

A MARKED MAN.

A Farmer's Remarkable Series of Misfortunes.

Twice Struck by Lightning, Carried Up by a Cyclone, Chased to the Point of Death by a Prairie Fire and Badly Injured by a Locomotive—He is Still Alive and in Good Health.

Elisha Holloway, a farmer living on Stony Hill, Conn., had an experience last Friday afternoon that but very few persons pass through and live. Thunder storms at this time of the year are rare in this locality, but there was a rattling good one Friday, late in the afternoon. Mr. Holloway saw the clouds rising over the hill, and anticipating a storm, he went out to the barnyard to milk, if possible, before the rain began to fall. The storm came up rapidly and reached the barnyard before Holloway had finished milking. A little water didn't scare him, and he kept at his work. There was a good deal of vivid lightning and considerable thunder; both of these Holloway was used to, and he kept on milking. He had about finished when a flash of lightning shot from the clouds, and striking the cow that Holloway sat beside, killed her as dead as a door nail. The man was knocked a distance of 15 feet and driven under a feed trough that was built under an adjacent shed, boots foremost. When Holloway recovered his senses he found that he couldn't extricate himself from beneath the feed box and he began yelling for help. The thunder drowned his voice and it was some time before he made himself heard. Finally a farm hand came to his assistance and managed to get him out from under the box. Both his legs were paralyzed, but he has since recovered the use of them. The wooden milking pail that Holloway had between his knees when the lightning landed was knocked into splinters and the hoops and bale were warped and twisted like a cork-screw. Further than being pretty severely shaken up the man was not injured.

Holloway, judging by his record, is a marked man, for he has been struck by lightning twice, carried about a quarter of a mile through the air by a cyclone, tossed 20 feet into a stone quarry by a locomotive and chased to the point of death by a prairie fire. Barring a few broken bones, the man is none the worse for his varied and exciting experience with the elements.

Holloway's first encounter with the electric fluid occurred when he was about 18 years old. It happened one Sunday evening in July. Elisha had been to church and after the service was walking home with a young woman of his acquaintance. During the evening a thunder storm had come up, and Holloway and the girl were sauntering along leisurely under an umbrella. The path along which they were walking skirted a mill pond for a short distance. The couple had reached this point, when Holloway says he saw a blinding flash of light, felt a sensation in his legs and arms as if they were rubber, had been pulled out several feet and allowed to snap back. Then he was conscious of striking the water. He had been knocked into the pond. He was pretty badly scared, and yelled at the top of his voice for help while he struggled to get ashore.

The girl was uninjured, and she promptly started out to get her escort ashore. She scrambled down the bank to the water, and aided by the flashes of lightning got a piece of a rail, that lay on the edge of the pond, out to him and hauled him ashore. The umbrella was completely destroyed, and the escape of the two persons under it was a miracle. Neither were so much as scratched, but Holloway said that he had a respect for thunder storms for five years after that that prompted him to seek the nearest cellar whenever there was a sign of one in the sky.

When Holloway was about 25 years old he contracted the Western fever, and taking his savings in his pocket, he started for the farming districts of Iowa. He didn't find what he wanted there, and gradually drifted down into Kansas, where he got employment on a farm. He must have got right into the heart of the cyclone belt, for he had been working for his new employer but three days when he got mixed up with a regular fire-eating tornado.

He was running a sulky plow at the time about a mile from the house. It had been cloudy and showery all the forenoon, but hadn't rained enough to prevent working. He says he was riding along, watching the turning furrows in an abstracted sort of a way, when his attention was attracted to a low rumbling. He looked over his shoulder just in time to see a barn about a half a mile away jump up in the air, turn a double somersault and fall in a hundred pieces.

Thoroughly frightened Holloway suspended the plowshares and started the horses on a run for the river a little more than a quarter of a mile away. The wind was faster than the horses, and before half the distance to the river was covered the fleeing outfit was picked up and hurled through the air with terrific speed. After being lifted into the air he had no recollection of what happened until he came to himself some time in the night.

