A MISSTEP LED TO DEATH.

Mrs. W. Leroy Pyles Drowned at the Marshall Hall Pier.

Lost Her Footing While Attempting to Speak to Her Mother on the Boat—Probably Stunned by the Fall—Unable to Find Body Last Night.

The body of Mrs. W. Leroy Pyles, wife of Dr. Pyles, of Providence Hospital, lies at the bottom of the Potomac, somewhere near Marshall Hall, Md. Mrs. Pyles was drowned last night about 8:20 o'clock, at the close of a day of recreation, spent with her husband at the river resort. No trace of her remains was to be found last night, but efforts to recover the body will be resumed this morning. Dr. Pyles and Mrs. Berry, mother of Mrs. Pyles, remained last night at Marshall Hall, because of the accident.

Yesterday Dr. Pyles and his wife went down the river on the morning boat, reaching Marshall Hall about noon. Previously it had been arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Berry, parents of Mrs. Pyles, who live on Ninth Street southeast, should go down on the evening boat and return to the city last night in company with their daughter and her husband.

Upon their arrival Dr. Pyles and his wife had dinner and spent the afternoon quietly, reading and strolling about the grounds. As the time for the arrival of the evening boat from the city drew near the couple walked down on the pier. Few other people were about at the time, although quite a crowd went to the Hall on the evening boat. As the Macalester neared her wharf, Dr. Pyles and his wife were standing on the long pier stretching out into the river. Mrs. Pyles held in her hand a satchel containing several small articles, which she had brought with her. This satchel was the cause of the drowning of the young woman before the eyes of her husband and parents.

Prior to the landing of the steamer, Mrs. Pyles seems to have recognized her parents, standing on the lower deck, not far from the gang plank, which had not yet been lowered. When the plank was thrust out from the steamer, in order to effect a landing for passengers, Mrs. Pyles, satchel in hand, pressed forward toward the side of the boat. Dr. Pyles was a few feet away. Momentarily, his attention appears to have been diverted from his wife, who made a fatal misstep as she stretched forth her hand to pass the satchel she carried to her father.

Several persons had already passed over the gang plank, and Mrs. Berry was about to do so, when her daughter fell into the river, between the side of the Macalester and the pier. Mrs. Berry saw her daughter plunge into the river, and uttered a cry of terror. Next she stood at the edge of the wharf, hesitated a moment, and was about to jump into the river after her daughter, who had already disappeared.

Among the few who passed onto the pier ahead of Mrs. Berry was A. S. Colyar, the lawyer. He heard the cry for help, and turned in time to see Mrs. Berry rush toward the end of the pier. Mr. Colyar seized Mrs. Berry, already frantic from grief, and a struggle ensued. Mrs. Berry is said to have fought on the edge of the pier, and was only prevented from jumping into the river after her daughter by sheer force.

Meanwhile the purser of the Macalester, deck hands, and others, ran to the assistance of Mrs. Pyles. She did not rise to the surface at all, probably because of the swift tide running at that time. Nevertheless, lanterns were secured from the boat, and a search was begun for the body of the woman. Dr. Pyles, Mr. Berry, and others, cared for Mrs. Berry, who was taken from the pier and to the hotel at the Hall, where she spent the night. Dr. Pyles rendered medical aid, and Mrs. Berry slowly recovered somewhat from the awful shock incident to the drowning.

For an hour officers of the Macalester and others searched and dragged for the body of Mrs. Pyles without success. The Macalester was held at the Hall long after the usual time for starting for this city, but at a late hour the search was abandoned until today. It is expected that the Harbormaster and his crew, in the police boat, will go down this morning to the Hall and drag for the body of Mrs. Pyles.

A rowboat was brought into service during the search for the remains last night. On the impulse of the moment, following the cry of Mrs. Berry for assistance, George E. Roberts, of 946 New York Avenue northwest, jumped overboard after Mrs. Pyles from the gangplank of the steamer. Roberts seized a rope which was flung to him from the Macalester, and after a vain attempt to dive for the body of Mrs. Pyles, was hauled back to the edge of the pier. He was then pulled out of the river. Owing to the swift current Roberts himself had a narrow escape from drowning. He was nearly exhausted when he was taken out of the water.

It is believed by many that Mrs. Pyles struck her chin heavily on the side of the steamer in falling, and possibly was stunned or rendered unconscious. So rapidly did she sink out of sight that even Roberts, who saw her fall, and who leaped into the river a moment later, was unable to find trace of her. No effort was neglected by officers of the steamer toward saving the young woman, and afterward, toward the recovery of her body.

Mrs. Pyles had been married about two years. She leaves no children. Her husband graduated last year in medicine, and is one of the resident staff of physicians at Providence Hospital. Dr. Pyles is well known, especially in the southeastern section of the city. He is a son of J. T. D. Pyles, the grocer, and lives at 224 Eleventh Street southeast. Mrs. Pyles was twenty-two years of age.

