

John Y. McKane, a Remarkable Product of Politics.



JOHN Y. MCKANE.

The death of John Y. McKane removes one of the most remarkable political characters ever known to local politics in New York State. He was born in the County Antrim, Ireland, August 10, 1841. He lived in Ireland until he was about four years old, when the McKane family immigrated to this country and settled at Sheephead Bay, Long Island. McKane did not smoke or drink. He was a hearty, rugged, blue-eyed man with Scotch-Irish blood in his veins, who did not know what it was to become weary either of work or of political turmoil. As a boy he dug clams on the beach in summer and went to the village school in winter. He worked at gardening and other odd jobs until he was fourteen, when he was apprenticed to a carpenter. He learned the building trade and laid the foundation of his wealth at this business. McKane always did what he pleased with the vote of Gravesend. In 1893 McKane was in the height of his power. William J. Gaynor, after carrying on a fight against the McLaughlin Democracy, became a candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court. He made a demand on McKane for a copy of the registry lists of Coney Island. They were refused. He said over the telephone on October 30, 1893: "Mr. Gaynor will find out that if he wants to get along with me the easiest way to do is not to fight me." As a result of the fight McKane became a convict in Sing Sing, and William J. Gaynor became a Justice of the Supreme Court. McKane served his term, which, with rebate for good behavior, was shortened to four and a half years. He was released from prison April 30, 1898.

bread fruit and avocado trees, upon which the natives depend to a great extent for subsistence, have been swept bare or broken down. Only the most sheltered banana groves are left standing. The coffee crop is wholly ruined, and all but the smallest of the trees have been destroyed. A coffee plant takes five years to mature. The half ripe orange crop is on the ground. A few cane fields have escaped, but with the factories demolished these are only valuable for fodder. The wholesale, indiscriminate distribution of food is being stopped, else the whole population would become pauperized. In all centres I visited rations are now being distributed to the old and infirm and to young children. To all able-bodied adults is offered work. At first this course of action caused some complaint, but now the plan is beginning to work well, and the poor are all the more independent, and better contented for it. The first care of the military authorities has naturally been for the troops. In Ponce the \$5000 granted by General Davis to the commander has been spent in cleaning up in and around the quarters. At every country station the troops are living under canvas. In most cases the barracks have been blown down. At Alibonito not one wall of the whole barracks is left standing. The soldiers lost everything they had, and those in the hospital had a narrow escape with their lives. The barracks collapsed during the



STREET IN PONCE AFTER THE FLOOD.

first hour of the storm. Fifteen minutes after the walls had toppled in the men, who had even formed ranks outside in the pelting rain, had appointed a delegation to wait upon Captain Wheeler to ask permission to render assistance to the town. The captain joined his men. Without a thought of their own loss, without thought of any danger, the whole troop crossed the swollen river between the barracks and the town, and were soon engaged in the work of rescue, dodging pieces of flying zinc or rushing into tumbling houses. On the night of the hurricane I was sleeping on my own plantation in the district of Bayamon, about ten miles from the capital. At about half-past seven o'clock Tuesday night my cap-



WRECKED CAFE IN PLAZA ADJOINING CUSTOM HOUSE, PONCE.

often ridden for miles without seeing a house left standing. Where the houses withstood the wind the roofs were gone and furniture and clothing were ruined by the rains. It is the well-to-do who are, perhaps, to be the most pitted. Beautiful haciendas and powerful sugar factories were laid as low as the native's shack; crop; damage to live stock, and damage to railways and shipping. It does not cover the loss sustained by the Public Works Department, which will be heavy; nor does it cover the loss to the island of capital that was confidently expected to seek investment here this winter, and which may now be frightened away. The loss of growing crops is, be-

