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A TRIBUTE.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Blinded I groped—you gave me sight.
Perplexed I turned—you sent me light.
You speak unto a thousand ears;
I pay you tribute in hid tears.
I pay you homage in the hopes
That rise to scale life's scathed slopes.
I give you gratitude in this:
That, midway on the precipice
You never trod and never saw,
When air you never drank, strikes raw
And wan upon the wasted breath,
And gulfs you never passed, gape death
And crags you gained some sunlit way,
Frowned threatening over me to day,—
That here with bruised hand I cling,
Because I heard you yonder sing
With those who conquer. If through woe
Then deeper be our shame who toy
And loiter in the scourging rain
And did not pass by strength of pain.
Laggard below, I reach to bless
You who are king of happiness;
You are the victor, you the brave,
Who could not stoop to be her slave.
Downward to me, rebuking, fling
My privilege of suffering.
I take and listen. Teach me. See!
Nearer than you, I ought to be;
Nearer the height man never trod,
Nearer the veiled face of God
I ought and am not. Comrade! be
Unconscious captain unto me.
Unknowing, beckon and command;
I answer you with unseen hand.
You read in vain these lines between,
And smiling, wonder whom I mean.

THE STORM.

As men's cheeks faded
On shores invaded,
When shoreward waded
The lords of fight:
When churl and craven
Saw hard on haven
The white-winged raven
At mainmast height;
When monks affrighted
To windward sighted
The birds full-plighted
Of swift sea-kings;
So earth turns paler
When storm the sailor
Steers in with a roar in the race of his wings

O strong sea-sailor,
Whose cheek turns paler
For wind or hail or
For fear of thee?
O, far sea-farer,
O, thunder-bearer,
Thy songs are rarer
Than soft songs be.
O, fleet-foot stranger,
O, north-sea ranger,
Through days of danger
And ways of fear,
Blow thy horn here for us,
Blow the sky clear for us,
Send us the song of the sea to hear.

—*Swinburne.*

HER HOLIDAY.

A HUSBAND'S STORY.

Yes, it was to be her holiday—"all for her." Nobody else was to have any share in it except myself—that is, if going as her courier, paymaster, and general factotum, could be called having a share in a holiday.

We had been married nearly ten years, and what with the cares of home and the training of numerous olive branches, she had never had any chance of a rest. Of course, we had been to the sea-side frequently, and all that sort of thing; but then, surrounded by children and nurses, these trips had only been a continuation of the general London responsibilities, plus the worries and inconvenience of lodgings or hotels. Moreover, within the last few years there had been some trouble in her family, which had acted very prejudicially upon her sensitive and high-strung nature. So now we were going away alone—going to leave all the children at home in the charge of grandmamma—were going abroad for six weeks together wherever she liked. Her will was to be paramount; I was to be her slave—to pay the bills and look after the luggage. Her affection and untiring devotion to her duties deserved no less. She had thoroughly qualified herself for enjoying a holiday; she had earned it. "Italy," she said, "where there was sunlight, beauty, and quiet." Good! I waived my magician's wand, rubbed the lamp, or spread the carpet, or did any one of those wonderful things which necromancers of yore were wont to do when desiring to be transported to distant places—or, rather, I resorted to the modern golden equivalent for such proceedings—and we found ourselves certainly, as if by magic, at Lucerne. Thence we were to take it easy, and so jogged along over the St. Gothard Pass, and dropped into Italy at the Locarno end of the Lago Maggiore.

By this time she was beginning to enjoy herself thoroughly; she had got over the fatigue, and already looked much as she did the day I married her. Yes, it was very delightful to see her so well and happy.

"Why, it is like a honeymoon over again," she said; "or rather it is as if there had been no break, and that it was only the continuation of those early days."

We spent hours and hours upon the lake, beneath the awnings of the flat-bottomed boats, those first inceptions of the gondola, or we wandered up to the picturesque old convent or sanctuary of the Madonna del Sasso, set like a jewel amid the blue hills behind the town.

And there in the soft autumn evenings we sat and watched the glorious sunset, and the boundless panorama of Alp, plain, and lake, while the bell in the campanille hard by called the peasantry to vespers, and the pealing of the deep-toned organ resounded through the choir.

