

TENDERFOOT HAD NERVE.

His Hat Was Riddled with Bullets, But He Never Lost His Cool Self-Possession.

"I was out in Montana last fall," said a Pitsburg man to a Cincinnati Commercial Tribune reporter, "and one day I rode into a small town and saw a stranger parading around with a silk hat on. Five minutes after I had caught sight of him a cowboy opened fire on that hat from a distance of about 200 feet. Six bullets were fired, but the tenderfoot never turned, nor let on that he heard the shooting.

"In ten seconds the gun was reloaded and there was another fusillade. There were a hundred people looking on and



COWBOY OPENED FIRE.

shouting, but the tenderfoot kept his back to the shooter until the twelfth shot had been fired. Then he calmly turned about, removed his hat and placed it on the ground, and stepping back a rod or two he drew his gun and shot it to pieces. The remains were yet smoking when he picked them up, crossed the square, and, holding the handle of old hat out to the cowboy, bluntly said:

"If you have a couple of months to spare I might be willing to teach you how to handle a gun."

"But had the cowboy's bullets hit the hat?" was asked.

"Every blessed one of them," replied the drummer, "but no one knew it except the tenderfoot, and he destroyed all evidence by his own shooting. The crowd took it that the cowboy had missed and raised a laugh on him, and when he straddled his cayuse and loped down the street he looked as homesick as a dog a thousand miles from home."

PLIGHT OF LOVING GIRL.

Waiting on Her Trunk Waiting for a Check from Sweetheart She Has Never Seen.

According to the Morristown (N. J.) correspondent of the New York Times, Miss Jennie Freeman, a young woman of 28 years, is sitting on her trunk awaiting a remittance from her sweetheart in far-off California that she may join him and live happily ever after. She has never seen her lover, does not even know how he looks, as she has not been favored with a photograph, but he has been favored with a photograph. She has been corresponding with him about two years, and she feels sure that he must be as lovely as his letters.

His name is Harry W. Chandler and he lives in Los Angeles, Cal., where he



SITTING ON HER TRUNK.

owns some property and is in business. It was about three years ago that Walter Freeman went to California. He is a brother of Jennie, and the brother and sister corresponded. One day he sent him her photograph. It was seen by Chandler, with whom he boarded, and that man at once fell in love with the photograph. He did not tell the brother so, however, but found out the young woman's name and address and then wrote her a note.

Quite some time ago it was decided that they would marry, and then arrangements were made. About two weeks ago he wrote to say that he would not come east to marry her, as he could not leave an invalid mother, but that he would at once send her money for her fare to California and she should make the trip alone. That was satisfactory, and she at once packed her trunk. She has had it ready for two days now, and hopes the check will not be delayed much longer.

Miss Remedy, But Costly. A long ride in an automobile, for an hour before retiring, is said to be an almost certain cure for sleeplessness. Unfortunately, this remedy is beyond the reach of the poor.

STRIKE SPELLS WAR.

Clarence S. Darrow Makes Some Lively Assertions.

Chief Attorney for Coal Miners Calls Judges Tools and Servants of Railroads—Labor Unions Not Perfect.

Clarence S. Darrow in an address delivered at Springfield, Ill., before the Young Men's Christian association, on "The Anthracite Coal Strike," compared the striking miners to the colonial revolutionists, denounced federal judges who enjoined labor unions as "quite as much the servants of the railroad companies as their section hands."

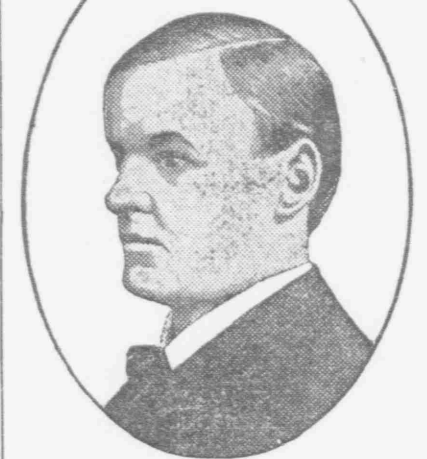
"Not a thing was done by the miners in Pennsylvania that was not done by our revolutionary forefathers," declared Mr. Darrow. "In revolutionary times dwellings were burned, property was confiscated and 100,000 persons were driven out of their country. The refugees settled Nova Scotia and those who drove them out of this country then as now were denounced as hoodlums, rascals, cutthroats, assassins and ogres. Yet they were the respectable people of those days and we are proud to be known as descendants of these same revolutionists."

