Abe Slupsky Goes In for Detection

The Pamous School Reformer Appears in a Somewhat New Role.

RELATES DETECTIVE STORIES

these detectives are, "continued Siupsky after he had finished his story. "They wouldn't hesitate to drag their own moth-Wherein Abraham Slupsky Figures as the Bright Particular Star-He Does No Dirty Work, but Is a Shrewd Inveser into a case if they thought she could tigator of Crooked Practices. help them. Some of them would rob their own trunk."

The illustrious Abe Slupsky of St. Louis, who has attained national fame as a school reformer and all round philosopher, now appears before an amazed and admiring public in a new role. It appears that Colonel Slupsky is in reality a detective and is described in the peculiar ver-nacular of the St. Louis press as "a guying, joshing and very shrewd investigator of crime or connivance of any sort."

Colonel Slupsky has lived so long in St. Louis-something like a quarter of a cen-



SLEUTH SLUPSRY DISGUISED AS A PEDDLER. tury-that he is a familiar figure on the down town streets and in the political clubs and ward meetings. But so many persons know him who never saw him that a brief description needs to be tacked to this story. He is about as tall as an ordinary boy of 16, and, though he is in his thirty-sixth year, he is often taken for a youngster. One of his favorite disguises as a detective is to rig himself up as a street arab and pass himself as a newsboy or a bootblack.

When not disguised, he wears the most stylish clothing the tailors can turn out in compliance with his orders as to style, etc., patent leather shoes, red neckties and pink shirts. He fairly blazes with diamonds. The stone in his finger ring is as big as a walnut, the headlight that flashes from his shirt front cost a fortune, and he has diamonds in his cuffs, his wristbands and at every opening of his shirt. His eyes are like a ferret's. He has a strong Hebraic face that he can twist into so many varied expressions that it is possible for him to assume numerous characters without the use of false beards. His hair is bristling black, and he brushes it in a peculiar way that makes it look like a wig. Some folks say it is a wig.

His political career is well known. Once he was a candidate for school director. He came out with a bold declaration that he not only favored free schools, but free books and free clothing for poor scholars. This proved a popular platform, and Slupsky might have been elected had not his enemies got hold of the fact that he never went to school a day in his life and used it against him. Slupsky was born in London. His father dealt in secondhand clothing, but died when Abe was learning to walk, and the youngster had to go out into the streets of London and hustle. He got a job washing dishes on an ocean steamer and worked his way to New Or-

In 1870 he came to St. Louis as a deck sweeper on a Mississippi flatboat, started on his career as a peddler, bought old clothes and finally opened a furniture store. He might have become a prosperous merchant had not a Scotland Yard detective trailed an English murderer from London to St. Louis and lost sight of him in the secondhand quarters. The detective employed Slupsky to help him locate the man. Slupsky found him and followed him across the continent. He was about to turn him over to the police of San Francisco when he got a telegram to let the man go, the real murderer having been captured in London. Slupsky returned to St. Louis fired with an ambition to become a detective. He sold out the furniture store and ever since has been a sleuth.

The other day a bright young man of The Post-Dispatch got hold of Colonel Slupsky and induced him to unbosom himself on the subject of detective work. "I like it," he said. "It's so fascinating. I am a first class detective. I do only political work and hunt down criminals. I am not one of those rats who shadow wives and husbands and get evidence for divorce suits. That is dirty work. I am high toned in business. I ferret out mysterious



ABE AS A NEWSBOY.

crimes and never give up till my game is safe behind the bars. These rats of the profession will do anything. If they can't get evidence, they will manufacture it. I know of a case in this town where a rallroad president became infatuated with the wife of one of his subordinates. He hired a detective, a low rat, to get the fellow out of the way. The detective took some of the railroad company's property and secreted it in the man's house. It was found there, and the man was sent to the penitentiary. The railroad president then took n of the wife.