We selected Locarno as a halting place, because it was at that time, and is so partly still, out of the rush of the tourist. A primitive place, with simple, civil people, willing to serve and oblige honestly, and without having for the first question in their minds, "What shall we get by it?" Thus we came to know some of them living up there near the sanctuary, and to speak or nod when we met from time to time.

Notably among these was a mother and child—a sweet little chubby cherub of a boy about four. The Italian folk in the north there are not as a rule handsome, but this mother was an exception and the child was like her. Superior, too, in all respects, she looked better born, bred, and nurtured; nay, there was even a look of culture and refinement about her.

Immensely attracted by this pair, my wife particularly would lose no opportunity of giving the little one a pat and a kiss, and of exchanging a pleasant word or two in the best Italian she could muster with the mother, who by degrees on her part began to speak a little English, and to take us into her confidence. She explained that she had married an Englishman, a gentleman, she declared, who had died suddenly, more than four years ago, and just before the little one was born. His family never knew of the marriage; he had intended, she said, to proclaim it, and face the consequences of the *mesalliance*, as it should be called; but his sudden end prevented this, and to this day she believed her existence even was unknown to her husband's people. But she did not care; he had left her just enough to live upon; and she had come to dwell at Locarno, where her aged father lived, and whose last days she desired to soothe. She was contented with the humble life she led there in yonder little wooden chalet—at least, until the good God should take him to his rest.

Would we enter the abode and speak to her father? He was a very handsome old man, a native of Tuscany, who had seen better days. *Mai* it mattered little that, or why he had come so far north.

Her name, we asked.

Ah, her maiden name was one that in past times had struck terror to the foes of liberty; she would rather not mention it. Her father, even, had considered it wise to drop it, and had adopted her surname, her married name, the name of her husband, that is.

What, had he taken an English name?

No, not an English name; her husband had been naturalized as an Italian, had changed his name for reasons—they did not signify; and he was known as Giorgio Vianero, she was Lucia.

Of course, we went in and spoke to the old farmer-like man, who, partially paralyzed, always sat by the window of his neat little house. He received us with the grace of a prince, regretted that his infirmities prevented him from doing the honors of the neighborhood, so beautiful as it was.

Naturally we looked in upon him more than once, but still it was his grandchild that was the attraction; my wife declaring that little Paolo was the veriest darling she had ever seen, that he reminded her of our youngest, and that she should like to carry him off, probably because we had not enough of our own.

Now, she was a woman not given to morbid fancies, thoroughly healthy, with plenty of common sense. So I was a little surprised at this extravagant admiration, and to hear her say that the child bore any resemblance to ours. I could see none; but it was "her holiday," and she was not to be crossed.

Well, if I was surprised by this, judge how much more so I was when she suddenly one morning announced her wish to return home.

"We have not been away three weeks," I mildly protested.

"No," she said; "but I have got a strange longing for the children; I can't bear to be away from them any longer. I never have been away from them two days, much less two weeks, before, and I can't bear it; I must go back."

"And leave thus suddenly your pretty little protege on the hill up there?" I ventured to say.

"Yes," she answered, "that is the reason, that is what has made me wish to go. I mean the right of that mother's love for her child makes me envious; I want to be with my own."

What could I say? It was her holiday, to do as she pleased with; if she pleased to cut it short she must.

"We will be off to-night, love," I said; but inwardly I was grieved, saddened, not only by the disappointment, but because, seeing that we had excellent accounts from home, this strange freak had something morbid in it, unlike her. Yet there was no appeal, and I began making arrangements for our departure.

"You will go up and say good-bye to the little chap, your friend?" I asked.

"Certainly," she answered; "you will come with me, won't you?"

"We will go at once," I said; I was the slave, I had nothing to do but to obey.

It was a wild and gusty day for August, and the landscape looked less inviting than usual, as we ascended the zigzag path leading to the sanctuary a little above which on the hill side lay the home of our new friends. At one of the angles near the top of this zigzag the path passed perilously close to a steep precipice, which for some distance formed one bank of a mountain stream as it came tearing down over a rocky bed. This spot was a great height from the level of the lake, and the precipice itself just there was some forty feet above the river. A few rough bushes made a feeble parapet on the broken ground at the actual edge, but beyond these there was nothing but a sheer down wall of rock. As we reached this corner we saw fluttering in the wind what looked at first like a handkerchief hanging from one of the bushes, but which proved at our coming closer to be the garment of a child who was standing at the very verge of the chasm.

