

UNDER THE WATERS.

DEATH AND DESOLATION IN MISSISSIPPI LOWLANDS.

The Rivers Rose Far Above Their Banks, Flooded Farms, and Swept Away Lives, Homes, and Property—Poor Whites and Negroes Starving and Homeless.

Southern Floods.



THE Tombigbee and Looxapolla Rivers come together a few miles below the city of Columbus, Miss. The city is situated on the

east bank of the Tombigbee River, and is the center of trade for all that section of the Tombigbee Valley. The country is level, and the streams flow sleepily along, winding through the country to the sea. The banks are not high, and its way through the expanse of valley is only marked by the growth of bush and cane on its banks. The cotton plantations along the river have been the scene of great preparations for cotton planting. Every year the streams are up to the full capacity of the banks, and often in low places the water spreads out over a small section of the country; but the heavy and terrific rainfall of a few weeks ago was more than was expected. The rain poured down in sheets and continued for forty-eight hours, deluging everything. The flood rushed down the Looxapolla and was met by the great volume from the Tombigbee. The Tombigbee below the point of confluence could not carry the waters. The floods spread all over the valley. On the bosom of the rush were borne along negro cabins, fences, logs, trees, bodies of cows, mules, horses, and hogs. The flood was so sudden and

enormous that it was impossible to get to a place of safety. The negroes and whites and cattle were to be seen in all directions, running for the high places. Some of the people who could not get away were rescued from the tops of houses or trees. Many were in treetops for thirty or more hours.

The Work of Relief Parties. Boats were hastily constructed and relief parties worked hard night and day rescuing the negroes. One family of negroes, seven in number, were got into the boat and the old negro had a pet pig which she took into the boat with her. The pig jumped out into the water as the boat moved off, and she grabbed for it, overturning the craft. The children were all drowned. The mother, the husband, and the rescuers escaped. On one little mound about forty negroes and several head of cattle were found huddled together. On another there were seventy people and many head of cattle, all hungry and suffering.



ON THE BANK OF THE YALAPUSHA.

have been swept away, and it will be weeks before traffic will be regularly resumed. One strange freak developed among the negroes who had been rescued and brought in to Columbus. They absolutely would not go out and help in the work of rescuing others of their race without being paid cash in hand in advance. The care of the 600 or 700 negroes now in Columbus being clothed, doctored, and fed by charity is a serious matter. The relief asked of the Government should



A SCENE IN THE FLOODED DISTRICT.

be extended at once. It is needed. Eating places have been erected for the poor, and daily the relief committees go out looking for them. The weather was very severe, and much sickness is reported among them. About 250 Lives Said to Have Been Lost. The lowest estimate placed on the loss of life in the flooded district is 250, almost all of whom are negroes. More than 3,000 families in the counties of Lowndes, Monroe, and Noxubee are reported homeless and suffering for necessities of life, which are being supplied now by private subscription. Representative Allen, of Mississippi, has asked Congress for an immediate appropriation of \$50,000.

SENATOR McDONALD'S WIDOW.

A Real Romance in Every-Day Life—Dramatic Features.

Seldom, outside of the pages of fiction, does a woman have such experiences as the beautiful young widow who is now defending the property left to her by her aged husband, the late Senator McDonald of Indiana. After the fact became public that Senator McDonald had left his entire estate to his wife followed rumors, soon verified, that the will was to be contested on the ground that the instrument probated was not the will which Senator McDonald had made. Additional interest was aroused by recalling the romance which surrounded and connected the lives of the deceased Senator and his second wife. The amount in controversy is about \$40,000, and includes a lot on Washington street in Indianapolis. On two occasions during his last illness the Senator told his friends that he intended to leave his Washington street property to his children, but when his will was opened it was found that he had left that also to Mrs. McDonald. It is to set aside this bequest that the suit is filed, and in the inquiry Mrs. McDonald has been summoned to appear and answer questions under oath.

