

FAMOUS CROOK DYING

JIM BRADY ENDING HIS DAYS IN ALMSHOUSE.

Robbed Banks of Tens of Thousands and When He Reformed, Near His Seventieth Year, He Hadn't a Cent Left—His Experiences.

Big Jim Brady, one time most skilled and most feared of bank robbers, broken in health and spirits and not a penny left of the thousands which he gained by his craft, has been taken to the Westchester almshouse, near New York. Privation and disease have brought him almost to the door of death, but the doctors say he has a fighting chance. He used to be one of the biggest bank burglars in this country, the pal of Jimmy Hope, Big Frank McCoy, Bill Miller and the greatest criminals of his day. Broken in health by long imprisonment, he reformed a dozen years ago. He has been poor ever since he began to live honestly. Now he is dying a pauper, a dependant upon men who remember that 30 years ago he was a great man in the village of New Rochelle; the Midas of the little hamlet, the mysterious



"BIG JIM" BRADY.

capitalist who made long trips to some vague, outlandish place where he was a broker or speculator or something, and always came back with money to throw away. Once he was a giant. Now he is bent and gaunt, withered by age and disease and want. He is in his seventy-fourth year.

In speaking of an experience with Julius Doherty, an old-time pal, Brady said: "We were coming back from the southwest with a big leather bag full of money. Julius wanted me to break open a nice place with him in Washington. I said no; we had enough in the bag to go back to New York and live happy the rest of our lives. He said it would be a sin to pass this place by, it was so easy. We left the big bag at the railroad station. I strolled into the jewelry store, bought a diamond ring and a watch, and took a good look at the whole thing. I saw that the jeweler's son kept a clothing store around the corner and that the two buildings met at the rear. When I went there that night I saw that Julius was anxious about something. Soon I saw him dodge across the street and whisper to a policeman. I saw his whole scheme. I got the back window and through the clothing store. Grabbed a long coat with a cape as I went through. Then I slipped on a false moustache I had in my pocket and strolled around the corner into Pennsylvania avenue. 'Burglars inside?' I said to the three policemen who were trying to break in the door. 'Well, men, do your duty.' When I got a few blocks away I gave a cabman \$25 to catch the New York train. Yes, there was my friend, Julius Doherty, with the big bag full of money beside his chair. Oh, but I had fun with him. He never knew me in my disguise, though; I sat beside him all the way. At Jersey City, when the train slowed up, I said: 'Can I help you with that bag, sir?' Before he could say no, I took off my mous-

tache and I said to him in my own natural voice: 'If you touch that bag, I'll croak you.' And I would, too, in a minute. He took a flying jump off the train. I never saw him again." "Yes," the veteran robber continued, "I sat among the big ones for days. Went with the best, ate and drank the best. Why, I've passed for a senator and people never knew any better. I arrived in Montreal looking like a lord and introduced myself as a United States internal revenue commissioner. When I got tired of Montreal I went to Quebec and then to Three Rivers. It was the same everywhere. People couldn't do enough for me. And everywhere I went I was making my plans. I had my gang always in the same town. I'd be the United States commissioner in a bank in the afternoon, and that night my boys would crack it and get all the stuff. I did many a job in the west the same way. There's one thing, though, that beats us people—that's electricity. Show me the lock I can't pick, or wedge, or blow. But electricity—it's in the walls, under the floors, wires stuck in where you never think of them. Why, I remember a bank I got into one night, and I worked as nice as could be for half an hour. Then I just happened to move a chair. Would you believe they had electricity fastened to it somewhere? If I hadn't had my plan of retreat well worked out they'd have got me."

Brady used to own large tracts of land in New Rochelle. He lost it all while he was serving his last term in prison 12 years ago. He had all the property in his wife's name. She vanished. But before she went she sold everything. Brady enriched the members of his family, who never knew how he made his money. But now they are all poor. Not only did he own property and spend money lavishly, but he once aspired to be a leader in politics. This was 30 years ago. A valuable horse which Brady stole in Buffalo led to his arrest. He took the animal to New York and drove him a while. Tiring of him, Brady offered him for sale for \$4,000. While showing his paces the horse ran away, upset the buggy, broke the prospective buyer's arm and Brady's leg and three ribs.

A City's Church Census.

