

PROMINENT SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN



Photo by Moffet Studio, Chicago.

H. Clay Evans of Chattanooga, Tenn., is one of the most prominent Republicans south of the Mason and Dixon line.

TO "METALIZE" DEAD

BURIALS MAY BECOME A THING OF THE PAST.

Chicago Mail Carrier Claims to Have Perfected Process by Which He Can Turn Cadavers into Gold or Silver.

Chicago.—No more "Dust to dust!" Eternity for the human body as well as for the human soul!

These are the wonders that David J. Block, a letter carrier, professes to have brought about by a patented metalizing process.

Block declares that he can turn the body of a man weighing 185 pounds into pure gold for \$515,000 and into pure silver for \$260,000.

"I have a bronze process," he said, "permeating the flesh to a depth of only one-eighth of an inch, which can be done for \$2,000, and I can guarantee it to preserve a body intact for hundreds of years."

It is a very startling fact that Mr. Block has sprung on the patent office at Washington, and he has some samples of his work that are amazing, to say the least.

He held out the three hat pins. The odor was the odor of fresh roses. He refuses to divulge the process by which he thinks he has conquered the forces of disintegration.

"I have arranged with one of the largest casket companies in the country to handle the process. I would never bury myself, but I can show anybody else how to do it, so that there can be no possibility of mistake. There are three chemical processes requiring one day each. Then comes the actual metalization, which takes two days. The copper, or bronze, or silver, or gold, as the case may be, is fed into the body by means of a low electrical current of three amperes. If desirable, the metalization may stop at a depth of one-eighth of an inch or it may go all the way through.

Its market value will be especially great in Europe, where it will be used by the royal families to preserve the bodies of kings and queens, that their descendants may see them as they were, with every line of the face intact, after a hundred, five hundred or a thousand years.

"In my opinion we should use it here for our presidents."

Block says he got the idea of metalization from Prof. Watta of Harvard, who worked on it for several years, and then abandoned it. The letter carrier hopes to be able to lay aside his leather sack in a few months. Although he is a letter carrier, he is an honorary member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in New York.

BRIDE IS HIS DIVORCED WIFE.

Man Fails to Recognize Former Mate Until After Ceremony.

Cincinnati.—The announcement of the marriage of Frank Hassank and Mary Edwards in Newport, Ky., revealed a remarkable romance.

Four years ago she married John Edwards, but he died six months after the wedding. The widow retained his name, but dropped the "Mrs."

Hassank happened to be there on a visit a little more than a year ago. He met his former wife at a dance, but she had bleached her hair and he did not know her. He fell in love with her the second time.

Mrs. Edwards recognized her former husband, but saw that he did not know who she was. She thought it a good joke, and decided to keep him in ignorance for a time.

A few minutes after the wedding ceremony she revealed her identity to her husband, and they decided to forget the past and begin all over again.

Several thousand people watched the aeronaut ascend to the clouds, and gave cries of alarm when the balloon collapsed and began to carry him downward.

Randall was unable to cut loose from the immense bag, because the rope reaching upward to the knife which severs the parachute from the balloon became tangled. The outfit made lightning speed to the earth.

A relief party with a wagon drove out in haste to the scene of the descent, expecting to find the aeronaut injured by falling upon a tree or rock, but he had landed in the underbrush with few bruises.

San Francisco.—At 2,500 feet above the Berkeley foothills, Aeronaut Joseph Randall, who ascended in a hot air balloon from Idora park, failed in his effort to out loose his parachute from the immense bag above him, which, emptied of air, acted as a weight, that carried him to earth with dizzy rapidity.

He landed in the brush at the bottom of a gulch below the Contra Costa tunnel, escaping with a few bruises.

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York, Pa.—If calves as a rule aren't credited with much sense, York county calves are an exception.

Jonathan Dingler, near Dutton, has one which it was the custom to rope at milking time. The calf preferred to assist in the milking, and didn't like the restraint a bit.

