

MIGHTY SMART MAN.

How He Enlightened the People of Clay County, Mo.

He Told Them About the Civil War and Its Results and Then They Got to Call Him John the Baptist No. 2.

A story was printed not long ago to the effect that a Texas negro, who was sent to Mexico by his master before the civil war, returned to Texas recently to discover that he was free. He had been employed on a remote plantation in Mexico until his return to the states. The story may be like others have lived for the moment, but it recalled to one who read it a fact which seems almost incredible.

In a settlement in Clay county, Mo., within less than 100 miles of Kansas City, the results as well as a good deal of the history of the civil war were not known until nearly two years after its close. And this was in a part of a county which had sent soldiers to both armies, and in a county which was devastated alternately by the border soldiery known as bushwhackers and jayhawkers.

About two years after the war a new man, as he was called, settled in the strip of the county referred to and opened a country store. He was an ex-confederate soldier, and compared with his customers he was, in the vocabulary of Missouri, a mighty smart man.

Soon after he had opened his shop, says the New York Sun, an old darky made a purchase which he asked the merchant to charge to his "marster." The merchant did not know the "marster," but the old negro told him enough to warrant the merchant in letting the goods go.

In questioning the negro he learned that the negro was not aware that he was free. The merchant did not tell the negro of his discovery, but he mentioned it to an old doctor in the settlement, who told the merchant that only a few per-



"MAYBE IT'S SO."

sons in the settlement knew anything of the result of the war.

The merchant thereupon began to enlighten the heathen, as he called his customers, and for some time thereafter they flocked to the new man's store to hear him tell about the war.

"He used to tell me," said the man who avers that the story is true, "how they would come in and listen to him and sometimes shake their heads. One elderly dame who lived in a thicket said to him when he had explained to her the capture of Jeff Davis:

"Maybe it's so, but I'm thinkin' you're the same sort of a man that come to my cabin once and told me and my children that John the Baptist sprinkled people instead of sowsin' 'em under, and I never believed what he said."

"Then the merchant told me how the 'marster' of the old negro who had made the purchase came to him one day and asked him if it was true that the negro was free, and when the merchant told him it was so, the old man said:

"Well, I wish I may be switched if I ain't been feedin' and clothin' a free nigger all this time, and I reckon I'll sue the government for his board."

"The old white man soon afterward killed himself, and the merchant used to tell me that he believed the man committed suicide over the loss of his one negro."

"I asked the merchant how long he stayed in the community which he enlightened, and he said about six months, and added that he might have stayed longer, but some of the heathen wanted him to start a new church, and when he asked them why, they said they had been fooled about the war and it might be they were fooled about their religion, and as he was so mighty smart, maybe he could show them some short cut to salvation, and then he quit. They got to calling him John the Baptist No. 2.

"I happened to know the belt of Clay county in which he lived, and I believed his story."

Tree Planted by Garrison.
A mulberry tree was planted in Northampton, England, 130 years ago by David Garrison. A cane made from this tree has just been presented to Sir Henry Irving.

Average Man's Talk.
The normal man, who strikes an average between indifferent silence and meaningless verbosity, will talk probably one hour, all told, each day, which would allow him 2,400 words.

ANGER RESTORED SPEECH.

A Remarkable Recovery from Paralysis Reported from a Little Town in Montana.

A man's remarkable recovery of his voice is the all-absorbing topic at Basin, a small mining town halfway between Helena and Butte.

John Matt, for many years an employe of the Great Northern railroad, was stricken with paralysis more than 15 months ago. When he was able to walk again he found to his sorrow that he could not utter a word, although he could hear distinctly. About two weeks ago he was taken ill and confined to his bed. For several days he hovered between life and death.

One afternoon several friends called, and while they were present



RECOVERED HIS VOICE.

the doctor came upon the scene. Matt was in a semi-stupor and seemed unable to recognize even his most intimate friends and relatives. The condition of his health was discussed and the visitors were unanimous in expressing the belief that death was inevitable.

When Matt heard this he rose from his pillow as if by magic and exclaimed in terms far more forcible than elegant that he was not a dead man, nor did he intend to die. Then, suddenly realizing that he had recovered his voice, he apologized profusely for the abuse he had heaped upon his physician and friends and became fervent in his thanks for their presence.

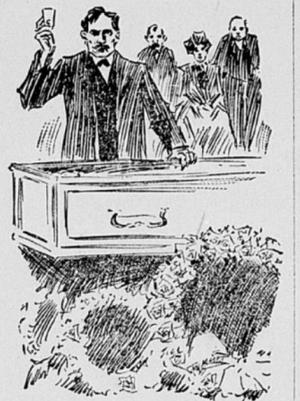
"Had you not come," said he, "and made me angry I do not believe I would have recovered my voice." From that moment his recovery has been rapid, and in a few days he will resume his old place with James J. Hill's railroad.

