BULLET IN HIS BRAIN

BANKRUPT CHICAGO BANKER ENDS LIFE'S TROUBLES AND WORRIES.

WENT DOWN IN THE CRASH

CAUSED BY THE SUSPENSION OF THE ILLINOIS NATIONAL BANK.

FELT HIS LOSS KEENLY.

Criticisms of His Unfortunate Victims More Than He Could Bear.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—Suffering from depression caused by financial reverses, Otto Wasmansdorff, a well known banker of this city, today fired a bullet into his brain and died almost instantly.

Banker Wasmansdorff killed himself in a front hall bedroom at his home on Cleveland avenue at 11 o'clock this morning. His sons, William G. and Otto Jr., who were in the parlor beneath their father's bedroom, heard the report of the revolver and rushed up stairs. Running into the room the horrified sons beheld their father lying on the bed dying and a 32-caliber revolver lying at his side. He had shot himself in the right temple, and a tiny stream of blood was flowing down his cheek. Everything in the room was in perfect order. The deed apparently had been deliberately planned.

Mr. Wasmansdorff was a member of the private banking firm of Wasmansdorff & Heinnemann, which failed a week ago as a result of the failure of the National Bank of Illinois. The failure of his bank had a crushing effect upon Mr. Wasmansdorff and also seriously affected his wife, who is ill. The banker for several days was unable to eat or sleep. The criticisms of unfortunate depositors weighed him down, and he was in constant troubled state of mind. This morning the banker appeared brighter and less troubled in mind than upon any other day since the financial crash that ruined him. After breakfast with his family, with whom he chatted pleasantly, he glanced over the morning papers. He then engaged in a frolic with his little granddaughter, after which he retired to his room. Fifteen minutes later the fatal shot was heard by the two sons. The young men were overcome with grief and said they never had the slightest suspicion that their father contemplated suicide. Mrs. Wasmansdorff was prostrated by the shock.

At the time of the failure the assets of Mr. Wasmansdorff's bank were given at $550,000 and the liabilities at $415,000.

Mr. Wasmansdorff has been a banker in this city for more than a quarter of a century, and during all that time he was a member of the firm which went down in the crash last Monday. He was of a retiring and unobtrusive nature and was known in the business community as a conservative and honest man. He was about fifty-five years old.

COMANCHE CRUELTY.

How the Red Fiends Tortured a Prisoner on the Staked Plain.

Colonel R. I. Dodge, who was stationed for years on the frontier, where he had an abundant opportunity to study the Indians, has written a book about them. In it he tells of the fiendish cruelty of a party of Comanches who captured a Mexican during a raid. They started with him to their camp across what is called the Staked Plain.

"At a water hole on this tableland," continues Col. Dodge, "the party halted for several days. Telling the prisoner they wanted it for some religious ceremony, they set him to digging a hole in the ground. Working with a knife and hands, he in a day or two completed a pit about three feet in diameter and over five feet deep. Early the next morning a rope was tied about the ankles of the captive and wound spirally round his legs and body to the neck, binding his arms tightly to his sides. Rigid and immovable, the man was then planted upright like a post in the hole, the dirt filled in and tightly rammed down around him. When all was completed, nothing but his head was visible. Then they scalped his head, cut off his lips and eyelids, taunted and left him.

"On the arrival in camp the party described in detail their punishment of the Mexican, and in all the tribe it was regarded as an equisite piece of pleasantry. The man would live, they said, eight days, revived at night by the cold of the high plains, to be driven mad the next day by the hot sun beating on his scalped head and defenseless eyeballs."

FROM WIRE TO TYPE.

A New Improvement That Is Proposed in Type-Setting.

