THE "IMMORTAL J. N."

Most Picturesque of Characters Goes to Asylum.

As a Boy He Could Speak Thirteen Languages—Mind Unhinged by a Great Criminal Trial—Has Been Insane Fifty Years.

Jacob Newman Free, "the immortal J. N.," has reached the end of his travels. He was finally adjudged insane, and will spend the remainder of his days in the State Hospital of Toledo. He is now seventy-eight years old.

Thus passes a character known in every sizable town in every State in the West. For more than half a century he lived as the birds live. No town or State could claim him as its own. In each he was at home and among friends. It is his claim, and it is not disputed, that he knows more people personally than any other living man.

For fifty years he has travelled up and down and across the country, riding free on nearly every railroad, and living without expense in the best hotels, the towns he visited, afforded.

D. H. on Every Railroad.

Still in his possession are a hundred slips reading "Good for J. N." His most treasured possession is a slip of paper signed by the leading officials of many of the biggest railroads in the country. It reads: "The immortal J. N.: pass him forever. Good on all roads from now until doomsday."

Hotel men in the towns he visited did as much. He was never known to have more than a few cents at a time, but in the fifty years of his wanderings few landlords have been bold enough to present him with a bill. It is recorded that a hotelkeeper once offered to throw off half the bill when he learned his guest's identity. "The immortal J. N." glared at the landlord then, declaring he would allow no one to outdo him in generosity, and said he would throw off the other half.

He seldom stopped in cities of more than 10,000 population, believing that in the large cities his personality would be lost. There are few newspaper offices in the country outside of the largest cities where he is not well known. Some years ago he travelled all over the country ransacking the files of newspapers for his own obituary. He has been reported dead more than once.

He is an apostle of "truth," "pressure," and keeper of the "secret of the veil." For forty years he has been promising to "lift the veil" and put "on the pressure."

Wherever he stopped in the course of his migrations his first announcement was that men called him crazy, and that he was about "to put the pressure on." This "pressure" was some mysterious force which he alone, he believed, prevented from crushing out of existence all the life of this continent.

No one has ever doubted that he was insane. He himself boasted of it. But his is an insanity that up to now inspired only friendship and sympathy. But behind his insanity and his fifty years of aimless wandering over the country is a tragic story.

Mind Unhinged by Blow.

In his youth he was an infant phenomenon. At four years of age he read almost all of the Bible, and during his teens he acquired a reading and speaking knowledge of no less than thirteen languages. During the gold craze in '49 he went West and started a stage line. Within two years he had accumulated a fortune of $50,000. A partner robbed him, and then "J. N." moved back to Ohio and began the study of law. Within a few years he stood at the top of the bar of Cincinnati.

One day he was defending a murderer in whose innocence he strongly believed. As a result of his eloquence the man was acquitted. The same day his client confessed that he was guilty. "J. N." rushed back to the courtroom and started to explain, but the strain and excitement had been too much for him. He was stricken with apoplexy. Within a short time he recovered his physical health, but never his mental poise.

HAS STUDIED STANDARD OIL.

There is the making of a most valuable servant of the trusts in South Orange in the form of a small boy whose name does not appear. Believing he had killed seven-year-old Loretta Smith, a pupil of the Columbia public school, whom he knocked senseless with a snowball, a small boy, who escaped before his identity could be ascertained, hired a negro boy for 5 cents to assume all blame for the tragedy. The girl was more frightened than hurt.

Mr. Bryan's daughter has taken to writing plays. Senator Tillman is writing a book, and Congressman Longworth is accused of writing topical songs. By next November we may have very little left to be thankful for.

UNIQUE STREET RAILWAY.

In Which the Horse and the Passengers Ride Together—Owned by a Woman.

If the spirits of the poor, departed car horses are allowed to return to the land of the living, they must chuckle (if car horse spirits do such an unseemly thing) when they witness one of their kind standing on the back platform of a street car, meditatively chewing a straw and "viewing the landscape o'er" as the car merrily glides on its way into the town. But that is a spectacle that presents itself many times a day just outside the great city of Denver, Colorado.

