

SAVED MANY LIVES.

UNCLE SAM ABOUT TO REWARD A BOSTON REPORTER.

Peter S. McNally Has Rescued Sixty Persons and is Yet Only 31 Years Old—Thrilling Events in His Remarkable Career.

PETER S. McNally, a newspaper reporter of Boston, has just received a national medal for life saving which will be given him by the Government. Mr. McNally is 31 years old, and saved his first life when he was only 7 years old.

His most sensational rescue won him a second service bar, which is attached to the silver medal won in 1881. Mr. McNally was on his way to the North Shore beach on the afternoon of June 29, 1895. He was standing on the platform of one of the cars and saw the fall of a boy who was knocked overboard from Wood Island bridge by the train.

McNally's hardest bout with drowning persons was in December, 1881, when he jumped from the Warren bridge to save Hattie Richmond, an insane woman, who attempted suicide. He struck a log in the leap and smashed in his nose. The blow stunned him for a moment, but the woman's clothing buoyed her up, and when his mind became clear he sighted her floating out toward the harbor.



PETER S. McNally.

that quarter by shouting as he swam. He was badly ramped when helped from the water, and was not himself again for two or three days.

There is no record of all the lives he has saved, but he has pulled at least 60 persons from jeopardy.

In 1881 he came near losing his own life in an attempt to save a party of four whose boat had been upset by the swash of a ferry steamer. The accident to the boat had happened just off the Navy Yard. Peter was about fifty yards away in another boat. Jumping in he swam the distance, righted the capsized dory, and helped the four into it. He was so badly exhausted that the four whom he helped were in turn obliged to give him assistance.

He once engaged in a novel match with an English swimmer who one day at Crescent Beach announced that the Americans were no good at the game. Some of McNally's friends who had heard the boast said they had a man they would match against him for \$50 or as much more as he would like to strip for.

"Well, what is it?" "Where th' bloody 'ell yer goin'?" "Liverpool."

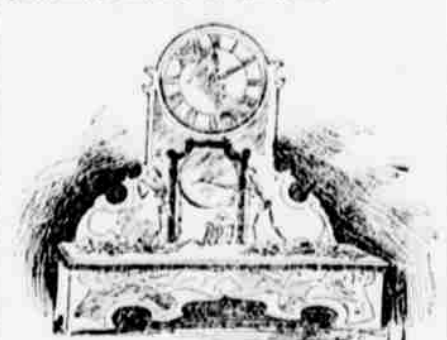
Peter floated on the raft, and the English swimmer had only this excuse: "O! was up against a bloomin' porpoise; 'e'd stay in the water a week."

A MARVELOUS CLOCK.

Tiny Human Skeletons Sound the Passing Hours.

The most marvelous clock ever built is the property of an Indian prince in one of the inland districts of the empire. The dial of this clock was outlined in gold upon a carved slab of some peculiar marble, and beneath it was suspended, between two uprights, a silver gong.

The clock stood in the dining hall where the ceremonial meal was being served, and as 1 o'clock drew near the prince called the visitor's attention to a rustling among the dry bones. With a faint clatter they began to rise and come together, a skull set in itself upon the shoulder structure, and from the mass of dry bones one tiny skeleton rose complete, with a hammer clutched in his bony fingers.



A MARVELOUS CLOCK.

Then, with a quick swing he drove the hammer against the shining surface, and a silver note, fine as thread, burst forth and echoed away in soft cadence among the distant pillars of the place.

At 2 o'clock the same ceremony was gone through with, save that this time two figures rose from out the heap of bones, and each struck one sturdy stroke.

Of its history, of its wellnigh magical workings, its proud owner would say nothing.

THE GREAT MOA.

It Stood Twelve and Sixteen Feet High.

The great moa, now extinct, was the largest bird that ever existed. This particular bird stands from 12 to 16 feet high, and the ostrich is a pigmy beside it. As late as 1882 Professor Owen expressed the opinion that the bird could be found in some of the remote districts of New Zealand.



THE GREAT MOA.

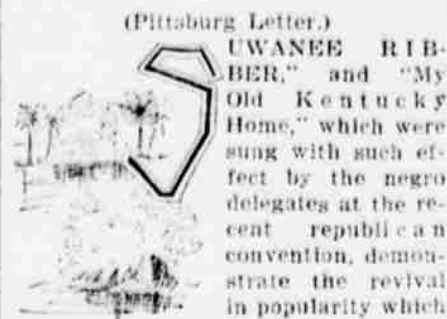
found in New Zealand in great quantities.

German papers tell an interesting story regarding the young king of Servia's recent vain trip in search of a bride. His majesty had taken it into his head that he would like to marry Princess Maria, daughter of the king of Greece.

SONGS THAT WE LOVE.

REVIVED POPULARITY OF STEPHEN FOSTER'S MELODIES.

Admirers Propose to Honor His Grave Which is in a Neglected Part of a Pittsburg Cemetery by Erecting a Monument to His Genius.

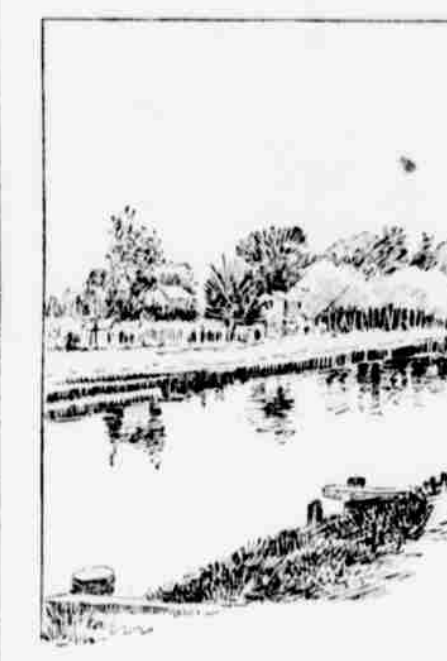


admiration for his genius. A complete record of Foster's songs has never been kept, but it is estimated that 150 of his writings became popular.

