

WILD CAMELS SEEN

MAY BE OFFSPRING OF BEASTS IMPORTED BY UNCLE SAM.

Known to Use Them as Military Transports in Waterless Sections of Southwest a Failure - War Scattered Herd.

Houston, Tex.—Mining prospectors who have just returned from New Mexico claim to have seen a small herd of camels in one of the wildest regions of the southwest.

The report of the discovery of camels in New Mexico is received here with much skepticism. The history of the herd is thus told:

In 1867 the United States government, to test the availability of the camel for military transport purposes in the waterless sections of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, imported some of the animals from Africa.

The first cargo of camels landed at Galveston were transported from Alexandria, Egypt, to Galveston in two small sailing vessels—a bark and a brig—the purchase in Africa having been effected by representatives sent earlier for that purpose.

The animals, accompanied by their Egyptian or Arab attendants, were taken to a vacant lot where they were kept for several months. At first the attendants were in the habit of exercising the animals by riding them through the streets, but this practice resulted in frightening so many horses and causing so many runaways that the local authorities were forced to forbid it.

The arrival of the camels at Galveston was great sport for the boys, who daily frequented the canal and were given rides upon the "ships of the desert" by the attendants, and several of them received severe bites from the more vicious animals.

The camels were removed from Galveston to a ranch near Houston and from there were driven to western Texas. So far as any practical result was concerned, the introduction of the camels was a failure.

The evil war came on and the herd was scattered through New Mexico and Arizona, and soon disappeared from history, although there is a story that some of their descendants are still running wild in the mountains of New Mexico and Arizona, but where is probably no foundation for the reports.

The late Capt. James H. McCarver of Galveston often declared that while on a scout near the boundary between Colorado and New Mexico he came across a small number of these animals in the mountains, but as the scouting party had matters of much more importance demanding their attention, slight notice was taken of the animals.

In the latter '40's Col. John S. Snyder of Galveston thought the burro would be made useful as a beast of burden. Accordingly he imported several donkeys, which, after being landed at Galveston, were turned loose to browse upon the luxuriant grass "down the island."

As an investment the donkeys proved a failure, as they were never used as carriers of loads, but they were a source of never ending interest to the small boys of the town, who whenever they wanted a donkey would go "down the island" and catch one, either once deeming it necessary to ask the owner's permission.

When, in 1862, all the live stock were driven from the island by order of the military commander for fear they might prove a source of "aid and comfort" to the federal forces then menacing the city, the donkeys went along with the horses and cattle, and this was the last seen of them.

BOLLS PEANUT WITH NOSE.

Washington State Bryanite is Champion Foot Kicker.

Spokane, Wash.—While more than 3,000,000 changed hands in Spokane as the result of the national election, the highest price physically, probably was paid by Archibald W. Watson, a contractor on a local street car line, who secured with J. A. Reeves, a fellow employe, that in the event of Bryan's defeat he would use his nose in rolling a peanut a half block in a public thoroughfare.

Farm was game and he did his little stunt while thousands of pedestrians followed his course. He occupied 30 minutes in covering the distance and in propelling alone Riverside avenue the number lost most of the route from his nose. There were other heavy wagers, but the one in which Eaton held the inside out was the most of endurance.

This is the third Mr. Eaton has lost on the same candidate, but he says he is going to get even with some one four years hence.

Wife Gives Hubby a Beating.

Wheaton, Conn.—Mrs. John Desputis whose husband is foreman on the estate of Frank M. Travis in Burrillville, was here, publicly chastised her husband the other day for being jealous of her after he had threatened to kill her the day before.

CITY ERECTS APARTMENTS.

Genoa, Italy, Building Cheaply Rented Houses for Workmen.

Washington.—Vice Consul General D. R. Birch of Genoa reports that the first step in the problem of providing suitable quarters for workmen in Genoa was taken in July when the minister of public works for Italy laid the cornerstone of the first of a series of municipally controlled apartment houses. The charter and purposes of these houses are thus detailed by Mr. Birch:

"Work on two immense buildings, each to contain 72 separate apartments, is proceeding rapidly, and they are expected to be ready for occupancy within a year.

