

GREAT BATTLE FOR LIFE.

STORY OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE BARQUE CARRIE E. LONG.

Had to Make Their Way to the Shore Through a School of Sharks After Fighting Their Way Through Fire and Smoke.

Six men who fought for their lives through fire and water arrived at New York the other night from Nassau on the British steamer Antilla. They were the survivors of the ill-fated American barque Carrie E. Long, which, laden with acids and petroleum, was bound from Philadelphia to Havana, when she was struck by lightning and burned to the water's edge. Those who escaped were blistered by heat, bitten by sharks and worn and exhausted by a long battle against the sea. There was death for them on board the barque, and in the waters underneath. They came back worn to the bone, forlorn and penniless. They told the story of how they had struggled, how they clung to a burning wreck, of how they had seen their shipmates die, and how they had landed on the desolate coast of Gun Cay. It was squally on the night of May 21. The Carrie E. Long was speeding along under shortened sail over dark waters and into a blacker night. The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud, and at nine o'clock the crew were blinded by a flash which lit sky and sea.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

They were hurled from their feet when the bolt struck the vessel. A terrific explosion followed. The decks were thrown up as by volcanic force and flames shot from every hatch. The hull was an unquenchable toyhet. Spars and sails were soon on fire. Captain Rolf, who was standing aft, seized a life buoy and plunged into the sea. He was never seen again. The vessel rocked and swayed. She trembled under the forces which were raging beneath her decks. Yards had toppled down, boats were hurled from their chocks and smashed upon their decks. The second mate, Tip Stanley, and James Corcoran and Lars Iverson, seamen, rushed for a lifeboat. It was on fire. They swung the small boat into the sea. It capsized within a few yards of the vessel and the three men struggled in the sea.

Tip Stanley struck out from the vessel, calling to his shipmates that he was going to try to reach land. Corcoran and Iverson abandoned the boat, for it had been smashed, and even if they had succeeded in righting it, it would have been useless. They took the line which Jackson threw them and got back on the ship of fire.

AIDING A SICK OFFICER.

The sides of the craft were hot and blistered as they climbed on board. The flames had penetrated to the depths of the hold. The men scamped over the blazing decks, dragged Esberg, the first mate, from his cabin and took him out on the bowsprit. The man had been ill for days and could scarcely stand. Iverson, McNamara and James Corcoran crawled out with him on the bowsprit. Joseph Corcoran and James Jackson trusted themselves to the sea on a booby hatch. Donald Cameron and James Houston threw themselves overboard, seized with an idea that they could reach land somehow. And the men on the bowsprit waited.

Then came an explosion which caused the sea to tremble. Decks, bulwarks and spars rose in flames. One of the big oil tanks had exploded. A few minutes later two distinct explosions came, and the mainmast came clattering down, falling forward and narrowly missing the men who clung to the bowsprit. With the explosion streams of burning oil shot from their prison place in the hold, and the waters became a sea of fire. The bowsprit was burning now, and the men dropped from that into the water, where the burning oil had not reached. The heat was intense. They clung to the wreckage and dropped into the sea to allay the tortures of the heat. Their faces and hands were blistered. The spars to which they clung were chained to the vessel by wire stays.

SURROUNDED BY SHARKS.

Esberg, ill and exhausted, loosened his hold and fell into the sea. James Corcoran, Iverson and McNamara clung there exhausted and almost burning. They looked out over the sea and they saw a black nose rise out of the water, and then some creature rose to the surface, floating on its back. It was a shark. Other black noses appeared. The men scrambled on top of the wreckage to which they had been clinging. McNamara felt an iron grip upon his heel. He freed himself by a mighty effort. He bears the marks of that vice-like touch to this day. Evil eyes gleamed at the men. Dark forms lurked on the outskirts of the sea of fire. And it seemed as though relief might come. A tramp steamer passed within half a mile. Her commander seemed to take no notice of the burning vessel. He thought, perhaps, that no human being could be near it and alive. Iverson waved his cap and shouted until his voice was gone. The steamer passed by. The hull burned and the night wore on. Tip Stanley, when he struck out from the small boat, swam towards what he believed was a distant coast. He had swum nearly a mile when he found two small oars. He clung to these and threw aside his clothing to make swimming easier. He had gone about a mile further when he made out a man struggling in the water several hundred yards away. He called to him and found that it was Houston.

