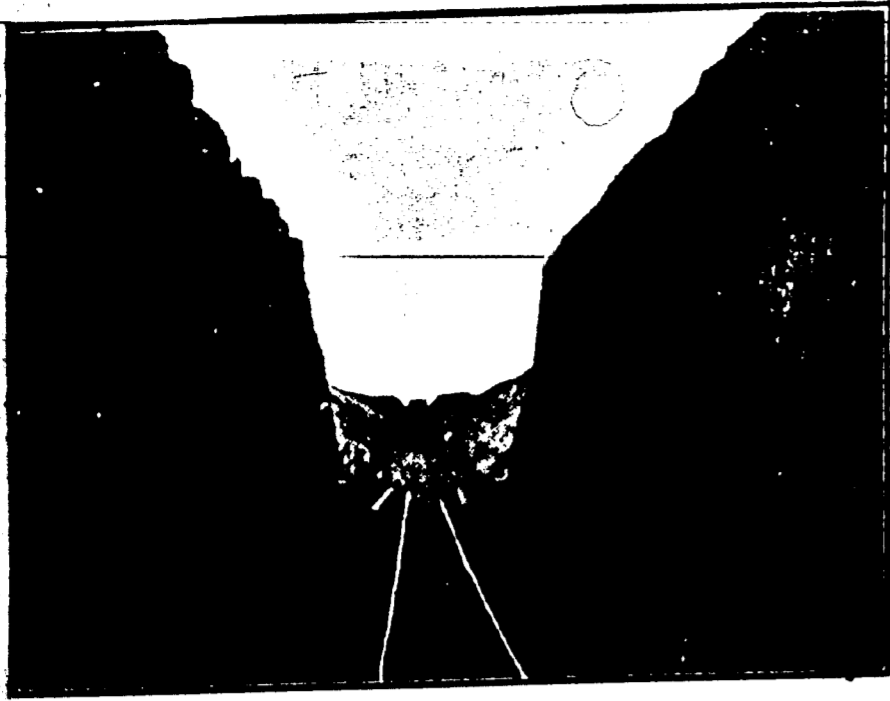


UGANDA RAILWAY IN AFRICA



This photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. This railroad will probably carry President Roosevelt to the great hunting ground in the interior of the dark continent when he takes the trip now being planned on the expiration of his term.

SIXTH SENSE WARNS

STRANGE INTUITION HELPED FUGITIVE EVADE LAW.

Escaped Convict Successfully Eluded Detective Twice, But Failed to Head Third "Hunch" and Was Captured.

Frankfort, Ky.—The man with the sixth sense, who knows from intuition that he is being chased is to be released from the penitentiary on parole. His name is William Rousey and he is serving a sentence of 21 years having been convicted in Boyle county of manslaughter for the shooting of one Mastin. The killing was a neighborhood feud and both men were using revolvers when the fatal shot was fired. Rousey comes of a noted family. His grandfather had seven sons. Of the seven only one met a natural death, the others being sent into eternity by bullet or knife wounds. All of the seven are dead, the last, Micajah Rousey, having been killed at Junction City by the marshal. Will Rousey is a nephew of Micajah Rousey. He has another cousin in the prison here who was convicted of killing an old man named Kiser in the courthouse at Danville.

After Will Rousey had been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary he appealed his case to the court of appeals. While that appeal was pending he broke jail at Danville, sawing the bars in two and getting away. The man who escaped with him was captured, but Rousey seemed to have been swallowed up. He was a member of the Railway Trainmen's union and carried a card which would pass him on any railroad in the country. In this way he was enabled to make quick jumps about the country.

Walter Fitzgerald was jailer of Boyle county, and he and Tom Helm, then chief of police, went after Rousey. Months passed and the people had forgotten that such a man as Rousey existed. More than a year after Rousey's escape he was arrested in a small town in southern California. He was brought back and when the report of appeals affirmed his case he was brought to the penitentiary here.

During the year that passed after his escape, Helm was on the trail of Rousey and twice was within two days of him, reaching a town only that length of time after Rousey had gone. The chase was from Illinois to southern Arkansas and back four times and then across Texas and New Mexico into California.

