

## HOW FREAKS ARE MADE.

### THE BREEDING OF MONSTROSITIES FOR MUSEUMS.

An Ingenious Frenchman Found a Profitable Trade in Buying and Selling All Sorts of Queer and Hybrid Animals—Human Nature.

With all the queer doings and sayings that are credited to the Bowery, it is doubtful if that noted thoroughfare, or indeed any part of any city can produce a more remarkable institution than one recently in operation in Washington. There is no recognized name for the business in which the ingenious Frenchman who conducts it was engaged, but it might be very properly termed a "freak factory."

There is a certain morbid tendency in all human nature to gloat over all sorts of monstrosities and deformities, if not with enjoyment, at least with an unrestrained curiosity that is satiated at every opportunity, even though the more refined part of the individual nature revolts at the sight after the first wonder is satisfied. This it is that keeps the coffers of the dime museums full on the strength of advertisements and the bearded women, or the big-footed boy, or the wild man of the woods, who is only some unfortunate and misshapen idiot.

Freaks of all sorts are sold to the museum man, and the more grotesque the better. If it is only a kitten with the tail of a rat, well and good; but if he, with some degree of truth, can advertise a man with a snake's head and eagle wings and a prehensile tail, he is that much the better off in prospect.

So it happens that showmen of the dime museum sort are always on the lookout for freaks and buy them at a good round figure. Dealers of animals of all sorts are not averse to turning a dollar or two by buying in any sort of monster they may happen to run across, but it remained for this enterprising Washington man to conceive the idea of starting up a factory where such monstrosities could be grown to order, so to speak. G. Sabille is his name, and for some time past he has kept a bird store near the Washington Circle, where parrots, birds and Java sparrows twittered and jabbered under the eaves of the picturesque little cottage, and guinea pigs and rabbits divided the honors of the front yard with a fuzzy little terrier dog and an occasional possum or raccoon.

The establishment is altogether a queer one, from its swarthy owner and his family of toddling children down to the fan-tailed Chinese goldfish that fill a series of glass jars and tanks inside the house. The inner rooms are lined with hatches of pigeons and fancy chickens, and a South American monkey has the freedom of the place when the weather is cold enough to have the doors closed.

Sabille talks a very small amount of poor English, but chatters volubly in French. He says that the first freak he handled came accidentally into his possession from street boys, who had it for sale. It was altogether a nondescript animal, with the head of a cat and the body of a rabbit, while its tail was long and bare, like that of a rat or an opossum. It attracted considerable attention, and Sabille finally sold it, presumably to the agent of a dime museum.

Then it struck him to try breeding freaks himself, which he did for some time, the most remarkable being a hybrid dog and monkey, a most grotesque looking animal, which attracted almost as much attention as the rat-tailed rabbit. The bird dealer regarded his trade as one of the most natural and innocent in the world, and with the tolerably good stock of animals he had on hand there is no telling what remarkable results his experiments might have led to, the last acquisition to his stock being a big Western gopher upon which he was going to experiment when one of his customers called his attention to the fact that his trade was one that was liable to get him into serious trouble with the authorities.

This frightened him into reform, and when called upon by a Washington Post reporter for an interview regarding his peculiar business he protested fervently that he had abandoned it entirely, and henceforth intended to confine himself strictly to the legitimate part of his trade, handling only such freaks as chance might throw into his hands. He added that if there were any very urgent orders for monstrosities he might be able to supply them on his annual trip to Berlin, where the freak breeding business was practiced to a large extent, and where monstrosities of all sorts were kept on sale constantly.

The World's Death Rate.  
It is computed that the death rate of the world is 67 a minute and the birth rate 70 a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,300,000 souls.

## COCKNEYISMS.

How the English Language is Slung, Tored by Certain of Its Users.

