

ROGUES IN UNIFORMS

Donned Official Clothes to Work Their Victims.

CLEVER RUSSIAN SWINDLERS.

The Plausible Old Military Man Who Made a St. Petersburg Jeweler Whom He Robbed Act as His Accomplice.

The Energetic Police Agents.

Nowhere is a uniform more potent than in Russia, and that fact has more than once been utilized by swindlers in their daring operations.

Some years ago a jeweler on the Nevsky Prospekt of St. Petersburg received a visit one sunny afternoon from an old and decrepit officer in the uniform of a general.

The old gentleman was assisted from his carriage to the counter by an attentive footman in livery.

The smiling jeweler received him with the deference due to his rank and accommodated him with a chair.

The gentleman had come to choose a birthday present for his wife.

The tradesman displayed his most valuable collars and tiaras. The veteran lingered over them lovingly.

At last he made choice of a costly suit and intimated that it would meet his purpose.

Tremblingly the old soldier sought in his breast for his pocketbook. He had pulled forth without it.

The disappointment of both shopman and customer was acute. The general, however, was not a strategist without resource.

With apologies he asked for writing materials and essayed to pen a letter to his home.

The excitement acting upon his palsied hands made his writing illegible.

The jeweler in despair. The old man sighed and remarked upon the sad consequences of campaigns.

The jeweler was touched. He had an inspiration.

"Will your excellency permit me to write the instruction to your dictation?"

The general was delighted and most gratefully accepted the offer.

On the business paper of his firm the jeweler wrote the stumbling words of the veteran:

"Dear Anna - I have been of money. Please take 5,000 rubles from my safe and return by bearer. Lovingly yours, IVAN."

The general's own footman was dispatched with the note. The old man sat admiring the jewels until in due course the servant returned with the 5,000 rubles.

The jeweler escorted his distinguished client to the carriage and bowed as he drove away.

That evening when the jeweler returned to his home his wife asked why he had withdrawn so large a sum from the family safe.

"What sum?" asked the shopkeeper in surprise.

"Why, the 5,000 rubles you sent for this afternoon."

"Five thousand rubles! I don't understand."

THE SPEED OF NO RETURN.

Velocity a Body Must Have to Leave Earth and Never Come Back.

There are a great many odd terms in science none of which has a title so weird as the speed of no return.

This means the velocity a body must have in leaving the earth in order for it never to come back.

It has been accurately worked out and is found to be about seven miles a second.

Now, though this speed has never been obtained by artificial means on the earth, still it is interesting to note the theory as regards the further actions of the body.

It would continue onward in a curved line until it was controlled by balancing forces, mainly the earth, moon and sun, in such a way as to make it have an orbit of its own.

It would go on revolving forever just as any other planet.

Although this speed has never been obtained by artificial means, it is found in nature on the earth and its application has a great deal to do with animal life on our planet.

As is well known, it is a pet theory of the scientists that the earth is losing its atmosphere, just as the moon has already lost hers.

As the earth gradually lost its atmosphere it would become colder and colder on account of its inability to hold the heat received from the sun.

All animal and vegetable life would cease. This has already happened to the moon, its temperature never rising above zero, though the sun shines on it for two weeks at a time.

It is needless to say that even if this speed could be obtained by a cannon ball or other comparatively small body the friction with the air on its way would immediately burn it up, just as the shooting stars we see are burned up before reaching the earth.

So if the visiting of the moon ever takes place it will have to be accomplished in a carriage with very thick sides and made of a material whose melting point is very high.

A POLISH WEDDING.

Fun and Profit Strangely Mingled in the Festivities.

A wedding among the Poles may certainly be said to hold its own among the more entertaining of marriage customs.

There fun and profit are strangely mingled in the marriage festivities, for the bride depends upon the wedding festival for her dowry and rarely fails to get enough to enable her to begin housekeeping with comfort.

After the wedding feast a dance is in order, and at that dance every man who would distinguish himself must once in the evening at least claim the bride for a partner.

The bride for a partner. The honor of dancing with her, however, is not to be obtained lightly. The aspirant must win the privilege and pay for it.

In one corner of the room the mother of the bride has taken up her position with a plate in her lap. The wise woman has chosen that plate carefully.

It is made after the plan of an eating house coffee cup and could not justly be described as frail.

The gallant who wishes to dance with the bride—and, as has been said, all are in honor bound to do so—must pull out a piece of silver and throw it into the plate.

Not until he has succeeded in breaking or chipping that almost invincible piece of crockery has he won the honor he seeks.

For succeeded in making an impression upon the plate for less than a sum equal to 50 cents of our money.

The money thus accumulated goes to the bride and not unusually amounts to seventy-five or one hundred dollars, even where the crowd is apparently as poor as it can well be.

