HOW SPAIN FEELS

LETTER FROM U. S. CONSUL THERE TO J. J. WEIL.

"NOT MUCH REAL HATRED."

HOWEVER, "AMERICANS HAVE NOT BROKEN SPANIARDS' PRIDE."

They Refuse to Concede the Splendid Bravery and Skill of United States Navy Officers and Men—Attribute Defeat to Superior Means.

Writing from Valencia, Spain, United States Consul Theodore Mertens discusses the feeling of the Spaniards at home toward this country and the view taken by them of their defeat in the late war. The letter was written to his friend, Joseph J. Weil, of this city.

"My youthful outer appearance," he writes in introduction, "in spite of my years, speaks in favor of the splendid climate here, where I really rejuvenate, and often I hear the same remark from my friends whom I meet after some lapse of time. I also try to keep healthy with exercise, bicycle riding and horseback riding. The former I do every morning in company with my daughters on the beautiful Alameda, or public promenade, in front of our house, and of the latter I am very fond.

"Near by are the cavalry quarters, where I have my friends among the officers, and thus have a chance of not only riding often, but a change of horses constantly, which is a great advantage in becoming proficient in this healthy sport. Horse and rider become easily accustomed to each other; but with the change of horses one has to be constantly on the alert for all possible tricks or habits, and a horse knows it so well if the rider is up to the mark and means business, or is lazy.

"You referred to the Philippine question. This has proved a harder nut to crack than we thought at first, but I feel confident that our government will finish this task gloriously and turn those fertile regions into great advantage, although I fear that the race hatred will always exist and will require constant watching, somewhat after the style of England and India.

Spaniards' Pride Unbroken.

"Don't you ever believe that the Americans have, with the late successful war, broken the Spaniards' pride! This will never be done even if they remain downright beggars. The majority of the people here have no idea of what they have lost and the few who understand it will not admit their weakness and they console themselves that through treachery alone we have beaten them. Of course the real truth is too bitter a pill for them to swallow, to admit that America has wrenched those colonies from the inept Spanish hands for the benefit of the whole world.

"Those beautiful articles which are written by our captains and appear in the Century magazine ought to open everybody's eyes as to our military abilities, but scarcely anyone reads a foreign language here, and the few who do call it exaggerated and prefer to believe the wrong reports of their own papers.

Money, Not Bravery, Did It.

"If in conversation I draw their attention to the splendid bravery displayed on various occasions by our officers and soldiers, whom they disdainfully called 'hog dealers' before the war, they will not agree with me, but say that, of course, with more money, better arms can be bought. Not even will they admit that their soldiers, as prisoners, were treated by us exceptionally nobly, kindly and even royally. They call it our duty and say they would have done the same—which I doubt very much and even shudder to think of the poor fellows' fate if the case had been reversed.

"Not much real hatred exists between the two nations. This is clearly shown by the Spanish newspapers, which, while citing the reforms introduced into Porto Rico, conclude by saying: 'We wish the Yankees had come here to Spain and reformed our existing laws also. They, as a people, are, and will remain, dissatisfied with their government, which is the cause of all trouble here; and the way they have been and are now cheated will one day tell to the disadvantage of the whole country. At present the public is too weak, poor and ignorant to raise itself, but history tells us that despotism strikes home soon or later.'"

To Telegraph by X Rays.

From an Exchange.

Professor H. P. Pratt is going to telegraph from the top of the Masonic Temple, Chicago, to the Chicago avenue water tower by means of the X ray alone as soon as arrangements are perfect. He says he is sure of success. He already has demonstrated the practical use of his system in laboratory experiment, receiving and sending messages without wires. Professor Pratt is the only person in the world who has used the X ray for sending messages. He says the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy is wrong, for the reason that the message is sent in all directions. With his system it goes direct. Illustrating how the messages were sent in a direct line, Professor Pratt held his hand behind a Crookes tube. In the dark the dim outline of a hand was seen. The professor then held his hand in front of the tube, and the bones were seen plainly.

