

TO CONTINUE AS SECRETARY



Urey Woodson, whose faithful services as secretary of the Democratic national committee have won for him a reappointment to the position, is a prominent Democrat of Owensboro, Ky. He will work hard for the election of Mr. Bryan.

STILL ENJOYS LIFE

MAN WITHOUT HANDS OR FEET HAPPY AND CHEERFUL.

Arthur J. Murray, of Portland, Ore., Victim of Blizzard in 1888—Story of His Fight to Reach Shelter.

Pittsburg—Although he eats and drinks with care and dresses without assistance, Arthur J. Murray, of Portland, Ore., who was here a few days ago, has neither hands nor feet. The members had been frozen in a Canadian blizzard and their amputation could not be avoided.

Murray is one of the happiest men on earth. His humor is sincere. He is glad he does not have limbs that are racked with rheumatism. To the man glum with brooding over ill fate, Murray's magnetic, uplifting conversation always puts things in a more cheerful light.

Recently this man started giving lectures in small towns. He appears in tight showing the arms extending just below the elbows and the legs just below the knees, then proceeds to dress after applying his artificial members. Fully attired, he can run and even dance a bit and swings along the street with careless grace. Knives, forks, spoons, matches, hooks, pens or the like are easily slipped into openings provided in the wooden wrists, which practice has enabled him to govern accurately. The hooks, handy in dressing, are used more than any of the other attachments.

Murray says that in the 41 years of his life he has never taken a drink, but he chews plug tobacco incessantly. He seldom smokes, disliking to handle fire. He tells an interesting story of his life, which follows in part:

"Like every one else, I learned the benefit of my blessings only after I lost them. In the big blizzard that swept some of the northern states and Manitoba on January 12, 1888, there were many pitiful deaths among teachers, school children and settlers. In Omaha a school teacher named Miss Freeman lost her four limbs just as I did. When the roof was blown from over the heads of the children huddled inside the school house she had the presence of mind to tie the children together instead of turning them out to seek their homes separately. That would have been sure death.

"After fastening them in pairs she connected all with strips torn from her underskirts and started the line, with the oldest in the lead, to the nearest home, a half mile distant. She brought up the rear and picked up some that fell. A Dakota schoolmaster sent his pupils to their death in the storm and remained himself by the fire, keeping comfortably warm burning seats and flooring."

Chicken Rides on Engine. Hanover, Pa.—As a Northern Central passenger train passed Jacobs Mills, two miles east of Hanover, a young chicken was caught by the cow-catcher. When the train arrived in Hanover the fowl was sitting on the front part of the engine unharmed. The engineer captured the bird and placed it in a box in the seat of the engine, and as a result he and his family enjoyed a chicken supper that night.

Horse May Do Cakewalk Act. Milwaukee—That cakewalking by a horse in a Milwaukee park on Sunday is not wicked was the verdict recently of the city park board when it sat in serious session on the case of a park policeman who ordered Mrs. R. F. Unerl, a well-known society woman, to stop her horse from taking fancy steps. The park board decided that as long as there was no crowd in the way, there was no offense.

KAISER'S SON CHOPS WOOD.

Prince Eitel Takes to Hard Work as Cure for Obesity.

Berlin.—Hard work is the proper cure for obesity, thinks Prince Eitel Friedrich, second son of the emperor, who is threatened.

At present he is staying at his summer residence, Ingenhelm castle, near Charlottenburg, where from morning to night he engages in the most strenuous labor.

He applies himself with the utmost assiduity to gardening, tree felling, cutting hedges, sawing wood, carpentry, and the building of potting sheds. The gardeners and other workmen connected with the estate, which consists of a fair-sized natural park on the banks of the Havel, obtain little leisure while the prince is in residence, as he exacts from them a full day's work every day in the week.

For several weeks past he has taken a leading part in the construction of a riding school, and on one occasion during the great heat was gently remonstrated with by the princess for working so hard.

"Oh," he replied, "this kind of work is a splendid cure for obesity," and continued his task as though he were a paid laborer.

When not working in the grounds he and the princess set out for long rides on horseback, leaving the house before seven in the morning without a groom, and taking a light lunch with them, which they eat in the forest, and return to the castle just in time to dress for the evening dinner.

Sometimes they drive together in a dog cart with a tandem team and picnic in the woods. The princess takes her sketch book with her, and, as she is a trained artist, she has made quite a collection of landscapes of her own work.

