

HIS MONEY A NUISANCE.

THE RECKLESS CAREER OF COAL OIL JOHNNY.

Wild Dissipation and Unparalleled Extravagance—From Wealth to Penury—Good Fortune at Last.

Coal Oil Johnny is not, as is popularly supposed, dead and buried, but alive, in pretty good condition physically, and in quite comfortable circumstances, says the Rochester Herald. And shocking as it may be to those accustomed to holding him up as a horrid warning to the young the fact seems beyond dispute that Coal Oil Johnny's good financial plight to-day is the direct result of his having been a reckless, irresponsible, drunken spendthrift when young.

OUT OF A POORHOUSE.
In December, 1857, William McClintock, owner of an almost worthless little farm on Oil Creek, in Franklin Co., Pa., accompanied by his wife, went to the county poor house to pick out a boy for adoption, as they had already adopted from the same institution a daughter. They selected a lad 12 or 15 years old, to whom the name of John Steele had been attached—though how he got it does not appear in the record. A little more than a year later the farmer died, leaving all his small property to his widow.

She bequeathed to her adopted daughter, who was her favorite, the sum of \$2,000, the total sum she and her husband had, by a lifetime of frugality and toil, managed to save. To the boy, John Steele, she left the farm, which was possibly worth a couple of hundred dollars at that time. Within a few months after her execution of that instrument, on August 28, 1859, Col. Drake struck oil on the first bored well, which was on the McClintock farm.

STRUCK IT RICHLY.

Col. Drake leased one-eighth of an acre from the widow McClintock, for which she received one-half of the yield of the well. Very speedily the farm was leased out in one-eighth-of-an-acre patches and dotted all over with wells. The widow was in receipt of thousands of barrels of oil every day, for which she found ready sale at from \$12 to \$15 per barrel, and the sums of money she handled were greater than she had ever before believed existed. As she had no confidence in banks, she got a big safe, which she crammed full of money and bonds.

One evening in March, 1862, John Steele, who had been away with a team hauling oil, returned home and found the house in ashes. The charred bones of the widow were picked out of the ruins. It was supposed that she had accidentally set herself blazing, and then the house by rashly using petroleum to start the kitchen fire.

HIS HEAD WAS TURNED.

As John Steele had been legally adopted, he was the natural heir to the contents of the big safe and the river of revenue from the oil-producing farm, his possession of which was further fortified by the widow's will, made before the change in her fortune. This sudden acquisition of enormous wealth turned his head, not all at once, but speedily.

He married the daughter of one of his workmen, and she taught him to write his name in a laborious, mechanical way, and that was all he ever learned of the art and mystery of letters. She tried to keep him straight, but he knew too little to comprehend self-respect, felt himself too rich to be trammelled by conventionalities or to care for the opinions of others, and thirsted for a riotous excess of sensuous gratification, the highest pleasure he was capable of.

Only a few months after his marriage he went away to Philadelphia. The life of prodigality and uncontrolled dissipation into which he plunged was so wild as to be almost beyond belief. He ordered champagne, not by the bottle, but by the basket. He gave a \$5,000 diamond to a negro minstrel for singing a song that pleased him. He frequently bought carriages and the teams attached when he wished to ride a few blocks, and then presented them to the drivers. On one occasion he wagered a bottle of wine that he would spend, actually paying out "for fun," and not giving away, \$10,000 a day for sixty days, and won the bottle.

HIS DRUNKEN DEPOSIT.

At another time he received a large sum of money from the rentals on the farm when he was on the street and quite drunk. It was in bank notes, as he always required it, checks being objects of suspicion with him, and when he had stuffed it into his pockets they bulged out like those of an urchin after a raid on an apple orchard. His coat could not sit well on him, padded with money as he was, and he was disgusted. Just then he caught sight of a bank, and rushing into it with the airy formality of "Take care of this damned stuff for me; it's a nuisance," dumped the whole pile before the receiving teller, and went away, ere that functionary could take breath or gather his wits sufficiently to give any evidence of the deposit. And when Coal Oil Johnny, as John Steele was by this time known, tried, in a brief spasm of sobriety, to remember where he had left all that money, he was quite unable to do so. And he decided, to hunt it up would involve more trouble than it was worth. Its loss did not worry him at all.

