# THE TRIALS OF AN EMICRANT.

Reminiscenses by a Former Emigrant Now s Prosperous Missouri Official.

LANDING AT CASTLE GARDEN.

An Unclean Italian-The Terrors of the Storm-Amusements in the Steerage-The Emigrants' Diet-Emigration in Olden Times.

A gentleman from the northern part of Missouri who was in Omaha two days of last week is a living exemplification of the advantages which the land of the free and the home of the brave possesses for men of all nationalities. A few years ago this gentleman landed in this country, one of a number of tired and wretched immigrants. To-day he is an associate justice of the county court of a prosperous Missouri county in which he nas made considerable money as well as many friends.

In conversation with a representative of the BEE this gentleman who, by the way, is a very intelligent man, imparted some interesting information in regard to the habits, the trials and tribulations of the emigrant while en route to this country.

"The scene on the pier previous to the departure of a vessel is an exciting one," said he. "It is crowded with emigrants all in a confused and excited state, reminding one of a frightened flock of sheep. The majority are perhaps Eng'ish, Irish and German, though nearly all nations are represented. More than half of the whole number of emigrants arrive in New York from Liverpool, a curious fact being that as many German emigrants come to America by way of Liverpool as those who sail in steamers direct from Hamburg or Bremen. These Germans are conveyed to Hull by water and thence across England by rail to Liverpool. A shipload of these seekers for homes is a curious sight, many sinister men and some loose women are no-ticeable, but here and there may be noticed many neat in dress and cleanly in appearance and promising citizens. Each emigrant has a contract ticket, which in consideration of the current rate of fare stipulates for his transportation to New York, together with a full supply of wholesome provisions, cooked and served by its stewards; the passenger is required to provide himself with bed-ding and cooking utensils. In my time the weekly allowance of food for adults was prescribed by the government and printed on the contract ticket. As I remember it, it was 21 quarts of water, 34 pounds of bread, 1 pound of wheaten flour, 14 pounds of oatmeal, rice and peas, 2 pounds of potatoes, 1; pounds of beef, 1 pound of pork, 2 ounces of tea, 1 pound of sugar, and salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, etc. The steerage stewards berth the emigrants, and they are then marshaled on deck under the scrutiny of a government inspector who examines em for infectious diseases.

"On nearly all vessels just before starting are found "stowaways" or some poor fellows who, enthused with the glowing descriptions of the land beyond the sea and too poor to pay passage, are desperate enough to attempt to steal passage. In nearly all instances these are discovered when the tickets are exam-ined, and they are sent back to shore. Some of them will make the piteous tale that they have been robbed of their money while waiting for the vessel or lost their tickets, but this is of no avail. After the steerage passengers are attended to the cabin passengers come aboard and the vessel pushes out."

"What is the general treatment these people receive while at sea?" asked th

reporter.
"Well," replied the Missourian "neither officers or men seem to consider them worthy of respect. Occasionally you will find some ships officers who will treat them in a humane, tolerating manmer, but as a rule they are treated more like a drove of cattle. No difference is made between the better or worse class but all are treated alike. There is no classification, the single women and men are separated, but Poles, Germans, English, French, Italians, and people of all countries are thrown together. A cleanly, thrifty woman is berthed next to a filthy one, and the same with neat appearing hardworking men who are compelled to mingle with the dirtiest of vagabonds.

"The steerage is usually cold, dark and foul smelling. It extends nearly the en-tire length of the vessel under the saloon deck and is cut up in gloomy apartments. In each one of these are four tiers of berths or bunk, two on each side. The lower tier is two feet from the deck and the upper tier three feet from the roof. The steerage is about ten feet in height; in each tier are probably six berths eighteen inches wide and six feet long and made of boards. These berths generally emit an unpleasant smell of chlorate of lime or carbolic acid." "It is not then the most pleasant sight,"

remarked the BEE man. "It is anything but a pleasant sight which greets ones eyes as he enters the steerage from the open deck. The women and children are sitting or lying in the berths, the former tired and pale. yet bearing their suffering with that wo-manly fortitude characteristic of the sex; the children giving vent to their feelings

'Officious stewards are moving about indulging in a coarse joke here and a growl at some unfortunate there. ne supper, and but few partake of the first one at sea, the tables are raised to the roof and the steerage center space is clear. Some lamps are then lighted, but promptly extinguished at 9 o'clock. Three meals are served every day and in quality and quantity they are substantial. For breakfast at 8 o'clock emigrants sit down to do justice to oatmeal porridge and molasses, hot bread, coffee and salt fish. For dinner at 12 perhaps soup or broth, boiled meats, potatoes and bread. For supper at 6 tea and bread and butter with molasses. However substantial the food may be, the manner in which it is served is uncleanly. Beef and soup are placed on the table in rusty looking tins and then a scramble takes place, dirty fingers often being used instead of forks. On a pleasant summer day the emigrants have quite a merry time on deck. of the Italians bring out their harps and violins and a concert takes place. Aside from this these people amuse themselves at cards, checkers, and other games, and after a time they become partially accus-tomed to their filthy prison, the majority make the best of it and enjoy themselves

