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A WOMAN'S WEAPON.

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a charming girl.
She dropped her lashes shyly
And stroked a vagrant curl;
Then consciously she murmured—
This rosebud newly cut:
"I have a strong suspicion
Her weapon is a pout."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a lover true.
He turned him to a maiden
With eyes of heavenly blue,
Her velvet lips were parted,
All innocent of guile,
And eagerly he answered:
"Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a poet then.
With sudden inspiration
He seized upon his pen.
"Oh, I could name a thousand,"
He cried, in accents clear;
"But woman's surest weapon,
I grant you, is a tear!"

THE PUEBLO NUGGET.

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

IT is possible that two women living together out on the prairie, four miles from a settlement and two from a neighbor, are less lonesome than one would be, but even then there is little to envy. Hester and I had six months of it endeavoring to secure a claim by homestead entry, and we were somewhat weary of our undertaking.

"I am sorry we didn't stick to school teaching back in God's country, as these Westerners say, instead of burying ourselves alive out here on the plains," Hester began for the fiftieth time in a week and for the first time I was spared the exertion of making a reply.

A knock came at the door of our cabin.

I opened it and saw before me a long-limbed and awkward farmer, just out of his teens.

"I brung yer mail along from town," he mumbled, handing out a bundle of papers and two letters. Hester jumped for them.

"Oh, thank you," she cordially exclaimed. "We are so much obliged. Won't you come in?"

"No, thank ye, miss, I must be goin'. You git a pile of mail, don't ye?"

"Not much; a half dozen papers and a few letters."

"Waal, it's more'n all th' rest of th' settlement gits. Say, wouldn't you like to go to spellin' school next Tuesday?" this last to Hester, who was oblivious to it, being immersed in the reading of her letter.

"Yes—no—well, I'll see," she stammered, looking up, and the farmer boy bowed himself off the step and was soon cantering away homeward.

"The booby," muttered Hester and then for a half hour neither spoke, the mail attracting all our attention. The old home paper, published in the little town in Central New York where we had both taught school, and the favorite magazine were read first; and then came the big city weekly that we subscribed for to get the news of the world.

Suddenly Hester sprang to her feet.

"Listen to this, will you. Here's a fortune for us, maybe. Do you remember those two men we saw go up the ravine yesterday?"

I had half forgotten them, and said so.

"Well, I know what they're here for. Just listen—

"'Considerable excitement has been caused by the disappearance of the famous Pueblo Nugget, discovered by some miners in Colorado last year. It has been stolen from the cabinet where it was kept, and it is thought to have been hidden by the robbers in the foot hills of the mountains. A number of parties are prospecting for it as the nugget was very valuable, being worth at least $25,000. It is certainly worth hunting for.'"

"That is all very well," I rejoined, "but I don't see what it has to do with the men."

"Why, they're hunting for it. They think it's hidden up this valley, and you can tell by the looks of them that they're scientific—there they go now."

Sure enough the strangers were passing the house, following up the stream. They were well-dressed, and the younger wore handsome eyeglasses. They carried a pick and hammer, and were talking earnestly as they walked.

Hester flattened her nose against one of the two panes of glass and followed them with her eyes.

"I don't believe they've a right to it," she ejaculated.

"To what?"

"To the nugget. It's on our farm and they can't come and take it."

"Talk about jumping at conclusions! Maybe you know just where the nugget is."

"I'm certain they're after it and I'm going to watch them."

Less because I shared Hester's absurd belief in the nugget than to look after her, I hastily put on my sunbonnet and accompanied her.

"Steady now," she ordered when we reached the bed of the stream, now dry except for occasional little pools. "Just think, Marg," Hester stopped to say, "twenty-five thousand dollars! What couldn't we do?"

"Better wait till we get it. Look out!"

The strangers had stopped, and were talking a little way ahead. We crouched behind some saplings, and heard one of them say as they started on: "It's sure to be worth big money. It will surprise people some, won't it?"

Hester's eyes bulged, and she nodded her head as if to say, "I told you so."

The men went on, and again we followed. When perhaps half a mile had been traversed there came a sharp turn in the ravine, and the wall on the outer side was steep and bare, but broken into narrow terraces.

The men stopped at the foot of the bluff and began to throw off their coats.

"They're going to dig for it!" exclaimed Hester in a breathless whisper, if such an expression is allowable. "We're still on our claim, and we'll have a right to the nugget."

"Hush up," was my response.

Already the strangers had grasped pickaxe and sledge, and were leveling hard blows at the foot of the cliff.

"That's where it's hid," decided Hester, with a reckless abandon of the rules of grammar.

We crept nearer and nearer to the workers, but could not quite see what they were digging. I had given little credence to the absurd newspaper story, but now I half felt that there might be something in it.

"Come, let's go up around by the corner where we can see," suggested Hester, and off we moved to the right until we came as near the outer angle of the turn as we dared.

But nothing could be seen there. Looking up I espied a terrace-like shelf that jutted out of the side of the canyon wall, and motioning to Hester I called her attention to it.

"The very thing," she whispered, and led the way back down the defile a few rods until we would make a detour and come out directly over the promontory, at the foot of which were the strangers at work.

"Now careful," I insisted, and holding our dresses close we crept through the underbrush and stepped lightly down to the ledge, twenty feet or more above the workers. Their heads were visible by leaning over a little, and bits of their conversation came floating up to us.

"Tell you what, Jack," the younger one was saying, "this is a mighty lonesome country for a fellow who likes ladies' company."

"Well, there ain't any lack of 'em back East, why didn't you stay there?"

"No lack such as they are, but I've yet to find one to meet my ideal of what women should be."

"Maybe you can outline that ideal for me. I'll keep my eyes open for you."

"For one thing she must be not too large, brown eyes and hair—"

Hester punched me sharply with her elbow. If there is one thing Hester prides herself on it is her "deep, tender brown eyes" and "bonnie brown hair," as she describes them.

"Oh, well I guess I can find you something to fit your case. For myself I want black hair, dark eyes and a commanding presence."

I could not resist the temptation to return the nudge, for my hair and eyes are like night, and I am a plump five feet nine.

"Of all the luck," ejaculated the first speaker, "here's this tool broken," and he held up a one-pronged pickaxe, "and we have not begun to accomplish anything yet."

"No, but it will keep. No one else will think of looking here."

"We'll finish it to-morrow, then," and leisurely putting on their coats and lighting cigars, the men turned away down the ravine.

Hester was in raptures, and I could not keep pace with her in the circuitous route we were compelled to follow to regain the bottom of the canyon.

