

CAPTAIN TO CONVICT.

A DASHING ARMY OFFICER IN A PRISON GARB.

Handsome and Brilliant Government Employee Loses His Identity and Is Known Simply as 2094—Case of Captain Oberlin Carter.

It is but a short time since the whole country was interested in the case of Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, of the United States army, who on trial was proved to have stolen from the Government which honored and protected him more than a million dollars. Now the erstwhile dashing and handsome captain and brilliant engineer is paying the penalty of his wrongdoing and is drinking the bitter cup of humiliation which his dishonesty brewed. Shorn of the honors of his profession, his commission revoked forever, his for-



CAPTAIN CARTER IN PRISON GARB.

mer companions forbidden to speak to him; stripped of his uniform of blue and gold and clad in the rough garb of the convict, he has lost his identity, even, and is known as No. 2094. He will spend the next five years behind the bars of the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth. By the irony of fate he is compelled to occupy a narrow cell in a prison which he designed and built, and, worse still, the only window in this cell overlooks the ballroom and banquet hall where he led the dance and indulged his epicurean tastes while officer of the post a few years ago.

Carter was considered one of the brightest men ever turned out by the nation's school for soldiers, and from boyhood fortune seemed to grudge him nothing that ambition could dictate. He was made a cadet at West Point by special appointment by President Hayes, after having tried unsuccessfully in the regular way, and was a model student and soldier, completing the four years' course with a higher average of scholarship than had ever been obtained before, and his record has not been equaled since.

From the day that he graduated until the day that he was summarily ordered back from London to stand trial before a court martial he seemed to have the ear of the War Department, and was advanced rapidly in rank, and in the important character of the work intrusted to him.

Early in life he married the daughter of a millionaire, Thomas S. Westcott of New York, and his father-in-law's purse was at his disposal from that time on. Fortunately for her, his wife died before his sins found him out. Just before the discovery of his enormous peculations—while he was military attaché of the American legation in London—he was named one of the three members of the Nicaraguan commission, and there was hardly a man in the army who did not envy the distinctions showered upon him.

Military prisoner No. 2094 is a vastly different person. The prison barber took him in hand within a few minutes after his arrival at Fort Leavenworth and removed the gracefully curled mustache and waving locks which had contributed much to his distinguished appearance. Then his hat, clothes and shoes, each article made to order and of the finest material, were taken from him and he was given a suit of dark gray homespun with the figures 2094 stamped in large red letters on the front and back of the coat, and each leg of the trousers, under garments of heavy cotton stuff, rough shoes fastened with buckles, and a big straw hat.

Like almost every other noted criminal, Carter persists in declaring himself innocent of the charges upon which he is incarcerated. He has been given every opportunity to explain what he did with the vast sums of public money that were traced to his door, but has not done so. He simply declares that he did not steal the money, and asks that his declaration be believed.

Within a dozen rods of his cell are the homes of a number of army officers, who know him well, but to them

Capt. Oberlin M. Carter is dead, and any army officer of high or low rank who dared exchange one word with No. 2094 would be court martialed and cashiered in short order. Since he has become a part of the great penal machine Carter has stoutly declined to discuss his case and has gone about his work as bookkeeper in the factory department of the penitentiary with apparent interest and zeal.

FITTING A PRINCE TO RULE.

Rigorous Training of the Future Emperor of Germany.

The Crown Prince of Germany, who recently attained his majority, is one of the most popular young men in Berlin. Notwithstanding his rank, he is "hail fellow well met" with the young men of the capital and is always a welcome addition to any party of merry-makers. He has been carefully reared, however, and is not at all given to dissipation, and there is little of frivolity in his composition. The training of the Prince and his brothers was not left wholly to his tutors. His mother, a woman of rare discretion, exercised a personal supervision over it. His future station in life was kept constantly in view, and those studies and sports that were best suited to his preparation for the duties that may in time devolve upon him were especially chosen.

For many years the Prince's mother made it a point to be present at all the indoor lessons. No matter what the hour may be of her return to the palace or the conclusion of this or that festivity or ceremony she does not retire without having gone the round of all her children's rooms. Ordinary boys do not work on their holidays. Wilhelm II.'s boys are not indulged in that way. During certain seasons the teaching is relaxed; not sufficient, however, to please the lads, if we may judge by Prince Eitel Fritz's answer to his English governess some years ago. "You'll soon have your holidays," said Miss Atkinson. "I don't mind mine so much, Miss Atkinson," was the answer. "I wish they would give you some." The prince's riding lessons usually are superintended by the Emperor himself, and the reward for proficiency is a pony for a birthday present.