"How is the emigrant cared for during a storm?" queried the reporter.
"That's just where he reaches the height of his misery," answered the exemigrant. "I shall never forget the sufferings we all endured during a severe storm on my passage. When the storm came up the hatches were battened down, the ports screwed in their places and the companionways closed. During all the time the sea is on deck perhaps 1,000 people were confined to the steerage, on this occasion, for nearly three days. The atmosphere became close and in twenty-four hours was loaded with importing meals were irregularly sayed. purities; meals were irregularly served and the food barely cooked. I shall never forget the exhibition of terror on the part of some of the emigrants, and their terror became contagious as their shricks grew louder, and their prayers more fre-quent. After the storm had subsided,

would not go in to clean up for six hours and then they had to be supplied with an extra allowance of grog. I remember on this trip an incident which a sailor told me was not an unusual one. One of the Italians in the steerage had not washed himself since he had been on board, and after the storm he refused to leave his bunk, but clung to it in all its filth, and with his characteristic indolence. On the captain's order he was brought on board and thoroughly cleansed with a hose, after which he returned apparently feeling no better for his clean up, but I am certain the balance of us rested easier.

"When the steamer arrives at quarantine, a tow boat conveys the doctor on board and he inspects the emigrants. If there are no cases of infectious disease the steamer proceeds to the city, and shortly another steamboat appears with the hearding officer of the criterians.

shortly another steamboat appears with the boarding officer of the emigration commissioners. This official ascertains the number of passengers on board and

istens to complaints.
"Soon the trees of the Battery park come in sight, the steamer's pulse ceases, several barges are towed alongside, and the emigrants with their baggage are transferred to these. The same excites ment is here manifest as at the outset of the voyage. The poor emigrants are browbeaten and driven about like the same old sheep, and as soon as the barges are loaded a small steamer takes them in tow and they are landed with their load of human feight at Castle Gar-

en. "The barges loaded with emigrants are soon moored to the wharf, and the custom house officers examine the baggage; old chests, barrels and bundles are packed together and the officers begin the work of examination.

"Do these people have much property?"
"Some of the emigrants have no baggage whatever, and it is safe to say that \$100 is the average amount of cash held one person with perhaps \$50 addition-

in property.
"When the baggage has been "passed" by the inspectors, it is checked and sent to a room prepared for its reception. The immigrants are examined by a medical officer, who ascertains that no paupers or criminals are among them, and that no person afflicted with contagious or infectious diseases have escaped the doctor at quarantine. The immigrants are then ushered into the rotunda, a high-roofed circular building, into which ventilation and light are admitted by a dome seventy-five feet high. The floor is divided into small inclosures containing a post office, telegraph office, money ex-change and restaurant. As the crowd files in, each passenger is detained for a moment at the registration desk, where his name, age, nationality, destination, the vessel's name and the date of arrival

are carefully recorded and preserved.
"When the registration is complete a
clerk announces the names of the passengers who have friends waiting for them, or for whom letters, telegrams or remittances have been received, and deivery is made to the persons answering. Other passengers who wish to communicate with acquaintances or relatives are referred to clerks who speak and write their language, and their messages are transmitted from the telegraph desk or by mail. The railroad companies have agents in the building, and the passengers who wish to leave the city are shown to the ticket offices, while their baggage is rechecked and conveyed to the train or depot without charge. Those who want rest are permitted to remain in the rotunda, where a bowl of coffee, tea or milk and a small loaf of bread are supplied to them for ten cents. If they choose they can go to one of the boarding houses licensed by the commissioners, which offer food and lodging at the modest price of a dollar or a dollar and half. There is also a labor bureau which is of much aid to the new comers. The immigrants are guarded against swindlers by a broker's office where com is exchanged for bills at the lowest curren rates, and where valuables may be de-

posited without charge.
"Many years ago the great majority of not prepay their passage. They accepted advances and were bonded to the ship owners, who derived enormous profits, Charles Reade has a vivid description of the emigrant traffic at this period in his "Wandering Heir." When a vessel arrived at Philadelphia or New York, the steerage passengers were sold at public auction to the highest bidder. The coun-try people either came themselves to purchase, or sent agents. Parents sold their children, that they might remain free themselves, and families were scat-tered never to be re-united. Old people and widows did not sell well; while healthy parents with healthy children, and youths of both sexes, found a ready market. When one or both parents died on the voyage, the expenses of the whole family were summed up, and charged to the survivor. Adults had to serve from three to six years, and children until they became of age. Runaways had to serve one week for each day, one month for each week, and six months for each month of their absence. The emigrants were called "indented servants," but in

effect they were slaves.
"The last sales of immigrants took place I think in Philadelphia during the years 1818 or 1819. The government then inter-fered with the traffic, and encouraged the immigration of a superior class of people. But the accommodations for emigrants remained shamefully defective, and nearly twenty out of every hundred passengers died at sea of fever or starvation. The steerage deck was usually about five feet high, without ventilation or light, and in this space the bunks were ranged in two

or three tiers.
"The health of the passengers was further impaired by another evil which, up to a very recent date, prevailed on board emigrant vessels. The emigrants were to provide and cook their own food. Many embarked without any provisions or an insufficient quantity, and others found no opportunity to cook what they had. On the upper deck of the vessel there were two small "galleys," about five feet wide and four feet deep, each supplied with a grate, and these were the only arrangements made for cooking the food for several hundred persons. "Thousands never lived to see their des-tination. Out of about ninety-eight thou-sand laborers sent from Ireland to Canada after the famine of 1846, nearly twen ty-five thousand perished in consequence of the poor rations and defective ventila-tion of the ships. Later still, in 1868, on one vessel alone—the Leibnitz" from Hamburg—over one hundred passengers aied out of five hundred.