Colonel Slupsky told a lot of stories about rascally detectives, this one among

"A woman fell in love with a rich cattle dealer who promised to marry her if she could get rid of her husband. She went to a detective. The detective questioned her closely, and on finding out that the husband was a man of irreproachable character and devoted to his wife he said that it would be a difficult task to trap him, but he would agree to do it for \$250. The woman paid \$100 down, and the dethe woman paid stor down, and the de-tective promised to have the necessary evi-dence to insure a divorce within a week. Before the time elapsed he called one night at the woman's house and told her to come with him and he would show up the perfidy

of her husband. He led her to a hotel on Saved Two Lives Olive street, up two flights of stairs, and, throwing himself against a door, burst it in. There sat the husband in a big casy chair with a little curly haired woman coiled up in his lap. The sight infuriated the wife. She forgot that she wanted a divorce and sprang at the little woman like a tigress. She would have torn her to pieces if she could, but the detective seized hold of his client and dragged her off,

Colonel Slupsky then told how he elect

"Abey, tell the gentleman how you cap-

"You mean firebugs, my dear. Yes

houses were burned in St. Paul. I was

investigate. The last suspicious fire was

a house belonging to a man named Mi-

chael. It was heavily insured, and burned

from home. The firemen found that most

peddling all day and spending my even-

ABE AS A SPORT.

ings with the Michaels, even eating on-

ions and garlic with them. All of my dia-

He soon gained their confidence, and

"You should have seen them when I

after two months of hard work he had the

they did not recognize in the handsome

dler they had known as Ben Finkletsein,

and when I threw up my hands and greet-

gezehen' they got up and kicked them-

taining reminiscences, including a dis-

played the hero, Colonel Slupsky conde-

scended to speak of the financial aspects of

detective work. "Sometimes I get big fees," he seid, "but I do a good many jobs

I have a friend in trouble who can't afford

to pay me, I do the work for nothing, but

when a rich man wants my services I

A Snake In Their Eden.

A young lady was receiving her betroth-

ed in the front parlor at Wethersfield,

Conn., the other evening. The evening

was well advanced when there came a

noise of the rattling of blinds. Both were

momentarily frightened, but the man re-

alized his opportunity to prove his courage

and ability to protect and ventured out-

side. He found no one on the premises.

He returned, and in a few minutes the

sound again disturbed them. This time

he went to the window, and raising it a

striped snake jumped into the room and

began to glide across the carpet. The young lady was petrified with fright, but

the young man grabbed the unwelcome

visitor by the tail, and going outside

quickly ended its life. The snake had

erawled up a bush near the window, and

entering between the slats of the blinds

found difficulty in getting back to mother

earth again. It is not every young couple who can tell of a veritable snake having

The ignorant class of Mexicans consider

an outbreak of smallpox in their miserable

hovels a visitation of divine wrath for

some sin they have committed. So set are they in this belief that they will do noth-

ing whatever to check the ravages of the

disease except, when it attacks their in-

fants, to take the victims in their arms.

press them closely to their breasts and

pray devoutly and continuously to God to

forgive them for their wickedness. Of

course the smallpox runs its course after

awhile, though never before claiming sev-

eral members of every family as victims,

but not until it does are the afflicted par-

It can be proved by a simple calculation

that the number of people which have ex-

isted on the globe during the past 6,000

years approximates the grand total of

The effigy of John of England represents

him in a supertunic of crimson, golden belt, under tunic of cloth of gold, red hose,

black shoes, spurs gilt, fastened with blue

The Greeks and Romans ate from a kind

of porringer, yet during a portion of the middle ages slices of bread cut round took

A SONNET.

Let who so will call half that is unclean.

And over men's backalidings sit and brood, Yet I have found rich colors in the mud And hints of beauty in the dreariest scene.

I have scant patience with that sober mood That from the world impetuous youth would

wean; Rather be bold, and learn what all things

Since scratches will but teach us hardihood.

Simple our knowledge is, howe'er we plod;
It may be we should love what most we hate,
Since none has wisdom this side of the sod;
And he who judges is compassionate,
For in my dusty soul I found of late
The indubitable footprints of the God.
—Percy Addleshaw in London Academy.

ents purged of their sins.

66,000,000,000,000,000

the place of plates.

mean,

entered their blissful edenic courtship.

for my friends and don't charge them.

After relating a number of other enter-

monds I had stored away in a safe."

whole gang in jail.

selves."

bump his head."

that was one of the best pieces of work I

printing counterfeit tickets.

companies by burning up houses."

Slupsky.

"The what!"