"How dangerous!" exclaimed my wife. "Who can have left a child in such a place."

It was a solitary walk this, especially at midday, and we had not met a creature since we cleared the outskirts of the town, except an old monk toddling down upon some mundane errand.

"Ah!" she cried, as we got still nearer, "why it is—yes, I declare—why, it is dear little Paolo himself. Good gracious! he has strayed away down here alone to look for blackberries, no doubt;" and as she spoke she rushed forward, and seizing the child by the skirt drew it back from the perilous edge over which it was craning. As I came up we both saw that the little creature was crying bitterly, and he immediately began pointing toward the stream, and lisping out, "Mia madre, mia madre!"

I bent over and looked down in the direction the little one was pointing, and, to my dismay among the rocks at the verge of the river beheld, lying prostrate thirty feet below, the motionless form of the mother.

Then ensued a scene which I will not dwell upon. I flew up to the sanctuary for assistance. My wife, clasping the little one in her arms, hastened down to the place where it was just possible, by a very rough scramble, to get round to the bed of the river. Here I, and those whom I brought with me, presently joined her, and we made our way to the luckless woman. She was not dead, but quite insensible, and after infinite trouble and care we managed to carry her up to her home, my wife, with Paolo in her arms, preceding us, and breaking the sad news to the father.

The only sort of medical aid obtainable in that primitive place came from the sanctuary, and soon an old monk to whom the natives all seemed to defer, was in attendance, and after a careful examination of the patient pronounced that, by a great mercy, no bones were broken, but that the poor woman was suffering from concussion of the brain, and that some weeks might elapse before she would be about again.

"Do you still hold to your determination of returning home?" I said to my wife, when the excitement and the sorrow which this catastrophe had caused were a little abated; for I own I was selfish enough to hope that out of this evil good might come in the shape of making her prolong her holiday. The hope was realized.

"No," she answered; "perhaps I can be of some use here; I will not go back yet. This little one will want a mother's care now; I will be that mother, for I love him more than ever, and I wish more than ever that he belonged to me."

I need hardly say that under other circumstances I should have entirely objected her assuming such maternal responsibilities; that I should have pointed out that it was no duty of hers, a well-born lady, in this fashion to look after the offspring of an unknown peasant woman, and that there were plenty of neighbors willing and ready to undertake the task, and who were really the proper people, etc.

But what could I do? Was it not "her holiday?" and had I not promised a hundred times to conform to her every wish, whim, or caprice?—because I thought she had none, and I never expected to be put to this kind of test, for had I not married a sensible woman? I was puzzled, but I could only conform, saying to myself, "They are strange creatures, women; one never knows them—no, not after ten years of the closest intimacy."

So we staid on; she devoting the greater part of her time to attendance upon the sick woman (who still lay unconscious) and her child whose lisping and imperfect words had told us too plainly that it was while stretching over the edge of the precipice to gather blackberries for him, that his mother had lost her footing and fallen headlong down. My wife would spend hours by the bedside. I ventured to remonstrate, and got a severe snubbing for my pains.

One evening, about a week after the catastrophe, while I was waiting for her at a spot hard by the sanctuary where we often sat, she came up to me in the most excited frame of mind. I was really alarmed; I had never seen her equable temperament so disturbed.

"O, Walter," she exclaimed, "I have just come from the poor woman, and I have had such a shock! She has regained consciousness, but not her senses, which the good *frate*, who watches her always, tells me frequently happens in such cases."

"But what of that? Why should it excite you so?" I asked, quite mystified at my wife's words.

"Ah, I don't know: I cannot tell you; my hopes, my beliefs, have hardly taken form yet; only come quickly with me up to the house. O, Walter, it is all so wonderful! Come, let us get on faster; I want so to get back that you and I both may listen to Lucia Vianero's broken words, prove their meaning, and so clear up a doubt that—"

"What do you mean?" I cried. "What can she have said to so strangely move you?" and I inwardly thought, "O that I had never consented to 'her holiday!'"

