

Wichita Daily Eagle

A BIG FISH STORY.

Catching a Peculiar Marine Monster in the Gulf of Mexico. Maj. H. P. Bliss, the United States recruiting officer here, tells a great fish story. It happened in 1870. "To begin at the beginning," said the major, "in 1863 I was stationed at Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico. Col. Bliss was in command of the post and I was adjutant. In the summer eight monster fish appeared in the harbor. They would come quite close to the wharf and jump half out of the water. Several of the soldiers shot at them, and from the trail of blood they left on the water we knew they had been hit. Nevertheless they appeared again the next day. When fall came they went away, but returned in the summer of 1870. Col. Bliss expressed a desire that one of the fish should be caught.

Accordingly the quartermaster, a couple of soldiers and myself started out in a small sailboat one morning. We had provided ourselves with harpoons, with plenty of rope attached. Pretty soon we sighted one of the fish and soon had a harpoon in him. He immediately dived down and remained under water for some time. He was moving off, however, as we could tell by the way our line was playing out. Pretty soon he reappeared, and we sunk another harpoon in him. He dived again. This performance was repeated until we had eight harpoons in the fish. By this time we had been towed out ten miles and were rapidly nearing the sea, which we could not face with our small boat. We disliked to let go the fish, however, as we could tell by his struggles that he was nearly wild. When he came up again we could see he was nearly dead, as he made but feeble effort to get away. It was not long before the revenue cutter Wilderness, which was cruising near by, hove in sight and took us aboard. Our prize, which we could not have been able to tow in, was secured by ropes to the cutter and taken to the wharf. We managed to get it on one of the hand cars used to carry provisions from the wharf to the post, and conveyed it to the barracks. There it was placed on a scaffolding and measured.

The fish was eighteen feet long, fifteen feet wide and six feet through. This may sound "fishy," but those are actual measurements. We could not weigh the monster entire, but cut him up into pieces. We weighed one thousand eight hundred pounds in all. His mouth was four feet across and three feet deep. He had no teeth, so we supposed he lived on matter gathered in the water as he swam along. His flesh was not good to eat, but was of the same consistency as unrefined cod liver oil. There were but few bones in the body, and we could see where our bullets had gone entirely through it. I don't know if the show of fish appeared afterward, as we were ordered away that fall. We were unable to find out what species of fish it was. We saw one of the photographs to the Smithsonian institute at Washington, but none of the people there had ever heard of such a fish. He was broadest across what might be called the shoulders, attached to which were fins—floats, they might be more properly called—with which he propelled himself. I have often wondered what species of fish he was, but I suppose I shall never find out."—Rochester Post-Express.

ENGLISH FUNERAL TRAINS. How the Dead Are Expressed to Their Destination From London. "We have twenty-five corpses on board this morning, but I have taken down as many as sixty and seventy at a time," said the guard of the London & Southwestern train, which is set apart for the use of the London Necropolis company at the private station on the Westminster Bridge road, to a Budget reporter sent to inspect the special system of sepulture peculiar to his company. "It was not without certain misgivings that I ventured into the curious little station, which is dingy and somber, without being dilapidated, and is well upholstered and solidly furnished, without being excessively comfortable. "When the company opened business, nearly forty years ago, they expected to get the whole of the London burying trade, and to find graves for tens of thousands yearly. Their statistician told them that in the course of seventy years they might reckon upon doing business with four million corpses. More than half that time has elapsed and they have only buried some twenty-one thousand odd. The difference between that and the proportion their statistician promised them indicates that 1,979,000 people whom they reasonably expected to bury are either provided for elsewhere or are walking about defrauding this company by continuing to live. But, so far as I could detect, the officials at the station did not eye me as one of the million odd who ought to be dead. I admit at the outset that, notwithstanding their obvious excuse for being resentful, they were civil and communicative, and invited me into the mortuary with hospitable welcome. "On the right of the mortuary itself was a large room overflowing with ready-made coffins of three hundred dead of them. These are kept ready for emergencies, and it transpired that one pretty frequent emergency is the hotel death. To prevent searing guests away, the hotel proprietor hushes up the death of a boarder, sends for one of these ready-made coffins, and has the body removed in the dead of the night. "At day long, and sometimes during the night, the mortuary gradually gets peopled with corpses, as the case may be, thirty, forty or sixty, as the case may be, all waiting for the train. At about eight in the morning these passive passengers are hoisted on to the railway platform by means of lifts—Pall Mall Budget.

