SAVED MANY LIVES.

UNCLE SAM ABOUT TO REWARD A BOSTON REPORTER.

Peter S. McNally Has Resented Sixty Persons and is Yet Only 31 Years Old Theiling Events in His Remarkable turcer.



a newspaper reporter of Boston. has just received Washington that a national medal for life saving 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 career as a professional swimmer several years ago was a brilliant one, especially in long distance trials. He holds about all the honors that the Massachusetts Humane Society can be-

His most sensational rescue won him a second service bar, which is attached to the silver medal won in 1884. Mr. McNally was on his way to the North Shore beach on the afternoon of June 29, 1899. 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. The train's speed was about 30 miles an hour. Mr. McNally jumped and struck the water a considerable distance from where the boy, whose name was Robert Rogerson, fell, but he reached him in time to prevent a drowning. Rogerson was so badly in-Jured by the train that he died shortly after being taken from the water.

McNally's bardest bout with drowning persons was in December, 1881, when he jumped from the Warren bridge to save Hattle Richmoat, an insane woman, who attempted suicide. He struck a log in the leap and smashed in his nose. The blow stunged 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. It was night. The woman was of powerful frame, and she fought like a wildcat when he laid hold of her. She bit his right thumb to the bone, and bo was obliged to use his fist to subdue her. He swam with her to the Navy Yard wall and brought assistance to



PETER S. M'NALLY.

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 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. Off Oak Island, Revere Beach, in 1884, he rescued a Walden woman named Lena Campbell, and worked on her for about an hour before she showed signs of life. There were no physicians at hand, and the only help he got was from some of the pleasure seekers, whom he directed in the work of reviving the woman. He saved two boys at Nantasket the same summer, and late in November of that year went into the water near Rutherford avenue, Charlestown, for 5-year-old Willie Stevens. The Boy had sunk and Me-Nally had to dive for him. He saved seven lives in 1885.

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. A Boston saloonkeeper, who was known some time back for his liking for everything English, furnished the money for the man from the other side and a match was made for \$100. The conditions were that the men should swim straight out to sea, no boats to follow, and the first to turn back to be the loser. There was a tremendous crowd at the beach, and those who knew McNally's make-up placed their money on him. McNally set the pace, and a lively one it was. The men were very close together, and nothing was said until about three miles out, when the Englishman, who was falling behind, said:

"Oi, say, Pete."

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

"Liverpool."

English swimmer had only this excuse "Of was up against a bloomin' porpoise; 'e'd stay in the water a week."

A MARVELOUS CLOCK.

Tiny Haman Skeletons Sound the Pas-

sing Hours. The most marvelous clock ever built is the property of an Iadian prince in one of the inland districts of the empire. The dial of this clock was out-ETER S. McNally, lined in gold upon a carved slab of some peculiar marble, and beneath it was suspended, between two uprights, a silver gong. Then a broad, flat surassurances from face of marble spread out before that, littered from end to end with a minlature bones and skulls, and here and there thny hammers, with little round balls for heads. The bones seemed entirely disconnected, and looked only like so much rubbish remnants of the tiny dead.

The clock stood in the dining hall where the ceremonious meal was being coming into. Hand in hand with this served, and as I o'clock drew near the innouncement comes that of an effort prince called the visitor's attention to being made in this city, the home of a rustling among the dry bones. With their composer, to start a national fund a faint clatter they began to rise and for the crection of a monument to this come together, a skull set in itself upon genius. Forty years ago the name of the shoulder structure, and from the Stephen Collins Foster was familiar mass of dry bones one tiny skeleton to all. As the composer of many camrose complete, with a hammer clutched paign songs, songs that have since bein his bony fingers. He stood beside the shining gong until the minute hand pointed precisely to the hour.



A MARVELOUS CLOCK.

Then, with a quick swing he drove the hammer against the shining surface, and a silver note, fine as threa! burst forth and echoed away in soft cadence among the distant pillars of the place. Before its whispers ceased in the stillness the little skeleton had directed into a different channel, and, like the ghost of John James Christopher Benjamin Binns, "gone down day be appreciated, after fifty years to the world, 'Old Folks at Home.' again," and the scattered bones lay motionless once more upon the marble

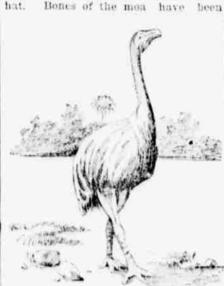
plain. At 2 o'clock the same ceremony was gone through with, save that this time two figures rose from out the heap of bones, and each struck one sturdy

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 mea, 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 hird could be found in some of the remote districts of New Zealand. 1863 a party of miners crossed the hitherto impassable mountain range which runs the whole length of Middle Island. Ther they discovered traces of an enormous bird, and while sitting around the camp one evening they saw thecreature on a knoll a short distance away. The bird seemd fascinated by the glare of the campfire, and remained motionless for a considerable time, but finally stalked away. It had a long, he has saved, but he has pulled at least that head, which it carried inclined forward, and not creet like birds of the estrich kind. They judged that its height was nine feet. The footprints showed three claws about twelve in hes apart, with a past and a spur about the same distance in the rear. Walker Mantell found a gigantic egg in the volcano sand in New Zealand, the diameter of which was as great as his



THE GREAT MOA. found in New Zealand in great quanti-

Scarching for a Bride.

