Folks Who Live Long.

"What occupation tends most to prolong life?" asked a Star reporter of the chief mathematician for one of the great life insurance companies.

"That is a difficult question, he replied. "I can only answer it by referring to the occupations of persons whose lives are and have been insured by us. Inasmuch as they number several hundreds of thousands they will afford good basis from which to draw conclusions on the subject. According to this evidence it appears that commercial travelers and agents live longer than men in any other kind of business, notwithstanding the hazards which attend transportation by rail and water. Next to them come dentists, teachers and professors, including music teachers."

"And who after them?"

"Next to them in point of longevity are hatters, clergymen and missionaries. The last may occasionally furnish food for the larder of untutored, but they are a first rate risk nevertheless. Next come bankers and capitalists, who seem to live just a trifle longer than butchers and marketmen. Lawyers and jewelers follow, and they are succeeded on the list by merchants, peddlers, milkmen and pawn brokers. Then come gardeners, laborers, civil engineers and canvassers. Perhaps the treatment which canvassers are apt to receive in the ordinary course of their business shortens their lives."

"Where do newspaper men come in?"

"Oh, they don't live as long as any of the people I have mentioned. Even bookkeepers and bank cashiers, as well as artists and architects are ahead of them. They come in next, with the printers, physicians and gentlemen who are not engaged in any active employment. Then follow the apothecaries and photographers, and after them in order bakers, cigar makers, real estate agents, army officers and soldiers, liquor dealers, mariners and naval officers. Shortest lived of all seem to be the auctioneers, boarding house keepers, barbers and drivers."

"Do you take into consideration the question of a customer's occupation in granting a policy?"

"Not unless it is more hazardous than any of those I have mentioned, though, if we were in doubt about accepting the man as a risk for other reasons, such a point might turn the scale."—Washington Star.

The Biggest of Balloons.

James Glaisher states that the balloon constructed in 1864 by Eugene Godard was the largest ever made. Its capacity was nearly half a million cubic feet. The air in this fire balloon was heated by an eighteen foot stove, weighing with the chimney, 980 pounds. This furnace was fed with straw, and the "car" consisted of a gallery surrounding it. Two ascents of this balloon were made from Cremorne Gardens, London, on July 20th and July 28th, 1864. The "Geant," Nadar's colossal balloon, contained 215,363 cubic feet of gas, and raised thirty-five persons at one time. This balloon was also remarkable as having attached to it a regular two-story house for a car. Its ascent on Sunday, the 18th of October, 1863, was witnessed by nearly half a million of persons. After passing over the eastern part of France, Belgium and Holland, the "Geant" suffered a disastrous descent in Hanover on the day after it started on its perilous journey. In 1873, a balloon of 400,000 feet of cubic capacity was made to enable Mr. Wise to cross the Atlantic, but it unfortunately burst. The longest distance traveled in a balloon in the shortest time was 1150 in twenty hours, by Messrs. Wise and LaMountain, the route taken being from St. Louis in the direction of New York.—Yankee Blade.

A Title for the President.

The question, "What shall be the title of the President of the United States?" according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was one which elicited no little discussion among the members of the first Congress, and it is said that the inauguration of Washington was delayed several days by consideration and debate as to what should be his title. "His Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of Their Liberties," was discussed and rejected. "His Excellency" was also proposed and also rejected. After numerous suggestions, it was finally decided that the Chief Executive Officer should be officially known as the "President of the United States."

The title Excellency, as applied to the President, was of later growth than the time of Washington, who was greatly relieved when Congress decided the question by giving him no title, as he was much in dread lest a lofty title should provoke envy and antagonism.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

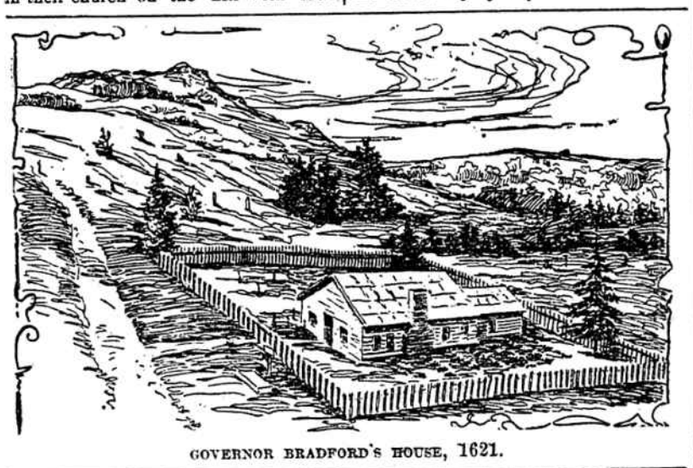
REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY PILGRIMS.