"This is the whole secret," he said. "You see there the bombardment or disturbance of molecules going in a straight line. You see nothing back of the tube, while the view in front proves that the message by me with the X rays goes straight ahead through all obstacles. I don't scatter a message over the universe, like Marconi."

Professor Pratt's definition of an X ray as a complete circle of molecules has been accepted by the scientific world. He says it was starting with this fact that led to the discovery of the X ray wireless telegraphy.

FOR MEN ONLY.

Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address. Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 821 First National Bank building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package, so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

MRS. HOWE'S 80TH BIRTHDAY.

She Passes the Anniversary in a Happy and Peaceful Way at Her Home in Boston.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, that grand woman who stands pre-eminently among the most intellectual and gifted of her sex in this land, has just passed her 80th birthday, and the event was a memorable one, not only for her immediate relatives and friends, but also for those who were fortunate enough to be present and derive the inspiration of her kindly nature.

Mrs. Howe is loved by men and women in all walks of life, and her work as writer, preacher, lecturer and defender of the oppressed and down-trodden has gained for her firm friends and constant admirers

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

in every circle. The day was very quietly spent. In looking back over the eighty years of her life, Mrs. Howe felt that the Almighty had indeed been good to her, and she thanked Him for it in more than one silent prayer. She has always cherished her home, and as she sat in this sacred circle which had been gathered from near and far to celebrate the day, the events of the past flitted through her mind like a panoramic vision. Professor Henry M. Howe, her only son, went from Columbia college to spend the day with his mother. Mrs. Laura E. Richards and Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, both well known in the literary world, were there too. But one face was very much missed, that of Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott, the youngest child, who is the wife of the celebrated artist, who is away now in Palazza Rusticucci.

Time has been good to Mrs. Howe, and her sunny disposition, calm peacefulness, wonderful reserve and mental culture have been some of the means that have tended to this.

The breadth and depth of Mrs. Howe's character—she has been truly credited as being America's foremost woman—is no more illustriously shown than in her home relations, in every way ideal. The thoughts and purposes that she has instilled into her home, and which have made it so satisfying, are the ones which she has given utterance to in the pulpit, at after-dinner speaking and in her eloquent lectures on the many subjects which have so appealed to the general public. Her arguments are clear and forceful, while her supply of anecdotes and witticisms is apt and brilliant.

Her face is still round and fair, and beautiful to look upon, although the color has faded somewhat from her once rich auburn hair.

THE FIRST TYPEWRITER.

It Is Apparently a Worthless Block of Wood Cut in the Shape of a Staircase.

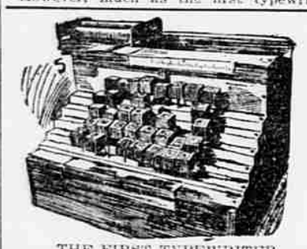
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hidden away in a dark corner of the model room in the patent office at Washington, with the dust of years giving its brown surface a coat of gray, is an apparently worthless block of wood cut in the shape of a staircase, with small blocks of wood mounted on wires on each of the stairs.

When I happened to see this object while looking through the 400,000 models the other day, I thought it must be some sort of child's plaything. On closer examination my curiosity was aroused so that I induced one of the busy attendants to look up the matter for me. It was discovered to be the first "typewriter" ever made in the United States—perhaps in the world.

If placed by the side of one of our 1899 model typewriters the first typewriter could not fail to provoke a smile from the spectator. Instead of dainty black and nickel letter keys, with an open framework showing the easy working of the intricate machinery of the inside, as is usual in the typewriters of to-day, this first typewriter consists of a closed wooden box with blocks of wood half an inch square for its letter keys. The paper carriage of the first typewriter is also of wood, and instead of the operator turning the paper carriage by a mere touch on an extension rod, as is done with all typewriters now in use, when one line was finished, on the first typewriter the operator had to use both hands to turn the paper carriage—one hand to lift a catch from the cogwheel, and the other hand to push the paper around as far as desired.

However, much as the first typewriter



THE FIRST TYPEWRITER.

differs from its grandchildren, close examination shows that it has all the essentials of typewriters as we know them to-day. The inventor of the typewriter was R. T. P. Allen, of Farmdale, Ky., who secured his patent in 1875. There were other so-called typewriters invented before this date, but the Allen invention is the first machine that bore fruit, and it is that machine which may be looked upon as the parent of the 5,000,000 or more typewriters in use in the United States to-day.