Recently the rope was missed from its accustomed place in the barnyard when the cows came home, and the calf could not be tied. But it was no need that it wasn't enjoying its share of the milking very much, and the farmer looked to see what the trouble was.

He found a noose hanging from a corner of the calf's mouth and careful pulling brought forth all of the missing rope, except the lower end, which had been digested.

DOGS ENJOYED MORPHINE.

Dog Catcher, Between Humane Society and Law, Tries Chloroform.

Bellingham, Wash.—This city has been in the throes of a most desperate struggle, and only a few days ago was perfect peace restored, when the dog catcher announced triumphantly that chloroform could be successfully used to dispose of the unclaimed animals in the dog pound.

The fight has been on between the humane society and Dog Catcher McNab. The former alleged that the dogs should be killed by morphine or some other soothing drug, instead of being so cruelly slaughtered by stinging, tearing bullets. As ordered by the powers, so was the experiment tried.

Morphine was tried on a number of the homeless canines. They liked it. After receiving their dose they went into a corner of the dog pound, yawned blissfully and went to sleep. Some hours afterward they awoke and fawned about Dog Catcher McNab's legs, imploring for some more of the drug. McNab was kind and gave the second dose, but when the dogs came to life again he was thoroughly indignant and alarmed because they were costing him so much money in the matter of purchasing "dope" for them.

He appealed the case to the Humane society. The society said, "Try chloroform." Chloroform was tried, and to McNab's relief has proved as good as the bullets in dispatching the dogs.

HAS THE SMALLEST WATCH. Measures Less Than Quarter of Inch in Diameter.

Cincinnati.—A Cincinnati man claims to own the smallest watch in the world. It is said to measure less than a quarter of an inch in diameter, having a face about the size of a nail. The numbers on the face are engraved in red, so as to be more easily discernible.

It was an American clockmaker, too, who made what is believed to be the smallest steam engine in the world. It will fit in an ordinary thimble; its weight is about 15 grains, and the stroke of its little piston is not much over one-twelfth of an inch.

Three drops of water will fill the boiler and start the tiny machine. In spite of its diminutive size, the engine is composed of 140 distinct pieces, fastened together by 52 screws.

Italians are adept at minute work. One has made a boat, formed of a single pearl. Beaten gold, studded with diamonds, compose the sail, and its headlight is a ruby. An emerald serves as a rudder. The value of this little craft is said to be at least \$5,000.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—Mrs. John Buckles is after a divorce because her husband snoozes. It makes her nervous and the baby nervous, and even the neighbors get fidgety and talk when John wakes up in the middle of the night with a roasting old "Ho-rash-shoo!" That's the way Mrs. Buckles described it to the attorney she applied to. John uses snuff and when he awakens he would take a pinch and lie in bed, hummy his back and hore-shoo 50 times or more. It would shake the bed and knock all the covers off and the baby would set up a yell, and Mrs. Buckles just got distracted. The attorney told her that perhaps John could not help it, but the lady insisted she wouldn't live with the horashoo man. She went off declaring she would think up some more bad habits of John's if snoozing wasn't fit cause for action.

YORK, Pa.—Setting his own partly dislocated neck before the strain upon the spinal cord could result fatally, Edward Brooks, a farmer near Paradise, this county, will probably recover.

Mr. Brooks, who is an uncle of ex-County Treasurer E. S. Brooks, was alone picking cherries when he fell out of the tree, a distance of 12 feet. He struck upon the side of his head, and when he recovered consciousness realized the serious nature of his injury. Calling for help, he adjusted the vertebrae with his own hands before he was carried to the house.

MISSOURI, Point, Mo.—J. W. Appleton is floating down the Mississippi river with his family, 12 pigs, three cows, two horses and poultry on a large raft which he lanchered just before the river broke over its banks and covered his farm with several feet of water.