This sum in a rural district of Poland is enough to start the young couple fairly in house-keeping.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

E. N. Foss, New Massachusetts Congressman.

The new Democratic congressman from Massachusetts, Eugene Noble Foss of Boston, whose recent achievement in carrying a hitherto invincible Republican stronghold attracted national attention, is but a newcomer to the party he champions.

Since 1902 he has been known as a champion of Canadian reciprocity, and on this issue he left the Republican party last year and became the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor of his state.

He failed of election by only 8,000 votes at that time.

Twice before Mr. Foss made the race for congress, but in each instance was beaten. Then he ran as a Republican in the Eleventh district. His victorious contest was in the Fourteenth district, until recently represented by William C. Lovering, deceased.

Congressman Foss is a native of Vermont and was educated in that state. In 1882 he became a manufacturer in Boston and has prospered exceedingly. He is president of several big manufacturing establishments and director in railway and banking institutions in various parts of the country.

He is a member of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' association, New England Shoe and Leather association and National Association of Manufacturers.

The new congressman is fifty-two years old and is a brother of Representative George Edmund Foss of Illinois, chairman of the house committee on naval affairs, who is a staunch Republican.

West Point's New Commandant. Major General Thomas H. Barry, who has been named as the next superintendent of the United States Military academy at West Point, has had a brilliant career in the army.

He will succeed Colonel H. L. Scott. The designation of a major general for West Point occasioned some comment in military circles, as it was the first time that an officer of that grade had been detailed to that post.

The military authorities, however, have reached the conclusion that the head of the institution at West Point should be a general officer and at least theoretically separated as far as possible from the prejudices that often belong to an officer of a particular branch of the line or staff.

General Barry was born in New York in 1836 and was graduated from West Point in 1857. After three years in the cavalry and seventeen years in the infantry he was transferred to the adjutant general's department in 1897 with the rank of major.

He served in that department until his appointment as brigadier general in 1903. He became a major general in 1908, his promotion by President Roosevelt at that time being something of a surprise.

He served with distinction in the Chinese relief expedition and later won credit in the Philippines. In 1907 he commanded the second army of occupation of Cuba.

Rather Unflattering. "Rudyard Kipling is a good looking chap," said a Chicago journalist. He looked about him doubtfully.

"Kipling," he went on, "is very good looking. Indeed, a solid, squat, substantial, square headed figure of a man."

"Of course he is no Mowgli, no hero of romance. I must say, though, that the young Chicago girl at Engelberg's was a great admirer of 'The Brushwood Boy' and other Kipling pieces—I must say that this girl acted rather foolishly when, on being introduced to Kipling, she cried reproachfully, with tears in her eyes: 'Oh, I thought you were a Mowgli!'"

Elithu Yale's Grave. A teacher in an elementary school at Graz, Austria, received a letter from a mother who explained that she had been dangerously ill with cholera and phthisis and had kept her little child at home to nurse her.

A Native Interpretation. "Tell me," said an inquiring Englishman of an American friend, "what is the significance of the eagle shown on your money?"

"It is an emblem of its swift flight."

The Object. Rich Uncle Blunderer—So you are married after me, are you? Small change, yes; but still, it's your money, and we needed the money.

A PAIR OF GLOVES.

The Impudent Store People Wouldn't Take Them Back.

Mrs. Pinkerton's first question was about the gloves.

"Did you exchange them?" she asked. "No," said Pinkerton. "I didn't."

"There," she complained, "I might have known you would forget it. How careless! I told you the very last thing before you left the house to be sure to attend to it. Really, I don't see how you can be so thoughtless."

"I didn't forget," said Pinkerton. "I tried to change them, but they wouldn't take the things back."

"Wouldn't take them back?" she said. "Why not?"

"They said they were soiled."

"Soiled? Well, of all things! If they are they got soiled in their own store. I didn't soil them. I have never had them on my hands. I couldn't get them on. They were half a size too small. They gave me the wrong number. Why didn't you tell them so?"

"I did."

"Whom did you tell?"

"The clerk and the floorwalker and everybody who would listen to me."

"And what did they say?"

"They laughed."

"The impudent creatures! I'll never buy a cent's worth in that store again, you see if I do."

"That's just what I said," Pinkerton put in. "I said you never would."

"And what did they say to that?"

"They laughed again."

"Well, that settles it. I never will buy anything there now. Where are the gloves?"

"In my pocket."

"Let me have them, please. Soiled, indeed! I'll see if they are."

Mrs. Pinkerton unwrapped the package as she took out the gloves she bought slightly.

"Well," she said.

"Well!" echoed Pinkerton. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing much," she said. "Only this is an old pair of gloves. I cleaned them last week with gasoline. I made a mistake and sent them back instead of the pair I bought yesterday."

FIERCE ESKIMO DOGS.