"The mortality on vessels bringing em-grants to New York to-day will perhaps not exceed one and two-thirds per cent. and in some instances is no greater than one-eighth per cent."

## LOOKING FOR JIM.

Written for the Sunday Bee.

The little sketch I am about to write is absolutely true. It occurred when I was a British soldier, stationed at Malta in the year 1875. I was quartered in the St. Elmo barracks, right at the entrance to the Grand harbor, and over the historical spot where Napoleon is supposed to have sunk the golden gates. Anyone who has ever visited that island--who has sailed past the entrance and up to the Grand and Quarantine harbors, cannot have failed to notice the grand chaldron of foaming and seething water; always turbulent, no matter how calm the day, whilst 400 feet above are the granite barracks of St. Elmo. The soldiers lazily pacing to and fro are in striking contrast to the rough ocean below which for sublimity and grandeur is worth the painter's most artistic skill. Military life in Malta consists in a seemand the steerage was open, the sailors lingly never ceasing round of guard

mounting. Fall in at 7 a. m., be inspected by the regimental officers, then march to the brigade headquarters and be inspected by the brigade officers, finally march to governor's headquarters, be reviewed, march past, salute and then be reviewed, march past, salute and then the beginning of the past, salute and then the process of the past, and the past of the pa off to the various guards, arriving at your post somewhere about 10 or 11, and all this time belted up and wearing a knapsuck containing a full kit, with the thermometer at about 104° in the shade; then when on guard you cannot remove the shade when on sentry you next. then when on guard you cannot remove your beits, and when on sentry you must wear your knapsack and straps. However, to my story. In the company to which I belonged was a young married couple in whom the whole regiment seemed to take especial pride. The man, Corporal James Fennessy, was the son of a former officer of the regiment, an officer who had fought and won his way from the ranks to the adjutancy, and who, while winning rank and glory had who, while winning rank and glory, had been debarred from saving that most essential article, either in civil or military life, money; consequently when the old man died after thirty-three years active and faithful service it was found that his entire estate consisted of seventeen pounds in money, four medals, the Victoria cross, a presentation sword, and two old suits of uniform. The son after waiting as long as he could in the hope that his father's services would enable him to obtain a commission, at last enlisted as a private soldier in the regiment of which his father had been an honored officer, and was immediately given his first step that of corporal. Our regimental school-mistress was a young lady with almost a similar history to that of Corporal Fennessy, the two having been born in India in the regiment and known no other homes than the barracks. What wonder was it that the two should be very much attached to each other, and when Corporal Fennessy, as is the rule, sent in his written application to be allowed to marry the schoolmistress and be assigned quarters in the married block, the whole regiment from colonel to private took s personal and proud interest in the suc-cess of the couple. They were married by the chaplain, the colonel giving the bride away and the company furnishing the wedding banquet, and many were the brilliant prospects which the wiseacres of the regiment spoke of. But duty and discipline go hand in hand in the British army, and in spite of its being Jim's wedding day, the first order issued that evening for the morrow's duty read:
"Corporal James Fennessy and eight
men will mount guard at 7 a. m. on St.
Elmo heights." In due time the guard mounting took place and it was nearly 11 o'clock before we reached St. Elmo heights. Then when sentries were relieved we gladly threw off our knapsacks and looked over the blue Mediterranean. As far as the eye could reach the sea appeared to be perfectly calm, while the different sails appeared so motionless as to resemble "painted boats upon a painted ocean," yet down 400 feet below us, the waters were as usual seething and foaming, curling and dashing against the rocks as if to make up by their fury the calmness of the sea. It was hot. In the guard house the myriads of flies made it mpossible to rest; outside on the parapets the scorening rays beat down pittlessly, and the only shade to be obtained was to sit or lie in the apertures or embrasure built to receive the huge cannon placed there to protect the island from invasion, but only used for firing salutes. These embrasures were built out of the solid fort wall, were about three yards wide and sloped and widened out till the edge was reached. Knowing that our next visitor would be the inspecting officer at 12 o'clock, the most of us made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. The corporal, no doubt mentally reviewing the events of the previous day, lay down in one of the em-brasures and was soon lulled by the heat into slumber. My readers need scarcely be told that when a sentry gives the com-mand "Guard turn out" it is a matter of pride with the soldier to grasp his rifle and fall in as quickly as possible. In due time the officer made his appearance; the sentry gave the usual warning and each but where was the corporal? We looked at each other in speechless terror. There was but one explanation of his absence. Instead of running towards the guard house when aroused by the sentry's cry the poor fellow had evidently run in the wrong direction and had fallen 400 feet into the angry waters below, and 'ere we could explain to the officer the terrible could explain to the officer the terrible catastrophe that had occurred, the young wife appeared carrying a dinner—the first she had ever prepared for her husband. Smiling and half blushing she passed on to the guard house saying, "Good morning, boys, I've brought Jim's dinner. Where is he?" After a hurried consultation with the officers we told her that the tion with the officers we told her that the sergeant major had sent for Jim, but that he would be back shortly, and while she was arranging her little dinner as tastefully as she could, one man ran off to beg the sergeant-major's wife to break the news as gently as possible to the young widow. By a ruse we persuaded her to return to the barracks, where by degrees she was told the cruel story. I have often thanked my God that I remained on duty that day on the heights, for I am told that the whole barracks resounded with her pitiful screams and sobs. Towards night, worn out with emotions and physically exhausted, she laid down and slept quietty. Now comes the most peculiar part of my little tale, and one which can be vouched for by the sands of British soldiers. At daybreak she arose, dressed herself and walked back to our guard house. She came to the door perfectly calm and ap-parently sane. With a pleasant smile she hade us good morning and engured she bade us good morning, and enquired for her husband. When told that he was

