

HOT PURSUIT OF JERSEY BOMBAT

Weird 'Devil Bird' Crossed State Line and Terrified Spring Valley, New York

RAVE POSSE HUNTS MONSTER

Described as Having An Immense Head, and a Small but Muscular Body Covered with Hair—Arms Equipped with Web-like Skin.

Spring Valley N. Y.—An armed posse of fearless men searched hills and dale and invaded swamp lands fearlessly in and around this village, in hot pursuit of the weird Jersey "Bombat," which has made its lair nearby. The alleged capture of the "devil bird" at Atlantic City is not credited here. It wasn't the real "devil bird" that fought Fisherman Doughterty, for the monster is in "the swamps" here.

The creature appeared in the heart of the swamp near the business section of Main street. Its uncanny cries at first startled the villagers, and when an exploring party armed with lanterns, entered the swamp the gleaming eyes of the creature and its wild grations threw terror into the hearts of the bravest, and the scouting party, led by Charlie Fisher, who keeps the bowling alleys, fled back to the security of the village streets.

Throughout the night the cries of the whatever-it-is were heard coming from various directions, but always from the neighborhood of the swamp. Chief of Police "Tommy" Walker who is the entire unformed force, was appealed to, but "guessed as how" the business did not consist of hunting down Bombats or Jersey Devils, and he reckoned he'd better remain on Main street and do his usual bit.

On their way to school next day children flocked together passing the heart of the Bombat. Women expressed equal fear and men ventured forth fearful of encountering the creature.

It was described as having an immense head atop of a small but muscular body, covered with hair. Its arms appeared to be equipped with a web-like skin which answered the purpose of wings, giving the creature ability to leap immense distances, while the wings flapped lifting its body clear off the earth.

At night when the awful shrieking and at times mournful cries of the Bombat carried into every corner of the village, the negroes living on Chicken Hill ran terrified into the village and many flocked into the Methodist church and prayed hysterically.

Sarah Allston, wife of Omega Allston, a woodchopper, was more hysterical than the rest. She fled from the church down Main street and fell dead in front of the post office. Dr. Smith declared she had died from heart disease, but the villagers exclaimed that the evil hand of the Bombat had been raised against Sarah, and that any one so indicated by the monster would meet the same fate.

An hour later the fright of the villagers was intensified when word was brought in that the body of a dead man was found on the railroad tracks. The body has not yet been identified.

After a night of vigil, during which the Bombat continued to howl and shriek and moan, the men of Spring Valley met in Fisher's bowling alley, but not a ball rolled, not even a high ball. Matters were too desperate, Charlie Fisher allowed, to permit any sort of festivity.

"I tell you what we'll do," spoke up Tom Moore, throwing out his chest. "We'll form a hunting party, arm ourselves to the teeth, and every man pledging himself to stand together, we'll rally into the swamp to-morrow and hunt down that pesky critter."

There were several present who declared as how it might be well to call for outside assistance and not go on tempting the devil, but when J. C. Gibbs, Harold Shelton, Ross Tommans, Howard Farrington, Walter Foley, Shop Small and Dick Davis volunteered to start the hunt, first thing next morning, the others fell into line.

During the remainder of the night followed a scurrying throughout the village for firearms and cutlasses, and it came to pass that bright and early the band entered the swamp to hunt the terrifying bombat to the death.

Spring Valley awaited with hushed anxiety the result of the formidable dash of the brave men of the village into the heart of the bombat's chosen fastness. Their search was in vain.

DONKEY BLOWS OUT THE GAS. Owner Sues Express Company to Recover Damages for Loss.

St. Louis, Mo. William Grothe of Westville, Mo., through his attorney, is trying to collect from an express company the value of a donkey he had bought and which ended its life while being shipped from Illinois to Missouri. The donkey was crated and placed in the express company's warehouse here Tuesday night. A gas jet was burning near the animal when the employees locked the warehouse. In the morning the light was out and the donkey dead.

Grothe contends the donkey blew out the gas while trying.

A HUMAN SEISMOGRAPH

Maud Drake Out with a New Warning of an Impending Cataclysm in This Country.

Boulder Creek, Col. Maud Lord Drake, who has spiritualistic tendencies and a taste for a human seismograph, predicts that a disaster of dire proportions is imminent somewhere on this continent. She declares that she foretold the Galveston tidal wave and the San Francisco earthquake, and warned the inhabitants of both these cities weeks beforehand that destruction was upon them. She also lays claim to a forewarning of the Sicilian disaster, the Collingwood Ohio school fire, and the recent series of earthquakes in foreign lands. She said a few days ago.