They Retain Their Wild Nature Despite Long Training.

AS SAVAGE AS THE WOLVES.

And Like Their Feroocious Conspecifics They Always Hunt in Packs.

There undoubtedly is an affinity between the wolf and the Eskimo dog for generations the dog has been trained by the Eskimos, chiefly by the Hudson Bay company's agents, and the settlers on the coast of Labrador or the west of the Baffin Sea.

One would naturally suppose that dogs of this kind, so long trained and associated with men, would become more or less domesticated and lose their original savage character. It is, however, quite otherwise.

The Eskimo dog of today is still a pure unmingled savage. Like his conspecific, the wolf, he always hunts in packs. Quite recently an Eskimo, with his wife and child, was making a journey with his team to a nearby settlement.

On his way the driver became ill and weak and quite unable to control his team. The dogs turned on them and devoured the whole family.

An old resident at Labrador told me that one winter's evening he was sitting reading when he heard a furious barking among his dogs outside.

Figuring that the pack was so common that he took no notice of the disturbance. Next morning the cause of the row was discovered. A poor Eskimo woman was coming to the house for medicine for her sick child.

She stumbled over the heap of snow near the door. The pack sprang on her, and some rag and bones discovered next morning told the tale of her tragic fate.

The Newfoundland fishermen often bring home these Eskimo dogs from Labrador. They invariably turn out to be fierce killers, and the crossed ones have all the same savage instinct.

They have been known to kill a score or more of sheep in one night, all being found with their throats torn, but not one eaten. It is simply the savage instinct for blood. The early settlers in Newfoundland found the great timber wolves a terrible pest. They killed their sheep and cattle and sometimes attacked women and children.

They were continually chased and killed, but still they increased. A handsome bounty on wolfskins, however, eventually brought about their extermination.

Animals that hunt or move together in packs always retain this characteristic. The reindeer in Lapland have been trained and domesticated by man for countless generations, but they still retain this instinct of the pack.

As soon as the team moves all the reindeer start off, nothing can stop them. While the savage pack hunting character of the Eskimo dog remains so long unchanged, we have, on the other hand, a setter and retriever dog, a very striking illustration of how an artificial character can be given to the dog and a special characteristic firmly implanted in a breed and retained for centuries.

It is, however, purely artificial and is easily lost. For instance, setters and pointers kept by ladies as pets and not trained to the instinct to point. The untrained bird within a generation loses it altogether. Every sportsman knows that the young ones are very easily trained and point naturally. I have seen setter pups only six weeks old setting at flies.

The instinct for retrieving is perpetuated in no breed so strongly as in the Newfoundland dog, the fisherman's friend and constant companion and the most splendid of all retrievers.

A remarkable instance of his gifts and courage is the story of a Newfoundland settler, George Harvey, who with the aid of his dog and two children he saved 163 lives in 1832. In the autumn of that year the brig Dispatch, on her way to Quebec with emigrants, in a tremendous gale of wind struck a rock about three miles from Harvey's residence at Isle aux Morts.

Harvey heard the signals of distress and immediately launched his boat. His only help was a boy of twelve, his girl, sixteen years old, and his dog. To get close to the doomed ship in such a sea was to court destruction. Harvey's dog understood what was required of him. He swam toward the ship. The seas overwhelmed him and drove him back, but finally he came near enough. The sailors threw him a rope, which he caught with his teeth. At last he got back to Harvey's boat almost dead from exhaustion, but with the rope's end firmly clutched in his teeth.

Communication between the boat and the ship was then established, and with care and the most laborious efforts every soul was saved.—Judge Prowse in London Standard.

The "Gold Snake." A Mexican superstition, very common among miners in that country, relates to the "gold snake." This species of serpent is perfectly harmless and very handsome, being green in color and with a golden iridescence in its scales. Faith is entertained that wherever a gold snake makes its nest there is a ledge containing the precious metal, and there are many miners who will locate a claim at once if they find a gold snake.

What He Lacked. "They tell me," said the innocent maid, "that your marriage was the result of love at first sight. Is it true?"

"It is," answered the round-shouldered man sadly. "Had I been gifted with second sight I'd still be in the matrimonial den!"

The power of applying attention to a single subject is the sure sign of a superior intellect.—Chamberlain.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

The Romance That Kept Charles Villiers Single All His Life.

Charles Villiers, long the "father of the house" of commons, never married, but he was the hero of a romance which is described in the "Reminiscences and Correspondence of Miss Olga Norikoff" as having lasted all his life.

Villiers was once on the eve of marrying a very rich spinster. The lady, however, was imprudent enough one day to say to her fiancé that she knew very well he only wanted to marry her money and not herself.

Villiers' aristocratic dignity manifested itself. He took his hat, bowed to the lady and said that after that remark there could be no more question of marriage between them. Off he went.