He had probably been roused by the noise made by a searching party sent out for him. He heard the men talking, and saw their lanterns twinkling through the darkness below him. He called out and in a few minutes he recognized that he had been blown into the top of a tall cotton wood tree that stood on the bank of the river fully a quarter of a mile from the point where he last remembered holding the reins. He managed to get down to the ground, but a broken collar-bone and a dislocated hip compelled him to keep to his bed for several weeks, at the end of which time he came up smiling and ready for another "scrap."

He didn't have to wait long. In the middle of the summer he had an opportunity to buy a quarter section claim at a bargain and he availed himself of the opportunity. It took all the money that he had to pay for the farm and stock it, but it was in crop, and he counted on getting some ready cash when his wheat was ready for the market.

The prospect looked very bright up to the harvest time, when one afternoon a prairie fire came marching down on him from the northwest. He saw the flames coming, and putting a bridle on his horse, which was old and slow, he started for the river, ten miles away. The fire was a good deal swifter than the horse, and before the animal had covered eight miles the fire was at its heels.

The horse had done its best, but was played out, and finally fell dead in its tracks.

Holloway was cornered. The fire was almost upon him, and he was half suffocated with smoke; but he was equal to the emergency, and with his pocket-knife he ripped open the belly of the dead horse, disemboweling the carcass, and crawled into the cavity. It was the only avenue that offered escape for the man and it is preserved his life, though, for a time, fresh air was hard to get, and Holloway wasn't sure but that he would suffocate after all.

When the danger was past Holloway crawled out of his retreat and went back to his claim. All the buildings and the grain had been burned. All that was left was the ground and the well. Holloway had had all that he wanted of growing up with the country. He walked across the country twenty miles to the nearest town and found a man who paid him \$25 for his claim.

Holloway bought a railroad ticket and started East. He got as far as Omaha, and there his money gave out. He got a brakeman on a freight train to let him ride to Chicago in a box car. The train had been running but a few hours when the engine jumped the track, and the box containing Holloway and some baled hay went rolling down an embankment and landed on its roof among a lot of rocks. Again was Holloway miraculously preserved. One leg was pretty badly jammed by a bale of hay falling against it and crushing it against the side of the car. The man crawled out through a hole that had been broken through the side of the car, and started to walk to Chicago. He continued to work and walk in the direction of the east until he reached home, considerably demoralized, but still right side up.

Holloway enjoyed a few years of uneventful existence, but fate finally overtook him. He had been down to the shore clamming and was returning home. A part of the way he was obliged to walk on the track of the Shore Line road. Had to cross a trestle, and when nearly over a train came around a curve in the road. It was too late to stop the train and Holloway couldn't reach the end of the trestle. He got out on one of the cross-beams. He was anxious to save his basket of clams, and in his anxiety he forgot his own danger, and when the train reached the spot where he stood the steam-chest on the locomotive caught him on the shoulder and knocked him 20 feet into an abandoned stone quarry. He was picked up for dead, but after lying unconscious five days he came to his senses and wanted to know where his clams were. His shoulder was smashed and his skull slightly fractured, but the railroad people kept him in the hospital a few weeks and he came out as good as new, to be struck by lightning last Friday. Holloway takes a very good-natured view of his experience, and wonders from what quarter the next attack will come.

Marriages and Divorces in the U. S.

According to the New York Medical Times statistics show that in the United States marriages are on the decrease and divorces on the increase, the latter ranking next to Japan in all countries where statistics are kept. In Japan the population has increased during the past twenty years from 33,000,000 to 40,000,000, notwithstanding the birth rate is less than any other nation in the world except France. The increase of population is accounted for by the fact that notwithstanding the birth rate is exceptionally low, so also is the infant mortality. It is very easy to obtain a divorce in Japan, as may be imagined when in one year the marriages were 325,000 and the divorces 109,053, or more than one in three. Possibly if divorces were as easily obtained in this country, they might be almost as numerous. The papers are full of infanticide, wife-poisoning, and abductions, and the records of financial prosperity and crime bring us face to face with the startling fact that we are increasing in a greater ratio in the latter than in the former. In 1850 there was one criminal in 3,500 of the American population, but in 1890 there was one in 786.5, a terrible increase in forty years. The Republic is young. Reckoned by the age of nations it has hardly yet cast aside its swaddling-clothes, and yet in energy, in prosperity, in health and strength, it stands as ancient Rome stood, a giant among the Powers of the World. There must be some way, says the Times, to stay this mad rush of crime; some remedy for this bacteria which is poisoning the fountains of moral and physical health. . . . The great working interests of the nation must be in rapport with each other, each contributing its quota to the general work. Foremost in this work must stand a cultured and scientific medical profession, searching in heredity, in brain and physical organization, in climate, in surroundings, the cause of crime, of poverty, and mental degradation. . . . And the remedy must be enforced by the action of the philanthropist with his wealth, the Church with all its power, woman with her high spiritual intuition, and broad-minded, far-sighted statesmen to push forward the work with the concentrated power of the State.