These disturbances confuse and distress me beforehand in proportion to their destructiveness and nearness. On Jan. 23 I was greatly affected a day could with difficulty keep my feet, everything turning in confusion. Then came a hurrying of spirits, hither and thither with all kinds of knocking for men, women and children. At that time I told of great earthquakes to come and on that very day in the Province of Turkestan in Western Persia sixty villages and more than 6000 people were destroyed. There came the eruption of the volcano in Mexico and a month later the destruction of Messina.

But the worst is to come. For many months at various times I have been and I am now in the shadow of something even more appalling, a destructive of human life. I cannot penetrate the gloom as yet, but it seems that it must be in this country, and that I must be in it. In addition to the cataclysm impending in this country there is to be another merciless disaster in Europe, not right now perhaps but still not very far distant.

"But if as in other cases I should get the light in time to warn the location to be affected, what good would it do? People will not heed until too late. They paid no attention in Galveston or San Francisco nor was any heed given when in 1883 I forewarned from the platform of the coming disaster in the island of Krakatoa where 25,000 lives were lost."

A KING IN TRADE



Royalty's Greatest Business Man—Leopold of the Belgians.

OUT FOR COD, CATCH SHARK.

Nine-Footer Put Up a Battle That Lasts for Five Hours.

Tacoma Wash. Going out for rock cod and putting in a whole afternoon battling with a giant mud shark was the experience of Lewis Jervis and Alde Allen of the Puget Sound Flotilla. The shark repeatedly jerked two 40-pound sinkers, two buoys and the rowboat containing the two men about, and was only conquered after a struggle that began at 1 o'clock and was finished at 6 o'clock. The fish was docked at the Poss Boat Company's front at 8 o'clock and is now on exhibition.

It all came about by a silver salmon grabbing a piece of meat containing a hook and the shark grabbing the salmon, which at the time of his seizure contained both the meat and hook.

The shark is about 9 feet long and weighs about 800 pounds. These sharks are quite plentiful in the Bay, though few as large as this one are ever seen.

"Man With the Golden Nose" Dead. Lexington, Ky. Patrick Lamphear, one of the most widely known Bourbon whiskey exporters in America, died here from pneumonia. He was born in Ireland sixty-five years ago. His skill in determining the quality of whiskey by its aroma had gained a large salary for him and had won for him the sobriquet of "the man with the golden nose."

MOTHER SAVES BOY AFTER THREE DIVES

Mrs. Kraft, 33 from Sciatica, Finds After Swim to Rescue Son that She is Well

DEVOTED PARENT'S BOLD PLUNGE

When a Girl was An Expert at Swimming and Diving—With Boy's Life at Stake All Her Skill Came Back.

Bellefonte, N. J. As Clifford Kraft, 4 years old was playing with his brothers and his sisters in the yard in front of his home which fronts on the river bank he accidentally fell from an improvised wharf into the water. The swift current seized the little fellow and whirled him out into mid stream. His brothers and sisters set up a shriek which brought their mother, Mrs. Eugene Kraft, to the scene. When Mrs. Kraft reached the end of the pier Clifford sank for the first time. Without a moment's hesitation the mother who is a splendid swimmer plunged into the icy water and swam to the spot where her boy had gone down.

She dived in the hope of reaching him but while she was under the water the child arose to the surface and sank for the second time. A second dive had the same result. The little fellow bobbing into sight a few seconds after his mother had disappeared.

Finally Mrs. Kraft dived again and succeeded in grasping the boy's clothing as he was sinking for the third and last time. By this time the brave woman was exhausted but pluckily holding her boy up by one arm she tried on her back and though she was encumbered with skirts managed to work her way. William Decker, a neighbor who had heard the cries of the other children hurried to the pier in time to relieve Mrs. Kraft of her burden and pull her half unconscious out of the water.

Dr. Joseph C. Winans was hastily summoned and attended Clifford and his mother. Mrs. Kraft was revived with some trouble but more than an hour's work was necessary before the boy was resuscitated and out of danger. Dr. Winans was astonished and delighted when told of Mrs. Kraft's feat. He said that she has been suffering from sciatic rheumatism, and that he has been attending her for two weeks. On the occasion of his last visit Mrs. Kraft was unable to walk, and the physician said that in the circumstances her feat was most remarkable.

