WEE GIRL A BANDIT.

LASS OF EIGHT YEARS A "HOLD-UP" IN LONDON.

Number of Child Criminals in English Capital Is Increasing at

Alarming Bate—Occurrences of Daring.

London.—The number of child criminals is increasing in Birkenhead at an alarming rate. Last year no fewer than 74 children between the ages of seven and twelve were convicted by

the local magistrate.

The precocity has mainly taken the form of burglary, but the more ambitious among these soaring youths have dabbled in highway robbery.

Within the last few weeks a young quartet appeared in the dock to answer a charge tantamount to this offense. The leader of this gang of desperadoes was a little giri aged eight years. Her three associates were boys, aged respectively seven, eight and eleven.

They selected for their prey a sixyear-old boy, who was passing along the street jingling in his hands some money with which he had been sent to make a purchase for his mother.

"Here's a boy with money! Come on!" exclaimed the leader of the band, and her gallant comrades, promptly responding to her call, "held up" the youth, took his money, and fied to a sheltered spot to divide the booty.

On another occasion two seven-yearold burglars were placed in the dock for
housebreaking, but as their heads did
not reach the dock rail the magistrate
sent them home without hearing the
charges.
A clever young swindler, eventually

arrested by the Birkenhead police, was a little girl who went from shop to shop presenting a penny for a small purchase and demanding is 11d in change. Frequent complaints have also been made about pickpockets in the Birkenhead market, and these offenses have also been brought home to young chil-

LOVE, CAUGHT, POISON, SKIP

Four Stages in Admiration of One Man for Another's Wife—Acid Doesn't Kill.

Muskegon, Mich.—Pyramus and Thisbe, Romeo and Juliet and other mural decoration characters who slid down rope ladders, hung over protected balconies, stabbed themselves with broken lamp chimneys, or poisoned themselves with prussic acid for the sake of love, day as the new comic opera elopement, are not referred to at the same time of which closed its final scene up in Michigan recently.

Mrs. S. Skeels, wife of a traveling railroad man, put the finishing touches to a swift record of love, clandestine meetings, attempted poisonings and divorce proceedings when she left her husband's home in Muskegon and eloped with

Frank O'Donnell.

Tradition about Muskegon says that
Mrs. Skeels met O'Donnell while her husband was away on one of his frequent
trips and had no real difficulty in learning to love him a la Floradora. But
Skeels heard about it and when he surprised the couple one day the wife
promptly swallowed a double portion of

poison.

It was not to be, however, for with
the aid of a discarded doctor's prescription she was saved.

The idea appealed to her sweetheart, however, so the story goes, he tried it, but was also saved, and then took to moonlight rambles around the Skeels home, revolver in hand, until he was arrested.

Skeels instituted divorce proceedings.

The other night his wife retaliated by skipping out. O'Donnell also ran.

SIWASH WEAK WITH SLANG

Indian Matthews Ludicrously Interprets the Work "Soak" with Queer Results.

Spokane, Wash.—That the wily but whisky loving Siwash does not fully understand the meaning of American miang was brought home to Capt. Coverly and the members of the police department most forcibly.

Patrolman Miles arrested Jess Matthews and other Indians for drunkenness. Matthews speaks fairly good English, and suggested to Capt. Coverly that he go out and pawn his saddle and put up sufficient money from the saddle to pay his fine. Capt. Coverly has much confidence in the oftabused redskin. He looked carefully at Matthews and said:

"I will trust you. Go soak the saddle and come back here with the amount of your fine." Nothing more was seen of Matthews until early the other morning, when he was again arrested by Patrolman Miles, even drunker than at the time of the first arrest.

At the station Matthews smiled broadly, flashed a piece of paper at the captain, and said: "Me do what you tell me—pawn saddle and get heap

moaked."
The pawn ticket showed that MatMhews had borrowed \$14 on the saddie of a Main avenue pawnshop. When
arrested not a cent of the \$14 was left.

Damaged \$2,000 by One Kiss.

A peculiar case to be tried at the July term of the Jamestown (N. D.) district court is that of Mrs. Mary Bander against Jan Larsen, both of Fried, N. D. The woman claims that Larsen kissed her at the church before the congregation assembled to witness her wedding, and she demands damages in the sum of \$2,000. The defendant declined to consider a com-

promise.

