

SEEK ANIMAL KILLER

ENRAGED FARMERS ROUSED TO DESPERATION.

Fiend or Lunatic is Poisoning Live Stock of Attleboro, Massachusetts, Agriculturists—Posses, Well Armed, Seek His Life.

Education, science and the general spread of knowledge have let in light on many a common darkness that existed even so late as fifty years ago. What nineteenth century thinking person but shudders at the recollection of the Salem witchcraft, that blot on America's pure pages of history?

Yet right at the very doorway of Boston, the center of advanced ideas and mind culture, there is one mind so steeped in darkness, some one so soul warped that for some unfathom-



able reason has wreaked vengeance on dumb animals.

Who is the fiend who has so relentlessly and persistently poisoned cows, cats and fowls?

This is a vital question with the people of Attleboro, who with blood in their eyes are on the qui vive for the miscreant.

It began a few weeks ago, when one night all was still on the Don Accord farm, the home of Dr. George Mackie, who is an ardent nature lover, and who usually walks about his farm until midnight. On the night in question he went in the house rather earlier than usual, having first whistled to his pet peacock perched aloft in a massive elm and received in reply a full throated call from the bird. Out in the stable was comfortably housed his prize oxen and several valuable cows.

The next morning the doctor was horrified to find an ox dead and the other dying, the result of paris green poison, as an examination later proved.

A few days later the peacock was found dead, then came in rapid succession the deaths of two Angora cats, a pea fowl, and many cows belonging to a neighbor.

Many theories are rife as to what object any person could have in mind, if he possessed a mind, in perpetrating such a deed.

Some allege that the food of the animals may have been mixed with paris green, but this theory was disproven when an examination it was found the animals had been given a large quantity.

Others place the preposterous acts at the door of some person who had revenge as a motive.

It did not need many to look upon the death throes of the innocent victims, that writhed in agony and looked appealingly and wonderingly at the irate citizens, before vigilance committees were formed, and farmers armed nail and tooth posted themselves at unexpected places, on borders of fields and behind fences.

And the direct result of this furor of excitement is that Attleboro for the time being is transformed into scenes and actions similar to those of the



wild and woolly West, where lynch law prevailed and self-appointed sheriffs dealt out the law.

Private citizens have formed regular posses, which plan out their campaign of action and act accordingly.

Armed men patrol fields and roads from sunset to dawn, listening to every sound, suspecting every shadow, waiting to shoot the man or men who destroy their livestock.

Men suspected of wrong-doing, and knowing that the farmers are armed against them, leave the township, stealing away for fear they may become victims of the vigilants.

One man, while crossing a lot, just why no one seems to know, it being one where no trespassing was allowed, was charged upon by an infuriated bull, who rushed at him full force, the man barely escaping through the bars in time, for the bull's horns struck the gate with such force that they stuck fast in the wood for a short time.

Old guns that have not been used since the war days have been brought out and new ones have been bought. Men whose business it is to reap and plow have been armed with clubs and every bush contains to-night its determined guardian, ready to hold up marauders who shall approach, and to get them if they can.

Scattered about the fields, hiding in

the shadow of barns and sheds, crouched behind hay mows, lying low beside stone walls are the men whose farms have been earned by the sweat of the field and garden. A more determined lot of men never met to guard their property in times of peace. They are awake and alert, and mean harm to any persons they can find about without a valid excuse.

Along the highways others are traveling. Many tramps have been stopped and asked to explain, and then ordered to leave the county by the shortest route. Wives are behind closed doors awaiting the return of their husbands and praying that any encounter they may have may bring no harm to them.

Still the search for the fiend incarnate, the Quixotic demon, or the odd fanatic, whichever it may be, continues ruthlessly and thoroughly without avail.

It may be that the surest proof that the work is that of a mentally deranged person is the fact that no particular person is singled out upon which the revenge has been practiced. Besides Dr. Mackie, there are many other citizens who have suffered a loss from the cruel work of the poisoner.

At night there has recently developed a superstition and fear among the inhabitants only equaled by believers in the occult.

The click of a gun, the call of a sentinel sends a man home quicker than the cry of the Banshee would to a native of Ireland, or a raven to Frenchman, who would regard it as a sign of death in the family.

There are those who say that the result will be a superstitious fear handed down to the posterity of Attleboro as a result of this long, nightly watch and untiring efforts of the vigilance committee.

The citizens wonder whether the person is a stranger, or a native of the town, a sane being or a fanatic, a man or a woman? The ministers expound texts and theological reasons as to the cause of such behavior, the lawyers employ their cool-headed sagacity, their shrewdness, quips and wiles, the farmers exert their natural



long-headedness, calculations, and maybes, the village gossips add to each story and jump at conclusions, but all come to the same end, they "give it up in dismay."