Naturally military studies occupy a foremost place in the curriculum, but Prince Adalbert, the Emperor's third son, is destined to be the high admiral of the future German fleet. There is at the new palace, near Potsdam, a miniature fortress, the construction of which



GERMAN EMPEROR AND HIS SON.

has cost a considerable amount of money. Its walls are three metres high, it is provided with casemates and moats and real Krupp guns. This is practically the only plaything of the young princes, for even during their most tender age toys, in the strict occupation of the word, were and are far and few between. On their birthday, when the pony is not yet due or has been given, the parents' presents consist of useful things, a bicycle, a violin—two of the young princes play that instrument—books, and even wearing apparel. Frivolous gifts do not find a place in Wilhelm's educational system. On such a day there is an entire cessation from work. There are seven children, hence seven of such days, which the Crown Prince described as the "seven fat kine, swallowed, alas! by the 350 odd lean ones."

Floating Slaughter-House.

The Hamburg liner Burton, trading to Boston, has inaugurated a new departure in the foreign meat trade. She shipped eighteen oxen from Denmark and to avoid the regulations with regard to the importation of live cattle into the United Kingdom, carried three German butchers, who slaughtered the cattle on the voyage and dressed the carcasses, which were forwarded to London on the steamer's arrival. The experiment having been found to answer, will be continued on other steamers of the Hamburg line to Boston.

Insects in Cages.

In Japan men sell caged locusts, singing crickets and other noisy insects in the streets of cities.

It's a poor piano that never won a first prize at some county fair.



German army authorities are now experimenting on a cotton stuff as a material for balloons. It is treated with rubber before being used. The fabric is said to have great strength, and is better than silk, which is apt to generate electricity.

M. Mercadier, a French inventor, states that he has solved the problem of sending a number of dispatches simultaneously on a single wire. Messages have been transmitted between Paris and Pau. Twelve independent message currents were sent on the circuit at once in either direction, making a total of twenty-four telegrams.

A new light-ship of novel design is soon to be moored in the stormy waters of the dreaded Diamond Shoals off Cape Hatteras. It has been found impossible to place a lighthouse there, and the light-ships moored on the spot have, one after another, been torn from their fastenings. The new ship is to be propelled by steam, and furnished with electric flash-lights to be displayed from her masts, fifty feet above water. She will be anchored on the shoals with strong mooring tackle, and in case she is torn loose by a gale can take care of herself with the aid of her powerful engine.

L. M. Loomis, the California ornithologist, who has been studying the question of bird migration on the Pacific coast, concludes that those which he has observed shape their course by landmarks, and possess no mysterious superhuman faculty for determining direction, such as some persons have imagined that birds are endowed with. When a fog prevails the birds are bewildered and lose their way. In brief, Mr. Loomis thinks that bird migration is a habit evolved by education and inheritance, and owing its origin to the failure of food in winter.

An ingenious arrangement to prevent overcrowding of both elevators and stairways is in use in Scranton, Pa. The time of entering and leaving a certain building is regulated by clocks on each of the five floors. On the lower floors the clocks are set correctly, but on the upper floors they are a few minutes slow, so that the employees on the lower floors are at their work before those on the upper floors are due, and of course those on the upper floors do not leave their desks until several minutes later, thus avoiding all confusion.

A bridge in the form of an aerial ferry has been opened at Rouen on the River Seine. In order to avoid interference with shipping, it was determined to place no structure in the stream, or near its surface. Instead of a bridge in any of the ordinary forms, a horizontal flooring, sustained by steel towers and suspension cables, was stretched across the river at an elevation of 167 feet. On this flooring run electrically driven rollers, from which is suspended, by means of steel ropes, a car which moves at the level of the wharves on the river banks. The car is thirty-six feet wide and forty-two feet long, and is furnished, like a ferry-boat, with accommodations for carriages and foot-passengers. The ropes that carry the hanging-car are interlaced diagonally in such a manner that the support is rigid, and a swinging motion is avoided.

