SOUTHWEST INDIANS TAKE TO SPORTS OF THE WHITES.

Will Celebrate the Fourth and Hold a Baby Show, and Girls Have Formed a Golf Club.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Wichita, Kas., June 30.—Evidences of civilization are not lacking among the Indian tribes of the Southwest. A Fourth of July picnic, baby show and a golf game are scheduled to take place in Indian Territory and Oklahoma in the next few weeks. The Indians declare that they "heap much like paleface," and that everything shall move off just as the paleface conducts such affairs.

The Kiowa Indians will hold the baby show on their reservation in Oklahoma. It is expected that there will be at least 500 babies on exhibition. The show will be held next week on the Indian dancing grounds near Darlington. All sorts of prizes will be awarded, from blankets to yellow ponies. Almost the one desire of an Indian child over 4 years old is to be the possessor of a yellow pony.

The Indian girl students at the Chilocco schools, at Arkansas City, have just organized a golf club. Fine grounds have been laid out on the school reserves. Students of Eastern colleges first introduced the game to the Indian maidens at Chilocco.

The Kiowa and Comanche Indians will hold a Fourth of July celebration. In the Indian country this fete is known as the "beef issue," but as it takes place on the Fourth of July the white people have claimed it as their picnic. For a long time the "beef issue" has been a tame affair with the Kiowas and Comanches, for the reason that they have been very poor. But now they have sold their reservation to the United States for $5,000,000, and can afford to have a good time. The Indians have purchased a heard of 500 fat cattle, and on July 3 the squaws will kill the cattle and haul the carcasses to the feasting ground. The Fourth will be spent in eating fat beef and drinking fire-water. At night there will be a dance.

Indians have never had the visiting habit, but this, too, they are learning from the white man. Old White Horse, an Otoe Indian, 109 years old, is bent upon organizing a party to visit in the North among the Cheyennes and Sioux. "White man much goin' round and talky-talky," he explains, and he has an idea that travel would be of benefit to the Indian, too.

The old chief can speak good English, and in telling of his exploits he says:

"The most white people I ever killed in

White Horse, 101 years old.

a single day was thirteen. It was when I was in Arizona with Geronimo, about twenty years ago. The soldiers were after us and we were running into Mexico. Some white men—cowboys, I think—tried to head off the party. I was scouting ahead of the main body of warriors, and came upon them without them seeing me. I hid behind a tree and killed every one before they could get out of range. But I have not been on the warpath since that time. I like to dance the war dance, but I do not want to fight the whites any more. They have killed many of my friends, but I guess they thought it was right. I want to get up a party of Otoes and go to visit my friends, the Sioux. I knew Sitting Bull. He was a brave man, but he tried to be a medicine man and a warrior at the same time and he was killed. I never tried to make medicine. I am only a warrior. I dance only the war dance."

Despite his 109 years, White Horse is as agile as when he was a young man on the war trail. He wears a medal given him by Congress for his efforts in stopping the ghost dance ten years ago.

ROSE, FAMOUS COW, IS DEAD.

Extraordinary Bovine Which Was Blueblooded and Valuable.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Madison, Wis., June 30.—The university farm has just lost the most wonderful cow in the State, and a bovine quite as extraordinary as Brown Bessie, the gold medal cow of the World's Fair. Rose was her name, and she was purchased by the university from Robert Keenan of Oregon, Wis. In breeding she was a blueblood, her parents having descended from pure Shorthorn stock, running back three generations. She was 6 years old. With the exception of her small, well-poised head and her short, stubby neck, there was nothing particularly noteworthy about her general appearance as a dairy cow. Her udder was rather deficient in some respects, but she had a well-developed system of veins and milk "wells." The first year she was at the farm she produced 10,163 gallons of milk, containing 433.82 pounds of butter fat, equivalent to 506.12 pounds of butter. Last year she produced 585 pounds of butter at an average cost of 6.9 cents per pound. She brought in a net profit on her butter of about $90 a year. Her death was due to milk fever.

AND THEN HE WILL MARRY.

When Surgeons Give E. Perit a New Face He Will Wed.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New Orleans, June 30.—Recently there came to this city a man in search of a new face. A year ago Eugene Perit of Union Parish, was a good-looking young farmer. He had a sweetheart who admired him immensely. She still loves him, and it is for her sake that Perit is particularly anxious to have his appearance improved. It is all the fault of a vicious horse that the farmer was attempting to harness that his nose is crushed flat and a scar is under the right eye that has disfigured the lower lid.

