

The Odd Side of Things.

A GROUP OF CURIOUS STORIES GATHERED FROM MANY SOURCES.

REMARKABLE KANSAS TWINS.

John Stites and Wilbur Stites, twins, have lived in Wichita for many years. About a week ago John was taken to a local hospital suffering from cancer of the stomach. On Wednesday night Wilbur went from the bedside of his brother to his home. At the moment when Wilbur left there was no appearance of immediate danger in the condition of John. Yet on entering the house a few minutes later, Wilbur threw up his hands and ejaculated, "John is dead!" And so it developed. John had died at the hospital at the exact moment when the thought came to Wilbur.

In 1873 John and Wilbur were married to Alice and Carrie Worth, in Clay County, Mo., and these brides were twins. Furthermore, an elder brother of the Stites twins married an elder sister of the Worth twins, and the two families were thus connected in a manner seldom found.

Both John and Wilbur were well known and respected citizens of Wichita, and for years it has been noticed by their friends that they thought alike on every subject. Often, as a test, they were questioned separately, and each gave the same reply, differing, perhaps, only a little in their forms of expression. Their business partner, J. S. Alexander, has been with them thirty years. He knew them apart, but he could not tell how he knew. "I have," he said, "made the most minute examination of their faces and forms, of their eyes and expressions, of their voices and their laughter, of their habits and manners, and for the life of me I can't tell why I knew them separately. We who have known them for a quarter of a century have noticed that they cut their tobacco in exactly the same form, that they walked exactly alike, and that they thought precisely alike."

Once, when John broke a limb, Wilbur immediately suffered corresponding pains in the same limb. They had never been known to disagree on any matter. They lived together in the same house for thirty years.—Wichita Eagle.

THE TOSTIGLI MONUMENT.

Many queer memorials of the dead have been erected by pious relatives in accordance with their own peculiar fancies or those of the defunct. Seldom, however, does one see a monument in which singularity of taste and



THE MONTI MONUMENT.

artistic excellence are combined as they are in these two examples from Milan, Italy.

The monument of Leonilda Monti presents a lifelike statue of her faithful hound gazing at her sculptured features and bewailing his loss, and on and about the low, flat tomb of Ermengildo Tostigli five nude children are playing and tumbling like kittens. These singular monuments are given in Reclam's Universum.

"NEXT" WAS ALIVE.

At Wellsville, Ohio, the family of Samuel Colledge, a painter, living on Commerce street, believing him dead, began making preparations for the funeral. John Bissman, a barber, was sent for to shave the dead man. Bissman was shown into a room where he found the body of a man lying upon a bed. When the sheet was removed Bissman recognized the features of Colledge.

Bissman made the lather and applied it to the face of the silent man. As soon as Bissman's wet fingers touched the face of Colledge he discovered that the face was warm. Bissman scrutinized the face closely and placed his hand over the man's heart. The heart of Samuel Colledge was beating, not very rapidly, but with enough force to show that life had not gone.

Bissman notified the people in the house that Colledge was alive, and the preparations for the funeral were abandoned. Shortly afterward Colledge recovered consciousness. He had been seriously ill for several days.

THE NURSERY SHOE.

It is proposed to erect a gigantic shoe on the World's Fair Grounds as an attractive feature for the children, and at the same time to put it to the practical use of a nursery and playground. It is planned to build it to correspond with the ideas conveyed in the rhymes of our childhood, and to maintain different compartments especially fitted up for the comfort and amusement of the little ones. Uniformed and trained nurses will be in attendance to care for them while their parents are viewing other attractions.

A movable sidewalk is suggested to add to the novelty of the structure.

The shoe would have the appearance of having been worn by a great giant and various patches and holes will be used as entrances, exits and windows.

Through one of these openings a great papier mache figure of the old woman who lived in the shoe will peer out, and at other holes the live children would of course appear, thus giving a realistic effect to the scene.

The principal entrance will be to an elevator, which will take visitors to the different apartments. A large observation platform will be arranged where a band of string music will play all the popular nursery airs of childhood's happy days.

Many splendid electric light effects will be introduced, if the shoe is built, to make it particularly picturesque at night.

Refreshments especially adapted to the health and comfort of the children will be served, and everything to amuse the little tots will be found in the "Old Woman's Shoe" at "the World's Fair in St. Louis, 1904.—Boston Post.

A MAZE OR LABYRINTH.

