LEAVE CHURCH TO LYNCH MAN.

Wershipers Rush from Pews and Hang Negro Who Killed Policeman.

Crisfield, Md.—The residents of this place rushed out of churches the other morning to aid in the lynching of James Reed, a half-breed negro, who murdered James H. Daugherty, a policeman. Daugherty had arrested a friend of Reed for selling liquor. Reed followed the officer and shot him through the head.

The slayer selsed a bicycle and fled to the bay, where he stole a boat and tried to sail across to the Virginia shore. The absence of the boat wag discovered early next morning, and the steamboat Aircliff went in pursuit. Reed was found becalmed nearly half-way across the bay. He leaped into the water and tried to drown himself, but was dragged aboard with boat hooks. Bound to a posturn, he talked coolly about his crime and the prospect of his being saved from lynching.

When the boat returned here a great crowd was waiting. The boat steamed about for half an hour waiting for the crowd to disperse, and then 100 deputies having been sworn in to preserve order, the murderer was landed. He had hardly reached the foot of the gang plank when the mob made a rush for him and dragged him out of the hands of the officers. He was beaten and kicked almost to streets to the scene of his crime and hanged to a telegraph pole.

A coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the lynching was done by parties unknown.

Dilemma for a Carnegie.

Painesville, Pa.—Peter Carnegie, Sr., a cousin of Andrew Carnegie, is in a dilemma. He built a boat in the cellar of his house, but when it was completed he found that he could not get it out of the cellar. Now he is thinking seriously of tearing his house down to get the boat out. It required months to build the vessel, and now he finds it is too big to take up stairs and it won't go through the window. Carnegie says the boat has many possibilities, and he is anxious to give it a trial.

REMOVE APPENDIX LATEST.

Wives of Rich Pittsburgers Have New Society Fad.

41.

Pittsburg.—That Pittsburg society women have developed a morbid fad in having their veriform appendix removed and that the amputation has become so much of a vogue as to have become a requisite to enjoy social equity with the upper set is the startling announcement made to-day by a Pittsburg paper, after careful inquiry.

Time hangs too heavily upon the hands of these women, declares the paper. Tiring of the social whirl and the painful monotony and lack of novelties in freak entertainments and social diversions, the gentle sex of the upper circle are now resorting to the soothing effects of anesthetics and the sensations of the operating table. Against the advice of physicians and with professional assurance that the appendix is in good order and acting intelligently and with precision, many women insist upon having the peaky thing removed.

"I occasionally run across cranks in operating upon women," said a prominent local surgeon. "It becomes a mania with them to be operated upon. I have one woman in mind. If I should tell you who her husband is you would wonder that she did not have better sense. She not only insisted that her vermiform appendix be removed without cause, but every other organ she could possibly spare. She is now in New York seeking another operation. Her husband's name would startle you."

HOT WATER BAG INCUBATOR.

Kaness Woman Finds Novel Mother

Kaness Woman Finds Novel Mother for Her Chickens.

Wichita, Kas.—The hot water bag, that modern pain reliever and balm to cold feet, has come into a new and unique use here in Wichita. It has taken a vacation from its pathological field and invaded the poultry business.

Mrs. Waller had the hen and the hen wanted to set, so Mrs. Waller bought a setting of fancy barred Plymouth Rock eggs, and the hen went to work in that determined way hens

have. All went merry until one morning she found that the hen had sickened and died.

Here was a desperate situation. She didn't want to buy an incubator to save 14 ergs; she didn't want to lose

didn't want to buy an incubator to save 14 eggs; she didn't want to lose the eggs. Then she thought of the hot water bag.

She rigged up a light framework to keep the weight of the rubber bag off the eggs. Then she filled the bag with hot water and put in on the eggs, keeping a careful watch over the temperature.

Only one other thing was necessary, and that was some one to get up at two o'clock in the morning to put in more hot water. Mrs. Waller selected Mr. Waller for the job.

Crows Like a Rooster.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mrs. Josie Addington. of 1041 East Third street, was in the juvenile court complaining about the way one of the neighbors

about the way one of the neighbors cares for his children.
"That father gets drunk," she said.
"How drunk does he get?" Judge

"That father gets drunk," she said.

