## THE SAMOAN DISASTER.

THE AMERICAN VESSELS THAT WERE WRECKED ON THE REEFS.

aton Once the Pride of the How the Was Fired Upon at Sugran The Vandalia Had the Same Experience at Antwerp-Samoon Murricence.

The story of the loss of the war ships The story of the loss of the war ships at Samos was not credited by the officers at the Brooklyn navy yard when the first short account from Auckland was received. They argued that, if such an appalling disaster had really occurred, the news would have been embodied in a more authentic and lengthy account. But when, later in the day, official confirmation, was flashed across the oceans,



the officers and the men became very gloomy, and anxiously looked over the list of the dead. Nearly all of them had old shipmates on the lost vessels. They grew reminiscent of the traits of friends hom the list indicated had been engulfed by the waves, and one seaman on guifed by the waves, and one seaman on the receiving ship Vermont, whose brother, another seaman, was one of the Vandalia's lost, appeared quite broken. The lost brother, he said, was his only relative of whom he had any knowl-edge. The sailors collected in groups on the decks of the vessels and talked about the disaster; and such expressions as "The last time I saw Jim was in China in "79." or "I met Billy in Assignment in "79," or "I met Billy in Aspinwall last year," were to be heard all around Lieut. Nickels, of the Chicago, who has been all over the world, told a graphic tale of the suddenness and the awful sp-pearance of a South Pacific hurricane, and all said that the Pacific ocean belies its name. A sailor in the Despatch who some time ago applied for a transfer to the Vandalia and was refused was being congratulated all around, and seemed to admire himself tremendously for his luck. The officers said that neither the Nipsic nor the Vandalia was much of a credit to the United States navy, but that the Trenton was a very good vessel of her class. The harbor of Apia, where the vessels

were wrecked, is a coral reef harbor with an entrance about 1,500 yards wide and open to the north. It is not large and the anchorage ground is limited. It is undoubtedly the fact that the English steamer Calliope was able to escape be-cause she had sufficient steam up to put out to sea. But even to do this mus have been extremely dangerous, as dur-ing a storm the only way to distinguish the mouth of the harbor is by the breaking of the waves on the reefs. In the part of the Pacific in which the Samoan islands are situated the hurricane season lasts through December, January, Jeb-ruary, March and April, and it is considered rather a risk to remain during this time in the harbor of Apia, whil Pago-Pago, in the neighboring island of Tutuila, is perfectly safe, being land locked and otherwise sheltered. Hurri-



VANDALIA.

canes generally sweep up through the belt of ocean between the Tonga group and the Samoan groups. In April, 1850, and in January, 1870, the Samoan islands were visited by terrific hurricanes, which destroyed the cocoanut, banana and bread fruit crops, reducing the natives to the verge of starvation for several weeks. These hurricanes are often ac companied by earthquakes and the conjunction of the two works terrible in-

On March 26, 1883, all vessels in Apia harbor except one small schooner were driven off to sea and lost. This was attributed at the time to a series of heavy tidal waves caused by an earthquake Considerable damage was done on shore also. On the whole, however, the climate of the Samoan islands, though variable, is very pleasant, bad weather occurring only during the winter months. The mercury seldom rises higher than 88 degs, or falls lower than 70 degs. During the winter months there are long and heavy rains, attended sometimes by high winds and northerly gales.
With the exception of Capt. Mullan

of the Nipsic, it is not known that any of the American commanding officers had ever had experience in the Samoa islands, or knew of the risks attending an attempt to ride out a hurricane inside the reef.

The disaster at Apia was the most severe that has ever overtaken the Ameri can navy in time of peace, although there have been many. In 1853 the Albany, sloop of war, was lost in West Indian waters. She was never heard from after she sailed on her last cruise, and is supposed to have gone down in a cyclone with every soul of her crew of 210 officers and men. In the same year the brig of war Porpoise, with a crew of 100, went down in the China seas without leaving a trace of her end. Five years later another sloop of war, the Levant, was engulfed in the waters of the Pacific, ad not one of the crew of 200 was saved. The brig of war Bainbridge met a cyclone off Cape Hatteras in 1863. A day or two afterward a colored cook was picked up on a bit of wreckage, and he told the story of the loss of every one of his shipmates.

