

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

Was a Real One, According to This New Yorker.

Charles E. Chadeayne, of Ossining, Gives History of Famous Animal—Poet Grabbed Immortality from Trip to School.

New York.—Mary's little lamb was not a myth—it was an actuality. Charles E. Chadeayne of Ossining, N. Y., is the authority who vouches for this statement and he backs it up with proofs of the little creature's origin, life, deportment and above all its experience in school on that well remembered day.

The information concerning the famous animal is gleaned from extensive researches made upon the collection of curios belonging to Mr. Chadeayne. Exhibits in this collection demonstrate to a certainty that Mary's was a spring lamb, born in 1817 in Sterling, Mass., where Mary (surnamed Sawyer), lived with her parents. The lamb died in its earliest hours, was widely known, in its earliest hours, was frail in health.

Several lambs had been born at about the same time and Mary made a visit to the fold with her papa. "Mary," said her father, "that lamb is dead."

"No, papa," replied the little girl, "for when I move its head it will move it back again."

"But it cannot live," said her father. "O, yes, maybe it can," replied Mary. "Let me take it home and nurse it and tend it."

To this Mary's papa consented. So Mary took her little lamb and carried it home and warmed it and fed it. And from that moment the poem that everybody knows was assured.

The little girl's pet was so grateful to its benefactor that it could hardly bear to have her out of its sight. But Mary must go to school, you know, and so there had to be a separation for several hours every day. But Mary always said a long good-by to it every morning. Once in a hurry this farewell slipped her mind until she had got considerable distance from the house.

And that is how it came about that Mary took the lamb to school and how the poetry spoken by every child and child in America was inspired. To be sure, the poem says that "it followed her to school one day." Well, that can't be helped. Facts are facts, despite poets.

When Mary remembered that she hadn't paid a parting visit to the lamb she hurried right back as quick as she could. She had a little sound that she made that was half way between scream and song, and no matter where the lamb was when it heard that sound it would run to Mary. As she hastened homeward she made that little sound and sure enough here came the lamb. It looked up so pleadingly that Mary just couldn't take it back to the house and so she wrapped it up in her shawl and took it along to school.

She put it, still wrapped in the shawl, under her seat and she never studied so hard in her life as she did that morning. She did not want the teacher to look her way for fear she would see the lamb. But when the time came to say lessons the scholars in Mary's class had to go out and stand along a certain crack in the floor. And what should happen but the moment that Mary started the lamb started, too, and went right forward and stood on the crack with Mary.

John Rolleston was the poet who framed the original verses. This man of letters appears to have been a sort of New England Keats, for he was at that time not more than 17 years old. He was studying under the guidance of the village parson, and as soon as he heard about the lamb incident he saw at once that there was his opportunity.

In a kind of divine frenzy he dashed off the stanzas which relate of the lamb being sure to go where Mary did, and following her to school, and about it making the children laugh and play, and about it being against the rules, and about the teacher turning it out, and about it waiting outside until Mary came out.

This effort contained only three stanzas and no more, Mary said in the late '30s just before her death, and constituted the poem as it was stricken from the white hot anvil of John Rolleston's inspiration. So far as Mary knew, Rolleston wrote no more regarding the adventures of the lamb. It was not until several years later that Mary read in a newspaper some verses accredited to Mrs. Sara J. Hale and entitled "Mary's Little Lamb." Mrs. Hale had used the Rolleston stanzas with one or two slight changes, and to them had added three.

Mary survived her lamb by about 65 years, passing away in Somerville, Mass., at the age of 83, having in the meantime married a man named Tyler.

Woman is Good Trapper.

Georgetown, Del.—Mrs. James Jones, probably the only woman trapper in Delaware, has closed a successful season, having trapped and skinned unalike about 220 muskrats. Mrs. Jones lives on a marsh farm at Cave Neck, and, although having a large family manages the farm and does trapping every winter after the farm work is done. She is expert at the work and is accustomed to the hard work along the bay shore.

FAMOUS TAVERN IS RAZED.

Old Bull's Head Hostelry in Chicago Demolished to Make Room for Store.