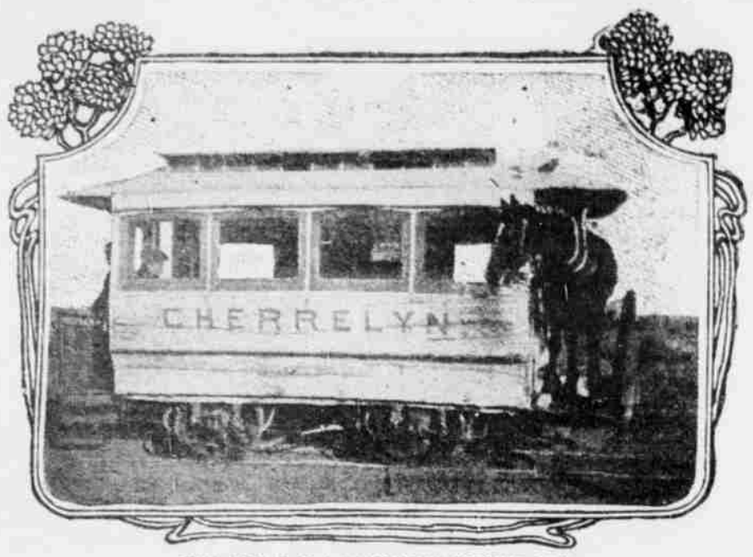
A short line of street railroads called the Cherrelyn Line, leads from one of the city terminals to the little town of Cherrelyn. It ascends gradually from the city, and its motive power, an ancient and decrepit specimen of the genus "car horse" creeps slowly up the hill, stopping frequently for breath. Once at the top however, his labors are over for the time being. He is unhitched from the car, climbs aboard the rear platform, and proceeds to make himself comfortable. When the hour of departure is reached the driver gives the car a gentle shove and the whole outfit goes spinning down the hill to its starting point.

The Cherrelyn Line is owned and controlled by Mrs. George H. Bogue, of Denver, who claims that it is the only all-gravity system in the world. There was a similar line operating in southern California a few years ago, so the claim to that distinction may be disputed. Be that as it may, however, it is one of the sights of Denver—a street car on which both horse and passengers ride.

The rolling stock of this road—represented by the single car—is not exactly up to date in style or finish. It is shabby and worn, and the rear platform, not originally designed as a stable, droops disconsolately. The sides of the car, both inside and out, are decorated with the carvings and writings of tourist fools—

Whose names are like their faces,
Always seen in public places.

Mrs. Bogue is not exactly a millionaire as the result of operating her own railroad and drawing all the salaries and dividends, and she appreciates the deficiencies of rolling stock and road-bed. But she takes keen delight in the management of the road and finds it a paying investment.



THE HORSE IS A PASSENGER ON THIS CAR.

INDIANS RAID THE TREASURY.

A band of Osago Indians has looted the United States Treasury of $32. The loot was permitted by the authorities, for the Red Men had the law on their side, the money being the expenses they were allowed by the Indian Commissioner in making the trip to Washington from their reservation. Each Osago was allowed $66 by the Commissioner. They filed into the Treasury Building, a few weeks ago, silent as oysters and presented their order. They got their money and left the department without uttering a word—only a few grunts. The names they signed or indicated by mark were well worth the money and were as follows:

O-lo-hah-wah-ha; P. Deerheart; Bacon Rind; Ne-ko-wah-tian-ka; O-loh-hah-mole; Nun-tsa-wah-hu; Arthur Bonnicastle, and Eve's-Tail-Chief.

THE RAID ON THE TREASURY.

DO RATS HAVE SOULS?

In the course of a lecture before the Psychotherapeutic Society, Dr. Ward announced that Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington, D. C., who has been experimenting with light rays, had found about five octaves above violet a form of wave similiar to x-rays, but different in some respects.

Under these rays living objects throw a shadow which exists as long as there is life in the animate object. A live rat was placed in a hermetically sealed tube and held in the path of the rays in front of a sensitized screen. So long as the rat was alive it threw a shadow. When it was killed it became suddenly transparent after a certain length of time.

"Here," said the lecturer, "there was a strange phenomenon. At the very instant the rat became transparent, a shadow of exactly the same shape was noticed to pass as it were out of and beyond the glass tube and vanish as it passed upward on the sensitized screen."

ONLY WOMAN SHIP KEEPER.

Sackets Harbor Navy Yard in charge of Woman.

Some Member of Present Keeper's Family Has Been Stationed Here Since Navy Yard Was Established Many Years Ago.

Women are steadily encroaching upon the occupations of men, and now another position heretofore filled by a man has gone to one of the fairer sex. The charge and care of a government naval establishment, almost forgotten, has been turned over to her, and for the first time in the history of the American navy a woman has the rank of "ship keeper."

The woman is Mrs. Albert H. Metcalfe. She has been placed in charge of the navy yard at Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., on Lake Ontario not far from the St. Lawrence, and will receive a salary of $365 a year.