Some years later the old Yorktown was blown ashore near the Cape Verde islands on the African coast, but the crew co caped. During the frightful earthquake at Arica, Peru, in 1868, when the entire town, with the exception of two houses, was destroyed, the ship of war Wateree had a curious experience. She was struck by a series of immense tidal waves, one of which carried her seven or eight miles inland, depositing her in a tropical forest, where she ended her days as a hotel. The storeship Fredonia, which was anchored at Arica, was caught by the same monste wave, which rolled her over and sunk her instantly, with every soul on board. In 1867 the Monongahela, now in active service, had a peculiar experience. She was caught up by a tidal wave, carried over a number of large buildings on the island of Santa Cruz, West Indies, knocking down one of them, and deposited in the streets of a city. Workmen were subsequently sent there, and they blocked her up and launched her again. About fifteen years ago the Saginaw was cast away in the night upon one of the islands of the Pacific. Although the wreck of the Huron occurred thirteen years ago, the disaster is still fresh in the minds of people on the coast. The ship was wrecked on Currituck beach, N. C., and very few of the crew escaped to tell the story.

The Frenton and Vandalia have both seen duty in nearly every part of the world. The Trenton has been flagship on the China station, on the European station, on the handsome vandalia" as she was familiarly known among the sailors, likewise saw duty on nearly every station, but more particularly in Europe, where the navy department is always anxious to have the best of the war ships amigned. She made her name known when last on the European station by drawing upon herself the fire of the forts at Antwerp for proceeding to see without first giving notice to the authorities. Strange to say, the Trenton had a similar experience in attempting to run past the Smyrna forts in the dusk of evening. But the Trenton made her way out, though she did so with her decks cleared for action and with her crew of 400 men ion and with her crew of 400 men



TRENTON. The Trenton was once justly called the pride of the navy, for, being the last vessel built of the wooden cruisers, she was fitted with all the appliances and improvements that modern ingenuity could furnish. She was the first war ship in the world to be fitted out with electric lights, and so perfect was her arrangement that the guns aboard could be sighted with the lights and fired by

She had considerable speed during her first years in active service, and officers and blue jackets delight to tell how, when for duty in Europe, she raced a fast transatiantic steamer out of New York across to Queenstown, and beat her in by a day. The feat was ascribed as much to the splendid sailing and sea qualities of the Trenton as to her engines, for there were periods when the flagship's machinery was doing little else than keeping the screw in motion so as not to make a drag of it. To be sure, both the racers had a gale of wind at their back all the way across, which did wonders for the Trenton's great sail

The Trenton was considered the bes fighting ship the United States possessed until the advent of the new steel cruisers, and it was not long ago that some of the fighters of the navy declared their readiness to fight an Italia or a Duilio with the Trenton, claiming that they could "plug" the shot holes she received as fast as made, and in the meantime fight all around the big brutes.

The Trenton was 253 feet long, 48 feet beam and 23 feet depth of hold, with a ram projecting 8 feet beyond the bow. She was ship rigged and armed with eleven 8 inch rifled guns.

The Vandalia was built at the Boston

navy yard and launched in 1876. She was 216 feet long, 89 beam, 17.3 draught and 2,100 tons displacement. She was rated as a 12 knot ship and carried 200 officers and men. Her armament was carried on a single open deck between the forecastle and poop, there being no stern chaser or bow gun, except one light Parrott mounted above the fore castle.



MAP OF APIA HARBOR, The Nipsic was a vessel of the old war navy, but after six years of repairing at the Washington navy yard she emerged in 1979 as a practically new vessel, little but the old keel remaining. She was bark rigged, 186 feet long, 35 feet broad, drew 14.8 feet, displaced 1,875 tons and was a slow vessel as things now go, being set down as a little over 10 knots in

The great disaster represents a loss of over \$2,500,000 to the United States government.