This maze is a correct ground plan of one in the gardens of the Palace of Hampton Court. No legendary tale is attached to it of which we are aware, but its labyrinthine walks occasion



PUZZLE MAZE.

much amusement for the numerous holiday parties who frequent the palace grounds. The partitions between the walks are of clipped hollyhock, and are about five feet in height. The puzzle is to get to the centre, where seats are placed under two lofty trees, and many are the disappointments experienced before the end is attained; and even then the trouble is not over, it being quite as difficult to get out as to get in.

A CURIOUS PROPHECY.

In the year 1913, 11 years hence, the German Empire is to go to pieces, according to a Polish prophet. His reasons for the prophecy are so cogent that there is no room for doubt, says the London Express.

Take, he says, the year 1849, the date when the "Constitution of the German Empire" was first framed, and add the figures. The result is 22. If this is added to 1849 we get 1871—the year when the German Empire was founded.

Now add together the figures of that year. Result, 17. Tack this on to 1871, and 1888 comes out—the year when Germany lost her first two Emperors—the Emperors William and Frederick.

Repeat the addition process, 1+8+8+1 equals 25; 1888+25 equals 1913. What does this signify? To most people nothing more than 1913. But the Polish prophet has an answer put—1913 is the date of Germany's destruction. Could anything be clearer?

A GROWSOME CURE.

Diseases have been treated in many odd ways in the hope of cure, says the London Chronicle. One of the oddest and most growsome is alluded to by the Vicar of Filey in his account of his walk to Rome. On the way he came across a German, who mentioned, rather mysteriously, the Hanoverian method of execution by decapitation. Being further questioned, he said that at one of these executions he was in charge of an epileptic girl, who was brought there to drink the warm blood of the executed criminal, as it was considered an infallible cure for fits. This took place in 1857, and the man had in his possession an illustrated paper of that time which pictured the incident.

OUT IN TWO TO SAVE LIFE.

Toronto surgeons are proud of an unparalleled feat performed at the Toronto Hospital. The patient, a laborer, was suffering from spreading gangrene, which affected both legs and must infallibly have proved fatal in a short time. The only hope was to cut off both legs. It was not a mere case of amputation. The whole of the thighs had to be removed, the hip bones being separated at the upper joints and the nerve branches destroyed. The man was, in fact, cut in halves. The operation was a brilliant success.

AUTOMATIC MEMORY.

One may have an excellent memory, and yet during the busy seasons find it impossible to remember all the business details which require daily attention. For this reason a new device is a step in the right direction.

It consist of a smooth surface, on which are a number of perforations. Close to each of the latter is a mnemonic word, or symbol, and connected with them are pegs, or markers, which can be detached, if necessary. In this way those words or symbols which one desires to remember during any day can be left unobstructed and others can be covered by the pegs.

A device of this kind occupies little room, and, whether it is kept in the pocket or on a desk, will frequently be found of much use.

Streets For the Sun.

Many new cities in the West are laid out with a view to having the sun to shine from side to side in every street at some time of the day. The avenues run northeast to southwest and the streets northwest to southeast. In winter in some of our New York streets running east and west the sun never shines on the pavement.—New York Press.

Talk is cheap, and yet some people make very extravagant assertions.

SCENES ATTENDING A FLOGGING WITH THE TERRIBLE RUSSIAN KNOT

The Victim Strapped Face Downward Upon a Low Bench—The Knot is a Short-Handled, Long Bullock Whip—An Excavation the Depth of a Soup-Plate Made in the Flesh.

THE late Dr. Benjamin Howard, an Englishman by birth, an American by adoption, a veteran of the Civil War, and a physician of international standing, says, in his writings that in 1850 he became interested in the different convict systems of the world, the study of criminology and prison reform. And so, beginning with 1858, he began to travel considerably for the purpose of making thorough investigations of these subjects. He went through the principal prisons of England, Germany and the United States, and through every convict prison between St. Petersburg and Siberia; at Vladivostok he met the governor of the mysterious island of Sakhalin—still regarded as inevitably the grave of every Russian murderer sent there—who invited him to make a visit to his prison home. Dr. Howard joyfully grasped this opportunity, and during his residence in the penal settlement accompanied the governor on all his tours of inspection, became familiar with the innermost working of every department, and at each of the floggings which occurred the culprits were examined by him personally before, during and after the execution of the sentence. Inasmuch as Dr. Howard enjoys the distinction of being the only foreigner who has ever remained overnight on the island, his account of the life of the convicts and his unique experiences, embodied in his posthumous work, "Prisoners of Russia," will be read with unusual interest.