Chicago.—The old Bull's Head tavern is no more. Its demolition was completed recently. A big store will be erected on the site. The ancient structure was built more than 60 years ago and was the second hotel on the West side, the first being the Green Tree tavern, which was razed many years ago.

With the passing of the old Bull's Head, memories of early days in Chicago are revived in the minds of many of the city's older residents. When built in 1848 the Bull's Head tavern was one of the most pretentious structures in town. Its builder, Matthew Laffin, was one of the pioneers of Chicago.

The hotel was built with the locating of the Bull's Head stockyards at the junction of West Madison street, Ogden avenue and Ashland avenue. During the first five years of its existence the only means of transportation to that "remote" part of the city was by private conveyance or on foot. In 1863 Frank Parmelee instituted a bus line from Lake and State streets to the Bull's Head tavern, the round trip consuming almost half a day. Street cars make the round trip now in less than half an hour.

With the removal of the stockyards to the south side, the old hostelry began to wane in popularity.

More than 35 years ago the tavern was removed to West Harrison street, opposite the county hospital, and had been occupied as a dwelling and confectionery store. The Washington Home now occupies the original site of the Bull's Head.

BANKED CASH IN HER "RAT"

Woman Has Man Arrested for Robbing Her of Savings Concealed in Hair.

Camden, N. J.—According to a story she told Recorder Stackhouse in the Camden police court Margaret Citron of 1134 Master street, Philadelphia, has been banking her surplus cash in the "rat" which she uses to increase the size of her fluffy pompadour. Louis Bishop was the defendant on charges of assault and battery and highway robbery and the complainant declared that he had learned the hiding place of her wealth and had followed her about with the intention of getting the money.

She had complained to the police she said and Bishop had been ordered to leave Camden, but instead of going, had lain in wait for her at Front and Walnut streets, knocking her down, disarranging her coiffure and securing \$60 therefrom, besides one of a pair of pearl earrings. This last was found in Bishop's cell after the recorder had held him without bail for court.

As he was being led away Bishop called to the court: "Your honor, that woman is married, I know her. Her name is Reed and she has been married three times."

"She's lucky," was the recorder's only comment.

ADVERTISES FOR LAZY SISSY.

Doing Things "By Opposites," Dayton (O.) Man Gets What He Wants.

Dayton, O.—William McHoes, a former prominent manufacturer, believes in doing things "by opposites," as he explains, in order to accomplish anything. Six of the finest young men in Dayton applied the other day for a place in response to the following ad:

WANTED—A BOY ABOUT 17 YEARS of age, to assist in taking care of horses; must be lazy, an expert crack shooter and a sissy. Apply to W. McHoes, 53 Green street, Dayton, O.

"Had I asked for a nice, honest young fellow the chances are that I would have heard from the biggest loafers in the city," says Mr. McHoes. "In this odd way I secured capable applicants."

"Once I advertised a house for rent and stated in the ad. that I wanted a family of ten children with four dogs. I promised in the ad. to furnish a hatchet and a box of nails for the children so they could enjoy themselves in the parlor if they desired. The result was that I secured good tenants. You might as well be honest about it, you've got to do things 'by opposites' these days."

PAVE STREETS WITH STRAW.

People in Washington Town Discover New Way to Bind Mud and Keep Dust Down Later.

Spokane, Wash.—Paving town streets with wheat straw as a means of binding the mud in the spring and keeping the dust down later in the season is being demonstrated at Endicott in Whitman county, Washington, south of Spokane, where two miles of streets were treated this spring. A foot of fresh straw being laid from curb and packed into the wet ground following a slight rainfall.

The experiment is considered to be a success, as the streets are neat and clean and there is no dust, though traffic is heavy. Country roads in other parts of Washington have been "strawed" for years during the summer months to hold the dust, but this is the first time it has been tried in a town and it is not unlikely that other communities will take up the work until permanent pavements are built.

A CLUB FOR WOMEN

St. Louis Man Plans Erection of Building.

Only Bachelor Maids and Self-Supporting Young Ladies Eligible—Cost of Membership to Be Moderate.