itaza, or head man, came to the door and reported that the Government had sent out notice that a hurricane was approaching, via St. Thomas. Like many others, I did not give full credence to the warning. At half-past five the wind was blowing thirty miles an hour. Daylight was long in coming, for the sky was ink black. When dawn did come we could be sure the storm was not far away, and everything movable was taken in. Tenants began to run to us for shelter and we took them in also. At half-past seven o'clock the storm began in earnest, and in half an hour it was impossible to stand against the wind. We had braced and tied down the roof as best we could, but one single puff carried away all our stays. In half an hour our roof was gone and the rain pelting in. At ten o'clock the wind was blowing seventy-five miles an hour. Once we made a sortie, and rescued a woman and two children, but hardly had we got them inside when the house began to creak and groan, and we sought the open. Dodging flying branches of trees and stray bits of timber, we crawled along the lee side of a penguin fence to a shack, sheltered behind a hill. It was half-past twelve before the storm was over and we could venture forth. Our house, we found, had not blown down entirely; but the wooden walls were slanted at an angle of thirty degrees. The roof was completely off and everything inside absolutely ruined by the water. It was two days before we could cross the river to get to market. Every peasant's hut for three miles around was down. Four hundred houses on the outskirts of Bayamon were piled up in the public road. The railroad running to San Juan had been completely washed away. The highways were blocked with rubbish. It was two days before supplies of bread reached the town. In the interim the people lived on half ripe fruit.

Porto Rico to-day is as barren as was Cuba at the close of the insurrection. Here, in Porto Rico, fields that were once beautiful with waving canes, hillsides but a few days ago covered

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Rise in Life.
Deep in a pond lived Taddy Pole
(The pond was in a bog),
And there upon the mud he met
The lively Polly Wog.
He thought her graceful. She admired
His active twirl and bends,
He said, "I like you very much!"
She murmured, "Let's be friends!"
And friends they were for quite a week.
Each shared the other's swim.
He never strayed away from her,
And she kept close to him.
The water bottle, sailing by,
Would smile and rudely stare,
While news remarked, "Just look at that
Inseparable pair!"
But one day two things happened, and
Their friendship ceased to be,
For Polly Wog and Taddy Pole
Had left the pond, you see,
They met as utter strangers now
Upon their native bog,
For she's become a dragon fly
And he's become a frog.
—Felix Leigh.

Bobby and the Matches.
Bobby was unhappy—most unhappy. He knew that in the afternoon visitors were coming and that his very dirty little face would have to be washed. This worried Bobby to such an extent that he became quite sad at the prospect. "Do you know, Bobby," said the nurse, "you remind me very much of some matches I have seen? The mere sight of soap makes them run away." Bobby was interested and begged to see them. So a shallow pan was filled with water and the matches—about a dozen of them—placed in the middle, points to the centre. Then nurse poked the corner of a cake of soap among them; and they all floated away as far as they could. Bobby was delighted, and perhaps (let us whisper it) a little ashamed. "But they love sugar," said nurse, and, sure enough, to Bobby's astonishment, he saw the matches coming back again as nurse held a piece of sugar in the centre of the pan. Bobby's face is being washed now. So while he is away aunt will tell you the secret. The matches were ordinary ones, and you can do the same thing yourself as nurse did, but I think it would be well to cut off the ends of the matches before you experiment.—Trenton American.

John Ericsson.
John Ericsson, the celebrated navigator, inventor and builder of the Monitor, was born in the province of Vermeland, Sweden, in 1803. His father was a mine owner, and his brother was a civil engineer, who became chief of the Swedish railways. As a boy, therefore, young Ericsson had a chance to learn all about machinery, and he early displayed a great interest in it. Before he was eleven years old he made a miniature saw-mill, and was able to draw plans of all sorts of mechanical contrivances which he had not the materials or the tools to make. His interest in war was encouraged by one of his teachers, a German engineering officer, who had served with the celebrated Swedish officer, General Bernadotte. The boy's plans attracted the attention of Count Platen, a celebrated engineer, who secured him an appointment with the Swedish corps of mechanical engineers when he was but twelve years old. When seventeen years of age he entered the Swedish army as an ensign. After he had served several years in the army he removed to England and made some unsuccessful experiments with an engine to be run by steam. In 1833 he discovered the important use of the screw propeller in navigation. He came to America in 1840, where aid was offered him in putting his inventions into practice. He built for the government the iron-clad steamer the Monitor that successfully fought the Merrimac in Hampton Roads in 1862 and practically revolutionized the navies of the world, as it made the introduction of iron-clad vessels necessary. He died March 8, 1889.