IT TOOK WINGS TO ITSELF.

Suddenly his wealth came to an end. He had succeeded in squandering even more than his vast income, and was in debt. Of course, he had been plundered mercilessly, right and left, but had literally thrown away several fortunes, and creditors, scenting his downfall, were pressing him. He mortgaged the farm for a large sum, and plunged afresh into even wilder extravagance and more reckless dissipation than before, but the less to go upon, and the end came quickly. His mad career was over.

After a short time of abject destitution in which he was deserted by all who had preyed upon him, he went to work driving the Girard House stage, in which guests were carried to and from the railroad depots. Soon he wearied of that and somebody paid his fare back to Oil Creek, where he obtained employment as a freight handler at the depot, earning \$25 a month.

TO THE WEST.

His wife raised, by the sale of her jewellery a sum sufficient for the transportation of the family out to Nebraska, and there, in Lincoln, Coal Oil Johnny settled down. They were very poor, but managed somehow to live, for Johnny was a willing worker at any labor he could procure. He took care that his son, a bright lad, should receive as good an education as possible. When the boy was old enough he obtained employment as a ticket agent at the Ashland, Neb., railroad station, and there his father, Coal Oil Johnny that was, plain John Steele, as everybody about there knows him, works steadily and patiently for the railroad company under the son's direction, handling freight, taking care of the station, and so on. And he is hale, hearty, a well preserved man, apparently about 53 years of age, seemingly well contented.

FORTUNE AGAIN SMILED.

In some way the directors of that Philadelphia bank in which he had made his informal deposit thirty years before, learned of the unhappy condition of the Steele family away out in Nebraska, of the total reformation in Coal Oil Johnny's habits, and the manly struggle he was making to atone for the past. Having assured themselves of the identification of their errand depositor, they made up his account and forwarded to him the sum left in their charge, with interest from the date of its deposit. How much it was is known only to those concerned, but it is believed to have been somewhere about \$80,000, probably more rather than less. With that money 700 acres of choice farming land near Ashland were purchased, and a good house erected, with barns, outhouses, excellent fences, and so forth. There Mrs. Steele is in control, and if the bad idea should occur to Johnny of a return to the tumultuous delights of earlier days, it is not probable that he would be able to prejudice the family interest in that farm. But there are no fears of his doing so. He has proved himself a man, not a warning.

HIS FORTUNE

Lay in His Hair, Which Was as Many-Hued as a Chameleon.

The death in London of Jasper Hendrick, a Swiss watchmaker, is reported. Hendrick was possessed of a head of hair which excited world-wide attention, and was eventually the means of earning an immense fortune for him. Brown, black, white, silver, golden, gray, and even red were all combined in his hair, which was very long and silky.

Several specialists who examined this extraordinary phenomenon were unable to account for the cause of it, although various theories were advanced. The strangest part was that while Hendrick's hair exhibited all these colors, his beard and mustache were a uniform jet black.

The possessor of this unique hair was born at Lucerne, and came to London at an early age, where he was apprenticed to the watchmaking business. For a considerable time he succeeded in keeping the condition of his hair a secret, but one day, happening to come into his shop to serve a customer without the wig he usually wore, he let the cat out of the bag, and from that day he became an object of general interest.

Customers flocked to his shop in hundreds, and although at first he continued to wear the wig, he soon discarded it when he saw that he was able to turn what he had always considered a misfortune to a profitable account. Ultimately a well-known showman of the day made him a handsome offer, which he accepted, and, giving up his business, he traveled all over Europe and America on exhibition.

Dietetic Value of Cheese.

