

VOODOOISM RAGING IN TEXAS TOWNS

Cows Butchered, Hides Taken Off and Hearts Torn Out by Its Priests

MEXICAN INDIANS SUSPECTED

Sheriff and Deputies Make Arrests—Reward Offered for Capture of Butchers—Attributed to Ancient Aztec Religion.

San Antonio, Texas.—An outbreak of voodooism is responsible for the mysterious butchering of cows in the vicinity of this city. Many owners of fine bovines living in the suburbs have looked in vain for their milk purveyors in the morning.

The odd feature of the case is that nothing but the hide and the heart of the animals are missing. Evidently that is all that is desired by the thief. At first it was thought that the animals had been killed for their skins, but a close watch kept over the densers in hides has shown that so far none of the hides have been disposed of.

Sheriff Lindsey and his deputies have been working day and night to get a clue that might lead to a solution of the mystery, but so far they have not been successful. The offer of a substantial reward has now been called to their aid.

Though the Mexican population of San Antonio is a very orderly and law-abiding one as a whole, there is enough of an indifferent element among them that would not be averse to committing these depredations if inspired by what they would consider a religious motive. As is well known, the Indian strain is prominent in the lower class Mexicans. As a matter of fact, in the large percentage of them the Spanish or other Asryan blood is a negligible quantity.

Indian voodooism as practiced after the fall of the Aztec empire is really nothing more than a continuation of the old Aztec religion, the principal feature of which was human sacrifice. The victims of the old Aztec priests suffered death by having their hearts torn out of their bodies by main force.

After the Spanish had succeeded in stamping out this barbarous practice, the Indian tribes, still adhering to the faith of their fathers, though nominally Christians, took to sacrificing animals in the same manner that human beings had formerly been sacrificed.

To what extent the possession of a hide figures in voodooism of this kind is not clear. Positive information on this point seems difficult to obtain, but it is thought that the application of the warm and bloody skin is regarded as a cure for malarial or other exterior ailments.

The authorities of this city and vicinity are in no mood to permit as vicious a practice as voodooism to flourish under their noses. Though a number of arrests have been made, the important clues are now being followed and further developments are anticipated as a result of the reward offered. Of all people the low-class Mexican is the least able to withstand a lure of money. Every effort will be made to get the high priest of the faith into the clutches of the law. The punishment that will be meted out will doubt be such as to make adherence to voodooism and its attendant rites very undesirable.

PAINTING THE SHREW BY COLOR.

Change of Wall Paper Makes Angelic Wife of Virago.

Paris.—The latest Parisian "cure" for bad temper, according to a story which a writer in a morning paper vouches for, is a husband who has been living inharmoniously with wife consulted a doctor. No cause was found for the disagreements, the doctor visited the patient's home and re-found red wall paper on the walls. The doctor ordered a change. "Yes," he said, "excites some tempers; try blue," which soothing expedient was made, with the result that disposition of the wife became as placid as before and the husband settled tempered. According to the story, a blue room tames the most raging shrew.

Dies Laughing at Joke.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Seated on the wing of a porch, at a house where was a wedding guest, Simon Boling, of Sawyersville, was waving his arms in a fit of laughter over a funny story, when he slipped. He fell backward, striking on his head, breaking neck and died a short time afterward.

UNCOVERS SECRET HOARDS.

The best argument for a Government savings bank is that of the need of absolute security, especially in time of panic when so many people are making a bad matter worse by drawing their money out of common banks and hiding it away. During the recent panic some persons took out large postal money orders just to let the Government take care of their money until times became less unsettled. If there had been a Government savings bank it would have received most of the money then withdrawn from the common banks. The money would have been kept in circulation and the force of the panic much reduced. Even in ordinary times a certain number of people refuse to trust ordinary banks and incur much risk and loss of interest by trying to hide their savings. Many a secret hoard has been lost through fire, or rats or thieves. The Government bank would take safe care of money and pay a little interest. It would be very popular in the country districts and would encourage the habit of saving small but regular sums for deposit. Except an improved system of parcels post, no measure is in general demand among those who would like to extend the usefulness of the postoffice department.

PURE WATER A LIFE-SAVER.

Allen Hazen has formulated the theorem that for every death from typhoid fever prevented by the purification of public water supplies, two or three additional deaths from other causes are prevented. To put the matter upon an economic basis; if, for example, the city of Pittsburg should by reason of having installed a new system of municipal water-filters, prevent one hundred deaths from typhoid in a year, two or three hundred hundred deaths from other causes would also be prevented by the same means. Such a saving of life would equal the saving of two million dollars instead of a half million, the loss entailed by the typhoid deaths alone. Professor Sedgwick and Scott MacNutt, of the biological department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, state that their observations, presently to be published in detail, corroborate Hazen's estimate, which, they assert, is a conservative one.

