

### SOME PEOPLE WHO FORGET.

The Past Is Wholly a Closed Book to Them.

Instances of Where Men Lose All Recollections of Members of Their Own Families.

One of the most talked of people in Britain today is a young girl whose past life is lost to her. Without any apparent reason, her memory utterly vanished a short time ago and she can remember neither her family, with which she lives, her name, nor anything which she ever did.

These wonderful memory losses are not so uncommon, and one of the weirdest cases was that of Mr. Gincey a few years ago. A middle-aged gentleman was found aimlessly wandering about Wimbledon common, dressed in a silk hat and frock suit, wet to the skin, for it had been raining heavily all night. Though quite sane and clear headed he could not tell who he was or where he lived, and could not even recall that there was such a thing as a police station, which might help him. A letter was found in his pocket, addressed to him by his son, but after reading it slowly he could not remember any such person as the writer had ever heard the name.

He was taken home, and was embarrassed when received by the family, none of whom he knew, though he had left them the day before quite in possession of all his faculties. He did not know what he had meant to do. He was well off, cheerful and contented, never had overworked, and was a clever tennis player—and this last was the only thing he found he could do, except read and write, since the adventure.

In several cases overwork has wholly wiped out the memories of clever people—for whatever the cause, it is seldom a stupid man or woman that falls victim. And it will leave the victim just as he ever for the future, though blotting out the past, as in the case of John Andrews, the inventor of the Truitt circular saw, the Andrews valve and a dozen other clever works that bear his name all over the country. One day, when his family was away, a batch of letters came to his house at Camden hill, complaining of important appointments he had not kept. Next day a deluge of telegrams, and then a string of callers. Andrews was found locked in his study.

He had shut himself in, with a spirit-lamp to cook his own food, as he sometimes did when tackling a big problem, and slept on a couch when tired out. This time he was found merely sitting and smoking. He had forgotten all his appointments, could remember none of the callers who came for him, and stared blankly at his own family. When asked if he would take his dinner in the dining room, he replied: "What dining room?" He did not know his way about his own house, and knew no more about London than if he had never seen it. Not one of his inventions remained in his memory. Doctors could do nothing for him, and though it was ever afterwards a puzzle to him that he had a wife and family, he was greatly attached to them. He picked up the threads of his work, however, and turned out another useful invention—the Andrews steam-gauge—before his death in the Diamond Jubilee year.

Still more complete and odder, because there was no "clew" in it, was the loss of Dr. Abraham Hearn's memory, the great throat specialist and bacteriologist. He had successfully operated over 4000 people in his time, and three years ago—in July, 1898—he went for one of his customary long rambles round London for exercise, returning, as usual, tired out. Next morning he awoke to wonder who he was and what his business might be. Here, again, his entire family and circle of friends conveyed no memory to him; but he remembered one thing—the blank page of his past life—his dog, and his name, Poppy. They were great friends. Yet, though his brother had given him Poppy, the brother himself was a complete stranger to the doctor's mind since that night. Of his medical knowledge, which was enormous, he remembered nothing, and hardly seemed to know a vein from a nerve. But he took up a study entirely new to him—architecture—and mastered it in the most wonderful way within a year. He was good company, kindly, and sane in every way, and was the only case of the kind, in which everything eventually returned, for just six months after his loss memory returned to him rapidly. Within six months more he knew all and everybody he had forgotten, dropped architecture and took up medicine again. He died only three months ago.

It was one of these strange memory losses that was the cause of the great case on Gresford & Co.'s bank in Lombard street. A gentleman was found in a train that ran into Queen street station, Glasgow, who seemed to know nothing about his ticket, nor any other

matter of importance. The ticket was found in his pocket, but he could not say who he was, where he came from, or where he wanted to go. He had ample money. It was presently discovered, after as much trouble as though he had been an unidentified "body," that he was Mr. Gresford, the popular chairman of Gresford & Co.'s bank. Now this news got into the papers, and it gave rise to a rumor that there was something very wrong with the bank. The result was the "run" on Gresford's, in which crowds of anxious people gathered, drawing out many thousands in a few hours.