Strangely enough, the deserted spinster spent the next thirty years in trying in vain to see him to make up. He never came near her or gave her a chance of coming near him. "And do you know," remarked Lady Gilbert, who told me the story, "she still loves him and cherishes his memory."

"Oh, that is charming! Quite a romance!" I exclaimed. "Tell the lady to write to me tomorrow." We were acquainted. "Charles Villiers is coming."

Lady Gilbert delivered my message. The two old people met at my hotel, after which the lady humbly asked Charles Villiers to call on her. He accepted the invitation. When we were alone together she said: "Do you know Miss Norikoff, he is not in the least altered after all these years. He is exactly the same in looks and manner."

Of that, of course, I could have no opinion. But surely thirty years before the old Charles Villiers was neither half bent nor half blind. However, the old time friendship was renewed and lasted until the lady's death a few years later.

She left him the greatest part of her very great fortune. Charles Villiers became very rich in money, but unfortunately he was then very rich in years also.

STALKED BY VULTURES.

While a Man Trilled a Buck the Birds Followed the Man.

"I met with a curious and not altogether pleasant experience," writes an Anglo-Indian correspondent who has done a good deal of large and small game shooting in India, "when I was out one day stalking a black buck. Between me and my quarry lay a large flat field of black cotton soil bordered by a very low, straggling and thinly growing hedge of small baobab trees. My only way to get a shot was to cross this, keeping the bushes between me and the buck, which had not much to browse on and was therefore seldom motionless. I proceeded to do the hundred yards on the flat of my stomach. This all I could do, hard baked black cotton soil was no joke. I pushed my side on ahead. Then, wriggling past it, the muzzle was near my knee, I would pass it on it, and so on.

"Progress was slow, and I was so absorbed that I failed to observe shadows crossing and recrossing my path and circling around until I had gone some fifty yards. Then the whirring of wings attracted my ears, and almost at the same moment a vulture landed on the ground not twenty yards away. I looked up. The air was alive with these repulsive looking birds. Then it dashed across to that I was being stalked! Doubtless these birds were attracted by my extraordinary method of procedure and mistook me for a wounded or dying man making a final effort to reach some shady spot. This was especially possible, as the experience occurred in a famine district where deaths by the wayside were not infrequent. By looking up I had evidently shown myself to the buck. For he was now off at full tilt. I therefore took that shot at the vulture at twenty yards, but did not allow for the sighting sufficiently and missed him. The thought of being waited for by a flock of vultures while very much alive and well was, to say the least, uncanny."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Bird's Tail. In his "Story of the Birds" James Newton Baskett says: To a slight extent in some birds the tail may be used as a rudder, but where the wing is perfected turning is effected with a very scant tail. The use of the tail always has more reference to the up and down movements than to the lateral. It comes into play in alighting (as a brake) or in rising (as a kite-like surface) and is used dexterously by the soaring birds in balancing themselves against varying currents of air.

Quint Picture of Gladstone. According to a Turkish newspaper of 1876, William E. Gladstone was born in 1796. For father he had a Bulgarian. His gluttony for gold made him yellow. He was of medium height, his whiskers were cropped close to his face, and "as a sign of his satanic spirit his forehead and upper forehead were bare. His evil temper has made his hair fall off, so that from a distance he might be taken for quite bald."

What He Lacked. "They tell me," said the innocent maid, "that your marriage was the result of love at first sight. Is it true?"

"It is," answered the round-shouldered man sadly. "Had I been gifted with second sight I'd still be in the matrimonial den!"

The power of applying attention to a single subject is the sure sign of a superior intellect.—Chamberlain.



THE NEW DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS, EUGENE NOBLE FOSS OF BOSTON.



THOMAS H. BARRY.

A True F... Fathering da... down th... ing for... which w... his own... away g... parish w... school f... had been... ful, an... friends... event in... full life... ant as h... rather... good p... anxious... more an... and his... "Will... night?"... "No, mi... minutes... heavy r... and the... while se... ed on th... ing for... a mediat... attentio... The mi... was stil... and he... the you... "Goo... ing, Fa... dressed... "Goi... "Yes... "Bee... Pat? a... With a... once th... tance w... "No... "Hov... "A g... "But hov... "Oh... "But... "Be... the un... "Oh... every n... you th... faithfu... church... The c... home. I... man na... ture be... heart w... saw he... The yo... and the... like a t... Just... thunde... everyb... "Got... prest... they s... doctor... get let... a seat... rather... compai... as a... "Whe... ther I... the qu... saw th... was of... tion, a... layer... (throw... by bad... tion bring... Long... to the... arouse... ger of... little... dead... all at... cases... pair. H... ed but... before... to an... "Lo... me th... bear y... over a... out m... sion."... Pat... ed prc...

ROCKWELL