BRAVE MARIE.

SHE SAVED HER SOLDIER IN THE OVEN.

BY EARL MAYO.

I.

It happened in 1870, which is still spoken of as the "terrible year" in Bois-le-Duc. The war between France and Prussia had raged all about them, but not a soldier had been seen in the tiny village, for which the peasants daily thanked their stars. The old man who lived alone with his son Charles, in the chateau above the town, and who was still known as "le Duc," though his title had vanished with his estates long before, firmly believed that France was on the road to ruin, but he scoffed at the idea that the Prussians would ever invade French territory.

But one fine summer morning Bois-le-Duc was startled by a sound of martial music and a body of Prussian soldiers marched through the town. Up the hill went the Prussians, and there before the old chateau the order to halt was given. The old soldier had seen their coming and had prepared, according to his own ideas, to receive them. From an upper window waved the colors of France, and as one of the Prussian officers started to enter the house, to learn the meaning of this hostile display, he was met by the old man, who had dressed himself in his ancient uniform and stood sword in hand, in the center of the room.

"Ah, Prussian pig!" exclaimed he, drawing his sword, "draw and defend yourself, or I will hew you down. No Prussian ever yet entered my house, nor shall while I live."

His brave words seemed almost ridiculous when one looked at his white locks and shaking hand. The Prussian officer smiled at the thought of a sword combat with him and would probably have withdrawn, leaving the old man in peace, had not an overzealous soldier, thinking that his officer was in danger, rushed in and bayoneted the old man as he stood.

ONE OF THE MEN IN PASSING OPENED THE OVEN DOOR AND LOOKED IN.

The mistake was unfortunate, but the Prussian command could not afford to waste time over a single dead Frenchman. The house was fired; the soldiers marched on, and by the time the rear of the column disappeared over the next hill little but a heap of smoking ashes was left on the spot where the old chateau had stood.

But the boy Charles, standing there beside the ashes of his father, swore to be revenged upon the Prussians. From that moment he was a man, he had a purpose.

On the afternoon of the day on which the Prussians marched through Bois-le-Duc Charles learned from the villagers the whereabouts of the nearest body of French soldiers, and set off to join them.

It was soon discovered that the strange, silent lad was a valuable member of the company on account of his knowledge of woodcraft and his absolute fearlessness. Important scouting duty was entrusted to him, and after a time he became the captain of the most daring of all the bands of the franc-tireur. His little company was a constant aggravation to the Prussians, a very thorn in the sides of division commanders.

II.

One afternoon, shortly after the second visit of the Prussians to Bois-le-Duc, little Marie Duret was alone in her parents' cottage while they were at work in the fields. Marie was a comely little maiden, a dark-eyed, nut-brown peasant girl, and though not a dozen summers had passed over her head, she was a neat, thorough-going little housewife. Although her home stood quite apart from the other cottages and not far from the great forest, so that it could scarcely be called a part of Bois-le-Duc at all, Marie had become so accustomed to playing the mistress for a whole day at a

"AH, PRUSSIAN PIG!"

time that she did not in the least mind the loneliness.

Today she had set the house in order, had swept the floor and had piled beside the large brick oven a heap of faggots against the morrow's baking. All her tasks completed, Marie took possession of a low chair and began sedately to amuse herself with a large rag doll, her one playmate and inseparable companion.

Now, it happened that on this very morning Captain Charles, the franc-tireur, having gone out on a reconnoitering expedition, had been cut off from his men by half a dozen Prussian cavalrymen, and had to run for his life. The Duret cottage was the only one near him, and so, while Marie sat talking to her doll, the door was suddenly burst open and the soldier rushed in. Marie knew at once that it was Captain Charles, for she had often seen him about the village, and as she had heard of his brave deeds in aid of the French, she was not in the least frightened.

"Where canst thou hide me, little one?" the man hurriedly asked. "The Prussians are on my track."

