

DEVOUR PIGS' FEET

City of Chicago Eats 40,000,000 Every Year.

Big Demand for Pickled Product in Windy City—Lovers of Delicacy Are Men of Brawn and Muscle.

Chicago—Chicagoans eat annually about 40,000,000 pigs' feet.

This was the estimate made today by packers and retail meat dealers. Incidentally it was announced that the pigs feet season is in progress.

Chicago is said to consume more pigs' feet annually than any other city in the country.

The demand is largest in the foreign colonies. But a large number of Americans also are fond of the product.

The Germans and Scandinavians are said to be the largest consumers. Many of those nationalities doing their own pickling and eating the meat at all times of the year.

This year nearly 8,000,000 hogs have been received at the Union stock yards and most of the feet have been sold to dealers in Chicago and vicinity.

"Pigs' feet nearly always find a ready market," said a representative of the Swift Packing company.

"The big demand is in the winter. Thousands of fresh pigs' feet are sold by retail dealers to families who pickle them.

"Yes, there is always a demand for pigs' feet among the Scandinavians," said Charles Erickson, meat dealer, 2312 Sheffield avenue.

"Most of my customers prefer to pickle them themselves and buy large quantities of the fresh article late in the summer or early fall.

"There is little or no demand for the article among the wealthy class, but the man who toils all day in the shop or open air is, as a rule, fond of pigs' feet."

"It is a notable fact that most of the lovers of pigs' feet are among the men of brawn and muscle," said Andrew Benson, 3214 North Clark street.

"There is little or no demand for the article among the wealthy class, but the man who toils all day in the shop or open air is, as a rule, fond of pigs' feet."

"There is little or no demand for the article among the wealthy class, but the man who toils all day in the shop or open air is, as a rule, fond of pigs' feet."

"There is little or no demand for the article among the wealthy class, but the man who toils all day in the shop or open air is, as a rule, fond of pigs' feet."

"There is little or no demand for the article among the wealthy class, but the man who toils all day in the shop or open air is, as a rule, fond of pigs' feet."

"There is little or no demand for the article among the wealthy class, but the man who toils all day in the shop or open air is, as a rule, fond of pigs' feet."

"There is little or no demand for the article among the wealthy class, but the man who toils all day in the shop or open air is, as a rule, fond of pigs' feet."

BANK OF ENGLAND IS SINKING

Financially a Gibraltar of Money, but a Little Too Heavy for Earth—Repairs Begin at Once.

London.—The phrase "As safe as the Bank of England" is rather shabby in its meaning by news of a subsidence of the foundations of the famous old building in the city.

The clerks in the private drawing office, which is situated at the Princess street corner of the Bank of England and communicates with the bill office—were startled recently by a loud report coming apparently from the roof of the building.

Careful examination by experts failed to disclose any defect in the roof, and the authorities, therefore, decided thoroughly to inspect the foundations of the bill office. It was then found that an undoubted subsidence had taken place. The foundations have sunk away from the main structure to such an extent that a rod can easily be swept through the intervening space.

Repairs were at once begun, and the work now in hand involves the underpinning of the Princess street corner of the bank. This necessitates the cutting away of the original wooden piles upon which the bank—which covers an area of between four and five acres—has stood for nearly 200 years, and the putting in of a solid raft of concrete, six feet in depth, beneath the outer walls.

In spite of the years that they have lain buried, the piles brought to the surface are in an extraordinary good state of preservation.

During the necessary excavations many interesting curios in the form of Roman pottery ware, tusks of boars and fossilized remains of other animals have been unearthed. The work now in progress does not interfere with the daily routine of the bank's business.

The vaults containing the millions of pounds of unclaimed gold and silver plate and securities remain intact. In addition to the work at the Princess street corner an enlarged stock office is in course of construction at the Bartholomew lane end of the bank, and three floors have been added to the library.

COW'S HABIT LAW QUESTION

Cleveland Justice of the Peace is Called on to Decide Why Yield of Milk Suddenly Dropped.

Cleveland, O.—If a man sells another man a cow with a guaranty that she will produce four gallons of milk a day and the cow declines, after the deal is completed, to supply more than two gallons a day, is the cow or the original owner to blame? The question was given to C. J. Gavin, justice of the peace, to answer.