After the horse had kicked Perit's face until its original beauty was entirely gone, the girl to whom he is engaged, one of the prettiest in the neighborhood, with the constancy of a loving woman, vowed to think none the less of him because of his disfigurement. But Perit is a manly fellow, and would not consent to an early marriage, as planned, until he should at least consult a surgeon and see if something could not be done. After visiting the best physicians in New Orleans, he is encouraged by the assurance that there is nothing impractical in such an operation, and that it will, possibly, be successfully accomplished, unless complications set in. If the operation is undertaken an incision will be made at the side of the nose, the crushed bridge replaced by an artificial one and the task of straightening the nostrils be a comparatively easy one. In regard to the peculiar case a prominent New Orleans surgeon said: "Great advances have been made in plastic surgery during the past few years, and there is no reason for a person suffering the disfigurement of a broken nose, if proper assistance can be secured. The introduction of a false bridge is not a serious operation and is usually a success."

DESCENDANTS OF SCOTTISH NOBLES.

Plain and Elderly New York Couple Disputing the Claim to an Ancient Earldom.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, June 30.—A small, shrewd Scotchwoman, now a grandmother, and a

John Wilson and Mrs. Belle Callaghan, claimants to an ancient earldom.

plain and homely man, a mixer of paints in a New York establishment, claim to be heirs to an earldom. The man says the woman is not the rightful claimant and that he is, though he would not accept the title and the lands of the Airlies were they offered him. The Earl of Airlie was killed this month in a battle in South Africa.

Mrs. Belle Callaghan of Flushing avenue, Astoria, and John Wilson of No. 52 Beekman street are the plain people who claim to be descendants of Scottish nobles. Mrs. Callaghan was a daughter of John Wilson, a hermit of the Adirondacks, a student of theology and languages, a master of Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and his own Gaelic tongue. He was an ascetic, who loved a plain life and democratic simplicity better than burdensome wealth and empty titles. He was a Carlyllan philosopher without the irascibility of his master.

By direct descent on the maternal side Wilson claimed the ancestry of King Donald, successor to Malcolm, the enemy of Macbeth. He was of the Ogilvie family, being great-grandson to Janet Ogilvie, who, in the troublesome times preceding 1745, placed for safekeeping the dower estate bequeathed to her in the hands of her brother, the Earl of Airlie.

This estate was entailed to pass from eldest daughter to eldest daughter in direct line of succession, but through a variety of circumstances action to reclaim it was never taken until nine years ago, when Mrs. Callaghan began proceedings.

Mrs. Callaghan says: "Before my father died he called me to him and said to me: 'My daughter, you should be the richest woman in Scotland. You are the rightful heiress to the Airlie estates.' And then he told me the circumstances of the claim. We agreed to put the case in the hands of a lawyer, who is a cousin of ours. He went to Scotland to make inquiries, but we are poor people, and nothing has been done since."

John Wilson, the other claimant, says: "I am the real heir to the Airlie estates in Scotland. It is nonsense of Mrs. Bell Callaghan to claim them. The estates were originally crown lands, and could not have been bequeathed otherwise than from father to eldest son from generation to generation.

"Still, although I am the real heir, I don't want these estates. They are big, rich and worth, in a worldly way, a great deal, but for various reasons I do not think them worth having. In fact, were they offered to me, I would unhesitatingly decline them.

"Why should I seek them? I am up here, contented, perfectly satisfied with my way of life, finding all the pleasure I desire in my books and my work. My little library here contains all I need; there are religious and scientific works from Barnes's notes on the Bible, to the Koran and Confucius's philosophy to the bound volumes of the scientific magazines.

"My father did not make an effort until a few years before his death to claim these estates, and why should I? I am glad my father did not get possession of them; had he done so I should not be here and happy to-day. I should have been a rich man and rich men seldom think and do what is best for them. The John Wilson who has been mentioned as one of the heirs is my son. He is not a car conductor, but is a receiver in the office of the Broadway cable car people. He is certainly next heir to myself, but I do not think that he, any more than I, wishes to claim those estates. He is getting along perfectly well in his position, and I think he shares my views on the subject of titles and wealth.

NOVEL INDIAN WEDDING.

Weasel Bear Marries Earth Eater in White Man's Style.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Pierre, S. D., June 30.—There occurred an event at Fort Yates a few days ago that probably seems incredible to those who do not know of the rapid progress that has been made by the Indians toward civilization during the last few years. Weasel Bear, a full-blooded Indian maiden, was married to Samuel Earth Eater, who is also a full-blood Indian, with all the display that attends some of the most pompous white weddings. The ceremony took place in the Catholic Church in the presence of several hundred Indian spectators and friends of the young couple.