The raft, which is an enormous affair, was built by Appleton two weeks ago in preparation for the flood. It is surrounded by a railing to keep the cattle from falling into the river. Food for man and beast to last several days was taken along.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—A cow on Charles Stewart's farm stuck its nose into a bucket half filled with molasses and was found strangled to death next morning, with the bucket caught fast over her face and the nostrils and mouth filled with molasses.

TWO VEGETABLES ON SAME VINE. Worcester, Mass.—Alfred Soderman is growing potatoes and tomatoes on the same vine at the state agricultural experiment station here. Above ground the plants are tomato vines, loaded with tomatoes, while in the ground are potatoes the size of an egg.

LITTLE CHURCH PEW

LONG LEGAL BATTLE OVER ITS OWNERSHIP.

Farmer's Sons Arrayed Against Step-mother for Possession of Father's Estate—Contest Extends Over Ten Years.

Littleton, Mass.—The question of ownership of a little church pew in the First Congregational church, seating five persons, was the last obstacle to be overcome in a contest extending over ten years, and it has cost the opposing factions of a once happy family not only the loss of much time, but also large sums of money.

Tucked away on the side of one of the many hills that abound in this town is the estate left by the late Theodore C. Fletcher, comprising about 60 acres.

The late Mr. Fletcher was held in high esteem by all the residents of the town, and his example of caring in good shape for his farm was well followed by his stepson.

When he married the present Mrs. Fletcher Mr. Fletcher had two sons by his first wife, Hammond and Daniel, while Mrs. Fletcher, who was previous to her marriage Mrs. Titcomb, had two sons, Ora and Walter.

On the death of Fletcher, 14 years ago, an agreeable settlement of the estate was made.

The estate was to remain in the hands of Mrs. Fletcher, while the two sons bearing the name of Fletcher were given a money consideration and relinquished all claims. The old family pew in the First Congregational church was to remain in the name of Fletcher.

The estate was valued at about \$1,200. About ten years ago Hammond Fletcher, so it is alleged, became dissatisfied and, enlisting the support of his brother, put in the claim that they had not received proper treatment in the distribution of the estate. A legal fight was made to obtain possession of part of it.

It is alleged that their claim called for more than the estate was valued at. The matter was carried from one court to another until it reached the highest tribunal. The findings were always for the widow, her first being handed by the son, Ora Titcomb.

The estate could not, however, be legally settled until the ownership of the pew had been established. Some time ago the widow, Mrs. Fletcher, sold the pew to her son, Walter Titcomb, for \$20, and the claim was made by one of the Fletchers that the pew was worth \$150.

In the probate court at East Cambridge Judge Lawton was called upon to decide whether or not the pew came under the head of real estate. With the decision would come the final settlement of the contest that had been continued for ten years.

Fletcher claimed that his only wish was that the church pew should remain in the family, but that he did not have \$150 to buy it back, whereupon the counsel for the administratrix replied that if the pew was all he wanted he could take it and consider himself indebted to Titcomb for \$20. The matter was finally settled on this basis to the satisfaction of all.

SNEEZE CAUSE FOR DIVORCE. Rousing Old "Ho-Rash-Shoo!" Decidedly Distasteful to Mrs. Buckles.

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RICHEST WHITE HOUSE TIP.

Doting Father to Handle \$50,000 for Accepting It.

Pittsburg.—Because he took the advice of President Roosevelt and allowed his child to remain with a rich aunt in Memphis, Tenn., Halm-n-a Shaffer, a poverty-stricken tobacco "buncher," is the proud father of a little heiress.

Word came to Peach alley, where Shaffer lives, that a relative, Mrs. Maggie Shaffer, had died in Memphis, Tenn., leaving her adopted daughter, Rosie, Shaffer's child, a fortune of \$50,000.

The heiress is eight years old. Years ago, when Shaffer's wife died, and he was left with the little daughter, he wrote President Roosevelt for advice as to whether or not he should allow a rich relative in Memphis to adopt her.

