

USEFUL TO LABORERS...

Clock Enables Them to See Time...

While entertaining some friends in his apartments the other day, a well-known man about town exhibited a beautiful electric clock on his bedroom mantel. "See that?" he said. "That clock is the latest invention. I can regulate it so that it will ring the hour any time, day or night." As he spoke he sat unobtrusively on the edge of his bed. "Now, watch it!" he said. The hands marked 9:20. Suddenly something inside the clock began to ring off sounds that appeared to be musical dots and dashes. First there were four sets of five rings, and then also solemn rings in a deeper tone— which, being interpreted, meant 9:20 o'clock. The guests were much mystified, but their host explained that he was surreptitiously pressing an electric button attached to the bedpost. The new kind of clock is an expensive ornament, and it is specially designed for people who are in the habit of waking up in the midnight hours. When they wake and wonder what time it is, all they have to do is to touch the button. Then the hour is rung off, and they can fall asleep again without having had the trouble of striking a light to satisfy their curiosity.—New York Times.

CAT PLAYS PING-PONG. Massachusetts Town Can Rejoice of Intelligent Kitten. In Bedford, Mass., there is an eight-months-old kitten who plays ping-pong by himself and does many tricks which are often performed by dogs, but seldom by cats. He will sit in imitation of a rabbit while he begs for a bit of meat, and will do a regular dance on his hind legs in return for a second helping. Tiger is as inquisitive as a monkey. If a box comes to the house he is the first to want the cover removed. He gets into bureau drawers, inspects the contents of visitors' suit cases if the lids are left unfastened, and last Christmas time, when a tree, hung with presents, was placed in one of the rooms, Tiger, after looking it carefully over and perhaps wondering why he hadn't noticed it before, climbed up to an easy perch among the branches and proceeded to eat the festoons of popped corn. When there is no one disposed to play ball with Tiger he calls the game himself, and at once becomes the whole team. He throws the ball into the air, bats it about with his paws, runs to the top of the stairs for a throw-down, and after winning a hot, hard game, curls himself up in a punch bowl for a snooze.

Death Attributed to Shoe Polish. City Chemist Kirchmaier and Coroner Storz of Toledo, Ohio, decided that W. S. Rader, who died suddenly, and whose death was attributed to cigarettes and dancing, was poisoned by nitrobenzole, an ingredient of shoe polish that Rader had used. This chemical is very deadly, and of forty-eight cases of such poisoning recorded there has been but one recovery. The coroner's attention was attracted by the odor of the shoes and the blackened flesh around the young man's ankles.—From the Chicago Record-Herald.



MADE LONG RUN FROM BEAR. "From June to January," declared an Arkansas Negro. Judge Henderson M. Somerville of the Board of United States General Appraisers once defended an Arkansas negro charged with robbery. The defense was an alibi. When the defendant took the stand he declared that he could not have been at the scene of the crime at the time it was committed because it was "berry time," and he was in the woods. "But how do you know you were in the woods on that particular day?" he was asked. "Because, boss," was the reply, "on dat day I met a bear. He was the biggest bear I ever did see, and I run an' I run, Hill I come out on de lake, an' de ice broke, an' I fell in an' was nearly drowned." "I thought you said it was berry time?" the prosecuting attorney exclaimed. "So it was, boss, when I met de bear, but he chased me, an' I was clear into January."

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS. BARREN VICTORY FOR NEGROES. REVERSES ALTON SCHOOL CASE. Supreme Court Declares Negroes Were Discriminated Against. Among other opinions handed down by the Illinois supreme court at Springfield was the celebrated Alton school case, in which the court, for the fourth time, decided to reverse the decision of the Mason county circuit court, sending it back to trial for the fifth time. The suit was brought by a colored taxpayer named Scott Bibbs, who asked for a writ of mandamus to compel the city of Alton to permit him to send his children to the Washington school. The city had refused to let him send his children there, saying that there were two schools especially set apart for the colored children of Alton. In the decision, the supreme court declares that the contention of the Alton city council that they were not discriminating against Bibbs on account of his color is unworthy of consideration.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS

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Little Likelihood of Success in Entering School at Alton.

An interesting feature of the Alton school case decided by the Illinois supreme court is that the colored people as a whole may still be unable to gain the admission to all the white schools. The suit was started by Scott Bibb for his two children. During the seven years the case has been in the courts one of the children has become older than the school age, and the other is nearly too old to go to school. Now it is claimed by legal authority that when the mandamus is issued by the supreme court, as it probably will be soon, the writ will apply only to the Bibb children, and that for the remainder of the colored people the victory will be a barren one. Upper Alton had a similar suit many years ago, and when the writ of mandamus was issued it applied only to the children of one family.

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Prepares for Trouble.

Capt. J. N. Ashlock of the Alton night police has one of the most dangerous weapons in the city, which he purchased in anticipation of trouble during the World's fair. The weapon is a magazine revolver machine gun, similar to the weapons used by the Chicago car barn bandits. Capt. Ashlock will use the weapon to guard the headquarters at night, it being necessary for him to be frequently alone guarding bad characters.

