

BOLD WOMAN BANDIT.

ESTHER VANCE, A BANKER'S DAUGHTER AND ACTRESS.

She Has Figured in Many Daring Hold-Ups in the West—Now Reported Dying at Her Home in Virginia City—A Dramatic Career.

The career of Esther Vance, bandit and convict, who is said to be dying at her home in Virginia City, Nev., surpasses in dramatic interest the story of many a writer of fiction. She was born in St. Charles, Mo., the daughter of a banker, and received good educational advantages. She had a beautiful voice and the better to develop it she was sent to Paris to study music. After her father's death the fortune left by him melted away and in 1854 Estera appeared in San Francisco as a candidate for stage distinction. Her success was considerable, but she gave no effort to make it permanent, but sought enjoyment in long country trips, riding on horseback throughout the State, visiting the mining camps, and sometimes with companions, but more frequently alone, pursuing an erratic career, at ways carrying a considerable sum of money, and moving about in saloons and dance houses equipped with a handsome brace of pistols. In the skillful use of which she gave exhibitions. She had many suitors attracted by the anomalous novelty of her life, but she preferred the company of gamblers, who had no interest in love-making, and finally she chose as her companion Bud Reece, one of the most notorious of his time, who changed his name to Vance and became known as her husband.

Known in Mining Camps.
When the property of the Comstock began to fade away and sterner business methods reduced the miners' pay from \$40 to \$50 a day to \$5 and \$6 the gambling fraternity of Virginia had to



ESTHER VANCE, A BANKER'S DAUGHTER AND ACTRESS.

seek new fields. About the same time all the mining properties in the Sierras, both in Colorado and Nevada, were capitalized and operated by companies using the hydraulic system and the wild life of these auriferous lands settled down into orderly ways, and Bud Vance and his amazon partner disappeared. They were heard of at Helena, Mont., at Leadville, and in Arizona, and finally came a story from Chihuahua, Mexico, that both had engaged in a successful defense of a roulette game in which they were wounded, and the woman was shot in the side and seriously hurt.

In 1885 Estera was back in California and soon afterward occurred the robbery of the California express in the Napa Valley, in which she, her husband and a Mexican were implicated. A number of other train robberies followed, chiefly on the line of the Central Pacific Road, and principally in the Sierras. The method of these was varied, but the description of the persons concerned was repeated and the figure and identity of Esther Vance began to take form in all of them. That a woman took part in these exploits is well known, for, in female attire, she made no special effort to conceal herself, as one instance on the Denver and Rio Grande Salt Lake City express will show. The evening train westward was just pulling into Colorado Springs when a man and a woman drove up on a buckboard with a large case containing an enormous dog. The woman hailed the agent and prepaid the express charges on the dog to Salt Lake. She attended the box to the car door and handed the express messenger a \$5 gold piece.

"Take good care of my dog, won't you?" she said. "I will send him something to eat on the train—at Marshall Pass, say—and give him water, won't you?"

At Marshall Pass a man appeared at the car door with some meat and a pan of water. "I reckon I had better feed him myself," he said. "He's rather fierce." And thus he gained admission to the box. The pan would not go into the box and the stranger began with a knife to cut a larger opening for it. In the meantime the train started and the messenger told the visitor he must leave the car.

"In just a moment," was the reply, and as the messenger walked back to open the door to give him exit the stranger fired upon and shot him fatally in the neck. He then admitted his accomplices, who were hidden on the front platform, and leisurely looted the car. Then two of them passed through the train and deliberately robbed every passenger. One of those who gathered the watches and money was told by the other to let the women alone. "Not at all," was the seething retort. "They don't need the money they never earned, and can get more the same way."

This person is supposed to have been Esther Vance, and there is some reason to think it was she also who shipped the dog, entered the sleeping car, changed her dress to a man's apparel, and shot the messenger.

