

## THE GIRL PREACHER.

Miss Anna Oliver in Brooklyn—Her Education and Plans.

[New York Tribune.]

Anna Oliver, called sometimes the girl preacher, spoke yesterday afternoon at Lefter's park, Brooklyn, to an audience of several hundred persons. The crowd overflowed the seats that had been provided, and the edge of the circle was fringed with a dense, restless throng. To protect the seats from the sun, a broad canvas canopy had been spread over them, and near the centre was a small platform, slightly raised, and on this a desk draped with the national flag. At the rear of the desk was a covered stand in which was a choir which led the singing, accompanied by a piano.

Miss Oliver took as the theme of her discourse the subject of salvation. She began with a description of Union soldiers languishing in Rebel prisons, and of the message of salvation that the tidings of peace brought to them and to their country. The preacher then proceeded to describe various classes of prisoners to sin, and the greater salvation brought by the gospel of Christ. The need of personal effort was urged upon her hearers. Illustration was drawn from a hen with a brood of chickens, which at the first note of alarm from the mother-hen run to the shelter of her protecting wings. So sinners must hasten to the salvation offered by the religion of Christ. Miss Oliver spoke for nearly 30 minutes, and was listened to with earnest attention. She spoke rapidly and clearly, and although a sheet of notes was pinned to a page of the open Bible which rested on the desk before her, she apparently did not consult them. Miss Oliver is a slight woman, somewhat above the medium height, with small but strongly marked features. Her forehead is wide, and slightly higher than required by classic laws of beauty; her eyes are nearly black, and, although deep, are full and bright, surmounted by heavy black brows that nearly meet. Her nose is bold and prominent, with a decided rise at the tip, but the nostrils are thin and sensitive. She has a wide mouth, with thin red lips, and her chin is narrow and pointed. In general her complexion is dark, and nearly sallow.

Miss Oliver wore yesterday a dress made of some thin black material that fell around her in soft flowing lines. Around her neck was a white lace ruffle, and at the throat a simple bow of white lace. Upon her head she had a dark straw hat, faced with dark velvet and trimmed with ribbons. Her hair was brushed carelessly back off the temples, and under her hat fell down the neck in short, loose curls. In speaking, Miss Oliver has an earnest, nervous manner, somewhat restrained, but full of power; her voice is clear, and at times deep, and her utterances rapid, but distinct. Miss Oliver is apparently about 27 years old. She is a native of New York, having been born on Lexington avenue near Thirtieth street. She was graduated at the Rutgers Female college on Fifth avenue, in this city, and then entered the theological school of the Boston university (Methodist), the first female pupil ever admitted to the school. She pursued the three years' course, during which she supported herself by working during the vacations, and was graduated in June, 1876.

Soon after the conclusion of her theological studies, Miss Oliver took charge of the First Methodist church at Passaic, N. J., where she remained nearly a year. Her first audience at this church consisted of fifteen persons, but before the end of the year the church was crowded at all the services. Miss Oliver is a licensed, but not ordained preacher of the Methodist church. The period of probation before she would be entitled to ordination has not expired, but at its termination she will apply to the general conference to be ordained. The conference of the Methodist church does not admit female preachers, but Miss Oliver is confident in the belief that the exclusion will not be permanent. She received recently a call to take charge of a church in Boston, but she felt that she needed a longer rest than she had then had, and she therefore declined the invitation. She has now under consideration invitations from other churches, but has not made decision upon them. She said yesterday that she preferred pastoral to evangelist work, as she felt herself to be well fitted for the care of a church.

## BEN FRANKLIN'S LEGACY.

How the Philosopher's Dream of Benevolence Failed of Realization.

