

SHE IS A HERCULES.

WONDERFUL FEATS OF A LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

Can Lift More Than Twice Her Own Weight Without Apparent Effort—Her Father, a Sixty-year-old Veteran, Thinks the Spirit of a Giant Soldier Is In Her.

Up in the hills and health giving atmosphere of Sullivan county lives a veteran of the civil war named John H. Laird. He had rather more than a full share of southern hospitality shown to Union soldiers at Libby and Andersonville prisons, and when at the end of the war he left the army he was broken in health and to all appearances prematurely aged.

He settled on a small farm in Sullivan county. When he took the farm, it was with the expectation of speedily dying there. He had lost sight, however, of the fact that nobody ever dies in Sullivan county except by accident, and at the end of 17 years, when he found he couldn't die, he did the next best thing and got married.

If he hadn't, this story would never have been written, for there would then have been no brown eyes, rosy cheeks, dimple faced beautiful little Jessie Maud Laird to throw the whole of Sullivan county into a state of admiration and wonder, as she is today doing.

It was the fame of 5-year-old Jessie Maud that dragged a reporter over the interminable hills to Hurd's Settlement. When he met the veteran, he took him quite naturally for the grandfather of the infant prodigy. That he is the child's father, although rapidly nearing 60, seems to lend an added interest to the remarkable gift of physical strength possessed by the girl. A man apparently wrecked in health by years of confinement in rebel prisons, who tries in vain for 17 years to die, who then marries a woman 20 years younger than himself and in the course of the next 13 years becomes the father of six children, the last of which even in tender infancy gives promise of becoming a female Samson or Samson, would seem to merit some form of recognition from a grateful and grateful government.

This little girl, who was 5 years old last December, weighs exactly 40 pounds. Her mother declares that she has never had a sick day in her life. She began to go to school when she was 4 1/2 years old. The schoolhouse is a mile from the farmhouse, and Maud walked both ways every day.

It was with great surprise that Farmer Laird learned the mission of the reporter. He has no idea of foisting the little girl upon the public as an infant prodigy, and it was with some difficulty, increased by the bashfulness of little Miss Hercules herself, that an exhibition of her strength could be had. A tribute of unlimited candy finally induced her to come out from behind the shelter of her mother's chair—the mother, by the way, being a comely but uncommonly fragile looking woman—and exhibit her muscle.

The old veteran, who couldn't conceal the pride he felt in his interesting flock of youngsters, led the way toward the barn, followed by the six children. Maud, although she was barefooted, walked more like the pupil of a dancing master than a country girl of 5.

In the yard, near the entrance to the barn, was a coil or spool of barbed wire weighing 62 pounds.

"Lift it, Cal," said the farmer to his oldest boy. The 11-year-old lad laid hold of the crosspins which stuck out at the end of the spool, and with a big tug, which visibly tightened the cords in the calves of his bare legs, raised it a few inches from the ground.

"Now, Maud," said the farmer, and the little girl planted herself squarely behind the big spool, which reached up to about midway between her knees and her thighs. Without any perceptible effort she raised the spool and held it up for several seconds.

If there had been any reddening of the face or puffing out of the veins the spectacle would not have been an edifying one. But there was nothing of the sort.

Mr. Laird then placed stones which weighed 20 pounds on top of the spool and asked Maud to lift again. The result was precisely the same, and all evidences of violent exertion were missing. The combined weight of the spool and stones was two pounds more than double the weight of the little girl herself. The average man weighs perhaps 150 pounds, but the man who can raise from the ground and hold in the air 302 pounds of dead weight is a great way above the average.

"I don't know how much Maud can lift," said her father, "but I won't let her try more than that."

At this moment, however, the amazing little Hercules threw her plump arms around the legs of her eldest brother and lifted him into the air, thus demonstrating her ability at all events to go as high in the lifting scale as 88 pounds.

Farmer Laird has a theory that the spirit of his father, who was a Scotchman and a sergeant in the English army and who was famed for his prodigious strength, has entered into the grand-daughter. If that is so, no British soldier ever assumed a lovelier or more attractive disguise.—New York World.

Together In Insanity.

The transfer of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coles of Fishing Creek township to the Danville Asylum for the Insane brings to light a strange story. Husband and wife went crazy together. Coles was a miller, whose financial reverses unbalanced his mind. The signs of insanity in her husband affected Mrs. Coles' mind. A few days ago, in a suddenly developed violent fit, Coles threatened to kill his wife.

