

CASHED HER TRUCK PATCH.

Widow Sullivan's Good Fortune in the Possession of a Piece of Oil Land.

In the early days of Beaumont's history as an oil city columns of stories were sent out in which this person or that one had come into possession of a fortune in a day or night. Some of these stories were without foundation, but, on the other hand, many of them were true, for this was a boom in which the home people and the original owners of the land profited immensely, says a Beaumont (Tex.) correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. In some cases it was a poor colored family owning a little patch of ground within two or three miles of the magic Spindletop Heights that sold out to some prospector who had come to "get in on the ground floor," or a white family trying to wrest a precarious living from the ground by means of a "truck patch" suddenly became the owner of a comfortable bank account through the sale of its garden as "oil land."

Of all those who profited by the oil strike, the "Widow" Sullivan, as she is commonly known, was one of the most fortunate. For several years residents of Beaumont have been familiar with the pathetic figure of a woman, poorly clad and seemingly half fed, who drove a wagon drawn by a scrawny team through the streets, going from house to house. In the wagon she had three or four barrels, and into these barrels she poured the blugs gathered from the various kitchens she visited. When she had thus accumulated a load she would drive her rickety vehicle to her little farm, about three miles south of the city, where she would feed the contents of her barrels to a number of hogs that she kept. In this way, toiling through sun and rain, through heat and cold, "Widow" Sullivan has managed for several years to earn enough to satisfy her few wants, though hers was a life of the hardest and meanest kind of labor, with no vacations or cessation from toil. Her story was a sad one, but no one ever heard her complain. Her husband died several years ago. She donned a black calico dress, and the next day after the funeral she had taken up the task which she has since pursued so faithfully.

"Widow" Sullivan's little piece of land was nearly two miles from the gusher, but people thought that oil was to be found all around the big gusher, and the widow soon had an offer for her land that would have earned the head of most women in these circumstances. But she refused all offers until the wild rush after land had reached its height. She parted with her little "truck patch," and the same day she walked into one of the banks and deposited \$35,000 to her credit.

The next day the "Widow" Sullivan was seen seated on her rickety wagon, making her old rounds of the kitchens and carting her barrels off to her hog pen, and, though she sold her land five months ago, she is still guiding her scrawny team back and forth between her humble house and the kitchens of Beaumont. She still makes her home on the land she sold, for the man who bought it has not even erected a derrick on it.

ATTACKED BY A HERON.

A Sportsman's Account of an Exciting Encounter with One of the Waders.

"I've hunted everything from gray squirrels to grizzlies," said a veteran Philadelphia sportsman, recently, reports a local exchange, "and the nearest I ever came to being seriously injured by any sort of game was one time when a wounded bird attacked and tried to kill me.

"It was a boy then, and went down to a creek that flowed through my father's farm to watch for a mink. It was early in the evening and a blue heron came and sat within tempting gunshot. I knew it would spoil my chances at mink to shoot the bird, and I didn't intend to do it, but kidlike I raised the gun and took aim just too soon to see how I could kill it if I would. I lowered the gun and then raised it again. Every time I raised it I would touch the trigger gently. After awhile I touched it too hard, the gun went off, and I started toward the heron, which was wounded.

"I thought it would be a good scheme to catch the bird, and started off to do so when its bill shot out like a sledge hammer and struck me between the eyes. When I came to my senses it was dark, and it was several minutes longer before I could remember where I was or what had happened. A little harder and the bird would have killed me. I tremble yet when I think of what would have been the result if the bill had struck one of my eyes."

Good Thing for Poor Brides.

A curious custom exists in the Prussian family of selecting every July a half dozen young couples too poor to marry and having them wedded in the garrison church at Potsdam on the anniversary of the death of Queen Louise of Prussia. After the ceremony each bride receives a gift of a sum equivalent to about \$125 and a handsome family Bible.—Chicago Chronicle.

Only a Matter of Taste.

Fiskerina. Do you mean to tell me you eat mud-buns?
Hunter. Why not? I'd rather eat a mud-bun than one of your mud-cats.—Chicago Tribune.

TYPEWRITING ABROAD.

It is Considered Discourteous to Send a Typewritten Letter on Any Pretense.

