NDAY JOURNAL, PORTLAND, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER ST. 190

tat sign on de picture he showed it at the exhibition, and it took a prime Ducheas never seen it till I took her one sight to de show, and she near fuinted it de sight of de crowd around it, say-ng dat it wan de greatest ever. I ouldn't drag her sway from it till de nas was toined out. But before dat Ducheas had a run in wit a critic mug that was saying tings dat didn't meen nything about de picture to any one ho'd listen to him. Seeing dat Ducheas nas walling to listen to anything said

hing about de protein dat Duchess 'd listen to him. Beeing dat Duchess willing to listen to anything said ut it, he says to her, "Madam," he s, "It is something to be proud of New York has an artis able to duce so fine a canvas." Blen sur!" says Duchess. "But it is mating to be prouder of dat we has meting to be produce so fine a boy."



From the New York Herald.

From the New York Hereid. WhittHER or not that tragedy in the North sea was due to a belief on the part of the to be the the there is a pronounced which all the there is a pronounced the sort which came about when the sort which came about the the sort which cames about the the sort which came about the the sort which the gray fleet of the to the the harbor, and he was nown to be in the harbor, and he was nown to be in the harbor, and he was nown to be in the harbor, and he was nown to be in the harbor, and he was nown to be in the harbor, and he was nown to be in the harbor.

ar. Picket launches had been stationed either side of the harbor entrance of from dusk to dawn a battleship the been detailed to its directly off the strance, with her searchlights blazing the channel and a supporting battle-tip at her side, the rest of the fleet stributed in a semicircle about the stributed in a semicircle about the

Thomas A. Bission Jonaa, Howard, in Chicago Tribune) To the general public Thomas A. Edison is the "Wissard" of Or-sume, N. J. Nothing short of a reaminess out of the public Imaginal catagory and sector of a sector of a sector of the general public from a sector of the public sector of the sector of th

ppear at any moment. To the Porter had been delegated the

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"stripped hull slinking through the gloom, half guessed and gone again." the Porter, in her indistinguishable coat of olive green had circled twice or thrice around the fleet, when suddenly through the gloom and close aboard loomed the outlines of a large vessel, running with-out lights and apparently standing in from a direction in which the enemy was expected.

"Show the night fleet signal," ordered

from a direction in which the enemy "Show the night feet signal," ordered Lieutenat (now Commander) Tremont. Lieutenat (now Commander) Tremont. The signal was shown, but there was no reply. Dark and unheeding the stranger held her course, and on the instant the torpedo boat was in pursuit. Once more the night feet signal was shown, and when there was no reply Tremont was convinced that the vessel was an enemy, and the three torpedoes which the Porter carried were made aready for a simultaneous discharge at the stranger. Any one would have de-stronged her vessel is, an instant, and there from one to the outly of scape if all three was no possibility of escape if all three was no possibility of escape if all three was no possibility of escape if all three was no possibility. Themont ordered, "and then fire." "Walt until she shows her boot leng to the sect rol." The ship was rolling with a deep easy that a pebble could have been tossed in his hall, "What ship is that?" told his silent crew that it was to be her in the fire on last chance, and the memory escape, Tremont determined to give the last. The ship was just beginning to the searchight was gones and has never soft and seen the signal and the give in the stat. The ship was just beginning to press triggers when clear and the list. The ship was just beginning to press triggers when clear and the list. The ship was just beginning to press triggers when clear and the list. The ship was just beginning to press triggers when clear and the list the New York. The that the worked. "As it. afterward developed the New York had seen the signalis and the sign to a may live a long time." Tremont so the point of drings a broaddide at unknown to him the apparatus had no worked. "You may live a long time." Tremont closer shaye than you had that night."

"You may live a long time." Tremont said later to one of his friends on the fagehip, "but you will never have a closer shave than you had that night." In his "Wounds in the Rain" the late Stephen Crane tells of how his dispatch boat, the Three Friends, was fired upon and rammed by the gunboat Machias. The dispatch boat was off the Cuban coast one dark night when "suddenly a familiar signal of red and white flashed like a brooch of jewels over the pall that covered the sea. It was the elec-tric question of an American warship and it demanded a swift answer in kind. The man behind the gun? "Our signals far from being electric twere two interns which was keept in a tub and covered with a tarpaulin. When we were accosted at night it was every-

Oregon was heard halling were accosted at night it was every-

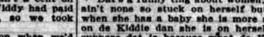
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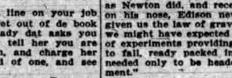
Chimmie Fadden AN ARTISTS REPUTATION : : : : :

By Edward W. Townstend right, 1994, by Edward W. Town-sond, L TELL YOU what I'd like to be -one of dose felleys dat paints pictures of people. It's a softer job dan house painting, for day al-weiks indoors, and has a pice firs

g paint where it'll do de mos

by in cold wedder, while de nters has to wolk out in de has no fun in deir jobs except





But if the genius side of Edison is to be questioned seriously, there are some evidences of it at hand. First, perhaps, the general public will be influ-enced more by the absence of one funda-mental qualification of genius—that dis-position not to care for the worldliness of life. On one occasion a friend con-gratulated Edison upon the perfection of the phonograph, calling it the most wonderful invention of the age. "Tes," drawled this erstwhile genius of the linen duster and the telegraph key, "but the d--d thing don't bring in the monsy."

Spooks Hunt Down Murderers

The Stanley farm adjoins the farm

N EBRASKA Spiritualists assert that it is due to the revelations of a trance medium but that the two murderers are medium but the two murderers are non-the state peni-tentiary. The prisoners are Charles Hutchinson, aged 15, and his mother, and being the sone several method. The Stanley farm mear Guide the bother at the sone several neighbors of the stanley farm mear Guide the brother at themoldt. The stanley farm mear Guide the both the bot which young Hutchinson was worki Only the day before the discovery made young Hutchinson had guit



to say dat his But de game didn't stop when we'd suppose dat i

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