A BALAKLAVA HERO

Barney McKernan, the Sole Survivor of the Famous Charge, is Dead.

Barney McKernan, probably the only survivor of the Light Brigade in this country, died at his home in Phoenixville, Pa., a few days ago, aged 72 years, from asthma, contracted in the army in the Crimea. For many years he has been a most interesting character and hundreds of people visited him every year to see a man who was in the charge made famous by Tennyson's verse. The old man, however, never seemed very proud of the part he played in the famous charge, for he regarded it as a blunder, and to use his own language, "an English soldier is never very proud of making a blunder, and if Tennyson had not immortalized the charge in song it would have never been heard of excepting as one of the accidents of war."

He was born in Lanthram, West Ireland. When a lad of 17 years of age, he ran away from home and went to Maidstone, England, where he joined the Seventeeth Lancers under command of Sir Colin Campbell, and was ordered to India to help quell the Sikh rebellion. After three years' service in India, where he received two bad wounds, he returned to Houndslow, England.

In 1854 his regiment was sent to the Crimea. At Balaklava, the brigade was commanded by the Earl of Cardigan, and Barney rode beside him when Lord Raglan gave the order to charge, and threatened Cardigan with death if he refused to obey orders.

Barney was shot three times, but kept his seat in the saddle. When Barney reached camp after the retreat, he was covered with wounds and his clothes were saturated with blood. He was taken to the hospital and after his recovery he fought in the battles of Alma and Inkermann and came off without a scratch. After the storming of the Malakoff, in which he took part, he returned to England and finally drifted to America.

For his bravery at Balaklava he received two silver medals, one from the Queen of England and the other from the Sultan of Turkey. These medals he prized very highly, and just before he died he asked that they might be put in his hand and the old soldier breathed his last, clasping them to his heart. Barney never received any pension for his services, his medals being all the reward he had. He lived here for twenty years.

The "Democratic Press."

Frostburg *Journal*: It is difficult now to speak of "the Democratic press of Maryland."

The fitness of things is thereby abused.

This was even so before last year's surrender to the free coinage craze—indeed, ever since Gorman became at once the Mentor and master of the so-called "Democratic Press."

These observations arise from a reflection upon the inverted order of natural relations.

Instead of being the follower of a single man "the Democratic press" ought to be the leader of the Democratic legions and the trumpeteer of Democratic opinion.

But what a spectacle was that last year, when Gorman threw to the winds his gold-standard platform of June to make an impossible "Democratic" fight on at least four undemocratic planks!

Yet this was nothing to the far more sorrowful show of "a free press" clinging to his coat-tails as he raced his way from historic Democracy into the ranks of Bryanism, Populism and Alegeldism.

It was the saddest of all the party apostacies in the history of the country!—the twin companion of free speech abdicating the only throne and renouncing the only impersonal majesty set up in the organic law—a free press.

The lesson is a good one for the Republican press, too.

No party paper should be any man's paper—until he is nominated, and not then if he is or becomes a deserter from party principles.

No party paper should sustain a party dignitary, or even the party itself when wrong.

No such paper is a constituent of "a free press."

Some Popular Songs.

In one of the Eastern weeklies a writer has given the history of a number of popular songs as follows.

"Marching Through Georgia" was written in Chicago in 1865 by Henry C. Work, a printer, who often composed the words of a song at the "case" as he set up the type and then if he had access to the music type would also compose and set up the music. "Marching Through Georgia" was composed in this way, without ever being written out in manuscript. Henry Work also wrote "Father, Dear Father, Come Home," and "My Grandfather's Clock."

"Old Folks at Home" was written by Stephen C. Foster, but E. P. Christy, the minstrel, paid for having his name put forth as the author and composer on the first edition Foster wrote also "My Old Kentucky Home" and the words and music of nearly 300 other songs, many of them "composed on pieces of brown wrapping paper in the back room of a little grocery store in New York."

Dr. Thomas Dunn English wrote "Ben Bolt" in 1842, at the request of N. P. Willis who wanted a sea song for the New York *Mirror*.

"Home, Sweet Home," was also the work of an American in spite of a prevailing idea among Englishmen to the contrary. The author was John Howard Payne, an American exile in Europe, and the song was written for Charles Kemble, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre in London. It was an instant success, end brought the author fame, but very little money.

