

AN INSANE MAN'S TERROR.

Only a Conductor's Contress Prevented a Pante in a Street Car.

A big, broad shouldered, handsome man boarded a Russell avenue car at Wisconsin street and took a seat near the front door. He was perhaps 40 or 45 years of age, well dressed, and of imposing appearance, but there were a wild, startled look about his face and an uneasiness in his manner indicating that something was wrong. The car had gone only a short distance when he began to pull nervously away from the corner, casting frightened glances over his shoulder as though he saw something beside him.

Suddenly he jumped up and rushed to the door of the car, throwing his arms wildly, as though beating off an assailant, and falling over the other passengers in his haste to get out.

"Shoot him! Shoot him!" he shouted to the conductor.

"Shoot him quick, or I'll have to pull his head off—I can't stand this any longer. He's after me! Shoot him, I say, or I'll pull his head off!"

The quick witted conductor, taking in the situation at a glance, pulled him out on the back platform and slammed the door behind him. "There," he said, "he can't get you now. I'll keep him in the car."

But the assurance did not satisfy the unfortunate man. He covered behind the conductor and peered over his shoulder to watch his imaginary pursuer. "There he comes! Throw him out!" he shouted again, clinging to the conductor in abject terror.

"You stay here, and I'll throw him out the front door," said the conductor, to pacify him.

"Will you throw him over the dashboard?"

"Yes."

"And will the mules trample on him?"

"Yes."

"And will the car run over him?"

"Yes."

"That's right—that will serve him right—throw him over the dashboard," and he laughed in great glee over the prospect of getting rid of his adversary.

The conductor went into the car and pretended to take somebody out of the far corner and push him out of the front door. The madman on the rear platform shouted his approbation and jumped up and down with joy. "There he goes," he screamed, "push him over—don't let him get away—push him over—show him under the car—it serves him right—he can't get me now!"

The ladies in the car were thoroughly frightened, and but for the coolness of the conductor there might have been a stampede.

He assured them that he would keep the man outside and get rid of him as soon as possible, which quieted them. The lunatic made no further demonstration beyond nervously watching the inside of the car as though he feared his foe would appear again, and when the car reached Greenfield avenue he said in a perfectly natural way: "Here is where I live. I'll get off here." He proved to be a south side gentleman whose family is caring for him. He had made his escape some hours before, and the members of his family were anxiously looking for him.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Big Men and Women.

What enormous fellows and what leviathan persons some of these Swedish men and women are! Nowhere will you see such noble specimens of adult humanity as in Stockholm's streets. The feature seems to pervade all classes, though it is not least striking among the nobility. Six feet is a common height for a man here, and really I do not believe I exaggerate in saying that men of 6 feet 3 or 4 inches are as abundant in Stockholm as men of 6 feet with us.

The tallness of the women is just as noteworthy. You remark it less, however, because they are so well proportioned. They say it is easy to tell by the size of the boots outside the doors which rooms of a hotel are occupied by the Swedish fair. This is a very endurable hit at the Swedish ladies. Though they do wear sixes or sevens in shoe leather, no sculptor would find fault with them on professional grounds. Moreover, they have most winsome complexions, and of course blue eyes are nowhere more intensely blue than here.

It is comforting to know—I speak on the evidence of one of the pensionnaires—that Swedish maidens have a great admiration for English bachelors. They read French novels, but they believe in English bridegrooms. The blood bond still exists, I suppose, between them and us.—Cornhill Magazine.

Jowett's Congratulations.

Another story of Professor Jowett. A student who had passed his "greats" with some distinction had, as was his wont, been taken up by the master and asked to partake of his hospitality. Tete-a-tete, the master inquired: "Well, Mr. —, what do you think of metaphysics?" "Oh," was the consequential reply, "my two years' study has convinced me that metaphysics are humbug." "Indeed," calmly observed the professor, "then you are a very lucky man, Mr. —, for there are some who have studied metaphysics until their seventieth or eightieth year and have not made that discovery."—Fall Mail Gazette.

Carter Harrison's Grain District.

When the late Carter Harrison was in congress, a granger member once took him to task for speaking on a bill affecting agricultural interests, telling him that he should leave its discussion to the representatives of the farmers, upon which Harrison retorted: "I am from a district only three miles long and two miles wide, but in it we raise more grain than do many states combined. It is raised by elevators."—New York Post.

ROGUES DREAD THE CAMERA.