It was by the merest accident that Dr. Howard was permitted to see a prisoner punished with the terrible knot. One day in the Korsakoffsk settlement the report of a drowning accident made him hurry off to the beach, where he found the newly appointed medical inspector, Dr. A—, endeavoring to resuscitate the patient. Asked where he had learned the method of artificial respiration he was employing he answered that it was the American method, known as the "direct method," of Professor Howard, and that he had learned it in St. Petersburg. Dr. Howard says:

"He was immensely astonished at finding that the person who was showing his pleasure in the returning life of the patient was himself the author of the method, and from that day onward, both in the hospital and out of it Dr. A— treated me with as much consideration and respect as if I were the senior physician of the post, and he merely an assistant."

It was, therefore, only natural that the Russian should ask the American to help him in making a report upon the condition of a prisoner condemned to receive the maximum legal sentence of 100 lashes. Dr. A— said to the writer:

"He is a weakly sort of creature, and I feel very anxious about taking the responsibility of it. At the same time, as you know, I am a new man here, and it might be unpleasant for me to venture to obstruct the execution of a sentence passed by the court, except for reasons which would be manifestly unquestionable. The fact is, I was just thinking if I couldn't manage to get you to help me through the matter. You see, as you have been a university professor, and are a guest of the governor, a professional concurrence on your part would fortify my position, whatever it might be, and make it impregnable."

The governor, though obviously annoyed, made no open protest. Both surgeons agreed that the man would survive the flogging. The sentence was executed in the quadrangle of the prison. The prisoner was strapped face downward upon a large low, rather narrow and very solid looking bench or table about fourteen inches high, having in its top pairs of slit-shaped perforations. This was the kabyla, or flogging table. Dr. Howard writes:

"From the same camera from which the culprit had come, a tall, stalwart man stepped forth. His face was stern but without malice. He had in his hand what appeared at first sight to be a short-handled, long bullock whip. As he came forward he drew the multiple thongs through his fingers in an expert fashion, as if to straighten them, stalked three or four paces in a straight line from the kabyla on its right, and marked the distance with his heel. This man was the executioner. With military precision he planted his right foot firmly on the marked spot, and raising his hand as high as he was able, with a clever wrist movement he sent the thongs swishing backward and forward, the hiss ending with a ping like that of a minnie bullet. Slightly changing the position of his foot he repeated this proceeding two or three times. He was simply measuring his stroke. Fixing himself with extra firmness in his latest position the executioner skillfully kept the lash poised in the air, as an eagle poised when about to dart upon its prey. Fully assured now of his accuracy he shot a swift and impatient glance at the governor, who, accustomed to the signal, sternly gave the final word of command. At least, he commenced to give it, but before the word was fully out of his mouth it was completely drowned by the shrieks and yells of the culprit. I could only just catch the voice of the executioner as he shouted loudly and deliberately,

"N-u-m-b-e-r one!" answered by that of the marker as he repeated and recorded it. I quickly began to appreciate what had appeared to me mere ostentatiousness in the preliminary stroke practice. For, having once been started the executioner's strokes were as steady, as rhythmic, as precise, as if done by a steam engine, and as unrelenting. Such was the precision of them that at the end of the fifth there were exactly fifteen lines, scoring the buttocks as evenly as if they had been marked by a piece of chalk. Their force so completely expelled the blood from the surface that with chalk the lines could not have been made whiter. By the wrist manoeuvre the blows were applied with such carefully graded force that at the end of the first stage the part already attacked looked as if covered with an even sheet of white paper. There was not a drop of blood."

Up to this point, or about the twenty-fifth stroke, so violent were the attempts of the prisoner to struggle and to yell, that death from suffocation seemed as likely as from the flogging itself. Then came a dead silence.

"The second stage commenced when the blood began to flow, and as this proceeded more and more freely, the victim appeared to revive and come to life again. As a spectacle, this was by far the most horrible part of the punishment, though for the victim it was much less painful. At every blow each of the three knot-ended thongs, like the claws and beak of a vulture, pecked out fragments of dripping flesh, which were scattered in all directions by the backward swing of the lash. To avoid them the officers—who were in white uniform—and the doctors had to step back and back for a considerable distance. After the skin of the side attacked had been completely detached and scattered, the screams of the poor wretch subsided into groans and sobs. The excavation, now about the size and depth of a soup plate, being filled with overflowing blood, which poured over the edge of the table, the force of the blows was very much deadened. The deeper and deeper the plowing, the less and less was the pain. At last, when it seemed as if the time would surely never arrive, the marker, all out of breath, shouted out, in a loud and prolonged voice, "F-I-t-t-y!" and the governor cried, "Halt!"