Small Business.

It is possible that the United States collector of customs at Sitka has overlooked the fact that there is a new King at Washington, that the more liberal-minded Cleveland reigns where the short-sighted despotic Harrison a few months ago presided over the destinies of a nation. Either that or the United States Treasury department has acted without a knowledge of the facts in issuing certain orders to the said collector. It appears that a certain steambot called the Islander has been in the habit of running between Victoria, B.C., and Alaska in friendly rivalry to a line of boats sailing from Tacoma or Seattle and owned by a United States company. The latter vessels have been in the habit of taking the inside route, that is between the mainland and Vancouver Island, and of stopping at various Canadian points in order to show tourists all that is of interest. In return for this coasting privilege the Islander claimed the right to call at Sitka and the right was not disputed until this year. Now the United States collector has issued an order forbidding the Islander to make Sitka a port of call. Representations have been made to Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, who has placed himself in correspondence with the authorities at Washington. If the collector at Sitka is justified in his action there will be but one course for Canada to pursue, namely, to withdraw from United States vessels the privilege of the inshore route and compel them to take to the open sea. But what miserable pettiness this kind of thing is!

WICKED BILL THE WHALE.

His Career and Astonishing Last Exploit—A Thrilling Sea-Story.

We were running down between the Azores and Madeira when I got my first sight of the whale which had been known to the whaling fleet for five years as Wicked Bill. A whale known as Mocha Dick had a career of ten or twelve years. Another known as Dom Pedro destroyed eight boats and killed fifteen men and passed out of sight after seven or eight years. The whale known as Wicked Bill made his debut, so to speak, off the Falkland islands. Cape Horn, where he staved two boats and carried off two harpoons belonging to the ship Yankee Land of Nantucket. He was estimated to be sixty feet long, and at some time he had injured his head in such a manner as to leave a V-shaped scar plainly visible a good distance away. Off the mouth of the La Plata, the same season he staved a boat and carried off a harpoon belonging to the bark Chieftain of Aberdeen. It was the custom among whalers to "pass along" a whale which had escaped after creating any havoc, or which had displayed an unusually ugly temper when attacked, and after a couple of seasons Wicked Bill was pretty well known to all whalers. During the first five years of his career this fish was credited with the destruction of more than a dozen whaleboats, entailing a loss of almost as many lives. During that time he was harpooned nine or ten times. A Russian merchant brig, named the Orel, espied him in the north Atlantic one afternoon with a harpoon sticking out of his back and so many coils of line around his body that his activity was greatly interfered with. He was rolling about on the surface when night came on, and the brig left him astern, but at 9 o'clock, without any one aboard having caught sight of him or suspecting his presence, he

CAME RUSHING DOWN

from the windward, struck the craft amidships, and fifteen minutes later she was on her way to the bottom. The crew got away in the yawl without water or provisions, and the whale was circling round the spot at the time. The boat was fortunately picked up next day, and the whaling fleet was notified as fast as possible of Wicked Bill's latest move.