Her Last Flight.
In 1887, on the night of the 12th of July, the Broowe stage, with passengers and mail, broke down in a shallow ford through Stony Creek. At the same time two horsemen rode up and volunteered to aid the driver. They rode alongside of the stage and, taking the passengers on the croup of their saddles, carried them to dry land. Then with a lariat they made fast to the stage and helped to pull the vehicle to the bank. This being done one of them ordered the whole party, some nine in number, to clasp hands and to hold their arms high in the air. This com-

mand was enforced with a pistol by one of the riders, who sat astride of his horse smoking a cigarette. His companion deliberately cut open the mail pouches, opened the letters, and stowed their valuable contents into his poncho. Neither of the robbers wore a mask, but both had long black beards, which were afterward found to be false and were used for the purpose of disguise. The passengers were then ordered to deliver their valuables, and the highwaymen with a mocking laugh rode away.

The pursuit was at once begun, and continued for days until the thieves were run to earth at a spring which issues from a cleft in the mountains and flows into Lake Tahoe. The only approach to it was by a narrow passage through which the stream flowed, and here Bud Vance made his last defense. Three persons who approached were shot down fatally, but it was not until the surrounding hills were ascended, from which fusillade after fusillade was poured down into the robbers' retreat, that their answering fire was silenced. Then a rush was made up the gorge. The man was dead, shot several bullets, and the woman was lying by his side, her hip broken by a ball from a Winchester express rifle. She was in man's dress, and was heavily armed. Being taken to Washoe County prison, she was recognized as Esther Vance and was indicted for robbery and murder.

On her subsequent trial, when she was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, she cursed at the judge and jury. She was sent to Carson, where she spent four years in the prison hospital. It was then aroused for her and her sentence was suspended. She then took up her residence in the house in Virginia City where she is dying.

The Early Rising Fallacy.
No one has so well hit off the weakness of the old-time counsel about "early to bed and early to rise" as the



THE EARLY RISING FALLACY.

late John G. Saxe, unless it was the great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby fame, who used to say that early rising, though necessary for schoolmasters, was one of the few hardships in life which habit did not make more easy. Remembering this, it is interesting to find a writer in a medical journal making the statement that early rising, when accomplished with effort, does no one any good. "The reason," he says, "is obvious enough. There may be truth in the old copy book saying that 'if you get up at 10 you can get up at 6,' but, unfortunately, it does not follow that if you get up at 6 you can go to bed at 10. For one thing, the amenities of social life put obstacles in your path. And in this case, of course, early rising merely means insufficient sleep." The fact is that the amount of sleep needed by a person to maintain good health, like the amount of food, must be determined by individual wants and conditions. Early rising is not per se a special virtue to be cultivated and exhibited on all occasions. Under certain physical conditions it may be, indeed, the very tendency to be most avoided.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Books We Used to Read.
I do love to read, that's a fact; Dad used to say it took a steer's ter git my nose out of a book; I've got up nights till after ten ter finish up a tale, And see the hero married and the villain juggled in jail, But lately, I dunno how 'tis, I never read no more; The sort of yarns I love, because they're all a different kind; Seems 's if the authors nowadays had sorta gone ter seed, Why don't they write some stories like the kind we used ter read?

Yer 'member them old yarns? Gee whiz! Say! wa'n't they somethin' prime? The hero was a duke or lord, yer bet yer, every time; And he was mighty hansom, but most generally pore, And had a thier's uncle who was rich as all out-door, He loved a beaucous damsel, name er "Lady Funesteen," Her "raven locks" and "fawn-like" eyes beat all was ever seen; He chased her through five hundred long, thick pages, one by one, But all the time yer felt plum-sure he'd bag her when 'twas done.

Then there was robbers, tew, that lived in caves all-lined with gold, And piled with kags er d'omon's jest as full as they could hold, And there was ghosts that hung around some murdered chap's remains, And used ter sashay round at dark and howl and clank their chains, Yer 'member when yer read them tales, upstairs at night, alone, How every separate hair'd unshrink when them things fetched a groan? But ghosts in these new-fangled books ain't nawthin' more—why, phaw! Yer'd jes soon poke 'em in the ribs and ask 'em fer a chew.