A. Schaffer, who conducts a business at 2262 Larimer street, bought from M. Katchen and B. Bong the cow which caused the suit. Schaffer paid \$100 for her. He charges in his suit to recover the price of the cow that the defendants guaranteed she would yield four gallons of milk per day.

Instead he had obtained only half that amount. The cow, therefore, was worth only half of the price paid. The defense told the court that the cow was ready, willing and capable of maintaining the contract capacity, but that she had not been given sufficient food. Besides the plaintiff allowed the cow to walk around too much.

Quiet is essential for a cow which is expected to furnish sufficient milk and butter for a dairy. Under the circumstances, the defense said, it was the plaintiff, and not the cow, who had defaulted on the contract.

The plaintiff offered to allow Justice Gavin to milk the cow for one day, to see if he was telling the truth. The justice was willing to take the man's word for it. He rendered a decision in favor of the defendants and said that the defendants were not responsible for the failure of the cow to furnish the four gallons of milk.

ST. LOUIS TO HAVE AVIATOR

Champion is an Ugly Green Worm, Which Next Year Will Take to the Air—Bright Butterfly.

St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis will own one of the finest aviators in the world next spring. City Forester Meyer has obtained the machine for his flyer. It will be developed by Samlo Cecropia. Sam has given the city forester a guaranty to produce the flyer by next spring.

Sam was introduced to the city forester by C. W. Striker of 4814 Kennerly avenue. At present he is an ugly green worm, four inches long and an inch in diameter. He has white and green horns all over his body, several sets of feet and a big mouth. His bite is said to be poisonous. Striker found him and a companion of equal size devastating a plum tree.

Next spring he will wake up, sprout a pair of wings, break out of his self-imposed prison and become a real aviator—one of the biggest and brightest colored butterflies known to science.

Lost Jewel in Chair. Los Angeles, Cal.—A diamond weighing two and a half carats, a priceless heirloom in the wealthy Lanphar family of Mexico for more than 300 years, lay for ten days in a chair in the lobby of the Van Nuys hotel unnoticed by the hundreds of more persons who occupied the chair during that time.

The gem was found by Campbell McGavin, a bellboy, who reported his discovery to the clerk. Miss Lanphar offered the bellboy \$100 as a reward, which he refused to accept. The diamond was given to Miguel Lanphar by Philip II. of Spain in 1590.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A diamond weighing two and a half carats, a priceless heirloom in the wealthy Lanphar family of Mexico for more than 300 years, lay for ten days in a chair in the lobby of the Van Nuys hotel unnoticed by the hundreds of more persons who occupied the chair during that time.

TUMBLES 180 FEET

"Nine-Lives Dutchie" Was Remarkably Long Fall.

Didn't Go to St. Gregory's Hospital on Account of His Injuries, but to Wait for a Second Pair of Trousers.

New York.—Fellow workmen in the painting trade call Evan Sherman who is 30 years old, and lives at No. 209 West One Hundred and Twenty-first street, "Nine-Lives Dutchie," and his old schoolmates dubbed him "KITTY, the Human Cat," both sobriquets having to do with Sherman's ability to fall from heights varying from 10 to 100 feet without hurting himself.

He fell eight stories from the Scott & Browne building, near the Brooklyn bridge, about 180 feet. But he was still the "Human Cat" of youth, for he landed on the flagstones on his feet. And it wasn't because of injuries that he went to St. Gregory's hospital. His trousers were torn and he went to the hospital to wait till another pair was sent to him.

His knees were somewhat bruised and one hand lacerated. He was standing on the outer sill of a window in the eighth story when he slipped and pitched out into the air. Cries of horror arose from those who saw him from the street and they turned their heads away to avoid the sight of seeing the man killed.

"Nine-Lives Dutchie" saw on his way down some telegraph wires and he grabbed for one. He caught it, but his weight tore the wire from his grasp. However, this act broke his fall. He landed on his feet and sank to his knees. For a little while he was stunned, but when the ambulance got there he was sitting up.

"I've been falling ever since I can remember," said Sherman. "I started by falling out of my high chair. When I was a boy the other boys called me 'KITTY, the Human Cat.' I was always climbing up somewhere and falling a good part of the time. I have fallen out of fruit trees about 25 times, I guess. I have toppled off barns and out of the haylofts about 20 times, too. I've fallen off fences about 30 times, off boats, six, and bicycles 18.

