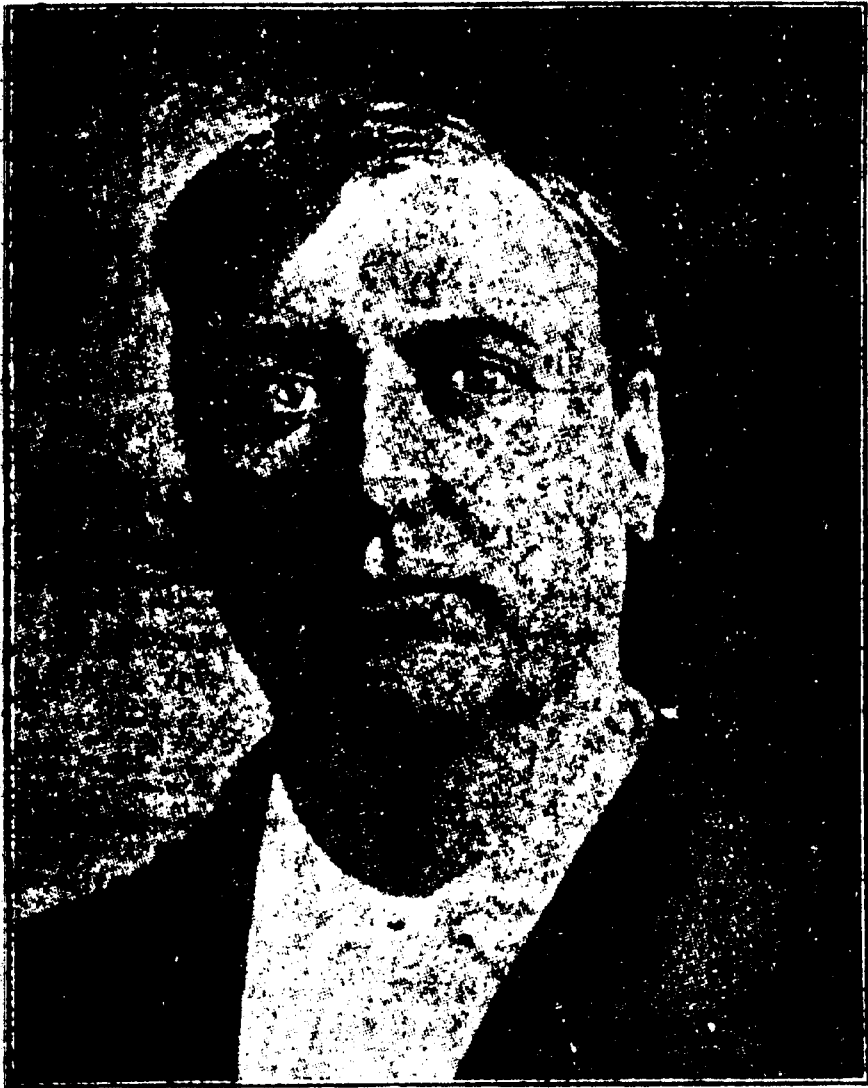


Ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho.



Slain by a bomb in front of his home at Caldwell, Idaho, and for the death of whom William D. Haywood, secretary of the Western Miners' Federation, is now on trial at Boise. Haywood, with Moyer and Pettibone, was indicted on a charge of conspiracy which resulted in the death of the Ex-Governor.

PLAN NOVEL REUNION

ALL THE DESCENDANTS OF DECLARATION SIGNERS WANTED.

Scheme is to Get Them All Together in One Grand Rally on July 4 at the Jamestown Exposition.

Washington—All of the descendants, and especially the lineal sons and daughters, of the 53 stout-hearted men who signed the Declaration of Independence, are invited by the Jamestown Exposition and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial association to gather at Jamestown in a grand reunion on July 4.

The plans are still somewhat tentative, but are being mapped out on a scale that promises to make it one of the conspicuous celebrations of the country. Speakers of national renown are on the programme, which will include also the reading of the Declaration of Independence by a descendant of Thomas Jefferson, and music by a trained chorus of 500 voices.

Former President Grover Cleveland has given the scheme his enthusiastic endorsement and the governors of a score of states have promised to be present.

