

A MIGHTY MAN.

The Herculean Hunter of the Great American Plains.

The St. Louis *Evening Post* says: About three miles down the Illinois shore, near the little town of Cahokia, lives a very queer Indian, who has a history as remarkable as it is romantic. He is a full-blooded Cherokee, and, according to his own assertions, is over 100 years old. His name is John Meehoo, and he was born in the county of Jefferson, Mississippi, where his tribe resided over a century ago, and from which region they were transported to the Indian Territory. John, or the "Big Indian," as he is familiarly termed, is an extraordinary person in appearance, being six feet four inches in height, weighing about 190 pounds, and in spite of his age is erect and comparatively robust. His hair is now perfectly snow-white; he has but a few teeth left, and within the last two or three years he has grown somewhat bald. He is a fisherman and frog hunter by profession, and has a wife about sixty years of age, a French woman, who does not speak English. His first wife was an Indian half-breed, by whom he had two children, both living in the vicinity of Cahokia, and hunters and sportsmen by vocation.

At the age of seventeen Meehoo had already become noted for his physical strength and great powers of endurance. Unfortunately he became involved in a quarrel with the chief of the Cherokees, Mahanatal, and slew him. Meehoo, while making an effort to flee, was apprehended by his tribe, and, after a trial according to the forms common to the Cherokees, he was condemned to be burnt at the stake, but during his short confinement, preparatory to his undergoing this terrible penalty, he escaped. He went to the northern part of the territory of Mississippi, where he joined the Chickasaws. Here, too, his belligerent disposition broke out again, and he killed two of the Choctaw chiefs and made captive a woman of the tribe, with whom he fled. His life since then has been a series of wandering from one State to another. From Mississippi he proceeded to Louisiana, from thence to Texas, and from Texas to Missouri, and for the last fifty years he has been living in the vicinity of St. Louis, where he has followed the precarious avocation of frog hunting. He has always been famed for his remarkable strength. During his earlier life he was able to lift 1,000 pounds on a dead level. On one occasion he carried on his broad shoulders a barrel of pork weighing 300 pounds, from the landing at East St. Louis to his then home below Cahokia, a distance of six miles. Several years ago he lived in the old town of Kaskaskia, in Illinois, where he was employed in the flouring mill. Remarkable stories are told of the wonderful feats of muscular strength performed by him. It is said that he was in the habit of placing upon his shoulders two bags of wheat, weighing 200 pounds each, and carrying them up a flight of stairs. This labor he would perform for two hours, never seeming to tire.

While roaming through the woods one day his dogs, which were following him, bayed a huge stag in the bed of a dried creek. Meehoo was unarmed, and after several ineffectual efforts to club the door with such bludgeons as he could pick up, he seized the infuriated beast by the antlers, and by main strength hurled him over his head, breaking the animal's neck.

Probably the mightiest hunter that roamed the wilds of the American bottom. Forty and fifty years ago bears were plentiful in the thick forests of the swampy regions skirting the eastern shore of the Mississippi, and bear-hunting was Meehoo's favorite sport.

He still carries upon him the marks of more than one terrific contest with savage bruin. To a reporter who visited him on Thursday last, he gave a recital of a remarkable struggle he had with a bear in the winter of 1829, while hunting through the Dry Creek bottom, about seven miles south of where Centerville station is now situated. It was on the 24th day of December, and a light snow covered the ground. Meehoo had gone out for the purpose of hunting wild hogs, and had a dog that was trained for bear sport. While traversing the swamp he was suddenly confronted by a large black bear. The dog rushed at him, but the bear at one blow of his powerful paw stretched the poor brute dead, and at the distance of thirty feet bruin poised himself on his hind legs as if throwing down the gaunt-

let of battle. Meehoo immediately pulled down upon him with his rifle, but to his dismay the powder refused to go off. The cap exploded with a loud noise. It was immediately replaced by a fresh one, but before Meehoo could fire a second time the bear was upon him, and in such close proximity that it was impossible for him even to use the rifle as a club. The man and beast closed in a terrific struggle, the bear in his characteristic game of hugging, the desperate Indian struggling to draw his knife from his belt. Meehoo laughingly said to the reporter, "I tell you, my son, the hug that bear gave me was the worst I ever had in my life. At first I thought my very ribs were broken, and I felt as if my entire body was mashed to a complete jelly. My breath was entirely taken away, and for a moment I was entirely exhausted, but realizing the desperate nature of my situation, I made a struggle to free my right arm and succeeded in drawing my knife. Before I could use it the bear hugged me again, but I managed to get a small cut in upon his shoulder. The animal released me and began to snap at me with his teeth, and he struck at me with his fore paw. One blow felled me to the ground and almost stunned me into insensibility. By the time I rose the bear was upon me, but I had my knife in time and gave him a thrust that made him growl with anger and howl with pain."