TREAT FOR A CORPSE.

Hoboken (N. J.) Cigar Maker Carries Out a Weird Compact at Funeral of a Woman.

Mrs. Sophie Van der Hoven had worked for years as a stripper in a cigar factory of Mayor Lankering, of Hoboken, N. J. As a member of the Cigarmakers' union she left \$100 in the custody of Louis Cohen to use it in entertaining the members of the union at her funeral.

The funeral was held the other afternoon in a hall in the rear of a saloon in Hoboken. After every one had taken a look at the corpse the folding doors which separate the hall from the saloon were thrown open and two men appeared with a keg of beer for the



"WELL, I'LL DRINK IT MYSELF."

mourners. When the keg was emptied John Jensen proceeded to address the mourners:

"You must know that I myself was very near dying some few weeks ago. We had a drink of kummel together, and I was feeling so blue that I remarked that it would probably be the last I should ever take. She scouted the idea and said that I'd be drinking kummel when she would be dead."

"Her good humor so cheered me that I willingly consented to enter a compact she proposed. The compact was simply this: The one who lived longest would offer to give the other's corpse a glass of our favorite drink. Friends, I'm going to do that now."

Jensen approached the corpse with a glass of kummel in his hand.

"Auntie," he said, standing over the coffin, "it's my treat; have a drink. No answer, auntie? Well, I'll drink it myself."

He tossed the drink off, and the service proceeded in conventional fashion, prayers for the dead being offered by the officers of the union.

Wood Pulp Yarn.

Yarn from wood pulp is now an article of commerce in Germany.

AN EIGHT DAY GAME.

German Professor Played Steadily During That Period.

Then He Went to Bed and Slept Thirty-Six Hours—Heroic Cure for Insomnia—A Protracted Game of Poker.

Every man probably has told or has heard fabulous stories of poker playing. The narrative of how Brown and Smith sat down to a quiet little game with Black and Jones at eight o'clock Wednesday evening and how they ordered Swiss cheese sandwiches at midnight, black coffee at five a. m. Thursday morning, and adjourned at noon with Smith \$1.38 ahead has been told many times with many variations.

Sometimes Brown, Smith & Co. make a couple of days and nights of it, and a larger sum goes through the clearing house. Every one knows the type of story which is told to illustrate this desperate life. Well, here is the "Munchausen" version of it:

Prof. Heinrich Gerhauser, of Berlin—it will be necessary to send to Berlin for the affidavits if required—had been troubled with insomnia. He could not sleep, no matter how much he tried. At an evil moment—for the professor's family—some authority told him that what he should do was to sit down to a quiet game of cribbage and play until he tired himself out.

The professor was willing. One Tuesday evening, just after tea, he put on his slippers and smoking jacket and sat down to a game with his wife. Frau Gerhauser lasted until midnight, and then she dropped to sleep in her chair. The professor's eldest son took her hand and continued the game until his younger brother woke up in the morning. Then the brother jumped into the breach and the game continued. Meanwhile Frau Gerhauser had slept and was ready for the fray again. She "sat in" until noon and then a man friend dropped in and was pressed into service. He lasted until six o'clock, when one of the servants took the chair.

Then the eldest son tried it for a few hours, and the rest of the family, be-



BEGINNING OF THE GAME.

ginning to realize that this was no ordinary game, prepared a schedule of turns and divided the day up into "watches."

For seven days and nights Herr Professor sat and played cribbage before he felt the first sensations of sleep creeping over him.

That was on Tuesday, just a week from the time he had sat down to the game. He was afraid to trust the first symptoms, and so he decided to take another day and night.

After playing steadily for eight days and nights he felt positive that he was sleepy. At ten o'clock Wednesday night he threw down the cards and said he thought he would go to bed. He slept for 36 hours, almost breaking another record.

The same authority that gives this story to the world hands out another. It will not be necessary to go farther than New York for affidavits in this case:

Early in the year, however, two professionals sat down to play in a New York club at ten o'clock one Wednesday evening at a quiet game of poker. They did not play for high stakes, and when ten o'clock the following morning struck the amount of money lost and won was about even. They had then been playing for 12 hours, but neither expressing any fatigue the game continued uninterruptedly until ten o'clock on Thursday night. One of them, Frost, had then lost about \$200, and as he desired to make good some of his losses play was continued all that night, until once more the hour of ten a. m. chimed forth. Both players were apparently as fresh as ever, and as Frost had begun to recoup himself it was magnanimously suggested by the other, Richards, that the game should continue.

Neither had had anything to eat with the exception of a few sandwiches, though each had consumed four bottles of whisky and 12 siphons of Vichy water. At ten o'clock on Friday night Frost had managed to win \$120, and as the game had then been running for 48 hours it was proposed by the loser that an adjournment should be made, an offer which was gratefully accepted by his partner.

