

CROWD SEEKS STONE

New Yorkers Join Search For \$500 Diamond.

roadway Dentists Dig in Excavation for Valuable Jewel for Which Reward of \$100 is Offered by Woman—Lost During Accident.

New York.—Workmen are diamond hunting in an excavation at Broadway and Thirty-ninth street. Every handful of earth they pass carefully through their fingers. Scores did the same thing and there was an amusing contest between the police and the crowd. For there is a \$500 diamond somewhere in that hole and there is a \$100 reward for the finding of it.

The big gem belongs to Mrs. Edward B. Walker, who owns the Knickerbocker line of sight-seeing automobiles. About 9 o'clock at night Mrs. Walker's private car nearly dropped into the hole. She saved her life, but one of her biggest diamonds fell into the dirt.

As her chauffeur, Edward Regan, dodged a pedestrian crossing Broadway, the automobile skidded on the pavement, just west by the shower, and before he could regain control the front end of the car had plunged over the mouth of the pit. But for some pipes and scaffolding, the car would have dropped ten feet to the bottom of the hole. As it was the machine hung suspended in most remarkable fashion over the edge of the excavation.

Neither Mrs. Walker nor Regan was hurt, nor was the car much damaged. But in the shock of the impact Mrs. Walker had grabbed one of the stays of the cover of the machine, and the diamond had been jerked from its setting.

Shortly after they had started Mrs. Walker happened to notice her ring. With a cry, she exclaimed: "Oh, I do declare, I've lost my solitaire!"

By way of proof she held up her hand and showed the ring, which had a yawning excavation big enough to take a fair-sized fibert. Then displaying another ring with a large stone, she cried:

"Bova, the lost diamond is larger than this one. It cost me \$500 and I'll give \$100 cash right here to him who'll find it for me."

It was some scramble that followed. All Broadway wanted to be in on that diamond ring.

"I see it!" yelled a man, diving for a glittering object under the car.

"Get back out of this everybody; all of you get back," ordered the police.

"Hi, hold your foot there for a moment," cried one of the policemen as he jumped at a piece of glass.

But despite all, Mrs. Walker had to go home and leave that \$500 diamond in the dirt on Broadway.

FIND FAMED WARRIOR'S BODY

Workmen Discover Tomb of Andrea Moreosini in Venetian Church—Mummy Also Found.

Venice.—It always pays to scrape the walls of the churches and palaces of Italy, for almost invariably under the uninteresting outer wash are found treasures of more or less value. This is just what happened here in the Church of St. John and Paul, where some frescoed figures of the evangelists have come to light near the high altar.

What is, perhaps, more interesting to the ordinary traveler is the discovery in the same church at the other side of the high altar of a Gothic sarcophagus of the fourteenth century in which a mummified body was lying on the back with the head turned to the right. One of the feet was detached from the body. From the description it was learned that these were the remains of Andrea Morosini, a famous warrior and a member of the family which gave four doges to Venice. The remains have been left intact and the tomb will be exhibited to the public as soon as the restoration of the church is completed.

TRAMP LEFT HER A FORTUNE

Marshall McMurrin Remembered Servant Girl Who Gave Him a "Snack" With \$40,000.

Petersburg, Ind.—Several years ago a tramp appeared at the kitchen in which Maggie Drain was working and asked for something to eat. The family in which she was employed as a servant protested, but she gave the man his breakfast and an hour later he returned with a paper which he handed to her, charging her to keep it. It proved to be a document giving to the girl the property of Marshall McMurrin at his death.

McMurrin owned a farm in an adjoining county, and when he died a year ago the document was presented and claim to his property made. The relatives of McMurrin sought to break the will, but it was recently sustained by the court and Miss Drain will get about \$40,000.

Kindness Brought Nephew Reward.

Washington, Pa.—When Anton Kardos, an insurance agent, sent all his savings to an aunt in Austro-Hungary, who had reared him, to tide her over financial difficulties, he acted without hope of reward. He received his recompense a few days ago when a letter informed him that the aunt, Mrs. Susanna Kardos, had died and left him her entire fortune, estimated to be worth \$250,000.