Where They First Set Foot in America — Historical Spots and Memories of the Stern and Rock-Bound Coast.

IT was on one of New England's loveliest early spring mornings, writes a San Francisco Chronicle correspondent, that our little party set out from South Hanson, and in less than half an hour we were in the historic town of Plymouth. The first thing to be seen after leaving the train was Miles Standish—I mean an electric car by that name. Doubtless if Governor Bradford and his "partners in distress" could come back to Plymouth and see that "broomstick train" as it buzzes and splutter along, they would believe more firmly in witches than ever did Cotton Mather or the Salemites.

We go at once to Pilgrim Hall, and there are brought face to face with the old days of 1650. The tables, chairs, iron pots and various belongings of the Pilgrims make them very real to us. Probably they were prosaic enough to eat when they could get anything for that purpose. One is impressed with the fighting qualities of those earnest men. Swords are plentiful, beginning with Miles Standish's "trusty sword of Damascus, curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence," down to swords that are of no great renown. The old guns and the other implements of warfare showed that the Pilgrims did not confine their reading to the verse which says: "But whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also." They must have compared Scripture with Scripture, and probaby saw the passage which says: "And he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."

They were men who were determined to plant a colony, and they were of real fighting stock. They could praise God in their church on the hill with their



GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S HOUSE, 1621.

guns in easy reach, six cannon on the roof and a vigilant sentinel ready to give the alarm on the first approach of danger. They believed that the way to have peace is to be prepared for war.

In Pilgrim Hall one may see the oldest State document in the United States, brought over in the Fortune in 1621. Until 1883 it was not known to be in existence. There is also a commission issued by Oliver Cromwell in 1654. The signature was stolen in 1848 by some mean fellow, but the fac simile of the signature put over the torn corner is in a bold hand and worthy of the Lord Protector. One sees all sorts of relics, some of which have but little to do with the history of Plymouth colony.

If you want a piece of Plymouth rock you can easily get it. The custodian of the hall has pieces that were chipped from the under side of the rock some years ago. A piece as big as your fist can be had for $10 and little bits from five cents up, according to size.

But we must see the rock itself. A short walk brings us to that historic bowlder. It is near the water, having been raised from its original position. The rock has something of a roving disposition. Perhaps the pressing feet of the Pilgrims communicated in some mysterious way a spirit of peregrination. In 1834 a piece of the rock that was accidentally split off in 1774 was moved to the ground in front of Pilgrim Hall and there carefully guarded by an iron fence, but afterward was returned and cemented to its place, and there it now stands on Water street protected by a granite canopy, in the attic of which peacefully repose the bones of some of the Pilgrims who died during the first year and were puried on Cole's Hill. By the way, it was quite in keeping with historic associations that the rock should have shown "Separatist" tendencies.

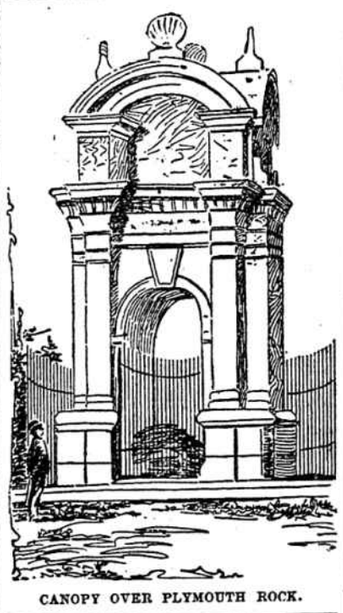
Cole's Hill near the water is a spot of melancholy interest. Here it was that those who died during the first winter were buried, and in the spring their resting place was planted so that the Indians could not tell where the graves were and would not know how the little company of brave spirits had been depleted.