The bride wore a beautiful white cream-colored gown, long veil and white slippers, and a large bunch of orange blossoms covered her breast, all of which were very becoming to her shapely figure and dignified though gentle bearing. The bridesmaids were dressed in white and carried beautiful bouquets of flowers. The bridegroom was attired in a black suit of the most modern cut.

Swift Bear, the bride's father, counts his cattle by the thousand. In the afternoon of the wedding he killed several fat steers, and, with a quantity of vegetables and fruit, spread a feast for all his friends and visitors. In the evening the bridegroom gave a grand ball in the agency hall.

GIRL BALKED THE DIGGERS.

When They Dug a Hole for Telephone Pole She Got Into It.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Bloomsburg, Pa., June 30.—The village of Benton, this county, is telephone crazy. All the business of the town has been suspended, everything having given way to a controversy between Doctor Patterson of that place and the Columbia Montour Telephone Company.

The company had prepared a hole prior to planting a telephone pole in front of Doctor Patterson's residence, but before they had a chance to place the pole the doctor's daughter jumped into the hole, and nothing could induce her to get out. The company dug another hole and placed one of their men in it, the doctor in the meantime standing over and threatening him.

Saturday evening the doctor came to Bloomsburg and succeeded in obtaining an injunction from the court restraining the company from planting the pole. During his absence the company had a gang at work, and upon his return the work had been completed. The enraged physician cut down the pole that night, and now the matter will go to court.

COURAGEOUS TEXAS GIRL LASSOED A MEXICAN LION.

Her Frightened Pony Then Dragged the Brute at End of Lariat Until Help Was Reached.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Marble Falls, Tex., June 30.—The talk of this neighborhood is the daring exploit of Miss Norma Diorn in lassoing a full-grown lion and dragging home the body of her prey at the heels of her mustang pony. The Southern Texas Cattle Association has presented Miss Diorn with a gold-mounted revolver, and has sent to the City of Mexico for the finest side-saddle "for the grittiest girl on a Texas ranch."

Old John Diorn owns a ranch and several thousand head of cattle. The ranch is located on the western plains of Texas, about the headwaters of the tributaries of the Guadaloupe. He has three daughters, who have been looking after his herd for several years. It is the boast of these girls that no mustang has ever been able to shake one of them from his back. They are fearless riders and can hurl a lariat with a precision that many a cowboy envies. Since the death of their only brother, Julius Diorn, who was killed by cattle thieves a few years ago, these young women have ridden after cattle, repaired windmills, killed wolves and frequently branded calves. The story of Miss Norma's lion-killing is told as follows:

One Sunday morning not long ago, Norma, who is the oldest of the three, started out on her pony to "ride" the wire fence of a small pasture a couple of miles from the house. "Riding a wire fence" is making a tour of inspection to see that the wires are all up and the posts solid. As the girl started out she swung the belt of her Winchester over the gate post, remarking that she was not going far and wouldn't need a gun. She was hardly out of sight before an immense Mexican lion sprang out in the road in front of the pony. The beast gave a few loud roars, and then disappeared in the direction of a small bunch of cows and calves.

Starting her pony at full speed and yelling at the lion as if she possessed the power in her voice to paralyze all wild beasts, she rode straight toward the terror-stricken cattle, coming up with them just as the lion sprang upon the neck of a calf, crushing it to the earth.

The old cows instantly charged the lion, and the mother of the calf gave him such an ugly thrust with her sharp horns that he was forced to relinquish his hold on his prey. The sight of the trembling,

She leaned forward and urged her frightened mustang to do his best.

frightened little calf aroused the girl's fire, and, swinging her rope over her head, she rode at the lion.

The girl screamed at the lion and urged her pony to pursue him. The beast frequently looked back and snarled threateningly, but he failed to find courage enough to offer battle. Suddenly it occurred to the girl that there was no reason why she could not choke the lion to death. She swung her lariat over her head, and as the trained pony sprang forward dropped the noose about the lion's neck. The pony instantly braced himself on his haunches, digging his fore feet in the ground, and the lion turned a somersault, striking the earth with his head toward his pursuers. The girl hoped that she had broken the beast's neck, but he was only badly stunned, and the pain that he suffered seemed to increase his rage and courage.

Crouching and emitting a roar, he sprang into the air with all his strength, expecting to land on the pony's neck and tear his pursuers to fragments. The agile little horse turned just in time to feel the claws of the lion grazing his haunches.