"Only two weeks ago I tumbled off the fourth story of a building and I wasn't a bit hurt. I've had so much practice that I've kind of got a knack of falling on my feet like the pussy cats do."

The human tumble-bug said that during his fall he had his faculties with him all the way. "When I started to shoot down, I kind of got a hunch that my good luck in the past wasn't going to desert me," Sherman explained. "But this was sure the biggest fall I ever got. You bet my brain was working fast."

"I've been falling ever since I can remember," said Sherman. "I started by falling out of my high chair. When I was a boy the other boys called me 'KITTY, the Human Cat.' I was always climbing up somewhere and falling a good part of the time. I have fallen out of fruit trees about 25 times, I guess. I have toppled off barns and out of the haylofts about 20 times, too. I've fallen off fences about 30 times, off boats, six, and bicycles 18.

"Only two weeks ago I tumbled off the fourth story of a building and I wasn't a bit hurt. I've had so much practice that I've kind of got a knack of falling on my feet like the pussy cats do."

The human tumble-bug said that during his fall he had his faculties with him all the way. "When I started to shoot down, I kind of got a hunch that my good luck in the past wasn't going to desert me," Sherman explained. "But this was sure the biggest fall I ever got. You bet my brain was working fast."

"I've been falling ever since I can remember," said Sherman. "I started by falling out of my high chair. When I was a boy the other boys called me 'KITTY, the Human Cat.' I was always climbing up somewhere and falling a good part of the time. I have fallen out of fruit trees about 25 times, I guess. I have toppled off barns and out of the haylofts about 20 times, too. I've fallen off fences about 30 times, off boats, six, and bicycles 18.

"Only two weeks ago I tumbled off the fourth story of a building and I wasn't a bit hurt. I've had so much practice that I've kind of got a knack of falling on my feet like the pussy cats do."

The human tumble-bug said that during his fall he had his faculties with him all the way. "When I started to shoot down, I kind of got a hunch that my good luck in the past wasn't going to desert me," Sherman explained. "But this was sure the biggest fall I ever got. You bet my brain was working fast."

"I've been falling ever since I can remember," said Sherman. "I started by falling out of my high chair. When I was a boy the other boys called me 'KITTY, the Human Cat.' I was always climbing up somewhere and falling a good part of the time. I have fallen out of fruit trees about 25 times, I guess. I have toppled off barns and out of the haylofts about 20 times, too. I've fallen off fences about 30 times, off boats, six, and bicycles 18.

"Only two weeks ago I tumbled off the fourth story of a building and I wasn't a bit hurt. I've had so much practice that I've kind of got a knack of falling on my feet like the pussy cats do."

The human tumble-bug said that during his fall he had his faculties with him all the way. "When I started to shoot down, I kind of got a hunch that my good luck in the past wasn't going to desert me," Sherman explained. "But this was sure the biggest fall I ever got. You bet my brain was working fast."

"I've been falling ever since I can remember," said Sherman. "I started by falling out of my high chair. When I was a boy the other boys called me 'KITTY, the Human Cat.' I was always climbing up somewhere and falling a good part of the time. I have fallen out of fruit trees about 25 times, I guess. I have toppled off barns and out of the haylofts about 20 times, too. I've fallen off fences about 30 times, off boats, six, and bicycles 18.

"Only two weeks ago I tumbled off the fourth story of a building and I wasn't a bit hurt. I've had so much practice that I've kind of got a knack of falling on my feet like the pussy cats do."

HIPPO FRIGHTENS THE COOK

Animal Cargo Gives Much Amusement to Passengers on Steamer President Grant From Hamburg.

New York.—The ocean-steamer President Grant, which arrived from Hamburg, carried an immense consignment of big and little animals and birds on the way to various zoological gardens and circuses.

The animal cargo of the President Grant was the direct cause of furnishing the passengers the spectacle of a rescue at sea. A monkey, a hippopotamus and a cook, Max Harwst, figured in the proceedings. The hippopotamus was in a big cage on the deck. The front was open, but barred to give the hippo light and air.

The other day Max Harwst was working in the galley near the hippopotamus cage. Max was mixing dough for cakes. Suddenly there popped into the galley a large and active monkey which had escaped from below decks. The monkey landed on all fours in the dough Max was mixing and proceeded to throw pans and kettles and bottles all over the place.