"The project to build popular houses, as the buildings are termed, has long been recognized as a needed move for the amelioration of the living conditions of the workmen employed at this port. It is a geographical impossibility to expand the building area of Genoa; almost every available site in the lower parts of the city is at present occupied, and the only ground to be had for houses of the laboring classes is on the suburban side of the series of hills which surround the town. This shortage of building space has naturally brought about continually increasing rentals for all classes of property.

"Apartments are to be of from two to five rooms each, and it is planned to rent each room at \$14 a year. The present plans contemplate the construction of from 200 to 400 apartments to contain approximately from 8,000 to 10,000 rooms. Only laborers or salaried employes, with families, whose annual earnings do not exceed \$500, or if without family \$300, are to be admitted as tenants."

OLD HOUSE TORN DOWN.

The Guion Homestead on Staten Island Gone After Two Centuries.

New York.—The bicentennial of Richmond county was celebrated by the Staten Islanders a quarter of a century ago. A center of historical interest at that date was the old Guion homestead near the sea. It was believed to be one of the oldest houses if not the oldest house on the island. This was but recently demolished, it being found necessary to raze the old colonial mansion when a part of its ancient grant was subdivided into building lots. This farm had been in the Guion family for 237 years.

The original deed, still in existence, was signed by Gov. Andros in 1675 as the agent and representative of the duke of York. It was dated in the twenty-seventh year of his majesty's reign on the twenty-fifth day of March.

The net rent of this land—some two or three hundred acres in all and still a good farm—was payable yearly in eight bushels of good winter wheat. This quit rent was conscientiously yielded up yearly to the colonial representative of his royal highness, and the receipts for these payments are well preserved.

The house of pure colonial design, stood facing the sea. A row of old trees outlining the former driveway to the shore. From its broad porches a glimpse was afforded of the upper bay.

When George II. became king another deed was executed. Two subsequent deeds were also given to the Guion family by the crown, each adding new acres to their domain.

URGED TO BECOME PREACHER.

Revivalist Sees Great Field of Usefulness of William J. Bryan.

Burlington, Kan. Rev. French E. Oliver, who is holding a revival meeting here, has issued an open letter to William J. Bryan, urging the Nebraska man to become an evangelist and predicting that he would be an equal of the Apostle Paul.

"Twelve years ago," writes Rev. Mr. Oliver, "I wrote you a letter in which I expressed my conviction that you should preach the gospel, and added that if you would consecrate your wonderful talents to God, as an evangelist, the Bryan of the twentieth century would equal the Paul of the first century as a champion of the cause of Christ.

"Personally your three defeats have been three sources of sorrow to me, as I have hoped to see you elected to the presidency. Who knows? Perhaps God has withheld the presidency from you in order that you may become more to your country than president. I am firmly convinced that one ambassador of Christ of your caliber is worth more to this nation than 10,000 presidents.

"This impression regarding your fitness for the great work named has been strong in my heart for 12 years, and I pray God that it may become a life in your soul."

Rev. Mr. Oliver has been conducting a revival campaign in Kansas for several weeks. He has done work as an evangelist in all parts of the country.

Name Pets Spread Disease.

Wheaton, Pa.—Fearing that cats and dogs in the houses of alzheimer patients aid in spreading the disease, which is now epidemic in this city, the health authorities ordered that they should be killed.

Physicians visiting a victim found the child playing with a pet dog on the bed. The dog, it was learned, often visited the neighbors' houses. It was killed and others are now being killed.

AS INTELLECTUAL AS OF OLD.

Boys of To-Day Are at Least as Smart as Their Ancestors.