Thrilling Reminiscences of the Old Mining Days on the Coast.

shouting: 'Hold on! Don't hurt that woman. She's my wife!'
"That's the sort of rats a good many of ONE OF THEM SHE MURDERED

> She Relates a Narrative of Mingled Misfortune and Depravity Which Is Almost Without a Parallel in the Annals of Modern Crime.

ed McKinley governor of Ohlo by travel-ing through the state and selling six tin Some 15 years ago, when hydraulic mining was a greater industry in the northern cups for a quarter. He also related a thrillpart of California than now, all the big ing story of how he saved the Louisiana mines had watchmen armed with shotlottery more than \$1,000,000 by ferreting out some rascals in Chicago who were guns and navy revolvers. It was their business not to ask the thieves to surrender and then to shoot them if they did not, but to shoot them first and argue the tured the St. Paul fireflies," chirped Mrs. points of the case afterward. As an incentive many mining superintendents of-"The St. Paul fireflies. You know, them fellows that swindled the insurance fered their watchmen \$50 for every Chinese robber killed.

Ten years ago, when I was an employee of a hydraulic mining company, says a San Francisco Chronicle writer, I was inever did. One winter a lot of stores and vited to spend a night with the regular watchman and accepted. It was a hazy night. There was a quarter moon, but the sky was covered by a stratum of misty sent for to work up these cases. I was set at work by the board of underwriters to clouds. We crept into the shadow of a huge overhanging bowlder, and, our guns beside us, began our long silent watch. Stretching away for a hundred yards above one night when all of the family was away and below us was the sluice with its treasof the goods had been removed, and that there was a lot of straw about the place ure laden riffles. All about us were piles of bowlders, deep cuts and the irregular and everything was saturated with kerosurface of the bedrock.

sene. Disguised as a peddler, I went to It was nearly midnight when the watchthe house where the Michaels had moved to and engaged board. You wouldn't have man uttered a nerve thrilling "Sh!" His trained ear had caught a familiar known me had you seen me in my dissound, and he whispered to me: I used to look in the glass and "Somebody's coming!" laugh for I didn't even know myself. Here is a picture I had taken. Well, I

A minute later we saw a shadowy form stealing down the rough, dangerous path staid at the house for about two months, that led into the mine from the top of a

bank 50 feet high.
"A Chinaman," said the watchman.
"By the Lord, there's another!" Sure enough, there were two of them. They were still too far away to be seen plainly. They appeared to suspect nothing of our presence, for they came on rather carelessly, and now and then we heard them speak. Their feet crunched the dry gravel. The watchman said:

"I don't sabe this. They must be after the sluices, but somehow they seem too reckless. Let's wait a bit, and they'll come right up to us. Then we can finish

It was as he said. They came very near us, and we discovered that they were not Chinese. The discovery was made just in the nick of time. Two shotguns, heavily loaded with buckshot, were leveled upon them, and a moment later the triggers would have been pressed, but just then there came to us a girl's light laughter and a man's deeper chuckle. The guns were lowered. "Well," gasped the watchman, "that

was a little near." We sat very still. The man and his sweetheart walked near us and sat down upon another big rock. We recognized them both. The man was a schoolteacher,

and the girl was-well, she was his sweetheart. They sat there for an hour with their arms about each other and talked. He told her that old story in the old way, and she dropped her head over against his shoulder as she listened. Her lips were temptingly upturned, and he kissed her now and then appeared in court," said Abe. "Of course just to punctuate his sentences. He stroked her hair and asked her if she was sure

young fellow, with stylish clothes and eleshe had always loved him. She said she gant diamonds, the little old crooked pedhad And we-we sat there listening. The watchman's face was white, and his hands kept fondling his gun. LI did not like ed them with the old familiar 'Has du eavesdropping, and I whi pered to him to that effect, but he only hook his head. So we sat and heard it all. My companion was the regular watchn an. It was his robbery in Denver in which he duty to be there.

Presently the schooltescher said something I did not catch, but the girl's answer was plain enough. "Fred," she cried, with a laugh, "Fred!

Oh, you goose! You know I was only playing with Fred. The great fool! Why, I was just using him for a poodle. You pat him on the head, and he'd have a fit. You dear old muggins! How could you imagine I was soft on Fred—the idiot!"

She was talking of my companion, the watchman. I looked at his face, which gleamed pale in the moonlight, at his grimly set lips and then at the hammers of his gun drawn back to full cock. The look of bitterness and hate passed quickly into one of scorn. The watchman, who had been the girl's "poodle," actually smiled. Quick as I was, he was quicker. was a burst of flame, a dealening double



THEY SAT THERE AND TALKED. report, and two big loads of buskshot sped

harmlessly up into the moonlight. There was a shrick, and, looking backward, I saw the teacher flying away as fast as his legs would take him. His sweetheart was running after him, crying out to him to save her. Fred saw, too, and he laughed. We both laughed. It was such an unexpected falling of the curtain upon a little comedy that might have

The rest of that night passed quickly to us. Fred, putting aside his "business retold me all about it-how he had loved that girl and hated the teacher; how she had promised only a day or two before to be his wife; how he had married and built his castles in the air; but he reckon that this termination of his love affair had been best for him, after all.

