

# A NEW LEVIATHAN.

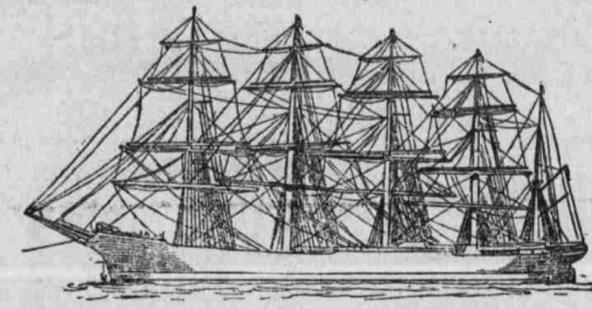
## LARGEST SAILING VESSEL NOW IN COMMISSION.

A Full-Rigged Sailing Ship with Five Masts—Four Hundred and Twenty-six Feet Long and Fifty-two Feet Over Beam.



LITTLE more than three years have passed since the proud German five-master, Maria Rickmers, started from an English port on its first voyage, from which it never returned. It disappeared without leaving a trace.

Only one sailing vessel of similar dimensions has been built since we refer to the French five-master, La France; but now Germany has become the possessor of the largest sailing vessel in the world. On June 8 of this year, the five-master, Potosi, was launched from the yards of Tecklenburg, and a short time ago started on its first voyage to Iquique, says the Illustrated Zeitung. The vessel is owned by the well-known Hamburg house of F. Laeisz, and its command was given to Captain Hilgendorf, who has made remarkably quick voyages with other vessels built in the Tecklenburg yards and enjoys a very high reputation for ability. The Potosi is so enormous that other sailing vessels which have been considered large appear like dwarfs beside it. It is about 426 feet 6 inches long, 52 feet 5 inches broad and 32 feet 9 inches deep. It has a capacity of 6,150 tons, or 550 tons more than that of La France. The uninitiated may obtain a better idea of the great size of this vessel from the following figures:



THE POTOSI, LARGEST SAILING VESSEL ON THE OCEANS.

5,511,500 pounds of iron were used in its construction, and the vessel, which will make regular trips to the Western coast of South America for saltpetre, can carry about 13,227 bags of this salt. For the transportation of the same quantity by rail 600 double cars would be required, which, if coupled together, would make a train more than three miles long.

The Potosi carries 39 sails, that are made of canvas nearly two feet wide, and if all of these pieces of canvas were sewed together they would make a strip nearly one and one-half miles long. The vessel can carry as many people as there are in a city the size of Bremen. The Potosi excels other sailing vessels not only in size, but also in the elegance of its construction and fitting. The Maria Rickmers was built in an English yard, but, as we have said, the Potosi was constructed in Germany and is a specimen of shipbuilding of which all Germans may well be proud. May good fortune attend her in all her voyages.

**Beauties of the Material Life.**  
All the hymns, all the prayers, all the scripture reading are as nothing unless you make their beauty come into your daily life, writes Ruth Ashmore. Take some of the care off the shoulders of the busy mother; make life seem more pleasant by your gracious thought of that father who toils all day long. Make it easier for a sister to dislike the wrong and do the right; show a brother the rosy side of the cross and so make it lighter for him to carry. And do all this, not with loud protestations, but quietly and gently, letting God's name be whispered in your heart, and being only the sister and daughter without forcing the knowledge that you are the Christian. Then, very soon some one will realize that your beautiful life is lived for Christ's sake, and then you will represent Him as all women should, not by speaking from the pulpit, but by giving commands, but by living every day the life that He would wish should be yours.

**A Cable Quarrel.**  
The cable was once the medium for a lovers' quarrel, which took place between a lady in New York and a gentleman in France. The heroine was no other than that diva French artiste whose genius we all admire. The gentleman was a dramatic author, now no more. This curious quarrel took place one Sunday, the cable being joined through direct. It bristled with passionate reproaches, bitter, stinging sarcasms, couched in picturesque French. The scene was intensely dramatic. Both the actors, so near and yet so far, trembled with jealous passion as their bitter sarcasms were flashed through the coils of this gigantic sea serpent. Mutual complaints, reproaches and threats continued, until a last stinging sarcasm from France reduced the excited artiste to a state of nervous excitement which culminated in hysterics. The cable was then restored to its normal condition and the artiste to her senses.—London Standard.