Meantime Dr. Mackie and the posse search and the wholesale poisoning continues.—Boston Journal.

Engineer Earned Money.

When Engineer Warboy took the special train chartered by Mr. Lowe to take him to his daughter's bedside, the latter, in his anxiety to complete his wonderful journey, offered \$50 for every minute gained by the engineer over the schedule. The run from San Bernardino to Los Angeles is 60 miles, and Warboy covered the distance in 62 minutes, nine minutes ahead of the schedule. A great part of the run was at the rate of a mile for every 50 seconds.

Strange Chrysanthemums.

Chrysanthemums in Japan are trained into numerous quaint shapes. In Tokyo there are gardens filled with life-size figures made entirely of the flowers and leaves, the faces being masks, and these chrysanthemum figures accurately represent court ladies, warriors, children and animals, one of the favorite designs being a young lady with a fox's tail peeping from under her dress, and a mask which by the touch of a string turns into Reynard's head.

The First Repeating Rifle.

Dr. W. R. Tinker of South Manchester, Conn., has what he claims is the first repeating rifle ever made. It was patented by C. N. Spencer March 6, 1860. The rifle is the model on which the patent was granted and came into the doctor's possession as a gift from his father-in-law, John Sault. It was given to Mr. Sault by the inventor.



Oldest Horse in New England. A black stallion named Dexter, owned by Marion Monson of Fort Fairfield, Me., was 38 years old last December, and he is believed to be the oldest horse in New England.

Immense Field of Cabbage.

Horace Booth of New Britain, Conn., has a cabbage field said to contain 15,000 plants.

PREACH A NEW RELIGION.

Persian Missionaries Seek Converts in New England.

It will doubtless startle many people to learn that Persians, descendants of Mohammedans, are at work in New England trying to make converts. And the religious movement which they represent is not only purely Eastern but Persian, and in a sense Mohammedan, since it originated in a reform movement of Mohammedans. New England has certainly reached an interesting period in its history when Persian monks of a religion that did not exist when the Mayflower came to anchor there are not only preaching but making converts.

The new religion is represented by Mirza Abul Fazi, an eminent oriental scholar, formerly a distinguished professor in the leading college of philosophy and theology of Teheran.



Persia, and Mirza Ali Kuli Kahn of the Royal College, Teheran, a scholarly young Persian who is also educated in English, and who acts as interpreter to Mirza Fazi.

The spirit of tolerance, the cry for economic and social adjustment, the efforts toward peace and unity which are abroad in the world at the present time are said to be due directly to the presence of the great prophets of this faith, who have been "manifested" in Persia during the past sixty years. Since the advent of Jesus the western world has been prone to brush aside all such claims as unworthy of notice.

Cake Walk Genesis.

According to a foreign journal, the cakewalk is of French origin. "Like football," it says, "which is an old French game, the cakewalk was invented in France. At first it was known by another name, and the story goes that in the seventeenth century it was imported to Louisiana by persons whom the Chief of Police had sent to the new Colony, thinking it well to rid Paris of them. Captivated by the boisterous dance, the negroes quickly learned and appropriated it, and now, after two centuries, they give it back to us with all its crudities removed and various new charms added to it."

Sailor Bird's Nest.



These East Indian birds are noted for their skill in sewing leaves together for their nests.

Wonderful Memorizing.

Rev. David Rosenfield of Musk, Russia, who is now in Seattle, has so memorized a book of twenty volumes that he can instantly tell you the first word on any page you may name, can repeat exactly all the words in any particular line on any page, can repeat the whole book from beginning to end, or take any chapter at random and do the same.

No Employees Use Tobacco.

In the twenty years during which the First national bank has been doing business at Concordia, Kan., it has never had an employee who used tobacco in any form. No restrictions were ever placed on the employees, and the use of the weed was never considered in selecting officers or employees. It just happened so.

Male Stronger Than Horse.

After quarreling over the respective strength of a horse and a male two farmers at Segovia, Spain, decided to settle the matter by a tug-of-war. The animals were harnessed, one at each end of a cart. After a desperate struggle the mule triumphed, pulling the horse off its legs and galloping away with it.

Some Phonetic Spelling.

Assessors in Kutztown, Penn., in their recent report introduced the following persons and diseases: "Hart faler," "Berta," "diphtheria," "krupe," "Rybecka," "braine fever," "rumatticism," "Willum," "Isick," and "Filip."

Large Potato Sprout.

G. W. Hawver of Williamstown, Mass., exhibited a potato sprout the other evening that measured more than seven feet. The sprout grew on a small potato about an eighth of an inch in diameter in his cellar.

MOUSE TOPER MEETS SAD FATE.

His Lingerer for "One More Drink" Was Fatal.

