

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1889.

For a vacancy which will occur in the corps of chaplains in the army on August 29th, there have been filed already 250 applicants.

DAVID's last work is written to prove, by illustration mainly, that literary men and artists ought not to marry. As usual with such demonstrations, the brilliant exceptions only prove the contrary rule.

GOVERNOR ROSS, formerly of Kansas, and one of the United States Senators who stood by Andrew Johnson in the impeachment proceedings, is now employed as a printer in the office of the Santa Fe New Mexican.

A Judge in Ohio has decided that ice cream is a necessity and not a luxury, and thus charged a Cincinnati jury last Monday. In the event of female suffrage ever becoming a law that Judge's political future is more than assured.

MISS ALBERTA GALLATIN, a granddaughter of Albert Gallatin, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Miss Alice King Hamilton, a descendant of Alexander Hamilton, have been engaged by Daniel Frohman for the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

THE practice of cremation is spreading rapidly in Italy. In forty-two communities it has been adopted to the exclusion of every other method of disposing of dead human bodies. In twenty-one communities furnaces have been in operation for several years. In nineteen communities the authorities are trying to raise money for the erection of crematories.

THE New York Herald has become a great newspaper. Hence it pokes a little fun at the editor of its modest contemporary, the Dexter Sentinel, who announces his matrimonial felicity in his own editorial columns thuswise: "Ye editor was married yesterday to Miss Mary Sellett, one of the most charming ladies we have ever met. Those owing us on subscription or job work will greatly facilitate the purchase of rag carpets, cord wood, baby carriages, &c., by settling at once."

THE Attorney-General has given the Secretary of the Treasury an opinion to the effect that there is no legal objection to the transit through United States territory of the Chinamen recently arrived at New Orleans from Cuba enroute to China, via San Francisco. The Chinese Minister has asked that these men be permitted to cross the United States on their way home, and it is probable, in view of the Attorney-General's opinion, that his request will be granted. This opinion is in accord with the decision given by Solicitor Hepburn on the same question some weeks ago, which was, however, not accepted by the Treasury Department.

IS IT GENUINE?

An Old Love Letter Attributed to the Hon. Jefferson Davis.

The following letter from Jefferson Davis, then a Lieutenant in the army, to Miss Sarah K. Taylor, who subsequently became Mrs. Jefferson Davis, was captured by an Illinois soldier during the war, and is now published for the first time:

FORT GIBSON, Dec. 16, 1834.

'Tis strange how superstitious intense feeling renders us, but stranger still what aids chance sometimes brings to support our superstition. Dreams, my dear Sarah, we will agree are our weakest thoughts, and yet by dreams have I lately almost crazed, for they are of you, and the sleeping imagination painted you not such as I left you, nor such as I could like and see you, for you seemed a sacrifice to your parents' desire, the bride of a wretch that your pride and sense equally compelled you to despise; and a creature here telling the on dits of the day at St. Louis said that you were "about to be married to a Dr. McLarmin," a poor devil who served with the Battalion of Rangers.

Possibly you may have seen him—but at night the vision was changed; you were at the house of an uncle in Kentucky; Capt. McCru was walking with you; when I met you he left you, and you told me of your father and of yourself almost the same that I have read in your letter to-night. Kind, dear letter! I have kissed it often, and it has driven many mad notions from my brain.

Sarah, whatever I may be hereafter I will ascribe to you; neglected by you, I should be worse than nothing; and if the few good qualities I possess shall under your smiles yield a fruit it will be yours, as grain is the husbandman's.

It has been a source productive of regret with me that our union must separate you from your earliest and best friends, a test to which the firmest of few are equal, though, giddy with passion or buoyant by the hope of reconciliation, there be many who brave it. From you I am prepared to expect all that intellect and dignified pride brings. The question as it has occurred to you is truly startling. Your own answer is the most gratifying to me that I should expect from you, for as you are the first one with whom I ever sought to have one fortune, so you would be the last from whom I would expect desertion.