"In a great strike as in war men stand by their friends, and it will always be so as long as men take sides on great public questions."

"After this strike threatened great danger President Roosevelt sent for Baer and the other railroad presidents in the coal region and they came and lied to him. They told him they paid the miners 50 per cent. more than they did, and when the president asked them to arbitrate, they said there was nothing to arbitrate and asked for more protection and more troops."

"The report of the commission is a great victory for union labor. It shows that when the strike was entered into it was the fault of the employers. This whole strike was brought about because the employ-

ers wished to destroy the union, and back of the employers were the great corporations of the United States and all the railroads. That is what is meant by these illegal and outrageous injunctions issued by tools of the railroad companies, issued by judges who are as much the servants of the railroads as their section men."



CLARENCE S. DARROW. (Chief Counsel of Miners Before Presidential Commission.)

When the union is destroyed it will mean the end of labor's hopes. Labor unions are not perfect institutions. They are simply a means to an end. In some respects labor unions are narrow, exclusive and monopolistic. They are not ideal. In an ideal state there will be no labor union, there will be no boycotts, no strikes, no wage-earners and no wage-payers. There will be a general partnership. Capital cannot combine and operate together and ask labor to operate separately. To ask the labor union to dissolve is to ask one army to lay down its arms in the face of another army."

Mr. Darrow devoted the greater part of his address to the subject of violence during the coal strike, and throughout his remarks he excoriated President Baer and the operators.

The speaker said only 20 cases had been proved where dynamite had been used, and that in no case did the strikers or their sympathizers intend to kill anyone. "They simply wanted to scare nonunion men by exploding dynamite in front of the doors of these men," explained the miners' counsel.

Mr. Darrow said the miners or their sympathizers killed only three men while the coal and iron police and soldiers killed three or four. "None of the homicides committed by miners or their sympathizers were deliberate murders," said Mr. Darrow. "The operators tried to create the impression that the mine-workers had committed 21 cold-blooded murders and they so told President Roosevelt, but he could not discover more than three cases."

Mr. Darrow said that the Lord by some oversight had planted all the

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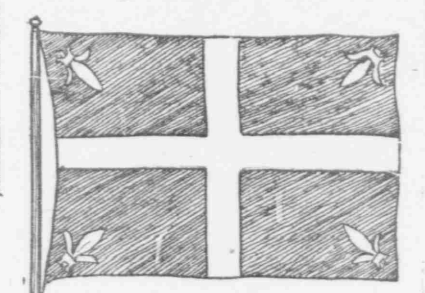
FRENCH-CANADIAN FLAG.

It Is the Creation of a Loyal Priest and Promises to Become a Popular Ensign.

Recently there was unfurled and flung to the breeze at Montreal a flag new to the present generation, but not to those of bygone days. Many persons who had occasion to pass along Notre Dame street had reason to remark: "What is this?"

It was none other than the new flag of the French-Canadian people, and which, it is hoped, will be adopted in perpetuity as the emblem of the race which first settled the country. For some years past there has been agitation afoot to drop the tri-color of France, as it does not really denote any other allegiance to France than language among French-Canadians.

It, therefore, remained for a French-Canadian priest to start a movement



FRENCH-CANADIAN FLAG. (A Combination of the Union Jack and Royal French Standard.)

for the adoption of a flag that would have the effect of "the tie that binds" among his fellow-countrymen.

This priest is Abbe Filiatrault, of St. Judge, in the district of St. Hyacinthe, and his idea of the flag which would best depict the feelings of French-Canadians is shown in the accompanying illustration.