"Yes, sir, we send typewriters all over the world," said a young man sitting in the lobby of one of the big Chicago hotels, to his companion, reports the Inter Ocean. "Why, only last week we shipped 20 to Turkey, and next week we are going to send 25 to the sultan himself."

The elderly party who was sitting in the vicinity of the young man listened to this conversation with undisturbed horror, and at this point could restrain himself no longer. "Young man," he said, with a voice trembling with feeling, as he arose and confronted the speaker, "have you ever stopped to consider the damnable baseness of the business you are engaged in? Think of your mother! Think of your sisters, if you have any, and abandon this vile traffic in Christian women. Oh—"

The young man to whom the elderly party was addressing himself had gazed in open-mouthed wonder, but at this stage had to throw himself back in his seat and roar with delight, while the old man looked on reproachfully. Finally he gasped to his companion: "I'm blued if the old party doesn't think I'm talking of shipping women."

When the young man recovered himself he explained to the old gentleman that his conversation referred to machines, not women, and the old gentleman, with a relieved look, walked hastily away and left the young man to finish their conversation.

The one who had been interrupted resumed: "We send typewriters to every country in the world except China. Of course there are typewriters made in Europe, but no country has been able so far to make a machine that can even faintly compare with those of American make. We have to make machines that will write the language of the various countries, but that is only a matter of minor detail.

"There's a funny side to the use of the typewriter abroad. Take France, for instance, where we are placing a great many machines. A French merchant will sit down and dictate a series of letters to his stenographer. Then the stenographer will take his notes—no, they don't have women stenographers abroad—and will go to his typewriter and dash off the letters. After this is done he will take the letters to his employer and the latter will look over them carefully, making such changes or corrections as may be necessary. Then the business man will hand the typewritten sheets to another clerk, who will copy them in long hand, and these are the letters that are sent to the business man's correspondents.

"Wouldn't that frost you? You see, it is a fetish of the business man abroad that all letters on business, or any other old subject for that matter, must be in handwriting. A German, or French, or Spanish, or British merchant who received a letter from a correspondent written on a typewriter would throw about 11 kinds of fits in rapid succession. It would be viewed as a mark of the greatest discourtesy. That is one of the reasons why the Americans find it so hard to capture South American trade.

"But they're getting educated abroad. We've put a crimp or two in them, and some of the foreign firms are trying to use typewriters more in business affairs. They're buying more machines every year, and it is only a matter of time until they'll all do as the Americans do."

THE SLEEPLESS BABY.

Its Restlessness Often the Result of Overfeeding—A Mother's Suggestions.

A young infant when in perfect health sleeps the greater part of both night and day—only waking to take its food. Therefore, when it is restless and wakeful there must be some cause for it, which must at once be sought for by the nurse or mother. Sometimes its clothing is too tight, or, in very rare cases, a pin may be irritating the tender skin; even a crease or wrinkle in one of the tiny undergarments may disturb its rest. But more frequently is sleeplessness caused by overfeeding, says a writer in the Scotsman. The well-meaning mother, especially if she be young and inexperienced, will imagine that every time her darling cries it must be a sign of hunger. I dare say all of us—although we would not admit it for the world—have sometimes experienced a consciousness that we have eaten too heartily a dinner. With us the remedy is in our hands in the shape of exercise, but a tiny infant has to lie in that position in which its mother places it, frequently on its back; its misery is unpeakable, and it can only cry—it cannot even get up. It is desirable to have fixed hours for feeding your baby, and an interval of at least two hours should elapse between each meal. I believe that all must agree with the theory that there is greater danger in overfeeding than in underfeeding an infant. It is sometimes a good plan to completely undress a sleeping, crying baby, pass a sponge wrung out of warm water all over its little body, dry thoroughly and dress it again. From my own personal experience this has been known to succeed where everything else failed, and although it may entail a little trouble, the result is well worth it; in any case it can do no harm.

Bronze is Vogue.

Bronze is a fashionable color for wall paper, especially in rooms where it is admissible to use dark brown-tinted oak furniture. Detroit Free Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"I sometimes think myself he's not a good actor." "Good? Why, I'm willing to bet even his liver doesn't act right."—Philadelphia Times.