"How drunk does he get?" Judge
Goodrich asked.

"Awful drunk."

"What does he do?"
"Well, one thing he does when he
igets awful drunk is to run up and
idown the alley and crow like a
brooster."

## MOREWOMENTRAMPS

HOMELESS FEMALES BECOMING NUMEROUS IN CHICAGO.

Travel From Police Station to Police Station Begging Food and Shelter —Many are Wanderers From Choice.

Chicago.—Women tramps are becoming numerous in Chicago. Nearly
every night the desk sergeants in the
various police stations are called upon
by feminine wanderers for a night's
lodging, and at some of the stations,
notably those on Harrison and Maxwell streets, hardly a night or day
passes without a visit from one or

more of these homeless women.

The woman tramp seldom allows herself to be seen on the streets during the day. Unlike her brothers in the calling, she is not permitted to loaf around the cheap saloons between begging excursions, and for that reason not much is known about her. Occasionally she is arrested on a charge of intoxication or some minor complaint and then, at her hearing in the courts, the police learn that she is a tramp and that she has no visible means of support.

Some of the women who make a business of tramping impose largely on the Salvation army and the Volunteers of America. Denied the privilege of loafing about saloons, they go to the various headquarters of the "Sal" and "Vols," as these organisations are known to the underworld, and there they make a pretense of wanting to work. While the army officers are seeking employment for them they put in their time at light work about the headquarters, and once in a while they confess that the germ of religious enthusiasm has taken hold of them. After this they attend the street meetings, which gives them the right to wear the army uniform. This, they have learned from experience, is a big asset when they resume their private begging expeditions.

To nearly every police station in the city there is attached a character known as the station tramp. In some instances she is a woman, and these women tell so many and plausible stories concerning their origin that nobody knows where they come from or what they do for a living when they are not at the station. In the winter, especially, these women frequent the police stations in the hope of securing a night's lodging or a bite to eat. Some of them have been detected making the rounds of the stations, stopping at one place one night and moving on to another station the next. As there are more than 40 stations in the city, it is easily possible for them to make the entire round and then, by the time they appear at the first one again, they been forgotten.

No one is allowed to stay more than one night in the stations, and none is allowed even that privilege if there is any chance to get her over to the municipal lodging house. Concerning these women the night waiters in the restaurants along South Clark and State streets know more than the police. Rarely do they go through a night's work without a visit from one of these women, who, by the repetition of some pitiful story, usually is repaid by a bite to eat.

The Chicago police say that women tramps frequent the small towns more than the larger cities. In the rural communities their requests for food and clothing meet with more ready response than they do in the cities, and for that reason they take to the road. Their traveling they do on foot, except in some instances where they ride on passenger trains until the conductor puts them off, or, in still rarer cases, where they travel on freight trains disgulsed as men. The woman tramp, however, is not much on traveling for any great distance. Usually she confines her operations to a radius of a few miles. In that circle she usually is able to wean her victims from enough money to carry her to that "husband in a distant town," who is unable to send for her and where she would have been long ago had not sickness and misfortune handicapped her so greatly.

OLD THREAT IS FULFILLED.

W. S. Stratton's Determination to Buy Denver Hotel Recalled.

Denver, Col.—When the estate of W. S. Stratton bought in the Brown Palace hotel at sheriff's sale the other day, the last chapter was written in a story which had its inception 14 years ago in the lobby of the hostelry which changed hands.

Stratton, who was an irascible man, did something which caused the manager of the hotel to remind him of the "house rules."

Angered at what he considered the

Angered at what he considered the too officious tone of the manager, Stratton ignored the protest and was ordered out of the hotel.

ordered out of the notes.

"I'll go," he shouted, "but I'll own
this 'shack' some day and put you

out."

The Brown estate, of which the palace was part, needed \$625,000 soon afterwards and Stratton's was the money loaned, through a broker, and one of the terms the lender insisted on was that the manager of the hotel whose "offense" still rankled with the millionaire, would have to be dis-

missed.