"Won't they be surprised, though," she exclaimed, "when they get here to-morrow and find the nugget gone! Just think of the things we will buy! Why, we'll go back home millionairesses, and go to Europe, and —"

"Hush, don't make yourself ridiculous," was my advice, and she appreciated its wisdom later when we stood where the men had been stationed and examined the base of the cliff. There were pickaxe marks, and a considerable amount of earth and rocks had been dug out, but of anything remotely resembling a nugget of gold there was not a trace.

We walked home a little crestfallen and disappointed even though I, at least, had had no faith in Hester's theory of the gold find. But after supper my friend and comrade regained her spirits.

"What nonsense!" she declared, "to get discouraged because we didn't find it to-day. Of course the nugget isn't in plain sight. It's probably been buried a long time, and we ought to go out there in the morning and tear down half the hill."

"What with?"

She looked at the broom, the fire poker and a piece of barrel hoop and shook her head. "Too bad we are women. A man would have something to work with. I'm sure those men aren't here for fun, and I'm going to try some plan to beat them."

She woke me up about midnight with her "plan."

"I've decided to let them dig it out."

"Glad of it," I yawned, "wonder you thought of that."

"Don't be mean now, Marg. It's on our land and when they've got it out of the cliff we'll slip around and demand our property."

In three minutes she was sleeping peacefully.

All the following morning my companion was nearly distracted with anxiety lest the strangers should not come. Time and again she went out to the bank of the canyon, peering in the direction from which they must appear. At last about noon she came running to the cabin and closed the door, announcing with much impressiveness: "They're here."

"Who do you mean?"

"The gold-diggers to be sure. There they go now.

The men had new pickaxes and were walking rapidly. In a moment we were on their trail, following them to the familiar cliff.

Again we took the circuitous course, and in a little while were seated on the ledge above the workers' heads.

An hour went by. The men's labor went on steadily and without talk. Suddenly one broke out, "Now we're getting there. Just see how it shows up. A few more blows will bring it."

Tap, tap, went the hammers, and in a moment an odd looking object covered with clay and rock rolled out at their feet. It was nearly globular, and conformed well to my idea of a nugget.

"That's it," whispered Hester, as she leaned forward. "Now they're going clean off the dirt."

The men gave blow after blow at the envelope of the prize they were seeking, and it seems that they must soon accomplish something.

"Tap, tap."

Hester's eyes grew larger, and she crept forward until she was on the very edge of the terrace. I was not so much excited, and remained a little behind.

Then there came a harder blow than before, and the clay covering the prize dropped away and a gleam of yellow shone out of the interior.

Hester gave a little cry of relief, and then began to clutch my skirts. How it had happened neither could tell then or afterward, but we had crept forward until we were too far over the edge and suddenly we felt ourselves slipping.

Down, down, clutching at straws, shrubs or points of rocks, we went until at last the momentum was too great and we gave up and looked to see where we would strike.

Intent on their find the men had not seen us, and it was as though the heavens had fallen (no reflection on the celestial origin of our sex intended) when two young women came down with more force than elegance at their very feet.

They leaped back fairly frightened, and Hester, sitting beside me, began to laugh. They must have taken us for lunatics and Hester's first words were not of a kind to assure them. "That nugget belongs to us. This is our land."

"Beg pardon, miss," stammered one of the men stepping forward and helping us, unhurt, to our feet. "I hope you have not broken any bones?"

"Oh, no," I answered. "The fall was not a long one."

"Do you really care for that?" pointing to the mass before us, his face wearing a disappointed expression.

"Of course we care for it. Do you think we are millionaires?" said Hester.

"But there is no great money in that. You ought to understand—"

"Isn't money in it? That nugget is worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars, according to the papers, and we propose to have it."

The men looked at each other for a moment and then burst into laughter. They laughed and laughed until I began to feel quite uneasy and the tears were shining in Hester's pretty eyes.

"And so you ladies think that this is a nugget of gold?" laughing again.

"Well, if it isn't, what is it?" asked Hetty.

"We think it's the jaw of a megarthium, an extinct animal. We are—but let me introduce myself. I'm Professor Blakeley, of Carson College, and my friend is Professor Raney. We heard there were unusually rich geological specimens hereabouts and found this among others for the college's museum."

I could not have said anything for worlds, but Hester was equal to the occasion and though somewhat confused introduced us to the gentlemen.

The fossil, which was of a dull, yellowish color, was stripped of its earthen covering, and swung on a pole carried by the men, and we set off down the canyon.

We chatted as we walked and I found the strangers decidedly good company. They were cultured, scholarly, and apparently glad to find out on the prairies some one with whom they could talk easily. So late was it when we started that by the time we reached the lower end of the canyon it was dusk and there was nothing to do but to invite our newly made acquaintances in to tea.

Then Hester showed them the newspaper clipping that had caused all the misunderstanding and again they laughed nearly as hard as at first.

"My dad says as how I hadn't better carry mail no more to yer," said our settler lad the next week looking with sorrowful eyes at Hester. "He 'lows that the city chaps 'll do it well enough."

Jealousy showed in every syllable, but Hester did not strive to allay it.

"All right," she replied cheerily, "we are much obliged, and I guess we will get along."

We did "get along" and to such good purpose that when the Pullman car carried the college workers back East, Hester and I occupied seats facing them—or rather each of us faced the other and one of the gentlemen. Brides and grooms usually like to sit side by side when taking a honeymoon trip.

We have never visited the scene of our summer's life on a claim. The land still remains in our name, and we understand that it has become quite valuable.

But it will never, as Hester says, yield another crop so abundant as that we found. Roseate as were our dreams of the nugget, the realization was more than their equal.—Yankee Blade.

A Wonderful Dog.

"Plenty of New York people remember Colonel Ireland, of Isola Bella, his charming little island residence in Schroon Lake, and his Newfoundland dogs, Nero and Pedro," said a resident of the Adirondack country. "Pedro was the most intelligent animal I ever saw, and I remember one particular instance of his manifesting it in a most striking manner. It was a very cold day in December, and two of the colonel's servants had rode over to Schroon village on an errand. It was late in the afternoon when they started home. The cold had increased, and ice was forming on the lake faster than I ever saw it form before. The girls forced their way through the ice by breaking a passage with an oar until they were about half way to the island, when the intense cold and increasing thickness of the ice were more than they could fight against, and they were seen from the island to cease their efforts and huddle together in the boat. The ice was of insufficient thickness to bear the weight of any person, and there was no other boat at hand with which any one could force a passage and go to the rescue of the girls. The chances were that by the time the ice had frozen strong enough to bear a man the girls would be frozen to death.

