A NEGRESS 108 YEARS OLD.

Her Progeny in Four Generations Number One Hundred and Ninety-six.

Beneath the sheltering roof of a faithful son, in the outskirts of St. Joseph, lives a colored woman, Jane Harvey, who is 108 years of age. She was born in Bourbon county, Ky., on Oct. 17, 1781, to "Mammy Harvey," a negro woman owned by Col. Harvey. For thirteen years Jane Harvey, who, like most other negroes, took the name of her master, lived about the Kentucky plantation. Then Col. Harvey made up his mind to leave Kentucky and venture still further west. So he gathered his family, consisting of about fifteen negroes, several sons and daughters, and started. On they pushed until he halted his caravan where Glasgow, Howard county, Mo., now stands, and staked off his land and patiently waited for the country to grow up with him. But the colonel paid nature's debt long ere the country was grown, and all his property reverted to his eldest son, Dr. Henry Harvey, whom "mammy" affectionately refers to as "ole massa."

The climate of Missouri seemed to agree with Jane Harvey, for her strength, agility and sturdiness increased with each passing day. She worked in the fields, assisted the choppers in the woods, baked the hoe cake, fetched the water, minded the children and rode horseback into the settlement, with never a complaint. John Harvey was another slave, and a good slave he was, too, if mammy is to be believed. Jane was about 20 years old when John realized the first throbs of a new born love. He was assiduous in his attentions, and the first thing she knew John had entered her young life so thoroughly and completely that she hailed with joy massa's permission for her to become John's wife. So one bright May morning she took her dusky lover's hand and made the vows that bound her to him until death did them part. The union was fraught with blessings in the shape of divers and several pickaninnies, and when John had seen his Jane become a mother for the fifth time, he died.

Her widowhood was of brief duration, for as she recalls it, in 1807 she again became a wife, and by this union had nine children, seven sons and two daughters. The sons grew to manhood, and were strong, healthy men with progeny when the war broke out. Five of these sons entered the Union army, and two of them died on the battle field. Her oldest living son is now 80 years of age, and lives in Sheridan county, Mo. At the close of the war he chose the name of George Washington, and possesses that proud name even now. Until six weeks ago mammy lived with him and her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, but then Robert, who is 57 years old, went down to visit her, and brought her back here to his home, at 2,013 Mulberry street. She relates with positive humor her journey to this city. In the 108 years of her existence she had never ridden on a railroad train, and, as she expressed it, "I war skeered at fust, but liked it tol'able well after."

A reporter called on Mammy Harvey the other afternoon and found that she was out visiting at the home of her other son, Willim Bunce (who had adopted the name of a former master). William lives back of his brother Robert, and is 74 years old. An inquiry addressed to her regarding the number of her direct descendants rather puzz'- old lady.

"W-l," she said slowly, "I don' 'zactly know how many I hev got. I counted over a hundred gran'chillun one day when I got ter thinkin' 'bout it. I've had fourteen chillun, an' all ob 'em' hed lots o' chillun, too. My youngest darter's got fo'teen, an' she ain't but fifty-fo' years ole."

Here her son Robert interrupted her and stated that she has 123 grandchildren, with several precincts to be heard from. Mammy was not quite sure about it, but believed at last accounts that she had forty-six great-grandchildren and twelve great-great-grandchildren. If this is so, and there is no reason to doubt it, then she is responsible for 196 people in four generations, a record of which the old woman feels justly proud. Mammy has never worn glasses in her life, and she eats about everything, notwithstanding the absence of all but three teeth. She only partakes of two meals a day, and entertains a devoted fondness for corned beef hash, hoe cake and mush. She goes to bed nightly at 9 o'clock and arises promptly with the light of day. Her figure is stout, and her weight is about 170 pounds.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Telegram in New York Sun.

A Precocious Lover.

According to a Madrid correspondent, a boy, only 12 years old, found in the streets of Madrid a 100 peseta bank note, and changed it at a money changer's, dividing the spoils with another boy, 11 years of age. He then bought a pistol and bullets, and began a quarrel with his playmate about a little girl of 12 years of age, the daughter of a well-to-do grocer, whom he called his sweetheart, and whom he accused of showing a preference for his companion. As they were discussing the matter they happened to meet the girl with her female servant, and the older boy deliberately aimed at her and shot her dead. Both boys were sent to jail; but despite his comrade's and the maid servant's testimony, the accused says the pistol went off accidentally.—London Globe.

The Power of Mirambo.

In a letter to the present writer in May, 1875, Stanley says:

"Mirambo has become a bugbear to all this land. Mothers still their infants' cries with his dread name; young lads emulate his great deeds, and fan their courage with singing at night of his wars, and work themselves to a delirious frenzy, while the elders sit under the trees in the village square, and converse in whispers respecting the latest reports heard of him. Indeed, I shall be glad when I have put some broad countries between my camp and his. We will then be able to travel in greater peace, for, wherever we go, we are taken for Mirambo, until long and tedious explanations have dispelled the alarm of the natives."—F. G. de Fontaine.

Electric Shot Hoist.

The electrical ammunition hoist of Lieut. Fiske, now in operation on board the Atlanta, is giving great satisfaction. The apparatus is called into play on all general quarters' calls, and hoists projectiles weighing 250 pounds from the bottom of the hatch to the gun deck in ten seconds. In no instance has the hoist been taken down or given the slightest trouble. The introduction of the apparatus was strongly opposed by several naval officers, but its efficiency has now secured for it unqualified commendation. The hoist is now used on the Chicago, and is to be put on board all the new ships.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ready for Him.

"Gentlemen," remarked the stranger who had galloped out of town on a steel gray gelding a few hours before the vigilantes caught up with him, "I was brought up an Episcopalian; will some one kindly loan me a prayer book before this goes any farther?" The chairman said he didn't believe there was one in the crowd, but they could accommodate him with a noose halter. They did so, and it quieted him.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

SLEEPY LITTLE EYES.

CRADLE SONG.

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