A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH

MAIDS TRAMP 350 MILES.

Destitute Girls Traversed Two States
Without Meeting with a
Single Mishap.

Kansas City, Mo.—After enduring three years of bondage on a farm in Arkansas, where they were compelled to plow and hoe corn and do other work of farmhands, Jane and Emma Miller, aged 18 and 15, have arrived in Kansas City. They walked from Olena, Ark., a distance of 350

The young women applied to the police and were given shelter with the Helping Hand institute. The free employment department of the institute will see that they are given employment.

According to the story told by the young women, they went to Olena, Ark., three years ago with their parents. Previous to that time they had lived in Johnson county, lows. A month after the family moved to Arkansas the father died, and the girls' mother soon followed him. The orphans were thrown on their own resources. They entered the employ of a farmer and say they were worked like farmhands, performing the hardest labor on the place. Finally, having decided that nothing could be worse than another summer of drudgery, they resolved to come to Kansas City and look for work.

They had little money to pay railroad fare. They took a train at Olena and traveled a few miles by rail until they were out of reach of their master.

Then they began the journey on foot.

"No, we were not afraid," said the elder of the two. "We always stopped at some farmhouse before dark came on and we walked as fast as we could during the day. We were treated well; most of the folks where we stopped over night refused to take any money for our lodging. People between here and Arkansas are very kind."

When they arrived in Kansas City they had very little money left, not more than a few pennies. Neither looks the worse for her long trip on foot. Their shoes were worn almost from their feet, but they are in the best of health and say the walking was light work compared with the drudgery they have been accustomed to. Both faces are as brown as berries and their clothing shows the wear and tear of the road.

COFFIN SCARES BURGLARS.

Intruders in Home of Eccentric Widow Receive Bad Fright and in Their Alarm Arouse Neighbors.

Paris.—Three burglars, who paid a visit to the flat of Mme. Solange Derynes in the Rue de la Justice, got more than they bargained for. They were frightened out of their wits.

A strange creature is Mme. Derynes. Her eeriness dates from the loss of her husband and children. She had had so much sorrow that she became hardened to the feeling, and finally adopted the maxim that it was better to laugh than cry. She had furnished her drawing-room like a mortuary chamber. The walls, ceiling, and even the floors were hung with black, and in the middle of the room a coffin lay under a catafalque. Around the coffin long wax candles burned incessantly. The coffin was prettilly decorated. The widow's black cat slept inside.

Three burglars, who were ignorant of the widow's ways, entered her flat recently. When they penetrated into the drawing-room they became seized with fear. Suddenly the black cat left its bed and disappeared with a melancholy mew. Then some drapery was removed and a shrouded phantom rose up before the burglars. Their fear developed into fright, and they rushed from the room. In their hurry they upset some articles of furniture.

The noise attracted the attention of a neighbor who arrested them on the staircase. The thieves had never met with so great a fright. A death-like pallor was on their faces and their teeth rattled in their heads. Meanwhile the widow became seized with a laughing fit, and rolled on the floor. She upset several of the wax candles and a fire broke out in the room, but it was soon extinguished.

HAD SIX WIVES ON HIS LIST Fifth Proved to Be the Nemesis of

Alleged Polygamist—Girl Says
She Has Proof.

Bridgeton, N. J.—According to the story of a young woman who supposed

Bridgeton, N. J.—According to the story of a young woman who supposed until recently that she had right and title to the name of Wurzell, the mas who gave her that impression by going through the marriage ceremony is a pupil of the much married Hoch. On the young woman's complaint Maier Wurzell, whom she found at work and with another wife in this city, was arrested and sent to the county jail in default of bail on a charge of bigamy

The woman who acted as Wurzeil's nemesis came from New York, where they formerly lived when she thought she was the sure enough wife of the man. She said she had discovered after he had deserted her-having first taken the precaution to gather in \$600 of her money—that he had married four other women, and that she was his fifth venture. Thus, if the supposed wife here was married to him. Wurzell has had at least six of them, and he is not an old man, either. He stoutly denies the charge, but he will have to explain to the court when he is given a hearing, for his nemesis says she can produce the necessary proofs.

Servant Girls in Norway.