Not far away is the site of the first house in Plymouth, and the first street

THE OLD FORT, BURIAL HILL, 1621.

in New England. Leyden street, leads up to Burying Hill. One passes the site of John Alden's and Priscilla's first housekeeping experiences, and quickly comes to that sightly spot which is thickly covered with graves and is known as Burying Hill. Here are the graves of Carver and Bradford and others who came over in the Mayflower. Very quaint are most of the slate slabs. The lettering is in some cases very crude, and the old-style spelling has a fascination for any one who has a particle of the antiquary in him. Here there is a fine view of the harbors of Plymouth and Duxbury, Captain's Hill, Cape Cod and Mahomet Hills.

The Courthouse is nearby. There are to be seen some of the old legal papers of the Pilgrims. It is interesting to read the original document, which relates to the possession of a red heifer by Miles Standish, Miles having bought out the



CANOPY OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK.

shares of other parties, afterward came into ownership of the entire animal. There is also a deed given by John Alden in his own handwriting. But more interesting still is the original charter of the colony which came over in 1629, together with the seal, a ponderous thing about three-quarters of an inch thick and about four inches in diameter, with the leather-covered box in which the precious document was sent.

But there remains one sight which the tourist must not omit, whatever else he fails to see, and that is the National monument to the Forefathers. It is on a commanding hill, from which one has a magnificent view of the harbor, embracing the strip of sand which serves as a break-water, the points of Saquish and the Gurnet, and Clark's Island, where the inflexible Pilgrims spent a bleak December Sabbath rather than desecrate the sacred day by explorations however imperative the case might be. Here on this hill is the place of all places for the monument. It is easily accessible to the visitor, being but a short distance from the business part of the village.

The monument is eighty-one feet high. The central figure, Faith, holds the Bible in one hand and with the other points upward. It is the largest granite statue in the world, being thirty-six feet high. It is an inspiration to look up into that face with its expression of radiant hope. The hope of the Pilgrims is there without their tinge of stern sadness. The four sitting figures on the pedestals about the base splendidly represent Law, Freedom, Education and Morality. The bas-reliefs which adorn

MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS.

the sides of the pedestal are most exquisitely done. The whole country ought to be proud of that monument. It commemorates a slender enterprise that was charged with a mighty spirit. Why were the few weak and weary men and women who landed on the ice-clad, rock-bound coast of New England, in bleak December, not swept away and all their plans and purposes brought to naught by the successive calamities that rained upon them? The words of Edward Everett are applicable here.

"Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept away by the thirty savage tribes of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?"

Cape of Good Hope (South Africa) fruit, particularly peaches, grapes and pears, have secured a good footing in the London market, and account sales show a handsome profit notwithstanding the high freight charges.

Edmund Clarence Stedman said to a Boston Journal writer: "I would rather be the best bootblack in New York than the poorest poet."

BLACK BELT BELIEFS.

ODD SOUTHERN SUPERSTITIONS.

Visit to a Colored School. Characteristic Speech by an Ex-Slave That Ended With a Prayer.

HE sunlight is to the earth, after a period of darkness, what superstition is to the Southern negro. In it he seems to "live, move and have his being." Even Ben, my faithful guide and storehouse of knowledge, is steeped in it.

For some days he has not appeared to be himself, and upon inquiry I learn that "de ole red mule done lose her shoe in de cotton patch," and that is a sign that Ben will not be successful in selling the cotton products in the fall.

"Fie, fie, Ben, do not be so superstitious; that can't hurt you any, The idea of believing such a sign!"

"Well, chile, yo' shuh doan know nothin' about it. Is yo' superstitious?"

"No, Ben," I replied, and blushed at the fib. Would it do him any good to know that I had one or two pet "signs" which I cherished and believed in implicitly? He would not understand that to me superstition was "the poetry of life."

"Doan yo' know I'm a Joseph, honey?" continued Ben; "an' would yo' know some of my signs? Yo' better write 'em down in yo' little book," and I obeyed him.

