

The World's Wonders

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

Relic of Jail-Fever Days



A curious custom still observed in the central criminal court of London is that of placing sweet herbs on the bench. It dates from the days when jail-fever was prevalent and the rankness of the air in the courts was such that it was necessary to provide some counteracting scent for those whose duty it was to administer justice.

HOARD IN A FLOATING LOG



In London there stands at door place that undoubtedly is the largest ever constructed. It contains more than 100 pounds of sand. When the lower bulb is filled the frame turns over, and the process is reversed to mark the flight of another 60 minutes. So huge is this glass that the revolution is made by a hydraulic engine, shown on the left of the picture. The height of the glass is nearly 12 feet.

LIGHTNING CAME BY PHONE

While the sun was shining the other day at Clinton, N. J., and there was no indication of an electrical storm, a bolt of lightning struck a liberty pole in front of a hotel shattering the shaft and scaring a team of mules so badly that they ran two miles. The team was tied to a ring attached to the pole, which was thirty feet high. After the animals had been stopped it was found that the bolt of lightning which had shattered the pole had also melted the iron shoes from each of the mules. Otherwise they were uninjured. The source of the lightning bolt puzzled all the local electrical experts and meteorologists, but after investigation it was found that a telephone wire running from Singac passed so close to the flag pole as to touch it. At the time the pole was struck a fierce thunder storm was raging in the vicinity of Singac, and the theory is that lightning striking the telephone wire in the storm zone, traveled over the cable until it encountered the uninsulated liberty pole, where the full force of the bolt was spent.

CHILD WITH TWO HEADS

A most wonderful child is the six-year-old daughter of John O. Nelson of Brooklyn Hills, N. Y. She has two well developed heads; and though unable either to sit up or walk, her general health is good, and she possesses normal intelligence. When the child was born the doctors said she could not live, but Mr. Nelson, possessed of considerable means, engaged the best physicians and gave the little one the most careful attention, sparing no expense in trying to make the delicate infant a healthy child. According to her father the child speaks English and German with equal fluency, using both dialects when she speaks.

NEEDLE IN GIRL FIVE YEARS

The 13-year-old daughter of Charles Clayton, a farmer at Pleasant Plains, half way between Toms River and Lakewood, N. J., five years ago swallowed a large needle. This needle has just been removed from her body at the base of the spinal column. The needle was found and removed in a peculiar way. As the little girl went to bed and pulled the quilts up over herself she gave a scream of pain. Her mother found the child crying and saying that her hip hurt. The only thing her parents could think of was that in some way she had dislocated the hip, and they sent five miles to Toms River for Dr. E. C. Disbrow. He found the hip all right. The child still complained of the pain, and at last he found a small projection. Anaesthetics were applied, an incision made and by means of forceps the needle was pulled out. The child is well again. The only time she was given any trouble with the needle was the night before it was taken out.

WHEN THE DEAD RETURN

This is a story of mistaken identity of remarkable character. Mary McGonigle was struck by a trolley car in New York last April and died shortly afterwards in a hospital. On notification from the coroner, her relatives came to view the body and she was identified by her son, her sister, her brother and a cousin; a burial permit was issued in the name of Mary McGonigle; an insurance company paid \$117 on the life of Mary McGonigle; the traction company paid \$50 for the funeral of Mary McGonigle; the body of Mary McGonigle now lies in Calvary cemetery. Late one night recently Mary McGonigle in the flesh walked into her sister's home.

To say there was surprise at her visit would understate the emotions of the relatives. The sister screamed; the brother dropped his new clay pipe and a small niece fainted. Mrs. McGonigle herself was surprised but placid; she had not read the newspapers, and did not know that she was supposed to be dead. Then came explanations. Mary McGonigle had been buried all right, but it was the wrong Mary. The living woman is in private service and her address fluctuates with her employment. The dead woman who bears such an extraordinary resemblance to her was no relative, but had known her, and had given her address to the hospital. The undertaker who buried the late Mary, was summoned to view the living Mary. "I never saw such a resemblance," he gasped, "and I've buried many."

Efforts will be made to find the rightful owner of the hoard. Many stories are told of the prodigality with which loggers handled their money in the halcyon days of logging. A favorite bank was to put a boom auger hole in a big stump. Into this hole was put the gold, silver and paper and a big plug driven into the hole. The plug was then cemented off with the bark and the regular left well wanted. Many of these improvised banks were swept away by floods or destroyed in forest fires.