A Woman's Invention for the Blind. Mile. Mulot, of Angers, has invented a method by which the blind can easily correspond with those who see. The invention is, therefore, a marked improvement on the Braille system of raised letters, by which persons afflicted with loss of sight correspond with each other only. Mile. Mulot's apparatus is really a little printing press in a portfolio about the size of a sheet of note paper. The blind person spreads it out and impresses the letters required on white paper, under which there is a colored pad which gives them a blue appearance, and they are thus not only brought out in relief for the touch of those deprived of sight, are also visible to the eyes of those who see. One of Mile. Mulot's blind pupils has been able, by means of this system, to take part in a competitive examina tion for the diploma of elementary teacher, and to "distance" some of the candidates who were in possession of their visual faculties.-New York Tele-

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

If Carlyle predicted as far back as 1866 the greatness of Bismarck, his wife is to be credited with prophetic instinct in forecasting the baseness and ignominy of Pigott. In her diary, under date of April 27, 1845, occurs this entry: "Young Mr. Pigott will rise to be a Robespierre of some sort. He will cause many heads to be removed from the shoulders they belong to, and will eventually have his own head removed from his own shoulders." As an instance of successful prophecy that passage is certainly re-markable. If Pigott failed to become a Robespierre of any recognized type-for Robespierre can be anything the biographer or historian chooses to make of him—he certainly has cut off more heads than poor, credulous Macdonald's, and lost his own as well. - New York Tribune,

He Was Running the Train. A good story is told about one of the Maine Central engineers, says The Bangor Commercial. Last summer when the Vanderbilt car was at Bar Harbor the manager of the Maine Central sent an engine down there to take the car to Portland. The run was made in very quick time, and at Brunswick the train stopped to take on water. While there Mr. Vanderbilt got out and said to the engineer that he didn't want him to drive so fast. The engineer, the veteran Simp-son, looked at him for a quarter of a minute, and then said: "I am running this train under orders from Payson Tucker to be in Portland at 1:07. If you want to stop here, all right. If you want to go to Portland, get in." He got in.—

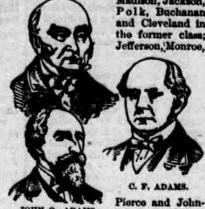
## PRESIDENTS SONS.

IT LOOKS AS IF TALENT WERE HE-REDITARY IN SOME FAMILIES.

tere Only-And of the Sens of Four Other It Is Too Soon to Treat-The Bomarkable Adams, Harrison and Tylor Pamilios.

Although the hereditary principle is in terms excluded from the governmental system of the United States, and it is easy to excite popular prejudice against some forms of its manifestation (politely called nepotism and popularly known as "daddyism"), yet there is a good deal more of it in fact than is known to those who have not made a study of the subject. There are families in whom talent of a certain kind is undoubtedly hereditary, and others that have shown peculiar talents for getting office and holding on to it. The Washburns, of New England and the northwest; the Saulsburys, of Delaware; the Hendrickses, Harrisons and others in civil life and certain families in the army and navy have held Although the hereditary principle is in their places with curious regularity through all the years aince the government was organized. And, finally, the sons of presidents have held their own with a good deal more vigor than is generally supposed.

erally supposed. It is one of the curious facts in American history that so many presidents have been childless and that so many more have left daughters only: Washington, Polk, Buchanan and Cleveland in



Pierce and John-JOHN Q. ADAMS. son in the latter.

JOHN TYLER. Considering that this leaves but thirteen fathers of sons, JOHN TYLER. and that the sons of four of these have not yet had time to show what is in them, the proportion of talent in the descendants of the others is really surprising. And of all it may be said that they have conducted themselves with honest dignity and shown the traits of good Americans. One president's son became president, another had the rare distinc tion of being the son of one presiden and the father of another, and severa others have served acceptably in very prominent places.

The Adams family have shown a uni The Adams family have shown a uniformity of talent for five generations, albeit in some instances the talent was associated with a rather testy temper. On the 26th day of October, 1764, John Adams married Abigail Smith, and on the next Sunday her father preached from the text, "For John came neither eating bread are delay. came neither eating bread nor drink-ing wine, and ye say he hath a devil," with very pointed references showing that he did not approve of the marriage. When his oldest daughter Mary married he had preached from the text, "And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her." It was the New England fashion in those days of the union of church and state and a very bad and cruel fashion it was. Not only did the stern old preacher object to John Adams' father, who was a small farmer, though a man of talent and influence, but John himself was a struggling young lawyer and an avowed

Mrs. Abigail Adams was indeed a wonderful woman, and it was the happy fortune of her son to inherit all her hi tred of injustice and all his father's political ability.