The President wrote "Yes." Shaffer took up a collection in Peach alley to pay his fare to Memphis.

An amusing feature of the case is that Shaffer several times in the past two years doubted the wisdom of Roosevelt and tried to recover his child by law, but failed.

WATCH BURIED 14 YEARS RUNS. Strange Discovery of Timepiece Lost in a Plowed Field.

Derby, N. H.—A rare find is reported by Arthur E. Leighton of Chester. He states that 14 years ago this summer he was leading a horse to plow in his home field, and while at work lost his gold watch, gold chain and gold charm, the latter in the shape of a boot. He and his friends hunted long and diligently for the lost articles, but they failed to find them. Every year since, when that particular field has been plowed and planted, he or others have looked carefully for the watch.

Thursday, while he was assisting in leading the horse to cultivate that field, he was as usual looking for the watch, and much to his surprise, saw something glisten in the sun. Stopping the horse he picked up the missing watch and chain, but the charm had become detached and was not to be found.

He thought he had found the watch and found it in good condition. He started it and it ran, and he says it is keeping good time now. After its burial in the earth for 14 years this seems to be a remarkable fact.

RAID ON WAR OFFICE GERMS. Tuberculosis Experts Denude Building Even of Carpet and Curtains.

Washington.—A raid has been made on the war department by the tuberculosis eradicating experts of the army medical corps, Maj. Paul F. Straub in command.

Not one particle of dust can find a place to lie, and feather dusters have been sent to the junk pile. These inducements to tubercular germs were driven out by the first assault and none was the pity, but the second attack was on the beautiful red carpet, renewed each year, that fairly glowed heat in the war office in cold weather. It has to go, too, never to return.

The heavy window curtains no longer will delight the eye in winter and arrest the glare in broad day. Down they are, and down to stay.

The crusade against tuberculosis has just started. When Maj. Straub and his army got done in the big State, War and Navy building there will be neither bed nor fodder left for a single germ.

DYING OF PLAIN TOOTHACHE. Motor is Drawn, But Nerve Affected Grows Worse.

Worcester, Mass.—Plain toothache is killing Lloyd McCarroll at St. Vincent's hospital. Since Sunday evening he has been there and, in spite of all the physicians can do, the agony augments with every hour until it has reached such a stage that the doctors say it is only a matter of hours now until he will die of pain.

The toothache started about ten days ago in the right upper molar. McCarroll had it filled and then he had it pulled; neither did any good. With the tooth out the jaw ached just the same. When his condition became alarming he was hurried to the hospital, where a portion of the jaw and nerve were removed. The ache still kept up.

Now the doctors say the nerve is affected clear to the brain, and, despite opiates and drugs, inflammation of the brain and death will result.

HE IS FOND OF DOUGHNUTS. Connecticut Man Gives His \$75 Wagon for Baker's Product.

Winsted, Conn.—The interment of 8,000 doughnuts, holes and all, is the task Bill Hoyt of Unionville has set up for himself. It came about this way: Bill has a hand-made wagon which Luke Fournier, a New Hartford baker, has had his eyes on for a long time. Luke makes a specialty of tailor-made doughnuts and Bill has been one of his best customers.

"I like that wagon of yours, Bill," said Luke.

"I'm mighty fond of your crullers," answered Bill.

"I'll buy that vehicle if you'll trade it out in doughnuts," said Luke.

"You're on," said Bill, smacking his lips in anticipation of the doughnut debauch. "You've got to give me \$75 worth."

The crullers cost ten cents a dozen, and at that rate Bill has 2,000 coming to him.

ICY POSTAL TRAIL

MAN TRAVELS ABOUT 2,000 MILES OVER STORM-SWEPT REGION.

Longest, Loneliest and Most Hazardous Route of Mail Carrier in the Far Northern Part of Canada.