When I wrote to you I supposed that you did not intend sooner to return to Kentucky. I approve entirely of your preference to a meeting elsewhere than at Frairie du Chien, and your desire to avoid any embarrassment which might widen the breach made already; it can-

not be greater than my own. Did I know when you would be in St. Louis I could meet you there; at all events we meet in Kentucky. Shall we not meet, Sarah, to meet no more? Oh, how I long to lay my head upon that breast which belongs in union with my own! To turn from the sickening sights of worldly duplicity, and look in those eyes so eloquent of purity and love!

Do you remember the "heart's ease" you gave me? It is as bright as ever. How gravely you ask leave of me to ask a question. My dear girl, I have no secrets from you. Have a right to ask me any question without even an apology.

Miss Bullitt did not give me a guard for a watch. But if she had do you suppose I would have given it to Capt. McCru? But I'll tell you what she did give me—a most beautiful and lengthy lecture on my and your charms, the which combined once upon an evening at a "fair" in Louisville. As she was one of the subjects of conversation we had apart from ourselves that evening, you can and I have left you to guess what besides a sensibility to your charms constituted my offense.

The reporters were absent and the speech I made is lost.

Pray what manner of messages could be better than Elvin has sent you concerning me? I hope no attempt to destroy harmony. I laughed at her demonstrations against the attachment existing between myself and a subaltern of dragoons. But that between you and me is not a fair game; it is robbing me make another poor; but no! She is too discerning to attempt a thing so difficult, and in which success would be valueless.

"Miss Elizabeth, one handsome; lady" at Knox. What did you put that semicolon between handsome and lady for?

I hope you find in the society of the Prairie enough to amuse if not to please.

The griefs over which we weep are not those to be dreaded. It is the little pains—the constant falling of tiny drops of care—which wear away the heart.

I join you in rejoicing that Mrs. McCru is added to your society. I admire her more than any one else you could have had.

Since I wrote to you we have abandoned the position in the Creek Nation and are constructing quarters at Fort Gibson. My lines, like the beggar's days, are dwindling to the shortest span.

Write to me immediately, my dear Sarah, my betrothed. No formality is proper between us. Adieu. JEFF. To Miss SARAH K. TAYLOR, Prairie du Chien, M. S.

A GENEROUS GIFT.

A Brooklyn Man Sends Ten Dollars to Little Joe Dixon—Joe Has Received the Money and Says He is All Right.

Yesterday we received the following letter from the editor of the Brooklyn (N. Y.), Daily Standard-Union:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 23, 1889.

To the Editor of the Standard-Union:

DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find check from Mr. Alphonzo Smith for Joe Dixon, mentioned in clipping attached. The check was given us to forward to him, which we do through you. Will you please see that he gets it, and have him acknowledge it in some way to this office? Brooklyn's sympathy for you all in your great trouble has been sincere and responsive.

Very truly yours,
WM. BERRY, Standard-Union.

The check for ten dollars has been handed over to Joseph W. Dixon, the newsboy, whose stand is north of Lincoln bridge, near the Pennsylvania Railroad station. He expressed his thanks nicely for the kind gift of Mr. Alphonzo Smith and for the interest the Brooklyn Standard-Union took in sending the money.

The following is the "clipping" that attracted Mr. Smith's attention: INCIDENTS IN THE RUINED CITY—LITTLE JOE DIXON'S MISFORTUNE—THE VELOCITY AND HEIGHT OF THE FLOOD.

JOHNSTOWN, June 10.—One of the characters of Johnstown who did not drown is little Joe Dixon, the fifteen-year-old newsdealer. A few days before the flood he purchased a news stand of his own for \$150 and thought his fortune already made. A stout friend picked him up and carried him to a place of safety when the wave swept over the town. From where he stood he could see his \$150 business going up into the air, stock and all. His father was drowned, his mother badly injured, and all that the family owned was destroyed. Their sole dependence now is upon little Joe, who is already trudging about peddling papers as contentedly as though he had never tasted the sweets of being an independent proprietor. He is actively at work, however, disputing for a share of the business with the only firm of regular newsdealers that survived the flood, and expects to be ready to set up a store of his own as soon as the town is rebuilt. He is short and stout, wears knickerbockers yet, looks about twelve years old, and talks business with the dignity and ease of a man of mature years. He laughs about the way his \$150 flew up in the air when the water struck it, but adds, more soberly:

Good Work.