Of course, this article cannot deal at length with the life of John Quincy Adams, the first "president's son." He was born in Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767, and at the early age of 11 went with his father to France. At the age of 13 he taught English to the French ambassador to the United States, De La Luzerne. In 1780 he went with his father to Holland, and astonished the Dutch by his knowledge of Batavian antiquities. At 15 he was his father's private sec-



through Europe ROBERT T. LINCOLN. he entered Harvard college and was graduated in 1788, at the age of 21. He studied law and tried to practice it, but the times were stirring and the new nation had need of such men as John Quincy Adams. He was made minister to Portugal and then to Berlin. In 1798 he negotiated the commercial treaty with Sweden. In 1799-1800 he completed a similar treaty with Prussia. Then the Anti-Federalists came into power and he was recalled, but entered the Massachusetts legislature. His career there was what is usually called "stormy," for he tried to lay out a middle course between the conservatism of the old regime and the wild destructiveness of the new parties, and was therefore, of course, impartially con-demned by both. His splendid public services in the negotiation of treaties from 1809 to 1819 are familiar to all.

Charles Francis Adams, only son of John Quincy, born Aug. 18, 1807, main-tained the family record well. In the first eight years of his life he learned the common speech of three European na-tions, to which his father was ambassador; and after the peace of Ghent, maintained with his fists the honor of his country at an English school. American minister to the court of St. James during the civil war, he met in close diplomatic intercourse some of those he had fought as schoolboys. He was graduated from Harvard, was a law student of Daniel Webster, a candidate for vice president with Van Buren, a member of congress and finally minister to England during the darkest hour of the republic. All these positions he filled with honor and to the advantage of his country. He left three sons, in whom much of the family talent sur-

Historians have apparently not made their verdict on the son of Martin Van Buren, familiarly known as "Prince John." He was born Feb. 18, 1810, was graduated from Yale in 1828, practiced law with some success, was for a term attorney general of New York and died at sea Oct. 13, 1866, on his return from a European tour. His friends were much attached to him, and he was a popular orator; his eulogists claim that h have taken a leading place in the na-tional Democratic party, but death came just as he was passing from state affairs into the broader arena of national poliuca. mis mosner died in his childhood and his father remained a widower during his long and active political life. The other children of President Van Buren have remained unknown to fame.

It is a curious freak in the public memory that though the Hon. John Scott Harrison, son of one president and father of another, was quite a prominent mass in his time, he is known to most readers of today only by an incident which

of today only by an incident which united the dramatic, the grotesque and the horrible to a degree rarely pictured outside of French romances. A few days after his death his son, now president, went to Cincinnati to search for the course of a neighbor to be search for days after his death his son, now president, went to Cincinnati to search for the corpse of a neighbor which had been stolen from the cemetery of North Bend. Armed with the legal papers he entered a medical college and demanded a view of the "cadavers" waiting dissection. The janitor commenced raising the "cadavers" from the well, and the very first to be exposed was that of the venerable statesman, father of the searcher, his naked body and snow white hair dabbled with blood. Words cannot describe, the imagination can but faintly portray, the horror and anguish of the affectionate son. ate son.

John Scott Harrison was born at Vincennes, Ind., Oct. 4, 1804, and died at North Bend, O., May 26, 1878. He served two terms in congress as a Whig and Republican—1853 to 1857. His grandson and the present president's son, Russell Harrison, has already shown marked ability as a business man, but his poli-tical course is yet to be shaped, and this article deals with history, not prophecy. The same may be said of the still youth-ful sons of the lamented Garfield and the only son of President Arthur.