It is a canon of belief with many persons that the cockney leaves out the letter "h" where you and I put it in, and that he puts it in where we leave it out. It is true that now and again the aspirate is scattered indiscriminately and bewilderingly, but as a rule, says the St. James' Gazette, London, it is lazily ignored. The cockney invariably drops the final "g" and he is given to run one word into another, wherein he all unknowingly apes the example of his betters, the example of the heedless "smart," who in lazy slipshod English could barely afford to give him points. Note how perilously close are the renderings of "Did you have much fun?" Smart: D'joo av much fun? Cockney: "Jev much fun?" Adverbs he persists in turning into adjectives: "Did you have the face ache badly?" he will render, "Jev the jaw-rike bed?" Under other circumstances he will turn "face" into "head." "I towid 'im sow to 'is 'ed." A collection of such perversions might prove entertaining.

With the cockneyest of cockneys such a word as "much" becomes "metch"—"Ow metch is it?" Here is a sentence noted at the time in a crush of people coming away from a show where the sports had been signaled by gun firing. Mother—Wozh yer frahtened wen 'e fahd the gen? Child—Now, ah lakked it.

To hear cockney we must go to the streets or mix with the careless pleasure-bent masses, on a bank holiday. And we must listen heedfully, for peculiarities in people with whom one is more or less constantly connected are apt to remain unnoticed. When "Erry Downs" talks of his unmarried sister as Jemima. When one may be forgiven if it dawn but slowly that the ladies' name is Jemima Jones and that Wren stands for Ann. A country cousin will return from a ramble in London streets full of astonishment and bubbling over with choice specimens of cockney vernacular, wherefrom he derives innocent and lasting amusement.

Show an average cockney some phonetically rendered cockneyism on paper, and he will tell you that no one speaks like that, but the exact disclaimer will probably be: "Nowbody down't speak lakh thet."

### White Blood.

It was a Sandwich Islander who, on the strength of a Mother Hubbard gown and a parasol, claimed the deference accorded to members of a more civilized society. Most of all did she glory in the assumption that she was not very black after all.

"You haven't any white blood in your veins?" said a cruel friend to her one day.

"Indeed I have!" indignantly exclaimed the lady. "Some of my family helped eat Cap'n Cook."

### MEANT FOR MERRIMENT

"But you certainly ought to consider the wishes of your parents." "Why should I? They didn't marry to please me!"

Bobbs—If I ever got married I'd like a wife like Mrs. Hobbs. Slobbs—Why, she has an impediment in her speech. Bobbs—Exactly.

"Do you think that gratuitous advice ever results in good?" "I know it does—that is, to the one who gives it. It makes him feel good."

Wife—John, it was I when you came into the house last night. Husband—And you were the one I came home to see, darling. But it didn't save him, all the same.

A—Mein Fraulein, will you permit me to introduce you to my friend B? Young Lady—But you are yourself a perfect stranger to me! A—Oh! but my friend B—will introduce me to you presently.

James asked his wife, "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and was going to tell her it was because a woman needs him; but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands.

"How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?" she suddenly asked. "Fifteen," was the answer. "Mercy on me! But think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! I am really glad that I'm a widow."

Visitor—I am most grieved to learn of your mistress' illness. Nothing serious; no great cause for alarm. I trust? New French Maid—No monsieur; nozing beg, nozing grande. Somezing—what you call leetle, petite. Visitor—What is it? New French Maid—Eet is what they call se little—small—smallpox.

He was as green as a pumpkin, and it showed very plainly on him when he appeared before the court charged with stealing a mule. "Have you an attorney?" asked the court—"A lawyer?" "I hain't," he said simply. "Do you want one?" "What's the use uv him?" "He will defend you." "You mean he'll get me off?" "He'll try to." "But can't he?" "That's for the jury to say." "Kin the jury do it?" "Yes, the case is left to them." "And they kin git me off?" "Certainly." "Well, then, if it's just the same to you, I'll take a jury."

## PRINCES BUT PAUPERS.

### THE FATE OF DESCENDANTS OF POWERFUL FAMILIES

What Happened to the Last of the Jagellos, of the Borgias, of the Stuarts, and Others—Melancholy Examples of the Fall of Old Houses.