Children Get Property.

The supreme court has affirmed the decision of the Christian county circuit court in the Orlando Piper will case. The case as decided by both courts renders invalid the will of Orlando Piper of Assumption, and the estate, valued at \$50,000, will now be divided equally among the eight children of the deceased. Three of the children, who were not bequeathed any property, brought the suit to test the validity of the will.

Greater Decatur.

The propositions to admit two tracts of land to the city of Decatur were carried at the election, and this will add about 500 people to the population. The districts admitted now join the city limits. The proposition to put the police force and the fire department on a civil service basis also carried.

Clerks Will Play Ball.

The retail clerks of Mount Vernon have organized a baseball team, Fletcher Poole being elected captain and Walter Boyd manager. The other members are: Ed Burnett, La Verne Cooper, Charles Palmer, Frank Dewey, Fritz Oehm, Orrie Pemberton and William Dewey.

Survey for Railroad.

Surveyors are at work on the proposed Okaw & Eastern railway, which passes through Clinton county, seven miles north of Carlyle, running east and west. The right-of-way, including right to a mine the underlying coal, has about all been secured.

Successful Paulist Mission.

The mission which is being conducted by Fathers Conway and Harney, Paulist fathers at St. Patrick's Catholic church, Decatur, is being largely attended. The mission will be continued until May 1.

Speaks to Librarians.

Miss Alice Tyler, secretary of the Iowa Library commission, spoke at Decatur at the session of the Illinois Library association. Miss Tyler was formerly assistant librarian of the Decatur library.

Girl Orator Is Selected.

Miss Ethel Borden has been selected to represent the Alton schools in the declamatory contest, May 6, in Collinsville. Miss Pauline Gay will compete for the essay prize.

Would Be W. R. C. Chaplain.

Mrs. C. L. Carroll of Taylorville is a candidate for chaplain of the state W. R. C. encampment. The encampment meets in Springfield to elect officers.

Woman Murderer Begins Sentence.

Mary Terry, sentenced to twenty years in Chester penitentiary for the murder of Leona Granberry, has been taken to the prison.

School Exhibit for Fair.

The Cairo high school has collected an exhibit of the work done in the various departments of the city public schools, to be sent to the World's fair at St. Louis.

Civil Service Losses.

The proposition to establish civil service in the Alton police and fire department failed to carry by a small majority.

Presbyterian Commissioners.

The commissioners to the Presbyterian general assembly, which will meet in Buffalo, N. Y., the third Thursday in May, chosen by Alton presbytery, are: Rev. Edward Harris of Brighton and J. G. Benner of Woodburn.

Loses Stock in Barn Fire.

Two barns belonging to W. G. Spilfer of Carbondale were destroyed by fire. Five horses and four mules perished. The loss is \$3,000; partially insured.

"I object, yo' Honoh! I object!" cried the state's attorney, springing to his feet. "This is bringin' the dignity o' the law into ridicule, sah! Into ridicule! I object!" "Er, ah-h-h!" yawned the judge, suddenly sitting up. "Journ court, Mr. Clerk! We will set to-morrow mornin' at the same place, at nine o'clock. Who is in charge of this prisoner? There ought to be some one to take care of him." "I reckon I am, Judge," said Curly. "He is sort o' stayin' with me while Bill's under the weather." "Well, take him in charge, some one, and have him here in the mornin'." "All right, Judge," said Curly quietly. "I'll take care of him." It was three o'clock of the afternoon. The third of a district judge had adjourned the district court. Franklin's heart sank. He dreaded the night. The real court, as he admitted to himself would continue its session that night at the Cottage bar, and perhaps it might not adjourn until a verdict had been rendered.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Verdict. There came over the town of Ellenville that night an ominous quiet. But few men appeared on the streets. Nobody talked, or if any one did there was one subject to which no reference was made. Franklin finished his dinner, went to his room and buckled on his revolver, smiling grimly as he did so at the thought of how intimately all law is related to violence, and how relative to its environment is all law. He went to Battersleigh's room and knocked entering at the loud invitation of that friend. "Shure, Ned, me boy," said Battersleigh, "yo've yer side arms on this evenin'. Yo give up the profession of arms with reluctance. Tell me, Ned, what's the campaign for the evenin'?" "Well," said Franklin, "I thought I'd step over and sit awhile with Curly this evening. He may be feeling a little lonesome." "Quite right yo are, me boy," said Battersleigh cheerfully. "Quite right. An' if yo don't mind I'll just jine yo. It's lonesome I am meself the night." Battersleigh busied himself about his room, and soon appeared arrayed, as was Franklin himself, with revolver at his belt. "Shure, Ned, me boy," he said, "an' officer an' a gentleman should niver appear abroad without his side arms. At last, methinks, not on a night like this." He looked at Franklin calmly, and the latter rose and grasped the hand of the fearless old soldier without a word. The two strolled out together down the street in the direction of the shanty where Curly was keeping his "prisoner." (To be continued.)