"I saw a little tragedy the other night which would furnish a strong argument for a Mouse Temperance Union," said a suburbanite. "We had been troubled by mice in our house, and my wife got a cat. A few evenings later I heard a scratching noise in the cellar, and taking puss with me, I started to investigate.

"The sight presented would have shocked a temperance mouse. A bottle of claret had fallen over on one side, cracking the bottle and permitting most of the wine to run out on the shelf. A dissipated young mouse had found the bottle and had evidently started in to have a regular toper's celebration. And he succeeded.

"When I appeared the mouse was certainly the possessor of a jag of large proportions. He stood up on his hind legs near the broken bottle and blinked at me in an amiable manner, as if asking me to join the festivities. Then he toppled over on one side and wagged his head from side to side, after which he started in to drink more of the spilled claret. In the meantime puss had espied the mouse and wasn't losing any time in making after it.

"The mouse saw the cat plainly enough and had plenty of time to get away. But he wanted 'one more drink.' In addition I think he had reached that state of vinous amiability where it was disposed to look upon even cats with a friendly eye. The instant the cat gained the shelf she went for the mouse with a dash. Even then the mouse didn't seem to care much. It didn't display any terror until the cat's jaws closed on it. Then it gave a little squeak. But it was too late."

RELICS OF OTHER DAYS.

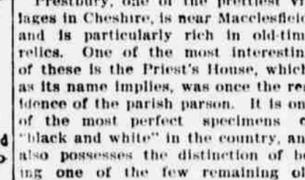
Stocks and the Pillory Still Stand in English Country Places.

In addition to its cheese, Cheshire, England, is famous for black and



white houses, and old market crosses—the latter as often as not are to be seen in conjunction with the stocks. One of the most perfect specimens of this ancient form of punishment is to be seen in the market-place of the little town of Lynn, together with the old market-cross standing on a foundation of sandstone rock, which breaks through the surrounding pavement of cobblestones. A few years ago the remains of the pillory stood beside the stocks, but through neglect they fell to pieces, and no longer strike terror into the heart of the evildoer.

Prestbury, one of the prettiest villages in Cheshire, is near Macclesfield, and is particularly rich in old-time relics. One of the most interesting of these is the Priest's House, which, as its name implies, was once the residence of the parish parson. It is one of the most perfect specimens of "black and white" in the country, and also possesses the distinction of being one of the few remaining old



clergy houses. The gallery connecting the two wings was formerly used as an outside pulpit.

His First Trolley Ride.

Smith A. Brooks of St. Albans Point, Vt., a hale and hearty farmer, 31 years old, drove to St. Albans Bay a few days ago, and from that point took a trolley ride to Swanton and back, the first time he had ever ridden on an electric car.

Tree Splits Rock.

There is a tree just beyond the New England railway arch on the Middlebury road in Connecticut, which has grown through a solid rock many tons in weight, making a large fissure which would require a dynamite explosion to duplicate.

Where Cotton is King.

The area of the cotton manufacturing country in England is but 1,887 square miles. In this is concentrated 6 per cent of the world's cotton manufacture.

Sold Husband for \$500.

A Montreal woman sold her husband to another woman for \$500.

ROWING ON DRY LAND.

Unique Contrivance Invented by Mr. Charles E. Courtney.

Here is an odd tricycle that in its propulsion on land is worked like a racing gig in the water. It has a sliding seat built exactly like those in shells and the energy is applied the same as though an oar were being used.

It is called a rowing machine by the inventor, Mr. Charles E. Courtney, who is now training the Cornell University crew, and that is exactly what it is. The operator sits and moves the same as in a boat, while he grasps a rounded piece of wood that is like the handle of an oar. From this handle runs a strap, which, passing over a pulley, winds around a spool on the rear axle, in which spool there



is a coiled spring, wound when the strap is pulled—by means of the ordinary pawl and ratchet.

When the strap is let free the spring uncoils and away goes the rowing machine, ready for another pull, the same as though it were a boat. On one of these machines Claire Courtney, the ten-year-old nephew of the inventor, can go a mile in ten minutes with little exertion.—New York Herald.

HALE AND HAPPY AT 101.

Old Lady Insists She Grows Stronger as She Grows Older.

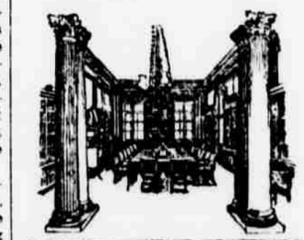
Mrs. Thyra Beckwith Gray has lived 101 years. She celebrated her birthday at Oswego, N. Y., recently, by giving a family party at her home at Tallman and West Seventh streets and by sitting for a photograph with her 71-year-old daughter, Mrs. Mary Case, and her 65-year-old son, William Gray.