"I will tell you, if you will only hurry on as fast as you can. Signs of animation set in about an hour ago, and the first words were, 'Paolo, Paolino.' I held the boy up to her, but she took no heed of him, and went on murmuring another name over and over again so often that I felt quite mysteriously affected. It was—" But here, reaching the door of the chalet, my wife hurried me to the bedside.

The old monk held up a warning finger as we entered; we hardly dared to draw a breath as we listened to Lucia's low, unconscious tones.

"Giorgio, Giorgio mio," she was saying, in Italian, like one who talks in a dream; "never tell of our marriage; they will not love me; they will neglect me. Hide it, and the little one too; do not let them see him; they would break his heart with coldness; they would not even own him! Yes, perhaps your sister might, for she loved you, Giorgio mio; you have told me so. She felt for you and wept for you, and knew why you went away and came to live in the midst of sunny skies and beautiful pictures. Ah, well, you can tell her it you like; she would love Paolino for your sake. Look at him, Giorgio. Kiss him!"

Here she seemed once more to lapse into unconsciousness, and the good frate said:

"Ah, poor Lucia, her mind wanders back to her marriage, and mingling past and present, she speaks of what never was; the father never saw the child."

"Did you know her husband, then?" inquired my wife in Italian.

The *frate* shook his head; only the circumstances of the marriage."

"Tell me what were they?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands as in agony of excitement.

"Simple, very simple," said the holy man, quite unmoved, and shrugging his ample shoulders; "a young Englishman, an artist, living in Florence, and who had made Italy the land of his adoption, and who took an Italian name, fell in love with Lucia, who was his model, and married her; not an unusual occurrence among your countrymen, I believe," he added, turning to me.

I was bewildered; did not know in the least what to make of all this, and I have no doubt I looked as stupidly helpless as I felt.

"And then?" eagerly inquired my wife, seizing the frate's arm, and looking into his face, after casting a glance of unutterable scorn upon me.

"He made a little home for her, and everything promised well for their happiness, when he was taken suddenly ill, broke a blood vessel, and died in Lucia's arms."

"Do you know what his English name was?" here again hurriedly inquired my wife.

"What can you possibly want to know that for?" I interposed in English, quite in the dark as to what she was driving at.

"O, Walter, Walter! how stupid you are!" she answered, throwing more and more contempt into her words and manner; "does nothing suggest itself to you? Can't you guess what I am thinking of? Tell me," she said, again repeating her question in Italian, and turning to the monk, "tell me the English name of Lucia's husband; do you know what it was?"

"Si, Signora, si; but I cannot reveal it; it was made known to me under the seal of confession."

Seeing that she was again about to urge the *frate* to grant her request, I entreated her to be silent, and to look after little Paolo, who was climbing up to his mother and trying to make her play with him.

"Ah!" she then exclaimed, "dear little fellow; do look at him, Walter, and then think of his father's assumed Italian name—Vianero, think what its English equivalent means."

More bewildered than ever, I obeyed her command, and began to think, while she once more in Italian, earnestly entreated the frate to tell her the name.

"For mercy's sake, let me know," she said. "I am not asking out of idle curiosity, but only that love and service may be rendered to the memory of the dead. I feel that I am on the point of a discovery; tell me, am I not right in believing that his name was George Blackway?"

The old monk started at these words, and so did I; for this was the name of my wife's only brother, whose death was the piece of family sorrow referred to at starting.

A bit of scapegrace, with a strong turn for art, and never understood by his father, he had gone to Rome years ago—long before I knew the family—had expatriated himself, and, with the little competence he possessed, had entirely withdrawn himself from all his early associations. His sister alone at long intervals had tidings of him, and at length we heard, but not till long after the event, that he had died in Florence suddenly. There was a rumor that he had married under an assumed name, had been naturalized as an Italian, but nothing very definite ever came to light.

And now, what was happening? Why, that we had come upon a trace of his latter days, and had found in this obscure corner of the world the pretty Italian woman he had married.

"Yes," exclaimed my wife, turning with an air of triumph to me; "and perhaps, Walter, you can now understand what it was that drew me from the first toward this woman and child, and why the little creature has inspired me with such a deep affection. It was the mysterious and subtle instinc of kinship, of blood relationship, for this baby-boy is my brother's child;" and with these words she seized the little fellow, clasped him to her bosom, and wept copiously.

