

A UTE INDIAN CHIEF



AT RISK OF LIFE

FOOTBALL PLAYER MAKES REMARKABLE TACKLE.

Runaway Horse Tackled Low and Stopped in Wild Career in Time to Save Life of Woman Driver.

Burlington, N. J.—Pretty soon, while thousands yet applaud, some fine tackles will be made on the gridiron field. But certainly none will be riskier or bolder than a tackle made by Charles Cook, a young football player, here.

Charles Sapp, a shoe manufacturer, was as guest, Meyer Behal, of Texas, a wealthy dealer in leather and hides. Mrs. Sapp took Mr. Behal for a drive, she holding the reins over Bismarck, a trotter with a record. They had not gone far when the spirited horse shied, the buggy struck a fire-pipe, flew a wheel and out went Mr. Behal, head first, being cut and bruised severely.

Mrs. Sapp clung to the seat, while the terrified horse ran where he willed, the reins trailing.

For a block the horse ran along a pit in which pipes are being laid, the buggy swaying over the pit's edge. Then Bismarck dashed around a corner. The quick-eyed trotter of a canter and Trenton trolley car saw the runaway plunging diagonally toward him.

A collision seemed inevitable. The motorist put on his brake and the car's speed was checked so suddenly that its passengers were thrown in a heap. Bismarck cut across the still moving car so close that the buggy tore off the car's headlight.

The runaway's wild course had measured a mile when Mrs. Sapp, nearly exhausted, half fainting, but still clinging to the buggy's seat, found herself on York street and half a block from the street's end, the Delaware river. But there, it chanced, was Cook, who only a couple of years ago played halfback well on his school team.

Cook dived and tackled Bismarck's legs. Bismarck crashed down on his side and slid a dozen feet, carrying with him a hood struck the young man's well-muscled chest. He was badly bruised, his heavy fall covered him with bruises, but that was all.

Little Woman Helps Shoe Horse. Allentown, Pa.—Five hundred persons gathered on Federal street to watch a little woman milliner, as a giant blacksmith shoe a big Percheron horse. The Rickard Transfer company was pulling a casting, worth \$225 pounds, near the military camp at the corner of Isabella street. The cart alone weighed 15,000 pounds. The leading horse of the three teams strained and a blacksmith was brought with his tools to put on a new shoe. The hoof was too large for the shoe and the blacksmith had no time. He procured a small Percheron from Miss Anna Mizer, the milliner, on the spot, with which she blessed teachers and together the milliner and blacksmith fitted the Percheron.

Fitzsimmons to be "Sculpted." New York, Robert Fitzsimmons is to be immortalized in white marble by the sculptor's chisel and left for the enlightenment of posterity as the best type of fighting man of the present day. Fulton Borough, the sculptor admitted that he will have the old man sit at intervals during the fall. Borough said, Fitzsimmons has the most remarkable figure for fighting, above the belt, that I have ever seen. He is one of the best specimens of manhood in the world.

FRANCE CRAZY OVER DIABOLO.

Game Has Taken a Marvelous Hold Over Volatile People.

Paris—Diabolo has become more than a fad; it is a craze. Children fall in devotion to the game, adults join them in playing it.

No satisfactory explanation for the game has yet been offered. Amid the myriad of tales accounting for it one says it has nothing to do with the devil, but derives its name from the Greek. Another says the game was brought to France from China, under the name Diabolo in 1812, but that the implements of the game were already here late in the eighteenth century in collections owned by men interested in Chinese curiosities.

Whatever its origin, the popularity of the game continues. It is spreading not only singly but in teams, and it is a pretty sight to see handsome young men engaged busily tossing a spool one to another and endeavoring to catch with as much keen interest as they aim to return a ball in a championship tennis match.

After reaching a stage where police regulation of its play in Paris was necessary, Diabolo has taken complete possession of the city of Etampes, where the community is organizing a sporting club to arrange Diabolo tournaments on Sundays for the whole surrounding country.

There are three classes—adult men and women and children below 13. While the game is more than a pastime, it trains the eye, aids them in poise, suppleness, agility and response.

Two players who distinguished themselves most at Etampes were boys of 12 and 11, one of whom made the remarkable record of 3,258 points in 95 minutes and seven seconds and the other 2,297 in 100 minutes.

Horse Kicked Out Show Window. Chicago—A double runaway in Madison street caused panic among downtown crowds during the noon hour. A horse attached to a newspaper delivery wagon plunged into a plate-glass window frightening another horse so that it ran away and collided with a passing car.