not there, and pressed to sit down and rest herself, she replied, "No, thank you, boys, I'm looking for Jim," and passed on. From guard house to guard house the poor woman walked, always with the same object—looking for Jim—and closed her search only when night came, only to repeat the programme the next day. For two long years she hurried from guard to guard, always seemingly in a great hurry, and although old friends could sometimes keep her chatting a little while, still she would soon grow restless and hurry on with the excuse that she was "Looking for Jim." Perfectly sane on every other topic, no amount of rea-soning would convince her but what Jim was on guard somewhere. Her strange and pitiful tale was of course known to every soldier on the island, and the boys all had a kind word and a smite for her whenever she made her appearance. The officers of the regiment subscribed suf-ficient money to prayent her from what ficient money to prevent her from wanting anything, and even wished to send her to England, but she would not hear of such thing. I shall find Jim dizectly, she would say, and then everything will be all right. One morning she was missed from her accustomed haunts and on

> Sacred to the Memory of "Gone to Meet Her Jim."

at Floriana cemetery, large numbers of soldiers attended and her body was low-

ered to the grave to the mournful strains of the Dead March, played by the regimental band. Before the regiment left Malta the soldiers raised a subscription, and visitors to the cemetery can now see

over her grave a plain white marble cross on which is inscribed:

Albert Friedlander has invented a portable electric light. It is made by turning plates of carbon and zinc into the exciting fluid by means of a knob. In turning them back the light is extinguished.

as One of the Devices of the Devil.

CHURCH A PLACE OF EQUALITY.

Where High and Low, Rich and Poor Should be on the Same Level-The Free Church the Means to Reach the Masses

Written for the Sunday Bee by M. F. Sorenson,

of Denver. No serious-minded person, who contemplates the state of christianity at the present day, can fail to see that the church does not reach or get hold of the masses. On the contrary infidelity and scepticism, liberalism and socialism, seem to be on the increase, and christianity especially in the western states and territories, as far as the masses are concerned, is quietly being cast off.

Now, what is the remedy? And how shall the church reach the masses, or rather, how shall the masses be brought

into the church? Before answering these questions, let us look back to the first centuries of the church, and we will be struck at the extraordinary change, which has taken place in the relation of christianity to what are termed the lower classes of society. It was to these classes, at the outset, that the gospel made its most earnest appeal. To the poor, to slaves, to the afflicted and oppressed of every sort, the apostles and other early preachers, principally addressed their teachings. By this multitudinous class they were heard with the most sympathy, and from their ranks the primitive churches were Christianity first estabfilled. lished itself on the lower strata of the populace. The early church was the church of the catacombs. It burrowed underground before it emerged into day-light, and climbed to high places of power. The heathen writers of the first power. The heathen writers of the first two centuries scarcely allude to the christians, and when they are referred to, it is as an ignorant and despised class. The rich, the powerful and the cultured, if they noticed them at all, regarded them with disdain. The early apologists had to defend the christian cause against the accusation of being a religion that started from "barbarians" and sought acceptance among the vicious and un-

Christianity was the religion of the people, and so it continued to be through the middle ages. In this last period, it is true, that all classes, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, were gathered into its fold, but among them were the humblest in worldly rank. Witness the crusades, which were a mighty popular movement for the rescue of the sacred places. Every peasant felt the enthusiasm that spread like a contagion from land to land. At present we hear question raised on every hand: How shall christianity be carried to the masses? How shall the christian faith be brought to bear upon and be kept alive in the large multitude who are devoted to manual toil, the artisans of the cities, the farming population of the country, the bone and sinew of the land, and how shall it be made to act as an antidote to the restless passions which at times threaten the stability of govern-ments and menace society with convul-sion? This question implies that a large portion of the working class in civilized professedly christian nations, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, are allenated from the christian faith, rebels against its authority, careless alike of its restraints and its hopes. Why this dif-ference between the later and the earlier ages of the church? How is it that a religion that found its heartiest welcome in the class by whom the comforts, not to say luxuries of existence were pos-

sessed in a scant measure, is now spurned by the corresponding portion of modern With reference to this problem I have but one or two suggestions to offer. The first is that in the ancient Roman empire when christianity was struggling for life no prospect of relief and solace from any other source. Especially had they no hope of altering their condition by attacking the authority of the state. Revolutionary violence against the imperial power that dominated the world, was an approximate the state. impracticable thing, and revolt would have been an act of madness. In the middle ages Roman imperialism had indeed passed away, but the elements of democracy that entered into the organi-zation of the church and affected its priesthood were adapted to enlist the sympathy of the common people. Over against the monarch and the feudal lord stood the hierarchical order, which the humblest might aspire to enter, and which not infrequently interposed a shield for the protection of the common