Birds Have Games.
That birds have games as perfect as those of children is well known. They not only play, but have play hours. This is particularly true of the bower birds of Australia. I have been fortunate in seeing one in confinement, and the habit was so strongly impressed upon it that even in a cage it took the various things offered and attempted to decorate the floor and walls. In a short time this bird had nearly a bushel of rags of brilliant colors, pieces of shining tin, bones, sticks, colored stones and shells, all of which it used in its games. In playing such things are picked up and carried about by the male bird, dropped here and there, and changed about, undoubtedly to attract the attention of the female. I have seen one of these playhouses in Australia that was five feet long, continued the traveler. It had nothing to do with the nest of the bird and was just as much a playhouse as any possessed by a child. The bird had been watched in the act of making one. Sticks were first selected, two or three feet in length, and placed in the ground, the large end first, so that they fell over and met other sticks on the other side which thus formed a tent-shaped structure. In it the birds danced up and down, affecting mincing airs, hung their toys on the branches and scattered others about on the floor. The perfection of this playhouse habit is found in one of the great islands south of Malay, where a little bird known as anubopsis erects a perfect house, the work showing that in constructive ability it is ahead of some human beings. The first one ever seen by white men was found by Bacocari, an Italian naturalist, who was traveling in the heart of Borneo. He

suddenly came upon it in a little clearing, and for some time could not be convinced that it was not the work of native children; but he was taken aside to watch, and finally saw the birds about the playhouse, which was a perfect hut with a peaked roof. The birds had cleared away a spot about a small tree, which was denuded of verdure on its lower part, and then a fast growing orchid was selected as timber and leaned against it, the birds being careful to leave a door or opening. The orchids soon grew together, forming a roof, and in front of the house a lawn was made, the birds picking out the undesirable weeds. The grass was dotted with flowers, collected from far and near, and at the back of the house was a heap of withered blossoms, fresh ones being provided every day.

Nature's Very Queer Ways.
The tortoise is not an animal one would naturally fix upon as likely to be afraid of rain, but it is singularly so. Twenty-four hours or more before rain falls the Gallapagos tortoise makes for some convenient shelter. On a bright, clear morning when not a cloud is to be seen, the denizens of a tortoise farm on the African coast may sometimes be seen heading for the nearest overhanging rocks. When that happens the proprietor knows that rain will come down during the day, and as a rule it comes down in torrents. The sign never fails. This pre-sensation, or whatever you may call it, which exists in many birds and beasts, may be explained partly from the increasing weight of the atmosphere when rain is forming, partly by habits of living and partly from the need of moisture which is shared by all.

If we want to find a country where nature has turned things topsy-turvy—that is, according to our notion—we must go to Australia. Many things are reversed in that country. It is summer there while it is winter in America. Trees shed their bark instead of their leaves; fruit has the stone or kernel outside; swans are black; there is a species of fly that eats the spider, and a fish, called the climbing perch, that walks deliberately out of the water, and with the aid of its fins, climbs the adjacent trees after the insects that infest them. When to this we add that most of the birds have no song and the flowers no odors, it is easily seen that it is on the other side of the world in more senses than one.

Mary and Her Lamb.
What little girl, who first opened her eyes in the latter half of this rapidly declining century, has not sighed with envious longing as she listened to the story of "Mary and Her Little Lamb," and felt inclined to prefer a live animal with soft ornamentation of this sort to a "wax doll with real hair?" But how many little girls and little boys, or bigger girls and bigger boys, ever asked who wrote the famous ballad? The few that did ask have not told us in print whether they received a satisfactory answer or not. At least, the present writer has never seen in print any statement crediting the authorship of the ballad to any particular person, and has never heard of any one that did. Several years ago a contributor to one of the magazines called the author of "Mary and Her Little Lamb" a "Great Unknown." But the author of this famous ballad is not a "Great Unknown." In her day she was as well known as any American writer ever was. Her name was Sarah Josepha Buell.