## LINCOLN AND MATRIMONY.

Apprehensive That the Pathway Was Not One of Flowers.

Letters from Lincoln to his closest friend, Joshua Fry Speed, subsequent to the latter's marriage, betray an anxious and impatient desire to learn if marriage is a pathway of flowers and sunlight, and not of darkness and pain. The two had morbidly feared it to be. John Gilmer Speed presents these hitherto unpublished letters bearing upon "Lincoln's Hesitancy to Marry," in the Ladies' Home Journal. In one Lincoln says:

"It cannot be told how it now thrills me with joy to hear you say you are 'far happier than you ever expected to be.' That much I know is enough. I know you too well to suppose your expectations were not, at least sometimes, extravagant, and if the reality exceeds them all, I say, enough, dear Lord, I am not going beyond the truth when I tell you that the short space it took me to read your last letter gave me more pleasure than the sum total of all I have enjoyed since the fatal first of January, 1841. Since then, it seems to me, I should have been entirely happy but for the never-absent idea that there is one (referring to Miss Mary Todd) who is still unhappy, whom I have contributed to make so. That still kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy while she is otherwise. She accompanied a large party in the railroad cars to Jacksonville last Monday, and on her return spoke so that I heard of it; of having enjoyed the trip exceedingly. God be praised for that. One thing I can tell you which I know you will be glad to hear, and that is that I have seen Mary and scrutinized her feelings as well as I could, and am fully convinced she is far happier now than she has been for the last fifteen months past."

Eight months after Speed had married Mr. Lincoln wrote him:

"But I want to ask a close question:

## VANDALISM.

Savagery of Some People Who Call Themselves Civilized.

The savagery of civilized is as nothing to the savagery of some creatures who are brought up in civilized communities and call themselves civilized also. We have few records of Indians or Zulus wantonly destroying pictures or books or statuary unless they thought them "bad medicine" and held devils. Yet, how far could one of our city thugs and loafers be trusted in the presence of a work of art or a thing of beauty? It seems to be a sort of instinct with him to throw a stone whenever he sees flowers or ornaments, or to pull out a knife and hack at them, or to upset or scratch or injure them. In a certain blind and brute way perhaps his conduct gives him a flattering sense of power. He cannot make anything useful or beautiful himself, but he can destroy it. The only way to cure these vandals appears to be either to educate them early or drown them. Drowning is the least expensive, but there is a public prejudice against it, so for a few centuries we must expect to see our public buildings defaced, our metal work bent and scratched, our plate glass broken, our street lights shattered, our pictures jabbed with canes and umbrellas, our mirrors marked with initials carved by diamond rings, our rugs and carpets and wood work spat upon, our walls scribbled with names, our streets made depositories of filth and our books torn and dog-eared; for it takes a long time to cure a vandal of his vandalism. One needs to begin with his father. There is so close a relation between the wantonness of the destroyer and the darkness of the criminal that perhaps we are justified in keeping a suspicious watch on any man, woman or child who will destroy plants, books and pictures or throw stones at helpless animals. The excessive aggression that mutilates and makes ugly will trespass on others' enjoyments, rights and properties with but little more development. This is seen particularly in the case of burglars. These fellows, not content with stripping a house of all they can get, not infrequently destroy what they cannot carry away. They burn papers, tear paintings from their frames, smash furniture, break glass and otherwise act like incarnate fiends. It might not be a bad idea in case of the capture of these men to impose sentences graded to accord with the amount of damage they had worked. It would make others of their tribe a little more considerate—perhaps. On general principles these wanton destroyers should go to prison, anyway.—Ex.

## LOVING TOO LATE.

A Common Enough Story Portrays a Pathetic Moral.

Not long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth, and this was, in substance, the story she told me: "Father died suddenly in Washington, and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him. I am not weeping because we are poor. I am broken-hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games and my dresses, that I just hoped it would all come right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better!"

The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year, goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labor of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all of honor and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more! And the hearts that have not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever.

## Dumas and the Dog.

Dumas, the elder, had a dog as hospitable as his master, and the dog once invited twelve others to Monte Cristo, Dumas' palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas' factotum in chief wished to drive off the whole pack.

"Michael," said the great romancer, "I have a social position to sustain. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say that I have thirteen dogs and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! What an unlucky number!"

"Monsieur—if you will permit—there is but one thing left to do. I must drive them all away."