The matter was clear to me now at last; but who on earth could have expected such a denouement, or that she should have been led to the only spot where she could have gained any tidings of her brother?

And yet so it was, and this discovery was the result of "her holiday," that treat which I had designed "all for her." Of course, we had an addition to our family; of course, the contract for her holiday would not have been completed if I had interposed any views of mine, and had prevented her carrying off in the end the young semi-Italian scaramouch to add to our own collection.

However, I am bound to say I believe she might not have pressed this point had not it been for the fatal effect of the accident, which, after all, terminated in Lucia's death, and consequently for the child having thus, as it were, fallen to our charge as his natural guardians. It was all very sad and miserable, the end of our time at Locarno, involving numerous complications with the local law. We were detained there till the end of October, for the old *padrone* departed this life soon after her daughter, and we had some difficulty in proving our right to the child.

Our right to the child! Humph! Truly, women are wonderful beings; and she had instinctively discovered this right, had discovered it through that mysterious, delicate, subtle intuition to which our masculine and grosser natures are entirely strangers. She was quite correct from the first. Little Paolo has grown up marvelously like his youngest cousin; even I can see it now.—*London Society.*

A STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

The iron ship Loch Ard, 1623 tons register, George Gibb, master, from London to Melbourne, was totally lost within a day's sail of port on Saturday, the 1st instant, near the mouth of the Sherbrook Creek, 27 miles west of Cape Otway. Out of seventeen passengers and a large crew only two persons were saved—Miss Eveline Carmichael, passenger, and Thomas Pearce, midshipman. The ship had 3275 tons of cargo on board, valued at about £54,000, and insured in colonial offices to the extent of £30,000. Very little of the cargo is likely to be saved.

The Loch Ard left London on the 2d of March, and had good weather and fresh breezes until the coast of Victoria was approached on Friday, 31st ultimo, on which day the captain made out that he was about one hundred and fifty miles southwest of Cape Otway. A course was then shaped which it was thought would take the ship clear of the Cape, but she must have been much nearer to the land than the captain supposed. Apparently some doubt was entertained about the correctness of the compasses, for sail was shortened at 4 P. M. A dark, hazy night followed; at 4 A. M. the haze suddenly lifted, and the captain—who had never left the deck—saw land right ahead. An attempt to tack the ship failed; sail was then taken in and two anchors let go, but they did not hold. Captain Gibb's next order was to slip both anchors and get sail on the ship, which was now head to the wind, with a view of standing on the port tack. An attempt was made to sheet home the top sails, but this appears to have always been a difficult thing to do on the Loch Ard, and after some time had been wasted in fruitless efforts the buntlines of the mainsail were let go, and the port main tack got inboard and the sheet hauled aft.

Just as this had been done the ship struck on a rock, which appeared to catch her just under the starboard mizzen chains. As the morning had now cleared somewhat, the cliffs were seen close to, the ship, and the captain gave orders to have the boats cleared away and the passengers placed in them. By this time the seas were breaking clean over the ship, and she was bumping very heavily, so much so that the top hamper was falling about the deck. As is usual in such cases, the boats were not in the davits, but were on the skids, and, of course, some time would elapse before they could be launched. Pearce, with five others, including the engineer, was clearing away the port lifeboat, and the grips having been cut and the checks knocked out, they were just about hooking the tackles on when a heavy sea struck her, and knocked the boat over the side, and all with her.

Pearce got ashore by the help partly of the boat, partly of a table. For many miles in each direction the coast consists of steep cliffs, with a small gorge here and there, and fortunately there happened to be a gorge or inlet close to where the ship struck, otherwise no one could have landed. Shortly after the ship struck the cabin filled with water, but most, if not all, of the passengers were up and dressed. Six life belts were obtained from the lazarette, but the tags were in such bad condition that it took some time to fasten the belts on. The passengers on whom belts were put were Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Raby Carmichael, Miss Eveline Carmichael, Mrs. Stuckey, Dr. Carmichael and Mr. Stuckey. Miss Eveline and Miss Raby Carmichael ran up the companion, and at the deck the captain said, "If you are saved, let my dear wife know I died like a British sailor—at my post." He was only married six weeks before he left London. A sea swept the ladies overboard.