Mrs. Kraft is 40 years old but when young liked the water and never forgot the art of swimming. Her husband is a silversmith. Besides Clifford the couple have five children, the oldest 14 years of age.

The sudden plunge into the cold water of Passaic River and the extraordinary exertion of swimming and diving effected the cure of her sciatica.

A FISH SNAKE TRAGEDY.

Harpooned on Hook, Fights Trout Till Both Are Speared.

Jacksonville, N. J. Harley Yeager who was spearing for eels along the Gravel Run stream a mile from here saw a great thrashing of the water in a secluded pool near the brick tannery. He jammed his fire-pronged spear into the water and when it encountered an object he gave it a quick jerk into the air. There was a flash of brilliant color for a moment, and then Yeager saw what appeared to be a snake and fish in deadly combat.

Yeager, feeling sure neither could escape into the water, watched the reptile and the fish, which proved to be a large speckled trout, until they lay quiet. Then he investigated. He found the reptile, which was a water snake about two feet long, was fastened to the trout in a curious manner. Through the gills of the monster trout stuck a fish hook which the fish evidently had broken from the line of an angler. It protruded about half its length, the butt being apparently solidly anchored.

On that harpoon the snake had been caught as it skimmed over the water. The effort to escape resulted in the terrific struggle Yeager saw in the water before he yanked fish and snake to the surface. The snake still was alive, but utterly exhausted, and Yeager had little trouble in killing it. The trout he placed in his basket, and its size attracted much attention here, as it was one of the largest ever brought to the town.

Dies to Save Nine Friends. Easton, Pa. Jovn Monok, a Hungarian, employed on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, Company's million dollar cut-off bridge at Portland, twenty-five miles up the Delaware River from this city, gave his life to save nine fellow countrymen.

The men were in a boat trying to get out to the pier when the craft became wedged in a rift and was rapidly sinking. Monok undertook to cut the rope holding the boat and just as the last strand parted and the boat shot away he fell overboard into the swift waters of the swollen Delaware. He cried for help, but it meant death to any one who dared jump in to help him, and he drowned.

ANGLER'S BATTLE WITH BIRD

Doughty Cap'n Doughty's Huge-Feathered Prize Rouses Curiosity Among Naturalists.

Atlantic City, N. J. Some men say it is a roc, others pronounce it an auk, still others contend it is a cross between a pelican and a condor, and a few local scientists are positive it is the sole survivor of the supposedly extinct phyllozo family. At any rate it, which is an immense bird, weighing more than one hundred pounds and with a beak capable of tearing iron and taloned legs that strike like the kick of an ostrich, came near killing Capt. George Doughty in his fishing boat off Brigantine Beach.

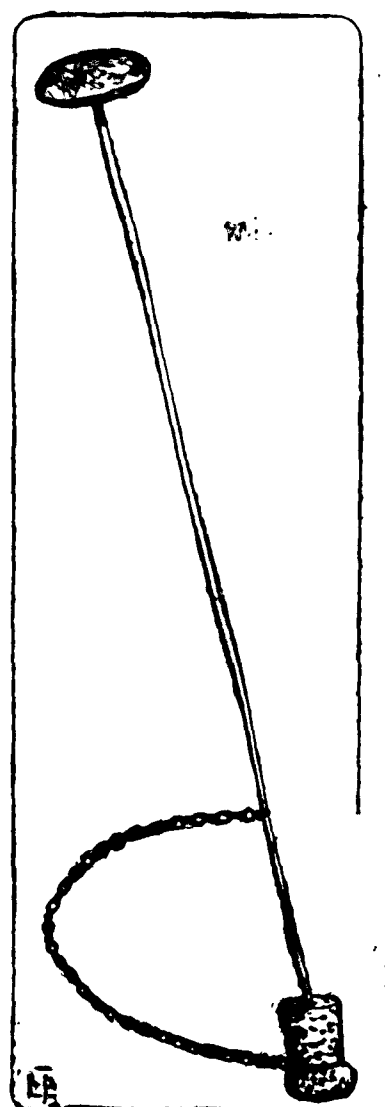
In the battle for life the veteran fisherman whose family name his bird finally knocked out his feathers with a mighty sweep of an oar, knowing the septic's might doubt, in a marvelous tale of the sea. Capt. Doughty on his return to the city showed not only arms pinched black and blue and torn clothing but the strange bird itself. Soothers had to be silent then. Local faunal naturalists gazed in awe on the bird which is as tall as some men and then made the before-mentioned guesses.

