

DOG THREW A FIT IN A SAUSAGE FACTORY.

Never again will W. Probert Carlton take the family dog with him when he goes out to buy the family sausage. He did so yesterday, and the only salary which will go into the family purse Saturday will be that delivered by the ghost to Toby Claude. That given to the barytone must go to cover the damage done by the dog.

The trouble was chiefly due to Carlton's ignorance as to the private character of the dog. He did not guess the animal had a predilection of fits. When he bought it at a recent Dachshund bench show, he took no pains to inquire. That would have reflected upon his ability as a dog judge. He merely paid the price and looked important.

Therefore he saw no good reason for not taking the bowlegged creature with him yesterday when Miss Claude, otherwise Mrs. Carlton, pointed to the emptiness of the family larder, and he hid himself away to the perpetrator of wienersursts.

"He would make fine sausage, wouldn't he?" demanded Carlton, proudly lifting the beast to the counter for the admiring gaze of the Teuton. "Tender, young, sound of limb and gentle. No fear of him causing indigestion. Perfectly quiet and peaceful."

But these eulogiums were rudely interrupted. Events began to transpire within the dog. His outward reflections were sudden, loud and distinct.

At first he seemed to be scratching for rats. His first trip of his paws sent a dish of bologna into the lap of a frau dozing against the lcechest. The second dashed a head of cheese and its glass dish to the floor. Wienersursts and liver sausage began to fly.

"Stop him! Take him away! I'm ruined!" was the way the proprietor viewed matters.

"He's bewitched! He's mad!" yelled Carlton. And he climbed a cracker box. The frau made a dash for the door, knocking to the sawdust a large chunk of roast beef and a platter of butter.

The Dachshund was working his way along the counter like an educated seal. He was foaming at the mouth and managed to contaminate all in his path before removing it to the floor.

Sight of the wreck and the ruin of his pretty sausages got the keeper frenzied with courage. Seizing a meat cleaver he persuaded the dog to be quiet.

Then he demanded recompense for the damage. There was nothing for Carlton to do but dive into the family resources. —New York Telegraph.

How I Won 516,000 Francs at Monte Carlo

By Mademoiselle Liane de Pougy.



...sult? Almost invariably the bank can pay the few winners out of the losses suffered by those who bet in an opposite direction. Then there is the zero, which is always a good 10 per cent in favor of the bank. If you keep on long enough it is impossible to beat the game. Breaking the bank is pure chance. I defy any one to go there thirty days in succession and come out a winner.

I always play the black. Why? Not for any scientific reason. I don't like red. It reminds me of blood. Black suggests mystery. This is why I like it. Many people, seeing that I had won by putting my money on the black, followed my example. They lost. When the visitors saw that I had broken the bank they applauded me. The game is honest, that is to say, subject to the qualification that the odds are in favor of the bank.

That evening I gave a large dinner party. I am now building a house with my winnings. I have given souvenirs of my success to my friends. I repeat that winning is a question of luck, not of system. I know absolutely nothing about systems. I try to play with my winnings. Voila tout. Innocent people always win. The patron saint of Monte Carlo favors the beginner.

LIANE DE POUGY.

A NEW SPORT RIDING THE SEA HORSE

A few ocean travelers are now enjoying the novel sport of riding the "sea horse." This "sea horse" is not the marine animal which zoologists know by that name. It is an electrical con-

trivance in the gymnasium outfit aboard the new cruising yacht Prinzessin Victoria Luise of the Hamburg-American line. A gymnasium itself is an unusual enough institution aboard ship, and in this particular instance the equipment comprises the latest forms of Dr. Zander's system of apparatus.

One of the appliances affords all the varieties of horseback exercise, a conventional saddle, stirrups and other accessories being provided, and with suitable adjusting mechanism, so that the whole outfit can be given more or less violent vertical and slightly horizontal reciprocating movement through a system of cams and connecting rods, simulating very closely the motion of the animal in life.

An electrical apparatus for giving exercise to sea travelers is a form of couch, moving back and forth over a set of rubber-tired wheels, so placed as to gently massage the back of the person who is reclining upon it.

More violent massage of other parts of the body is obtainable in several additional machines—one, a so-called vibrator, which on trial is found to admirably justify the choice of name. The principally interesting feature about them all is found in the fact that the actuating mechanism of each is a small electric motor.

