

TO STUDY HERALDRY.

Latest Ambition of Society Women of Chicago.

Class to Be Opened in Windy City for the Teaching of the Art, Science and Mystery of Armorial Bearings.

To learn the art, science and mystery of heraldry is the newest ambition of Chicago society women. The subtle meaning of crest and arms and shield they would know, and to enlighten them, Mrs. Isabelle Garrison recently returned from Europe and years spent in study of the armorial bearings and genealogical records of ancient and noble families, will open a class on the fascinating subject.

Mrs. Garrison has made a study of the crests of Europe for many years, and is one of the principal authorities on the subject in all Chicago. The class of heraldry—and Chicago has existed these 100 years with such a class—will be a small one, and will not be conducted by Miss Garrison for commercial profit. It will be strictly a "smart" and high-class affair and only women of established pedigree and lineage beyond criticism will be admitted.

"The work of the class will be entirely serious," Miss Garrison said. "It is not for superficial reasons that my friends wish to pursue the study of this most interesting subject. It is because it is almost impossible to take a really intelligent interest in the art and literature of Europe without some understanding of heraldry."

"I can say now just how often the class will meet, nor who will belong, but there will not be many in the class, as we wish to keep it rather exclusive."

Incidentally, Mrs. Garrison observed that many of the crests and arms have been appropriated by the United States government and the national flag has been "appropriated."

"Not five per cent. of the Americans know where the shield of the United States government and the national flag came from," she said. "As a matter of fact, both are taken from the arms of the old Washington family, of England, from which George Washington was descended."

"I stood at the grave of George Washington's great-grandfather, in Althorp, England, and saw on the stone the shield of the United States. The flag comes from the same shield, the group of stars with the stripes below. It was the great-grandfather of George Washington who brought it to the United States, or the colonies, as we were then called. He was a monarchist, and fought against the Stuarts, and was forced to leave his country. Naturally, Washington kept his family crest, and quite naturally, also, in adopting a flag and shield those of the hero of the revolution, the father of the country, were chosen."

GREAT DISTURBANCES IN SUN.

Sir Oliver Lodge, Electrical Expert, Says Spots Are Emitting Tremendous Volume of Electric Power.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the distinguished electrician, who is president of the University of Birmingham, said in a recent interview that there are "evident signs of great eruptions going on in the sun. There are exceedingly large sun spots now, and surrounding each are indications that masses of gas, calcium and hydrogen and other vapors have been thrown up and have spread over an area compared with which Europe is a mere speck. The area is several thousand times the size of the spots, although each spot is as big as the earth. One of the effects is the emission of electrified particles, such as are known in laboratories as cathode rays, the same kind of rays being among those emitted by radium. These electrified particles shot out from the sun and traveling at an enormous speed, constitute an electric current of considerable strength. If they pass near the earth, they are quite likely to introduce telegraphic, magnetic and other disturbances, and where they penetrate the earth's atmosphere they give rise to the Aurora borealis."

DEATH OF INTELLIGENT DOG.

Animal Was Trained to Serve Customers with Newspapers and to Collect the Money.

After an absence of a week, Rex, a French pointer, belonging to Felix Klotz, a newspaper dealer of Chicago, was found dead in a ditch recently in its owner's hands. The dog always accompanied his master in his newspaper rounds, and served many of his customers taking the papers to their doors, and bringing them into the store. Mr. Klotz says that the pointer was a faithful servant, from the store to customers, and would never make a mistake in going to the house of the person to whom he was directed. "Cute," Rex would be called, and would bring back a penny and the dog would wait until the penny had been given him.

Suggestion from Omaha. Parisians are having doubts. The officers should induce them to fight duels which would not end disastrously, suggests the Omaha News.

WORLD'S PRODUCTION OF GOLD

Estimate of Output for 1902 Shows Africa to Be Largest Producer with America a Close Second.

