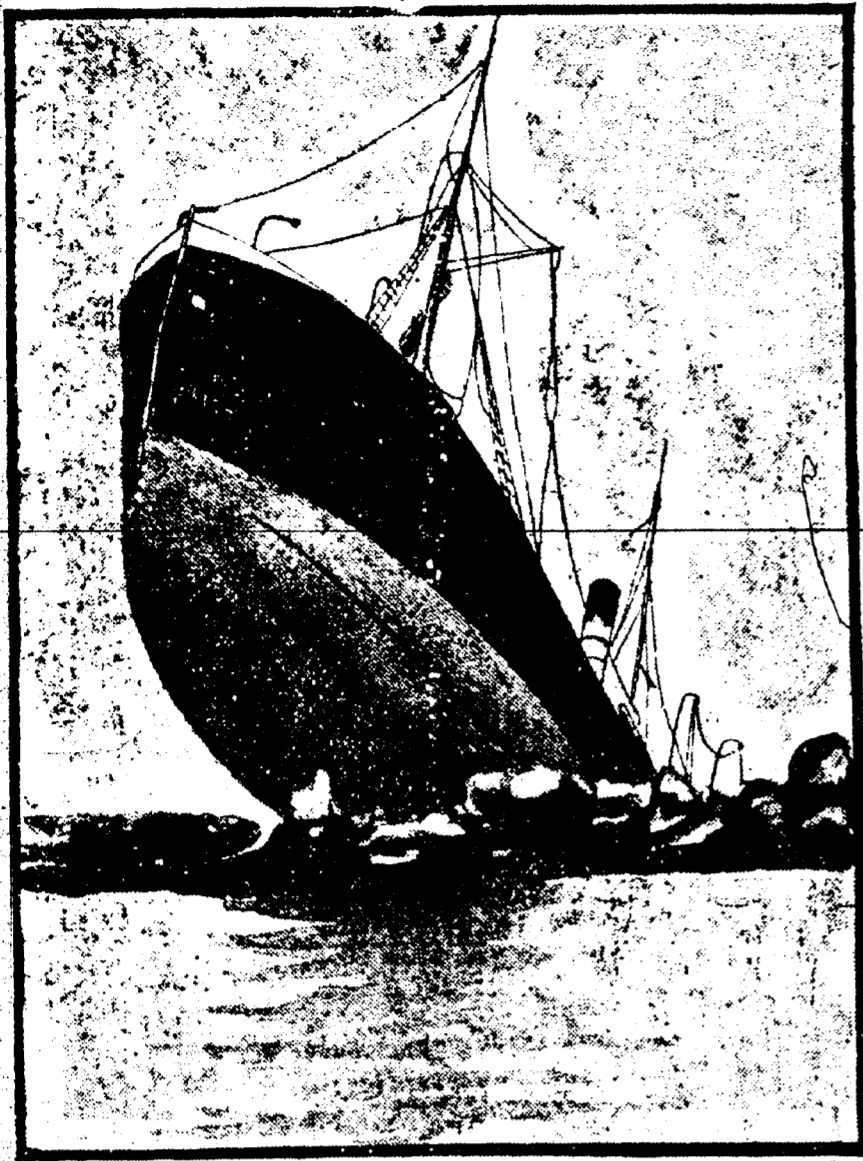


Ship in an Extraordinary Plight



The British steamship Carrington ran aground the other day on the treacherous rocks of Ushant, off the French coast...

"IS JONES MARRIED?"

MATRIMONIAL TANGLE VEXES TOWN OF BLACK HAWK, COL.

Woman Supposed to Have Been Wife Leaves Him and He is Now Worried Over Matter - Citizens Are Divided.

Black Hawk, Col.—"Say, am I married?" Into the ear of the town marshal...

The postmaster was led behind a fence, and bent his head down to catch the whisper.

"Say, am I married?" Now, Jones is an old resident here. For ten years he has been making his personality felt...

