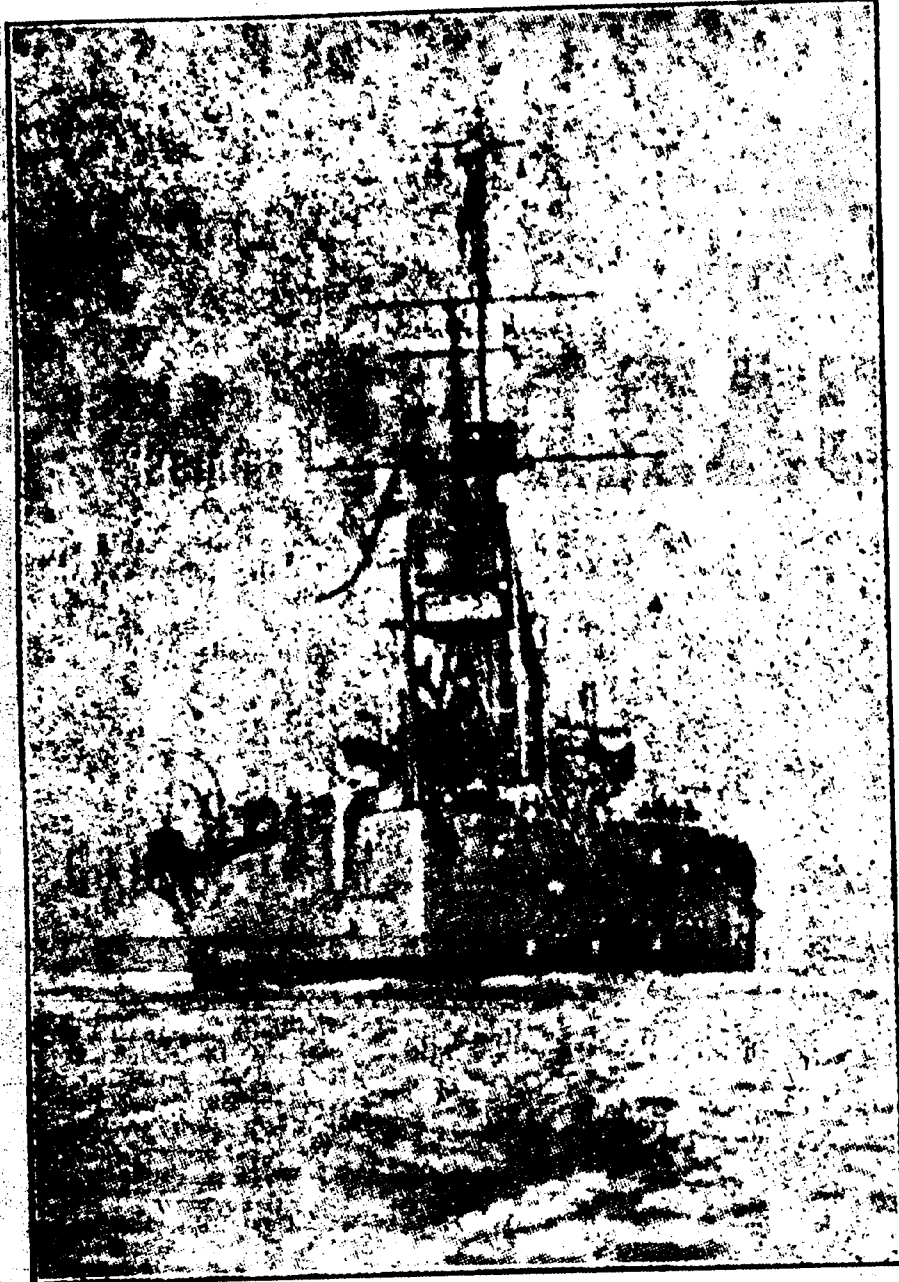


British Battleship Dreadnought.



Largest and most powerful battleship afloat.

HITS MARK FROM AFAR

NEW HONOR TO ROOSEVELT AS LONG-DISTANCE SHOT.

President Stands in Washington and Makes a Fine Rifle Score in the Opening Event for Marksmen in Charleston, S. C.

