A BOOMERANG'S FLIGHTS.

WONDERFUL THINGS IT DID EVEN IN UNSKILLED HANDS.

It Was Bought of a Native Australian, and, Though Somewhat Uncertain in Action, Surprised People in More Ways Than One—Mystery in Its Final Disappearance.

There are boomerang stories and boomerang stories, but there is no boomerang story so wonderful as the boomerang itself. Some years ago people smiled when tales were told of a stick which, being thrown, would perform intricate evolutions and return to the hand of the thrower. These accounts were classed in the same category as perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone and other cherished myths. One could hardly find a believer in them until a band of Australian bushmen came to this city and gave an exhibition. The spectacle of a curved stick travelling 100 feet parallel to the ground, then striking off and rising fifty yards in the air and finally sweeping back to its starting point in a circle, the diameter of which was not less than 100 yards, went far toward discouraging skepticism.

Smith of Brooklyn was an interested spectator and succeeded in buying one of the strange curved sticks. Through an interpreter the bushman who sold it explained that it was a particularly trustworthy implement and could be depended upon for a return trip from anywhere. Very late that night Smith tossed it gently in the air while going across Broadway. There wasn't enough force in the toss to carry a biscuit five yards, but the boomerang sailed off jauntily and brought up broadside with a resounding whack against a plate glass window which may have cost, perhaps, $500. Smith took the boomerang home, put it in an old trunk, weighted it down with some outworn political literature and turned the key on it. He didn't want it cavorting around the place and raising the deuce, he said, on its own hook, as it was quite capable of doing. That was several years ago. The boomerang lay in the trunk until last September, when Smith, about to start on his vacation, decided to take it along for an airing. When he took it from the trunk it looked the same as when he first got it. There was no sign of warping and all the infinitesimal depressions and swellings along its sides, which are said to be responsible for the magical flight, were still there, as he could see by glancing along it sidewise.

It went with him to a house party on one of the little lakes in the Southern Tier and was openly jeered by the other members of the party as a fake. Smith was called "The Bushman's Victim" when he told how much he paid for it.

"Boomerang?" cried Lieut. Oscar King, who was of the party. "Poppycock! Goldbrickerang. I'd call it."

"Looks like an attenuated coat hanger," remarked McSofter, viewing it with contempt.

"Or a distorted barrel stave," said young Bixby. "There may be such a thing as a boomerang, but I'll bet money that isn't one."

In spite of the ancient experience in Broadway Smith felt some doubts himself. So he took it off into a vacant lot behind the cottage and experimented with it. At first it behaved disgracefully—simply foozled and fluttered like a headless hen. Becoming enraged after several flat failures, Smith picked the strange bit of wood from the ground where it had stuck, point downward, and hurled it angrily and without special intent. Forth with the implement rose in a lofty curve, circled over the cottage and dived down on the opposite side. Smith heard a crash of branches, followed by a feminine shriek and then the voice of Lieut. Oscar King raised in wrath.

"Who threw that infernal machine at us? Confound it, it nearly scalped me. I'll put it out of mischief."

"Hold on there!" shouted Smith, rushing forward. "Don't throw it away."

But it was too late. Rising up from under the lakeside tree beneath whose spreading shade he had been reading Kipling's latest verses to one of the girls of the party, the irate Lieutenant cast the interrupting stick far out over the waves. Smith rushed for a boat but it was not needed. To the delight of Smith and the disgusted amazement of the rest, the boomerang, after travelling straight out for a hundred feet or so, turned to the left, swept around in a circle and landed almost at the feet of McSofter, who was engaged in removing some brilliant-hued fishing flies from his trousers.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "It's a sure enough boomerang, isn't it? Here; let's have a shot."

He jerked it sharply from his hand, and straight as a bullet it flew through the nearest window pane in the cottage.

"Just my dashed luck!" cried McSofter, forgetting in his grief his former occupation, and sitting down hard on several of the fly boxes, whence he rose with a shriek of agony and fled into the house, leaving the boomerang to the tender care of young Bixby. That youth, accompanied by Smith, went afar into the fields and experimented until they got to some minor extent the hang of the thing. They found out, for instance, that the boomerang should be thrown with the concave side forward and with the point pretty well down, and that the greater the whirl imparted to it by a jerk of the wrist just as it was leaving the hand, the more extraordinary would its evolutions prove. They discovered, also, that it travelled best against the wind. Young Bixby in particular became quite proficient in the art of casting the weapon, and after a few hours of assiduous practice was able to bring it circling back to his immediate vicinity four times out of five. The rest of the party came out to look on admiringly, and the girls imperilled the lives of all by their attempts to put the boomerang through its paces. For the next two days the main interest of the house party was the bit of Australian wood. McSofter, who believes he can do anything until he has tried and found he can't, essayed to fashion a boomerang of his own out of a piece of green wood. There was no general lamentation when at the first trial his model collided with a large tree and broke into several pieces.