In the meantime the officers of the association are hunting diligently for the descendants of the original declaration-makers. All who can trace their lineage from the 55 are invited to send their names and cross sections of their family tree to William Shields McKean, secretary, in the Ouray building, Eighth and G streets, in this city.

Ultimately the association plans to erect a permanent memorial here to Jefferson and the other signers. All of the officers, firmly convinced that "blood will tell," are counting confidently on finding that the descendants of the 55 have proved to be such substantial citizens that they can put up the memorial from their own purses without assistance from congress or the public.

Hilary A. Herbert of Alabama is the acting president, William Shields McKean of New Jersey is secretary and Jesse B. Wilson, president of the Lincoln National bank of this city, is treasurer. On the board of governors are Alton B. Parker of New York, Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, Charles Emory Smith of Pennsylvania, Mark A. Smith of Arizona, Horace S. Cummings of New Hampshire and D. L. D. Orange of Rhode Island.

Cremation More in Favor.

London—According to statistics, cremation of the bodies of the dead is becoming more and more popular in the United Kingdom, where 14 cremation furnaces are in existence. During the past year 743 bodies were cremated, a considerable increase over the preceding year, and of these 438 were burned in the district of London at the establishments of Golden Green and Woking. The other cremations took place at Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Birmingham. Since cremation was introduced in England about 20 years ago the number of bodies burned yearly has quadrupled.

Puts Ban on All Nostrums.

Iowa Falls, Ia.—The city council has handed a "lemmon" to dispensers of nostrums and so-called medical literature by passing an ordinance that forbids such nuisances in this city in the future. The ordinance bars the pernicious custom of distributing from house to house or displaying in public places and on the streets patent medicine nostrums and all literature referring to private diseases and other subjects that have a tendency to corrupt the minds of the young.

BEGGARS SEEK SMITH MILLIONS.

William Smith Mason, an Heir, Begged by Letter Writers.

Chicago.—William Smith Mason of Evanston, heir to \$6,000,000 of the "Silent" Smith estate, is being besieged by begging letters and communications from promoters who urge him to invest. These epistles are being turned over to his secretary, Miss Helen Stone, by whom they will be transferred to the waste basket.

More than 1,000 alluring missives have been received by the heir to the second largest share of the Smith estate. The writers ask for everything from charity to investments in perpetual motion devices, and the sums they require range from 25 cents to \$5,000,000. All base their appeals on the fact that Mr. Mason has become "a very rich man" and should do something to perpetuate his memory after his death.

One confident promoter offers Mr. Mason an opportunity to "get in on the ground floor" of a plan to control the shipping interests of the entire Mississippi valley. Canals and railroads are to be brought under his control at the trifling cost of \$5,000,000. The perpetual motion inventor assures Mr. Mason that he has the only device which will generate its own power and solve the smoke nuisance.

A woman writes to the heir stating that her family is a veritable preserve of budding genius, but that it cannot develop in a cold climate. If he will only finance the proposition, she will take her family south, where its outcropping genius may come into full bloom. A Wisconsin woman who admits that marriage is a failure offers him a "chance" on a sofa pillow which she is raffling.

Mr. Mason has declined to peruse these epistles personally, but is intrusting them to his secretary, with the understanding that her decision is to be final.

BID FOR HOME OF JOAN OF ARC.

Sothorn and Marlowe Would Present It to New York.

London.—Learning that the house in the city of Orleans in which Joan of Arc once lived is to be demolished, E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe have telegraphed the mayor of Orleans offering to purchase it in view of transferring it to New York, where they will present it as a gift to Central park. The mayor has telegraphed the reply that he laid the matter before the city council.

Mr. Frohman also is competing for the house. He has telegraphed the mayor of Orleans offering to buy it. He says if he is successful he will present the house to London in Pauline Chase's name, and will erect it at his own expense in Kensington gardens. He adds:

"I take a sentimental interest in Kensington gardens because Barrie says Peter Pan lived there. I also take an interest in Joan of Arc, and would like to see her house there."

Consumption of Pulp Wood.