OLD RIDDLE OF SEA SOLVED

Survivor of Arctic Tragedy of 1902 Returns to Tell the Story of Wreck.

Tacoma, Wash.—Nine years ago last October the steamship Discovery, bound from Nome, Alaska, for Puget Sound, was lost off the Southern Alaska coast. About seventy persons, including a dozen residents of Port Townsend, Wash., perished.

Until yesterday the manner of the Discovery's loss remained a mystery. It was supposed she foundered in a storm off Yakuta. The only crew who was the one life preserver on the shore of Koldiak Island. Now comes Capt. E. C. Weaver, 75 years old, and proves that he is the sole survivor of the Discovery.

Weaver says the Discovery weathered a storm off Yakuta and reached the icy strait near Juneau, where, during a heavy snow storm, she struck an iceberg and sank in five minutes.

Weaver's escape resulted from his previous misfortune of losing one hand. With a steel hook permanently fastened to his wrist, he drew himself upon the floating iceberg. The next day Indians picked him up and took him to their camp. While on the iceberg he quenched his thirst by breaking off pieces of ice with same steel hook. The exposure caused partial paralysis. For ten months the natives cared for him. He then went into the mountains prospecting. Eighteen months later he came back to Puget Sound and Eastern Washington.

His silence regarding the Discovery's loss was broken only after the British steamship Ikella last week struck and wrecked his fishing boat, the Dove, off Cape Flattery. He has proved to Port Townsend relatives of the Discovery's crew the truth of his story.

FIND CENTURY-OLD SKULL

Coke Works Excavators Dig Up Mrs. Curry's Cranium at Shimersville, Pa.

South Bethlehem, Pa.—The finding of a skull and a few bones of a human being by workmen excavating for the new \$6,000,000 coke oven near the Florence Zinc works, at Shimersville, reveals interesting local history. The spot where the bones were found is the site of an ancient private burying ground.

Howard Knecht, the millionaire Shimersville flour manufacturer, whose father, John Knecht, secured the land on which the graveyard is located, today gave an interesting history of the three prominent white persons and several Indians buried therein early in the nineteenth century. The three white people in the graveyard were John Curry, his wife, Lathrop Cruikshank Curry, and her brother, Dr. James Cruikshank.

A medical student who examined the skull pronounced it to be that of a female, and because Mrs. Curry was the only woman buried in the plot, Mr. Knecht accepts it as a fact that the skull is that of Mrs. Curry.

TRAPPED BY CASH ON ROPE

"Black Hand" Writer's Scheme Falls to Fool Sleuths in New Jersey.

Trenton, N. J.—After being arrested as a "Black Hand" man, John Lengman declared to the government inspectors that he got his idea of crime from the moving picture. Lengman was arrested for sending a "Black Hand" letter to John Banta, a wealthy farmer, living near Hackensack. He demanded \$500, under pain of death.

Banta turned the letter over to the government authorities and they set a trap for the writer. Banta was told to put the money under a specified tree, in a canvas bag to be placed there by Lengman, and then the inspectors placed themselves in hiding to wait for Lengman. The latter almost escaped, as he had cleverly rigged an aerial rope tramway extending 800 feet from the tree to carry the money to him. The prisoner confessed.

INITIALS IN BABY'S EYE

First Letters of Names Chosen Before Birth Appear on Retina.

Philadelphia.—Physicians here are attempting to explain the phenomena of certain lettering observed on the retina of the eyes of two-year-old John Dugan of this city. Mirrored in his eyes are two distinct letters, each a quarter of an inch high. They are the initials of the name chosen by the boy's parents before he was born. That name was John Dugan, the name of John's right eye is the print of a graceful "J," while in the left eye is set the initial "D."

RANCHMAN BECOMES A BARON

C. T. Clifton of Montana Gets Title Created in 1824—Succeeds His Brother.

London.—A Montana rancher becomes a British peer by the death of Baron Grey De Ruthyn in his fifty-fourth year. The successor to the title is the baron's brother, Cecil Talbot Clifton, of Northfields Ranch, Montana. The dead lord was the twenty-fourth baron of his line, the first lord of the same title having been created in 1824. The title carries the hereditary right to bear the gold spurs at the king's coronation.

