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It is not unlikely that the north pole will have to wait a few days for that \$300,000.

It was enough to be popular. Just announce that you have \$20 that you want to lend.

If our returning arctic explorers will kindly cut out the lecture sequel all will be forgiven.

"Would you for Five Million?" is the name of one of the new plays. Is it necessary to ask?

How many people did you meet yesterday who didn't say something about the coal strike?

It would take a most forgiving person to heap coals on anybody's head at present prices.

Duke Boris's brother Cyril is coming to this country. These are happy days for the chorus ladies.

Perhaps the America cup will be raced for in aero-yachts if Sir Thomas likes his trip across the channel.

Grand Duke Boris denies that he drank from a Chicago girl's slipper. Perhaps it was her rubber he used.

The hemp cure for consumption has been discovered at Manila. If properly applied hemp will cure anything.

The Chinese Boxers are being led by a woman. The old empress dowager must be out leading a strenuous life.

Count Boni de Castellane has just bought a chateau in France. The Gould roads have been making money lately.

Prince Henry of Prussia is desirous of coming to the United States again, but this time he wants to shoot a lion, not to be one.

The university students who painted a freshman with iodine must have a peculiar idea of what constitutes real, good fun.

It's a mean and local jealousy that induces the New York courts to discredit the justly celebrated Chicago brand of divorce.

A Polish giant named Jabinski is said to be 7 feet high. He seems to be entitled to the persimmons. Longest Pole, you know.

The married woman in Buffalo, aged 101, who says that she has never been angry would probably say also that she never told a lie.

The captain general of Catalonia and the editor of a Madrid newspaper fought a duel, but they chose firearms, so neither was hurt.

The Boston physician who says that the recent cold summer has been "painfully healthy" apparently speaks with a good deal of feeling.

The case of Henry M. Bennett, the Pittsburg millionaire, makes it more apparent than ever that it's a wise millionaire who knows who will be his widow.

It is pitiful to think of the grief that will overwhelm May Yobe and her Put if it really turns out at this late date that they are not legally married.

A Connecticut octogenarian is said to have contracted his twelfth matrimonial engagement. This would evidently appear to be his especially steady habit.

It is natural that the Indiana woman who made angel food for a man should have won him for a husband. There is an implied compliment in giving a man angel food that is almost irresistible.

A traveling salesman from Chicago caught after in bed in a St. Louis hotel the other night, presumably from spontaneous combustion, as he swore he hadn't been smoking and had not lighted a match.

St. Paul girl clerks have interworn that they will not be pop-corned, kissed, hugged or wedded by any but men holding labor union cards. Now Cupid is in for the funniest time of his long and eventful life.

Policeman arrested a man for no other reason than that he was pounding himself on the head with a rock. Looks like unwarranted interference with a citizen's pursuit of happiness, in defiance of the constitution.

Behold what a great fire a little matter kindleth. The Greeks and Latins are at war over the question of sweeping the church steps in Jerusalem, and a French ambassador has just been deprived of his office for permitting his wife to wear her hat at a fashionable breakfast.

Artificial teeth of excellent quality are being made from paper. It is to be hoped that this will not increase the number of persons who are addicted to the habit of chewing the rag.

An exchange mentions the birth of twins, and says the parents are overjoyed. Undoubtedly. One would cause joy, but two would certainly overdo it.

LONG CAREER OF CRIME CLOSING IN SING SING

Exploits of Luther Shear Have Earned Him the Title of the Greatest Criminal of His Time—Of an Aristocratic Family.

The life story of Luther Shear, who by far is the greatest criminal of the century, is one that reads like a romance. Natural shrewdness and business ability, coupled with a pleasing and almost irresistible personality, were the main factors of his success as a criminal. His talents were directed into a crooked channel at an early age, and it is expected that he will die in Sing Sing without suffering any compunctions of conscience for the widespread misery and ruin that his criminal propensities wrought. In brief, the following is a history of the life of Luther Shear:



Escaped from Prison 1864.