This turned her mind completely, and while some of the neighbors took Coles to jail for safe keeping others watched over the insane wife. They were taken to the asylum on the same train.—Philadelphia Record.

MISS JACKIE A HEROINE.

She Saved Herself and Two Little Sisters From the Jaws of an Alligator.

By her bravery Miss Jackie Williams saved herself and two little sisters from being mannaled by an alligator at Titusville, Fla., the other day. The girls left home to visit a neighbor, Miss Jackie taking along a Winchester rifle, in the use of which she is an expert. They remained at the neighbor's till late and then started home.

Nearing their residence, the girls discovered a huge alligator in the road. Miss Jackie immediately fired at the saurian, but the bullet did no damage. The shot enraged the 'gator, and it rushed at the girls with its great jaws open. The little girls ran behind Miss Jackie screaming. The older girl retreated, with her face to the saurian, firing as she backed. The bullets, however, reached no vital spot, and the 'gator still pursued.

Finally the girl tripped and fell backward, and the alligator was on her. Luckily she retained hold of the rifle, and as the saurian came she thrust the gun into its gaping mouth and fired. The bullet sped into the monster's vitals, and it was soon dead. As Miss Jackie pulled the trigger after thrusting the muzzle into the 'gator's mouth she fainted, and when men, whom her sisters' screams had attracted, came, the girl was found unconscious, with the dead saurian at her feet.

The 'gator's jaws had to be pried open to release the gun, and its teeth had dented the steel. Miss Jackie is the heroine of the hour.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HIS ANNUAL HYDROPHOBIA.

Peculiar Case of a Man Who Was Bitten by a Dog Years Ago.

One of the most remarkable cases on record of periodical attacks of hydrophobia was developed at Pittsburg recently. John Alles, while on his way home the other night with a party of friends, suddenly became frantic. He began to bark like a dog, frothed at the mouth and tried to batter out his brains on the curbstone.

When 10 years old, Alles was bitten by a dog. The dog was shot, but the wound was not cauterized, being cured on a homemade plan. Ever since Alles has been subject to an annual attack of hydrophobia in the early days of July. Three friends were with Alles. They held him down for a moment, but he threw them off with ease. Passersby assisted, and Alles was finally overpowered through the united efforts of eight men. A patrol wagon removed him to the Mercy hospital.

Doctors have applied all known remedies for hydrophobia, but the attacks have occurred every year, each time lasting four days. Mr. Alles is now 28 years old. The only explanation the doctors can offer is that the boy's mind was so strongly impressed when he was bitten that the sight of a dog on that date throws him into spasms. Just before he has had the attacks Alles invariably has seen a dog. One crossed the street in front of him but five minutes before the attack.—Philadelphia Press.

More Freakish Than Jersey Lightning.

During a thunder storm recently at Butte, Mont., lightning struck the residence of Fred C. Anderson, and a ball of fire like a cannon ball struck the roof and passed back and forth through every room of the house, going through partitions like a ball of iron, and for fully two minutes it gyrated about the house, making 11 large holes in walls and ceilings, melting picture wires and other metal in the rooms and finally escaping along the water pipes without setting fire to anything.

There were five persons in the house at the time, but the only injury they suffered was a bad fright and a temporary deafness.—Rocky Mountain News.

Wouldn't Hang Fire In Some Places.

A prize of \$2 worth of ice cream tickets for the first woman who will ride a bicycle in bloomer costume around the public square in the evening is offered by The Times of Clay Center, Kan.

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

It may be that Tom Reed is writing a tome on "What I Don't Think of the Silver Question."—Nashville American.

The McKinley boom is still suffering from a wildly nervous fit of rash about in order to get somewhere else.—Wichita Eagle.

In the meantime it is feared that Tom Reed has saved so much wood that he can't get out of the pile before 1896.—Chicago Dispatch.

Ohio has a governor now who is attending to the presidential business of 43 states, while the business affairs of the forty-fourth are going to the devil on the lightning express.—Columbus Call.

Thomas B. Reed has had his mustache shaved off. This means that he has begun to reduce his weight so that he may be in better condition for the race for the Republican presidential nomination.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The "big Injun" talk about Foraker for president may be for the purpose of dropping him down to the second place on the ticket. In such a situation Reed or Morton would be the natural Foraker candidate for president. Most likely Morton, if we may be permitted to suggest, for Reed has never had a fainting spell.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It is not especially material to the perfection of any detail in third party politics that Uncle Joe Sibley should announce that he will not be a candidate for president in 1896. The Memphis free silver convention practically settled Sibley, no matter how much he had been repudiated before that body came together, and Sibley's declaration today is unnecessary.—Philadelphia Times.