"Some of the colonel's men had been at work on the shore of the lake that afternoon and had left an axe on the ground. The dog Pedro was among the spectators of the servants' efforts to reach the shore. He ran excitedly up and down the shore several times and then came forward, carrying in his mouth by the handle the axe the men had left near by. He laid it at Colonel Ireland's feet and looked inquiringly up into his master's face. An idea instantly seized the colonel.

"'Take the axe to them, Pedro!' he exclaimed. 'Take the axe to them!'

"The dog took the axe in his mouth, balancing it nicely by the handle, and plunged into the lake. The ice broke under his weight, and he beat a passage with his great paws and made his way with remarkable rapidity toward the boat. He fought on through the ice for two or three hundred yards, when, to the delight of all on shore, the ice sustained his weight, and he drew himself out of the water and hurried forward on the ice. The girls said that they were so given over to despair that they did not see the dog until he pushed his head between them into the boat with the axe in his mouth. The sight of the dog and what they thought was his miraculous appearance to them with the axe put new life in them, and they went to work with a will to chop their way through the ice to shore. Taking turns at the work, they warmed themselves up, and in a comparative short time had cut a passage through the thick ice and forced the boat ashore. They were badly frozen, and but for the human intelligence of the dog Pedro they would surely have perished before aid could reach them."—New York Sun.

The Century Plant is Valuable.

The century plant is a species of cactus, which matures at different ages in different climates. In tropical countries it attains its perfect state in about ten years, while in colder climates it often requires from seventy years to a full century to reach its maturity. When the plant has matured it sends up a stem which grows to the height of from twenty-four to thirty-six feet, out of which grows numerous branches, forming a perfect cylindrical pyramid, and each is crowded with a cluster of greenish, yellow flowers, which continues in perfect bloom for several months. After flowering the plant always dies to the ground, but the root continues to live and send up new shoots. The century plant, or Agave Americana, its botanical name, grows through all the central part of the American Continent, from Mexico to Chile. It is called the maguey in South America and the mezcal in Mexico. From the leaf fibres of the plant a coarse flax is made. The dried flower stems make a thatch which is perfectly impervious to rain. From its sap is obtained a fermented liquor known as pulque. From the centre of the stem, split longitudinally, a substitute for a hone or razor strop is obtained; and an extract of the leaves is made into soap balls, which are largely used in Mexico for washing.—St. Louis Republic.

Roses on Peach Trees.

Vick's Monthly, on the authority of a Santa Clara (Cal.) correspondent, says roses are successfully budded on peach trees. He says: "I have seen a three and four-year-old peach tree bloom as nature would have it on some branches early; then from May to August hang thick with branches of white, pink and yellow roses—a perfect wonder to passers-by."

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Evils of Idleness."

TEXT: *"The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."*—Proverbs xii., 27.

David and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Micah and Solomon of the text showed that some time they had been out on a hunting expedition. Spears, lances, swords and nets were employed in this service. A deep pit fall would be digged. In the center of it there was some raised ground with a pole on which a lamb would be fastened, and the wild beast not seeing the pitfall, but only seeing the lamb would plunge for its prey and dash down, itself captured. Birds were caught in gins or pierced with arrows. The hunters in olden time had two missions—one to clear the land of ferocious beasts, and the other to obtain meat for themselves and their families. The occupation and habit of hunters are a favorite Bible simile. David said he was hunted by his enemy like a partridge upon the mountain. My text is a hunting scene.

A sportsman arrayed in a garb appropriate to the wild chase lets slip the bloodthirsty hounds from their kennels, and mounting his fleet horse, with a halloo and the yell of the greyhound pack they are off and away, through brake and dell, over marsh and moor, across chasms where a misstep would hurl horse and rider to death, plunging into mire up to the haunches or into swift streams up to the bit, till the game is tracked by dripping foam and blood, and the antlers crack on the rocks, and the hunter has just time to be in at the death. Yet, after all the haste and peril of the chase, my text represents this sportsman as being too indolent to dress the game and prepare it for food. He lets it lie in the dooryard of his home and become a portion for vermin and beaks of prey. Thus by one master stroke Solomon gives a picture of laziness, when he says, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." The most of hunters have the game they shot or entrapped cooked the same evening or the next day, but not so with this laggard of the text. Too lazy to rip off the hide. Too lazy to kindle the fire and put the gridiron on the coals.

The first picture I ever bought was an engraving of Thorwaldsen's "Autumn." The clusters of grapes are ripe on the vine of the homestead, and the returned hounds, panting from the chase, are lying on the doorsill and the hunter is unshouldering the game, while the housewife is about to take a portion of it and prepare it for the evening meal. Unlike the person of the text, she was enough industrious to roast that which had been taken in hunting. But the world has had many a specimen since Solomon's time of those whose lassitude and improvidence and absurdity were depicted in my text. The most of those who have made a dead failure of life can look back and see a time when a great opportunity opened, but they did not know it.

They were not as wise as George Stephenson, "the father of railways," who, when at sixteen years of age he received an appointment to work at a pumping engine for twelve shillings a week, cried out: "Now, I am a made man for life." God gives to most men at least one good opportunity. A great Grecian general was met by a group of beggars, and he said to them: "If you want beasts to plow your land I will lend you some. If you want land I will give you some. If you want seed to sow your land, I will see that you get it. But I will encourage none in idleness." So God gives to most people an opportunity of extrication from depressed circumstances. As if to create in us a hatred for indolence, God has made those animals which are sluggish to appear loathsome in our eyes, while those which are fleet and active he has clothed with attractiveness.

The tortoise, the sloth, the snail, the crocodile repel us, while the deer and the gazelle are as pleasing as they are fleet, and from the swift wings of innumerable birds God has spared no purple or gold or jet or crimson or snowy whiteness. Besides all this the Bible is constantly assaulting the vice of laziness. Solomon seems to order the idler out of his sight as beyond all human instruction when he says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." And Paul seems to drive him up from his dining table before he gets through with the first course of food with the assertion, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

Now, what are the causes of laziness and what are its evil results? I knew a man who was never up to time. It seemed impossible for him to meet an engagement. When he was to be married he missed the train. His watch seemed to take on the habits of its owner, and was always too slow. He had a constitutional lethargy for which he did not seem responsible. So indolence often arises from the natural temperament. I do not know but there is a constitutional tendency to this vice in every man. However active you may generally be, have you not on some warm spring day felt a touch of this feeling on you, although you may have shaken it off as you would a reptile? But some are so powerfully tempted to this by their bodily constitution that all the work of their life has been accomplished with this lethargy hanging on their back or treading on their heels.