All Western horses entertain a horror of these lions, for one of their tricks is to lie in ambush on the limb of a tree near where the horses are in the habit of drinking. From these hiding places they fall upon young colts and devour them. The Texas pony knows the Mexican lion, and he fears him more than all other enemies.

So, instantly as the lion sprang forward, the pony began to run. The rope was tense, and if she had wished to do it, the girl could not have unfastened the lariat from the saddle horn. Moreover, she knew the chances were that if the lion was released in his state of rage he would tear the pony and herself to bits. She leaned forward and urged her frightened mustang to do his best.

She reached the ranch gates at her home just as her sisters, accompanied by two young men of the neighborhood were about to pass through it on their way to church.

"There now!" she shouted. "I have roped and dragged a lion to death." Her speech of triumph was cut short by a warning scream from one of her sisters, who noticed that the lion was about to regain his feet and renew the battle. One of the Texans sent a bullet through the monster's brain and ended his career.

MOTHER WAS STILL LIVING.

Unexpected Developments in a Kentucky Will Contest.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Paris, Ky., June 30.—A case of unusual interest was tried at the last term of the Circuit Court. One year ago Clarissa Berry, aged 82, died near Millersburg and left a will. Three sisters and two brothers appealed from the judgment of the Probate Court to the Circuit Court. When the case was called for trial at the March term James Wilson, who was devisee under the will, filed an affidavit setting up the fact that the mother of Clarissa Berry was still living, and that the sisters and brothers contestants were not parties in interest. The attorneys for the sisters and brothers inquired into the matter and learned that it was true; that the mother was residing within a mile of Millersburg, and that she was 102 years of age. The appeal was dismissed and the case revived in the name of Jemima Berry, Clarissa Berry's mother. When the sisters and brothers employed attorneys they made no mention of the mother, and the attorneys never dreamed that the mother of an 82-year-old woman was still alive and healthy. The mother is in possession of her faculties and bids fair to live many more years.

WILD MAN CAPTURED.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Upper Sandusky, O., June 30.—One of the strangest specimens of humanity ever seen in this county was captured near this place this week. He gives his name as Thomas Marsh and his home as Youngstown, O. He claims to be 35 years of age, but looks at least thirty years older. His hair is red and measures nearly eight inches, and when found by the Sheriff and his posse he was almost nude. His flesh is in a terrible condition, being very dirty and almost burned to a crisp by the sun's heat. He was arrested because of his wild actions.

DIVORCED FOR TEN YEARS AND KNEW NOTHING OF IT.

Thought She Was Still a Wife Until Her Former Husband Died as a Hotel Fire Hero.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

San Francisco, Cal., June 30.—When Jonathan Lloyd White died the death of a hero

J. L. White, the hero who lost his life in a fire, and the widow who claims she was divorced without her knowledge.

after the rope with which he had saved the lives of others broke when he tried to save his own at the Baldwin Hotel fire, praise of his name was on every lip, and a generous sentiment of regret that such a man had paid for his heroism with his life stirred all hearts. He was described as a capitalist, unmarried and with relatives in the East. It was not known that he had been granted a decree of divorce in 1881 by Judge Hunt, nor was it known that his wife, ignorant of the fact that any such decree had been entered, was then in Dawson City earning her own living and wondering what had become of her husband.

The story is told in a complaint filed in the Superior Court by Mrs. White's attorneys. It is alleged that the fortune White left to his relatives was based upon money loaned to him before they were married in 1883 by the woman he later cast from him, and his will, filed just after his death, shows that he attempted to cut her out of any of his property by providing $50 for any wife or widow who might prove her claim.

The plaintiff in the present action was a Mrs. Jennie Tossey when she met White in this city in the early '80's. She had some property in New York, left her by her husband but a short time dead, and White was a struggling clerk in the employ of the old dry goods firm of Curtin & Co. He wooed and won the little widow from New York.

She sold her property and gave him $17,000, and then, on May 30, 1883, she and White were married.

For two weeks they lived happily together, and then Mrs. White discovered that her husband was not leading the life of a conscientious married man. She upbraided him, and he told her he had become so entangled that he could not break off his connections; he feared a scandal. And then he made this proposition. She was to go East to her relatives and his, and for a year she was to travel in the East, in Ireland—anywhere she pleased, in fact, only she was to remain away from this coast. By the end of the year he would have sold his business in San Francisco and would then join her, and together they would begin life anew in New York.

