



A Desperate Expedient.

DR. ROBERT BUCHANAN called on his old bachelor uncle one afternoon in answer to a note. He was not in a particularly pleasant frame of mind. As he rang the bell he was thinking what a very weary world this is for a young medical gentleman who has not enough of this world's goods to feel justified in asking the loveliest girl in the world, **Enid Humphrey**, to become his wife.

When ushered into the library, however, he answered his uncle's greeting with as cheery a nod as he could manage, the two being really fond of each other.

"Well, Robert," said the old gentleman, getting down to business at once. "I want to talk to you about your medical practice; how is it progressing?"

"I am glad to be able to say that 'progressing' is the right word, Uncle Tom, but it is slow."

"Of course it is slow; what else did you expect? Let's see, you have been back from the university three years?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, I will tell you what the trouble is; you need a wife. You must marry and settle down."

"I have known that for some time," Dr. Buchanan gloomily assented.

"Have you? That is a good sign. When a man knows what he wants he is halfway on the road to its possession. Why don't you get you a wife?"

"Money," said Dr. Buchanan, briefly.

"You mean lack of money, I suppose? Now, how much would you consider necessary?"

"With \$10,000 and my practice—for that is sure to increase—I would feel safe in making the venture."

"Yes, that ought to start you. I suppose you haven't picked out the girl yet? Now, I am going to make you an offer. The day you tell me some nice, sensible girl has promised to marry you I will give you my check for \$10,000, along with my blessing. What do you say?"

"I say it is a go," and Robert grasped his uncle's hand.

"Very good, but that is not all. Of course, my boy, I do not want to interfere in your affairs, but you know **Enid Humphrey**, of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, her mother and I were great friends; it amounted to a deal more on my part, and that is your old uncle's romance. Now, my boy, I could not get the mother, but if you, my nephew, should happen to get the daughter I should be very glad—and Robert, not meaning to use any undue influence, you understand, I would make that check, say \$25,000."

Robert seized his uncle's hand and worked it up and down 500 to the minute, his face beaming with delight and gratitude.

"Uncle Tom," he gasped, "you are a brick of purest ray serene. You sit right down and fill out that check, and I will be back for it in twenty minutes," and he was gone.

"Lord bless my soul!" said the astonished old gentleman. "I was evidently mistaken about his not having yet picked out a girl."

Twenty minutes after leaving his uncle's house he was sitting by her side, an engaged man and one of the happiest in the universe. He told her the exact day and minute when he first knew he loved her, she reciprocated, all was bliss.

Finally Robert declared that he must go. "You see," he said, "I have a very important engagement with **Uncle Tom**. In fact, my dear," with a grin, "it is a matter of 'bread and butter for two.'"

"I don't understand."

"Of course not; women never do understand that part of it. But I am going to clinch that very necessary adjunct to matrimonial happiness this very afternoon."

"What on earth are you talking about, R. Robert?"

"It is very simple. About an hour ago **Uncle Tom** made me an offer; promised to give me a check for \$25,000 the instant that I could tell him that you had promised to be my wife."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes, real clever in the old boy, wasn't it?" said Robert, with a dim perception that somebody had blundered.

"Very clever, indeed. And very clever in you to take such quick advantage of so generous an offer."

"Why, great goodness—"

"But you are not so shrewd," she hurried on, "in telling me so soon of the great inducement that brought you here this afternoon."

"Enid, dear—"

"Miss Humphrey, if you please, Dr. Buchanan."

"Don't be sarcastic and angry. You know that I love you; that for two years I have not had a thought but for you and of you. This offer of my uncle's was made in the kindest spirit. He knew that my practice was not sufficient to justify me in speaking to any girl of marriage, and like the dear old fellow that he is, he came to my rescue. He had previously offered me \$10,000 to settle down with any one, and then because he had once loved your mother, and because he admires you so very much, he afterward said that he would make it \$25,000 if I could get you."

"Oh!" put in the girl, rapidly, "you are candid and personified. That explains fully why you have so seldom come near me during the last few months, when you were free to choose whom you would, but now, on receipt of this larger offer, you hasten back to my side. Some other girl—**Annie Bennett**, for instance—must feel almost as highly complimented as I do."