The hero nowadays don't swear by his dead father's bones, Ter have some cut-thro's blood, He ain't no dude, his name is Jones, The heroine, she rides a wheel as bold as ever wuz, And, drat 'em! they both talk jest like reel folks that's livin' does, Oh! give me back Jane Austen! Hey? Or old Sylvanus Cobb! He was the boy—Sylvanus was—yet bet he knew his job! Consarn these modern chaps, I say, and all their tressure bread! I'd like to git a novel of the kind we used ter read.

—Puck.
One of the worst things in connection with death is that kin of the deceased will meet after the funeral and talk of everything as having "passed off well."

ONLY ONE TRAIN BOY

SOLE REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS CLASS IN ALASKA.

Condy Butcher on the Klondike Limited Does Not Need to Dig Gold—Enormous Prices Given for Everything He Has to Sell.

The old query as to whether or not you would like to be the iceman will be rapidly forgotten as soon as some writers and balladists learn about the train boy in Alaska. There is a train boy in Alaska. Just one. Or rather there was a few weeks ago, but by this time he may be somewhere in the Mediterranean on his private yacht blowing rings from his 50-cent cigars, and swearing at his \$5,000-a-year sailing master because he cannot whistle up a breeze.

Think of being the only train boy on a railroad that brings miners with thousands of dollars' worth of gold out of the greatest mining camp in the world. There is only one railroad to Alaska—that is the White Pass and Yukon Railroad. On that railroad there is a train called the Klondike Limited. The Klondike Limited! Isn't the sound of that name enough to make a common candy butcher on the run between Peoria and Lafayette, Ind., stick his head into his basket of salted peanuts and strangle himself to death? For there is a trainboy on the Klondike Limited. On the Klondike Limited, that brings prospectors and miners and adventurers weighted down with gold nuggets back to the States civilization, and the girls they left behind them, there is a candy butcher. And all these prospectors and miners and adventurers on this Klondike Limited are bubbling over with joy that the days of their exile are over, and that soon they will be back to their boyhood homes again. Think of turning loose a candy butcher in such a crowd as that. To quote another popular song, "It seems like a shame to take the money."

The trainboy on the Klondike Limited, like his brothers on the Kenosha local, deals in peanuts, candy, books, papers, and magazines. But more than that, he sells shirts and collars and bright red neckties. He also has a full line of plug tobacco and cigars of the finest quality selected leaf. The trainboy does not like to sell cigars. He only gets 50 cents apiece for them, and they cost him 75 cents a hundred. He sells the cigars to show he's a good fellow. He didn't originally deal in shirts and haberdashery, but he found that the miners returning to civilization yearn madly for a "biled" shirt. So after he had sold the shirt off his back, together with his collar and red necktie for \$100 he decided to carry a stock of shirts and ties.

There are stringent restrictions in Alaska in regard to selling whisky, and so the trainboy doesn't sell it. He gives it away, and lets the man tip him for his trouble in pulling the cork. If the man were to give him a nugget any smaller than the size of the cork the trainboy would laughingly refuse to let him buy any more cigars, and would charge him at least \$5 for a two months' old newspaper which he ordinarily gives away for only \$1.50.

Then the trainboy sells playing cards, and the passengers are always wanting a game. He puts up the table, too, hands around the matches, and, of course, a large and substantial "kitty" is maintained on one side of the table for the sole purpose of the obliging trainboy. If anybody was to put a quarter or a silver half dollar into the "kitty" the trainboy wouldn't be angry. He uses those things to pay storekeepers for fresh goods for his next run. A Seattle newspaper man interviewed the trainboy on the last trip from Alaska. Quoth the trainboy: "Am I it? Am I? Say, ain't I a naughty boy? I know it's wrong to take the money, but I need it in my business, and, besides, as soon as I get enough I'll buy the railroad and give some other good deed a chance to fasten on to a little honest money. But \$1 for a sack of peanuts. Say, that's a penitentiary offense in Illinois. But I need the money."—Chicago Tribune.



SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

Honey dew has been a subject of recent investigations which show it to be a sugary substance obtained from the juice of the trees—such as a sycamore, ash and lime—on which it is found. The statement that honey dew is sometimes produced by other insects than aphides seems to be ill-founded, as reports indicate that the insects noticed are prisoners that have been caught by the sticky honey dew.