Washington.—The census bureau has prepared a preliminary report on the consumption of pulp wood in the United States for the calendar year ended December 31, 1906, which shows that during that period 3,646,683 cords were used, as compared with 3,192,123 cords utilized in the previous year. This is an increase of 164,570 cords. The principal wood used in 1906 was domestic spruce, of which 1,785,680 cords were consumed. Classified according to methods of reducing into pulp, the mechanical process took 1,197,780 cords, and the soda process, 504,777 cords. The figures cover the operations of 250 mills in 1906 and 237 in 1905.

THE LIMIT OF PATIENCE.

Owner of One Telephone in Flat Building Protests.

"Of course," said the cheerful woman, "I believe in loving my neighbor as myself, but I find it harder since we have had a telephone put in our flat. We live in an old-fashioned flat house and ours is the only telephone on the premises. I do not know how the neighbors learned that we have one, for I am not acquainted with anybody in the building, but it was not in more than a week when the woman across the hall came over to ask if she could use it. 'Of course I'll pay,' she said, and naturally I had no choice but to let her use it. She paid five cents, but under the rules of the telephone company private wires cost more than that per message. However, I did not wish to be small, so I let it pass. She evidently carried the good news throughout the building, for there has been a continuous performance ever since. A few days ago somebody rang me up and asked for Mrs. Blank, who lives on the top floor. I was the only person at home at the time, so I had to climb three flights of stairs and tell Mrs. Blank to come down. What's that? Virtue its own—Oh, yes, I know; but whose virtue?"

PLACATED MR. DAN SAMSON.

Colored Minister's "Retraction" a Triumph of Ingenuity.

In Mississippi there was a colored preacher noted in those parts for the extreme frankness and candor of his exhortations to his wicked brethren to reform. On one occasion, relates Representative John Sharp Williams, the divine was holding forth on the sin of theft. Among other things he said: "I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' Dan Samson." This bald statement of fact rather aroused the resentment of the aforesaid Samson, and he threatened the minister with personal violence. The latter's friends persuaded the divine to withdraw the accusation if Samson would promise not to offer the minister any hurt. The question seemed about to be adjusted, it being settled that the clergyman should, on the following Sunday, publicly retract his statement as to the honesty of Mr. Samson. Therefore, rising in the pulpit on the day appointed, the minister said: "It pears dat a remark of mine, in de sermon of last Sunday, has been de cause of offense, an I derefore amends it. What I should have said was dis: 'I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, not includin' Dan Samson.'"—Harper's Weekly.

The Congregation.

There is a tiny church near the foot of one of the Western Grampians which has a congregation numbering, in the best of weather, not more than 20 people. On stormy days the number is much less, as members have to travel considerable distances. A tourist happened to come across this church early one Sunday afternoon. He listened for a bit, but heard no sound, so went to the door of the church and looked in. The beadle was the only occupant. "Is the service over?" he asked. "Ou ay, she will pe over," replied the old man. "Then, where is the congregation?" asked the tourist. The beadle slowly pointed through the open door to a man wending his way down a hill and said, "That's him."

Cut-Rate Contributors.

In a certain parish of Greater New York the rector, while admonishing his flock on Sunday last that the collection basket receipts were steadily growing less, took occasion to declare that "certain parishioners contribute to their means, but others give in keeping with their meanness." He added that in measure such exhibitions of false pretense reminded him of the story told of the Pilgrim fathers upon their arrival at Plymouth Rock: "First they fell upon their knees; then they fell upon the aborigines."

Ruskin on Manual Labor.

We are always in these days endeavoring to separate intellect and manual labor; we want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, but one envying the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers!

Women Who Should Shave.

"One thing I am proud of about New York women," said the man who just got home, "is that they are clean shaven. I never saw anything like the side-whiskers and beards on the women in France, Italy and Switzerland. In Paris once I walked into a shoe store and stood there petrified, forgetting what I went in for, the big brunette cashier at the desk had such a furious mustache."

Advice as to Alaska.

There will be an element of surprise in the advice of Dr. Henry Gannett, of the United States geological survey: "If you are old, go to Alaska by all means; but if you are young, wait." Mr. Gannett gives this reason for his advice: "The scenery of Alaska is much grander than anything else of the kind in the world, and it is not well to dull one's capacity for enjoyment by seeing the finest sights first."

BANSHEE OR DEATH WRAITH.

This is One of the Oldest and Most Respectable Ghosts.