Policeman Michael Collins stopped the first horse, but in doing so he was thrown to the ground and slightly injured.

Guests in a restaurant at Madison and Franklin streets screamed and hundreds of persons rushed into the street when the plate-glass window was shattered. Safety of hundreds of pedestrians in Madison street was imperiled both by the flying fragments of glass and the rush of frightened horses.

Men and women passing at the time escaped serious injury by a narrow margin.

Students Own Monitors. Tacoma, Students attending the University of Puget Sound will be their own teachers during the coming year.

Fighting and other edifying frivolities will not be included in the curriculum; the teachers can prevent it, and students will have to give an account of what they do each evening. Slips have been printed and the students will have to write on them what they did at night. The filled-in blanks will be read at family meetings. If one of the boys calls on a fall coast in the evening, both will have to make a report of the visit to the faculty.

Reverend Mr. Todd, corresponding secretary of the university, explained that a closer watch is to be kept on the students, but neither he nor President Bonbow was willing to go into details when questioned.

NOT SOLID ENOUGH FOOD.

Nuts Seem to Fail to Satisfy the Human Animal.

Next as the darlings of the would-be food reformer come nuts of all sorts, says a writer in McClure's. These are urged upon us with special fervor and enthusiasm by those who regard all foods of animal origin as "tainted money," beset by the foul crime of murder. Here, we are told, are foodstuffs—walnuts, hickory nuts, Brazil nuts, pecans, peanuts—of a high degree of toothsome and attractiveness, not excessive in expense, and containing a larger percentage of both protein and fat. Analysis made in the laboratory absolutely confirm the truth of the statement. Fats and proteins are both present in large amounts and in readily digestible form; and yet practically no "unassimilated" specimen of the human race—except the Shawnee Indian in hickory nut time—will attempt to make a meal on nuts, regarding them simply as a bouche bouche, to be taken after the serious business of the meal is over, merely as a dessert. The tacit phrase of "the walnuts and the wine" expresses precisely where they are in the scale of the normal diet list.

OLD WALL USED AS A SAFE.

Vermonters Find Purse and Coin Hidden Nearly a Century Ago.

While Louis Granelle of Bridgewater, Vt. was tearing down an old wall of the Bridgewater town farm he unearthed a purse hidden in a small vault built for the purpose between the stones. The leather was rotten with age and fell apart as soon as handled, but the several coins which it contained were as bright and fresh as on the day they left the mint. As the newest coin in the lot was struck off 70 years ago and the structure was built about 1832, it is believed that the purse has lain in its vault three-quarters of a century. The money found in the old wallet included 12 silver half dollars, ranging in date from 1812 to 1832, and another coin, probably an English fourpence, dated 1776. There were also three dimes coined in the 20's. Mr. Granelle would not part with his souvenirs at any price.

Giants of Other Days.

According to an account in an old folio book, 1552, the ancient giants reached the enormous height of 35 feet. It says: "Fazellus relates, and from him Cluverius, that 1547 A. D. near Panormum, in Sicily, the body of a giant was dug up about 18 cubits, or 27 feet tall. The same author states that A. D. 1516, near Maserone, in Sicily, there was found the body of a giant 20 cubits, or 30 feet, tall. Further, that A. D. 1544, near Syracuse, was dug up another body of the same dimensions. A. D. 1550, near Estella, in Sicily, was dug up a body 33 feet high, and whose skull was about 10 feet in circumference. There is described the corpse of a giant of great size, found standing in a vast cave near Depranum, in Sicily, A. D. 1342, whose staff was like the mast of a ship, and the forepart of whose skull would contain a Sicilian bushel, which is about a third of an American bushel.

What He Wanted.

An Italian recently entered the store of a Portland street hardware and paint dealer, says the Boston Record, and in his broken English asked the clerk: "John—a, you got—a de machine make—a hot—a cold?" The clerk tried hard to understand what the customer wanted, but was unable until he started taking him around the store and pointed out individually every conceivable apparatus pertaining to heating in the store. Finally the Italian spun a small spring balance suspended on an upper shelf with the indicator displayed, "John—a, see dis—a one," he said, "just do sam—a kind, you got one?" He wanted a thermometer.

Benediction.