The sun's heat raises from the earth every minute thirty-seven billion tons of water, or say a weight equal to six times that of the Great Pyramid. Such heat could only be produced on earth by burning eight million cubic miles of coal per second—that is to say, a nice little block two hundred miles long, two hundred miles high and two hundred miles broad, weighing twelve thousand millions of tons.

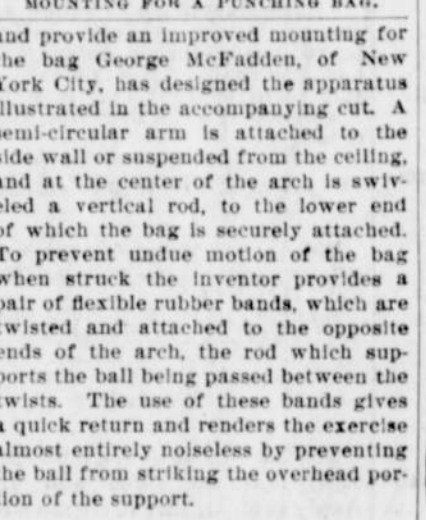
has called attention to a remarkable phenomenon of vegetable life on some of the head waters and tributaries of the Nile. This consists of enormous growths of papirus and other plants, completely covering the streams and forming carpets of vegetation two or three feet thick, beneath which flows the water. Navigation by small boats is, of course, entirely interrupted by this obstruction, which is in places supplemented by vines and clinging plants which arch the streams from bank to bank. Heavy floods occasionally sweep away the accumulations of plants, but they are quickly reformed.

Several years ago, members of the Geological Survey suggested that in former times the Tennessee River, instead of joining the Ohio, as at present, flowed into the Gulf of Mexico through the channels of the Coosa and Alabama Rivers. This conclusion has recently been corroborated in a singular manner by Charles T. Simpson, of the Smithsonian Institution. The original suggestion was based on the appearance of the land, but Mr. Simpson's confirmation depends upon the distribution of a particular form of fresh-water mussel, which, although it is peculiar to the Tennessee River, is also found in the Coosa and the Alabama. As these creatures cannot traverse the land, the inference is that formerly the waters of the Tennessee flowed southward into the streams above named.

PUNCHING-BAG SUPPORT.

Improved Mounting Designed by a New Yorker.

One of the objections to the punching bag as a method of exercise in gymnasiums has hitherto been the racket occasioned by the bag striking against the overhead shield after each blow, and there is also danger of dislodging the frame when the ball is violently moved. To eliminate these objections



MOUNTING FOR A PUNCHING BAG.

and provide an improved mounting for the bag George McFadden, of New York City, has designed the apparatus illustrated in the accompanying cut. A semi-circular arm is attached to the side wall or suspended from the ceiling, and at the center of the arch is swung a vertical rod, to the lower end of which the bag is securely attached. To prevent undue motion of the bag when struck the inventor provides a pair of flexible rubber bands, which are twisted and attached to the opposite ends of the arch, the rod which supports the ball being passed between the twists. The use of these bands gives a quick return and renders the exercise almost entirely noiseless by preventing the ball from striking the overhead portion of the support.

Hanged Two Men at Once.

Ex-Sheriff Knapp, of Wyoming County, was in town a few days ago, which recalls the fact that he is the only official of that county who ever hanged two men at the same time. The question was Rosenwieg and Blank, who were convicted of murdering a peddler in the mountains not a great way from Tunkhannock. At 11:30 o'clock the night before the execution I visited the Wyoming County jail, where the condemned murderers were preparing for the gruesome ordeal which would send them to eternity. While seated in Sheriff Knapp's office Deputy Dan Thompson entered. He carried two pine boards, probably 8 feet long and 15 inches wide, and at both ends of each were straps running through a mortice. "Will there be anything more?" asked Thompson of the sheriff. "Yes, one thing more," replied Knapp; "get a boiler of hot water, for the men want to finish up by taking a bath." There was a peculiar suggestiveness about the arrangements of the boards and I asked Knapp for what purpose they were to be used. His reply was: "Well, I have an idea that both Rosenwieg and Blank will get shaky in the knees just at the last moment, and if they do I'm going to strap them on these boards, and I guess that'll stiffen them up. All I want is to get them to stand long enough to get the rope around their necks and the black caps on, and I'll show up an execution that will be done up to the queen's taste."