It is often asserted nowadays that our young men and women attain intellectual maturity much later than did their parents and grandparents, and in support of this theory the precocity of distinguished personages who flourished a generation or two ago is cited. Now somebody, who has probably been bored, like the rest of us, with this yarn about the phenomenal brightness of the old-fashioned boys, has looked up the records of 11 leading colleges to see what changes have taken place in the age of graduates. From 1850 to 1880 the average age at graduation was 23 years 13 months. From 1880 to 1900 it was 23 years 1.9 months. In 130 years at Dartmouth the average age at graduation has fallen three months. This average age, it appears, has changed as little as the average weather. Thus one or two precocious youths of the long ago are sufficient to endue all their contemporaries with the same qualities. But the fact is, the twentieth century boy is smarter than any of his predecessors, and (unfortunately) in nine cases out of ten he knows it.

ALCOHOL UNDER OTHER NAMES.

Light Shed on Various Temperance Beverages in England.

A board of experts has recently made its report to the British government on the temperance character of temperance drinks sold in the United Kingdom. It finds that many of the most popular beverages coming under this category contain all the way from two to twelve per cent. of alcohol. The British taxation laws take no cognizance of beverages containing less than two per cent. of alcohol, but three-quarters of the samples of temperance drinks examined by the board far exceeded that proportion.

Some apparently herb beers were found to contain as much alcohol as claret or Rhine wine. The English public has been greatly surprised by this report, and its capacity for astonishment is proof that England has had no experience worth mentioning with "stomachic bitters."

Our government, on the other hand, as a result of investigation some years ago, found that gin by another name was drunk in quantities that defrauded the internal revenue.

Cheerfulness of Englishmen.

If you ask any intelligent foreigner what his chief impression of England is he will invariably reply the cheerfulness of the English. If any proof were needed of the prevalent gloom it would surely be found in the astonishment which the few remaining cheerful people cause and the amazing popularity they enjoy. Our sunny friends and acquaintances can be counted on our fingers; our dismal ones are all around us. A really cheerful Englishman is such a phenomenon that everybody seeks his wife if he is always like that, and refuses to believe her when she answers in the affirmative.—Lady Gordon.

This Time He Was Right.

Pat was a new politician on the beat. He hadn't been over very long. So one morning when a crazy woman was executing a waltz dream on top of an ash barrel Pat tried to think of a sufficient excuse for arresting her. The day before he had arrested a man, but when he reached the station house he had forgotten the reason for the arrest. But the waltz continued on the ash barrel and a large crowd of men and boys had collected. So Pat bravely stepped up.

"Madam, I arrest you for a fraud order, yer arn't. Yer stopping the males."

Molasses and Sugar.

The term "molasses" is properly applied to the saccharine product which is separated from sugar in the process of manufacture. A syrup is the direct product of the evaporation of the juice of a sugary-yielding plant or tree without the removal of any of the sugar. The term molasses applies to the same process with the exception of the fact that the sugar has been removed at least partially by crystallization and some kind of mechanical separation of the crystals from the remaining liquid.

Old Mill Now a Tearoom.

Salvationist windmill in Sussex, England, has at length capitulated, like so many others, to the fight against steam milling, and has been converted into a tearoom. It is now earning more money as a tearoom than it was at its own trade toward the end of its career.

The mill, the huge sails of which may be seen for 30 miles round, is situated on the summit of the highest hill of the Sussex downs and is visited by many sightseers.

What's in a Name?

"Look here!" shouted the angry man, "I asked for turtle soup, and there isn't a morsel or even the favor of turtle in this soup."

"Well, sir, what do you expect? Shakespeare said there was nothing in a name. If you ask for cottage pudding surely you don't expect a block of real estate handed to you, or when you get a Manhattan salad you don't look for a Flatiron or a Singer building set in front of you! Any cooer, sir!"

A TWO-FACED CLOCK.

MYSTERY OF ALTON, ILL., TIME-PIECE IS SOLVED.

Pigeon Responsible for Difference in Time of North and South Dials—Replacing of Broken Pane Remedied Trouble.