Max picked up a pan of water and doused the monkey, which scampered out on the deck. The cook followed. The monkey, chattering, jumped on the hippo cage, grabbed a spar and began to climb. Max climbed on the hippo cage, too. Just as he was pulling over the edge the hippo opened his mouth and gave vent to a roar that was heard all over the ship.

Terrified, Max slipped overboard, and was soon a bobbing speck in the foaming wake of the ship. Instead of stopping, Captain Megin put the wheel over and started the President Grant on a wide circle. Soon the ship was back to where Max was supporting himself in the water, and Max was rescued. Probably a thousand snapshots were taken of the rescue.

WRECKED MEN WED NATIVES

Crew of British Bark Suffer Again Until They Reach South Sea Island of Anaa.

San Francisco.—First Officer H. H. Hatfield and eleven of the crew of the British four-masted bark Puritan, which sprung a leak and sank on June 28, 1,000 miles southwest of Tahiti, arrived in San Francisco the other day on the Royal Mail steamer Arrangi.

Their story of the ten days spent at sea in an open lifeboat, from the time they were forced to abandon the ship until they reached the island of Anaa, one of the South Sea group 300 miles from Tahiti, is one of intense suffering from thirst, hunger, loss of sleep, torture from the burning sun of the tropics and the rigors of storm.

For the last six days of the terrible trip, Officer Hatfield and his men were obliged to subsist on a spoonful of water a day. Without water, the sailors refrained from eating.

For days at a time several of the sailors were delirious and made numerous attempts to end their suffering by jumping overboard, but were restrained by their shipmates.

Their troubles ended after reaching the island of Anaa, where the gentle and hospitable natives received and feasted them for days. The only white man on the island was a French missionary.

The native girls, according to the shipwrecked sailors, took a great interest in them. Two of the crew, Harry Smith and Marshall Peters, San Francisco boys, refused to leave the island and married native women.

MAN DEFIES THREE NATIONS

Ostrich Farmer Brings Fifty-Three Birds From Africa, Despite Regulations of Other Countries.

Boston.—Edicts of the governments of England, France and Germany failed to terrify William Hiles, ostrich farmer of Bloomberg, Pa., during his latest trip into Africa. The three governments recently issued edicts that no ostriches shall be taken out of Africa, but Mr. Hiles arrived in Boston the other day with fifty-three of the birds, brought to America on the steamer Kansas.

Hiles left the United States a year ago. Striking directly for the interior of Africa, he soon had fifty-four birds, gathered for him by tribesmen of the desert. His plans went well and the birds were secretly put on board the Kansas at Jibuti.

Owing to the fact that it was practically impossible to obtain more of the big birds in view of the increased precautions that will be taken against their export from Africa, he values the specimens at \$15,000 each. Only one ostrich died on the way across the Atlantic.

The Duchess Was Numerous. Paris.—A charming anecdote is going the rounds of Paris concerning a duchess well known in Parisian society for her charity. An old beggar whom the procession of vehicles going to the Grand Prix had attracted to the Champs-Élysées was given a franc by a passer-by. The old man, while testing the coin on the pavement, saw it disappear under the railings of a garden. He rang the bell and begged the footman who opened the door to look for the franc. The footman went away and coming back after a little while, said: "Your franc has not been found."

Blank dismay overclouded the beggar's face, until the footman added: "But this has been found," and handed the beggar a 30-franc piece. While the beggar cheerfully went on his way the charitable duchess, who had been sitting all the time within her garden, smiled at the success of her little joke.

Blank dismay overclouded the beggar's face, until the footman added: "But this has been found," and handed the beggar a 30-franc piece. While the beggar cheerfully went on his way the charitable duchess, who had been sitting all the time within her garden, smiled at the success of her little joke.

Blank dismay overclouded the beggar's face, until the footman added: "But this has been found," and handed the beggar a 30-franc piece. While the beggar cheerfully went on his way the charitable duchess, who had been sitting all the time within her garden, smiled at the success of her little joke.

LOUGH NEAGH EELS

Recent Decision Prohibits Fishermen From Catching Them.

Trouble Over Rights in Body of Water in Ireland Made Famous by One of Moore's Poems—Edict Disregarded.

Dublin.—The fishermen of Lough Neagh, immortalized by Thomas Moore in "Let Erin Remember," are in for troubled times.