Fortunately, the boards were not required for the purpose intended, for Rosenwieg and Blank met their fate on the gallows with a courage that was remarkable.—Scranton Republican.

Accommodating.

Peddler—Will you buy a mouse trap, ma'am?
Lady—No; I haven't any mice in the house.
Peddler—I can get some for you, ma'am, for a small consideration. It's rare sport catchin' 'em.
Lady—Then they might necessitate my havin' a cat.
Peddler—Well, I could provide you with one for a trifle, ma'am.
Lady—But it might prove a nuisance.
Peddler—I could sell you a dog to kill it, ma'am.
Lady—The remedy might prove worse than the disease.
Peddler—Well, I'd poison the dog cheap for you, ma'am.—Pick-Me-Up.

He Had a Good Reason.
"I notice you never criticize your wife's cooking," remarked the young benedict.
"No," replied the man of experience. "I have learned better. You see, when you criticize your wife's cooking, she is always trying to demonstrate that your criticisms are unjust, while if you say nothing about it, she has no object in going into the kitchen, and consequently leaves matters entirely to the cook."—Chicago Post.

ANDREENOW GIVEN UP

SWEDISH AERONAUT THOUGHT TO HAVE PERISHED.

Daring Explorer Yields Life in Search of Far-Away Arctic Pole—There is No News of the Missing Man During the Past Four Years.

It is now nearly four years since S. A. Andree, the Swedish aeronaut, in his balloon rose in air on Amsterdam Island and contentedly set out for the north pole. To him was attracted at once the hopeful and the anxious notice of both the scientific and the unscientific in every country. It was the most wonderfully daring attempt ever conceived of in aeronautics and it absolutely eclipsed all previous enterprises conducted in ships and looking to the discovery of the north pole.

Mr. Andree had been known as an aeronaut for twenty years, but he was something more than that. He was a theoretical mechanic, whose theories were believed to be more sound than any other man's in Sweden. He was indeed more than a theorist—he had accurate knowledge of the practical arts and inventions of his time. So well were his knowledge and abilities known that the Swedish government appointed him chief engineer of the patent office. These facts, being generally in possession of the world public, strongly predisposed a large part of that public to believe that he would be successful in his surpassing aeronautic undertaking. Nor was the idea of crossing to the pole in a balloon a new one.



DEPARTURE OF THE EAGLE.

It was of French origin and first conceived by Sivel, who in 1873 laid his project before the French Society of Aerial Navigation. But Sivel lost his life soon afterward in the accident to the balloon Zenith. The project lay in abeyance until 1890, when it was taken up again by two Parisians—Hermite and Besancon—who submitted a plan that was carefully and scientifically thought out to the minutest detail, but the means could not be raised to carry the plan into even experimental effect. Mr. Andree, however, carefully examined it and compared his own with it and studied the design for the balloon that was not built.

Proudly and majestically the balloon rose and Andree gazed with happy confidence on those who remained behind, and then he and his comrades, waving their caps, he cried out, "Greetings at home to Sweden."

To Communicate with the World.
Andree, when he started on his balloon voyage on July 11, 1897, took with



PROFESSOR S. A. ANDREE.

him twelve dispatch buoys, each containing a sphere of cork twenty centimeters in diameter, coated with a thick coat of paint, partly blue and partly yellow. At the upper portion was a copper stopper inscribed with the words, "Andree's Polar Expedition, 1896," and a number. This stopper closed a cavity cut in the cork, to receive a tube in which documents or messages from the explorers were to be enclosed. The buoys were to be thrown out at different points of the voyage of the balloon. A thirteenth, larger than the others, was to be left at that point of the route that should be nearest to the geographical pole that could be reached by the balloon.