Meantime the real article continued its flights with occasional roostings in treetops for a rest, necessitating much climbing and casting of sticks after it. It was a hardy contrivance and withstood all sorts of hard usage with no other signs of wear than a slight chipping near the points. There came a day when the crowd went over to the neighboring links to play golf, and young Bixby must needs take the boomerang along in his golf bag. At the links they encountered the plump and elderly Col. Pinn, who is the moving spirit and mentor of the golf club. No sooner had he caught sight of the boomerang than he pounced upon it.

"What do you call that thing?" he demanded.

"Oh, that?" cared young Bixby, carelessly. "That's nothing but a boomerang that happened to be left in the bag."

"Boomerang? Boomerang?" said the Colonel, looking at it from all sides as if he suspected a secret spring. "Heard of 'em often. Never saw one. Nothing in the stories you hear about 'em, of course. All lies."

"Lies? Well, I should rather think not," said young Bixby.

"What does the thing do?"

Thereupon young Bixby gave a long and glowing, if somewhat confused, account of the evolutions of a healthy, well-conditioned boomerang, calculated to make Baron Munchausen feel, if he could have heard it, that he was a calm and commonplace historian.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the elderly Colonel, "that if this ridiculous bit of wood is thrown out into the air it will right-about-face and come back? Bosh! Perfect bosh!"

"It doesn't cost anything to try," suggested Smith.

Col. Pinn tried, but the boomerang refused to answer to his hand. It flopped aimlessly forward or dived with suicidal force into the sod to the disgust of a member of the greens committee who was present.

"Told you it was bosh," said the Colonel, red in the face from his exertions. "Nothing but an ordinary piece of wood."

However, he consented to accompany young Bixby a short distance away from the crowd where no one would be in peril of being hit. Bixby hurled the boomerang forward with all his might.

"Very good throw," said the Colonel approvingly. "Used to play ball myself when I was a boy."

"When you see it coming back you can get under that tree," said young Bixby.

"Yes, I will," said the Colonel sardonically. "When I see it coming back."

"Well, look at it now."

"Why—why—why—damn—my—eyes," cried the Colonel rubbing the organs in question.

The little curved stick had turned, made a wide detour and as it swerved around toward its starting point suddenly soared up like a hawk, then swooped down again.

"It's—coming—back," gulped the Colonel in awe-struck tones.

Indeed it was coming back and with swift directness, now.

"Turn it aside!" cried the Colonel, appealing to young Bixby as if that youth had the mysterious implement under some esoteric control. "Switch it off. It'll hit us."

"Lie down!" shouted the youth.

But the elderly golfer was rattled. Instead of complying with the order, he rushed madly across the links with the boomerang in pursuit. A man on foot is no match in speed for a boomerang in flight. With devilish precision the boomerang darted down upon the fugitive and with one of its sharp ends struck him fairly across the back of the head. Down went the Colonel in a heap with a yell of fright, and the pursuing stick dropped a yard in front of him. It took several minutes of tender ministration to convince the stricken man that he wasn't killed, but he came around with nothing worse than a bump to remember the adventure by.

The boomerang's reputation was made. It was described in the local papers, and "Civitas" disputed with "Old Subscriber" in letters which became acidulous as the public correspondence progressed, as to whether its flight was a sort of optical illusion or a mystery of aerostatics. Visitors came to the cottage begging to see the wonderful stick in action. Young Bixby, as chief operator, found much of his time taken up in showing off the implement. Every chicken within a wide radius spent its time watching for the boomerang, which was evidently regarded as a new kind of hawk, particularly dangerous because of the uncertainty of its action.

The end of the boomerang was quite as mysterious as its conduct. Young Bixby had been trying some new throws with it from the end of the little pier, and Lieut. Oscar King and McSofter were out in the canoes to retrieve it in case it failed to return. A smart breeze was rippling the water. Several times it fell into the lake and one or the other of them picked it up. Then came its last appearance. It plunged out into the water a few rods up the wind from them. In the rippling water they couldn't distinguish it, so they waited for it to drift down. It never drifted down, nor did a careful search result in its being found. Three theories were advanced to account for its disappearance: First, that it plunged into the water for a depth of ten feet and stuck in the bottom; second, that, although it had floated before, it now, for some inexplicable reason, sunk; third, that, instead of drifting down the wind and waves, it drifted against them through that same mystery of construction which caused it to fly better against the wind than with it. Perhaps some expert in boomerangs, if there be any such, could solve the problem of its disappearance.

MORAL PURPOSE OF OLD BONES.

A Dog That Saved the Lives of More Than 500 Lambs and One Millionaire.

CAPE ROZIER, Me., Oct 7.—Old Bones died lately at the home of Silas Leach. He was the most disreputable-looking dog that ever frightened children from apple orchards in Maine. Though he was fully fifteen years old at the time of his death, he was not called Old Bones on account of his age. Both names came to him in early puppyhood and clung to him through life. In the back yard of the Leach homestead was a cartload of coffeepots, dinner pails, tomato cans, and other battered tinware which Old Bones had unwillingly brought home dangling from the end of his bushy tail. When a Cape Rozier mother had exhausted all other efforts to restrain her unruly son, she told him Old Bones would catch him if he didn't behave, and if this failed the lad was at once sent to the Reform School.