BLIND CHARLEY GOES AWAY

Beggar Takes a Whirl at Coney Island and Then Doesn't Dare Return to His Old Corner.

New York.—Wall street has just lost one of its most interesting and best known characters, and at the same time is minus a flourishing business. The character in question is known as Blind Charley, and the business is that of begging, by which he has accumulated a fortune of more than \$100,000.

Kind-hearted brokers, fresh from a successful turn in the market, have been cheerful contributors to the battered tin cup of the blind beggar, and so generous have been gifts that there is apparently no reason why Blind Charley should not have run his fortune up to the half-million mark if he had only used a bit of discretion. The trouble began when Charley started out for Coney Island last week all dressed up. He looked about as much like a beggar as Andrew Carnegie or John D. Rockefeller might look if they ever took it in their heads to give Coney a whirl. The little boy who led the way had on a new suit and a bright silk necktie.

They were out for a good time and they didn't let expense stand in the way. They rode on the merry-go-round, bumped the bumps and played the loop, and occasionally Charley would break a five-dollar bill to purchase a bag of peanuts. Naturally they attracted a good deal of attention. People were interested at the sight of an old blind man and a little boy doing Coney together.

One man, who on more than one occasion had dropped a dime in Charley's battered cup, was so interested that he notified the police. As a result the fact was brought to light that Charley was wealthier than many of those who had contributed to his fortune, and consequently he has disappeared from his wonted stand. While Wall street will miss his queer personality, the sting is made still sharper by the realization of many brokers that they let a man with \$100,000 in cold cash invade their stronghold without ever making a single investment in the securities in which they deal.

MAN 70 YEARS YOUNG SKATES

Gay Old Boy Just Whirls Around to Get an Appetite—Gets It, Too.

Tacoma.—Clerks and others arriving late at their offices have recently been giving an excuse that they have been watching an old man skate.

As they reach a certain street they hear the whirl of rollers on the asphalt paving. Rounding a corner, they see a little old man, with long chin whiskers, sunken eyesockets, but very bright eyes, speeding along at a reckless rate. His ball-bearing rollers he manipulates with the dexterity of a fourteen-year-old veteran.

A reporter approached the septuagenarian skater and was received with suspicion.

"Don't get it into your head that I'm doing this to revive ice-skating," he said. "This is a very healthy way of spending spare time. I get out here in the early morning and whirl around and have the finest appetite for breakfast you ever saw. And I'm nearly seventy."

"I used to skate a lot in Holland. The doctor says it's a great thing for me, and I know it is, so that's all there is to it."

BETTER EYES, BETTER MAN

California Prison Warden Has a Theory Along the Lines of Reform.

Sacramento, Cal.—To carry out his theory that steps for all-around betterment of prisoners should be taken, beginning with physical conditions, Warden Johnston of Folsom penitentiary has had thirty-two prisoners examined by eye and ear specialists.

Jake Oppenheimer, "the Hyena," under sentence of death, will be fitted with a pair of glasses. The warden said that Oppenheimer was much improved in the preparation of a book he is now writing, entitled "The Thoughts of a Condemned Man."

Another prisoner will be fitted with an artificial eye, on the theory that any improvement in a prisoner's looks will lighten his self-respect and make him more amenable to efforts for his reform.

BOY LOVER HANGS HIMSELF

Hoboken (N. J.) Youngster Couldn't Give Up Infatuation for Grown-up Cousin.

Hoboken, N. J.—Infatuation for his pretty twenty-year-old cousin, Mary Bussanich, is believed to have led James Bussanich, twelve years old, to commit suicide by hanging in his father's carpenter shop.

The young woman herself found the body when she was searching for the boy to take him home. For some time the boy had displayed a violent liking for the cousin, and no amount of talking would cause him to refrain from a display of his infatuation, which she tried to repress.

Says Dynamite a Church.