Miss Eveline found that she had hold of a hen-coop; she was joined by Mr. Reginald Jones and Mr. Arthur Mitchel. They heard the screams of the persons still on board; the ship was sinking fast. The three were floated into the entrance of the gorge, and then the two men quitted the hencoop for a spar, but they were caught by the under-tow and carried out to sea. Miss Carmichael, who must now have been a long time in the water, caught sight of Pearce on shore, and screamed out to him. He bravely swam out, found that she had become insensible, and got her safely to land. Pearce placed Miss Carmichael in a cave, gave her some spirits, to be had in plenty on the beach, and then climbed to the top of the cliffs in search of assistance. He struck a path, and followed it for several hours until he fell in with a man named Ford, employed on Glenample Station (occupied by Messrs. M'Arthur & Gibson). The two men returned to the shore, got down the cliffs with the help of a rope, and then found, to their horror, that the lady had strayed away. They did not discover her till long after dark. Even then she was only found by accident, for she lay in a semi-comatose state under some bushes. She could not be removed from the beach on account of the weakness of her condition until Sunday morning, but food, warmth and clothes were in the meantime brought thither. Miss Carmichael was driven to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, of Glenample, and tenderly nursed by them.

Relief parties could not be sent from Melbourne to the scene of the wreck until Monday, for the Otway coast could only be reached overland from Camperdown, from which it was distant about fifty miles. Four dead bodies were thrown up on the shore—those of Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Raby Carmichael (the eldest daughter), Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Jones. The masts of the ship could be seen above water close to the cliffs. The captain must have been greatly misled as to his position. It appears that good observations could not be obtained on Friday. This was the first voyage of Captain Gibb to Australia; he had an experienced first officer with him (Mr. McLachlan), and was himself an excellent seaman. From the time she was launched the Loch Ard was an unfortunate ship. She was dismasted twice on her maiden voyage from Glasgow to Melbourne in 1874, and only got to her destination with great difficulty under jury masts.—*Melbourne Argus, June 10th.*

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS OF BLASTING POWDER EXPLODED!

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Ledger*, dated August 18th, contains the following:—

"Of the many incidents connected with thunder storms this summer all over the country, none were of a more exciting and alarming character than the explosion of a powder magazine, containing 1200 kegs of blasting powder, near this place, by lightning, on Saturday afternoon about four o'clock. The magazine belonged to H. A. Weldy & Co., and stood near the summit of the hill known as Mount Hope, about one mile from Pottsville. The building was large and built of heavy stone, and the force of the explosion was so great, that not a single stone, including the foundation, was left unturned, and a mound of debris is all that now marks the spot where the magazine stood. All around is seen the mighty force of the powder. Large trees are cut down, houses unroofed, and a number damaged in other ways, almost beyond repair. A smaller powder house near by, and west of it, had its roof and east wall crushed in, and the coal breaker of the Gate Vein Coal Company badly damaged. The noise of the explosion was heard for at least ten miles, and within quite an extensive area, including Pottsville, glass was broken, ceilings cracked, and a large number of buildings damaged, causing an intense excitement here and for miles around. Massive stones of which the magazine was built were thrown to a great distance, some of them at least weighing over 100 pounds were thrown a half a mile, and in some instances persons made narrow escapes with their lives from the falling stones. At the time of the explosion there was a light rain, the clouds passing from the south, and from one of these clouds a vivid flash of lightning came and struck the magazine.

In a grove at the foot of the hill on which the magazine stood, a private pic-nic was in progress, and on the other side of the hill were a railroad and two wagon roads, leading to Minersville, and on these roads some narrow escapes were made. The scenes on the pic-nic grounds were dreadful; the screams of the people and the cries of the wounded were heartrending. There was no means of escape; an instant after the flash of lightning came the explosion, and while all were stunned by the loud and deafening report, the stones began to fall like a heavy shower among them, killing and injuring many of those who but a moment before were enjoying themselves in innocent and merry sports.