BURCHARD HAYES. DICK TAYLOR. HARRY GARVIELD. ALLAN ARTHUR Tyler's sons, through the mother, inher ited the blood of the "oldest family" in England, if not in the world. There is a clear tradition in the Isle of Man that the first convert from Druidism was nicknamed "The Christian;" his numerous descendants have that for a family name. Mr. W. A. Christian now owns hame. Mr. W. A. Christian now owns the original family seat in the Isle of Man, which has passed regularly from father to son for 479 years. The first daughter of the family baptized was given the Latin name of Letitia ("joyful"). The name has been preserved in each generation ever since, and the first wife of John Tyler was Letitia Chris-tian. The family settled in Virginia in the days of Cromwell, and has contrib-uted many noted men to the service of the state and nation. She died in the White House while her husband was

president, leaving two sons.

Their son, Robert Tyler, was born in 1818 and died in Montgomery, Ala., in 1877; he was a man of marked literary ability, and his wife, Priscilla Cooper, was perhaps the most brilliant lady in wit, humor and vivacity that ever presided at the White House, Robert Tyler was quite preprinted at the Dirig Tyler was quite prominent at the Philadelphia bar, but when the civil war began the whole family "went south;" he was register of the treasury at Richmond and went down with the Confederacy. After a brief period of prostration he became prominent as a writer, and some of his work is highly spoken of. "Maj." John Tyler, or John Tyler, Jr., the other son, had a very curious and variegated career as a soldier, politician and writer, as to which the critics are not yet agreed.

"Old Zach" Taylor was a curious sort of man, and his family were more curi-ous still. His wife absolutely refused to ever have a picture taken, and his daughter, "Betty" Taylor, afterwards Bliss, and still later Dandridge, would never allow hers to be published. But his only son, Richard, was a man of very great ability and unfaltering cour-

age.

He was born Jan. 27, 1826, in New Orleans and died in New York city April 12, 1879. He was educated in Scotland and France; was in his father's camp on the Rio Grande and took part at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma; attained civil prominence in Louisiana, and entered the war as colonel of the Ninth Louisiana. He took part in all the Virginia campaigns till late in 1862, when he was made major general of the Trans-Mississippi, where as "Dick" Taylor he surprised the country, especially several Federal generals. In 1864 he was made lieutenant general and given charge in Mississippi; but it was too late for him to accomplish anything.

The domestic history of President Pierce was unspeakably sad. Two sons died in early youth, and his wife became a confirmed invalid. On the 5th of January, between his election and inauguration, he and his wife, with their remaining child, Bennie, were on the Boston and Maine railroad when the breaking of an axle threw the car down an embankment. They escaped with a few bruises, but the handsome little boy was instantly killed. This completed the ruin of the mother's nervous system, and she lived in almost complete retirement till her death in 1863. Andrew Johnson was equally unfortunate, both his sons died suddenly, and his wife was so helpless an invalid that most of the American people thought the president was a widower during his term in office. Dr. Charles Johnson was thrown from a horse and instantly killed, and Col. Robert Johnson lay down one evening in apparently per-fect health, fell into an unexplainable collapse and in a few hours was dead.

Of all the living sons of presidents the Hon. Robert Todd Lincoln is most interesting to the people, and next to him is Col. Frederick Dent Grant, both of these having received high recognition from President Harrison—the former as minister to England, the latter as minister to Austria. The closest scrutiny fails to find in the face of Robert Lincoln any likeness to his great father; he is "all Todd." His administration of the war department was successful. He was born Aug. 1, 1843, and is therefore in the very prime of life.

As to Col. Fred Grant the Republicans of the Empire state once put him at the head of their ticket, and he bravely "shared its fate." Having held no office, his executive abilities have not been tested. The other two sons of Gen Grant, Ulysses and Jesse, have managed to maintain a pleasant and comfortable obscurity. The same may be said of young Allan Arthur, who is of a somewhat "dudish" tendency, but has time to outgrow that. Of the three sons of President Hayes one is a successful law-yer, another a good business man, and the third is preparing for an active cabe said that they "give every promise of becoming fine men." But of all the presidents' sons since Lincoln it is not yet time to speak at much length.

J. II. BRADLE.

What are the feelings of a man or a woman who has risked life itself in an effort to save people from a pestilence, and is then shunned by every one, even after the danger of contagion has passed? What could have been the feelings of a poor woman who lived not far from Count Tolstoi's estate, whose story is told in "The Truth about Russia"?

in "The Truth about Russia"?