St. Louis.—The mystery of the two-faced clock of Alton, Ill., has been solved. Of course it was a freak of nature. Nobody doubted it from the start, but for a long time the residents of Alton wondered what sort of strange, unheard-of influence was responsible for the fact that the north side of the clock on St. Mary's church was always 35 minutes faster than the south side.

This was the more puzzling from the fact that the hands on both clocks were worked by the same mechanism. There wasn't anything the matter with the works. An expert sent to examine the clock settled that point beyond a doubt. Yet there continued to be a difference of 25 minutes in time between the section of Alton north of the church and the one district south of it.

Father J. J. Meckel, pastor of the church, has the true Alton spirit of research. He kept a watch on the clock.

The first thing he noticed was that the glass on the north dial was broken, the right half being shattered and the left half still intact.

By reason of this the minute hand, as encased in glass on its up trip around the dial, but was exposed on its downward journey.

Not until sunset did the pastor reach a solution of the mystery. He saw a big fat pigeon alight on the church gable. It was 5:40 o'clock. The hand was moving up. Patently the pigeon sat there until 6:05 o'clock, the exact time at which the hand was one of the portion of the glass casing which remained.

Sailing gracefully to the tower, the pigeon alighted on the hand. He remained there until 6:25 o'clock, when he was forced to leave his roost, as the hand again passed under the glass. There he sat until 7:05 o'clock, when he again lit on the hand.

It was clear to the pastor. For 20 minutes on its passage around the dial the downward movement of the hand was increased by the weight of the pigeon. This caused the difference in time. Apparently the pigeon flew to the hand at intervals of 40 minutes all through the night, the total variation which it caused being 25 minutes a day.

A new glass was put in. The next night the pigeon roosted on the gable, and now the clock, though still two-faced, is as truthful as it could be expected to be in Alton.

CITY GETS SUITS OF ARMOR.

They Were Worn by Pikemen at Battle of Worcester.

Worcester, Mass.—This city, the first settlers of which were composed largely of former inhabitants of Worcester, England, was presented with two suits of armor by Col. Albert Webb of the English city in behalf of Mayor J. Stavari and corporation of that place. The act, according to the official action of the Worcester (England) city council, was prompted mainly by a desire to cement the amities between the two cities.

The two suits of armor presented to this city formed part of a collection of nine which had been preserved for many years in the city hall of Worcester, England. It was at the suggestion of Col. Webb that the suits were made presenting them to this city, and Col. Webb was appointed as the official representative at the formal presentation which took place recently. During the battle of Worcester, on September 2, 1651, the suits were worn by the pikemen engaged in the battle.

The presentation was made at the city hall, where Mayor James Logan of this city accepted the armorial relics from Col. Webb and assured him of the friendly feeling of the inhabitants of the daughter city toward its mother municipality.

MARTYR TO REPUTATION.

"Laziest Man," Now Dead, Had Long Suffered Disease.

Millville, N. J.—Death ended the career of Richard Slimmer, long known as the "laziest man in Millville," but with his death comes the announcement from physicians who attended him that the unfortunate man had been grossly misrepresented. Slimmer could not be induced to work. He said he felt too tired. Efforts to have him do something for the support of his wife and five small children were unavailing. His little ones went out to beg and the authorities caused his arrest. It was no use. He simply could not be induced to reform, and he was sent to jail. That accomplished nothing, for when the man emerged the situation was not improved. One day long ago charitably inclined residents who wanted to do something for the suffering family sent Slimmer a load of wood. He refused to accept it because it was not cut.

Nobody had a good word for the man, but when the doctors were called to attend him in his last illness they found that he had been suffering for a long time with an organic disease which sapped all his vitality and left him weak and practically helpless. They said he had never merited his unpleasant notoriety for laziness.

BLUSHES TO BE TATTOOED IN.

Scotch "Artist" Promises to Bring Youthful Hue to Cheek.

Philadelphia.—Society women who have lost the art of blushing and who regard the emotional surge of blood to the cheeks as an asset in the sum total of their attractiveness, are anxiously looking forward to the visit of a noted Scotch tattooer.