man against the tyrrany and exactions of his lay-superiors.
But in the present age-the church has more frequently been on the side of secu-lar authority—christianity has often been made a prop of despotism. In the great monarchical reaction in Europe after the wars of Napoleon "the throne and the altar" were the watchwords of the assailants of liberty. In this double interest the "Holy Alliance" trampled on freedom in Spain and Italy. Meanwhile, at the same time that the people have been conscious of losing the sympathy of their ecclesiastical rulers and teachers, the spirit of democracy has been growing, and has been infusing a consciousness of power into the minds of the less favored class. The effect of the French revolution was not prevented by the temporary reaction of the hostile political theory. To gain their end by the ballot or by armed revolution is deemed practicable by the disaffected who have abandoned the christian faith. They seek for a remedy and a consola-tion on earth, and not through a spiritual

deliverance that must wait for its fruit until they have passed beyond the confines of this life.

The second suggestion I would make is that when our Lord established the church on earth it was to be the spiritual home for all—for rich and poor, learned and programs him and low silk. and ignorant, high and low, alike. The gospel was to be preached to all. But in modern times there has been a tendency especially so in Protestant countries, to make religious worship and teaching the privilege, we may almost say the luxury, of the few, while nothing is left to the lower orders but the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. Hence the masses have become alienated from the church. Go to our larger cities—and how many churches are free? The large fashionable churches what are they but religious clubhouses, where the

they but religious clubhouses, where the pews are parcelled out, rented or sold to the highest bidder, and where the wealth and fashion assemble, because they are regarded as the proper places for the display of social differences?

The lecturer, Rev. Joseph Cook, in a lecture alluding to this subject said as follows: "I suppose that the augel in Bunyan's vision, who saw the miser using a muck rake did not look forward to America. He might have seen that a using a muck rake did not look forward to America. He might have seen that a muck rake on the front steps of a church used to rake in funds, is a very excellent piece of furniture. For what? for a church? Why not? But for a Sunday club it is a very indispensable piece of furniture. This extravaganza of ours in Sunday club palaces, this feeling of ours that social prestige is more to be regarded in certain churches that right

standing before Almighty God, this using our Sunday clubs as social preservers to keep families in good position—all these are circumstances pointing to peril in time to come, and already big with disaster."

At the triennial meeting of the "Free Habits.

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At the triennial meeting of the "Free and Open Church association," held in Chicago during the meeting of the general convention, Mr. James Parker, of New Jersey, said: "That of all the devices put out by the devil, that of the system of pew rents was the worst. He had always opposed it, and refused to pay rental on principle."

It is making merchandise of the house of God, it is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, and hinders the growth of the church. When one crosses the threshold of God's house all earthly and class-distinctions fade and

all earthly and class-distinctions fade and disappear, and God's creatures are equal. If the masses are to be brought into our churches they must be made iree to all. The church must be the home for all, rich

and poor, high and low alike.

There are, it is true, mission churches and schools in the larger cities, and all praise is due to those who establish and conduct these enterprises of charity—but then they are enterprises of charity, and democracy engenders a pride that makes the independent poor unwilling to be fed in the kitchen. The sturdy artisan, the independent laborer, who is practically excluded from the fashionable church by the high pew rent, is unwilling to enter the charity church, and thus he goes to neither. But perhaps we will be met with the question, that if pew rents were abolished, how could the large city churches be supported? Time will not permit me to enter upon this question here. I will simply say that in order to answer it I would again have to ask you to go back to the primitive church and see how it was supported in those days; how christians honored God with tithes as well as

dans nonred God with titles as well as lip-service, and every one, according to the apostolic injunction, on the first day of the week laid on the offertory his offering as "the Lord had prospered him."

This subject, of course, has its practical difficulties, but I am more and more convinced that the first step toward its subject is the subject of solution is to make all our churches fre -to bring the rich and the poor to walk in the house of God as friends-there to worship the same Heavenly Father in spirit and in truth.

### SINGULARITIES.

An Ohio tame crow has lived to pass his thirty-second birthday.

At Bad Ax, Mich., the other day a hawk sailed over the baseball field. He was struck by a ball and instantly killed.

Mrs. P. H. Richmyre, of Gilboa, N. Y., aged 82, has just completed a pair of trousiers for her husband of 80 to play base ball in.

A calf in Cassville, Wis., was picked up from a track by a train and carried on the cowcatcher to a point opposite its stable where it jumped off unharmed. A Beaver Falls boy was pulled into the river by a fish that took his bait. The boy held on to the pole until he was in danger of

An eight-pound salmon was recently cap-tured in the river at Williamsport, Pa., by a man named Conner, by striking it a well directed blow with a stick that stunned it. It had been napping.

A party of twelve from Pocatello, Idaho, recently went fishing at Pebble and took over four hundred trout in four hours. They think that any good lisherman should fill a twelve-pound basket in two hours.