On these occasions the prince, after his return, always applies himself for some hours to manual labor about the castle.

Life at the castle is, on the whole, simple. There are no superfluous lackeys in attendance, and the household is conducted more in the manner of a villa than like that of a prince of the blood.

\$10,000 UP ON WOOD CHOPPER.

Vermont Senator's Son Backs Employee for Five Cords a Day.

Amsden, Vt.—With wagers of over \$10,000 on deposit in the treasury of the United States, Maxwell Everts, son of the late Senator Everts of Vermont, and chief counsel of the Southern Pacific railway company, will bring 20 guests here on September 26 to prove that a Vermont man is the greatest wood chopper in the world, and that he can chop, split and pile five cords of wood in a day.

The wagers were made in Washington a few days ago. Mr. Everts, who is interested in several big timber propositions in Vermont, was boasting of a man, Ed Mootie by name, who worked for him and who could chop, split and pile 30 cords of wood in a week.

"Nonsense," was the response he met with. He stood firm, and soon offers to bet were made. Charles H. Treat, treasurer of the United States, took \$5,000, several senators took between \$5,000 and \$10,000 more, and Treasurer Treat agreed to keep the money in the United States vaults until the wager was decided.

Mouse Steals Money.

Shelbyville, Ind.—A few days ago Miss Annie Cooney hid \$50 in an old rag and then placed it between the folds of a lounge. When she went to get the money later it had disappeared. After a long search she finally found the money in the springs of the lounge and on it was a mouse. The mouse had built a nest and had dragged the money into it.

NOT MATTER OF IMPORTANCE.

Substitution Considered of Little Moment by Sculptor.

A story of the great French sculptor Rodin and a woman client is going the rounds in Paris.

A wealthy American woman who wished to transmit her form to posterity called on the artist and commissioned him to execute a life-size statue of herself. The lady possessed a well turned figure, and for hours, draped in Greek robes, she posed before the sculptor.

After a dozen visits Rodin told her that further sittings were unnecessary and that he would finish the statue at his leisure. But when the fair American returned some time later to take possession of her portrait she was astonished to observe that the head of the statue bore no resemblance to her own. She was naturally very indignant and complained bitterly of the lack of resemblance.

"Yes, you are quite right," replied the veteran sculptor, in a dreamy, far away voice. "The fact is that your head was entirely lacking in inspiration, and at first I thought of having the statue without a head. But after reflection and in order that you might suffer no prejudice I preferred to replace your head by that of Mme. de N., which she once ordered from me and has never paid for. Besides, you will lose nothing by the change."

READY FOR ALL CONTINGENCIES.

English Organization Will Insure Against Anything.

Insurance against all sorts of possible contingencies is common in England. London merchants who expected to do a large trade during the celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee took out policies on her life to save them from loss in case she died before the celebration, and in the same way they insured the life of King Edward in anticipation of his coronation, for which they had provided. The London Lloyd's, which issued the policies, will insure against the birth of twins, and not long ago they insured a money-lender against loss which would arise if one of his clients neglected his mother-in-law. The woman had willed \$100,000 to her son-in-law, on condition that he let her alone. The man wished to anticipate the woman's death, and asked the money-lender to advance him \$80,000 on his interest in the will. He agreed to do it, and took out the policy to protect himself from loss.—Youth's Companion.

Improving the Farmer's Life.

In the earlier years of agricultural colleges some very intelligent farmers held their teaching in slight esteem. They were "theoretical," "scientific" and could bring to practical farming but little aid. Demonstrations, experimental farms conducted by college instructors, the results obtained by the first few graduates who applied their college-acquired knowledge to farm work changed the views of the farmers, who then more generally sent their sons to agricultural colleges. Even then for a time many of the farmers' sons after finishing their studies went as before to the towns to seek careers instead of returning to the farm. Now, however, not only do the farmers' sons return from the agricultural college to the farm, but town boys influenced by the spread of information as to the attractive profits of agriculture earned by those who farm scientifically go to the farms from college instead of returning to the town.

Mozart's Feat of Memory.

In 1770, when Mozart was only 14 years of age, he went on a tour through Italy. In Easter week he was in Rome, and went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the wonderful Easter music. This included the celebrated and beautiful Miserere of Gregorio Alcega, a piece which was not allowed to be transcribed for use outside of the Vatican. After one hearing Mozart went home and made an almost exact copy of the piece from memory, making only one or two corrections after a second visit. The feat created an immense sensation, for at the time the singers were forbidden to transcribe the music on pain of excommunication.