Character in Cats.

Cats are like children. Educate them properly and you can do with them and their characters even as you will. One of the first things that impresses itself on one's mind on going to cat shows as judge, spectator or artist is the extraordinary difference that exists in the characters of cats coming from different parts of the country. Indeed, the effect that a crowded exhibition and its surroundings have upon different cats is really very strange. Most of these cats, which at home are rarely drawn out of themselves and which you see in ordinary way under one or two conditions of expression, immediately develop a new expression, and this typifies the effect home life has upon them.

For instance, a cat that has been treated by its master or mistress very lovingly and has in normal circumstances seen a number of people who have praised it and petted it and stroked it a great deal will exhibit an entirely new, snug, contented and happy expression when it comes before the public. On the other hand, the animal that has lived a life of ease, seeing nobody and nothing beyond its mistress, will exhibit the most striking characteristics of its mistress. Thus, if the character of the woman be in the main a sulky or snappy one, the effect of the sudden change upon the cat's life will be to bring out in the cat a sulky or a snappy disposition also.

Enough to Kill Half a Dozen.

From Spare Moments.

Talkative women have been the abomination of the universe since the days of Adam.

An unusually loquacious specimen of her kind was present at a certain police court the other day, charged with fighting, and in trying to enlist the sympathy of the justices she told them about a dozen times in ten seconds that she was a widow.

Nothing could stay the ceaseless wagging of her voluble tongue, the "Wait a bit, wait a bit," of the bench being utterly disregarded, whilst every other sentence she repeated the words:

"I'm a widder, yer worship; I'm a widder."

"Yes, I should think so," at last retorted one of the worthy justices; "with a tongue like that you're enough to kill half a dozen husbands."

Overexerting Himself.

From the Washington Star.

"Of course," said Mr. Meekton's wife, "a man and his wife are one."

"Not in our case, Henrietta," he answered, with superabundant politeness. "In our case a man and his wife are at least eight and a half. I'm the half."

A WAR IS BREWING

RUSSIA, ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES WILL BE INVOLVED.

ARMENIAN MINISTER'S OPINION

DISARMAMENT PROPOSITION OF THE CZAR IS MISLEADING.

Peace Conference Will Result in Hostilities—So Says Rev. Mr. George H. Filian, an Exile From Marsovan—Atrocities of the Turks.

It is a mission of love for his own oppressed people that brings Rev. Mr. George H. Filian, an Armenian minister, to Kansas City. Mr. Filian has lectured in a number of the local churches during the past week and he will remain in the city some time. He was driven from his church at Marsovan seven years ago by the tyrannical act of the Turkish government.

Only he and his immediate family escaped. His relatives and the leading men in his church were imprisoned, plundered or killed at the beginning of the massacres. He now lives in Brooklyn.

Mr. Filian is a middle-aged, intellectual looking man and speaks very pure English, though the accent is somewhat marked. But it is when the Turk and his cruelties in Armenia are spoken of that his eye lights up with indignation and he bitterly denounces the atrocities that have been committed. He believes that the peace congress now in session will be productive of no good. To a reporter for The Journal he said yesterday:

"The condition of the Armenian people is now most miserable. They are worse than slaves. It was not because the government feared a revolution that they were killed. That idea is absurd, because they had not been permitted to carry arms for twenty-two years, and all their ministers and teachers were banished before the massacre commenced, so that they were without leaders. It was because the Turks wanted their wealth. They were the bankers and moneyed men of the country; they were increasing in numbers; they were business people whom the Turks were not smart enough to compete with. Their massacre was ordered by the government, backed by Germany and Russia, whose trade they had destroyed in that country. It is a notable fact that in those countries there were no indignation meetings over the Armenian atrocities and no official sympathy expressed for the sufferers.

"The peace congress now in session will be a modern Tower of Babel. Instead of universal peace it will bring universal war, and that before another year. I predict another massacre for Armenia before fall, in which an indiscriminate slaughter of all Christians will result.