A Tennessee mountaineer recently found, under a ledge of rocks the sword of a contederate officer. It proved to have belonged to a captain who was killed in a skirmish, and one of his command his it that it might not fall into the hands of the union forces, Major Black, of Sumter, Ga., owned a guinea hen that wanted to set. Her nest was broken up several times, and at length, with every appearance of extreme dejection, she walked to the well, flew up on the curbing and with a rasping cry plunged head first into the water. When she was taken out she was deed

was dead.

The casualties of the jubilee procession foot up about 600. Three hundred were cases of fainting, over twenty of sunstroke. There were several broken legs, arms and collar bones, and dislocations. Some people suffered concussion of the brain, some had their chests crushed, and others were kicked by borses.

horses. A young lady and gentleman from the Sixth ward in Elmira, N. Y., were rowing on the river on Saturday evening, when a black bass weighing about a pound leaped from the water, striking the young lady's wrist and badly frightening her, and alighted in the bottom of the boat. Where it was made a prisoner. Sunday morning it was served as the young lady's breakfast.

the young lady's breakfast.

Mrs. James Hoffses, of North Waldoboro, Me., is the owner of a cat which had a severe fight with a fox one day last week. Mrs. Hoffses was standing in her dwelling house door and saw a fox make his appearance from the woods and come withing two rods of the house. At the same time the cat jumped from the threshold of the door and the two had a combat. The fox was determined to master his prey, but the cat being a large one and very knowing the fox got his match. The cat overpowered the fox and followed him for some rods, but the fox not being satisfied right about face and made for being satisfied right about face and made for his prey. But the cat being more fierce than ever made the second attack and this time the animal was glad to disappear in the

A comical incident was observed at Congress Spring park a night or two ago. There was a very large attendance, and the concert was particularly fine. For a wonder a couple of vigorous dors had eluded the watchfulness of the gate keepers and were enjoying the freedom of the parade ground. They were not long in finding each other out, and were on the best of terms. It may have been that Gartland's music "soothed their savage breasts" into unwonted quiet. As soon as it ceased, however, and a vigorous clapping of hands began by way of applause, the two animals flew at each other with great fury and had as earnest a fight as if they had been enemies from puppyhood. The dogs had mistaken the applause as a "sick 'em" from respective champions, and they fought it out ou that basis. A comical incident was observed at Conon that basis.

A reporter of the Providence (R. I.) Jour-nal, browsing about between midnight and 1 o'clock one morning recently, saw a man standing near one of the electric light posts, standing near one of the electric light posts, on Washington street, waving a long horse-whip back and torth high above his head. He had a fish hook on the end of the whip, to which was attached a moth miller, and he explained that with this bait he captured the bats that were foraging among the insects around the electric light. He said he got a half dollar aplece for them, and that he had already caught seven that night. He sold them to the taxidermists, and said that he could get more for them in Boston. He spoke of hiring a man to help him, as he could catch enough then to pay him for shipping them to Boston. He caught two while the reporter remained to watch the operation, and he picked them off the hook and put them in a bag that he carried slung across his shoulder.

One of the most remarkable feature in hu-

them in a bag that he carried slung across his shoulder.

One of the most remarkable feature in human nature is observed in the Young family, of the Salem neighborhood in Oglethorpe, Georgia. Mr. William Young, who lives near Salem, a carpenter by trade, was born with the middle and ring linger of his right hand together. The joints are perfect, and he finds no inconvenience from the other hand. The remarkable part is that his little baby was born with the same two nugers grown together. Mr. Young has nine brothers, who have natural fingers. His father, nor his father's brothers had no such freak of nature, yet their only sister has the identical fingers on the same hand grown together. His grandfather had three fingers on each hand, and three toes of each foot grown together, and as far back as he can trace the same freak is apparent, but it never developed on but one in each family.

He Made a Neat Hit. Buffalo Courier: "Is there any one liv-

ing here under twenty one years of age?"
inquired a man who rang the door bell to
a Lake street residence the other day.
"No, there is not," rather sharply replied a spinster of eight-and thirty sumsummers who answered the ring.
"Why! Is it possible?" was the reply of the apparently astonished man, you live here?'

It was a neat hit, and after a little simpering and a brief chat about the weather the maiden purchased two copies of a work entitled "Hints for the Young."

A DECIDEDLY MISPLACED JOKE.

The Whirligig of Time-A Neat Hit-An Exploded Theory-It Was Sens. tor Brown-Busting the Corner-Smiles.

The Farmer.

OR City Derrick. Once on a time he used to plough And rise at dawn to milk the cough And drive with merry song and laugh To pasture Brindle an her caugh. To pasture Brindie an a her caugh.

Then for the pigs he'd fill the trough And for the market he would be ough; Sometimes his mare would bruise her hough Against a fence post or a rough.

And there he'd switch her with a bough To teach her better anyhough; He planted wheat to make the dough, Which, in a drought, was hard to grough. In winter, when his work was through, A little sporting he would dough; He'd wander with his gun and shough And aim at crows he couldn't knough.

Sometimes he'd hunt along the clough Sometimes he'd bunt along the clough For birds that do not live there nough And shoot a seagull or a clough. Which he with joy would proudly stough. From swampland, watered by a lough, the'd make good pasture for his stough. By laying here and there a slough. While perspiration was his brough. Sometimes a snake that shed its slough Would scare him so he'd run and pough. Till stuck knee-deep within a slough, the'd yell until he raised a rough. But now work makes the farmer cough And, careless housh much people scough He lives on boarders rough and tough That yough theigh dough not eat enough. She Knew His Habits.