Youngstown, a manufacturing city in Ohio, with a population of 58,000, has been carrying out a church census on the lines projected in several cities recently, and the results are rather interesting. The work was done by 259 canvassers from a dozen Protestant churches, the Roman Catholic churches co-operating to the extent of indorsing the work. The returns show the following distribution of church-goers: Catholics, 11,493; Methodists, 8,037; Presbyterians, 4,127; Lutherans, 3,587; Disciples, 2,732; Episcopalians, 2,070; Baptists, 1,737; Reformed church, 1,413; Congregationalists, 1,233. The rest of the population is divided among Hebrews, Christian Scientists, Theosophists, Latter Day Saints, Unitarians and members of the Union Evangelical church. Only 2,500 persons, or 6 per cent of the population, confessed to have no church preference.—Kansas City Journal.

Oldest Veteran of Civil War.

William Welch of Claremont, N. H., has been celebrating his one hundredth birthday. Mr. Welch is probably the oldest living veteran of the civil war. At the age of 62 he enlisted in the Fourteenth New Hampshire volunteers and served until mustered out in 1865. He takes great pleasure in telling that he served under five men who later became presidents—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley.

Siamese Use Odd Numbers.

Number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, in Siam, must always be odd. Even numbers are considered unlucky.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Dr. F. Larroque reports to the French Academy of Sciences that his studies of the action of sounds upon the human ears prove that the auditory apparatus of each ear operates independently of the other. This appears to have a bearing upon the question whether the loss of hearing by one ear exercises an injurious effect upon its mate.

The Superintendent of Yerkes Observatory, G. W. Ritchie, has recently perfected a device which renders it possible for astronomers to use the ordinary visual telescope for photographic astronomy. The device consists of a color screen that can be adjusted to the lens of a powerful telescope, thus adapting it for photographic use.

In the little furnace by which Goldschmidt obtains a temperature of over 2000 degrees Centigrade, the fuel is aluminum mixed with iron rust, and this is ignited by a shellacked bead of the aluminum (which is pulverized, of course) and peroxide of barium, into which a piece of magnesium wire is inserted. There is scarcely a metal known that cannot be reduced in this furnace. The containing vessel may be of wood lined with sand and the heat can be regulated by varying the quantity of the mixture.

According to an English expert diamonds are in process of formation in Hawaii. He spent much time and some money following up the first indications that attracted his attention. In many respects, he says, the formation here is like that of the diamond fields of Kimberly. But after researches extending over several months he came to the conclusion that, while the formation there is like that in which diamonds are found, the process has not yet gone far enough, but is still going on, and that in the course of 100,000 years or so Hawaii will be a great diamond field.

A new process for the production of nickel has been announced by the French Metallurgical Society. The object of the process is to obtain pure nickel in two operations only, starting from the nickel matte. In the first operation the nickel is treated in the Maubec converter, the iron being thus totally removed, and a crude sort of pig nickel obtained, which contains about three per cent of sulphur. In the second operation the crude nickel is placed in an open hearth furnace, and by special desulphurizing agents the sulphur is removed and pure nickel obtained.

Materials and machinery to carry on the petroleum industry have recently been imported into Japan on quite an extensive scale as a result of the discovery of new oil fields in the province of Echigo. In Kashiwazaki, the city nearest to the new fields, seventy producing and thirty refining companies have been started and a number of drilling companies organized to put down wells by contract for owners. Japan consumes annually about 60,000,000 gallons of refined petroleum, of which amount about one-third is produced by local refiners. This shows a marked increase over the ratio of the native and foreign product a year ago, which was then one to ten. The present daily product of petroleum in Japan is stated as follows: The Nagamine and Kamada (new) fields, 2400 barrels; the Nagaoaka and Mitsu Eastern fields, 1000 barrels; minor fields in other provinces, 600 barrels; total, 4000 barrels.

Australia Wants Domestic Help.

The British Women's Emigration Society offers free passage to Western Australia and profitable places when they have arrived there to good, strong domestic servants. But it advises servants who are seeking light places, with no scrubbing, a regular evening out, as well as all day Sundays, to bide by the mother country. Women who want Paris gowns, grand pianos and "at home" days are also cautioned against availing themselves of the advantages of travel offered. Strong, practical women, who are willing to work hard and take the rough with the smooth, are the ones wanted. Wages are high, but the work is apt to be hard. New Zealand is also calling for domestic help, and intelligent women who will become companion helps are at a premium in Canada.

"He Was My All."

Baron Von Kettler was shot through the head. Word was sent at once to the Tsungli-Yamen and they only found the two chairs, badly crushed. The interpreter says the Minister shot and saw him fall. It fell upon me to bear the word to his sweet young American wife. They had been married three years. She said: "I have lost all, and in a strange land. He was my husband, my mother, my brother, my children, my all, and he is swept from me." I helped her pack some things and we went together to the British Legation. —From Mrs. Conger's story of the German Minister's murder, in a letter to a friend.