Writing songs was to Foster as easy as swinging the ax to the back woodsman. Given a flimsy theme, he would produce a composition in an incredibly short time.

Morrison Foster, a brother of the composer, now a Pittsburg business man, tells of a day when his brother entered his office.

"He came to me one day in perplexity. Said he 'I want the name of a river in the United States containing two syllables.' I suggested Peedree Yazoo, and several other outlandish names, but none of them would do.



SCENE AT LAWRENCEVILLE.

or so of slumber under the sod. Pitt, Nilson, and other great singers of the day have achieved signal triumph in their rendition of Foster's compositions.

Foster was a Pittsburger, born and bred, having first seen the light of day on July 4, 1826, in the old Foster mansion at Lawrenceville, now a suburb of Pittsburg, once owned by his illustrious grandfather, William Barclay Foster.

Foster was sent to school at Towanda, Pa., at the age of thirteen, and soon afterward to Athens, Ohio. At both places he gained the reputation of being one of the quietest and most modest boys in the school.

Foster displayed his musical talent early in life. When scarcely able to walk he evinced a fondness for all kinds of music, and as he grew older was quick at catching airs.

"Open Thy Lattice, Love," and was published in Baltimore. A few months afterward "Old Folks at Home," his greatest success, made its appearance.

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STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

In the summer of 1859, Foster went to Boardstown, Ky., in search of rest and retirement, and there remained several months as the guest of Judge John Rowan.

Foster died in New York, comparatively wealthy. Like nearly every member of his family, his death occurred away from home.

Although his grave today is obscure and sadly neglected, the Grand Army veterans at least keep his memory green. His songs beguiled many a weary hour on the march and in camp, and in grateful remembrance, his grave is visited on each Memorial day, and a



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

G. A. R. flag placed reverently beneath the headstone, together with a huge bunch of roses and forget-me-nots.

IS WANTED BY A DON.

SALLIE DOW THE FAIREST GIRL IN NEW MEXICO.

The Attempt Was Repulsed by a Fatal Shot of Bullets and Loss of Life—A Stirring Romance of the Indian Border.



FROM New Mexico comes a tale of love and blood that vividly recalls the days of old when physical might made right, and when passionate lovers carried off fair maidens by force of arms.

some 16-years-old daughter of Merchant Dow Tyique, some 40 miles east of Albuquerque, has had a wide experience of suitors of all complexions and every shade of ferocity. She is pretty enough to drive a Metropolitan exquisite to the commission of extravagances, and it will be easily comprehended that her charm for the lonely ranchman or the wild shepherd is next to irresistible.



SALLIE DOW.

Sallie to become his wife. She laughed at him, and he began to curse. Then Miss Sallie became alarmed, and, altering her tone, begged for time.

Sallie's father was naturally somewhat nonplussed by such winged words. He told the Don that he did not know him well enough to consider him in that light and advised that the discussion end right there.

"Senior," he said, "your daughter pleases me, and I will take her for my wife. I return to my ranch in the morning. I will now go and get a priest and we will be married immediately."

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Now, instead of keeping his bitter-tinger locked in his breast De la Corda went about the country publishing his intention of taking the girl by force.

"Keep one of those for the crazy Brazilian, my dear," said he to Sallie, and the girl marked Dow's name on the gun and put it away in a safe place.

De la Corda rode into battle on a mustang. Although he still treasured a recollection of his desired father-in-law's strong right arm, he never for an instant doubted that he would scare the Dow household into submission.

Whom the gods would destroy, first make scorchers of.

"Bring out the girl!" he shouted, "or I'll kill you all and burn the house."

Then one of the stoutly barricaded windows of the Dow mansion spoke in a flash of fire and a mustang rolled over in the dust with the Brazilian tangled in the wreck of hoofs and trappings.

The Brazilian, aided by a dozen of the more desperate spirits of his command, now made a dash for the front door of the house and began battering at the heavy wood work with the butts of their rifles.

knocked the mucket out of his hand, and seizing him by the throat hurled him back upon his followers. Just as Miss Sallie, who was peeping around a corner of the stairway at the tide of battle shot a sheep herder in the shoulder with one of her revolvers.

BURKE-CAVENDISH MURDERS.

Death of Mrs. Curley Evokes Memories of Dark Days in Ireland.

Reminiscences and painful memories of dark pages in Ireland's history were brought to light and aired upon the death of a woman in Chicago recently.

That woman was Mrs. Mary Jane Curley, wife of Daniel Curley, who was hanged on May 11, 1883, accused of being one of the Irish National Invincibles guilty of the murder of Edwin Burke and Lord Cavendish.

By taking in boarders Mrs. Curley supported herself and two boys, and for six years lived so quietly, not even those who came to know her best dreamed of the tragic history of her life.



MRS. MARY JANE CURLEY.

key which was prepared to release the imprisoned Invincibles and the cake of soap in which it was concealed. These she kept secretly, to be shown only to a few of her countrymen.

Burial of a Giant. The biggest man in all Rhode Island, Mr. Eben J. Hemenway, a colored barber, was buried at Providence last Sunday. About 500 people, both white and black, assembled to pay their last respects to the well-known character.

Whom the gods would destroy, first make scorchers of.