Servant girls hire for half a year at a time by contract at public registry of-

fice.

MARVELOUS GIFT OF BIRDS.

Homing Pigeons Are Able to Make
Their Roosts in Pitchy
Darkness.

Although birds are not placed near the summit line of evolution, their ability to fly gives them advantages over nearly all the mammalia.

Their mysterious power of changing their polarity of weight in order to dive in water or fly has been often discussed, and the almost incredible velocity of their motion when migrating, sometimes amounting to four miles a minute for vast distances, has no parallel among other animals. A series of careful trials with carrier pigeons reported from France shows apparently without doubt their possession of a highly developed sense of

direction.

It was supposed that homing pigeons depended upon sight to find their way, but these experiments have been conducted between Caremes and Roann in the darkness of night. In 20 minutes the first bird, dispatched at ten p. m., reached its roost, a distance of 17 miles being traversed. Half of the number arrived before midnight, and the remainder followed in a few hours.

PIANO MOVING DON'T PAY. Not So Much Money in the Work as There Was in Former

"Easy money, isn't it?" said a man who had just paid six dollars to have his piano moved from one flat house to another, carried out and hoisted in, the whole work occupying less than

Times.

"Far from it," said the piano mover, according to the New York Sun. "It takes a pair of horses and a truck and the services of three men to move a piano anyway, and, of course, the use of blocks and tackle if you are going to hoist it. So it takes quite an outfit to start with to move it at all, and horses have to be fed, and we have to have strong men, who know how to handle a piano without injuring it, and who know how to handle tackle so that it can be used without damaging the house and with safety to the piano.

"And the tackle costs money as well as the horses and truck, and it has to be looked after and kept safe and renewed when needed. When you come to take all these things into account there isn't such an everlasting amount of money in it, or not in moving one plano. We used to get ten dollars for the job I have just done for you for six dollars."

PREFERS THE PIPE SMOKE

Famous English Writer Expresses
His Views on Cigars and
Cigarettes.

In this country cigars and cigarettes seem to be the favorite smokes with you, therefore you have my sympathy. I rarely see a pipe here, says Rider Haggard, in the New York Commercial. It is a pity for your own sake you should have so much prejudice against the pipe, because you are losing a mighty good thing. From a health standpoint your dislike of the pipe must be working no little harm to the health of your young men.

Certainly it is doing a great deal of injury to their eyes. I have never seen anywhere else so many youths wearing spectacles as I do here in New York. The habit of cigar and cigarette smoking—especially cigarette—is undoubtedly responsible for a large percentage of the young fellows here who have defective eyesight. I have known quite a number of men who have permanently ruined their sight because the rising smoke from the rolled tobacco destroys the optic nerve, whereas with a pipe the smoke does not reach the eyes at all.

POWER WITHOUT WIRES.

Invention of Famous Electrician Will Send It Around the World.

Nikola Tesla, the great electrician, made the astonishing statement recently that he had almost completed inventions by which he could send electrical power to any distance without wires, reports a London exchange.

This means, in effect, that from a center of electrical force established, say at Niagara Falls, he would be able to transmit power to any required extent to operate the machinery of a sugar factory in Australia or an engineering works on the Nile.

neering works on the Mile.

The traveler in remote regions of the earth might by this invention have all the news of the day telegraphed to him, and be enabled to cook his meals over an electric fire.

In short, the electric wonder worker claims that when his invention is complete he will be able to convey power to any part of the globe at will, and at such a small cost as to make it commercially profitable.

Illy-Bred Murderers. During an official massacre at the vil-

lage of Kouklish the Turkish commandant—a fat major—slept and smoked in the shade of the tree near the scene of carnage. The trumpet sounded for the assault and the soldiers proceeded to rob, kill, burn and violate. The trumpet next sounded the retreat, but the troop refused to obey, and the fat major continued to sleep and smoke. When spoken to about the excesses of his men, he replied: "What can one do? They are so badly brought up."—Paris La Macedoine.

Cheap as Possible.
"Mamma, if the duke proposes, what

"Mamma, if the duke proposes, what shall I do?"

"Make the best bargain you can, my dear."—Life.

HUNGRY MEN REFUSE WORK

Out of 500 "Bread Liners" in New York, Only Two Willing to Take Country Job.