The general public has but a faint idea of the strides that are making toward perfection in matters electric, telegraphic and mechanic, says the Jersey City Journal. When type-setting machines were invented it was thought that they could be no further improvement in that direction. It remained, however, for a clever young man of Brooklyn, N. Y., to demonstrate the practicability of using the type-setting machines in connection with telegraphy. About three years ago it occurred to Mr. Frank J. Kihm, special telegraph operator of the Brooklyn Eagle, that it would be possible to set in type the telegraphic news sent over the Associated Press wire. Hundreds of operators are copying telegrams with the aid of typewriters, and Mr. Kihm decided that with extra care and expertness a type-setting machine could also be used with fair success.

The editor of the Eagle at once placed a type-setting machine at the operator's disposal, and after some weeks of practice the telegraph wire of the Associated press was extended to the composing-room, and Mr. Kihm proceeded to demonstrate the practicability of his idea.. As the operator in the New York office of the news association clicks off the dots and dashes they are simultaneously produced by the giant telegraph sounder at Mr. Kihm's type-setting machine. As the different letters come over the wire Mr. Kihm touches the same letter on the key board of the machine, and instantly there is formed a metal letter corresponding with the letter transmitted over the wire. When a whole word has been formed Mr. Kihm touches the blank space button and a space block of metal drops down into place. Then another line is set in type, and so it goes.

So expert has Mr. Kihm become that he runs the machine with surprising speed, and with very few typographical errors. He is the only telegraph operator in the world who receives the news by ear and runs a type-setting machine with his fingers at the same time.

Medicated Honey.

New York Tribune.

A Paris journal says that a French scientist is trying to make bees manufacture medicated honey in a variety of flavors for the cure of various diseases. He keeps the bees under glass, so that they can get honey only from flowers especially chosen. By the different kinds of honey thus produced influenza, coughs and colds, indigestion, asthma and many other ills are said to be readily if indirectly reached, and while the palate of the weakened invalid and the stubborn child is tickled he is being surreptitiously cured.

ABOUT KEROSENE.

Brushed Into a Mad Whirl It Becomes Lighter-Colored.

Chicago Tribune.

How many housekeepers, as they fill their lamps with kerosene oil or their summer stoves with gasoline, have any idea how these oils are made? And yet a few miles from Chicago, at Whiting, Ind., is the largest oil refinery in the world.

Every one knows that in its crude state the oil comes out of the earth, but it would be an utterly useless discovery were it not for the brains and money used in the refining of the raw material. By use of the brains and money, however, not only the clear oil, but several other products are drawn from the crude material.

Naphtha, benzine, gasoline and kerosene, the last often called coal or illuminating oil, belong to the same family. The three first named being lighter oils, do not require nearly so much handling to bring them to perfection as the kerosene. This, of course, is easy to believe, but when it is said that from the same crude oil, after all the lighter oils have been distilled out, wax is made so closely resembling the product of the bee as to deceive even an expert, and that it is used in chewing gum factories, candle factories, laundries and even in candy factories, one is often met with a polite look of doubt or an incredulous shrug of the shoulders.

Yet it is so. It is possible to go yet further and say that hundreds of homes in Whiting and in Chicago have been made comfortable this winter by the refuse that adheres to the bottom and sides of the "stills" after even the wax has been pressed out. This refuse makes a good coke, is easily lighted and is warmer, cleaner and cheaper than coal. Hundreds of tons are removed from the stills daily before they are "charged" again, and hundreds of those who use this fuel do not know that it was once crude oil, dug in the Ohio fields and piped on to Whiting. The carbon used in electric lights is also made from this coke. Nothing is wasted.

As the most common, the kerosene oil is perhaps the most interesting of the products. After leaving the crude stills it appears again in the "sweetening stills," or in the "compound cylinders," which perform the same work as the sweetening stills, but is a newer invention and is patented by an outsider, who allows only forty to each refinery. The "sweeteners" form an important factor in the refining of Ohio oil. Owing to the "compound" before mentioned, and the continuous friction of the immense wire brushes which keep the oil in a mad whirl, it loses much of its bad odor. It is again vapored off, cooled in the condenser boxes and passed off into the "steam stills" for the next process.