In the little village of Grodno, Lithuania, there died a few weeks ago the bearer of one of the proudest names in Eastern European history. He was an ordinary physician and went his daily rounds among the village sick, collecting with the greatest difficulty enough money to support his aged wife. It was Prince Ignaz Jagello, believed by many to be the last scion of the royal Jagello family which once ruled in Lithuania. By the victory of Tammenberg, in 1410, the founder of the family broke the power of the "German Order." The difference between the simple life of this "Dr. Renzio," and the magnificence of his ancestors led a German writer recently to collect a number of instances of the degradation of the descendants of once famous and powerful families.

"In Grosswardain, Hungary," he writes, "died a modest and industrious clerk, Johann Szabo, who had passed his life in semi-poverty. Few who followed him to the grave knew that his real name was one of the highest and greatest in French history. The aged Szabo was a grandson of Marquis Chabaud Rohan, who immigrated into Hungary after the French revolution. The old gentleman taught languages in the Wenckheim house, adjusted himself to his changed condition, married and gave the name of Szabo to his descendants. When it was learned that a Rohan had died in France leaving an immense fortune, they came forward and proved that they were genuine Rohans. But the recognition of their claims was useless, as they had not been remembered by the testator. The old Szabo continued to work as a poor clerk to his death, and no one can say that he ever dishonored the famous noble family to which he belonged. That was left for another scion of the race, Prince Benjamin Rohan, who was sentenced to prison in Paris two years ago and subjected to a fine of 2,000 francs.

"The last Borgia came to his end a short time ago at Guig, near Salzburg. He was Baron Calisto von Borgia, whose father lost his fortune through the Austrian government in 1837 and lived later in Salzburg as an employe of a tobacco house. The younger baron was employed for a short time in the office of a lawyer and became later a photographer, living for twenty years in Germany. A long sickness impoverished him and his widow lives from the alms of others.

"On board of a steamer going from Bordeaux to the Thames in 1880, just as the vessel came in sight of the English coast an old man, apparently poverty-stricken, ended his days. He called himself Charles Edward Stuart, count of Albany. He was, in fact, the last descendant of the pretender, Charles Edward, and his wife, the Princess Louise Stolberg.

"The famous family of Mont-Morency, related to the Lusignans," adds the writer, "has sunk so far that a Mont-Morency is a farm servant in the neighborhood of Paris. A descendant of the Valois family is a letter carrier in Saint-Chamas; a marquis de Fallique is an omnibus guard, a Saint-Megrin is a cab driver, a Count Charles de Buserolle is a floor cleaner in Rufec, and a De la Bourdaliere is a washerwoman.

"Only a short time ago a minister in the village of West Bromwick, Yorkshire, discovered possibly the last Plantagenet in a small boy-of-all-work. His father was a chimney-sweep and despite the family tree in his possession, had shortened the name to Plant, to escape being teased by his comrades. A Tudor died in Wales in the thirties as a poor copper-smith.

"The fall of the great German noble family of Von Sickingen is also interesting. In the churchyard of the little village of Yorch, near Sauerthal, stood, uncared for until a few years ago, a gravestone with the following inscription: 'Here Lies Franz von Sickingen, Imperial Count, the Last of His Race.' Below was the legend: 'From a Friend of the Fatherland's History.' On the back of the stone were the words: 'He Died in Misery.' This was the gravestone of the last male descendant of Franz von Sickingen, who once bade defiance to a German emperor and made France fear. He died, after wasting his property, in 1834, in the hut of a peasant, who had given him shelter from pity.

"As the Paris Figaro recently told its readers, a Princess Galtzin works as a stable girl in a French circus; a Prince Kravotchin is a cab driver in Moscow; a Prince Soltikoff is a laborer in a St. Petersburg market; Princess Fignatelli is a music hall singer, and Countess Olosy is a circus rider.

"A man was recently arrested in Berlin who proved himself to be a

coachman. He called himself first Lipinski, but afterwards showed that he was Von Pirch-Lipinski, a descendant of the Polish Princess Lipinski. He had served a considerable time in prison.

### PREACHERS IN A BOX CAR.

An Enraged Engineer Gave Them a Rough Ride on a New Road.