"Is Jones married?" It threatens to stop the wheels of industry. The town is neglected. Children are permitted to go out in the morning without having their faces washed...

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BRITAIN HAS STAR FAT BOY.

Only Five Years Old, But Weighs 159 Pounds.

London.—Johnny Trunley is not the brightest boy in the school in Hattersea, London, but he attracts the most attention because he is the fattest boy in all England.

Johnny's proportions, considering his weight and age, are remarkable. The circumference of his head at the brow is 23 inches, his thigh 28 inches, his calf 17, his chest 41, his waist 44 1/2, his biceps 15 and his forearm 11 inches.

Master Trunley is not a sprinter—indeed he walks with difficulty. He goes to and from school in a wagon, which the London county council sends for him, for the L. C. C. doesn't wink at truancy even for fat boys.

In school the ordinary desk and bench were not big enough or strong enough for Master Trunley, so the school carpenter had to build a desk and bench strong enough to support Johnny's mighty frame.

Johnny is erroneously called "The Fat Boy of Peckham." There was a fat boy in Peckham, but Johnny's weight and proportions have eclipsed that colossal youth's glory.

FINDS AFFINITY AT LAST.

"Uncle Billy" Duke After Advertising Half a Century Is Wedded.

Hamilton, O.—William Duke, known as "Uncle Billy," an Oxford township bachelor, whose industry in advertising and corresponding for a wife for the last 52 years, has found his affinity.

Duke is 75 years old. It is estimated that he has spent thousands of dollars in matrimonial advertising and in paying the railroad fare of women from all parts of the country to Oxford.

He always wore a white ribbon on his coat as a means of identification and crowds would gather at the Oxford station whenever "Uncle Billy" appeared wearing a white ribbon.

Though the women arrived none would ever remain at his farm until Mrs. Markham arrived. Mr. Duke met her, wearing the usual ribbon, and the marriage was the result.

Mr. Duke tried hard to have the license suppressed, because the newspapers have had so much fun with him for two generations.

Old Masters Held Indecent.

Omaha, Neb.—The Omaha courts have decided that works of art by famous painters, including Van Dyke, Rubens and Van der Werf, are indecent and that reproductions of them cannot be sold in Omaha stores.

TOOK THE FIRM'S TRADEMARKS.

Ingenious Hollanders Put Minnesota Firm in a Hole.

A Minnesota flouring mill company has recently had an experience in Holland which will not only make it more careful in the future but will serve as a warning to other concerns to pay strict attention to the protection of its own brands of flour under the peculiar registration laws of Holland.

For a number of years the company alluded to sold one of its mill brands, a name made famous both in this country and abroad by years of quality and advertising, and to another concern in Rotterdam, under another mill brand, also well advertised and generally known.

Not long ago it occurred to the mill that it would be a good idea to register its brands in foreign countries, and it proceeded to do so. It then discovered that its Dutch correspondents had both registered its brand in their own names. It requested them to transfer the registration to the mill name. This was positively refused.

Under the laws of Holland these former representatives could prevent the mill shipping flour to other parties under its own established brand.

WOMAN ROSE IN REVOLT.

For Once Brakeman Got at Least as Good as He Gave.

A few evenings ago a train made up of two ordinary passenger coaches and a baggage car pulled into the Union station from the yard, prepared to go out over one of the branch roads, says the Providence Journal.

Men and women alike sought seats in both of the coaches, when a brakeman entered the car and after answering a score of questions in the affirmative that the head coach was the smoking car a fat woman loaded down with bundles approached him and asked:

"Say, mister, is this the smoking car?" "Of course it is the smoking car," said the brakeman. "Does it look like a parlor car?"

The fat woman pulled her cloak closer about her shoulders before she replied: "It looks like a cattle car and it feels like an ice box," she said.

"There are not, all told, more than 1,500 buffalo remaining in the United States and Canada," said Mr. C. J. Jones of Grand Canyon, Ariz.