The recent developments relating to the existence of an organized effort looking to the obtaining of loans on insufficient or worthless security from the Franklin Fund for Married Artificers, which is under the direction of the Board of Directors of city trusts, has directed attention to the present condition of the legacy of Franklin for the benefit of Philadelphia's industrious mechanics. Franklin died in 1790, and by the provisions of his will £2,000 were divided equally between the cities of Boston and Philadelphia, to be regarded as a fund in each city to be loaned for the benefit of young married mechanics at 5 per cent interest. It was Franklin's idea, as outlined in his will, that the fund would in the manner indicated be kept constantly in use, until compounding at 5 per cent, at the end of 100 years, or in 1890 it would amount to \$655,000. As regards Philadelphia, the sanguine philosopher advised that \$500,000 of the amount should be employed in bringing to the city the water of the Wissahickon by pipes, and that the remaining \$155,000 be kept on interest in the same manner during another hundred years, when, by the arithmetic, it was to reach the enormous amount of \$20,305,000. It was directed in the will that \$15,000,000 of this sum at the end of the second century should be given to the State of Pennsylvania, while the remaining \$5,305,000 was to be placed at the disposal of the city of Philadelphia.

So much for the plans of Franklin and the paradoxical effect ascribed to the increase of money at compound interest. To be sure, he inserted in the will a proviso that he had, perhaps, too much flattered himself with "a vain fancy" in regard to the ultimate results of the bequest. Eighty-eight years have gone by, leaving but twelve before the end of the first century will be reached. On January 1 the capital of the fund amounted to \$55,400. Of this sum \$17,100 represented loans to Franklin's much loved artificers, while \$38,300 was made up of investments in city securities.

In other words, it has been found necessary to invest the money of the fund otherwise than by extending loans to well ordered mechanics. Although Franklin himself was a runaway apprentice from Boston to Philadelphia, he was careful to provide that no loans should be made save to those who had "faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures."

The causes that have gone to defeat the object contemplated in Franklin's dream of benevolence are not far to seek. From a report submitted to councils in 1837, from the committee having the fund in charge, it appears that the fund at that date had, on an approximate estimate, a capital of \$16,000, which was about what the original amount would have yielded at simple interest. It was confessed in the report that loans on worthless security for some \$8,000 were then outstanding, thus revealing that the fund was at times depleted either by well meaning but unsuccessful citizens, or rascals in the garb of workmen. Before the organization of the Board of City Trusts, in 1869, the operation of obtaining loans on doubtful security was easier than since that date, but, as has been shown, there are not wanting designing men at this date who do not hesitate to obtain the money of the fund.

## MEXICAN MARAUDERS.

The people of the territory between the Nueces river and the Rio Grande, in Texas, represented by their county judges, county clerks and other officials, selected to act as a committee by the citizens, have forwarded to Secretary Evarts an appeal for protection against the incursions of savages from the State Coahuila, Mexico. In their petition they say:

"The acme of our expectations often have almost been reached, and then the labors of years have been swept from us as with the fury of a hurricane, and many precious lives ruthlessly sacrificed to sate the hate of the remorseless Mexican bandit, as well as to gratify his bellish greed and that of his allies, the Indian brutes whom he gives a shelter and a home in the mountain fastnesses near Santa Rosa, in the State of Coahuila, republic of Mexico, from whence, jointly—the Indian and Mexican murderers—make rapid and, owing to intervals determined by malicious and malignant judiciousness, often unexpected raids upon widely separated homes. They scatter our sheep far and wide, leaving them for weeks a prey to wild beasts because their shepherds have been driven off or killed. They destroy our sheep camps. They plunder our houses. They drive off our horses. Yet these all might be endured until eventually overcome, were it not for the more fearful horrors which attend them. They kill and then horribly mutilate all whom they encounter, old and young, men and women, and prattling children and smiling babes. Our houses are filled with sorrow, and our hearts with gloom; our hopes, so fondly cherished, are blasted forever, and life's anticipations are shrouded in the darkest night.

"Without adequate proof it would be deemed incredible that such incursions—without provocation—could occur; that such incarnate fiends could be nursed and fondled and protected by a neighboring republic at peace with us; that such raids have been made and none of the human bloodhounds brought to justice, nor the country to which they fled for shelter made to give them up.

"Yet, sir, these are facts. Such incursions have, and do occur, and without provocation. These fiends, to say, Kickapoo, Lipan, and Seminole Indians, joined with Mexican thieves and cut-throats—doubtless at times instigated by the prospective petty chiefs who require horses for another revolution that it is expected will elevate them to authority—aided, too, by some white outlaws, are to-day to be found in the vicinity of Santa Rosa, republic of Mexico, protected, fondled and nursed by the Mexican government."