A WORD OF DEFENSE.

"Carmen sylvia," Roumania's literary Queen, has something to say worth noting on the patience of the husband—so much maligned where feminine heads get together. "A standing complaint among women," she says, "is that husbands have no appetite, that they are taciturn or sarcastic in their society. If men compelled their wives to swallow the very bad indigestibles some men are treated to, and also the ill-natured remarks, scoldings, complaints and assurances of contempt my sisters are in the habit of spouting forth at meal-time, the number of female dyspeptics would be vastly larger than it is now."

FIVE KINDS OF NOVELS.

Clement Shorter, the English critic, finds five kinds of successful novels: First, the novel of genius; secondly, the work of the skillful manufacturer from history; thirdly, the novel of idiosyncrasy; fourthly, the novel of bigotry, which plays upon the prejudices of the religious public; fifthly, the novel of commonplace reflection and cheap claptrap conversation. In America, at least, we know a sixth kind: novel which, born not of history, genius, bigotry or any debatable thing, has a season's success as little explainable as a sporadic case of measles.

THE NEW EDUCATION IN CHINA.

One advantage which China possesses over the United States is in the ease with which a reform can be started and spread. In this country nothing can be accomplished until at least one-half the people are convinced of the necessity of it; in China it is necessary to convince only the powers that be and the reform is ordered forthwith. The following instructions recently issued make it clear that the government means business in the matter of extending the educational facilities of the empire, and that readily to all its parts.

SLAUGHTER VS. NO SLAUGHTER.

Millions of steerage passengers have been landed here by the company without the loss of a single life, and without a serious accident of any kind. Compare this record with the frightful loss of life and the terrible sacrifice of property on our American railroads! Talk about the "dangers of the deep!" Water is safer these days than land.

CHEAPER AUTOMOBILES.

The doom of high automobile prices has sounded. One can buy a better car to-day for \$1,500 than he could a few years ago for \$3,000. It is only a matter of time now until any man who can afford to keep a horse can afford to own an automobile.

SIGNS OF THE AWAKENING.

The fact that China proposes making a big bond issue is all the evidence needed to prove that American ideas are at last making a dent on the old empire.

The decrease of registration at Harvard is inexplicable in the face of the university's triple victory in college sports over Yale. Must further proof of pre-eminence be furnished?

HE WAS NOT THANKFUL

My neighbor Cooley suffered a good deal last winter from rheumatism in his breast, and his wife was badly frightened about it for fear it should end in consumption. Cooley could not be induced to try any remedy for the trouble, and Mrs. Cooley was nearly worried to death about it. At last she determined to try strategy. She made a dry mustard plaster and one night while he was asleep she sewed it upon the inside of his undershirt, so that it would just cover the rheumatic place.

Cooley dressed himself in the morning, wholly unsuspecting of the presence of the plaster, and went downstairs. At the breakfast table, while he was talking to his wife, he suddenly stopped, looked cross-eyed, and a spasm of pain passed over his face. Then he took up the thread of the conversation again and went on. He was in the midst of an explanation of the political situation, when all at once he ceased again, grew red in the face and exclaimed: "I wonder what in the — No, it can't be anything wrong."

Mrs. Cooley asked what was the matter, and Cooley said: "O, it's that infernal old rheumatism again; come back awful. But I never felt it exactly the same way before. Kinder stings me."

Mrs. Cooley said she was sorry. Then Mr. Cooley began again, and was just showing her how the ravages of the grasshoppers in the west, and the potato-bug in the east, would affect the election by making the people discontented, and so likely to strike at the party in power, when he suddenly dropped the subject, and jumping up, said: "Thunder and lightning! what's that? Ouch! O, Moses! I feel! If I had a shovelful of hot coals inside my undershirt."

"Must be that rheumatism, getting worse," said Mrs. Cooley sympathetically. "O, gracious, no! It's something worse than rheumatism. Feels like burning into my skin. Ouch! Ow-wow-wow! It's awful! I can't stand it another minute. I believe it's cholera, or something, and I'm going to die!"

"Do try to be calm, Mr. Cooley." "Calm! How can a man be calm with a volcano boiling over under his shirt. Go away from here. Get out of the way, quick, while I go upstairs and undress. Murder-r-r-r, but it hurts! Let me get out, quick!"