The old man then proceeded to relate to the reporter the several details of the fight and its result. The contest lasted ten minutes, the bear getting in blow upon blow, knocking his antagonist down, but never succeeding in getting in a hug upon him. In the meantime Meehoo used his knife in savage desperation, though for a long time unable to touch a vital part of the monster. Finally he managed to stab the bear in the heart and kill him.

Meehoo now owns forty acres of land and lives in a very primitive cabin. He is an inoffensive old man now, and continues his daily avocations, molesting no one.

Tact.

Tact literally means touch; it is that quality by which one "feels" his way. It is something more than skill—something more than judgment—it is spontaneous common sense. It is that power by which one knows how to do the right thing in absence of precedents and rules. It delights in emergencies and glories in exceptional cases. It arrives at a conclusion so quickly for analysis of the steps that lead to it, and you recognize it only when it has accomplished its object, as a bullet which is seen only when it hits the target, not in its passage through the air. Syllogisms are useless and similar cases ignored. Tact is to talent what is to knowledge, the one forges and shapes what the other gathers. Tact creates, talent accumulates. Tact invents, talent discovers. Talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it. Talent is wealth, tact is ready money. The one is momentary, intentional, the other is long and laborious. Tact presupposes quick perception, lively sympathy, versatility and ready adaptability to circumstances. It can be cultivated but is largely a native quality. When cultivated it is apt to become cunning, craftiness, manipulation, and degenerates into insincerity. It will never do to lose the innocence of the dove in the wisdom of the serpent. Tact is always truthful, legitimate and honest. It studies opportunities and has a keen sense of the practical value of things. Tact adapts itself to the occasion, to the persons with whom it deals.

Forethought of Swallows.

Bird stories are in order. As a farmer was getting in his hay, he noticed an unusual commotion among the swallows, which had built a long row of nests under the eaves of his barn. They appeared greatly excited, flying rapidly about, and filling the air with their cries of distress. As the load passed into the barn, he saw that a young swallow, in a nest directly over the door, had caught its neck in a crack between two shingles, and was unable to liberate itself. He stopped his team, and set the young bird free, restoring it to the nest. Upon his return to the barn with his next load of hay, noticing that the swallows were quiet, he examined the crack, and found they had filled it completely with mud, so that, no matter how enterprising or how foolish the young swallow might be, he could not again endanger his life, or the peace of that community, by any experiments on that crack. Instinct is a wonderful sense.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The cotton crop of last year is worth \$250,000,000.

The Chinese are at length going to mine for coal themselves. A mandarin has permission to use all modern appliances for it and lay a line of rail to the sea.

Scarlet fever has killed 23,829 people in Massachusetts during the last twenty years, according to a paper which Dr. A. H. Johnson, of Salem, contributes to the report of the State board of health.

South Carolina supplies nearly half the rice product in this country. Georgia is next, or nearly seven million pounds ahead of Louisiana. Nearly all our rice comes from these three States.

The chinchona bug is the last pest. It has been ravaging Japanese plantations, and also has a taste for tea. It saps the chinchona bark and the leaves wither and die. Quinine is frightfully dear already, and if this bug gets the upper hand it will be quite beyond the reach of the million.

The sea between Norway and the Faroe Islands, from Mayen and Spitzbergen, has never yet been distinguished by any special name; but since this sea has been constantly navigated for more than one thousand years by the Norwegians, and since natives of Norway have undertaken its scientific exploration, Prof. Mohn proposes that it be called "The Norwegian Sea."

Some boys in Markland, Mich., started a show in a cellar. The admission was two cents. The performance ranged from recitations to somersaults, and a feature was marksmanship of the kind that killed Volante. A ten-year-old boy held an apple on his head for a larger boy to shoot at; but the attempt was a failure. Just as the marksman took aim, the target-boy felt the apple slipping off, reached up to catch it, and had a bullet hole put neatly through his hand. The wounded lad's mother made a raid on the show, and closed it.

A correspondent of the London *Miller* states, as the result of some thirty years' experience with flour mills, that he has seen and known many mill fires, the majority of which have taken place in the night, and most of them after the mills have shut down several hours, many of these breaking out of a Sunday morning, and even as late as the evening, or after midnight—that is, on Monday morning. The cause of such a long interval he attributes to the smouldering of dust around some hot bearing until it has assumed a body of fire and charred wood, when a slight draught produces a flame, which, before being noticed, is spread too far to be stopped, the mill and its contents becoming a heap of ruins. The remedy for this, of course, is an inspection of all the bearings, before locking up at night.