The villagers had beep greatly excited by the fact that several persons had been bitten by mad wolved. A widow lived in a cottage with her daughter-in-law and her little grandson. One day a wolf came out of the forest and attacked one of the widow's dogs. The lad, thinking the wolf a strange dog, picked up a stick and struck it to make it leave the dog. Instantly the wolf left the dog and

and struck it to make it leave the dog.

Instantly the wolf left the dog and seized the lad. His cries brought out his grandmother, who saw him in danger of his life, and ran to save him. The wolf left the boy and rushed at the woman. As he came at her open mouthed she thrust her naked hand down his throat. His teeth lacerated her arm, but she held him until the wolf choked.

The boy, at her bidding, ran into the house for a knife; but it was some time before he could get it. The woman held her hand down into the wolf's mouth until the boy came with the knife, and then killed the brute.

The wolf had been the scourge of the

The wolf had been the scourge of the neighborhood, and the peasants as-sembled with joy to see its carcass. Sud-denly a great fear suggested that the wolf might have been mad, and that the woman might also go mad.

Weak as she was from loss of blood. and suffering from her wounds, they seized her and shut her up in an outhouse without attendance, without water, without food and fire. For twenty-four hours she lay there, almost delirious with fever, not knowing but that she might have been bitten by a mad wolf.

At last she was allowed to go at large as she showed no signs of hydrophobia, but all her dogs were killed. She asked for either a dog or a man to protect her from other wolves. The peasants heeded not her request. She recovered, but for months the pessants shunned her house, saying: "Who knows but that she may suddenly go mad?"—Youth's Companion.

Hatching Crows for Bounty.

An ingenious agricultural person who lives not very far from Boston has hit upon a new and decidedly profitable industry. There has recently arisen a demand for crows' heads, hitherto deemed valueless, and it is his purpose to supply it. Ten cents apiece the county authorities have offered for the crania of these interesting birds, from whose destructive propensities the farmers' crops have been fering seriously of late years. Under ordinary circumstances this bounty would not leave a very large margin of profit for the recipient. It costs some-thing, you see, to kill a crow. There is the ammunition, in the first place, which is expensive, and one cannot count upon slaying even a single inky feathered fowl for each charge of shot and powder. Besides, the sportman's time must be reckened in the account.

But the enterprising speculator above referred to has devised a scheme by which a maximum percentage of gain is to be secured without any risk worth speaking of. He has set up a chicken incubator of the most approved pattern, in which is placed as fast as laid the product of about 100 hen crows that have been trapped and confined, in company with perhaps a dozen cock crows. With-in fifteen days the little creatures are hatched, and a fortnight later they are ready to be decapitated. For be it understood that the head of a crow chick is worth just as much as that of an adult of the same species. At the uniform rate of ten for a dollar, dead, they pay the producer.-Albany Argus.

A Communistic Settleu I recently visited the Amina settlement in Iowa, where there are about 4,000 peo-ple living in common. I found that the community system works better among them than among any other in the country. However, there was this to be observed, that most of the communist were middle aged or old men. Hearned that the younger generation which has grown up wants to own something as individuals and leave the community as soon as possible. There are several vil-lages, Amina being the principal, and this has a pretty hotel. The landlord re-ceives the money from his guests and every day turns it over to the treasurer of the community and receives his supplies from the commissary departme It is the same throughout every branch of business in which these people engaga. It is like the general government, only no salaries are paid. Every family has a house, built at the general expense. They are all alike .- St. Louis Globe-

Ducks in a Cyclone Pit. Capt. Ingraham is a well known citizen of a thriving little town on the Huntsville branch of the Birmingham Mineral. Conductor Smith, of the Vil-

Democrat.

lage Springs accommodation, tells the following story on the captain: The captain has a deep cyclone pit as a place of refuge in time of dangerous storms. The pit has a trap door which opens when touched and closes itself Some time ago the captain purchased seven ducks and two chickens and placed them in his yard. The next day they were nowhere to be found. A careful search for the missing fowls failed to give any clew to their whereabouts, and, thinking they had been stolen, nothing more was thought about the matter.