In the steam mills it is treated just the same as in the two previous processes, with the addition of a washing by steam from perforated pipes passing through it. It is "vapored" off as before, and now one would suppose that it was ready for use. Not quite. The kerosene oil now passes into the agitator for the final process. The agitator is a funnel-shaped tank in which the oil is treated with acid and beaten and blown about by a machine called a blower, and washed by torrents of water until it roars like the lake in a storm. Every particle of foreign matter is thus expelled. It is then pumped off into the storage tanks for shipping.

STEAMSHIPS HAVE EARS.

New Device by Which the Newest Ocean Liners Are Equipped.

The Gate City, which arrived here on Monday from Savannah, is the first steamer going out of this port to be equipped with an aurophone, the new device for enabling the lookout to determine the direction of sounds at sea. The aurophone was tried on the way up, but little could be told about its utility owing to its being placed in a poor position. It consists of a brass box which fits over the mast and which has projecting from each end a broad-mouthed funnel. From this box, close to the funnels, two tubes like ordinary speaking tubes lead down the mast and through the main deck to the deck below. Inside of the box there is a complex arrangement of diaphragms and soundingboards, so placed that a sound will enter only one of the tubes when it is passing through the funnel on the opposite side of the box. On the lower deck is an arrangement like an engine-room indicator, by which the box above may be turned around the mast and directly under the indicator is a telltale compass. The man below places the tubes to his ears, where they are held in place by a cap. Unless the funnels above are pointing directly toward the sound which he wishes to locate he will hear it only faintly and in one ear, because one of the funnels being turned away from the sound the tube opposite does not operate. He then turns the indicator in the direction from which the sound appears to come and when the funnel is pointing directly at the scund it passes through the funnel and out of the other, putting both tubes in operation, and the operator hears the sound distinctly and in both ears at once. He then glances at the indicator and the point on the tell-tale at which it rests gives the exact hearing of the sound.—Boston Transcript.

Artillery for Hungary.

The negotiations now proceeding between the cabinets of Hungary and Austria looking toward a renewal of the dualistic system of 1867 are complicated by a demand of the Hungarian government for the establishment of an artillery corps. The Hungarian militia, or honved, which has been always looked upon as animated by national sentiments, is still without any regular corps of artillery; and consequently the empire is in this line of armament behind other European nations. Russia has 4,200 guns; France, 3,900; Germany, 3,700, and Austria-Hungary, only 1,770, hardly more than Italy, which had 1,620 guns before the Abyssinian disasters, during which she lost many pieces of artillery. The minister of war of the Austrian Empire is now contemplating the increase of the army from 1,880,000 men to 2,400,000, through modifications of military service analogous to those introduced in France and Germany. That will make necessary an increase of artillery, and the Hungarian honved seems justified in demanding the establishment of an artillery corps, though the Vienna government would prefer not to increase the strength of the Magyar militia.

Wanted Nothing More.

A correspondent of the New York Sun tells the following story to illustrate the Southern negro's spirit of contentment before the war: Jack was once asked by his young master to make three wishes. He was told to take plenty of time and think well before he spoke. After deliberating several minutes he said: "Well, Marse Joe, I want a pa'r of boots." "Jack," said his master, "when you consider all the number of good things in this world, can't you think of something better? Try again. Be careful." "Well, Marse Joe, I always want to have a plenty of fat meat." "Now, Jack, you have only one more wish. Can't you think of something better than a pair of boots and fat meat" After thinking awhile he gave it up, saying: "Marse Joe, if I had a pa'r of boots and plenty of fat meat, I doan' want nuthin' mo'."

Agra's Beautiful Building.

There is at Agra one of the most beautiful buildings in the whole world. It is called the Taj Mahal, and it was built by Shan Johan, the Mohammedan emperor, over the grave of Arjanand Banu, his favorite wife. It is stated to have taken 20,000 men twenty years to build it. It is of pure white marble and though it has been built for 200 years, it is not in the least discolored.