"Your ancestors must all have been fighting men." "Oh, no; those are only papa's lodge awards. He is a 'joiner,' you know."—Indianapolis News.

She—"It's no use bothering me, Jack. I shall marry whom I please." He—"That's all I'm asking you to do, my dear. You please me well enough!"—Punch.

Patron—"On what plan is this meal served?" Walter—"A la carte, sir." Patron—"A la carte, eh? That accounts for this steak. It's horse meat, sure."—Philadelphia Press.

"Ha, ha! I think those jokes about the women who shop and don't buy are too funny." The Other—"Do, eh? That's because you're not married and don't have to foot the bills when they come in!"—Town and Country.

Barber—"Yes, sir; this is an old-established shop." Victim—"I thought so. Reminds me of the days when the barber was also the dentist. There's a great deal of pulling done here yet."—Philadelphia Record.

Bizzer—"May I borrow your umbrella, old man?" Buzzer—"I'm sorry, but it isn't mine." Bizzer—"Oh, then I'll just walk off with it." Buzzer—"Not much! I borrowed that umbrella many months ago."—Ohio State Journal.

"Dubbly, the collector, is a very peculiar fellow, isn't he?" "Worse than that. He's actually daffy." "What is his most peculiar feat?" "He has one of the largest and most expensive collections of receipted bills I ever saw."—Indianapolis News.

GOLD CHAIN ON HER ANKLE.

New Fad of the Golf Girl That Has Become Popular of Late.

A young woman living in New York has astonished her friends by the new fashion she has brought home from abroad. Around one of her ankles is linked a gold chain bracelet or anklet of heavy Tuscan gold fastened with a turquoise amulet clasp, says the New York Sun.

This is worn outside the stocking and is plainly in evidence when a golf skirt is worn.

It would seem far too striking a fashion to find favor with women of good taste, but it is difficult to tell exactly what will strike the feminine fancy. Already a few of her friends have ordered similar anklets in gun metal and silver of less elaborate fashion than that worn by the young woman, who brought the fad direct from Paris, where it was introduced by a Russian woman of title.

One of these anklets being observed at a Turkish bath patronized by women, the attendant was asked if the custom was general.

"A great many women," said the girl, "wear these chain bracelets, some above the knee and others at the ankle. I have never known of their being worn outside the stockings, however, as I have been usually called to assist the wearer to adjust the stockings over the anklet, sometimes a difficult task to perform without tearing delicate hosiery."

All summer long women have been wearing bracelets outside the sleeve and the new anklet fad seems to have originated in the new and rather pronounced fashion of exhibiting the bracelet. These odd fashions, however, have a short life on this side of the water, although they are carried to extremes abroad, especially by the fashion makers of Paris.

TOMB OF AN ANCIENT KING.

Objects of Archaeological Interest and Value Unearthed in Russia.

The grave of a king or chieftain, who was buried at Seddin, in Russian West Priegnitz, 3,000 years ago, has been carefully excavated and many bronze objects added to the provincial museum in consequence, says the New York Times. There are beaten and cast bowls, iron pins, rings and knives of bronze, necklaces with enamelled beads and bronze tubes and other objects belonging to the bronze age. About the large tumulus there had always hovered the tradition that a king was buried in a triple coffin. When examined it was found to conceal a nine-cornered vault made of large, erratic blocks of stone plastered with clay and painted with red pigment.

In this rude tomb was a gigantic vase of pottery, and within the vase was a box of gilded bronze having lid of the same metal, the box decorated with small knobs. The tradition said three coffins and proved correct. In the box were the remains of a man 30 or 40 years old, whose body had been burned. No inscription was found, and the only means of determining the age of the interment is the style of bronze objects and vase. German antiquarians believe that it belongs to a very early Teutonic race in northern Germany which practiced cremation, a race that was succeeded by a Slavic people, who in turn were driven out very generally by the modern German tribes. It is not a little remarkable that the farming population of Prussia is tending again to Slavs. The German-speaking people are emigrating or moving into the cities and manufacturing towns.

Glacial Action.

It is to be hoped that the discovery of a buried glacier in Colorado, says the Denver Republican, is not going to cause the New York ice trust to start westward.