J. Harry Stewart, of 747 H Street southwest, a witness of the accident, said last night that Mrs. Pyles did not rise to the surface at all after falling into the river. Mr. Stewart said the accident happened so quickly that few realized at once what had occurred. Several women became hysterical and there was considerable confusion, although officers of the steamer did everything possible to prevent undue excitement. No blame is attached to the steamboat company on account of the accident.

AN ADIRONDACK MYSTERY.

Strange Disappearance of a Couple Near the Five Lakes.

CARTHAGE, N. Y., Aug. 25.—A deserted lodge in the Adirondack wilderness is exciting attention and comment from a host of summer visitors in the "Five Lake" region, south from Cranberry Lake. The lodge is a solidly built, picturesque place, furnished and finished with luxury. All that is known of it is told by the guides and squatters of that region.

Early last spring, they say, the material for the cabin was hauled into the woods from Nehasane station, followed by carpenters and masons, who built the house and settled the hangings, carpets, and furniture, which were sent afterward. One of the workmen remained as caretaker and the carpenters left.

The week following a young couple arrived—the man, about thirty-five, athletic, and one of the best shots in the Adirondacks. His companion was a young and beautiful woman, who was as good a hunter as the man. They walked thirteen miles from the railroad station, she in male attire, and both wearing the corduroy and leather hunters' costume.

For several months they lived alone, with the guide to cook and care for them. Daily they tramped the woods hunting, fishing, or merely taking long snowshoe trips for the fun of it. Boxes and packages arrived at intervals from the outer world, and the two lived on until early summer. In May the man was alone. He continued to hunt and fish as before, and then in June he disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as the woman had the month before.

The lodge was left open, the dishes remaining on the dining table as if the occupant had just finished a meal, and all their clothing, hunting implements, books, and music were left about the apartment as they had last been used.

Hedgehogs have ruined the carpets, wind and rain have spoiled the hangings and furniture, and bears have overturned everything movable in the house.

Malaria, Chills, and Fever— Quickly cured by taking Elixer Babek.

A SUBMARINE BOAT FIRM.

Formation of a Company to Build From the Lake Plans.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Aug. 25.—The Lake Submarine Torpedo Boat Company, which was recently incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey with a capitalization of $1,000,000, has decided to establish in this city a large steel shipbuilding plant for the manufacture of submarine boats of the Lake type, which has already attracted attention from the Governments of the world.

Simon Lake, of this city, formerly of Elizabethport, N. J., is the inventor of the new type of submarine craft, which he claims to be superior to all others and the first submarine torpedo boat which has attained a state of perfection. He is president of the company which has offices at 11 Broadway, New York. There is both Bridgeport and New York capital invested in the company. Contracts have been made with the Pacific Iron Company, of this city, for the construction of the first boat, which is to be built at once for demonstration before the United States Navy, before which it will enter in competition with the Holland submarine boat. Its capabilities, as represented to the Government, are: To descend safely to a depth of 150 feet; to travel on the surface or with conning tower awash or at any desired depth within the above limit (150 feet) or on the bottom; diving compartments to enable divers to leave or enter the vessel; ample living quarters for officers and crew, with cooking, heating, and sleeping facilities; sufficient fuel carrying capacity to make a continuous run of 1,500 knots on the surface, with a speed of about 10 knots, storage battery capacity sufficient for a submerged run of 50 miles on one charge of the batteries; means for recharging the batteries; three torpedo expulsion tubes, two at the bow and one at the stern.

From its New York offices the company is now in communication with several foreign Governments for which it is expected to construct boats. Recently a representative of the British Government was in the city inspecting a model of the Lake boat. A commission from Holland is expected in this country to compare the relative merits of the Holland and Lake types of boats.

DEATH OF GENERAL WILLIAMS.

Succumbs to Apoplexy at a Plainfield, N. J., Hotel.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Aug. 25.—Robert Williams, U. S. A., retired, died suddenly last night at the Hotel Netherwood, where he and his three daughters have been this summer. Death, which was due to apoplexy, occurred while the weekly hop was going on.

General Williams was appointed to West Point from Virginia, in which State he was born in 1829. He was graduated in 1851 and was made brevet second lieutenant of the First Dragoons. In July, 1853, he was appointed second lieutenant, and June 7, 1855, he was promoted to first lieutenant. He was promoted August 3, 1861, to the rank of captain and assistant adjutant general.

When the civil war broke out he was made colonel of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, serving from October, 1861, to October, 1862. He was in the battle of Antietam and was an able cavalry officer. From 1862 he continued as assistant adjutant general until July 5, 1892, when he was made a brigadier general and adjutant general. He was retired November 5, 1896, at the age of sixty-four years.