Largest Ruby in the World.

A 40¾ karat Burmah ruby, the largest ruby ever cut, so far as is known, was bought at a London jeweler's sale recently for $40,000. A 1-carat blue diamond brought $15,000 and a 140-grain black pearl, once belonging to Queen Isabella II. of Spain, $5,750.

HOW DONS VIEW IT

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SPANISH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES SAYS

STRIFE IS INEVITABLE.

SPAIN TO BE THE CHAMPION OF EUROPE IN A COMING CONFLICT.

GEN. PANDO BLUSTERING.

Declares That Spain Is the Stronger and That America Would Suffer.

MADRID, Dec. 27.—El Liberal publishes letters from leading political personages on the relations between Spain and the United States.

Senor A. Pidal, president of the chamber of deputies, says in his letter that it is necessary to understand the American nationality, which, through the errors of the Latin races and the selfish Anglo-Saxon policy, seems destined to transform and absorb in an embryonic union of a people without a history the future destinies of the American continent.

"Some writers consider that the American union is a prototype of the world's democracies," Senor Pidal continues. "Wiser thinkers have reckoned up at its true value this gigantic agglomeration of new peoples. Serious statesmen are aware that strife, especially economical, is inevitable between Europe, whose champion now is Spain, and the American colossus."

Proceeding then to compare America with wealthy bankers, Senor Pidal argues that she will think twice before attacking the Hidalgo, whose only defense is his ancestral sword. "Spain must not display bravado," Senor Pidal continues, "but a calm determination to preserve her colonies, confiding in the justice of her cause and leaving the result to Providence. Those who once shouted 'Berlin' established later the horrors of the commune. Spain is not invincible, but she is not a despicable enemy, and history shows that in many instances a small and desperate army has routed superior forces."

Gen. Pando writes that he knows thoroughly the offensive and defensive power of the United States and he knows the Americans themselves, and is convinced that they are inferior to the Spanish. Therefore, America would be the greatest sufferer at first.

"Though this is my opinion as a military man," Gen. Pando adds, "as a citizen I do not desire war. Who knows how the conflict would end?"

Gen. Pando proceeds to urge the importance of immediate diplomatic efforts between Madrid and Washington to settle the difficulty, and, if possible, to terminate the rebellion without fighting to the bitter end.

"Let America have a chance," Gen. Pando is quoted further as saying, "to show by her acts whether her friendship is sincere. Nothing is so dangerous as delay. But whatever comes, the Spanish army is ready to repeat the deeds of our forefathers on American soil in defense of country and honor.

Senor Moret, the Democrat Liberal, writes a letter pointing out the safety and correctness of President Cleveland and Mr. Olney's policy and the danger of a departure from it for the United States internal affairs. "Spain," he says, "can benefit by the American constitutional dispute by wisely pushing the war to a rapid end and establishing reforms before April. The Spanish government may now see its way to accept the good offices of President Cleveland after despising the warning of native political parties. The government's policy is incomprehensible. It is capable of granting autonomy in Cuba while establishing the inquisition on the Philippines. Who can tell whether the government will arrive at an understanding or will declare war with the United States? Perhaps after Capt. Gen. Weyler with forty battalions has cleared the province of Pinar del Rio of rebels, the government with a stroke of the pen will establish autonomy in Cuba."

WARNED BY A THUNDERBOLT.

Maine Liquor Dealers Think Providence Has Interposed in Their Behalf.

New York Sun.

The liquor dealers of South Brewer, Me., think that Rev. Mr. Ramage, pastor of the Congregational church in their village, has received a warning to let them alone. A year ago Mr. Ramage and the mill hands were great friends. Crowds attended his meetings and contributed liberally toward his support. Last winter, when times were dull, many men stayed around the barrooms too long for their good, and drunkenness was common. It was then that Mr. Ramage started his crusade against the rum sellers. Two or three men were arrested at his suggestion, and all three of the barrooms were raided and the proprietors were fined. Mr. Ramage kept right on visiting the saloons and praying. Again and again the officers made raids, finding nothing. At last one of the liquor dealers, weary of the pastor's energy, said he hoped that lightning would strike so near Mr. Ramage that he would get scared and quit.