The explorer also took with him thirty-two carrier pigeons. Some were expected to return to Dane's Island, where they had stayed for more than a month, but it was feared they would never return to Sweden, as from Spitzbergen alone they would have had to travel a distance of nearly 2,500 kilometers in order to find their dove cot. From the pole to Sweden were 3,500 meters. Such a distance has, as far as is known, never been traversed

by carrier pigeons. After these means of conveying messages had been exhausted Andree would naturally have recourse to the familiar method of inclosure in bottles.

Three days after starting a seal hunter to the west of Phipps Island, north of Spitzbergen, killed a carrier pigeon which had come from Andree's balloon. From the pigeon this message was taken:

July 13, 12:30 o'clock noon, latitude 82 degrees 2 minutes, longitude 15 degrees 5 minutes east.—Good speed toward the east; ten degrees to south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon that we have sent out.

ANDREE.
This dispatch indicated that the balloon had only traveled a fifth of the distance separating Spitzbergen from the pole, and that it was no longer going toward the north, but toward the east.

About July 22 of that year it was learned from the captain of a vessel that one of the crew had shot a pigeon between North Cape and Seven Islands, on the north coast of Lapland, bearing a message addressed to the Aftenbladet, Stockholm. It read:

Eighty-two degrees passed. Good journey. Northward. ANDREE.
From Kasnovarsk, whence a dispatch stated that on Sept. 14 at 11 o'clock at night, people in the village of Antilrowskoje, in the district of Yeneseisk, saw the Andree balloon for five minutes.

It is certain that Mr. Andree did not take sufficiently into account all the meteorological conditions. But at least four learned professors did take them into view on their comments at the time on Mr. Andree's daring venture.

Professor Bezoid held that as the winds at the pole cross one another a direct passage could not be hoped for. He argued that the distance the aeronaut must travel would be extended from 2,400 kilometers (the distance in a direct line from Spitzbergen across the polar region) to from 12,000 to 20,000 kilometers, and that the balloon could not possibly keep aloft long enough for that. But should this not prove true, the professor continued, he thought it very possible that Andree might sail over the polar regions without knowing it, since it is precisely in that part where the usual methods of navigation are likely to be faulty and difficultly pointed out, consist not in the absence of the means of help afforded by the stars, but also in the fact that the midnight sun, even if it be not veiled for hours and days in mist, alters its attitude so long that the exact moment of noon, so important for taking observations, cannot be determined. The rapid changes of longitude, moreover, which the balloon must make would render the operation of observation additionally difficult. Even should Andree succeed in crossing the pole, an extraordinary concatenation of favorable circumstances would, in Professor Berson's opinion, be necessary to render a safe landing possible.

Professor Neumayer, of the admiralty office, did not agree with those who regarded Andree's venture as a pure act of suicide, but he emphasized the impossibility of prognosticating in any degree the direction the balloon would follow. Though not denying that the voyage might be scientifically useful, he failed to see how Andree could make the necessary meteorological observations at the time he should believe himself to be crossing the pole.

Tedious Waiting for News.
Definite news was expected to be received of Andree before he had been many days out, for, as has been stated, he was prepared with supposedly reliable means of communicating with the lower world, but days passed and no news came. A month elapsed and still no news of him out of which anything much could be made. Then Andree's friends and the scientists and the public began to feel great anxiety. Six weeks elapsed and as nothing was heard of the aeronaut that could be credited, an expedition was sent out by the Swedish Geographical and Anthropological Society in search of Andree. This expedition reached the neighborhood of the Lena delta, where a most perilous portion of the journey lay before them. There they built a boat and in the necessarily frail craft crossed the open sea to the mouth of the Glenek and thence proceeded to the new Siberian Islands, where it was believed, traces of the Andree expedition might be found. But no traces were found and the searchers made their

SOUVENIR OF A TRAGEDY.

Lorgnette Presented to a Senator's Wife by Booth.