"No one believes that the czar is sincere in his proposition for universal disarmament. Despite his good promises at the time he took the throne he has sent nearly 20,000 people to Siberia, and has persecuted all the Armenians in his country. He is a morally corrupt man. His motives are to pose as the originator of a great idea, and to sound the other nations on the subject of war.

"The Russian bear is bent on colonization and conquest, but the whole empire is rotten from top to bottom and can not hold together in any time of danger. It will resolve itself into its original elements of Poland, China and the barbarous nations of Siberia.

"The next war will be one of commercial supremacy between Russia and England. Russia will seize part of China and then push her way through Persia, where she already has a foothold, into India, all the time building railroads. Then the struggle will be on. All the nations will be divided and the United Stes will, of course, side with England. No one can doubt the final outcome of this great war that has been brewing for so long. The Russian idea has always been to crush out all freedom. England stands for civilization and commercial peace and prosperity, and right will triumph in the end. How anyone can be so foolish as to imagine any good from this peace congress of hypocrites I can not see."

Rev. Mr. Filian will lecture this afternoon at the Y. M. C. A. and to-night at the First Congregational church.

HOW SHE WAS PRESENTED.

What It Cost One American Girl to Meet the Queen of England.

From an Exchange.

It costs more to make one's debut in England than in America, for over there a girl is not properly introduced till she has been presented at court, and the cost of launching a daughter in society is something to drive impecunious fathers into a lunatic asylum. One girl who came up from her Berkshire home to be presented this spring has given an account of what she endured, and what her father's pocketbook suffered. First, a large, aristocratic and handsomely furnished house was rented in London for the season—nearly every one rents his town house now—and a big rent charged. Then began the work of laying in a wardrobe.

This girl first paid a visit to a place where corsets are made to order. She had a pretty figure, but madame insisted that she must have an eighteen-inch waist to be beautiful. She was measured and fitted for riding, opera and ordinary corsets, and the bill came to $100. Twenty-five pairs of the smartest boots and slippers added to the bills. A score of pretty hats, to go with various dresses, made a big hole in $500, and three times the amount went to the dressmaker. A riding habit cost $50, a bicycle suit the same, and several dozen pairs of gloves to match were no small item.

The presentation dress cost $900, though it was plainly made of exquisite white satin broche. For a fee of $15 a lady came and taught the young woman the court bow, the way to courtesy and carry her train. This was hard work for a debutante, and she said she was as tired after an afternoon with her teacher as though she had spent the time on the golf links. And after all the time and trouble it was but a few brief seconds she spent in the royal presence. But she was properly launched and happy.

An Ideal.

From the Washington Star.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "did you ever hear about transmigration?"

"Yep. But I don't take any stock in it."

"I s'pose it's too good to be true. But I like to think about it. Jes' imagine wakin' up and discoverin' dat you've turned into a brewery full o' pipe lines an' machinery to keep de beverage constantly fresh."

Sure to Fight.

From the Washington Star.

"If we keep the Philippines," remarked the timorous patriot, "we may have a fight on our hands."

"Well," answered the square-jawed friend, "if we cut them loose all Europe will get into a wrangle, and we're under such obligations to help England that we'll be almost sure to have a fight on our hands, anyhow."

Causes of Loss of Hair

Dr. Sabouraud, the eminent French Dermatologist, says that 98 per cent of hair losses are the results of microbes and the neglect of dandruff. The antiseptic action of

SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS'

preparations kills microbes and removes dandruff. Their constant use for a period will, by acting directly on the hair bulbs, furnish nourishment, vitality and growing power to the impoverished roots and hair shafts, resulting in complete restoration.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

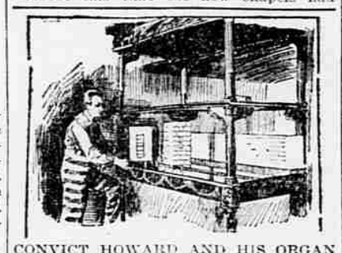
A CONVICT'S TALENT.