Though Old Bones was hated and stoned and scolded by everybody who knew him, it was this very perversity of luck that made him useful in the neighborhood, and thereby prolonged his life far beyond the span which is usually allotted to dogs. Nearly all the farmers that live on the shores of Eastern Bay are more or less interested in sheep raising. They keep their flocks on the shoals of islands which begin to dot the waters close in shore and stretch away for a day's sail into the Atlantic Ocean. Some farmers count their islands by scores and others by hundreds, and the man who doesn't own at least a dozen cannot get credit at the country stores. The sheep which inhabit these islands live outdoors the year round, fattening on the sweet grasses of the islands in summer and starving upon seaweed and ocean drift during the long winter. In May, when the young lambs are born, the owners visit the islands for a week to care for the offspring and shear the sheep.

Reared under such conditions, the wild and half-starved ewes are often lacking in maternal instinct, spurning the lambs of their own blood and allowing them to perish from hunger. A dozen years ago Mr. Leach took Old Bones off to the sheep-shearing and lamb-saving exercises. On reaching the flock he found that of eleven new-born lambs four were already dead and the mothers of five survivors would not care for them. Though Old Bones was considered of no use even to the average Mr. Leach permitted him to go in and help catch the sheep. As the ungainly and tattered dog dashed in among the flock the unnatural mothers suddenly discovered their hearts, and instead of running away, turned head to and butted Old Bones all over the island. When Mr. Leach had carried the dog on board the boat to save his life, he went back and found every sheep providing her offspring with what it most craved.

After this adventure the services of Old Bones were in demand from Eastport to Castine. So great was his success in awakening the maternal instinct in ewes that Mr. Leach let him out for $1 an hour all through lambing time. For a dozen years the dog was butted by rams and stamped upon by angry ewes while following the path of duty. Never a thing of beauty, the repeated batterings made his body look like a colored map of the world after the last act of some geological convulsion. For eleven months in the year he occupied a sunny spot on a headland overlooking the bay and put in his time dodging brickbats. During the remaining month he fulfilled his moral purpose.

Once and only once did Old Bones gain any mark of recognition for services performed. Eight years ago this summer a young wife came here from a Massachusetts town sick unto death with consumption. Two weeks later she gave birth to a male child, which she would not recognize as her own, though the old wives exerted all their skill to make her do so. One bright afternoon, two days before her death, the bedroom door being open to admit fresh air, Old Bones strolled in past the sleeping nurse and put his sight-worn face upon the bed. The bewildered mother clasped the child in her arms, and from that time on would not allow it to quit her side. Two years ago, when the incident had been entirely forgotten, Mr. Leach received a gold-mounted dog collar by express. On it was this inscription:

FOR OLD BONES.

He Made My Mamma Love Me.

HARRY.

For six months the gorgeous collar hung in the best room above the mirror, and then, the family feeling the need of money, Mr. Leach took it to Belfast and exchanged it for two barrels of flour. They buried Old Bones in the back yard near the pile of tinware which he tailed home. A young Leach, who is fitting for college, has put a board at his head which bears the following epitaph:

Erected to the Memory of

OLD BONES.

He Saved the Life of More Than 500 Lambs and One Millionaire.

P. S.—Old Bones was a dog.

THE ELECTRIC GRATE.

Producing the Semblance of a Coal Fire by the Aid of Lumps of Glass.

Gas logs are made nowadays in various sizes and with the imitation hickory logs of which they are formed piled in various shapes. The gas log is designed as a sightly and convenient means of giving out heat. There is an imitation electric grate fire that is intended for ornamental purposes only. This fire is composed of pieces of ruby and amber glass. The grate, standing in a fireplace in the usual manner, has within it an incandescent light, over which is placed a wire cage at such a height in the grate that the coal, that is the ruby and amber glass, when spread over it, is brought up to the height of an ordinary coal fire. The cage protects the burner, makes a thin layer of glass sufficient, and holds the glass up so that the light from below can shine through it all and give it the appearance of the coal fire it is made to represent. The light is turned on and off and the fire thus lighted or put out by turning a key in the usual manner, this key being located conveniently by the side of the fireplace. The electric grate is used usually in rooms where steam is used for heating.

CHASING TOWN BUTTERFLIES.

Mr. Nobbleton Draws a Moral for the Benefit of "Older Children."

"In a city park," said Mr. Nobbleton, "I saw some children chasing little yellow butterflies, as children everywhere like to do; there is no more absorbing pursuit in pleasure. But what struck me most curiously here was that a little girl whom I saw thus engaged was chasing her butterfly with her brother's cap, while a boy whom I met later was running after a butterfly with the broad-brimmed hat of his sister. They each seemed to think the other's hat better for the purpose than their own.

"How like to them we older children are! How apt to think, if we had the special talent or the favoring surrounding circumstances of somebody else, how much better we could do, when the fact is that we can each do best with the tools with which nature has endowed us. And happy he who discovers that fact and sets bravely to work with them."