DROWNING OF HOUSTON.

"You come to me and I'll meet you and give you this other oar," he called to Houston. The man was worn out. He tried to make a final effort, but when only six feet from the oar which Stanley was holding out to him he sank from sight. Stanley drifted and swam. He hailed Cameron feebly swimming. Cameron recognized him, then went as Houston had. Stanley was floating when he felt a sharp nip on his leg. He was attacked by a shark. He got his leg away from the grip of the monster and forced one of the oars

down the creature's throat, when it rolled over on its back.

There was a battle between the man and shark. The teeth of the fish dug deep into the blade of the oar. Stanley rammed the stick further down. He struck it over the head with the other oar. He left the carcass behind. Stanley's feet struck a rock at four o'clock in the morning, and he was soon on the shore of Gun Cay. He saw two figures half a mile away nearby. They were those of Joseph Corcoran and Jackson, who had clung to the booby hatch and drifted ashore.

The shipwrecked men fell in with an old negro named Butler and his son, who owned the little schooner Sisters. The negro had seen the fire. Stanley went with him to the scene of the wreck. The fires were nearly burned out. The three men, blackened with soot, weak and in wasted terror from the sharks, were still clinging there. They hailed their comrade with a cry that made his heart glad, and the old negro said the Lord was good. The men were hauled on board the schooner, and there was a reunion on the beach of Gun Cay which would have brought tears to any eye. No trace was ever found of the captain. The men were forwarded to Nassau, where they took passage on the Antilla.

WILL SCIENCE LENGTHEN LIFE?

The Time May Come When People Will Live One Hundred and Twenty Years.

Mr. Balfour, the English statesman, has been discussing the question of the effect of increased scientific knowledge on the lengthening of human life. Medical practitioners are a necessity in a modern community, but the most valuable part of their work is that which gives a profounder insight into the nature and into the cause of disease, and thus increases the sum of human knowledge of the healing art. Mr. Balfour believes the time will soon come when the ablest physicians and surgeons will be able, through Government endowment, to concentrate themselves on medical and surgical investigations, instead of wasting the greater part of their energies in the struggle to live. One of the foremost of living physicians, with whom he has been speaking of these happy prospects of scientific medicine, had told him he did not see any vital or sufficient reason why, when medicine was in the immediate future better understood, and when those temperate habits which medicine might counsel but which medicine could not enforce obtained deeper and larger hold on the great masses of the civilized world, as undoubtedly they would, he did not see any reason why when that time came the span of human life should not be extended to the patriarchal term of 120 years. He did not know whether that forecast was overanguine, but it suggested to his mind, at all events, the reflection, which had frequently occurred to him before, that, after all, death was not the enemy which the medical profession had to fight. It was rather the pain and the disease which rendered us ineffectual for practical work. Cases are constantly heard of in which by the extraordinary skill of some great practitioner, and by the appliances of all the most recent medical discoveries, it had been found possible to prolong for some few days or weeks the doomed life. When this command of the most scientific medical resources becomes the rule instead of the exception, and people learn to regulate their mode of living according to the laws of common sense, there can be no doubt that the period of useful existence of the human race will be appreciably lengthened.

A Miniature Railroad System.

One of the most interesting models perhaps ever made, in a popular way, has been prepared by an English clergyman, the Rev. H. L. Warnford, of Windsor, England. Dr. Warnford has a small yard in the rear of his house, surrounded by an ordinary brick wall. Along the rear end of the garden he has built a railroad from wall to wall, in that distance overcoming the inconveniences of the ground which usually require the mechanical ability of railroad builders. The road runs from a little station called Chicago at one end to a small station at the other end known as Jericho. It is complete in every detail, and as thoroughly so as if it were one of the great lines that run across England. The two stations even have advertisements pasted over them, as any ordinary station does; and the terminal facilities, though they are small and rather simple, are in their way as complete as in any full-size railroad.

The track is over 80 feet in length, with a gauge of 2 1/2 inches; and in order that he might get in these 80 feet all the different forms of railway construction. Dr. Warnford has made the track so that it runs over some of the uneven spots in his yard, and in this way, in the place where bridges are required, he has constructed that form of bridge which would naturally be best suited for the particular form of ravine or cavity over which the road is to run. One of the prettiest of these bridges is a thoroughly constructed cantilever bridge, on the form of the great Forth bridge between Scotland and England, which passes over a little excavation immediately after the train has come out of a long, thoroughly constructed tunnel. Another bridge is a perfectly constructed skew arch, which the train crosses a few feet after leaving Chicago. Then comes the model of an American trestle, and after passing over this the road runs through the tunnel, over the cantilever bridge, through a cutting, and finally over a steel tubular bridge into Jericho.