The director of the mint has completed his estimate of the world's production of precious metals in 1902. The total production of gold was 14,313,660 fine ounces, valued at \$295,889,600, as against 12,740,746 fine ounces, valued at \$263,374,791 in 1901. Of the 1902 output, \$80,000,000 was in the United States, \$31,578,800 in Africa, \$39,923,700 in Canada, \$23,533,400 in Russia, \$20,781,200 in Mexico, and the remainder in other countries. Colorado, with an output of \$24,463,000, was the largest producer in the United States. California was second, with \$16,782,100, and Alaska third, with \$8,345,800.

The world's production of silver in 1902 was 166,955,639 fine ounces, of a commercial value of \$88,486,500. The coinage value was \$215,861,800. The United States produced 71,477,675 fine ounces of silver in 1902, of a commercial value of \$29,415,000.

The largest silver producing country last year was Mexico, with an output of 60,176,004 ounces, having a commercial value of \$11,891,500.

Of the 22 states and territories of the United States producing gold, only six increased their output in 1902. These were Alabama, Alaska, Colorado, Maryland, North Carolina, and South Dakota. The most notable relative increase was in Alaska, where the gold production last year was about 25 per cent. larger than in 1901. The California gold product decreased about \$20,000 last year, while Colorado increased its production considerably over \$1,000,000.

YEARLY SALARY OF A DOLLAR.

Lowest Paid Man in Service of the United States Resigns His Position of Lighthousekeeper.

The smallest salaried man in the employ of the United States government has resigned his office and gone to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, where he hopes to spend the remainder of his days in comfort. He has had of getting only one dollar a year as his pay.

He is Charles H. Gibbs, and he was keeper of Bug light for many years. He lived there alone, with only hens and mutton cats for his companions.

Thirty years ago Bug light was an important beacon on the island. It is on a hill about a mile south of the town, and in the days when Nantucket was a center of the whaling industry it proved of great aid to the sailormen in making the channel at night.

When the jetties were built and the channel changed considerably on account of shifting sands, the light was discontinued and Gibbs was appointed to look after the property, which consisted of a cottage in addition to the lighthouse. His pay was one dollar a year, but he made a living easily by keeping hens and breeding cats.

When Keeper Gibbs resigned, the government decided to sell the property, and the other day it was sold to the highest bidder. Mr. Gibbs was born 73 years ago, and spent 27 years on whaling ships making six voyages around the Horn.

QUEER BIT OF FLOTSAM.

Schoolhouse Floor Floats Twenty Miles with All Its Furniture Dry in Recent Flood.

Among the buildings carried away by the recent flood in the Delaware valley was the schoolhouse at Monksport, near the Sullivan county (N. Y.) line, on the Monksport river, five miles above this village. It was carried into the Delaware river, where it went to pieces.

The floor remained intact, and passed by this place on the height of the flood, all the seats and desks in place. This part of the schoolhouse was found high on an island 15 miles below here, not a seat or a desk disturbed. A dictionary was on one of the desks, without evidence of its having been touched by even a drop of water in what must have been a tempestuous 20-mile voyage.

A five-pound jar of butter and four skips of beer, which did not belong to the school, and which could not have started with the schoolhouse when it was carried away, were found with the stranded floor, the jar standing on one of the desks and the beer skips in different places, all upright, and their bees humming in and out of them busily at work. The honey in each skip was unimpaired, not even a bit of comb, being broken.

EGG BRINGS WEDDING.

Girl's Name Written on Shell Leads to Courtship and Finally to Marriage.

A year ago George Malcolm, of Cleveland, O., sat down to breakfast in the Walden hotel in Chicago, and pecked upon an egg that bore distinctly the name of a girl. "Miss Edmond, Aberdeen, O.," Mr. Malcolm wrote to Miss Edmond, received a reply and then went to visit her. The romance culminated in their marriage. Mrs. Malcolm's father is the owner of a big poultry farm, and it was while packing eggs that she was moved to write the name that brought her a husband. The other day the couple arrived in Chicago on their honeymoon and to celebrate the anniversary of the day they met, their fate Mr. Malcolm and his bride ordered a dinner entirely of eggs.

Point to the Contrary. Ezekiel Kooker, was defeated in Massachusetts and Adelard Archambault was put to the lead in Rhode Island in the recent election. Who says there is nothing in a name?