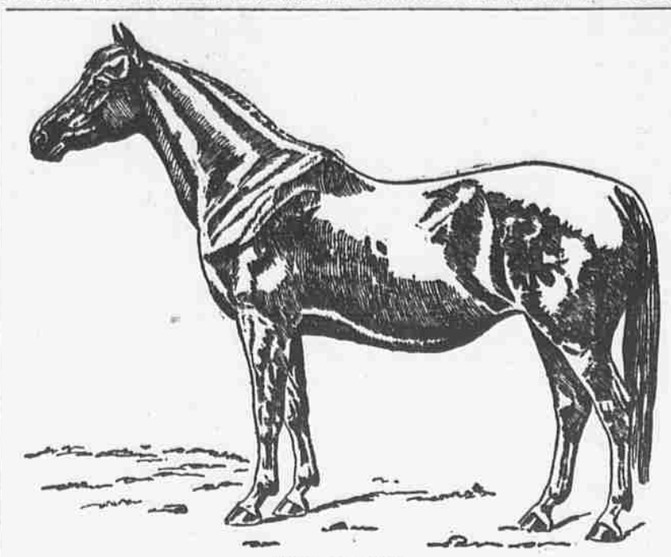
A GREAT BROOD MARE.

MISS RUSSELL THE DAM OF MANY NOTED HARNESS RACERS.

She Was Thirty-three Years Old and Produced Eighteen Foals, Including the Remarkable Maud S. and the Stallion Nutwood—Controversy About Her Pedigree.

When Miss Russell died of old age recently at A. J. Alexander's Woodburn Farm in Kentucky the most noted trotting brood mare in the world passed away. As an example of combined longevity, fecundity, and prepotency she is probably without an equal in the records of breeding the trotting horse. She attained the remarkable age of 33 years and produced eighteen foals, sixteen of which grew to maturity. One of them was the fastest trotter of her time, if not of all time; another was the most prolific trotting and pacing sire of his day, and a third was the sire of a trotting stallion that twice lowered the world's record.

Within the period of Miss Russell's lifetime nearly if not quite 1,000 of her descendants gained records of 2:30 or better. In her prime she was a handsome, bloodlike mare, and it was not until she had passed the time of life when most horses die of old age that she began to shrink and lose her beauty of form. Her color was gray, fading to almost perfect white in her last years. She stood about 15.1 hands high, and had the look of a well-bred horse at every point, with a noticeably fine, expressive head, bloodlike neck, and clean, cordy legs. As the dam of the peerless Maud S., foaled in 1874, she came into prominence early in life, and for twenty years she was the first animal sought out in the shaded pastures of Woodburn Farm by visitors to that noted nursery of trotters.



MISS RUSSELL.

Miss Russell was foaled in 1865 on the farm where she died. Her sire was the gray trotting stallion Alexander's Pilot, Jr., and her dam was the thoroughbred running mare Sally Russell, by Boston. When Maud S. made the breeding of her dam important by trotting a public trial as a four-year-old in the then unheard-of time of 2:17¾, the pedigree of Miss Russell became the subject of a controversy which divided the devotees of trotting into two hostile factions, and which was waged with the fury of religious warfare for twenty years. Up to that time it was undisputed that Pilot, Jr., was got by Heinsohn's Pilot, a little black pony pacing stallion of unknown blood that probably came from Canada, and that his dam, Nancy Pope, was by Funk's Havoc, a thoroughbred son of Sir Charles; grandam Nancy Taylor, by Craig's Alfred, son of imported Medley.

It was likewise undisputed that Sally Russell, the dam of Miss Russell, was by Boston out of Maria Russell, by Thornton's Rattler, and was virtually thoroughbred. In 1879, when Maud S. loomed up as the greatest young trotter ever seen, John H. Wallace, the champion of plebeian blood in the trotter and the hater of the thoroughbred, attacked the pedigree of Pilot, Jr.'s dam, maintaining that the sire of Nancy Pope was a coarse-grained farm horse, and that Nancy Taylor was a saddle mare of unknown blood. Kentuckians resented the attack of Wallace, and under the leadership of Lucas Brodhead, the manager of Woodburn Farm, they retaliated by starting a stud book of their own as a rival of *Wallace's Trotting Register*. Then Wallace set out to smash the other side of Miss Russell's pedigree by maintaining that Mr. Alexander had been victimized by a sharper in buying Sally Russell, and that she was not by the great racehorse Boston, out of Maria Russell. Wallace carried his point in the case of Nancy Pope's pedigree, the Board of Censors of the so-called National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders having decided that Funk's Havoc died in 1828 and that Nancy Pope was not foaled until 1832, so that he could not have been her sire according to their finding. But the pedigree of Sally Russell was never changed in the Trotting Register. When the Kentuckians, twelve years later, ousted Wallace and got control of the Trotting Register it was expected by Wallace and his friends that one of their first acts would be to reverse the ruling of the Board of Censors and reinstate the old pedigree of Nancy Pope, but this has never been done.