The Peculiar Work That Has Been Done by John Howard, a Prisoner in Sing Sing.

John A. Howard is an Englishman, who, in 1894, was sentenced to a term of nine years and five months. Several years ago there was a fire in the prison, and a machine used for picking hair was almost totally destroyed. The machine was of complicated design, and was made abroad at a cost of $800. After the fire the debris was cast on a scrap heap, and nothing more was thought of it.

One morning Howard asked Colonel Sage if he would like to have the picking machine repaired. He said that, although not acquainted with the work, he felt sure that he could reconstruct the machine. Permission was given him, and he set to work. He made all his own tools, and within several months he had built a new machine at a cost of less than $100.

About this time the new chapels had



CONVICT HOWARD AND HIS ORGAN MODEL.

been completed, and Howard asked the warden if he would not like to have an organ built for each of them. He explained that he had formerly worked for an organ building firm in Canada. He had never built an organ, but understood its construction well enough to warrant an attempt at building one. He drew his plans, which the warden first submitted to an organ builder. The builder said they were faultless, and Howard set to work in a shop set aside for his special use. In one year and a quarter he had finished two organs, and one of them, which now stands in the Catholic chapel, is said to be the largest reed organ of its type in the world.

The second largest stands in the Winter palace in St. Petersburg, and Howard helped to erect it there. There are between 23,000 and 24,000 pieces of mechanism in the construction of Howard's organ, and its cost, at a fair profit to the manufacturer, would have been $4,500. The actual cost of it as it stands to-day is $460. The organ in the Protestant chapel is only a trifle smaller than the first.

With the completion of the organ the bugaboo of idleness, that specter which haunts the mind of every convict, came to Howard, and he approached Warden Sage with a suggestion to be allowed to build a model of Sing Sing prison and its surroundings. He said he had seen models of this kind abroad, and was sure that he could duplicate them. He started in first by making two complete sets of modeling tools, one of steel and the other of lignum vitae, and now from morning until night he stands in his room, working on his model. It will stand when completed on a massive carved double oak table, and will be perfect in every detail. It had been the intention to send it, upon its completion, first to New York and then to the Paris exposition. How far these plans will be interfered with by Warden Sage's resignation remains to be seen.

There is yet another remarkable task that Howard has carried to a successful issue. About a year ago Dr. Irwin, the prison physician, expressed a desire to have for use in the laboratory a photomicrographic apparatus, but its cost precluded the possibility of the warden's purchasing it. Howard stepped into the breach and said he could build one if the lens was furnished him. He constructed the apparatus with only a catalogue of an optical company, describing the affair, to guide him. The cost was put down in the trade at $180. Howard built it complete at a cost of $16.

According to Warden Sage, Howard has always contended that his conviction was unjust, and that he is innocent of the crime for which he is suffering. "His hope," said Warden Sage, "is that his wonderful work will attract attention to his case and bring about an investigation that will set him at liberty."

SARAH GRAND AND HER BIKE.

The Creator of the "New Woman" Does Not Ride in Bloomers or Trousers.

From the New York Journal.

Sarah Grand, the author of "The Heavenly Twins" and the creator of the new woman in literature, rides a bicycle.

We might expect her to ride in bloomers or trousers, or some other garment unlike anything worn by the "old" woman, but

MME. GRAND AND HER BICYCLE.

instead of that we find her dressed in skirts of a decorous and graceful length.

Mme. Sarah Grand has had herself photographed in bicycling costume just as she is about to mount her wheel. She has had this done because she wishes the public to know just what an ideal new woman looks like. You may see her on this page.

Sarah Grand is entitled by marriage to bear the good old Irish name of "McFall," but with curious taste she prefers the remarkably pretentious name of "Grand." Her husband was an army surgeon and she was separated from him. It is said that he was the original of the wicked colonel in "The Heavenly Twins," who was fond of long glasses of brandy and soda and of pretty girls, and for these sins was boycotted by his young wife and brought to a sudden and terrible end by the author.

Sarah Grand is engaged regularly in literary work, but she achieved no success comparable to that of "The Heavenly Twins."