Landed Interest.—Gent—"Do you know that you are trespassing on my estate?" Tramp—"Who the deuce gave it to you?" Gent—"My father." Tramp—"Where did he get it?" Gent—"Oh—it was handed down from my great-great-grandfather." Tramp—"How came he by it?" Gent—"He fought for it." Tramp—"Take off your jacket."—Fun.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE PRESBYTERIANS.

They Will Meet in General Assembly at Washington This Week.

Candidates for Moderator—How Six Hundred Commissioners Beneath a Historic Roof Will Settle Points of Doctrine—Twelve Days for Debate.

[CORVATHUR, 1893.] The Presbyterian world will not be alone in observing the proceedings of "The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America," which convenes in Washington, D. C., on Thursday, May 18. The six hundred delegates, or commissioners, chosen to represent their respective presbyteries, who will gather at the nation's capital in the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, are to pass upon the appeal in the famous Briggs case and to deal with twenty-eight overtures for revision of the confession of faith, besides transacting business connected with foreign missions and church polity. To say the

delegates are mostly known as "Briggs" or "anti-Briggs" and that the question of revision is arousing infinite discussion will sum up the situation. That the president of the United States and his entire cabinet (with one exception), the majority of the members of the supreme court, most of the state governors and a heavy percentage of congress and the legislatures are Presbyterian would suffice to make the gathering notable even were there no wealthy and intellectually and numerically powerful laity throughout the country supporting two hundred odd presbyteries with their arrays of churches, seminaries, pastors and professors. When to these elements of interest the excitement of doctrinaire partisanship is added, the presence and interest of "outsiders" and reporters in large numbers will be readily understood. That the assembly will be overwhelmingly anti-Briggs all concede.

But whether the Briggs case will be sent back to the synod, or whether the assembly will itself take it up for adjudication, is left to conjecture. The usual procedure in appeals from the presbytery to synod and from synod to assembly having been departed from in this important controversy, the question to be determined is: "Shall precedent be returned to?" as one of the western delegates puts it. As for Dr. Briggs himself, while he will appear before the assembly, his authority is nil. Many who voted for his acquittal repudiate his theories. As Dr. George L. Spinney, pastor of Phillips church in New York, said: "We vote to acquit Prof. Briggs, not because we consider him in the right, but to show our respect for freedom of opinion." The conspicuous figure at the opening ceremonies will be the retiring moderator, Rev. William C. Young, D. D., of Kentucky. As the president of Center college at Danville, Ky., and through his attitude towards the Briggs alleged heresies and towards

revision, he has attracted much attention. The opening sermon having been preached by Dr. Young, the question will arise as to his successor in the moderatorship. Who will be the man? That he shall be anti-Briggs goes without saying. Rev. Dr. Charles A. Diekey, until a week or two since pastor of the Calvary church in Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. George D. Baker, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, also in Philadelphia; Rev. William Henry Roberts, D. D., now the assembly's stated clerk, as well as professor in Lane theological seminary, and men of equivalent eminence have their respective adherents. In spite of the work accomplished by those who favor any one of these theologians, the honor may be conferred upon a polemical "Lochinvar out of the west."

Revision will take precedence of Briggs in the assembly's labors as a matter of course. The overtures have been, as a rule, either acted on already

by the presbyteries or referred back by them to the higher body. As the colonistic and historical character of the confession is strictly preserved by the committee on revision, in accordance with the instructions given it, this whole subject is mainly important as a matter of ecclesiastical doctrine.



REV. HERRICK JOHNSON. Those radicals who look to the Briggs agitation to cover their attempts at drastic revision will meet a check should Dr. Willis G. Craig, of McCormick theological seminary, at Chicago,



or the Philadelphia presbytery be headed, as it appears they will be. The delegates, it may be remarked parenthetically, are fresh from their constituencies. More than one-half were chosen on the very eve of the assembly's meeting. New York's presbytery, including some sixty-five churches, will be represented by seven ministers and seven elders. The leader of the free thought phalanx, Rev. Geo. L. Spining, is among them. Philadelphia, powerful as New York and perhaps more so, sends two candidates for moderator. St. Louis will return Dr. J. H. Brookes, famed as an advocate of conservative revision. Another celebrated westerner, Dr. Arthur J. Brown, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Portland, Ore., is not yet forty, and enjoys the distinction of having great influence with the assembly, although not elected to it. He went to the Pacific coast four years ago from Chicago and his clerical love was imbibed at Lane seminary in