Doughty says he was sculling his boat along shortly before daylight in a dense fog when he heard the whirr of wings and the snap of the big beak of the strange bird which narrowly missed his face. Before he recovered from his scare the bird wheeled and came back, this time making a stroke at him with its taloned feet and missing him by only a few inches.

Doughty grasped an oar and fought the bird and man battled for many minutes. Doughty being forced to grab the gunwale several times to keep from going overboard when the bird struck him with full force. A lashing stroke with an oar at last knocked the bird down and before it could recover Doughty had wound it round and round with a strong line also tying its beak and legs.

One wondering fisherman hazarded the guess that he saw a bird of the species in this section and there is a general belief that the strange creature is the much discussed Jersey Devil, which excited South Jersey several months ago. The bird will be presented to a museum.

WOMEN'S HAT PINS MADE DEADLY BY CORN SHIELDS



Dangerous weapons are the enormous hatpins worn by women at present. In crowded places men fear for their eyes. Here is a suggestion of a cork shield that at least would lessen the danger.

OLD EGGS BETTER THAN FRESH.

Prof. Coulter Says Most of Those Sold Are More Than a Year Old. Minneapolis, Minn.—Economist John Coulter of the economist department of the State University gave his class a lesson on egg buying, incidentally upsetting the time honored theory of the housewife. Professor Coulter said that cold storage eggs are much better than the so called fresh variety and grow better with age, and people make a mistake in demanding fresh eggs of their grocers.

His theory is that eggs put in cold storage and carefully inspected are as good after three years as they were when packed away.

"The fresh egg of commerce," said the professor, "is in all probability an egg that would be discarded in the storage house," and still further said Professor Coulter, "nine out of every ten dozen so-called fresh eggs sold in stores are more than a year old."

STURDY OAK STYLE OF WIFE

Consensus of Taste in Chicago as Indicated by Pastor Vaughn's Young Men.

Chicago.—Having discovered what the average girl wants in the way of a husband, the Rev. D. D. Vaughn of the Malated Street Church, learned from three score single men, communicants of his church, what they thought would be about right in the wife line.

On Sunday he propounded these questions to the men and asked for written replies.

"Must she be pretty?"

"Must she be a good cook and a neat housekeeper?"

"Must she be stylish?"

"Must she be vivacious, or quiet?"

"Must she be a society or a home girl?"

"Must she be a college graduate?"

"Must she be talented piano etc. etc.?"

"Do you prefer a new woman or the old-fashioned kind?"

"Must she have a good disposition?"

"May she be a club woman, a reformer or be interested in politics?"

"Do you want a twining try or a sturdy oak?"

After analyzing the replies the pastor said:

"The men are opposed to the college girl. Very few have a word to say in her favor. They are against the stylish girl. They like the newness but are afraid of style. The majority favor the sturdy oak rather than the twining vine. The idea may also be a club woman interested in politics and reforms. She need not be pretty nor a good cook. They believe she can quickly learn to cook but she must not wear big hats. Kitten heels indicate a lack of independence."

"I am surprised at the number who say they will take a new woman. I present highest honors are awarded to the idea of a woman who is favored by various or many women and who loves home but yet not neglecting the society of others. One man wrote: 'She must take an interest in home church and baseball.'"

"Of college graduates they wrote: 'No she would be too much for me. They know it all, and that would never do.' Her line of conversation would be too strong."

"Piano players were not in demand. I can buy a piano and a phonograph. I wrote a score. Still, a piano player would not be bad to cheer me up when I am sad. All wanted cheerful temperaments with humor and gentleness."

Pastor Vaughn also sent out to his congregation these questions on what constitutes an Ideal Family.

What ought to be the minimum amount of money on which a young man marries?"

Ought there be a law restricting marriage when the income falls below this minimum?"

Who ought to carry the pocketbook the husband or the wife?"

Ought one to buy on time or wait until he has the cash?"

Ought parents to sacrifice themselves for their children to the point of indulgence?"

Ought children to be obedient to enforce obedience or for any other cause justifiable?"

Is it right for parents to open their children's mail?"

Here is a composite picture of the ideal home according to Dr. Vaughn's correspondents:

The wife has as much right to the money as the husband.

Positively no credit must be considered.

Parents must never sacrifice themselves to the point of indulgence.

Force children to be obedient with a hope of reward and be free in expressing your love for them.