During this time Rousey never had positive information that anybody was after him. He received warnings in some mysterious way. He says something told him Tom Helm was after him and would come to the town in which he happened to be at that time. As soon as this feeling came upon him, without questioning it, Rousey would leave. On the day before he was arrested, Rousey said he was sitting by the railroad track in the yards where he was employed. He said the old feeling which said to him plainly, "Tom Helm is coming here after you," came over him. He said he went at once to the foreman of the yard and asked for his pass and also for a pass to Canada. This was on Thursday. The foreman persuaded Rousey to wait until Saturday and work the week out. The failure to obey the warning caused Rousey to be caught just at the edge of what would have been safety, and he went to the penitentiary where he has made a good record.

Prepare for Bad Winter.

Hannover, Pa.—Unmistakable signs of local weather prophets to predict a severe winter.

An old weather-wise farmer remarked that the woods have grown unusually high, which he said, indicates a long, severe winter.

He said another cause of the seeds to grow tall so that birds can feed upon the seeds when the ground is covered with snow.

Another indication, he continued, was the fact that squirrels are carrying their winter supply of grain into hollow trees. When the deposit they lose secure places would winter may be expected.

RUMPUS IS MADE BY CLOCK.

Man Tries to Steal It, But Old Time-piece Raises Objection.

New York.—An antique clock, worth nothing whatever as a timepiece, but having a value of perhaps \$50 from an antiquarian's point of view, stood silent on the mantelpiece of the drawing-room on the first floor of No. 7 West Twenty-sixth street. The old clock had stood there many years with its hands always pointing at 2:28 o'clock. It stopped at that hour about 25 years ago, and had declined to go over since.

About 2:15 o'clock in the afternoon Frank Williams, aged 28, found the door of No. 7 West Twenty-sixth street ajar. Prompted by a curiosity, possibly, he walked in and tiptoed into the drawing-room. There was no one there. Williams eyed the ancient clock on the mantel. It looked pawable, and he gently lifted it off the mantelpiece and started out with it. He got as far as the hall when the clock suddenly awoke from its Rip Van Winkle sleep and with a rattling buzz and bang and clanging of bells screamed for help in its horological way. It was a French clock, and it screamed in the musical accents of France. Williams quickened his pace, but had not more than reached the front door when William Ling, the caretaker of the house, came bounding up the stairs from the basement to see what had broken loose.

Down the front steps went Williams, hugging the frightened old clock under his coat and sprinted toward Broadway. At the corner Ling caught him and turned him over to a policeman.

FINDS PLANTS WITH "BRAINS."

Park Gardener Supports Theory of Botanical Intelligence.

Chicago.—Not to be outdone by Sir G. H. Darwin and his "living plants"—that is, plants which are supposed to live and breathe and eat and think for themselves—Chicago, too, has varieties of plants with intelligence and industry. There are specimens in several of the parks and Alois Frey, the horticulturist of Lincoln park, who succeeded in growing the Alpine edelweiss amid the rocks around the flower house in the park, showed some of the brainy plants. Prof. Darwin of England, who is a son of the famous Charles Darwin, is of the opinion that plants have a consciousness of their own and possess more intelligence than some human beings. Mr. Frey agrees with him.

"Now take the pitcher plant," said Mr. Frey. "There is a plant that eats—yes, sir, a regular carnivorous monster. It catches the flies and other insects and digests them. The best plant, too, shows intelligence. Plants find no difficulty in finding their own way through life if given half a chance. Some will not live in captivity. The Indian plant will pine away and die."

Horse Learns His Route.

Washington.—Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Dextrow is authority for this:

Ray Clinton, a rural mail carrier of Indiana, after making his trip one day recently, drove out with his horse to make an evening visit at the home of one of his fairest patrons.

At a late hour he started for home and soon fell asleep in his wagon. He did not wake up until nearly daylight the next morning, when he discovered that his horse had traveled the mail route from one end to the other, a distance of 25 miles.

Clinton's next trip revealed the fact that the horse had stopped at every mail box on the route.