Marie had heard those stories of the Prussians and her heart sank with fear at the thought of facing such monsters. Nevertheless she showed herself a brave little woman. For an instant she glanced helplessly around the room. Truly there were few hiding places in the little cottage. Then her eyes fell on the large baking oven and her busy little brain found a way out of the difficulty. She quickly bade the franc-tireur get inside the oven and then she filled it with the loose faggots.

Scarcely was her work finished when she heard a loud knocking on the door and a Prussian officer entered. He stopped, abashed, when he saw only the little maid before him. Perhaps the thought of some little girl that he had left behind in the fatherland came to his mind, for the look in his eyes was quite gentle and his voice trembled in spite of himself when he spoke.

"We saw a man enter this house just now," he said. "Tell me, my little maid, where he is."

In the moment while she was waiting for him to speak Marie had had time to collect her wits and to reflect that the man did not look like such a monster after all. Now she replied readily:

"A man? O, yes, a soldier just came in here and left that," pointing to an old musket of her father's which stood in the corner of the room, "but he is gone now," she added.

She carefully related to the Prussians how the franc-tireur had taken the path that led from the rear of the cottage to the forest.

The girl answered his questions so readily that it was hard for the officers to suspect her of deceiving him, but he ordered his men to make a thorough search of the cottage. They looked in closets and cupboards and rummaged the loft. One of the men in passing opened the oven door and glanced in. Marie's heart almost ceased beating, but she gave no sign of her alarm. Seeing nothing but the heap of faggots the man closed the door. Marie could hardly keep from heaving a sigh of relief; it seemed in her own mind that she must give a shout of joy. As they were preparing to leave one of the men asked:

"Shall we not fire the cottage?"

It was the usual rule when a peasant was suspected of harboring a franc-tireur to burn his cottage as a lesson to him and a warning to all others, but Marie's winsome manner had touched the officer's heart and the questioner received a curt, almost savage "No."

Marie watched the Prussians ride away, and when they were well out of sight, she let Captain Charles out of his narrow hiding place. He had heard all that passed in the cottage, and he kissed Marie and called her a brave girl. Then he departed by the road opposite to that which the Prussians had taken, to join his men at their meeting place in the forest.

Marie was the pride of her parents and the heroine of the town when her story was made known. And in the depths of the forest, when the franc-tireur gathered about their campfire and their leader told of his narrow escape and the bravery of the little peasant girl, each man lifted his canteen and enthusiastically drank to the health and prosperity of Marie Duret.

The landlady of the little vine-covered inn at Bois-le-Duc tells this story to every stranger who visits the place. And if one is inquisitive enough to ask what afterward became of the franc-tireur and the peasant girl she will unfold her hands and say:

"Just walk up to yonder brick house on the hill and ask for Monsieur le Maire and his good wife. There you will find Captain Charles and the brave Marie."

TWIN TO THE HATCHET STORY.

A Very Old Fable of the Truthfulness of Confucius.

A very pretty story is told of the childhood of the great Chinese sage, Confucius, who, it will be remembered, lived nearly 3,000 years ago, and, for his time, was considered a wonderfully wise man. Here is the story:

One day, when he was only 6, the little Confucius was sitting in the graden alone with his book and his pet kitten. Just the other side of a low hedge which grew between the family graden and that of the servants he saw the little child of the gardener kicking up its heels in the middle of the grass plat where its mother had left it. The little Confucius watched the pretty child a few minutes, then returned to his book. But all at once, as he glanced toward the baby again, he say it making with all its tiny speed for a huge china basin full of water, which was always kept there from which to water the flowers. In the space of a moment the little one crept to the very edge, spied its own face in the water, and popped heels over head into the basin before Confucius had time to realize the danger!

He sprang over the low hedge screaming for help. The little head was still above water, but in an instant sank, and only a tiny arm and the light dress were to be seen. The boy, still screaming, ran round and round the basin, bending as far as he could over the top, trying in vain to catch the little hand. Then he stretched out both arms toward the setting sun as if asking help, and suddenly a thought came to him as if in answer. Gathering up some big stones lying beside the path, he dashed them with all his might against the china basin, which broke at once in pieces like so much glass. The water ran out in streams, and in a moment the child was safe, crying to be sure, but only from fright.