When Miss Russell was three years old she trotted a trial over the Woodburn Farm track in 2:44, which was sensational speed for a three-year-old in 1868. The late J. W. Knox tried to buy her for racing purposes after this trial, but the manager of Woodburn Farm refused to sell. The Pittsburg horseman then bargained that she should be bred to Belmont, and that her first foal should belong to him. This colt, foaled in 1870, was Nutwood. Knox took him to California in 1877, and there beat the best trotters on the coast, including St. Julien, 2:11¾, the then king of the turf. In 1879 Nutwood gained a record of 2:18¾, which, next to Smuggler's 2:15¼ and Santa Claus's 2:18, was the fastest time on record for trotting stallions. Two years later Knox sold Nutwood to J. C. McFerran of the Glenview Stud, Louisville, Ky., for $12,500. The half brother of Maud S. was kept in the stud at Glenview until the death of McFerran in 1888, when Nutwood was sold at auction for $22,000 to H. L. & F. D. Stout of Dubuque, Ia. He was known as the greatest of living sires before he died there in 1896, over 100 of his get having gained records below 2:30. Lady Norwood, the second foal of Miss Russell, died young, the property of Robert Bonner. She was fast as a three-year-old, but was overtrained, and was put to breeding without gaining a record. Miss Russell's third foal, another filly by Belmont, was Cora Belmont, who gained a record of 2:24¾. Bred to Harold, the sire of Maud S., she produced Cora S., 2:29¼. Both Cora Belmont and Cora S. were owned by William Simpson of this city.

Maud S. was the fourth foal of Miss Russell. She was by Harold and was born in 1874. At the Woodburn Farm sale of 1875 she was sold to Henry Bugher of Cincinnati for something like $300. Capt. H. N. Stone bought the mare a year or two later and placed her in the hands of W. W. Bair, who developed her speed and drove her in nearly all of her important races and exhibitions. William H. Vanderbilt paid $21,000 for Maud S., and sold her to Robert Bonner for $40,000. She was the first trotter to beat 2:10, and she held the world's record almost continuously from 1880 to 1891. The mare is still living at Mr. Bonner's Westchester county farm. She has never produced a foal.

Another foal by Harold died when a few days old, in 1875. Miss Russell's next was the gray colt Nuttbourne, by Belmont, foaled in 1877. He was sold as a weanling to the Hon. I. V. Baker, Comstocks, N. Y., who that year bought nearly the entire crop of Woodburn weanlings. Robert Bonner bought the horse a few years afterward and kept him in the stud at his farm near Tarrytown until the stallion died, in 1889. He trotted in private in 2:20¾, and got the great trotting stallion Cheyenne, 2:09¾, as well as several other fast ones. In 1877 Miss Russell was bred to Woodford Mambrino, 2:21½, and produced in the following year the chestnut colt Mambrino Russell. He was purchased as a weanling by Paul Dana, who sold him at 3 years of age, in 1881, to Col. R. G. Stoner for $6,000. Mambrino Russell was kept in the stud in Kentucky, and there got nine trotters and six pacers that gained records of 2:30 or better. Nearly half of his get were pacers. Nutula, a chestnut filly by Belmont, foaled in 1879, was reserved for breeding purposes at Woodburn. She is the dam of Maudlen, 2:25¾. Russella, a gray sister to Maud S., that came in 1880, was sold the same year to Robert Steel of Philadelphia, who purchased that year the entire crop of Woodburn weanlings. Russella is now owned by Robert Bonner. She has been used as a brood mare, and has produced four colts. Lord Russell, a brother to Maud S., foaled in 1881, was reserved and placed at the head of the Woodburn Stud. He got Kremlin, who lowered the record of 2:07¾ and sired a rather easy proposition, but they are very fond of honey on the staff of life. There is also a large demand for wax for use in dyeing.

The big bees build their hives on tall forest trees or on the overhanging ledges of cliffs. When undisturbed branch swarms build near the parent colony, so that in a few years an immense bee settlement often grows up in the forest. The bees build a comb five or six feet long, four feet wide and from seven-eighths to one and one-half inches in thickness. The largest combs of American honey bees are not of more than one-fifth these dimensions. In appearance the giant bee is a smoky, glittering, iridescent black wasp-like figure, with orange bands encircling its body. There have been reports that this bee is most ferocious and on account of its great size extremely dangerous, but Prof. Frank Benton of the Department of Agriculture has seen and handled them in their jungle haunts, and he tells a different story. They are much busy and persevering workers, according to Prof. Benton's account, that they have lost dexterity with their stinging apparatus, and though they may alight, full of wrath and with evil intent, upon human hand or neck, they do not handle their offensive weapon with skill, and it takes them twenty or thirty seconds to get their sting in working order. They are quiet as compared with American bees.

Petitions have been coming into the Department of Agriculture for years asking that the Government introduce these giant bees into the United States. No attempt at bringing them here has ever been successful. Prof. Benton tried to bring to the United States a swarm of these honeymakers which he captured in the jungle. While he was sick in bed, on his way home, no one else on the vessel would attend to them and they all died.