"When yo' pick up a horseshoe an' it has nails in it yo' will sure have sickness in yo' fam'ly; if de nails am gone it means luck, but yo' mus' hang it up.

"When yo' house is full of mice or rats yo' must write a letter to de mice and tell them wa' fer go. If dey doan go at once write another letter and dey sure will go."

"But, Ben, the reason they go is because you are closing the holes, and they must starve or go somewhere else."

"Chile, jes' keep quiet. I sure know moh' about it than yo'. When the house is hanted, an' de 'hant' dress is white, yo' mus' cut a lock of hair from de first nigger yo' meet an' put it over de front door. Ef yo' chile be afraid

NAILS IN THE SHOE MEAN SICKNESS.

of hants, sit it over hot lard and say De Lawd He put de debbil in de swine an' I done send de debbil in de lard, fo' swine and lard mus' evil spirits keep, but de Lawd He save de chile."

"But, Ben—"

"When yo' dream of a coffin yo' will heah yo' friend is married to yo' lover, but if yo' see de corpse yo' will marry him yo'self. When yo' scour a flo' always turn yo' bucket to the right; it save you many shiver. When de debbil come in the sick room, burn de bed and yo'll have a live man ter keep."

"Ben, don't you——"

"When de white lady ask too many questions and 'rupt pore Ben he won't say any mo' " and with this quaint bit of wisdom he ended his seeming soliloquy.

How sorry I was that I had interrupted him. I coaxed him to continue, but he was not to be coaxed. That evening we were all sitting on the veranda when Ben said:

"Who is de daughters of the Revolution yo' talk so much about?" and we each gave our views of the question and explained it simply, so that he would understand.

"An' must yo' prove that yo' ancestors fought? I sure believe my old woman is one of de daughters. Her gran'father, Massa S——, wa' a General in de wah. He sure fought in de Rebolution; he sure wa' killed at de Bunker Hill."

"Are you very sure about it, Ben; very sure? How did she come to be so far South?

"Someone carried her mother heah. Yo' com' ter de cabin an' ask de ole woman yo'self; she knows."

Again Ben had innocently raised a perplexing question. His wife, the quadroon and ex-slave, could boast of aristocratic blood. This women, this negress, was the grandchild of a man whom the colonists loved and admired—a daughter of the Revolution! No! No! Her black blood, the negro blood, forbids that, and yet what irony of fate brands this women a negress and counts her three-fourths of white blood as nothing? Is it not strange? What inequalities of life in a land where all men are declared free and equal. What black and clouded skies for some, what brilliancy and sunshine for others! Martyrdom and freedom go hand in hand. Time must solve this problem.

A VISIT TO BLACK BELT SCHOOL.

Ben has taken us all to the village school. What humble boys and girls we see. As we go into the room the pupils lay down their well-thumbed spelling books and look at us in amazement. The "professor" tells us to be seated and continues the lesson.

"Sydney C—— give a sentence containing a conjunctive adverb."

Sydney rises, and with quivering lips replies: "O, the sun is running around the globe and I'm so cold."

"Give another," says Ben. (The professor has told us to request his pupils).

"The heavens declare the glory of God and Birmingham is a great city," replies Sydney, now thoroughly frightened.

I look around the bare room and copythe questions and answers that are upon the blackboard.

Bones or articulation are those joint at wich tow (2) borns play on each other, come in contact, muscle are commonly cold flesh or meat moses or red mas.

Blood is a read liquaint called vertebre.

Digestion goes through a canal call asparagus into a pouch call stomach.

Name two kinds of blood.

Thick and thin, warm and cold, red and yellow.

How is the air received into the body?

The air is received first by the throat, enters the boddy to a spungy bulk in our boddies call lites.

The organ of circulation is the nose.

Circulation is caused by the circulation of the ear.

While I am musing upon the possibilities and the future of these urchins before me I hear the teacher say: "We will now hear some remarks from our visitors."

How the changes ring in the gamut of fear. Even while I think I am called upon to speak. Don't ask me what I said, something about Cinderella and being good children. They must pardon my abruptness. I never made a speech, in fact wasn't prepared. Then I get to talking about Joseph and am suddenly disconcerted when a pickaninny says: I know dat; Joseph was a pritty man an his brethren sheep heads."