"Listen to the Mocking Bird" was written by Septimus Winner for Dick Milburn, a colored man, who used to wander about Philadelphia whistling like a mocking bird. The song paid its publishers over $100,000.

Delicious cream puffs 3 for 5 cents at Garey's Bakery, Dover street.

It would tickle your palate to look at my assortment of fancy cakes today. Walter Garey, Baker and Confectioner.

Through Parlor Car to New York.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, beginning with March 3, the Pullman parlor car to Philadelphia leaving Clayton at 4.02 p. m. will be changed to leave at 3.53 p. m. and run through to New York. Returning, a parlor car will leave Jersey City week days at 8 a. m. This arrangement will afford through parlor car service between the Delaware Peninsula and New York in both directions on week days. 3t-20

If it is something dainty for the teatable you are worrying about, why not try "Spanish Bun"? Fresh every day in time for tea at Meintzer's. Telephone call, 61.

EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

The New Suspension Structure Which Will Unite New York and Brooklyn.

Work on the biggest suspension bridge in the world is already begun, and in a short time men will be laboring far below the surface of the waters of the East river, burrowing their way down to the solid rock beneath the river's bottom. They will work in air compressed half a pound beyond the normal pressure for every foot they get down below the surface of the water until at length they will breathe an atmosphere with a pressure of 36½ pounds more to the square inch than the atmosphere at the earth's surface. This must be done in order to lay the foundations for the piers of the Williamsburg bridge.

Over in Williamsburg, where North Second street comes down to the river, men are hurrying to completion the two great caissons on which the Brooklyn towers of the new bridge will rest. They will be the highest bridge towers in the world, rising 335 feet above the river's surface. The masonry part, resting far below on the solid rock and the concrete filled caissons, will rear itself 20 feet above the water, and from the masonry will spring up the gigantic steel towers. The Brooklyn bridge is far and away the largest suspension bridge in the world, and the fame of the structure has penetrated even to regions in Asia, where they regard America as "an island near Marceco, between Egypt and Tangier," but the Williamsburg bridge will be larger. The towers of the new bridge will be 60 feet higher than those of the Brooklyn bridge.

The entire length of the structure will be 7,200 feet, or over 1,000 feet more than that of the Brooklyn bridge. Even the central span will be longer in the new bridge by five feet. The width of the Brooklyn bridge is 85 feet. That of the Williamsburg bridge will be 118 feet. There are two tracks and two roadways on the Brooklyn bridge. On the Williamsburg bridge there will be two roadways and six tracks, four for trolley cars and two for elevated railroads. The bridge itself will cost about $7,500,000, and the real estate which will have to be condemned in New York and Williamsburg for the approaches will cost more than the bridge.

The Brooklyn bridge cost $9,000,000 for the structure itself. The cost of the land condemned for the approaches was not so great as it will be for the Williamsburg bridge. The proximity of high land on both sides at the point of crossing of the Brooklyn bridge obviated the necessity of prolonging the approaches, so it was not necessary to buy so much land, and real estate was cheaper when the Brooklyn bridge was begun than it is now anyway.—New York Press.

Class Day Scrimmage at Harvard.

Young Harvard has been stirred to the depths at the news that the corporation intended to abolish the scrimmage around the tree which has formed part of the class day exercises for more than 80 years. It seems that every class since the battle of Waterloo has had a scrimmage around the tree on class day except the class of 1877, which could not manage to select class day officers and failed on that account to follow the usual programme. In that year, no provision for class day being made by the class, the corporation intervened, appointed officers of the day and, with the assistance of Professor Lowell, who entertained the class at breakfast, and of the Harvard nine, which beat Yale in the afternoon on Jarvis field, provided a day of considerable festivity. There were no chapel exercises, no oration, no poem and, so far as is known, no regrets at the omission of these features. But successful as this class day was there is no desire to repeat it. So strong were the objections of the class of '97 to the suppression of the scrimmage that it was proposed that if the corporation was obdurate and wouldn't "listen to reason" the class day officers should resign and no observance of the day be attempted. Happily harsh measures like these are not likely to be needed. The seniors have grown calmer, milder methods are obtaining, and the last news was that the authorities would be glad to agree to any compromise by which those features of the tree exercises which had become dangerous, through the great increase in the number both of participants and spectators, could be eliminated and the more attractive ones be retained.—Harper's Weekly.