The little Confucius was leading him to his mother's house when he met his own father, coming to look for him.

The boy had never been scolded in his life, but when he thought all at once how costly the great china basin which he had broken must have been, his heart misgave him; but he told what he had done, and instead of being reprimanded, he found himself in his father's arms, and his father said: "I praise you, my child."

This boy afterward became the great philosopher and moral teacher of his people, honored by them through more than twenty-eight centuries.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Teacher—You are painfully slow with figures, Tommy. Come, now, speak up quickly. If your father gave your mother a $50 bill and a $20 bill, what would she have?

Tommy—A fit.

Revenge is sweet.

"Papa," said the little girl, "who do you love best in all the world?"

Of course she thought she knew what he would reply, and he knew that she thought she knew it. Consequently he decided to tease her.

"Daisy," he replied.

Daisy was her sister.

She thought it all over, and then she climbed up in his lap.

"Papa," she said, "I wish you would ask me if I love you or mamma the best."

"Very well," he returned; "do you love mamma or me the best?"

Revenge is sweet; but, even so, a tender-hearted bit of humanity does not like to be too harsh.

"You won't feel very, very badly if I tell you, will you?" she whispered.

He promised that he wouldn't.

"Well," she said, "than I guess I love mamma best."

Yes; revenge is sweet.

Little Helen has learned the Lord's prayer, but sometimes she isn't quite sure of the lines.

The other day she was endeavoring to repeat for the benefit of an admiring relative when she stumbled near the end of it.

"'Forgive us our debts,'" she repeated, "forgive us our debts, as—as usual, amen."

"Paw," asked the little boy, who had been tackling statistics in the daily paper, "how does it come that most of the whisky and beer is drunk by people in the temperate zone?"

Dorothy had heard some one singing that classical production the "Little Alabama Coon," on the street. Presently she came to her mother and asked:

"Mamma, what does 'swat' mean?"

"What do you think that it means?"

"Well, I don't know, mamma, but I s'pose that 'swat' is colored for spank."

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Taking care of summer visitors is said to be the most profitable business in both Maine and New Hampshire. It amounts to $8,000,000 annually.

Twenty-two feet of hard wood in eight hours, two cuts to a stick, is the record with which 70-year-old Elliphalet Smith of Biddeford, Me., challenges the wood-sawing world.

One reason why female physicians are so plentiful in Russia is that the country includes among its inhabitants over 12,000 Mohammedans, who do not allow male physicians to treat women.

The British Grenadiers now possess the tallest soldier in the army. He stands six feet eight and three-quarter inches in his stocking feet, and, as he is only 23 years of age, may grow yet. He is an Irishman.

A Columbus, O., firm has just finished a No. 22 shoe, weighing fifteen pounds.

In one thousand cases of the morphine habit collected from all parts of the world the medical profession constituted 40 per cent of the number.

Perhaps the greatest engineering feat the world ever witnessed will be undertaken some time this year by Japanese engineers in building an immense bridge high enough for ships in full sail to pass under across straits one mile wide to connect two islands.

The latest novelty in the way of a trotter is said to be a yearling bull in training at Garretsford, Pa. This phenomenon goes on a trot, makes no breaks and can step quarters in fifty-five and fifty-six seconds. He has shown a mile in harness over a half-mile track in four minutes.

A Rumford Falls (Me.) merchant, who had been sending clothing and other supplies to a poor family in the town, attended a theatrical performance the other evening and was surprised to see the objects of his beneficence—father, mother and four children—all occupying reserved seats.

Alderman Gebhard of Mascautah, Ill., Friday night presided at a novel entertainment. It was given in honor of opening a lodging house for the homeless. The guests were all tramps, gathered for the occasion, and, besides a substantial supper, there was beer, wine and cigars for the astonished guests.

A divorce suit at Topeka, Kan., the other day revealed the fact that Barber Conrad Meyer had 200 acres of farm land near Topeka, 300 acres in Oklahoma, several herds of cattle and thousands of bushels of corn in cribs. He made it all in twenty-six years in running a barber shop in a Topeka basement.

