

## DO STRANGE THINGS.

### A TYPE OF PEOPLE WHO DO THE OPPOSITE.

### A WEALTHY MAN PREFERRED THE POOR-HOUSE.

### A Sister of Charity Who Loved, Married and Repented—A North Carolina Man Afflicted With the Habit of Abducting His Own Children.

HERE are three strange stories, depicting three characters in life, now going the rounds of the newspapers. The first is of John Clark, of Hempstead, Long Island, who died at the Uniondale poorhouse last week.

He had been living in the institution a year, seemingly preferring that home to one with his family. Clark was a singular genius. He had a seeming ambition to earn only sufficient to keep him day by day. He was a mechanic. Until age weakened him, he worried through life in an easy sort of way. Twice he was set up in business by his children. Two or three years ago he practiced as a veterinarian. Tiring of this, he asked to be given a home in the poorhouse. His wife remonstrated with him. His children, one of whom is fairly well off, pleaded with him to live elsewhere. He would not do so. The poorhouse is where he determined upon going, and there he staid until death. He devised a pipe-wrench for which a patent is now pending. It is described by those who have used it as an ingenious arrangement and very serviceable.



John Clark.

Miss Elizabeth Rucynski, of Detroit, was found wandering in the woods near Jackson, Mich., last week. She was demented when first discovered, but afterward her mind became clear and she told a strange and romantic story.

In 1869 Mrs. Rucynski arrived in Detroit from Russia and entered the House of Providence as Sister Elizabeth Chemp. She became one of the best known sisters of charity in the city and was the first woman nurse that volunteered her services to take care of small-pox patients. She had a beautiful face and figure and brilliant intellect. While she was in the convent Rucynski, who had just graduated from a European university, came to Detroit to fill a position as teacher in the Detroit Polish school. Shortly after he met Sister Elizabeth and friendship cultivated clandestinely ripened into love. One morning the inmates of the home awoke and found that Sister Elizabeth had discarded the veil and run away and married the handsome Polish teacher, Rucynski, who was one of the greatest scholars in Detroit, was compelled to resign his position and, notwithstanding repeated endeavors, he was unable to secure another place in any of the catholic institutions. He at last engaged in the hotel and restaurant business. For several years the couple prospered and the Pole and his handsome wife moved in the most select society circles. Reverses came, and soon the handsome and talented couple found themselves in very straitened circumstances. Rucynski became a private teacher. The reverses caused him to become despondent and as a consequence he plunged into dissipation. The fall from their former high social position and her husband's dissipation affected Mrs. Rucynski's mind, and three weeks ago she disappeared from home. It is supposed that she walked all the way from Detroit to Jackson, living in the woods until found.

About fourteen years ago Dr. Cope, a man of handsome and dashing appearance, of fine culture and splendid medical attainments, married a charming and beautiful girl of 16 years near Concord, Carrabas county, N. C. The wedding was the most brilliant



Found wandering in the woods.

in that section of the State. It was the old story of man's downfall. The doctor took to drink and became an incarnate devil. In a drunken fit he drove his wife away from her home and whilst she was keeping herself safe from his violence he took their two children, both boys, one 5 years old and the other 18 months,

and fled to Tennessee. The other child, for three had been the fruit of their marriage, had been accidentally poisoned by the father in the administration of a dose of morphine for quinine. When Dr. Cope reached Tennessee with the boys he settled at Edensridge, in Sullivan county, and practiced his profession. He abandoned his dissipation to a certain extent and in his sober moments was a skillful practitioner. He placed his boys under the care of two families, and for six long years the distracted



Dr. Cope.

woman never heard of her husband or her sons.

Last spring Dr. Cope made his appearance at his old home, in Carrabas county, as suddenly and quickly as he had disappeared, but gave the heart-broken mother no satisfaction concerning her children. In the meantime, whilst a resident of Sullivan county, he had filed a bill for divorce, and by adding perjury to crime, obtained it. It was his purpose to marry another lady, but she was too wary for him. Foiled by her, he packed his grip and went back to North Carolina. Two months ago, goaded possibly by the tortures of a returning conscience, and not having the courage to face his wife, he committed suicide by taking morphine.

The deserted and maltreated wife, who for six years had wept and agonized in hopeless we, now appears on the scene. In some unaccountable way she found that her children were still living, and went to Allentown, Tenn., where she found the oldest boy and identified him by the clothing he wore when he left. She identified the youngest child by the scar on his back and the clothing he had also worn. The lady, restored to her children, left for her home in North Carolina.

### ABOUT TIMOTHY HOPKINS.

Sketch of the Young Constant in the Great Will Case.