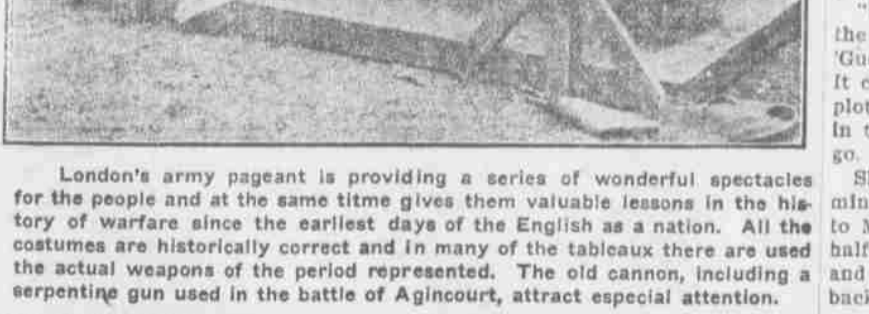
RODENT HAS MONEY TO BURN

A pet rodent belonging to Otto Speltz, farmer, of Bellingham, Wash., has been under surveillance ever since he was discovered tearing a \$5 Canadian bill to pieces. Speltz rescued the money and sent it to Ottawa for redemption. He had no more than despatched the letter containing the shreds of the five than the squirrel was found playing with a piece of a United States \$10 bill. Speltz garnered this money in before it was too damaged for barter, and is now watching the movements of his pet. It is believed the rodent has discovered a hidden hoard laid away in past years by a miser or cached by a robber in a hollow tree and found by the squirrel.

FIFTY-POUND HAILSTONE

The notoriety of setting a new standard for all stories of big hailstones befell William Dittenhafer, a cellar digger of York, Pa., entirely uncollected. He found a mass of many hailstones congealed or melted together, thirty-six inches long, fourteen inches wide and five inches thick, in a deep depression in the lawn. This mass weighed more than fifty pounds. Then she waited. It seemed hours before she caught sight of the dear old figure, swinging along the river road, his gray felt hat well back on his head, his gray mustache and imperial giving added distinction to the fine, gracious face. The tears rushed to her eyes as she watched him, but she controlled herself, and met him with a smile.

Cannon Used at Agincourt



London's army pageant is providing a series of wonderful spectacles for the people and at the same time gives them valuable lessons in the history of warfare since the earliest days of the English as a nation. All the costumes are historically correct and in many of the tableaux there are used the actual weapons of the period represented. The old cannon, including a serpentine gun used in the battle of Agincourt, attract especial attention.

KEPT HIS WIFE'S SKELETON

An extraordinary instance of a husband's devotion to his wife's memory has just been revealed at Bukharest. An inventory of property left by Miklos Denner, a merchant, was being made, when the skeleton of a woman was discovered locked up in a cupboard. It was at first thought that a murder had been committed, but inquiry showed that the skeleton was that of Denner's wife, who died a natural death ten years ago, and was buried in the ordinary way. The husband was inconsolable till he secretly exhumed his wife's remains, and hid the skeleton in the bedroom. The skeleton is to be re-interred in Denner's grave.

Snake Binds Owl to Tree

Charles Allison of Nashville, Ind., relates a peculiar experience with a snake and an owl. He was walking along the creek carrying his gun, when he noticed a large owl sitting in an old dead tree. He shot three times, and says he knew he hit the bird each time, as it would drop its wings when he discharged the gun. On going closer to the tree he found why the owl did not fall. A large blacksnake had wound around the bird, and had its head hanging down the tree. He shot the snake, then the owl and reptile both fell into the water.

THE DRUGGIST.

I am a druggist, born, and lone, A being without guile, When strangers grab my telephone I merely smile. A big druggist I keep, And should, through any stress, You want my aid, I'll be in it peep For an address. I have on hand of glue and string A large and free supply, I'll gladly get you anything You like to try. At midnight I climb slowly to My little cot to camp, But I'll get up to furnish you A postage stamp. Emotions I have learned to curb; I've always helpful been, And naught that happens can disturb My gentle grin. Warden Not Much for Changes. When George J. Warden took his manufacturing business to a new location recently it was a noteworthy thing for him to do. For Warden is about as little addicted to making changes as any man in Cleveland. He himself was speaking of this fact a day or two ago. "I lived more than 36 years in the same house on old Perry street, he remarked, "and for 42 years I took milk

A Colonist of Canaan

By Izola Forrester

The Southwestern flier drew up at Canaan Junction. It never stopped, merely slowed up long enough to throw out the mail sack, and give the curly-headed boy in the express car a chance to call hello to Nell.