Enterprising Preacher Man.
A clergyman in Melbourne advertises himself as always in readiness to tie the nuptial knot, at Holt's matrimonial chambers, 448 Queen street. His tariff of rates is reasonable. Here are two of the items: "Marriage fee 10s. 6d.; or marriage, with guaranteed gold wedding ring and necessary witnesses provided, £1 1s. Most costly wedding rings in stock if required."

CHARMING DOG STORY.

Food Carried to a Wounded Hound by Two Devoted Canine Companions.

The intelligence of dogs was never better displayed than in a case which came to light this week at Greenville, N. H.

A little more than six weeks ago Louis Cameron lost a valuable hound. When last seen the animal was in company with Charles Rodier's dog Sport and a little fox terrier, and all three were making for the woods on a run. Mr. Cameron tried to find some traces of his hound, but finally decided that he had been shot or poisoned and gave up hopes of recovering him.

Immediately after the disappearance of the hound Sport began to leave his



SPORT LEAVES THE HOUSE.

master's house regularly every morning, returning each evening. Mr. Rodier tried to follow the dog, being curious to know what took him into the woods so much with the fox terrier. He supposed the two dogs went hunting together, but failed to find any evidences of their having done so. Last Sunday, as Charles Newton was walking down the Wilton road, he saw Sport and the fox terrier sitting beside the road, looking into the bushes. To his great surprise both dogs growled savagely at him, although he had always petted them.

Walking past the pair slowly, Mr. Newton spied the lost hound crouching in the bushes. The hound was a pitiable sight. One of his hind legs was gone and all the toes were missing from one fore foot. The tail had been cut off short and a long, freshly healed scar showed where his head had been torn open. One eye was also gone. The wounds were fairly well healed, and Mr. Newton concluded that the Cameron hound was bound for home, being assisted by Sport and the fox terrier.

Appearances indicated that the hound had been run over by a train, and the regular disappearance of Sport and the terrier proves beyond a doubt that they carried him food and cared for him during the six weeks that he lay wounded in the woods.

OPEN-WORK HOSIERY.

Chicago Woman Loses All the Money Her Mother Had Through Hole in Her Stocking.

If you carry money in your stockings, be sure that it is not of the open work kind, otherwise you may have cause to regret the loss of the money and damage to the stockings. Such has been the experience of Mrs. James M. Strong, 4160 Ellis avenue, Chicago, who Thursday afternoon, on the way to the



THE MONEY WAS GONE.

bank, lost \$300 belonging to her mother, Mrs. Mary Burgess.

Mrs. Burgess, who has a room at the Mildred hotel, Sixty-first street and Cottage Grove avenue, gave the money to her daughter to deposit in the Central Trust company bank. Mrs. Strong placed the bills in her stocking and went first to her sister's at 703 East Sixty-third street, and from there downtown by the alley "L." When she got to the bank the money was gone and a hole in the open work stocking told how it had departed.

Peculiar Indian Tradition.
In some districts of India the eastern parts of cemeteries are considered the most desirable. The choice is based on the belief that the dead in the eastern sections will be first to bounce from their graves, brush the dust from their bones, and proclaim their readiness to ascend.

Fat Policemen Not Wanted.
A fat policeman is rarely seen in London. When one becomes so stout as to make it a labor to run he is expected to train down to a graceful shape. No candidate is accepted on the force after he is 27 and he must resign after 20 years' service.

BRIDES AND GROOMS.

Sometimes They Spend Honeymoon in Peculiar Fashion.

Unexpected Presentments Interrupt Current of Wedded Bliss at the Start, But Complete Happiness Usually Follows.

With so many people getting married all the while it is not strange to find some of them going through exceedingly peculiar honeymoons. It would be stranger, probably, if they all got married and then settled down just like ordinary folks.

The bridegroom who remained at work on the farm while his bride set out on her honeymoon dressed in her wedding gown and determined to have the time of her life affords a well known instance of peculiarity in this direction. Others have been just as strange, but not so well known.

Among the recent matrimonial doings there was one case of a bride who made her wedding trip to Ellis island and spent part of the honeymoon in charge of the immigration officers. There is also the story of the newly wedded pair who made their wedding trip in a balloon, quite unwillingly, and were rescued from it 24 hours later.

Marie Stoyanova is the heroine of the first story. Peter Bakalovitch is the bridegroom. Elias Yovtcheff is the interpreter. Rev. Nicholas Zeitsoff is the minister. Maria had just arrived in New York on the Deutschland. She had been engaged to the bridegroom before he had left his native Poland. He had become a prosperous farmer of Brookhaven, L. I. He knew his bride was coming on the steamer and he was awaiting it with minister, marriage license and interpreter—not that the latter would be needed in the ceremony, but possibly with the officials.