St. Louis.—One hundred self-supporting or financially independent women will be eligible to a club which S. F. Addington, a well-known St. Louis real estate man, is projecting.

Bachelor maids, school-teachers, artists, private secretaries, music teachers, or any young woman of good character able to pay ten to twelve dollars a month for a room with first-class club accommodations may obtain membership in the club. There are at least 1,000 young women of this class in St. Louis, Mr. Addington believes, who would appreciate such an institution.

It will not be a charitable project, neither is it planned to make big money for those who invest in it. A chance may be given the members of eventually becoming part owner in the building and its furnishings.

Prominent St. Louis men and women, some of whom are members of the largest clubs, have talked with Mr. Addington about his idea, and have approved it. He believes he will get financial support from many of these, although all the money needed for carrying out his plans is in his hands.

Mr. Addington owns the lot on which it is proposed to erect the club house. It is about a half block west of Taylor avenue, on the south side of Washington boulevard. The lot is 75x200 feet, and the property is worth \$115 a foot.

The total cost of the club will not exceed \$50,000. The building Mr. Addington has in mind is to be not more than three stories in height, and will contain 50 sleeping rooms.

Mr. Addington said: "I have had this scheme in mind several months. It is not going to be a charity in the ordinary sense. The women I seek to accommodate are those who would not accept charity."

"It is not planned to provide for shop girls. That class of girls, while just as deserving as the others, already is provided for amply in St. Louis."

"The ones I hope to interest in club life are those young women who hold responsible positions, such as school-teachers or professional women, like artists and musicians, and women with enough means to be classed as independent."

"I will want for club members women who cannot afford to live in the first-class hotels."

"On the lot I have there is enough room to build a club house which will embrace, besides the sleeping quarters, a cafe, gymnasium, bowling alley and other features designed for mental and physical recreation. I think that all of this can be accomplished and that the cost of living in the club can be fixed midway between the prices charged in a first-class hotel and in a boarding-house, say from ten to twelve dollars a month for a room for each member."

SPITE FENCE IS FINISHED

Jersey Man Puts His New One Up Very Substantially—May Be Dynamited.

Glen Ridge, N. J.—At a cost of \$250 the reconstructed spite fence on the property of Thomas Dwyer, in Ridge-wood avenue, was completed and, according to the builder, James Kern, nothing but a tornado or earthquake will move it. The fence is 22 feet high and is supported by seven large posts that are set six feet in the ground and imbedded in cement. Twenty-one bags of cement were used.

The original fence, which had been standing about a year, was partially destroyed by the wind recently, and when Mr. Dwyer had it taken down the people near were greatly pleased. But the work on a new fence was started the next day, and the indignation of the people grew as the fence did. There is talk of dynamiting the thing, but it is believed to be only talk. An effort to compel Mr. Dwyer to remove the fence by court proceedings has been begun.

The fence was erected by Mr. Dwyer on account of a dispute about property with Mrs. Frances Spowers, who owns the land adjoining.

FREED BY BANJO PLAYING

Pastor Hears the "Picking" of a Georgia Convict and Obtains His Release.

Atlanta, Ga.—A. L. Frierson, sentenced in 1905 to ten years' imprisonment for manslaughter, has "picked" his way to liberty in an unusual manner. No saws, "himmies," alligator-in, tools or explosives were used. No shackles were broken, no steel bars tampered with and no apertures were made in prison walls.

But with his banjo Frierson literally picked his way to liberty. The convict's banjo picking attracted the attention of Dr. J. W. Lee, pastor of Trinity Methodist church, Atlanta, on a recent visit to the convict camp at Valdosta. "No man with that much music in his soul," said Dr. Lee, "could be a criminal," and he circulated a petition for Frierson's release.

Gov. Smith signed Frierson's parole and recently he cast aside the stripes and will try to live up to his pledges of reformation.

"DON'T GIVE HIM ANY JAM."

Tag Placed on Boy Who Is Shipped From London to Bisbee, Arizona.

