

Robert W. Speer has held the office of mayor of Denver since June 1; 1904, and has proven a very popular executive. Mr. Speer settled in the Celorado capital in 1877 and was postmaster of that city from 1865 to 1889. Me is 53 years old.

HUMAN STORAGE BATTERY.

Small Boy of Texas Seems Charged

with Electricity.

. Houston, Tex.-E. G. Atlov, a seven-

born in America and living here now.

has been discovered to be a human

storage battery of electricity. The

sessed. He is red-beaded, freckle-faced

and blue-eyed. A court of medical ex-

made remarkable tests with the boy

perts, electricians and physicians has

His strange powers were accidental-

ly discovered by a metal filling which

had been put in one tooth. The boy

picked up the disconnected porcelain

knob that was used to connect an

electric fan with an electric light

wire, and thrust it into his mouth.

As the metal cap touched the metal

tooth filling, the fan began to revolve

22-candle-power bulb was attached to

When a steel thimble was put on

the end of the wire and the light

the boy's finger and he grasped the

end of the wires in his hand, the same

result was obtained. A piece of iron

ield in the boy's hand for a few mo-

ments became highly magnetized. A

hammer with an imen handle held in

his hands will attract tacks at the

Placed on a glass-legged stool, any-

one touching him received a distinct

shock. An ordinary flatiron held in

his hands for five minutes and then

passed over ten-penny nails driven

into hard wood, will pull them with

MOTHER AND SON AT SCHOOL

Negress Attends Institution with Boy

to See That He Gets Fair Play.

Lansing. Mich .- Little "Jimmie"

Scott, a negro, aged ten years, is

claimed by his mother, Mrs. J. Scott,

to be a victim of race prejudice. She

says the boy is not treated, fairly by

his white schoolmates. In fact, she

suspects that perhaps he does not get

the chance he should to receive an

education. The boy is in the third

The mother is accompanying her

son to school. She sits by his side

during study hours and returns home

"I want my boy to have his chance,"

the mother says. "He is a good boy

and I want him educated as are white

folks' children, so I go to school with

him to see that he is not pestered!

It is said that the boy does not

learn easily and that is the reason

he has not advanced more rapidly.

Scott's opinion. She says:

other boys"

went to Warner.

This does not accord with Mrs.

"Jimmle is a bright boy, and if

they will give him the chance other

boys have he can go along with the

Courts by Mail Two Years.

Muskogee, Okla - After a two-

years' courtship by mail and a trip

of over 1,000 miles by the bride, who

had never laid eyes on her husband.

Miss Rinda Horton of Sandy Hook.

Ey., and Rev. Thomas Houghton, pas-

for of the Methodist church at War-

ner, were married. The groom is 61

The wedding was to have taken

place in St. Louis, whither the groom

went to meet his bride and marry

Frog Had Crystal Palace.

an ice company here was delivering

ten minutes the frog commenced to

for its ice imprisonment.

Middletown, N. Y .-- An employe of

her, but they missed connections. The

years old and the bride is 37.

and is given his chance to study."

with him afterward.

burned brilliantly.

distance of four feet.

and then to buzz at full speed. A

ARE VICTIMS OF MEAN SCHEME year-old boy of Russian parentage. IN PITTSBURG.

Female Tax Dodgers Frightened widowed mother fears the boy is pos-When Assessors Obtain Clews from Blue Books and Ask

Questions.

Pittaburg. Pa.-Pittaburg's rich momen have been hoodwinked into disclosing hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of assessable stocks and bonds which have for many years been "held out" on the assessors. The hime silk stocking crowd was taken in through a clever move on the part of

the long-suffering assessors. The Pittsburg blue book was the spedium through which the assessors hung one of the most monumental blaffs ever worked off on unsuspecting women. The crying need of more taxable property appealed to the assessors, and they decided to call on the rich women of Pittsburg, who have long been suspected of having much taxable paper which has never

been turned in. Thousands of letters were sent out to Mrs. John Smith, Mrs. William. Jones or Mrs. James Green, asking them to please make some statement to the assessors regarding stocks. honds, mortgages, etc., that they were supposed to possess. This brought nothing; Mmes. Smith, Jones and Green ignored these summons as they and done for years.