But today it stopped, stopped while one man swung off a sleeper, and the porter dropped a suit case and gripped the platform beside him. The man left behind was young, so young that he had outgrown his years, and there was a latent, careless strength, mixed with awkwardness about him that reminded one of a cub. Nell took one look at him and caught her breath sharply. She knew him in an instant, but there was a bare chance that he had forgotten her. It had been four years, and four years is a lengthy stretch when one is 17.

He set the suit case down under the ticket shelf, and went back to the water bucket. "It's hot enough down here, isn't it?" She watched him drain the tin cup a second time before she answered: "We don't mind it much."

"I suppose not. I came from the north. Don't suppose you know any body here named Acton?" The girl's hand closed tightly over the package of letters she had drawn from the mail sack. Her back was toward him. But her voice was steady and natural.

"No, I don't." "You'd be pretty likely to know, handling all the mail, and so on, wouldn't you?" "Oh, yes, I would know. I know the name of everybody in this town!" "Except mine."

He came over to the ledge and leaned one elbow on it, smiling in at her cheerfully. She did not answer. "Maybe he's using a different name," he went on, presently. "He had

plenty of cause to change it, the Lord knows, when he started down this way. I know he's here all right, and I'm going to find him."

As the man left she caught up the telephone receiver and called a number. "I want to speak to father, please. Is he there? Well, wait. Give him a message. Tell him to come over to the depot right away. Tell him to come around by the river road, not Main street. I want to show him something there."

"Sit down and rest a minute, honey. You've got 20 minutes. They—they've wired for you to come down to Alcazar. It's some committee meeting, I believe." She turned away, and bent over a time table, so that he should not see her telltale eyes. "You can make the 1:10 local, don't you?" "I'm sure they need you down there."

"In a rush, aren't they?" laughed the colonel, wiping off his forehead. "Guess it's about their new town hall. It consists of four flags on a center plot at present, with a geranium bed in the middle. I suppose I'll have to go. Be all right, won't you, Nell?" She nodded and smiled. It was 15 minutes now. She watched the road to Main street every now and then, half expecting Fate to play her a trick and send the long-hatted stranger back again. It wasn't wrong. She

toiled herself over and over again, it wasn't. A hundred suggestions and plans swept through her mind as she listened to him chat of the new town hall at Alcazar. They all at once there was a dead silence, and she turned quickly. The colonel stood in the center of the little depot, his hands clasped comfortably under his coat tails, his lips pursed up for a whistle. And he was looking at the suitcase under the window ledge, a suitcase with the owner's name written boldly across it. "J. P. Dexter."

Nell leaned her hands on the desk and waited tensely. She had forgotten to hide the suitcase. "Well, honey, girl, the car wouldn't stay put, would it? And you going to all this trouble just to try and save your dad from himself?" The colonel spoke very calmly, very reflectively, almost with a glint of humor in his blue eyes, as he saw the look on Nell's face. "When did Jack Dexter get here?"

"Father, listen." She put both hands up on his shoulders and leaned her face against his chin. She was just about on a level with his chin. "You must take this train. Surely, when you know you're in the right, it doesn't matter what other people think. They don't know for sure that you are here yet. The night operator said you were, but I know he isn't certain. I can turn Jack Dexter away. He didn't know me at all. Think of them sending him down here to bring you back, the boy that owed everything to you."

"He had to do his duty if they sent him. I certainly wish it had been some one else. I always set a heap by Jack. He's a right fine boy. Studied law with the judge after we left, Nell. I understand he's prosecuting attorney."

From the bridge came the whistle of the 1:10. She was on time to the minute. The flier was calling the Canaan operator, and she went to it, the tears streaming from her eyes. As the local pulled in the colonel stood in the doorway and swept his broad-brimmed felt hat off in a general salute. And the 1:10 pulled out without its extra passenger.

Somebody came hurrying along the platform and into the depot. "I can't locate him yet, but I'm going to stay over—" Jack Dexter stopped short and whistled softly under his breath. The colonel held Nell close to him, and smiled.

