

## SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

### ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

### Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

GEORGE WHITE, manager at a New Haven restaurant, purchased a green turtle weighing forty-nine pounds, which had been captured in Kelsey's pond, off Sandy Beach. The animal was taken to the cafe, and preparations were made for cooking it. The head of the turtle was cut off in the customary way by the head cook, assisted by Ameda Cledes, the second cook. After the head had been severed it was left for a time beside the body of the animal. About an hour afterward Cledes began looking at the head, the jaws being open. He inserted the thumb of his right hand and the forefinger of the left hand, running the digits about an inch into the mouth of the animal. Almost instantly the jaws closed together, imprisoning the finger and thumb between the teeth. Cledes cried out with pain and brought to his assistance the hired cook and one or two other persons present. The digits between the jaws prevented them from closing tightly together, and gave opportunity for the insertion of a steel instrument used in pulling nails from packages, and with this the jaws were pried apart far enough to allow other iron instruments to be inserted, through the aid of which the jaws were finally pried apart and Cledes' thumb and finger released. The grip of the jaws was such that the teeth nearly severed the thumb and badly lacerated the forefinger. The injury will prevent Cledes from using his right hand for some time. The head of the animal had been severed from the body fully an hour before the occurrence, but competent authorities on the actions of turtles allege that such animals will show signs of life from six to twelve hours after the head has been severed, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for the jaws to open and close for a period of six hours.

The daughter of the late W. J. Kinsey performed an act of cool bravery in Denver, Col., the other night. She saved her pet, the family horse, from burning to death. The scene of the fire was the stable adjoining the costly residence at Eleventh avenue and Pearl street, belonging to the Kinsey estate, where live the son and daughter with a housekeeper and coachman. Miss Nettie Kinsey returned from a few days' visit to Manitou. She was accompanied home by two young friends, and at 8:45 when they reached the house they found it locked. The young ladies were afraid to attempt to enter the house by a window, and Miss Kinsey concluded to wake the coachman, Arthur George, whose sleeping-room was in the barn. When she approached the window she was apprised by the smell of smoke and the heat that the barn was on fire. Quickly the young lady recognized the gravity of the situation. She thought of the family horse, a valuable animal, and one to which she was much attached, standing in its stall crazed with fright, while the smoke and flames were nearly enveloping him. Giving the alarm to her friends the brave little lady broke the window with her umbrella and climbed in regardless of wounded and bleeding fingers. She rushed through the blinding smoke to the door, which she unbared. Then, stripping off her jacket, she blindfolded the frightened horse and led him to the open air. By this time the screams of the young ladies had brought a crowd to the scene, and some one had turned in an alarm. The fire department quickly responded and the flames were subdued.

A COUGAR incident in Asotin County is told by the Asotin (Washington) Sentinel. John Shoemaker recently went up to Cache creek to drive home a milk cow that had a young calf. He shouldered his gun and called along his dog, and after he arrived at the place he found the cow, but discovered that a cougar had killed the calf and, after eating a part of it, was engaged in burying the remainder of the carcass under sticks and leaves. The dog gave tongue and the beast sought protection in the fork of a tree, where the dog held him prisoner until the arrival of Mr. Shoemaker, who took aim and fired. The cougar fell from his perch to the ground, and this so scared the dog that he ran toward his master, who, thinking he was toward the cougar making for him, threw his gun aside and ran as fast as his legs could carry him to his home. There he told the hair-raising story of the chase the cougar had given him. A party was formed and went to the scene, where they found the cougar dead at the foot of the tree, the rifle ball having entered his neck and passed into his lungs. It is said to be the largest cat ever seen in the Joseph creek country.

WILHELM SCHMIDT, living four miles south of Cincinnati, Ohio, has become one of the most remarkable freaks outside of the museums. He has been in this country thirty-four years, but is unable and unwilling to speak a word of English, living with his wife and daughter on an isolated little farm that yields corn and potatoes enough for the trio. A visitor, from curiosity, called on the old man and thus describes what he saw: "What proved to be Schmidt sat in an armchair in the centre of the one-roomed house. Only a huge mound of hair surmounting his shoulders was visible—not a human feature to be seen. Schmidt propped his cane against his chair, and with both hands pulled this shock of hair open, showing his face, which was bleached and uncannily looking, like vegetables grown under cover. Only for a minute was the old man's face to be seen, for he dropped the curtain of hair back over it, saying in German that he did not like the light and could not endure it. The great mass of hair fell as thickly over his face in front as over the back of his head. Schmidt has worn his hair as a hiding place for his head and face for eighteen years, and steadfastly refuses to have it cut. His eyeight has been practically destroyed by having the light shut from it so long."