Then he rushed up to the bedroom and stripped off his clothes. His chest was the color of a boiled lobster; but he couldn't for the life of him tell what was the matter. Then his eye rested upon something white on his shirt. He picked up the garment and examined it. Ten minutes later he came slowly downstairs with a dry mustard plaster in his hand, while thunder clouted his brow.

Going up to Mrs. Cooley, he shook the plaster under her nose, and said in a suppressed voice: "Did you put that thing in my clothes?"

"I did it for the best, John," she said, "I thought—"

"Oh, never mind what you thought. You've taken the bark clean off of my bosom, so I'm as raw as a slob on steak, and I'll probably never be well again as long as I live. That lets you out. You play no more tricks like that on me. Now, mind me."

Then he slammed the door and went out. Mrs. Cooley doesn't know to this day exactly what effect the grasshoppers are going to have on the election.—N. W. Weekly.

Sea of Velvet Blue.

The Mediterranean sunset is one of the glories of the world. The sea is a velvet blue. When evening comes the clouds forsake the sky and the sun takes on the color of molten gold, gilding the purple waters as the great glowing disk approaches the level line of the horizon; wide waves of crimson intervene across the azure heavens, and sea and sky leap together in a vivid embrace of color. The sun vanishes, the sea turns from gold to silver, and the sky grows crystal clear. Then night falls slowly down.

When Anyone Is Ill.

Don't forget, if you have an invalid in the house, that, before taking any meal up to him, it is always wise to ascertain if he is ready for it. It is disappointing to bring a tempting little meal, all piping hot, and find that the invalid wants his hands washed and his pillows shaken up, and various other little things attended to, and when the meal is finally tasted to have it pronounced "too cold." The thing to do is first to see that the patient is all ready, then bring the meal.

His Idea of Bonanza.

A certain man had a disastrous experience in gold mine speculations. One day a number of colleagues were discussing the subject of speculation, when one of them said to this speculator: "Old chap, as an expert, give us a definition of the term 'bonanza.'" "A 'bonanza,'" replied the experienced man, with emphasis, "is a hole in the ground owned by a champion Hart!"

Hong-Kong's Pine Harbor.

The Hong-Kong harbor has a water area of ten miles, and is regarded as one of the finest in the world.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP IN CANADA.

Mr. Wilfred Laurier has declared that the Canadian government will build and own the new railroad to Hudson Bay, together with the terminal docks, elevators, etc. This is one of several things which serve to draw attention to the rapid growth of the government and municipal utilities. The beautiful city of Winnipeg is a firm believer in the municipal ownership of all public utilities. Port Arthur and Fort William, the twin cities at the head of Lake Superior, have long owned and operated all of their public utilities, and the mayors confidently predict a time when the profits from these will be sufficient to pay all the taxes and leave a surplus to be divided among the city's residents. New Zealand and Australia have long been adherents to the municipal ownership plan, and in general the English seem to have taken to it. Possibly it is because the evils of private ownership have been more pronounced in these other countries than here. Perhaps because the government of England and English provinces is so much better administered than ours that graft does not control its institutions. Certain it is that Canada is doing what has been denounced in this country as chimerical and impossible.

PERNICIOUS WEEK-END.

The Bishop of Durham, England, laments the fact that a "very formidable degree of English Christian life in the neglect and isolation of the Lord's Day" has set in, and blames "the pernicious custom of the week-end." "The very day," he says, "when the charities of home should be in their strength, when the family should meet with special devotion for home worship, and should also meet, a family amidst other families, in the church which is the centre of the surrounding religious life—life in which the family should have a responsible part—is now too often the day for separation, indolence, irresponsible self-indulgence. The day which should give parents their best opportunity for training their children in the nurture of the Lord is never so used in countless homes of the type where forty years ago the little group would, as a matter of course, have gathered to read, sing, to say by heart the lessons and songs which link earth with heaven."

BUNCING CITY SHARPS.

People from the country are not the only ones to be taken in by carefully managed confidence games. City commission dealers are commonly supposed to be a shrewd, alert set of business men, yet during the past year it is reckoned that the butter and egg traders alone lost nearly \$200,000 through operations of swindlers. The game is an old one but very often successful. A new firm starts up, obtains as much credit as possible, then fails, and the funds and all goods that were bought vanish from sight, leaving the creditors nothing perhaps but office furniture to show for many thousand dollars' worth of produce sold on credit. Truly, no fox is too sly to fear the trap.

NO BUTTER TRUST POSSIBLE.