An artist who formerly had a studic in the Fleischman building at Broadway and Tenth street, recently purchased a country place in Connecticut, says the New York Press. His experiences in trying to get a steady and reliable man—one who would stick to his job—to shake the furnace in winter, mow the lawn and hoe the vegetable garden in summer, were varied and manifold and altogether unsatisfactory. He had it firmly impressed upon him at last that to get "help" it the country was no small undertaking

Then he thought of the 'bread line' which formed each night under the windows of his old studio in New York -the line in which shivering and hun gry men waited for hours to get the dole of bread which kept them from starvation. Mr. Fleischman, the founder of the charity, once said tha he was sure that none but deserving men-men who really needed the foot -were his beneficiaries. "When a man will stand for two or three bours waiting in a line for a loaf of bread," the philanthropist had said, "it is a pretty sure sign that he needs it." This was the light in which the artist and been accustomed to view the members of the bread line and he glowed with philanthropic fervor as he thought: "Now here is a good home and a good job for some poor and deserving acvil. Why did not I

think of it before!"
So he went to Capt. Henry, the official of the Fleischman establishment who supervises the bread line nightly.

and stated his case. That night there were 500 men in the line and Capt. Henry went along it announcing to all that a good job was waiting at Darien, Conn., for any one who wanted it. Of those 500 men only two expressed a willingness to accept the offer, and one of these was not over-enthusiastic about it. All the others declared that they wanted a job, and wanted it badly-but not in the country. In short, of the 500, 498 preferred to sleep in the parks or cheap and crowded lodging houses, to live on charity or by begging, to endure hunger, rags and misery in the city rather than go to comfort and plenty

in the country.

The man whom Capt. Henry chose of the two who did volunteer has so far proved all that his employer could wish, and has shown no indication of a desire to return to the old life of the city. But the season is young yet and this man was one out of 500.

LIGHT FASTER THAN SOUND

Everyday Incidents Which Go to Prove the Truth of This Assertion.

About 1,000 yards from the window where I sit is a factory which blows its whistle every noon, writes the author of "Nature and Science," in St. Nicholas. The steam always comes from'the whistle some little time before the sound is heard. Yesterday I counted three seconds between the time when the first steam was seen and when the sound of the whistle was heard. The whistle is heard when the weather is foggy or clear; hot or cold; windy or calm. It is sometimes louder than at other times, but it always takes three seconds to travel the 3,000 feet from the factory

we often hear also an echo of the whistle, which comes two seconds later than the first sound. This is the same sound coming by a round-about journey 5,000 feet long. It travels first 1,000 feet to a hill beyond, and then is sent back 4,000 feet to our house.

A few days ago I heard a band of musicians playing upon the street and although they were far distant from me, the high tones of the piccolo and the low tones of the bass horn reached me exactly together, showing that high and low tones travel at the same speed.

During a recent thunderstorm I noticed a flash of lightning, and counted ten seconds before the sound of the thunder was heard. This showed me that the storm was about 10,000 feet (or about two miles) away. little later, however, the time between the lightning and the thunder began to grow less, and the noise of the thunder became louder, which showed that the storm was getting nearer. Finally a dazzling flash of lightning was followed immediately by: a deafening crash of thunder, and at the same time the shingles flew from a patch of roof on a barn near by. It. had been struck by lightning, and was soon in flames.

English Scenery.

Some urge against English landscape that it is too much crowded with marks of civilization for the purposes of a tour, but to the right-minded there is but an added romance in a bridge spanning a small brown water, a village girt with pastures, the roofs and towers of a far town, the flash and murmur of the telegraph wires along the high road, or the smoky glow of a train clanking along the valley or thundering forlornly in the distant hills.—Outlook.

The history of the London girl's complexion is a tragedy in itself, and symbolic, besides, of all the other minor tragedies of the town girl's life. Yet it is simply a history of smuts and—hard water. In Bath the average of good complexions among young women in every rank of life is about 80 per cent. In London the average is

not above 48 per cent.—The World and

and the first and the first and the second control of the first and the

The London Girl.