Finally the blue book was thought of. There was some hard detective work, and within a week other letters were sent out, this time addressed to Mrs. Lucile Jamison Smith, Mrs. Vera Worthington Jones and Mrs. Margaret Clancey Green, and the letters read something like this:

"My Dear Madam: You will please furnish at once to the office of the wity assessors full particulars regarding that block of Pennsylvania railroad stock which the late Mr. ----. 'your father, gave you on your wedsling day; also regarding the mortgages and bank stocks which were given you by your husband some years ago. We wish to have an accounting of taxes, and must ask you to give this your immediate atten-

The rich women of Pittsburg never stopped to ask questions. They simply Mew to the offices of the assessors to mettic.

They did not know what might happen later if the assessors could get their maiden names and their family history so readily, and they decided to get their long-held stock placed on the books and pay their taxes. Some of the women almost fainted when told that their maiden sames came from the blue book. The makensors sent out 4,000 of these let ters and have been forced to put on watra clerks to handle the business. that is coming in.

The Pennsylvania railroad, which has 65,000 holders of stock, is a favorite for the rick Pittsburg women. The railroad some time ago refused to permit the city assessors to copy warmes from its books, as did many banks and there was no way to get at the fair holders of this property Marigages held on properties outside the state of Pennsylvania were also ander from taxation in Pittsburg as | bride was undaunted, however, and long as the owners could keep the came on to Muskogee and from here knowledge of their ownership from the assessors

According to an employe of the city there is giral fear on the past of permins of great wealth that they may be acrested for perjury, since they re- a cake of ice to a customer on Orchard enally took oath as to all their taxable | street when he discovered a frog in sommentions, and did not include tax | the center of the cake. The ice was able railroad stocks and bonds worth | nielted and the frog taken out. After Thousands of dollars, but when the it had been exposed to the sun about hine book bluff was rung in on them. they uncovered the hidden since of hop about, apparently none the worse KING'S MEAL NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

Peasant Boy Rejected Fare That Satisfied Ruler of Italy.

The king of Italy has very frugal habits, and on one occasion when out hunting his love of simplicity led to an amusing incident. The king was quite alone, and after walking about for some time without obtaining any sport he was at last lucky enough to shoot a fine chamois.

A peasant boy who had seen the animal fall into a chasm offered to fetch its careass for King Victor, although he had no idea of the identity of the sportsman. "Very well," said his majesty, "I will wait here." "But what will you give me, signor?" asked the lad. "What do you want?" said the king, smiling. "Oh, a franc and half your luncheon," replied the lad. The bargain was struck and the boy went off down the mountain side, and soon returned with the body of the

The king gave him a franc, and then proceeded to divide his lunch into two equal portions; but the peasant, when he saw what King Victor had to eat, turned away contemptuously, for the lunch consisted of a small loaf of black bread and a large raw onion. "No, thanks, none of that for me," exclaimed the lad "I thought you were, a gentleman, but I see you are only a poor fellow like myself."

A "BOOST" WITH EVERY SONG.

Young Man Evidently a Believer In Judiclous Advertising.

About the most resourceful young person I've encountered in the real estate line," said a Pittsburg man, "came from Ohio. He secured a place with a real estate firm. The second evening he was in town one of his coworkers introduced him to an evening gathering at the house of a wellknown merchant. The company, learning that the newcomer possessed a voice, invited him to sing. He responded with 'Home, Sweet Home.' "Everybody was surprised at his selection, but as it was well done he was heartily applauded. Then be surprised them some more.

the room, he said: " I'm glad you liked the song. There is nothing like "Home, Sweet Home," and let me say that our firm is selling them on terms to suit and within twelve miles of the city. If you don't care to live there, the fact yet remains that it's the chance of your life for an investment."

"Stepping forward to the center of

Why He Did the Washing. A man came out of one of the little roof houses across from the woman's window with a big basket of clothes. He was followed by two small boys, carrying more clothes and clothespins. The man put the basket of clothes down and began to sort them out preparatory to hanging them on the line. The boys helped, handing him the clothespins and some small pieces, one at a time. They were a long while hanging out the clothes because of their awkwardness. It was evidently work they were unaccustomed to, but at last it was finished and the boys went down into the little roof house, leaving the man on the roof. He stood for a moment looking at the clothes, then going over to a parapet, sat down between two tall chimneys. The woman could see him from her window lean against one of the chimneys and by and by throw his arm across his eves

She found out afterward that his wife had died the week before.-New York Press.

Oh, Thank You. Recently an automobilist ran down and killed a hen. He was a conscientions automobilist. Instead of racing along, unmindful of the grief of the owners of that hen, he immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked upthe unfortunate fowl, and rang the doorbell of the farmhouse, from the vicinity of which it had emerged.