Photographs Are the Greatest Police Aid in Capturing Criminals.

The greatest aid that the thief taker of today has in his possession is the photograph. The thief and outlaw dread the photograph above all things. The long immunity from arrest of Frank and Jesse James was due to the fact that no picture of them had ever been taken. They were thus enabled to walk the streets of Kansas City and St. Louis, to attend theaters, play faro in crowded banks, loiter around the rotunda of the Planters' hotel and attend the race meetings of the west.

The vanity of the wild western train robbers, bank holdups and horse thieves has, in scores of instances, led them to pose before the camera of the traveling tinsmith. After that capture was easy. The Dalton and Starr gangs owe their capture to this weakness. But the high class crook never has a picture taken unless it is taken by force and by police officers. A glance at the rogues' gallery on the walls of the chief of detectives' office will show a hundred instances of where men have fought desperately against the process.

All this amounts to nothing. No man can distort his face so as not to leave a recognizable feature. He cannot change the shape of his nose, his chin, his ears or the general outline of his head. The ear is particularly a valuable feature in identification. No two men in the world have ears exactly alike. The construction will differ, and the general expression of the ear has an individuality of its own. One pair of ears will stand out from the head like wings; another pair will lay close to the skull as if pinned there. It will be noticed that the subject is always posed so as to bring in the ears. Police prefer a view of the face and head, the larger the better, to a full length view. Where there are peculiarities of carriage or eccentricities of form, such as short legs, long legs, long body, long apelike arms or a peculiar slouch, additional pictures are taken, but as a rule these matters are left to the descriptive circular.

A criminal once in the toils and photographed for police purposes may count his career practically ended. Every police and detective agency in the country and every penitentiary warden or prison governor are supplied with a copy of it. He is taken in on suspicion on the strength of his features made familiar. His alias is swept away by comparison with it and the details that accompany it. The search for a fugitive is continued into the prisons of the country. It is a very common thing for criminals who are hard pressed for the commission of a capital crime to do like Jack Shea, the murderer of Officer Doran, did—commit a burglary or some minor crime and get put away for a few years in prison. Many a man has eluded pursuit when capture meant death by this ruse, but the photograph has reduced the success of this plan to the minimum. All members of the detective force are required to study the faces of the criminals sent in by circular.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Animal Barometers.

The tortoise is not an animal one would naturally fix upon as likely to be afraid of rain, but it is singularly so. Twenty-four hours or more before rain falls the Galapagos tortoise makes for some convenient shelter. On a bright clear morning, when not a cloud is to be seen, the denizens of a tortoise farm on the African coast may be seen sometimes heading for the nearest overhanging rocks. When that happens, the proprietor knows that rain will come down during the day, and as a rule it comes down in torrents. The sign never fails. This presentation, to coin a word, which exists in many birds and beasts may be explained partly from the increasing weight of the atmosphere when rain is forming, partly by habits of living and partly from the need of moisture which is shared by all. The American catbird gives warning of an approaching thunderstorm by sitting on the low branches of the dogwood tree (whether this union of the feline with the canine is invariable the deponent sayeth not), uttering curious notes. Other birds, including the familiar robin, it is said, give similar evidence of an impending change in the weather.—Chicago Herald.

A Legend of Nantucket.

About Vineyard sound there are numerous legends of a famous Indian giant. It is said that the rocks at Seaconnet are the remains of his wife, whom he threw into the sea there. He turned his children into fishes, and emptying out his pipe one day formed Nantucket out of its ashes. This latter story of Nantucket's source must account likewise for the well known story of that old Nantucket captain who was accustomed to make his reckonings by tasting the earth brought up on sounding. One day the lead was dipped in some earth brought on board ship from the island, and the captain, after tasting, leaped from his berth in great excitement exclaiming, "Nantucket's sunk, and here we are right over old Marm Hackett's garden." Naturally, he would recognize the taste of tobacco ashes.—Boston Transcript.

Taught the Teacher.

"Now, children," said the teacher of an Ellsworth primary school, "I want you to remember that wherever you find the letter q the very next letter will always be u!" A little girl with a very sage look held up her hand and bent over one side to give it greater elevation and the act more emphasis. "Well, Abigail Jane, what is it?" said the teacher. "In the alphabet the very next letter after q is u!" "Abigail Jane," said the teacher, with some asperity of tone and manner, "you may take your seat!"—Ellsworth (Me.) American.

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LISTEN!

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