Easy, When You Have a Good Clerk.

From the Chicago Journal.

As the manager of a large insurance company sat at his desk, the representative of another company walked in. The caller was a man to be cultivated, but Mr. H. could not for the life of him think of his name, although he had met him before. But the Chicago man was one of many resources. "I beg your pardon," he said to his caller, after the first hasty greeting, "but if you will excuse me for an instant I will send a message I have just started. It is on a matter of much importance." "Certainly," said the caller. "It'll take just an instant," said Mr. H., as he turned to his desk and wrote hastily on a sheet of paper: "What in thunder is the name of the man I'm talking to? If you don't know name, find out and answer at once by boy. H." The business man addressed the message to the chief clerk in the outer office and handed it to his office boy, saying: "Hurry and deliver this note, Archie; it is most important." Mr. H. busied himself with his papers, and in a few moments the boy returned with an answer. Hastily tearing open the envelope, Mr. H. read, "Jenkins, of the —— Insurance Company." Throwing aside the note, the Chicago man turned blandly to his caller: "Ah, that bit of business is off my mind now. In what way can I be of service to you, Mr. Jenkins? It is a long time since we have been honored with a call from the —— Insurance Company."

Addendum.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

The boaster—"Yes, sir, I flatter myself I can drink as much as any three men ——"

The voice—"Will buy."

K. P. MEMORIAL.

Services in Honor of Those Who Have Died During the Year Will Be Held June 11.

A week from to-day, June 11, the thirteen lodges of Knights of Pythias will unite in the annual memorial service in honor of the Knights who have died during the year. There are over 2,000 members of the order in the city and it is expected that the Academy of Music, where the services are to be held, will be crowded. The following is the programme which will be rendered:

Overture, orchestra.
Prayer—Rev. Dr. Stephen A. Northrop.
Opening ode, choir and audience.
Soprano solo, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," Mrs. Marguerite R. Nelson.
Address, Hon. B. L. Woodson.
Baritone solo, "As Thou Wilt," J. F. Snow.
Reading list of deceased members by the lodges.
Tenor solo, "Better Land," Sam Cunningham.
Address, Rev. Dr. Stephen A. Northrop.
Duet, "Beautiful Gates," Mrs. Nelson and Mr. Snow.
Benediction, Rev. Dr. Stephen A. Northrop.

FOR DOOR OF HOPE.

Interesting Programme for the Entertainment at Pepper Auditorium Tuesday Evening.

The following interesting programme has been prepared for the Door of Hope entertainment at the Pepper auditorium next Tuesday evening:

PART I.

Soprano solo, "As the Dawn" (Cantor), Mrs. M. Moore.
Reading, "The Bridge of Sighs" (Hood), Mr. Bangs.
Tenor solo, "Who Is Sylvia?" (Schubert) Mr. Allan A. Kerr.
Recital, "The Gypsy Flower Girl," Mrs. O. C. Spaulding.
Recital, "The Tiger Lily Race" (Mrs. Mary E. Fiske), Mr. Bangs.
Five minutes' intermission.

PART II.

Humorous numbers, Mr. Bangs.
Baritone solo, "The Mighty Deep" (Jude), Mr. James F. Snow.
Classical selections (Shakespeare), Mr. Bangs.
Soprano solo, "Sweetheart, Sigh No More" (Carmichael), Miss Theresa Hortense Quigley.
"Uncle Rastus' Sermon, Selected" (D. C. Bangs), Mr. Bangs.

THREW NITRIC ACID.

A Woman With a Grudge Against Somebody Burns Alonzo Lindsey.

Alonzo Lindsey, a negro piano player in a disorderly house at 245 West Third street, came very near meeting a horrible death last night at the hands of some person whom he describes as a woman in black. He says he was walking along Fourth street, near Wyandotte, when someone, who he thinks was a woman wearing a black dress, black veil and black hat, stepped suddenly up to him and threw the contents of a bottle on him.

The liquid which the woman threw proved to be nitric acid, and by the time the terrified negro reached Central police station the acid had literally eaten away the side of his coat on which it fell and the side of his trousers leg as far down as the knee. It is supposed the woman mistook the negro for someone against whim she had a grudge.