Charleston, S. C.—President Roosevelt may congratulate himself on being the champion long-distance rifle shot of the world. Standing in Washington, he shot a rifle three times and hit a target each time in this city, more than 450 miles away. While he did not make a bull's-eye, he yet managed to get within the 24 circle twice and the 21 circle once, and so scored 59 out of a possible score of 75, a very creditable performance for a person who shoots only between sessions of congress, international incidents and other big and engrossing things.

The occasion of the target practice of Mr. Roosevelt was the opening of the fifth triennial schuetzenfest of the National Schuetzen Bund of America, in Charleston. It was the wish of the rifemen to have Mr. Roosevelt there in person, so that they could show him that a rifle could speak as well in German as in rough rider. As he was busy in Washington, the president could not oblige, but he wanted to shoot, and did so.

Here the secret must come out. Mr. Roosevelt did not use the White House as his shooting gallery, despite the strenuous reports that sometimes find their way past Pete, the bulldog. Strategy was used, and Lieut. W. Melton Farrow was the strategist. It must be confessed that Lieut. Farrow aimed the gun, but President Roosevelt shot it off, and the record is his.

Lieut. Farrow brought a 32-caliber rifle made by him several years ago, and after three weeks' work adjusted it on a pedestal on which it could be held for shooting at the target. Attached to it was a magnetic contrivance, which, by the completion of an electric circuit, pulled a delicate hair trigger and did the shooting. The button to complete the circuit was in the White House.

But the bare pleasure of pressing the button was not all that the president was to have for his part in the performance. Near the rifle was rigged a big telephone receiver, and when Mr. Roosevelt made his shots he was able to hear the welcome crack of the rifle.

Gov. Ansel then conveyed to the president the congratulations of the National Schuetzen Bund and its guests on the excellent score he had made and the thanks of them all for opening the fest. The band played "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and there was a great salvo of cheers. The president said that he could hear the cheering and the music very distinctly, and he was sure that everybody was having a jolly time, and he would like to be with them.

Substitute for Beeswax. A substitute for beeswax has been discovered in the leaves of the raff palm, a product of the island of Madagascar. The wax is extracted by the simple process of beating the dried leaves on a mat in small bits. The particles are then gathered and boiled. The resultant wax is kneaded into small cakes. Experiments are being made with the new substance to find out its commercial value—whether it may be used for bottling purposes, in the manufacture of phonograph cylinders, etc.

BERLIN POSTAL TUBES.

Connect the Central Office with the Principal Stations.

Berlin.—The Berlin postal authorities are revolutionizing the conveyance of letters and parcels. The idea on which they are experimenting is to have an underground tube with a large enough circumference to admit a man in a stooping posture. These tubes are to connect the central post office with the principal stations and with the district offices.

Two sets of rails are built in this tube or tunnel, one over the other, not side by side. The upper set of rails is supported on the sides of the tube, thus practically dividing it in two. Small carriages, running on two wheels, are automatically driven by electricity along these rails. No locomotive is used nor is there any attendant with the carriage. As many as six of these carriages can be run together for conveying letters and parcels from the arrival station to the central post office and thence to the various district, or vice versa.

By this means letters can be delivered in any part of the city in less than a fourth of the time formerly required. So far the scheme is not beyond the experimental stages, but it promises to be a success and to banish from the streets the mail van, with all its poetry and romance.

PICTURES WARN WORLD'S END.

Whole Maryland Community Excited Over Strange Phenomenon.

Hancock, Md.—Intense excitement prevails here, and many persons are preparing for the end of the world, as the result of a series of remarkable pictures representing scenes that look like heaven and hell that have appeared on the walls of a room in the house of Emory Lopp, in Morgan county, West Virginia, two miles from here.

Some persons who have viewed the pictures say that no human hand could have placed them there. The whole neighborhood is aroused over the strange affair, and crowds of people are visiting the house. The superstitious believe that the pictures foretell some catastrophe, probably the end of the world.

The pictures appear in distinct outline on the four walls, showing pits of flame and demons, while others show angels and beautiful scenes, supposed to be heaven. Lopp is at a loss to understand the mystery, and has abandoned his home. A thorough investigation of the matter will be made by skeptical persons.