Here is a flag which has for its basis, in composition, that of the "Drapeau Carillon," one of the flags of the French when they first landed in Canada.

In many ways it is a very simple, but at the same time a very imposing emblem. It has for a ground a blue color, and this is crossed with white, while in each of the four corners is placed a white fleur-de-lis.

Many are the questions that have been asked why the French-Canadians desire to break away from the French flag. This is best told in the language of one of them.

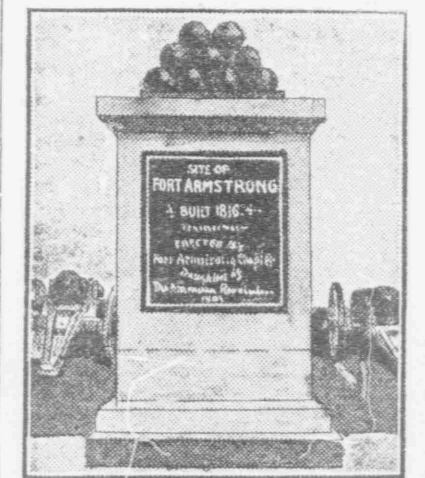
"It is desirous on our part that we should have a distinctive flag of our own. We honor the union jack, which is our protector, but still we are of French origin and cannot forget the emblem of our ancestors. But we wish to have an emblem which will portray an idea of what we have descended from, which the tri-color does not convey."

"The 'jack' is the only flag which we can look up to as a protector, and it is not our desire to flaunt the tri-color in the face of the English-speaking people, which in time of trouble between Great Britain and France would be distasteful."

OLD FORT ARMSTRONG.

Historic Spot on Mississippi SAVED from Oblivion by Daughters of American Revolution.

At the lower end of Rock Island, in the Mississippi, was built, in 1816, a fort which was named after Gen. Armstrong, then secretary of war. The encroachments of the Indians, and the need for a rallying place for the white settlers on the banks of the Mississippi, made the fort a necessity. It was built of heavy logs, and was strong enough to resist any attempt of the Indians to capture it. Happily there



FORT ARMSTRONG MONUMENT. (Erected recently by Daughters of American Revolution.)

never arose an occasion to use the fort for warlike purposes and it became but a trading post. There was signed here, in 1831, the treaty by which the Sac and Fox Indians agreed to remove to the Iowa side of the river and leave the village on the banks of Rock river which they had occupied so long. The fort was 400 feet square, and having access to water, and carrying a large supply of food, was equipped for a long siege. There now remains nothing of it, says the Four-Tracks News. Two cannon pointing down the river have been the only things to mark the spot where it stood till two years ago, when the Daughters of the American Revolution erected a monument there.

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PIG THAT KEEPS CLEAN.

Won't Eat Its Breakfast Until Its Face Has Been Washed Thoroughly with a Sponge.

Mr. Samuel Marker of Loamsdale, Ill., claims to have the most remarkable pig in the country. It is the general impression that a pig is not remarkably careful about his personal appearance. In fact, "dirtier than a pig" is a time honored aphorism.

But Mr. Marker's pig is different. Mr. Marker says that every morning his pet pig, which he has named "Beau Brummel," because of its tidy habits, will squeal until some one goes to it with a sponge and gives it a care wash. Beau Brummel will even re-



SQUEALING FOR A WASH.

fuse to touch his morning meal, no matter how hungry he is, until he has had his matutinal bath.

Mr. Marker took the pig away from the rest of its kind when it was only a few days old and had it brought up on a bottle in a respectable Gordon-collie family. The mamma collie, after a few days of deliberation, adopted the pig as a member of her family, and has worked earnestly to make it a good, obedient collie.

Beau Brummel has raced around with the dogs until he has learned many of their ways, and he is about as good at driving cows as any of the collies. Mr. Marker often sends Beau down to the pasture at night to drive up the Marker family bossie, and he says Beau will scamper away to the meadow, pick the Marker cow out of a herd of 12 or 15 cows, and drive the animal home as well as any of the collies can do.

