CAPTURED ELECTRICALLY.

A Strange Duel In Which the Lineman Was Victor.

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

Prindle, our line repairer, was rather slender, but with highly developed muscles in fingers, arms and shoulders and with nerve to face anything. Several years of labor with the pliers had given him a finger grip which caused his chums to avoid shaking hands with him. He could make an insulator tie with a No. 6 iron wire with apparent ease. This remarkable power of contraction in the finger muscles once saved him from probable death.

At the time of which I write a local company in Layton had installed a telephone exchange. Several of their wires paralleled the telegraph wires along the tracks and also those of the lighting and power company in the streets. The result was a bad case of induction, that mysterious transference of electrical impulse between wires where there is no direct connection.

So great was the influence of the telegraph and power wires on the wires of the telephone company that the rattle and clicking of our instruments could be distinctly heard in the telephone receivers, and the singing snarl of the dynamos at the power house annoyed every one trying to use the phone.

The manager angrily declared that some enemy of his company had thrown threadlike copper wires across from wire to wire, thus tangling up the currents.

Prindle "went over" the wires carefully twice and reported that he could find no "cross" of that sort. Still he kept studying and inspecting the matter, because the telephone manager's daughter was a very good friend of his.

Emerging from the manager's house one night near the hour of 12, he noticed a dark figure stealing down a side street. Touched with suspicion, Prindle followed after the skulking form, the "malicious enemy" theory suddenly alive in his mind.

Presently the figure crossed a moonlit street and entered an alley leading between two business blocks. Through the alley ran the wires of both the telephone and power companies, and Prindle crept carefully forward through the shadows at the base of the buildings, keeping his eye on the man ahead of him. Suddenly and to the lineman's astonishment the man began walking up one of the telephone poles.

"'Pon my soul," gasped Prindle, "if he hasn't got spurs strapped on his shoes! I guess Manager Towne must be right: some one's tampering with the wires! I'll nail the rogue when he comes down."

With tingling nerves he crept nearer, but to his amazement the climber stopped before reaching the cross arm and skillfully threw the iron hooked end of a rope ladder over the sill of an open window in the side of the building some six feet away. The other end of the ladder he strapped to the pole, then carefully crept across the bridge thus formed and disappeared through the window.

Prindle fetched a low whistle and looked all around. "Whew!" he half whispered. "This is interesting, and no mistake! That chap has gone into a room above the bank! Must be he's figuring on getting down into the vault room!"

He stood in silence looking up at the window and listening. The slow, soft rasping of some sort of instrument came to his ears. Placing his hand on his hip pocket to see if the little pistol he carried when out late at night was there, he slipped off his shoes and began climbing the pole. Slowly and carefully he drew himself up until his hand was on the strap of the ladder; then he paused. The rasping noise had ceased.

"If that fellow hears me he will likely come to the window and shoot me in the face," was Prindle's thought. He hung perfectly motionless for a time, hearing nothing louder than the strong beating of his heart. Then the rasping sound began again.

Immediately the lineman drew himself higher. Then, taking the pistol in his hand, he crept warily across the rope bridge and in at the window. Letting himself down on the floor, he stood still. The rasping sound came from a closet at the back end of the room.

"He is sawing through the floor with the expectation of working his way through the brickwork covering the top of the bank vault," was Prindle's mental comment.

With pistol in hand he began stepping craftily toward the closet, but a board in the floor creaked, and the muffled noise of the saw suddenly ceased. The lineman held his breath. A misty kind of darkness filled the room, the moon's radiance being reflected dimly from the opposite wall of the alley. An instant later he saw the door of the closet pushed open and the outline of a human form rising in the opening.

To the burglar the dim and immovable figure in the middle of the room must have seemed frightful. Had Prindle not spoken it is possible the robber would have fallen on his knees, thinking he was confronted by a spirit, but when he said quietly, though with a distinguishable tremor of excitement, "Throw up your hands, mister, or I'll fire," a sudden fury of energy moved the man. He came across the room in one long leap and struck against Prindle like a bolt. The lineman went against the wall with a thud, and the pistol struck the ceiling and exploded. The burglar whirled round and disappeared through an inner door leading into the passageway.

Prindle hastily felt about the floor for the revolver; but, the weapon not meeting his hand at once, he rushed after the burglar. His blood was on fire with anger. Listening an instant, he heard feet flying up the stairs above him. Apparently the robber had planned to escape to the roof and slide down a drain pipe into the dark alley at the rear.