Mrs. D. M. MADDEN of Denison, Texas, is a lady of nerve. On a recent afternoon her little girl Mary, aged two years, was seated on the ground under a tree playing with a tin hoop, to which were attached bells. The noise of the bells attracted a large blacksnake, which crawled to the feet of the child and stretched at full length, with its head resting on her left foot. The jingle of the bells seemed to charm it, for the snake closed its eyes and was motionless. Mrs. Madden saw the snake. She did not scream for assistance, as most women would have done under the circumstances. She darted to the child, grabbed the snake by the tail and hurled it through the air. The peculiar music of the bells

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

### TESTS AND YARN BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

All She Needed—*Brutal—Prophecy Based on History—Not Tailor Made, Etc., Etc.*

#### ALL SHE NEEDED.

"Do you own a heart?" he cried, wildly, brushing the dust from his knees. "Yes," she replied, blushing, "I have Tom's."

#### BRUTAL.

Mrs. Trotter—I'm sorry you don't like this cake. The cook books say that it is anti-dyspeptic.

Mr. Trotter—I don't doubt it, my dear, but I'm willing to live and risk the dyspepsia.

#### PROPHECY BASED ON HISTORY.

"Well, I wonder what will be the sensation of the week?" queried the telegraph editor.

"If I may be permitted to speak," ventured the horse editor, "it is likely that the sensation of the week will continue to be that tired feeling."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

#### NOT TAILOR MADE.

Felicia Joy—Don't you think I look plump in this gown?

Mina Anne Pussey—Yes, indeed! Where did you get it made—at an upholsterer's?

#### NOT NAMELESS.

Happy Bachelor—Well, old fellow, and what have you called the kid?

Unhappy Benedict—What haven't I called it, you mean, old man. I didn't know I had such an extensive stock of anathemas in my vocabulary.—[Ally Sloper.]

#### DUBIOUS.

"I think I'll let my beard grow for a week," said chappie.

"Do you think it will?" asked Ethel.—[Judge.]

#### AN EXCEPTION.

I like to watch my wife when she's Crocheting Or when she's tatting mysteries Essaying.

#### I often note complacently Her shirring.

Nor does her darning prompt in me Demurring.

#### But I am spurred, I must allow,

#### To quitting

When she her alabaster brow Is knitting.

#### THE OTHER SIDE.

He—I suppose this marrying you depends on what your father finds out about him?

She—Well, partially—and partially about what he finds out about papa. Fortunately, papa has the advantage of experience.

#### DIDN'T WANT THE EARTH.

She—Ma says I am her own darling. She will think you want the earth when you ask her for me.

He—But I don't. I only want Mars' darling.

#### RATHER WIRY.

Mrs. Slimdier—What has made your throat so sore, Mr. Newboarder?

Newboarder—I think it must have been the steak.—[New York Weekly.]

#### A POLITICAL NOTE.

The old gentleman was doing his best to be entertaining to Algernon, when his daughter remarked: "Excuse me, papa, but Algy and I are convinced that harmony would be promoted by the absence of third party interference."—[Washington Star.]

#### A FRANK CHILD.

Little Kate on being introduced to an elderly maiden aunt, whom she has never seen before, innocently exclaims: "Oh, auntie, how very ugly you are!"

Being reprimanded by her mother, who bids her apologize and say that she is sorry, the child turns to her aunt and says seriously: "Oh, auntie, I beg your pardon, and indeed I am very sorry that you are awful ugly."

#### HORTICULTURAL.

Full many a flower is sowed in the bright time,

When the warm sun's aglow in the sward dewy damp, But bachelor's buttons are sowed in the night time,

In the third story, back, by the light of a lamp.

#### MARRIAGE IS NO FAILURE.

When wedded to his seventh wife He said: "I know what married bliss is,

And all the hits I've made in life I find I've made by making Mrs."—[New York Press.]

#### IT TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT.

When love in his heart had taken root, And his brain was in a whirl, And he went at night to press his suit, He also pressed the girl.

She at the action took no offense,

For she knew that more was meant;

In fact she thought him a man of sense,

And at once gave her consent.

#### POTENT FOR GOOD OR EVIL.

"Onions have their uses after all, They will often break up a cold."

"And sometimes an engagement."

#### NOT RIGHTLY NAMED.

First Boy—What sort o' birds are those?

Second Boy—Those are chimney swallows.

First Boy—Get out! Their mouths ain't big 'ough. I don't believe they can swallow anything bigger than flies.