The whaling ship James Crosby of Salem, had a singular adventure with this whale the next season. On the morning of the 13th of April, when she was about 100 miles to the east of Cape St. Roque, with the wind very light and the sea without a white cap, the fish rose to the surface a cable's length to windward, and so quietly that the first sign of his presence was the peculiar odor always given out by whales. He was headed the same way as the ship, and for two hours he kept her company. His identity was established at the first glance, and there was no thought of attempting his capture. On the contrary orders were given for the crew to move about as quietly as possible, and the course of the craft was changed from south to southwest. The whale shifted his course to keep her company. She was then headed due west, but he still kept her company. When she was brought back to her original course Wicked Bill was still a cable's length to windward. After a few weeks a harpoon driven into a whale rusts off close to what may be called the skin, and while that portion of the iron remaining in his blubber may cause him no pain it creates a swelling, which assumes a whitish appearance. Three such spots were to be seen on the side of the whale nearest the ship. He maintained his position from 7 to 9 o'clock, and then suddenly and silently sank from sight. Twenty-eight days later, and 750 miles to the southeast, the Crosby lowered for a whale just after dinner. The mate's boat got fast, and the fish towed her six miles to windward before he could be lanced. He was in his death throes and circling about him when a whale, which every man recognized as Wicked Bill, breached close beside him, shot upward until he seemed to stand on his tail, and then fell right across the other and carried him out of sight. The line had to be cut to prevent the boat being drawn under, and neither whale was seen again.

My second glimpse of Wicked Bill occurred three years after the first, and I am one of the five or six men still living who got a last view of him. I was one of the crew of the Plymouth whaler Wanderer, and we sighted the fish about 200 miles to the west of the island of St. Helena. He was tail on to us and making slowly to windward when discovered by the lookout, and we therefore had no show to identify him. I was aloft with a glass when our three boats

STRUCK THE WATER

and have always felt sure the whale got instant warning. He stopped almost at once and began swimming in a circle. When his big head swung around, I plainly saw the big V-shaped scar, and called out to the Captain that he might stop the boats. They had got away, however, and as he did not put much faith in the many tough yarns he had heard about this fish he decided to let them have a try at him. It proved to be the worst thing he could have done. The mate's boat had the lead and got within striking distance first. As soon as the harpoon entered, the whale settled away like a rock and went down 350 feet. Then he turned and rushed for the surface like a wild locomotive, breaching his full length out of water and filling and swamping the mate's boat with the waves kicked up by his fall. He rested a moment and then slewed around and started for the boat. He caught it with a swing of his jaw and made splinters of it and killed three men at the same time. For five minutes the mate, who was supporting himself by an oar, was alongside the fish and rubbing against his body, but he finally pushed himself clear and reached one of the other boats. The monster had the three boats at his mercy, but for some reason was satisfied with the destruction of the first. Perhaps it was because the others remained perfectly quiet while he seemed to be searching for them. Fifteen minutes after destroying the boat he moved slowly away, and those who had escaped his fury returned to the ship. We were at this time over half full of oil.

One hundred and fourteen days later, when 400 miles west of the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in the south Atlantic, we cut in our last whale, cleared the decks of the try-works, and set our course for Plymouth. We were full to the hatches, and thus far had made one of the best seasons on record. In about three days we had the ship cleared up and most of the stoke and grease washed off our bodies, and we were about to begin painting when, at noon on the fourth or fifth day after turning on our heel for home,

a whale suddenly breached right astern of us and not more than 300 feet away. I was at the wheel at the time, and we were going off before a four-knot breeze from the south-east. I heard the whale as he broke water, and the sight of him standing on his tail caused me

TO SHOUT AN ALARM.

Half a dozen of the crew saw him as he fell back on the water, and it seemed to all of us as if he was going to strike the ship. His fall raised three or four waves, which pitched the ship about as if we were lying in a gale, and though the monster had settled away out of sight at once we had identified him as Wicked Bill. It may seem queer to you to read that every man aboard, from captain to apprentice, was badly frightened as soon as it was known that our old enemy had hunted us down, as it were. We had left him almost four months before at a point 2,000 miles away, and yet he had overhauled us, as if he had been a steamer sent in search and informed as to our cruising ground. His breaching so near us was taken as evidence of his evil intentions, and some argued that he had meant to strike the ship.