Two hundred and thirty-two thousand eight hundred and twenty-one women are employed in English cotton factories; only 147,245 men.

GENIUS OF A NEW YORK POLICE-MAN WHO CARVES IN WOOD.

The New York police force with its 7,000 men has many geniuses in its ranks.

Former teachers, Arctic explorers and lawyers are on the force, but recently a new genius has come to light in the personality of Officer Conrad Schellenberger of the Twenty-eighth precinct, located on East Eighty-eighth street, between Avenue A and First avenue.

Mr. Schellenberger boasts as his avocation the skill of artistic wood carving and engraving, and he has several night sticks beautifully worked by his left hand that testify to his artistic talents.

He has carved three sticks, but the most interesting one is his own, which he carried on night duty from the date of his appointment in May, 1885, until November, 1900. This stick has seen very trying times and all kinds of service.

Officer Schellenberger was for many years located at police headquarters on Mulberry street, and for years did duty on the Bowery and throughout the Red Light district. He has served under Deputy Chief Devery when the latter was a captain; also under Deputy Chief McLaughlin of Brooklyn, and under Captains Cross and Allaire.

Mr. Schellenberger was an engraver before he joined the police force in 1855. For ten years he worked on gold and silver and for several years he put inscriptions and scroll work on the class rings of the West Point cadets. It was not until he became a policeman that he conceived the idea of wood carving, but on the first trial he found that he was even more successful in wood than he was on metal.

Three highly ornamented night clubs are the result of his seven years' labor. In moments of recreation when he was not patrolling the streets or doing station house duty, Mr. Schellenberger could be found studiously at work on his night stick.

The result of his labor is a marvel. What once was a repulsive looking instrument of torture is now an aesthetic piece of work. The jackknife has been the instrument of transformation and in the left hand of Officer Schellenberger has worked wonders. Every policeman has associations with that cluster about his night stick, but there is no club in the city speaks for itself as does this one. The triumphs and reverses of Officer Schellenberger's career are carefully noted on it.

The top of the club has been transformed into a skull-and-crossbones. On one side of the stick is carved "Faithful Unto Death," and on the other side a cross can be found with I. H. S. carved on the limb. At the right of the cross is a smaller cross, the emblem of faith, and on the left is an anchor, the emblem of hope. At the foot of the cross is a heart, symbolic of charity. Under the inscription "Faithful Unto Death" is carved "Police Department," in the form of a parabola, and in the space surrounded by this figure is cut "City of New York." Beneath is carved the figure of a woman, and below is a grotesque mask.

Under his name is a figure of Columbus, and below is a female figure. At the end of the stick is a map of the Western hemisphere, surmounted by an eagle with outspread wings, and below Cape Horn is the slogan of the Spanish-American war, "Remember the Maine."

With all these figures and inscriptions mentioned there is also a picture of a police officer saluting his sergeant, and between pictures and inscriptions leaves, flowers and scrolls are carved, as well as his monogram, "C. S.," beautifully worked.

Mr. Schellenberger is now at work carving a stick for Officer Wagner, and has already put upon it a crucifix and a fac simile of the meritorious medal which Mr. Wagner has won. He has also done a stick for Roundman Bauer of the West Thirtieth street station, on which he has carved skull and crossbones and a policeman's helmet.

WROTE HIS OWN FUNERAL ORATION

George Inwood, 88 years of age, of San Francisco, died the other day. At his funeral services there was read an oration which was written and put in print by him some years ago, and which was distributed among the mourners.

Mr. Inwood was one of the earliest settlers in California, having crossed the plains on foot in the early 40's, before the gold fever brought its tide of immigration. His eccentricities made him a well-known character.

About 1849 one of the churches in San Francisco, so Inwood claimed, became indebted to him for \$6,000, which he could not collect. In 1861 he published a pamphlet, in which he set forth his claims and the treatment he had received. Some years later he wrote the funeral oration mentioned.

REPUTED POOR MAN HAD SACKS OF GOLD

In taking possession of the effects of John Siebel, who died Friday at the Lane hospital, San Francisco, the public administrator found in a vault of the California Safe Deposit company six greasy chamois bags containing gold coin to the value of \$2,750.

Siebel's acquaintances looked upon him as a poor man. For a number of years he had been employed as janitor in an office building on Sansome street. He slept in an attic room in the building and seldom ate a good meal. Last week the superintendent of the building found the janitor helpless in his bed and had him removed to the Lane hospital.