His Reasons.

"I suppose," remarked the old time friend, "that you will have a spacious salon in the residence you are building."

"Certainly not," answered Col. Stillwell. "I am a Prohibitionist, and, besides, I am against spelling reform."

Limited.

Mrs. Dyer—What become of Mrs. Higbee? I haven't seen her in a long time.

Mrs. Ryer—Well, you know she has only one afternoon out a week since she began keeping a servant.—Judge's Library.

A Defective Memory.

Doris (sighed five, reflectively)—Mamma, I have an awfully poor memory.

Mamma—Is that so? Doris—Yes, I can't even remember when I was born.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Practical Degree.

"Mr. Fliry, whom you admire so much, is a college man. He is a bachelor of arts."

"I should say he was. Can flirt with six girls and have 'em all on the string at the same time."

PAPA HAD THE SAME OPINION.

And Bobby Got a Large Round Dollar Instead of the Slipper.

Bobby is a little shaver who can not always be depended upon to spare the family blush when there are visitors.

During a recent church convention in Bobby's city his mother entertained one of the elders, a delegate whose very name inspired awe in the fold. You know what happened to Bobby. He was scrubbed within an inch of his life, curled, dressed all in snowy white, even to his shoes and stockings, and between the rubbings and dressings the entire manual of etiquette was read to him.

The elder came, talking as he entered the house, saying a long, long grace at dinner, talking the air as the patient family sat with him on the porch afterward, then came family prayers.

Bobby knelt meekly with the rest, but his mouth was taking on the shape of a yawn and in his big blue eyes a danger signal shone. The elder was most eloquent in prayer. He began with the universe at large and came gradually down, down, down to whatever special item he feared Omnipotence might slight. The clock ticked on and on till suddenly—Bobby jumped to his feet.

"Now, see here," he said, "I've had just about enough of this, and I ain't goin' to stand for any more of it either."

After Bobby was in bed and all lights were out, Bobby's papa slipped into the room.

"Here, sonnie," he said, "hold out your hand. Here is a big, round, silver dollar for papa's little boy, but don't tell any one I gave it to you."

USE AUTOS FOR TIGER HUNTING.

Supplanting the Elephant and Howdah with Princess of India.

No preparations have now to be made when the news of a tiger roaming in a jungle is brought. Petrol, and not a howdah, is the thing to be cared for. A few minutes' drive brings the hunter and the tiger face to face with each other.

News came in the other day of a tiger roaming on the banks of the Sindhu near Uchar, a village some 14 miles from Datta City. The maharajah accordingly motored out to the village with his staff on the thirteenth. That day was devoted simply to observing the movements of the tiger. A goat was led up and was duly slain by the tiger, who, making for the river bed and placing his prey on the sand close to the water, entered the cool pool and bathed and gambled for some time. Having thoroughly enjoyed himself, he came out, and after feasting in the clear moonlight took his way back to the jungle.

Next day the maharajah sat up for the tiger. The beast returned to his feed, and had just caught the goat by the right ear when the maharajah fired, hitting the tiger in the head, the first bullet proving fatal. The tiger rolled over on the ground, with the goat held fast in his jaws.

Early in the morning the maharajah returned in his motor car with the dead tiger placed in the rear seat. The goat still hanging in the tiger's mouth. So fast was the grip that the goat did not fall down, though the motor was run at full speed. It was a very strange sight to see the slayer and the slain driving and driven together and the goat hanging in the jaws of the dead tiger.—Calcutta Statesman.

Proper Way to Ride.

"The fatigue of a long journey of which persons often complain," said an experienced traveler, "is quite unnecessary and comes from an unconscious effort to carry the train along. This is resisting the motion instead of relaxing and yielding to it. In a railroad car one should always rest the feet on the rail of the seat in front, if such is provided, as to keep the feet off the floor lessens the vibration that is conveyed to the body and prevents just that much strain. In a Pullman, where foot rests are not usually provided, a bag will do as well for a footstool, if nothing else is to be had. The body, while you are sitting in a car, should be as completely relaxed as possible. Until one attempts this relaxation on a railroad car it is not noticed how tense is the effort to resist the motion—all of which is in direct accordance with modern physical culture, which has discovered that true repose goes further than mere non-action."