There is an old saying that cheese "digests everything but itself." What share this household word may have had in the prevalent depression in the Cheshire and Cheddar cheese trades it is hard to tell, but it would appear that the lessened consumption in England of this, at one time, popular article of diet is due in great measure to a growing belief that it is inferior as a nutritive agent to tinned meats, and that this view is held by medical men. A medical journal says that this assumption is by no means correct, and it states, on the strength of official analysis, especially undertaken for the purpose of deciding the question that Cheddar cheese contains a much higher percentage, both of flesh-forming substance and of fats than meat, even of the finest quality. This view was held by no less an authority than the late Dr. Parkes, of Netley, who persistently maintained that as cheese contained a very large amount of albuminoid material in a small bulk it was one of the best foods for soldiers in time of war. A well-known medical authority, in a recent work, says that cheese "is the most valuable animal food obtainable," and that it is "from two to three times as nutritious as the same money value of ordinary meat."

Lost Delight.

There are some pleasures which are inexpensive, but satisfying, particularly to the childish mind.
Oh, exclaimed Marjorie Manson, as the dessert came on, how I wish you had told me this morning, mamma, that you were going to have the ice-cream for dinner!

Why, what difference would it have made? inquired Mrs. Manson.
Oh, lots! said Marjorie, with a sigh. I could have expected it all day, then!

Easy Enough.

George (nervously)—I'd like the best in the world, Kitty, to marry you, but I don't know how to propose.
Kitty (promptly and practically)—That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa.

RIFF PIRATES ONCE MORE

SEA BRIGANDS LOST A BRITISH VESSEL OFF GIBRALTAR.

They Are a Standing Menace to Commerce—The Pirates Are Well Armed and Will Kill if Forced to Fight—Malay Pirates of the Pacific.

Pirates are by no means past and gone. The long, low-lying razor-prowed vessel that carried at her peak the black flag, with its white skull and crossbones, may not cruise about for prey as it did of yore, but the pirates themselves are still in active business. On the blue waters of the Mediterranean only the other day, just a few miles off the coast of Morocco, a British felucca, the *Virgen de los Angeles* was drifting placidly on the tide in a dead calm, when eight long boats, filled with swarthy Moors, pulled out from the shore with long, vigorous sweeps of the oars.

It was the Riff pirates once more, the descendants of that famous old band of "water rats" that swept the seas just south of the rock of Gibraltar in the Middle Ages. A felucca is but a small craft and has a complement of no more than eight or nine sailors. Resistance, therefore, was utterly useless and the Riffs in the long boats were masters of the situation.

They did not kill, for the piracy was too easy. In the twinkling of an eye they stripped the little ship, taking away

THE ENTIRE CARGO.

all the spare canvas, the crew's clothing, the captain's belongings and \$600 in good silver coin. The seamen and master, afraid of their lives, stood passively by and watched their craft denuded of everything except her standing sails. Then the followers of Capt. Kidd sent a few parting shots at the ship, flashed their sharp knives and pulled back to shore.

The Riffs for years have been a menace to commerce and pleasure on the waters of the Mediterranean. They are the only pirates to-day on the edge of civilization. Cruising along the coast of Morocco, especially off the Isle of Alhucemas, where they chiefly abound, is full of risks. Should a calm come up these warrior Moors of the seashore invariably push their boats through the surf and row out for plunder.

All the European governments have protested that these brigands of the ocean must be wiped off the seas. The mishap of the *Virgen de los Angeles* has aroused the British Government, which will send a gunboat to patrol the coast. The crew of the *Virgen de los Angeles* were fortunate in that they escaped with their skins whole. For it is seldom that piracy by the Riffs is unmarked with murder.

Their most notable piracy of the past few months was the looting of the Dutch brigantine *Anna* early in the summer. The *Anna* had set sail from Bari, a port on the Adriatic, between Brindisi and the Gulf of Manfredonia. She had aboard a cargo of oil for L'Orient and Douarnenez, in Brittany, and was manned by a crew of six. On a Sunday afternoon she lay becalmed seven miles from the shore, between Melilla and Ceuta. Ceuta is directly opposite the rock of Gibraltar.