SCIENTISTS VICTIMS OF A HOAX.

Discovery of Antiquities on Island Is Found to Be a Fake.

Paris.—That the practice of "salting" claims is becoming quite Europeanized is fully shown by a hoaxing of the grave Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Last August Dr. Capitlan read a learned paper on the discovery of Egyptian antiquities on a small island off Marseilles. Discussion promptly followed, in which new theories of the history of civilization were constructed on the discovery which seemed on the way to becoming epoch-making until the other day, when Dr. Capitlan read a second paper, apologetic and explanatory. An old man living in the island on whose property the antiquities were found fell very ill and confessed he had bought the objects from a Marseilles curio dealer and had strewed them on his property in hope it would be purchased for excavations.

YIELDING TO YEARS.

Architectural Marvels of Middle Ages Showing Signs of Decay.

Almost every day, now, the foreign dispatches report the partial fall or the dangerous weakening of one of the famous buildings of Europe. Today it is the Vatican that is beginning to crumble, yesterday it was the Alhambra, and a dozen such announcements can be remembered before one gets back even to the recent day when the great tower in Venice came down with a crash which resounded throughout the whole civilized world because all of that world knew about the tower.

There is really some excuse for fearing that the architectural marvels of the middle ages are nearing the limit of their endurance, and that, unless they are subjected to repairs and restorations which not many of them are likely to receive, the time will soon come when people will have to do without these visible reminders of the part of our history and literature. This will be a loss, indeed, and yet the restorer and the repairer are almost as much to be feared as ruthless time, and one does not call them in too eagerly, even when somebody else must pay their bills.—N. Y. Times.

AGAINST THE MIDDLE.

Why Bill Cut Out Liver and Bacon When His Luck Turned.

When Bill, the ranchman, came from Denver to New York to play the races he put up at one of the most expensive hotels in the city and took one of the most expensive rooms. Then he went broke. The proprietor of the hotel and the clerk held a private consultation.

"We will let him stay here," they decided, "but from now on we will feed him liver and bacon until he pays his bill. Nothing does he get in this house from now on but liver and bacon."

They fed Bill liver and bacon for breakfast, dinner and supper for about three weeks, then his luck turned. He forthwith walked out to a strange cafe to get something to eat. He looked over the bill of fare.

"What's this in the middle?" he asked. "Liver and bacon?" "Yes, sir," the waiter answered. "Give me everything on the bill of fare both ways from liver and bacon," ordered Bill.

Pious Hope.

Forty years ago the wickedest person in Allen county, Ohio, was Old Man Ellison, a well-to-do farmer. Not until he approached three-score and ten did he mellow down, and then but a little. Once when attending a raising he soliloquized thus on his own decadence:

"The ole man's been putty tuff, boys. He's rassed with some mighty hard cases, the ole man has. But it's hard over. The ole devil is after him hard an' fas', the ole devil is, an' 'n' by he'll get him. But he won't get him long, the ole devil won't. By 'n' by he'll be glad to fetch the ole man back."

"Well," spoke up Bill Pett, his fiercest foe, "all I hope is when he does he'll forget where he found you." —N. Y. World.

Jealousy.

"Talking about Creole jealousy," said the observant man, "I saw a specimen of Chicago jealousy the other night that had it beaten to a frazzle. A handsome fellow was at dinner with two girls, when a young woman came in, caught a corner of the tablecloth, and yanked the whole tableful of dishes and dinner off onto the floor, then walked out of the room."

"What did the man do? Followed her and made friends with her again. She was his fiancee. He gave her a \$400 diamond ring afterward, they said. If she had been his wife he would in all probability have beaten her instead of giving her a present." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Impetuosity.

In spite of generations of reckless combative Irish gentlemen, it is odd that we have still to go to American literature for the classical instances of impetuosity with firearms. This is a reproach to Irish authors, which should touch them closely. Irish gentlemen were killing and wounding each other on sight almost for centuries before America was heard of, and yet it was left for Bret Harte and Mark Twain and John Hay to fix in the far west the type of fire-eater who carried his honor in his belt.—T. P.'s Weekly.