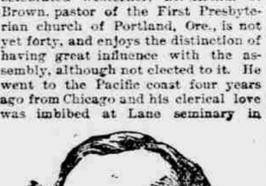
Henry Preserved Smith's day. Dr. Brown is not an extremist in everything. Dr. Herriek Johnson, who will also represent Chicago, is likewise non-committal regarding Briggs. A professor in McCormick theological seminary, he has given many coming churchmen's minds their first bent. In former years, when pastor of an Illinois church, he attracted attention by his sermons on Scriptural prophecy. His studies have made him an authority on Biblical literature. It is expected that twelve days or less will be the duration of this gathering. The outcome is doubly interesting from its uncertainty. But that revision will respect tradition, and that Dr. Briggs and Presbyterianism will part on friendly terms or be considered together by the next local synod, seem reasonably probable outcomes. "Let us not anticipate the Lord," as one famous moderator said. Preparations for the event are well under way. Rev. Dr. William A. Bartlett, pastor of the historic New York Avenue church, is chairman of the committee on arrangements, as well as of the executive committee. Mr. John R. Wight and Mr. John W. Thompson are secretary and treasurer, respectively, of the latter committee.

EUROPE'S CURIOSITIES. In the Bay of Pundry the tide rises 120 feet. A ship struck and remained on a rock there under dark, and at day-break the crew were astonished to find themselves looking down a precipice into water far below.

The Aderbacha rocks, in Bohemia, cover some fifteen square miles. They are formed of sandstone, and are interspersed with a perfect maze of passages shut in by smooth walls of such similarity that to keep one's bearings is no easy matter. Near Liskard, in Cornwall, is a strange natural phenomenon. A pile of rock 82 feet high, shaped like a top, is balanced on the smaller end. It is quite immovable, though apparently a very slight effort would upset its equilibrium. The Eagle's Nest is a celebrated rock 1,200 feet in height, among the Killarney lakes. It is noted for the extraordinary effect of its echoes, and the slightest whisper will be repeated a thousand times, clear and distinct, from the various projecting points of the cliff.



REV. WM. ALVIN BARTLETT, D. D. the Philadelphia presbytery be headed, as it appears they will be. The delegates, it may be remarked parenthetically, are fresh from their constituencies. More than one-half were chosen on the very eve of the assembly's meeting. New York's presbytery, including some sixty-five churches, will be represented by seven ministers and seven elders. The leader of the free thought phalanx, Rev. Geo. L. Spining, is among them. Philadelphia, powerful as New York and perhaps more so, sends two candidates for moderator. St. Louis will return Dr. J. H. Brookes, famed as an advocate of conservative revision. Another celebrated westerner, Dr. Arthur J. Brown, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Portland, Ore., is not yet forty, and enjoys the distinction of having great influence with the assembly, although not elected to it. He went to the Pacific coast four years ago from Chicago and his clerical love was imbibed at Lane seminary in



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Ashtand Wilkes, 2174; John Steiner, 25.00 Season; Maurice Levy, 25.00 Season.

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ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Their Relations Analyzed by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

Col. Ingersoll, in an article in the New York Morning Journal, says: Of course England has no love for America. By England I mean the governing class. Why should monarchy be in love with republicanism, with democracy? The monarch insists that he gets his right to rule from what he is. B. G. INGERSOLL, pleased to call the will of God, whereas in a republic the sovereign authority is the will of the people. It is impossible that there should be any real friendship between the two forms of government. We must, however, remember one thing, and that is, that there is an England within England—an England that does not belong to the titled classes, an England that has not been bribed or demoralized by those in authority—and that England has always been our friend, because that England is the friend of liberty and of progress everywhere. But the huckeys, the snobs, the flatterers of the titled, those who are willing to crawl that they may rise, are now and always have been the enemies of the great republic. It is a curious fact that in monarchic-al governments at least the highest and lowest are generally friends. There may be a foundation for this friendship in the fact that both are parasites—both live on the labor of honest men. After all, there is a kinship between the prince and the pauper. Both extend the hand for aims, and the fact that one is jeweled and the other extremely dirty makes no difference in principle—and the owners of these hands have always been fast friends, and in accordance with the great law of ingratitude, both have held in contempt the people who supported them. One thing we must not forget, and that is that the best people of England are our friends. The best writers, the best thinkers are on our side. It is only natural that all who visit America should find some fault. We find fault ourselves, and to be thin-skinned is almost a plea of guilty. For my part, I have no doubt about the future of America. It not only is, but is to be for many, many generations the greatest nation of the world.