A boat was observed pulling towards the vessel. It was manned by seven or eight

SAVAGE-LOOKING MOORS,

stripped to the waist and armed with long knives and breech-loading rifles. Their heads were shaved, save for a long tuft of hair on the top.

They shouted to the captain to lower sail, and when he refused, began straight away to fire on the vessel. The crew armed themselves with hatchets and cutlasses. The Riff that stood in the bow attempted to spring aboard, and was struck down by the *Anna's* mate. Before he reached the deck a pirate bullet caused that officer to fall like a log.

But one firearm was aboard the *Anna*, a revolver, which was then in the captain's hands. This he promptly fired, but the ball had hardly left its chamber before his hand was shattered by another from the boat. Other craft, filled with pirates, were pulling out to the brigantine with long, swift strokes. Ten, a dozen, twenty, and more Riffs leaped aboard and struck the captain down with a wound that afterwards proved fatal, straight in the stomach.

The Riffs looted the vessel, carrying with them everything, bedding, cooking utensils, provisions, sidelights, compasses and even a portion of the cargo. They tore the clothes from the backs of the crew, and even slipped their shoes from their feet.

In history there are many terrible tales of the ravages and outrages of the Barbary pirates. Centuries ago these were the fellows that sacked the seas of the Mediterranean and despoiled every vessel they could put their claws on. The Riffs are their lineal descendants, the name Riff having a pat meaning in Moroccan dialect, for it signifies the same as the Italian "Riviera," or "seashore." The range of mountains in whose valleys these people have their settlements go by the name of the *Er-Rif*. In the fastnesses of these the Riffs have proved themselves to be

A FEROCIOUS TRIBE

of landmen, and their name is feared even more by the peaceable subjects of Southern Morocco than it is by those who do commerce on the Mediterranean.

Several times the Sultan has marched his troops against them, but each expedition has been in vain. He has given up the attack and simply set a large price on each rebel's head. Comparatively little is known about these Riffs. The tangle of wild hills and mountains within which the most of them live, almost overlooking the southern coast of Europe, is very nearly the least known part of Africa today. Between the hills are many rich valleys, and these men and women descendants of Barbary rangers are skillful farmers. They manage to surround themselves with many comforts, by the simple art of smuggling and trading with smugglers.

They are especially well armed, and Duveyrier, a French explorer, learned

that they had over 6,000 guns and a formidable armament.

Another band of modern pirates are the freebooters of the waters of Malay, who cruise about in junks and proas. The crew are on constant watch for becalmed traders and cargo ships that are underrmanned. These innocent looking vessels drift leisurely about in pairs dragging between them a huge cable to which is fastened a sweep net.

If nothing better turns up they make a pretense of fishing. But once let some unprotected vessel drift by, and if the waters are clear and no European warship is about, they draw in their nets, get out their spears and muskets and board and ravage the hapless trading vessels, cutting the throats of officers and crew, cleaning out cargo and fittings and then sinking the vessel they have looted.

Many small craft fall victims each year to the treacherous pirates of the Malay regions, of Celebes or Java. They never attack ships that have guns aboard, but there are plenty of unprotected vessels passing over the waters of the east, and the prey is abundant. It is done so quietly that the civilized world never hears of it.

AN EXPENSIVE METAL.

Gallium Costs \$300 an Ounce—Other Still More Precious Metals.

Just now there is no metal so generally esteemed as is gold, but there are a variety of metals more precious, reckoned in dollars and cents, although their intrinsic worth is vastly less.

The most expensive of these superior metals is an obscure one, unknown to fame, by the name of gallium. It belongs to the same group as does tin and is worth exactly ten times what gold is worth per ounce. It is not used to any extent for any purpose and it is secured by the deposit caused in certain chemical operations, primarily for other purposes. Gold is worth \$20 per ounce, gallium \$200.