MATTHEWS IN THE TOILS.

Negro Who Killed Eli Cobb With a Blow of His Fist Charged With First Degree Murder.

Thomas Matthews, the negro who assaulted Eli Cobb in Thomas Lynch's saloon, at Twelfth and Campbell streets, the night of April 2, 1899, during a quarrel over a game of cards, was arrested last night by Deputy Marshals Taylor and Gallagher and locked up in the county jail to answer to a charge of murder in the first degree. Matthews was indicted by the grand jury last week. He was out on bond at the time he was indicted.

Matthews killed Cobb with a single blow of his fist. The two men were playing a game of cards when they quarreled. Matthews struck Cobb a blow on the neck and he fell to the floor and died in a pool of his own blood. The blow ruptured a blood vessel in Cobb's neck and he died almost instantly. Matthews was arrested soon afterward and was bound over to the grand jury on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

TRIED TO KILL HER CHILDREN.

Mary Bryant, a Deranged Colored Woman, Taken to the City Hospital.

Mary Bryant, a negro woman who lives with her husband and three children at Fourteenth and Lydia avenue, was sent to the city hospital by Humane Officer Greenman yesterday for treatment for insanity. She has been violent for several weeks and has tried to kill herself and her children on a number of occasions.

Friday night she was picked up near Twenty-fifth and State Line while on her way to the Kaw river. She was carrying a 12-months-old baby and was leading two others by the hands. The oldest child—a boy of 8—told Colonel Greenman that his mother was taking them to the river to drown them. This is the third time Mrs. Bryant has been taken into custody. Two or three months ago she tried to kill her children with a hatchet. She imagines that she is being pursued by spooks and hobgoblins and that a "hoodoo" doctor is following in her footsteps all of the time.

Ewing Will Be Released.

George Ewing, the young man who was arrested Friday for insulting two young women on the streets, and who was sent to the workhouse yesterday afternoon to serve out a sentence of sixty days, is the husband of Mamie Ewing, the Hopkins woman who shot and killed her sister-in-law, Lizzie Ewing, last October. Ewing is a barber and lives in Hopkins with his wife and two children.

The woman whom his wife shot and killed in a jealous rage was the wife of his brother, Frank Ewing. The two women quarreled frequently and they were jealous of each other. Mrs. Ewing was tried for the crime in the circuit court at Maryville a few weeks ago and was acquitted. Since then she and her husband have been living in Hopkins. Mrs. Ewing is a daughter of Mrs. Bollinger, one of the wealthiest women in Nodaway county. Friends called to see Ewing last night and will pay his fine to-day and secure his release from the workhouse.

FUNERAL OF MRS. R. M. GRAY.

Services to Be Held This Afternoon at the Gray Homestead—Burial in Quindaro.

The funeral of Mrs. R. M. Gray will be held this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Gray homestead, in Quindaro. The services will be largely attended as the deceased was widely known throughout the entire county. The active palibearers will be: J. O. Fife, Henry McGrew, Dr. J. P. Root, Dr. H. M. Dowrs, Henry Myrtle and Charles E. Ebert. The honorary palibearers will be: Byron Judd, Thomas J. Barker, James Priestley, James McGrew, Martin Stewart, Sr., and V. J. Lane.

The remains will be given burial in the Quindaro cemetery.

Gold Star as a Prize.

A gold star is the prize which the Labor day committee of the labor unions decided last night should be given to the reporter writing the best article on labor matters for publication in the Labor day edition of any Kansas City paper. The committee selected sub-committees as follows:

On speakers—M. C. Byrne, A. P. Russell and E. H. Bettis.

On amusements—W. C. Brickey, J. W. White and W. H. Pinkerton.

On grounds—J. S. Gardner, A. P. Russell and M. C. Byrne.

On music—F. H. Brigham, E. H. Bettis and W. R. Payne.

On parade—J. S. Gardner, W. H. Pinkerton and W. C. Brickey.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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My treatment does not contain injurious medicines, but leaves the patient in as healthful condition as before contracting the disease.