If the cow tries to go the wrong way, Beau rushes in front of her, squealing like a steam siren, and the bossie in dismay turns about and goes in the right direction. If squealing has no effect on the cow, then Beau flies at her and bites her ankles until the cow finally surrenders and consents to go peacefully home. Mr. Marker says that the crowning sorrow of Beau's otherwise happy existence lies in the fact that he cannot bark like the collies can. He used to make frantic efforts in this direction, and always appeared inexpressibly shocked and grieved that his best attempts only resulted in dismal squeals.

Mr. Reporter Was Wily. A Washington reporter, in describing the decorations of one of the white house rooms, pleasantly stated that it was a "nightmare in yellow and blue." To get even with him for this rude comment, an attendant gave him a "loaded" cigar on his next visit. The wily reporter generously passed it to a tramp.

No Elopements in Papua. Girls in Papua, or New Guinea, an island in the Pacific, have little chance to elope. Their dads force them to sleep in a little house on the topmost branches of a tall tree; then the ladder is removed, and the slumber of the parents is not disturbed with fears of an elopement.

Abode of Eolus. From the Lipari islands of mythology, the abode of Eolus, the ruler of the winds, and the scene of his meeting with Ulysses, to the Lipari island of to-day, is a very far cry indeed. There are no hotels, and the islands are almost unknown to tourists, while the 13,000 inhabitants are almost in a state of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. They tender their services voluntarily as guides and refuse payment, regarding all visitors as their guests. The donkey is the only means of locomotion. Horses are unknown in the islands.—London Mail.

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The Cook and the Case

Did Any Woman Ever Have Such Luck as This?

WHY were you not at church on Easter day?" queried the young woman in blue. "I missed you, and it was very nice of me, too," she added, "since I knew that your hat was sure to make my own look like a woman who is old enough to habitually speak of herself as a 'girl,' at a debutante tea. I hope that nothing was wrong—your new coos, of whom you thought so much, is not gone already, is she?"

"She is now," returned the young woman in gray, "and I never was so glad to see the last of my own mother-in-law as I was when she departed!"

"Oh, I see; she would go out herself on Sunday, when you had been saving all through Lent to buy the loveliest hat in town! No wonder that you were enraged at not having an opportunity to wear it!"

"Nothing of the kind," sighed the young woman in gray, "I was quite



Cook Was Wearing Madame's Hat.

willing that she should go to church on Easter, and—"

"Oh, you poor martyr, you mean to say that you had a boil on your nose or a cold in your head that day?" "I had not; I never felt better in my life. You see, it was this way: We had no cook for two full weeks, and I thought that an excellent opportunity to—"

"To save money? I knew it—it is that way with me—Harry can never eat anything that I cook, so I cook very little when—"

"Why, yes, and the saving in my household allowance is wonderful. To be sure, Tom goes out to a restaurant for his dinner nearly every evening, but, then, that—"

"Does not affect your economy? Of course not! If he will be so extravagant!"

"Not at all. If I happen to be hungry, I can get a good meal at mamma's without spending a cent. I tell Tom that but for me he would die in the poorhouse."

"And what does he say?" "Oh, the usual thing—that he will be lucky if he escapes it, as it is. I suppose that must be a joke, as I don't understand it. Well, he sent the new cook home from the intelligence office one day, and I was half sorry, for I had picked out my hat and was saving for it. However, she was a fine cook, so I decided to give some little dinners while I had her."

"And you easily saved the money?" "Ye-es, I saved it, but—well, the day I went out to buy that hat I met my sister, who was on her way to buy some summer gowns, and asked me to go with her. Now, you know it is not human to allow your own younger sister to buy things which she thinks you can't afford, in consequence, I soon had several gowns I didn't need, and a deficit in my hat money—with Easter less than a week off!"

"Oh, well, your husband could add what you needed."

"H'm, h'm—and knowing that he could just as well give me the whole as a part, I spent the rest of the money."

"Of course you did. Any woman—" "Yes, I stopped at the milliner's on the way home to make sure that the hat was still there. Then I ordered an especially good dinner, and waited until the coffee came in to make my request."