They were eloping, and the stern parent was supposed to be in pursuit. But he wasn't. On the contrary, a telegram awaited them at the next town. "Is it forgiveness?" asked the agitated youth, as he handed it to the angelic youth. She read it through and burst into tears. Then she started, youth took it and read it aloud. "Your mother and I offer congratulations. Your happy action meets with our approval. We can now carry out a plan that we have long contemplated, and that was delayed only because we had you with us. In other words, we are about to break up housekeeping and go into a flat."

Puzzle—What Did He Find?

She had just returned from Europe, and had been met at the pier by a New York friend who was bearing her off to the seashore. En route to the ferry she was regaled with the news—social, personal, and what not—among other things the dinner given at Newport to Consul the chimpanzee. "Hm," she meditated, "well, you know we are told that water will find its level." "I wonder," returned her escort, "what the chimpanzee found?"

Know How to Manage Her.

Mr. Kratke—Henry, while you're at the telephone, just tell my wife I'll bring Mr. Topnotch home to dinner with me tonight. Clerk—Beg pardon, sir, but Mr. Topnotch is out of town to-day and won't be back. Kratke—I know it, but I feel as if I'd like to have just one good square meal.—Stray Stories.

GRADES OF RANK IN JAPAN.

Society There is Divided into Many Separate Classes.

A traveler just returned from Japan tells some things which perhaps all the world does not know. Says he: "Of rank, there are eight classes after the mikado and the Zogoon, namely (1) the princes; (2) the nobles who own feudal service to the prince, or the empire; (3) the priests; (4) the soldiers. These four form the higher orders and enjoy the privilege of wearing two swords and puffed trousers; (5) inferior officials and doctors, called respectable, allowed to wear one sword, with the trousers; (6) merchants and tradesmen, whose legs may not pollute the trousers, though by entering as domestics to a man of rank they may enjoy the privilege of wearing one sword, these are the only people by whom wealth can be accumulated; (7) artists, artisans and petty shopkeepers; (8) day laborers and peasants. Tradesmen who work on leather, tanners, etc., are excluded from classification. They are despised, and may not even live with other men; they live in villages of their own.

FIGHT WITH SAVAGE LION.

Adventurous Hunter Paid for Sport With His Life.

From the Sudan comes the report of a fierce fight between a wounded lion and a government engineer, which ended in the death of the latter, an Englishman named C. H. Salmon. Salmon, while on board the steamer Metemnah, between Fashoda and Melut, on the White Nile, discovered a lion among the bushes on the shore. Taking a gun, he went ashore asking those on board not to follow him. He shot twice at the lion, one bullet taking effect in the lion's shoulder and the other in the abdomen. After a struggle of a few minutes, which seemed to be his death agony, the lion lay motionless. Salmon approached and the lion pounced upon him, and threw him to the ground and began to maul him. The engineer held the lion's neck and endeavored to draw his knife, but he was so crushed the lion had bitten his thigh and crushed his toes. He gave the beast a stab in the eyes. This infuriated the animal, which snarled at the man's hand, badly lacerating and smashing it. The pain of the knife thrust, however, was too much for the animal and he started to retreat. The crew of the steamer now arrived upon the scene. They killed the exhausted lion without much difficulty and carried the unfortunate hunter to the boat, which then sailed with all possible speed to Fashoda, where he was taken to the hospital and received medical attention, only to expire of his injuries when removed to Khartoum.

Witch's Bride.

An interesting but most cruel object of punishment may be found in the council chamber of the town hall at Forfar, which is generally known as the "Witch's Bride." This is a kind of cage made of flat iron bars, into which the head of the unhappy sorceress was thrust, a lock at the back securing and keeping it in position. The mouthpiece in this instance is made of iron plate, studded with sharp spikes, which caused great suffering to the woman if she tried to speak. As soon as the victim had been condemned to death for witchcraft this bride was placed over the face and she was led through the town by a short chain, to be mocked and made the butt of all who saw her, after which she would be publicly strangled and burned. The latest record of an execution of a supposed witch at Forfar, in Scotland, was in the year 1662.

Not Too Simple.

John Simple, 14 years old, of Dadeville, Ala., is not as simple as you might think from his name. He saw a fellow hanging around the barn and acting in a suspicious manner, and set a big bear trap where he thought it would be the most good; and then got up next morning to find that he had bagged his game. The man had entered the barn to steal one of the horses, but put his foot into it instead. He turned out to be a noted thief, for whom a reward of \$500 had been offered, and John Simple is going to get the money. It's not what a boy is named, but what he does, that counts.

The Worm Turns.