The goodly services rendered to the people of Johnstown by Mr. George L. Remington, one of the partners in the firm of Farrel & Co., must not be overlooked. Notwithstanding much important work which required his services in Philadelphia, he forsook everything and landed in Johnstown on the fourth of June, when he commenced his work of recovering safes under almost insurmountable difficulties. He and his staff of men were to be met with everywhere—now on top of a pile of debris, again burrowing beneath it—but always successful in the issue. The amount of work accomplished by him before leaving, certainly deserves the highest thanks the people of Johnstown can give.

Rectitude Was His Pride. "All your show cases are upright ones, I see," said a customer to a Broadway storekeeper.

"Yes, sir," was the proud reply. "We aim at consistent rectitude all through the establishment."

The sun-flower is blooming over the garden wall.

THE FIRST SUIT.

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS BROUGHT AGAINST THE SOUTH FORK CLUB.

The Widow of John A. Little, Drowned in the Flood, Asks for Fifty Thousand Dollars Damages—The Action Entered in Allegheny County Courts.

Suit was entered in the Courts of Allegheny county Saturday against the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club, by the widow of John A. Little, the commercial traveler, who lost his life in the Hulbert House. The amount asked for is \$50,000.

After a long statement by the plaintiff's setting forth the reasons for bringing the action, the Pittsburgh Leader says:

"After the filing of the above suit yesterday an effort was made to see James H. Reed, Esq., one of the prominent members and presumed legal representative of the South Fork Club, but he was out of the city. In a former interview had with him on the subject, however, he said that he had most carefully examined into the question and could not see how a suit for damages could stand. The breaking of the dam was caused by extraordinary circumstances over which the Club had no control, and which no one had any idea would ever arise. There was no negligence on the part of the Club as it had engineers to examine the dam, and these engineers had pronounced it safe."

ANOTHER SUIT TO BE BROUGHT THIS WEEK.

Messrs. John Thomas & Sons will likely enter suit against the same Club this week.

In an interview Saturday Mr. Thomas said:

"We have all the financial backing we want and the money is all ready as soon as Mr. Rose is able to go ahead. We have also had advice from prominent lawyers of other places that we have a good case, and you may assure the public that it will be pushed vigorously. We have moved somewhat slowly in the matter, preferring not to make any mistake, but everything is ready now. Other prominent attorneys have been engaged to assist Mr. Rose, and while we are anxious that he should take the lead in the matter, if his health continues so poorly we may be obliged to ask some of the other attorneys in the case to enter the suit. No, there is no intention of letting the matter drop, and suit will likely be entered next week." "As to our chances of success," said Mr. John Thomas, "we are very sanguine, and all our counsel have advised us that we will certainly win. The fishing club was a chartered institution, and as such was obliged to use necessary precautions to make their dam safe, and have no excuse for maintaining a nuisance that was a menace to life and property, as this dam was."

FELL FROM THE SECOND STORY.

A Daughter of Mr. John Stenger Falls Twenty Feet and is Badly Injured.

Saturday morning about 10 o'clock, Gertrude, the fourteen-year old daughter of Mr. John Stenger, fell from the second story of her father's building on Main street, into the cellar, a distance of some twenty feet. She alighted on her head, and sustained serious injuries, though not necessarily fatal unless inflammation should set in. A severe crash on left temple clear into the bone, and small fracture of the skull are the worst injuries, though she was bruised and shaken all over the body. Drs. Wakefield and Schill were summoned, and done all they could for the child. She was resting somewhat easier last evening, but is not out of danger by any means.

Not the Facts.

