

## A LABORATORY EXPLOSION.

### THREE PERSONS KILLED AND SEVERAL OTHERS INJURED

AT THE CHEMICAL WORKS OF WILEY & WALLACE, ON SEVENTH STREET, ABOVE ABOVE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11.—By an explosion, supposed to have been caused by "flash-light" powder, at the chemical laboratory of Messrs. Wiley & Wallace, No. 123 North Seventh street, yesterday afternoon, three persons were instantly killed and several others were severely injured. Those killed were:

Joseph Wiley, the senior member of the firm, aged 39 years, who resided at No. 723 North Twenty-fifth street.

Charles P. Rhinedollar, foreman of the chemical department, aged 29 years, of 819 Lebanon street.

Rudolph Lippman, an employe in the chemical department, aged 17 years, of 1819 Carlisle street.

Those injured were: William Kidd, aged 21 years, a packer, residing at 625 Filbert street, badly cut about the body and legs by flying pieces of glass.

Joseph Brown, 26 years, employed in the drug department, cut about the head and arms, but not seriously.

Joseph Thomas, 42 years, of 2342 North Twenty-fourth street, incised wounds of leg and arm.

Thomas Haslam, bookkeeper, slightly cut in the face.

Alfred Moffett, engineer, badly cut about the face.

Several other persons also suffered slight cuts about the head and arms from flying glass.

It was about quarter before 4 o'clock when people passing along Seventh street, between Arch and Race streets, and on other streets in that vicinity, were started by the report of a heavy explosion, which seemed to shake the ground on Seventh street. The report was followed by a crashing of glass and a cloud of dust, and what appeared to be smoke issued from the upper windows of the laboratory of Messrs. Wiley & Wallace. At the same moment a number of the employes of the establishment rushed out of the office door to the street, and the gathering crowd of people, attracted to the scene by the report of the explosion, were horrified to see a number of girls at the windows of the third floor, who, apparently, were getting ready to jump from the building. Men shouted to them to remain where they were, and a ladder having been procured it was placed against the building, but it was found to be too short, by about three feet, to reach the window where some of the girls were standing. Then they were told that there was no fire, and that it would be safer for them to wait until relief came. By this time several cool-headed men ran into the building, and the girls were all taken down a back stairway to Cherry street.

In the meantime Policeman Manning, of the Sixth Ward Station, had turned in an alarm, and the arrival of the fire engines helped to increase the excitement. Lieut. Burk, of the same station, also hurried to the scene with a squad of policemen and started a search through the building. The first place visited was the basement, and, in the extreme rear, in an area way, the searchers found three bodies, all shockingly burned and mutilated.

One body, from which both arms and legs had been torn, was discovered wedged behind some barrels. The clothes were burned, the face blackened and disfigured, and a portion of the breast gone. From the position in which the body was found and from certain marks it was believed to be that of Mr. Wiley. The other bodies were found lying near-by in the area way, one across the other. Both were badly disfigured, and were nearly stripped of clothing. These were subsequently identified as those of Rhinedollar and Lippman.

The bodies were taken in a patrol wagon and a Pennsylvania Hospital ambulance to the police station, on Fifth street, above Race.

Thomas was taken in an ambulance to the Jefferson Hospital, and after his injuries had been attended to he was sent home.

Kidd was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where last night he was stated to be in an improved condition.

The other injured persons were able to go to their homes.

Fire Marshal Thompson and Inspector McDermitt, of the Insurance Patrol, made an inspection of the laboratory and took the statements of several of the employes. From the appearance of the interior of the building, the force of the explosion must have been very great, scarcely a whole pane of glass being left either in the front or the rear of the four floors of the laboratory.

In the rear there is a blind alley, about six feet wide, that portion back of No. 123 containing an arwayway covered with an old door, supporting several barrels of mineral oil. This door and the barrels were wrecked, and the brick wall surrounding the area was blown down. Just inside the rear door the floor of the laboratory was forced up and broken, and the upper floors were covered with broken glass, and the plastering on the ceiling torn off. In the basement things were blown about and piled up in a confused mass, and in the area, where the bodies were found, was a mass of debris, mixed with which were portions of the clothing of those killed.