Worthy of His Hire.

A stranger got off the car, and, addressing a newsboy asked him to direct him to the nearest bank. "This way," said the newsie, and, turning the corner, pointed to a skyscraper just across the street. "Thank you, and what do I owe you?" said the gentleman, pulling a penny out of his pocket. "A quarter, please." "A quarter! Isn't that pretty high for directing a man to the bank?" "You'll find, sir," said the youngster, "that bank directors are paid high in Chicago."—Chicago Tribune.

JEW'S CEASE TO COME.

Exodus of Roumanians Has Ceased.

To the probable relief of the governments of Hungary, Austria, and Holland, and to some extent the United States also, the exodus of Jews from Roumania has practically ceased, says Robert Attner in the Chicago Record. More than 3,000 of those who last started for America got no further than Budapest or Vienna, whence they were promptly sent back to Roumania. For the present it is believed the movement is over, at any rate until next year. Beginning in the early summer of this year the number of these emigrants increased so rapidly that the governments of Hungary and Austria, whose territories they were crossing, became alarmed. For the most part the travelers were without means of subsistence and threatened to become a burden on the local authorities of these countries. The Dutch government, too, became interested, since Roumania, in her anxiety to rid herself of the Jews was giving to as many of them as space permitted free transportation on the state steamship line to Rotterdam, indifferent as to whether they had the necessary means to cross the Atlantic or not. Each of these countries made strong diplomatic remonstrances to Roumania on this subject, and both Austria and Hungary gave notice that the refugees would not be permitted to cross their borders unless they were provided with sufficient funds to reach Hamburg, Bremen or some other port of embarkation. These conditions were strictly enforced, and nearly a score of emigrant parties, numbering in all more than 3,000 men, women and children, were sent back to Roumania. Meanwhile the attention of the treasury authorities at Washington had been drawn to the movement. In nearly every case the parties going to America claimed that Canada was their destination, but the officials of the United States legation in Vienna had strong reasons to conclude that the emigrants were going to Canada with the intention of crossing the bor-

der into the United States and thus evading the laws governing the admission of immigrants into that country, with which they were not in a position to conform. The Vienna legation promptly reported the matter to the state department, and steps were immediately taken to strengthen the force of immigration inspectors along the Canadian frontier. In addition, Robert Watchorn, special immigration inspector, was directed to go to Roumania and investigate the conditions there. Recently a conference was held at Vienna, at which Charles V. Herdlika, charge d'affaires at Vienna; Arthur S. Hardy, United States minister to Greece and Roumania; Mr. Watchorn from Washington, and M. Take Jonesco, ex-minister of finance, Roumania, were present. M. Jonesco, who seemed thoroughly familiar with the whole situation, explained the conditions leading up to the movement. The real reason for the attempted exodus was, he said, the temporary distress prevailing in Roumania. There had been a run of bad harvests and very little money was left in the country. No classes had suffered more keenly than the small shopkeepers, small money lenders and artisans, and the bulk of these were Jews. There was, too, a permanent overcrowding of the business in which the Jews usually engaged, and the situation was rapidly growing worse through the constant stream of Jewish immigrants, in spite of the laws prohibiting their admission to the country. Another reason for the emigration movement, and of an entirely different character, was to be found in the new Jewish generation now growing up. These young Jews are extremely dissatisfied with the social and political position of their race in Roumania. They resent the contemptuous toleration extended to them and demand to be put on an equality with their neighbors. If they cannot succeed in getting these conditions altered they prefer to leave the country.

Sat on the Hat

WHITE WOMAN CRUSHES GORGEOUS HEAD-GEAR OF A NEGRESS.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: An amusing incident, in which a white woman, a black man and a new hat figured, occurred in the waiting room at Union station. The station was crowded with in and out bound passengers and seats in the waiting room were at a premium. The colored woman, flashily dressed and walking with a self-satisfied air, entered. Spying two vacant seats in one corner, she started toward them, sat down in one and placed a pasteboard box containing a hat, for the purchase of which she had traveled to town, on the other. A few minutes later a handsomely dressed white woman entered the station. Her eyes wandered in the direction of the colored woman and fell upon the seat occupied by the bandbox and its owner. When she reached the seat she looked at the bandbox and then inquiringly at the woman. The latter paid no attention to her, and she finally pointed to the box and asked the colored woman if it was hers. The latter nodded in the affirmative and the white woman requested her to