Sarah Josepha Buell was the daughter of a Mr. Buell of Saybrook, Conn. She was born in 1795 at Newport, N. H., where her parents were then living. In 1814 she was married to David Hale, a New York journalist. Mrs. Hale was early left a widow with several small children to support. In 1828 she became editor of the Ladies' Magazine of Boston, which was afterwards merged into Godey's Lady's Book. In 1837 she removed to Philadelphia, where she died 40 years later. During this whole period of four decades Mrs. Hale edited Godey's Lady's Book. She was the pioneer woman editor. At the time of her death she had been editor for fully fifty years, and a writer of stories, essays and poems for a still longer time. To Mrs. Hale also belongs the credit of suggesting that Thanksgiving day be made national. Through her influence President Lincoln issued his first proclamation recommending the last Thursday in November for a day of prayer and praise. She was one of a large number of Philadelphia women whose portraits were painted by Thomas Sully. You might think that, with such a record as this, Sarah Josepha Hale was sure to have immortal fame. Yet what reader can recall offhand the name of any of her serious productions, much less quote a stanza or a line? The simple ballad of "Mary and Her Lamb" outlives them all. But this was a composition that its author thought unworthy of her, and never openly acknowledged. Mrs. Hale wrote the poem to amuse her own children and never cared any more about it.—Boston Herald.

Birds Stain for Plumage.
Mr. Haggard, British consul in Venezuela, describes the destruction of birds for the supply of cigarettes for ladies' hats as "really appalling." He estimates that the number of birds killed in 1898 for this purpose was 1,548,738. No fewer than 870 birds have been killed to produce two and a quarter pounds of the smaller feathers. "It is to be feared," adds the consul, "that this waste will, within an appreciable time, exhaust the supply."

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

AN AGED HORSETHIEF.

Confessed to Having Stolen Hundreds of Horses—Forty Years of His Life Spent in State Prison.

Peter Zimmerman, alias Klingsmith, Miller and a dozen of other aliases, 75 years old, confessed at Greensburg, last week, after being placed behind the bars in the county prison that during his career he has stolen nearly 100 horses, and has spent 40 years of his life in State prisons in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana and Illinois. The gray-haired man boasted that he had never received over 14 months as a sentence for stealing a single animal. Freight train No. 52 and coal train No. 45 on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh railroad came together in a head-end collision two miles below Brockwayville Tuesday evening. Both trains were heavily loaded and were rounding a sharp curve. The engines and fifteen cars were derailed and badly wrecked. Engineer John Mabey, who has charge of the engine of No. 45, was badly injured.

Dr. A. J. Wilson, the Vandergrift druggist who has been a fugitive from justice for several weeks, is now behind the bars in the county jail at Greensburg. Wilson was captured at Toronto, O., near Wheeling, Sunday night by Deputy Sheriff Seaman. Wilson was convicted of selling liquor at his drug store without a prescription, and just before the sentence was pronounced he disappeared. His bondsmen, L. Steel of Vandergrift, owner of the drug store of which Wilson was manager, and who is now serving a term in jail for his part in disposing of liquor illegally, lent aid to the officers in the hunt and furnished the clues that led to the doctor's capture.

W. I. Newton of Lewisburg, N. Y., arrived at Butler a few days ago and identified a horse and buggy that had been stolen from him July 27. The outfit was left August 4 by a stranger who had offered to sell it at a ridiculously low price, but which Newton he was being suspected suddenly fled for New Castle, taking with him a valuable wheel that he stole in his hasty flight. At New Castle he abandoned the wheel, stole another horse and drove to Anderson, where he was arrested under the name of Meyers. The nifty thief was brought back to New Castle, tried on the charge of horse stealing and sentenced to 15 years to the penitentiary. A delicate skin grafting operation was performed at Mercy Hospital, Wilkesbarre, a few days ago. Three weeks ago Miss Kate Foy, a laundry employe, had the skin on her right arm torn off from the wrist to the shoulder. Fifteen other girls employed in the laundry volunteered to give part of their skin to be grafted on the injured arm. The girls went to the hospital and the doctors took a piece of skin the size of a penny out of each one and grafted it on the arm of the patient. The latter is doing well and the physicians think the arm will be as good as ever in time.

The epidemic of smallpox around Normalville, in the mountains, is assuming alarming proportions. William Showalter, one of the victims, died Sunday afternoon. This is the first fatal case. His wife and six children also having it. The health officer, representative of the state board of health has quarantined the place and is endeavoring to stamp out the disease. The epidemic was brought to the community by a man from Altoona.

Ben Watkins, 20 years old, was accidentally shot by Charles Husher, aged 16 years. Husher is night fireman at the Dinsmore Brick Works, between Bellefonte and Fayette City. He stuck the revolver out of a window of the engine room and fired, the ball striking Watkins in the jaw as he was about to enter. The physician was unable to extract it and he was taken to Pittsburg.