Too Precious.

Husband—This cake is very good my dear; but it seems to me there ought to be a little more—

Wife (in clear, icy, incisive tones)—That cake came by mail, and was made by your mother.

Husband—Yes, as I was saying there ought to be a little more—of it.

Twenty-three hundred and seventy-two employes are engaged in handling the annual output of Chicago's postoffice.

A WORKER OF MIRACLES.

REMARKABLE POWERS ATTRIBUTED TO A NEGRO GIRL.

She Is Said to Heal the Sick and to Prophesy, and, Although Uneducated Can Read and Play the Piano—Worshipped by the Negroes of the Brazos.

Down in the big Brazos bottoms, Texas, where there are ten negroes to one white person, there is a jet-black negro girl, about 18 years of age, who is turning the world in which she lives upside down. The negroes claim that she performs miracles every day, and white people who have seen her and witnessed her strange conduct and manifestations come away shaking their heads and lacking words to express their astonishment. No one ever noticed anything extraordinary about the girl until she "got religion," as the negroes say, at big revival one night last winter. Then she began to prophesy, heal the sick and do other wonderful things. During this revival an old negro school teacher, of more than average intelligence, who had been going on two crutches for a dozen years, put his faith in the new wonder. She rubbed her hands over his rheumatic, stiffened joints, and he instantly arose, throw away his crutches and went home rejoicing. There are hundreds of negroes whose testimony sustains this statement and there are plenty of respectable white people who know old Osburn well, who know that he has been hobbling about on crutches for many years and who know that he suddenly regained his strength and the use of his limbs. The girl has been going about from school house to school house and from church to church, exhorting, prophesying and healing the sick. Great crowds of negroes follow her about almost worshipping her, and as afraid of her as they are of the devil himself.

UNTAUGHT BUT LEARNED.

It is positively asserted by hundreds of people who have known her from childhood that she never mastered the alphabet, and yet she now reads as well as if she had had the benefit of a collegiate education. She is a living, walking, electric battery. No man can hold her hand for two minutes. Take hold of her and you will feel as if 10,000 needles were pricking you. She will stand on the floor of a room and successfully defy a dozen men to move her. A few days ago a half dozen hunters from Louisiana, who happened to hear of her, visited the cabin in which her people live. Among other wonderful things they witnessed was this: The girl stood up and placed the palms of her hands against the wall of the house. Three or four strong men seized her and, suspending her body in the air, they failed to pull her loose from the wall. The trouble is that in taking hold of her the average mortal receives such a shock, it is said, that he is glad to let loose.

The girl also astounds everybody by her wonderful display of musical talent. She had never seen a piano or an organ in her life until after she began to manifest her strange powers last winter. Now she will enter a parlor and seat herself at the piano and improvise the sweetest music that ever enraptured mortals. She will sit with eyes closed and listen to a performance on the piano and then take the seat and imitate to perfection all that she has heard. This is not the end of her amazing musical talent, for she is equally as skillful in producing music on any other instrument.

A VOODOOED TREASURE.

She came very near losing her hold and influence over the minds of her followers in the beginning of her strange career. She told the negroes that there was a pot of gold buried under an oak tree in a cotton field, and warned them that they were only to dig for it at night as long as they could see a light in an old abandoned cabin located about a mile from the tree. Sure enough a light flashed up in the old cabin on the night that she had predicted. The negroes seized spades, shovels and hoes and flew to the old oak, where the prophetess had told them the gold was buried. They dug away like demons fighting fire until the light suddenly went out in the old cabin. The next night the same thing occurred, and for several nights the negroes, men, women and children, dug and packed dirt out of the big hole as if their very lives depended upon faithful exertion. One night, much earlier than usual, one negro's pick struck something that rang like a bell. The light in the old cabin went out, a dark cloud came over the face of the moon, and the noise of an approaching cyclone seemed to make the trees tremble. Pots, kettles and pans began to rain down on the heads of the bewildered treasure hunters in the big hole. The women screamed and the men roared for mercy. Scrambling out as best they could in Cimmerian darkness, the affrighted negroes fled to their cabins. Superstitious to the core, the next day they assembled in little groups and discussed the prophetess in whispers. Some of them proclaimed her a witch, and there were plenty whose voices were for pretty rough treatment. She appeared among them at once, and very soon it was noised around that an old negro who lived in the neighborhood had in some mysterious way suddenly come into possession of several hundred dollars which he had been compelled to display in paying for his land. The theory was started that the old negro was a voodoo in league with the devil, and that the mortals of earth and the immortals of darkness had slipped down into the hole and stolen the gold, and then the devil had turned his hips loose to frighten the other people away. This theory grew, and the old negro, in danger of losing his life, sold his land and fled to the hills.