This wish was expressed a month ago. Nothing came of it until Sunday, June 21. It was a hot day, and Mr. Ramage, exchanging pulpits with the Holden minister, did not get home until late. Then, as the night was sultry and the attendance was small, the regular evening services were held in the chapel instead of the church. About 8 o'clock, while Mr. Ramage was talking to his people, a bolt of lightning struck the spire of the church, followed down to the roof, and, breaking through the ceiling, tore up all the boards on the platform behind the pulpit where Mr. Ramage usually stood. Had he been in his accustomed place he would have been struck beyond a doubt.

Since then the people have looked upon the liquor dealer as a prophet, and speak to him with respect when they ask for hard stuff.

"WIZARD" IS WORSTED.

Gus Augustine Floors Him in the Second Round.

Some fifty red-hot sports made a pilgrimage into Dakota county yesterday afternoon to witness a fistic encounter between "Wizard" Al Roy, a lightweight of local renown, and Gustave Augustine, a welterweight, also of this city. It was "a dollar a throw," the purse to go to the winner. Those who had been given the tip assembled at a Jackson street saloon shortly before 4 o'clock, whence a start was made for the battleground in an open bus and several hacks. The ring, which was pitched in the barn back of a well-known road house on the Rosemont road, was reached in an hour, and the principals shook hands while the "red-hots" bet their coin. The fight was to be an eight-round contest, and the wise ones said this was as good as a finish, as each man was after the fifty bucks, and wanted them quick.

When a St. Paul physical instructor, in the capacity of referee, called time, the principals got together in a lively manner, and the first round was decidedly good. It was give and take, and both men were knocked down before the three minutes were up. In general the honors were Roy's, he doing most of the offensive work. His heavier opponent, however, sent him to the floor at the close of the round, but because Augustine struck him while he was rising, Roy claimed the fight on a foul, which was not allowed.

The first part of the second round was fast, and the sports were warming up with enthusiasm when Augustine landed on Roy's jaw, and the battle was indefinitely off. Augustine was declared the winner of the purse, and the party re-embarked for the city, arriving here about 7 a. m., disappointed only that the fight was of such short duration. One or two, who had the small end of the betting, however, were a little sore over the result, and claimed that Roy had "laid down," because the foul of the first round had not been allowed.

Mascots Won It.

The Mascot Polo club defeated the Fort Snelling cracks in a Christmas morning game at the Fort. After an hour and a half play Masek, the Mascot rush, scored goal by a brilliant off-side play. Mancroft, the Snelling goal, held the Mascots' score down as much as any one, if not more.

A Season of Revenges.

From the Washington Star.

The two girls were on a shopping tour.

"You did'nt speak very courteously to the clerk," said one of them.

"I'm sure I didn't mean to be inconsiderate," was the reply. "I don't see that there was any occasion to be elaborately deferential."

"Well, it's just as well to be very careful indeed at this time of year. There isn't any telling who is going to be the only man at the summer resort your father insists on visiting."

Combine Against the Calamity.

From the Buffalo Express.

A new danger threatens the peace and security of the reporters. The statesmen are after their job. A large part of the political stories from St. Louis this year are being written by prominent politicians. I earnestly advise the members of the newspaper profession to combine to resist this aggression or it may be their sad fate to be driven out of their present occupation and into politics.

His Besetting Sin.

Washington Times.

"Why was that fellow sent down?" inquired the visitor of his Satanic Majesty, as they passed the Turkish bath of a wild-eyed man who writhed uncomfortably in his steam-heated cell.

"Inordinate prevarication," replied Satan.

"What was his specialty?"