AN ILLINOIS SNAKE.

Takes Up Quarters in a Newspaper Office and Expels the Mice.

Every well-regulated printing office has a watering can in which water is kept to wet the type. For want of a better place, the one in the Home Journal office is usually kept on a window sill on the north side of the room. One day during the recent drought two of our printers were sitting on their stools at this window striking type, when they were nearly petrified by the sight of a snake protruding its head above the sill from the outside. The boys almost broke their necks in getting away. Reaching over into the pan, the snake took a good drink, and before the startled printers could secure a club with which to dispatch the reptile, it had disappeared, says the Lacon (Ill.) Home Journal.

The next day at the same hour the snake came for another drink, and this was repeated the third and fourth days, but the last time it was attacked from the rear by a big black Thomas cat that makes its home at Lester's livery barn, next door. It was a lively fight for a few seconds, but the cat was too much for the snake, although it was fully four feet long, and the reptile made a shoot for the rear of the office. The cat was after it like a streak of lightning, but the snake found a hole in the brick wall and disappeared under the building.

That was two weeks ago. Before that time the printing office was overrun with mice, but since then there hasn't been a mouse about the place. Any of our readers who are troubled with mice are cordially invited to come and borrow our snake for a few days.

ONE MACHINE GUN.

Properly Worked Is Equal in Effect to Two Hundred Rifles Well Handled.

The destructive power of the machine gun as compared to the small arm even in large numbers has been the subject of interesting trials abroad, reports of which have reached the navy department here, says the Baltimore Sun.

That one machine gun properly and effectively worked is equal to 200 rifles in the hands of as many soldiers has been amply demonstrated. Each shot from the machine gun works greater injury also to the body struck than the small bullet of the army rifle, and its range is far greater.

In recent trials 50 marksmen were chosen to compete with the Hotchkiss eight-millimeter gun, which has lately been widely adopted in France and Germany. The ranges fired were from 400 to 800 yards. At 800 yards the 50 riflemen, each having five rounds independently, obtained 54 hits, or 25.6 per cent. of the number of rounds fired. Thirty-two men were then chosen from among the 50, and these had to fire each eight rounds in 30 seconds. Under these conditions 34, or 13.3 per cent. of the rounds expended, were recorded.

The machine gun was then brought into action, and in 25 seconds fired 211 bullets, making 145 hits. It was shown from the results that the machine gun was far ahead in its made and rapidity of fire. No such practical tests of the relative merits of the machine gun and a number of small arms have been made before.

WINDOWS CLEANED AT NIGHT.

Expedient Adopted in a Building So Tall That Workmen Become Dizzy.

"We have introduced an innovation in our building, that is practiced nowhere else in town," said the agent of a New York skyscraper, reports the Sun. "We clean our windows at night."

"Our chief reason for the change was that from the very beginning our building has seemed to be a regular hoochie for window cleaners. Although no higher than a good many other buildings in town, the situation has the effect of making the cleaners lose their heads and no matter what precautions were adopted hardly a week passed that somebody did not fall and break his neck or his shoulder blade, or, at the very least, skin his crazy bone.

"After two or three score cleaners had been incapacitated for duty by tumbling out of our windows the whole fraternity began to fight shy of us. They all said that to look down at that particular section of the street made them so dizzy that they couldn't keep right side up even though tied to the sill, and at last, as a remedy, we suggested that the windows be washed at night when the distance to the sidewalk would be eliminated by the darkness.

"I found a man who seemed willing to risk his neck, and so he scrubbed all one night without suffering bodily injury. He agreed to serve us regularly thereafterward. So we have all the work done at night now."

Fire Plugs in Kansas Prairies.

The traveler over the Kansas prairie finds many towns that once had water-works systems now containing only a few people. The fire plugs are sticking out in the buffalo grass and they are the playgrounds of prairie dogs and the roosting places of the prairie owls.

New York's Roof Dwellings.

On the roofs of some of the high buildings in New York little houses are erected in which dwell those connected with the care-taking of the structures. Families are reared there and all the business of life goes on as unconcerned as with those who dwell at a lower level.

WOMEN TRADES.