## An Irishman's Courageous Feat.

[Annals of the Army of Tennessee.] A Lynchburg man performed, late in the siege, a feat never heretofore recorded, and of courage worthy of the honest Irish blood that flowed in his veins. Major Mike Connell, having resigned his commission in a regiment as having passed the age of service, undertook to convey a purchase of sugar from somewhere in Louisiana to its owner in Virginia. He had maneuvered it as far as Vicksburg, and there the siege settled on it. After waiting its issue from week to week, being satisfied that he could accomplish no good by remaining, and was only one more month to feed out of next to nothing, Major Connell decided to make his escape. He intimated his purpose to the numerous Virginians in the city and to other friends, and received from these a great budget of letters, which was all his load. Waiting for a stormy night, he laid himself flat in the bottom of a dug-out just large enough to hold him, and was pushed out to take the chances of the Mississippi's arrowy current. He drifted, by good luck, between the gun-boats around them, and next day was swept by a turn of the stream to the east bank near Rodney, and struggled through swamps and across bayous to terra firma. Borrowing somebody's mule (on what terms history is silent), he made his way painfully across the country to the nearest station on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, whence he took cars for Mobile. His letters were mailed, and six weeks' brain fever was the penalty paid for his hardihood. Not many letters have seemed to come so nearly out of the grave as did these missives to their astonished recipients.

Other people went and came between the garrison and the world outside. Others started who never reached their destination; some were captured and some deserted. General Johnson had ten dispatches from Pemberton during the siege, but the number received from him was smaller. How these messengers made their way in and out I have no means of knowing; perhaps through the woods and between the intricate system of hills and vales that surround the city, and perhaps in disguise as citizens of the country. One of the deserters was a youth named Douglas, a native of Illinois, who had lived several years in Texas, and was supposed to be "loyal"—our way. It was he who refreshed the correspondent with the news that Mrs. Pemberton (in Alabama) had been killed by a mortar shell. There were reports, from time to time, of the fitting of Larmer Fontaine—one of the numerous poets for whom the authorship of "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night" is claimed—between the garrison and the outside world. I do not know if they were true or not.

## PICKLED.

Charley Keaton, the Resurrectionist, Goes Back on the Profession—He Sells His Own Body to the Doctors, and Is Carried From the Death-Bed to the Pickling Vat.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Last Friday night a coffin containing the dead body of a colored man was driven to the Ohio Medical College, taken from the wagon and carried up the stairs, with little, if any, effort at concealment. Arriving in the "dead-room" the body was taken from the coffin, the large artery in the side of the neck cut, the blood removed and the arteries filled with a preservative fluid, after which the body, divested of its clothing, was tumbled, with no further ceremony, into the "pickling-tub," along with a couple of dozen others which had been quietly accumulating during the past month. There was a peculiar lack of the secrecy which accompanies most of the operations of this sort by which dead bodies are transferred to the dead-room of the college, and a business-like air about the whole transaction which indicated that it was somewhat different from the ordinary cases of grave-robbing and body-snatching. A little inquiry into the case showed that it was a peculiar one—that, in fact, the body was that of one of the most notorious body-snatchers of the city, and that the lack of secrecy in the matter was from the fact that it was merely the carrying out of a plain business transaction, that the dead man had in his life sold his body to the college for dissection after death, receiving the payment, and that in accordance with this agreement his body was thus being removed to the dissecting room for that purpose. Charley Keaton, the dead man, was in his life one of the most active body-snatchers in this city, and from his hands have hundreds of "stiffs"—bodies from many of the burying grounds in the city and vicinity, somebody's loved ones to whose memory tears have fallen and marble shafts aspired heavenward—been sent down through the terrible "chute," and upward through the death shaft to the dissecting room. Keaton was a colored man of about forty, and had been for more than ten years in the business of body-snatching, making good money at it, and coming to rather enjoy it than otherwise. To him there was nothing more in the handling of stiffs than in so many bolts of cloth or sacks of grain, and no more in dissection than in the business of the butcher or meat vender. He began his work with "Old Cunny," the noted resurrectionist, and followed it through all seasons and all weather, until only a few weeks before his death. In it he encountered all sorts of weather and exposures, and so contracted colds and a cough which finally led to bleeding of the lungs, and so his life among the dead ended in death, whose presence was as familiar to him as the days of his years of manhood. To him the medical college, the chute, the dead-room, the pickling-vault, and even dissection had no horrors; familiarity with these had deprived him of that feeling of repugnance so common to mankind, and especially to his race, and as a result he had expressed a willingness in life that his remains after death should be submitted to the dissecting knife "in the interest of science," as he said, for he considered his business, and that he supplied, inseparably interwoven with the science of anatomy and medicine, and as a result he had sold—deliberately sold during his life-time his body to the college professors, receiving the usual price, \$55 cash in hand, and giving a receipt and statement that his body should become the property of the college after dissection. Indeed, he seemed rather to prefer that his skeleton should stand beside that of old "Cunny" in the museum of the college than to mold to nothingness in the dark, damp earth, and in life he frequently contemplated Cunny's skeleton as it stands, spade in hand, in the college, evidently reflecting that he would some day stand beside it, and keep the "ole man" company through the many years that the college shall stand, instead of being consigned to the changes and final nothingness of the Potter's field grave.