Nansen at Home.

After carefully showing me the route of the Fram, as well as his own and Johansen's course in their perilous journey alone over the ice after leaving their ship, the charts were cast aside on the floor and Dr. Nansen proceeded to describe, in the simple, direct manner so characteristic of him, some of the numberless interesting incidents of his voyage. Evidently thrilled by his earnest voice and manner, Liv, his little girl, who had been playing in a corner of the room, drew nearer, and unconsciously she walked upon the original records of her father's route.

The picture of this tiny, half shy child, standing spellbound listening to her father's voice, with the priceless charts of his famous voyage beneath her feet, contrasting with the tall, muscular figure of her father, who towered above her, with bronzed face, his hair and mustache several shades lighter than the skin, his massive hands, discolored and scarred by hard usage, resting lightly and lovingly upon the little child's head, immediately impressed one with its dramatic effect. Around the room lay polar bear skins and odds and ends connected with the voyage. The table was piled with papers, all systematically arranged. The walls were covered with presentation studies from the most famous Norwegian artists, representing ice and snow effects. But, despite the interest of the surroundings, one could see nothing, think of nothing, but the man himself—the great, strong, simple man who was speaking.—English Illustrated Magazine.

ALPINE HERDSWOMEN.

They Wore Trousers Before Bloomers Were Heard Of.

Long before the days of bloomers women on the higher level of the Alps wore trousers, and no one thought anything about it. The Alpine women wear the bifurcated garment for utility and not for beauty, as one may judge if he or she has seen one of these girls. Comeliness and the Alpine herdswomen are far apart, but the style of the garments they wear and the hard life that is theirs are at the root of the trouble.

These women have little of the grace and agility seen in the maidens of Norway. They will leap across chasms with nonchalance, but there is nothing wild and free about their movements. While she is talking to you the Alpine herdswoman is quite apt to thrust out an ungainly leg, plant a heavy boot on the neck of a goat and stand thus while she converses.

With the exception of the blacks who endure a life of hunger in the interior of Africa there is hardly any one in the world who fares so badly as the herdsmen and women of Switzerland. They cannot afford to eat the berries they find on the mountain side, and they cannot afford to drink the milk supplied by their flocks. Their fare is meat that has been dried, salted and turned into unsavory leather, rye bread that is like blackened cinders and cabbage stalks in pickle, that contain about as much nutriment as a walking stick. Hungry as the herdswoman may be on her return home, she must eat but sparingly of these dainties, for fear they should come to an end before another trip to the valley can be made.

These women breakfast at 2 in the morning and then answer the response of the cattle lowing at the door of the chalet, begging to be attended to and driven up to some favorite Alp. They eat again some 12 or 14 hours later, when the weary tramp back to the chalet is about to begin. Between times, with sickles, they reap the long, coarse Alpine grasses, which are to serve as food for the cattle during the winter.

This grass is bound into bundles as large as the women themselves and carried on their backs down to the homesteads. The winter firewood is brought the same way. The chalet, the home of one of these women, is the most picturesque of any peasant's dwelling place, but inside it is not desirable. It is usually perched on the crags of the Oberland and is dark, for the windows are constructed not so much to admit light as to keep out the heavy snows of the winter. In one corner is a low, broad platform with sacks of hay and a couple of blankets upon it. The less luxurious dispense with the blankets and the herdswoman usually goes to rest in the same attire she wore during the day. In the autumn, when the cattle are driven down for the last time, a dance is given by the herdsmen and the women, and on these occasions the girls exchange their trousers for the usual skirt.—Kansas City Times.

A Marvelous Feat of Memory.

Maretus tells us that during his travels over Europe he met the "marvel of marvels" at Padua. The marvel in question was a young Corsican, who was in the city for the purpose of pursuing his studies at the university. Maretus, having heard that the young man was gifted with an extraordinary memory, desired to put the student to the test.

The person who had informed the traveler concerning the wonderful retentiveness of the young Corsican's memory declared that he was so gifted in that faculty that he could repeat as many as 36,000 words if read over to him but once. Maretus and three distinguished Venetians agreed to test the accuracy of the statement. A committee visited the student of extraordinary memory and found him willing to submit to the ordeal. Accordingly there was read over to him an almost interminable list of words strung together without any consecutive order and without any meaning whatever.