Mrs. White did go East. She met her husband's mother and stayed with her for some time, and then crossed the sea and visited Ireland, where she was born, and where she had relatives. She came back to New York before the year was up, however, and when she wrote to White and told him he sent word back that she had done wrong.

Then in the spring of 1884 she came to San Francisco. White told her he had not been able to break loose from his old companions. He was going to do so, and if she remained out here it would make it all the harder for him.

She again went back East and waited, but still White had nothing more than promises to offer.

Up to a short time before his death, in 1893, White and his wife carried on this kind of a correspondence, and half a dozen times she came out here, some times for a few days, some times for a few weeks, but always White urged her to return and not endanger him by her presence.

In 1896 she started to come to San Francisco, but on her way out here she heard of the Klondike excitement, and changed her course and went into the gold fields. In New York she had supported herself by keeping a boarding-house, and she went into the same business in Dawson, and made money. She was in Dawson when she heard of her husband's death.

When White died he was worth something over $100,000, and his widow wrote to Judge Pierce, an attorney, asking him to arrange whatever formalities were necessary in regard to the share she thought was hers. Judge Pierce found that the will made no provision for her; that White declared he was unmarried and childless, and had provided for any possible wife that might appear to claim his money. Then, looking further, Pierce found the record of the divorce granted in 1884.

He notified Mrs. White at once, and she started from Dawson a few days before Christmas. She came out on the ice and had a journey full of hardships and perils, arriving here last April. Work on the papers in the suit was at once commenced.

Mrs. White prays that the decree of divorce entered in October of 1884 be set aside as fraudulent and false. The divorce was granted on the ground of desertion. There is a record that summons had been published, and there is an affidavit in which Charles Kolenen swears that he personally served upon Mrs. White a copy of the divorce complaint and a summons to appear in court and defend the action. This, he swore, was done in New York City. Mrs. White declares she was never summoned, nor did she know of the suit until after her husband's death, and when Judge Pierce wrote to her while she was in Dawson.

There are quite a number of defendants to the suit just filed, and these represent the relatives of White. The divorce must first be set aside, and then she will seek to have one-half of the property distributed to her.

Why White secured the divorce is what his wife cannot explain. He was always well spoken in his letters to her, and they never quarreled. She his numbers of letters, dated before and after the decree, which are filled with pleadings to her to remain away.

CORNER STONE CAN NOT BE FOUND.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Louisville, Ky., June 30.—For the past week a search has been made by the workmen who have been tearing down the old Walnut Street Baptist Church for the corner stone of that edifice, which some of the members of the congregation declare to be its existence. Thus far, however, the searchers have not been rewarded. Nothing has been discovered that looks like a corner stone. The search has about been abandoned. Some of the old deacons of the church declare there never was a corner stone, but an elderly lady called on William Moses of the Building Committee and stated that she furnished certain articles to go into the corner stone and that she would like to get possession of them. Evidently there is a difference of opinion as to whether the church was built with or without a corner stone.

"ORIGINAL AMERICAN" MAY BE SENT TO PARIS.

Then Wah-ta-Waso, Beautiful Penobscot Maiden, May Enter Radcliffe College This Fall.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Boston, Mass., June 30.—The Penobscot tribe of Indians, who live on a little island across the river from Oldtown, Me., will probably be represented at the great Paris Exposition by four of its young women, all of whom are well educated and handsome.

The most beautiful young maiden in the Penobscot tribe is Miss Lucy Nicolar, whose Indian name is Wah-Ta-Waso. She is educated and refined, and has visited the big cities the past few years, where she went to sell the beautiful handiwork of the other members of the tribe.

A story is told about Miss Nicolar when she was on a recent visit to New York. It was at a meeting of a woman's club, and the question, "Resolved, That Immigration was Dangerous and Threatening to All True Americans," was under discussion.

After nearly all of the ladies had been heard on the subject, Miss Nicolar arose and addressed the meeting. "I believe that I am the only true American here," she said. "I think that you have decided the matter in the right light. Of all my forefathers' country, from the St. John to the Connecticut, we have now but a little island one-half mile square. There are only 500 of us. We are happy on our island, but we are poor, and some of our old people have a hard time to exist. We have been robbed of our land by great corporations, but we forgive you all."

There was a long silence in the meeting. Miss Nicolar's remarks had so touched her hearers that the matter was finally laid on the table. The leader of the meeting announced that the music part of the programme would have to be omitted, because the regular pianist was ill, unless some one volunteered to play.

There was no response from the members of the club. Miss Nicolar arose and asked that she be permitted to play.