General Williams' wife, who died in 1899, was the widow of Stephen A. Douglas. Her maiden name was Addie Cutts, and she was a famous belle. While General Williams was at West Point he courted her, but Mr. Douglas succeeded in winning her hand. After the death of Mr. Douglas General Williams renewed his attentions and finally won her.

For the past two seasons General Williams has been at the Hotel Netherwood, together with General Sickles, General Ruger, and other army officers. His condition was not considered serious, and plans were being made for his return to Washington tomorrow. He leaves three sons and three daughters. The sons are: First Lieut. Robert C. Williams, of the Thirteenth Cavalry, stationed in Montana; Second Lieut. J. C. Williams, of the Twelfth Cavalry, stationed at Manila, and Lieut. Philip Williams, U. S. N., also at Manila. The daughters are Mrs. J. B. Patton, wife of Lieutenant Patton, U. S. N., and Miss Addie C. Williams and Miss Mildred Williams, of 2101 P Street northwest, Washington.

The body was sent from Plainfield this afternoon to Washington, where a military funeral will be held.

ASHORE OFF FIRE ISLAND.

A Schooner Beached After Hitting a Sunken Wreck.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The schooner Eliza A. Scribner, Captain Dodd, from Promised Land, L. I., bound to Savannah, struck a submerged wreck yesterday while proceeding along the coast, and by the time she reached Fire Island Inlet had eight feet of water in her hold.

The captain, in order to prevent her sinking, beached her on the bar. The life saving crews of Fire Island and Oak Island went to her assistance and took off the captain's wife, who had spent the night in a small boat, towed astern of the schooner. The wrecking tug I. J. Merritt hopes to float the schooner tomorrow.

FELL FROM A CAR.

Mrs. Johnson Sustains Painful Injuries From the Accident.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, of 2912 Cambridge Place, Georgetown, was taken to the Emergency Hospital last night, suffering from severe shock and bruises. She fell from a car of the Capital Traction Company at Fifteenth Street and New York Avenue northwest, late in the afternoon. While painfully hurt, Mrs. Johnson will recover.

It appears that Mrs. Johnson boarded a car for Fourteenth Street at the junction, on the way to visit the home of friends. She carried with her a satchel, and in getting on the car, seems to have made a misstep, and to have tripped and fallen. The car was just starting at the time, but Moterman Ashford stopped as quickly as possible and went to the assistance of the woman. Several others assisted in taking Mrs. Johnson up from the street, and she was taken into a nearby drug store until the arrival of the ambulance from the Emergency Hospital. Once at that institution, the patient was cared for in the emergency room and later sent to a ward.

Some question arose as to the identity of the satchel carried by Mrs. Johnson, and Policeman Warren, of the First precinct station, made an investigation. He recovered the satchel, which was turned over to relatives of the patient last night. A son-in-law and a daughter of Mrs. Johnson are now visiting in West Virginia. They were notified of the accident by the police.

THE COUPLE NOT RECONCILED.

Mrs. Lloyd A. Turner Has Not Withdrawn Her Suit for Divorce.

The attorney of Mrs. Adelina Mayo-Turner, the wife of Lloyd A. Turner, states that there has been no reconciliation between the couple, and that Mrs. Turner is suing in the Virginia courts for divorce, and has no intention of withdrawing her suit. Mr. Turner and his mother are also stated to be without the princely fortune with which recent press despatches have credited them.

At present Mrs. Turner is staying at Natural Bridge with relatives.

A nerve settler after too much stimulation—Royal Headache Tablets. Four doses, 10 cents.

A BIG OVATION TO SCHLEY.

The Admiral Visits the Station to Greet Knights Templar.

Crowds Applaud and Shout in Token of Their Esteem for the Commander at Santiago—Commanderies Off for the Triennial Conclave.

The departure of the Knights Templar for the triennial conclave at Louisville yesterday afternoon was the occasion of a tremendous ovation to Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, who was present at the Baltimore and Ohio depot to bid "godspeed" to Columbia Commandery, No. 2, of which he is a Sir Knight. Many thousand persons, relatives and friends of the Templars, had assembled at the station and the appearance of Admiral Schley was the occasion for cheers and applause which shook the roof of the structure. The Marine Band, stationed on the platform of the train shed, burst into the air of "Hail to the Chief," followed by "Maryland, My Maryland," in honor of the hero of Santiago.

Grand Commander George Gibson conducted Admiral Schley to the station in a carriage. They were met outside the depot by Eminent Sir Edward Parks, commander of Columbia Commandery, No. 2, and other distinguished Templars, and a party of ladies, who were presented to Admiral Schley. Grand Commander Gibson, accompanied by Admiral Schley, then made their way to the train shed, where Templars, the Marine Band, and a large crowd of visitors were waiting. From this moment until the party reached the parlor cars in waiting enthusiastic men and women, shouted, clapped hands, and elbowed each other out of the way in order to secure a grasp of the outstretched hand of the distinguished naval commander.