Albert H. Metcalfe, keeper of the yard since 1868, died recently, and his position was given to his widow. The Sacketts Harbor Navy Yard is not a big establishment. It consists of an acre and a half of ground, on which there are half a dozen small buildings and a few guns used in the war of 1812.

Once Prominent Place.

It used to be a prominent place, and shortly after the close of the war a ship-of-the-line, then the biggest type of war craft built, equivalent of the first-class battle-ships of modern times, was planned, and the building begun at Sacketts Harbor. The vessel was to have been the New Orleans.

The work progressed slowly, however, and was finally abandoned, but the hull of the big vessel remained up on the stocks. Away back, probably along in the '40's or '50's, a man named Metcalfe was appointed ship keeper. In 1868 he died, and his son, Albert H., succeeded him in the position. Some years ago all that was left of what was to have been the New Orleans was torn down; but the position and title of the keeper remained.

Keeper for Thirty-eight Years.

Albert H. Metcalfe watched the government belongings around Sacketts Harbor for thirty years, and then died. During all the years the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the Navy Department has regularly submitted an estimate of $365 to Congress for the annual salary of the "ship keeper" at Sacketts Harbor, and that is probably the only place where the name "ship keeper" appears in an official way on the records.

WAS A REAL MAGICIAN.

A Bostonian was praising the other day the astronomical and literary work of Percival Lowell.

"Before the last eclipse," he said, "Mr. Lowell observed to an old colored man whom he liked:

"George, if you will watch the chickens out at your place to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock you will see them all go to roost."

"'Hi, hi,' George laughed. 'Dat's a good joke!'"

"He thought, you see, that Mr. Lowell was fooling him. But, sure enough, when 11 o'clock came the next morning the sun darkened and the chickens did go to roost. George was amazed. He sought Mr. Lowell out and said:

"'Wot you done tole me wuz true, sah. Mah chickens went to roost, sah, jist laik you said dey would.'

"'Yes, George, I suppose they did,' the astronomer returned.

"'How long, sah, did you know 'bout dis?' asked George.

"'Oh, a long time George.'

"'Did you know dey would go to roost a year ago?'

"'Yes, fully a year ago.'

"'Well, dat beats all,' said George, in an awed voice. 'Dem chickens wuzn't hatched a year ago.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

CURE FOR SEASICKNESS.

Electric Current Used to Quiet Nerves of the Sufferers.

Those who have been prostrated by the heave and the chop-chop of ocean vessels will be glad to learn that a sure cure for seasickness is promised. The ship physician of the Hamburg-American liner Patrica has found by experiments conducted on the last voyage of the ship that a simple electric vibration chair does the work, and so successfully did he demonstrate this to the satisfaction of the ship's officers

AUTOMOBILE SKATING.

Skates Run by Storage Battery Strapped to Man's Waist.

Recent cable descriptions of automobile skating in Paris have been verified. Alphonse Constantini, an Italian who lives in Paris, has been making many successful experiments with his new form of automobile skates which he invented.

The apparatus consists of two four-wheeled skates each operated by an air-cooled motor of 1 1/2 horse power capacity.

A small tank containing gasoline, sufficient for a 46 mile run is strapped

about the skater's waist. Attached to the tank are the ignition battery, the throttle lever and the spark control.

A speed of 31 miles an hour can be attained and diminished by means of the throttle lever which the skater holds in his left hand. It is claimed that almost any hill can be climbed.

HELPS BURGLAR TO ROB WEALTHY WIFE.

"I had no trouble gettin' into the house," said the reformed burglar in a reminiscent mood. "It was one of the old fashioned kind which had not been modernized, and a 4-year-old could have opened the windows. The female party that owned the house had the reputation of bein' mighty rich and sunthin' of a miser, so I thought there might be good pickin's for me in the way of old silver and the like. She had married a young man about a year before my visit who was known to be sunthin' of a high roller.

"The first room I struck that seemed promisin' was the dinin' room filled up with massive mahogany furniture like they don't build nowadays. I had no trouble in openin' the sideboard, where I found a few real silver spoons and a blamed lot o' plated trash that wasn't worth carryin' away. I was just about to leave the room when out flashed an electric light and I found myself starin' at the barrel of a pistol. A young feller in pajamas held the gun, and his hand didn't shake a bit. He had a business look in his eye, so when he told me to throw up my hands I done so without no argument.

"'How much of a haul have you made?'" he asked pleasantly. I told him only a few spoons, and that it was a low-down trick to pinch a man who hadn't got enough to pay for his trouble.