Unfortunately Maria, instead of coming by second cabin, saved money and came in the steerage. The immigration officials declared that she had to go to Ellis island for examination. That was not allowed to interfere

with the wedding, although the bride was immediately taken away from her husband.

He protested that as the wife of a prosperous farmer the officials had no authority to hold her, as she could not be classed with the indigent after her marriage to him.

When he reached the proper official with this protest it was recognized as being well based and the bride was released.

It was Samuel Spencer Springstead and Miss Wilhelmina Cole who ate peanuts on their wedding trip until they were sick. Samuel is 17 years of age. Wilhelmina is 15. They were forgiven on their return home. For eight days they made a round of all the amusements they could find in New York, ending with the circus at Madison Square garden.

Young Springstead already has learned to roll "my wife" off his tongue with all the assurance of a benedict of years of experience. When they eloped from their homes in Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, he had saved \$25, which was to furnish funds for the wedding trip.

They were married near Perth Amboy, and then went to New York. They went to Proctor's, to all the vaudeville theaters they could find, took in all the amusements to be had, and wound up at Barnum's circus. There they bought peanuts with the abandon of youth, and ate fearlessly. When the glamour of the circus disappeared they found themselves with little money and a pronounced trouble in the region of the stomach.

Under these circumstances their thoughts turned towards home, and their feet soon followed their thoughts.

Albert Johnson and Amelia Filbert had just been married. They had left their homes near Atlanta, Ga., and had gone into the city on their honeymoon. It happened that on the day of their arrival a circus opened its attractions, and among them was a captive balloon in which rides were offered.

It was the first trip of the balloon, and it proved to be the last for a few days. Of course the rope broke. Amelia and Albert sailed away into the clouds on their wedding journey. There was much confusion below and a great scurrying around of people. Searching parties were sent out to watch for the descent of the bridal car. Down it came at the end of 24 hours, 100 miles from Atlanta. The bride and groom decided that their wedding trip had been quite long enough and they hastened for the quietude of their homes.

LADY OF THE LARIAT.

Facts of Skill in Capturing Racing Bronchos Have Made Mr. Chamberlain Famous.

There is a woman in Arizona who can rope a wild horse with a lariat as well as any man on the ranches. She is the only expert lariat-thrower in the United States, and is the wife of Arizona's gentleman cowboy, Grant W. Chamberlain.

Mrs. Chamberlain can handle a rope with a dexterity that has made her famous throughout the cattle regions of the west. She is a wonderful horse-woman and a skillful general in a round-up.

Born in Michigan, Mrs. Chamberlain has spent the last eight years in the



GRACEFUL AND UNERRING.

west. Her husband has been coaching her in the work for years, but some of her most remarkable swings she invented herself.

Using a 50-yard rope, Mrs. Chamberlain can capture a racing broncho with astounding certainty and ease. In a stampee she is as cool as the best, and few are quicker and surer with the rope than she.

She dresses for her work in a blouse and bloomers and rides astride. Such dexterity as hers would be impossible in skirts. She takes exercises that would astonish the usual beauty-seeker who swings a two-pound dumb-bell.

With her 50-yard rope, Mrs. Chamberlain, standing well poised, throws circles back of her, in front, over or at the side, the spinning rope being started with a small circle which gradually enlarges as the rope is paid out. She next holds the circling rope, first in her right hand, then upon the wrist and forearm, then upon the left hand, wrist and arm. This is called the "shifting-circles act," and is one of the most difficult known.

Then, encircled by the spinning rope, the woman leaps into and out of the revolving loop without marring the curve. An instant's hesitancy, a single wrong move, would send the 50 yards of rope out in a horizontal line and cause it to collapse in an instant.

ESCAPED IN MILK WAGON.

Cleveland Couple Evaded Unwelcome Attention by Beguiling Honeymoon Humbly.

A honeymoon in which a milk wagon was the first conveyance utilized by the happy pair on their wedding tour was a unique feature of recent social happenings in Cleveland, O. Joseph H. Peck and Mabel H. Burgess were married on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride.

The participants are both well known in Cleveland, the bride having



FOOLING THE JOKERS.

been a supervisor of music in the East Cleveland public schools, and the groom secretary of the Young Men's Christian association. Members of the latter organization were the direct cause of the deviation from the usual custom of driving away from the house in a ribbon-bedecked carriage, followed by an embryo rice pudding and a shower of antique footwear.

For weeks the boys from the alphabetical society had planned the things they would do to that carriage. At the proper moment the crowd of jokers surrounded the hack and waited for the newly-wedded pair. At that very instant Peck was lifting his blushing bride to the seat of the milk wagon stationed in the alley, and before the would-be humorists had outgrown their impatience the couple were on board an east-bound train.

After singing three verses of "Oh, Fudge," the alleged friends of the newly-organized Peck family exclaimed "Pickles" and tanked up on vanilla soda to drown their regrets.