All work was at once suspended, and the men were ordered to move around the decks on tiptoe. We hoped the leviathan had not seen us, and that his breaching so close aboard was quite accidental, and after half an hour had passed away, without further sight of him everybody began to feel easier. A man had just started aloft with a glass to scan the sea when the whale rose to the surface about a stone's throw to windward. In most cases a whale comes to the surface head on and thrusts at least half his length out of water. In sounding he generally goes down head first, and his flukes whip the water as they disappear. But a whale can rise to the surface in a horizontal position so quietly as scarcely to cause a ripple, and he can settle away as rapidly as if he had tons of rock pulling him down. Wicked Bill had simply floated to the surface, heading with the ship, and now we all felt that mischief was brewing. Not a stroke of work was done aboard, and the men conversed in whispers and kept out of sight as much as possible. Our speed, as I stated, was about four knots an hour. With the glass levelled on the rail we could bring the whale right alongside, but even then we could not detect the slightest movement of flukes or fins to give him progress. At 2 o'clock p.m., as he still kept his place, the yards were quietly braced a bit, and the ship fell off three or four points. He instantly altered his course to keep his distance. After half an hour she was brought back to her course, and, lo! he luffed at the same moment. From noon till 5 o'clock we were as much depressed as if we had had a corpse aboard. It was 5:05, I believe, when the whale disappeared, but for an hour after that we continued to

SPEAK IN WHISPERS

and tiptoed about. I am satisfied that not one Captain in a hundred would have done what ours did that evening. No living man could charge him with cowardice or superstition, but when supper was over he called his mates and boat steers into the cabin and said:

"While I hope we have seen the last of the whale, I think it my duty to prepare for trouble. You will, therefore, see the boats overhauled and provisioned, ready for hoisting out."

Before 10 o'clock every boat was ready. The wind had freshened a bit as the sun went down, and the night was clear and starlight. The watch was changed at 10, and everything ran smoothly until an hour after midnight. Then the odor of a whale suddenly saluted the nostrils of the men, and they looked to windward to catch sight of a great black bulk on the water. It was Wicked Bill again. A whale cannot remain under water above fifty minutes at the extreme limit, and where this monster had put in the eight hours we could not guess. If he had run to windward when he settled away at 5 o'clock, he had travelled such a distance before coming up again that he had failed to detect his spout. We had sailed at least forty miles since losing sight of him, and yet he had somehow picked us up again. Word was passed around, and all hands turned up, and from 1 to 3 we were in a state of suspense. At about 3 the whale began lashing the water with his flukes. We had done nothing to arouse him, but he probably thought it was time to begin business. As soon as he began "fluking" we prepared ourselves for a calamity, and it was not long delayed. When he had churned an acre or more of surface to foam, he slewed around and headed straight for us, but miscalculated our speed and passed astern, though clearing the rudder by not more than five feet. As he rushed away to leeward, swinging his head and thrashing the water, we luffed sharp up until we were heading due east. Meanwhile I was watching the whale through the night glass. I think he ran a full mile before turning. Whether he located us by sight or sound no man can say, but as he slewed around I saw that he would come head on for our stern. As he started on his mad rush the ship's head was brought due north again in hopes to avoid him, but he changed his course as well and came down on our port quarter. I believe that every man in the ship had his eyes on the furious leviathan as he came bearing down upon us. His head was carried so high that it seemed as if a big rock was pushing along the surface, and he left behind him a great wake of foam and a sea which would have swamped a yawl.

"HANG ON! FOR YOUR LIVES."

shouted the Captain as he saw what was coming, and fifteen seconds later there was a shock as heavy as if we had struck a rock while running before a hurricane.

Every soul aboard knew the ship was doomed. She was heeled to the starboard until almost on her beam ends, and the instant she settled back there was a rush for the boats. No one gave the whale further attention, but every effort was put forth to get the boats into the water, as the ship was luffed into the wind. Her decks were awash as the last one got away, and that was about fourteen minutes after she was struck. When we came to look around for Wicked Bill, he had disappeared from sight, and no whaler ever reported seeing him after that. It has always been generally believed that he received injuries that caused his death. We were picked up three days later by a Scotch whaler none the worse in health for our adventure, but the small fortune which that rich cargo would have given every man if safely landed had gone to the bottom of the Atlantic. It was a funny coincidence that at about that date an English naturalist published a work

in which he said the whale was as timid as a hare, and could not be goaded into taking the offensive against its most relentless enemy—man.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are more bitter than to feel bitter.

The world's need is not brilliancy, but goodness.

The richest men don't always know how to be rich.

Adversity is a grindstone that puts an edge on us.