Unlike some other physicians, I do not claim or attempt to cure all the diseases that afflict the human family, but confine my study and practice to the treatment of

VENEREAL DISEASES AND SEXUAL WEAKNESS.

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Seminal Weakness and Sexual Debility, (Spermatorrhoea) and Impotency, producing losses, pimples and blotches on the face, rushes of blood to head, pains in back, confused ideas and forgetfulness, bashfulness, aversion to society, loss of sexual power, loss of manhood, &c., cured for life. I can stop all night losses, restore lost sexual power, restore nerve and brain power, enlarge and strengthen weak parts and make you fit for marriage.

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Book for both sexes, 80 pages, 27 pictures, true to life, with full description of above diseases, the effects and cure, sent sealed in plain wrapper for 6c in stamps. Read this little book and answer list of questions.

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SOUTHEAST CORNER FIFTH AND WYANDOTTE STS. KANSAS CITY, MO.

FAT WOMEN.

Why They Are So Popular in Turkey—European Correspondent's View.

From the Chicago Record.

In Turkey the most beautiful and desirable woman is the one who weighs the most. A thin and willowy creature would have no social standing in Turkey, and would be a total failure on the stage in Constantinople. Unless a woman is fat she cannot secure an engagement in a music hall, and the fatter she is the more enthusiasm she arouses and the larger is her salary.

On the evening after my arrival in Constantinople I went to the Concordia Music hall with my American acquaintances, and there I saw more feminine breadth, depth, thickness, heft and circumference than I had ever before seen under one roof.

Judging from the arrangement of the bill and the applause bestowed on the various mastodon soubrettes, I would say that in Constantinople a woman weighing 225 pounds and possessed of a fair singing voice could get an engagement at a music hall, but she would be compelled to accept a low salary and appear early in the bill.

In the bill at the Concordia were French and German women, one lone American (estimated weight 255) and several from Turkish Europe. The first woman who sung was fat; the second fatter; the third was—no, not fattest, although she was much heavier than No. 2. She was merely the promise of what was yet to come. They were holding back the really big artists for the finale. At last these two came on. They were "sisters," and they made a large family by themselves.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the man from Lafayette, "Why didn't they roll them on the stage? How much do you suppose they weigh?"

"A ton apiece?" ventured the New Yorker.

"Too low, too low."

The house arose in joy as the two vast, egg-shaped objects appeared on the stage. The Turks, who had been sitting stolidly in the boxes looking with dull concern at the frail vocalists who weighed less than 300, now straightened up and clapped their hands. The Turk in front of us (he had checker-board trousers and a low white vest) shouted "Bravo!"

The two sisters were the hit of the show. They had to sing until their globular faces were pink with exertion and their balloon-like costumes rose and fell with the heavings of the exertion. We wondered if they ever had comic opera in Turkey, and if it would be safe to put a entire chorus on one stage.

THE JOURNAL—10c A WEEK

P. D. Armour's Answers to Callers.

One day a man carrying a fussy little poodle under one arm entered Mr. Armour's office in Chicago and tried to talk "P. D." into buying it. The price was exorbitant, $200 for a useless toy poodle. Mr. Armour looked at the man, then at the dog, and back again at the man and said: "No. The sausage business must pick up considerably before I can pay so much for small dogs. Bring around a mastiff and I'll talk to you."

On another occasion one of those self-confident young men who believe that all wealthy men have a tender spot for the man of nerve, and who do not hesitate to approach even the busiest of men, made Mr. Armour a decidedly bold request, which was promptly denied. Summoning up all the haughtiness at his command, the young man said in a tone that was meant to crush Mr. Armour: "Well, all I can say is that you are no gentleman." "Young man,"—with a cold enigmatical smile—"I'm a butcher."

Not Convinced by the Reference.

The New York Times relates an anecdote concerning Mr. Howells that is good enough to be true, whether it is or not. According to report, a dispute as to the words "lunch" and "luncheon" recently arose between Mr. and Mrs. Howells. Mr. Howells championed "lunch" as the proper term, while his wife defended "luncheon." At last, at Mr.