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 Marla, daughter of the king of Greece. The Servian minister in Athens proposed the marriage to the Greek rulers, and received an evasive naswer. The minister was encouraged, however, and telegraphed the king to proceed to Athens. The young Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, however, had long been in love with the Princess Maria, and when he learned of the projects of the Servian monarch he pressed his suit so hard that when the young king arrived in Athens the engagement with the Russian had already been announced. The unhappy cut of twnty-five copies of the piece for diplomat will suffer for his blunder,

REVIVED POPULARITY OF STE-PHEN FOSTER'S MELODIES.

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



(Pittsburg Letter.) UWANEE RIB-BER," and "My Old Kentucky Home," which were sung with such effect by the negro delegates at the recent republican convention, demonstrate the revival in popularity which these songs are

come famous, he was as well known. and perhaps better, than many people of that day whose names have since passed into history. What man or woman or child today but what can "carry the tune" of "Old Folks at Home," perhaps better recognized as "Way Down Upon the Suwance Ribber," or has heard the plaintive notes of "Old Black Joe," or was thrilled with the tenderness and pathos of "My Old Kentucky Home," or laughter at the humor in 'O, Susanna, Don't You Cry for Me "" And yet today, all that remains of the man who gave to the world these songs lies in a neglected grave in a little corner of the Allegheny Cemetery. Pittsburg, Pa.-a grave so neglected and forgotten that the sexton had great diffiulty in locating it.

Foster, in his line, was as great a genius as Beethoven, Mozart, or any of

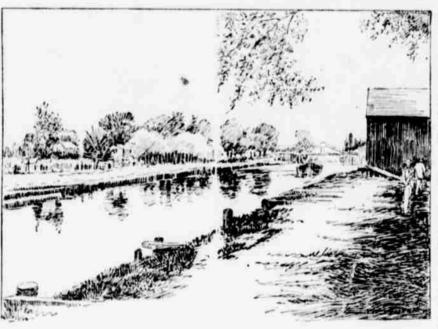
Peter loated on the return, and the SONGS THAT WE LOVE, "Open Thy Lattice, Love," and was IS WANTED BY A DON. published in Baltimore. A few months afterward "Old Folks at Home," his greatest success, made its appearance. It was not much of a success at first, until one Thomas McNally, foreseeing its popularity, paid Foster \$590 to first produce it on the minstrel stage. It then spread like wildfire through the south, and was soon on the lips of every slave, to whom it especially appented.

A complete record of Foster's songs has never been kept, but it is estimated that 150 of his writings became popular. The majority of these were campaign songs, written at the outbreak of the war. The more familiar compositions included "Old Dog Tray." "Old Kentucky Home," "O, Lemuel, "Open Thy Lattice, "Love," "Way Down South," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee Ribber," "O, Susanna, Don" You Cry For Me," "Hard Times Come Again No More," "Massa's in Cold, Cold, Ground," etc. With the exception of perhaps ten over the above list, the remainder have sunk into oblivion, like their author.

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. His songs possessed decided originality and much musical merit. They were written in most came upon him. He would dash off an tire piece.

entered his office,

names, but none of them would do. dered over the state of Florida, they stopped on the line which marks the course of the Suwanee. 'That will do said Stephen, as he left my office. I the well-known composers. He was as thought nothing more of the matter truly musical, although his talent was entil several weeks later, when I discovered that my brother had written like some great musicians, he will some a song about the name and given it



SCENE AT LAWRENCEVILLE.

or so of slumber under the sod. Patti. Nilson, and other great singers of the their rendition of Foster's compositions, "Suwance Ribber" has been translated into twelve different languages, and it plaintive tune is known early all over Europe. It was reently played at Johannesberg, South Africa, at a concert given there. This hows the popularity of some of his

Foster was a Pittsburger, born and red, having first seen the light of day n July 4, 1826, in the old Foster manion at Lawrenceville, now a suburb of Pittsburg, once owned by his illustrius grandfather, William Barclay Foster. The latter was one of the founders of Pittsburg, the son of a soltier in the revolution, an officer in the The birth place of Foster to the left.) Mexican war, and prominent in the lefense of New Orleans under Gen-Andrew Jackson. He gave his estates or the defense of the Crescent City and the Northwest against the British. and was never fully repaid the debt by the United States.