"Never, Michael!" replied Dumas. "Never! Go at once and find me a fourteenth dog!"

## Covering a Graver Crime.

Mrs. Outertown: "That Mr. Subbubs shows more consideration for his neighbors than any man I ever saw." Mr. Outertown (astonished): "Consideration! Good heavens! Do you call it consideration to wheel a lawn-mower up and down his grass plot every morning at 6 o'clock?" Mrs. Outertown: "Yes; but he does it so the neighbors will not hear his daughter practicing her singing lessons."

## Unlucky Speeches.

"Wouldn't you like some music, professor?" "No, thanks. I'm quite happy as I am. To tell you the truth, I prefer the worst possible conversation to the best music there is."

## Would Do His Part.

Editor: "Yes, we need a man. Do you know how to run a newspaper?" Applicant: "No, sir; but I'm willing to learn. I've been in the business over ten years."

## ARE CLAW-FINGERED.

STRANGE DEFORMITY OF A FAMILY IN NEW YORK.

Residents of the Valley of Zoar Who for Four Generations Have Developed Claw-Like Fingers and Toes—Hereditary.



THE most picturesque stream in Western New York is the Cattaraugus. Through most of its course it is the boundary between the counties of Erie and Cattaraugus, and it is not a large stream except when melting snow or autumn rains have swelled it into a torrent. Rich farms, wooded slopes, deep gorges, whose lofty walls form the high banks, as the natives call them, and a tangled wilderness where nature still rages, as she has from the first; these mark the course of the Cattaraugus. The Indian name is itself musically expressive, and recalls the days when only red men occupied its banks. There are still Indians along it, and the reservation named for it contains most of the few remaining members of the Seneca tribe, once the possessor of all the region from Lake Erie to and beyond the Genesee.

The reservation begins near the village of Gowanda, and just above there, shut in by high hills, is the wildest and most inaccessible spot in the whole region, the valley of Zoar. How or from whom the place received its Biblical name; or what is the resemblance between this secluded spot and the city which, in the Old Testament story, figures along with Sodom and Gomorrah, are matters which not even the oldest inhabitant is able to explain. Here among the hills, where strange faces are rarely seen, is concealed a remarkable example of nature's occasional vagaries and the strange persistence of abnormalities through heredity. Among the few residents of Zoar there are several families of claw-fingered persons. They are not wild nor hair covered, at least not more so than most of the folk along the Cattaraugus, but nearly all of them have a curious deformity of the fingers and toes which gives them their name. They have lived there many years, and although their neighbors are still inclined to look upon them somewhat askance, they are no longer regarded as especially wonderful, and one might travel through the valley a dozen times without once hearing a word about its strange inhabitants.

In driving through the valley recently the writer came across an old farmer leading hemlock bark by the roadside, and inquired for the claw-fingered residents.

Although the residents of Zoar usually refer to their strange neighbors as a tribe, they use the word only as it is frequently employed in rural districts in speaking of any large family. They are by no means looked upon as a separate order of beings. Still there is a strong social prejudice against them. Although this prejudice has not been sufficient to prevent marriages with other families in the neighborhood, it has discouraged such marriages. The consequence is that there has been much intermarriage in the family, and this may have something to do with the perpetuation of their deformity.

As well as can be learned, the peculiar digital formation of the claw-fingered folks has existed in Zoar through four generations. In the early part of the century a man named Robbins settled in Zoar. He was remarkable because his fingers and toes were so bent that they resembled claws somewhat more than they did human digits. In other respects, there was nothing particularly striking about his appearance. His strange, claw-like hands and toes became objects of considerable curiosity, but it does not appear that Robbins ever explained the origin of his deformity. Of course, after it reappeared in his descendants it became the general opinion that Robbins himself inherited it. Others believe that he was the founder of the claw-fingered family, and that he settled in this remote spot because of his disfigurement.

Several children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, and all of them had the usual number of fingers and toes of the usual size and appearance. In the succeeding generation, however, the claw fingers reappeared, and since then they have been found on some members of every family that claimed descent from the man who introduced them into Zoar. A peculiar thing about this strange family heritage is that it is impossible to tell where or in what form it will appear. Sometimes it is inherited from the father, sometimes from the mother; sometimes it appears in all the children of a family, at others only in one or two out of a large number; sometimes a father and mother who have well-formed hands and feet will bring up a family of children all of whom are badly, and perhaps variously, deformed. Again parents whose hands are so deformed as to be unsightly will have children all with hands perfectly straight. Occasionally the deformity will appear in a person's hands and not in his feet, or vice versa. Sometimes it is in the right hand or foot and not in his left; and so on till all the possible combinations are exhausted. The term claw-fingered certainly would not fit more than half of those with deformed extremities. Of course none of them has what could properly be called claws.