So when old Charley died on Friday last, the college authorities were notified, his wife, who had accompanied him on many of his nightly expeditions, and is herself an expert anatomist, prepared the body for dissection, and after the brief funeral services it was removed from the house on Barr street, where he lived and whence he had sallied forth for many nightly excursions in the homes of the dead, and taken directly to the college, where it was prepared and put in pickle. It is pronounced "excellent material," being well developed and obtained without serious delay after death.

Whether this is strictly "professional," as viewed from a body-snatcher's standpoint, seems extremely doubtful. A system which takes the body with the consent of all parties concerned direct from the death-bed to the dissecting-room, and upon an agreed upon and already paid price, seems to be one which must undermine the business of the profession, and therefore should be frowned down by every patriotic body-snatcher.

## Feeling in Amputated Limbs.

The *Enterprise*, published in Virginia City, Nev., says: A few days since a young man had an arm torn off in some machinery in the Marysville (Cal.) foundry. The *Appeal* says since the arm was buried the boy complained to his mother of pain in his lost arm, and said that its cramped position in the box in which it was buried added to his pains and aches. The mother who had labored night and day for the relief of her son since the accident, informed Peter, an elder son, of what Ed complained, and advised him to go to the cemetery, dig up the box in which the arm was buried, straighten the limb and rebury it. Peter performed this duty, and the next morning, after the physician had dressed the shoulder and departed, the mutilated boy said to his mother:

"This is the first morning the doctor has dressed me without great pain, and I feel quite easy."

The mother had not informed the afflicted boy of what had transpired at the cemetery, and the question is, how did communication pass from the dismembered limb to the senses of the injured youth? The facts are as stated. Who will answer?

The *Enterprise* also publishes a letter from a citizen named J. O. Eldridge, who

says: A gentleman called my attention to an item in your paper regarding a lad whose arm had been amputated, and what he suffered, and the removing of the same and its results. Fifteen years ago I lost a leg, and it was closely packed in a casket, causing me constant, terrible pain. A good wife, unknown to me, sent a faithful servant to arrange the amputated limb comfortably in a new and larger casket. The moment the leg was handled I knew it, and the comfort began then and has never ceased, and I could tell the position precisely in which the missing member was placed. I am glad to know that my experience is verified; but just how to account for this let the wise tell. This is the first time any allusion was ever made to this matter by myself, and I only allude to it now to add my testimony to that of the little lad, that missing members do, in some mysterious way, convey to us the sense of feeling. I am well known to many in your community, and the peculiar circumstances attending my loss, if you desire, you can publish."

## A Summer Sermon.

Just as tired as they can be!  
Robby and dolly and May make three.  
And overhead,  
Just under the shed,  
That little brown bird makes four, you see.

"Such a horrid old rainy day!  
What can we ever find to play,  
Pent in the house  
Like a trapped-up mouse!  
It's just too bad!" whimpered little May.

"The earth is the Lord's! I've heard her say  
And, whether the sky be blue or gray,  
Whether it snow,  
Or whether it blow,  
Hasn't the Lord a right to his way?"