Our attention has been called to an article in a Pittsburgh paper of yesterday (Sunday), in which, under the heading of "Miss Barton's Tea," that lady is represented as expressing very "vigorous views" upon the saloons, their occupants, and occupations in this town. We were present at that gathering, and we confidently say that every person present will bear testimony that not the slightest allusion was made in any manner to this subject, or to any other which could possibly call in question the doings of any person or class of citizens. Miss Barton would naturally not be supposed to favor the too free use of intoxicating liquors, but has not the bad taste to invite the citizens of this town to a repast and make the occasion an opportunity for a public attack upon their neighbors.

More Relief for Johnstown.

The R. W. Grand Master of Masons of Pennsylvania, Clifford I. McCalla, was in town on Saturday last for the purpose of arranging for the distribution of the fund of over \$41,000 in his hands to the Free Masons of Johnstown, their widows and orphans who are sufferers from the flood. The best spirit prevails, and the Grand Masters views have been unanimously approved by the representative brethren of both of the Johnstown Lodges. There also arrived from Philadelphia, Charles D. Freeman, D. G. Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, I. O. O. F. James B. Nicholson, Grand Secretary, and Col. M. Richards Muckle, Grand Treasurer, who after visiting the headquarters of the Red Cross Society, and paying their respects to Clara Barton, met at the Odd Fellows Hall. Col. John P. Linton, Chairman, and Wm. T. Collier, Treasurer of the local committee of Odd Fellows, was paid over a check of \$23,000 for further relief of the members of the order, widows and orphans sufferers by the flood disaster. This sum in addition to the \$30,000 left with the committee a few weeks since, makes \$53,000 contributed for the purpose and turned over to the local committee.

THE HOSPITAL.

The Philadelphia Branch of the Red Cross Society.

The following is the Staff: Commandant—Robert S. Wharton, M. D.; Chief of Staff—Dr. H. A. Starkey; Assistant—Dr. R. T. Garrett; Commissary—Charles S. Harvey; Quartermaster—S. H. Evans; Nurses—L. W. Bacon, Jr.; W. T. Montgomery; Matron—Miss Isa Irvin; Nurse—Miss L. L. Dock; Ambulance Driver—W. Williams.

Since the great calamity which visited Johnstown on that black Friday, the 31st of May of this year, the Philadelphia Branch of the Red Cross Society has expended through the medium of the above staff of officers the munificent sum of \$25,000 in relieving those who suffered by the flood. The Society arrived here on June 5th by special cars, and located itself on a siding in front of Sandyville Cemetery at Hornerstown. Dr. J. Wilkes O'Neill was then in command. On the morning of the 6th June, tents were pitched alongside the Poplar street bridge, and the work of the society commenced in earnest. Miss Clara Barton and her staff occupied adjoining tents, her work being principally in distributing raiment. The Philadelphia branch brought along with it a full car load of provisions and immediately opened their commissary under the charge of Mr. Charles S. Harvey, with Mr. G. H. Prindle as quartermaster, in relieving the immediate wants of the starving multitude. Two hundred families were thus supplied daily, and in addition to this, the whole staff assisted in the burial of the dead, the Rev. Father Field, of St. Clement Church, Philadelphia, conducting the services. This noble work was uninterruptedly carried on until the 14th of June, when it was unanimously decided by the Philadelphia branch to establish a hospital for the better relief of the sufferers.

A fine healthy site was chosen in what is called Orn's Orchard, and an application was made to General Hastings for twenty-one tents which was immediately granted and the following morning saw the military arranged hospital as it stands to-day. At first Dr. Alexander Biddle was in charge, but as time passed on, his return to Philadelphia was an absolute necessity and Dr. H. A. Starkey succeeded him.

