

CATCHING A BIG SHARK.

On Missing Experience That Falls to the Lot of But Few Men.

Frank T. Bullen, a writer of tales of the sea, has the advantage over most men who have chosen ocean life...

"Nothing, you think, can increase the excitement of the little attendant now. He seems ubiquitous, flashing all round the shark's jaws as if there were 20 of him at least."

MUST SPEAK IN ENGLISH.

A Railroad Company in Pennsylvania Thence the Dutch Dialect Entirely.

Pennsylvania Dutch is spoken to such an extent in various parts of the Keystone state as to have become an issue that has created some feeling.

What kind of language is this Pennsylvania German tongue, which requires such an unusual order to be issued to railroad news?

A Diet of Stones. Crocodiles, like ostriches, swallow pebbles and small stones, which serve the purpose of grinding their food.

Old Petroleum Spring. In Zante, one of the Ionian islands, there is a petroleum spring which has been known for nearly 1,000 years.

USELESS ACQUISITION

French Chef Who Was Out of Place with Buffalo Bill.

The Man of Many Meals Soon Came to Be Regarded as an Expensive Luxury in the Western Wilds.

Some years ago, when Col. Cody started on a tour of the Rocky mountains as the host of a number of foreign military officers, having been feted by them in their clubs and homes, he was anxious to cater to their every taste and comfort while in camp life on this side of the great pond, relates the Detroit Free Press.

He had the selection of the canned goods to be carried along, and turtle soup, of the very best, M. Gas ordered, and it took an extra wagon to hold them.

"I say, Cody," ventured Sir St. John Midway, major of the Grenadier Guards, "do you call this wild western camp fare and cooking? You see, we are all half dead with dyspepsia now, and thought we would get some good, wholesome food on this thousand-mile trip in the saddle with you."

The others joined in the chorus to the same effect, while monsieur, the chef, looked as solemn as a country parson's horse.

And such cooking as these scouts did could not be improved upon, while Col. Cody showed that he was a first-class cook himself. He could throw a flapjack from a frying pan into the air 15 feet, turn it over and have it come down on the other side, never once making a miss and falling into the fire.

When the long trail ended at Salt Lake City the French chef was the only one of the party who had indignation, and he drowned his sorrows by getting gloriously drunk, hence was happy for the time being.

Invention to Bar Intruders. Nervous travelers who dread sleeping in unknown houses will welcome the so-called "vigilant dragon," which is not unlike a small brass-shelled tortoise.

Blast-Furnace Gas-Motors. In western Europe, and particularly in Germany, the employment of motors utilizing gases from blast furnaces is increasing.

AN ADVENTURE IN MID-AIR.

The Trip Around the Eiffel Tower That Almost Cost the Gallant Aeronaut His Life.

The story of the almost fatal balloon journey of M. Santos-Dumont around the Eiffel tower, last August, is told in the inventor's own words in Century.

"You know what the end of my No. 5 was. In the early morning of August 8 (1901) having called together the technical committee of the Deutsch foundation, I navigated from St. Cloud to the Eiffel tower in eight minutes and 30 seconds, turned around the tower in 40 seconds more, and was just reaching the Bois on the home stretch with 18 minutes to the good, when the catastrophe happened.

"Had I not been making a kind of official trial, I should have returned to the shed to examine the balloon. Going round the tower it was manifestly deflated; but I had made such good speed that I risked continuing. I had not been four minutes on the home stretch, however, when the balloon began swiveling like an elephant's trunk, it was so flabby, I felt myself falling, and was about to switch the motor-power to the air-pump to stiffen it out again, and so come to earth as gently as possible, when the aft ropes, losing their rigidity, caught in the propeller. I stopped the propeller instantly. The rapidly emptying balloon now obeyed nothing but the vagrant winds. I came down, without much of a shock, between the roofs of the Trocadero hotels, the balloon ripping up with the noise of an explosion.

"Do you know the cause of the accident?" I asked.

"I am not certain of it yet," he answered, "though I suspect the automatic valves, whose reacting on each other is a very delicate affair. Or it may have been the interior air-balloons that refused to fill out properly. Yesterday Lachambre's man came to me for the plans of the air-balloon for my No. 6. From something he said I gathered that the air-balloon of No. 5, not having been given time for its varnish to dry before being adjusted, might have stuck together or to the side of the outer balloon. Next time we shall be more careful, although with so many things to think of, and all new, it is scarcely human not to overlook something."

"In what will No. 6 differ from its predecessors?" I asked.

"It will be longer, thicker and consequently of considerably greater gas-capacity than No. 5, and more closely ellipsoidal in form. In it I shall try to take advantage of all past experience, even the most unpleasant—which is not always the least valuable."

"So far you have done everything alone," I said. "Shall you be prepared to take up a passenger in No. 6?"

"I want more weight-carrying power in order to take up more petroleum and a passenger—that is to say, an aid. There is a great deal of work, really too much for one man, and up in the air, whatever must be done must be done promptly. But I shall not want a nervous passenger, a fearful passenger, or even a useless passenger. Also I want more motive power for my propeller; for when I have obtained a more complete mastery of the air-ship I shall wish to begin the great battle with the wind. But, as a model, I consider my Nos. 5 and 6 already perfect. The rudder, which was the last part to persist in giving trouble, now works beautifully."