## An Affinity.

He: "That was a queer freak of Price's—marrying a woman twice his age. I wonder how it came about?" She: "Naturally enough. He was without money and she was without Price."

## TRUE AMERICAN LIFE.

Edward W. Bok Contends That It Exists Best in Smaller Cities.

It is when we go into the smaller cities of our country that we find the real American life, the truest phases of American living, writes Edward W. Bok in an article on "Where American Life Really Exists," in the Ladies' Home Journal. One need only go into such charming and delightful home cities as Albany, Troy, Syracuse, Binghamton, Rochester and Buffalo in New York state, or in such spots of charming intellectuality as New Haven or Hartford in Connecticut, or Springfield, Worcester or Lowell in Massachusetts, to see how far removed from the true and happiest way of living are the people of the larger cities. American home life and everything that is uplifting in American domesticity are perfectly fragrant in such cities as Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cleveland or Cincinnati. People live in these cities as if they enjoy living. The very exteriors of homes in these cities breathe forth a wholesome domestic atmosphere. A man of fair income in any of these cities lives like a human being in a home in which the sunshine visits each side of his house during a day. For less money he has a house with ground around it than his brother of greater means who lives in a larger city and has only a brown-stone chest of drawers in a closely-built block into which the sun penetrates only through one side of his house. The man of the smaller community is, necessarily, happier with such living, and his wife and children are the healthier for it. Life means something to a man living in this way; it means contentment and comfort. \* \* \* The quality of intellectual life of the smaller American cities astonishes one who finds it for the first time. And the secret of it lies in the simple fact that people in these cities have more time for the cultivation of mind, for the gratification of mental tastes. Literary clubs and neighborhood guilds have a deeper meaning than in the great cities. A woman's social life is absolutely refreshing and stimulating in these cities, and in direct contrast to the exhaustion of social gaieties of the large cities. But people come closer to each other, and their amusements are more satisfying, more harmonious. \* \* \* Then, too, the church comes closer in the fulfillment of its mission in our smaller American communities. The religious life is truer than in the large centers. The church is taken into the lives of its people, and its interests are their interests, spiritual and material.

## How She Fixed Him.

He was a theatric lover, and she didn't like his style a little bit. He was constant in his devotion, however, and that made matters worse. She had tried gentle means to get rid of him, but he had disregarded them with painful persistence. In this moment of her desperation he felt it incumbent upon him to propose to her, as men under similar circumstances so often do. Which they wouldn't if they had any sense at all.

"Dear one," he exclaimed, hurrying himself tragically at her feet; "I love you. My life is yours. Will you take it?"

She did not look like a murderess. "Mr. Singleton," she responded, with calm determination, "I will."

He gazed at her rapturously. "Don't do that," she begged, drawing back from him as if in horror. "I have taken your life, as you requested me to do, and you are henceforth to all intents and purposes dead."

He seemed dazed.

"I do not, Mr. Singleton," she continued, turning aside, "desire to have a dead person in the house, and if you do not go away at once I shall ring for an ambulance at once and have you removed to the morgue."

Then the dreadful situation in which his own precipitate folly had placed him was revealed, and he removed himself with promptness and dispatch.—New York Sun.

## RAM'S HORNS.

The worst deception is self-deception.

A good thought planted in good soil will grow.

The real coward is the one who is afraid to do right.

It is impossible to love God until his word is believed.

When bad men are elected to office the devil rules the city.

We can't keep away from other people and know ourselves.

The man who never gives away anything, cheats himself.

It is hard to please the man who never knows what he wants.

As soon as Eve took the forbidden fruit the devil had an army.

Don't go security for the man who runs his boots down at the heel.

The sermon that most pleases may not be the one that most helps.

The recording angel never gets any information from a gravestone.

The more a Christian grows in grace the less he thinks of himself.

He is not very good who is not better than his friends imagine him to be.

God can say much to the poor that he cannot make known to the rich.

A lie trembles all over whenever it discovers that truth is on its track.