Finds a \$9,200 Pot of Gold.

Paduah, Ky.—Having made a small fortune by luck, Charles E. Wells, a laborer of Graves county, is preparing to start a bank and engage in the real estate business at Mayfield. Several months ago he found a kettle of coins in Ballard county, containing \$5,000 in gold, and \$300 in silver. The dates ranged from 1804 to 1860. He sold the collection with the exception of \$100 in silver, to Charles F. Clark & Co. of Cincinnati, coin collectors for \$9,200. The money is said to have been buried by a man named Keith, in civil war times.

BRIEF POPULARITY FOR ROSES.

Favorites of Other Days That Are Now Scarcely Seen.

What becomes of the former favorites of the rose tribe? Each has had its day and has reigned right royally in its particular period, says the New York Press. All old New Yorkers must have soft spots in their hearts for the Jacqueminot. For many years it was the most popular blossom among rich and poor. A quarter of a century ago the street vendors sold hardly anything except the gorgeous red "Jack" roses and the most fashionable florist had to be extremely cautious in trying to push another variety ahead of it. Then came the American beauty, which had a long sway. Bride roses followed in the affections of the people, more on account of their association than because of superior beauty. Long before the brides and American beauties and "Jacks" there flourished the Marechal Niel, always the subject of controversy as to whether it was a tea rose or a noisette.

Of a more beautiful yellow than the flower named for the famous marshal of France was the cloth of gold rose. As its name implied, it was a rich, golden color. Fully as handsome as the general Jacqueminot, the original name of the "Jack" was the baronne prevoist. Another gorgeous rose was the giant of battles. Among the climbers were the queen of the prairie, the Baltimore belle and the alyshire. A flower loved for its perpetual blossoming was the souvenir de malmaison, finest of the Bourbon roses. The Bengal was another perpetual and attractive bloom. Even the glaucous cabbage rose, though it became the fashion to laugh at it, had its share of popularity for awhile. Where are the roses of yesterday?

SPOILED THEIR LITTLE GAME.

Trickster's Slip That Put an End to Negotiations.

Mayor Speer of Denver was talking the other day about a pair of political tricksters.

"They gave themselves away," he said. "Don't tricksters always give themselves away? It reminds me of the two men who wanted to sell their corpses for dissection. These two men, miserably clad, called on the dean of a medical college in New York.

"We are both on the verge of starvation, sir," the spokesman said. "We are well on in years, and it is clear that we haven't much longer to live. Would you care to purchase our bodies for your dissecting room?"

Justified His Name.

On opening a new golf course at Tankerton, Whitstable, Eng., recently Mr. Akers-Douglas related a good story. A golfer at Hale had an irritating experience with a local caddie. He followed so closely, and was so anxious to please by intelligent anticipation, that the player had several narrow escapes of severely disfiguring him. After a tedious and unprofitable hour he paid him off, gave him his lunch ticket and three pence for cleaning his clubs, and addressed him: "You know you are not quite perfect as a caddie. There is room for improvement. But as an agent for an accident insurance company you are pretty hot stuff. What is your name?" The caddie, a stolid-looking and hitherto silent youth, moved, like Balaam's ass, by the exigencies of the situation, opened his mouth and replied, "Mustard."

Soon Available.

Scene—Matrimonial agency. Manager and gentleman applicant. Mat. Agent—You want a wife? Customer—Yes, sir. Mat. Agent—Blonde or brunette? Customer—I am not particular. I insist on but one thing—she must be a divorced woman. Mat. Agent—Sorry, sir. I have none on hand, but if you can wait a few days I have one in preparation.—Bohemian.

The Way of It.

Proud Traveler—I have had such experiences with the bandits in Italy and Spain. Have you ever had an experience in the least like it? Stay-at-home Citizen—My dear sir, I can surpass your experience. There was a time of my life when I never went out that I was not held up by force of arms. P. T.—Good gracious! How was it? S. A. H. C.—I was when I was a baby and my nurse took me out for an airing.

Caught Both Ways.