PENKNIVES AS GIFTS.

Used to Be a Mark of Esteem and Friendship Between Men.

"In the brave old days when calfskin boots and crinolines were still in fashion," says a veteran New Orleans clubman in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "a penknife was considered a very proper gift for one gentleman to make to another. The standard knife for the purpose had a pearl handle and four blades, one of which was always a file blade. Just why that particular kind of a knife came to be generally adopted as a token of esteem, or how the custom itself originated, I am not able to state, but thirty-five or forty years ago it was a very common thing for one friend to say to another: 'Let us step into this store; I want to give you a penknife.'"

"The gift was one that no gentleman ever felt any hesitation in receiving, although the line was drawn very strictly on almost everything else except hats. Hats were also popular as presents among men, but they somehow lacked a certain fine sentiment that attached to a penknife. When a man was presented with a penknife in those days he could rest assured that the donor held him in sincere and affectionate regard."

"A popular character back in the '90s would accumulate enough cutlery in the course of a year to stock a small hardware store, and if you'll take the trouble to look over some of the old wills that were probated around about that period you will find a number of instances in which executors were requested to purchase 'fine pocket knives' to be distributed as keepsakes to sorrowing friends."

"Nowadays the good old custom has entirely died out; in fact it is no longer

considered the correct thing among men to make or accept casual gifts, and, moreover, the superstition that a knife 'cuts friendship' has become very prevalent. What brought the subject to my mind was a little incident that occurred the other day. I was walking up Canal street when, very unexpectedly, I encountered a retired river captain from Memphis whom I used to know intimately but hadn't seen for nearly twenty years. He is a delightful old gentleman, now getting close on to 70 years, but still sound as a dollar, and we had a long talk over the auld lang syne. When we were about to part he took me by the arm and led me into a nearby store. 'John,' he said, 'it isn't likely I'll ever see you again, and I want to give you a nice little penknife to remember me by.' He picked out an old-style, four-bladed knife with a beautiful pearl handle, and I wouldn't part with it for its weight in greenbacks. It reminds me of all sorts of pleasant things."

MISTAKE OF A SMART LAWYER.

Mulcted His Partners in a Deal, but They Afterward Got Even.

This is so true that it is interesting—very much so. A well-known Maine attorney is especially noted for his keenness in looking out for the best end of every bargain—and for his ability in getting hold of that end. It has made him unpopular in some circles—has that trait of his!

One deal not long ago he was in with a couple of friends—men of wealth and standing. Business was good the first year. There was a generous division of profits. But the lawyer wasn't satisfied with what was coming to him, share and share alike with the others. After receiving his proper whack as a partner, he exacted \$500 more for "counsel fees." He said that as a lawyer he was worth that much more to the deal. This was a new way of looking at the matter, but the bill was resignedly allowed by the friends.

They were pretty good business men, understand. In a little while they saw that the venture wasn't panning out very well. So the shrewd men of affairs quietly unloaded without saying anything to their partner. Then a little later came the crash.

The lawyer hurried around to hold a consolation meeting with the other two.

"Gracious, isn't this too bad," moaned he. "I lost so-and-so. How much did you fellows drop? You must have been hit pretty hard."

"You're wrong, old boy," came the cheerful duet. "We never lost a dollar; no, we never lost a cent. Tra la."

"What-t-!"

"Never lost a dollar! We saw it coming two months ago. Had a tip. Unloaded. All out!"

"Well, then, why in the name of all that's square and above board, didn't you tell me?"

"Well, we could have, had you allowed us \$500 counsel fees when you took yours. See?"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

CHAMPION JEFFRIES' FATHER.

Rev. Alexander C. Jeffries Has Two Sons in the Ring.

Much comment has been made upon the fact that the father of James J. Jeffries, the champion pugilist of the world, who recently knocked out James J. Corbett in 23 rounds, after what many regarded as the greatest battle ever fought in this country, is a minister of the gospel. Rev. Alexander C. Jeffries is not only the sire of one pugilist, but he has another son, Jack Jeffries, who recently made his first appearance in the ring.

REV. JEFFRIES.