Prindle sprang up through the roof hatch as the man crossed the almost flat roof toward the rear and caught him as he reached the low parapet wall at the roof's edge.

The robber was of larger and heavier mold than the lineman and was desperate. As they grappled he tried to draw a knife from his pocket, but Prindle clutched those awful fingers of his into the man's throat and tripped him backward. They came down together on the pitch and gravel of the roof, but the rush and fall threw Prindle beyond his antagonist, tearing his hold loose. In another breath they were together again, fighting desperately.

As they came striking and struggling into the angle of the parapet Prindle suddenly felt himself lifted bodily, and the next instant he was being pressed over the wall. Feeling himself going, he set his fingers into the biceps of the burglar's left arm and pinioned his right hand. In that awful moment he felt the cords of his arms and fingers contract until they burned like hot wires. With a cry of agony the robber jerked him back to the roof, then whirled and ran across the roof, drawing the knife as he fled. Prindle saw the moonlight glint of the knife blade, and, though infuriated with the passion of battle, he recoiled. The burglar turned in the angle of the wall, striving to regain breath before the next onset.

A power wire stretched across the roof some eight or nine feet above the floor. Prindle drew a pair of rubber faced gloves from his pocket, drew them on and suddenly leaped up and caught the wire. As he descended the wire snapped and fell to the roof. Instantly he caught up the two ends of it and sprang at the robber, who met him with uplifted knife.

The cracksman seemed to divine the terrible nature of the tiny weapons in the lineman's hands, for his face blanched white. In the moonlight Prindle looked equally pale. If he could touch the robber's flesh with the bare ends of the wires he would win; if not he would probably die by the other's knife.

It was a strange duel. They feinted several times, then struck together. The clothing was sheared away from Prindle's arm, but the burglar fell in a knotted, quivering heap. The point of one of the live wires had gone up his sleeve; the other had punctured his neck.

When the burglar recovered his senses Prindle had him securely tied with detached pieces of the wire and was at the front parapet of the roof, looking up and down the street for an officer.

The bank people gave Prindle a handsome reward. When metallic circuits had been run by the telephone company on his suggestion and they found the troublesome induction overcome Manager Towne declared the plucky lineman worthy to be any man's son-in-law, and he was.

Numismatics.

Nephew (just returned from abroad)—This franc piece, aunt, I got in Paris. Aunt Hepsy—I wish, nephew, you'd fetched home one of them Latin quarters they talk so much about.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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CALL TO WAR ON LORDS

Churchill Says They Endanger Democracy

LIBERALS MAKE PROGRESS

Lloyd-George Makes Very Bitter Speech, The Liberals and Laborites Are Shoowing a Little Friction.

London, Dec. 30.—After a brief Christmas truce, the election campaign has been resumed with renewed vigor. Winston Spencer Churchill, president of the board of trade, has issued a long address to the Dundee electors, in which he says:

"The forces of reaction are out for a double event. They are gambling with the rights and freedom of the nation, and they are running a tremendous risk to win a tremendous prize. That prize is no less than the complete tieing up of the Democracy, both through its politics and its industry."

Mr. Churchill does not mention the government's Irish policy or the other planks in its platform, but concentrates his whole attention upon warning the electors against the peers' double conspiracy to secure the House of Lords' veto and the protectionist system.

A. J. Balfour, leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, has recovered from his illness and shortly will begin his campaign speeches. Lord Rothschild addressed a meeting in the east end of London Tuesday night, but had a hostile reception. T. P. O'Connor, fresh from his American tour, appeared before his constituents in Liverpool and was received with enthusiasm. John Dillon, M. P. for East Mayo, addressing a meeting at Swineford, declared that in the whole record of English government, since the act of union was passed, no government had ever treated Ireland so generously as the present government.

Liberals Making Progress.

At present there are not wanting signs that the Ministerialists, from the premier and chancellor of the exchequer downward, are quite satisfied with the progress made. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is making up for his enforced silence on the platform by a series of telling letters. In one he says: "I do not find any difficulty in answering those who profess to believe that tariff reform will make food dearer. In Germany it has not raised the cost of living, and I do not see why it should do so in this country. On the other hand, we may arrange matters so that goods imported free are raw material, not finished manufactures." At Newport, Lord Tennyson read a letter from Mr. Chamberlain, stating that he hoped this election would be the end of a system which had made possible all that we complain of, especially unemployment.

ILL, SHE REWEDS.