"How are you, boy, how are you?" he said, heartily. "I can't offer you my hand, because, you see, they're both engaged. I'm mighty glad to see you again, Jack. Just take your suitcase right over to my house, sir, and we'll have a good dinner before we start north tonight. "He put up one hand as Jack started to explain, and shook his head warningly. "No need for explanations. I understand the situation thoroughly. I don't want to disturb Nellie here, with any of the details."

"But, Colonel Acton?" Jack exclaimed. "You don't know what I'm after, sir. I came down to let you know that that indictment is squashed fatter than a pancake. The whole city is waiting to welcome you back, if you'll only come. The president of the bank confessed to the full amount, swore he had made a scapegoat of you, sir, and then gracefully committed suicide. It was the wisest thing he'd done in five years."

"Well, now, that's too bad," the colonel said, regretfully. "He need not have done that. I was comfortable down here. It's home to Nell and myself. In fact, we feel rather responsible for the future of Canaan. Mighty fine of you to come down and let me know, Jack, though; mighty fine."

"I wanted to be the first to tell you, sir," Dexter's hand gripped the colonel's closely. The colonel smiled in a pleased, comfortable fashion all his own. "We keep our word, we Actons," he said. "Don't we, Nell?" "I can hardly say that," she faltered. "I didn't tell the truth to Mr. Dexter when he asked me if I knew you. I just couldn't. I don't know what he must think of me."

"Think of you?" gasped Dexter. "I think you are the bravest, truest, bulkiest—" The colonel glanced at his watch. "We'll all lunch in honor of the occasion over at the hotel, sir. Jack. Just give my little girl your arm along Main street. I'll lock up the station and carry the suitcase until the next train comes along. No, sir, I can't permit it, as my guest, you will allow me to have my way." Jack hesitated still, looking down at the heavy suitcase, and the colonel gave him a delicate poke in the side. "Ladies first, sir, right about face—forward, march!"

from the same family, never missing a day. Then, for 31 years I was shadowed by the same man in the same shape. "Our family began taking milk from Mr. Schurmer, a farmer out Strongsville way, about fifty years ago. When he died we bought milk from his sons and for 42 years we got milk from them without missing a single day. Eight years ago a man by the name of Shuman bought out their milk business and we have been taking milk of him ever since. So you could almost say that I've been getting milk from the same place for an even half century."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Neighborly Attentions. A person was applied to for advice by a member of his congregation, who complained of the continual noise made on a trombone by a next-door neighbor. "Can a man," he asked, "who practices on such an instrument from morning to night, be a good Christian?" "Such a man might possibly be a good Christian," the person replied, "but his next-door neighbor couldn't."



TALE OF SOUTHERN CHIVALRY

How General Eggleston Repaid Act of Kindness Done by Young Confederate Soldier.

General Eggleston of the First Ohio Cavalry, and some of his officers and men were captured by the Confederates in Alabama. They were marched over into Mississippi, and held as prisoners of war for some time at Columbus until they could be sent down to Mobile.

Torrents of abuse poured the indignation and enmity of the southerners upon the northerners, and the open battle cars were not calculated to soften the angry voices nor to prevent the prisoners from seeing the suggestive actions in which the crowd sought to express the antagonism they felt, says a writer in National Tribune.

Suddenly General Eggleston, whose attention had been completely absorbed in cautioning his men to remain calm and show no resentment of



"Good Luck and a Safe Journey."

the ignoble treatment, noticed that the abusive language was being curtailed. His men and the insulted officers began to look about for the cause of the soothing effect.

A tall young officer, Major Murray, whose name bore the name of the general, was out on the platforms almost before the train came up to the rude stations. It was his consideration, his sense of justice, that made the progress of the northern soldiers endurable.

Exchange restored the soldiers to their own army and war with its dire effect swept on through the south and sent its misery into the north. At last its dreadful story closed, but one of its fearful sequels was the lost health of the northern wife.

General Eggleston, with the belief that the southland possessed the climate and conditions that would restore his wife, bought a plantation in Lowndes county, Mississippi, just about fourteen miles from the town, Columbus, where two years before he had been held a prisoner of war.

No member of his family came in for more solicited interest in the moving southward than did "Charlie," a beautiful chestnut-brown Kentucky horse. Born in the Bluegrass and reared on the general's place in southern Ohio, this horse had carried him through the war.