From a Struggling Music Teacher She Became a Concert Singer and Eventually the Better Half of a Famous Lawyer. A man destined to come into special prominence during the present administration is Postmaster General Bissell. Every one knows something of Gresham and Carlisle, every one is wondering about Hoke Smith, but, before many months have passed, says the Illustrated American, Wilson S. Bissell will loom up before the country as one of the strong and silent powers behind the throne. He is a Yale man. Personally, Mr. Bissell is well calculated for any looming-up role. He weighs three hundred pounds, and wears a hat as large as any statesman in Washington with the single exception of Senator Voorhees, whose size is seven and three-quarters. It is easy to pick him out any evening strolling about the Arlington Hotel, puffing at his inevitable cigarette, and radiating good nature from his round, fat, clean-shaven face. Plainly, there is nothing the matter with this man's digestion. Mr. Bissell does not give the idea of a Romeo, and yet his recent romance has a pleasant tinge of marriage poetry.



MRS. WILSON S. BISSELL. connected with it. Miss Louise Sturges, a few years ago, was teaching music in the Buffalo seminary. She was a pretty, brown-haired girl, whose earnest eyes lighted up with a glow of hope whenever she thought of the ambition of her life—musical success. That, and not social distinction, was the object of her dreams. Many times at Wells college she had discussed her projects with Miss Frances Folsom, her dearest friend. She was determined to go abroad and study voice culture under some of the great teachers of Germany and France. She saved money enough from her teaching to partially carry out the plan, and finally sailed for Paris. There her fine contralto voice was strengthened and developed by Mme. La Grange, and, after a subsequent course of lessons with Stockhausen, Miss Sturges returned to America fully expecting to devote her life to concert singing. But she reckoned without the six-foot, red-checked bachelor lawyer who was making his \$50,000 in big corporation cases, and who presently, with his usual quick decision, came to have his own ideas as to the best uses for that fresh young voice. Mr. Bissell saw Miss Sturges for the first time at a concert in Buffalo, where she made one of her first appearances as a soloist. Her success with the audience was distinct, her success with the future postmaster general was overcast.

"I think I had better marry that young lady," Mr. Bissell is reported to have said in an audible soliloquy. If such was the case the low shriek must indeed have been tremendous, for the lawyer was a man as close-mouthed as he was clear-headed. Anyhow he did marry her, and now they have a baby daughter about the age of Baby Ruth—a lovely little child. Those who saw Mrs. Bissell the other day when, with matronly dignity, she assisted Mrs. Cleveland in receiving the ladies of the diplomatic corps, would scarcely have recognized in her the slender, almost frail-looking young singer who returned to Buffalo in 1890 to fight her way in the world. Like Mrs. Cleveland she has developed wonderfully in face and figure since her marriage. Her figure is tall and well

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rounded, and she carries her head with the grace of a princess. Those who thought she would be awkward or ill at ease in the difficult position were much mistaken. Mrs. Bissell shared with her husband that grand American quality of being able to rise to the situation. Not so many months ago she was a singer and teacher of music, struggling bravely for a livelihood. Today she is one of the chief ladies in the land. And the inherent strength and sweetness of her character make it as easy for her to face the one situation as the other. Mrs. Bissell's courteous understanding, cutting-edge poise, and Mrs. Bissell knows how to wear them. She has blue eyes, brushes her hair straight back from her forehead, and when she wants her big brainy husband to do any particular thing she does it. Mrs. Bissell will be a strongly felt influence in Washington society. What she thinks "Wils" is apt to think, what "Wils" thinks "Grove" is pretty sure to approve, and what "Grove" approves goes. A Hint to Clergymen. In a church in the north of England on a recent Sunday morning a clergyman, appealing for subscription for the steeple fund, addressed his congregation as follows: "Now my dear friends, I hope you will subscribe handsomely, as we are earnestly in need of funds, but before you do so I wish to say that you must be just before you are generous. Therefore, brethren, if any of you own money, pray think of your own private claims first." It is hardly necessary to add that every member of the congregation gave his quota to the collection. A Realistic Tragedy. He's in trouble, as his wife, Emma, might say. He's got a \$10,000 life. On \$1,000 pay. —Chicago Record.

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