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. His friends in Pittsburg today remember him "as gentle as a woman." He finished his education at Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, Pa., which college James G. Blaine attended. Young Foster displayed an aptitude for mercantile life, and went to Cincinnati, where he secured a position as a clerk. This bent was short lived, however, for soon after the success of his first song, he returned to Pittsburg, and lived there until 1860, devoting the principal portion of his time to the composition of songs. In 1860 he went to New York. and there resided until his death, Janmary 13, 1864,

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. His first musical composition was written while at Towarda, and was entitled "Tiog. Waltz." It was published before the youthful composer had reached his fourteenth birthday, and as compensation he received the magnificent prostime me but ver can keep and has already been recalled from his while clerking, in 1842. It was entitled distribution among his friends. His Declaration of Independence,

In the summer of 1859, Foster went wasted no words, to Beardstown, Ky., in search of rect day have achieved signal triumph in and retirement, and there remained pleases me, and I will take her for my several months as the guest of Judge John Rowan. He was so pleased with morning. I will now go and get a this place, which he termed "his retreat," that he wrote a song about the diately." homestead, and named it "My Old Kentucky Heme." The Fosters were originally southern people, and this may words. He told the Don that he did have had something to do with the composer's love for southern topics and him in that light and advised that the subjects.

Foster died in New York, comparatively wealthy. Like nearly every member of his family, his death ocable portion of Allegheny cemetery.

and sadly neglected, the Grand Army He went away, however, vowing that veterans at least keep his memory he would have Sallie if he had to burn green. His songs beguiled many a the house about the stern parent's earweary hour on the march and in camp, to get her. and in grateful remembrance, his grave | Now, instead of keeping his bitte:



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER. A. R. flag placed reverently beneath the headstone, together with a huge nearest neighbors, and these, with a spects to the well-known character,

bunch of roses and forget-me-nots. for the erection of a monument over his constituted the party of defense. Dow's mense affair, and the window frames, grave was started in Pittsburg, and is orders were to await the word of comextending through Pennsylvania. The mand and then burn powder without moved. Fourteen bearers were intention is to have the fund completed stint. and the monument placed in one of the public parks. It will be unveiled on July 4, 1897, which will be doubly celebrated as Foster's birthday and the anniversary of the signing of the

PERCIVAL PHILLIPS.

SALLIE DOW THE FAIREST GIRL IN NEW MEXICO.

The Attempt Was Reputsed by a Fusil-



ROM 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. Sallie Dow, the handsome 16-years-old daughter of Mer-

thant Dow Tyique, some 40 miles east of Albuquerque, has had a wide experience of suitors of all complexions agances, and it will be easily compreever, never found any difficulty in getair, then wedge in the words to fit, ting rid of her lovers until she met often spending more time in finding a Don Juan Miguel de la Corda, a fierce single needed word, than on the en- and even haughty Brazilian, who claims a lineage as long as the everlasting composer, now a Pittsburg business and full of determination. He met man, tells of a day when his brother Miss Dow one glorious afternoon when "He came to me one day in perplex- from that hour he could think of nothity. Said he 'I want the name of a ing but her superb figure, her "bronze river in the United States containing brown eyes," her lustrous hair. The two syllables.' I suggested Peedree Don's courting was swift and to the Yazoo, and several other outlandish point. There was no difficulty about Finally, I got down an old map of the he had known her for a quarter of an securing an introduction, and before United States, and as my fingers wan- hour the impetuous Brazilian asked



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. She said she must consult her father.

"To-night," said the Brazilian, "I

will call for my answer."

"Senor," he said, "your daughter wife. I return to my ranch in the priest and we will be married imme-

Sailie's father was naturally somewhat nonplussed by such winged not know him well enough to consider request, and buried in the family lot, and threw him out of the front door ried the night of the murder, and the which was located in the then fashion- with so much energy and good will that most interesting relic of all-the big it was some moments before the teeth Although his grave today is obscure of the noble Brazilian ceased to rattle.

is visited on each Memorial day, and a enger locked in his breast De la Corda went about the country publishing his intention of taking the girl by force. Mr. Dow, however, was not to be caught napping and promptly fortified his roof tree and armed his servants with Winchesters and his daughter with a couple of revolvers.