The formerly despised sunflower is now regarded as a valuable plant. Its seed makes fine feed for stock, its oil is equal to the best linseed, and its stalks are better for producing heat than coal. Now a western man thinks he can make a durable covering for bicycle tires from the sticky paste that exudes from the plant.

Oregon has an inventor who evidently came from genuine Yankee stock. He has invented certain musical instruments of aluminum. The strings are detachable, so that a mandolin can be used as a stewpan, the guitar for a ham broiler or fish frier and the banjo for the browning of flapjacks.

RELIGIOUS.

Seventy churches among the Congregationalists have adopted the individual communion cups.

It is stated that during the last eight years there has been a greater increase in the number of converts in China than during the preceding eighty years.

It is stated that from 30 to 40 per cent of the receipts for foreign missions comes from legacies. The American board receives an average of eighty bequests annually.

The new building for the United Hebrew Charities to be erected on Second avenue and Twenty-first street, New York, is the gift of Solomon Loeb, and will cost $150,000.

It is stated that there are in the world 50,978 churches, 33,236 pastors and missionaries, 4,705,953 members, and 2,251,032 Sunday school scholars in the Baptist denomination.

Several Boston churches have received a number of Chinese into membership who have for the most part received their religious training in the Sunday schools of that city.

Lyman Abbott says "there is no joy like divinely joyful sorrow, as there is no strength like the divinely strengthened weakness. This is the paradox of Christian experience."

The whole number of ministers of every denomination in the United States is 139,232; whole number of churches, 184,824; whole number of communicants, 25,919,602. The additions to all the churches in this country in 1897 were 630,951.

The membership of the Chicago central department of the Young Men's Christian association January 1, 1898, was 2,997, the largest membership of any association in this country. The total membership of all Chicago branches is 5,932.

Prof. S. V. Ravi, who is prominently engaged in the Protestant movement in Italy, reports that there are in that country forty-seven native ministers, and that last year 500 converts were made. There are three Protestant evangelical congregations in Rome.

Rev. A. E. Smith, pastor of the Methodist church at Defiance, O., has announced from his pulpit that the high hat will no longer be tolerated in his church, and warned his congregation to hereafter leave them at home, as they will not be admitted.

It is stated that much alarm is felt in high quarters in France over the number of Roman Catholic priests who are deserting to the Protestant church. The Gazette de France says: "Never has such a desertion from the Catholic ranks been witnessed as is going on at the present time."

An international Sunday school convention will be held in London this year. In 1899 an international council of the Congregational churches will be held in Boston, and the Presbyterian Alliance in Washington. In 1900 a world's convention of Christian Endeavor societies will be held in London.

A Jersey City pastor has started a gymnasium in connection with his church and has organized a dancing class at the very liberal terms of $1 for eight lessons. The modern two-step and the old-fashioned quadrille both appeal to him as proper exercise for Christians. The Christians have not protested up to date. The only complaint comes from the regular dancing masters.

Rev. Thomas Harrison of Shelbyville, Ind., who has just celebrated his 85th birthday, is an Englishman by birth and when he was about to come to this country many years ago he found two vessels ready to sail for New York City. One was strictly a temperance vessel, the other permitted the use of intoxicants. He chose the temperance ship and reached New York in safety, while the other ship suffered a mishap and was lost at sea, over 100 persons perishing.

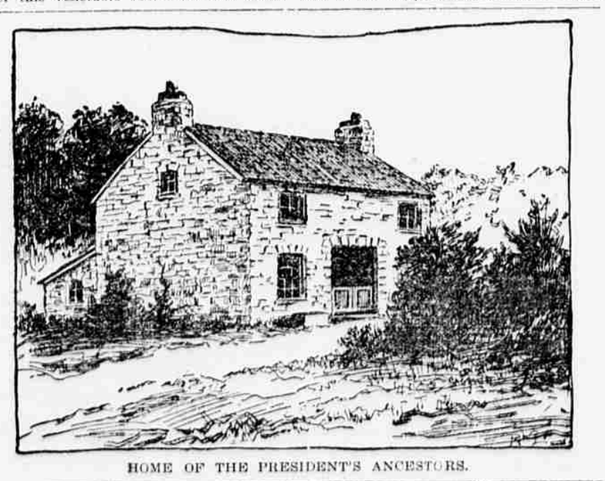
OLD HOME OF THE M'KINLEYS

It Still Stands in the Parish of Dervock, County Antrim, Ireland.