Other phases of the case are both dramatic and supernatural. In the Senator's office was a clerk named Arthur Hutchins, and he copied the will or wrote it at the Senator's dictation. One day he went home from the office, and as he did not return it was found that he had gone insane. The contestants assert that his mental wreck was due to remorse for having illegitimately the will. Then, in confirmation of this theory, a young lady living in Washington dreamed

that she saw Mrs. McDonald and some young man whom she did not know in close consultation together in an office. She afterward came to Indianapolis, and in the asylum where Hutchins is now confined identified him as the young man of her dream.

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SAVED FIVE LIVES.

The Hero of the Hotel Royal Fire Receives a Suitable Reward.

At the recent Hotel Royal fire in York, in which nineteen persons lost their lives, there was none who did braver service in the work of rescue than Sergeant Vaughan, of Patrol No. 3, and as a testimony of his worth the Board of Fire Underwriters have presented him with a beautiful gold medal—the sixth they have issued to members of the patrol in twelve years. Mr. Vaughan's bravery is well stated in the inauguration address of President Blagden, from which we quote:

"At a window in one of the upper stories was gathered a group with anxious faces—a father, mother, and child—waiting, perhaps, to die together. At the next window, in an adjoining building, appeared a sergeant of our patrol. The distance was too great to reach. Without hesitation, he threw himself down, resting one arm upon the sill and entwining his leg around a telephone wire, fortunately conveniently near. With his other arm, one by one he conducted this group over his prostrate body, as a bridge, to the window of safety."

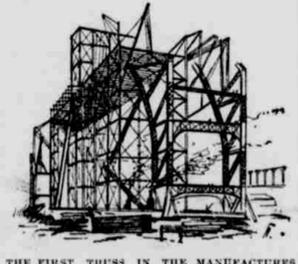
"Ascending to the roof, he discovered a man standing upon the sill of a window in another portion of the house, doubting whether to meet death by jumping or wait to be overtaken by the fire. Shouting to him to wait and he would save him, he rushed to the street, and, calling upon his comrades to follow, ascended to the roof of another adjoining building. Hastily throwing off his coat, his companions holding him by the legs, he threw himself head downward over the cornice, and, with their assistance, raised this man of over 200 pounds in weight to the roof."

Mr. Vaughan saved another life, making five in all.

LARGEST ON EARTH.

Manufactures Building Trusses Are Ponderous Mechanical Appliances.

The gigantic undertaking of erecting the steel trusses which are to support the roof of the Manufacturers Building in the World's Fair grounds was commenced last Friday. When erected the trusses will be the largest in the world. There will be twenty-two trusses, and they will be erected in pairs. Each truss will cover a span of 386 feet, and from the center of the roof inside to the ground there will be a distance of 206 feet. Each truss weighs 200 tons, and 6,000 tons of steel will be used in the roof of the building. Above the trusses supporting the roof will be erected other trusses to



THE FIRST TRUSS IN THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

support the lantern roof. These trusses will be thirty-six feet in height, and each will span a distance of 150 feet.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad was building its depot in Jersey City a year ago the New York newspapers devoted several columns each day to describing the work and declared that the erection of the enormous steel trusses was the most gigantic undertaking in the history of mechanical art. Yet, when the trusses of the Manufacturers Building are erected the trusses of the Jersey City depot could be placed inside of them and there would be a free space of fifty feet between the top of those trusses and the roof of the Manufacturers Building.

Keep Your Mouth Shut.

Many disease germs enter through an open mouth. The mouth was not made for breathing, but for eating and speaking. The nose was made for breathing, and the air, passing through the long and moist nasal passages, is purified, and leaves behind dust, disease germs, and various impurities, while the air is warmed and tempered for the lungs. But when the mouth is left open, dust, dirt, and disease rush down into the lungs, and, fastening there, develop and destroy the whole system.—The Christian.

From Butcher Boy to Millionaire.

Henry Miller, probably the largest land-owner in the San Joaquin (Cal.) valley, was forty years or so ago a butcher boy with scarcely a dollar of his own. He individually controls over a million acres now, and is believed to be worth between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000.

If Tom Nast really wants to start an illustrated paper in Chicago now is his time. All his old Tweed cartoons can be used again with local application.