Woman Takes Back Divorced Husband for Children's Sake.

Anderson, Ind., Dec. 30.—On what she believed to be her deathbed, Mrs. Jessie May Murdock was remarried yesterday to her former husband, John W. Murdock, by Justice of the Peace Kimberlin. Mrs. Murdock, who is 29 years old, secured a divorce about six weeks ago and almost immediately was taken ill. At the request of her husband, Mrs. Murdock consented to be reunited to him.

"I do this only on account of our children. I do not want them to grow up to be told that their father and mother were divorced only a short before their mother's death," she said.

Two small children, a boy of 4 years and a little girl 2 years old, stood wonderingly by the bedside as the justice pronounced the words again making their parents husband and wife.

He Had Learned It.

Willie, five years old, was in his father's office one afternoon waiting to go home with him. Mr. S. was very much occupied—in fact, so much so that he had quite forgotten that his young son was sitting behind him. At length the telephone rang, and Mr. S. was told that there was a long distance call for him. He called "Hello!" a number of times, and just when his patience had about given out central rang vigorously while the receiver was still at his ear. At this Mr. S. uttered a terrible and forbidden word.

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he remembered that his son was but a few feet from him. Wheeling about in his chair, he said, with humility:

"That was very wrong of father to say those naughty words, Willie. I hope," he added, "that my little boy will never use such dreadful language."

"I—I won't never say it, papa," replied the child, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "but I l-learned it all the same!"—Harper's Magazine.

The Main Thing.

Chief of Detectives—Now give us a description of your missing cashier. How tall was he? Business Man—I don't know how tall he was. What worries me is that he was $10,000 short.

Joys are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.—Richter.

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ISLAND COMES AND GOES.

Rises In August and Disappears Regularly In February.

One of Michigan's unsolved mysteries is the island that every summer comes to the surface of Lake Orion and every winter goes back again to the depths from whence it arose.

Its periods of appearance and disappearance are nearly regular. It comes to the surface about the middle of August and goes down again about Feb. 15. What causes it to act thus strangely is a conundrum that none has been able to solve, but to keep it above water or compel it to remain in the depths have been alike without results.

On one occasion a number of farmers and teamsters resolved to put the island out of moving business. In their efforts to do so they hauled many loads of stone and deposited them on it during the early part of winter, believing that when it went down in February it would go down for good, weighted as it was with the stones. But the following August saw it bob up serenely from below—minus its load of stones.

At another time an effort was made to keep it on the surface, and it was chained to the surrounding country with heavy log chains. When its time for departure came it departed, and the log chains departed with it. The log chains were never recovered.

The island is composed of soft mud and rushes, and there are some skeptical souls who attribute its formation and appearance and disappearance to the gathering of vegetation in one spot by the currents of the lake and its subsequent decay.—Boston Herald.

HIS CONUNDRUM.

Prepounded In Prose, It Was Answered In Rhyme.

In the olden time before the war, the days so famous for generous hospitality in the south, a brilliant party was assembled at dinner in a beautiful country homestead. Across the table wit flashed back and forth, and the guests began to vie with one another in proposing conundrums.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens offered one which puzzled the whole company, "What is it that we eat at breakfast and drink at dinner?"

For some time no answer came, and the bright eyes of the southern orator began to sparkle with triumph, when Colonel Johnson, taking up the "Commonplace Book" of the hostess, which lay conveniently by, wrote impromptu upon the flyleaf the following answer:

What is eaten for breakfast and drunken for dinner?
Is it coffee or eggs or butter or meats?
Sure double the stomach of obdurate sinner
Who eats what he drinks and drinks what he eats.

But let us consider. 'Tis surely not butter
Nor coffee nor meats, whether broiled or roast,
Nor boiled eggs nor poached nor fried in a batter,
It must, then, be bread. Ah, yes—when 'tis toast!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Pot Walloper.

The parliamentary register for 1896 showed that there was then only one pot walloper in all England. One seeing the term for the first time might easily imagine that a pot walloper was a species of ichthyosaurus or some other reptile of a past age. It will be discovered upon inquiry, however, that the term "pot walloper" is literally one who boils a pot and was applied to voters in certain boroughs of England where before the passage of the reform bill of 1832 the qualifications for suffrage was to have boiled (walloped) his own pot in the parish for six months.—London Notes and Queries.

The great question is not so much what money you have in your pocket as what you will buy with it.—Ruskin.