A street car on the New Haven & Leisnering street railway was held up Tuesday at noon by eight negro bandits near Leisnering. The negroes refused to pay fare, and covered the conductor and motorman with revolvers and threatened them with death. Passengers tried to leave the car, but were stopped by the negroes. When the car reached Logan's crossing, the negroes left.

The borough council of Tyrone has passed ordinances providing \$10,000 for the purchase of 100 springs for water supply and for submission to the popular vote at the general election on November 7, 1899, of a proposition to increase the borough debt \$25,000 additional for the establishment of water works.

James Farrell, once convicted of murder in the first degree on the charge of killing Henry Donnocke, an aged miser, but who escaped death on the gallows through the supreme court ordering a new trial, was fatally injured on the Pennsylvania railroad at Altoona, while attempting to board a freight train. Fred Prunty, the colored man who was shot through jealousy by Jesse Clayborn of New Haven just after a ball at Morrell, is lying at the Cottage state hospital at Conneville, in a precarious condition, and it is not thought that he can live. The ball penetrated his back and entered the right lung, where it now is.

Much destitution is said to exist among the families of the striking miners in Nanticoke, near Wilkesbarre. An appeal has been issued for food supplies. Local merchants have contributed flour, potatoes and meat. The number of men on strike is close on to 3,500 and they have been out now over two months. At the American Steel Hoop Company's plant in Greenville one of the big boilers attached to a heating furnace let go Tuesday seriously scalding Edward Keck and Edward Callahan, heaters, who were standing by, and doing considerable damage to that portion of the mill.

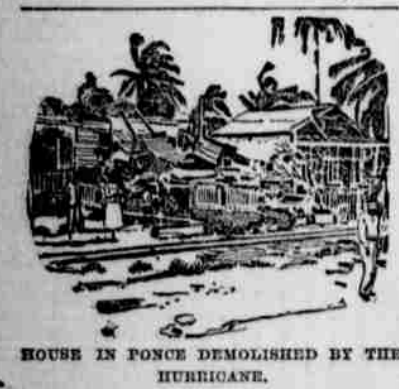
Alexander Dabringier, aged 11 years, of Sharon, accidentally shot himself in the right side with a revolver the other morning at Burg Hill, inflicting a dangerous wound. The shot penetrated one of his lungs. His recovery is doubtful. Captain Thomas S. Crago, of Company K, Tenth regiment, who is reorganizing the men who returned from the Philippines into a company for the National Guard, has received more than the required quota of names.

Farmers of Washington county have organized to hunt down horse thieves. Geo. Hollenbeck was accidentally shot and instantly killed by Benjamin George in the woods near Tidoute a few days ago while hunting. Hollenbeck was mistaken for game. The Salisbury Farmers' club of Eastern Pennsylvania have determined to boycott the Paris exposition by refusing to send samples of wheat. Clyde M. Hoop, colored, aged 10 years, while playing about a float at the foot of Chestnut street, Swickley, a few days ago, fell into the river and was drowned. Each member of Company D, Tenth regiment, was presented with a handsome medal at the Methodist Episcopal church, in Conneville, by Post 104, G. A. R.

Terrible Effects of Porto Rico's Hurricane

Ponce, Porto Rico.—The hurricane, and as is the havoc it wrought, great as is the misery it caused, has accomplished in a day what would have taken diplomacy years to bring about. It has taught the natives that the Americans are their real friends. The Americans, by their prompt and generous assistance, have wiped out all lingering prejudices.

Porto Rico suffered more than any other island the actual financial loss to the island occasioned by the hurricane, estimates vary. So far as I can figure it out the loss to the whole island will amount to about seventy-five million pesos, or more than \$30,000,000. This amount covers damage to buildings and machinery, damage to warehouses and stores of coffee, tobacco and sugar; damage to this year's cane, coffee and fruit crops, including estimated loss on the next three years'



HOUSE IN PONCE DEMOLISHED BY THE HURRICANE.

other colony by the hurricane of August 9. Every district in the island has been devastated. Thousands of homes have been ruined, and crops upon which the whole population depended for subsistence have been laid waste beyond retrieve for at least three years.



STREET IN ARECIBO, PORTO RICO, DURING THE HURRICANE, SHOWING HEIGHT OF WATER ON THE HOUSES.

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