Sustained emotion wears up the nervous system.

"I wasted time, and now doth time waste me."

Character is what we are when we think we are not watched.

No one can ever become rich by never giving anything away.

Contact with others will make us acquainted with ourselves.

The truest sign of a broad man is a cheerful toleration of narrow men.

There is no majesty so great as the majesty of earnestness in a good cause.

Some say they have much to do, and yet spend life's brightest hours wondering where to begin.

Fancy and humour, early and constantly indulged, may expect an old age overruled with follies.—[Watts.]

The really disastrous stage of laziness is reached when a man feels that it is too much trouble to avoid trouble.

Like will-o'-th-wisp in the bogs, a false light leading on to destruction, so is many an earthly pleasure a lure to ruin.

Trace the history of mighty institutions and reformation that have shaken the world and you will find that their authors came out of some Gethsemane.

A distinct and noble aim in life, as the stars of heaven, ever shines steadily above the cloud wrack, and by its very fixity serves as a guide, certain and true.

Framed in a cavernous fire-place sits a boy, Watching the embers from his grand-sire's knee;

One sees red castles rise and laughs with joy The other marks them crumble, silently.

Don't be on the lookout to find where people are wrong; try to find out where they are right. They are not right if they sneer, or if they are violent. Nor are we, either.

The healthy body is good, but the soul in right health—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessed thing this earth receives of heaven.—[Carlyle.]

The village paths, as they go meandering across the fields, show us how the tendency of man is not to walk straight. The plowman sets his marks ere he begins to plow and so must we.

Small may be the piece of snow that leaves the mountain top, but by the time it reaches the bottom it may be an avalanche, laying waste great tracts of land and burying villages in its fall.

Some imagine life is a scramble, and that the most is to be got by those who rush in and catch what they can. It is not so; life is a science, and whatever may be the results gained, they are the outcome of definite causes.

Thou art not the more holy for being praised, nor the more worthless for being depraized. What thou art, that thou art; neither by words canst thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight of God.—[Thomas A. Kempis.]

Aristotle said: These things we learn to do by doing them: "Prayer, by praying; love, by loving; forgiveness, by forgiving; God, by goodness, which St. Paul calls knowledge according to (or in proportion to) godliness."—[Farindon.]

I had the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of Heaven we must sail sometimes against it; but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—[Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

A WELSH TRAGEDY.

Murder of a Lady by One of Her Servants—Suicide of the Culprit.

A London despatch says:—Mrs. Whittle, a resident of Cresford, Denbighshire, Wales, had in her service a groom named Shellard. The groom took a holiday yesterday, and after his return last evening he followed his mistress into her bed chamber. A parlor maid named Taylor was downstairs at the time, but does not appear to have apprehended anything unusual until she heard a shot, evidently from a pistol, in the bed chamber. The parlor maid ran to the room where her mistress was, and found her in a dying condition from the effects of a pistol shot. Shellard, the groom, held a revolver. He rushed upon the maid and pressed the revolver to her head, at the same time he threatened to kill the girl. For some reason Shellard did not kill her but concluded to kill himself. While she stood paralyzed with fear Shellard turned away and kneeling down, offered up a prayer. Then he turned the revolver upon himself and fired. The girl ran out to summon help. When she returned with assistance it was found that Shellard had cut the throat of his dying mistress and lifted her body on the bed. He had then lain down beside her and both were dead.

It appears that the murder of Mrs. Whittle and the suicide of Shellard was a result of liaison between the murderer and his victim. The husband of Mrs. Whittle is a town councillor residing at Charleston, a suburb of Manchester. Shellard had been in the service of the parents of Mrs. Whittle, and it was then an attachment began between the pair which ended in the tragedy. At the request of his wife Mr. Whittle took Shellard into his service as groom, but on account of the evidently improper relations between the wife and groom Mr. Whittle sent his wife to Cresford. Shellard was 40 years of age and his victim 28.

In the neighborhood of the Bermudas the sea is extremely transparent, so that the fishermen can readily see the horns of lobsters protruding from their hiding places in the rocks at considerable depths. To entice the crustaceans from these crannies they tie a lot of snails in a ball and dangle them in front of the cautious lobster. When he grabs the ball they haul him up.