In a French Restaurant.

There is a certain restaurant in town of quite ambitious pretensions, but not always successful realizations. In fact, it may be described as French on a Hibernian footing. Two people who dined there the other evening were finishing their dessert when the waiter approached. With napkin in one hand and tray poised on the other, he inquired in his best Gaelic accents:

"And will yes both have dimmy-tassys?"

Not Worth the Effort.

"Look out!" exclaimed the man who had seen another bravely rescued from the water. "Handle that fellow carefully or he might revive."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Jabez Enjoyed the Pone Pudding and the Cat Got the Punishment.

The late Senator Pugh, of Alabama, practiced law for many years in Eufaula. A Eufaula man said of him the other day:

"In an eloquent speech on circumstantial evidence I once heard Senator Pugh drive home the danger of this sort of evidence with a good story."

"He said that a Eufaula woman made one of those corn pone puddings for which the ladies of our state are famous. She put the pudding on a shelf to cool and then she went out to have a dress fitted. Her little son Jabez was left alone in the house."

"Jabez played with his toys till he got hungry. Then he put a chair beneath the shelf, climbed up and ate all of the delicious pone pudding that his small interior would possibly hold. To conclude, he did a strange thing."

"He caught the cat, dabbled her four paws in the soft yellow custard in the bottom of the dish and then set her down. She scampered through the kitchen into the dining-room and parlor and thence out of doors. On the bare boards of the kitchen, on the dining-room's red carpet and on the parlor's carpet of green she left impartially small golden footprints, very neat, very conspicuous. The boy smiled softly to himself."

"And that evening, on his father's return he heard a wild scampering below, the banging of the front door, a terrific mewing and the sharp crack of a rifle."

"Then little Jabez smiled softly to himself again. 'Ah, me!' he said, 'there goes another victim of circumstantial evidence.'"

IMMIGRANTS AT WINNIPEG.

Canadian City Where Fifteen Languages Are Spoken.

Winnipeg is where they do things. This is really the place where the frontier was abolished by the real estate speculators. A kingdom is said to exist in Winnipeg, an army is marched in to occupy it over night.

The yards of the Canadian Pacific railway alone in Winnipeg have over 120 miles of trackage, and they need it. The immigrants come by battalion—Englishmen in caps, Scotchmen in bonnets, Breton French in blue coats, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Austrians, Monnonites—all manner of furtive folk and wild.

There are 15 known languages in the Winnipeg schools, and a lot too late to classify. When you see a stranger you cannot tell whether or not he is within the range of human speech. You bitterly reflect only that he is one of those who have wiped out the old frontier, lost it forever to those who love the wilderness.—Outing Magazine.

Indian Sign Language.

When an Indian paints his cheeks in scarlet lines and daubs a yellow square on his forehead the world knows that he is in love.

When he covers his face with zig-zag black lines upon an ochre base it is his purpose to—ah, I'm almost ashamed to say it—to get just as skated as he possibly can.

When red circles are on each cheekbone and a rectangle of blue is on the forehead the young brave is going out to steal a paleface horse.

When he paints white rings around his eyes he is running for office, he is a candidate for medicine man or councillor, and the white rings signify that he ought to be elected because he has the wisdom of the owl.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A Russian Pastime.

If the human jaws need some occupation in the intervals of meals and gossip, says Health Culture, masticators could learn a lesson from the peasants of southern Russia, who exercise their teeth on the hard seeds of the Caspian sunflower.

There is not a suspicion of a stimulant about it, no chewing gum dyspepsia or navy plug nuisance. It is a pastime and, incidentally, an excellent dentifrice.

In Astrakan a pint of the requisite seeds can be bought for a quarter of a penny.

Bribery in Business.

It is not to be denied that our commercial ethics need bracing up. The secret commission, the direct bribe, the masked present, all these form an obstacle in the path of the honest and direct business. They may seem harmless little practices enough carried out on a small scale, but in the bulk they represent a formidable element which has perceptible effect on business generally.—Drapers' Record.

Couldn't Get Poached Eggs.