As the cars left the station, from every car window came a farewell greeting from his fellow knights of the commandery. Admiral Schley returned to his carriage in waiting, unescorted, but his progress was again the occasion for a repetition of the first ovation. As he stepped into the vehicle and drove off, the crowd which had collected without the station by this time applauded with handclaps. Admiral Schley responded by raising his hat and bowing many times, as the carriage drew away.

Columbia Commandery No. 2 left for Louisville on a special train over the Baltimore and Ohio at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It is accompanied by forty-five members of the Marine Band under the directorship of Sir Knight William H. Santelmann. Columbia will be quartered at the Bailey House. The band will be one of the features of the conclave parade, and will also give a concert at Phoenix Hall Park, the evening of August 28. This commandery will have a squad in the competitive drill for handsome prizes, which will be held during the week, and confidently expects to bring one of the trophies to the National Capital.

Washington Commandery, No. 1, left at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon via the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in a special train consisting of four Pullmans, a day coach, a combination baggage car, and a dining car. Sir Knight W. A. Haley, accompanied the party with his excellent band of thirty pieces. A large house has been engaged at 311 West Walnut Street, Louisville, where the party will be quartered, and where open house will be kept during their sojourn in Kentucky.

The following composed the party: E. Sir William S. Parks, Commander; Sir F. W. Behrens, Generalissimo; Sir C. F. King, Captain General, and Sirs A. F. Fox, H. S. Merrill, Harrison Dingman, H. K. Simpson, G. H. Walker, T. P. Morgan, H. S. Selden, Jacobus S. Jones, J. A. Rutherford, H. S. Graves, G. F. Johnston, G. E. Strobel, S. P. House, E. W. Zea, C. C. Helmick, T. E. Jarrell, M. F. Lord, J. B. Lord, Holton Wolf, D. W. Lewis, D. S. Williamson, P. P. Hammel, F. W. Stretton, J. L. Curtis, A. C. Crook, W. C. Babcock, J. A. Cockley, A. C. Martin, W. C. Peake, H. C. Espey, R. T. Anderson, Edward Kolb, F. A. Hauck, J. F. Wild, S. B. Mercier, and H. L. Gosling.

The party leaving yesterday consisted of E. Sir John J. Harrower, commander, and Mrs. Harrower; Sirs L. Behrens and wife, E. C. Peach, wife and daughter; C. B. Matthews and wife, Charles S. Domer and wife, H. E. Easterday and wife, J. Heimer and wife, C. C. Engle, wife and daughter; Frank Carter and wife, Charles Sonne and wife, Thomas Galloway and wife, T. B. Walker and wife, S. Desio and wife, J. Henry Small, jr., G. A. Kneessi, Albert Riddle, Charles Shrey, Joseph C. Johnson, Lincoln Bomberger, John A. Moyer, Frank H. Thomas, Dr. Jandon, Ed Schmid, Blake Harper, Charles Smith, R. C. Williams, Frank Doyle, James Gray, J. E. Burns, John Holtman, W. A. Lamprey, Edgar Nelson, Fred Sillers, W. H. Hooper, James Linthicum, Alex Grant, S. Recher, T. D. Sargeant, Harry Riley, Burt Brockway, J. H. Blair, William Leisler, W. H. Conley, W. H. Smith, Arthur Hess, Thomas Galloway, Charles Long, S. Stinemetz, George Engles, Benjamin Parkhurst, Arthur Ward, S. M. Ryder, George Gibson, B. A. Allen, E. C. Elmore, G. R. Marble, G. H. Getz, Benjamin Guy, S. B. Hege, Harry Cunningham, and A. E. Ayler.

The drill squad will be taken through its evolutions, which will include the foot movements common to military drills and the sword movements distinctive to Knights Templar, by Capt. Charles S. Domer. Those who take part in this feature will number twenty-seven, and will be selected from the following: Benjamin Parkhurst, Thomas B. Walker, Jackson F. Blair, J. Henry Small, jr., Walter H. Klopfer, Harry F. Riley, Joseph C. Johnson, Herbert E. Easterday, Bert Riddle, Blake Harper, Arthur Hess, John A. Moyer, C. B. Matthews, Frederick Sillers, James Gray, Louis Behrens, R. C. Williams, Edward Nelson, E. S. Thompson, William Smith, William Leisler, Charles Sonne, A. D. Myers, H. E. Ayler, Clarence Hartman, A. P. Grant, Salvadore Desio, Gus Kneessi, T. B. Sargeant, Wallace Streator, Charles Shreve, Lincoln Bomberger, W. A. Lamprey, Stanley M. Recker, Charles A. Stewart, and Charles Long.