New York.—A sturdy seven-year-old English lad, carrying a big basket full of eatables, started from New York for Bisbee, Ariz., the other day on the second and last stage of a lonesome journey from England. Pinned to the boy's coat was a big tag reading:

"This boy is going to a loving mother in Arizona. Treat him as you would have your own boy treated. Don't give him any jam."

The boy is Jimmy Holland. Possibly he is about the only boy in the world who would stand for a sign warning people not to give him any jam. He doesn't care. He hates jam.

Jimmy came to New York on the Teutonic. He traveled across the ocean in care of the steward and was the pet of the boat.

One year ago Jimmy's mother, Mrs. E. J. Holland, traveling from England to Arizona, stopped over night at the Star hotel, and Mr. Blake, the proprietor, promised her then that he would look out for her son when he came along later.

Mr. Blake got a letter a few days ago telling him that Jimmy was on the way, and to meet him at the pier. In the letter, Mrs. Holland was particular in stating that Jimmy must not be allowed to get off the train to buy anything.

When Jimmy was questioned about it he said his mother knew he did not like jam and was afraid that it might embarrass people if they offered it to him and he refused it.

NEW CURE FOR BAD BOYS

Humane Officer Gets Good Results from a Diet of Fruits and Nuts.

Tacoma, Wash.—A diet consisting solely of nuts and fruits, with cold water as the only beverage, as a substitute for the food now supplied in reformatories and jails has been advocated for years by Humane Officer William Van Voores of this city, who, encouraged by the results he has obtained in treating boys turned over to his charge, is about to realize on his movement to secure a permanent home for waifs and unfortunates placed under his charge.

Van Voores not only preaches but practices his doctrine. For three years he has confined himself strictly to a diet of fruits and nuts. He declares that the people of this country after ridding themselves of the evils of liquor have a bigger contract in getting rid of gluttony.

"We are the best-fed and the poorest-nourished nation on earth," he says. In order that he may demonstrate the value of his ideas concerning the connection between crime and diet, a tract of ten acres will be secured on Vashon island in the sound, where a home will be erected and boys and men of criminal tendencies will be given a chance to get close to nature and in the proper environments have the benefits of a strictly fruitarian diet.

OWNERS HID THEIR CITY.

Strange Feature of Mexican Prehistoric Find Disclosed by the Researches of Scientists.

Mexico City.—Several archaeologists, after extensive examinations, announced that the prehistoric ruins of Montealban show every evidence of the city having been covered by the residents themselves.

It is the supposition that they were forced to leave by the advent of some stronger people, and, rather than allow them the advantage of their work, they covered the edifices with dirt and then made their departure.

Montealban is a flat mountain, three miles from Oaxaca, and on the flat summit are found some of the most extensive ruins in the republic, differing from Mitla. Practically every building is covered with several feet of dirt, making it appear as "only a mound. Several of the buildings have been cleared of the covering and are in a fine state of preservation.

The latest excavations were made by L. Batres, representing the archaeological department of the government, and it is also his opinion that the buildings were deliberately covered.

DOG RETRIEVES BULLFROG.

Fox Terrier Has to Be Tied Before the Big Croaker Can Go Free.

Chester, Pa.—When George M. Wallace, a restaurateur of this city, purchased a consignment of bullfrogs from a Philadelphia some time ago there was one whopping big fellow in the lot he determined to place on exhibition. The frog soon grew docile and was given the privilege of the cafe.

The frog formed a strong attachment to Bob, a handsome fox terrier dog belonging to Wallace, and the strange friends enjoyed many a romp together until a few days ago, when Wallace decided to give the frog his liberty. Taking it to Chester creek he threw the frog overboard, but Bob, the dog, plunged at once into the stream, grabbed the frog in his mouth and brought him back ashore.

Several times the frog was thrown into the water, but each time Bob retrieved. Finally Wallace brought the frog back to his cafe. He threw him overboard again, seeing to it first, however, that Bob was locked in his box.

FIRST WHITE CHILD

Born in Duluth, Minn., Is Still Alive.

Many Changes Seen by the Aged Settler in the Region Now Thickly Populated—Indians Helped Him Trap.