On an average, including the dispensary work, thirty cases have been treated daily. The principal affections dealt with being malaria, measles, dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, nervous prostration, diphtheria, and erysipelas, surgical cases, caused by the flood, and otherwise; fractures, and contused wounds. The time is now approaching when the services of this temporary hospital will be consolidated or dispensed with. If the former, it will go to form the nucleus of the Clara Barton Memorial Hospital to be erected on a suitable site in the vicinity of Moxham. If the latter, it will retire from Johnstown crowned with the greenest laurels ever earned by any charitable institution and the grateful thanks of a grateful people.

Military News.

Colonel Thomas Potter, whose handsome presence and kindly manner has made him one of the most popular officers stationed in Johnstown since the flood, takes his departure for Philadelphia on August 3d, and will carry with him the well wishes of all who knew him during his sojourn amongst us.

Porch Bros. have kindly lent the officers stationed at Camp Hamilton, one of their fine organs, and sweet strains of melody may be heard floating around the camp every evening when work is done.

Vocal concerts are held nightly at Camp Hamilton, assisted greatly by Captain Nesbitt and the officers of the 14th Regiment, who spend almost every evening in this delightful pastime.

Sergeant J. W. Beam, of the 14th Regiment, as Commissary Sergeant, is giving great satisfaction at headquarters, by the excellent cheer he is providing for Company C.

Dennis O'Connell, one of the employees of the State Arsenal, assisted by Sergeant H. P. Moor and Corporal J. M. Bell, is proving himself a reliable and efficient servant by the praiseworthy manner in which he is looking after the State and Ohio canvas.

Hat Flirtation.

From the Boston Globe.

Wearing the hat squarely on the head—I love you madly.

Tipping it over the right ear—My little brother has the measles.

Pulling it over the eyes—You must not recognize me.

Wearing it over the back of the head—Ta, ta; awfully awful.

Taking it off and brushing it the wrong way—My heart is busted.

Holding it out in the right hand—Lend me a quarter.

Leaving it with your uncle—I have been to a church fair.

Throwing it to a policeman—I love your sister.

Using it as a fan—Come and see my aunt.

Carrying a brick in it—Your cruelty is killing me.

Kicking it up stairs—Is the old man around?

Kicking it down stairs—Where is your mother?

Kicking it across the street—I am engaged.

Hanging it on the right elbow—Will call to-night.

Hanging it on the left elbow—Am badly left.

Putting it on the ground and sitting on it—Farewell forever.

NOBLE RED MEN.

GREAT CHIEFS OF THE IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN IN THE CITY.

Five Thousand Dollars Distributed to the Members of That Organization—Destitute Families Were Cheered by Their Generosity.

The Great Chiefs of the Improved Order of Red Men of Pennsylvania, during the past two days have been welcome visitors in this city. They met the members of Kickenapawling Tribe, No. 60, and Kiskiminetas Tribe, No. 66, at Uptegrove's Hall, on Locust street, yesterday, and generously and with painstaking care distributed about five thousand dollars among the members who have suffered by the great calamity.

The gentlemen in charge of the funds were William G. Myers, Great Sachem; Thomas K. Donnelly, Great Chief of Records, and George W. Kramer, Great Keeper of Wampum. These gentlemen quietly and kindly performed their mission, and many destitute and suffering families were cheered and made glad by the visit of these noble and distinguished Red Men. Many of the benevolent organizations of the State have been generous in their help to the members of their organizations in this place, but in proportion to the number of membership and wealth, the Improved Order of Red Men is second to none in good deeds of charity.

The Great Chiefs departed yesterday afternoon for Williamsport, where they will distribute the balance of their relief fund.

ALMOST A FRIGHTFUL WRECK.

Runaway Cars in the Company's Yard Barely Miss Killing a Number of People.

Wednesday forenoon just as the Day Express pulled into the station, people on the platform were alarmed by a terrible crash, seemingly on the opposite side of the track. Passengers from the train quickly alighted when it was discovered that a wreck had occurred in the yards of the Cambria Iron Company adjacent.