Next comes the herd of Scotty Phillips, in North Dakota, and there is also a fair herd on the big ranch of Mr. Goodnight in the Texas panhandle.

The largest single herd of buffalo remaining," said he, "is owned by the Flathead Indians of Montana—about 400. The second largest is on the Austin Corbin estate, in New Hampshire.

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AMBITION FOR LITTLE SON.

Italian Peanut Seller Had Great Object in Life.

Outside Columbia university subway station is a pathetic instance of the eagerness of a newly arrived Italian to learn English, says the New York Herald.

Shortly after three in the afternoon he is joined by his little Rocco, to whom he daily recites his lesson. Many a passerby stops before the touching picture of the middle aged father listening with rapt attention to the boy's explanation of the printed page.

The Norwegian whale fisheries extend over nearly the whole of the Arctic sea, from the north of Norway toward Spitzbergen and even to the Shetland Islands.

The whales are shot from small steamers, the implement used being the so-called bomb harpoon, an arrow-shaped iron spear furnished with a line, which is discharged from a small cannon.

The whale often drags the vessel a long distance until it becomes exhausted and expires. It is then towed to the anchorage, where it is stripped of the blubber.

This whale fishery was begun by a well-known Norwegian, Svend Foyn, in 1858. While only 30 whales were killed in the first year, 1,050 whales were taken in 1897, when 513 men were engaged on 25 steamers.

At first only the blubber was utilized for train oil, now the bones are crushed for manure and the fish is used for fodder.

Benny on the Codfish. The codfish is a large, salty fish. It comes in dry slabs, which you buy at the grocery store, and has a strong smell.

When mixed with mashed potato it can be eaten without fear, although I would rather have custard pie. The codfish is a native of the ocean, and is caught by bearded men who smoke pipes and have great rough hands.

In its wild state it mingles freely with other fish, and will sometimes eat them when provoked or if it is suffering from the pangs of hunger.

My Uncle Jased once knew a man who lived for six weeks on codfish and water, to cure himself of dyspepsia. It cured him of the dyspepsia, but it gave him the dropsy. This shows that everything has some use.

Let us be kind to our fellow creatures, obey our parents, and we may live to old age, respected by all. The codfish has fins and scales and is all stringy inside.—"Benny," in Chicago Tribune.

Cause for Regret. A Scot who had been a long time in the colonies, paid a visit to his "native glen," and meeting an old school-fellow the two sat down to chat about old times and acquaintances.

In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain Gordie McKay.

"He's dead long ago," said his friend, "and I'll never cease regretting him as long as I live."

"Dear me! Had you such respect for him as that?" "Na, na! It wasn't only respect I had for himself, but I married his widow."

Italian Love of Art. The mutilation of a Roman fountain attributed to Raphael is probably not the work of Italian vandals.

The mutilation of a Roman fountain attributed to Raphael is probably not the work of Italian vandals. The open and comparatively unprotected way in which art treasures are displayed in Italy proves the respect in which the natives hold them.

In an open portico in Florence, called the Loggia dei Lanzi, for example, are displayed priceless sculptures by Flaminio Vacca, Giovanni da Bologna, Donatello and Benvenuto Cellini.

Among them beggars and peddlers have eaten and slept for centuries and never a statue has been defaced.

Woman Deserving of Honor. Not long ago Wilbur Nesbit, author of the Gentleman Ragman, was sent a list of questions by a woman who was arranging a symposium of some sort for a publication with which she was connected.

One of the questions was: "Who, in your estimation, was or is the greatest woman in the world?" Mr. Nesbit's reply was:

"The unknown woman who invented apple pie. She was, and is, and ever will be, the woman who has done more than any other to gladden the heart of man."

By the Old Piano. Jack—You are not playing very loud this evening? Eva—No, I am afraid of disturbing the neighbors. There are some keys I only touch at night.

Jack—Ah, I see. They are light keys.

ARTS OF THE BOMBMAKER.

Simple Machines That Are Contrived to Maim or Kill.