remove it. The other refused, saying she had paid as much fare as the white woman and did not intend to set her hat on the floor or hold it in her lap. A wrathful gleam flashed into the eyes of the white woman. She looked the woman over for a moment and then turned as though to walk away, but instead dropped leisurely into the seat on which was the bandbox. It was one of those lazy ways of sitting down, where the entire weight of the body is thrown in. The woman was not a lightweight, and as she sat down there was a ripping of pasteboard and a crunching of straw, red flowers, lace and feathers. The owner of the bandbox let out a yell which aroused every one in the station and pushed the white woman out of the seat. But she was too late. The gorgeous hat was crushed all out of shape. The colored woman's scream attracted the police, but when they learned what caused the trouble they took no action. The hat crusher refused to give her name or address and the colored woman was so angry that she was unable to articulate distinctly.

California Flower Seed Trade.

From the Washington Star: Flower seeds are extensively grown in California, where there is cultivated a great assortment of varieties, and, while nearly all kinds flourish, there is so much hard work and close application necessary that we have not been able to successfully compete with Europe on most things. Sweet peas, nasturtiums, cosmos, verbenas, petunias and asters are quite successfully grown, and the seed trade now looks to California for most of the sweet peas and a great many nasturtiums. Southern California has some very prominent growers of fine double petunias and other plants. The rapid advance of the California sweet pea seed in popularity is most marvelous. A beginning was made in this line in a moderate way about 1885, when there was not

over a dozen varieties listed. At first about a quarter of an acre was grown, now one grower alone has grown from 150 to 200 acres of them each year for the past five years, and there are no less than 125 varieties in his complete list. This grower has introduced more than twenty varieties of great merit in the last three years, among them the famous race of "Cupids." So important a factor have the California sweet pea flowers become to the seed trade that some dealers go there annually from the east to inspect the growing crops and to hunt for novelties in the sweet pea line. Flower seeds are grown in a number of places throughout the United States, but only a portion of the trade is supplied with home-grown seed. Outside of California limited amounts of flower seeds are grown.

Wheelwomen in Europe.

Wheelwomen in Europe meet with many difficulties. In Russia everything is managed "by order of the Czar," and cycling is no exception to the rule. Before a woman can possess a wheel she must obtain royal consent, and as this is granted quite sparingly, there are but few wheelwomen in Russia. France recognizes the right of the husband to be boss, and before madame can join the touring club she must first obtain a signed declaration from her spouse granting her the privilege. In Florence women cyclists

must carry two bells to warn pedestrians of the machine's approach. Men are only required to have one bell.

Frogs Are Fish in Law.

A citizen of Hartford, Conn., was arrested for catching frogs in a public reservoir. He was fined and appealed the case. The Superior court has just decided that frogs are fish within the meaning of the statutes and that the accused was, therefore, liable under the law. The citizen had pleaded that the statute did not refer to frogs.

A WOMAN'S WAYS.

She will laugh while the tears still dim the eyes, She will sing a song to cover the sighs, She will fight for the mastery over pain, Full many an untold battle she gains; Then over a mouse will faint away, But that is only a woman's way.

She will take her place in the battle of life, And bear uncomplaining the brunt of the strife, Her strength and energy ready to share, And always trying a smile to wear; But in a dispute the last word she'll say, For that is just a woman's way.

She rocks the cradle of life's greatest men; She has ruled the world since the world began; She can reach a decision and act on the same.

While a man spends the time in arguments lame; But when she goes shopping she takes one day, For that is just a woman's way.

—Ohio State Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bill—"Wot did 'Arry get for picking up the loidy's purse when she dropped it?" Jim—"Six months."—Tit-Bits.

"So you never had a lovers' quarrel?" "Never." "Dear me! What's the use of being engaged, then?"—Chicago Post.

Little Willie—"Mamma, what's that white stuff?" Willie's Mamma—"That's whipped cream." Little Willie—"Was it bad before it was whipped?" "The play's the thing," full loudly cried The actor, rich in fame, "Of course it is," the lass replied, "Provided golf's the game."

Miss Gushy—"Mr. Tipps is so impulsive. He carries everything before him." Miss Gushy—"Yes, of course he does. He used to be a waiter."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Have you read my new book?" asked the author of his friend. "No," was the reply; "I have been quite ill, and the doctor has warned me to be careful."—Atlanta Constitution.

He boasted of his pedigree, But when he went to college They would not give him his degree; And so, you see, his family tree Was not the tree of knowledge.