Duluth, Minn.—Eustace Roussain of Fond du Lac is the first man of Caucasian blood born in Duluth.

His father, Francis Roussain, was agent at the old fort at Fond du Lac for John Jacob Astor and for many years traded furs with the Indians on the St. Louis river and in the Vermilion country.

When Eustace was born, in 1839, there were no settlers on the present site of Duluth, and all the white men in this part of the country made their headquarters in the Indian village of Fond du Lac. On their return from trapping expeditions they traded their furs at the store operated by Francis Roussain, and the little village was the commercial center at the head of the lakes.

Eustace lived at the fort with his parents until he was 16 years old. His father then thought he was old enough to be educated, so he engaged passage for him on a fur trading schooner from the head of the lakes to Detroit. From Detroit he went by rail to Montreal, where he attended school for three years.

He returned to Fond du Lac at the end of his school career and went to work helping his father in the store and about the farm. At odd times he taught some of the Indians to read and write and was a great favorite with the red men.

When he was about 20 years old Roussain set out trapping, and with the help of his Indian friends soon became an expert. At that time there were many deer, wolves, moose, bear, mink and wildcats in the woods near Fond du Lac, and Roussain made the country between West Duluth and his home his trapping territory. He caught many dollars' worth of fur-bearing animals along the stream that now bears the name of Keene's creek. Mink were plentiful on the creek at that time and on all the creeks running into the St. Louis river.

Roussain sold his furs to his father and they were shipped down the lakes to the eastern cities. He made several trading trips to Vermilion lake, a distance of about 100 miles by the old Indian trail, and he packed back the valuable furs. He made much money in the business and spent most of it in improving the farm he had settled on.

This farm was later platted for the town which now stands there and the old man is still living on the land he reclaimed from the wilderness when he was a boy.

R. E. Carlton, after whom Carlton, Minn., is named, was a trader at the village when Roussain was a boy and was a great friend of Roussain. Sr.

Roussain says that the Indians were always friendly to the whites at the village and that he had never heard of any trouble between the races at the head of the lakes. He can distinctly remember when "Bill" Nettleton settled on his claim and put up his house, at about where Third avenue east is now, and he says Nettleton's house was the first built where Duluth now stands.

He also remembers when the first settlement was established on Minnesota point just below where Superior street is now. Roussain was trapping here before the beaver were exterminated, and he says that up until about 40 years ago there were many beaver about four miles back of Duluth.

Roussain's father died 20 years ago, and Roussain has lived with his sister Cecelia at the old place ever since. He has a niece, Cecelia Durfee, who is teaching school now in Fond du Lac.

Within the memory of Roussain a good sized island has formed in the St. Louis river opposite Fond du Lac, and in the case of the Northern Power Company against the Chambers, he testified as to whether the island was there all the time or had been formed since he could remember. He has seen the face of the earth change in several places along the river.

Roussain never married. He is still hearty and comes into West Duluth three or four times a year to visit old friends.

MUSTN'T WEAR FREAK HATS

Big Headgear May Be Made for Display Only, if Illinois Legislature Passes Bill.

Springfield, Ill.—Big hats and those ornamented with the skins or bodies of "birds or reptiles or insects" are prohibited under heavy penalty in a bill introduced in the house the other day by Representative Hilton.

The bill provides that it shall be unlawful to sell or to expose for sale any hat more than 18 inches in diameter, or with plume, egrette, pin, or other ornament projecting more than six inches beyond the rim, or bearing the dead body or stuffed skin of a bird, snake, lizard or other animal, reptile or insect subject to decay and likely to become a breeding place for germs.

The bill provides that nothing shall prevent the display of freakish types and models for the purpose of education or amusement. Wearing hats contrary to the statute is prohibited in public places of thoroughfares. The penalties are \$100 to \$200.

The bill was referred to the committee on miscellaneous subjects.

EGG MAP REVEALS LOST GOLD

Vermont Farmer's Fowl Shows Where Treasure Was Hidden in Revolutionary Days.