All of the ladies looked at her with considerable amazement, as they were not aware that the young Indian maiden could finger the keys of a piano.

Miss Nicolar sat down to the instrument and played one or two selections by Chopin, and then sang a little song which charmed her listeners.

Miss Nicolar comes from a family which has long been identified with the history of the Penobscot tribe. The name of Nicolar is known throughout Maine for the good men who have borne it, and who have

LUCY NICOLAR,
The beauty of the Penobscot Tribe.

represented the tribe in the legislative halls at Augusta, where they labored at each session for the acts which were intended to benefit their people.

Miss Nicolar has long been interested in the education of the younger members of the Penobscot tribe. She has received her education in the little school on the island, which is taught by the Sisters of Mercy. She possesses so many talents that several prominent club women in Bangor have recently become interested in her, and are now arranging for her to take a special course of study at Radcliffe College.

It is possible that she may enter that institution in the fall after her return from the Paris Exposition. It has not been fully decided as yet that she will go to the Continent, and if she does not accompany the other members of the tribe there she will begin her studies at Radcliffe this summer.

Miss Nicolar is a member of the Woman's Club on Indian Island, and one of her family, who was the first president of the club, is one of the most charming and capable women in Maine, and in birth and blood a native Indian.

Miss Nicolar is a magnificent-looking girl. She has a straight, supple figure, a complexion that is envied by many American girls who know her, and black eyes that are as brilliant as the stars. She believes in the future of her race through education and social advancement, and intends to apply her prospective knowledge gained at Radcliffe to that end.

HE WANTS HIS MONEY BACK.

"Original McKinley Man" Submits His Bill for Expenses.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Chicago, June 30.—Magnus A. Hess, who styles himself the "original McKinley man," and credits himself with the President's success in politics has become tired of waiting for an office and now wants a settlement. He demands that the expenses he incurred in giving Mr. McKinley his political rise be liquidated at once. He mailed his bill yesterday to the President. It begins as follows:

"To William McKinley, President of the United States, Cuba, Philippines and Hawaii—Bill for expenditures to start the McKinley movement from October 29, 1892, until the election, 1896."

Mr. Hess has repeatedly appealed to the President, Mark Hanna and the other dispensers of patronage for three years for recognition of the services which he insists were greater than those of all others combined. Mr. Hess's bill amounts to $5,115.09. Among the items is $1,500 for two tons of paper, $1,555 for printing, postage stamps and expressing, $214 for McKinley buttons, types sent to McKinley clubs, $113.13 for wet and dry goods, to keep the boys in line for McKinley.

"Please be so kind and send check for above amount," writes Mr. Hess. "Where was Marcus Hanna, Dawes, Platt and that bunch when I started the McKinley movement? I only want what is honest and fair, my money back."

WHY CASE WASN'T TRIED.

Pleas of Defendants Were Too Much for the Judge.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Chicago, June 30.—"I object detrimentally to being tried here to-day," pleaded John O'Keefe in Justice Dooley's court. "I insist on the hearing being continued."

"And what's the reason?" asked his Honor.

"Because I express a desire to prove I was not obstructed in the fight."

"And I also subjugate against this case going to jury to-day," added Dennis O'Keefe, brother to the first speaker.

"And why do you object to a trial at once?" asked the court.

"Because I will prove that I was not consanguinity in the fight."

"Well," replied his honor, "I will give you both a chance to prove you were not obstructed, constructed or destructed in this fracas," and he set the hearing for three days later. The men were accused of disorderly conduct.

MRS. STETSON TRIES MATRIMONY AGAIN.

Well-Known Woman Writer and Speaker Against Marriage Takes Her Cousin as a Second Husband.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

San Francisco, Cal., June 30.—The California friends of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stet-

Mrs. Stetson, who takes a second husband.

son, who for ten years has made her home in this State, have been much surprised at the receipt of cards announcing her marriage, June 11, in Detroit, Mich., to her cousin, George Houghton Gilman, a lawyer of New York City. Although Mrs. Stetson visited California this spring, her most intimate friends had no idea of her intention of making a second matrimonial venture. The newly-married couple will make their home in New York.

Mrs. Stetson is an eloquent platform speaker and a writer of some notable philosophical verse, which is included in her little volume, "In This, Our World." She comes naturally by her talent, her father, the late Frederick Beecher Perkins, connected as librarian with the free public libraries of Boston and San Francisco, and himself a writer of repute, having been a grandson of Lyman Beecher, so that she is a grandniece of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a niece of Mrs. Edward Everett Hale. No member of the family has ever been a more emphatic exponent of the Beecher character than Mrs. Stetson, radical, dauntless, impressed with the conviction that she has a mission to aid in righting the world's wrongs and filled with a passionate desire to do her part; eccentric, but winning, disdainful of the minor conventionalities of life, and fearlessly airing convictions opposed to the world's usages.