The bank, of course, was sound as a rock, and there seemed no sort of reason for the strange loss of memory of the chairman, who was always cheery and contented, and had no worries of any sort. The strangest thing was that he remembered about half the members of his family, but had no recollection of the other half; and as for the bank and its affairs, they were a closed book to him. Two years later, however, he regained part of his memory; but that memorable journey north never found its place in his mind.

Traveling on a Pass. "Traveling on another fellow's pass is sometimes a dangerous thing," said a well known man. "Not long ago I had occasion to go out of town and borrowed a pass from a friend of mine who is a physician in addition to being one of those favored by the railroad for political reasons. The conductor took up the pass, with the others, for overnight, as is the custom, and I thought everything was all right. But about 3 o'clock in the morning I was aroused from a sound slumber in my berth by some one shaking me. I looked up, startled. It was the conductor.

"Sorry to disturb you, doctor," said he, "but there's a man in the car very sick. Won't you take a look at him?" "Here's a pretty fix," thought I. "But I'll have to make the bluff good or forfeit the pass." So I got up, slipped on my clothes and looked at the patient. I felt his pulse, solemnly measured it by my watch and then said, as though I knew just what ailed him, "Is there any one here who has a flask?" I had a half dozen offers in a minute.

"Give him two teaspoonfuls of whiskey every ten minutes," said I, "and bathe his head with ice water." I knew that prescription wouldn't hurt him, anyway. After the first dose the patient rallied, and I was congratulating myself when the conductor came up with another passenger.

"Here's a fellow physician, doctor," he said. "Perhaps a consultation will be in order."

"I shook hands with the newcomer, trembling in my boots. 'What have you given him, doctor?' he asked sharply. I told him, 'Excellent,' he said. The patient got better, and the next morning when we aighted at Pittsburg, the joke being too good to keep, I made a clean breast of it to the physician. He laughed. 'So you're not a doctor at all, eh?' he said. Then he laughed again and looked about him cautiously. 'Say, old man,' he said in a whisper, 'that's a good one. Neither am I.' —Philadelphia Times.

Statistics. France has 60 cities with more than 50,000 inhabitants, and 12 of these exceed 100,000.

The world has two and a quarter million acres under tobacco, which produce \$50,000 tons a year.

The lowest tides, where any exist at all, are at Panama, where two feet is the average rise and fall.

The punishment for bigamy in Hungary is compelling the man to live with both wives in one house.

The death of Mr. John Kay, at Woodville, removes one of the oldest draught players in New Zealand.

The Egyptian Soudan has 12 provinces, with an area of a million square miles, and 70½ million of people.

Patented processes have been devised in Germany for converting sawdust into charcoal and other products.

In Persia they sponge up their tears at funerals, and afterwards squeeze the fluid into bottles for preservation.

Four thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of the present population of the United Kingdom were born at sea.

### OF REVOLUTIONARY WIDOWS

Only Four Now Remain to Draw Pensions.

They Are All Over 85 Years of Age and Each When Young Married an Old Veteran.

Only four widows of soldiers who fought in the American revolution now remain on Uncle Sam's pension roll. Seven years ago there were thirteen, but they have dropped off one after another, and pretty soon the last of them will be gone.

These four women may be said not merely to join the eighteenth and twentieth centuries, but actually to furnish connecting links between the war for independence and the present day—a time-break of 123 years. Though they themselves did not witness the birth of this great republic, their husbands beheld that event and took part in the doings which led to the formation of our government. These four men whose wives are now alive and drawing stipends from the treasury were old enough to bear arms when the shot fired at Lexington was heard around the world.

One of these interesting women is Esther Damon, who lives in Plymouth Union, Vt. She is nearly 87 years old, and not long ago, in response to a letter addressed to her, she wrote: "My maiden name was Esther Summers. I was born in Plymouth, August 11, 1814, and was married to Noah Damon September 6, 1836. I do not know where he was born. He was an old man, 76 years of age, when in my 22d year, I met him."