So subtle is his art that by delicate tattooing he can give the skin the rosy hue that accompanies the blush. The secret of its effectiveness lies in whether or not the face is in light or shadow. By hanging her head in a shadow, a fair dame, it is said by those familiar with the art, can produce a blush which disappears when she turns her face to the light.

The tattooer sailed from England and will be the guest of Walter Wheeler at the Racquet club. Mr. Wheeler met the tattooer in London, where the Scotchman has a studio.

Mr. Wheeler bears designs tattooed upon him by MacDonald. He exhibited the wonderful artistic effects obtained by the man to his fellow members at the Racquet club and immediately it was suggested that the artist be brought here and established in the clubhouse, where he could work quietly without interruption from the outside world.

Among other Philadelphians whom he has tattooed are Dr. William H. Furness, Walter Furness and Alfred C. Harrison, Jr.

Members of the English royal family, among them the duke of York, have had pictures placed upon them. The grand duke Michael Alexandrovitch, brother of the czar, and members of the Russian, German, Spanish and Danish courts have had designs worked upon them.

UNIFORMS FOR COLLEGE GIRLS.

Lavishness of Dress Causes Threatened Sharp Move.

Milwaukee.—Owing to extravagance in dress in the student colony in Downer college, Miss Sabin, the president, has warned the students that she would rather see them assume a neat uniform than to come to classes decked in extreme fashions. This idea is a shock to the girls. It would mean not only the discarding of modish new suits and big merry widows and mushroom hats, but fantastic hairdressing would have to go, too.

The fuss is almost as serious as that created in the warfairs against big hats in the state university last week.

Miss Sabin has put her stamp of disapproval upon fancy gowns and fantastic hairdressing and jewelry in the college. The students are not now in doubt as to her attitude toward these things. Jewelry is particularly forbidden. The girls with wealth have been wearing elaborate bracelets, which Miss Sabin concedes to be altogether out of place in class rooms.

While students from the richest families in the city and state are disinclined for sensible dressing, others advertise the size of their bank accounts by the clothes they wear which form a striking contrast to anything that could be worn by the "poor girls." That difference in dress should draw a line of class distinction is abhorrent to Miss Sabin. It is expected that the campaign against over dress will result in a happy medium between the conditions that have prevailed and the ginham or calico national idea.

TROUBLED BY WILD HORSES.

More Than 15,000 Outlaw Animals Roam Ranges in Nevada.

Milwaukee.—The ranges set apart by the government in Nevada are overrun by droves of wild horses, which in the aggregate are said to number 15,000 at least, said D. C. Carson, who has just returned from that state. At one time there was a law in Nevada permitting the shooting of these wild horses, in order to get rid of them. The hides were sold and the humpies made a good living out of it. But, as is usually the case, there were hunters who continually made "mistakes" when out gunning. Many a domestic horse fell a victim to huntest rifles. This finally became so much of a loss to the ranchers and others that the law was repealed. Since that time the droves have grown and are exceedingly troublesome. The forestry men are ordered to shoot these horses whenever they come on them, but they are so busy with other and more necessary work that little impression is made on the droves by that means. Meanwhile the horses are increasing, and the question of how to wipe them out is becoming a serious one for all concerned.

Hossier Finds Money in Shoe.

Martinsville, Ind.—One evening last spring, while at an entertainment near his home, Thomas J. Hughes, a prominent business man of Brooklyns, lost \$500. He had the money with him in the evening, and supposed that it had fallen from his pocket as he pulled out his handkerchief and that some one had found and kept it.

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. Hughes was rummaging among some old shoes at his home when he came across one that looked too good to throw away. As he picked up the shoe something inside of it attracted his attention.

Trusting in his hand he pulled out a sum of money—his long lost \$500. Mr. Hughes is at a loss to know whether he played the money there himself or whether it really was taken by some one who replaced it in the shoe after becoming conscience-stricken.

MAKE EASY LIVING

EUROPEAN PICKPOCKETS ARE OF THE CLEVEREST.