A QUAINT FARM HOUSE BUILT IN 1705

Under Its Thatched Roof the Ancestors of Our President Were Born—The Locality and Its Traditions.

In the county of Antrim—Ireland's northernmost district—there stands a comfortable old farm house, which until recently attracted little notice, but which has now become a place of much more than local fame. Parish oracles point out the homestead of Dervock with unction and errant Americans drift thither from Lavne, Belfast and even distant Dublin. For this square built stone farm house was the cunabula gentis, or nursing home, of the house of McKinley, and under this venerable roof was born James



HOME OF THE PRESIDENT'S ANCESTORS.

McKinley, pioneer of the family in America and ancestor of the president of these United States.

Dervock is not far from Lough Neagh, in whose calm waters the fisherman is still believed to see at intervals all the spires and pinnacles of some proud city of the forgotten past. One may hire a jaunting car in busy Belfast and journey thither agreeably enough. The farm house stands on a slightly rising ground. A hedge of tall thorn trees masks the front, until the long bohereen, or lane, with a sudden turn, brings the traveler into the trim enclosure, half lawn, half garden, which surrounds the entrance door. Behind the house rise a brace of spreading elms and against their light green foliage the cold gray stones of Dervock stand out in stern, but not unpleasant, relief.

THE OLD M'KINLEY HOME.

Two stories high, with narrow, small-paned windows and a sort of lean-to addition—such is the outward aspect of the McKinley cottage. Up to a decade since the roof was picturesquely thatched, but the present tenant tore away the straw and covered his home with more useful, but certainly less attractive, slates. In the low doorway stands a "half-door," that hospitable Celtic idea, which keeps undesirable strangers out, while bidding a hearty welcome to the desirable. Beside this door, through which one gets a view of the neatly kept interior, stands an ancient granite stone, now used as a seat, but which once occupied a more important position. The two chimneys of the cottage are very old, but so strongly and serviceably did the McKinleys of former days build them that subsequent dwellers found in them nothing to alter. The same, indeed, may be said of Dervock as a whole—it was built throughout solidly and well.

M'KINLEY TRADITIONS.

From many residents of the parish I gathered scraps of Dervock history, until it was easy to trace the modest story of the old house. Some said that the McKinleys were a Scottish race that settled in Antrim during James I's plantation of Ulster; others stoutly maintained that they were of pure Irish stock, and merely a subtribe or branch family of the great house of O'Neill. However this may be, it is fairly certain that during the reign of Charles II James McKinley, son of another James McKinley, and called "Shamus Oge," or "James the Younger," settled upon the lands of Dervock. The name of "Shamus Oge" may be found among the list of those to whom a contract for the making of a road along the shores of Lough Neagh was issued in the year 1688. In 1709 David McKinley of Dervock was a collector of the "hearth tax" in Antrim. Doubtless these ancestors of President McKinley had a dwelling on their farm, but no vestiges thereof remain.

The existing structure was built in 1765, as one can see from the old stone seat hitherto alluded to as standing by the Dervock door. The old stone was formerly the hearthstone of the farm house; but a former tenant, finding that his floor had sunk below the level of the stone, removed it and had it set up as a seat. Then it was that on the reverse of the granite slab was discovered the inscription—"W. McK., 1765." Tradition confidently asserts that this means "William McKinley, 1765," the date being that of the completion of the farm house.