His wife having spoken her mind to him for the fifty thousandth time, and having ordered him as he valued his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness to wear the pale-green tie with embroidered yellow violets which she had selected for him at a ten-cent bargain counter, Mr. William Henry Hook stalked moodily to the little out-of-the-way trunk-and-satchel-cluttered room that was euphemistically termed his den, and for an hour labored upon an epistle, which he addressed to The Peace Committee, The Hague. "These," he muttered, "These," "I'll show her there is a limit to endurance."

The Limit of Athletics.

"Of course," began the athletic girl, "I can accomplish many acrobatic feats by now. I can climb a greased pole, dangle from the curtain rod, handle the dumb bells and turn a double somersault without landing on my head every time, but what I am trying to do now is to enter a surface car without staggering, walk along to a vacant seat and take it gracefully before the inevitable and gigantic jerk of the car starting can land me in the lap of a fellow passenger."

WHAT THE TEACHER DID.

Part of Programme Embarrassing to Bashful Young Man.

Here is a story that is being told on a nice young man who teaches a Sunday school class in North Baltimore. It has been told on other young men before, and there is a strong probability that it never happened at all to this particular young man, but his friends have attached the story to him, and, much to his discomfort, he must bear it. In the first place, he is very bashful, and the request made by the Sunday school superintendent that he take a class of young ladies, who had just lost their previous teacher, was disturbing enough. The previous teacher had been a charming woman, and her loss was due to marriage with a Washington man. The class of ten charming young ladies waited while the young man was being brought from the other side of the room, where he had been the presiding genius of a class of small boys. "This is Mr. T. Ladies," announced the superintendent. He has consented to become your teacher, and I am sure he will find the position a most delightful one. "Surely, surely," gushed Mr. T. "I shall be charmed, perfectly charmed," and then as the superintendent moved away, leaving him bashful, not to say scared, he rubbed into his duties at once—"and now, ladies, if you will tell me what your former teacher always did first we will try carrying out the same program." There was a few moments' silence, then a pert-looking young miss, casting down her glances most effectively, purred, "Well, if you really want to do that way, Miss Grace always kissed us good morning." This may or may not be true, but the young man declares the people who are telling it are mean.

62,000 TONS OF CURRANTS.

Britons Seem to Be Exceptionally Fond of This Fruit.

Our great-grandmothers, although they had to pay a very high price for dried currants, considered them quite indispensable to the compounding of those pies, fruitcakes and flourishes which were the pride of every housewife. Domestic catering must have been an arduous undertaking in those days, for currants and other dried fruits were not to be procured out of London except once a year, at the annual fair of the local market town. The royal dish of plum porridge, which it was the privilege of the archbishop of Canterbury to serve to a newly crowned sovereign, was composed largely of currants; the fruit being stewed in strong beef soup enriched with red wine and red sauce. Now that the order has changed and simplicity is the keynote of the highest class cookery, we Britons have tried our appreciation of the homely and wholesome currant, and although flourishes and plum porridge are dishes of the past, no less than 62,000 tons of currants go every year to the making of bread cakes, pastries and puddings to tempt the British appetite.—Ladies' Pictorial.

On the Death of Balzac.

There can be but a single and serious thought in all hearts when a sublime spirit makes its majestic entrance into another life, when one of those beings who have long soared above the crowd on the visible wings of genius, spreading all at once other wings, plunges swiftly into the unknown. Now, it is not the unknown; no, it is the beginning. It is not extinction, it is eternity. Is it not true, such tombs as this denote a state of immortality? In the presence of the illustrious dead we feel more distinctly the divine destiny of that intelligence which traverses the earth to suffer and to purify itself, which we call man.—Victor Hugo.

Explanation Was Necessary.

As the Pratt's dog was at last detached from the trousers leg of the new milkman by Mr. Pratt's vigorous efforts, the victim of the onslaught began to express his mind with considerable freedom. "I wouldn't keep a dog like that," he said, indignantly, but Mr. Pratt broke in before he had time to say any more. "He's only playful, that's all," he insisted, and at the same time he pressed something into the new milkman's hand. The man glanced at the wad of green, and then, as he transferred it to a safe pocket, his expression changed. "I guess I can take a little fun as well as anybody," he said, dryly. "But till you explained it, I had a notion that dog was in earnest when he bit this piece out of my trousers."—Youth's Companion.

Beak Too Much for Her.