MYSTERIOUS POWERS.

All this caused the few white people in the country to take some notice of the strange girl. All agree that she possessed some strange, mysterious power beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals. She tells the negroes where they will find stray horses and cattle, and they are all ready to swear that she never fails to find anything that has been lost. She is a living barometer. Whenever she says there is going to be a storm, the storm comes. "Don't be uneasy," she said to an old lady, "your son is not lost nor dead; he has been away

down in a hot country with a dark people, who robbed him and put him in prison. He is on his road home, and will be here next Sunday." The son came. He had been in Mexico, where he had been arrested, and suffered imprisonment for many months. It is no wonder that the negroes regard her with grave superstition.

She came down to Houston not long ago, where she preached in the streets, or rather delivered a commentary on the morals of the people, which was heard by an intelligent crowd in wonder and admiration. She has received some very tempting offers to enter the lecture field and show business. Her now there is a shrewd fellow following her about, trying to induce her to go to Boston, and to him she seems inclined to lend a willing ear. Ask her name, and she will reply, "Ah, Shiel, Levina Tolsen, Sir," sounding the "sir" as if it were a part of her name. Though occasionally mixing some very ridiculous things with the display of her remarkable powers, she is not lacking in plain common sense.

LONDON'S PEOPLE.

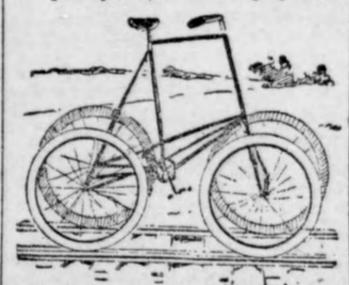
Statistics as to the Population of the World's Greatest City.

The London county council has just issued a big volume full of interesting statistics. It appears that of the residence population only 65 per cent. were born in London, and of born Londoners living in England 77 per cent. still live in London and 23 per cent. in the rest of the country. The southeastern counties, the south midland, the eastern and the southwestern are the only districts that contribute (severally) more than 3 per cent. of the population. The total foreign percentage is no more than 2.26. It is noteworthy that, while the native population has decreased in the last thirty years from 84 to 77 per cent., the proportion of London Scottish has remained stationary, the Irish having decreased considerably, and the foreigners, chiefly Poles and Russians, increased. The actual total population of registration London at the last census was 4,211,743. This total falls short of the total as calculated on the basis of the known decennial increase, and it is estimated that 338,364 persons have gone to live elsewhere, the large majority, no doubt, finding their homes in outer London. The registrar general's returns for 1892 show the total number of births as 132,328; rate of illegitimacy, 3.75 per cent.; total number of deaths, 86,833, of which 40 per cent. represent infant mortality under five years of age; total number of persons married, 74,382. The age tables show that more than 44 per cent. of the population are either under 20 years of age or over 70, and may be presumed not to be mainly supported by their personal labor; the remainder, mostly between the ages of 20 and 50, may be reckoned as workers of one sort or another, without taking count of the unemployed. Of these workers of both sexes, in round numbers, 190,000 are described as professional, 391,000 as domestic, 340,000 as commercial, and 1,000,000 as industrial, the total occupied class numbering nearly 2,000,000. Of the "industrial" million builders and carpenters account for 115,000, mechanics and laborers for 116,000 and "dress" for more than 200,000, about 70 per cent. of whom are women. The rest of this particular million are distributed among minor trades and industries.

UNIQUE RAILWAY CYCLE.

May Be Run on a Track as Easily as a Wheel on Asphalt.