"Think, you children who grumble so,  
Who sends down the rain on the earth below,  
And don't forget,  
Whenever you fret,  
The Father sent it, and He must know."

"Foolish children," the red rose said,  
As she popped in the window her shining head.  
"Look at me,  
Don't you see,  
But for rain I were withered and dead?"

"Oh! of course," said Robin Adair.  
"School-days are always bright and fair;  
It's always so,  
I'd have you know—  
And Saturdays rain's too much to bear!"

"Hush, my boy!" the sparrow said,  
From his perch on the beam over Robby's head.  
"I'm only a bird,  
But I've often heard  
What your mother out of her Bible read.

Foolish children, who eat the grain,  
And fret at the soft sweet Summer rain,  
Which tickles the roots  
Of the corn and fruits,  
And bids them blossom and bear again."

"Wicked and foolish!" sang bird and rose,  
"When even the meaneast wedding knows  
It's only the rain—  
The Heaven-sent rain—  
That brings new life to each thing that grows."

"Wicked and foolish!" sighed little May;  
"Robby, let's go away and play!  
Never again,  
At the Summer rain,  
Will I fret and grumble the live-long day!"

## An Appalling Chinese Cure.

It is an undoubted fact that even down to the time of Sydenham, "mummy" was held to be a drug of great curative power in China, and was administered in cases of fever and ague. But what should be said of the "exhibition" to a patient of a piece of human flesh freshly taken from the living subject? This exceptionally appalling medicament seems to have been made use of under very singular circumstances in China. A recent number of the *Pekin Gazette* published an application to the emperor from the governor general of the province of Kwang-Tung, for permission to erect a memorial structure in honor of the filial devotion of a young lady twenty-one years of age, the daughter of a magistrate of Canton. She is described as having been "brought up by her father from childhood, well educated, and deservedly reputed for virtue and intelligence." In the spring of last year her papa fell ill, and was most tenderly nursed by his devoted daughter. At the end of six months the old gentleman became much worse, whereupon the young lady cut a piece of flesh from her arm and mixed it with his medicine. This remedy proved fatal to the patient; and his daughter, who had vowed to sacrifice her life for his, poisoned herself on the same day that her father died.

This melancholy story of heroic filial piety, mingled with the most barbarous ignorance and superstition, may be instructively read in juxtaposition with a letter received in Shanghai from the Roman Catholic bishop of Shanshi. Says Monsignor Monagatta, who is a resident of Tai Yuen, the capital of a province in which famine has been raging with the most fearful severity: "Until lately the starving people were content to feed on the dead; but now they are slaughtering the living for food. The husband eats his wife; parents eat their children; and in their turn sons and daughters eat their dead parents. This goes on almost every day." Cannibalism has in a more or less marked degree been an attendant horror on the majority of great famines; but the systematic eating of human flesh in a time of scarcity is hardly to be wondered at in a country where young ladies of rank, education, and intelligence grow up to be twenty-one in the belief that a piece of human flesh can be beneficial as an inward medicament. It may be mentioned that the imperial government has sanctioned the erection of the memorial to the daughter of the Canton magistrate, but that only very languid steps have been taken to alleviate the ravages of the famine.

## The Turquoise.

The beautiful gem known as the turquoise is so celebrated for its peculiar tint of blue that it has given a descriptive name to that soft, rich color known as turquoise blue. Yet, though so lovely, the color is not permanent, but changes and fades out by age and expo-

sure to the light. It is said that the color can be restored by keeping the gem a long time in the dark. There are two kinds of turquoise stone, known as the oriental and the occidental turquoise. The former is the best and has the most permanent color. It is found in Turkey and Persia, also in Siberia, and has a different chemical composition from the latter. The occidental turquoise is found in Lower Languedoc, in the southeast of France, and is a fossil ivory, colored with the phosphate of iron. The other is a tri-phosphate of alumina, and derives its color from the oxides of iron and copper.