One of the oldest and most respectable types of ghost is the banshee, which may be regarded as a near relative of the "death wraith." Inasmuch as it gives warning of impending death by uttering lamentable wails, says Lippincott's. Some families take great pride in the possession of such "spooks," a good example of which is described by Mrs. Levey of 7 Castle terrace, London, who writes: "The night when my mother lay dying was one of great pain. At about nine o'clock there came a fearful wail of a woman's voice, as if swaying to and fro past the windows. I ran to the window, but no human being could be there, as the room was two flights up and no houses near. She died at 10:30 p. m. My father and family sat at dinner on the evening of February 4, 1868, when the same fearful cry or wail filled our house. At eight o'clock next morning my youngest brother died quite suddenly. The same thing happened on my father's death in 1887; likewise on the death of my sister in 1889, and on the death of another brother in 1890." This banshee seems to have been rather of place in London, such wailing ghosts (which are not seen and cannot therefore be properly termed apparitions) being especially domesticated in Ireland, where they are usually associated with dilapidated castles and an impoverished and long-descended gentry.

LAST DAYS OF GREAT POETS.

Bliss Perry Writes of the Passing of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

On the day when he last entered the Atlantic office, in January, Mr. Aldrich seemed, for the first time, to have grown old. One of his friends spoke of it as he went out. Up till that morning, the weight of 70 years had scarcely seemed to touch the erect, jaunty figure. The lines that time had written around his clear blue eyes and firm mouth conveyed no hint of senility. His hair was scarcely gray. His voice, slightly husky in its graver, sweeter tones, retained a delicious youthful crispness as it curled and broke, wave-like, into flashing rallery. He had just completed his poem for the Longfellow centenary, his first verse after some years of silence, and when it was praised to his face—for who could help praising it?—he blushed with pleasure like a boy. Yet he had passed three-score and ten, and the shadow, invisible as yet and quite unheralded, was drawing very near.—Bliss Perry, in Atlantic.

Some Famous "Dunces."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was the dunce of his class. Walter Scott was told by his professor that he was a dunce. Both Napoleon and Wellington were dull boys at school, and when Clive won Plassy his father said he did not think the booby had so much sense. Chalmers, the leader of the Disruption, was expelled from his school as an incorrigible dunce. Chatterton was sent home as a fool, and Leigh Hunt was considered beyond all hope. Isaac Newton, the great oriental scholar, Sir William Jones, and Robert Morrison, who compiled the immortal Chinese Bible and dictionary, were all regarded as extremely dull boys.—Sunday Magazine.

Prizes for Tanned Faces.

With the object of encouraging the pupils of the Farnham grammar school to spend their recent holiday in the open air as much as possible, the Rev. S. Priestley, the head-master, offered a prize to the boy who returned to school with the brownest face. On the pupils reassembling for the summer term 12 were picked out as being the most tanned, and it was announced that the judges had awarded the prize to Foster, the captain of the school. It is understood that Foster declines to divulge to the other boys the secret of his preparation, if any.—London Globe.

Poor Orphans.

Two of the young friends of Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford gave the authorities of the university so much trouble that they won the nicknames of Hophal and Phineas. One day they were lounging about the hall at Cuddensdon palace, singing the Lutheran refrain: "The Devil is Dead," when the bishop suddenly appeared. He walked very gently up to them, and in his most caressing manner, placing one hand on each head, said in consolatory tone: "Alas, poor orphans!"—Youth's Companion.

More Thorough.

Bobby had gone to Canada to visit his English aunt, and was trying to be on his best behavior all the time, but at luncheon, when his aunt asked him if he would like some curried chicken, he was speechless with surprise. "What is the matter, Bobby?" asked his aunt. "Don't you like curried chicken?" "I don't know," answered Bobby. "We don't carry ours; we pick them."—Lippincott's.

Substitutes.

"We haven't any deviled crabs, sir," said the waiter. "I can offer you some very nice deviled eggs." "Umph! I presume if you were out of mock-turtle soup you'd suggest some very nice mock oranges?" retorted the diner. "Yes, sir," answered the waiter, calmly. "At least I would suggest that you give them a mock trial."—Harper's Weekly.

PRISONERS IN A CAVE.

Party of Picnickers Has Exciting Adventure in Basutoland.