"Enid, Enid!" cried the unhappy doctor, "you are trying not to understand. **Uncle Tom** made the offers at the same time; the other one first, but both in

ELECTROCUTION OF A WOMAN.

Mrs. Place, the first woman in the world to die in the electric chair.

The law is not a respecter of skirts. It makes no distinction of sex. The electric chair was not made for men alone, for the statute which prescribes death as a penalty for deliberate murder does not say that its provisions shall be inoperative if the criminal happens to be a woman.

But the law's machinery seems to get out of gear when a woman is involved. A sentiment that has its inception in the purity of woman is held up to protect the most degraded of the sex. Are the female criminals of the lower classes, it is argued that their very degradation precludes their realization of the enormity of the offense; if of the educated and well-to-do, then it cannot be that they would knowingly commit the crime. Insanity is pleaded in excuse. These influences usually have the desired effect on jurors and acquittal or a penalty altogether inadequate is the result. Should the jury fail to be influenced, then the higher courts and the Governor's pardoning or commuting power are appealed to. At some one of these various stages the murderer usually is saved.

Only twice in fifty years have women been executed in New York State. In both cases strenuous efforts were made to save them, but their crimes were so heinous that mercy could not be successfully invoked in their behalf. These two were **Roxalana Druse**, hanged in Herkimer in 1887, and **Martha Place**, whose execution at Sing Sing was the first infliction of the death penalty upon a woman in the electric chair.

In the former case the victim went sobbing, moaning and shrieking to the gallows. Her screams resounded



MRS. MARTHA PLACE.

through the jail corridors. She feared death. Mrs. Place was different. Her death scene was lacking in sensational features. There was no noise, no manifestation of terror. A plea for heavenly mercy were the only words that broke the stillness of the death chamber. Her execution was no more revolting than if the victim had been a man.

But it had unusual features, most notable of which was the presence of two women who had come upon the warden's request. One was **Dr. Jennie Griffin**, of Troy, who accepted an invitation because Gov. Roosevelt had said that a woman physician should be present, and the other, **Miss Mary Meury**, of Brooklyn, who had befriended Mrs. Place while in jail and who witnessed the painful ordeal because the condemned woman wanted her to be with her to the last.

Mrs. Place murdered her step-daughter in a most heinous manner and made an almost successful attempt on the life of her husband. She was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be executed in August, 1898. Her execution was stayed by an appeal to the Court of Appeals for a new trial. It was denied and March 20 was set as the new date of her execution. Then from New York came a protest against the execution of a woman. Gov. Roosevelt was appealed to. He said if she was insane he would save her life and had a commission appointed to examine her. They reported that she was sane and Roosevelt said then the law must take its course.

Couldn't Run Away.

There are times in war when one active brain is equivalent to a great many guns. Witness this incident of the German revolution of 1848, told to the Tribune by a German-American citizen of New York:

We were short of men, and had a large number of prisoners to look after. That did not worry us as long as we were not moving, but one day we had to make a forced march.

The country through which we were to pass was hostile, and extreme watchfulness was necessary. We had few enough men as it was, and we knew that our prisoners were ready to run at the first opening.

Finally a young officer made a brilliant suggestion, and it was promptly carried out. We ripped the suspender buttons from the prisoners' trousers, took away their belts, and knew we had them. Their hands were busy after that, and fast running was out of the question.

We made the march safely, and I do not believe that even Yankee ingenuity could have invented a simpler solution.