On one of the days when General Eggleston had gone into town he was greeted by a gentleman whose very familiar face refused to be matched with any name his memory held.

For a moment his acquaintance waited for him to recall his name. "See, General Eggleston, you have forgotten me. Do you remember a trip you took in a cattle car down here?"

"Forgotten! Remember! It was at once the worst and the best journey I ever took. There was an officer in charge of us whose many treatment and consideration I count one of the finest evidences of southern chivalry I have ever seen. He was Major Murray."

The gentleman who listened flushed at the sincere words, and said, as he took off his hat: "Modesty makes me hesitate to ask you to look at me closely, general, but—" "Major Murray!" And the two shook hands with fervor.

"And you are at home on a visit?" the general asked, after Major Murray had explained that Columbus had been his home till after the war. "On a forced visit, general. My business demands my attention in Texas, but I am barred out by the quarantine. No trains are allowed to run."

"Why not ride through, major?" was the practical interruption. "You see, sir, it would take a very good horse to stand the journey, and I had saved only enough to take me home by rail."

With a cordiality that came directly from his heart, General Eggleston invited the man whose kindness to him had been so invaluable in another day to be his guest.

The next day Charlie, saddled and bridled, the major's bags across his shoulders, was looking at the tearful group and at the general for the explanation. General Eggleston spoke to his guest: "It is a small return for your favor to me and my men, but it will serve your present need. Charlie has carried me through many hard places, and will take you to your journey's end. The horse is yours, major; do with him as you will. I have no fear for his future. You see, I have known his new owner in the past. Good luck and a safe journey!"

WEAK KIDNEYS WEAKEN THE WHOLE BODY.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his kidneys. Overwork, colds, strains, etc., weaken the kidneys and the whole body suffers. Don't neglect the slightest kidney ailment. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. They are especially good for aching kidneys.

Mrs. George LaJoie, 163 W. Gamble St., Caro, Mich., says: "I had lost in flesh until I was a mere shadow of my former self and too weak to stand more than a few minutes at a time. My rest was broken and my nervous system shattered. Had Doan's Kidney Pills not come to my attention, I firmly believe I would be in my grave. They cured me after doctors had failed."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WELL QUALIFIED.



George Baker. Squillibob—That fellow over there would make a splendid magazine poet. Squillibob—A genius, eh? Squillibob—No, but he has dyspepsia so bad that he would get so hungry living.

SCRATCHED SO SHE COULD NOT SLEEP

"I write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. My little niece had eczema for five years and when her mother died I took care of the child. It was all over her face and body, also on her head. She scratched so that she could not sleep nights. I used Cuticura Soap to wash her with and then applied Cuticura Ointment. I did not use quite half the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, together with Cuticura Resolvent, when you could see a change and they cured her nicely. Now she is eleven years old and has never been bothered with eczema since. My friends think it is just great the way the baby was cured by Cuticura. I send you a picture taken when she was about 18 months old."

"She was taken with the eczema when two years old. She was covered with big sores and her mother had all the best doctors and tried all kinds of salves and medicines without effect until we used Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. H. Klerman, 663 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1909."

Merely a Prevaricator. A doctor relates the following story. "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate, so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fail, after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers. "No," replied the doctor, "he died of sunstroke."

The Good Old Times. There is a lot of talk about the "good old times." There weren't any "good old times," if you are talking about wash day or house cleaning. Those tasks meant red hands and headaches and backaches and trouble. Easy Task laundry soap would have made them "good" old times indeed. It does half the work in washing and cleaning; it drives the dirt out and not in; it doesn't shrink flannels or streak linens, and it hasn't any rosin in it to rot the fabrics. If your mother isn't living in the good old times she sells it—lots of it!

Qualified. A prominent western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work. "This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him. "Now, my son," said I, "if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?" "The boy smiled confidently. "I be," he said,—Independent.

Quantity Not Quality. Teacher—Willie, have you whispered today without permission? Willie—Yes, wunst. Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have said "wunst"? Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am, he should have said twist.

The Real Thing. "You say your husband was cut by his neighbors at the party?" "Yessah, dat's so, sah." "Did they cut him with malice prepense?" "No, sah; wiv a razah, sah."

Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. The supply of talk always exceeds the demand.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE. Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents. No other man appreciates a helping and like a man in trouble.