A remarkable incident occurred in Basutoland recently, writes the London Mail's Durban correspondent. A picnic party decided to make a trip into the Basuto country, which they entered by a pass known as the Labl' Ingubo, on the Natal frontier, and encamped for the night in a cave in the Drakensberg. Proceeding on their journey the following day they asked a native to direct them to a cave in which they could take their midday meal. The Basuto appears to have given information of their presence, for toward evening the party was intercepted by a number of natives, the old man who appeared to be in charge carrying a gun. The Europeans were then arrested, accused of being "white men's spies," and taken to a place which had the appearance of a mountain stronghold beneath an overhanging cliff. Here the visitors' horses were turned astray and the headman, telling them that they would not be allowed to re-enter Natal, signified that they would have to continue without their horses, and would have to carry their saddles. After a night spent under surveillance in a cave the Basutos maintaining a close watch upon their captives, the party made their escape by means of a strategem, in which they were assisted by the Basuto guide, who helped them to capture the horses and led them back to the pass by which they entered. After a furious ride in the darkness, the precarious nature of the country leading to several exciting adventures, the party reached the Natal side early on the morning after their escape, thoroughly spent and unnerved.

TOOK THE MINISTER'S WATCH.

Last Action of Pickpocket Typical of His Life.

Rev. Dr. Chadwick, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, in a speech at the synod of the Irish Protestant church, referred to the story of a pickpocket having been found dead with the watch of the clergyman who had come to attend him in his hand. The clergyman in whose experience this strange incident occurred was the late Rev. W. H. White, chaplain of the Savoy and chaplain to the speaker of the British house of commons in the reign of Speaker Brand. Mr. White was aroused in the small hours of the morning from his sleep by a sick call when, early in his ministry, he was a curate in a Brighton parish. He was summoned to a bad quarter of the town and was led to the bedside of a man who was rapidly sinking, amid surroundings of destitution and squalor. The man passed away while Mr. White was offering prayer in his behalf, and Mr. White, on rising from his knees, discovered to his astonishment that his watch had been removed from his pocket and was held tightly in the grasp of the dead man.

Hoist by His Own Petard.

Overshrewd lawyers often furnish their adversaries with weapons. "Did you see this tree that has been mentioned by the roadside?" an advocate inquired. "Yes, sir; I saw it very plainly." "It was conspicuous, then?" The witness seemed puzzled by the new word. He repeated his former assertion. "What is the difference," sneered the lawyer, "between plain and conspicuous?" But he was hoist by his own petard. The witness innocently answered: "I can see you plainly, sir, among the other lawyers, though you are not a bit conspicuous."—Tit-Bits.

Italy's New Cereal.

Italy has produced a new cereal for breakfast purposes that is attracting a good deal of popular attention. A public test was made the other day at Mesbrino of baking bread from flour of the new grain, which is named Olco Caffro, and has been developed by a priest of the name of Candeo. The bread was pronounced to be palatable, light, and mixed with one-third of wheaten flour, is declared to make a sustaining food at very low price. Besides this, the "inventor" says that its general use would do away with the pellagra in Italy.—London Globe.

Life of French Mechanic.

All mechanics in France are obliged to serve an apprenticeship of from two to three years, during half of which period, at least, they receive no wages and must board themselves. In addition to this, each one must give up two years of his life for military service, for which he receives 1 cent a day and board and clothes. It will be seen that every mechanic in France must expend four or five years of his life without wages, before he is prepared to earn from 97 cents to \$1.17 a day.

Something Ominous.

"That," said Senator Hale, referring to a political report, "is ominous. It is like the ominous speech of the servant maid. She had been employed only two days. In fact, her master and mistress had been only two days married. And going to the locksmith, she said: 'Will you please come to our house at once, sir? When Mr. Newed started out this morning he slammed the door so hard he broke the lock.'"

Disappointed.

Inquisitive—"If, as you say, you knew this man to be a rake, why did you invite him to your house?" Henpeck—"Heaven's man! I never dreamed he would elope with my daughter; I thought he would carry off my wife."—Translated for Tales from Le Rire.

YEARNING FOR OLD FRIENDS.

Gray-Headed Man Wants to Read Boyhood Favorites.