Tyson, Vt.—Ezra Burt, who lives about a mile east of the Corners, has a hen which no amount of money will buy. It is a scrawny, ill-appearing fowl, with dragged feathers and a semi-bald head, and, what is more, it has laid only one egg in its entire two years' existence. "Scrit, old-hewy," as the hen is called, has a niche in Ezra's heart and gets the very best grain the farm affords.

The secret of all this is that the one egg Betsy laid contained on its shell a raised water line map of the spot where old Jeremiah Burt, Ezra's great-grandfather, buried his gold at the time of the revolutionary war, and with the aid of this map Ezra recovered the treasure. Just how much this was no one has been able to find out, but it is known that the mortgage on the farm has been paid off and the Burt family is living in comfort.

The Burts gave up hunting for the secreted wealth 40 years ago, after they had searched and dug until they were tired out. They knew that the paternal Burt sunk his gold somewhere in the earth, and went off to war without telling his family where he had placed it further than that it was on the farm.

Last summer a gypsy came along selling beads and laces, and offered to go into a trance and solve the treasure riddle, provided Ezra bought a dollar's worth of her wares. Burt took the offer, and in her trance the woman said that some day an old scrawny hen would lay an egg on which would be found a map. If this were followed, the treasure would be found. Ezra thought he was "stung," but he paid the dollar.

BIGGEST BABY IN THE WORLD

Is Only Three Years Old But Weighs 120 Pounds—Has Been in Almost Perfect Health Since Birth.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The biggest baby in the world lives at 1617 Washington avenue, this city. He is John Wilson Webb, three years old, and weighs 120 pounds. His mother, who weighs 200 pounds, finds it difficult to carry the baby Jumbo around in her arms.

She occasionally takes John Wilson across her lap and applies the maternal slipper, but confesses that it is hard work.

Whenever Mrs. Webb and her 120-pound baby appear upon the streets they cause a blockade of traffic by attracting curiosity-seekers. Street car conductors invariably demand two fares for mother and son, and as the latter is of adult size the mother has difficulty in convincing the conductors that he is only a baby three years old.

John Wilson has been in almost perfect health since his birth. His only sickness was a mild case of measles, which reduced his weight merely a pound or two. He cries sometimes, but so loudly that persons in the vicinity who hear him imagine a riot is in progress.

Mrs. Wilson is a widow, and her infant son contributes to her support. Sometimes he earns \$10 a day in public exhibitions as "the biggest baby in the world." The father, who died recently, weighed about 280 pounds.

NOW SHE ASKS FOR DIVORCE

Husband Selected Her from More Than 400 Applicants, But He Fails to Sult Her.

Frankfort, Ind.—Daniel Overmeyer, a wealthy land owner, is in the Clinton circuit court as the defendant in a suit for divorce. Five years ago he advertised for a wife and received more than 400 replies. He is now trying to prevent the wife that he chose from the lot from getting \$5,000 alimony.

In her complaint Mrs. Overmeyer charges her husband with cruel and inhuman treatment and with having made false representations to her. They were married in October, 1903, and separated in June, 1906. She alleges he struck and beat her and that he told her he was a wealthy land owner, having farms in Pulaski and Fulton counties. She says she promised her land, about 270 acres, if she would marry her.

After the wedding, she says, she discovered he had only a life estate in the land, having deeded it to his children by a former marriage. She asserts that he is worth about \$10,000, and she is suing for half this sum along with an absolute divorce.

MARRIED WOMAN DOESN'T OWN CLOTHES

New Orleans.—That a married woman in Louisiana does not own her own clothes was shown in an address before the Era club, composed of fashionable women, by Judge W. W. Ferguson, who dilated on the inequalities of the code Napoleon inherited by the Louisiana constitution. Judge Ferguson declared that the estate of a single woman is far more preferable, in the property holding sense, than that of a wife.

The members of the Era club in waging a suffragette campaign have enlisted Judge Ferguson to start agitation for legislative reform.

PREPARES TAX ON ADVERTISING.

Washington.—Display signs will be the subject of a federal tax if the bill recently introduced by Senator Heyburn becomes law. It is provided that a tax of two cents a superficial square foot shall be levied upon every posted display advertisement of any article advertised to enter in interstate commerce.