ED PARDRIDGE.

Said to Be One of the Nerviest Men on the Short Side of the Market.

One of the first questions asked by a Chicago Board of Trade man on reaching the floor of the exchange is usually: "What's Ed doing this morning?" Of course he means Ed Partridge. No man in the speculative world to-day is so well known as the unassuming, diffident, quiet little man whose operations have been the wonder of professional speculators for the last two years.

B. P. Hutchins, known familiarly as "Old Hutch," once said of Partridge that he was the nerviest man on the short side of the market who ever traded in grain. This opinion is now shared by a large proportion of speculators the world over, and wherever there is a speculative market for grain the operations of the Chicago plunger are the subject of daily comment.

What manner of man is this who can play with hundreds of thousands as other men play with dollars? To one who has heard much of Mr. Partridge there comes a feeling of disappointment upon seeing him for the first time. He does not dress like a prince, nor has he the manners of a "high roller." On the contrary, he is one of the most ordinary looking of men; no one would look at him twice in a crowd. His face gives slight indication of his character. He looks as if he might be a fairly well-to-do proprietor of a crossroads store. There is no particular style about his clothes, his trousers bag slightly at the knees, and are innocent of the crease which fashion prescribes for them. He affects nothing gaudy in neck-wear, a plain black "shoestring tie" or soft summer silk tied in a plain bow knot are good enough for him.

His most pronounced characteristics—nerve and dogged determination—would never be guessed from the guileless expression of his face. He spends most of his time during the session of the board on the main floor of the exchange, close to the wheat pit. He always has anywhere from five to a dozen brokers to execute his orders.

Mr. Partridge is a native of the State of New York, and for years was identified with the dry goods business, first in Buffalo, and later, early in the seventies, at Chicago. As a dry goods merchant he was eminently successful, a substantial fortune having been built out of his Chicago business, and he was reckoned a wealthy man long before he began paying attention to the grain market.

Woman's Thrift.

"If men were as economical in their social relations as women are we would not be such a nation of spendthrifts," said T. B. Rose, of Minneapolis, at the Lindell. "I was impressed with the force of this idea to-day by an observation begun in a cable car and pursued through a dry-goods establishment and a restaurant. I saw two ladies chatting together intimately on a car, and when the conductor approached them to collect the fares one of them had no change. The other offered to pay for her companion's ride, but the latter wouldn't submit to the proposition. Instead she borrowed a nickel from her friend, remarking as she did so that she would break a bill as soon as she got down town and repay her. My curiosity was excited to see if women really dealt that way with one another, so I followed the two after they got off the car. They first entered a drygoods store, where the borrower made a small purchase and as soon as she got her change she handed her friend five cents, which was received without the slightest protest. Then they went into a restaurant to get lunch. Each gave separate orders and the bill of each amounted to thirty cents. They marched up to the cashier and each paid her own bill. Now, these are small transactions, but they are indicative of the difference in the character of men and women. Had the objects of my observations been men instead of women, the man who offered to borrow a nickel for car fare would have insulted the other, and one of them would have ordered that dinner for both and paid the bill, which, I may as well say, would have amounted to dollars instead of cents."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Proud and Patriotic.

All the talk about Chili has at least proved that she is a brave and valiant little nation, ready to fight and die in defense of her flag—a flag somewhat like our own, composed of red, white and blue, with a lone star in a blue field. Their hymn is the out-gushing of this patriotism, its musical air the symbolism of its valor. In regard to the national hymn, Chili gives an example that would be well for other nations to imitate, and that is the outward respect and reverence shown upon its performance, whether in a private parlor or public assembly. Upon the first chord being struck all present rise and remain standing until its conclusion. Upon all occasions of ceremony you hear its stirring strains. On Chili's Independence Day, after the diplomatic dinner at the "Moneda," the President and Cabinet, with the diplomatic body, adjourn to the opera, where, in the meantime, a vast assemblage has gathered. As soon as the President and his guest appear in the boxes the curtain rises, the proscenium is beautifully decorated with flags and streamers, singers and chorus are formed in a semi-circle on the stage, the orchestra strikes up the prelude, the whole audience rise from their

Lotus-Eaters.