Thurium closely resembles palladium, but while the latter is worth only \$8 per ounce, its twin, thurium, is sold for \$160 per ounce.

Vanadium comes in a black powder and is one of the hardest metals to melt. It is of little use in association with other metals because cheaper metals secure the same results that its use would give. Its price is \$48 per ounce.

Most of these metals are shown in powder form because they are obtained in that form. It is difficult often to obtain them in globules because they decompose very quickly when exposed to the air. If kept in lump they are usually preserved in kerosene.

Germanium, closely resembling tin as it does, is, nevertheless, worth \$95 per ounce and is one of the most expensive metals used to any extent.

Rubidium is of a greenish gray appearance and comes as a powder. Its value is \$88 per ounce.

Beryllium, which resembles lead, is worth \$80 per ounce.
Santatum is a gray mass very much like rubidium. Its value is \$80 per ounce, although at wholesale it would be a trifle cheaper. One can hardly speak of these metals as merchandise, however, as they are rarely sold save as specimens or for unusual experiments.

Calcium is, of course, well known. It comes in a white powder and is more readily melted than many of the others. It belongs to the aluminum family and is worth \$80 per ounce.

Indium is very dark, globular, and, too, is kept in kerosene. It is worth \$72 per ounce.

Didymium when collected is a light gray or dove color. When melted it is one of the whitish gray metals. It is worth \$72 per ounce.

Lithium also is kept under kerosene to prevent oxidation, since from contact with the air it at once becomes an oxide and is wasted. In appearance it is a black mass, and it is so light that its specific gravity is only about 59. Its value is \$64 per ounce.

Erbium is much like cerium, of a bluish gray color, but when melted in globules its real color is gray. It, too, belongs to the aluminum group, and it is worth \$62 per ounce.

Ruthenium is a black powder in appearance and exceedingly difficult to melt. It is worth \$44 per ounce.

Cerium is a brownish green mass in appearance, but in reality it is a white metal belonging to the aluminum family. Its value is \$40 per ounce.

Strontium is kept in kerosene to prevent oxidation. It is dark gray in color before melting but after it is light gray. Its price is \$40 per ounce.

Rhodium is another metal which it is very difficult to melt. It is a dark metal, very little used because it is next to impossible to absorb it. Its value is \$40 per ounce.

Zirconium comes in flat, thin, grayish blue crystals and is worth \$40 per ounce.

Barium is kept in kerosene. In color it is silver white, and its price is \$32 per ounce.

Borium comes in fine grayish black crystals and is very hard. The crystals much resemble emery in appearance, but borium will dissolve in hot aluminum, while other metals of the same hardness will not. It is worth \$25 per ounce.

It should be said in reference to many of the costly metals that the reason they are so difficult to melt or to combine with other metals is that they oxidize so quickly when exposed to air that in being placed in a crucible great care must be used, and the chemical combinations necessary to secure safety are not easy.

Untranslatable.

Father—What was your mother talking about just now?
Son—I don't know.
Father—Why you sat and heard it all.
Son—Yes, but she was talking to the baby.

Self-Denial.

Are you the same man, said Mrs. Dolan indignantly, that wor talkin' to Patsy Donovan so brave yesterday, tellin' 'im that you looked to worruk? Oi do loike to worruk—but O'im willin' to denoi meself.

STRANGE ADVENTURE.

A Wheelman Gets into the Wrong Apartment.

An amusing story is related in Paris of the adventure of a gentleman who had spent a pleasant evening at a cafe with some friends. He returned home on a bicycle, and was so unfortunate as to sustain several falls on the way. Nor was he more lucky when he reached the house in which he dwelt. Mistaking the floor on which his rooms are situated, he rang repeatedly at the door of an apartment occupied by the widow of an Admiral, who is at the present moment away from town.