"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. Meanwhile love and mortified vanity were waging a fearful warfare in the Brazilian's breast. He found little diffleuity in enlisting a band of reckless vanced upon Mr. Dow's house under she kept secretly, to be shown only te cover of the night. The sheep herders a few of her countrymen. were promised all the booty they could capture. They surrounded the house and called upon Dow to produce the girl, threatening him with death and Mr. Eben J. Hemenway, a colored barhis house with the brand if he refused ber, was buried at Providence last Sunto reply. But Merchant Dow had secured the co-operation of a few of his black, assembled to pay their last rehalf dozen servants who were devoted- Hemenway weighed about 500 pounds The move to start a national fund ly attached to him and his daughter,

> De la Corda rode into battle en a mustang. Although he still treasured a recollection of his desired father-in- to excavate. law's strong right arm, he never for an instant doubted that he would scare

"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 mustang rolled over in the dust with the Brazilian tangled in the wreck of hoofs and trappings. When Miss Sallie sawher suitor's downtade of Bullets and Loss of Life - A fall she quickly grasped the revolver Stirring Romance of the Indian Bor- marked with his name and tried a shot at him. Don Juan still lives, but the mustang will never limp again. Matters now began to take on a serious look. Irritated at the shot which had momentarily disabled De la Corda, the sheep herders began a rapid fire on the house. One of the Dow servants fell, mortally wounded, behind the window he was guarding. Several of the neighbors lost their heads and forgot to return the fire of the enemy. But Mr. Dow forgot nothing. His gun spoke rapidly and with terrible effect. One man on the Don's side was killed outright from a bullet from the enraged father's rifle, and several other's fell in the field badly hust. The Brazilian, aided by a dozen of

the more desperate spirits of his comand every shade of ferocity. She is mand, now made a dash for the front pretty enough to drive a Metropolitan | door of the house and began battering exquisite to the commission of extrav- at the heavy wood work with the butts of their rifles. The fire of the defendhended that her charm for the lonely ers could not reach them there, and ranchman or the wild sheepherder is every moment the door quaked to its cases at random, and just as the mood next to irresistible. Miss Dow, how- fall under the rain of the heavy blows showered upon it. There was no time to be lost, and Dow quickly mustered his forces on the stair landing which commanded the main entrance to the house, and did not leave the rear eng-Merrison Foster, a brother of the hills. Don Juan is dark, not ill-looking trance entirely unprotected. When the door went down the maranders found themselves facing the belching volcano she was riding a favorite horse, and of fire and shot. No wonder they faltered for a moment, but when Don Juan clubbed his musket, rushed up the stairs with dare devil courage, other of his party rushed on after him. Again Mr. Dow showed his courage. He met the Brazilian more than half way, knocked the musket 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. It is conceded by Dow that his daughter Sallie, saved the day. She and her revolvers took part just in the very nick of time, and shook the courage of the followers of Don Juan. The latter withdrew his forces and no more was heard of him that night. Mr. Dow declares that he will shoot the Brazilian on sight, and everybody hopes he'll see him very soon. Sallie Dow is still carrying around with her that cunning little revolver, marked with the Don's name, and she doesn't pretend that it isn't loaded.

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 Cur-Sallie rode wildly for her father's ley, wife of Daniel Curley, who was house, and in a few words told her hanged on May 11, 1883, accused of story. She was sure, she said, the man | being one of the Irish National Invinciwas mad, and as for marrying him, she bles guilty of the murder of Edwin declared she would as soon think of Burke and Lord Cavendish. Mrs. Curmating with the Old Boy himself, ley's relatives were people of gentle Father Dow received Don Juan cour- birth and breeding and owned much teously when the latter called that property in Dublin. All this was seized evening, and listened to him with a at once by the English crown, and soon fine show of patience. The Brazilian after the execution of Daniel Curley, the widow, with her father, mother, brother, two sisters, and two sons, left the land towards whose government they felt such a bitter hatred and came to America. The father, mother, and one sister made a humble home for themselves in New York, while the rest of the party went on west to Chicago. 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. Few discussion end right there. Don Juan of the family possessions were allowed flew into a terrible passion and de- to leave Ireland's shores, but under a clared that he would take the girl with- false bottom in Mrs. Curley's trunk curred away from home. His remains out her father's consent. But Sallie's were concealed a life-size portrait of were brought to Pittsburg at his own father gripped the Don by the collar her husband, the revolver he had car-



MRS. MARY JANE CURLEY. key which was prepared to release the imprisoned Invincibles and the cake of sheep herders under his banner and ad- soap in which it was concealed. These

> Burial of a Giant. The biggest man in all Rhode Island, day. About 500 people, both white and

> before death. His coffin was an imand a portion of the house had to quired to lift the remains through t window into the hearse. The exp sive grave required two men two di

Whom the gods would destroy, the Dow household into submission. first make scorchers of,