"He repeatedly stated that he had crossed the ocean twenty-seven times, and on each trip everybody aboard except himself and the captain was deathly sick."

Scientific Girl.

Up-to-Date.

Miss Fodderingham—What a thoroughly up-to-date girl Miss Kittish is.

Miss Bellingham—What has she done now?

Miss F.—Since eminent medical authority has pronounced kissing dangerous she carries a small vial of carbolized rosewater about with her.

PUZZLED.

Ethel—I told him I would give him his answer in a week.
Mable—It must be a terrible strain.
Ethel—It is. I really don't know whether to break off my other engagements or not.

HAD THE EVIL ONE

QUEER CASE OF DIABLERIE INDULGED IN BY A BOLD, BAD CHICAGO BOY.

FOOLS FRIENDS AND DOCTORS.

SHAMS POSSESSION OF THE EVIL SPIRIT WITH ASTONISHING RESULTS.

OUTWITTED BY A POLISH PRIEST

And Compelled to Confess to the Imposture—Was Shamming for Fun.

After almost a year of imposture, through which he persuaded the clergy and laity of four Polish Catholic parishes in Chicago that he was possessed of the evil one, after fasting, prayer, penance and hope had been exhausted by his pious parents to remove the spell, and not until powers of exorcisms had been granted and churchly rites had been exhausted in the hope of driving out the devils—all without success—Ignacius Koziolek, an eleven-year-old boy, has been made to confess that he was shamming.

The confession was secured by the introduction of torture of a mild kind, after kindness, reasoning and the benefits of the clergy had met with flat failure. It was due to the sagacity of the Rev. Father Casimir Stuczko, rector of the Holy Family parish, who, after repeating the prayers of exorcism over the youth for the eightieth time without avail, came to the conclusion that he was faking, and compelled him to admit it by bending his fingers until they nearly broke at the knuckles.

Young Koziolek has led the priests and his kin a painful chase with his clever masquerading, and medical men, hypnotists, faith healers, insanity experts and persons of position who take interest in psychological freaks have been doing the child homage for almost a year as a phenomenon the like of which they were led to think had not been seen before.

As interest grew in the case people began carrying Ignacius about in carriages from place to place to examine him. Some were solicitous about the condition of his mind, and others of his soul, and many were glad to do things for him merely for a chance to satisfy curiosity. He was fed on fruit and candies after his most violent exhibitions, and the next time he performed his role he did it with more violence than ever. He grew extremely fond of the dignified councils which convened to study his case and came to think himself a considerable hero.

An accident which preceded his supposed "possession" was believed by some to be responsible for it. Ignacius fell upon the ice last winter, and, although showing only slight discomfiture for three or four days, afterward felt severe pains in one knee and began to limp. The trouble passed from the knee into the hips, but in a few weeks he was pronounced entirely cured.

During the close of his confinement in bed, however, he developed an unaccountable mood of showing dislike to the priests who visited him and an abhorrence to everything connected with religion. He demanded that the priests stay away. He refused any longer to pray or listen to prayer. He turned his face away from the crucifix which hung at his bedside and never from that time on repeated the name of divinity or the saints.

After a few weeks of perverseness young Ignacius developed the habit of considering himself impersonally in his talk with others. Having exhibited the incarnation of devilishness in his own changed conduct, he began to talk as if the real guiding mind in the boy of eleven years was not the boy Ignacius, but another personality dwelling in and through him, manifesting itself at chosen seasons and giving away to the natural boyish intellect at others. In such exhibitions the very devil did seem to shine forth in the child's talk and bearing.

"Let this poor boy alone," the supposed "possession" would demand, and for the time being the boy seemed to have lost his identiy in that of the evil spirit. "Let the child have rest and do not force him. I will not have it. I am too wise and too great for you. I will protect the child. If you oppress him, I will deliver him. If you force ignorance on him, I will give him light. You must fear me. I will kill you with lighting. I am the greatest one. This is my child, and I will look after him."