Jinks—Because I may be naturally a timid man, I found equal bad luck in trying such opposite occupations as dairy farming and finance. Hinks—What do you mean? Jinks—I went to the country and the cows bulled me. I went into Wall street and the bulls cowed me.

A Scattering Cilentale.

"Do you think people will take kindly to your ideas of reform?" "I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "One trouble about being a reformer is that there are so many different kinds of reform wanted that your audience is necessarily limited."

OPEN THEIR DOORS TO WOMEN.

German Universities Now Admit Students of the Fair Sex.

The universities in Saxony and in the southern half of the empire—Bavaria, Baden and Wurttemberg—have all opened their doors to female students, and granted them all academic rights, matriculation, graduation, etc. Others admit them only as visitors to lectures, but refuse to them all other privileges. The University of Berlin has adopted a compromise, refusing matriculation to women, but allowing them to attend courses of study as visitors, and also, with the approval of their instructors, to present themselves as candidates for the examinations leading to the doctor's degree.

During the last winter the 21 German universities enrolled 320 matriculated women, and 2,504 female visitors. There was an increase over the preceding winter of 35 matriculates and of 399 visitors. The matriculates were divided among the eight universities, where they are allowed entrance, as follows: Munich, 125; Heidelberg, 65; Freiburg, 53; Leipzig, 36; Jena, 29; Tubingen, 9; Wurzburg, 8, and Erlangen, 4.

IS IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE.

Irrigation Methods Better Than the Natural Rainfall.

And irrigation is better than rain, infinitely better. That also sounds like a paradox, but instead it is almost a truism. What is better—to give a plant just as much and no more water than it needs and just when it needs it; or to parch it or drown it, according to the whim of the clouds? The rain falls upon the just and upon the unjust alike, upon your strawberries that cry for it and upon your sugar-beets that want uninterrupted sunshine. Rain is all right in its place, but it is a very poor substitute for irrigation. Otherwise why would the laws of our cities be sprinkled or irrigated, instead of leaving them to the tender mercy of the clouds? No arid lands are more fertile than ordinary lands, and irrigation is better than rain.—Walter E. Weyl, in Success Magazine.

Cured by Fright.

Cured by fright was an invalid of Nancy, in France, who had arranged to go by a south-bound pilgrims' train to Lourdes, in whose miraculous waters he hoped to find relief. He was being borne on a stretcher to the train, and while the men who were carrying him were crossing the railroad track the station-master called out to them to hurry up, as the express from Metz was approaching.

The sick man, who was afflicted with paralysis, heard the station-master's warning and was so frightened that he jumped off the stretcher and ran down the platform. He got to his compartment long before his astonished porters.

He could not give any explanation of what had happened to him except that he felt himself cured and was able to proceed home instead of to Lourdes.

His Reasons for Divorce.

"I happened to be at Sioux Falls one summer," said the actor. "I was very much interested in the men out there who were selling divorces. Why, certainly, the men go there, too. Didn't you know that? They would be here that I wasn't getting a divorce. Finally, I let them have their way and go on thinking it. If you could have heard their reasons for getting divorces—"

"At last they insisted on my telling them why I was getting mine, and I did. I made up a composite case of the most interesting parts of all the cases they had submitted for my consideration, and carried off the laurels. I was the toast of the season while I was there."

Practical Politics.

"I don't see much sense in this spelling reform movement," declared the first legislator. "It ain't practical." "Why ain't it practical?" demanded the second legislator. "Can't we appoint a commission, with a high-salaried head and 17 minor but lucrative jobs? Of course it's practical."—Kansas City Journal.

Sympathy Is Wasted.

Miss Violet Hauk, the novelist, says that people spend their time not in enjoying the red-haired girl, but in explaining her, and that this must be stopped. Mrs. Elinor Glyn thinks that red-haired women are always unhappy, and in the meantime the girl herself calls her hair Auburn and is generally blissfully unconscious that she needs any sympathy.

Hard for Him.

Mr. Jolly—It's easy to obey the Biblical injunction when one's neighbor is a pretty girl. Miss Sneider—But, surely, it isn't easy for you. Mr. Jolly—Oh, yes; I refer to the command to "love thy neighbor."

Found His Proper Place.