So expert are bombmakers nowadays that an apparently harmless letter may kill any person who tries to open it. A piece of cardboard is cut to a size, which when folded over, will fit into an ordinary envelope.

The four corners of this are slit into narrow strips. Fulminate of mercury is spread over three of the slits and the sheet is folded and fastened together. Projecting from each side of the folded sheet is a little metal strip, or detonator, glued to the cardboard in such a manner that the envelope can not be opened without striking one of them.

Upon meeting this slight resistance the hand moving the paper cutter instinctively pushes harder, and the result is an explosion that either kills or maims.

The easiest bomb to construct is set in operation by simply turning it upside down. It is usually a good-sized cracker box, lined with paper and half filled with a mixture of chlorate of potassium and ordinary sugar.

Into this a bottle of a powerful acid is introduced. The remainder of the space in the box is filled with scraps of metal. Then the lid is soldered on.

All that is then necessary is to place the box upside down at the spot in which it is to explode. The acid eats quickly through the cork of the bottle, and comes in contact with the chlorate of potassium. As a result of the chemical combination which takes place there is a terrific explosion.

WATCHES FOR THE BLIND. Simple Invention That is Great Boon to Sightless Mortals.

The blind, like other mortals, wish to know the time exactly, and as very few of them are in a position to secure a good repeating watch, whose cost is always great, they have to be content with ordinary watches, and taking the crystal out of the face they ascertain the time by the angles and position of the hands, which frequently causes disarrangement of the time-piece.

In view of these difficulties a foreign firm has constructed a watch for the blind, which represents the figures in allegorical manner, and apparently is very convenient. The signs in relief are the following: One o'clock, one dot; two o'clock, two dots; three o'clock, a triangle; four o'clock, a square; five o'clock, a five-pointed star; six o'clock, an ellipse.

These same signs are repeated in bas-relief representing the hours from six to 12. The number of signs is therefore limited to six, and it is very easy to ascertain from them the time of day. The hands are very strong and the watch has been used with good results.

Another watch for the blind has been invented by M. Pierre Tissot-Rersot, by which the blind can tell not only the hour, but also the minute. The hours are represented by figures of the Braille system.

A Projectile Camera. A projectile to take photographs, and claimed to have been successful at heights up to half a mile, is the idea of Herr Marie, a German photographer.

A camera having the form of the usual conoidal shell, is thrown into the air by means of a kind of trap at a predetermined angle, as the camera turns to make its descent and is pointed slightly downward, the shutter is automatically released and the picture is taken of a broad expanse of country.

In still air the flight and spot at which the aerial camera will fall can be calculated with much precision. Precautions are taken to avoid damage by concussion, and the results are expected to be of great possible value in military operations.

The Patient Countryman. In driving through a certain part of New England where a number of writers have bought farms and made their summer homes I remarked to a farmer's wife who lived in their midst that there seemed to be a good many literary people in that neighborhood.

"Yes," she replied, with a certain air of resignation, "there are quite a few—but we don't mind them."

I wish I could quote the tone of voice in which this remark was made. It was that more than the words—though the words are amusing enough, particularly as Mark Twain was one of the literary people to whom she alluded.—The Lounger, in Putnam's Monthly.

Postmistress for 24 Years. Mrs. Ann E. Farr has resigned her position as postmistress at Owl's Head, Mass., and James A. Brown has been appointed in her place.

Mrs. Farr, who is 66 years of age, has been in charge of the post office at Owl's Head for 24 years. She is the wife of Chandler Farr, one of the oldest and best known residents of South Thomaston.

In spite of her increasing age she is enjoying excellent health and has always been able to attend to her household duties in addition to having charge of the post office. She is the mother of six children, four of whom are living.

Where the Block System Works. "I am going to railroad this case through the courts," declared the indignant citizen.

"You can't," replied the astute lawyer. "The block system works too perfectly there."—Baltimore American.

HORSE WENT TO CHURCH.