THEY WANT NO MONEY

A SOCIETY WHICH CLAIMS TO HAVE SOLVED THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

Stores For Barter and Exchange—Outlines of a System by Which a Band of Reformers Believe They Will Improve the Workingman.

There is a quiet organization in San Francisco whose leaders say they have solved the financial problem by inventing a fractional system of exchanges which does away with both gold and silver as money.

The new society is known as the Labor Exchange and is based on the idea that the people seldom want what they themselves produce. Therefore they say that the way to solve the labor problem is to put the products of industry in the market for exchange for other commodities.

Carl Glesser is one of the leaders of the new society, but the Labor Exchange also conducts a general store which is managed by Henry Warfield. To his store the idle shoemaker or other manual worker brings the products he has manufactured at home or in his shop during a lull in business. He is paid nothing in money for the goods he deposits, but is given a certificate which entitles him to any goods in the store as pay for his wares. Mr. Glesser says that by the aid of this system during the past year goods valued at many thousands of dollars have been exchanged among the members of the society.

The certificate reads that it is not redeemable in legal tender, but is receivable by the association as payment for merchandise for all services. The certificate is secured by the real and personal property of the association.

The officers of the local branch of the organization have lately received reports which indicate that its plans are being adopted throughout the state and nation, and that stores are in successful operation in many cities and towns. There are 150 members in San Francisco and about 800 in the state. Plans are under consideration by the San Francisco branch by which shoemakers, glove-makers, knitters and other artisans will be kept employed to keep up the stock of the various stores in the state. They will be paid wholly by checks or certificates, which entitle them to draw out goods to the value of their earnings.

The Labor Exchange is based largely on the idea expressed by various political economists that goods are often exchanged practically without the use of money. The founders believe that in a more advanced civilization their exchange checks will take the place of money, which will then be abandoned as a useless medium of commerce.

The founder of the system is G. E. de Bernard of Independence, Mo., an old organizer of Granges and other farmers' societies. His plans are said to have been recently indorsed by the eminent Michael Filschheim of Switzerland, and by prominent political economists of Germany, who have organized exchanges on the same basis that finds practical illustration in the little store on Valencia street. In one of his articles on the principle of the exchange the founder says that he plainly saw, in studying the question of wealth and poverty, "that if a person was not permitted to pay his debts with the products of his craft, but must procure an article he did not produce—gold or silver—he would be at the mercy of the owner of the legal tender commodity and thus would be ruined or enslaved."

The reformer next sought to set in motion an interchange of services between men and women out of employment and therefore helpless for lack of money. The employment of idle labor is thus the prime object of the association.

The following sentences from the prospectus of the organizer of the exchange show the general purposes of the reform. He says:

"Behold the fundamental principle and aim of the true Labor Exchange which is not visible in any other similar movement of our day. True, most of them use the labor check as a substitute for legal tender money, but really to return to legal tender money as soon as able to do so; some are even basing the check on legal tender money, while we use the labor check first to keep labor employed and the industries in motion, and, second, to demonstrate by object lessons that legal tender money is useless—nay, a robber, and therefore should be abolished altogether.

"Our modus operandi in this greatest of all reforms is to set in motion at first an interchange of services between men and women out of employment and paralyzed for lack of money. To do this requires no capital, and there is no possibility of a failure. Pass from this 'mutual aid department' to the production and interchange of articles of common use among the associates, and gradually rise from these simple operations to larger enterprises, and finally bring our co-operative forces to the construction of unmeasurable or permanent wealth, which lessens toil and increases the comforts of man.

"By such progressive methods we expect to be able not only to liberate the industries from the obstructions and exactions of the money power, but also to clear the mind of man of money hypnosis."—San Francisco Examiner.

An Acknowledgment From England.

It is surprising to find in a London paper a bit of philosophy so broad and strikingly true as the following, which is printed in The Daily News: "Independence day brings no bitterness of memory to the present generation of Englishmen. They know how many liberties they owe to it. But for the day and its lessons our empire might be a thing of the past." That the England of today is to some extent the child of America and owes much of its freedom to the American devotion to liberty has probably never before had so handsome an acknowledgment.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHE ARRIVED ON TIME.

Crossed a River on One Stringer and Rode Sixty Miles on Horseback.