As no one responded to the summons he finally effected an entrance by breaking open the door, and while groping about in search of matches he contrived to upset a number of tables and chairs, as well as a couple of valuable Sevres vases. At last he reached the bedroom, and as he felt much fatigued by his ride on the bicycle and by his wanderings through the apartment, he dispensed with the operation of divesting himself of his garments, and throwing himself on the bed was fast looked in slumber. His awakening, however, was the reverse of agreeable, for on opening his eyes after a rough shaking he beheld his concierge, flanked by two policemen, who peremptorily inquired what he was doing in the apartment of the Admiral's widow. Then he was compelled to take a turn round the rooms, where the havoc he had wrought in his search for the matchbox was revealed to his bewildered vision. The concierge, however, like a good Samaritan, spoke a kind word for his tenant, and the police, who had been summoned under the impression that a gang of burglars had broken into the apartment, obligingly vacated the premises. A message from the concierge to the Admiral's widow was promptly followed by one from the unconscious intruder into her domicile, containing a full apology and a promise to make up for all the damage that had been done. The hero of this adventure is described as an Englishman who is a member of several temperance societies, but both definitions may be received with equal reservation.

RARE EQUINE.

Alpha, the Latest Wonder to the London Amusement Public.

Showmen throughout the country are eager to get possession of a horse that is just now astonishing London theatergoers, and the probabilities are that it will be brought across the water. The horse is named Alpha, and displays remarkable intelligence. A blackboard is brought upon the stage, and he is asked to show his arithmetical powers. The animal turns to the figures, thinks a moment, apparently, and then paws out on the floor, figure after figure, till his subtraction or addition or multiplication sum is correctly done. Sometimes he makes a mistake, and with an impatient shake of his mane and a vicious light in his eyes he begins again and rights the wrong. Somehow the British mind refuses to believe that a horse, even of the Alpha breed, actually "does sums;" one suspects some hidden trick by which the trainer causes his horse to make certain signs that look like the result of thought. But whether or not his trainer employs these "artistic" means, the result is certainly most striking, and if trick there be, it is concealed in a most marvelous manner.

Alpha also plays the harmonium, and his rendering of "God Save the Queen" on an enormous keyboard is a startling performance, and a more correct one than in many other cases. The clever creature also selects letters from the alphabet, tells the time, plays a game of nap, and fires a gun, for which latter feat, strange to say, he shows a decided predilection. The performance ends with a grotesque transformation of the beautiful horse into a nurse in skirts, white apron, tartan shawl and gorgeous poke bonnet. Little Beta, a fat two-year-old pony, which is only just being trained for an artistic career, is caused to sit on its haunches in a perambulator, and the nurse Alpha wheels him across the stage.

HIS SKIN AN ARMOR.

A Berlin Man Who is Bullet Proof—A Marvellous Case.

In Berlin a Singhalese baffles all investigations by physicians by the impenetrability of his skin. The bronzed Easterner, a hercules in shape, claims to have found an ointment which will render the human skin impervious to any metal point or sharpened edge of a knife or dagger and calls himself the "Man with the Iron Skin." It is true that it has been impossible to even scratch his skin with sharply pointed nails, with finely ground knives and daggers. He is now exhibiting himself and his greatest feat is to pass with his entire body through a hoop, the inside of which is hardly big enough to admit his body and is closely set with sharp knife-points, daggers, nails and other equally pleasant trifles. Through this hoop he squeezes his body with absolute impunity. The physicians do not agree as to his immunity and some of them think that Rhaninin, which is his name, is a fakir who has by long practice succeeded in hardening himself against the impressions of metal upon his skin. The professors of the Berlin clinic, however, considered it worth while to lecture about the man's skin, pronouncing it an inexplicable matter.

Silenced.

Wife—What in the world do you want with a trombone? You know that the man next door has driven us nearly wild by his performance on that awful instrument. Hubby—Calm yourself, my dear. That's the one I've bought.

Hard on the System.

Bliffers—Why didn't you go to the After-Dinner Speakers' Banquet?
Whiffers—I was not feeling well.
Bliffers—Afraid to eat anything?
Whiffers—Oh, I was well enough to eat, but I wasn't well enough to listen.