Such was the child's mystifying speech. It filled his hearers with terror.

One of the queerest acts of the boy during this long melodramma was a pretended fright at holy water. He would never touch anything on which it had been sprinkled. It was said a drop of it upon his nightclothes when he was asleep would cause him to have a chill, to grind his teeth and groan.

To none of the priests called in to exercise the evil spirit would the boy concede a point until Father Stuczko's wit tripped him up on important points, and he surrendered.

"I said to Ignacius, 'If you're the devil,'" explained Father Stuczko, "'you have the gift of tongues. Therefore answer me in Latin or Greek.' He could not. I said to him: 'Then if you are the devil you know all things. Tell me if my parents are living in this land or the old country.' He guessed wrong once or twice, and I proved to him that he could not even say if they were alive or dead.

"Then I said, 'If you are the devil, you will have no physical pain,' and I bent his fingers back upon the knuckles, and when he made an outcry I called him to shame, saying the devil did not cry. Then he admitted he had been shamming, and said he fooled the rest, but he would tell me the truth. He became tractable and repeated the prayer to all saints after me and made the sign of the cross. He promised he would quit his pranks and start to school soon."

Ignacius in his later admissions said he began his shamming for fun, and after it had proceeded as far as pretending to be the devil he thought he could never gain forgiveness for that, so he pushed his role as the devil's own boy to extremity.

Champion Oyster Shucker.

An oyster-shucking contest between Thomas King, of Baltimore, Md., and James Brown, of Norfolk, Va., for the championship of the District of Columbia, took place at Cadets' armory, O street northwest, last night before a large crowd. Two hundred select oysters were laid on a platform before each contestant and they began as a signal given by Col. R. H. Key. The contest lasted twelve minutes. The purse was $100. Thomas King won, leading Brown by 10 oysters in the 12 minutes, and he was awarded the purse and the championship of the District of Columbia by the judges.

No Need of It.

Texas Sifter.

He was whistling and she didn't like it. "I wish," she said, "when you are walking with me you wouldn't whistle. It is extremely rude." "I am whistling for the want of thought," he replied, with evident intent to be very crushing. "If that's what it's for," she remarked, "I think I may say, without fear of successful contradiction by any one who knows you, that you don't have to." Then he stopped.

DUBBED HIM NAPOLEON.

It Was a Democrat Who Was Trying Ridicule McKinley.

In the lobby of the Hurford hotel at Canton one day sat a party of prominent politicians, one of whom bears the distinction of having first applied to William McKinley the historic name of Napoleon. He is a tall, slender, gray-haired man, whose race in life is nearly run, and who now, in the shadows of the end, is one of the most interesting characters of the little city which suddenly is of national note as the home of McKinley. He has been a resident of Canton since the early days, and is known by its citizens as a living encyclopedia of its progress, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Archibald McGregor, now a typical gentleman of the old school, gave McKinley the name of Napoleon. This was in the early history of the ex-governor's political career. At that time McGregor was the editor of the local Democratic organ. McKinley was a candidate for his first congressional term. McGregor was a sarcastic writer, and in some of his criticism of McKinley he took occasion to comment upon his mannerisms. He called attention to the seeming fact that he was fond of posing. The general appearance of McKinley then, as now, was much that of Napoleon, the genius in the art of war McGregor recognized this, and became imbued with the idea that McKinley was given to emphasizing his appearance by adopting the general demeanor of Napoleon. He handled McKinley without gloves in the matter, and mentioned at length the "Napoleonic" manners of what he termed the "would-be Napoleon of Stark county politics." The shot, while striking the mark, redounded somewhat to the benefit of McKinley.

The Republicans, instead of endeavoring to counteract, seized the idea as one which would make their candidate popular, and declared that he was the second Napoleon, devoid of the conqueror's shortcomings and possessed of his talents in greater fold. McGregor succeeded in modifying the popular glamor somewhat by dubbing McKinley the "little Napoleon," and both with and without the diminishing adjective, the name, with all its inspiration to hero worship, ever since has clung to him.