You sometimes behold it in childhood. The child moping and longing within doors while his brothers and sisters are at play, or if he join them he is behind in every race and beaten in every game. His nerves, his muscles, his bones are smitten with this palsy. He vegetates rather than lives, creeps rather than walks, yawns rather than breathes. The animal in his nature is stronger than the intellectual. He is generally a great eater and active only when he cannot digest what he has eaten. It requires as much effort for him to walk as for others to run. Languor and drowsiness are his natural inheritance. He is built for a slow sailing vessel, a heavy hulk and an insufficient cutwater. Place an active man in such a bodily structure and the latter would be shacken to pieces in one day. Every law of physiology demands that he be supine. Such a one is not responsible for this powerful tendency of his nature. His great duty is resistance.

When I see a man fighting an unfortunate temperament all my sympathies are aroused, and I think of Victor Hugo's account of a scene on a warship, where, in the midst of a storm at sea, a great cannon got loose, and it was crashing this way and that and would have destroyed the ship; and the chief gunner, at the almost certain destruction of his own life, rushed at it with a handspike to thrust between the spokes of the wheel of the rolling cannon, and by a fortunate leverage arrested the gun till it could be lashed fast. But that struggle did not seem so disheartening as that man enters upon who attempts to fight his natural temperament, whether it be too fast or too slow, too nervous or too lymphatic. God help him, for God only can.

Furthermore, indolence is often the result of easy circumstances. Rough experience in earlier life seems to be necessary in order to make a man active and enterprising. Mountaineers are nearly always swarthy, and those who have toiled among mountains of trouble get the most nerve and muscle and brain. Those who have become the deliverers of nations, once had not where to lay their heads. Locusts and wild honey have been the fare of many a John the Baptist, while those who had been fondled of fortune and petted and praised have often grown up lethargic.

They have none of that heroism which comes from fighting one's own battles. The warm summer sun of prosperity has weakened and relaxed them. Born among the luxuries of life, exertion has been unnecessary, and therefore they spend their time in taking it easy. They may enter into business, but they are not fitted for its application, its hardships, for its repulses, and after having lost the most of that which they have invested, go back to thorough inaction. The costly yacht may do well enough on the smooth, glassy bay, but cannot live an hour amid a chopped sea.

Another cause of indolence is severe discouragement. There are those around us who started life with the most sanguine expectation. Their enterprise excited the remark of all compeers. But some sudden and overwhelming misfortune met them, and henceforth they have been inactive. Trouble, instead of making them more determined, have overthrown them. They have lost all self-reliance. They imagine that all men and all occurrences are against them. They hang their heads when once they walked upright. They never look you up in the eyes. They become misanthropic and pronounce all men liars and scoundrels. They go melancholic and throw themselves to their graves. You cannot rouse them to action by the most glittering offer.

In most cases these persons have been honorable and upright all their lives, for rogues never get discouraged, as there is always some other plot they have not laid and some other trap they have not sprung. There are but few sadder sights than a man of talent and tact and undoubted capacity giving up life as a failure, like a line of magnificent steamers rotting against wharves, from which they ought to have been carrying the exports of a nation. Every great financial panic produces a large crop of such men. In the great establishments where they were partners in business they are now weighers or draymen or clerks on small salary.

Reverie is also a cause of indolence. There are multitudes of men who expect to achieve great success in life, who are entirely unwilling to put forth any physical, moral or intellectual effort. They have a great many eloquent theories of life. They are all the while expecting something to turn up. They have read in light literature how men suddenly and unexpectedly came to large estates, or found a pot of buried gold at the foot of the rainbow of Good Luck, or had some great offer made them. They have passed their lives in reverie.

Notwithstanding he is pinched with poverty, and any other man would be downcast at the forlorn prospect, he is always cheerful and sanguine and jovial, for he does not know but that he may be within a day or two of astounding success. You cannot but be entertained with his cheerfulness of temper. All the world wishes him well, for he never did anybody harm. At last he dies in just the same condition in which he lived, sorrowful only because he must leave the world just at the time when his long-thought-of plans were about to be successful.

Let no young man begin life with reverie. There is nothing accomplished without hard work. Do not in idleness expect something to turn up. It will turn down. Indolence and wickedness always make bad luck. These people of reverie are always about to begin. They say, "Wait a little." So with the child who had a cage containing a beautiful canary, and the door of the cage was open and a cat was in the room. "Better shut the door of the cage," said the mother. "Wait a minute," said the boy. While he was waiting the feline creature with one spring took the canary. The way that many lose the opportunity of a lifetime is by the same principle. They say, "Wait a minute." My advice is not to wait at all.

Again, bad habits are a fruitful source of indolence. Sinful indulgences shut a man's shop and dull his tools and steal his profits. Dissoluteness is generally the end of industry. There are those who have the rare faculty of devoting occasionally a day or a week to loose indulgences, and at the expiration of that time go back with bleared eyes and tremulous hands and bloated cheeks to the faithful and successful performance of their duties. Indeed their employers and neighbors expect this amusement or occasional season of frolic and wassail.

Some of the best workmen and most skillful artisans have this mode of conducting themselves, but as the time rolls on the season of dissipation becomes more protracted and the season of steadiness and sobriety more limited, until the employers become disgusted and the man is given up to a continual and ruinous idleness. When that point has arrived he rushes to destruction with astonishing velocity. When a man with strong proclivities of appetite has nothing to do, no former self respect or moral restraint or the beseechings of kindred can save him. The only safety for a man who feels himself under the fascination of any form of temptation is an employment which affords neither recreation nor holiday.

Nothing can be more unfortunate for a man of evil inclination than an occupation which keeps him exceedingly busy during a part of the year and then leaves him for weeks and months entirely unemployed. There are many men who cannot endure protracted leisure. They are like fractious steeds that must constantly be kept to the load, for a week's quiet makes them intractable and uncontrollable. Bad habits produce idleness, and idleness produces bad habits. The probability is that you will either have to give up your loose indulgences or else give up your occupation. Sin will take all enthusiasm out of your work and make you sick of life's drudgery, and though now and then between your seasons of dissipations you may rouse up to a sudden activity and start again in the chase of some high and noble end, even though you catch the game you will sink back into slothfulness before you have roasted that which you took in hunting. Bad habits unfit a man for anything but politics.

Now, what are the results of indolence? A marked consequence of this vice is physical disease. The healthiness of the whole natural world depends upon activity. The winds, tossed and driven in endless circuits, scattering the mists from the mountains, and scooping out death damps from the caves, and blasting the miasma of swamps, and hurling back the fetid atmosphere of great cities, are healthy just because of their swiftness and uncontrollableness of sweep. But, after awhile, the wind falls and the hot sun pours through it, and when the leaves are still and the grain fields bend not once all day long, then pestilence smites its victims and digs trenches for the dead.