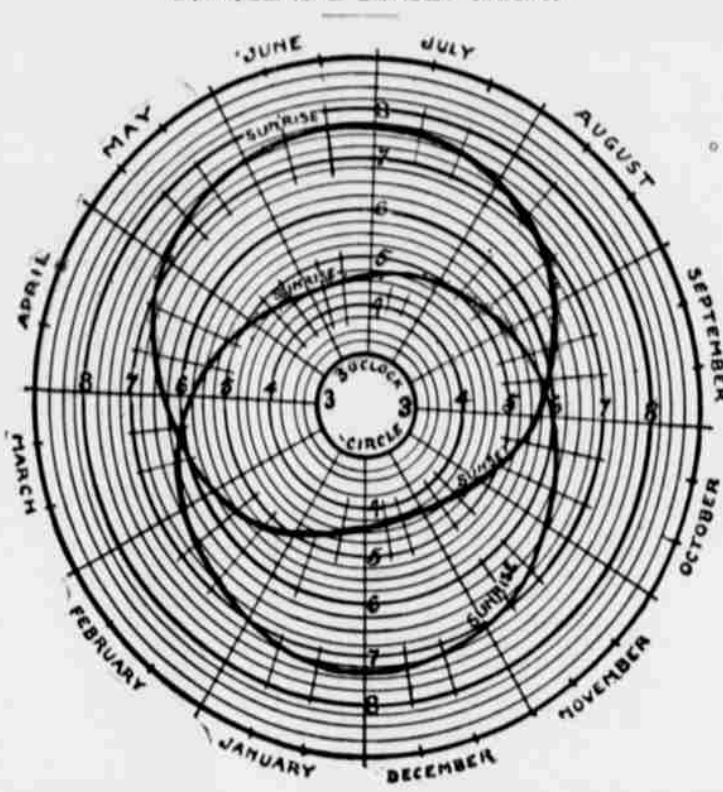
A Lucky Chance.

The discovery of the principle of the manufacture of satin was a pure accident. The word "satin," which originally was applied to all silk stuffs, has, since the last century, been used to designate simply those tissues which only present a lustrous surface. The discovery was made by a silk weaver named **Octavio Mal**. During a dull period of business one day he was pacing before his loom, not knowing how to give a new impulse to his trade.

As he passed the machine each time, he pulled some short threads from the warp, and, following an old habit, put them into his mouth, and rolled them about, soon after spitting them upon the floor. Later he discovered a little ball of silk upon the floor of his shop, and was astonished at the brilliancy of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and eventually employed various mucilaginous preparations, and succeeded in giving satin to the world.

Wedlock rhymes with deadlock. You can draw your own inference.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET CHART.



DESCENDED FROM A KING.

Wisconsin Man Whose Ancestry Goes Back to the Pokanoket Indians.

An American citizen descended from a king is something of an anomaly, but the town of Chilton, Wis., boasts of such a character in the person of **Stephen Nicholas**. He is descended from the famous Indian King **Phillip of the Pokanoket** tribe of Massachusetts, the warrior who gained such fame among the early settlers of the country, and the traits of his ancestors showed in the young man when he was in his prime.

Stephen was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. **Moses Stanton** when he was 5 years old, and was brought to Wisconsin. He grew up a sturdy lad, and when 21 years of age he was as perfect a specimen of manhood as there could be found in the country. His occupations and sports were such as to make him an athlete, and his endurance, tried in long tramps through the forests with little to eat on the way, was superhuman. He was fearless and bold as a lion, shrewd and quick to act, and the cause which "Steve Nick" championed

although he is an entirely competent man and has seen seven years of service, frankly confesses that **Hugh** can beat him in an off-hand description of the iron horse. **Hugh's** knowledge of a locomotive is not the limit of his education, as he can tell the name of nearly every part of a United States battleship at sight.

DWARF BEASTS OF THE ORIENT.

Some Midget Animals that Live in Our New Possessions.

Another freak beast which will excite curiosity in our zoological gardens is the tamarau, a dwarf buffalo found in the forests of Mindoro of the Philippine group. It is a stunted form of the old world buffalo, not of the American bison. It sometimes occurs high up in the mountains. It tunnels pathways through the thick bamboo covering the mountain sides above 6,000 feet. Hunters must go upon hands and knees to follow these trails. The aborigines never hunt this little beast, being deathly afraid of it.

The midget Philippine squirrel is another odd creature. It is about the size



NICHOLAS AS HE LOOKS TO-DAY.

was sure to win if power, determination and bravery were factors in the fight. He was a crack shot with rifle and pistol and an expert swordsman.