In a small Irish country parish it is easy enough to follow the line of a respectable yeoman or farmer family back for five or six generations. Every such parish has some shcannachie, or wise chronicler, whose business it is to keep track of just such homely genealogies. With the assistance of the Protestant rector of Cushendun (Rev. Samuel Arthur Brennan, M. A.), a noted Irish antiquarian, I found but little difficulty in connecting President McKinley with the Dervock family. Indeed,

THE OLD M'KINLEY HEARTHSTONE.

in the records of the parish church are the christening entries of "James, son of William and Hannah McKinley of Dervock," and of his brothers, John, Peter and William—all between the years 1705 and 1715. These were the children of that David McKinley of Dervock, who collected the hearth tax and the grandchildren of "Shamus Oge McKinley."

A PATRIOT FAMILY IN 1798.

James McKinley came to America and his son David of Columbiana county, Ohio, was great-grandfather of the president. His nephew, William McKinley, inherited the old homestead, and during the troublous times of 1798 threw in his lot, as did very many Ulster Protestants, with the united Irishmen. He was a close friend of Henry Joy McCracken, the leader of the Ulster rebels, and during the summer of 1798 a party of yeomanry, commanded, curiously enough by a Captain Hanna, descended upon Dervock farm and captured McKinley and a quantity of rebel arms and ammunition. McKinley was taken to Coleraine, and, the country being under marital law, he was tried by drumhead court-martial and shot in the market place, together with three other patriots.

Dervock has long passed out of McKinley hands, but the present tenant, a sturdy Ulster yeoman, claims relationship to the family in the female line. A nearby churchyard has many McKinley tombs, and among them may be seen that of William of 1798.

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Alphonse Daudet came to Paris in 1857 with two francs in his pocket. His literary fame was slow in coming, and for long he lived a life of privation and thoughts of suicide came to him. Even after he had passed the period of his bitterest poverty life was not roseate. For Edmond About, who in 1872 made an inquiry as to the income of various authors, Daudet wrote that he received then about 5,000 francs a year from his writings. In 1874 he published "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aine," which brought him great profit and renown. Since 1878 he had received never less than 100,000 francs a year from his writings.

A New York man who chanced to travel west in a car with William Gillett and his Secret Service company declares that the clever actor is more entertaining off than on the stage. He amused those sitting nearby with absurd comments upon people and places, and when the party got out at a station for a standup lunch the New Yorker chanced to have a place next Gillett. The eating room was crowded and time was short, so the accommodating maid who served behind the counter, when handing the actor his piece of pie, poised it in air and inquired whether he would "eat it or take it with him." "Well, miss, come to think of it," said Gillett, "with your permission I'll eat it first and then take it with me."

Robert Barr, whose experiences at the hands of the unspeakable Turk have filled so much newspaper space of late, is the father of two very remarkable children. Though neither Mr. Barr nor his wife have any special taste for music, yet their only son and daughter are prodigies in the art. The boy, a lad of 12 years of age, spends all the time he can steal from school in building pipe organs. He has already constructed, unassisted, a big and handsome instrument at his father's new country place at Woldingham, England, and while doing so, introduced many innovations that he claims are great improvements upon the oldstyle of construction. The daughter is a gifted pianist, who promises to take as high rank among the instrumentalists of her day as her father now holds as a novelist and short story writer.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, whose negro dialect stories and readings have made her famous, is one of, if not the best, cooks in America. She has made money as well as a wide reputation from her books, but her pride is much sooner touched by reference to her soups than to her romances. When wearied with the pen she can always find solace in mixing a salad or compounding a gumbo and shows veritable genius in all that relates to sauces and savories. In the kitchen over a frying pan her keen sense of humor expands. She can spin funny plantation jests and jingles by the yard, her dialect is as sweet as that of a "caneshed nigger," and hearing her then, the listener realizes what a remarkable gift this Louisiana woman possesses. It is probably a combination of her southern temperament and talents as a cook that cause Mrs. Stuart to be noted for her generous hospitality, and among her friends it is generally understood that where the authoress is, there good things to eat are sure to be gathered together.