"Hadm't we better burn all our love letters, Ethel?" "Oh, no, Herbert; maybe after we have been married awhile we'll get dull some evening and want something funny to read."—Indianapolis Journal.

Irish Manservant (who has been requested by a guest to procure him a bluebottle for fishing purposes), returning from his quest—"If ye please, sorr, would a green soda-water bottle be what you're wantin'?"—Punch.

Ethel—"When a man talks all by himself, what is that called?" Mamma—"Why, that's called a 'monologue.'" Ethel—"Oh, I see. When the cats get to talking on the back fence, that's a 'catalogue,' isn't it?"—Philadelphia Record.

"I do believe that young pair have come to an understanding at last," said the landlady. "If they have, they are the first couple in love that ever exhibited any signs of possessing understanding." said the Savage Bachelor.—Indianapolis Press.

Fair Visitor—"So you have really decided not to sell your house?" Fair Host—"Yes. You see, we placed the matter in the hands of a real estate agent. After reading his lovely advertisement of our property neither John nor myself could think of parting with such a wonderful and perfect home."—Tit-Bits.

Philadelphia's Only Log Cabin.

The Philadelphia Record says that the only log cabin in Philadelphia is to be torn down to make way for the widening of Mermaid Lane near Chestnut Hill. The old cabin, which stands at the corner of Mermaid Lane and Germantown avenue, has been in constant use as a residence since it was erected by Christopher Yeakel, in 1743. It is a one-story structure, built entirely of hewn logs, and for many years has been one of the picturesque sights of upper Germantown. It is still called the Yeakel cottage, and although more than a century and a half old it has always preserved a cosy and home-like air. It is said to be the only survivor in this part of the country of a style of dwelling that once prevailed almost universally outside the cities and towns.

How They Made Up.

"Mary," said Mr. Thomas, when a silence fraught with unpleasant meaning had followed his first altercation with his young wife.

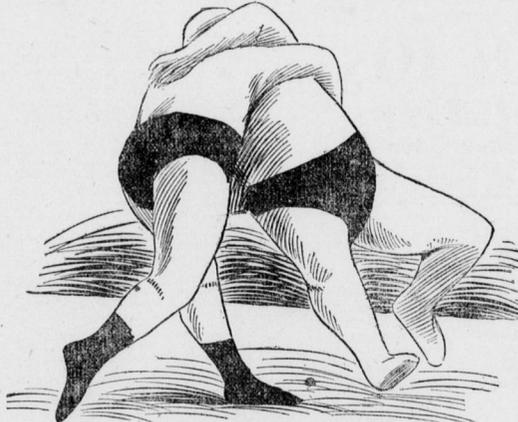
"Yes," said Mary, interrogatively. "When a man and his wife have had a difference," said Mr. Thomas, with a judicial air, "and each considers the other at fault, which one of the two do you think should make the first advance toward reconciliation?"

"The wiser of the two," said Mrs. Thomas, promptly; "and so, my dear, I'll say at once that I'm very sorry." It occurred to Mr. Thomas that it might have been as well for him to make the first advance, but he thoughtfully refrained from saying so.—Chicago Weekly Telegraph.

Ineffective Gun Fire.

The Boers have already scattered their guns singly or in pairs about their position, with the result that they have rarely brought a volume of artillery fire to bear on one spot, and their fire would be continually switched from one point to another. It is true that their guns were thus very hard to locate, but this dispersion was the very cause of these guns always failing to achieve the least success. They never have sufficient control over their scattered guns to converge their fire on to any particular spot, and therefore rarely did more than make their opponents feel uncomfortable or induce the British troops to adopt open formation earlier in the day.—Army and Navy Journal.

SPORT OF GIANTS.



FINAL ROUND: CLARKE THROWING STEADMAN.

Once a year all Britisners within comparatively easy distance repair to Grasmere's fair vale, in Cumberland county, England, there to witness the sports of the Dalesmen. It has been so for nearly fifty years, and it is not likely to cease, if one may judge by the experiences of this year. On that day the wrestling, running, jumping, etc., were justly appreciated by an assemblage both distinguished and numerous. In connection with the first-named sport, the name of Mr. George Steadman seems always to have been

prominent. He and Mr. George Lowder have pretty well shared the honors of wrestling at Grasmere, and, indeed, elsewhere. Mr. Steadman won last year; he again won this year in the preliminaries, but was thrown by Hexam Clarke in the final round. The picture presented here is from a snapshot taken at the finish of the final round between Messrs. Steadman and Clarke, and the cartoon above represents a group of well-known men of might who took part in the Cumberland matches this year.