He was, and when the Brown property was sold to wind up the estate, the administrator of the Stratton estate bought in the hotel for \$850,000.

WALKS AROUND THE WORLD.

Mossi Says He's Escaped From Lions and the Russians.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Henri Vincent Mossi, a doughty little Frenchman, carrying a double barreled shotgun, a belt full of shells, and attired in a fantastic walking suit, sauntered into Santa Barbara the other afternoon. He said that he was a member of the Touring club of France and that, with other tourists, representing that organization and the Sportsman's club of England, he had started in a walking competition to tour the world, without a cent of money and with absolutely no hope of getting any except by earning it en route.

Mossi has toured through Europe, Asia, Africa and other parts of the world, and is now on his way across the United States with something like eight months in which to complete his; journey and win a wager of \$10,000, he' says. Death and "cold feet" have, eliminated from the contest all but the plucky Frenchman and an Englishman named George Moss, who, the visitor stated, was somewhere in the East Indies, and far behind in the unique race for a fortune. The event

started June 14, 1904.

Mossi has faced death several times.
Once, when an African lion treed him;
again when captured by Chinese
pirates; a third time when arrested
as a Japanese spy in Russia, where he
spent 46 days in prison, finally being
released; and lastly when a tiger

trailed him in Indo-China.

M. Mossi bears an album filled with the seals and signatures of rulers and potentates all over the world, which are evidence of his passage through these countries. He expects to start for Washington after a few days, where he hopes to obtain recognition from President Roosevelt.

WOULD SELL FARM FOR AUTO.

Farmer Wanted His Pretty Housekeep-

er to Have Buzz Wagon.

Worcester, Mass. — Because the practy married housekeeper for a wealthy young Spencer farmer had her eye on an automobile and because the aforesaid farmer had advertised to sell his fine farm at auction to gratify her desire to scoot around the country in a chug-chug wagon, the overseers of the poor at Spencer did a most unheard-of thing. They applied for a guardian over him, fearing the young farmer would, in a short time, come to them for care and assistance. The farmer consents to a guardian being appointed over him.

The farmer is William N. Guilford, the pretty housekeeper and mother of a daughter is Mrs. Mabel E. Thompson and the conservator is Attorney Jere R. Kane.

He has decided to let the sale go on as advertised by Guilford, only he will see that none of the money realized is spent for the purchase of an automobile.

Mrs. Thompson has nursed the automobile idea for a long time, and, according to discoveries by Attorney Kane, Guilford has for some weeks been supplying a Worcester automobile dealer named Brunell with poultry and eggs, which were being accepted as part payment for the automobile.

Guilford was trying to expedite matters and pull off an auction sale when the hard-hearted overseers of the poor butted in and spoiled the plans of himself and his pretty housekeeper, who says they are "crool, crool skinflints."

BELLING INDIAN GIRLS.

Beautiful Ones Auctioned Off to Highest Bidder.

Revelsioke, B. C.—Fourteen hundred dollars was the price paid for an Indian girl, nine years old, at a big potlatch at Albert Bay. Another maiden, about 18 years old, who evidently has white blood in her veins, brought \$1,000 on the open market. The money in both cases went into the general fund of the potlatch.

Two thousand Tsimpseans are in the gathering, and, judging from the piles of \$20 gold pieces, blankets, furs and other articles, \$30,000 has been donated to the general fund.

There was a touch of romance in the sale of the nine-year-old Indian girl. Two warriors had journeyed far in their cances to get the much coveted beauty. One was a grissled old warrior and the other a youth, selecting a wife for the first time. Bids for the girl went up steadily, and at last the limit for the youth was reached, when the quotation climbed to \$1.400, and the damsel was knocked down to the old veteran, who is at the festival with his wife and family of

a dozen or so children.

The girl who was sold for \$1,000 was secured by a young Indian who was looking for a wife. Some months ago these auctions were reported to the Dominion officials at Ottawa, and it was declared that energetic steps were being taken to suppress them, but from fatest accounts it appears that nothing has been done to stamp out the evil.