The records of the pension office show that Noah Damon was born in Milton, near Boston. He served two years in the Massachusetts Continentals, and was in the battle of Long Island. In 1776, near New York city, he was wounded in the left thigh with a bayonet.

Rebecca Mayo, the oldest of the surviving widows of the revolution, was born January 14, 1812, and is, therefore, 89 years of age. Her husband, whom she married in 1830, being then a girl of 18, was called Stephen Mayo. He first saw the light in Virginia in 1758, and enlisted in the Virginia Continentals in 1776. At the battle of Brandywine and Germantown he was present, but was not wounded, being reserved for a peaceful demise in the town of Newburn, Va.

The youngest of the four widows is Mary Snead, who is only 85 years old. When last heard from she was hale and hearty, and, according to her own account, "able to walk around to the near neighbors."

Mary's maiden name was Powell, and her husband, Bowden Snead, was born in the same neighborhood. She was 25 years old when she married him, in 1841, and he, of course, was somewhat aged then. Soon after the outbreak of the revolutionary war he enlisted as a private in Capt. Cope's company of Virginia militia, serving nearly two years. He died in 1842, a twelvemonth or so after his marriage, leaving his pension of \$30 a year to his widow. In 1891 congress, by special act, increased the stipend to \$30 a month, which Mary still continues to draw.

Nancy Jones, of Jonesboro, Tenn., is the last of the four relics of the revolutionary pensioners. She is 87 years old. In 1832, being known as Nancy Huff, and a sprightly young thing of 18 brief and gladsome summers, she met and married Darling Jones, who was considerably her senior, having been born way back in 1764. He was a North Carolinian, and had served in Capt. Carter's Tennessee volunteers.

An Honest Boy. "No, I didn't catch a blessed fish," laughed the truthful man who had just returned from his vacation. "I will admit that I started out with the idea of breaking all known records, but I got discouraged right at the start, and all the fish that I expected to catch are still enjoying life. When I arrived at my destination, I was told that if I needed angleworms I could get them of a small boy who made a business of furnishing them to ambitious anglers. I looked him up at once and asked him if he could get me some.

"Do you want the 10 cent kind or the 25 cent kind?" he asked.

"What kind would you advise?" said I, vastly amused at the serious way he put the question.

"Well," said he, "if you want worms to drown, the 10 cent kind will do, but if you want worms to catch fish you'd better take the 25 cent kind."

"I gravely assured him that I needed the 25 cent kind, got them and spent the rest of a boiling hot day drowning the worms that he had furnished me. On my way to my boarding place, with nothing in my hands but my fishing rod, I met the small boy, who, after solemnly surveying me for a moment, fished out from a pair of ragged trousers three dirty nickels and handed them to me saying: 'I don't want to cheat you, mister. The very fear of once more meeting

### MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD

Is a New Mineral Found in Nome Country.

Nome has produced everything from nuggets and law suits to hard times and bitter disappointments, and by a paper of recent issue published in the Silent City it is seen a new mineral is alleged to have just been discovered which it is presumed will yield nothing less than millions to the lucky owners. Charley creek, a tributary of Sinoek river, is the scene of the excitement, but the experts have as yet been unable to determine whether the precious stuff is cobalt or bismuth. It is said, however, that whatever it is carries gold to the extent of \$2 a pound, and as it is found in a gravel deposit, the discoverer makes the estimate that he can easily shovel in enough gravel in a day to yield 60 pounds of bismuth (he calls it bismuth) and never turn a hair. The usual English syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of the entire creek. At last accounts there have been no injunctions begun on the creek's unusual occurrence in Nome.

Visiting Magistrate. Mr. George Taylor who has recently received the appointment of police magistrate at Whitehorse is in the city for the purpose of taking the oath of office. After a few days' visit among friends located here, Mr. Taylor will return to his station on the upper river.

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