The story of Mrs. Stetson's first matrimonial experience is as unique as her personality. Although it is not probable that the public will ever be admitted to full knowledge of the circumstances, certain facts stand forth frankly upon which different constructions have been placed. Although by her own confession never fitted for a domestic life, she was married, in 1882, to Walter Stetson, an artist of Providence, R. I. In 1888 Mrs. Stetson, with her little child Katharine, went to Pasadena to live. Here they had for their close neighbors Doctor Channing and his daughter, Grace Ellery Channing, Mrs. Stetson's most intimate friend. The two young women, both of them writers, afterward lived and worked together in a little vine-covered cottage.

In 1892 Mr. Stetson, through a Providence court, applied for a divorce from his wife, making various charges against her, chief among which were her addiction to hygienic dress and her devotion to literary pursuits. Some affectionate letters which had passed between the two were read in court, and the Judge, satisfied that there was collusion between them, refused to grant the decree. A year and a half later Mrs. Stetson, while living in Oakland, instituted divorce proceedings, alleging desertion and nonsupport on her husband's part, and the decree was granted. Soon afterward Stetson married Grace Ellery Channing, whom Mrs. Stetson then later declared to be "the sweetest woman and loveliest character she had ever known." The newly married pair established their home at Pasadena, and there Mrs. Stetson has paid them repeated visits. Her child, Katharine, she has placed in the care of the second Mrs. Stetson and her father.

Upon the platform and in her writings Mrs. Stetson has constantly taken such an aggressive attitude against men and has so disparaged marriage as a trial yoke weighing women to the earth that no one who knew her was prepared for the present apparent apostasy to her own creed.

HAPPY OLD "PRISCILLA."

Her Loom Is a Relic of Stirring Revolutionary Times.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Kansas City, Mo., June 30.—Mrs. Sarah Burch, who has lived in Jackson County since girlhood, and who at the ripe old age of 68 years sits and weaves at a loom that is at least 100 years old, lives on the Westport street car line, just opposite the stone crusher, near Twenty-third street, in a little unpainted one-room house.

The loom on which she has spun nearly 20,000 yards of rag carpet is one of the old-style affairs that reminds one of the historic days in New England when the loom was one of the fixtures of every household.

Mrs. Burch can trace the history of her loom for 100 years. It was handed down by her grandmother to her mother, and then to her. Where her grandmother got it and when it was built is a mystery. It may have been in one of those New England homes in early colonial times, and may have seen some of the stirring times of the American Revolution. It might have been the identical loom that Longfellow's Priscilla used at she sat and listened to John Alden tell the courtship of Miles Standish.

But whatever its hidden history may be, its known history is remarkable, and it stands in the corner of Mrs. Burch's house warped and worn and bearing the marks of age.

Mrs. Burch may be seen any spring morning sitting in the open door, and her voice may be heard above the hum of the loom as she sings an old familiar hymn. Her Priscilla days have long since passed, and now, instead of being a light-hearted, happy maiden such as Longfellow pictured, her hair is sprinkled with snow. Her husband died many years ago, and now the children have all grown up and the grandchildren play about her knee. The children often plead with her to give up the loom, but it is her happiness, and never was there depicted a prettier scene of contentment than when she sits and sings as did the housewives of old.

STRANGERS IN THEIR OWN FAMILIES.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Kansas City, June 30.—The Kansas City census enumerators have found two very absent-minded men. One forgot to give in his mother-in-law when the enumerator got his list, and then he forgot he had given in a list and "called down" the census people for overlooking him. Another man gave in the list of the members of his family, but later came to the office with the startling information that he had forgotten all about his wife and two children, and that he wanted them to be put into the list, which was done while the men laughed at the man's mistake, and the office girl snickered behind the poor absent-minded man's back.

DAUGHTER OF HARRISON LIVES BY ROLLING CIGARS.

Misfortune Causes Women Bearing an Honored Name to Practice a Skill Learned Long Ago in Sport.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Chicago, Ill., June 30.—The Harrisons have for generations been people of prominence, influence and wealth. One signed the Declaration of Independence; one was a noted General; two have been President; one is Mayor of Chicago. And in the city where that one is now Mayor, distant relatives, bearing the same honored name, are rolling cigars for living.