A GHASTLY STORY.

Human Hyena Who Drank Blood of His Victims.

Wild Passion of Russian Murderer Who Could Not Count His Victims—Fattened His Hogs with Their Bodies.

The latest Sachalin mail, addressed to the Russian minister of the interior, at St. Petersburg, contains the following extraordinary story:

"To convict 1118, name Kasoski, home Moscow, banished to the village of Chandaia, 18 murders lately committed in the island have been traced, and proofs are accumulating that he is guilty of many more. He admits his inability to state just how many men he killed."

"This convict-peonant first attracted the attention of the authorities by the frequency with which he sold fattened hogs, he raised more than any other deported settler. At the same time persons continued to vanish in the neighborhood, and finally a house-to-house search was decided upon. In the act of convict No. 1118 three hooties containing a dark fluid were found. When questioned he said he used the stuff to grease his boots. The official thought this a lie and ordered the convict to drink from one of the bottles, to show that they did not contain poison or explosives."

"The convict complied with seeming pleasure and the search continued. Something that looked like a human foot was found in the pig-sty and, suspicions being aroused, the governor ordered the garden dug up, with the result that 19 human skulls were discovered buried there."

The convict then confessed that he was responsible for the numerous disappearances, and, maybe, for the death of many more persons. He could not remember how many he had killed during the last three or four years. He claimed that his crimes were due to irresistible impulse, a wild passion for drinking human blood. He said he could not exist without a bottle stored away in his lair."

At the same time he was proud to show that he was not a murderer for gain. The money found on his victims he had either secretly returned to their relatives (which was proved true) or kept at the bottom of his well, from where it was recovered by the authorities.

"He confessed, though, that he had made good use of their bodies, by cutting them up and feeding his hogs on them. The investigation is still continued."

SIX DOLLARS A YEAR.

Unusually Salary Paid by an Illinois Railroad to a Wealthy Grain Merchant for Services.

Circuit Clerk James W. Cryder, of Edgar county, Illinois, receives, perhaps, the smallest salary paid by any railroad company in the United States. In accordance with a verbal contract made with the roadmaster of the Clover Leaf Railroad company several years ago, Mr. Cryder sees to it that the switch light at Bowman, Ill., is burning every night. For this service he receives six dollars per year, or 50 cents a month.

Mr. Cryder is a wealthy grain merchant, yet he is very solicitous about retaining his position with the railroad company. The headquarters of the grain company is at Bowman, Ill. The company has a large grain elevator at Bowman, a station three miles distant, on the Clover Leaf.

The railroad company has a rule that none but employees of the company can use the track. Mr. Cryder wanted to utilize the track, so he decided to enter the employ of the company. He secured the job of switch-light tender at Bowman, and now he or his representative is authorized to run a track velocipede between Bowman and Bowman. The elevator foreman looks after the light, but to secure the monthly salary of 50 cents Mr. Cryder must apply in person at the pay car and sign a receipt.

Where Woman Balks.

It cannot be ignored as a sign of the times that a scientifically planned daily newspaper started at the British capital for women omits party politics altogether. While the advance of woman in all other parts continues, remarks the Chicago Chronicle, she persists in refusing to be dragged into the commotions and burdens of politics.

Prominent Figure These Days.

The fat with the load of hay on his head, thin guards and chunks of sole leather distributed variously over his countenance, may not be a very pretty nor picturesque figure, remarks the Indianapolis Journal, but he is distinctly "up" in these autumnal days of football enthusiasm.

Next in Order.

A Cleveland company wants to insure bank depositors against loss. The Chicago Daily News remarks that a company to insure this company in the fulfillment of its contracts would be in order next.

Not to Be Trifled With.

A Michigan school mamam has been awarded \$3,000 damages for breach of promise. Evidently it hurts, remarks the Chicago Record-Herald, when a Michigan school mamam's heart is fooled with.

SEVEN HOOSIER GIRL FARMERS

These Modern Maid Mothers Are as Handy with the Hoe as They Are with the Plow.