Lotus-eaters, according to Homer, were a people living on the northern coast of Africa, visited, in his wanderings, by Ulysses, who endeavored to detain his companions by giving them the lotus to eat. Whoever eat of this wished never to depart. The Arabs call the fruit of the lotus the "fruit of destiny," which they believe to be eaten in paradise. The lotus is a shrub two or three feet high, and its fruit, which is produced in great abundance, is a dwarf the size of a wild plum, and has a pleasant, sweet taste.

Ancient Idiosyncrasies.

In taking medicine due regard was formerly paid by the superstitious to the positions of the moon at the time—different parts of the body, they supposed, being under its influence according to the zodiacal sign through which the planet happened to be passing at the time.

Great Sport.

Rabbits are becoming a pest in California, as well as in the northern States of the West, and rabbit drives, similar to the wolf drives in Kansas, are resorted to as a means of abating the nuisance. A drive near Travel resulted in the destruction of several thousand rabbits.

Considerate Pupils.

Professor A. C. Reese, of Carrollton, Ga., has been teaching school fifty-six years. He says he has taught nearly 5,000 pupils, and never has had but two die in school time.

Big Stars Have Little Stars.

Uranus has four satellites, Saturn has eight, and Neptune one.

seats, the prima donna and tenor advance to the footlights, each with a Chilian standard in the left hand, the prima donna sings the first verse, the chorus take up the "Dulce patria," after which the tenor sings the second verse. The applause, the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, and general enthusiasm, is something a stranger present will never forget.

"Trapping" Steam.

We say that "shell" peas when we unshell them, and for the same reason of contraries, probably, we speak of a steam-trap when it is a trap intended to catch the water and let the steam go free. Be that as it may, however—and they say that a rose would smell as sweet by any other name—steam-traps are very useful and sensible affairs, where there are long lines of pipe between boiler and engine or heating apparatus. They save cylinder heads or pistons being smashed by the water, which is either carried over from the boiler or formed by condensation of the steam against the cold walls of the pipes. They stop the hammering which is heard in steam-heated buildings where the steam comes a long way, particularly if it comes on horizontal lines. If they are properly constructed and mounted they will return to the boiler the water of condensation, and thus prove coal savers, for the hotter the feed water is the more cheaply steam can be made. Furthermore, it is much better to run back into the boiler the water that has dropped its scale or other deposit, than to introduce new feed with new quantities of material which tend to coat the sheets.

Judge Waxem's Political Proverbs.

A candidate may think he is buying a man's vote, but he ain't, he's only rentin' it.

Wimmen suffragists ain't good for much else.

Gettin' elected once ain't a shore sign of havin' the dose repeated.

Farmers ain't got no business tryin' to raise crops in the polittick field.

When a congressman is as big in Washington as he is in his own dees, trick, he begins to hanker fer the White House.

The difference between a partyzan and a patriot is the partyzan gets the Government job.

A man never gets too old to vote. Gettin' drunk on the Fourth of July is a mighty poor kind of patriotism.

The Prohibition party uses so much water it gets a washout two or three times a year.—Free Press.

An Astor's Way.

William Waldorf Astor, who is or is not the head of the house, always wears his overcoat collar turned up about his ears in winter, even on days that are clear and bright. His eyes are usually bent upon the ground. Occasionally he wanders into Delmonico's with a preoccupied air, sits down at a table in a far corner, and eats an extremely modest lunch flanked by two bottles of ginger ale. He does not look up at all, though the eyes of half the people in the place are upon the man who owns \$200,000,000 worth of property. When he has finished his lunch he tips the waiter liberally, pulls on his overcoat, turns up the collar, tilts his hat very far down over his eyes, and wanders forth with the Astor air of preoccupation.—New York Truth.

A Simple Way to Avoid Dust.