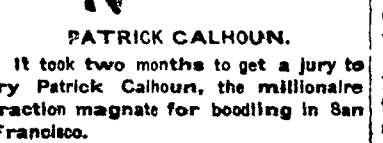
Children should never be led to in order to force them, to be obedient, never burden the older children with the younger ones.

The sisters should never be obliged to give up school for the brothers.

Brothers and sisters should treat each other alike and favors at home should not be governed according to their sex.

Children have no right to be paid for the work they do at home.

SAN FRANCISCO'S ARCH BOODLER



PATRICK CALHOUN.

It took two months to get a jury to try Patrick Calhoun, the millionaire traction magnate for boodling in San Francisco.

Some tests have been made on the Northern railway of France to determine the economy of using one powerful engine instead of two smaller ones.

THE APPLE-GIRL'S FRIEND

Mary was not an unattractive Washington girl, and the perpetually sad expression of her face caused all who saw her to give her more than a passing notice, and to this fact are due the details of this little romantic story.

One bleak Wintry day a gentleman happened to look out from the street from his office window and saw a man examining a basket of apples held by a little girl, but instead of purchasing the child for her disappointment meant he called to her, bought some apples and told her to come every day and he would buy for her.

In this way he became acquainted with her history. She was an orphan and was selling apples to support her self. Among her customers was Gen. Grant who lived on 17th street as she told her new friend who was the late Mr. D. R. Swingle in charge of the internal revenue blank room Treasury Department. Swingle bought apples from Mary every day, became interested in her, supplied her with pens ink and paper set copies for her and taught her to write.

In their early acquaintance she had told Mr. Swingle in connection with the fact that Gen. Grant bought apples from her that she would like to be "Mary" if I ever become President I shall give you an appointment." Some years later, when Mary was about fifteen and Gen. Grant had become President in her daily visit to Mr. Swingle's office he said to her: "Mary you are getting too large now to be selling apples on the street."

"Yes," she replied, "but what shall I do?"

Go and see the President, and remind him of his promise. Here, I will write you a card and you take it right up to him."

The card was written and little sad-faced Mary wended her way trembling to the White House where she delivered the card to a messenger who delivered it to the President. The card read:

MARY McARTHUR
The little girl who used to sell you apples."

Without waiting to tell the messenger to admit the visitor the President came out, shook her hand cordially said he remembered her, and asked what he could do for her.

"General," she began, "I am getting too big to sell apples on the street."

"Yes, you are," the President interrupted.

"I thought I would come and remind you of the promise."

"I distinctly remember the promise, too and it shall be done. I shall write right away in which department do you wish to go."

The General of engraving and printing please.

Very well, come back Thursday and bring a card just like this," hold ing her card in his hand.

Mary thanked him returned to Mr. Swingle's office and told him what the President had said and then went out to dispose of her remaining stock of apples. But she had scarcely time to make a sale before some one approached her asked if she were Mary McArthur.

McCarthy gave her a letter and returned toward the White House.

Puzzled at the proceedings for no explanation of the letter was given, Mary hurried to Mr. Swingle's office related the circumstance, and handed him the unopened letter. On reading its contents Mr. Swingle told her that it was her appointment. And so it was. The President had not wait ed for Mary to return Thursday but had the appointment made out at once and sent his messenger out to find her and deliver it.

There are many Washingtonians who remember "Little Sad-faced Mary," and who may have wondered at her sudden disappearance from the streets with her basket of apples.

They will know now that it was one of President Grant's happy "removals."

Krakatoa Eruption.

Perhaps the most remarkable volcanic eruption known was that which took place in August, 1883, at the island of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda. Streams of volcanic dust were thrown seventeen miles high, and more than a cubic mile of material was expelled from the volcano crater. The air waves started by the eruption travelled around the earth seven times. The noise was heard at Macassar, 989 miles away, at Bornoe, 1,118 miles distant, in West Australia, 1,780 miles away, and even at Rodrigues, distant more than 2,900 miles. The dust and powdered pumice thrown out of the crater made the entire circuit of the earth before settling down, and was the cause of the strange sunsets that were observed for many months.

His Day of Reckoning.

As the stout man whose appetite had excited the envy of the other boarders turned to leave the parlor, he looked down at his waistcoat. "I declare, I've lost two buttons off my vest," he said, ruefully.

He was a new boarder, but his landlady saw no reason for further delay in showing her banner, "Wastefulness and Economy for all." She gave him the benefit of the chill gaze so familiar to her older boarders.

"I think without doubt you will find them both in the dining-room," she announced, cheerily.

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