Timothy Hopkins, the adopted son of the late Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, is now in the East for the purpose of filing objections to the will of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, which has been offered for probate in the court at Salem, Mass. He is a San Franciscan, as are his lawyers, Russell Wilson and Judge Bralt, who are now with him. With them in the case is associated Mr. Choate, of the New York law firm of Everts, Choate & Beman.

Mr. Hopkins is a tall, athletic-looking young man with a handsome face and a pleasant expression. He was in Japan when his foster mother died, and the tropical sun has browned his complexion, giving a pleasant contrast to the keen gray eye, while a heavy brown mustache gives a vigorous, manly look to the whole countenance.

He was the son of Patrick Nolan, a farmer, of Hallowell, Me. His father went to California and became the gardener for Mark Hopkins, the millionaire. After his parents' death young Nolan was taken into the Hopkins family and treated as a son. Mr. Hopkins died soon afterward, leaving a fortune of \$20,000,000 to his widow. Then Timothy was formally adopted as her son and assumed the family name in 1879. Mrs. Hopkins married Edward F. Searles, the architect, on Nov. 8, 1888.

Mrs. Hopkins-Searles died on July 25 at her home in Methuen, Mass. Her will was filed for probate at the Essex Registry, in Salem, July 30. All her property, to the amount of about \$30,000,000, was left to her husband. Young Hopkins immediately instructed his lawyer to contest the will. Among the other relatives interested in the breaking of the will are Nathaniel T. Hebbard, a cousin of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, and Betsy and Hester M. Sherwood, daughters of another cousin. It is said that it will be claimed by the contestants that Mrs. Hopkins-Searles' mind was unbalanced.

**A Busy Life.**  
Sub-editor—A dispatch from the penitentiary says the convicts have struck and refuse to work unless they can have pie twice a day.

**Great Editor (busily)—**Counsel moderation and arbitration.

**Little Things.**  
It has been estimated recently by a shoe man that the people of the United States spend \$450,000,000 annually for shoes.

A young lady in Gainesville, Texas, has the longest hair in the world. It trails on the ground over four feet and is of a beautiful red-gold color.

In a Minneapolis police court recently a man who was arraigned on a charge of vagrancy was represented by a criminal lawyer, whom he had retained and paid to defend him.

## SCOTCH DYNAMITE WORKS.

### NITRO-GLYCERINE FACTORY ON THE SOUTHWEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

#### The Excessive Precaution that is Necessary—A Delicate Operation—Susceptibility of Nitro-Glycerine to Concussion, How the Explosive is Handled.

The factory lies in the heart of a great expanse of sandy plain on the southwest coast of Scotland. On approaching it a visitor is hailed by the mounted guard that patrols the environment of the factory, and he will have to show very satisfactory credentials before he is allowed to go further. On the way to the manager's house a village is passed where live the whole of the operatives employed in the manufacture of nitro-glycerine. It is merely a street of small tenements standing on the threshold of the palisades which enclose Mr. Nones' houses. Some distance from the manager's house is the shed where the practical process of making nitro-glycerine is seen at a glance. Before the visitor gets there, however, he is divested of his watch, chain, money, keys, and every particle of metal he may have about him. This seemingly excessive precaution is perfectly necessary, for a fall of even a penny on a floor containing a grain of the explosive might be attended with disaster. Felt shoes have to be worn.

#### A DELICATE OPERATION.

In the first shed reached there is a large tank in which are two parts of oil of vitriol and one part of the fuming nitric acid. A cistern above the tank contains glycerine, and whilst it is introduced into the acid compound known as nitro-glycerine is at once formed. The operation is, however, an extremely delicate one. The tank is in charge of a workman upon whom the sole responsibility of an explosion rests. If too much glycerine is introduced into the acids at one time, the temperature of the mixture may rise above 77 degs. Fahrenheit, and a spontaneous explosion will at once follow; so that the operative's eyes are never off the thermometer—his own hope of safety lies in keeping down the temperature of the mixture to some 7 or 8 degs. below its explosive heat. He is aided somewhat by ice and cold water which are outside the vat, but the compound is occasionally erratic and will gain heat notwithstanding all precautions. For such a case the only alternative is to move a lever, which lowers one side of the tank, and allow the whole of the contents to run through a sluice into a pond, when it is about an even chance whether it will explode ere it leaves the shed or wait until it reaches the open.