Dakota Bell: "Seen anything of my hssband?" demanded a Sioux Falls woman one day this week of an officer in front of the post office.
"No, ma'am; has he disappeared mys-

teriously?"
"Naw! He came down town the same as usual this morning, but dinner has been ready an hour and it's all getting cold and he isn't back yet." "You have been to his office I sup-

pose?"
"No, sir, I haven't. I've no time to fool away looking for him there. Say, is there a sick horse at any of the livery "Not that I know of."

"Been any dog fights around lately?"
"Haven't heard of any."
"Any ten-cent show or target gun in "All gone, madam."

"Any man in a wagon selling brass "Guess not."

"No fire anywhere in town?" "No pools being sold anywhere on

some horse race, or trial going on in a justice court?" 'Not any." "No man selling medicine on the street, no circus oills just pasted up anywhere, no woman walking a tight rope?"

"Well that's peculiar-I can't see where John can be."
"There's a couple of Frenchmen with

a tame cinnamon bear down on Phillips avenue, madam." 'That's it, that's it--I didn't think to ask about tame bears! While the pota-toes are getting cold as a stone he is

down there making up a purse of seven-ty-five cents to see the bear climb a tele-graph pole! I'll go right down—you watch and see if he isn't up to the house inside of ten minutes!" The Whirligig of Time. Washington Critic. The whirligiz of time doth bring Surprising changes, it is true; One day a man is full of joy; The ice man now in carriage rides; His style all other efforts mock. The haughty coal man now employs

A horse car-or he walks. What Busted the Corner. Last Sunday a favorite local minister was delivering an impassioned account of the destruction of Gomorrah. He thundered away until he disturbed the tired boomers in the front news "What ! he shouted, "what could be worse than that city's lot!"

"If it's a city lot," replied a just-awakened man, "I'll give you \$75 a

"Eignty!" shouted another speculator in the gallery, aroused by the familiar sounds.

"Ninety!" roared another, jumping up "One hundred!" And the whole congregation chipped in and would have boomed Gomorrah clear out of sight had not the sexton with great presence of mind called the worshippers to their senses by passing round the plate. That busted the

corner. Wreck of a Thunderbolt. Chicago Tribune. For full six weeks the hen had sat On two corncobs and a small brickbat, And she looked at the storm, that herce old With a tragic cluck and a wrathful scowl.

The clouds grew black and a lightning shaft Struck that old hen directly aft. High, high above the thunder then Arose the squawk of the maddened hen For with savage peck she had met the shock, This crusty, tough old Plymouth Rock, And bounding back with awful jolt Went the ghastly wreck of a thunderbolt.

An Exploded Theory. Life: Fond Father-"Talk of college not fitting a young man for earning a living! Just as soon as Johnny gradnated he obtained a splendid position. Friend-"What was it?" Fond Father-"First base."

Busy Bumble Bee. Charleston Enterprise. The little busy bumble Bee Is buzzing on the wing, With polished point but carefuly Upon his steely sting. The small boy loating on the lea With hat in hand will try To bother the busy bumble bee, And flick him on the fly. The b. b. b. will simply smile—
He won't a second waste—
But that boy'll be heard about a mile
As he humps for home in haste. Conscience Make Cowards of Us Atl.

San Francisco Wasp: The great mesl merist and mind reader had hired a halon Post street and people flocked to his exhibition. Among others, Frank took his little innocent Hazel to the entertainment. She appeared uncomfortable for awhile, and at length came out with: "Oh, Frank, dearest, can he really read people's thoughts?" "Well, I guess so; at any rate he's going to try."

"Then, dear, let us get out of here right now; for if he reads mine I shall be turned out anyway."

The Bicycler. Now is the time, in particular, When the festive young rider bicycular, Strikes the stone rockular, In a way very jocular, And, losing his pose perpendicular, Alights on his northeast auricular. The Green-Eyed Monster.

Texas Siftings: Old Nace, who keeps a corned beef and cold cabbage hashery on the upper end of Austin is famous for his stinginess. He is also noted for his young mulatto wife, who is suspected of having married the old man for his money. Not long since Uncle Mose met old Nace and perceived at once that there

was something the matter with the distinguished caterer. "What's de matter, Nace? Got de rhu-

matics agin?"
"Wusser den dat." "I spose hits de toofache what's hoisted yer mouf outer shape."
"Hits my wife's mouf what's bodderin"

me. She has been a kissin' Parson Whangdoodle Baxter, who am boardin' wid me."
"Unpossibul!"
"Dar's no unpossibul about hit, be"Dar's him myself."
"bout hit?"

case I seed him myself."
"What yer gwine ter do about hit?"
"What kin I do? Ef I let de cat out de bag dat I has lost conferdence in Parson Whangdoodle, Baxter he might change

Found Together. In summer's hot meridian hour— Just like "birds of a feather"— The picule and the thunder shower Are always found together.