James Russell Lowell is recorded as saying that he always liked to prepare his impromptu speeches. At a dinner given to mr. Longfellow during a visit to London. it was agreed that no set speeches should

After the fruit and coffee had been discussed, Admiral Farragut arose and protested that they could not dream of parting without hearing from Mr. Gladstone.
Mr. Gladstone began by assuring the
company that he was of the mind of Lord Palmerston, who said, "Better a dinner of herbs where no speaking is than white-bait and oratory therewith."

His "remarks" developed into an elo-quent oration. He had read the works of the American poet, and quoted passages from several of his poems, and concluded by paying a splended tribute to Mr. Long-

fellow's attainments. The subject of this superb panegyric was deeply touched, and replied without rising

in a few happily chosen phrases, prefaced with the remark that in his case the pen By a Light Laugh was nightier than the tongue, and that he could not make an extempore speech.—Youth's Companion.

Uses of Wire.

A few figures may be cited to illustrate Has Had Six Husbands and Is Yet how important a part wire plays in our leading industries and manufactures. The output of coal in Great Britain alone, which may be taken at fully 200,000,000 tons per annum, is mainly raised by the agency of wire ropes. The importance of carding wire may be appreciated from the fact that Great Britain's woolen export trade is worth £27,000,000 per annum. The consumption of wire netting is enormous, and the annual output in America and Europe of the one item of barbed wire for fencing-a comparatively new adaptation -is estimated to exceed 100,000 tons.

The world wide use of wire for telegraphic and other electrical purposes is too well known to need comment, one company in America owning no fewer than 648,000 miles in their own system.-Cham-

COLONEL BOWIE'S BLADE. Re Wielded a Deadly Weapon That Made

Two states claim the birthplace of Colonel James Bowie—Tennessee and Mary-land—and the question has never been definitely settled, but he gave the name to a weapon as deadly as any that has ever

been forged from steel.

Shortly after Louisiana became a state the old Spanish and French records created a great deal of trouble. It frequently happened that a planter who had taken up a large tract of land and fairly opened it out as a plantation would learn that it was claimed by some one under an old colonial grant. James Bowle was a very frequent claimant under these old laws, says a Chl-cago Times writer. Several capitalists of the time had sent him to Havana, where the old papers of the Spanish colony of Louisiana were kept, and caused careful transcripts of them to be made. They appointed as their agent to put them in possession of these properties James Bowie. In these early days it did not at any time take much provocation to bring on "a personal encounter," as a fight to the death was euphoniously entitled. A man who had been to the trouble of opening up an estate only to find it claimed by a lot of people he did not know was generally pretty ready to fight for it, whether a fight would settle the question or not.

The consequence of this state of things was that James Bowie and his two brothers, Stephen and Rezin Bowie, had on hand almost constantly some sort of "difficulty" that had to be fought out with deadly weapons. This was before the days when the percussion cap was in general use, and the smaller pistols of the period were flintlocks, inconvenient to carry and not very reliable. So the knife had to be used when one wanted a really trusted weapon. Mr. Bowie worked out with a pocketknife and shingle his idea of a apon that would be about the proper thing for the business he had in hand, and it was made by the local blacksmith at Shreveport, La., after this model, which

he carried for several years.

About 1830, however, he heard of a New Orleans cutler, a Spaniard named Pedro, who was making some knives of a wonderful kind and temper. They could be driven through a silver dollar without damage to point or edge. Mr. Bowie at once availed himself of the professional services of this artist, who made him a



COLONEL BOWIE PRESERVES ORDER. beauty. The blade was 9 inches long, and blade and handle together measured 15 inches. He used this weapon in 19 encounters, and it was in his stiffening hand when, with six dead Mexicans about him, showing the evidence of his fatal skill, he was found dead at the Alamo.