To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

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To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

IN MEMORY OF GLADSTONE

Centenary of His Birth is Celebrated

ELABORATE SERVICES HELD

Large Silver Wreath Is Tribute of Bulgaria—Bryce, in New York, Praises the Great English Statesman.

London, Dec. 30.—The centenary of the birth of William Ewart Gladstone was commemorated yesterday, not only in the land of his birth, but in countries like Greece, the Balkans and Armenia, whose peoples still cherish the memory of the statesman's exertions in their behalf. Many foreign delegations, representative of Finland, Russia, Holland, Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania and other states, joined in services, which were held in Westminster. At Hawarden, where Mr. Gladstone died on May 19, 1898, and at other points throughout the country, largely attended memorial meetings were held. The statue of Gladstone in the Strand was fairly hidden beneath floral offerings that had come from all parts of the world, while his tomb in Westminster abbey was covered with tributes, including a large solid-silver wreath received from the government of Bulgaria.

The Liberals paid tribute to the memory of the late William E. Gladstone and celebrated the centenary of his birth with meetings, banquets and other gatherings. London took the lead in the celebration. The monument to the late statesman in the Strand was elaborately decrated with flowers. Crowds gathered there, and the services of twenty policemen were necessary to protect the decorations.

The late chancellor presided at a luncheon of the League of Young Liberals, and in opening the speechmaking proposed a toast to "the immortal memory of Gladstone." The guests at the luncheon included a deputation of members of the Bulgarian Parliament, who brought a silver wreath which cost $1,200; representatives of Russia, Servia and Montenegro and a deputation from the Armenian colony in London.

Memorial services were held at Westminster abbey and in Hawarden church, which Mr. Gladstone attended for many years.

A PRISON HORROR.

Awful Fate of a Russian Political Offender.

David Soskice writes in McClure's Magazine of the horrors of the Schlusselburg, Russia's political prison.

"Grachevsky, unable to stand his life any longer," says he, "struck a guard in order to be executed. But the commandant of the fortress declared him to be insane and therefore exempt from punishment.

"'Then,' said Grachevsky, 'it remains for me but to kill myself.' He was taken to the 'stable' and kept there under most vigilant watch.

"'One night,' related Ludmilla Volkenstein, 'a terrible, inhuman shriek was heard. Footsteps hurried toward Grachevsky's cell. Feeble groans followed, and then his door was quickly opened, and it was evident that something terrible had happened to him. Smoke and the smell of burnt clothing and flesh pervaded the building and hung about it till the following day. We then knew that Grachevsky had burnt himself alive. He had soaked his clothes and bedding with the oil from the little night lamp and, rolling himself up in his blanket, had set it on fire. For several days beforehand he had disarmed the suspicions of his guards by exceedingly rational behavior, so that they had relaxed their watchfulness a little and enabled him to commit the dreadful deed.'"

Norway's Many Meals.

Among the well to do in Norway the frequency of meals and lighter refreshments is something startling, at least to the average American—breakfast at 9, dinner at 3, coffee at 3:30, regular tea, with many dishes, in English style, at 4:30, supper at 7, and at 11 nature is finally fortified with further nutriment for the long, radiant night. These long, radiant nights, by the way, are a constant peril to Christiania. They encourage many forms of dissipation and immorality, much as the corresponding darkness of the long winter brings in its train a certain sordid depression, both mental and physical.—Caroline Thurber in Century.

A Cockney.

Minsheu, a dictionary maker of London, in 1617 issued a work which gave the following amusing account of the origin of the word "cockney:" "A cockney, or cockny, applied only to one born within the sound of the Bow bells—that is, within the city of London—whiche terme came first out of the following tale:

"A citizen's soone, riding with his father out of London into the country and being a novice and merely ignorant of how corne and catel do increase, asked when he heard a horse neigh what the horse dide. His father answered, 'The horse dothe neigh.' Riding further, he heard a cock crow and said, 'Dothe the cock neigh too?' And therefore cockney, or cockneigh, by inversion thus: incoctus—i. e., raw or unripe in countrer-mens affaires."

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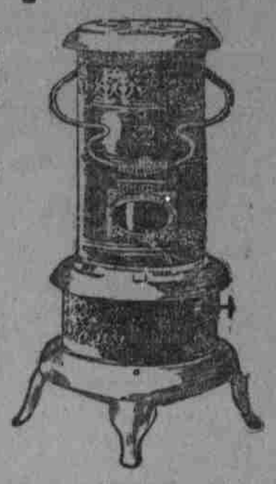

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BASHFUL STANLEY.