At this point Dr. A— stepped forward, felt the prisoner's pulse, stepped back to the governor and made a report of the man's condition. After a pause of about five minutes the executioner and marker changed sides, like cricketers:

"Again the executioner went through the same process as at the first starting. Again the final command was given, and with the same shrieks and yells on the part of the culprit and the same mechanical rhythm, persistence and relentlessness on the part of the executioner, the scene continued until, to the infinite relief of everybody, the marker shouted out the welcome word "N-i-n-e-t-y-n-e!" The hundredth stroke is always omitted as a token of imperial magnanimity. When what remained of this poor wretch had been unstrapped he was not dead, and his quivering body was borne away to the hospital."

The flogging table was swilled with buckets of water, and during the drying of it Dr. Howard examined and experimented with the bloody knot. He says:

"The handle of this instrument was of thick wood, about eighteen inches long. The main thong was of stout rawhide, tied into a knot about eight feet from the handle, where it was split into three smaller thongs. These were about three feet long, the ends terminating, not in lead or iron hooks, as I have seen falsely alleged, but in knots so short and hard as to amount to almost the same thing. At the time I examined it the thongs were nearly covered with blood clots and clinging fragments of flesh. It was a most sickening object."

Later, Dr. Howard accompanied Dr. A— to the hospital, and found the flogged assassin in one of the best beds in the best ward, where everything had been carefully prepared for his reception. The writer adds:

"In the dressing of his wounds, the selection of his diet, as well as in the hospital attention of the nurses, there was neither stint nor limitation so far as the resources of the hospital department permitted. In the nature of his case his treatment called for very little medicine, but rather for moderate stimulation and all the nourishment he could take, and as he suffered very little actual pain, his condition and prospects were regarded by some of the other patients as being rather enviable than otherwise. To an ordinary observer, and, indeed, to anybody, his wound was certainly sufficiently shocking, for the entire surface fell into a shade of gangrene, and sloughed away in putrescent masses, leaving an excavation which, for size and depth, I never saw equalled except in a few cases of shell wounds on the field of battle. As the process of repair was necessarily a long one, the treatment, which had to be most generous, gave him a long period of such luxury as might by many of his class be regarded as a good offset, if not sufficient compensation for his punishment."

Yields Love and Life

Recent Suicide Makes Public an Extraordinary Case of Self-Sacrifice.

MY dear wife, my love, I love you. I will leave you at 1 o'clock. May God bless you. For you I will leave \$10,000. My love was greater than word can tell. BILL."

These words, scrawled with trembling hand on a sheet of common note-paper, were addressed to Mrs. Charles Stierle, Newton, Mont., by the man who first married her, William W. Hately.

Then, on the lawn in front of his boarding-house at Omaha, and with his former's wife name upon his lips, Hately killed himself by shooting.

Hately went to Omaha many years ago, as the residents of that new city



William Hately.

use the term "many." Fifteen years ago he entered a clothing company's employment and soon became one of its most trusted employes. Three years later Mattie May Lowe, the daughter of a family well known and in comfortable circumstances, became his wife. Two children were born as a result of the marriage—Jean, now eleven, and Robert, now nine years of age.

The Hately home, though not large, was happy and filled with ordinary comforts. Hately came from a good family, one that knows how to live well. His mother, Mrs. Thomas Hately of No. 4 Cross Row, Gateshead, England, is reputed to be wealthy, but Hately's nature was one of independence, and although frequently struggling against a semi-poverty, he always refrained from applying for assistance from his mother or from his brother-in-law, E. F. Deright, a prominent safe dealer in Omaha.

His wife was always affectionate and seemingly content in her position, although her friends say she sometimes sighed for more of the world's comforts than Hately was capable of giving her.