All the healthy beauty of that which we see and hear in the natural world is dependent upon activity and unrest. Men will be healthy—intellectually, morally and physically—only upon the condition of an active industry. I know men die every day of overwork. They drop down in coal pits, and among the spindles of Northern factories, and on the cotton plantations of the South. In every city and town and village you find men groaning under burdens as, in the East, the camels stagger under their loads between Aleppo and Damascus. Life is crushed out every day at counters and workbenches and anvils. But there are other multitudes who die from mere inertia. Indulgences every day are contracting disease beyond the catholicon of allopathy and homeopathy and hydropathy and eclecticism. Rather than work they rush upon lancets and scalpels.

Nature has provided for those who violate her laws by inactivity—what rheum for the eyes, and what gout for the feet, and what curvature for the spine, and what strictures for the chest, and what tubercles for the lungs, and what rheumatism for the muscles, and what neuralgias for the nerves. Nature in time arraigns every such culprit at her bar, and presents against him an indictment of one hundred counts, and convicts him on each one of them. The laws of nature will not stop their action because men may be ignorant of them. Disease, when it comes to do its work, does not ask whether you understand hygiene or pathology or materia medica.

If there were not so many lies written on tombstones and in obituaries you would see what multitudes of the world's inhabitants are slain in their attempts to escape the necessity of toil. Men cross oceans and continents, and climb the Alps, and sit under the sky of Italy or the shadow of Egyptian Pyramid, and go down into ancient ruins, and bathe at Baden Baden, and come home with the same shortness of breath, and the same poor digestion, and the same twitching of the nerves, when at home with their own spade they might have dug health out of the ground, or with their own axe hewn health out of a log, or with their own scythe garnered health from the grain field.

There are many who estimate the respectability of an occupation by the little exertion it demands, and would not have their children enter any employment where their hands may be soiled, forgetting that a laborer's overalls are just as honorable as a priest's robes and an anvil is just as respectable as a pulpit. Health flies from the bed of down and says. "I cannot sleep here;" and from the table spread with ptarmigan and epicurean viands, saying, "I cannot eat here;" and from the vehicle of soft cushions and easy springs, saying, "I cannot ride here;" and from houses luxuriously warmed and upholstered, saying, "I cannot live here;" and some day you meet health, who declined all these luxuriant places, walking in the plow's furrow, or sweltering beside the hissing forge, or spinning among the looms, or driving a dray, or tinning a roof, or carrying hods of brick up the ladder of a wall.

Furthermore, notice that indolence endangers the soul. Satan makes his chief conquests over men who either have nothing to do, or, if they have, refuse to do it. There is a legend that St. Thomas, years after Christ's resurrection, began again to doubt, and he went to the Apostles and told them about his doubts. Each Apostle looked at him with surprise and then said he must be excused, for he had no time to listen any longer. Then St. Thomas went to the devout women of his time and expressed his doubts. They said they were sorry, but they had no time to listen. Then St. Thomas concluded that it was because they were so busy that the Apostles and the devout women had no doubts.

Idleness not only leads a man into associations which harm his morals, but often thrusts upon him the worst kind of skepticism. Loafers are almost always infidels, or fast getting to be. Consummate idlers never read the Bible, and if they appear in church can be distinguished in an audience of a thousand by their listlessness, for they are too lazy to hear. It is not so much among occupied merchants, industrious mechanics and professional men always busy that you hear the religion of Jesus maligned, as in public lounging places, given up to profanity and dissoluteness. They have no sympathy with the Book that says, "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

I never knew a man given up to thorough idleness that was converted. Simon and Andrew were converted while fishing, and Lydia while selling purple, and the shepherds of Bethlehem watching their flocks heard the voice of angels, and Gideon was thrashing on the thrashing floor, but no one was ever converted with his hands in his pockets. Let me tell the idler that there is no hope for him either in this world or in the world which is to come. If the Son of God, who owned the whole universe, worked in the carpenter shop of Joseph, surely we, who own so little, yet want so much, ought to be busy. The redeemed in heaven are never idle. What exciting songs they sing!

On what messages of love they fly through all the universe, fulfilling God's high behests and taking worlds in one circuit; rushing with infinite fierceness against sin and cruelty and oppression, and making the gates of hell to quake at the overthrow of the principalities of darkness, and in the same twinkle of an eye speeding back to their thrones with the news of sinners repentant. The River of Life is ever flowing, and the palms ever waving, and the hallelujahs ever rising, and the harps ever sounding, and temple always open, and the golden streets always a-rush with chariots of salvation, and the last place which you ought ever to want to go to is heaven, unless you want to be busy.

Alas, my hearers, that in this world there should be so many loungers and so few workers. We go into the vineyard of the church and we hear the arbor groan under the heft of the vines and the clusters hanging down, large and thick and ripe, cluster and cluster, fairer than the bunches of Eshcol and Engedi, and at a touch they will turn into wine more ruddy than that of Libanus and Helbon. But where are the men to gather the vintage and tread the wine press? There comes to your ear a sound of a thousand wheat fields ready for the sickle. The grain is ready. It is tall, it is full, it is golden. It waves in the sunlight. It rustles in the wind. It would fill the barns. It would crowd the garners. After a while it will lodge, or the mildew and the rust will smite it.

Oh, where are the reapers to bind the sheaves! The enemies of God are marshaled. You see the glitter of their bucklers. You hear the pawing of their chargers, and all along the line of battle is heard the shout of their great captain, and at the armies of the living God they hurl their defiance. They come, not in numbers like the hosts of Sennacherib, but their multitude is like the leaves of the forest, and the sound of their voices like the thunder of the sea. Mailed in hell's impenetrable armor, they advance with the waving of their banners and the dancing of their plumes. Their ranks are not easily to be broken, for the batteries of hell will open to help them and ten thousand angels of darkness mingle in the fight. Where are the chosen few who will throw themselves into the jaws of this conflict?

King James gave to Sir John Scott, for his courage, a charter of arms with a number of spears for the crest and the motto, "Ready! aye, ready!" and yet, when God calls us to the work and the cause demands our espousal and interests dreadful as the judgment and solemn as eternity tremble in the balance, how few of us are willing to throw ourselves into the breach, crying, "Ready! aye, ready!"

Oh, I should like to see God arise for the defense of His own cause and the disenthralment of a world in bondage! How the fetters would snap and how the darkness would fly, and how heaven would sing. You have never seen an army like that which God shall gather from the four winds of heaven to fight His battles. They shall cover every hilltop and stretch through every valley and man the vessels on every sea. There shall neither be uproar nor wrath nor smoke nor bloodshed. Harvests shall not lie waste in the track nor cities be consumed. Instead of the groans of captives shall come the song of those redeemed.