Instinct Bode Him Respond to Call of the Bell.

H. B. Smith of Monterey, Cal., has a remarkable bay horse, Muggins, which appears to have more religious instinct than the majority of animals. The horse has been used by Mr. Smith for the last 25 years to draw the family to the village church.

In the last 20 years there have been only two Sundays on which Muggins didn't have to carry some member of the family to church. The second occasion was a few Sundays ago. A year ago the horse was turned into the yard for a little Sunday recreation and nothing more was thought of Muggins until the far distant toll of the church bell was heard.

Then the horse pricked up his ears, and realizing that he was late, started off at a quick pace for the church. He went directly under the shed and took his accustomed place, where he remained until it was time to go home.

A couple of weeks ago the horse made his second appearance at the church alone. Mr. Smith had placed Muggins in a stall and had left the stable door slightly ajar. The old bell tolled exceptionally loud and long, and Muggins could not resist the call. In some manner he slipped his halter and made his way from the stable to the church, where he remained until the service was over. The parson patted the horse affectionately as he trotted up to the door, and then he started on his homeward journey.

DID NOT BELIEVE STORY.

Tale of Old Testament Too Much For Artless Youth.

"When I was a youth in Zanesville," said E. S. Timms, clerk at the Hotel Normandie, the other day, "I was an active worker in a local Sunday school. I was pretty popular with the boys. I was delegated to gather the outsiders from the glass works district together in a vacant room and begin their religious instruction."

"One Sunday I gathered about 45 youngsters who had never attended Sunday school before, and as they did not take kindly to the reading of the Scriptures and the regular Sunday school methods, I began telling them tales from the Old Testament. They listened with much interest to the stories of Adam and Eve, and Moses in the bush, and so on, but when I came to the story of Jonah and the whale they listened with particular attention."

"When I concluded the story of how Jonah was cast overboard from the ship and received by the whale who afterwards cast him up on shore, one fellow broke the silence by saying: 'I believe that's a d— lie. Give me a chew of tobacco!'"

"Well, everybody joined in a laugh, and I passed over the remark. In time I got about 30 of those boys to attend Sunday school regularly."—Detroit Free Press.

When Her Anger Vanished. She was telling a few visitors, among whom was her best friend, what a severe her husband had been; how he had left her to cry her eyes out when they lived together, had borrowed money from her and never paid it back, and finally left her to get along the best she could alone.

All about her trials and tribulations getting along till she could scramble to her feet again and reestablish herself, and—

Just about that time there was a ring at the bell. She sprang up, rushed into the hall, hurried to the outer door, opened it; there was the sound of a little smothered cry, a kiss, and her best friend, left in the room with the others, arose and said, softly:

"I think we'd better be going now. Something seems to tell me that that is her husband."

Whooping Cough Cures. Much recent progress in dealing with whooping cough is noted by a French reviewer. The specific microbe has been isolated, and proves to be a small ovoid bacterium that evidently produces no spores.

Dr. J. de Nitris reports that arsenic, to which he attributes specific action on the germ, is a most effective remedy against the disease. Dr. H. de Rothschild has administered chloroform internally, and has had very favorable results, especially in children, two patients out of nine having been cured at once, while three were immediately relieved and soon cured; the four others being cured only at the end of a fortnight. The Pasteur Institute funds promise in a serum treatment.

Playing Poverty. The little princess, Victoria Louise of Prussia, was playing with her friends one day, and longed for some new, original play.

All the old games were worn out and exhausted. If only they could think of something quite different! Her serene highness considered the matter seriously until a novel idea occurred to her, and she cried with enthusiasm:

"We will play poor people! Let us play that we are poor, frightfully poor, so poor that we have only two lackeys!"

At a Disadvantage. "The court fortune teller is going to resign," said one Russian official.

"Yes," answered the other; "he is at a disadvantage. If he predicts bad news, he comes into royal disfavor, and if he predicts good news, it doesn't come true."