Dr. Nansen for so great a lion impressed those who met him in this country as being singularly free from eccentricities. Yet it appears that he has had to struggle to overcome any number of youthful vagaries and among others a passion for wearing gray. Since he grew old enough to persuade his mother to let him have a choice in his clothing every garment in his wardrobe was of a uniform color. And from that time until his marriage the young Norwegian never once deviated from his early selection. Hats, shirts, socks, underclothing, gloves, and of course, his top clothes, were all gray. Remonstrated with upon the absurdity of his course, he again and again ordered or bought black clothes, but when it came to wearing them, his courage failed and he would go back each time to his cherished gray. It was not, indeed, until it came to a question of surrendering his bride or his prejudice that Dr. Nansen could muster resolution to get into a black suit, and his friends say that to this day he clings tenaciously to his love of gray, and during his Arctic explorations he wore no other color.

Among the old soldiers who appeared before the Maryville, Mo., pension board for examination a few days ago was John Lincoln of Bolckow, Mo. Mr. Lincoln and his sister, Mrs. Washington Hosher of Maryville, were second cousins to Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln enlisted early in the '60s in the Fourth Missouri M. S. M. and served in that regiment for three years. He then enlisted in the Thirteenth Missouri cavalry, in which he served until the end of the war. Before he was finally mustered in he fought Indians on the plains for some time. When he first offered his services to the government he was only five feet five inches tall, but when he was discharged he measured six feet one inch in his stockings. Mr. Lincoln served two terms as sheriff of Andrew county and superintended the hanging of the infamous Bateman, the murderer of two little girls, in October, 1883. During President Harrison's administration he was head janitor in the customs house at St. Joseph. He is now 52 years old and bears a striking resemblance to the martyred president.

THE OLD-TIMERS.

William Earl Cook of Portsmouth, R. I., recently passed his 101st birthday. He is said to be the oldest Free Mason in the United States.

The oldest clergyman of the Church of England is Rev. Edward Allen, who has just completed his 100th year. He is still fulfilling his functions at Tiverton.

Mrs. Clarinda J. Lawrence of Nobility Hill in Marlboro, N. H., recently celebrated the 102d anniversary of her birth. She is related to the famous Trumbull family of Connecticut.

Governor Boutwell rounded out his 80 years last week—one of the six men who have been governors of Massachusetts born in 1818, viz: Boutwell, Claflin, Gardner, Andrew, Talbot and Rice.

A lecture was given in Cincinnati the other day by Rev. Peter F. Fossett, who was once a slave of Thomas Jefferson. The old man is 83 years old. He tells interesting anecdotes of the great statesman.

Mr. Dieden, the senior member of the German Reichstag, is 87 years of age, and has sat in every session since the empire was constituted. He has also been a member of the Prussian Landtag continuously since 1854.

The oldest noblewoman of England is Jane Catherine Dowager Baroness Carew, who was born in December, 1798. She was married to Robert Shapland, first Baron Carew, on November 16, 1816. The next oldest woman in the peerage is Lady Emily Foley, of Stoke Edith Park, Herefordshire. She was born in 1799.

It is related of President John Tyler's nephew, William Tyler, who died a few days ago in Conkling, Washington county, Tenn., at the age of 85 years, that he had lived all his life in the house in which he was born, and that the building was once owned by John Sevier, the pioneer, who there planned with Colonel Isaac Shelby, in 1780, the battle of King's Mountain.

Mrs. C. Parish, aged 84, who has lost three fortunes, been three times shipwrecked on three different oceans and who is now writing three books, gave an entertainment last Friday at the Sherman house, in San Francisco, to some of her friends, all of whom were over 70 years old. Two of the gentlemen, aged respectively 93 and 102, sent regrets, pleading business engagements.

Mrs. Sallie Shiver of Acree, Ga., now 99 years old, has, according to a local paper, 225 children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren, and in addition to this formidable number seventy-five have died. Therefore, the total reaches the remarkable number of 310. There are seven children, the oldest of whom is 70 and the youngest 43, and none of them have ever figured in a case at court.

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Rev. S. W. Crampton of Baltimore, whose death is announced at the age of 88 years, was the oldest Episcopal clergyman in Maryland.