A woman opened the door. "I am very sorry to inform you," remarked the automobilist, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now, I am quite willing to pay whatever the value---

But she checked him with this joyous exclamation:

"Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. I've been trying to catch that hen for three days to cook it for dinner, and i never could so much as lay a hand on the pesky thing. Thank you, sir, thank you."

Englishwomen in Canada.

The Englishwoman who has extricated herself from the social muddle at home because she felt powerless. to help; who has learned what things are worth while; who values health and leisure, freedom from worry and sweet country air above all that the city has to give, can have them all in Canada and feel that she is holding them not at the expense of others, but with the toil of her own hands .-- from the Woman Worker.

Second Best. Voung Issacs - Fadder, see marriage

a failure? The Elder Isaacs - Vell, my boy, eet you many a real real rich girl, marriage cen almost as good as a failure.--Success Magazine.

Out of the Fuliness of the Heart. "What shall I play?" asked the organist of an absent-minded clergyman. "What sort of a hand have your got?" was the unexpected reply.- STRICT RULES AGAINST HOBO. Promulgated by Napoleon in France a Century Ago.

In France, 100 years ago, Napolooz, paying special attention to the treatment of mendicancy and vagabondage, caused the issuance of a decree sharply differentiating the heggar from the vagabond and providing mild treatment for the beggar and severe treatment for the vagabond. "The incapacitated vagrant is to be cared for in a public institution; if such an institution is lacking, he shall be allowed to beg. The able-bodied beggar shall be placed in a correctional institution until he has learned to work, and at least for a year! The vagrant is to be locked up in a maison de detention, and after having served his term of imprisonment he shall be under the supervision of the police for an indefinite period, determined by his conduct." In short, Napoleon planned a century age the establishment of three different kinds of institutions; infirmaries for the incapacitated, repressive institutions for the ablebodied beggars and houses of detention for vagabonds. But because of the awarms of incapacitated poor, the infirmaries developed at the expense of the workhouses.-O. F. Lewis in Charities and Commons.

NOT FLATTERING TO LAWYER. Unkind Comparison Made by One Time Popular Author.

With reference to the cry for the blood of the aparrow which is being heard just now, the attitude of Day. the author of "Sandford and Merton," on the killing of even an insect will appeal to many admirers of the little bird. He was with Sir William Jones at his chambers one day and a spider fell on the table. "Kill that spider," said Jones. "No." preached Day in his Sandford style, "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster a superior being, who perhaps may have as much power over you as you have over this insect. should say to his companion, Kill that lawyer! Kill that lawyer! How should you like that? And I am sure to most people a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

Just Think of It. Gen. Matos, who led the last unsuccessful revolution against President Castro of Venezuela, is a great dandy. Even when in the field with his army it is said that he invariably wears white gloves.

Once, previous to starting his revolution, he was arrested on suspicion by Castro and lodged in the Caracas jail. At a gathering in the city a number of tender-hearted ladies were deploring the hardships which Matos. accustomed to refinement and luxury, must undoubtedly be enduring

"Think of it!" remarked one. "T have been told that they make him sleep on a hard wooden bench!" "And they say," put in another, "that

he is made to wear handcuffs."----"And chains around his ankles!" wailed a third.

"And, listen," whispered another, "I have been told that he has to-eat with his fingers!"

There was a horrified pause. "Think of all the gloves he must spoil!", remarked an irreverent anti-Matos individual.

Felt He Was Nobody.

A few weeks ago, when Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, attended a meeting of the American Boiler Manufacturers' association, in Atlantic City, he as the guest of honor, aside a very apt remark in a speech at a banquet in his honor.

"While you are honoring me now." said he, "20 years ago I did not feel that I was anybody. Now I feel that I am somebody. In the olden days ! have worked with my hands with just such people as those of whom I am the guest to-day.

"An entsode which happened a short time ago seems to me to be appropriate to this occasion. I had hired a carriage at the railway station to drive me home. There was a colored man driving. I overheard a woman at the roadside say to her little son. There goes Mr. Schwab in that carriage.' And the little fellow asked which one, moni?"

A Kind Audience. The tragedian had just returned from his tour and was greeted joyous-

ly by his friends at the club. "Well, Rauter, my boy," said Tomlinson, "I'm glad to see you back." Have a good trip?"