When the civil war broke out he joined Company D of the First Wisconsin Cavalry and served creditably during the struggle in the capacity of a scout.

YOUNG ENGINEER.

A Little Three-Year-Old with a Remarkable Knowledge of Engines.

Probably the youngest railroad engineer in the world is this 3-year-old **Hugh Richards** of Laramie, Wyo. This interesting little fellow resides with his grandfather, H. T. Richards, the manager of a hotel at Laramie. Mr. Richards' profession is that of a railroad engineer and he has with great care instructed his grandson in his beloved occupation.

During an interview with Mr. Richards the other day regarding his youthful pupil he said: "Hugh was born in Chicago on July 13, 1895, and moved out here in February last. The photograph shows Hugh and his engine. She is one of the Union Pacific monsters, No. 160, and is used on the mountain grades of this country. No. 160 is able to mount Sherman hill with ease, pulling a heavy train. The summit level of this mountain is 8,240 feet above sea level. However, he has only the judgment of a child of his age and might fall asleep or become tired at his post, so he accompanies the regular engineer, who

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Maggie-Marie's engagement has been broken off.

Minnie—Is that a fact? Poor girl! I saw her sitting at the window as I came by.

"Yes; she likes to sit at the window and admire the hieroglyphics she cut on the glass with the ring she had to send back."—Yonkers Statesman.

Got In Late.

Mrs. Timid—Did you ever find a man under the bed?

Mrs. Bluff—Yes, the night we thought there were burglars in the house. I found my husband there.

No One Is at Law.

"So old Mr. Spillins is dead, I hear?" said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Snaggs, "and your friend Mrs. Northside is one of the heirs-at-law."

"There must be some mistake about that, for she told me that there would be no litigation whatever about the estate."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.



Insulted.

Butcher—Would you like a nice cured ham, madam?

Mrs. Newife—Cured, indeed! Do you suppose I want a ham that's been sick?—New York World.

Provoking.

Spooks—Dreams always go by contraries.

Speeke—I'm glad that's so.

Spooks—Why?

Speeke—Well, you see, I had a wonderful dream last night.

Spooks—Tell us what it was.

Speeke—I dreamed you didn't return that ten you borrowed of me.—Boston Courier.

Another Name for It.

Spillins—Is your wife jealous of your typewriter, Snaggs?

Spillins—She doesn't know I have one.

"How is that?"

"She asked me about my typewriter one day and I told her I managed to get along with a stationary engineer."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Over-Exertion.

Kind lady—How did you become so lame?

Tramp—Overexertion, mum.

Lady—Indeed, in what way?

Tramp—Movin' on every time a policeman told me.—New York Weekly.

A Terrible Habit.

Wife—John, you have a very annoying habit of saying "What's that?" whenever you are spoken to. Can't you break your self of it?

Husband (reading)—Eh—what's that?—Tit-Bits.

A Defective Umbrella.

Customer—Look here! The first time I used this cheap umbrella I bought of you the black dye soaked out and dripped all over me.

Dealer—Well, friend, that was von new patent detective umprel. You see it is self-detecter. If anyvans dake hims you can dell him by his clodtogs.—Ohio State Journal.

Trying to Be Complimentary.

Miss Weatherworn—These ridiculous scientists say the human race is more than 100,000 years old. Can you believe it?

Young E. D. Ott—I can when I hear you say so.—Indianapolis Journal.

Effect of His Tool.

"There is seldom any point to what he writes," said Triplett.

"He nearly always uses a stub pen," explained Twynn.—Detroit Free Press.



Absence of Mind.

Mr. Brownrigg (an absent-minded old gent)—Let me see—does Mr. Brownrigg live here?

New Servant (not recognizing her master)—Yes, sir; but he's not in at present.

Mr. B.—Oh, well, never mind. I'll call again.—Punch.

Hereditary Characteristic.

Crimsonbenk—Owen Moore's son was in to see me to-day.

Yeast—Indeed! Doesn't he remind you of his father?

"Very much; he wanted to borrow \$5."—Yonkers Statesman.

Possibility.