BRITON MEETS HIS CAPTOR

English Officer Clasps Hands in America with Adversary of South

Four years ago in far South Africa, on the banks of the Vaal river, Commandant G. Mare, of the Boer forces, while doing scout duty near Weitkopfontein, captured a British officer, Capt. J. Johnson, of Kitchener's scouts, with about 222 men and held them prisoners for over five months.

prisoners for over five months.

Recently when Commandant Mare was on duty at the Scranton avenue show grounds, 20,000 miles from home, this same Capt. Johnson came up, saluted and with tears of joy in his eyes told the Boer officer how glad he was to see him again and how surprised to run across him in America, so many thousand miles from where they last met, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The story of the battle in which Capt. Johnson was captured is intensely interesting. The Boers, 460 men strong, occupied a low hill at Weitkopfontein. The British charged up the hill, with Capt. Johnson at their head. Three times did the captain fire at the commandant on the way up the hill, and so many times did the Boer leader return the compliment. Both men were slightly wounded, and when they came almost within reaching distance of each other both fired again. The revolver of one missed fire and the aim of the other was poor, so that before there was time for another round the powerful Boer had the Briton by the back of the neck and the struggle was over.

Being far from headquarters, Commandant Mare was forced to keep his prisoner under his personal charge for over five months. The two ate together, lived together, slept together and treated each other as brothers, and when the British prisoners were turned over to headquarters at the end of five months it was with great regret that the two officers parted, although five months previous they had been deadly enemies.

enemies.
So delighted was Capt. Johnson to see his old captor that he took from his finger a valuable seal agate ring, once the property of his mother, and insisted on the Boer officer keeping it to remember him by. Capt. Johnson carries in his pocket a pass through the Boer lines signed by Commandant Mare at the time of the capture.

Commandant Mare himself is an interesting figure. He has been in active service against the Zulus or British ever since he was 15 years old. He was shot through ten times in the late war. One of the bullets was extracted from his tip only last summer in St. Louis by Dr. Barry, of the Rebekah hospital. The doctor's bill was \$260, but he said he would call the bill square if he could keep the bullet. He wears it to-day as a watch charm.

The commandant's tenth son was born in St. Louis last summer and was christened Teddy Roosevelt Mare by the proud father. President Roosevelt has personally seen his mamesake and given him a number of gifts.

OCCUPATIONS OF ANIMALS.

They Beap Not, Neither Do They Spin, Yet They Are Always Busy.

How is it that birds and beasts manage to pass through life without succumbing to ennul, or at least without being bored nearly to death? Animals, as a rule, do not loaf; it is not thus that they solve the problem. Loafing is an art which but few living creatures understand, says the Indian Times.

Lizards, crocodiles and chaprassies are the greatest authorities on the subject. Animals have acquired the knack of making much ado about nothing they have learned to be very busy without doing anything. This accomplishment obviously differs from that of loafing. It is one which animals have brought to perfection, and of which many human beings—chiefly women—are very able exponents. There is overhead a wasp busy exploring the holes in the trunk of a tree.

why he does this he probably does not know; he has not time to stop and think. He is quite content to explore away as though his life depended on it. Five times within the last six minutes he has minutely inspected every portion of the same hole. All this labor is useless, in a sense. Without it, however, the wasp would in all probability die of ennui. The wasp is not an isolated case. Most animals are experts at frittering away time; they spend much of their lives in actively doing nothing.

of their lives in actively doing nothing.

Watch a canary in a cage. He hops
backward and forward between two
perches as though he was paid by the
distance for doing so. Look at the hutterfly. He leads an aimless existence.
Nevertheless he is always busy. A beeprobably visits 20 times as many flowers in a day as a butterfly; for all that
the butterfly is always on the move.

Prodigal's Resentment.
"I realize," said the unhappy parent,
"that the way I have brought you up
conclusively proves that I am little better than a fool."

"Sir!" said the wayward youth. "I appreciate the fact that your age protects you from my just resentment. If you were a younger man I would soon teach you that no man can speak disrespectfully of my father in my presence."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Church and State in Franca.

In a word, the church and the state, after years of a troubled union, in the course of which they have had frequent periods of "shying plates at each other's heads," so to speak, have about reached the conclusion that their temperaments are mutually incompatible, and that to agree to disagree and live apart amicably is the wiser course.—Alvon F. Sanborn, in Atlantic.

WILL EXPEDITE SHOPPING.