A party of sedate Maine clergymen who recently went over the new Bangor and Aroostock line from Brownville to the West branch, had a little experience in railroading that made their hair stand on end for a time. They were stowed away on the construction train at Brownville on the top of a lot of compressed hay in a box car and spread out their blankets on the bales, expecting to have a very comfortable ride. Just before starting northward from Brownville an altercation arose between the conductor and engineer, and for a few moments the air was sulphurous.

Then the ride began. The engineer, a hot-headed fellow, was mad all through, and when he opened the throttle he did it in no half-hearted or uncertain way. Off sped the train over the rough, uneven road-bed, not yet made ready for trials of speed. Faster and faster she went, the cars lurching and pitching up and down and from side to side in a manner that suggested momentary derailment and everlasting smash. The trees beside the road flew by like streaks of lightning. The hay bales bounced about and bumped against each other without mercy, and all the while the clerical party reeled and jostled like tipsy fellows on a spree.

They hung on for dear life to keep from breaking their necks or from getting crushed. Those who have tried it know that the inside of a box car does not afford many points of vantage for one to steady himself, and really all the ministers could do was to thump each other whenever occasion offered.

The entire run to North Twin station was made at an average not far short of a mile a minute, and it was with a sigh of relief that they alighted from the train. It pleases them now to say that the engineer was reported to Superintendent Cram and was promptly bounced before he had endangered any more lives or property of the company.

### The President's Rights in Congress.

The president of the United States has no personal rights in the house of representatives, says the Washington Post. He can send it messengers, but it is not obliged to extend any courtesies in the way of quarters on the floor. No doubt he would be courteously treated if he should come, but he never has come during the regular legislative sessions and probably never will. But in the senate it is different. The relations between the president and the upper chamber are close and confidential. It passes upon his nominations, and can be very agreeable or disagreeable if it sets out. There is a president's room there, and he has a right to come into the chamber and deliver his messages in person if he sees fit. President Madison appeared in the senate frequently. During executive sessions there is a chair for the president beside the vice president's, though it does not get warmed with any frequency. It is one of the traditions of the senate that the president has a right to take possession of the vice president's chair while he is delivering a message, but no president has ever availed himself of the right, and that small boon is still left the second officer of the government.

### They Cannot Make Fire.

The human race has vastly improved on the method of kindling a fire that was in vogue when wild in woods the noble savage ran. And still as then no one of the lower animals is able of itself to strike a light. This is said to be one of the signs that separates man from the beasts that perish—at least the test is accepted by a large number of persons. Yet though animals cannot make a fire, they are very fond of it when it has been made. Pussy will lie on the hearth for hours, and apes have helped many a baker and cook look after ovens and furnaces. Since to natives of tropical countries heat is not a necessity, it has been held that some races, like the Dokos of Abyssinia and the Mincopies and certain of the South Sea Islanders, were once without knowledge of the means of producing fire.

### No Doubt About It.

"Yes," said the host, as the company rose from the table, "Kitty takes after her mother in the matter of politics. Her mother is a Republican and I'm a confirmed Democrat."

"It would be a great deal better, papa," said little Miss Kitty, in a tone of grave reproof, "if you was a confirmed 'Piscopalian.'"

### Before the Divorce.

Quivers, significantly—I wish I were wedded only to my work.  
Mrs. Quivers—That is to say you want a wife who'd support you.—Chicago Record.

A number one cough cure. Mr. Jas. H. Barnett, 243 Cedar St., Buffalo, N. Y., writes thus: "I am using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family and deem it a number one medicine for coughs and colds, and my house shall never be without it."

Jilson says he has noticed that when a discreet man goes to a pawnbroker's he generally puts up and shuts up.

It is by all odds the best liniment. Mr. Chas. Metzger, 217 Geyer ave., St. Louis, Mo., is of the same opinion. He says: "Salvation Oil is the best remedy we have ever used in our family. It is the best remedy on earth."

About the first thing a wild young lawyer proceeds to do is to dissolve the injunctions of his father.

160 World's Fair Photos for \$1.  
These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of one dollar, sent to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the portfolios of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers. Remittances should be made by draft, money order, or registered letter.