American Travelers Seemingly Their Especial Prey—Experience of One Victim in an Old World Capital.

"The American who travels in Europe and does not keep the closest watch on his valuables is almost sure to be relieved of his personal belongings by pickpockets," said W. E. Mitchell, vice-president of the San Francisco chamber of commerce, who has just finished a two-year tour of the world.

"The light-fingered gentry are active everywhere from London to Cairo, but I will give the palm for boldness and dexterity to the professionals of Italy, where the plunder of pockets has been reduced to a fine art. I am a careful man and did not need to read the constant warnings against pickpockets, and yet in the great piazza of Venice I was robbed last summer of my letter of credit for \$10,000. There was an enormous crowd that had turned out to hear the band play, the day being Sunday, and I was jostled two or three times by a huge fellow with a black mustache. Finally I lost my temper and addressed a hot remark to him, at which he exclaimed: 'Pardon, monsieur,' dropped his umbrella at my feet, and in stooping to get it managed in some way to get my letter of credit, although it was in an inside pocket. It caused me a lot of trouble, the sending of many cables grams and some money, but I managed to have the payment stopped and the thief profited nothing.

"In Rome last Christmas day I went out for a ride in the suburbs to see some rare paintings in an old church. Wishing to see the country I took a street car that was densely packed. The air was pretty crisp, and I wore an overcoat closely buttoned. How on earth the rascal managed to get my watch and make away with it will puzzle me to my life's end, but we did the trick, as I found on getting off the car.

"Had it been only an ordinary timepiece I would never have said a word of the loss, but it was an unusually fine watch and I valued it much more than the \$200 it cost. The manager of the hotel, whom I consulted, advised me against reporting the theft. He said that the local pickpockets operated in gangs, and that within an hour after being taken the watch was probably in some other city. This did not sound well to me, so I hunted up the United States resident consul and narrated my story to him. He gave me precisely the same advice as the hotel man. Still unpersuaded I called on the chief of police. That official was polite, but he wanted me to deposit the \$100 reward I was willing to pay. I saw no advantage in this and told him I'd think it over.

"That evening the hotel manager told me of an American who had been recently robbed of \$1,000 and who had put up \$200 in advance with the police and who was still waiting for the recovery of his money. He had made up his mind that he'd like to get back his \$200, but the Roman police refused, saying they must have time."

The Difficulty.

Mrs. Watson, a woman whose pretensions to beauty nature fairly refused to assist in any way, saw in a shop-window a bonnet, the sort of thing that a modiste in town calls a "creation," just a knotting of velvet, a fold of lace and pink roses, but a snare for feminine vanity because it looked so simple and easy to wear. She hurried in, examined it closely, inquired the price, and at last tried it on. Then, after a few moments of disappointed staring, she took it off again.

"I don't think I'll have it, after all, Miss Deem," she said. "What do you suppose is the matter with the thing? I'm sure it looked ever so much prettier in the window."

"H'm, my dear madam," answered the milliner, with quick conviction, "you must remember that you have your face to contend with now!"—Youth's Companion.

Accounted For.

Henry Farman, the aviator, in his American visit, seemed as much impressed with diminutive proportions of some of New York's flats as with the height of her skyscrapers or the immensity of her hotel bills.

"I visited a Brooklyn aeronautical experimenter the other night," said Mr. Farman to a reporter, "and his flat was the smallest I've seen yet. It showed me the point of a joke that I once heard an American make. I laughed then at this joke, which I had heard two years before."

"Smith of Brooklyn, I said to my American friend, 'doesn't strike me as at all literary, yet he declares he only feels really comfortable and content when snugly ensconced in his library.' 'Well, you see, my companion explained, 'Smith's book case is a folding bed.'"

And Glad to Do It. "I may be a drinking man, but I don't want a saloon rate right under my nose." "I am astonished to hear you say so!" "Now, Helen, you know you are nothing of the kind." "Well, you are always busy putting the saloons' stock in trade right under your nose."—Houston Post.