"Fair," said Ranter. "Did you play my old town of Punx-

atawney, Minnesota?" 'Yes," said Ranter "What kind of an audience did you

have?" "I don't know." said Ranter. "I didn't ask blm for a reference as to his character, but he was a genial kind of a cuss and lent me \$2 to get out of town with " - Harper's Weekly.

A Dreadful Thought. One day Mary, the charwoman, re-

ported for service with a black eye. "Why, Mary," said her sympathetic mistress, "what a had eye you have!" "Yes'm."

"Well, there's one consolation. It might have been worse." "Yes'ro."

"You might have had both of them

"Yes'm. Or wors'n that: I might not ha' been married at all."-Everysocy a Magazine.

HIS PREFERENCE DULY STATED.

All Things Considered, It Was Up to the Committee.

Many years ago Mr. Hill, one of the pioneer shoe manufacturers, had a shop in Stoneham, where he employed as boss in his stitching room one Dan. Lowe, who, being a genial, convivial man and a master of his trade, was liked and respected by all.

One fall the stitchers conspired to make Dan a birthday present, but, being unable to agree as to the nature of the gift, they called on Mr. Hill to advise them. Mr. Hill, after solemn thought, located Dan on the top floor, and thus addressed him:

"Mr. Lowe, the ladies of the stitching room, being desirous of making you a birthday gift as a small token of their esteem, have subscribed \$40 or more, and are unable to decide between an easy chair, a chain and seal and several other articles. They appealed to me functivice, and I thought the wisest plant which you to express your preference and thus satisfy all." "Mr. Hill," said Mr. Lowe, after due

reflection, "I have a good chain and padiock, strong enough to hold a tengallon keg. A ten-gallon keg of good whinky could be bought for \$40, and if I had a ten gallon keg of good whisky well chained down in m; cellar any old chair would seem easy."

Mr. Hill retired for further delibera-

LOOKED FAR WITH KEEN SIGHT. Illustrations of Thoroughness of Franklin's Thrift and Ability.

Two incidents recall the keepness and the thoroughness-the great twin abilities, to see and to utilize-of Benjamin Franklin.

One day he chanced to observe a lady in the possession of an imported whisk broom. With his usual interest and careful consideration he examined it as a novelty. He discovered on the brush of the broom a seed, which he carefully removed. Presently be planted it, and the growth from this seed was the first crop of broom corn in this country.

Again, one day when Dr. Franklin was walking by Dock creek he saw stuck in the mud a wickerwork basker, which had sprouted. Carefully he fished out the basket, and carefully took it apart. He gave cuttings to his friend, Mr. Charles Norris, who planted the twigs in his garden, where they grew to great size. They turned out to be yellow willows, and, as Franklin had foreseen, proved of great commer-

Rural Canniness. Once a denizen of the upstate regions, where whiskers grow in plenty and umbrellas bulge at will, decided to visit New York. But he decided to visit the bewildering metropolis guite as a man of the world-not to be taken in by the wicked men he understood, made a business of de ceiving the guileless up-stater.

Hence he arrived at the Grand Contral looking very, very wise, and proceeded, first of all, to visit the collection of way figures at the Eden Mo-

He was engaged in looking critically at one of the most lifelike groups on exhibition there, when a policeman suddenly pincked him by the siepve. The up stater turned. "You mustn't smoke in here," said

the policeman, severely.

A look of wisdom beyond the power of words to describe came over that up-stater's tace. Continuing brazenty to smoke, he remarked: This, fut. Go away. Don't you

think I know that you're made of wax?

The Road to Success. John G. Johnson, Philadelphia's famous lawyer, was talking in the smoking room of a liner about work. "In my youth," said Mr. Johnson, I was ambitious. Ambitious in an aimless and desultory way. In early vonth, of course, one understands neither life nor one's self.

"An aged millionaire questioned me one day good-humoredly.

"You are ambitious?" he said. " i am, I agreed.

""Why," said the millionaire, 'do you want to rise?"

"So that I can do as I like," I answered.

"The millionaire smiled and shook

"Ah, my boy," he said, "it is only when we do as we don't like that we succeed."

Whither Are We Drifting? This has been called the century of the rising generation, and doubtless many of the privileges of children over their parents would shock Soloncould be revisit the earth. But with all its tolerance in this direction it is amazing to read of the suit of a school boy in London against his mother, whom he had summoned to a magis trate's court for assault for kissing him. She performed this apparently harmless osculatory act in the playground of his school before his mates. and so probably hurt the youngster's feelings. The initigating feature in the matter was the Solomonic magistrate who dismissed such a ridiculous case. But that it could ever have reached a civilized court is the significantly typical aspect.