Bowie's method of using the knife was one peculiar to himself. He did not hold it in his hand with the long point downward, but grasped the handle as a swordsman would grasp the hilt of his sword. He always struck at the neck of his man and aimed for the jugular and seldom missed his coup. In the most famous of his battles-the one fought on Natchez island, an island in the Mississippi river almost opposite the city of Natchez-ke cut two men's heads almost off, giving each only a single sweeping blow.

Bowle only weighed 140 pounds when at his prime. He was a quiet, soft voiced man, who never drank nor dissipated in any way. He possessed enormous physical strength for his size and was as quick and lithe as a wildcat and as game. He was a terror to all the "hard cases" from Louisville to New Orleans.

In 1836 the Methodists about Church Hill, Miss., were holding their annual meeting. They had been a good deal disturbed by the crews of rough flatboatmen. a large number of whose boats were lying in the river below the town. One morning after service was ended a number of the men held a meeting to decide upon the measures to abate this trouble. Among them the parson, who was a newcomer, noticed a small man whose only peculiarity was a pair of steely, blue ringed eyes eyes like a cat. "I will attend the services tonight, gentlemen," he said in a low, gentle voice, "and will help you to settle any difficulty that may occur." This seemed very satisfactory to those present, but the clergyman somehow forgot to ask

who he was.

The evening service had begun. Just as the preacher was about giving out the second hymn a big Kentucky flatboatman staggered up in front of the pulpit and gave a Choctaw warwhoop. In a second the little man had him by the collar with his left hand, and in his right had a knife, with its point against the boatman's brawny throat. "If you say another word or make the slightest noise, by G-, I'll drive this knife through your neck from ear to ear!" The big man trembled like a leaf and silently took a seat, while the other, putting his knife out of sight, joined with great fervor in the singing of the hymn. There was never a quieter meeting held than that was thereafter. "Who was the gentleman was so speedily settled the difficulty tonight?" asked the minister when the service was ended. 'Don't you know?" his friend replied. "That was James Bowle."

She Held Colonel Bowie's Head. Senora Candelaria, who is said to be 109 years old, is the last survivor of the Alamo. She was in the fort during the 12 days from Feb. 23 to March 6, 1836, when 177 Texas Americans held it against 6,000 Mexicans. Senora Candelaria asserts that

she was supporting the head of Colonel

Bowle, who lay ill in the fort, when the Mexicans rushed in and killed him and wounded her. Her life was begun under the dominion of Spain, and she has seen five flags float over Texas. Her home is

Rather a Lively

Open for Engagement.

TRAGEDY TURNED TO COMEDY

The Finger of a Girl's Scorned and Rejected Lover Pressed the Trigger of His Gun and in a Moment Would Have Fired.

Everybody remembers the sensation when Divorce Lawyer Orson A. House of New York city was shot dead by his wife Irene. It was a poetically just affair-at least some novelists thought so-for House had narrowly escaped the penitentiary by reason of his crooked work in procuring divorces and had procured one for the woman who killed him.

Well, Irene Van Zandt House who was, Mrs. Redmond or Mrs. Carson who is, is once more in prison, this time in Trenton, and on a bewildering variety of charges. She has borne the names of six men, is 50 years old, almost as prett, as ever and has a most innocent and childish looking face, with soft, appealing blue eyes and a lavish wealth of soft light hair. And her life record runs thus: Ruin at 14, marriage,



MRS. IRENE CARSON. divorce, marriage, murder, insanity, marriage, divorce, insanity, and so on to big-

She has three married sisters in Tren-ton, all highly respectable, who stand by her in her troubles. To a reporter who recently visited her in jail she said: "I suppose I was pretty, as every one said so, but I had no moral nature or force. My mother was responsible for that. She knew nothing of the ways of the world and consequently taught me nothing of them. 'I was not married when my first child

was born. I was only 14, yet I had slipped from virtue. It was easy enough. "I never bore any real marital relation to Charles A. Anderson, though perhaps he would have married me had I insisted. It must appear strange to you. My father was a successful merchant, the winner of an independence, and my parents were

people of unquestioned respectability, yet I did as I pleased. I was born on Broad street, not more than a block away from this prison, in 1844. "Poor Anderson! He went to the war, and we saw little of each other. He is a wreck now, feeble and almost blind from

disease. I had him on my farm last summer for three days, but he was so disgusting that I was forced to send him away. I helped him to secure a pension, provided him with medicine and clothing and aranged for him to go to the home. The last I heard of him he was in Jersey City." She supported herself as a bookkeeper and then married one James W. Denver, but she says she found he had a wife and

she met with Arson A. House. He had a fine farm in Pennsylvania, with a palatial residence on it, and the pair lived there in summer with a great retinue of servants. The tragedy she tells thus: "Mr. House was devoted to me, but he became afflicted with paresis and abused me and my boy Willie. On June 30, 1876,

two children living and left him. Thus

he was about to strike my child, when I shot and killed him. I was tried and exonerated on the plea of self defense, but was sent to the state lunatic asylum.