Here is a hint in regard to the prevention of dust that is well worth attention. Dutch artists of old, who had a perfect terror of dust, always chose, if possible, to have their studios in close proximity to a canal. If this was not practicable they got over the difficulty by keeping a large tub of water in their studios, most of the dust flying about the room being caught in this receptacle. The neighborhood of a river, the substitute for the Dutch canal, may not always be desirable at the present time, but a bowl of water, especially in these days, when we rejoice in any excuse for multiplying the bric-a-brac in our rooms, is within everybody's reach.

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GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Ben Wright Got a Handy Call to Repeat Dat Order Quick.

Ben Wright, who died the other day, was the most companionable man I ever met. The oyster house which he opened, at the corner of Brattle and Court streets, for years was a Boston institution.

I remember going into Wright's one night a dozen years ago. Seated at the table next me were four newboys, accompanied by two girls who sold papers. The waiter refused to serve them.

"What's the trouble, my little men?" said Ben Wright, who overheard the conversation.

"Why, this 'ere duffer says he won't give us dat what we wants."

"What do you want, my boy?"

"I want a great big stew, with plenty of oysters and six spoons."

Wright said "all right," quietly gave the order and when it was ready served the boy with a big stew, a large plate of crackers and a platter of pickles. The six spoons were there.

The stew was passed around, the spokesman seeing that each had his or her share. In a few moments it had entirely disappeared. The leader of the party then walked up to the desk and said: "How much stuff, Ben? I tell you dat was cracky."

"Never mind the stuff, my boy; have the stew with me," said Wright, kindly. "Don't want no stuff?"

"No, my boy."

"Well, repeat dat order quick."

No one laughed heartier or enjoyed the retort more than honest Ben Wright.—Boston News.

SPRING MEDICINE

Needed by Nearly Everybody.

In the spring months the necessity of a good blood-purifying, strengthening medicine is felt by the large majority of people. During the winter various impurities accumulate in the blood, as a consequence of close confinement in poorly ventilated tenements, stores and work-shops, or too high living. Therefore, when the milder weather comes, the blood is unable to sustain the various organs of the body which need additional strength, and the consequence is that tired feeling, biliousness, sick headache, possibly dyspepsia, or the appearance of some blood disorder. So popular has *Hall's Sarsaparilla* become at this season that it is now generally admitted to be the Standard Spring Medicine. It thoroughly purifies and vitalizes the blood, creates a good appetite, cures biliousness and headache, overcomes that tired feeling, gives healthy action to the kidneys and liver, and imparts to the whole body a feeling of health and strength. Try it this spring.

What Did He Think?

A popular official in Washington once went fishing with a clergyman. Bites were plentiful, but the official seemed to get all. The clergyman waited patiently and at last was favored with a nibble. Then his line parted and his hopes and a part of his fishing tackle vanished simultaneously. He said nothing for almost a minute, and then turning to his friend remarked: "John, if my early education had been neglected what do you suppose I should have said?"—Washington Star.

A MAN who has practiced medicine for forty years ought to know what sugar is, read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.
Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co., I have been in the general practice of medicine for many years, and would say that in all my practice and experience I have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can *Hall's Catarrh Cure*, manufactured by you. I have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,
L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with *Hall's Catarrh Cure*. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Coal as Freight.

More than 25 per cent. of the freight of the country is coal.

GENERAL MAXIMS applied to everyday life are like routine applied to the arts, good only for mediocre intellects.

OUR high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature.

R. F. ALLEN Co., 365 Canal St., New York, are sole agents in the United States for Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

KNOWLEDGE unused for the good of others is more vain than unused gold.

The old saying that "consumption can be cured if taken in time" was poor comfort. It seemed to invite a trial, but to anticipate failure. The other one, not so old, "consumption can be cured," is considered by many false. Both are true and not true; the first is prudent—one cannot begin too early. The means is careful living. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is sometimes an important part of that. Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING—free.

Scott & Bowen, Chemists, 130 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed. It is absolutely pure and it is soluble. No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one-cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EARLY DIETED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Send me my picture and I will mail you One CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS

of same, postpaid, for ONLY ONE DOLLAR. Now is your chance. Superior finish and guaranteed. Send 10c for free catalogue.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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