Andrew Galligan, aged 10 years, was instantly killed, his head being severed from his body. Thos. Vaughn, aged 16 years, and a son of the boss at the rolling mill, was struck by a large stone in the lower part of the back, which killed him instantly. Henry James was cut and bruised about the body and had one of his legs broken by a heavy stone. Richard Stevens, an old man, had his right leg cut so badly that it was at first thought that amputation would be necessary. William Reese had his foot crushed; his leg was amputated. Enos Black was struck in the hip. The physicians say they are unable yet to state the extent of his injuries. Sadie Brazier, daughter of William Brazier, was struck on the foot. Several ladies in Fishback were thrown into convulsions. Terrence Smith, a moulder at the rolling mill, was stunned by the shock, and was unconscious for a quarter of an hour after the explosion. The residence of Mr. Galligan was struck by a large stone. Mrs. Galligan immediately snatched up her infant child and ran out of the house, congratulating herself on their narrow escape. Shortly after she was driven to distraction by a party bringing between them the dead body of her son. Mrs. Vaughn, whose son was also killed, is in a precarious condition, and doubts are entertained whether she will survive the shock.

The houses on the west end of Mount Hope, which is about two hundred yards from the magazine, were damaged almost beyond repair. The house of James Gailbraith had the end blown out, the inside partitions and ceilings torn out, and the furniture scattered around. A large stone was forced through the house and landed in one of the beds on the second floor. The house of David Quinn, opposite, was turned almost inside out, and the adjoining house, belonging to George W. Mortimer and occupied by a man named Burkhardt, was also badly damaged. In the next house, a young lad named Watson was struck by a stone on the leg and seriously injured. His mother, Mrs. Watson, was so seriously stunned by the concussion as to require medical attendance.

In the house of Jacob Gulong a large stone was driven through two walls and lodged under a bed. When the explosion occurred Mr. and Mrs. Stahle were sitting in their house adjoining Rich's Breaker. Their house was almost torn to pieces. Mrs. Stahle was struck by a stone or piece of timber and knocked unconscious. She was taken in a carriage to the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Caroline Wolfinger, in Mount Hope, where it was discovered that her skull had been fractured. Mr. Stahle was also seriously injured.

Mrs. Sheeder, of Minersville, and a young lady had been in Pottsville and were on their way home. They had just crossed the bridge over the People's Railway when the explosion occurred, and their horse was instantly killed by a large stone, which struck him on the front shoulder, inflicting an ugly wound.

There stands in Mount Hope, on the main street, three adjoining houses. A stone, weighing about 200 pounds, entered the gable end of the one facing the magazine, about ten feet from the ground, and passed directly through the three, and landed about twenty-five yards from the last house. Mrs. Quinn and several of her children were in one of the houses, but none were injured.

In another house a stone is sticking about half way through the wall. In fact, there is not a house in the place that is not more or less damaged, and the only wonder is that so few persons were killed or injured. In Pottsville the effects of the explosion can be seen in many of the streets. Windows were broken, stoves upset and chimneys shaken down. The Court House has but few whole windows in it. The Mountain City Bank's plate glass windows were broken, and the glass, falling on the telegraph instruments, damaged them considerably.

The plate-glass windows of the old Pottsville Bank, in Seitz' building, were broken. In Mahantongo street, the ceilings in the house of Mr. H. C. Sheffer were thrown down. At the residence of W. J. Kennedy the doors were burst open. The Union Hall windows were shattered. The cornice on the residence of Mr. Jos. Alber, on Minersville street, was shaken loose. The windows in the house of Mr. Val Benner, at Twelfth and Market streets, were completely shattered. At the residence of Mrs. Brown, at Thirteenth and Market, the front part of the house was drawn out about six inches, while all the windows were broken. The stained-glass windows of the Second Presbyterian Church were broken.

The black smoke arising from the explosion caused an alarm of fire, and the fire department turned out, but after ascertaining the cause of the smoke returned. In a short time, however, a large number of persons visited the scene, and while there a rumor was started that the powder house of Laflin & Rand, near by, was on fire. This caused the crowd to run from the place, but it was soon ascertained that there was no truth in the rumor. The force of the explosion seemed to take an easterly direction, though the Fisher breaker, which is but three or four hundred yards distant, in a westerly direction, had the windows blown in, the roof of the engine torn off, the office badly damaged and the schutes torn off.

The hill on which the magazine stood presents a very desolate looking appearance. On the site of the building there is scarcely a stone to be found, all having been scattered over the entire hill, while many of the trees were mowed down by stones. So far, there have been but two deaths, but two of the wounded will probably die. An inquest was held to-day on the bodies of the two boys killed, and the jury rendered a verdict that they died from the effects of injuries received from stones thrown by the explosion of a powder magazine near Gate Vein Colliery, and that no person or persons were censurable, for the explosion was caused by lightning.