Many Suicides from Bridge. By jumping over Dean bridge, Edinburgh, a man named Alexander Young. of Coatbridge, has committed suicide Since it was constructed over 206 persons have thrown themselves from this bridge.

BEYOND ALL RANK AND WEALTH.

Dalai Lama of Tibet Is in a Class by Himself.

Enviable among men is the Dalaf Lama of Tibet. He can wander in lureign parts for years and no one questions his right to name his successor in the person of the Tashi Lama. The powerful malefactors at Peking, from the emperor down to the humblest magistrate, hate him, and are afraid of him, but prostrate themselves before him and contribute to his funds. He is an irreconcilable enemy of the railroads, to which he prefers his sedan chair; but he rides over them to Peking-because he is, after all, a practical man. When the Chinese officials argue with him, he acquiesces, but nevertheless goes on doing what pleases him best. Who over openly takes issue with him is blasted with spiritual thunder. When he decides, heaven is on his side; when he changes his mind, heaven does likewise. He can travel with A , retinue of 300 camels and 700 asses, and yet escape the charge of courting publicity. He can refuse to make terms with the hated British, but her can send the Tashi Lama to see what ... can be done to arrive at an under standing. Free from the common rules of consistency, from all regard for tradition that does not square with your purposes, making your law as you go along, you are to be most envied among men, oh, happy Dalai Lama:

MEDICINE FOR THE SOUL'S ILLS.

Walk Awhile in Solitude and Invito Introspection.

Do we love solitude? Do we love nature". Ask the greedy cities that are steadily absorbing the country boys and the country girls. Ask the cities that are growing at the expense of the little villages and hamlets. And all to avoid solitude, all to soin in the reputed gayety of the ansembled mob that laughs at high heav

en in the congested marts of men Yet solifude bath its uses. At least a little of it is good for us all. It is worth while to get us away from mesoccasionally, to walk with ourselves under the high canopy, and to think upon ourselves and our deeds of commission and our sins of omission, to look upon ourselves with the frank eyes of honest introspection, to get our bearings and to locate ourselves in the little world that revolves about us. We may not come out of such a process brightened-not if we are weak men with abundant sine-we may not feel cheered by what we have seen of our failures to do and to be what we have wished; but it is better for us so. The prick of our shortcom ings will, or should, serve to spur us on to better performances.

Quite Correct.

A amouth-looking stranger recently placed a number of penny in the slot machines in a certain town. The machines bore the following inscription: "The greatest aid known to diges tion. Drop a penny in the slot. Push,

then pull " At the top of the machine was a handle to be pushed, then pulled, and many townspeople who could not resist the temptation of trying some new device, for the same reason that Timothy took the wine-"for his stomach's sake"-dropped in their pennies and took a push and pull out of the machine. But that was all No. result followed, and there was some

treasure. At the end of the week the agent reappeared, unlocked the machines, garnered the wealth and retired, after explaining that exercise was the greatest thing for digestion in the world" The crowd was so paralyzed that the agent escaped unharmed.

talk of blowing open the hoarded

Real War

As the late Lord Wantage, V. C., K. C. B., was a soldier of experience. and valor, his description of a battle, taken from his letters from the Crimea and incorporated into Lady Wantages recently published biography, may be considered accurate.

"A battle," he wrote, "is the most exciting thing in the world, I think much more confusing than one usually imagines, and as for all the nonsense the newspapers write about unbroken lines and columns, it is all stuff

"Those who funk, lie down or get out of fire, and in a charge if you can get 10 or 12 men to follow you, it is as much as you can do. As for colonels or mounted officers, one never sees them, or takes any notice if one does. In fact, it is just like boys snowhalling one another at school."-Youths' Companion.

Would Not Pay Charges.

He was an impecunious nobleman with air castles in sunny France After much deliberation he sent the following note to the pretty heiress:

Dear Miss. I love you but do not know how to express myself. How would you advise? -- Count De Bust." And the heiress penned the follow-

"Dear Count: Express yourself any way you wish except C. O. D., as you are not worth the charges "

His Position.

Actor-A man in the back of the house annoyed me to-night. He clapped and cheered at the wrong times. He must have been very drupk

Manager-No, that was one of the hired claque. He choors, but does not inchriate.

## L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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