"So am I" is my inward thought, and I sit down. The others of the party make brief addresses and then Ben comes forward. I take a pencil from my pocket and slyly copy his remarks.

OLD BEN MAKES A SPEECH.

Chillen, yo' sure should be proud to live and go ter school. When I wa' a boy like yo', I used ter get a lash in-

THE PROFESSOR AT WORK.

stead of the spellin' book. Yo' should be glad to be in America, and, niggers tho' yo' be, yo' is as surely American as anyone else in it. See what a fine city we live in; we has a bank in this city, we is. We are a great people. Yo' must be good boys and girls, with hearts large enough to grasp de whole worl'; yo' must hab sympathy fo' de fall'n an' de lowly. Fo'get yo'self and live fo' others an' in others.

Yo' nebber saw yo' poor ole mammy tied and lashed. Yo' nebber heard de houn's bay at night while yo' knelt at her knee an' tried to say "Our Father." Yo' nebber heard de cry of de unfortunit creature. Yo' hab nebber bin sold to de highest bidder. Pore Ben remembers well de fust tim' he wa' sold. He were free in soul tho' called brute; free in thought tho' called ignorant. I've heard yo' spell, an' it fill my soul with joy. It make pore Ben glad ter know his boys and girls can read and write.

And then, leaning forward, he prayed for them and theirs. What a simple prayer it was—the very a, b, c's! And yet who knows but in His sight it was more acceptable than others that are more magnificent? Ben's prayer was from the heart.—MISS JO NARO, in Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch.

Fish Ten Thousand Years Old.

In making railroad tunnels, cuts, etc., and in sinking wells and pits in Nevada, Utah, and Arizona, salt strata are often struck at varying depths, sometimes as much as a hundred yards beneath the surface. Hundreds of fish, well preserved, are found in blocks of this pure rock salt. These salt fields are supposed to occupy what was once the bottom of a lake thirty miles long, fifteen miles wide and many hundred feet deep. The fish found resemble the pike and pickerel species, and are wholly unlike the fish found in the lakes and rivers of that region at the present time. The specimens found are not petrified, but are as perfectly preserved in the flesh as though but recently frozen in a block of ice. When taken out and exposed to the heat of the sun they become as hard as blocks of wood. Occasionally workmen at the salt works located in "the basin" have attempted to eat these antediluvian relics. Men of learning who have investigated the matter say that these salt preserved fish are at least 10,000 years old.—St. Louis Republic.

Take Off Their Shoes.

A writer in a New York medical journal declares that shoes and stockings are among the worst enemies of health, and thinks that the contact of the foot with old mother earth would do more than anything else to restore our degenerate race to its pristine vigor. He says that people who wear shoes are notoriously inferior to savages and the lower animals in power of recuperation from bodily injury, and asserts that the children of the poor are healthier and hardier than the children of the rich because they are so much oftener barefoot. Physicians have often recommended bare feet as a preventive of croup. That the children enjoy barefooted freedom admits of no question. Then take off their shoes.—New Orleans Picayune.

A NUMBER of people possess what may be called an aptitude for injury. They not only accept it at every turn and receive it at every pore but actually seem to hunt it up and lie in wait for it. Nothing falls that does not hit them; nothing breaks that does not hurt them; nothing happens in any way that they do not reap a golden harvest of wrong from it. These people are miserable, as a matter of course—that goes without saying; but they would be utterly and hopelessly miserable if they could not at any moment scrape the subsistence of an injury together to solace some heavy hour despite of their excitement.

A Novel Clock.

A novel clock, made of colonial cedar, the case being forty feet high, will be sent to the World's Fair from Australia for the New South Wales Court. A group of figures, each twenty inches high, representing the federation convention, will be represented in the upper portion of the case, and each one is to rise from his seat in turn and deliver a speech on the federation. Each hour a large organ will play a tune inside the clock, and the astronomical feats of this unique piece of mechanism will be admitted to the interior of the clock and the tower.—Woman's Journal.

A yearly outlay of twenty millions of dollars shows America's enterprise in advertising.