Mrs. Gray is in good health and says she grows stronger as she grows older. Her sight is failing, but otherwise her senses are perfect. She is a famous cook and declares that to-day there is nothing she enjoys better than making a batch of mince pies, unless it is eating one.

She was ten years old when the war of 1812 broke out, and she remembers many incidents of that period. Oswego was then only a trading post.

During the past year Mrs. Gray has spun the flax and woven several tablecloths and sets of table napkins for her daughter, just as she used to do when Mrs. Gray first commenced housekeeping.

Historic Chamber.



Not the Tunes He Wanted.

An amusement manager recently bought a large orchestra for his dancing pavilion at one of the Massachusetts beach resorts, but when he started it playing he found that all the tunes with one exception were heavy church pieces. So the dancers now have to do the best they can with the lone lively number until a new supply comes from across the water.

Bantam Hen Mothers Gasil.

A few days ago a quail's nest was run over by a mowing machine in a field near Mr. Robinson's house in Raynham, Mass. The nest was torn to pieces and the eggs were scattered, but not broken. They were gathered and put into the nest of a bantam hen, who takes as much pride in the hatch as though they were her own offspring.

Curious Vegetable Growth.

A curious freak of vegetable growth was discovered in the cellar of R. H. Peck's house of Merrisville, Vt. A blackberry root leading from the garden of W. G. McClintock invaded the cellar, but instead of remaining a root it sent out branches with leaves, the full growth reaching a length of fifteen feet.

Colored Woman's String of Names.

A colored woman in Portland, Me., who was arrested recently for pension frauds, related in the name of Ruth Mattie Love Divine Seymour Terry Belle Caroline Finney. Moreover, she claims to be the widow of a man named Blount.

Where Cotton is King.

The area of the cotton manufacturing country in England is but 1,887 square miles. In this is concentrated 6 per cent of the world's cotton manufacture.

Sold Husband for \$500.

A Montreal woman sold her husband to another woman for \$500.

CODES USED BY RULERS.

European Monarchs Spend Much Money on Messages.

No European ruler uses the telegraph so much as the Emperor of Russia. He uses a secret code both for his private and his official messages, and he spends \$20,000 a year in this kind of correspondence. Emperor William spends \$15,000 a year in the same way, and he uses a code which he has invented himself and which he finds very useful whenever he desires to communicate with the Cabinet Ministers or other prominent officials.

The telegraph is not used to any extent either by the King of Italy, the Emperor of Austria or the King of Greece, but, on the other hand, King Edward and Queen Alexandra of England use it constantly. King Edward signs his private despatches "Albert Edward" or "Bertie," and the Queen, who always signs hers "Alexandra," writes quite as many in German as in English. During 1902 the amount expended by the royal couple in this manner was between \$11,000 and \$12,000.—New York Times.

Eachy Head Falls Away.

Beachy Head, with its seven white cliffs of varying height, called the Seven Sisters, says the London Times, is a prominent and well-known headland on the south coast, the highest point being 550 feet above the level of high water. Unfortunately, the cliff in front of the lighthouse of late years has shown signs of insecurity, which in 1892 culminated in a heavy fall, amounting, it is estimated, to no less than 85,000 tons of chalk. Again in 1896 another dislodgement occurred of an estimated quantity of 89,000 tons. By these serious downfalls the distance between the lighthouse tower and the cliff edge was reduced from 100 to 75 feet, and there are not wanting signs



that farther disintegration of the cliff may sooner or later take place. Thus has arisen the necessity for a new lighthouse on a more stable and enduring site.

A Silkworm of the Sea.

Silk is obtained from the shellfish known as the pinna which is found in the Mediterranean. This shellfish has the power of spinning a viscid silk, which in Italy is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish in the first instance for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place, and there glues them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material, when gathered (which is done at low tide) is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened and carded, one pound of the coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which, when spun, is a lovely furnished golden brown color.

A Wonderful Carpet.

In the ethnographic museum of Rotterdam may now be seen a beautiful carpet which the Shah of Persia recently presented to Queen Wilhelmina as a souvenir of his visit to Holland some months ago.

Woven into the carpet is the following inscription in Persian: "Presented by His Majesty Mozaffar-ud-Din Shah, Emperor of Persia, to Her Majesty Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland. In the year of the Hijra, 1320."

The carpet measures six feet square yards, and in each square yard there are 250,000 stitches.

Easily Recognized.



Mr. Hill—Have you been enjoying the race, Miss Dale?

Miss Dale—Oh, yes, immensely. I have not seen the Shamrock yet, but I have been watching the Italian very closely. I can tell her by her big red smokestack.

Pigs and Horses.

A pig is usually kept in every stable in Persia, as it is thought the presence of the porker is beneficial to the health of the horses.

Some Vital Statistics.

Each year in Philadelphia sees some 30,000 children born. Of children under 5 years 7,500 die each year.