Every time of high prices for butter is the occasion of a lot of silly talk in the newspapers about a butter trust. No one can organize a trust in such a product for the reason that every farmer is able to begin competition and start making butter whenever he thinks it may pay him to do so. The real cause of nine-tenths of the advance in the butter price is the higher cost of grain. Dairymen, instead of talking of a trust, are trying hard to convince themselves that there is still a little profit in the business after paying grain bills, and most of them, if asked, would express the opinion that the margin between cost and selling price is less now than in other times when butter was selling for less money per pound.

ROCKEFELLER'S VIEWS FIRST HAND.

It is interesting to know the views of Mr. John D. Rockefeller on the subject of money-making. These views have not reached us second-hand, but are from his written word, reproduced in facsimile of his handwriting on the front cover of the World's Work. Says Mr. Rockefeller, in bold red ink: "I know of nothing more despicable and pathetic than a man who devotes all the waking hours of the day to making money for the money's sake." Coming from such a source, this statement is interesting—if true.

PROVING IMMORTALITY.

Of all the queer ways of trying to prove the existence of a soul it seems to us that weighing a person at the point of death to see if anything was lost in the process reaches the limit of absurdity. That the passing soul weighed about an ounce, if it was a fact, might explain the difficulty we have in communicating with it.

THE EGG'S BIRTHDAY.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Detroit Free Press, offers a very practical suggestion when it says that all eggs should be dated with the hour and day they are laid. If this were done, lots of trouble could be avoided in restaurants.

The present condition of Hayti and San Domingo shows that liberty, fraternity, and equality being proclaimed and adopted, all has not been done that must be done to establish the higher forms of civilization.

DEPOSED SULTAN'S FABULOUS WEALTH

Hidden Treasures Uncovered From Strange Nooks in the Yildiz Kiosk

SAFES CONCEALED IN WALLS

Two Chests Filled with Five Pound Notes Found—One String of Pearls Worth \$350,000—There Were 500 Revolvers in Abdul's Dressing Rooms.

The announcement a few days ago that Abdul Hamid had transferred \$4,500,000 to the new government of Turkey merely strengthens the common belief that the deposed monarch is the possessor of enormous wealth. In that belief a parliamentary commission is making a searching investigation of the treasures hidden there, and the results already accomplished are amazing.

There have been discovered many safes hidden in the walls at various kiosks. The treasures found so far are money in gold and in notes, bonds, jewelry and other articles of value. Abdul Hamid's wealth is estimated at \$150,000,000. A safe contained statements of the amounts deposited by him in several financial establishments abroad.

Two chests were found filled with five-pound notes, and eight traveling bags containing most valuable jewels. It is claimed that Abdul Hamid had prepared these with the idea of escape before he surrendered to the young Turks. The five-pound notes are supposed to have been to bribe the people, as he believed that everything was possible through bribes.

Up to date the government has confiscated cash belonging to Abdul Hamid, \$4,000,000; and jewelry worth \$3,000,000, and Abdul signed a check in Salonica giving up \$400,000, thus making \$7,400,000 in all, and there remains yet an enormous sum in his possession. Among the jewels, says Mr. H. Hagopian, in a Constantinople letter to the Boston "Transcript," was found a string of pearls worth \$350,000, a gift from the Persian shah when he visited Constantinople. Each bead is larger than a dove's head. There are three statues of the fallen sultan in different poses. A lamp of ivory resembling a tree, an ivory round about it, is a magnificent object of art valued at \$25,000. This was donated to Ratib Pasha, the former governor of Hijaz.

In the ex-sultan's dressing rooms the commission found one thousand shirts, almost all of silk; forty fezes, all specially made at the imperial shops in Hereke; two hundred costumes and uniforms, hundreds of silk handkerchiefs, shoes and other articles. Most astonishing it was when 500 revolvers were found there alone, almost a pistol for each pocket. A notebook found in a pocket contained the numbers of 9,000 shares of the Bagdad railway, thus confirming the assertion made that the ex-sultan was bribed to grant the concession of the line.

The fallen sultan was proprietor of farms, forests, lands, mines, houses, khans and salt works. After the proclamation of the constitution the mines were transferred to the state. These numbered twenty and brought an annual income of \$1,500,000. The farms are many, it is estimated more than 1,500 pieces of land. The crown forests are in the valleys of Castamoni, Civas and Salonica. They cover an area of 250,000 hectares. There are vast lands in Bagdad, Bassora and in Syria, estimated approximately at a value of \$9,500,000. All these domains, houses, apartments, khans and salt works brought an annual rent to Abdul Hamid of exactly \$5,000,000.