Hately a little over a year ago moved to Newton, Mont., taking his wife and two children with him. Poverty, gaunt and real, there overtook him. He was no longer able to provide his wife with the comforts to which she had been accustomed, and he noticed that her affection for him was rapidly departing. It was a still greater grief for him when he discovered that her love had not only been lost to him, but that her heart had been won by another, Charles Stierle, wealthy, manly and withal honorable. Not a taint of suspicion was directed against the wife. Although loving Charles Stierle and with the former love for her husband dead within her, she still followed the duty of a wife and uncomplainingly clung to him. But Hately saw.

It was agreed that a divorce should be obtained by Mrs. Hately with Hately's consent, so that she could wed her new love. The divorce was granted and Hately never uttered a murmur. Hately returned to Omaha imme-



Mrs. Hately.

diately after the divorce was granted. He procured a position with Thomas Kilpatrick & Co., and for the past year had shown no failure in his duties and no reduction in his commercial abilities because of his troubles.

New Mining System.

A gold-bearing clay found in Santa Cruz county, Arizona, is of such a refractory nature that the usual methods of separation have failed absolutely to extract the gold therefrom. After practically every known method had been tried and failed, the ingenious scheme of drying the gouge thoroughly and heating it vigorously with a club was adopted, with complete success. This is a mining system unknown in any other part of the world.

Enforcing Obnoxious Laws.

The city marshal of Mexico, Mo., is causing a good deal of disturbance in that city. He insists on enforcing the ordinance which provides that all

places of business shall be closed on Sunday. This absurd proceeding has so outraged the feelings of the aldermen that five of them have resigned, another threatens to follow suit, and even Mayor Jones intimates his intention to do likewise. Thus the odd situation is presented of the lawmakers refusing to assume responsibility for the government of a place where the law is enforced. The marshal says he believes in Gen. Grant's declaration that the way to repeal an objectionable law is to enforce it.

Plan to Honor Gen. Sigel.

Admirers of the late Gen. Franz Sigel propose to ask the New York city authorities to change the name of Cedar Park, at One Hundred and Fifty-second street and Mott avenue, to Sigel park, to honor the memory of the patriot and soldier. Gen. Sigel was a resident of the Bronx for more than a quarter of a century, and his friends say that as he was the most prominent veteran of the civil war who lived in that part of the city it would be appropriate to commemorate his patriotic services in such a substantial way. Many public officials and citizens of the Bronx favor the plan.

Father and Son in One Pulpit.

Recently father and son appeared in the same Brooklyn pulpit—that of the Greenwood Baptist church, Rev. Dr. Robert Bruce Hull is pastor there, and his son, Rev. Robert Chipman Hull, was well received. The latter is just turned 21 years of age, and during the summer has been preaching in the Strong Place Baptist church, Brooklyn. The father preached Sunday morning and the son in the evening.

The Law of Compensation. In days gone by when a swain I used to court the girls, I'd often note the monstrous hats Above their fluffy curls.



And then I found the reason for Their hats' most wondrous growth, For underneath them—from the sun Was shelter for us both.

Alas! those days are past and gone, Their hats are now quite small; I find now when the sun is hot, No room beneath at all.



But compensation's everything, 'Tis nature's rigid law; The girls now join me underneath My spreading Panama.

Farmers Keen in Business.

Johnstone Bartlett, a lightning-rod agent, called on the prosecuting attorney to-day and asked that warrants be issued for the arrest of twelve Nebraska county farmers, says the Nebraska State Journal. He says he started out of Atchison a week ago with a team of good horses and a new spring wagon, but that during the week he was swindled out of everything, in trading horses, and was compelled to walk back to town. He did no business, and lost all his lightning rods. The prosecuting attorney said that getting the best of a horse trade was no violation of law, and Bartlett left for the east, saying bank presidents were easier than farmers.

Stood Dead in Doorway.

A Boston man who has just returned from ruined St. Pierre says that a friend of his who entered the city as soon after the eruption as the fire and heat allowed, spoke one evening of entering a house in St. Pierre in an endeavor to find the family's bodies. There stood in the doorway a strange man to whom he touched his hat as he went in. He found the family all dead within, and, sickened by the sight, made haste to come out again. In the doorway he again encountered the stranger, and, thinking he might mean some mischief, this time observed him more closely. He was looking into the eyes of a man two days dead.—Boston Transcript.

New Idea in Dirigible Balloons.

Flying machines steering by Hertzian waves was Patrick Alexander's striking position at the late Berlin scientific ballooning conference. He claims that an unmanned balloon, carrying instruments for registering temperature and moisture at different heights, can be sent fifty miles and steered back to the starting point.