Huntington, W. Va.—Dynamite was touched off against the Church of Christ by boys who had been chased away from the grounds. The explosion rocked the building and broke up the meeting.

PATHETIC PLEA FOR CHILDREN

Words of Charles Kingsley Worth Hearing by Every Man and Woman of Any Worth.

Do not deceive yourselves about the little dirty, offensive children in the street. If they be offensive to you, they are not to him that made them. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father which is in heaven. Is there not in every one of them, as in you, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world? And know ye not who that light is, and what he said of little children? Then take heed, I say, lest you despise one of these little ones. Listen not to the Pharisees when he says: Except the little child be converted, and become as I am, he shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. But listen to the voice of him who knew what is in man, when he said: "Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their souls are like their bodies, not perfect, but beautiful enough and fresh enough to shame anyone who shall dare to look down upon them. Their souls are like their bodies, hidden by the rags, foul with the dirt of what we miscall civilization. Strip take them to the pure stream, wash the young limbs again, and you shall find them, body and soul, fresh and lithe, graceful and capable—capable of how much God alone who made them knows.—From Charles Kingsley's Address on Human Soot.

GAVE HIM SOME NEW IDEAS

Philosophic Man of Forty Wonderfullly Cheered by a Few Remarks Made by His Wife.

"Damnation, I'm forty today," he groaned. "Look at my wrinkles. Look at my bald spot. Look at the gray hair above my ears. Youth is gone—the grave approaches—and I'm so wretched that I think I'll go and drink 50 beers."

But his good wife responded: "Cheer up, intelligent man, thinkers and brain-workers like yourself, have always been distinguished for a hale and happy longevity. Solon, Socrates, Pindar and Anacreon were octogenarians. Goethe, over eighty, did some of his best work. So did Kant, Buffon, Newton, Fontenelle and Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood."

"Lauder wrote his most beautiful Imaginary Conversations at eighty-five. Isaac Walton at ninety had a fluent, forceful pen. Hahnemann at eighty married, and at ninety-one made some of his most fruitful discoveries. Michael Angelo's canvases when he was eighty-nine were as vigorous as they had been at sixty years before. Titian was doing good work at ninety. Newton at eighty-three—"

But here the man, wonderfully perked up, interrupted her. "I guess I won't get drunk after all," he said. "Get my hat, my dear, and we'll go to the movies and wind up with an oyster supper."

Oldest Order.

What is the oldest order in existence? The claim is made for that of the Holy Sepulchre, the grand order of which has just been conferred by the pope on a member of the Irish Nationalist party, Sir Thomas Grattan Edmund. It appears that no date or the name of a founder can be assigned to the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, though there is a legendary tradition that traces its origin to the time of Charlemagne. In the middle of the last century, however, when the Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem was reestablished, the office of grand master of the order was transferred to it by Pope Pius the Ninth, who many years later, in 1824, created by statute three ranks of the order—the grand cross, commander and knight. The costume is a white cloak with the Cross of Jerusalem in red enamel. The pope himself is grand master of the order.—Westminster Gazette.

Prevention Rarely Taken.

A German medical journal draws attention to a possible factor in the spread of infectious conditions of the mouth, nose, and pharynx that is not sufficiently recognized in many households. It points out that common table utensils, such as forks, spoons and glasses, which come into contact with the mouth, are usually washed altogether, often with little care, and dried on the same cloth. This gives great opportunity for the distribution of infective agencies. For this reason particular care should be exercised in families where any member may be suffering from an infectious disease to sterilize the table utensils used in boiling water. People who complain of "catching cold" in many instances are merely catching infection from little understood and preventable sources.

Sheridan's "Debt of Honor."

A "debt of honor" story that may be worth recalling concerns that prince of debtors, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. One day a creditor came into Sheridan's room and found him seated before a table strewn with gold and notes.

"It's no use looking at that, my good fellow," said Sheridan, "that is all spoken for debt of honor." "Very well," replied the tradesman, leaving his security and throwing it in the fire, "now mine is a debt of honor." "So it is, and must be paid at once," said Sheridan, and handed him the money.