Rev. Mr. Jeffries has been a preacher for eighteen years. He is an evangelist and has preached the gospel in the streets of San Francisco, Los Angeles and other California cities for many years. His ideas on pugilism are interesting. After James J. Jeffries became champion by knocking out Bob Fitzsimmons, the preacher father said:

"I am opposed to prize fighting. I don't believe in it, but Jim will keep it up until he gets thrashed. Then he'll quit. But Jim's a good boy. He is no worse than the rest of them. He will keep on with his devilment until he gets licked, and then he will find his way to the Lord. He is making a short cut through the prize ring to salvation."

An Impenetrable Inner Circle.

The Japan Daily Mail said recently: "To eat with chopsticks and sit on mats and wear big sleeved coats do not bring a man any nearer to genuinely intimate intercourse with the Japanese people. The language is also needed. Yet, even when the language is added something still remains to be achieved, and what that something is we have never been able to discover, though we have been considering the subject for thirty-three years. No foreigner has ever succeeded in being admitted to the inner circle of Japanese intercourse."

It is a rare woman who can clean house without a row with her husband.

SWITCH THE GIRLS THEY LOVE!

Practices Indulged In by the Young People in Pennsylvania.

At Shamokin, Pa., some queer customs have survived the march of progress among the Poles and Russians. One of these observances is "switching day." It is a favorite day for bashful lovers, for swiftness of limb, rather than eloquence of tongue, captures the belles of the community.

For days the man has been in training for the run of his life, while the maids adjure corsets and rub liniment on their kneecaps every night ere wooing slumber. Finally the morning of "switching day" arrives. The man sees before him all the maidens of his village. He may take his pick. All he must do is to catch and switch and duck with water the one of his choice—the maid whom he would have for his wife. If she is fleet of foot than he and escapes she is free. If the man is beloved of his quarry she seldom gets away, though his feet are clad in leaden shoes.

"Switching day" at Shamokin is Easter Sunday, when all the lads and lasses of the country round about gather at the town for the annual meeting. A girl's starting to run is accepted as a token that she is not averse to her pursuer. The youth's start is accepted as a proposal, and no matter what misfortune may befall his quarry he must provide for her all the days of his future life.

Pathetic indeed was the illustration of this fact in the case of Susan Manbok, who was by all odds the handsomest girl in the Russian colonies for



QUEER CUSTOM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

many miles about. She was tall and slender and her eyes were azure blue. She was crowned with golden hair, which grew in dainty ringlets close upon her head. Miss Manbok had more suitors than she could accept, and she was very coy. Fleet of foot, the maid had, since arriving at a marriageable age, passed one "switching day" in safety without the giving of her promise.

Miss Manbok until noon on the latest festival occasion had succeeded in outdistancing all her pursuers. Many were the races she had run, but never had a switch or a pail of water come within reaching distance of her petite form. It was then that Andrew Kobinsky, a shrewd young man, who had purposely waited until Miss Manbok had become fatigued, gave chase. Off darted the maid, and after her sped the pursuer.

Down the railroad track they rushed, all unheeding. So excited were both contestants—the man running for a wife, the girl for liberty—that the approach of a train was unnoticed. The engine tooted shrilly and at its blast Miss Manbok, affrighted, stumbled and fell upon the rail. Both of her legs were cut off below the knees. And Kobinsky, regardless of her being a cripple, declares that he will wed her.

The Oldest Postal System.

We find the first recorded postal system in the Persian Empire, under Cyrus the elder; but it is clear that Rome of all the ancient states possessed the best organized system of transmitting letters through its numerous provinces.

All along the great Roman roads houses were erected at a distance of five or six miles from each other. At each of these stations forty horses were constantly kept, and, by the help of relays, it was easy to travel 100 miles a day. These services were intended for the state only, it being imperative to secure the rapid interchange of official communications.

In the time of Julius Caesar the system was so well organized that of two letters the great soldier wrote from Britain to Cicero at Rome the one reached its destination in twenty-six and the other in twenty-eight days. Private citizens had to trust to the services of slaves, and it is not till the end of the third century that we hear of the establishment of a postal system for private persons by the Emperor Diocletian, but how long this system remained history does not say.—New York Evening World.

Redlands' Giant Mowing Machine.

Redlands, Cal., has a giant mowing machine which cuts a strip of wheat fifty feet wide.

A St. Louis undertaker advertises that he can furnish everything requisite for a first-class funeral. He is evidently a doctor as well as an undertaker.