"Generous, you say? Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Casey ever buy you anything?" "Well, nearly," replied Mike, scratching his head. One day he came into Flaherty's barroom, where he and my friends were drinking, and he said to us: "Well, men, what are we going to have—rain or snow?"

SAME OLD WAY.



Teacher—Now, if I should give a smart boy this sentence to periculate: "Mary Jane a beautiful girl ran down the street," what would he do? John—Make a dash after the girl, of course.

A New Use for Cheese.

An English farmer recently went into a restaurant in Liverpool and called for some bread and cheese.

"What kind would you like, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Cheshire, Yorksire or Gorgonzola?" "Fancy name, that last," said the farmer; "I'll try a bit of that."

He thought it so tasty that he bought a pound, took it home for his wife late at night, and left it for her on the sideboard in the kitchen. Next morning he came in from his before-breakfast round and asked her if she had found the parcel.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I saw it there all right, and very good mottled soap it is, no doubt, when you know how to use it. But I couldn't make it lather very well when I washed the children, and after I'd done they smelled so strong that I've turned 'em out for a breath of fresh air, just to sweeten 'em a bit before they go to school."

He Would Return.

Marlow was three years old. One day his mother said to him, "Now, Marlow, you may go outdoors to play for a while, but if I see you crossing the street to play with that naughty little boy, Willie Burr, again, I'll give you a hard, hard spanking."

Half an hour later the mother looked out after her boy and saw him playing with Willie Burr. She raised the window and called, with forced gentleness:

"Marlow, come here to me."

Marlow came, but as he did so, he turned to his companion and said:

"You stay right here, Willie. I'm down in to get spanked. I'll be right back."

Back to the Farm.

"Well, Silas, what did you find new down to the city?"

"Why, somethin' wuth seein'. The hull place is full o' cabs with cash registers on 'em, an' red flags to show folks it's dangerous to dispute the fare. They call 'em taxidermy cabs, 'cause of you don't mind, the drivers 'll jest take the skin off yo."

The Saddest Words.

Said a poet to an unfortunate speculator: "Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?"

"Yes," was the melancholy reply.

"But I think that 'Broke, broke,' is a good deal sadder."

Advice.

"You've got to put a certain amount of dependence on yourself," said Uncle Eben. "De man dat goes aroun' lookin' in' fo' too much advice is liable to find himself in de position of de gentleman dat gits so interested readin' de time-table dat he misses his train."

Holding Back the News.

"I suppose your wife was tickled to death at your raise in salary?"

"She will be."

"Haven't you told her yet?"

"No, I thought I would enjoy myself for a couple of weeks first."

The Way of the World.

Uncle Biff says: "Some hey patches on their knees from kneelin' in prayer, also in the seat o' their trousers from backslidin'."

Smith's Advice.

I look the world square in the eye. If it's side up, I'll hold out your hand. If it tries to trip you, duck, dodge and bluff it in the neck.

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