Yet the conquest shall be none the less complete, for if in that hour when all should be vigilant the church of God should neglect to seize the prize and the cause should seem to fall from the graveyards and cemeteries of all Christendom the good and faithful of the past would spring to their feet in time to save the cause, and though the sun might not again stand still above Gibeon, or the moon in the valley of Ajalon, the day would be long enough to gain a decisive victory for God and the truth.

But my text is descriptive also of those who hunt for opportunities, and when they get them do not use them. The rabbit they overcome by an early morning tramp lies for weeks uncooked in the dooryard. The deer that they brought down after long and exhausting pursuit in the Adirondacks lies on the doorsill undressed, and the savory venison becomes a malodorous carcass. They roast not that which they took in hunting. Opportunities laboriously captured, yet useless, and that which came in invitingly, like a string of plover and quail and wild duck hung over a hunter's shoulder, turns to something worse than nothing.

So with Agrippa when almost persuaded to be a Christian. So with the lovely young man who went away from Christ very sorrowful. So with tens of thousands who have whole hands full, whole skies full of winged opportunities which profit them nothing at all, because they roast not that which they took in hunting. Oh, make out of this captured moment a banquet for eternity. The greatest prize in the universe to be won is the love and pardon of Christ. Win that and you can say:

Now I have found a Friend
Whose love shall never end.
Jesus is mine!

WORLD'S FAIR.

THERE are two hundred and forty-one applications on file for space for exhibits from Philadelphia alone.

THE Kentucky legislature has voted an appropriation of $100,000 for state representation at the Exposition.

THE plans of the New York state commission for the Exposition contemplate the erection of a building to cost $80,000.

The Vanderbilt railroads have applied for three tracks, each five hundred feet long, in the Transportation Exhibits Building for a complete exhibit of cars, locomotives and railway appliances.

THE total amount of lumber to be used in the Exposition buildings will be 65,675,000 feet, of which 45,989,993 is in place. Iron and steel to be used will aggregate 34,031,934 pounds, of which 11,485,128 is in place.

THE World's Fair commission of Honolulu has sent two of its members to open permanent offices in Chicago. The commissioners will arrange for a Hawaiian building and exhibit, and incidentally boom the islands as a health resort.

THERE is much interest in the poem on the Exposition found among the manuscripts of Walt Whitman. It is quite possible the poem may be given a conspicuous place in the dedication program, and it has been suggested that Talcott Williams, of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Press, and a warm friend of the dead poet, be invited to read it.

NEW HAMPSHIRE will carry out the idea in its state building of those who so frequently call the state the "Switzerland of America." The building will be a Swiss chalet, with the typical verandas and peak roof. It will be constructed of granite quarried in New Hampshire, and will have a reception hall 20x83 feet.

MEMBERS of the board of lady managers in the different states have agreed to raise $20,000 for a dry nursery in the grounds, and the amount apportioned to each state has been settled. Maryland is to be taxed $200, Virginia $100, Delaware $62, and the District of Columbia $100. The nearby states will raise most of the money, as the nursery will be used most by mothers from near Chicago.

A SYNDICATE of capitalists are trying to induce John Philip Sousa, leader of the famous Marine Band, Washington, to take the leadership of a band of picked musicians to be formed next fall for services in connection with the Exposition. Mr. Sousa, as leader of the Marine Band, receives a salary of $1,500; the Chicago men, confident of the power of gold, propose to offer him $6,000 and an interest in the profits of the new organization. Chicago is, perhaps, not music mad, but it is determined to have the best talent that can be procured.

FROM data in the hands of president Bonney, of the World's Congress Auxiliary, it is estimated that eight thousand newspaper men will attend the Editorial Congress during the Exposition; three thousand doctors the Homœopathic Medical Congress; thirty thousand teachers the Educational Congress, and that "Chicago will not have halls enough to hold the delegates to the religious congresses." Of thirty-seven foreign societies of engineers, twenty have accepted the invitation to send delegates. Dr. George Ebers, the famous Egyptologist, has written that he will participate in the congress.

THE Congress of Authors of the World's Congress Auxiliary, especially in the field of imaginative literature, seems to meet with general favor among the most distinguished writers at home and abroad. Acceptances of appointment to the advisory council of the congress have been received from the following: His Majesty Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway; Lord Alfred Tennyson; William E. Gladstone; Sir Edwin Arnold; Walter Besant; Dr. George Ebers, Munich; Professor R. Lanciani, Rome; Senor Munez de Arce, Madrid; John G. Whittier; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; Dr. Edward Everett Hale; Charles Dudley Warren; George William Curtis; Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; Henry M. Alden; Richard Watson Gilder; Edward Eggleston; George W. Cable; Edmund Clarence Stedman; Rossiter Johnson; Frank R. Stockton and Henry Cabot Lodge.

SET FIRE TO A CHURCH.

A Woman Nearly Causes a Panic—An Exciting Scene.

Marin Mahon, a servant employed by S. Clifford Wharton, made a desperate attempt to set fire to the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church at Plainfield, N. J., while 800 persons were attending the service. The woman is about thirty years of age. She went to the church bareheaded, and, carrying a can of kerosene oil, she sprinkled the contents on the floor in the vestibule and on the steps leading to the gallery. She then lighted a match and set fire to the oil, at the same time running up the center aisle during a prayer and demanding to see the Rev. W. R. Richards, the pastor. There was great excitement in the church. The woman was promptly arrested, and the flames were extinguished with some difficulty.

THE NEWS.

An attempt was made on the life of Election Commissioner Schweisthat, in Chicago, by a man who had lost money in the commissioner's bank.——Volcanoes near Lake Sululee, in Lower California, are in a state of eruption. ——Shephard Busby was hanged in the United States Jail, at Fort Smith, Ark., for the murder of Deputy United States Marshal Barney Connelly in the Indian Territory last year.——Fire in the Athenæum building in Chicago did $60,000 worth of damage.——Rufus Jenkins, a deposed preacher, was nearly killed by whitecaps in Knoxville Tenn.——Rev. Father O'Kane was flogged in the streets of Eureka, Cal., for speaking disrespectfully of a woman.——Jacob Hunsinger, at one time president of the Miners Trust Company, of Pottsville, Pa., died at Tamaqua, Pa.——Fire broke out on the stage of the Central Theatre, Philadelphia, about the time of the opening of the performance. The audience became panic-stricken, and, in the rush for the doors, many persons were injured, but all got out. Ballet girls rushed from the stage door in their airy costumes and it is feared that several were unable to escape. The flames spread to the Times annex building, the printers and editors of which all escaped in safety. Both buildings were consumed, and other property in the block destroyed, the total loss being estimated at $1,000,000.——Wm. Marsh, of Smith's Island, was convicted of illegal dredging in the Accomac County Court-house and sentenced to three months in jail and to pay a fine of $300.——Samuel Love, an extensive cattle shipper of Fort Scott, Ks., was shot and killed by his brother-in-law, John Withers, in a dispute over a fence.