"HAUNTED" HOUSE IS RAZED

Many Tenants Have Inhabited It, but the "Spirits" Have Driven Them All Out After a Short Time.

Tramton, N. J.—Famous as a haunted house for 25 years, an old brick residence in this city, owned by Warren Quinn, is about to be torn down in the hope that its ghostly inhabitants will be driven out. A revival of the spirit manifestations, it is said, has determined the owner to raze the building.

While the house has been occupied despite the ghostly noises, the occupants have kept constantly changing, driven out, they say, by ghosts.

John Nickold and his family were the latest occupants. They were there considerably longer than any other tenants, but after ignoring the strange happenings for a time they fled and no one else would move in.

Nickold declares that of late the manifestations have been of almost nightly occurrence. Sheets would be pulled off the beds violently; the lamps left burning at night would be turned down mysteriously and then as mysteriously would be turned up so that the wicks would blaze.

Footsteps would be heard in the attic during the night; shades would be run up, apparently by ghostly hands, and clocks would be wound at all hours of the night and thrown with force to the floor.

A nurse employed by the Nickolds remained in the house only a week because of the disturbances, and no other nurse could be obtained. It was impossible to keep a servant, and the members of the family got into such a nervous state that the least sound frightened them.

SETTLERS HAVE RAIL FIGHT

Must Contest With Northern Pacific Railroad Under a Lieu Land Grant.

Spokane, Wash.—Forty-four settlers filed in the local land office on land in Pen d'Oreille and Stevens counties, on which they have lived for various terms of years. It is expected that many of them will be compelled to fight contests. The Northern Pacific, under its lieu land grant and through its representative, H. J. Needham of St. Paul, filed a blanket claim for lieu land which comprises about seventy quarter sections, most of which are occupied by settlers. Mr. Needham's number in the line of persons desiring to file was 33 and those who preceded him will not be compelled to start the contests, but will have to fight any that are started by the railroad company.

Many of those who filed had been in line before the register's door for some days. One man, seventy-two years old, slept in line and awakening registered his filing as No. 19.

PASTOR SCORES NEW STYLE

Ohio Minister Declares That Men Are Misled in Judging Character by Immodest Attire.

Massillon, Ohio.—Rev. Fenwick W. Fraser of the Presbyterian church, in a statement here, declared that "only one with the shrinking sensitiveness of a rhinoceros could be expected to perambulate about the city in broad daylight in the abbreviated diaphanous garments we have been familiar with since the recent insane edicts of the ruling modistes have gone into effect."

In conclusion he says: "There never was a time when it was so difficult to distinguish the good women from the other kind by taking note of what they wear. Highly respected women are actually being accosted by strange men who, misled by their immodest 'fashionable' attire, take them for other than what they really are."

"Christian women might desist from wearing in public costumes which provoke men into infractions of the seventh commandment."

FAMOUS WORK IS SPOILED

Smiling Face of a Boucher Portrait Expires Starving Seamstress and She Darts It With Ink.

Paris.—The picture displeased me and I wished to correct what I considered wrong," answered Mrs. Prolaine Delarue, a seamstress, when charged at the police station with having daubed with red ink the nose and eyes of the portrait in the Louvre of a young woman by the famous eighteenth century artist, Boucher.

"I was miserable and hungry," she said, "having been unable to find any work. I often go to the Louvre, and the sight of that young woman in the picture with her happy, disdainful smile and luxurious clothes maddened me. I decided to mutilate her hateful face in the hope that perhaps after that people would notice me and saw me from starving."

Boys Have Last Laugh.

Evans, Colo.—"No young men so cute for us tonight," said sixteen pretty girls who were guests at the home of Constantine Prince recently and dismissed the scores of young fellas who had been looking forward to the walk home.

As soon as the boys had departed half the girls, attired in the clothes of their brothers, started with the other half for their various homes.

They imagined they were not observed, but all the young fellows are describing in detail just what masculine apparel each girl had on and now the young women are wondering where the joke is.