"Ah, then you are the young college gentleman who read that inspiring essay on 'The Uplifting of Mankind' I trust, my boy, that you are succeeding in your ambition." "Oh, yes, sir, I'm now running an elevator in a department store."—Detroit News Tribune.

LAW IN ITALY MOVES SLOWLY.

Man Thirty-Eight Years in House of Detention Without Trial.

Two little boys in Rome were carrying their father's pistol to the gunsmith's to be mended. They quarreled and the pistol was not so much out of order as to keep Pietro, aged 11, from shooting Paola, aged eight.

The little fratricide was at once arrested, the magistrate committing him to prison while they prepared to deal with the case. Unfortunately for Pietro, the day on which he shot his brother was September 18, 1870. On that day Gen. Hixio began his march toward Rome and two days later he entered the city.

The papal magistrates had ample excuse for forgetting Pietro, and Pietro was forgotten for about six months, when the newly appointed functionaries took up his case. So deliberately did they take it up that it was not until 1882 that all the material for the prosecution had been completed.

Then the abolition of the death penalty in Italy caused a fresh delay. Three specialists were appointed to inquire into Pietro's state of mind, and they disagreed, causing the affair to be shelved indefinitely. There is no one now who remembers at first hand the incidents of the crime.

Pietro is 49, having spent 38 years in the house of detention, and once more efforts are to be made to bring him finally to trial.

SECRET DIVULGED BY PARROT.

Servants in Nights of Merriment Had Forgotten Bird.

The late George Winthrop Sands passed last winter at St. Moritz. This robust and handsome youth, with his modest and pleasant air, was a great favorite with the distinguished band of curlers, bob-sleighers and skiers who frequent the sunny, snow-covered village of the Engadine.

There was a ball on Christmas night at the Kulm hotel, and Mr. Sands, who entertained George Cornwallis West, at his table during the ball supper, told as a bottle of champagne was being opened, a parrot story.

"I once had a parrot," he said. "It was a gray African bird, an excellent talker. I went away for a month with my family, and of course the parrot remained behind with the servants. 'Well, on my return I found that the parrot had learned a new speech. Every evening, at intervals of 15 minutes or so, it would repeat: 'Ha, ha, ha! Let's have another bottle. There's no one here to know. Plop! Gurgle-gurgle-gurgle!'"

"The bird," he said, "was a sign of good sense. Sir Arthur Mitchell, K. C. B., of Edinburgh, who knows much that is strange about dreams, laughter, and other commonplace human characteristics, has just advanced the convincing theory that blushing is an achievement of which everyone who can blush should be proud.

He says it requires brains to blush. Idiots cannot blush, neither can animals. Sir Arthur calls attention to the fact that tiny infants do not blush, although they learn to do so at an early age, just as soon, in fact, as the brain begins to exercise its functions. In blushing, he says, the mind always must be affected. It is always and only a bodily expression of a mental state. It is a natural thing for a blusher to say that he had tried not to blush. No individual blishes of his own free will. The blush arises without call instantaneously and vanishes almost as quickly. Neither for its coming nor its going is there any exercise of volition. It is controlled, Sir Arthur says, solely by the brain, and is a positive sign that there is an active brain there.

Like a Roentgen Picture.

As long ago as 1735 a Leipzig house published a German novel illustrated by something closely resembling a Roentgen picture. The story tells of the Countess Abillinia, who gave her heart to the knight Gibello. The knightly lover was thoughtless enough to kill his lady love's father, her affection turned to hatred, she vowed to kill him. In a dream she saw the man who had fascinated her, and she stood, ready to slay him, when suddenly his form changed, and before her stood a grinning skeleton, saying: "I have already been punished." This scene is illustrated in the old book, and the picture is not unlike a Roentgen photograph. When it was published no one probably would have believed that science within a comparatively short time would make it possible to produce this picture, which the author's imagination invented.

The Silkworm.

The silkworm, which spins or produces silk threads, was a native of China. For thousands of years the Chinese would not allow the eggs of the silkworm to go out of the country. About 550, two monks are said to have brought to Europe a few eggs hidden in their beards. Now it is quite domesticated and has been so long fed by man that the female is as nearly motionless as if she had no wings, and the male merely flutters without leaving the ground.