"He acknowledged there was a hoss on me, and then asked me if I was a amatoor, or could I blow up a safe without rousin' the neighborhood. 'If you have the materials with you to crack a safe,' says he, 'why, you an' me'll divide the spoils.'

"I acknowledged that I had come prepared to open anything in the hardware line, and then, with his gun p'inted, he hacked me out of the room to one adjoinin' where there was a safe in the wall. Then he told me to go to work and sat down in a chair with his pistol turned my way.

"Well, sir, to make the story short, I opened that safe with this pelican superintendin' the job. There was wads o' long green in a tin box that would choke a cow, likewise diamonds and other shiners. The boss o' the business sorts 'em over careful, and when the box was clean empty he hands me over some old breastpins and napkin rings and a baby's silver mug and told me that that was my share, while he pockets the rest as calm as ye please.

"'Now, then, about face and don't kick, for this gun is likely to go off,' says he, and heads me back to the window through which I'd entered. 'Git through there, and be quick about it, son,' he says, and then, as if to add insult to injury, gives me a push that sent me flyin' inter the back yard ready to choke with rage."

The reformed burglar here uttered some very unreformed profanity as the picture of that night rose to memory.

"When I'd got on me feet I heard a pistol go off in the house an' a yell for help and knowed who done it. There was nothing for me to do but light out. It seems that young man was the old party's husband. She'd kept him short of funds and he took this chance to make good. Now, did ye ever hear a meaner job played on a hard working man than he played on me?"

VERY BAD BREATH.

Senator Clay, of Georgia, told the following story to a number of his colleagues in the Senate cloak room a few days ago:

"Sam Jones, the evangelist, was holding meetings in my home town last summer in the open air. His subject for the particular evening of which I speak was 'Death.' He had been preaching some fifteen or twenty minutes when he reached the climax of his theme with 'My Friends, think of it. Think of it, I say. And you not prepared to die. At my every breath a soul drops dead." Then a small boy away back in the rear exclaimed, 'Why don't you chew cloves?"

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REPEATING RIFLE. This is not a cheap, single shot rifle, but a genuine REPEATING RIFLE. Shoots 250 times without stoning. Made of best steel, polished walnut stock, strong, accurate and safe. We give you Free this fine hunting rifle for selling 25 articles at 10 cents each.

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POSTMASTERS OF OLDEN TIME.

Ninety Years Ago Incomes Argumented by Acting as Agents.

The postmaster of today may think he has troubles of his own, but there was a time about the year 1817, when queer things were expected of postmasters. An old pamphlet dated April 5th, 1817, states that a "new daily and thrice a week paper" was to be printed "at the seat of government." After the virtues of the proposed publication were set forth the editor-to-be says:

"Postmasters are hereby authorized to receive subscriptions for the Gazette, and for all moneys collected and transmitted to the editor, at the city of Washington, a discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed. Distant subscribers will have their papers carefully packed and punctually forwarded to order. It is to be presumed that a copy of this pamphlet was sent to each postmaster in the United States.

Under the system that then existed this method was entirely proper and it is claimed that postmasters derived considerable income from such sources.

The "prospectus" further states that "a competent reporter will be employed to furnish the proceedings of Congress for the Gazette," and that all "interesting articles of intelligence will be carefully selected and published."

The Editor-to-be, in writing of himself says:

"As the humble guardian of the public weal, he will occasionally use the privilege he has a right to exercise, in expressing his temperate disapprobation of such measures of the country. If those opinions should sometimes be erroneous, he wishes them to be ascribed to the common fallibility of human judgment, which cannot be always in the right. As far as it may be possible, he will labor to be impartial, but that there will be a bias, and that that bias will be in favor of the present dominant party, he has too much candor to deny and too much honesty to conceal. What he can do within his humble sphere, shall be done for the good of the country, and if he fails he will console himself with the reflection that he had discharged his duty to the utmost of his ability and power."

It is announced that the fad of taking snuff is again coming into vogue in France.

Cotton fabrics of fine quality are found in Peru in tombs that date back to the time of the Incas.

Sumatra is now producing about as much coffee as Java.

Nearly all the cigarettes of the United States are made in New York, Richmond, New Orleans, and San Francisco.

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We ask you in all kindness to write to us and we will send you by return mail, at our own expense, a full trial treatment of the Greatest Hair Grower on earth. We will also send you our interesting Booklet of advice and hundreds of testimonials from delighted patients, giving their experiences for the benefit of others who have become discouraged. You will never regret answering this announcement, for it means much to you, more than you can imagine.
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