These aristocratic cigarmakers are Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison, old and feeble, and her daughter, Lucia, delicate, refined and fair. Back of their struggle against poverty there is an interesting story.

Many years ago Elizabeth Harrison, then little Lizzie Smith, lived in Cincinnati. Her father was a wealthy cigar manufacturer. Occasionally David Smith allowed his little daughter to visit his factory, and the child thought it great fun to be allowed to roll a cigar. As she grew older she became so proficient in the work that it was often laughingly said to her that she could make her living rolling cigars. Then, she married a Harrison, and for a period of fifty years, forgot all about cigars and their manner of making. Finally, the death of her husband and son left herself and two daughters alone in the world and with little or no means. One of the girls was an invalid, and the living had to be earned by the mother and the stronger daughter. In terrible earnestness the mother recalled her knack in cigarmaking.

"We will make cigars, Lucia," she said to her daughter, "and sell them to buy bread and butter."

And so the two women went to work. Lucia learned the art of rolling in a month, and at first operations were carried on very quietly in a back room of the little flat, and oftentimes at night. Now these aristocratic lady cigarmakers conduct their work differently.

"I used to be ashamed of it," says the daughter, "but I'm not any longer. The cigars are good cigars and well made, and we are getting our living honestly, although it's very uphill work at times. Mother did a great deal of the work at first, but since the accident that occurred to her some time ago, when she was injured by a horse knocking her down, she has only been able to prepare the materials and hands for me. That's a great deal of

Lucia learned the art of rolling in a month.

help, of course, but still, her misfortune has made things harder for us both."

Some of Mrs. Harrison's friends are interesting themselves in her behalf to secure a pension from the Government, as her husband served in the Civil War. "The pension is only $12 a month," says Mrs. Harrison; "my husband only enlisted as a private, but that would be of great assistance to me."

WHEN "TEDDY" RODE A COW.

First Rough-Rider Performance of Governor Roosevelt.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Denver, June 30.—"Governor Roosevelt of New York was well known in the West long before his Rough Riders were thought of," said S. C. Brewer, a ranchman of the Big Horn country in Wyoming, who is here on a business trip.

"In 1887 'Teddy' Roosevelt stopped for a few days at my ranch in the Big Horn basin, and I'll bet a steer against a coyote he has never forgotten his visit. He said he had come for big game, and he got it. A day or two after his arrival we made up a party to go shooting. Now, Roosevelt gave it out that he could ride a bit, and so he could, considering that he is city man. The boys were not very careful to find him a gentle horse, probably thinking they would have fun with him if the broncho proved more than his match.

"He got on all right with the broncho until he ran into a bunch of wild cattle, and could not resist the temptation to rope one. But the broncho was not broken, and when he threw the rope the horse shied and threw him.

"The rope went wild and so did the horse. Roosevelt had ridden some distance from us, and before we could come up one of the cows charged him. We expected, of course, to see his finish right there. I had my gun out and was trying to get a shot at the cow, when Roosevelt performed the most daring act of his life, not barring his charge up San Juan Hill. He dodged the cow when she charged, and before she could turn he made a leap and was on her back.

"Then he did show the boys that he could ride. The cow did not know what to make of the performance, and after a pitch or two she started on a dead run down the gulch, through the chaparral and off into the valley. 'Teddy' stayed with her until she was tired out and we had overtaken her. One of the boys roped the cow and Roosevelt bounded off smiling as usual. The only comment he made was that he had never enjoyed a ride more."

LIVE SNAKE FOR A BELT.

Maryland Milkmaid Fainted When She Saw Her Adornment.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Baltimore, Md., June 30.—A singular but well-authenticated snake story comes from Pleasant Valley, Md., the principal actor in which were the snake and Miss Cora Legore, a domestic employed by Frederick G. Yingling, a well-known farmer residing near that place.

Miss Legore went to the barn to milk the cows, as was her customary duty. She did not return as promptly as usual, and, becoming uneasy after a time, Mrs. Yengling sent some one to the barn to look for her. She was found lying in a dead faint in a cow stall, and upon being revived appeared dazed and frightened. Finally she became sufficiently composed to tell the cause of her unconsciousness.

She said that while milking she felt something moving about her clothing, but supposed it was a cat, until she felt a constriction about her waist, and found herself looking into the eyes of a snake which had wrapped itself about her, and reared its head in front of her face. She was too much frightened to notice what sort of a serpent was thus confronting her, but, striking at it with her hand, fainted away. When she was found the snake had disappeared.