Mrs. Minnie Hickox, who has just entered upon the discharge of her duties as teacher of the public schools of Cooke City, left Livingston to open the Cooke school on Thursday morning a week ago. Upon arriving at Ginnabar, the terminus of the railroad, she found that the stage would not leave that day on account of the washing out of the bridge across Gardiner river. The stream was so swollen that the stage driver dared not undertake to make a ford.

This was a dilemma not counted on by the plucky schoolteacher. She had given her word that she would be in Cooke on Monday, and she determined to make it good, even if she had to continue her journey on foot and swim the streams. There was no time to be lost, and so she started out.

All there was left of the Gardiner bridge was a single stringer. Nothing daunted, the lady stepped boldly on to this and walked across the raging river. It was a perilous undertaking even for a man, and a woman less brave and cool headed than Mrs. Hickox would have been very likely to have become dizzy and lost her balance. Mrs. Hickox, however, proved herself equal to the emergency, and reached the opposite bank of the roaring mountain torrent in safety.

As luck would have it, she found a family en route to Cooke encamped close by, and a securing a horse mounted it and continued her journey. It was a pretty long ride for a woman who had never ridden a horse—the distance being 60 miles over a rough mountain road—but Mrs. Hickox kept on her weary way until she reached her destination.

Upon arriving at Cooke she was so badly used up with her long ride that when she got off her horse she had to be assisted to the hotel. She had the satisfaction, however, that she had kept her appointment.—Anaconda Standard.

SHE RUNS THE STATE.

Wyoming's Acting Governor a Nineteen-year-old Girl.

Governor Richards of Wyoming, who has been in St. Louis as an encampment visitor, has not allowed affairs of state to worry him. He knows that everything is all right at home, for his 19-year-old daughter is in charge, and she sends a reassuring telegram every afternoon. Here is a specimen message:

"CHEYENNE, WY., July 4.—All quiet at the statehouse. The Fourth is lively. The children are all well."

At one of the afternoon luncheons at the Jockey club Governor Richards said that he had presumed upon his invitation for himself and staff by bringing his wife along.

"The man who understands the figure that women cut out our way would not be surprised that I include Mrs. Richards in my interpretation of the invitation," said the governor. "In Wyoming women are a power. My young daughter, just out of college, is my private secretary, and upon her devolves all of the routine responsibilities of the office. She knows all about the office of the executive; she prepares the most important of state papers, and in my absence she is in charge as completely as it is possible for a secretary to be."—St. Louis Republic.

Two Domestic Vetoes by Mr. Cleveland.

While Mrs. Cleveland is a domestic woman she had at one time an ambition to play golf, but when the matter was broached to Mr. Cleveland he firmly but kindly declined to consider it, both because he did not like it as a recreation for a woman and because also he thought that it was an undignified amusement for the wife of a president of the United States. When Mrs. Carlisle was first considering bicycling and before she had become an adept at it, Mrs. Cleveland had the idea that possibly she would like to ride a bicycle. The suggestion of this to the president met with the same response as the golf idea, so Mrs. Cleveland does not play golf and does not ride a wheel.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Chicago to Rival Eiffel.

Chicago is going to build a tower to eclipse Eiffel's monster. It is to be 1,150 feet high, with four platforms and telescopes, camera obscuras and many other attractions for sightseers. It is said that practical steps have been taken to insure the carrying out of the project. Anything in Chicago that will enable a person to get far above the city and see places a long distance away ought to be a success.—New York Sun.

Samuel Is In Trouble.

Mark Twain is sitting on a carbuncle and is entitled to the sympathy of all persons of fine feeling. He will appreciate now, poor fellow, the point of the humorous remark that there is only one comfortable place for a boil—on some other man's neck.—New York Recorder.

How Would He Look In Short Pants?

There is a weird, uncanny suspicion that President Cleveland in his quiet retreat at Gray Gables is surreptitiously learning to ride the bicycle.—Chicago Tribune.

It's a Girl.

In spite of prophesying,
It's a girl!
Of praying and of crying,
It's a girl!
Her baby eyes are beaming;
Her golden hair is gleaming,
(He surely isn't dreaming!)
It's a girl!

In spite of six and 't'other,
It's a girl!
(And did he want another?)
It's a girl!
The nations come a-calling;
The little miss is squalling,
(It really is appalling.)
It's a girl!

Just hear the babies cackle,
"It's a girl!"
(Bring out his fishing tackle.)
It's a girl!
The prospect's not inviting,
And fortune's rather slighting,
(Thank heaven the fish are biting!)
It's a girl!
—Atlanta Constitution.

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