Varieties.

—Some of the grandest things which have been achieved were by those whom we thought our inferiors.

—Narrow not your mind to your own selfishness, but give it a broad field for your fellow men to work in.

—During the year 1877, 1175 persons were killed and 3705 injured by railroad accidents in Great Britain.

—When men grow virtuous in their old age they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

—Who is powerful? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is content with what he has.

—The revised New Testament is nearly all printed. It will be presented to the Convocation of Canterbury next year.

—The Berlin authorities have had railings placed round the tree "under the limes" which was struck by Nobiling's slugs.

—The books of the California State Treasurer show that on August 1st the amount of money in the Treasury was $11,578,233 24.

—The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows after him.

—Over 100,000 copies of the new Methodist Hymnal have been issued in six weeks. Fifteen hundred copies are now being supplied daily.

—The District of Columbia authorities have taken a census, which shows the population to be 161,784, an increase of 30,000 since 1870.

—The Austrian Major-General Radetzy, only son of the celebrated Field-Marshal, has committed suicide at Görz. He was sixty-five years old.

—The town of Blackburn, England, has been adjudged to pay damages for the injury done to property at the time of the Burnley riots, during the cotton mill strikes.

—The grain and grass crop of Eastern Connecticut has been almost entirely gathered, and old farmers in the State say it has not been equalled in fifty years or more.

—A. S. Packard, Jr., a well-known entomologist of Salem, Mass., has been appointed Professor in the new Chair of Geology and Zoology, in Brown University, Providence, R. I.

—The Rev. Thomas Worcester, D. D., aged eighty-three, died at Waltham, Mass., of apoplexy. He was the first Swedenborgian pastor in the State, having settled in Boston in 1818.

—The Marquis of Lorne will probably be welcomed at Quebec by representatives of all the volunteer corps in the Dominion, each sending an officer's guard, bearing the colors of the regiment.

—There is a family of three brothers and two sisters living near Westminster, Mass., the youngest of whom is 66 and the oldest 82. Only two of them have ever been married, and those have no families living.

—A woman was lately in custody in Dublin charged with setting a savage bull-dog upon her aged husband while he was in bed. The man, who was 80 years old, was so badly injured that he was not expected to live.

—The assassins of the Russian General Mezentzow fired upon Gen. Markaroff, chief of the corps of gendarmes of St. Petersburg, who endeavored to arrest the assassins after they had stabbed the Chief of Police. From this circumstance arose the first report that General Mezentzow had been killed by a pistol shot.

—Claiborne F. Jackson, who was once Governor of Mississippi, married five sisters in a wealthy and distinguished family. When he went to ask for the last one, his venerable father-in-law replied: "Yes, Claib, you can have her. You have had them all.—For goodness sake don't ask me for the old woman!"

—The World's Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, now in session at Geneva, Switzerland, is meeting with a measure of success highly satisfactory to its promoters.—The average attendance at the conference is one thousand. Delegates are present from America, Belgium, England, France, Holland, Spain and the Protestant colonies of Switzerland.

—We are not content with our lot, and sigh for a change. Fate never treated any one as badly as he treats us, and everybody gets on better than we do. That is about the way matters stand with us a great deal of the time. And yet, if we had to bear the burdens of some of the very people whom we envy, we should be glad enough to get back to our own little cares, and think them nothing.

—The Methodist Mission in Japan has held its fourth annual meeting at Yokohama. The reports for the year present a prosperous state of the work, the increase of members having been more than 100 per cent. larger than any previous year. Four new names were presented as candidates for admission to the traveling ministry.—The appointments were made for the circuits of Yokohama, Tokio, Nagasaki, Hakodate and Hirosaki and for the Station Aomori.

—A French Senator and Jurist, M. Jacotine, has been convicted of cheating at cards. He kept money in his sleeve, and when he saw his partner turn up a winning card, dropped an addition to his original stake. A major and two other officers, appointed to watch him, detected the trick and publicly denounced him. He prayed for mercy, but was expelled the club, has now resigned the Senatorship, and a disciplinary committee is inquiring into his fitness to remain a judge.

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