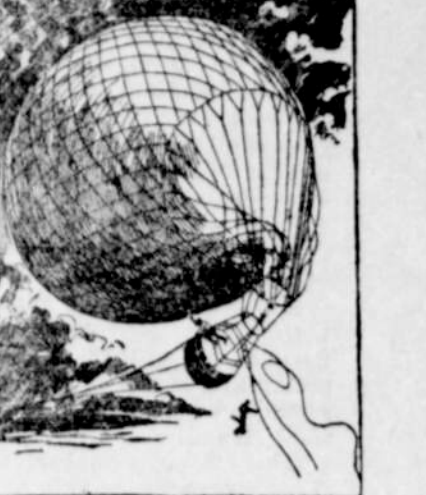
The daughter of a United States Senator has a lorgnette which was presented to her mother by J. Wilkes Booth. The story, which is now printed for the first time, is as follows: Booth rented a room the night before the assassination in the Washington Hotel, where Henry Clay died. The house was crowded with guests, and the corridors after dinner were filled with women of note and beauty. Booth, who was fond of admiration, commingled with the assemblage, and was presented to many. He carried a handsomely mounted lorgnette which a Senator's wife complimented. She knew the Booth family, Edwin Booth having been a guest at her home. This fact was sufficient warrant for J. Wilkes Booth to be unusually gracious, and when the Senator's wife admired the actor's lorgnette he begged the favor of presenting it to her. The following night occurred the tragedy. In the preliminary investigation which followed the Senator's wife and another woman who was with her the evening she met Booth were subjected to a most rigid inquiry as to Booth's manner.

The daughter of the Senator's wife, now a prominent society woman of her home, tells this story in connection with the investigation: "My poor mother was questioned and cross-questioned by a lawyer and a detective touching her meeting with Booth. But she was unable to give them any information concerning Booth's manner except that he was gallant. Hard as they tried to learn anything from her, she could remember nothing showing that, in her favor of presenting it to her. The following night occurred the tragedy. In the preliminary investigation which followed the Senator's wife and another woman who was with her the evening she met Booth were subjected to a most rigid inquiry as to Booth's manner.

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wig back to Sweden as best they could. Since then the search has in various ways been continued, but all without avail.

Imagined or faked reports of Andree's safety and exact whereabouts have from time to time been sent over the world, whose effect has been to keep alive in many people the hope that he may yet be found alive. But the opinion of the most is that he was lost



PROBABLE FATE OF ANDREE.

but a few hours or possibly days after his floating away from the sight of his friends, and yet if such were the fact it would seem strange that some indisputable evidence was not long ago discovered. But it is not so strange that no evidence of the disaster has been discovered, as would be Andree's survival after all these years in the polar region. And now again men of science and meteorological observation are going over the known facts and so long after the almost certain catastrophe are able satisfactorily to themselves to establish that Andree was ignorant or disregarding of meteorological conditions and that he was more foolhardy than any of his predecessors had been. And this appears to be true enough.

Many Foods Were Made of It at the Paris Exposition.

At the Paris Exposition there was a little showcase wherein were displayed the more important Indian corn products of this country. They made an amazing display, including the following articles:

Cornmeal, hominy, hulled corn, cream of maize, granulated cornmeal, canned green corn, canned hulled corn, malzena, sump, degerminated sump, cream meal, self-rising pancake flour, quick malt, brewers' grits, husks for mattresses, cellulose for packing the coffee dams of battle-ships, paper stock prepared from cornstarch, degerminated brewers' meal, bourbon whisky, alcohol, bolted cornmeal, hulled cornmeal, feed of ground blades, stalks and cobs, varnish, cob pipes, corn lager beer, table syrup, popcorn, table grits, British gum, salves, laundry starch, gum starch, frumentum, flaked hominy, gum paste, corn oil, vulcanized corn oil, oil cake, grape-sugar, gluten feed, glucose, confectioners' crystal, glucose and confectioners' paste. Corn oil vulcanized forms the basis of a substitute for rubber.

This substitute, compounded with 60 per cent commercial rubber, is used in rubber boots, holoem, wheel tires, blankets and other articles. Crude corn oil has been used in the manufacture of toilet soap. Rectified it is as clear as alcohol and is the base of a substitute for olive oil. Cornstarch pith is of value in making paper, varnish, films, imitation silks and gun cotton and other explosives.

Nodd—"How do you like your country home?" Todd—"It's a great place. The only drawback is that I can't sell it."—Harper's Bazar.