## AH SIN'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Ah Ching Yuen, the aristocrat, wore a black satin jacket, a straw hat jauntily tipped on one side of his head, and new felt shoes, which made no sound as he proudly trod across the floor. Lo Bo, being only a hired man on moderate wages, could not be expected to "rag out" very well, but he was neat if not gaudy. Ah Sam Chong, Fong Sang, Low Lee, R Gin, and the rest of the fourteen Celestials who were present at the banquet (there are twenty-one who actually belong to the Sunday-school) were arrayed in much the same scale of splendor as Lo Bo.

It is now two months since the Chinese Sunday-school was started in an upper room of Farwell Hall, and already it has attained a place among the prominent religious institutions of the city. An eccentric man with a queer history—David D. Jones—was the founder of it. Born in Wales, he has lived a vagabond life as a kind of itinerant missionary in Egypt, Spain, and the far West of America. He lived for several years in the Chinese quarter in Evanston, Wyoming Territory, and thus acquired a knowledge of the Chinese language. At present he is a guest of the aristocrat, Ching Yuen, who is sole proprietor of a laundry at No. 37 West Madison street, and is reported to be worth as much as \$6,000. Mr. Jones lives with Ching Yuen in the rear part of the basement where the laundry is located.

It was a great day for the Chinese, was yesterday. The pupils of the Sunday-school had extended a formal invitation to their teachers to participate in a banquet at the close of the regular exercises. It was a sort of return compliment for the dinner given to the Chinamen by the teachers on the Sunday after the Fourth of July. It must be understood that Ah Sin is just as independent and proud as his American brother. Only the other day, when a party of Chinese were invited out to visit the Rev. Mr. Humphreys at Oak Park, they hired livery-carriages and were driven out in style at about three times the expense of railroad fares.

The regular Sunday-school exercises were gone through as usual. A peculiarity of this Sunday-school is that there is a teacher for every pupil. Most of the teachers are ladies. The teaching is necessarily simple in its scope, as few of the almond-eyed scholars can speak English. There is an English-Chinese primer, with pictures in it, and hanging against the wall are large charts on which are printed in Chinese characters the Lord's Prayer, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and the Ten Commandments. Of course there is plenty of singing. The favorite piece with the pupils is "Come to Jesus," although they like "The old, old story" and "I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

There was a short intermission between the Sunday-school and dinner, which was spent in social chat, teachers and pupils mixing together without reserve. The Chinamen were studiously polite, and, strange to say, not afflicted with any shyness or diffidence. Some unpleasantness arose from the fact that the hotel-keeper who supplied the dinner had sent over common knives and forks. This was resented by the leading Chinese, who insisted on having nothing less than silver, and their ire was only abated by having better knives and forks substituted. When all were ready the company sat down at the table, each teacher being escorted to her place by her own pupil, who graciously took his seat beside her. Grace was said by the Rev. Mr. Humphreys, and all fell to with a zest. The Chinese used the knives and forks as skillfully as if they had never heard of chop-sticks.

These Chinese are said to be extremely grateful for the attention shown them by the "Melican ladies, and have manifested their gratitude by making them several choice presents. One of the ladies was recently presented with an elegant and costly silk and ivory fan, imported from China, and another has been notified that there is a pair of shoes coming for her all the way from that far-off shore. Evidently the "Heathen Chinese" of this city is either exceptionally good, or else he has been misrepresented on the Pacific slope.

## Mistaken Kindness.

Those amiable people who are never so happy as when doing a service to man or beast, may sometimes err through want of judgement. For instance, the old man in this story:

There is an old gentleman that comes into town on foot every morning, who appears to be a great friend to dumb animals. Whenever he sees a dog scratching at the shop-door to be let in he promptly opens it for the animal. The other morning he made a mistake in the dog business. He let one in, and soon the same canine came rushing between his legs, nearly throwing him down, and covering the lower part of his trouser with paint.

A man with overalls on was chasing the dog, trying to get at him with a paint-brush he had in his hand. The old gentleman expostulated with the irate painter—for such he proved to be—saying:

"My good man, why do you wish to hurt that dog?"

"Because he has tipped over my paint and made an awful mess of everything! Some idiot let him into the shop when we were all trying to keep him out while I was doing some painting. He jumped through the door stuck his fore legs into the paint-pot, and tipped it over. Brown paint on a marble floor looks well, doesn't it? I wish people would mind their own business!"