"If I were in the publishing business," said the gray-headed man, "I'd get out a school reader and put into it some of the old poems and stories that were favorites forty years ago. It would do the youngsters good to get acquainted with that ancient and honorable literature, while as for their parents, who sometimes look through a school book seeking in vain for a familiar echo of their own childhood days, why, they would get a whiff of the inspiration of youth that would lop at least 15 years off their age. I'd put in that poem about 'Make Me a Child Again Just for To-night,' and that other one where the little girl wants to know if 'God isn't on the ocean just the same as on the land?' Then there are 'The Gambler's Wife,' 'Lewellyn and His Dog,' 'We Are Seven,' and 'Lazy Ned.' I'd print all these old gems and sandwich them in between the speeches of Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster, and that old classic about the contented boy who had no kick against life as he found it, even though he hadn't, even a turnip to eat. Maybe my book, when I had finished compiling it, wouldn't find favor with a modern school board, but I'll warrant you it would strike a sympathetic chord in the breast of many a reader, old and young."

LINK WITH THE DEAD PAST.

Woman Has Handkerchief Stained With Blood of Charles I.

An interesting Derbyshire "link with the past" is recalled by Mr. J. H. Sharpley of Hatfield college, Doncaster, in a letter to the Sheffield Telegraph. He says: "In 1872, when a boy, staying at Hulland ward, Derbyshire, I called on an old woman, Elizabeth Duroso, then 97, widow of a farmer, who told me that her grandmother, when a girl, had known a man—a distant relative—who had witnessed the execution of Charles I. The old woman then took out of a corner cupboard an old prayer-book, bound in black leather, which was, I fancy, of the time of Queen Anne, for I remember it had a frontispiece picturing a person in gown and bands, and wearing a long wig, saying prayers in a 'three-decker.' Opening it at the form of service for January 30, she showed me a piece of coarse linen, of the color of a dead leaf, which she said was a portion of a handkerchief which had been dipped in the king's blood, and was given to her grandmother by the above eye-witness. When it first passed into her possession it was nearly entire, but her children had played with it, and this was all she had managed to preserve."—Derby (England) Telegraph.

Wolf in Italian Town.

It is not often that European eyes witness the spectacle of a wolf trotting leisurely through the streets in broad daylight, and with little apparent concern. Such an incident happened recently in the Italian town of Anzezzano. The wolf went sniffing first in the direction of one house and then of another as he went along. Passing by the hospital, an attendant of sporting instincts saw the game, and, rushing for a gun, gave chase. Before long he got a chance for a shot, which hit the wolf, and, following this up with another, the beast was slain. Its presence in the town is accounted for by the theory that the beast had been hunting over night away from his haunts, and after eating to satiety and sleeping through the night, was making his way back to his lair.

Aldrich and Whitman.

T. R. Aldrich knew Walt Whitman and liked him personally, although he would never admit that Whitman was a poet except in here and there a single phrase. Many a time has the present writer endeavored to convert Mr. Aldrich from this state of heathen blindness as to Whitman's genius, but the debates used to end, usually with Mr. Aldrich's delightful use of a certain \$9 which Whitman once borrowed from him—magnificently, but alas, irrevocably—in Pfaff's restaurant in Broadway.—Atlantic Monthly.

Properly Sized Up.

"William," said an Old City woman to her husband, "I gave away an old pair of your trousers to-day." "You did? What color were they?" "Blue, I think." "Great Scott! Woman, do you know what you've done?" "Why—no—William, I don't. Was there any money in them?" "Was there any money in them? There happened to be \$50 in them which I intended handing you for a present." "William," said the woman, quietly, "I believe you are lying." Which he was, of course.—Old City Blizard.

Precautions Against Electric Fires.

If your dwelling is electrically lighted never place wood, clothes or other inflammable material against the wires, meters or switches; never use an electric wire as a clothesline, and see to it that your dwelling is kept free from rats, as these pests often gnaw the insulation from the wires. The amount of loss from "electric fires" in the United States in one year, according to the Saturday Evening Post, is \$15,000,000.

Rural for Them.

"Those young fellows act like a bunch of fools." "They consider that they have a right to act that way." "I'd like to know what right?" "They belong to the smart set."—Houston Post.