Dr. Frank R. Bullard was arrested in Seattle for complicity in the Radloff insurance conspiracy.——The Colorado Silver Leagues, in state convention, pledged themselves to support only free coinage candidates for president and vice president.——C. O. Whitman, professor in zoology in Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has accepted a call to the head professorship in the department of biology in the University of Chicago.——Fire destroyed the building and stock of Smith & Farwell, one of the largest retail housefurnishing establishments in St. Paul. Loss on stock $40,000, on building $20,000, insurance on stock $26,000.——A tramp killed Mr. Cotton, a wealthy Louisiana planter, and was lynched.——Colby Academy, an old educational institution, of New London, was burned. Loss $75,000; insurance $50,000.——Five hundred employes of the Patterson Coal Company are on strike, at Mount Carmel, Pa., the result of the refusal of the company to pay $20,000 due the miners for work done during the past two months.——The Credit Indemnity Company, of New York, through Marvin T. Wood, its president, and William Lisle, its secretary, assigned to Francis E. Burrows, without preferences.——The bodies of the miners drowned by the flooding of Lytle Colliery, in Pottsville, were recovered.——About 3,000 bales of cotton of the steamer Pawnee's cargo was damaged by fire and water while near Savannah. The damage is estimated at $30,000. The damage to the ship is very slight. The owners are Phelps Bros. & Co., of New York. The cargo is entirely covered by insurance.——Three casualties, resulting in the death of three men, occurred in the vicinity of Reading. George Witman was run over by a Philadelphia and Reading pusher, at Pottstown, and killed; Cyrus Minnich, Reading, was ground to death in a clay-crusher in a brickyard, where he was employed, and Jacob Smith, carpenter, fell from a roof and was killed.

A frightful explosion at Thompson's sawmill, about four miles north of Fremont, Col., occurred, killing Clark Dilldine and possibly fatally injuring James Groves. The explosion took place about four o'clock.—Spratt Bros.' sapphire ground near Helena, Mont., has been sold to the Sapphire and Ruby Company of Montana, an English company, for $2,000,000. The land sold embraces 8,000 acres on both sides of the Missouri river, reaching nearly fifteen miles along its banks.——Two large barns burned in California, and John Hand, a teamster, and sixteen horses were burned to death.——Andrew Sanders, while trying to make peace between Lucy Foster and her husband in Houston, Texas, was shot by the woman.——Miss Grace Flemming was killed at Park City, Utah, by her uncle for going with a young man to whom he objected. ——Fire destroyed Walter Stickney's elevator in Warren, Ill., a large amount of farm machinery and 12,000 bushels of wheat, causing a loss of over $20,000; insurance about $7,000. ——At Adamstown the ceremony of striking the first pick for the new Reading, Lancaster and Baltimore Railroad took place. Over 250 Italian laborers were put to work immediately thereafter. The road is to extend to Chesapeake Bay, Baltimore and other Southern points.——The Cheshire Dairy Farm at Parkville, L. I., was burned; loss about $75,000. ——George Moore killed his wife in Dennison, O., shot Edward McClelland and himself.——Two explosions of natural gas took place at the Summer Glass Works, Steubenville, O., fatally burning Sadie Crawford, a packer and dangerously injuring Lawrence Carslensen, another employe.——William T. Dickerson, of Lewis, Del., aged seventy-six, of intemperate habits, was found dead at his house in Wilmington with throat cut and a bloody razor lying beside him. It is supposed to be a case of suicide.

Charles Winterberg, a tailor of Egg Harbor City, N. J., missed $500 which he had buried in his cellar, being afraid of banks, and accused Sebastian Winderman, his manager, of stealing the money. Winderman was arrested the grand jury failed to indict him, and he brought suit for damages, the jury giving him a verdict for $1.——The body of a young man found floating in the Ohio river, near Bromley, Ky., was identified as that of Miss Myrtle Sturtevant, who disappeared from her home, in Columbus, Ohio.——The steamer Conemaugh sailed from Philadelphia with a large cargo of breadstuffs and general provisions for the Russian poor.——Floods in Illinois and Indiana washed out hundreds of acres of farm lands.——The drying kiln and 25,000 feet of lumber of the Standard Dried Lumber Company, at Norfolk, were burned. Loss $25,000.——J. Madison Walker, a notorious horse thief, who had been operating in Maryland, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, was captured by two farmers' boys near Huntingdon, Pa.——A rogue, pretending to be a member of the Odd Fellows, has been swindling lodges in different parts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.——The police searched the homes of three men in Wohnsville, Reading county, Pa., discovering a lot of counterfeit five-cent pieces in their possession, and a crude wooden mould and die.——Mrs. Joseph Elliott died in great agony at her home near McKeesport, Pa., from the effects of a dose of carbolic acid given by her physician, Dr. Frank McLure, in mistake for ergot. ——J. R. Hockaday, a real estate dealer at Roanoke, Va., was shot in the face by a young man who was engaged to his daughter.——Several persons were terribly crushed by the falling of an iron girder during the exercises of laying the corner-stone of a Y. M. C. A. building at Holyoke, Mass.——During the last week 16,240 immigrants were landed at New York.——The United States Car Company was incorporated at Trenton, N. J., to manufacture, buy, lease and repair rolling stock. The capital stock is placed at $3,500,000.——By the collapse of a brick house in course of removal at Chicago, three persons were fatally and a number of them seriously hurt.

IT is reported that Herr Jaeger, chief cashier of the great banking-house of the Rothschilds, at Frankfort, Germany, is missing. His accounts are short one million marks.

OVER 100 men were locked out of the Kifferly Morocco Works at Camden, N. J. No reason is given except that the foreman has orders from New York to reduce the force.

FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

It Starts on the Stage of the Grand Central Theatre.

Loss Nearly a Million Dollars—A Panic Before and Behind the Scenes—Over Fifty Persons are Hurt.

The most exciting fire that has visited Philadelphia in years broke out shortly before eight o'clock P. M., on the stage of the Grand Central Theater, and before it was gotten under control nearly a million dollars' worth of property had been destroyed, including the massive eight-story annex building occupied by the Times newspaper. In the panic in the theater nearly forty persons, mostly occupants of the galleries, were hurt, none, however, seriously.