The party was accompanied by a number of Knights from Orient Commandery, No. 5, the youngest Knights Templar body in the District. Among those who went with this contingent are the following officers: Commander, Eminent Sir Fragicis J. Woodman; Generalissimo, Sir Edwin B. Hesse; Acting Captain General, Sir W. Harry Wolcott; Senior Warden, Sir Allen Bussius; Prelate, Sir William A. Cohill; Standard Bearer, Sir Joseph E. Hodgson; Warder, Sir Fred S. Cawson; Captain of the Guard, Sir E. P. Hazleton; Guards, Sirs George W. Siggers, William Mehm, and Fred E. T. Offutt; Quartermaster, Sir Thomas E. Jacobs; Commissary, Sir George W. Siggers; Herald, Sir G. Hector Clemes; Past Commanders E. Sir Alexander McKenzie, Generalissimo; E. Sir A. W. Johnson, Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of the District of Columbia.

Aside from those there will be about forty Sir Knights of the line and several ladies. The commandery will be joined by a band from Medina, Ohio, at Cincinnati, and on reaching Louisville will be quartered at 713 West Chestnut Street. It is the intention of the commandery to keep open house during the encampment, and it will welcome all District Sir Knights and any others who may be pleased to call.

A number of the officers and Sir Knights of Potomac Commandery, No. 3, and De Molay Mounted Commandery, No. 4, have also made arrangements to attend the conclave.

MARRIED IN SWITZERLAND.

The Wedding of General Ford, of Connecticut, Announced.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 25.—There was a big surprise for New Haven social and political circles tonight in the announcement of the marriage of Gen. George H. Ford, the jeweler of this city, and Madame Ruth Leonard Launilus, at Luzerne, Switzerland, on August 15.

General Ford is one of the prominent business men of the State, and is a member of the Quinnipiack, Ansantawae, and Union League Clubs, of this city, the latter being the leading Republican club of this part of the State. He went to Europe about six weeks ago.

The general is a widower. The bride is said to be a countess. Her first husband has been dead a number of years. She is a very accomplished woman. Her home is in Baltimore, Md., but she has not been in this country for seventeen years. She is an intimate friend of the Farrell family, of Ansonia, and said to be a relative of the Cheney family, of Manchester, Conn.

TO ARRAIGN PETTY TODAY.

Every Precaution Taken to Prevent Lynching at Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Aug. 25.—Willis Petty will be arraigned in the police court tomorrow morning before Mayor Simpson to answer the charge of attempting to commit a criminal assault upon Mrs. Robert Payne, wife of John Payne, which occurred on Thursday night last. A large crowd, no doubt, will be present. Petty is still out of the city, and will be brought here on an early train tomorrow morning in time for the hearing.

Mayor Simpson when seen tonight stated that Dr. A. A. Kittenedur, the physician attending Mrs. Payne, has stated that Mrs. Payne would be able to appear in court tomorrow morning at the hearing. James R. Caton, it is said, will represent the prisoner. Mr. Caton could not be seen at his home tonight, he having, it is said, left the city. After the hearing tomorrow Petty will, it is said, be again taken out of the city and kept there until the time for his trial. Judge J. K. K. Norton, of the Corporation Court, will call a special grand jury, and give Petty a speedy trial. Judge Norton is now at his farm at Lorton, Prince William County, but will return at an early date.

Today the excitement had partly subsided, and there were no crowds on the streets tonight. All sorts of rumors were afloat, but in every instance they proved to be canards. One of the rumors started tonight was to the effect that the Alexandria Light Infantry had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness in case there was any trouble. While the members of the company have received no official notice as yet, it is stated that in case there is any sign of trouble they will be called out. A report was in circulation this morning to the effect that Mrs. Payne had died last night, and there was another one that Mrs. Payne had undergone an operation. These, of course, were put out for the purpose of stirring public sentiment against the prisoner.

Owing to the talk of lynching Petty Mayor Simpson has taken every precaution to protect the prisoner's life, and tonight he expressed hope that the excitement would soon die down. No one will state positively where Petty is. The general opinion seems to be that the prisoner is at Fairfax Court House. The officials at Fairfax deny that he is in the jail at that place. Many are of the opinion that Petty is confined in the Alexandria County jail, on Fort Myer Heights. It is claimed that the officers who took the prisoner away in a carriage last Friday afternoon took the road to Fairfax, and then, under cover of darkness, drove back to the Alexandria County jail. This, it is said, was done to make the people who met them on the road believe that the man was being taken to Fairfax.

A COLORED CENTENARIAN.

"Uncle" Lemuel Scott, of Virginia, 101 Years Old.

SUFFOLK, Va., Aug. 25.—"Deed that drink is fine, boss," said old "Uncle" Lemuel Scott, aged 101 years, and once the most powerful negro in Virginia. "It seems to put new blood in my old veins."

"Uncle" Lemuel had driven to town to sit for his picture, and he smiled audibly when the reporter invited him to have something. The barkeeper prepared an eight-inch mint julep, very strong, and with several kinds of fruit on top.