Waits 42 Years for Pay.

Carmi, Ill.—After waiting for more than 40 years for back pay due him for services rendered in the civil war, John F. Eddings, who lives near Iuka, has received a voucher from the war

department for \$26.19.

At first Eddings could not understand why the amount had been sent him, as he had long ago forgotten the claim. He was first Heutenant in company I, Illinois volunteers.

There was no accompanying note to explain why so long a time had elapsed without the money being sent.

FORTUNE IN GROUND

FORTY-NINER BURIES WEALTH,
THEN DIES.

Ohioan Who Had No Faith in the Security of Banks Makes His Farm a Place of Mystery and

Tressure.

Findlay, O.—It is reported here that there is approximately \$20,000 hidden somewhere on a farm in Putnam county, near Ottawa. William Nemeyer, who owned the farm, died one month ago, and those in charge of his estate, so it is reported, are unable to find any money of consequence, although it was known he had a snug fortune.

Mr. Nemeyer came from Muskingum

Mr. Nemeyer came from Muskingum county to Putnam county in the early '30s and settled in the wilderness. When gold was discovered in California in 1849 he made the overland journey in a prairie schooner. Although a man of little education, he was shrewd and by his careful management was able to return in a few years with enough to give him a start in life. He purchased land and converted it from a wilderness into one of the finest farms in the county.

It is said that Mr. Nemeyer never believed in banks, and consequently kept his money in his own possession. Under these conditions he naturally was secretive, and the members of his own family never knew how much he had.

Twenty years ago his relatives discovered that he was hiding his money at various places on the farm. Mr. Nemeyer one day went to the woods near his home and returned very much worried and gave up his secret. He had gone to his safe, which consisted of two sugar troughs placed together and buried several feet underground, and found the contents of the

This condition had existed so long that the paper money was hadly molded, some of it so hadly that it could hardly be restored to its original condition. When the money was thoroughly dried there was found to be over

Friends could not induce Mr. Nemeyer to put his money in the banks. It disappeared again as quickly as it had been found and no one knew

where it had gone.

During the last 20 years Mr. Nemeyer was quite successful in business, and those who claim to know say he had at least \$20,000 at the time of his death. There never was any extravagance in the family, it is said, and where the money is hidden is a profound mystery to all concerned. Some fear it is hidden somewhere under unfavorable conditions and will be ruined before found.

It is reported that the administrator will have nothing to distribute but the proceeds from the real and personal property.

DROPS FIRE IN U. S. MAIL BOX.

Small Boy Sets Fire to Letters in the Nation's Capital.

Washington.—If the citizens in the vicinity of Eleventh and C streets, northeast, fail to get recaipts for checks they mailed, or in case they do not receive answers to certain letters, let them not say "thief" or blame the post office department, for the contents of a mail box in that locality were burned.

About 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon a splendidly bad little boy in that neighborhood, who is not known, extracted a handful of matches from his mother's kitchen. He had great sport scratching them on the wall for a while, but that palled on him. Then he tried lighting them with his teeth, but the sulphur was found to be indigestible, and he began burning paper, but he was chased away by good little boys.

At last, impelled by some strange freak, he lighted several of the matches in true Irish fashion, and, after giving the flames a good start within his hands, dropped them in a letter box. He waited a moment, then dropped some more, and after a while a few more. As the first curls of smoke issued forth the mischlevous youngster ran away.

The smoke attracted the attention of Guy Neelee, a druggist at Eleventh and C streets, who extinguished the fire, but not until 20 letters had been destroyed. No arrests have been made.

Novel Scheme Pays Well.

A young Philadelphia woman of

good family but reduced means, who has retained an extensive acquaintance among her aristocratic associates, has hit upon a novel and original means of earning a livelihood by the-use of her voice and excellent reading ability. She has combined some of her wealthy friends of advanced years into a reading circle, who listen to her over their telephones for about an hour a day and pay her generously by the week for her entertainment.

pigiron, part of the first seven tons turned out by the new electric smelter on the Pitt river, is on exhibition here. The smelter, which uses the Herault process and operates entirely without coke, ran a few days, but was

New Iron Smelter's Success.