It seems that a train of about fifty coke cars that had been standing above the blast furnace, by some means were started down the track. The grade is steep there and as there was no one to control them they soon gained rapid headway. Mr. William Wilson, foreman in the yard, and Mr. Edward Hayes, engineer of one of the engines, happened to be standing near this end of the track. Wilson told Hayes to board the train and draw the brakes while he ran to the switch. He got there ahead of the train and opened the switch to run the cars out on the siding and up along the Pennsylvania railroad. Seeing crowds of people there, however, who would have no warning whatever until the cars would be upon them, he acted on his next impulse and switched them on the sidetrack ending at the corner of the yard. Here the runaway train struck two box cars and a passenger car that were used by the employees of the freight and passenger stations for sleeping quarters. Both box cars were broken to pieces, half a dozen coke cars were knocked off the trucks, and another box car was shoved off its trucks and through the fence. Three cooks were preparing dinner in one of the box-cars that was demolished, but, strange to say, they were not seriously hurt. While the accident was serious enough, it was indeed lucky under the circumstances that no one was killed.

Mr. Alex Starkhouse, superintendent of the Motive Department, who was present, is at a loss to understand what caused the cars to start, as they had been standing still full twenty minutes.

RESCUED FROM THE FLOOD.

And Get Seriously Hurt in a Runaway—J. B. Strayer and Family, Formerly of Market Street, Thrown From a Wagon in Hudson, Iowa.

At the time of the great flood here Mr. J. B. Strayer, wife and child, lived at No. 63 Market street, and their house was swept away. They with many others were saved in the attic of Doctor Walter's house. Mr. Strayer was considerably injured in the flood, and on account of his poor health they concluded to visit his brother and sister who lived in Blackhawk county, Iowa.

It seems, however, that they had not met all their bad luck, for on Monday of this week they met with an accident that came near ending their lives. They were all in a dog-cart driving out from the village of Hudson, when the horse became frightened and ran away. As they reached a bridge Mr. Strayer was thrown out against the timbers with such force as to render him unconscious. His wife and child were thrown out a few rods further on, and as they rose to their feet were appalled to see Mr. Strayer drop into the creek below, a distance of sixteen feet. Mrs. Strayer's screams that her husband was killed soon brought assistance, and in about ten minutes from the time he fell, he was removed, he having regained consciousness after striking the water, but was unable to move on account of injuries received. Medical aid was summoned, when it was found that all of the party had received very severe bruises. Mr. Strayer's injuries being the worst, as several bones in his leg were broken, and it was severely lacerated. From a letter received yesterday it is stated that while the injuries of all three are very painful, they are not thought to be alarmingly serious.

An evening bath is a great luxury at this season.

MARRIAGE OF THE BILQUA.

Ceremonies Performed by the Indians of British Columbia.

Ph. Jacobson, in a letter to his well known brother, Capt. A. Jacobson, which is published in "Solence," gives the following description of the marriage ceremonies of the Bilqua Indians of British Columbia. An Indian who intends to marry calls upon his intended wife's parents and arranges with them how much he is to pay for permission to marry the girl. Among people of his descent this is done by messenger, sometimes as many as twenty being sent to call on the girl's father. They are sent by the man's parents before the young man is of age. In many instances both man and girl are not more than 8 or 9 years old.

The messengers go in boats to the girl's house and carry on their negotiations without going ashore, where the relatives of the girl are standing. The messengers of the young man's parents praise his excellence and noble descent; the great exploits of his father, grandfather and ancestors; their wars, victories and hunting expeditions, their liberality at festivals, etc. Then the girl's relatives praise the girl and her ancestors, and thus the negotiations are carried on. Finally a number of blankets are thrown ashore by the messengers, and the girl's relatives protest and maintain that the number is not sufficient to pay for the permission to marry the girl. In order to obtain their consent new blankets are thrown ashore one by one, the messengers continually maintaining that the price paid is too great. Generally from twenty to fifty blankets, each of the value of about 50 cents, are paid.