PROVED A MAN OF HIS WORD

Broker, True to Promise, Remembered Old Apple Woman in His Day of Rejoicing.

"Yes, I have me reglar customers," said the old apple woman at a Wall street corner as she polished an apple, "and now and then I has one that lets me share in his good luck. When industrialists was on the kite, along comes a broker who says:

"Good mornin' to ye, Aunt Sally, and how's apples sellin' today?"

"Two fer five, yer highness," says I, "which is cheap fer apples at this season o' the year."

"That's true," says he, "and I'll take along a couple fer luck. I'm in industrialists to make or lose a hundred thousand. If I make, I'll remember ye."

"Good bless ye!" I says, as I gives the apples an extra polish and hands them over. It was three days before I sees him ag'in. Then he stops at me stand wid a look uv benevolence on his face, and money in his hand, and says:

"Aunt Sally, yer polished apples brought me luck, and I'm a man av me word. I cleared a hundred thousand that day."

"Gord be praised, yer worship!"

"And ye'll please accept this as a little token av love and esteem from yer true friend."

"And wid that the dear, good-hearted man hands me a nickel and walks away wid the benevolence creeping down his shirt collar. And I was so affected that a boy stole two av me biggest apples whilst the tears was in me eyes. My husband says it ought to have been a dime at least. But, God bless ye, sir, that broker could have sold out his business and moved to Boston and dodged me altogether, ye know."

MORE WORK FOR THE SEXTON

Church Authority Introduced to a Custom He Hopes Will Not Become Universal.

"Long ago I got used to receiving mail which strangers in town had directed in our care," said the sexton, "but last Saturday night was the first time this old church was ever used as a clearing house for dry goods. An out-of-town woman ordered a hat sent up here. She dropped in about 4 o'clock and told me it was coming."

"I don't know just where I shall stay tonight," she said, "but I do know that I am coming here to church tomorrow morning, so I told the milliner to deliver my hat here. I'll come to church early and put the hat on back here in the chapel, if you don't mind."

"If I didn't mind! What earthly difference did it make whether I minded or not? Instructions had been given for the delivery of the hat, the woman said she couldn't be seen inside the church without it; she expected to worship with us the next day, so what could I do but receive the hat?"

"I hope, however, that the custom of having merchandise for the congregation delivered here will not become widespread."

Poetic Justice in France.

The following is a case of poetic justice as meted out in France: A well-known Parisian architect was sitting in his office when he heard a knock at the door. As he wished to be alone, he took no notice of the knock but went on with his work. A few minutes later he heard a key moving in the lock. Not doubting that his visitor was a burglar, the architect armed himself with a revolver and quietly hid behind some curtains. Presently the thief entered and proceeded to rifle the place. Then suddenly he started and grew pale. In a mirror he had seen a revolver leveled at his head from behind the curtains.

"Open the window," ordered the architect, "and shout 'Police!'"

The burglar had no alternative but to obey, and so summoned the officer by whom he was to be arrested.

Run a Walking Stick Farm.

Of the many curious farms that have been established in our peaceful countryside, surely a walking-stick farm is the most curious, relates London Answers.

As a matter of fact, however, there is at least one such establishment, a flourishing concern, to be found in the depths of Surrey. Instead of the corn fields, pasture land and root crops usually expected on a farm, the walking-stick acres present the appearance of long, neat rows of tiny sapling trees, some four years old, others younger.

Quite a forest of walking sticks may naturally be produced in four years, but the handle occasions some delay. To obtain a right-angled handle, the growth is pegged down along the ground and from this the sapling shoots vertically upwards.

Conveniences in New House.

Where a new house is under consideration these practical suggestions for convenience and comfort may be embodied: Smooth mouldings and plain finishings in woodwork to avoid lodgment for dust; curves instead of angles where walls and ceiling and walls and floor join, also curved corners in rooms; the ironing board hinged to the wall, with drop support; a built-in cupboard for mops, brooms and carpet sweeper; electric lights in cupboards; secret drawers for silver or other valuables; built in bookcases, sideboards and window seats, with every possible empty recess used for drawer space.