The accompanying illustration shows a cycle that is coming into use among railroad officials and employes. It is said to be especially adapted to the purposes of



superintendents, road-masters, inspectors of bridges and line repairers. This unique wheel weighs only fifty-two pounds and may readily be run on the rails at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. It requires no more exertion to ride it than it does to ride a bicycle on an asphalt pavement.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

Large Increase of Women Employes in the United States in Recent Years.

A bulletin recently issued by the Census Bureau at Washington contains some information regarding the employment of women that is interesting to people on both sides of the line. According to this bulletin, very nearly one-half—48 per cent.—of persons 10 years of age and over may be classed as working people or people engaged in "gainful occupations." The total number of working people is placed at 22,735,661, and of these 18,820,950 are males and 3,914,711 are females. There has been a very large gain in the number engaged in gainful occupations between 1880 and 1899, such increase being 5,343,562, and of this gain 1,267,554 are females. In this connection it is interesting to notice into what branches of business the million and a quarter of women have entered to gain their living. The occupations into which this vast number of wage workers have gone are trade and transportation, and in these occupations the increase of males has been 78 per cent., while the increase of females has been considerably over 263 per cent. The female wage-workers have gone chiefly into stores and offices as clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, cashiers, typewriters and saleswomen. A number also have gone into various departments of the printing and publishing industries. One of the characteristics of the end of the century is the advent of the "new woman," and her influence in fixing the percentage of males that have entered these industries must have been very considerable.

GAINED A POUND A DAY.

A LANARK COUNTY FARMER'S REMARKABLE CURE.

Taken with Bilious Fever the After Effects of Which Brought Him Almost to the Grave—He Gladly Speaks for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Joseph N. Barton, who lives about a mile from the village of Merrickville, is one of the best known farmers in the township of Managoe. Up to the spring of 1894 Mr. Barton had always enjoyed the best of health. At that time, however, he was taken with a bilious fever, the effects of which left him in a terribly weakened condition. When the time came around to begin spring operations on the farm he found himself too weak to take any part in the work, and notwithstanding that he was treated by an excellent physician, he was constantly growing weaker and his condition not only greatly alarmed himself but his friends. Having read so much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he determined to give them a trial, and without consulting his physician he began their use. He only used one box, and, not feeling better, he discontinued the use of the pills. This was where he now admits he made a serious mistake as he not only fell back to his former weakness, but became worse than before. He could now do no work of any kind, and the least exertion left him almost helpless. Life was a misery to him and



I GAINED A POUND A DAY.

he was on the point of giving his case up as hopeless when a friend strongly urged him to again begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He agreed to do so, and by the time he had used three boxes there was a marvelous change in his appearance, and he felt like a new man. He still continued to use this life-saving medicine, with astonishing results. During his illness he had fallen in weight to 135 pounds, but he soon increased to 180 pounds. In fact, as he says, the increase averaged about a pound a day while he was taking the pills. He is now able to do any kind of work on his farm, and it is needless to say that he is not only a firm believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but loses no opportunity to sound abroad their praise, with the result that others in his locality have benefited by his experience and advice.

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a veritable boon, curing when all other medicines fail, and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. They will be found an absolute cure for St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a gripple, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipias, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Clay Lamp-Wick.

There has been invented a lamp-wick of lay which it is claimed gives 25 per cent. more light than the ordinary wick of cotton. The wicks, which have already been tested by use in microscopical and laboratory work and given perfect satisfaction are made capillary by incorporating with the clay while in a soft state filaments of unsawn vegetable fibre, which is burned out in the process of making. The object of the inventor has been to provide an indestructible wick which shall possess all the advantages and qualities of an ordinary cotton or fiber wick, and which shall in addition burn an indefinite time without renewal or necessity of trimming or care. Owing to the perfect combustion of the wick, the flame is perfectly white, without odor or smoke. The burning out of the fiber leaves capillary tubes through which the oil from the lamp is raised to the flame.

True Politeness.

An excellent suggestion was that contained in the remark of a little ten-year-old girl from the country, who had been visiting a summer friend in her city home.

"Did you have a good time?" asked the child's mother when the girl came back from her week's visit.

Beautiful! replied the little traveller, with great enthusiasm; why, they were as polite they made me feel just as if I was the one that was at home, and they were visitin'! I had a beautiful time!

For twenty-five years

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.