The Metamorphosis of Hog. "You can talk all you want to about your queer names, but I've got one that caps them all," said a well-known railroad man who just returned from a trip in the southern part of the state.

she Loved Flowers. Empress Frederick was always a great lover of flowers—that is the reason why flowers covered her coffin, and says a German writer, "she knew the names of each variety in English, German and Latin."

OPEN MART FOR PLUNDERERS.

Thieves Sell What They Steal in Market with Knowledge of Police and Police.

In the City of Mexico there is a place known as the thieves' market that has a large patronage, some of it coming from presumably respectable and honest citizens. That such a place should exist in any city appears almost incredible, yet it conducts business with the full knowledge of the police, and with that of every resident of the city.

Naturally, the thieves themselves do not act as the salesmen for the stolen goods. They keep out of sight, and either dispose of the stolen goods for a lump sum to the hucksters or allow them to sell for them on commission.

To the visitors to Mexico the market is well worth a visit, even if scruples of conscience should prevent the purchase of what are admittedly stolen goods.

Any policeman or any citizen will direct you to it. It is just east of the Zoocalo—the park of the peons—and across the street from the south front of the national palace. Even with this knowledge you might pass by a high wall, such as surrounds many of the private homes. But at the end of the wall is a huge gate, large enough to drive a loaded truck through.

Crockery, tinware, cutlery and cooking utensils form one of the staples of the market. There is always a demand for these among the poor, and so the ratero gathers them in wherever and whenever he can, knowing that they will find a ready sale.

How long the thieves' market will exist as it does now there is none to tell. It is an old institution, and no one thinks of interfering with it. Now and then a stranger, hearing of its nature for the first time, wonders how the city authorities can allow it to do business as it does.

New Papal Decoration. In future all Roman Catholics who go to the Holy Land will have the right to wear a special decoration which has just been created by the pope.

Done in Colors. Clara—I was surprised to see so much paint on your face last night. I never saw anything like it in my life.

Maude—Well, if you can't afford to buy a mirror I'll lend you one.—Chicago Daily News.

Scripturally So. Palette—I tell you, times are pretty hard when a good artist has to get a job as a waiter.

A MURDEROUS BAND.

Australian Secret Society Pledged to Kill and Destroy.

Operate Under a King Whose Word is Law—Method of Organization and Procedure of Execution.

It is now something like 40 years since the British government was much disturbed by the depredations of what appeared to be an organized band of murderers operating throughout New South Wales.

This Australian secret murder society is known as Larrikin. The Larrikin is divided into branch societies known as pushes. Each push has a king, whose word is law.

The member of a push must do whatever the king directs, be it robbery, arson or murder. In turn the entire push stands by him and will stop at nothing, however desperate, to rescue him if he is taken.

Old who lives permanently in a push district is eligible for membership. Should he wish to join he sends the king a written application and a fee of ten shillings, which is one of the king's perquisites of office.

The first and most stringent discipline of push law enforces obedience to constituted authority. "What the king says goes" is their own phrase, and the contravention of the maxim is punishable in the first instance with the "sock," in the second with death.

The death penalty is rarely exacted in the case of members of the fraternity, but outsiders who have killed the push vengeance are killed regularly.

If a member desires to sever his connection with his push or to depart from the push district in order to live elsewhere he is allowed to do so only after having signed a confession of having committed, single-handed, the last capital crime of which the push is guilty.

Enormous Traffic at the Noo. Over 4,751,000 tons of freight passed through the American and Canadian canals at Sault Ste. Marie in July, an increase of about 262,000 tons over June.

ROMANCE OF THE KEY.

Acquaintance That Was Regan Over the Telegraph Wire Ends in a Marriage.

Miss Katherine Miller is no longer telegraph operator in the New York Central station at Fishkill Landing, Miss Bump, of Hudson, is presiding over the key, she thinks temporarily, until Miss Miller returns.

The key in the railway station is an ordinary-looking affair, but it figured in a romance. One day it ticked out a matter-of-fact commercial message that was not grammatically accurate.

The first chance he got he went. After that he made frequent visits to Fishkill Landing. At other times the wires leading into the station often carried tender messages, and waiting passengers frequently wondered what the telegraph operator blushed so prettily.

COEDS MUST BEHAVE. Public Institutions into Secret Societies Marked by Billy Performance Must Stop.

Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, dean of women at Northwestern university at Evanston, has declared against what she calls "the indecencies of a sorority initiation," and trouble is liable to follow any infringement of the rules which she has laid down for those who lead the ceremonies.

The greater part of a sorority initiation is conducted in public. The candidate is often dressed in an outlandish costume and marched through the streets after dark to the discordant music of her comrades.

TO PROTECT TOURISTS. Americans in Germany Organize to Combat the Extortion of Unprincipled Tradesmen.

Steps are being taken in Berlin for the formation of an "American Citizens' Association," designed to protect innocent Yankees from the traps of unscrupulous tradesmen, landlords and functionaries.

The movement has originated with Resident Attorney James H. Vickery, former private secretary to United States Ambassador White. Mr. Vickery said to the Chicago Record-Herald correspondent: "Small fortunes are dropped by Americans in Germany as the result of systems of petty thievery. Heretofore most of our countrymen have consented to be robbed rather than weather a fight to establish their rights in a strange land."

Boarding-house keepers, dressmakers and tailors throughout Germany labor under the impression that the sons and daughters of Uncle Sam have been made for their special benefit.