Frank Parker, once famous as a baseball catcher, was her next, and he got a divorce from her. She next married Paul Redmond "because he professed to be a Christian and I wished to do better and thought he would make a good man for my farm."

But he didn't. He would have been a good man to spend her money, but she was too smart to let him have it. She is worth at least \$50,000, and Redmond still holds possession of her farm. Then she married Harry G. Carson, and a little the queerest event in her queer career followed. Her son William Anderson, her only child, born when she was 14, had her put in a lunatic asylum. Her lawyer secured her release, she and Carson went west, returned and had a "scrap" with Redmond, and so she is in jall once more.

Of course she claims to have had a legal separation from Mr. Redmond-some where. Just the same, he holds onto the farm, but when he called on Irene and her Mr. Carson in Trenton they, according to his story, assaulted him most grievously; hence this last incarceration.

How a Kentucky Gentleman Drinks. Grasping the lower part of the bottle in the right hand and tipping it over till the neck rested on the index finger of his left hand, Colonel William Duke let the whisky trickle out with a musical gurgle into the glass, the bottom of which was stained with mint juice. The colonel had crushed the juice out himself by pressing hard with his spoon on the leaves the bartender had dropped in the glass. Having done this, he removed the leaves and was ready for the whisky. When the glass was filled about haif with the red liquor that had the lazy sparkle of oil, he slowly stirred the decoction to get the mint juice well mixed with the whisky. All this time he spoke not a word, but kept his eye closely riveted on the half filled glass. After stirring the whisky and mint juice slowly and deliberately for about a minute he carefully removed the spoon, placed the rim of the glass between his lips, and closing his eyes and tossing back his head he drank the mixture with as much enjoyment as if it were the nectar of the gods. A loud smack of the lips and a shake of the head told that the colonel had recovered from his reveries.

How 'Bijah Jenkins Did. "I wish I had a smaller screwdriver, father," grumbled Jake Babson. "I can't make this work; it's too big for the screws.

"Jake," said Mr. Babson solemnly, "I'm terrible afraid you haven't got much fac'ity. If you had you could make that screwdriver do, or else you'd find some other way to get them screws out without raisin such a catouse. Have I ever told you'bout old 'Bijah Jenkins, the tinkerer?" "No, sir, I can't rec'llect anything 'bout him," replied Jake after a moment's re-

"Well," said Mr. Babson with a sigh of regret, "there was a man that had what ou might be safe to call fac'lty. He could right a clock an set her to goin again in no time: he could fix up a door lock or a hinge that was out o' kilter quicker'n a wink; he could pry things open an he could make

'em fast. He was a fust class all round tinkerer. An what d'you s'pose his tools

Record of Crime "Why," said Jake glibly, "a hammer, and a chisel, and a screwdriver, and a gimlet, and an awl, and"—

"You can stop right where you be," in-terrupted his father. "You wouldn't have ketched 'Bijah Jenkins burdenin himself with such a mess o' things as that. Folks where he went gen'rally had a hammer, I calc'late. If they didn't he could make out with a stone. All he carried was a broken clothespin an an old fork-a stout one 'twss-an a hen's feather, an a bottle o' glue that he made himself."

"Well, I swaney!" remarked Jake, whose amazement incapacitated him for further utterance.

"Yes, that was every namable thing he carried," repeated Mr. Babson, "He could serew an onscrew with the clothespin, an use it for a number o' other purposes. could pry with the fork, an he could jah with it, an bore a fa'r sized hole. He could ile with the hen's feather, an he could glue with it an kind o' smooth things up gen'rally. I tell you, Jake, he had fac'lty, "Now, let's see if you can't make out to get along with that screwdriver, such as

'tis," concluded Mr. Babson.

And Jake, not to be utterly routed by the posthumous fame of the old tinkerer, did.-Youth's Companion.