CLEVER TRICK THAT WON.

Ambitious Youth Sold His Verses by a Ruse.

Many years ago, writes Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Ponkapog Papers," a noted Boston publisher used to keep a large memorandum book on a table in his private office. The volume always lay open, and was in no manner a private affair, being the receptacle of nothing more important than hastily scrawled reminders to attend to this thing or the other. It chanced one day that a very young, unfledged author, passing through the city, looked in upon the publisher, who was also the editor of a famous magazine. The unfledged had a copy of verses secreted about his person. The publisher was absent and young Milton sat down and waited. Presently his eye fell upon the memorandum book, lying there spread out like a morning newspaper, and almost in spite of himself he read. "Don't forget to see the binder," "Don't forget to mail E. his contract," "Don't forget H.'s proofs," and so forth. An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote, "Don't forget to accept A.'s poem."

Mechanical Aids to Rapid Reading.

At the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, held recently, M. Andre Broca and M. Sulzer communicated a paper on the subject of rapid reading. They showed that the different letters of the alphabet are not all apprehended with the same quickness. For instance, the time taken to recognize an E is nearly one-third longer than that taken to recognize a T. They consider that the alphabet is badly designed from a physiological point of view. It should be composed of very simply designed letters as T or L. Rapidity of reading would thus be increased and "brain fog" would be notably diminished. It would also be better to have the letters printed in white on a black ground than the system which obtains at present. The time taken to recognize a letter printed in black on a white ground was nearly ten times longer than white on a black ground.

An Interesting Girl.

Goldenrod—I'm quite anxious that you meet her. Silvertop—What sort of a girl is she—one with a past? Goldenrod—No; but I don't think she'd object to having one.—Town Topics.

THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE. A STORY OF THE PLAINS BY E. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued. "There must be some motive shown for the supposition of such an act as murder. What motive can be shown here? Certainly not that of robbery. The horse of the missing man came back alone, its lariats dragging, as we shall prove. It had not been ridden since the lariats were broken. You all know, as we shall prove, that this man Juan was never known to ride a horse. We shall prove that he walked sixty miles, to the very spot where the horse had been tied, and that he served to touch a horse on his whole journey. He wanted no horse. He stole no horse. That was no motive. "To be subject to the law, as you very well know, a man must be morally responsible. He must know right and wrong. I shall show to you that when this man was a child he was struck a severe blow upon the head and that since that time he has never been of sound mind, his brain never recovering from that shock, a blow which actually broke in a portion of his skull. Since that time he has had recurrent times of violent insanity, with alternating spells of what seems a semi-idiocy. This man's mind never grew. In some ways his animal senses are keen to a remarkable degree, but of reason he has little or none. He can not tell you why he does thus or so. This I shall prove to you. "I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, you who hold this man's life in your hands, are you going to hang a man for murder when it is not shown a murder has been done? And would you hang a man who is more ignorant than a child of right or wrong? Is that fair play? Gentlemen, we are all here together, and one of us is as good as another. Our ambitions are the same. We stand here together for the best interests of this growing country—this country whose first word has always been fair play.



"I say, first give him his chance." Now, is it your already formed wish to punish this man? I say, no. I say, first give him his chance. As Franklin ceased and seated himself the silence was again broken by a rising buzz of conversation. This was proving really a very interesting show, this trial. It must go on yet a little further. "Call William Haskins," said the prosecuting attorney, standing up, with his hands in his pockets. "William Haskins, William Haskins, William Haskins! Come into court!" cried out the clerk from his corner of the store box. No immediate response was made. Some one nudged Curly, who started up. "Who—me?" he said. "Is your name William Haskins?" asked the judge. "Reckon so," said Curly. "My folks used to call me that. I usually go under the road brand o' 'Curly,' though." He took his seat on a stool near the store box, was sworn, with his hat on, and the prosecuting attorney began the examination. "What is your name?" "Why, Curly." "What is your occupation?" "What?" "How do you make your living?" "Punchin' cows. Not that I 'low it's any o' yore d—d business." "Where do you reside?" "Where do I live?" "Yes." "Well, now, I don't know. My folks lives on the Brazos, an' I've been drivin' two years. Now I take up a claim on the Smoky, out here. I 'low I'll go North right soon, to Wyomin', maybe." "How old are you?" "Oh, I don't know; but I 'low about twenty-four or twenty-five, along in there." "Where were you last Wednesday?" "What?" "Were you one of the posse sent out to search for Cal Greathouse?" "Yep; me and Cap Franklin, there." "Who else?" "Why, Juan, there, him. He was trallin' the boss for us." "Where did you go?" "About sixty miles southwest, into the breaks of the Smoky." "What did you find?" "We found a old camp. Hoss had been tied there and broke his lariats. Bashes was broke some, but we didn't see no blood, as I know of." "Never mind what you didn't see." "Well, now—" "Answer my question."