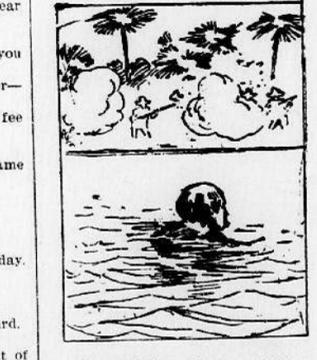
Born 1838
Divinity student 1859
Union soldier 1861

Sentenced to be hanged 1864
Reprieved on gallows and escaped from jail 1865
Filibuster and pirate in Mexico 1866
Stole a carload of mules in Texas 1867
Inherited \$150,000 1868
Cashier of national bank 1870-74
Paroled by Hayes 1877
Newspaper proprietor 1877
Convict, Sing Sing, five years 1883
Successful merchant at Atlanta, Georgia 1888
Convict, Albany Penitentiary, two years 1892
Convict Auburn Prison, two years 1894
General Manager Building and Loan Company, Syracuse 1896
Convict, West Virginia Penitentiary, 18 months 1901
Convict, Sing Sing, four years 1902
Wasted honest and dishonest money, chiefly the latter \$550,000
Luther Shear was born in Albany, N. Y., and in 1853 located in New York city on East Fourteenth street.

The youth was taught by tutors and went to the then aristocratic academy of W. H. Reid, at Newburg, N. Y., in 1853. In 1859 he went to the Theological College of Amherst and subsequently to Dartmouth, but on the breaking out of the civil war he returned home and put aside the idea of the church for that of arms and enlisted with the Ninth N. Y. S. N. G. for three months. He re-enlisted for the war in the Eighth regiment.

He took part in the cavalry duel between the brigades of Fitzhugh Lee and Averill at Kelly's Ford, and was wounded in three places—the head, groin and ankle—and was mustered out. This event practically ended Shear's honorable career. Upon the claim made by his family that the wound on the head made him insane he escaped the gallows, to which he had been condemned for the murder of two guards while he was in prison awaiting trial for desertion.

His sentence of death was commuted to ten years' imprisonment, but an unsuspected visitor brought him money and files, and releasing himself from his chain by night, he cut a tunnel leading down four feet, then an incline sixteen feet under the wall, and then upward seven feet. It was winter time, and to cut the frozen earth he fastened candles to his wash basin and melted the crust over him. Then he shoved his pillow out of the hole, so that any watchful guard might shoot



Escaped from Mexicans 1866.

at it, and finding it unobserved, followed himself. He had taken his outside clothing off, and found that his underwear was a mass of wet mud from the earth and snow melted by his furnace. He dressed himself in the snow, walked to the station and boarded a train for Philadelphia, arriving there in safety.

From that time until 1877, when he went to Hayes for a pardon, Shear was a fugitive flying as he firmly believed from the gallows.

His next field of operations was in the West, where he continued his criminal career.

On the eve of detection Shear moved to Texas. On the way he met Gen. Carter Young, who had recently been mustered out of the service, and had begun that career which spread his name so widely in the Southwest.

sailed from Patre Island, Brasos, up the Rio Grande, having in view no less than the capture and loot of Matamoras.

These were troublous times on that frontier, and the last days of Maximilian. That the dashing berserker failed ignominiously is a matter of history often retold. Shear escaped, crossing the river with no other possessions than a pair of dungaree breeches and a flannel shirt.

After three years of respectability in the East he went West and made the first special issue of a daily paper devoted to great industries, starting with the railroad edition of Wilbur Story's Chicago Times. It was of 20 pages, a monster sheet for those days and it whipped into line the whole railroad system of the Northwest at \$1 a line. This field was soon occupied, and he then created the office now common to all newspapers, of a circulation manager.

Shear and a partner named Benson went to Mexico, the latter representing himself as Marcus Mayer, the representative of Abbey, Grau & Schofield, in the management of Adelina Patti, and opened up a subscription for a season of grand opera. They cleared up over \$40,000 in gold.

On the eve of discovery they hired a special train, and escaped to the United States. Benson, who is known under aliases, went to London, negotiated a big bank swindle, which barely failed of success, was arrested in New York, fought the Mexican extradition unavailingly and jumped out of the gallery of the Ludlow street jail, thus killing himself. On his share of the profits of this foray Shear nursed his failing health for a year in a sanitarium.

He was sent to the Albany penitentiary in 1892 for a check passed in that city, and on his release taken to Elmira and being reconvicted sent to Auburn. Then he went to Syracuse, where he worked for a building and loan association, whose unsavory career and end are so well known. A new company which he organized to cover the misdeeds of the old one paid 57 per cent of its actual income to promote. Its finish was in sight from the first, and Shear was, of course, arrested. For some reason there was no trial, but he was taken to Washington on a charge of forgery.