Shirts and Suits Would Sell Nice and Fresh So They Were Sprinkled.

The woman who is always stumbling on things had an experience the other day which she declares wounded her in the deepest part of her nature and shook her faith in an ancient institution, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She was detained on the top floor of a big out-of-town store until the crowding of the elevators with the employees made her prefer to find her way out by the stairways. One of the floors of the building seemed, she says, to be devoted solely to the storing of goods, and as she passed by the open door of one of the rooms on this floor her attention was attracted by hearing a man's voice exclaim in tones of satisfaction: "There, they wouldn't take 'em nice and fresh. Let's see if they'll take 'em this way." Through the open door the astonished shopper saw a member of the firm industriously sprinkling a pile of clean shirt waists with a watering pot. An attendant briskly supplied fresh waists as the pile diminished, and preparations for a "great fire sale" were evidently under way. Next day the involuntary discoverer of the shrewd plan to gratify the bargain hunter found herself unable to keep away from the "fire sale," and there, sure enough, were the crumpled half-dollar waists of the week before selling at 40 cents, and plenty of takers.

SPICES GREAT SNAKES.

Remarkable Accomplishment of a Yale Professor in This Line.

Prof. Dickson, of Yale, camping on Indian Creek, Col., has demonstrated the possibility of welding two snakes together so that the bodies would unite and continue to grow as one, says the New York World.

While it was admitted that human parts could be made to grow together, it was contended that the sluggish circulation of the reptiles would militate against success.

A rattler was extended with an iron hoop circling his head. An adder was obtained and cut in two. The

rattler was treated in the same way. The rear half of the adder was then sewed to the front of the rattler with a strong thread, and after 24 hours the iron collar was removed and the composite reptile was placed in a cage, where he squirmed around with every evidence of vitality in his necher end.

The absence of the customary rattle and warning puzzled the rattler when a rabbit was shored into the den. His supply of virus, however, was not diminished by his entrapment, for when he struck the rabbit it began to swell and in an hour was dead. The metamorphosed rattler will be kept under scientific scrutiny for the next two months.

THE BROWN PELICAN.

Like His White Brother the Bird Is Likely to Be Extirpated in Florida.

Bird Law has a beautifully illustrated article on Pelican Island, in the Indian river, and the editor invokes the aid of the Jacksonville Times-Herald in the effort to save this harmless and picturesque bird from the extermination that has already overtaken his white brother of our coast. It is pointed out that the brown pelican of Florida has now only one rookery, which is so convenient to the reckless gunners that slaughter during the helpless period of incubation is doing its appointed work.

The legislature would gladly add another good law to our statute book, but has this availed to save the egret, the paroulet, or the pink curlew? Until the people themselves sternly repress such cruelty it will continue in defiance of law, and it is better not to tempt defiance and encourage the spirit of lawlessness. The Floridian instinctively revolts against any appearance of inhospitality. Too many are interested in seeking every pastime for those who care nothing for our future. We fear the pelican must go the way of the flamingo.

Nature Is Kind in Norway.

Although coal is scarce, and forests cease to grow many miles southward, the people of the frigid zones of Norway have an inexhaustible supply of peat, which is more easily worked into shape for fuel than either coal or wood and makes a hotter fire than either, writes W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald. Peat bogs are found everywhere in Arctic Norway, on the desolate, treeless lands, or the rocky sides of the mountains, in the bottoms of the valleys, in the inhabited districts inland, along the shores of the fjords and upon nearly all the islands. The peat bogs of northern Norway, so far as surveyed, cover an area of 4,630 square miles, or nearly four per cent. of the surface of the entire country.

Japanese Legend of the Peach.

Almost all fruits and flowers have their legend. One about the peach comes from Japan and tells how a poor, pious old couple were searching for food by the roadside. The woman found a peach, which she would not eat of, though starving, till she could share it with her husband. He cut it exactly in half, when an infant leaped forth. It was one of the gods who had, he said, accidentally fallen out of the peach orchard of heaven while playing. He told them to plant the stone of the peach, and it brought them happiness, friends and wealth.

AN INSIDIOUS GROWTH.

How Mormonism is Spreading in an Unbroken Chain Across the United States.