Jonathan C. Wilson, a well-to-do farmer, living east of Rushville, Ind., has seven girls, ranging in age from 6 to 23 years, and all are old enough to work on the farm. It is no uncommon thing in passing the farm, which contains 170 acres, to see these modern Maid Mothers busy in all of the various departments of farm work.

Circumstances have had a great deal to do with their doing the farm work. Their parents are away and the two brothers are away at school most of the time. All of the girls go to school in the winter, except the two older ones, who stay at home and attend to the stock and look after the farming interests.

As early in the spring as will permit the ground is broken, and as the "gee" and "haw" of the plowman is heard in the surrounding fields, the voices of these farmer girls are soon the less effective. When the soil is ready for the harrow they get out to work early.

They put in the corn, plow and tend it, usually getting it plowed over three times before the hay harvest and wheat cutting is begun. Putting up hay is one of the features of the girls' work. "Raking the meadows sweet with hay" is such an uncommon thing for women to undertake that people will stop along the roadside to watch these girls load the wagons and haul it to the stack.

Usually one of the younger girls of the family drives the binder in cutting wheat while the others do the shocking. After the summer's work is done, older is made and stores of all kinds put up for the winter. Wood is cut and hauled to the woodshed, and repairs of fences and buildings are looked after. There is nothing whatever on the farm that they cannot do.

They are cultured and educated. They look at farm work in a sensible way and are glad to help their parents. They are church workers and stand high in the community. The two older girls are skilled musicians and can touch the piano keys as well as they can handle the plow.

INDIAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Father Negahquet, a Pottawatomie Brave, First of His Race to Enter the Ministry.

Until Rev. Albert Negahquet completed his four years' course in the Propaganda college at Rome during the present year there had never been a full-blood Indian admitted to the priesthood in the Roman Catholic church. Since the first days following America's discovery this church has been zealous in converting the Indians and through education placing them in a position to advance in civilization. There have been many zealous converts, but none has ever before reached the priesthood.

Father Negahquet was born in 1871, on the Pottawatomie Indians' former reservation, near St. Mary's, Kan. Through the efforts of Jesuit missionaries the Pottawatomie tribe, nearly a century before, was converted to the Catholic faith.

The oldest of teachers, Negahquet, was taken at a tender age to the Church of the Assumption, at Topeka, Kan., for baptism. Soon afterward his parents moved, with other members of the tribe, to the new reservation, then in the central part of Indian Territory. He attended the government school for Indians and his teachers encouraged him to go further with his studies. He therefore entered the School of the Sacred Heart, maintained for the Indians by the Catholics in Southern Pottawatomie county, Oklahoma.

Negahquet was consecrated to the priesthood in Rome by Cardinal Respighi, cardinal vicar of Rome June 6, within the Church of St. John the Lateran. He is now at Muskogee, I. T., as assistant pastor of the church and doing missionary work among the Indians.

RABBIT SHOOTS HUNTER.

New York Man Narrowly Escapes Death While Out After Game—Injured Victim Tosses Tables.

Milton Reynolds, of Ten-Mile River, N. Y., took his gun the other day and went out after rabbits. A big one got up, and Reynolds chased it until it disappeared in a hole in the ground.

The hunter laid his gun down, got a pole, and punched it in the hole to rout the rabbit out. The gun was cocked all ready for Reynolds to pick it up and shoot the rabbit the moment it came from the hole.

The cotton-tail came out with a sudden rush. Its first bound landed it on the gun. Its fore-foot struck the trigger. The gun was discharged, both barrels going off at once.

Reynolds was in a stooping position, his dog near him. He was just far enough out of line of the gun to escape the full force of the charges in it, but two fingers were torn from his right hand, his left foot was badly lacerated by shot, and his left cheek filled with them. One of the dog's legs was shot off. The rabbit went on, and is still at large.

Uncle Sam's Oldest Veteran.