GIANT PHILIPPINE BEES.

Honeymakers Which It Is Proposed to Introduce Into the United States.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—There is one race inhabiting the Philippines which will be a welcome addition to American citizenship and will receive every facility and inducement to emigrate to the United States and engage in the skilled labor in which it has no peer. This is the giant East Indian honey bee, whose immense capacity for making honey and wax has interested the Department of Agriculture in the consideration of an early effort to introduce it into the United States. To science this bee is known as *Apis dorsata*. It is common throughout the tropical regions of the East, and in the Philippine Islands the very largest variety of the species is found. It is nearly one-half larger than the American native honey bee, and builds a comb, heavy with wax and honey, five or six times as large as those found in American orchards and forests.

The question of acclimatizing these inhabitants of the Philippines in the colder latitudes of America is not discouraging. The giant bees are found in the mountain regions all through India and have been seen busily at work at altitudes of 5,000 feet. In the Philippine Islands their colonies are most numerous in the mountains, as the unceasing quest of the natives for their honeycombs has driven them from the unprotected flatlands of the coast to the less thickly inhabited and more heavy wooded mountain regions. The Filipinos find their dangerous foe a rather easy proposition, but they are very fond of honey on the staff of life. There is also a large demand for wax for use in dyeing.

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JUST AS GOOD AS MOTHER'S JELLY.

In Fact It Was His Mother's That an Albany Soldier Bought in Honolulu.

From the Albany Argus.

The friends of a certain Albany boy, who is a private in the First New York at Honolulu, are much amused and at the same time incensed over an experience of his which he relates in a recent letter.

After telling how poor the food was, he went on to say he had just recovered from a slight illness and felt an irresistible longing for dainties of some kind. After some thought he concluded that he wanted a jar of jelly more than anything else that he could think of. He remembered the currant jelly which his mother used to make, and his mouth watered at the recollection. So he took some money out of his small store and went into the city to buy. He picked out a confectioner's shop, and, going in, asked for a glass of jelly—currant jelly preferred if they had such a thing. To his surprise and delight the man behind the counter produced a glass of the very kind that he wanted. It looked almost exactly like some that he had eaten at home, and he paid the high price charged without hesitation. When he came out into the street he was still more struck with its similarity to that which he had seen at home. He examined the jar, turning it upside down. On the bottom was pasted a piece of white paper with some writing on it. What was his surprise when he saw that the writing, which was somewhat blurred, was the name of his own mother. The mystery of the strange resemblance was explained.

A few days later he received a letter from home in which his mother spoke of a box of dainties which she had sent him some time before. "I know you will enjoy the jelly particularly," she said. The only explanation of the presence of the jelly in the shop is that it had been appropriated on its arrival by some one in authority and sold. The young man has complained through his Captain, but it is not probable that he will gain any satisfaction.

Was It Telepathy?

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A startling psychological experience was coincident with the fatal dynamite explosion in the Coney mine, near Skykomish, early Wednesday morning.

One of the two men killed was R. W. Robinson. At precisely the time he was stunned by the concussion his young wife, sleeping in Renton, had a vivid dream of her husband being killed in an explosion. She awoke in great agitation, and was so sensibly impressed by the vision that she aroused her mother, Mrs. Jones, and told her of the occurrence. In spite of all assurances to the contrary, the young wife insisted that her husband had been killed, and it was in the midst of her lamentations that a message was brought from Skykomish telling briefly of the accident.

Mrs. Robinson reached here but last Sunday from Pittsburg, Pa., and was staying a few days in Renton with her mother, Mrs. Jones, before joining her husband at the mine. He lived three hours before internal hemorrhage caused death, and a part of that time his mind was deliriously active. It was then, undoubtedly, that the vigorous horror and imagery of his own mind was transmitted to the sensitive brain of his wife.

EDDIE BALD

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION CYCLIST, Writes:

"I have been using the genuine

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract

for some time in my training, and would cheerfully recommend it to all athletes."

Edward C. Bald

Eddie McDuffie, The Great Cyclist and World's Record Breaker, writes: "Johann Hoff's Malt Extract was recommended to me by Mr. Nat Butler, and I find it an elegant appetizer and muscle builder. I can recommend it highly to all cyclists and athletes."

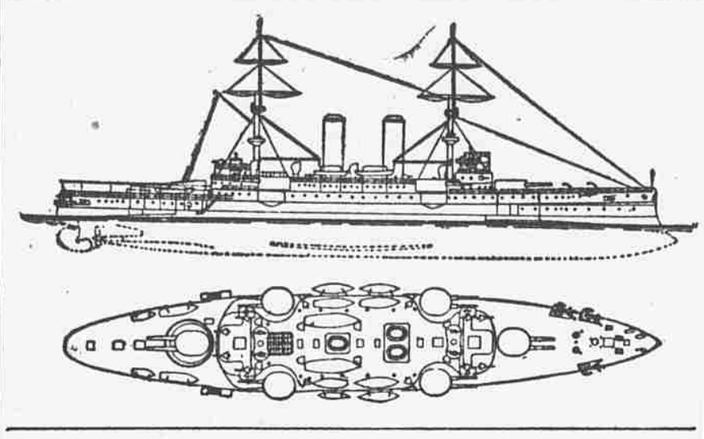
EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, New York

ITALY'S NEW WARSHIPS.