New Air Tube Service in London.
Will Aid in Delivery of
Packages.

The scheme authorized by a bill in parliament to provide the whole of the huge city of London with an air-tube service for the carriage of parcels is ambitious, if not startling; yet the marvelous development of public utilities in these days gives pause to those who at first blush might regard the project of the Metropolitan Delivery company as beyond the realm of the feasible. The acheme aims to substitute for the present slow methods of. the parcels post and other deliveries in London a system of pneumatic underground tubes, in which purchases at the stores would be shot to their destination at the rate of 30 miles and hour, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The project must overcome powerful oposition and will be delayed; but as a rule public utilities which are feasible are eventually introduced.

In the hearing before the parliamentary committee appointed to consider the matter, it was shown that the average time required for the delivery of parcels by the post office in London is about three hours. By the proposed system it was asserted that parcels could be delivered anywhere in the city in an average of one -hour, an averaging saving of two hours for each parcel. The London post office and delivery companies charge according to weight and size. The tube company offers a fixed charge for all parcels under 15 pounds and the toil will be less than that charged by any existing method of conveyance.

It was urged that the company could deliver but a small fraction of the vast number of parcels delivered by the London shops. The company's engineer estimated over a third of this enormous traffic could be accommodated by the pneumatic service. It was declared that 217,486,000 parcels are distributed in the metropolis yearly, and that the company could take care of 80,000,000. The promoters seemed to be prepared to meet all objections to the practicability of the scheme. Counsel opposing the bill endeavored to show that a large proportion of the parcels sent out by the London shops could not be shot through the 12-inch tubes proposed. The company, anticipating the objection, had kept watch at the great department stores, and found that 94 percent. of the parcels sent out were "tubeable."

While the proposed system would greatly facilitate deliveries of shoppers' parcels to the 172 receiving stations, this method of carriage would scarcely be accepted as a satisfactory substitute for the home delivery of the day's purchases; but it is imaginable that the perfected parcel tube system of the future will have its connection with every house, so that the goods will reach home long before the most expeditious shopper arrives there:

FOUR-BARREL PUNCH BOWL

Once a Gift to a Maine Sea Captain,

How a Plain Watering

Trough.

The watering trough in Pickering square, Bangor, was once a punch bowl, says the New York Sun.

Years ago, when Capt. Charles Sanford owned a steamboal line between Bangor and Boston, his friends decided that they would make him an original present on an anniversary, and they ordered a punch bowl five feet high and ten feet in diameter, of rough granits, without inscriptions.

The bowl was shipped from the quarry to Bangor on a schooner; on board which vessel the formal presentation took place. Capt. Sanford was surprised, but he managed to make a speech and the bowl was christened then and there—a ceremony the like of which has never been witnessed on the Penobscot river.

It is said that about four barrels of punch was stirred up in the granite bowl, and the entire water front population was invited to have something.

The bowl was kept on board the craft for a week or more, until one day the owner thought he would put it on the wharf, and with all sorts of tackle the task was begun.

At the critical moment a rope parted,

and punch bowl and tackle and nearly
the whole crew went into the river at
once. The bowl staid where it sank for
a number of years.
But Capt. Sanford finally decided that
the bowl must come up, and he offered it
to the city as a watering trough if they

cared enough for it to move it from where it lay.

They did, and it was put where it stands now, to delight the hearts of dust-covered horses down in the square. It is a strong, well-behaved trough, and

stands now, to delight the hearts of dust-covered horses down in the square. It is a strong, well-behaved trough, and looks as though it might wear for centuries to come.

He Sold It.

Miss Peechie—I want a hammock that
will not break down.

Polite Clerk—Can't guarantee any of

'em, miss.
"Why, that's strange!"
"Not at all. We'd do it if you were a homely girl, but—"—Cleveland Leader.

Quite Moticeable.

The Cop—Phwet do you call it,
Maggie?

Maggie:
The Cook—Shure 'tis a Welsh rabbit,
ye ignoramus!
"Faith, t' judge frum th' flavor av the
divil. he musht have bin raised on

Monocle Barred.

If one belongs to the German army he cannot wear a moticale. The single eyegiass has been forbidden to officers and men as foppish and savoring too strongly of Anglomania.

73

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

His Wife.