Redding, Cal.-A ton of high-grade

forced to shut down because the power company could not furnish the necessary 2,000-horse power. Next week the plant will turn out 25 tons a day. The iron is close texture and will make fine steel.

MAS CHINESE SEE SEVEN AGES.

Oriental Philosopher Pictures the Course of the Life of Man.

A French officer, Louis de Chantilly, tells in Paris Gil Blas of his discovery in a Buddhist convent in the mountains of Tonkin of a dusty manuscript containing the Chinese version of the seven ages of man.

"At ten years old," says the writer, whose name has long been forgotten, "the boy has a heart and a brain as soft as the tender shoots of a young bamboo. At 20 he is like a green banana; he is just beginning to ripen in warm rays of common sense.

"Thirty years sees him developed into a buffalo. He is strong and lusty, full of bodily and mental vigor. This is the true age of love; the age for him to marry at.

"At 40 years, the prosperous man has grown to be a mandarin and wears a coral button. But it would be truly indiscreet to confide to him at this early age any functions calling for judicial intelligence or calm.

"When he reaches 50 years, how-

ever, although he has grown stout and fleshy, he is fit to hold any municipal or state office; he can administer a city or a province or perform any official duty.

But at 60 years he is old. Handicrafts and all active bodily activities

ents and clients advice. That is all he is fit for.

"At 70 he is just a dry rice straw. He has only one care; to husband the breath of life that is left to him, to preserve it, even by artificial means. His sons must assume the care of his estate and the performance of his

are beyond him. He gives his depend-

ALL METALS HAVE LIFE.

duties."

As Expert Puts It, Statement is Beyond-Argument.

"Metals have life," said a metallurgist firmly. "Not much life, but a little. As plants' lives are to ours, so are metals' lives to plants'.

"Here's the proof:

"You know how a strip of muscle will contract under the electric current, and how, finally, it grows tired and contracts no longer? We'll, with a strip of platinum it is the same thing." The platinum, too, grows tired and refuses to contract.

"And metals can be stimulated, depressed, poisoned. Thus:

"Platinum wire, immersed in water, gives off an electric current that may easily be measured. If you put bicarbonate of soda in the water, the stimmated wire gives off a weaker current. Put in bromide of potassium, and the depressed wire gives off a weaker current. Finally put in oxalic acid, and the poisoned wire gives off no current at all. It will never again give off any current. It is dead.

"Now, I leave it to you. If you can tire a metal, depress it, exhibitante it, and finally administer to it a fatal dose of poison, have you not a right to say that the metal has life?"

Schemed for His Taffy.

When Andrew Carnegie was a young man, he was inordinately found of taffy. And when we learn the scheme he adopted to keep himself supplied, it is easy to understand why to-day he is able to build libraries.

 Andy suggested to the other clerks in the office in which he was employed that they organize a club for mutual improvement. One of the rules provided that any member guilty of using an improper or slangy word or violating any of the numerous regulations laid down for gentlemanly conduct; should pay a fine of one cent for each offense. Tobacco was not allowed in the office, so under the skillful wire-pulling of Carnegie, it was voted that the fund should be used for the purchase of taffy. Carnegie was elected treasurer and disburser of the fund, and, as he never had to pay fines for misconduct, his taffy cost nothing.

Unanswerzbie.

Dr. B—rarely met his match, but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for by an innkeeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had scarred his face with hor nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Dr. B—thought this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said:

. "Madam, are you not assamed of yourself to treat your husband like this? The husband is the bead of all

—your head, in fact, madam."
"Well, doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

Original Colors of Hair.

Red is believed by Dr. Beddoe, a European anthropologist, to have been the original color of the hair of Europeans, and he attributes the brown pigments to the action of heat. Red hair is occasionally found among the negroes, and dull dark hair among the pigmies of Central Africa. Chinese and Japanese adults always have black bair, but Japanese children sometimes have dark reddish yellow hair, and Chinese children may have brown hair.

Not Game.

"Find you see where a girl in Chicago had a man arrested for kissing her, not so much on account of the kisses as because of the facial irritation of his whiskers?"