On Lough Neagh's banks where the fishermen stray, When the clear cold eels are declining, He sees the round towers of other days In the waves beneath him shining.

wrote Moore. But it is not of round towers and other days that the Lough Neagh fisherman is thinking now, but of slippery eels and of the living present. By a decision of the house of lords recently they are threatened with the loss of their means of livelihood.

The decision was given on a case which had been fought through all the courts in Ireland. By virtue of certain deeds and letters patent, some of them running back for centuries, the owners of certain properties on the banks of the famous lough claimed the right to prohibit the fishermen from fishing for eels in the lough.

When the case came before the house of lords' judicial committee some time ago an exhaustive examination was made of the title of the owners. Judgment, which has since been given, has been on strictly party lines. The lord chancellor declared that the documents were "open to serious suspicion," and gave his decision in favor of the fishing. He was followed on the same side by two distinguished law lords, who sit on the liberal benches, but the four unionists—Lord Ashbourne, Lord Dunedin, Lord Halsbury and Lord Macnaghten—all sided with the claims of the property owners, thus making the decision of the court unfavorable to the fishermen.

A formal motion was made in the Irish court of king's bench applying the decision to Ireland.

Since the house of lords gave its decision the fishermen have been going on with their fishing as if a house of lords never existed, and they express their determination to continue to do so and to look for legislation to restore their rights to them. They could be seen any day last week fishing in the lough, the packers at the headquarters being busily engaged transferring the eels from crates in the channel to boxes and thence to the railway station to be dispatched to London.

One of the leaders of the fishermen who was interviewed this week declared that the fishermen are determined that their rights shall not be confiscated. "They are just as busy as ever they were and they intend to be so," said he. "They are having boats repaired and new ones made, as well as getting new lines, since the decision was published. As another instance of the activity at the present time I may tell you that one fish merchant here has sold 15,000 fishing hooks within the past three weeks."

He added that they expected the assistance of the Irish party in having their rights restored by act of parliament, and that they were confident, also, of the support of a great many of the unionist members.

Evidently the fishermen mean business and if the motion in the four courts is a preliminary to the enforcement of the decision of the lords there will be more lively work than eel fishing on the banks of Lough Neagh for some time to come.

ROOSTER MOTHERS 27 CHICKS

When Hen Elopes With Neighbor Black Minorca Cockerel Takes Up Task of Scratching.

Oakland, Cal.—Deserted by his wife, who eloped with a neighbor, Henry, who makes his home with Walter E. Logan in a suburb of this city, has become both mother and father to his family of twenty-seven children.

Henry is a Black Minorca rooster. When Martha, his spouse, hatched out twenty-seven fussy chicks Henry was the proudest rooster in Piedmont. But Martha soon became enamored of a neighbor's Plymouth Rock, deserted her brood and moved into the neighbor's coop.

Henry moped for a few days, but the peeps of his hungry family made him forget his own sorrows. He became a different rooster.

Daily he scratches for worms and stands guard over his brood, fighting off adult chickens which would rob his family of its food. When bedtime comes Henry escorts his brood to a warm moss-filled box, climbs in himself and cuddles his family.

Big Auto for Dog Catcher. West Orange, N. J.—Emmet R. Lee, who recently bought a 12-horse power runabout in which to chase dogs, finds that type of automobile is not the right kind of a car for dog catching. So he got a 30-horse power touring car. Now he believes he will be able to get results.

"The runabout is large enough, and is all right on the level roads," said Lee, "but there are some hills in West Orange, and the mountain is covered with woods. The stray dogs like to hunt cover in the woods, and I've got to go after them. I can't run the car through the woods, but I can climb the steep hills in it, and then catch the dogs on foot."

Big Auto for Dog Catcher. West Orange, N. J.—Emmet R. Lee, who recently bought a 12-horse power runabout in which to chase dogs, finds that type of automobile is not the right kind of a car for dog catching. So he got a 30-horse power touring car. Now he believes he will be able to get results.

"The runabout is large enough, and is all right on the level roads," said Lee, "but there are some hills in West Orange, and the mountain is covered with woods. The stray dogs like to hunt cover in the woods, and I've got to go after them. I can't run the car through the woods, but I can climb the steep hills in it, and then catch the dogs on foot."

"The runabout is large enough, and is all right on the level roads," said Lee, "but there are some hills in West Orange, and the mountain is covered with woods. The stray dogs like to hunt cover in the woods, and I've got to go after them. I can't run the car through the woods, but I can climb the steep hills in it, and then catch the dogs on foot."