"I'll have some poached eggs, this morning," said the thespian, as he seated himself at the breakfast table. "Very sorry, sah," replied the dusky waiter, "but our eggs won't poach." "What do you mean?" "Why, sah, you see dis is a 'dog town, where de theater folks comes to try dere plays, and conspungently de condition of de eggs is such as to evade poachin', sah." —Yonkers Statesman.

Cheering a Seaside Passenger.

"Steward, how long will it be before we get into the harbor?" "About an hour and a half, ma'am." "Oh, dear, I shall die before then." "Very likely, ma'am. But you'll be all right when you've been in shore ten minutes." —Marine Journal.

PRODDED HIS MEMORY.

Little Tommy Helped His Mother Out to Her Mortification.

Mr. Urban was always late to dinner. He arrived home on a certain evening, as usual, 20 minutes behind hand. His wife was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Fortune. Greeting the guests with offensive cordiality he said: "If I had known this pleasure was in store for me, I should certainly have arranged my business so as to be at home earlier."

"Why, Harry," sighed his wife: "I told you."

"I beg your pardon, love, but you are certainly mistaken this time. You probably forgot to mention it. On the whole, I'm glad you did. It is a delightful surprise."

Mrs. Urban was a spirited woman. This unjust accusation came near overthrowing her courtesy. Her lips parted, then shut decisively; but a slight frown lingered on her forehead.

Little Tommy read her face. He knew all about his father's poor memory, and he felt it his duty to refresh it and defend his mother.

"Why, pap," he piped up, "don't you recollect? Mamma told you to be sure to come home early to-night because the Fortunes were going to be here, and you said: 'Oh, the devil!'" —Philadelphia Record.

VALUE OF SELF-RELIEF.

Better Than "Easy Money," Says Charles G. Dawes.

This is a hard world in business. It always has been, and always will be. There are many good and generous men in it. There are many who will lend a helping hand to you in your adversity, but in the time of need you will not find them among the men who tried to get you into speculation with your little surplus and to sell you something which would help you to "easy money."

Be self-reliant. Make your own investment in investments. When you cannot put your money in a good savings bank. Distrust the financial demagogue as you distrust the political demagogue. Keep your hand on your pocketbook as you travel through life.

—first, to give always in proportion to your means to those who are poorer; second, to hold from those who would take through force or fraud what you need for yourself and yours. You will then, writes Mr. Dawes, in the Saturday Evening Post, have your hand where most of the other fellows have only their eyes. In this alone you will have the advantage of them.

Courage.

Gen. H. M. Robert in an address in Philadelphia said that it was impossible for a woman to love a man without courage—that to the coward woman's love was denied.

"Men know this," Gen. Robert appended afterward, "and therefore the slightest imputation on their courage is felt horribly. The mind magnifies it till it becomes as great a slur as—"

"But let me tell you a story. 'A city man went hunting. After he had binged away for some hours without success two boys who had been following him approached and the older said: 'Say, mister, if you're out for sport and ain't afraid to pay for it, my brother'll let you shoot at him for two hours for a quarter.'"

Hot-Weather Refuge.

Rev. E. W. Webber, a Maine minister, who was located for a while in a Georgia town as pastor of a Universalist church, occasionally relates this story:

He was talking with William Dodson, ex-president of the Georgia senate. "I suppose you feel the heat greatly down here in the summer, don't you?" queried Mr. Webber of the southern man.

"Well, it does get pretty warm here sometimes," admitted Mr. Dodson, "but every time I feel too warm I think of the visit I once made to Boston, and it sends the cold shivers all over me." —Boston Record.

Life a Childish Pleasure.

A wealthy woman with diamonds up to her knuckles was telling of a man she knew who was going abroad on a cattle steamer.

"He is going for his health," she said. "He is very delicate, but he is so poor. Why should a man who has no health endeavor to preserve the little he has? With no money to make life agreeable and so little life left in his body, why should he keep on wanting to live?"

One of her listening friends who is not particularly encumbered with this world's goods, spoke up. "I suppose he takes a sort of childish pleasure in it. Most of us do."

Post in Training.

"Did you beat the carpet, dear?" "I did," replied the post. "And the stovepipe—have you taken it down?" "I have." "That's a dear! Now go and dig in the garden for exercise, and then you may go to your garret and write love songs for groceries!" —Atlanta Constitution.