The young man stood all the time with his attention deeply fixed and his eyes half closed. When the long string of words had been read off, he looked up cheerfully and repeated the whole of the uninteresting catalogue of words without a single fault. Then, to show how carefully his wonderful memory had retained every word, he went through the list backward. When that task was finished, he took each alternate word—first, third, fifth, etc.—and repeated them until the company was thoroughly convinced that they were in the presence of the most wonderful prodigy of memory that the world had ever produced.—St. Louis Republic.

Delicious Snails of Provence.

The Provencal snails, which feed in a gourmet fashion upon vine leaves, are peculiarly delicious, and there was a murmur of delight from our company as the four women brought to the table four big dishes full of them, and for a while there was only the sound of eager munching, mixed with the clatter on china of the empty shells. To extract them we had the strong thorns, three or four inches long, of the wild acacia, and on these the little brown morsels were carried to the avid mouths and eaten with a bit of bread sopped in the sauce, and then the shell was subjected to a vigorous sucking, that not a drop of sauce lingering within it should be lost. —Thomas A. Janvier in Century.

A Sure Ad.

"Have we had a protest from any one recently?" asked the sultan as he lit a fresh cigarette.

"No, your majesty," replied the grand vizier.

"No nation has deigned to cry out against the continuance of the Ottoman empire?" said the sultan, scowling.

"None, your highness."

"Then have some more Armenians killed at once. I will not be neglected in this shameful manner."—London Fun.

Water left standing in a kitchen or bed-room, and, above all, in a sick-room, over night, is liable to contamination by the absorption of impurities afloat in the air of such rooms, and to be rendered entirely unfit for use. No matter if the water is cold even to near freezing; it is so much the more liable to absorb and hold in solution the foul gases and organic particles to which it has been exposed. It it dangerous to use such water. Water should not be so left; but if it be done, it should be thrown away. Freshly drawn water only should be used for culinary purposes, as well as for drinking, whenever practicable. Moreover, faucets over sinks and washbasins are always more or less liable to contamination, hence the first water that flows on opening them after they have been left all night without use should always be let flow away; it is dangerous to drink and unfit for the teakettle or for drinking water; even boiled disease germs are unwholesome.—*The Sanitarian.*

Mr. Eli F. Rogers, of Branford, Connecticut, paid in advance, on the 24th of February last, his sixty-second annual subscription to the *Spirit of Missions*. This shows that Mr. Rogers's subscription began with the first number of the magazine, which was issued in January, 1836.—*Spirit of Missions.*

Several young men in the theological seminaries have applied for appointment to Foreign Missions as soon as they shall be ordained in the early summer, and are now anxiously waiting to know whether they will be appointed. The condition of the Society's treasury forbids any increase of appropriations at present; but must such applicants be refused and the needs of the missions be left unsupplied?

Bishop Tuttle tells of an earnest and intelligent layman who lives in one of the poorer parishes in his Diocese of Missouri, who has had his life insured for the benefit of the parish, so that when he is called away the little church will not lose the support he is now able to afford it.

The widow of Leland Stanford has made a deed of gift to Stanford University, in California, to take effect at her death, of the Stanford mansion in San Francisco, with all its contents, the whole valued at $1,000,000. The furnishings, paintings and other works of art in the house are estimated to be worth three-quarters of a million.

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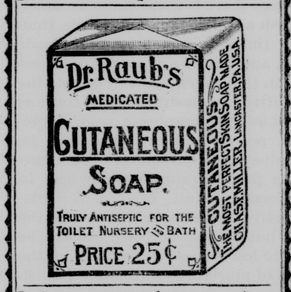
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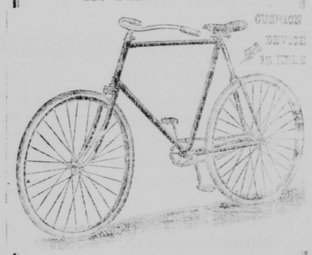
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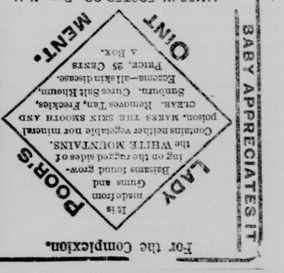
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