Just nineteen days after the fowls dis-

appeared the captain had occasion to open his cyclone pit. The first thing that met his gaze were the seven ducks and two hens. They had stopped on the trap door and had been dumped into the pit, the door closing behind them. The wonderful fact of it is that though

they had been in the pit nineteen days without food or water they were alive. After the fowls were removed from the pit it was noticed that they walked very awkwardly. A careful examination revealed the fact that they were all as blind as bats. - Birmingham (Ala.) News.

An Old Testament Mistake.

A Parisian paper calls attention to a singular mistake in the revised version of the Old Testament, or rather to the perpetration of an old error. It occurs in Il Chronicles xxii, 1, where Ahaziah is described as, at the age of 42, having succeeded his father, who died at the age of 40. Seeing that another, and a perfectly possible account of the same circumstance is given in II Kings viii, 26, it is surprising that the obvious error should have escaped correction. Ac-cording to the Book of Kings, Ahaziah's real age at his accession was only 22. At the time of Ahaziah's birth, therefore, his father was 18-a fair age for a Syrian father of a firstborn. This particular error is older than the art of printing It dates back to some ancient Hebrew copy of the Book of Chronicles. It is re-produced in the Dousi version of the Old Testament.—Isas Francisco Chronicle. ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED.

HEROIC DEFENSE OF A SHIP AT-TACKED BY A SAVAGE HORDE.

in Adventure in the South Pacific Ocean in 1838—Dunky Savages, Who Fought with Spades-Capt. Jones Whipped a Hundred of the Flonds.

About 1835 Capt. Silas Jones, now president of the First National bank of this town, sailed from Wood's Holl as third officer in the ship Awashonks, Capt. Collins, on a four years' cruise in the South Pacific ocean. This voyage was one of most intense excitement and hairbreadth adventure, and, while Capt. Jones is of a cutet and unassuming. Capt. Jones is of a quiet and unassuming character and not fond of putting his glory before the world, yet your correspondent obtained a story full of interest and one that is not known to have been

published, although in years past it was a theme of much discussion.

The vessel had a crew of about thirty-five men, including captain, first, second and third officers, and made the voyage around Cape Horn without incident. ruised about the South seas, and when eighteen months out had 900 barrels of fine oil in her hold. "WHERE ONLY MAN IS VILE."

Closing in with a group of islands just north of the equator, Capt. Collins de-cided to make a trade with the natives. The ship was hove to, with most of her sails set, in a small bay where the calm water reflected the strip of white sand, green palms and tropical plants that skirted its margin as well as the purple hills of the interior. A number of native dugouts put out to the ship and made fast to her chains,

and the savages clambered over the ves-sel's rail. At a favorable signal a fierce yell burst from their dusky throats, causing the ears of those who heard it to tremble and their hearts to quail. In less time than it takes to write it the ship's decks were full of natives, and the unarmed crew made for the rigging, jibbooms and forecastle, in fact anywhere

to escape the bloodthirsty islanders.

The fight that ensued was a desperate and indiscriminate melee. The natives had been so sure of a surprise that they had formed no planof attack, depending entirely on their overwhelming numbers At the first rush Capt. Collins and the second mate were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with some of the savages who had availed themselves of the ship's cutting in spades, and the poor men were immediately hacked to pieces. Thomas Offord, of Falmouth, a seaman, made a bolt for the forecastle, and received a blow from a spade. He carries the scar across his forehead to this day, and it is a most unpleasant reminder of that

bloody massacre.

Capt. Jones, then a youth of about 20, found himself surrounded by a number of infuriated natives, each struggling for a whack at him with the keen ed spades. He managed to parry the blows, jumping into the vessel's hold and crawled among the tiers of oil casks into the cabin. Here he found the steward and two seamen on the floor, covered with wounds, inflicted by the murderous spades. The rest of the ship's company were either aloft or cooped up in the forecastle. In one corner of the cabin was the magazine containing the muskets and ammunition. Seizing the muskets. Capt. Jones gave them to the wounded men to load, while he set about rescuing the Awashonks.