After this the boy and the girl are considered engaged. When they come to be grown up the young man has to serve a year to his father-in-law. He must fell trees, fetch water, fish and hunt for the latter. During this time he is called Kos, which means "one who woos." After a year has elapsed the marriage is celebrated. At this time great feasts are celebrated. Seven or eight men perform a dance. They wear dancing aprons and leggings, trimmed with puff-balls, hoods of deer, copper plates and bells. If the groom should be a wealthy man who has presented to his wife many small copper plates, such as are used as presents to a bride, these are carried by the dancers. The singing master, who beats a drum, starts a song in which the dancers join. The song used at the wedding festival is sung in unison, while in all other dances each dancer has his own tune and song.

The first dancer wears a ring made of cedar bark. His hair is strewn with eagle down, which flies about when he moves and forms a cloud about his head. The groom presents the first dancer with a piece of calico, which the latter tears to pieces, which he throws down in front of each house in the village, crying "Hoh!" in order to drive away evil spirits. These pieces of calico which he throws down in front of the houses have a lucky meaning, and at the same time express the idea that the groom when he comes to be a wealthy man will not forget the inhabitants of any house when giving a feast. The dancers swing their bodies and arms stamp their feet and show the copper plates to the lookers-on.

Then the bride's father brings a great number of blankets, generally double the number of those he had received from the groom, and gives them to his daughter. The bride orders a few blankets to be spread before the groom. She sits down and he puts his hand upon her head. Then the groom is given for each of the parts of his body one or more blankets. Finally he is given a new blanket. After the bride's father has given a blanket to each dancer and to the drummer, the villagers are invited to a great feast. At this time groom and bride eat for the first time together.

Death of a Famous Negro.

Charles Parrish, a colored doctor, known as Black Hawk, died recently at Siloam, Ga. He was a remarkable negro. A typical African in appearance, tall, large and intensely black, he would attract attention wherever he went. When a small boy, just from the dark continent, he was captured by the Seminoles in Florida. While with them he learned their knowledge of roots and herbs. During the Indian war he was recaptured by the United States troops and sold by the government on the block at Charleston. He was then grown. He was bought by Col. Reuben Jones and taken to Alabama.

During the war his owner left him in charge of his wife and children while he went to the front. He was faithful to his trust. Armed with a shotgun he patrolled the farm, and one night he shot two army stragglers who were robbing the smokehouse. He was captured by Wilson's raiders, owing to other duties calling him to a white man's negro, he escaped from them and went back to the farm and his guardianship of the family.

In 1867 he was brought down to Baker county by Col. Jones. He remained with him several years, but his wonderful knowledge of plants was gradually brought into use. He made many remarkable cures of the plantation, and being recommended by his white friends, gradually made that a business. He was well-known throughout Georgia and Florida, where he sold his medicines and made cures. At some of the towns he paid as much as \$50 per day license to sell his medicines. He was successful in life and leaves a snug property.—Atlanta Constitution.

The World's Shipbuilding.

At no period in the history of shipbuilding has such rapid progress been recorded as is now being made. Every large liner which is launched, has improvements on its predecessor, which all go toward increasing speed, safety and general comfort. The amount of machinery in a large steamship is very great, and new applications of steam apparatus are continually being found. Refrigerating, distilling, electric light and improved blowers are among the latest additions. During the past year there were built 765 vessels having a tonnage of 927,000. Of these Great Britain built 484 having a tonnage of 777,000, or 84 per cent of the total number. Germany comes next with thirty-seven vessels of 40,000 tons and the United States built seventy-three vessels of 38,000 tons. The last named were almost entirely of wood.—Exchange.

A Clever Thief.

Trembling all over his body, a young man entered with tottering step a shop in Odessa, in which there was no one else but the assistant, and pointed in dumb show first to his throat and then to his chest; then all at once he fell to the ground, exclaiming, "For pity's sake—quick—an antidote!" He writhed and twisted as he lay on the floor, and repeated his request for an antidote, as he had taken poison. The assistant, at a loss what to do, rushed into the street and went to fetch the nearest doctor. On returning with him to the shop he found that the patient had apparently recovered, for he had disappeared—so had the till.—Novoye Vremya.