Love to God and neighbor is the only law needed for the good of men.

Try to count your mercies, and many of your troubles will be rubbed out.

If we have only given Christ a second place, we haven't given him any.

The poorest man in the world is the one who gets rich by selling whiskey.

A fool will be all his life in learning what the wise can see at a glance.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; in passing it, he is superior.

## UNUSUAL THINGS.

Franks of Various Kinds Not to Be Seen in the Museum.

There is a man in Missouri whose feet are so large that he has to put his trousers on over his head.

A Kentucky shoemaker, for the sake of economy, has his sign painted thus:

BROWN SHOES

A West Virginia man is so peculiarly affected by riding on a train that he has to chain himself to a seat to prevent his jumping out of the car window.

People in Madison county, Ky., who have paid their taxes are entitled to be married free by the sheriff.

An Illinois farmer owns a hen which lays two eggs every day.

Gelleville, Ky., is the birthplace of a boy who was an inveterate tobacco chewer before he was a year old.

An Alabama father has taught all his children to read with their books upside down.

A Mississippi woman, who chews tobacco and drinks whisky, thinks that women have all the "rights" they need.

A Minnesota girl of 15 can distinguish no color, everything being white to her, and she is compelled to wear dark glasses to protect her eyes from the glare.

Young Darling killed a man in Washington county, Ky., the other day, and Love Divine stole a wagon load of tools in Fayette county.

The servants in a school for girls in Connecticut, while cleaning up the rooms after the school closed, discovered 3,678 wads of chewing gum stuck about in various places.

A Florida negro is growing fat on snake steaks.

One county in Pennsylvania has contributed two members to congress, two to the state senate and two convicts to the penitentiary.

A Mississippi river steamboat roustabout drinks a half gallon of whisky every day.

A South Carolina widow became her own mother-in-law recently. That is to say, she is now the wife of her husband's father.

A New Hampshire girl of 23 never tasted hot bread until three weeks ago, when she stopped with friends at a Boston hotel.

A dude in Philadelphia was turned out of the club to which he belonged because he paid his tailor's bill two days after he got his clothes.

An Idaho school teacher enforces obedience with a revolver.

A Baptist preacher in Georgia refuses to baptize except in running water.

An Arkansas hunter has a hound that will catch his tail in his teeth and roll down a hill faster than any other hound in the pack can run.

A Maine mother has an old slipper, still in use, which has spanned six generations of her family.

Michigan has a man who is so fat that he can't fall down hard enough to hurt himself. He is known as the human spherooid.

A Delaware peach grower has found an apple with fuzz on it growing on a peach tree.

An Indiana calf, now two months old, has hoofs like a horse.

A Chicago man paid his first visit to St. Louis in July, and he liked it so well that he has gone there to live.

A Texas preacher threw a Bible at a deacon who started to run away with the collection, and knocked him down the front steps of the church, breaking his leg in two places.

Divorced on a Train.

Mrs. M. L. Taylor formerly resided with her husband at Spring Valley, Minn., but when a disagreement arose which resulted in their estrangement she removed to LaCrosse, Wis., and is now the proprietor of a millinery establishment. An understanding was arranged that her husband was to make no contest in her divorce suit. Mrs. Taylor went to Spring Valley last Tuesday, but just before the case was called the judge received an urgent summons to repair to an adjacent town. The train was already due to leave the depot and judge, plaintiff and counsel all boarded the cars. The evidence in the case was heard en route and as the train pulled into Wyckoff, seven miles out, the court handed the woman her decree of divorce.—New York Herald.

Prospective Joy.

"Say, Chimmie, come down—go in to have a bully lot o' fun." "Wat?" "We've fed de goat six addilla powders, an' now we're goin' to let 'im drink."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In youth one has tears without grief; in old age, grief without tears.

The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.

Mystery is but another name for our ignorance; if we were omniscient all would be perfectly plain.

He who seeks for and emphasizes the good in others is not only blessing and improving them, but himself also.

Envy is thus laid low; all the more amiable qualities are brought out; the habit of giving happiness is in itself a joy, and the manifold benefits thus conferred are fully shared by the giver.

At whatever period of life friendships are made, so long as they continue sincere and affectionate, they form undoubtedly one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—scoundrels with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

How bitter it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

At all times presence of mind is valuable. In time of repose it enables us to say and do whatever is most fitting; while in time of trial it may protect, and in time of danger preserve.