ODD COLONY IN ASIA MINOR

Language and Customs of 250 Years Ago Still Preserved by Self-Exiled Russian Cossacks.

Constantinople.—One of those curious instances of quaint historical survival, of which many occur in Asia Minor, has lately come before official Russian attention in Constantinople.

It is the case of a colony of about 3,000 Russian Cossacks settled in Anatolia, Asia Minor. The forefathers of these Cossacks left Russia for voluntary exile 250 years ago. Their departure was occasioned by an attempt to enroll their names for census purposes in writing. According to the creed of their peasants, the writing down of their names jeopardizes their chance for salvation for it involves the curse of Antichrist, enabling him to set his seal upon them.

During the while of this time the Cossacks have kept their identity absolutely intact. They speak a Russian dialect bearing the same relation to the language of the present day as does our modern English to that of Chaucer. They wear the Russian dress of three centuries ago, and even grow herbs, uncultivated elsewhere in Anatolia, to make the dishes that were the food of the mediæval Russian.

A few months ago this little band of Russian exiles found themselves suddenly faced by the same danger that threatened their ancestors in the sixteenth century. The Turkish government, having to call upon its Christian subjects for military service, demanded the enrollment of those men of the community who were of age, and again they were in danger of the seal of Antichrist.

This time a split occurred among the exiles. The young men urged that, since they could not avoid enrollment, it were best to serve in Russia among their kindred, but the older members were in favor of remaining. The arbitration of the Russian consul at Constantinople was invoked, and through his agency funds were obtained from the Russian government to enable those who wished to do so to return to Russia, leaving the rest to live in their ethnological island among the races of Anatolia.

PAYS DEBT FIFTY YEARS

Through Gen. Harrison Gray Otis Intermediary, Man Squares Indebtedness Long Standing.

Wheeling, W. Va.—An indebtedness of \$150, that was due for half a century, was settled here recently. Harrison Gray Otis of Los Angeles, Cal., represented the individual, fifty years ago departed from the Clure hotel leaving behind him an unpaid board bill of \$150.

Two months ago A. C. Ogden, editor of the Wheeling News, received a letter from General Otis which stated that the general represented the erring guest and explained that he wanted to settle with the estate of the management of the hotel at that time. Capt. William Carr was manager of the hotel in those days, and it was discovered that the administrator of his estate was Mrs. Veneta G. Heron of No. 3101 Washington boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

With matters thus simplified General Otis at once forwarded \$50 in gold to square off the original account of \$150. This money has been turned over to Platoff Zane, who will forward it to Carr's administrator.

Captain Carr was a physician, who moved from Virginia to Wheeling in 1832, and up until 1860 conducted the McClure hotel. About the time of the breaking out of the Civil war he moved to Chicago and died there.

BELSHAZZAR CALLED A PIKER

University Professor Says Supposed King Was Only Deputy—Says Daniel Made Many Errors.

Chicago.—Belshazzar of Babylon was not a king. The famous host who feasted a thousand of his lords in state has been weighed in the balance of higher criticism and has lost his royal crown.

Prof. Herbert L. Willett of the University of Chicago Divinity school reduced the ancient hero's rank in a lecture on "The Appeal to the Supernatural" the other day in Haskell hall.

Far from being a king and sole owner of the golden vessels in the Babylonian palace, Belshazzar was merely a deputy, the professor declared, and only "a kind of deputy" at that.

The writer of the book of Daniel erred in many historical facts, Professor Willett told the students. The story of Belshazzar's feast and the handwriting on the wall was given, as but one example of inaccuracy.

Skeleton 4,900 Years Old. St. Petersburg.—A stone coffin containing a skeleton, food, axes, and implements of the stone age, has been discovered in a cave in the Aland Isles. The character of the weapons and implements indicate that they are of a period at least 3,000 B. C., when the Aland Isles were submerged, the coffin and its contents having been lowered in a depression in the sea bed, which accounts for its wonderful preservation.

Milk Extinguishes Fire. Troy, N. Y.—Fire the other night destroyed the residence of John Deane, near Greenwich, N. Y. There was no water available and in order to save adjacent buildings the farmers in the neighborhood brought thousands of gallons of milk, which was used to extinguish the flames started by flying sparks. Horse blankets soaked in the milk were spread over the roofs of several buildings.