THREE FORMIDABLE VESSELS NOW BEING BUILT.

Battleships Resembling the Latest American Type—Guns of the Largest Calibre Discarded for 12-Inch Rifles—Their Speed to Be Twenty Knots—Armor Protection.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—Italy has resumed the construction of powerful ships for her naval establishment after several years of comparative inactivity. The necessity of providing large sums of money to maintain her armies has prevented the Government from making the usual annual appropriations for increasing the navy, which had grown so as to take third rank among the naval powers of the world. Recently the Government has determined upon a programme of building which contemplates the construction at present of three great battleships and a number of smaller vessels, all of which will be completed well within two years.



The proposed battleships are more like the new vessels designed by the Navy Department this summer than any of their type undertaken abroad. Italy, like Great Britain, has discarded very heavy guns in the main batteries of the new ships, and substituted 12-inch rifles, now the most powerful weapons installed on the best foreign-built war vessels. Although one of the first naval countries to adopt guns of the largest calibre, with which some of her most powerful coast defence vessels are now equipped, Italy has followed the policy of England and the United States in mounting lighter guns on her new battleships. Information received by the Navy Department from abroad describes these ships, one of which, the Benedetto Brin, is being built at Castellamare and the other two are under construction at Spezia and Venice.

The vessels are to have a length of 413 feet between perpendiculars, greatest breadth 78 feet, and draught 27 feet 6 inches. It will be seen that Italy still adheres to very deep draught warships. Many of her older vessels draw 30 feet and more. None of her battleships has coal-carrying capacity to enable it to make a long voyage from home. The proposed ships will have a displacement of 12,765 tons, or about 300 tons more than the new American warships, for which contracts have just been awarded. In protection they will have the most formidable armor carried on any vessel of the service, a belt of nickel steel inclosing the whole ship to within a short distance of the stern, and reaching 5.58 feet above and 3.51 feet below the water line. Amidships the armor will be 5.9 inches thick, decreasing toward the end to 1.97 inches. The citadels will have the effective protection of 9.84-inch bulkhead armor, while a continuous armor deck varying from 1.57 inches to 3.15 inches will extend over the vitals.

The motive power of the vessels will enable them to make an estimated speed of at least 20 knots, or two knots better than the highest speed called for in the new vessels of the American navy. Two four-cylinder triple-expansion engines, with water-tube boilers, will develop at least 18,000 horse power.

In armament the three vessels will vary but little from the proposed American ships. Their main batteries will comprise two 12-inch breech-loading guns, ten 8-inch, sixteen 3-inch, eight 47-millimetre rapid-fire guns and four torpedo tubes. The 12-inch guns are placed fore and aft, inclosed by an armored turret 5.9 inches thick, in the line of the keel. Forward is a turret of the same thickness, inclosing two 8-inch guns. The remaining eights are also placed in pairs, broadside, in revolving turrets, and are capable of firing in the line of the keel. This battery plan shows that the ships have an increase in medium and small quick-firing guns, protection for all guns, except the small calibre, by turrets, and a preponderance of artillery fire aft over that forward. The necessity for the latter results from the superior speed of these ships, by which the stern fire comes chiefly into play. The introduction of 8-inch instead of 6-inch quick-firing guns follows from the fact that, although the former can be loaded only four times and the latter seven times a minute in battle and in shooting at a movable target, it is hardly possible for the gunner to fire more than three times a minute with any accurate aim, and the 8-inch guns have far higher penetrating power. Similar reasons hold good for the 3-inch guns in place of the 57-millimetre quick-firing guns.

Experts of the Navy Department regard the new vessels as vastly superior to any now in the Italian service, and view with satisfaction a return to smaller calibre guns.

VAN WYCKS IN NEW YORK POLITICS.

A Name That Runs Through the Offices of the Original Dutch Counties.

There have been four branches of the Van Wyck family in the politics of New York, the Van Wycks of Dutchess, the Van Wycks of Orange, the Van Wycks of Fishkill and the Van Wycks of New York. Just now, with one of the Van Wycks Mayor of the Greater New York and another Democratic candidate for Governor of the State, the Van Wycks of New York are probably the most important, but they are only one branch of the family, which has had office holders in all the counties of the State of Dutch origin.

In 1850 Charles H. Van Wyck of Sullivan county was chosen District Attorney. Subsequently for two years he was a member of Congress, and then, after a lapse of two years more, was a member of Congress again from the Orange-Sullivan district. Then he went West to grow up with the country, settled in Nebraska, and was chosen a member of the United States Senate from Nebraska City. He served a full term of six years and retired in favor of Senator Haddock in 1887. He was the Van Wyck to secure the highest Federal distinction.