"Do you think the United States will allow us to have our own way?" asked one of the Philippine insurgents.

"Certainly," answered another; "only we may be obliged to change our minds now and then about what we want."—Washington Star.

Man's Inhumanity.

"I don't see why it is that humanity must suffer in this way for the gratification of others. Why is it that so little consideration should be shown to the wishes and comfort of people who have to do things so as to get money? I'm oppressed."

"What's the matter?"

"My employer won't let me off to go and enjoy myself watching a six-day bicycle race. It must be exciting by this time. I hear that some of the riders are so fagged out that they go to sleep on their wheels."—Washington Star.



Hard Luck.

Castaway—Dis is tough. Three days without a bite, and den dis box of cook books washes ashore!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not a Minute.

"You lost a good deal of time from your business by going to war, didn't you?"

"Yes," answered the man who volunteered, "but I doubt whether I lost any more than some of the people who didn't go have lost arguing over it."—Washington Star.

Childlike and Bland.

Mamma—You must be very good during Lent, Tommy.

Tommy—Why, is Santa Claus coming again at Easter?—Puck.

Caught.

Mr. Truax—The one who can say "no" in such a way as to make a person feel under obligations is the one that wins in this world.

Miss Wobbsleigh—I suppose so, but of course she must say "yes" after she has been properly teased.

He thought hard for a few minutes and then decided that there was no way out of it.

No Fight in Him.

"What's the matter between you and your neighbor?"

"Too insipid. There's a man you couldn't get into an argument if you told him that he inspired the Darwinian theory."—Detroit Free Press.

Mercenary Refinement.

"Remember," said Agualdo to his band of braves, "that we are not savages. If any of you takes a prisoner, be sure to avoid anything which may cause you to be classed with the American Indian."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't scalp the man. Reach for his pocketbook."—Washington Star.

A Matter of Doubt.

"I understand," said the morbid spectator, "that the prisoner is showing wonderful nerve."

"I don't know," answered the cynical lawyer, "whether he is showing wonderful nerve or whether he simply lacks intelligence enough to know when it is time to be scared."—Washington Star.

Taking No Chances.

Lieutenant (to his orderly)—Bring me a beefsteak with poached egg.

Orderly—Excuse me, Lieutenant, but haven't you forgotten that you are to dine to-night at Countess Pampatia's?

Lieutenant—That's so! I had forgotten it. Bring me two beefsteaks and two poached eggs.—Der Floh.



Insulting the Neighborhood.

"Whuffer is that gemman who is jus' moved in on de cornah puttin' up dat monst'ous high bo'd fence wid de bawb wild trimmin's?"

"He's don' got'n' to keep chickens."

"Chickens! Wiv a fence like dat? Say, dat's an insult to de whole neighb'ood! Dar ain't a laddah in de whole block."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Making Use of Him.

Mistress—Mary, Mrs. Julius tells me that last night she saw a policeman in the kitchen with you.

Mary—Yes'm; I had him there to keep the other men away!—Tit-Bits.

A Hard Proposition.

Blink—The trouble with a bore is one never knows what to do with him.

Wink—Not at all. The trouble is one's always afraid to do it.—Harper's Bazar.

His Idea of the Artistic.

"I understand that your friend is fitting up his room in strictly artistic manner."

"I guess it must be so," replied the heavy young man. "Every time I sit on a piece of furniture it goes to pieces."—Washington Star.

To Stop Sleep Walking.

A device to prevent sleep walking is to lay upon the floor, by the side of the somnambulist's bed, a sheet of iron, or other metal, wide enough to insure that he will step upon it. When the sleep-walker fits comes upon him his foot touches the cold surface of the metal and he instinctively draws that leg into the bed again. After two or three attempts the somnambulist gives it up and settles down in bed.

Bob.

"How do you stand with your employer so well, Tom; you never laugh at his jokes?" Tom—"No; but I dine at the same restaurant, and pretending not to see him I retail all his stories, saying loudly: 'I can't tell it so well as he can, but here's a rattling good yarn Mr. D. told us this morning.' I've been promoted three times this year."

Some people have worked so long they can't get along without it.