"Lend me \$10." "I told you yesterday that I was broke." "Yes, I know; but I'd just as soon borrow from a liar as anybody else."



Mrs. H. M. Stover

## Like Morning Dew

Hood's Sarsaparilla Freshens, Strengthens, Cures

Heart Palpitation—Distress in the Stomach—That Tired Feeling.

"I am glad to state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me lots of good. I am subject to cramps in the stomach, liver complaint, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and that tired feeling. Two years ago I gave Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. I have not been without a supply of it from that time. It relieved me wonderfully, and now when I feel the least uneasy I resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it always gives me immediate relief. I could not do without it, and several of my neighbors have used it upon my recommendation and found it

An Excellent Medicine.

Doing them good after all other medicines failed. I am also highly pleased with the effects of Hood's Pills. As morning dew refreshes

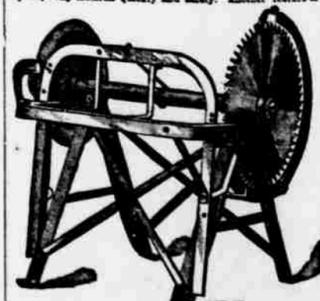
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

withered grass, so Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills refresh the human body of ill and pain."

HARRIET M. STOVER, Versailles, Missouri.  
Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 25 cents.



Because of the high speed at which Circular Saws are run more power is wasted in friction than is used in sawing, where the bearings of the shaft, wooden saw frame get out of line. In the Armetor Saw Frame, the only Steel Saw Frame ever made, this difficulty is absolutely and forever removed. Because THE BEARINGS FOR THE SHAFT ARE MADE BY BURNING IT IN THE ENDS OF A PIECE OF STEEL TUBING. The steel tubing and bearings are fitted in so tight together with a bolt. The frame is all steel, very rigid, and riveted together so that nothing can get loose or out of place. The guard or motor is set up so to make it impossible for any one to get hurt, a part of the greatest importance as it is so used by unskilled hands.



The Armetor saw which carries the wood to be sawed and which automatically returns to its place has a stand to keep a pole off from the fly wheel and yet does not cause it to revolve very much and is light to the saw. The use of a 100 lb. block of fly wheel and 20 inch saw makes this easily possible. It is therefore, a very desirable Pole Saw, making it easy to cut up any long material quickly and safely. Another feature of

Since we offer this very superior saw frame with a 20 inch superior saw at a much less price than any cheap imported wooden frame can be bought for, we are sure that the friends of the Armetor will appreciate the fact that we have again been doing the public a great service and have distinguished ourselves in reorganizing an old article and putting it into an infinitely improved shape.

For a saw of similar size and quality, and getting wooden frames, you would be charged \$60. We make this all-steel frame and the superior saw of \$60, AND GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET IT AT \$15, for the benefit of our General Agents.

We have sold an enormous number of Power Armetor outfits with which saws are used, and a poor saw that runs hard detracts from their usefulness and their reputation. If we furnish a very superior saw at a very low price, many good outfits will be bought to drive them. Whenever you contact Armetor men, others are sure to follow.

When we take a well known article, redesign it, and put it in a shape very superior to anything that has appeared before, it widens and enlarges our reputation for doing well everything to which we put our hands, and this is the thing that has done the most for us, because to our history, and which in the future, we have no doubt, will bring, practically, all the business in our line. It is this reputation that we are doing to build up.

We believe that the Armetor Steel Saw Frame and Saw will confirm and enlarge the fame which we have gained in the manufacture of Steel Windows and Steel Yarns, hence, for the purpose of continuing them so that everybody who has a good thing can be had for a small price, WE OFFER THIS STEEL SAW AND FRAME FOR \$60 CASH AND \$75 ON CREDIT TO ALL GENERAL AGENTS. If of the name as per catalogue sent to No. 1. In our next catalogue, No. 2, we shall state of producing, and make an offer that will be of unusual interest. This is No. 1. ARMETOR CO.

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A new and reliable Treatment for Asthma. Relief at once. Enclose \$1 for Treatment. Asthma Specific Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.