"Pshaw! A girl like that is not worth kissing. Give me a girl who can come up to the scratch."

THE RAKING OF THE GREEN.

New Haven Rightly Claims First Village Improvement.

Many years ago there was observed a unique custom in the sittle town of Guilford, Conn. On one day in the fall of the year the women of the town assembled on the village green. Each carried a wooden rake, decorated with her favorite color, and each was dressed in white, decked out with colored ribbons. It was a day of fete, and it was called "The Raking of the

Green."

Then with song and laughter and with many a jest this band of women cleaned the village green of all the leaves and refuse and dirt of a year's accumulation. When the job was done they adjourned to the town halt, where they were joined by their husbands, and brothers, and the village fathers. A public banquet celebrated

the occasion.

While this was not the first chartered village improvement association in the country, it was probably at that time the most enthusiastic, and had perhaps the largest attendance. New Haven, Conn., can rightly claim the first effort in village improvement, while Stockbridge, Mass., should be remembered as offering the second.

More than a hundred years ago James Hillhouse, of New Haven, ovganized what he called the "Public; Green association." He raised \$1,500 for grading the green and for planting elms. One man is said to have donated five gallons of rum for this purpose. James Hillhouse was also United States senator for 29 years. Almost every one has forgotten what he did at Washington, but no one is ever likely to forget his services in making the city of New Haven classic by the beauty of nature's gothic architecture. The whole country owes him a debt of gratitude that can only be paid by planting elms in his memory.-Womon's Home Companion.

CROWS HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

Humorous Story of Farmer's Act Told
As a Parable.

Vice President W. C. Brown, of the New York Central railroad, said in Syracuse that he believed in governmental supervision of the railroads

Such supervision, conducted as it is bound to be, with fairness, will benefit the whole country," said Mr. Brown. "It is an error to think that the government is going to take chances with the railroads as the farmer did with his son.

"The farmer's son was plowing, and a great black cloud of crows followed the plow, picking up the worms that wriggled in the rich, chocolate-colored furrows.

The farmer ran into the house, got his gun, fired at the crows, and perpered his son's legs with shot. The young man fell down, and when his father ran up to him, he groaned.

"'Didn't ye see me, father?"
"Yes,' said the old man, 'I saw ye
well enough, but I didn't like to mae
the chance at the crows."

He was a small, shrimpy individual, much like Mr. Henpeck of the joke papers. Somewhat under the influence of fiquor he muttered and growled to himself as he walked in the midnight silence of Spruce street. At Fifth street he placed himself ta the middle of the trolley track and began to recite in a surprisingly vigorous manner, with all its elocutionary details, the famous Shakespearean

soliloguy: "To be or not to be."

No sooner had he uttered the first
phrase than the car came up. Much
to the amusement of a little crowd
that had gathered, the passengers and
the residents who stuck their heads
out of the windows, he would not
stir from the track until he had finished the soliloguy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Those Signs.

Some very funny effects result from the dropping of one or more letters from window signs. This often happens when the signs are in white china letters and are apparently glued on by some process. On the window of a store in West Baltimore there was sometime a nicely lettered sign reading:

"Shell Fish for Sale Here."
Whether by malicious intent or purely by accident, now the passerby is startled by the announcement: "hell ish for Sale Here."

For Life.

"Young man," said the stern father, "you have married against my wishes. Now take the consequences."
"What do you mean by consequences."

"Why, that you'll, dig up the costs of the divorce suit yourself."

Then the groom realized that he was tied for keeps.—Philadelphia Led-

Pleasant for Clarence.
The sharp, penetrating voice of the young woman's mother rang out on

the still night air:

"Marie, come in the house this minmte! Haven't I told you—"

"Mamma," interrupted an equally
sharp voice, appearing to come from

somewhere on the front porch, "this

isn't Jack! This is Clarence.

At the Summer Resort.
Polly-What makes that little Mrs.

Jinksby look so sad?"

Dolly—Why, didn't you hear? She lost her husband last winter.

Polly—How careless!

## L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS