

SCENES AT HATCHER'S CREEK AND PETERSBURG RECALLED.

John B. Seace Speaks to a Reporter of Stirring Scenes—Escaped with a Slight Wound, but, Like Other Veterans, Has Suffered Since—A Story That Reads Like a Page from History.

From the Albany, N. Y., Journal. John B. Seace, the widely known contractor and builder of Albany, N. Y., has had an unusually interesting life, and when seen by a reporter recently at his home, No. 15 Bradford street, told of his many experiences in the adventures while serving under the old flag in the late war. Although having endured all the hardships and privations of life in the ranks, Mr. Seace bears his more than half a century of years with an elastic step and a keen mind, taking an active interest in private and public affairs.

Mr. Seace is a member of Berkshire Lodge No. 52, I. O. O. F. He enlisted in the army in 1862, in company A, Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, serving as sergeant under W. Bartlett, First Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Corps, with which he participated in some of the hottest battles of the war, including Fort Hudson, Donaldsonville and Plaquemine, where he was wounded. His time being out, he was discharged, but soon re-enlisted as sergeant in Company A, Sixty-first Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. He was in the battle of Hatcher's Run, the fight about Petersburg and the battle of Sailor's Creek.

After his honorable discharge, June 4, 1865, Mr. Seace returned to Albany and settled down once again to his business and social interests. He has resided in the city ever since. It would seem that now, of all times, his peace and happiness would have been uninterrupted. Such was not to be the case, for four years ago, while engaged in superintending the raising of the immense smokestack of the Albany Electric power house, the lever of a loosened windlass struck him a heavy blow across the back. The effect of the blow was not at first apparent, he being able to leave his bed in a few days. But the worst was to follow, for without warning he was seized with sciatic rheumatism in all its virulence. Untold agony followed.

Said Mr. Seace, "I could not sleep for the pain. No one will know the tortures the rheumatism gave me, but I became little more than skin and bones, and it seemed like life didn't have anything but suffering in it. Cures? I tried every so-called rheumatic cure that was ever invented. I gave all of them a good trial before I gave up. I was cured. The suffering which had made my life almost unbearable for so long had disappeared. I was a new man."

"I tell you, I was glad in those days to hear anything that could give me any hope at all. Yes, I got them, and before I had taken two boxes that pain began to leave me. Why, I couldn't understand it. I couldn't imagine myself being cured. But before I had taken a half-dozen of these boxes I was cured. The suffering which had made my life almost unbearable for so long had disappeared. I was a new man."

"I began to get strong. I picked up in flesh, and I went back to my business with all the vigor of a young man. I think everyone who knows me will tell you what it did for me. Pink Pills is the greatest medicine ever discovered, and if my recommendation will do it any good I want you to use it. I hope every one who reads of it and is benefited as I have been. Everyone should hear of it. I can't say too much for them." Mr. Seace exclaimed, enthusiastically, in conclusion.

This is but one of the many cases in which Pink Pills have taken such a beneficial part in the history of humanity.

Mr. Seace is now enjoying the fruits of an unusually large business, managed solely by himself, and covering almost the entire eastern portion of the state. Mr. Seace is also an ivory carver of marked ability, which he follows solely for his own pleasure. Many little trinkets, carved by the light of the camp-fire, attest his skill in this direction.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Where Royalty May Abide. The future town residence of Prince Carl of Denmark and Princess Maud will be a flat in the palace in Copenhagen. In the meanwhile, the English papers say that the prince has grown extremely fond of Sandringham and its environments, and has made acquaintance with all the favorite haunts of Princess Maud, who is never so happy as when she is in Norfolk. The gift by the Sandringham tenants of two handsome "grandfather" clocks has greatly delighted both Princess Maud and her fiance, and it is their intention to take all the presents of this kind to their Danish home, so that they may have round them constant reminiscences of the home life of the princess.—New York Tribune.

Half-Fare Excursions. The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain route will sell round trip tickets on July 21, at the rate plus \$2 to certain points in Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana. Tickets limited to 21 days from date of sale, with stop-over privileges. For particulars, address Bissell Wilson, D. P. A., 111 Adams street, Chicago.

Low Rate Excursions South. On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half rates for round trip will be made to points in the south by the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

The grandfather of the Rothschilds is said to have scarcely owned a penny in 1800. Now they pretty nearly own the earth.

The woman who is attempting to prove an early marriage with Jason Gould is evidently trying a golden fleece game.

As every other commodity is lower the advance in the price of coal during the hot months is without precedent or reason. The combination, or trust, or conspiracy, or whatever you choose to call it, needs a shaking up. The New York Herald says: "The price in New York for stove size coal is just \$1.30 per ton over the price of one year ago." Is there no redress or protection to the people from such extortion? Hurrah for the trusts!

The Rev. Ronald D. Worth, a Baptist preacher of New York, has been granted a divorce in Oklahoma. It appears his wife objected to his leaving home on Sundays to preach, and even "spoiled his Sunday coat and filled his Sunday shoes with water." These are somewhat novel reasons for divorce, but they are also novel methods of annoyance for a woman to employ. It is evident that Mr. Worth, being a preacher, was forced to preach, and it is also evident that he could not preach with satisfactory results in a spoiled Sunday coat and with his shoes full of water. It is a unique matrimonial complication and Mr. Worth must be commended for his resolute stand against permitting a wet blanket to be thrown over his religion.

The great American novel is about to be issued to the great American public on the great American installment plan. Twenty-six women of Kansas are to write it, each writing a chapter. Miss Atkinson's chapter will begin with "A." Mrs. Beekman will look after "B," and the other women with the requisite initials will furnish the text for the other twenty-four letters. This extraordinary alphabetical array of literary talent will naturally center about the letter "L." The report is silent as to who will be "L," probably because the information would be superfluous. In the serried ranks of Kansas women whose names begin with L, in such a cause as this, there is no need to ask, "What L?" What L could it be but Lease, Mrs. Lease, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease?

A congress of the chambers of commerce of the British empire has just been held in London, England. On the last day of the session a resolution was adopted that we hope to see put into operation both so far as it applies to England and to the United States. It was for the doing away of the present cumbersome standard of weights and measures, and in England the abolition of the present system of money notation, such as pounds, shillings, etc. The resolution says that the system of pounds, shillings, pence and farthings is very cumbersome, especially when applied to the foreign trade, and that the decimal system of dollars and cents, in vogue not only in the United States, but also in the dominion of Canada, is far to be preferred. It is suggested that the change might be easily made by making the pound equal to five dollars and the shilling equal to 25 cents, about what they are now worth in actual transactions. As to weights and measures, the decimal system, in use in all countries, but in the United States and British empire, is the perfect system, and should supplant the present arbitrary one.

A considerable number of researches have been going on in the psychological laboratory of the University of Wisconsin during the current year. Mr. Quants, fellow in psychology, has been investigating the psychology of the reading process. His main attempts have been to ascertain what processes help to make one a rapid reader and how far the ease of comprehension is related to the quickness of reading. The research has not gone far enough to yield very definite results as yet and will be continued another year, but a number of very significant suggestions have been reached. Mr. Bolton, a graduate student, has been investigating the relation between sensation and suggestion, or, in other words, how far what we see is determined by what there is there to see or by what we suppose is present. A number of ingenious methods of studying this influence have been devised and a paper is in preparation on the subject. Another investigation relates to the question of how far we mean the same thing by the same words. The investigation begins with the color-names and attempts to ascertain how far what we associate with the name "red" or "blue" is the same for different individuals. Similar investigations regarding size and shape and other common notions are also included in the study.

The practically unanimous election of Diaz to the presidency of Mexico is little more than he deserves for his distinguished patriotism and the wonders which he has worked for his country. Forty volumes containing nearly a million signatures in favor of Diaz for his renomination were presented to the convention that preceded the election.

General Weyler's order to newspaper men in Havana, when literally interpreted, "Lie— you are told for Spain or get out."

Two Old Gentlemen Get Together and Swap Stories.

"Oh, yes, I played in those days. Baseball was baseball then," and the old gentleman sighed over what he regarded as the decadence of the great national game, says the Detroit Free Press. "Now they get nine men together and make a machine of them. The whole thing is nothing more nor less than an animated mechanism. Then we had a live ball and I used to swing a hickory bat pretty nearly as long as a rake handle. You can imagine what came off when I made a hit. The crowd would hear something like the shriek of a shell and then the umpire would toss out a new ball while I chased two or three runs in ahead of me. Now, just to illustrate," and the retired veteran of the diamond began making a diagram while his hearers grouped about him. "Here's where we played at New Castle, Pa., with the old Neshannocks. Charley Bennett was catching. Here runs the Ohio river, way up in the rear of the grounds, which lay open to the high bluff which marks the bank. Now, Bennett was doing some mighty batting and a fellow from a college here was giving him a tight race. Each one of them rolled a ball over the bluff and I began to fear for my laurels. But the third time up I saw one coming that just suited. I settled well on my feet, concentrated all my strength for one supreme effort, swung old hickory, and when the ball quit going it struck water half way across the river. Why, they stopped the game to try and take measurements, while professional managers were offering me all kinds of money. I was the hero of the hour, the king of batters, the—hello, there, Judkin; delighted to see you. It's more than twenty years—"

"Yes, the last time we met was at the game you just described." The old gentleman turned a little white about the mouth but rallied with infinite generalship. "Yes, of course, you were there, and it was a day of miracles, for you went down to the river and caught a ten-pound bass that was served that night at the hotel." What fisherman could resist such a temptation with the beautiful lie all framed for him? Judkin flushed and inflated with pride. The two jolly rogues went out together. Before the evening was over that ball had been knocked nearly a quarter of a mile into the country beyond the river and that has a fifteen-pound strong.

Extraordinary Drinks.

Of the many extraordinary drinks regularly consumed the blood of live horses may be considered the most so. Marco Polo and Carpini were the first to tell the world of the practice of the Tartars and Mongols opening the vein in their horses' necks, taking a drink and closing the wound again. As far as can be seen this has been the practice from time immemorial. There is a wine habitually consumed in China which is made from the flesh of lambs reduced to paste with milk or bruised into pulp with rice and then fermented. It is extremely strong and nutritious and powerfully stimulating to the physical organism. The Laplanders drink a great deal of smoked snow water and one of the national drinks of the Tonguese is arrack flavored with chickens' blood. The list would scarcely be complete without the mention of absinthe, which may be called the national spirituous drink of France. It is a horrible compound of alcohol, anise, coriander, fennel, wormwood, indigo and sulphate of copper. It is strong, nasty and a moral and physical poison.

Two Kinds of Courtesy.

He was immaculate as to externals, and he was coming down Fifth avenue. She was a charming bit of femininity as New York can offer—which is saying a great deal. Delicate, dainty, trim.

He was smoking a cigarette that, judging by the smoke of it, had come from Russia. When they met he took his hat off lazily. Talking to her in a tone of condescension, he puffed the blue smoke out constantly, the cigarette never leaving his lips.

He was standing on the corner of Bleeker street, where the Italians live. He had on the coarsest clothes, his face was grimy. In his mouth was a dirty clay pipe.

An old woman, shabby and shaky, came up and asked him how to get to Canal street.

The minute the man became aware the old lady was addressing him he whipped the pipe out of his mouth.

As long as he spoke to her he held the clay behind him, his hand closed over it.—New York Journal.

An Aged Canary.

Mrs. L. A. McGrath, of South Woodstock, Vt., is the owner of a singing canary 21 years old, which has sung all its life and now, though so infirm from age that it cannot reach its perch or sit on it when placed there, it sits on the floor of the cage and pours out the clear, sweet strains of song from morning until night.

Here's a Remarkable Man.

A horse dealer in West Woodstock, Vt., has owned 425 horses during his life and has never told a lie about a horse. One man who dealt with him was so impressed with this remarkable fact that he recently gave him a hatchet.

About the Average Age of It.

Mr. O. S. Gray, of Hampden, Georgia county, Ohio, has a cake of Maple sugar made in the spring of 1855—just forty years ago. It is as sweet and good as ever.

WOODEN STRUCTURES THAT SPAN THE SCHUYLKILL.

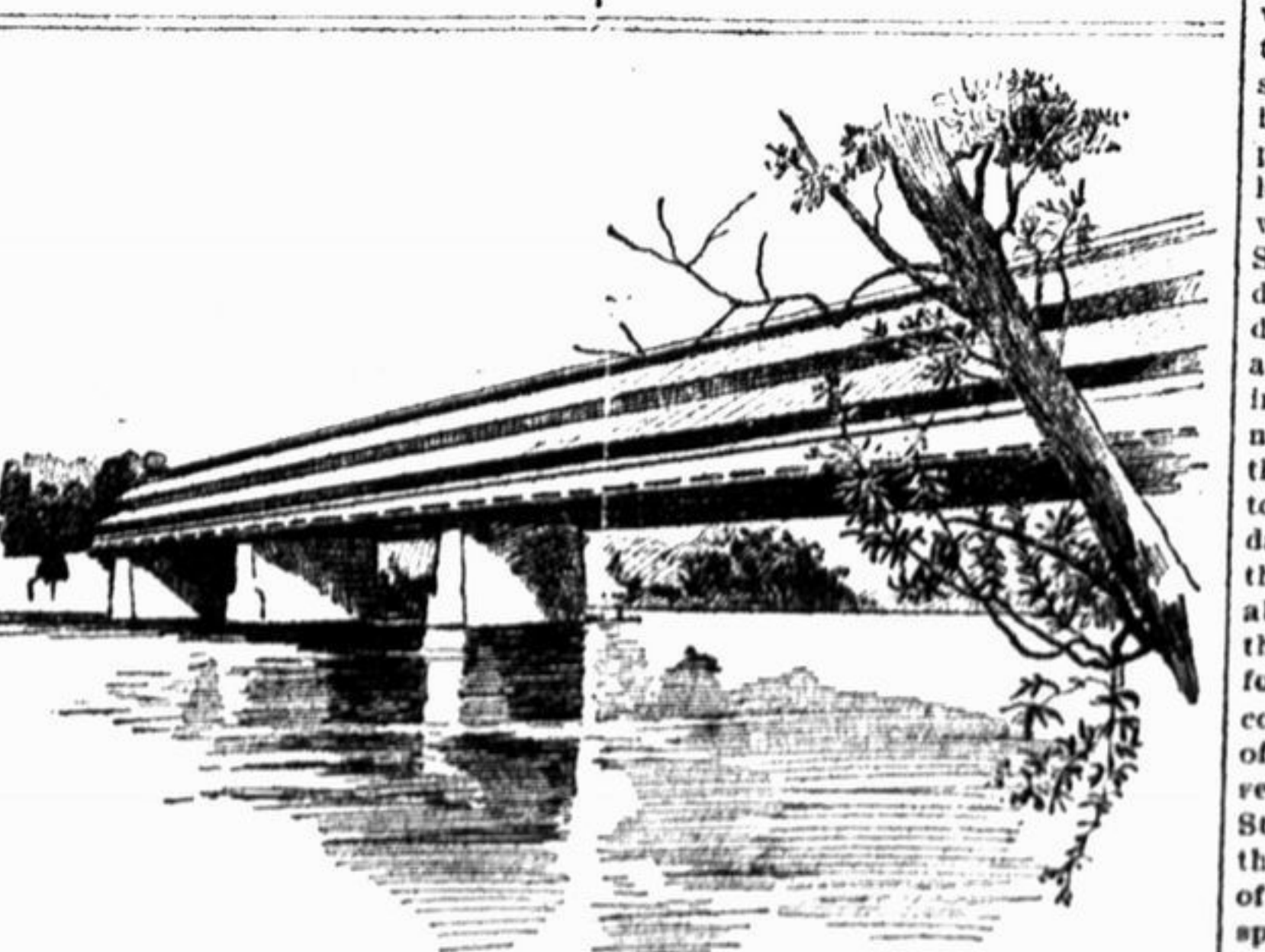
One by One They Are Passing Away—Floods Carried Many of the More Historic Ones Away—The Swedesford Bridge, Below Norristown.

Philadelphia Letter.



WHO does not remember some quaint old covered wooden bridge of his childhood, spanning the stream which bubbled and gurgled through his early life, a companion with whom dull moments were unknown. The long, dusty tunnel, full of great beams and arches, cool in summer, sheltering in winter, whose dark nooks caused thrills of enjoyable curiosity, not altogether unmingled with fear, as one traversed the passage, darksome and gloomy even in midday. How the old bridge shook and quivered as teams rattled over it, and how, when the circus came to town, the elephants must need ford the stream lest their weight might cause the valued structure to collapse. Ugly and unpainted, gruesome and mysterious, the old bridges live in the memories of the lads and lasses who played around them, when even the recollections of childish homes are effaced by time.

The covered wooden bridges which yet span the streams in many parts of this country belong to an epoch which may be said to have passed away. Many years have elapsed since the last covered bridge was erected hereabouts, and while from motives of economy, timber is yet used occasionally in the



THE SWEDSFORD BRIDGE AT NORRISTOWN.

Interior counties for highway river bridges, the practice of enclosing and covering these useful structures has entirely ceased. Modern bridge builders scoff at the old idea that a bridge should be enclosed to protect it from the weath r, pointing out the fact that the long unbroken line of boards offers the utmost resistance to tempests and floods, while the dusty interior is a regular tinder box for flames.

The covered wooden bridges over the Schuylkill are doomed. One by one the ancient structures pass away, yielding their existence by fire, by flood or by the more prosaic mode of demolition. Of the bridges that span the river between Philadelphia and Pottsville today more than one-half are built of steel and stone, and the change from wood to iron will be necessarily more rapid as the existing wooden structures decay with the flow of years. The last covered wooden bridge on the Schuylkill within the city limits has gone, and for many miles above nothing but steel is in use.

These early bridges began to disappear a good many years back. There

length and cost \$31,200 when new. With its odd passageway for foot travelers in the center, a trolley track on one side and a narrow driveway on the other, this bridge presents a style of architecture quite different from the usual models. It was made free in 1884.

Toll owners of these toll bridges naturally opposed to the utmost the efforts made to extinguish their rights, and a combination of bridge companies had a law passed by the state legislature back in the 70's prohibiting the erection of a highway bridge with 3,000 feet of an existing toll bridge. This was done so quietly that it excited no attention, but when the people of Norristown clamored for the freeing of the De Kalb street bridge, or, in lieu of that, the building of a borough bridge close by, the owners brought out their trump card in the shape of the new law and laughed at the opposition. Ultimately, however, the toll rights were condemned and bought off by the counties of Chester and Montgomery.

There are now no noteworthy



THE LEBANON VALLEY BRIDGE, AT READING.

was a covered bridge at Flat Rock, about one mile above Manayunk and nearly the same distance below the well-known dam, famed for the bloodless battle of General Wagner with the Canal people a few years since, when the doughty leader marched his policemen into Montgomery county and waged combat with the catfish who dared to presume to remodel their own property and thereby imperil our precious drinking water. This bridge was one of the earliest built outside of Philadelphia, being erected in 1810. In 1824 it broke down, and in 1850 was washed

bridges between Norristown and Phoenixville. The ugly one at Port Kennedy, built in 1849, is an excellent specimen of the hideous affairs which can never become picturesque should they last for centuries. There was once a chain bridge at Pawling, built, it is said, before the Revolution, which was washed away about the beginning of the present century. A new wooden one was built later on, which broke down in 1819, and another met with like sad fate. The present structure has been standing many years. The bridge at Phoenixville is notable

for many reasons. It occupies the site of a very old ford, which existed nearly two centuries ago, and where Lord Howe crossed the river after his battle of Brandywine on his way to Philadelphia. A British battery was erected where the Reading railroad station stands, and solid shot were flung across the river at the American forces beyond. Many a soldier of both forces fell hereabouts. Directly above the bridge is one of the old Commissioners' dams, built in 1793 to improve the river channel, consisting of piles of loose stones, the object being to divert the current.

Phoenixville dates from 1732, but long before that settlers were numerous hereabouts. The mineral deposits were well known at an early date, and in 1683 Charles Pickering mined for gold in these hills, with what result history fails to state. The bridge was built in 1845, and is therefore 50 years old. It is very ancient in appearance, and is one of the most picturesque objects along the river.

There are no noteworthy highway bridges above this point, although numerous structures of the Port Kennedy type disfigure the landscape. The handsome stone viaduct of the Reading railroad at Black Rock, which cannot be seen from the car window, and the lofty bridge of the Lebanon Valley road, west of Reading, are notable exceptions to the dull succession of useful if ugly structures which span the Schuylkill north of Phoenixville.

A DOG NURSES A SEAL.

A Strange Foster Mother of a Baby of the Ocean.

Portland (Ore.) Letter.

F. A. Stuhr, on First street, is the owner of a baby seal that has the strangest foster mother that ever seal had. It is nothing less than a curly-haired retriever dog named Belle, that has taken a strange fancy to this little ocean waif, and is giving it the nourishment that it denies its own offspring. The strange attachment is returned by the baby seal, which has known no other parent, and when it is hungry it bellows for its foster mother and flops its way across the floor to the dog. Mr. Stuhr has had the seal since last Monday and the spectacle of a big retriever dog nursing so curious a baby keeps a crowd of spectators continually hanging about the place. The crowd does not seem to bother either the dog or the seal, though, and the latter appears to be getting bigger and fatter every day. When Mr. Stuhr first received the little fellow he despaired of being able to raise it, but a happy solution of that difficulty seems to have been found to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, with possibly the exception of the family of pups that Belle has deserted for her new baby. When Mr. Stuhr, who is a bird fancier, received the little fellow last Monday from one of the collectors he employs to gather specimens for his collection, it was not more than a day and a half old. The collector, a Frenchman, had come across the little seal and its mother on the beach near Astoria the day before. Upon seeing the man approaching the mother seal took alarm and slid off into the water, leaving its baby to shift for itself. This the little seal seemed to be able to do and was just getting into deep water when the Frenchman cleverly headed it off, and after much trouble captured it. He brought his prize to Portland the next day and turned it over to his employer. Mr. Stuhr at first did not know what to do with the little fellow. From certain indications he saw that the seal was only a few hours old. He first tried to feed it with fish but the seal was too young to eat. Then he tried it with a bottle to which a rubber nipple was attached but met with no better success. By this time the seal was getting hungry, for it had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and its owner was afraid it was going to starve to death, when Belle, the retriever, attracted by the persistent bellowing of the little animal, left her litter of pups to see what was the matter with the strange object that was squirming around in the middle of the floor and seemed to be causing her master so much anxiety. No sooner had the dog come near enough to the little seal than it began to flop feebly in her direction. The dog stood still and quietly watched the stranger approach her, until it was so near that it began to lift its little head, and then something about the baby seal must have appealed to the mother's heart, for she lay down and began to nurse the little one as though it was the most natural thing in the world to do. Mr. Stuhr was delighted, though he found that after nursing the seal the dog would not return to her litter, which yelled for her in vain. The seal is a pretty little fellow, gray in color and with numerous black spots about the size of a small coin. Its coat is as soft to the touch as velvet and shines in the sunlight like the finest satin.

A Bird That Shaves.

Man is said to be the only creature that shaves. But this is not so. A South American bird called the "mot-mot" actually begins shaving on arriving at maturity. Naturally adorned with long blue tail feathers, it is not satisfied with them in their natural state, but with its beak nips off the web on each side for a space of about two inches, leaving a neat little oval tuft at the end of each.

Mother's Picture.

Trenton (Ill.) Sun: Young man, carry your mother's picture with you. Blind it to your bosom, and when tempted to do some evil or go to some place of evil concourse, consult that silent monitor. Draw forth and look upon that face, Oh, with what tremendous, restless eloquence it would warn, plead and entreat you to keep back from all evil and inspire you to ascend to the realties of eternity.