A MARRED HONEYMOON.

The Bridegroom Fares Hard on His Visit to a Real City.

It required no rice in their hair, no orange blossoms, no white veil to tell that they had just embarked to make the voyage of life together. He stuck to her more closely than a brother, or even a shadow, as she joyously walked in the sunshine. He proudly appreciated the obligations he had assumed, and was bent on meeting them at all hazards. When one of the finest on the Woodyard avenue square gallantly took her by the arm to pilot her through the current of bewildering dangers the new husband interfered summarily, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Here!" he exclaimed, with unpolished haughtiness, "that there girl belongs to me. She's all mine, and anybody that goes a flirtin' 'round her is goin' to get mixed up with me."

The big policeman bowed his acceptance of the situation, with the result that the irate bridegroom was knocked twenty feet in a northerly direction by a bicycle, which he chased for half a block before discovering that he was outclassed, while she was only saved from an untimely fate because a truckman had strength enough to throw his big team of Clydesdales on their haunches.

"I'll have the law against this dog-gone city for that tarnal collision," vowed the benedict, as he looked ruefully at his badly damaged wardrobe. "Second time I ever wore that suit, and only had the hat eighteen months. I'll show 'em."

After they had 'lickered up' at a soda fountain and seen the park, the next move was to take a car. "Look out for the meteor there, Mandy," he shouted, as he helped her aboard.

"Motor, you mean, dear," she whispered.

"Well, you'd think it was a meteor if you monkeyed with it." Then he took the number of the conductor, who would not accept 6 cents for their joint fare, and talked about Mayor Pingree as though they had been raised in the same township. On the way back he called a big, red-faced passenger "no gentleman" for not giving Mandy a seat, and was so disgusted when a boy sold him a morning paper of the day before that he made a bee-line for the depot, insisting to the bride that it was "gol darn nonsense to try to have a honeymoon anywhere but in the country, where they ain't doin' their best all the time to run you down or rob you."

A JERSEY FROG FARM.

A Woman Who Finds Its Croaking Crop a Profitable One.

New Jersey Herald.

Miss Mona Selden, of Friendship, N. J., is a hunter of renown. The game she bags is frogs. For seven years she has been supporting herself by her unique athletic exercise. Now she is one of the most prosperous citizens in the little town, and she is reputed to have a bank account which, if it keeps on growing, will eventually enable her to give up frog shooting.

Before she took to frog shooting Miss Selden taught school in the country regions for $10 a week. She did not particularly enjoy teaching, for her pupils were frequently boys about twice as big as herself, and they had that particular form of humor which shows itself in being obstreperous. Moreover, $10 a week did not satisfy Miss Selden's idea of proper compensation. Consequently, when she found that frogs were a costly luxury, she resolved to invest her savings in a frog farm. Friendship being rich in bogs and swamps, Miss Selden bought twenty acres of land, fenced it in and began to raise frogs for the New York market, to the scornful delight of her neighbors. They thought she was a harmless and amusing lunatic when they saw her practicing shooting frogs. But when they learned that she cleared $1,600 the first season those who came to scoff remained to imitate, and frog shooting became a popular occupation in Friendship. The other shooters sell their game to Miss Selden, who in turn sells it to the market.

Slaughter With Old-Style Guns.

Nothing so far done with the long-range magazine rifles of today approaches the slaughter achieved with the ruder weapons of the latter part of the past century and the earlier half of this. Thus it is asserted by an eye-witness that at the battle of Fontenoy 300 French guards fell before a single English volley.

Fishermen and Railroaders.

Of the 6,000 men employed in the Gloucester fisheries during the year ending Nov. 1 seventy-seven were lost at sea, two were drowned in the docks, and seven died of disease at sea or in port. The average fatality of the railway employes in the United States is five per thousand annually.