Search for the Yildiz treasures will be continued for a long time to come. In a box the investigating commission found 5,000 keys and this made it think that there are many unlocked closets of hidden wealth.

A Quiet Rebuke.

An "object admonition" like the one described by Mr. Warren Lee Goss in his article, "Campaigning to No Purpose," published in Johnson's "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," is often more efficacious than storms of reproach.

One day the colonel of the regiment noticed a soldier on parade wearing a badly soiled pair of gloves. "Corporal," said the officer, "why do you set the men such a bad example as appearing before them in dirty gloves? Why is it?"

"I've had no pay, sir, since I entered the service," returned the corporal. "I can't afford to have them done up." The colonel drew from his pocket a pair of gloves, spotlessly white. Handing them to the corporal, he said, quietly, "Put these on. I washed them myself."

It was an unforgotten lesson to the whole regiment.

Death from Sunburn.

A gun fires only a few feet into the water, but the terrific electric sun ray bores right down into old ocean fifteen hundred feet. Such tremendous power can seriously injure. Death has come from sunburn of more than two-thirds of the skin's surface of the human body, the death burn coming from shock, injury and putting the skin out of business. Similar death has been caused by goldfoling, gliding or painting with gelatin the whole body of actors and masqueraders.

TOO HIGH.

The Way was Long and the Hunger Great But—"Principles is Principles" The New York Tribune says that an old man boarded a train at a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, carrying in one hand an umbrella tied up with a shoe string, and in the other, an old valve that looked as if it might have been with Lee at Appomattox. He sat down near the door, deposited his property beside him, and beckoned to a train boy who was just then passing with a basket. "Got anything ter eat, young feller?" "Sandwiches — ham, chicken and tater." "Are they fresh?" "Certainly." "There ain't no 'certainty' about it," objected the old man. "The sandwich business is mighty ticklish in hot weather."

"They're fresh," said the boy, impatiently, "only been made an hour." "I'd rather have a chicken sandwich if I knowed I wouldn't draw a wing."

"No wings, sir; all clear meat." "Spouse you let me see one of them sandwiches?" "Can't, sir; they're all wrapped up. Take one?" "How much do you ask for 'em?" "Ten cents."

"I don't want a dozen; how much for one?" "Ten cents." "Great day 'n mornin'!" gasped the old man. "Ten cents for two bites of bread an' a smell of chicken. I'm hungry enough to eat a pickaxe, but I'll game 'em. I tell you what, before I pay ten cents for one little sandwich, I'll set here and roll my eyes and swell, all the way to Boylston."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.



First Boarder (dismally)—Well, I see we're going to have spinach again to-morrow. Second Boarder—How can you tell? First Boarder—Why, the hired man is out there cutting the front lawn.

A Comfortable Seat.

A certain stately, middle-aged lady has the habit of adding on to her sentences phrases out of their natural order, thereby not infrequently electrifying her hearers. Recently she was greatly surprised to have the following simple statement of hers greeted with shouts of laughter: "When I arrived at the house, there was the minister sitting on a chair and three ladies."

Too True.

"No one understands me!" he groaned; "no one on earth." It is the old story wrung from many a tortured, youthful heart. The sufferer is generally mistaken, but the pain is no less poignant. Yet in this instance the man's complaint was true. Nobody on earth could understand him. For he was an announcer of trains at the Union Depot.

Their Latest Game.

A busy mother who was distracted by the noise in the nursery hastened to the room and said to her little daughter: "Minnie, what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly, like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound." "Of course he doesn't," said the little girl. "That is our game. He is papa coming home late, and I am you."

A Politician.

"I'm afraid I'll never be able to teach you anything, Maggie," was the despairing utterance of a Trenton woman to a new Irish domestic. "Don't you know that you should always hand me notes and cards on a salver?" "Sure, mum, I knew," answered Maggie, "but I didn't know you did."

Fierce, All Right.

"Now," said the teacher, who had been describing the habits of bears, "what is the fiercest animal in the polar regions, Johnny?" "Why-er-er," stammered Johnny. "Come, don't you remember? The pole." "Oh, sure! The pole cat."

Wanted a Pusher.

"What did the new neighbors come to borrow now?" "They wanted the lawn mower." "Is that all?" "That was all they spoke about, but I think from the day they stood around they liked to have borrowed my husband to run it."

An Observant Youth.

Sunday-school Teacher—What was Adam's punishment for eating the forbidden fruit, Johnnie? Johnnie (confidently)—He had to marry Eve.