Then "Uncle" Lem was given a pure Havana weed, on which he was still drawing when the photograph man pressed his button. There was a look of real contentment on his face as he told of his life, replete with his own feats of physical prowess and with quaint reminiscences of slave times. Here is Uncle Lem's life story in his own words:

"I was born a slave in Amelia County, Va., sah, in 1800. I belonged to Mars' Bob Coleman, who I thought was the greatest man in the world. Some of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren are still living there. I was his carriage driver. Besides that I used to grub and plow and make two trips a week in a wagon to Petersburg. 'Dem was good old times.

"I was the biggest and the strongest man on all the plantations thereabouts, and the other niggers used to look upon me as a hero.

"The old 'marster' wouldn't let me have a wife till I was twenty-five years old. Then I weighed over 300 pounds and was almost as strong as a horse.

"I was the father of sixteen children. One of my sons was with Sheridan's cavalry in the war. I stayed with the South and helped to build batteries.

"I came to Nansemond County in 1870, and have lived here ever since. My last wife is still living, but she is a heap younger than me.

"I ain't much account now. I have fallen away so that I hardly weigh 200 pounds. My main longing is to get enough money to take a trip to my old home before I die.

"I have been drinking and smoking and chewing all my life, and I never felt like these habits hurt me. I never drank very hard, but Mars' Bob always let me have a toddy, even when a boy."

Here are some of the feats "Uncle" Lem loves to tell of himself:

"I could take up a full forty-gallon cask of apple brandy and drink out of the bunghole.

"I could stand in a bushel measure and raise a barrel of flour to my head.

"I could take a big sack of salt under each arm and walk up three flights of stairs.

"I could throw heavy empty barrels over my head with my teeth.

"At Ford's Depot once I got a barrel of cement out of a ditch when no two men there could do it together.

"I could go to the breast of the biggest horse in the neighborhood and raise both front feet from the ground."

"Uncle" Lem says he was always taught good manners and he has never been "sassy" to a white person in his life. At "Uncle" has prospects of living several years longer. A fall some days ago made him weaker.

Up to his hundreth year Lem used to drive to town nearly every week in a dilapidated old Rockaway. Now his trips are getting less frequent.

W. H. V. HOFFMAN INJURED.

The New York Clubman Struck in the Eye by a Stone.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—W. H. V. Hoffman, the wealthy horse owner and clubman of this city, was struck in the right eye by a stone kicked up by one of his horses while driving his four-in-hand coach on the new Tuxedo racetrack Friday and may become totally blind. Mr. Hoffman, his wife, two sons, and a guest, Miss Preston, were driving on the track and the horses were going at a rapid pace. One of the leaders picked up a stone with its forefoot, which was thrown back with great force and struck Mr. Hoffman in the right eye. The stone broke his spectacles and badly cut the eyeball.

Suffering great pain, Mr. Hoffman pulled up his horses and turned the reins over to one of his sons. He did not believe the injury was serious, and said he thought bathing it with cold water would restore his sight.

After trying this experiment he was horrified to find that he could not see. Drs. Rushmore and Johnson were called, and immediately pronounced the injury serious. They removed several particles of broken glass from the eye, but the sight was not restored.

The physicians recommended that Mr. Hoffman consult specialists as quickly as possible, and he was removed to his home here, 35 West Fifty-first Street.

While declining to make any statement as to the injury to Mr. Hoffman's eye the doctors at Tuxedo are firmly convinced that he will lose the sight in that eye.

The accident is all the more serious for the reason that some years ago Mr. Hoffman's left eye was injured in much the same manner and his sight partially destroyed. He can scarcely distinguish objects now with the left eye, and the physicians and surgeons fear that the injury to the other will result in the total loss of sight.

Mr. Hoffman is wealthy and an enthusiastic horseman. He is a member of the firm of Hoffman Brothers, of 4 Warren Street, and a son of the late Charles Hoffman. His uncle is Dean Hoffman.

For years Mr. Hoffman's coaching parties have been features of the summer season at Tuxedo. He is a member of several clubs in this city, and when the news of his accident became known many letters of sympathy were sent to him.

SERGEANT MARKS' CAREER

The Veteran Policeman to Go on Retired List Today.

A Long Service of Thirty-five Years on the Force—At the White House and Police Court—Wild Ride on the Back of an Angry Washington Cow

After a service of nearly thirty-five years of active police work, Henry E. Marks, seventy-eight years of age, and one of the oldest members of the Metropolitan Police Force of this city, will today appear before the police retiring board, composed of Captain Gessford, Lieutenant Swindells, and Captain Heffner, to be examined for retirement.

Mr. Marks, or as he is familiarly known among Washington's bluecoated guardians as plain "Marks," is undoubtedly one of the most popular veterans on the force today. During the past thirty-five years in which he has been prominently identified with the workings of the local police department, he has served at numerous stations. After having done twenty years of active street duty, Mr. Marks was sent to the White House under President Cleveland's regime, and remained there for a number of years. He was then transferred to the First precinct station, where he did duty for some time as a patrolman, after which he was sent to Police Court, where he officiated as a guard for over eight years.