The Central Theater is located on Walnut street, between Eighth and Ninth, the most thickly settled portion of the city, being surrounded by hotels, restaurants, boarding-houses, newspaper offices and business houses. Immediately in the rear of the theater was the Times building, which faced on Samson street. The theater was usually devoted to variety performances, but this week Manager Gillmore, who is interested in several spectacular productions, had one of them, "The Devil's Auction," on his stage. Just before eight o'clock, while the stage hands were lowering from the flies a portion of the setting for the first scene, it became entangled in the border lights. In an instant the flimsy canvas was a mass of flames. Tongues of fire shot up to the roof and blazing scenery fell to the stage, and in a short space of time the entire rear portion of the theater was a mass of fire.

The production requires the services of a large number of female choristers and ballet dancers. These stood in the wings and about the stage in scanty attire waiting for the performance to begin. They were thrown into a panic, and rushed about scarcely knowing which way to turn to avoid the quickly-spreading flames. All were, it is believed, gotten safely out, although a report is in circulation that three women connected with the ballet were in the dressing-room, and have not been seen since.

The police and the theater people say, however, that all of the company have been accounted for. While the panic was in progress on the stage, a scene of even more intense excitement was being enacted before the footlights. Fortunately, the house was only partially filled. The audience had just settled down in their seats, awaiting the beginning of the performance, when they were startled by the flash that came when the scenery caught, which could be plainly seen through the low red curtain.

The next minute a bright white flame shot through the curtain, and those composing the audience realized that they were face to face with that most awful of situations—a theater fire.

Everybody started for the exits. The weaker ones were borne down and crused under foot. One individual, maddened and brutalized by excitement, drew a pocket-knife, and with it cut his way through the mass of people. Half a dozen or more people were found at the hospital, who had been victims of his frenzy. None of their wounds, however, were of a more than painful character. This man was one of the first to reach the side walk. Men and boys fell on the stairways leading from the galleries, and were bruised and scratched under the heels of those following them. In all, fifty-two persons were cared for at the two hospitals near the theater. Everybody was outside the burning structure within two minutes from the time the fire started.

The wildest excitement prevailed on the street. Ballet girls, in gauze and tights, rushed bareheaded around, almost all of them in hysterical condition. The fire spread with marvelous rapidity, and, by the time the fire apparatus arrived, the theater was a mass of flames.

Looming away up above the rear of the theater was the Times annex building, occupied on the seventh floor by the editorial force, and on the eighth floor by the composing and stereotyping forces.

The city department of the Times was in the rear of the building, the windows of its rooms overlooking the rear of the theater. One of the reporters saw from the window the flames shoot through the roof of the theater. His cry of alarm warned everybody in the room. Assistant City Editor Wilson grabbed his assignment book and started for the elevator, followed by all of the editors and reporters. Nobody thought of stopping to secure clothing or other property, the main idea being to get to the street—seven stories below—as quickly as possible. Everybody got out safely.

The scenes in the composing-room, where about seventy-five people were at work, were of the same character. Printers rushed from their cases, not stopping to gather any of their belongings. On the sixth floor was the illustrating department of the Times, and, too, the rooms of the American Press Association. The fifth floor was unoccupied. The first, second, third and fourth floors were occupied by DeKosenko & Hetherington, art metal workers. Their plant was one of the most valuable of its kind in the country. The wind was blowing in a direction to carry the flames from the theater to the newspaper building, and in a few minutes the latter structure was on fire. By 8:50 the entire interior had been gutted.

At that hour the west wall and a portion of the east wall fell in, the latter crushing in a large portion of the one-story power house of the Philadelphia Traction Company, which contained the two immense engines recently put in position, which propelled the company's street cars over the lower section of the city.

These engines are covered with bricks and debris to a depth of twelve feet, and it will be several weeks before the cables can be operated.

As the confusion following the fire somewhat subsided, the casualties were found to be more serious than was at first supposed. Forty-one people were admitted to the Pennsylvania Hospital. Most of them were suffering from burns, and of the forty-one about twenty are in a serious condition. Their injuries are mainly about the face, and many, it is feared, have been blinded for life by the fierce wall of fire they fought their way through. The Jefferson Hospital attended to thirty of the injured, but of this number only nine were seriously enough burned to be kept in the institution.

CAUGHT IN AN ICE-FLOE.

Terrible Experience of the new Steamship Caprivi in the North Atlantic.

A thrilling tale of a vessel being hemmed in by an ice-floe in the North Atlantic Ocean was told upon the arrival at Philadelphia of the new steamship Caprivi, Captain McNabb, from Shields. The Caprivi became hedged in an ice-floe April 11th in lat. 9° 10', long. 48° 45' at 10 o'clock at night, and remained fast for thirty-eight hours in a perilous position with her crew almost senseless from the cold, which froze even the spirit compases.

Hourly the vessel's position grew more alarming, and there seemed at one time to be little hope that the vessel would escape being ground to pieces in the powerful ice formation. Captain McNabb says it was the most perilous passage he has ever made, and their escape from total destruction was inexplicable.

At 10 o'clock on the night of April 11th the second officer had the deck, and was pacing the bridge to and fro to keep warm, when he suddenly beheld a white streak ahead. Before the engines could be stopped and reversed the ship crashed into an ice-floe and worked herself well in before she stopped.

The noise and thumping of the Caprivi coming in contact with this frozen formation soon brought all hands on deck, and when their position was made known there was great confusion among the crew.

As the night was impenetrably dark it was not known which course to steer to get clear of the floe, and after hours of hard work trying to free the ship further toil was relinquished for the night.

When Tuesday morning broke it was for the first time realized by all hands that their vessel was completely shut in by ice. She was environed as far as the eye could detect from aloft and thousands of ice islands towering high over the mast heads studded the ocean. The engines were started "half speed" and the ship plowed slowly through the ice-floe. The work was tedious and extremely dangerous. It was not known at what moment the bows would be completely burst and all hands perish. The work was kept up, however, and at noon Wednesday the ship was in clear water but was much disabled.

The hydrographers at Philadelphia have telegraphed Captain McNabb's experience to Washington with a view of warning vessels of the dangers attending a northern passage across the Atlantic at this season of the year. Reports show that the ice obstruction is rapidly working its way south.

MRS. GARNER, the wife of R. L. Garner, aids her husband in the experiments he is making to learn whether animals have language. He makes valuable use of the phonogragh, and he said the other evening, without compunctions of conscience, that he had nearly exhausted his wife's lungs in getting her to laugh into the instrument so that he might compare the sounds with those produced by the monkey.