Siebel was well known to the stock gamblers who years ago operated on Pine street. At one time he was wealthy, but lost his fortune in speculation.

The money taken from the safe deposit vault was incriminated with grease. The persons who handled it were uncertain as to its genuineness until the coin had been scrubbed.

Despite the reports of injury to the fruit trees of Georgia by the recent frosts, it has been ascertained that the damage was but slight, and a crop fully up to the average will be gathered.

HOW A KISS WON THE ELECTION.

The sensational report telling of the recovery of the long-lost portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire has reminded some of those who met Lord Dufferin when he was in New York a few years ago, a guest of the St. Andrew's Society, and a neighbor at the banquet table of Joseph H. Choate, of some delightful anecdotes which he told of his grandmother, who was a sister of the Duchess of Devonshire, writes Holland in the Philadelphia Press.

The sisters inherited their father's fondness for politics and were of no little influence in the political life of Great Britain of their time. The Duchess of Devonshire at one general election was very anxious that Charles James Fox should be returned to parliament. The contest was exceedingly bitter and promised to be very close. A ministry in which her husband was intensely interested was at stake. The Duchess started forth herself upon an electioneering trip, pleading with everyone she knew who had a vote or influence to give it to Fox. There was a butcher in one of the smaller towns of the district which Fox sought to represent who had supplied meat at the country residence of the Duke and Duchess.

The Duchess, who was a born aristocrat, could, nevertheless, be in politics an ultra democrat. She sought this butcher, knowing that he had not only his vote, but, as we say today, controlled a half dozen more. She pleaded with him to support Fox, although she knew the butcher was of the other party. The meat seller was flattered by her attention, and yet he knew the value of his vote and influence, and at last he said: "I will make a bargain with you. I'll plump for Fox and make my friends do it, provided you'll give me a kiss."

The Duchess looked at the butcher for an instant, and then, before he knew that his offer was accepted, she smacked him full upon the lips and then said: "Now, I've paid the price; you must keep your promise."

He was as good as his word, and delivered six or eight votes to Fox which, but for this pleading, would have gone to the opposition, and they saved the day for Fox. He was elected by a majority of three.—San Francisco Bulletin.

GROVER CLEVELAND LACKED THE NERVE

"If Grover Cleveland had possessed a little mining nerve," said an old Leadville, Colo., miner, "he would be an owner in one of the biggest gold producers in Colorado.

"In the early '90's Jim Shinn formed a company which he called the Cleveland Leasing company, and sent Grover Cleveland a block of the stock. Prospecting was carried on until the treasury was depleted, and when the stockholders were asked to contribute further Mr. Cleveland was among those who failed to respond. The company quit work and gave up its lease on the Cleveland lease.

RAISING KANGAROOS.

A movement has been started in France which has for its purpose the preservation or, rather, the cultivation of the kangaroo, which has been rapidly proceeding toward extermination. Dr. Brisson, a French surgeon, says that it is likely soon to be an exceptional demand for the animal in consequence of the success attending the use of the kangaroo tendon in the hospitals. It has been employed in scores of instances to tie up the fractured bones of a man's leg.

My breaking the bank at Monte Carlo was the result of luck. I am a believer in one's lucky star. I have been frequently "broke" myself, but invariably good luck followed fast upon the heels of misfortune. Once all my household property was sold by auction; the next day a fairly godmother reinstated me luxuriously.

I did not take much money with me to Monte Carlo. The day I broke the bank I went to the table with only one thousand francs. I crossed the hall wearing a black velvet dress, a white lace collar and a pale blue birdie. I wore 500,000 francs' worth of pearls around my neck. I mention this because my pearls always bring me luck.

I played trente et quarante. I put my bill of 1,000 francs on the black. It was all I had with me, and I risked it. Had I lost, the demon of play or of revenge would have been aroused, and probably I should have raised money on my pearls, even though one string of them was a favorite present. I left my 2,000 francs down and won again. Then I had 4,000. Soon I had 12,000 which is the maximum. I would gladly have doubled the amount, but the rules of the establishment are inexorable, and tie one down to 12,000.

I won the maximum thirteen times in succession. Imagine thirteen times 12,000. By this time there was great excitement in the hall. The king of the Belgians, the prince of Monaco and some multi-millionaire Americans came in. The news that I was winning spread like wildfire. I was the cynosure of all eyes. King Leopold, with his wonted gallantry, congratulated me.