But Sergeant Marks was not to stay in one place long, for he was ordered to report for duty at the House of Detention when that institution was opened a short while ago. All this time the sergeant's sight was gradually failing him, owing to the fact that a number of years ago, a bucket of lime had fallen into his face and eaten away one of his eyes, and had greatly affected the sight of the other. Sergeant Marks had not been long at the House of Detention, however, before Major Sylvester created a new position in local police annals, to be known as that of a "turnkey," and decided to send Sergeant Marks to the Second precinct as the turnkey of that station, to look after the prisoners confined in the cells.

The advancing years of the veteran, however, failed to fit him for that position, and feeling unable to cope with the difficulties which might arise from an unruly prisoner, Sergeant Marks several days ago sent in his application for retirement.

Sergeant Marks made his reputation long ago as a story teller and many stories credited to him are still told in the bunkrooms of the various police stations by his younger brother bluecoats. Many of the stories are upon the sergeant himself. Probably the one which is known by nearly every bluecoat in the National Capital and one which was told a number of distinguished statesmen by Marks himself, while he was doing duty at the White House, is the time that Marks gave a bareback riding exhibition before his brother policemen one evening on the back of an irate cow in the northeastern section of the city.

At the time of the occurrence Sergeant Marks was stationed in what was then known as the Eighth precinct, but what is now called the Fifth precinct. Twenty years ago, when the incident took place, the Police Department was not as efficient a body as it is now. The bluecoats in those days were forced to drag a prisoner to the stationhouse on their back, having no patrol wagon nor boxes from which they could turn in every hour. At the time of the cow incident Lieutenant Millstead was in command of Sergeant Marks's station, and the house was located in the northeastern section of the city a large picnic garden, which was frequented by a rather lawless element. Every night that a picnic was given the lieutenant in command of the precinct ordered the entire reserve force of the station to the picnic gardens in order to prevent trouble among the picnickers. One morning when the reserve force were wending their way from the picnic, after having secured their usual amount of beer, they passed a large field on Fourteenth Street northeast, where a number of cows were grazing. Sergeant Marks, who was in command of the men, had with him his flute, which he was playing, to the amusement of the men, when he espied the harmless cows lying down in the adjacent field.

Turning to the men he informed them that he, Sergeant Marks, would then and there give his men an exhibition of riding a cow bareback, the equal of which could not be reproduced in the States. His men tried to prevent him, but it was no use, and the wiry little sergeant with full uniform on sauntered over to one of the largest cows in the field. The cow was lying down when the doughty sergeant came up to her, but the minute he had straddled her, clad in uniform, helmet, and baton at his side, the animal arose with a jump and started on a dead run down Fourteenth Street. The sergeant was soon nearly exhausted by her jumps, and the whole reserve force started in pursuit, adding to the excitement by throwing tin cans at the animal and crying at the top of their voices: "Go it, Marks." The scared animal broke into South Carolina Avenue and ran down to Seventh Street southeast with the daredevil sergeant still astride of her, maintaining a strong hold on her horns with his hands, his helmet gone and his white side whiskers blowing in the wind like a wind sail.

To his horror Sergeant Marks discovered that the cow, for some unknown reason, insisted on going past his house, and not wishing to see himself disgraced by galloping past his home on the back of a cow, he decided it was time to alight, which he did very successfully with the aid of the cow. The sergeant landed square in a puddle of water, and the cow, wheeling quickly, came back at him with her head lowered, but fortunately for the sergeant he was possessed of remarkable speed as a sprinter and he lost no time in seeking refuge in his front door, where he stood bedaubed with mud, his uniform in tatters, until his brother bluecoats put in an appearance.

Sergeant Marks for over ten years patrolled the beat known as the "Commons," running from Maryland Avenue northeast to the Eastern Branch, and from Eighth Street southeast to the jail, and he can still relate many thrilling stories of his encounters with contrabands, army stragglers, and the lawless element that infested that section of the city shortly after the war.

Probably the closest escape Marks had from death was when a notorious negro by the name of John Hall, who was known on the "Commons" as an all-around bad man, attempted to assault another member of his race one night. It was always customary for two men to run the "Commons" beat at night, but on this occasion Mark's partner, a man by the name of Blandford, was sick, consequently he was patrolling the beat alone. In those days the revolvers carried by the police were so large and cumbersome that many of the bluecoats frequently forgot them and went on duty armed only with their night sticks. Such was the case with Marks this night. When Hall started the trouble Marks, who looked like a dwarf alongside of the negro, who stood six feet in his stocking feet, placed him under arrest. A scuffle followed, during which Hall knocked Marks into a washout on the road and fell on top of him. Unfortunately for the bluecoat, when he fell his arm holding the stick was pinioned behind him and he was helpless. Hall evidently knew this, for, holding Mark's other arm, he put his own hand into his pocket and drew out a pearl-handled razor, which he endeavored to open against the side of his leg, in the meantime coolly informing the unfortunate policeman that he intended to cut his throat. Marks called for help at the top of his voice, and finally his cries were heard by a passing citizen, who arrived just in time to grab the negro by the back of the neck and throw him aside just as he had succeeded in opening the razor. Finding assistance at hand, the negro ran, followed by Marks, but Hall made his escape. He was later caught by Marks and served two years in the penitentiary for the assault.