It is interesting to note that the name of a soldier survivor of the war of 1812 now appears on the pension rolls, that of Hiram Cronk of Onondaga county, New York, who is 191 years of age. But no fewer than 1,115 widows of the soldiers in our second war with Great Britain are still getting money from the federal treasury. Young women who are willing to marry aged warriors, with the hope of pensions, are plentiful. Long after every man who bore arms in the Mexican war, the civil war, and the Spanish war has drawn his last breath, there will be a host of widows still obtaining pensions.

NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Agnes Printer Suffered from Disease by Long Walk of Over 8,000 Miles.

Sixty-two-year-old Charles E. Norris has arrived in New York city with a new cure for consumption, which, he says, beats all the anti-tuberculous lymphs ever invented. He began trying it on August 8, 1901, when tuberculosis had reduced his weight to 99 pounds. He has kept it up ever since, and has gained a pair of lungs as when he was a boy. He wore out 66 pairs of boots in applying the prescription.

The prescription was a very simple one, reduced to writing, it reads: "Walk." Since he began walking, when he left San Francisco two years and two months ago, he has piled up 8,399 miles to his credit, his trunk taking him up to Canada and down to New Orleans before he reached New York city.

It was after 49 years of toil in newspaper offices, from printer's devil to the case, and then on the road as an advertising man, that Mr. Norris found himself within a few months of the three-score mark, and utterly broken down in health. He had a hard cough and hemorrhage. He decided that only life in the open air with constant exercise could save him, so he started from San Francisco to cross the continent both ways. Expenses for hospital and physicians and nurses had wiped out all his savings, and he had just \$167 when he started.

This old man walked, feeling each day new strength. He stopped a week or more in many towns, earning money by working at the printing cases or soliciting advertisements for the papers.

He arrived in New York with eight notebooks filled with entries of the names of those he came to know on his long tramp.

WOMAN RUNS AN ENGINE.

Chicago's First Certificated Female Engineer Becomes the Through Force of Circumstances.

Chicago has a woman engineer, Miss

Miss Ball is the only woman in Chicago licensed to run a steam plant, and she is proud of the distinction.

"There are a good many first-class engineers in Chicago who cannot show as high a certificate as I have," Miss Ball said the other day, pointing with pride to her license. "It is proof, I think, that there is still another calling open to women."

An ominous gurgling somewhere in the depths of the big engine attracted her attention for a moment. She straightened out the unruly mechanism as calmly as another woman would the ruffles in her dress.

"Engines are pretty much like most husbands," she said, "unless you watch them carefully they are apt to give you trouble just when you don't expect it."

Until a few days ago Miss Ball employed a regular engineer, but he proved erratic in more ways than one, and finally she discharged him. "Now you will be in a nice fix," he said as he left.

"I guess I'll fool you there," was all Miss Ball said, and forthwith she herself became a regular certificated engineer.

AGED BROTHERS MEET.

Were inmates of the Same Soldiers' Home for Years, Neither Knowing of Other's Presence.

Henry Russell, 60 years old, has been an inmate of the Sawville soldiers' home, in California, nine years. John Russell, 70 years old, has been an inmate of the same home three years. There are nearly 4,000 soldiers in the home, and though living in the same institution together three years, they had not chanced to meet and learn each other's name till last week.

Henry heard some one address John as Russell. The name attracted his attention and he spoke to John.

"What part of the country did you come from?" he asked.

"Southampton, Conn.," was the response.

"What is your first name?" he then inquired.

"John," was the reply.

"Did you know a Henry Russell?" was the next question.

"To be sure I did," replied John. "That was my little brother."

"Well, I'm Henry," replied the younger man, and then the veterans shook hands and finally embraced.

These men had not seen each other or known of each other's whereabouts for 46 years. John left his home in 1857 for the west, and the family never heard from him again.

Don't "Mother" Birds.

Vic, a setter dog owned by Councilman W. F. Harrison, of Bloomfield, N. J., has adopted a brood of game chickens, and has supported their natural mother. The young birds pay no attention to anyone but Vic, and it is no unusual sight to see half a dozen of the chickens perched on the dog's back riding around the yard.

HANDS UNNECESSARY.

Ohio Man Who Accomplishes Many Things Without Them.