About the Jumbo Fever. Mr. Gaylord, who was with Barnum when Jumbo was bought, has been giving some curious details in an interview at Hong-Kong. Anxious to get up a sensation, Barnum (according to this account) gave £1,000 to raise an action to endeavor to interdict the departure of Jumbo. No sooner was this done than the whole of the representatives of the American papers in London began to cable columns of news about Jumbo. The Jumbo fever soon caught on. Jumbo's keeper, Scott, was secured for £600 a year. The preparations for the shipment were drawn out as much as possible, and a big demonstration over his departure was arranged. Scott had a quiet sign which the elephant knew to mean "lie down."

It was arranged that when he was to be taken from the gardens Scott should make this signal and the people would believe that Jumbo was unwilling to leave Alice, "The thing worked beautifully. The streets of London were crowded with thousands of people. As had been arranged, Jumbo lay down and refused to budge. All the while the wires were flashing the news to America, where the people were simply being manipulated in the hands of Mr. Barnum. All the papers had headlines, 'Jumbo Refuses to Leave Alice,' and a lot of rot of the same kind.

"When the farce had gone on long enough, Jumbo was taken on board the car as quietly as a lamb. When Jumbo

car as quietly as a lamb. When Jumbo landed the attendance rose to 76,000, and for the two weeks following the attendance was over 70,000. The net profits the year before they got Jumbo were £80,000; in the year they got him they rose to £160,000."—St. James Budget.

The Persevering Eel.

Young cels in passing up a river show the most extraordinary perseverance in overcoming all obstructions. The large flood gates—sometimes fifteen feet in height—on the Thames might be supposed sufficient to bar the progress of a fish the size of a darning needle. But young eels have a wholesome idea that nothing can stop them, and in consequence nothing does. Speaking of the way in which they ascend flood gates and other barriers, one writer says: "Those which die stick to the post; others, which get a little higher, neet with the same fate, until at last a layer of them. the same fate, until at last a layer of them is formed which enables the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage, "The mortality resulting from such 'for-

lorn hopes' greatly helps to account for the difference in the number of young eels on their upward migration, and that of those which return down stream in the autumn. In some places these baby eels are much sought after, and are formed in to cakes, which are eaten fried."-Rod and

THE EXECUTIONER OF PARIS.

The Discharge of His Duties Does Not Make Him a Popular Favorite.

Delbler, the Parisian hangman, or Monsieur de Paris," as he is often called, is naturally unpopular among his countrymen, although on one occasion he was received courteonsly and welcomed by the citizens of the place where he was about to show his expert ability as an executioner. This was at Rouen, where he went to guillotine a man named Gamelin, who had rutally murdered a little girl. The feeling against the scoundrel was so strong that Deibler was respectfully saluted by the populace as he went from his hotel to the place of execution. "Monsieur de Paris" is a thorough master of his grew-



M. DEIBLER. some calling and says he never felt at all nervous on the scaffold except when taking part in the execution of Rayachol, the anarchist. After this noted criminal had been bound he was put into the hearse to be conveyed to the place of execution, some distance in the town. Though perfeetly livid, he began howling a vile song and kept it up till the guillotine was reached. He endeavored to address the enormous crowds assembled, but the assistant executioners forced him on the bas cule. The howls and imprecations of the anarchist continued with such fury that Deibler for a few moments became unnerved, but he speedily recovered himself. He released the knife, and as it whizzed down the groove the crowd heard the anarchist shout, "Vive la repu"-.

The official standing by the guillotine affirmed that as the head dropped into the basket the lips distinctly emitted the concluding syllable "blique." The assertion gave rise to a good deal of controversy among the French savants, but it was generally conceded that the guillotine severs the head with such terrifle suddenness that it was possible the sound which the fellow was uttering was emitted after the knife had actually performed its deadly work. 'Monsieur de Paris' also officiated at the execution of the anarchists Vaillant, Henry and Cesario. The medical men who examined Henry's body declared that he died before the knife was released, his vital spark having been extinguished by general muscular contraction, induced by his supreme effort to shout the anarchist

war cry and die game. M. Deibler has a fortune of about \$80. 000 and receives for his work as executioner \$300 per month. He lives quietly and generally believed to be saving over one-half his salary.



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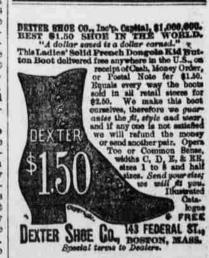
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