I am very superstitious, and having

won the maximum thirteen times, I stopped for thirteen times through fear of ill-luck. Then I came back and began to play again. I won the maximum thirty times.

That made 516,000 francs I had won altogether. Then I stopped and went away. The table had to send for money. In other words, it was broken. There was a delay of some six minutes. During this interval the fever of the game had subsided in me, and this was why I went away.

No wlet me explain. Strictly speaking, the bank is never broken. But there is a suspension of the game for some minutes. Trente et quarante and the roulette are opened each morning with a capital of 500,000 francs, respectively. On several occasions well known punters have played the maximum with such success that they have exhausted the bank of the table which they patronized. Then the play had to be suspended for a few minutes. During the intervals the attendants tapped the vaults for more money. This is what happened when the late Sam Lewis, Monte Carlo Wells, and myself broke the bank.

People talk of systems for breaking the bank. One may as well speak of reaching the moon in an automobile. Take the roulette table, for instance. There are six chances—namely, manque, passe, pair et impair, rouge et noir.

There is (0) zero, and there are numbers from 1 to 36. There are the dozens and the columns. All these give an opportunity of betting about 300 different ways. There may be, let us say, 100 people punting. Each one backs his own particular fancy. What is the re-

ROOSEVELT TO THE LITTLE BOYS

(New York Journal.)

"Stick to your work, boys. You owe it to yourselves to use what is in you. Never give up. If you do you'll sink, because you deserve it.

"Act square by others, as you expect them to act square by you.

"Never do anything cruel to a smaller boy or girl. The brave man is always tender and kindly towards others.

"Boys, in life it should be as in a football game; don't play foul, but hit the line as hard as you know how."

Thus spoke the vice president of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, to seventy-five homeless boys in the West Side Boys' home one night last week. Roosevelt's father was one of the founders of the home and he has always taken the greatest interest in it and its inmates. So has his sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson. Every spring she and her husband have given a fine dinner for the boys and last week was the appointed time.

Other fashionable women and men were there. The boys are from 10 to 15 years old. Their faces shone from soap and water, their hair was plastered down, and they wore their best clothes. The long table, laid on the first floor, groined under turkey, chicken salad, oranges, ice cream and cake.

When the vice president entered the room the boys jumped from their seats and cheered for "Teddy" until the windows rattled. Roosevelt was in his element. He helped to serve the dainties to the boys and kept urging them to eat all they could, but they needed no urging.

After dinner and more cheering for their hosts and "Teddy" the boys marched to the assembly room on the second floor. The fashionable women and men grouped themselves behind them, the vice president got on a low platform. He first told the youngsters that the governor of Alaska used to be a newsboy in the Newsboys' home.

"Every boy here can work his way up to the top if he has the right stuff in him," said Colonel Roosevelt, who was very happy. "If you take up anything

stick to it, fight your way to the top. Don't stop until you get there."

Then he told them how he shot mountain lions out west and how his "Rough Riders" fought in Cuba. The boys' eyes were like saucers, their breathing was audible as they listened.

"The mountain lions are like some men," said Colonel Roosevelt. They have bad reputations, but they're not so bad as they are painted. We had two kinds of dogs—hunting dogs, that trailed the lions, and fighting dogs, that tackled 'em. The hunting dogs would follow a trail for hours and hours. There's perseverance for you. The fighting dogs would climb the trees after the lions. The trees were only pine trees, the first branches close to the ground—the branches very close. The lions would

knock the dogs to the ground—whack! The dogs shook themselves and climbed the tree again. There's pluck for you."

And so on pointing morals. The boys wished it had lasted all night.

CUTTING TEETH AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT.

Cutting teeth at the age of nearly 78 years is the remarkable experience of Mr. Charles P. Brewer, a well known cattle dealer of Baltimore. There are three new teeth, and they grew to such length that he broke them off, as they lacerated his tongue.

The new teeth made their appearance about six months ago. There were three of them. They grew in the front lower jaw. Mr. Brewer has never been bothered by his teeth, and has never been in a dentist's chair.

Cases are recorded in the German Ephemerides of teeth appearing in the

FOR ABOUT \$150.



Doctor—Your right leg seems to be shorter than the left one, but I'll try to fix it for you.

Jones (who has met with an accident)—Well, Doc, don't pull it too much.