Owing to his long tenure of service it is more than probable that Marks will be retired from further active duty and given a pension and be allowed to spend the rest of his days with his wife and daughter at his home, 523 Seventh Street southeast, where he has resided for several years.

MALARIA CAUSES BILIOUSNESS. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic removes the cause.

SECURED RARE SPECIMENS.

Dr. Everman's Report on the Fishing Resources of Hawaii.

Dr. Barton W. Everman, of the United States Fish Commission, has returned to Washington from an inspection of the fishery resources of the Hawaiian Islands, for which expedition Congress made provision at the last session. Dr. Everman is enthusiastic over the result of the expedition, both from a commercial and scientific standpoint. He says the fishes of Hawaiian waters are very plentiful and most wonderful in the richness and gorgeousness of their coloration. Of the 300 species obtained by members of Dr. Everman's party up to the end of July, not fewer than fifty species are new to science.

"It goes without saying that the fishes of these islands are almost wholly different from the species found anywhere in America," Dr. Everman said yesterday. "There are practically no species common to the two countries, so constant surprise would await an American fisherman. With scarcely an exception the only names by which the fishes are known to the people of the Hawaiian Islands are the native Kanaka names.

"Fish, traps, lines, snares, and nets are used as in this country, but the catch, be what it may, is brought to the market alive and without sorting, so a trip to any fish merchant entails the sorting process. Fish are sold almost wholly by Japanese merchants, and not by the pound, but by the piece, and at an exorbitant price, even the common sort bringing at least 20 cents a pound. There being no ice in the islands fish are a luxury to the people just as they are in Porto Rico."

The investigations carried on in Hawaii were for the purpose of enabling the Fish Commission to recommend proper fishery legislation for the development of this valuable article of commerce in the islands. It was found that the present fishery laws are in large measure an inheritance from the old days, when the monarchy was in power, and are very unsatisfactory. While the investigations were made under the direct supervision of Dr. Everman and Dr. Jordan, they had the assistance of Dr. O. P. Jenkins, of Stanford University; John Cobb and L. E. Goldsborough, of the Fish Commission.

Statistics for the preliminary reports to the Commission are now being prepared, and this is to be followed by an elaborate illustrated report. The artists of the expedition, A. H. Baldwin and C. B. Hudson, are still in the islands, painting fishes from life, as they are taken from the water, and the Hawaiian report will be similar in illustrative features to the report on Porto Rico fisheries made some time ago.

RAILWAYS OF THE COUNTRY.

The Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The total mileage of railways in the United States at the end of the fiscal year 1900 was 193,345, an increase of 4,651 in the twelve months immediately following July 1, 1899. The annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900, has just been completed, and they anticipate the statistics of the Federal Census for that year.

The census report will not be completed for some time. The Interstate Commerce Commission's statistics, moreover, are prepared each year, and it is possible to make comparisons between the railway statistics of 1900 and those of any year since 1889. In 1890 the railway mileage of the country was 163,597, and the gain in the following ten years was, therefore, 29,748 miles. The 1899 record of mileage does not include the railroads of Alaska, which are about twenty-two miles in length.

The number of miles of railroad to square miles of territory, not including Alaska or insular possessions, in 1900 was 6.51 and the number of miles per 10,000 inhabitants was 25.44. The mileage has not increased quite as rapidly as the population, for there were 25.99 miles of road for every 10,000 inhabitants in 1899. The mileage per square mile, however, was only 5.51 in 1890. The greatest railway mileage last year was in the State of Illinois, 11,002 miles. Pennsylvania was second, with 10,339 miles; Texas third, with 9,856; Iowa fourth, with 9,186, and New York fifth, with 8,121.

The number of men employed on railroads last year was 1,016,853, as against 749,301 in 1890, this being 329 employes for each 100 miles of line, as against 279 ten years before. No attempt is made to set a valuation on railroad property, but it is shown that the railway capital invested amounted in 1900 to $5,945,355,267, as against $4,564,596,131 in 1890, and $3,815,915,172 in 1880. These figures measure in no case the value of property.

The total number of persons killed during the fiscal year covered by the report was 7,865 the total number injured, 53,328. The number of employes killed during the year was 2,550, and the number injured 39,683. The number of passengers killed during the year was 289, and the number injured 4,376. This leaves assigned to "other persons" a total of 5,026 killed and 6,569 injured.