"That was wise, for—" "I thought so, but I was mistaken. When the cook brought in the coffee she told me that she must have her wages raised, or leave at once. I would have let her go, but Tom said that the woman who could cook a dinner like that deserved to have her wages raised, and he would do it!"

"Oh, my goodness, and—"

"Exactly. He said he couldn't afford the hat, because we had to pay Annie more money. And now of my pathetic reminders of my savings had any effect. Was it a wonder that I didn't feel able to go to church on Easter?"

"Mercy, no!"

"When the cook asked for a holiday, I gave it to her, knowing—"

"That you could punish Tom by giving him very little dinner?"

"No; I decided we would dine at mamma's. I knew she would inquire the cause of my sadness, and I wanted him to hear my reply."

"Thinking you could shame him into giving you the hat, after all."

"Yes, but—well, as I was at the mirror pinning on my old hat, the cook went out. I glanced out of the window, and saw that she was wearing the hat I had selected at the milliner's!"

STRONG MEN FOILED

Can't Lift Tiny Girl Who Possesses a Strange Power.

Stella Lundelius Can Increase Her Weight by Mind Resistance—Is Able Also to Overcome the Law of Gravitation.

Stella Lundelius, the 12-year-old daughter of A. Lundelius, a photographer of Port Jervis, N. Y., possesses the remarkable faculty of being able to increase the apparent weight of her own body. This power was first noticed by her father when she was a child, just able to stand alone. Mr. Lundelius observed that under certain conditions the exertions required to lift her was greater than under ordinary circumstances.

Since then the child has been the subject of much experiment by persons desirous of testing her alleged power. By simply placing her hand in contact with persons who attempt the lifting she apparently brings into play some mysterious force, which neutralizes the uplifting pressure he brings to bear, and in spite of his utmost efforts her feet remain on the floor, as though fastened there by clamps.

In one experiment tried the lifting power of several men was exerted in vain to lift the child. The effect was as if the weight of her slender little body had been multiplied many times.

Benjamin F. La Rue, of Paterson, suffered lame arms for three days after his vain efforts to lift the girl.

No public exhibition of the child's powers has been permitted, except recently at Kingston by Dr. C. O. Sahler, who, desiring to study the case, induced Mrs. Lundelius to visit his institution. In the presence of 150 persons Stella gave an exhibition which astonished the spectators. She resisted the combined strength of two men to raise her, and when another was added to the number they were still powerless.

She appeared to make no resistance, but by placing her hand on one of the men all their efforts were in vain. One man, with a lifting capacity of 300 pounds, could not budge her from the



MOVED PIANO WITHOUT EFFORT.

floor. This power does not always exert itself.

Dr. Sahler, in giving a theory, said: "Stella's power consists in bringing her will or nerve force into harmony with that of the person who attempts to raise her and thus destroying his individuality. When it is impossible to bring about such a union of vibration the other person does not lose his individuality and his natural strength is not overcome."

One feature of this little girl's peculiar power is her ability to overcome the law of gravitation to such an extent as to make it easy for any person to remove heavy articles of furniture. Her mother said this power was accidentally discovered in her attempt to shove an upright piano about the room. Unable to budge it herself, she playfully asked Stella to place her hand upon the instrument. She did so, and Mrs. Lundelius, to her astonishment, was able to push the piano about without effort. The same course was adopted, it is declared, with a large bookcase, filled with books, and with similar success.

In addition to the power described Stella is said to be possessed of a high degree of that quality known as magnetism, and, it is claimed, relieves bodily aches and pains by passing her hand over the affected part. Her father suffered from congested nerves so that he could not raise his foot from the floor. Six Port Jervis doctors failed to give relief and a physician from New York city relieved the pain only by giving mercury, until, as Mr. Lundelius says, he was a "walking thermometer." His little daughter rubbed his side a few times and he was able to raise his foot from the floor four inches, and three or four treatments are said to have wrought a cure.

Stella Lundelius, says the New York Herald, is one of the youngest pupils in the Port Jervis high school and is a clever violinist. She is strong and robust, but undersized, weighing 65 pounds. She has never been sick.

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