The Willy Burglar.

First Burglar—What's that? Second Burglar—That's my sample case. Yes, see, I've just become a house-to-house canvasser.

First Burglar—What are ye sellin'? Second Burglar—Oil to keep doors from squeakin'. Great scheme, ain't it?—London Telegraph.

AS HIS SET SAW OLD BRAU.

Put Their Own Definition on His Lordship's Statement.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, at a luncheon in New York, narrated her impressions of the great city that she had not seen for 20 years.

"New York has now taken her place among the world's capitals," she said. "New York is no longer young and unsophisticated. She has now all the wisdom and vice of Paris, London and Rome."

"They who speak of New York as young, childish, innocent, speak very foolishly. They remind me of Lord Exe of the Carlton."

"Lord Exe, at 70, tried to lead the life of a youth of 25. He dyed his hair, wore a corset and frequented the music halls, Piccadilly circus and the Burlington arcade."

"One afternoon, as he drove from the Carlton in his brougham, a member said, smiling:

"There goes Exe. He told me over a whisky and soda a few days ago that he felt as fresh as a two-year-old."

"Another member sneered:

"He probably meant a two-year old egg," he murmured."

THOUGHT OF DEATH UNNERVES.

Peculiar State of Mind of Man Who Makes People Laugh.

Frank Daniels, the well-known comedian, is said to have a most extraordinary fear of death.

If he can possibly bark out from attending a funeral he invariably does so. In fact, it is said that he never went to one in his life until Kirk La Shelle, his old-time friend and manager, died, a short time ago.

Then it was absolutely necessary for Daniels to go to the funeral. He did. But he arrived back at his home in Rye, N. Y. in a state of great agitation, and promptly took to his bed.

But as nothing seemed to be the matter with him, he gradually plucked up courage and decided to arise, as usual, the next day.

His valet asked him whether he desired to put on the clothes which he had worn the day before.

"What?" exclaimed Daniels, horrified. "Wear those things I had on at the funeral? Never! Throw them away—burn them up! I never want to see them again!"

And his previous agitation returned to such an extent that he almost decided not to get up that day at all.

The Will to Live.

Dr. Mason, a physician of considerable prominence and ability, suddenly developed a serious illness when far from home in a little town in Oregon, says the Women's Home Companion. He felt able to prescribe for himself, but knew that what he really needed was careful nursing. The widow of the late medical practitioner of the town was recommended to him, and he asked to see her. She was thin, angular and severe of aspect, and at first glance he decided he needed more cheerful attendance. He tried, as gracefully as possible, to express his doubts as to the volunteer's ability as a nurse.

"But," protested the lady, "I nursed my father until he died. I nursed both my sister and brother until they died. I nursed my husband—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the doctor, "but you see, I want to live."

Happiness.

The young poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened up stairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting darning his socks.

"Listen, sweetheart," he whispered tenderly. "I have just written this."

And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful, his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way from the beginning to the end of his theme, and when he had finished he looked at her, awaiting her verdict.

For a time she was silent.

"Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking."

"I was wondering, dearest:— 'What?'"

"Whether the butcher who is not awfully late with that liver," she replied.—Judge.

Sharing His Celebrity.

The management of the various children's Arabian Nights. At any rate, each library now boasts a modern Scheherazade in the person of a professional story teller, whose mission it is to entertain the small borrowers at stated intervals by the recital of tales wise and otherwise.

On one of these occasions recently the story was Mrs. Peary's Snow Baby. The narrator must have been more than ordinarily vivid in her descriptive passages, for at the end of the ceremonies a little Italian boy came forward and made his modest plea. "Mrs. Peary," he began, winningly, "please come around to my house with me." Ed like my mother to look on a lady that had lived in such cold places."

Pleasant Vacation Pastime.

Two Philadelphia medical students employed their summer vacation hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains near Kmarttburg. They captured a number of large rattlers, from which they obtained about \$1,500 worth of venom, which will be shipped to Paris.