His Response to a Speech of Eulogy at a Banquet.

William H. Rideing tells in McClure's Magazine of a dinner of the Papyrus club in Boston at which Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, was the guest of honor:

"Whether he (Stanley) sat or stood, he fidgeted and answered in monosyllables—not because he was unamiable or unappreciative, but because he—this man of iron, God's instrument, whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and pierced the heart of darkness—was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen.

"His embarrassment grew when after dinner the chairman eulogized him to the audience. He squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical ebullience of praise. 'Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who,' etc. The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and, with a gesture of deprecation, fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought.

"It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay. His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not paper, but a rag of a cap, and with that on he faced the company as one who by the act had done all that could be expected of him and made further acknowledgment of the honors he had received superfluous. It was a cap that Livingstone had worn and that Livingstone had given him."

Blackburn's Eloquence.

The story is told of Senator Proctor of Vermont in reminiscences by Vice President Stevenson that when invited to go out of the senate chamber just before the day's session began he replied: "Excuse me, I am paired with Blackburn on prayers." When the Rev. Dr. Butler retired from the chaplaincy of the senate Blackburn's speech surpassed all others for ardor and felicity of expression. "The counterpart of the scene that followed his closing words had never been witnessed in legislative assembly. All were in tears. It was even said that venerable senators who had never shed a tear since the ratification of the treaty of Ghent actually sobbed aloud and refused to be comforted. At length, amid silence that could be felt, an adjournment was effected, and the senators passed out to their homes. As he passed the chair Senator Vest in an undertone remarked to the vice president, 'Joe never saw him.'"—Washington Herald.

Beauty of a Norway Fiord.

The Naero fiord is incredibly narrow and deep. Its abrupt shores lay in an abandon of color past mortal conception. Sun tipped peaks, like icebergs, rose sheer from fathomless green water, their adjacent crevices and rocky distance alike lost in a violet haze. As the way broadened the sun played lower upon the mountains, and gulls circled with a dazzling glimmer of wing as they darted from the shadow into the upper sunlight. Purple silhouettes of the western mountains lay upon the still sunny cliffs to eastward, but astern through the gateway of rock the inner fiord was already hidden under a veil of wind driven rain. Suddenly the sun burst forth, and such a wave of color engulfed us as made it seem that we were ourselves in and a part of the sunset. Then over the glorified world once more came that strange twilight which is called night. Between and beyond two peaks, the color of amythyst, a vast snowy summit reared its head, and above its dazzling whiteness hung a pale moon, the symbol of all things cold.—Caroline Thurber in Century.

HOW LONG IS A DAY?

Some of the World's Inhabitants Eat 315 Meals During One.

If we should meet a man and he should casually remark that he ate 315 meals yesterday we would doubtless be somewhat astonished at his appetite. Likewise we would feel sorry for the man who said that, having foolishly eaten three eggs with bacon for breakfast, he had no appetite for his Christmas dinner. But maybe the first man was from Spitzbergen, where they have a day three and a half months in length, whereas the poor chap who missed the Christmas feast lived in Finland, at Torena, where Christmas day is something less than three hours long.

On the whole, it would be rather wise if one should undertake to do certain work, to receive so much per day in payment, to understand just where the work is to be done, else one might have to labor eighteen and a half hours at Stockholm, if it happened to be the longest day of the year, or all the time from May 21 to July 22 if at Wardbury, in Norway. In St. Petersburg the longest day is nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. At Torena, Finland, there is a twenty-two hour day. At London and Bremen the longest day is sixteen and a half hours, while at Hamburg and Dantzig there are seventeen hours in the longest day. In Washington the longest day is about fifteen hours.—Exchange.

The Manly Man.

"After you've been two weeks in the house with one of these terrible handy men that ask their wives to be sure to wipe between the tines of the forks and that know just how much raising bread ought to have and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes, 'tis so!" Mrs. Gregg finished with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to have sense about, but when it comes to keeping house I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!"—Youth's Companion.

A Costly Funeral.

The most costly state funeral which has ever taken place was perhaps that of Alexander the Great. A round million was spent in laying Alexander to his rest. The body was placed in a coffin of gold filled with costly aromatics, and a diadem was placed on the head. The funeral car was embellished with ornaments of pure gold, and its weight was so great that it took eighty-four mules more than a year to convey it from Babylon to Syria.

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

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This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medical roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrappers. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your neighbors. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.