Minnie was a nice, well-behaved little girl, but she was awfully particular about what she ate. Of course her mother tried every means to break her of this habit. So when she saw Minnie eyeing the egg before her suspiciously, she said, rather sharply, "There's nothing the matter with the egg, my child, you must eat all of it." Minnie said not a word, but resignedly commenced to test the contents of the egg. Presently she appealed to her mother. "Mamma, the egg's must I really eat the head, too?"

Smart Doctor.

"My husband is troubled with a buzzing noise in his ears. What would you advise?" "I would advise him to go to the seashore for a month or two." "But he can't get away." "Then you can go."

PUT CHARITY BEFORE ALL.

Father's Disposition of Money Earned by Son's Brazenry.

A Loretto act was performed recently in the south of France by a little lad of 13. A soldier belonging to one of the regiments specially mentioned in connection with the troubles at Nantonne, was bathing alone in the river Aude, when he got suddenly out of his depth. The man was struggling hard for life, when his dreadful predicament was perceived by the boy, who plunged, fully dressed, into the water, and by dint of desperate efforts succeeded in getting him safely onto the bank. The soldier thanked the lad most gratefully for having saved him, and as soon as he got to the barracks he gave an account of his adventure, which promptly reached the ears of the colonel of the regiment, who sent for the boy, complimented him on the courage and resource which he had displayed, and presented him with 20 francs. The general commanding the brigade having also been informed of the affair, asked the lad's mother to call on him, and after having heartily congratulated her, gave her 20 francs as well. The father had been spending the day as usual at work in the fields, and when he returned home in the evening he was rejoiced by the story of his son's bravery, and of the fame which he had achieved. But he thought him at the hands of the mistress from which the wage-growers are suffering, and, after consultation with his wife and child, he set off, with their consent, to take the 40 francs for the relief fund.

MILK BATH FOR THE FACE.

Peculiarly Effective for Those with Dark Colored Skins.

Now wash the face well with fresh milk, scoop it up and dash it over the face and neck, rubbing in well with the hands. This is a particularly good treatment for the faces that are thin and angular, and it also answers well for those with dark colored skins. I have heard some women recommend the application of orange oil to the face in hot weather. This is done by applying orange peel to the face, or allowing orange peel to soak all night in the water that is to be used for washing the face with in the morning. To those who like to try an orange flower cream during the day to cleanse the face I can recommend the following: Melt two ounces of white wax with four ounces of oil of sweet almonds and then beat it, drop by drop, four ounces of orange flower water. This is both cleansing and cooling, and should be used both morning and evening.—New York

Selling Bananas by Weight.

After this when one goes into some of the fruit and grocery stores of Paris (and to purchase bananas it will not be correct to say "I'll have a dozen bananas," or two dozen, as the case might be, says the Kennebec Journal. The correct way of putting in the order will be to say: "I'll have a pound or two." This change in the manner of measuring the sale has lately come in vogue among a few of Portland's retailers, and it is said that it will spread to other cities. Within the last six weeks many of the wholesale houses have been selling bananas to the retailers by weight, and they in turn are disposing of them to the customers in the same manner. On account of the varied size of the population the dealers say that it is a much easier way to purchase them, and by this method they are able to a greater degree of certainty to regulate their profit.

Don't Kill All of Them.

America has ever been a nation of trappers and hunters, and few wild animals have escaped. The practice of extermination has been a national regret with respect to more than one sort of animal. Recently, 100,000 acres have been set aside in Oklahoma for a public park where the bison may enjoy some of his native freedom. Preserves in Maine, New York and several of the western states are being set for deer and elk, but many of the smaller wild animals like the beaver, which would add much to the picturesque quality of our lakes and woods if left unharmed, are now killed wherever seen. Squirrels have come to be protected by public sentiment even in the largest of our cities, and many a park or college campus is enlivened by the swift antics of these little animals.

Walking on Water.

Walking on water was accomplished a year ago by W. H. Llewellyn, an English naval pensioner. The apparatus has been improved and now consists of a pair of canvas-covered boots, about four feet long, with a large steering rudder—controlled by lines hitched round the waist—attached to one, and wooden crossbars fitted to the bottom of each to aid in keeping the balance. In a late test the inventor walked with aid against a running stream at about two miles an hour.

A Passing Thought.

A polite little girl was dining one day with her grandmother. Everything at the table was usually dainty and unexceptionable, but on this particular occasion the little girl found a hair in her fish. "Grandmamma," she said, sweetly, "what kind of fish is this?" "Halibut, my dear." "Oh," replied the child, "I thought perhaps it was mormon."—Youth's Companion.