His Praiseworthy Object. Detroit Free Press: A barn-storming actor who is passing his summer in Detroit, was approached by a friend the

other day with:
"I hear you have a new snap?"
"Yes; I'm going to the country towns with a new play.'"
"Going to organize a company?"

"Oh, yes."
"What are the prospects?" "Well, rather dubious. It's a poot play, the weather is hot, and my people are abominable."

Then you are sure to fail?" "I expect to."
"But why do you go? What can be your object?"
"The object is, my dear fellow, to use up \$400 which an amateur playwright is willing to let go of just now."

She Did Not Rebuke Her. Said a maid, "I will marry for lucre,"
And her scandalized ma almost shucre;
But when the chance came,
And she told the good dame,
I notice she did not rebucre.

A Misplaced Joke. Detroit Free Press: "I want the big gest and best watermelon in that lot," he said, as he surveyed a great pile of watermelons in front of a Woodward avenue

"Yes, sir-here it is-best melon I've seen this year."
"Plug it," was the brusque command.
"Yes, sir—splendid red core. Shall I put it on ice?"

The purchaser drew from his pocket a flask of port wine and proceeded to pour the contents into the orifice. The melon readily obsorbed the liquid, and when the plug was replaced the man chuckled: "He! he! I want that melon sent to

the temperance fanatic! Say nothing, and it will be a big joke on him."

A couple of days! ater the man came around to the store again and asked:

Well, the melon was sent up?" "Oh, yes."
"And the boy didn't give my little plot

away?"
"Oh, no, but we heard from it."
"You did! He! he! What did SRY "He and his family were off up the lake, but the hired girl and coachman said it was the finest melon they ever put tooth into!"

The Picknicker. Every picnicker hates. With a hatred intense, The man who putup That berbed wire fence.

It Was Senator Brown. Secretary Mosely, of the interstate commission was trying to keep cool one sultry afternoon last week when a meek looking old gentleman, with long white beard and general ministerial air, en-tered and inquired for the clerk of the commission.
"I am the secretary," said Mr. Mosley,

"what can 1 do for you?"
The old gentleman said he would like to get a copy of the long and short haul decision. This was handed him, the sec-retary wondering what this country preacher wanted with it.
"You look warm," said Mr. Mosely. "won't you take a seat near the window and cool off?"

Thanks," was the reply, "I don't care After a few moments silence the old After a few moments to ask: "What if I do." gentlemen ventured to ask:

part of the country are you from?" "I am a Yankee-come from Massachusetts." Then his Yankee curiosity asserted itself and he said, "Where do you live?" "In Georgia," was the reply.

"Are you interested in railroads?" "Yes; 1 am president of one of them. My name is Brown." Are you any relative of old Senator Joe Brown? I have always had a desire

to see him."
"Yes; I am slightly related to him,"
was the reply, "and I think I might say
that I am the gentleman himself." Mr. Mosely now says that he wishes public men would wear badges to designate their office.

In reality, the appliances of education count for little in comparison with the sort of material upon which they are to be util-

EDUCATIONAL

The Carthege Republican says the school marms of that part of the country are well-dressed and good-looking, and are not yel prepared to trade a good position and see per month for a \$2 dude.

The cost of teachers' board in some of the Maine towns, as reported to the superintendent of schools, presents some interesting figures. In Bingham pedagogues are boarded for \$1 per week, and in Concord for \$2 cents. In sharp contrast to the retrogression of educational ideas down in Georgia comes the action of the Dartmouth medical school, where a colored student, J. P. Haynes, of the partmouth of the property of the colored student, J. P. Haynes, of the colored students of the colored students.

Galveston, Tex., has just been apportunity. Those who are insisting on keeping the school open all through the not month of September should remember that most of the successful men of the present generation got their education in schools which ovened in October or later and closed in April or earlier, With all the wise things said and written on the subject of education, it would seem as it the children of the present generation might be educated to a plane of perfection. But in the mania to make a perfect system of our public schools the spirit of education is in danger of being jost.

In one way and another there are hundreds of boys to-day, manly, independent, self-reliant and determined, who are forcing from untoward circumstance the education which they desire, not from its maney value in the work of after life, but because educa-tion in and of itself is to them the supremest

good.

Miss Charlotte Merrill of Brooklyn, whose vary witty papel received such universal notice at the Mt. Holyoke seme-centennial, has been spoken of as a possible successor of Miss Freman as president of Wellesley college. She is a lady of the most commanding presence, rare conversational abilities, wonderful executive ability and a very brilliant writer.

derful executive ability and a very brilliant writer.

It is said by some writer on the subject that education is nine parts inspiration and one part drill. Rev. T. T. Munger says, in his article on "Education and Social Progress," published in the June Century, "With all the improvements there is a tendency to specialization that looks away from the ideal of education, so that we are getting admirably informed men instead of comprehensive thinkers."

The fact that the higher education is being sought more and more zealously and successfully every year, by young men absolutely without means is more plainly apparent to people at the east than it is in the west. For, the majority of the best known institutionallying there, that becomes the field of action for those who have none to depend upon but themselves. And it is simply astonishing as well as most encouraging to the American to see how every summer brings out its host of students eager so to employ their vacation as to permit a return, a few months later, to the class room and the lecture hall. The young fellow for whom the college year closed upon an empty purse, starts for the country to find both health and pecuniary reinforce inent.