The King of Sciva, in Africa, has sent some remarkable gifts to King Humbert through the explorers representing the Italian Geographical Society. One bracelet, a wonderful production to come from the heart of Africa, is of silver, ornamented with a truncated pyramid of gold, studded with diamonds and flanked by two smaller pyramids of silver.

A silver cartridge belt of similar design is not less remarkable. A cover for the king's mule is of blue velvet, fringed with fine chains and silver bells, which produce a tinkling music as the animal moves. A similar trapping for his horse is of red leather, ornamented with green leather with holes cut in it, through which are seen plates of gold. These products, both in design and manufacture, are apparently the work of a highly cultivated people, now nearly extinct.

The Goajira Indians, who inhabit the seacoast north of Aspinwall, are a fierce and fighting race, numbering about 80,000. In their domestic life the most singular feature is the fact that the father has no control over the children. The mother's brother or the next nearest relation on the mother's side usurps the authority of the father. In inheriting rank or property, and in the distribution of valuables, the testimony of the mother as to the rights of the children outweighs that of the father.

Fashion Notes.

Changeable silks are among the summer fabrics.

Elegant parasols are made of satin and finished with straw fringe.

Fringes of two distinct colors are put on some of the new costumes.

New parasols are made of black matalasse silk and lined with white silk.

Old fashioned yoke waists are again in favor for dresses warranted to wash.

Silk dresses are trimmed with narrow flounces in front, almost to the waist, at the moment, by Worth.

Colored dress bonnets are less used than white ones, and are almost confined to beige and mastic shades.

The trains of full dress toilets measure three yards from the waist to the extreme end of the train in the back.

A dash of Jacqueminot red is the only spot of bright color on many of the most fashionable hats and bonnets.

Plain or polka-dotted white silk, with white satin trimmings and accessories, is the bridal dress of the moment.

The novelty in handkerchiefs is of pale blue or rose-colored linen batiste, with white borders scalloped to match.

Everything is embroidered in Paris at present—shoes, dresses, gloves, bonnets, corsages, cravats, wraps and trimmings.

Dark blue cutaway suits, with waistcoats and silk skirts made very plain, "tailor fashion," are affected by young ladies.

Beige-colored brocaded or damassee silk makes a beautiful waistcoat to be worn with any dark cutaway jacket costume.

Porte bouquets, which do double duty as a brooch or fastening for a shawl, are seen in some of the fancy goods stores.

The girl of the period wears a cutaway swallow-tailed jacket, and leads an English pug with a silver chain and a blue ribbon.

Those negligee curves of hair on the forehead and temples, a la Montague, are becoming to young and pretty faces only.

Cardinal capes reaching to the elbow of Sicilienne, and trimmed with flutings of black French lace, are fashionable light wraps.

Balbriggan stockings are seen in leading hosiery departments, hair-lined horizontally in color and checked on the sides in the same.

Beize and mastic gray tulle veils, dotted with chenille, are worn around the crowns of dressy bonnets, crossing in the back and made to form strings.

Amber beads strung at intervals on black silk fringes are effectively used for trimming black Sicilienne mantles intended for ceremonious occasions.

Worth's latest dresses are short, sheath the form in front, but have small paniers in the back, or looped draperies formed by catching up the demi train.

The novelties in children's hats are pagoda-shaped crowns, peaked Mansard-roof crowns, and sharp-gabled crowns. Their names are Pekin, Alps, Mercedes, Savoy, and Chin-Chin.

White Swiss and organdy toilets, trimmed with fine Mirecourt tulle lace, are to be worn over colored lawn or Silesia slips for summer fetes, flower shows, afternoon concerts and croquet parties.

Debts of the Nations.

France is the most burdened, having about \$4,687,000,000 to pay. England ably seconds France with \$3,880,000,000. Russia has \$2,500,000,000. Russia's debt has trebled within the last twenty years, but her income has not even doubled. Spain owes \$2,050,000,000, and together with Greece and Turkey cannot pay the interest due. Italy comes fifth with \$2,000,000,000. The debt of the United States has been more than quadrupled within the last seventeen years. Austria is next with a burden of \$1,771,000,000. Prussia has \$1,116,000,000. Turkey stands about the eighth on the list, but, until the present difficulty is settled, it will be hard to tell just where it stands, or whether it will stand at all. The range of debt comes in the following order: Portugal, Netherlands, Bavaria, Belgium, Roumania, Wurtemberg, Saxony, Greece, Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Switzerland, the latter little country having only \$5,520,000 of debt on her shoulders.