E. F. Latham, of Winton, Has "Broken" Spritely Cattle, Writes with Pen and Takes Care of His Home Alone.

Although he has no hands and arms, having lost both arms just below the elbows during the civil war, E. F. Latham, of Winton, O., enjoys life as much as anyone, and is well able to accomplish things almost as well as anyone who has hands.

Mr. Latham was born in Welshfield, O., March 2, 1839, and his early life was spent in that town. His career as a soldier, although he was not in the service long, was an honorable one. He enlisted at Welshfield during September, 1861, in the Ninth Ohio volunteer light artillery. This battery was sent to the front in Kentucky, and participated in the battle of Mill Springs, where the union forces captured Confederate Gen. Zollicoffer, January 19, 1862.

After the union forces had taken Cumberland Gap on June 19, 1862, the commanding general of the union army at this point gave the order to fire a general salute. Mr. Latham was running home a charge when the cannon was prematurely discharged, tearing away both arms below the elbows and putting out one eye. He was given the best of attention by the army surgeons, and in a few weeks had sufficiently recovered from his wounds to be able to return home.

Mr. Latham is known all over Geauga county as "Pie," a nickname given him while in the army. Mr. Latham has always been a lover of horses, and has owned from one to five for the last 15 years. After his return from the army he began dealing in cattle, and up to a few years ago was one of the county's well known butter and cheese manufacturers.

Mr. Latham is skilled in handling a cup of tea or coffee. By sliding a cup to the edge of a table, he is enabled, with the help of his mouth, to place it

and to be able to do up so as to drink the contents.

He has a device constructed of leather, somewhat resembling a butcher's sleeve with a metal end on which can be placed a fork or spoon. This is made to fit tight, and is pushed on to the stub of his left arm. With this device he can eat such food as can be handled with a fork.

To read a paper or book he generally is seated in a chair with his feet on a rest, with the paper or book on his knees and turning the leaves with his lips. When he wishes to write Mr. Latham takes a pen between his teeth. He can write well in that manner.

With a horse even a high-spirited animal, Mr. Latham is at perfect ease. He drives with the reins buckled short, and placed over his shoulder in such a manner that controlling is easy. In driving should he wish to turn one way or the other one of his stub arms is placed on the rein and by twisting his body a trifle the horse is guided. Latham has "broken to drive" some high-spirited colts, and he is considered a good judge of horses.

Around his home is a beautiful and large lawn. By placing the handle of the mower in the crook of his arm and leaning forward somewhat, he pushes the lawn mower. He keeps the grass cut short on his home grounds without any assistance.

During the winter months Mr. Latham tends to the furnace in his residence using a shovel with his left arm and knee.

KING A POOR HORSEMAN.

Paris laughing at incident During Recent Visit of Italian Royalty at the French Capital.

Parisians are talking about an event that was glossed over during the recent visit of the Italian king at Paris out of politeness. At the grand review it was noticed that the king of Italy did not mount his horse before the multitude. La Grande Paris says that the horse was led into a tent, where the king stepped on a stool, his legs not being long enough to mount from the ground, and added that for a week prior to the king's arrival the smallest puppi at the Ecole de Saumur practiced mounting the horse from a low stool, wearing in his hat lofty nodding plumes, such as the king wore later at the review, with the idea of habituating the horse to stand still while the king thus mounted.

The paper says possibly the king only walked his horse before the troops because of a fear of possibilities should a holder fail to attempt and think an equestrian status to the king would be out of place. The same paper says that Gen. Andre mounted as a punishment white horse, was regarded as imitating Boulanger, and frequent cries of "Vive Boulanger" were heard.

New Amusement in Paris.

The latest fad for the amusement of social gatherings in Paris is the baby party. A man dressed in a baby cap and long apron, and furnished with a feeding bottle, which is advantageously filled with something stronger than milk, is fed by a woman or girl, as a nurse, who pretends to chide the naughty infant until he becomes good, and is rewarded by a stick of barley sugar. The game affords much amusement to the onlookers and is much in favor.

A Good Combination.

Homey White and Bertha Hope were married in Minnesota the other day. Wait and Hope ought to make both a cheerful and promising combination.