Winnipeg, Man.—The longest, loneliest and most hazardous postal delivery in the world lies within the bounds of the British empire, in the far north of Canada.

During the winter months—that is to say, between October and May—the postal authorities will not take bulky packages, even if paid for at lotter rate, to places in the Yukon district beyond the railway which terminates at White Horse; but postcards, letters and single copies—no one packet to weigh over an ounce—of newspapers are regularly carried over all the frost-bound expanse that extends from the town of Edmonton on the Sas-katchewan river to Fort McPherson, on the Mackenzie.

The man in charge of the mail has to travel 1,954 dreary miles in each direction. He is a picked man, named Cornwall, who has had a long experience as a fur trader and intrepid adventurer in subarctic regions.

The first 100 miles is covered by horse, the rest of the long way by dog train. From Edmonton to Athabasca Landing on the Athabasca river, consists simply of 100 miles of wagon road, which Cornwall covers in three or four days if the roads are good.

At Athabasca Landing, with provisions, dog food and the precious stacks of mail, the one man and the little team of "haskies" begin the long journey north. The first stop is at Fort McMurray, which is somewhat more than half way down between Athabasca Landing and Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca. The rapids at Fort McMurray are no hindrance to the midwinter mail carrier, for his route is over a landscape of unbroken white.

Giving the people within the trading post of Chipewyan their share of mail, and leaving Lake Athabasca behind, the postman pushes on due north, following the Slave river to Fort Smith, where in summer almost 16 miles of boiling waterfalls make navigation a burden. But all is silent here now, the one sound in the still air being the call of the driver harrying his dogs ever northward, for Fort Resolution must be gained, the Great Slave lake crossed and those eagerly looked for letters delivered to the successive clusters of shut-in people waiting for them within fort walls and down the course of the mighty Mackenzie.

Between Edmonton and the Arctic there are only 11 post offices, but the mail carrier has to take as many side trips off the main line as may be necessary to accommodate those settlers who may have letters posted to them. This means practically a rural free delivery.

BUILDS HOME LIKE CHURCH. Devout Woman Plans to Spend Life of Solitude in Unique Dwelling.

Los Angeles, Cal.—After having been educated for the life of a nun, spending many years as organist of St. Patrick's church in Chicago and passing a long time in Palestine, Miss A. Martine has built a unique home at Santa Monica, where she is passing the evening of her life in solitude. Fashioned after a village church, her cottage is frequently mistaken for a house of worship. It has belfry, gable, the windows and the entrance of a church and was built upon designs drawn by its eccentric owner.

"It is my church—my private chapel," explained Miss Martine, when asked why she had taken a church as a model. "In it I live, study, read and pray. Within its walls I take spiritual comfort, and there I am bothered by nobody. It is my church. Of course people think I'm queer, but what do I care for that?"

"Every morning I sit at the piano and sing the masses, just as if my chapel were a great church. I prefer to be alone with my books—and then, you see, I am not alone. I am living for the future life."

DUMMY BEGGAR'S DIVIDENDS. Altoona, Pa.—The police the other day captured Richard Burton, aged 20 of Monongah, W. Va., a "panshandler," working a deaf and dumb stunt. Burton was so methodical in his methods that he kept a book account of the hours he worked and the collections made.

Seven hours in Cumberland, June 18, netted him \$4.85; six hours in Martinsburg, June 19, \$4.25; 23d, in York \$3.50; 24th and 25th, in Harrisburg, \$2.90. Burton was making a house to house canvass with a card saying he was made deaf and dumb by an accident.

FUNERAL FOR PART OF FINGER. Littleton, Col.—A funeral much out of the ordinary was held in Littleton the other day when a full-sized and quite expensive coffin was used in which to bury half of a man's finger and a piece of his scalp not larger than a dollar. A hearse was used and there were pallbearers.

The section of finger and piece of scalp were all that could be found of Luther Heckman, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Heckman, who was blown up at the explosion in the neutralizing house of a powder plant.