Tommy's Discovery.

A little city boy out in the suburbs for the first time remarked as he looked out of the window in the morning and saw numberless dandelions on the lawn: "Oh, mamma, just look—the grass is all covered with freckles!"

PREROGATIVES OF RANK.

Why Jed Resigned as Chief of Brambleville Fire Department.

The Brambleville postmaster looked out with a frown from his barred window at the returned traveler who was questioning him. "I can't go out of this pen of mine till the mail's distributed," he said, with resentment. "The new rules and regulations don't hardly let a man breathe. What was it you asked me about the fire department?"

"No, Jed isn't chief any more. That's all owing to the city folks that come here now and try to run our whole village."

"There was a little spark of a fire down in one of our cottages, an' because our fire department didn't get there quite as quick as they expected they 'instituted inquiries'—I'm giving you their own words—and when they found the two ladders had been in Jed's orchard, an' that had made a little delay, they rained such a lot o' talk that Jed resigned."

"As he said, if the chief of the fire department hasn't got the right to borrow a couple o' ladders from the engine house when he needs 'em to pick his fruit, who has?"

"But you can't reason much with these city folks. They're a kind of a high-handed lot." —Youth's Companion.

CAN'T SING AND LOOK PRETTY.

That is Why One Woman Has No Vocal Ambitions.

"Of course it's nice in some ways to have a beautiful voice, but I'm glad I don't sing," said the pretty woman as she applauded perfunctorily after the soprano solo. "Yes, I am fond of music, but that is sufficient. If I could be tempted to sing, what would happen to my good looks? I think it is not silly for a woman to wish to look well at all times."

"A woman never looks pretty or beautiful when she sings. She invariably twists her mouth to one side and makes her face appear crooked. I have keenly observed the last ten singers I have heard, and every one of them opened her mouth on a bias. I haven't the slightest idea why they do it, unless the muscles of one side of the face are stronger than those on the other, and in the effort to sing the stronger muscles do the most work. I suppose men do the same thing, but generally they wear mustaches to cover their mouths."

"If one shuts one's eyes a song always is enjoyed more, for there is something disturbing about a pretty woman deliberately making herself a fright by stretching her mouth in song."

The Window of Refuge.

Scarcely a single tourist who drives down the stately Prado, in Havana and turns off into the fashionable Malecon along the sea knows the significance of the ever open window which he notices in an ancient building on his left. For centuries it has been the custom to leave this window open day and night for the reception of stray infants of those poor little unfortunates born under such circumstances that their parents cannot claim them. They are left on the window sill, chiefly during the silent hours of the night, and when found are taken care of by various priests, who bring them up in the Catholic faith and usually urge them to become priests or nuns. Very few ever discover their rightful parents.

Lesser of Two Evils.

The burglar's wife was in the witness box and the prosecuting attorney was conducting a vigorous cross-examination.

"Madam, you are the wife of this man?" "Yes."

"You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" "Yes."

"How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?" "Well, the witness said sarcastically, "I was getting old and had to choose between a lawyer and a burglar."

The cross-examination ended there.

Tatter.

"No, sir," said a clerk to his employer. "I don't think there's anything unreasonable in my asking for an increase of salary. You may remember that you promised me a rise when I had been with you a year."

"I know I did," rejoined the employer; "but didn't I make it conditional upon your having given me every satisfaction?"

"And in what way, sir, haven't I given you satisfaction?" asked the clerk.

"In what way?" replied the employer, with a show of anger. "Do you think you are satisfying me in asking for an increase of salary?"

Town Enriched by Earthquake.

With all the harm that earthquakes do," said a rug dealer, "it is pleasant to hear of an entire town hit an earthquake enriched."

"The town I mean is Ousou-Ada, on the Caspian sea, the terminus of the Trans-Caspian and Samkand railway. Ousou-Ada in the past had a miserable port, but a few years ago an earthquake visited her and on its departure she found herself richer by a harbor deep enough to eat the largest ships."

"Since that fortunate visit Ousou-Ada's population and wealth have trebled." —Philadelphia Record.