The second step is to wash the newly formed chemical combination in water, which very slightly absorbs it. It is then put into "Winecruet" quarts, and conveyed with the utmost care into wooden huts or dug-outs. As an instance of the extreme susceptibility of nitro-glycerine to concussion, it is related that a man was once seen to slip in the act of depositing a bottle in a hut; he merely tripped, in the ordinary sense of the word, but there was an instant explosion and hardly a fragment of the poor fellow was gathered for decent burial. Passing on through other sheds, we see the mixture of the nitro-glycerine with a peculiar foraminiferous earth, the new substance being dynamite. This is then carried to a long shed, where it is pressed into cartridges by machinery, the operatives being young women.

#### MANY PRECAUTIONS TAKEN.

Not the least curious of the many curiosities at these works are the ponds into which the washing water is run. Tradition has it that the detonative property of the water was not discovered, until an angler one day attempted to seduce the fish with a May-fly. At his first cast, however, the pond blew up, and he found himself some hundred yards away, happily unhurt. To obviate a similar danger now, Saturday is reserved exclusively for cleaning the works in every department, and among other things for deliberately blowing up the ponds. After congratulating himself on a safe journey through the various houses, the stranger is apt to hurry when he is again at the station. He will not have failed, however, to notice the many precautions taken to insure safety for those who daily risk their lives in these very hazardous operations.

Each section of the operatives is distinguished by a peculiar canvas suit with a colored marking; no one may go on any precept leaving his own department. The women work in felt shoes and bathing dresses, and every single workman or workwoman is stripped and re-dressed before going to their labor. The explosive, too, are handled in the smallest possible quantities, save in the first room of manufacture, where enough is made at one time to blow up a city. The nitro-glycerine itself is a transparent, colorless, oily fluid, slightly soluble in water, but readily so in spirit, ether or fat. One favorite way of destroying it is by boiling it in potash, when it decomposes, glycerine and water being formed. Perhaps the most curious use to which it has ever been put is the result of the searching investigations of its medicinal properties by Dr. William Murrell, who found it almost a specific for angina pectoris, neuralgia and many developments of heart disease.—St. James' Gazette.

#### Taken by Fair Photographers.

Fair amateur photographers have various ways of making their work ornamental. The pictures which they take in their studios or conservatories are mounted in odd fashions. One girl showed to me a white satin fan on which she had photographed a group of friends whispering to each other. She had a fire screen with artistically arranged groups clustered about the fireplace. One group was a Halloween party watching chestnuts roasting on the hearth. This scene might be looked at by anybody, but in her chamber she had pictures that were destined for her own eyes alone, or at most, for those of her most intimate friends. Around the mirror was a circle of finely mounted photographs of her girl friends in their prettiest robes de nuit.

"Here they are every evening to bid me good night," she said, "and I was so pleased with the fancy that I made this," showing a group of white-robed girls with flowing tresses and one with beautiful hands working at the curl papers on her head. Circling around these photographs was a long curl paper, on which the words "Good night" had been engraved in a fantastic scroll. This picture stretches clear across the headboard of her bed. On the footboard was an assembly of fair ones in all stages of attire—girls of the garter and girls of the cross—one buttoning her shoes and another leaning her whilesome and watchful machinery. These were all smiling a "Good morning."

One more possession of this versatile young lady amused me. It was a small card table to be given as a prize at the next progressive euchre party. It had a border of photographs of the champion players of the season all pictured in various attitudes of triumph.—New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Der bery men dat tries ter hido dar age tries ter show dar 'spirience.

## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

### He Remembered Happy Childhood Days on the Dear Old Home-stead.

He was a stout gentleman, with a silk hat and a blue beard overcoat, and when he stopped to look at a squad of laborers at work in the digging of the new city hall cellar the other morning, a place was at once made for him on the heap of granite blocks that had once been a fence base. Surveying the crowd, his eye fell upon two men who were engaged in reducing the recently felled tree to suitable lengths for hauling away. 'Tis at once gave vent to a sigh and sadly remarked:

"Ah, gentlemen, this reminds me of my happy childhood on the old farm!"

The crowd looked at him sympathizingly, and one of the number ventured the question: "Does it?"

"Many a time I have shouldered my ax at daybreak, and gone out into the woods over Muskrat creek, and chopped until sundown. Yes, and I never felt it as much as I do a walk down to the office."

"No times like the old times," observed a little man in a faded overcoat; "old age makes us indifferent men."

"I don't know my friend; I think I could swing an ax with the best of 'em, durned if I don't!" announced the stout gentleman, as he began removing his gloves. "I'm going to try if I can't get a chance."