The End in 1902.

and was sent to Mound City penitentiary for eighteen months. Now he is in Sing Sing, sentenced for forgery and embezzlement, and he cannot outlive his term.

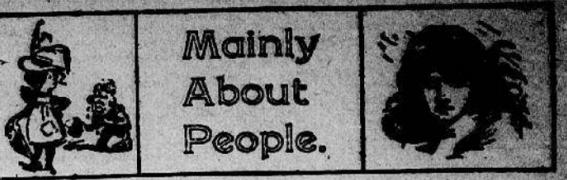
Record Head of Hair.
A Mexican lady, by name Mercedes Lopez, claims to possess the longest head of hair in the world. She is only five feet in height, but when standing erect her tresses trail on the ground a distance of four feet eight inches. It is moreover, so thick that she can hide herself in its folds. So quickly does it grow that she is able to cut off large tresses and sell them from time to time, since her husband's position is only that of a poor shepherd.

Too Good a Liar.
A young man from Banffshire was spending his holidays in Aberdeen. While walking on "the green" in company with his uncle, he was surprised to see so many kites flying. Observing one far higher than the rest, he called his uncle's attention and asked if ever he had seen a kite flying as high before. "Did ever I see one as high afore? Man, Jamie, that's naething, for I has seen some o' them clead out o' sight."—Scottish American.

Divorce in the Family.
A curious instance of the spread of divorce, as viewed in a single family, is related by the Independence Belge. A few days ago, at Brussels, proceedings were begun in a case in which a wife sought divorce, which has since been granted. During the evidence it transpired that the divorced woman had had two sisters already divorced, their father is a divorced husband, and they have a brother whose case is pending.

Owens Miles of Scotch Land.
One of the richest titled men in Great Britain is the Duke of Buccleuch, who owns, chiefly in Scotland, his native place, some 450,000 acres of land, bringing an annual rental of over \$1,000,000. Ground rents of nearly the same amount are his and he inherited nearly \$5,000,000 from his father. The outgo in connection with his various places of residence is also very great, for the duke is a free liver.

Different Way to Express It.
Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the English liberal leader, was announced to deliver a speech in the commons on one occasion. A newspaper man sent a note asking how long he intended to speak.



Babies.
Babies are one of the incidents of marriage. There are fewer marriages every year.

They have great larks sometimes with young couples by ignoring the notice "Boy Wanted," and coming as girls.

Another joke they are fond of is hunting in couples.

They are not much to look at, and a man has been known to knock another man down for telling him he was once one of them.

They cry a lot at first because they want to ask who they are, and can't.

Fathers would generally throw them away, but the mothers will not have it. A mother's love is the most wonderful thing in the world.

An ugly feature of babies is that they are apt to grow up into small boys.

Small Boys.
Small boys are looked upon by the devil with some pride as one of his most successful inventions.

After careful consideration one is forced to the conclusion that they have not a single good quality.

They are never thoroughly happy unless they are killing either their sister's favorite doll or their little sister. They are only truthful when drawing attention to the physical peculiarities of their father's visitors. They will not be affectionate unless their hands and mouth are jammy after tea and you have a new suit on. And they are so noisy that married men who own one of them can sleep in the parrot house at the zoo.

And when once the small boy is here he stays. You may try what you will to get rid of him. Perch him for the first time in his life on a bicycle, and allow him to ride down the steep hill without a brake, and it will be the good old lady crossing the road who dies. Send him to the river with a little boat to sail, and it will be the little boat that gets drowned. Place a box of matches in his way, and it will be the handsome Persian rug that becomes ashes. The parents will always be baffled.

That is the average small boy. Even religious people have been known to have one.

There is another sort who is always quite good. He is much worse, and, fortunately, dies young.

Women.
Women were put here to make the world look pretty, though the fashion papers have never guessed this.

They are fond of dressing, except at dances and dinner parties. A great traveler once met a lady friend, whom he had not seen for many years, at a dance. "Why, how you have altered," said the lady. "I declare, I should not have known you from Adam." "Nor I from Eve," retorted the man, "from Eve."

Up North—If you are skating, and both feet suddenly slip out from under you and point straight in front, it is a sign that you are going to fall down. You should hunt for an easy place to light. If you survive the lightning you should roll over three times and think of your early Sunday school training.