Quite Consistent.

"But," protested the manager, "don't you think it looks odd for you to wear your diamonds in the character of the poor deserted wife?"

"Oh, no," replied the actress, "you must have observed that I have selected for that purpose the very smallest and plainest diamonds I own."—Philadelphia Press.

Which?

Church—I heard you talking about some man who was very unpopular in town, didn't I? Gotham—Yes.

"Well, tell me, is he an oil magnate or a baseball umpire?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Could Afford the Best.

"What you need," declared the druggist, "is beef, wine and iron."

"Tush, tush, my good man," interposed the customer, peevishly, "you are talking to a millionaire. Have you no terrapin, champagne and gold?"

COST SOMETHING TO WIN BET.

Took Beer to Get a Wager Down; and Wine to Get It Cashed.

The problem of getting a bet down at the race track under the present strict interpretation of the new law was solved recently at Gravesend in a rather ingenious way, says the New York Tribune.

A man who was anxious to wager ten dollars on a supposed "good thing" approached a one-time bookmaker and asked what price he would lay against Rye in the fourth race.

"Oh, four to one," was the response, "but I don't know you, and don't care to be arrested for accepting the cash."

"That's all right," replied the anxious better; "come and have a beer. I'll pay with a ten-dollar bill, and you can pick up the change. Of course I'm getting a shade the best of it, but you won't mind that."

They had the drink, and five minutes later a certain man rooted long and hard and shouted jubilantly when Rye galloped home in front. He then rushed off to find the "memory broker" and get his money, but the same old problem confronted him again.

"I'll tell you," slyly suggested the one-time layer, "come and have a bottle of wine; I'll pay for it with a \$50 bill, and you can pick up the change. Of course, I'm getting a shade the best of it, but you won't mind that."

The wine was opened and the transaction completed, and then the better turned away, remarking: "It costs something to win a bet under the Agnew-Hart law."

IS COMMON BOND OF INTEREST.

Talk Shop with Your Husband, the Advice of One Writer.

Talk shop with your husband, advises an exchange. It pays a man to make his wife a real partner in his business, and women should take the initiative. If necessary, in a tactful way to bring this condition to pass. A genuine partnership between husband and wife gives them a never-ending subject of absorbing conversation. There is no bond in the world so strong between people as that of a common interest. There is no talk so fascinating as shop. The husband and wife who can spend an evening in an animated discussion of the price of silk, or the best way to build a house or write a poem, are never dull or bored by each other.

You never see that kind of man running about of an evening hunting amusement away from home. You never hear that kind of woman complaining because she has to economize or to do her own work. And you never hear that couple waiting that married life is dull.—Exchange.

The Good Intent.

Charles M. Alexander, the evangelist, whose association with Dr. Torrey has made him known throughout the United States and the British empire, is a man of humor, and has, of course, frequently had opportunity to observe those pitfalls of diction into which the excitement of exhortation frequently plunges an enthusiast.

"In New York last winter," he says, "I happened to be on the platform when a very earnest and zealous pastor was trying his best to awaken some enthusiasm in his habitually torpid congregation. He told his hearers how lethargic they were; how their religious sense was dying out, and how, if they would save their souls, they must not let it die. At last, insisting upon this almost to the point of hysteria, he fairly shouted:

"Brethren, if you have one single spark of grace remaining, water it!"—Saturday Evening Post.

First Visible Proof.

On his return to England from the Russo-Turkish war David Christie Murray, the novelist, went at once to Hawarden to report on the situation in the Balkans to Mr. Gladstone. He wore his campaigning overcoat, a wonderful creation of camel's hair lined with bearskin. As he was leaving Hawarden Mr. Gladstone, helping him on with his overcoat, asked: "Where did you obtain possession of this extraordinary garment, Mr. Murray?" "I bought it, sir, in Bulgaria," answered Mr. Murray. "Ah," said Gladstone, with a perfectly grave face, and falling back a step to look at it, "I have had much to say of the Bulgarian atrocities of late years, but this is the only one of which I have had ocular demonstration."

As on the Stage.

"Them three men?" Farmer Border replied to a question. "Them's our farm hands."

"But," asked the city girl, "where's the other one?" "What other one?" "Why, there's always a quartet of them to sing the 'Old Oaken Bucket,' isn't there?"—The Catholic Standard and Times.

The Snap-Shooting Nuisance.