By producing a silver quarter, he was allowed to take the place of one of the choppers, and, removing his overcoat, spat upon his hands. Swinging the ax around his head, he knocked his silk hat into a wash rag and brought the edge down on a limb that endowed it with enough elasticity to cause it to violently rebound, the helve striking him on the chin. "Gosh!" he gasped, while the crowd fell back to a distance of fifteen feet, "I forgot that hat." Settling himself, he brought the ax down again, with enough violence to break a steel ball. But he underestimated the distance from the tree, and he missed it by a foot at least, striking the ax out of sight. Some one snickered at this point, and the stout gentleman got three shades redder.

"I can do it!" he gasped; "I forgot the old time swing." Then he blazed away again, this time overreaching his work. The handle struck the trunk, and with a howl of pain, he dropped the ax.

"What's the matter?" demanded a boy with a fur cap.

"Ouch! Gosh, all serpents! That stung like blazes!"

Here the owner of the ax suggested that perhaps he was tired. This insinuation had an irritating effect on the old time woodman, and he indignantly seized the ax.

"No, sir! I can do this for two hours!" he replied as he again went to the onslaught.

Amid the applause of the spectators he buried the blade in the wood and then prepared to cut on the other side. Bringing down the ax, he sent a pound chip into his face like a rifle shot. Dropping the ax he stepped on a bowlder and fell like a felled giant of the forest into a heap of brush, from which he was dragged bleeding.

A policeman and the little man in the faded overcoat took him around the corner, where they sat him on a barrel, instructing the little boy with the fur cap to tell him when the next Central avenue car came along.

"Much obliged, friends; much obliged," whispered the woodman, as he mopped his bleeding nose. "But that ax wasn't a bit like the one I used to have. Must have been awful dull. Much obliged."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### A Curious Class of Men.

Speaking of barrooms, I have often noticed a certain curious class of men who appear to spend their entire lives within easy reach of the counter where bottled inspiration is dispensed. I do not mean the wretched class of hangers on who spend their lives waiting to be asked what they will have, but men of means to whom the barroom seems to possess the attraction that other men of means find in a club. They are always elderly or old men. They always spend money liberally, and they always make their appearance on the alcoholic scene early in the morning, quite sober, and get so drunk by noon that the rest of the day is one of stupid, imbecile idleness with him. There is one man I know, who is very wealthy, a bachelor and a traveled and educated man, whose entire life is, I think, spent in getting drunk and being sobered up at a certain saloon that he frequents. He must represent a small fortune to the house, where he is cherished as tenderly, in his cups, as a sick baby, fed, put to bed and watched over as a goose that lays golden eggs always should be. Now and then he disappears for a few days or a week or two, when you may know that he is straightening up at his own house, which is one of the handsomest old mansions in New York. But he no sooner gets on his feet than they carry him to the barroom, where he draws a check for the expenses of the last spree, and the old game begins again.

At a certain old fashioned and popular chop house not a million miles from Madison square there are several of these toppers to be encountered daily. One of them I remember for years. He turns up every morning, Sunday included, at 9 o'clock. By 11 he has had a dozen cocktails and is ready for breakfast. By 3 he is drunk enough to be taken upstairs to bed, whence he emerges at 8 o'clock in the evening to eat his dinner. His after dinner drink carries him along well toward midnight, when, if he is not too hopelessly helpless, he is bundled into a coach and sent home. For a long time I was a daily visitor at the chop house which enjoys his profitable favor and I never once missed him. Lately, having visited the place again, I found him there as usual, neither more nor less drunk than usual, and looking none the worse for the sea of alcohol in which he has been floating himself these many years. He is, I believe, a man of large means, inherited from his father, and has never been known to lend any other than the degraded, selfish and useless life which first attracted my attention to him.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

#### Lunching in London Theatres.

The amount of eating and drinking done in a first class London theatre would astonish an American manager. People come straight to the theatres from their dinners, and immediately begin ordering liqueurs, cakes, coffee and sweets. The privilege of furnishing refreshments to a theatre is paid for in large sums by restaurant proprietors. The refreshment room is one of the largest sources of revenue of a theatre management.

Waiting maids during the evening go about throughout the theatre knocking at the box doors hawking refreshments. Between the acts people eat and drink constantly to fill in the time. Programmes also are charged for in nearly all the theatres. The average price of a programme is a sixpence. If an American audience in any theatre in the United States should be called on to pay twelve cents for the programme there would be a riot. An American manager says that it would be impossible to introduce the feature of asking every one cent for programmes.—London Letter.

To man what has de mos' plesant 'quaintness mighty often has de lower real fruit's.—Pennsylvania Traveler.

## SERIOUS DANGER.

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the invasions of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

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