The Van Wycks of Dutchess who embarked in the field of politics were six in number. There was Isaac Van Wyck, who was an Assemblyman for five terms. There was John B. Van Wyck, who was an Assemblyman for one term. There was Stephen D. Van Wyck, who served in the Albany Legislature and was afterward a member of Assembly and Sheriff of Dutchess county. There was Theodore Van Wyck, who twice represented Dutchess county in the Assembly, and after moving to New York city was a Monroe elector.

One of the Van Wycks of Fishkill, Richard C. Van Wyck by name, was a member of the memorable Albany Assembly of 1842, and had among his associates Horatio Seymour, John A. Dix, Sanford E. Church and John A. Lott of Kings. At that time Kings county had only two members of Assembly and Dutchess had three. The voters went to Otsego county for a Speaker, and Columbia county had as large a representation as Erie. Another of the Van Wycks of Fishkill was William W. Van Wyck, who was elected from the district for two Congresses.

The chief of the Van Wyck family of Queens, Cornelius Van Wyck, enjoyed a peculiar distinction. New York elected delegates to the First Provincial Congress and to the succeeding Congresses, but in the Second Queens was not represented. It was Cornelius Van Wyck who appeared at the head of the Queens county delegation in the Third Provincial Congress and the Fourth, too, and he had in both of them Townsends, James and Samuel as associates. The Van Wycks have taken an active part in the early and later political history of New York, but it is a somewhat curious fact that no members of this early and original Dutch family have gained any political distinction in New York north of Poughkeepsie or west of Albany, notwithstanding the fact that the whole Mohawk Valley shows traces of Dutch colonization in the many Dutch families that have been active in public affairs. Justice Van Wyck, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is a New Yorker, and the first member of the family to be an aspirant for a State office. The Dutch counties of New York are those on the line of the Hudson between New York and Albany, Kings and Queens counties, from the latter of which Nassau is about to be separated, and Sullivan and Schoharie counties in the interior, but adjoining those on the Hudson.

ON THE CATTLE RANGES.

The Bonanza Kings Have Disappeared—The Business of the Present.

On the boundless cattle ranges in the western part of North Dakota and eastern Montana the spectacular beef round-ups are and have been in progress since early summer, and will continue until late in the fall. All is done with the regularity of clockwork. System and order are pre-eminent. Regular circuits are drawn. A foreman superintends the whole. Central places are designated, and here the cowboys drive the herds, where all marketable cattle are separated and driven to the nearest railway station and shipped, while the defective and unmatured are turned back to the hills.

How many cattle are in a large range herd? Between 1,500 and 2,000. How many cattle are on the Western ranges? About 75,000 head. Within these figures are history and romance. Here is life in its primeval state. The drawing-room man is not conspicuous by his absence. Here the uncouth cowboy revels in his element, and the crack of the rifle makes sweet music to his ear. But the glamour is rapidly passing. The bellow and roar of trampling herds will soon cease. Now all is concentrated life and activity. No longer the sun rises and sets on a hundred scattered herds browsing contentedly upon the plains. The desert splendor changes anew and the Virgilian cowboys ride on in the panoramic round-ups. Bronzed faces glow and voices rise in cadence from morn to morn, from noon to night. The vales are dark and the hills are light. Around the appointed mess wagons the exhausted sons of the saddle eat the supper, smoke the pipe, tell the story and drop off to sleep.

The bonanza cattle business is dying. De Mores, who was recently murdered in Africa, tried it to his finite pleasure and infinite sorrow. His ranch is the fixed star in the bonanza geography. There is neither glory nor profit nor the natural inducements to make it a success any longer. Energetic ranchers have been emigrating and settling for the last ten years in the fertile creek valleys and watering places, pre-empting the richest places, fencing off the best spring ranging grounds for hay, and otherwise restricting and debarring extensive operations. But the harvest has been golden and bounteous. For twenty years the bonanza kings have been unmolested; they have had their princely coffers filled to overflowing, but their knell has been sounded and their dream is vanishing.

Four kings wield the sceptre now, but before another year passes there may possibly be only one left. Pierre Wibaux, a Frenchman, who has about 20,000 head of cattle. The other combinations are known as the "Three Stevens," the "Ox" and the "Seven-Bar-Seven." Their combined property is valued at $2,000,000. The last three are closing out their herds, preparatory to quitting the ranges. The influx of the small rancher and sheep farmer has given them their commercial death sentence.

Where no severe life loss occurs an average profit of about $20 a head on steers is realized. When railroads are extended in this region it will be a paradise for individual efforts. Montana and North Dakota are noted for their boreal mildness, and the natural shelter afforded by the configuration of the Bad Lands makes the wintering of cattle inexpensive and safe. What will be the result of the departure of these immense interests? Business depression, higher tax and progress temporarily checked. But the future will profit by it. A hundred small ranchers, owning a hundred head each, and cultivating a certain defined territorial sphere, will change a des