"The danger of Mormonism is underrated, not overrated. When the public realizes that there are two Mormon churches in Brooklyn, one in Manhattan, one in Philadelphia, a strong and growing Mormon settlement on the borders of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and that the strongest church in a section 50 miles from Jersey City is Mormon, it may be understood that the situation is menacing."

This statement, which startled the women's executive committee of the domestic missions of the Reformed church at its eighteenth anniversary in New York city, was made by Miss Elizabeth B. Vermilye, a member of the committee, in an address upon Mormonism in the east. Miss Vermilye said further:

"It was predicted that in 50 years the Mormons would control a belt of states cutting the country in two from northeast to southwest. The prediction has been verified in 20 years instead of 50. They own land from the Rocky mountains to the Sierras and are spreading east, as I have told you. They control four western states, and at their present rate of progression in a number of others will soon have supremacy in them. 'If the constitutional amendment making polygamy a crime is not passed now, it soon will be impossible to pass it, as they need to acquire control only in 12 states to prevent legislation against them. Two thousand Mormon missionaries are actively pursuing their propaganda work, 60 of them in the state of New York alone."

HOMES FOR LONDON'S POOR.

Great Metropolis Spending \$20,000,000 to House 22,000 Persons in Congested Districts.

In a short time the London county council will possess 250 blocks of workmen's dwellings, yielding an annual rent of \$405,000.

The project of housing the London poor involves the expenditure from the city treasury of \$20,000,000. This sum is expected to furnish homes for 92,000 persons.

In January next homes for 2,300 persons will be ready for occupancy. In February 286 more will be accommodated; in May, 610; in July, 472. All are in Battersea, Duke's court, and St. Pancras. In Clerkenwell, Tottenham Fields and Swan Lane homes will be furnished during the coming year for thousands more.

The biggest scheme of all is that known as the White Hart Lane, Tottenham, scheme, which, for buildings alone, will cost £1,530,858 to carry into effect, and upon which 34,794 persons will be accommodated.

Work of building the homes is in progress in many other places in the congested districts of the city, and nearly all buildings projected will be completed during the year.

CAT CAUSES MUCH TROUBLE.

Climbs Trolley Pole at Lockport, N. Y., Puts Out Lights and Stops the Cars.

An innocent cat was the cause of a great deal of trouble to the International Traction company and the Niagara Falls Power company at Lockport, N. Y., the other night. Puss caused a trolley pole on the Buffalo & Lockport railway at Hoffman, a small hamlet west of that city, and tried to walk on the feed wire. Her tail touched the parallel wire that carried the current back to Niagara Falls.

There was a flash that could be seen for miles as the 34,000 volts of electricity passed through her body. Puss was burned to a crisp. Her lifeless body fell across both wires and did not drop to the ground. This short-circuited the current and caused a fuse to burn out at the Niagara Falls power-house, and the power was immediately cut off from all the lines running out of the power house.

It was two hours before the cause of the trouble could be located and the charred remains of puss removed from the wires. In the meantime almost all the electric railways and street lighting points in western New York were without power.

Prepared Luncheon for King.

The New York Herald says that Bernhard Steinhart, the owner of a small restaurant in that city, 41 years ago prepared and served a luncheon for King Edward VII, when, as the prince of Wales, he visited this country. This event in Mr. Steinhart's life was recalled to him when King Edward ascended the throne, and in reply to a letter of congratulation in which he mentioned the incident, Mr. Steinhart received a short but kindly note from the king, through one of his secretaries. It was while the king was at St. Louis that Mr. Steinhart arranged the luncheon. He was chef at the Planters' hotel at the time.

Teles Takes Out More Patents.

Several patents taken out by Nikola Tesla within the last few days are described by the Electrical World and Engineer and the Western Electrician. They all represent methods and devices to be employed in wireless telegraphy and relate exclusively to receiving apparatus. The most important expedient resorted to by him is to put into the receiving circuit a condenser. This acts like a storage battery and intensifies the action of the incoming waves upon the sender.

Getting Pretty Swift.

A Prussian electric train has attained the speed of 93 1/2 miles an hour, which is pretty fast traveling, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, for a country that likes to lecture us because we don't take things easy.