—[Good News.]

#### SOME ADVANTAGE.

Rosalie—He's an awful homely man, my dear.

Grace—Yes, but there's something in it. He's nice and rich as can be, and when he calls has only to look at the clock to stop it.

#### THE REGULAR PROGRAMMES.

Little Mabel—if you don't stop, I'll tell mamma, and she'll tell papa, and then papa will whip you.

Little Johnny—Then I'll cry, and then grandma will give me some candy, and I won't give you any.—[Good News.]

#### ON SECOND THOUGHT.

Jack—When she declaimed I threw the engagement ring away in a rage.

Tom—What do you mean?

Jack—Well, I put it in my pocket. That's where my rage was. She was rich.—[New York Herald.]

#### THE DOG MUST BE PUZZLED.

"I don't see how you can treat your ladydog's ugly dog so kindly when he sticks his nose into your plate at dinner."

"Oh, I merely do it for appearances

sake. She sees me patting him gently on the head, but she doesn't know that at the same time I am kicking him under the table."

#### A BARON'S WOOING.

Banker—So you want to marry my daughter, Baron! Well, all I can say is that I will not consent to her marriage with any man who is not free from debt.

Baron—You are quite right, sir, and, if I am assured of your satisfaction on those conditions, I am quite ready to wait until I am free from debt.

Banker—Really! In that case my youngest daughter will just suit you. She is three years old and can wait several years for you.

#### B IT TOO TEMPTING.

Grace—How did Mrs. Duton manage to have so many men at her tea?

Rosalie—Oh, she had the wine list printed on the back of the cards she sent out.

#### FOUND A USE FOR THE BABY.

Little Dot—Ma, may I take the baby out in my carriage?

Mamma—Why, what for?

Little Dot—Susie Smif has a new doll at shits its eyes an' cries "Wah, wah, wah." I'm doin' to bendet the baby is a doll and let her hear him cry. Thee I desh' stop puttin' on airs.—[Boston Globe.]

#### RELATIVE EXPENSE.

A certain minister, not a thousand miles from here, loves a dollar with a close affection. Not long ago a young man asked him how much he would charge to marry a couple.

"Well," said the preacher, "the bridegroom pays what he pleases, but I never charge less than \$10."

"Whew!" exclaimed the prospective bridegroom, "that's a good lot of money. I thought the horse editor, "it is likely that the weak of will will continue to be that tired feeling."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

"I'm doin' to bendet the baby is a doll and let her hear him cry. Thee I desh' stop puttin' on airs.—[Boston Globe.]

#### ANOTHER EXPENSE.

"Miss Wickentree seems to be particularly popular among the young fellows of twenty or thereabouts."

"Yes. She has a way of talking to them about 'young men.' "—[Indianapolis Journal.]

#### AN EXPLANATION.

"Do you believe that knowledge is power?"

#### "I do."

"That explains then why dudes are so frail."

#### TOO MUCH STRAIN ON THE STOMACH.

"Sophie is badly troubled with dyspepsia."

"That's because he is so gullible."

"What has that to do with it?"

"He swallows everything."

#### TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

"I wish you'd tell me how to get out of debt," said a man who was depressed.

"Humph!" replied the citizen, who hasn't any credit to speak of.

"I wish you'd tell me how to get into debt."—[Washington Star.]

#### ADVANTAGE FOR ONE.

She—Well, if I can't live on my income, and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage in our marrying?

He (thoughtfully)—Well, by putting our incomes together one of us would be able to live, at any rate.—[Life.]

#### RELIABLE RECIPES.

PORK CHOWDER.—Chop one onion very fine; boil one or two beets and one dozen potatoes; pare and slice together in a dish with the chopped onions raw; melt one large spoonful of butter and pour over the whole, together with half a cupful of warm vinegar; season with pepper and salt.

SOUP.—Have ready to accompany this dish half a dozen slices of salt pork, cut thin, and fried tender. Then, when done, take out of the frying pan and dip in a batter made of 5 eggs well beaten, 1 tablespoonful of milk (sweet), and 1 cupful of flour mixed with half a tablespoonful of baking powder. Fry in the pork fat and serve warm.

CHICKEN WITH RICE.—Chicken with rice is an old familiar dish. The chicken is well pickled, drawn and trussed into shape in the same way as for roasting, but without stuffing. It is then laid on the water half a carrot, an onion with two cloves stuck in it, half a bayleaf, and a sprig of parsley. Let the chicken cook very slowly in this water for half an hour. Then add a small cup of raw rice, and let the whole cook for twenty minutes longer, still very slowly. There should be