If you are walking along of a winter's day and your ears begin to drop off and your feet separated from the sense of feeling, it is a sign that cold weather has set in. You should go home, get a match, return to the same place and build up a fire out of the first dry wood that you can find.

If you go to speculating in wheat and find yourself all of a sudden 3,000,000 bushels long, while the price is dropping every day, it is a sign that you have lost your grip. The best thing you can do is to get between a couple of plow handles and try to raise wheat.

If you are a farmer and find that Canada thistles, redroot, dock, purslane, black rot, and the yellows occupy nine-tenths of the area of your farm, while the remainder is occupied by army worms, weevil, grasshoppers, and mosquitoes, it is a sign that you are going to play in bad luck. The best way is to get rid of the farm. The easiest way to do that is to die and leave it.



If you are out fishing and a copperhead, a cottonmouth, or a rattlesnake bites you before any fish has bitten your bait, it is a sign that you need a drink. You will find it in the rear pocket of your trousers, opposite the one in which you carry your pistol. Drink all that there is in the bottle and kill the snake.

If you lose chickens every night and find feathers lying around the cabin of your colored neighbor every morning, it is a sign that local conditions are not good for chicken raising, so far as you are concerned—albeit the colored neighbor may be doing well enough. The best way is to give him a change of venue.

If you observe that persimmon crop is unusually abundant, it is a sign that 'possums will be very fat when ripe and the colored population will be in good spirits all the fall.

If you discover a moonshine still and go off and tell the revenue officers about it, it is a sign that you ought to change locations or else there is going to be a death in your family.

If you tickle a mule's heel with a straw, it is a sign that you would, had you lived, have shaken a red rag at a sore-headed bull under favorable conditions.

If you see a man roving around the country, lame in one leg and with a bandage on his head, talking a good deal about San Juan Hill, and claiming to have been a rough rider, incidentally wanting something to eat, it is a sign that his wounds have been a long time healing and that he has done more rough walking than riding.

Out West—If you are riding a bronco and he begins to buck, and both your feet get separated from the stirrups, and you begin to rise up, it is a sign that the beast is trying to throw you. The proper thing to do is to jump off.

If you see a greasy old Indian who poses as the hero of two or three heart-rending and scalp-lifting massacres, it is a sign that you had better look out for your fat dog and other personal property. Your scalp will take care of itself.

Everywhere—If you see two people who are just learning to drive auto's meet in a road less than a hundred feet wide it is a sign that there is going

quite as garrulous when sober as men are when in their cups, and their conversation is often just as well worth hearing.

As a rule they have more heart than head. This is apt to render them thoughtless. A woman will walk to the end of the street, then turn sharply round without looking to see whether there is any one immediately behind her, and, as a consequence, gouge your eyes out with the end of her sunshade. Sometimes she will beg your pardon, but I have known one just flip the eye off the ferrule into the gutter and sail serenely on without saying a word.

They used to be called the gentle sex. But one day a man saw some of them entering a dry goods store as the door opened on the first day of a clearance sale.

It has been remarked that they look nice at prayer, so they keep the churches going. At the same time, their versatility is really wonderful. They can be splendidly dishonest, and unconsciously so, and lady company directors are only a matter of time.

They think a man a fine fellow when they are engaged to him. But the sad thing about engagements is that they often lead to marriage. Still, in spite of all, women are quite one of the nicest sexes, and if only they will keep silly instead of trying to be men I cannot help thinking there is a future for them. Their patience is certainly wonderful. The poor things have no pockets.

Men.
Men are what women marry. They drink, and smoke, and swear, and have ever so many pockets, but won't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they might. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women have sprung from monkeys, but the women certainly sprang further than the men.

"And what are the principal shots in billiards?" asked the fair young damsel of the wise young man.

"The kiss, the follow, the bank and the draw," he replied.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed. "It is almost like a courtship. First the lover gets a kiss, then he follows the girl all about, and then—"

"And then?" interrupts the man, who aspires to pessimism, "and then they get married and he goes to the bank and draws, for that is his cue, unless he wishes to be frozen."

(For the benefit of the unsuspecting reader we will state that "cue" and "frozen" also are billiard terms. There are still more that might be worked into the little jeu d'esprit, such as "scratch," "break," "drive," "tip," "table," "run," etc., but lack of space prevents carrying the theme to the bitter end.)

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