One of the nuisances of the present day is the photographer who snaps the married couple just as they come out of the church. The nuisance of it is that no one likes to be taken unaware, but that might be obviated if the public is trained to expect the camera upon every occasion and is always ready to "look sweet."

Giving Out No Advance Copies.

Gwendolfe—What did Archie say when he proposed to you? Emeralda—He won't say it until next Thursday night, and it won't be released before 11:30 a. m.

CONFESSION OF ONE HUSBAND.

And How He Found His Niche in the World.

"Where youth is coupled with intelligence illusions pass rapidly away. Early in my married life it dawned on me that I was going to be at home for a long stay. I realized that my tenure in business, and even my place in my father's family, were insignificant in their importance when compared with this new relation I had established. I saw that it was the greatest contract I had ever signed. I was also becoming conscious of my relative insignificance in the general scheme of things. It appeared less likely that I should be called away to dig the Panama canal, and more and more probable that I should continue in the daily performance in inconspicuous work.

"Out of all this there came to my wife and me the realization that the greatest chance within our reach lay right there in our two-by-four house. If the world was unappreciative of our unparalleled talents, the world could go hang. We'd use them ourselves.

"And so we set out to surmount all difficulties. We haven't done that yet, but we have made a start. I have cultivated my wife's relatives until I have come to the conclusion that they are practically as desirable as my own. My wife has pursued the same attitude toward my relatives to the point where she thinks more favorably of some of them than I do myself.

"We never quarrel in the sense that we harbor and nourish feelings of hate. Sometimes we talk loud, but we keep on talking until our voices run down and become so amiable that it is both safe and restful to break off. I can listen to the reading of choice poetry, and my wife can pretend that she enjoys the dog show. I can sit through the play Hamlet, even keeping my seat while that lunatic Ophelia is on the stage. This is my great achievement, but it is more than matched by my wife, who can sit with her back to the wall and appear to be calm while I read about Edgar Allan Poe's story of how the rats between that fellow and Juliet American Magazine.

GETTING THE MATTER STRAIGHT.

Bishop Potter's Humorous Correction of Gudd's Remark.

When the late Bishop Potter attended the Episcopal convention in San Francisco he kept the people of the Golden Gate laughing at the good things he said.

During his visit the citizens were in good-natured rivalry to do him honor, and he was sometimes embarrassed with the necessity of declining some of the many invitations that his time prevented him from accepting. However, William Crocker extended to him an invitation that he was glad to be able to accept; that was to occupy his handsome residence on Nob Hill, the home of the early millionaires.

A group of visitors were being shown about the city by a native, and as they reached this section the residence of Mr. Crocker was pointed out, at the same time the guide taking occasion to spring a joke he had carefully nursed for the proper time.

"That house," he said, pointing to the residence, "is Mr. Crocker's Pottery."

He had not noticed a gentleman who was at the instant coming down the broad porch steps. It opportunely happened to be Bishop Potter, and he had heard every word that was said. There was a glint of humor in his eye as he stepped up to the man and said:

"I beg your pardon for correcting you, but you are mistaken. This is Bishop Potter's Crockery."—Harper's Weekly.

Glad to Get Back to His Cage.

A lion broke loose at an electrical exhibition at Marseilles and made his way on the stage of the theater, where a ballet was being rehearsed. The panic among the women of the ballet when the lion suddenly came into view was intense. Three of the dancers, however, were possessed of more courage than the rest, and, snatching off their shoes, they beat the greatly astonished beast into submission.

When the lion tamer arrived the lion welcomed him with evident joy and allowed himself to be led back to his cage in the most docile fashion. He seemed as glad to get away from the ballet girls as they were to be rid of him.

The Alchemist.

"The seers of the past tried vainly to transmute base metals into virgin gold; but I—"

With an 1835 comic paper before him the humorist clicked off a bustle joke upon his typewriter, altering only the word "bustle," which he made "sheath skirt."

"I have no difficulty in taking ones of last generation's dearest and most worthless sallies, and turning it, in three clicks of the machine, into a real, live, down-to-the-minute joket with a market value of at least 50 cents."

To Cure a Broken Heart.

He-I understand you have been attending an ambulance class. Can you tell me what is the best thing to do for a broken heart?

She-O, yes. Bind up the broken portion with a gold band, bathe in orange blossom water, and apply plenty of raw rice. Guaranteed to be well in a month.