ONR AGAINST A HUNDRED. The natives were scattered over the deck stealing what they could get their hands on. They plucked up the ring-bolts from the decks and rails and tugged at them when two tons strain would not have pulled them out. They pried at bolts and straps, picked at nail pipes and threw them into the canoes. The chief, an ill visaged rascal, was at the wheel endeavoring to beach the vessel, but he was not up in navigation. First he put the wheel down, and the sails not filling he put the wheel up. Slowly the Awashonks headed off and gathered headway toward the beach. An Indian who lived in Mashpee, some ten miles from here, cut the braces and the sails were taken aback. A shower of arrows and heathenish maledictions were hurled at him as he sought shelter in the tops. The vessel lost headway, but the chief continued his experiment

without the rudder. The cabin, where Capt. Jones had taken refuge, was lighted by two windows in the stern and a large skylight overhead. When the enemy peered into these spertures a well directed bullet sent them away in hot haste. For over an hour this skirmish between a desper-ate man and a hundred murderers continued. As fast as the wounded men could load the muskets Capt. Jones would put their contents where they did the most good, and the islanders began to have wholesome fears of the windows and set about devising some better method of attack.

Looking up through the skylight during the quiet that followed Capt. Jones saw the chief at the wheel in his frantic endeavors to beach the vessel. Taking careful aim at his broad, naked chest, he pulled the trigger. The bullet passed brough the deck, and having spent its force, rolled along the planking to to chief's very feet.

The savage left the helm, inspected the bullet hole, and then laid a piece of board over the splintered plank; he then re-turned to the wheel as unconcerned as could be. Another bullet from the musket pierced his heart and the lifeless form rolled into the scuppers.

At the death of their chieftain the fal-

anders fied panio stricken to the shore, and the Awashonks was laboriously put to sea. She soon fell in with a merchantman, Capt. Proctor, and was brought into Wood's Holl by a portion of the merchant crew. Capt. Jones was offered a master's berth

by the owners of the whaler he had so bravely defended, and up to 1864 he fol-lowed the sea in that capacity. Three of the crew now live in this vicinity, and two of them bear scars that tell a tale of sore wounds received in the fray.—Falmouth (Mass.) Cor. New York Herald.

A Poet's Absence of Mind "Ring the bell," said Mrs. Words worth to the old servant who narrated this, but he wouldn't stir, bless you "Goa and see what he's doing," she'd say, and we gos up to t' study door and hear him mumbling and bumming through it. "Dinner's ready, sir!" I'd ca' out, but he'd goa mumbling on like a deaf man, and sometimes Mrs. Wudsworth 'ud say: "Gos and break a bottle or let a dish fall just outside t' door in t' passage." Eh, dear, that mostly 'ud bring him out, would that. It was only that as wud, however. For, ye kna, he was a vera careful mon, and he couldn't do wi' brekking china."—Wordsworth-

The most remarkable time made in communicating by means of electricity with the old world was that in the case of Hermann Muentefering, of this city, recently. At 10:30 in the morning he cabled Bonn, in Prussis. Returning to town after lunch, less than one hour and a half later, he found his message answered. In that time, in round numbers, 10,000 miles had been traversed.—Omaha

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Andrew Downing, of Craoburg townst Venango county, gave his child one tempor tel of the genuine Dr. O. Motane's Catoburg Verminge, and she pessed 177 worms. For morning in repetition of the dose she pessed Joseph C Allen, of Amboy, gave a Son of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated very mitings to a child of six years old, and to brought away as worms. He soon after gave another does to the same child, which prompt a way to more, making 123 worms in about it

Away to more, making Ltd worms in about it hours.

Mrs. Quicby, No its Reporterest, New York, writes us that she had a child which had been unwell for better than two menths, also precured a bott of the genuine Dr. C. Belance Vermifuge and ad nit stered it. The shed passed a large quantity : I worms, and its lew days was as hearty as every that been law days with such tendency before them should not hearts when those is any reason about not hearts when those is any reason large, it never his and is perfectly sale.

This is to certify that I was troubled with a tape worm for more than it months. I fried all the known remedies for this terrib's affliction, but without being able to destroy it. I took aboutle of the genuine Dr. C. Relance's Vermifuge, prepared by Freming Bros. Pitchurg, Pa., which I took according to directions; and the result was I discharged one farm to p. worm, measuring more than a yard, besides a humber of small ones.

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