The effects of the explosion were not confined to the laboratory building, but caused considerable damage to the adjoining properties. No. 125, occupied by Edward Stern & Co., printers, and the Canfield Manufacturing Company, had the windows in the rear wrecked, and across the rear alley way all the side windows of the three-story unoccupied building, No. 628 Cherry street, were broken.

A "lone" highwayman "held up" the Cass Bay stage near Roseburg, Oregon, on the 13th, and rifled the letters and registered pouches of their contents.

## THE SNOW IN NEW MEXICO.

### RAILROAD CUTS AGAIN FILLED AND TRAINS STOPPED.

SUCH A STORM NEVER KNOWN BEFORE IN SOUTHERN COLORADO OR NEW MEXICO.—28,000 HEAD OF SHEEP PERISHED.

TRINIDAD, Col., Nov. 12.—Various parties who spent ten days in the snow blockade, between Emory Gap and Folsom, N. M., arrived in this city yesterday. They report the suffering of man and animal fully as great as shown in former reports. Patrick Casey, engineer, spent seven days in making the run from Trinidad to Lextine and return. For two days and nights he was without food. One meal he made on a jack rabbit caught in the snow. Seventy-five men shoveling snow at Montt Dora were cut off from food for two days and nights. They got some sheep out of the snow drifts and roasted and ate them. A delayed passenger train was cut off from the eating stations for three days. They drew on the express company for food supplies. The laborers who shoveled snow, when hungry, tapped the freight cars, containing canned goods, with an iron chisel or other tools. A hungry man would knock a hole in a can of corn or tomatoes, and then drink the can empty. Sometimes this raw food was frozen, but it went, among men so hungry. Two live goats were being shipped in a caboose, but the hungry men cut their throats and ate them raw. The report says that a sick man traveling with two children, lay on his back two days, helpless. He had only crackers for nourishment. A sheep grower near Ute creek, a Mr. Garcia, is reported to have lost 5000 sheep from a flock of 8000. Engineer Lyon said that he saw more real destitution during ten days in this snow blockade than in all his life before. The road was opened with rotary snow plows, but remained open only a few hours. Yesterday morning's snow and wind blocked the cuts again and the passenger train due here from the South this forenoon is stuck in the snow. Altogether the blizzard has been a terrible one. None of us ever saw or heard of such a one in Southern Colorado or New Mexico. It was a Dakota storm that got off its range and struck an unsuspecting people.

President Morgan Jones, of the Fort Worth Road, was himself a passenger from the scene of the blockade.

CLAYTON, N. M., Nov. 12.—Tidings from small towns and ranches off the railroad confirm the reported loss of life and property during the late storm. From Trimpas comes the news that three Mexican herders perished on the second day of the storm. Lujan Brothers, living on the Seneca, lost one herder.

A man, name unknown, herding horses in the Rafel district, and two other men, left their horses and started for a place of shelter. Becoming numb he fell and perished. His companions were too much exhausted to help him. The total loss of life, so far as reported, number nine. Several more are missing, and their friends are anxiously searching for them.

The loss of sheep, in and around this place alone is 28,000 head, and several large herds on the Ute creek have not yet been heard from. The loss in cattle will not be as heavy as at first supposed, unless the cold weather continues. Snow began falling again yesterday and continued last night. About eight inches of new snow on top of the twenty inches already on the ground makes it impossible for the railroad folks to keep the trail clear. They succeeded in getting trains through yesterday, but are all snowed up again, and the cold is intense, being almost to zero.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—By a rush of melted iron from the stacks of Colebrook Furnace, No. 1, at Lebanon, Penna., on the afternoon of the 4th, Henry Bohr, Henry Fertig, Isaac Siegrist, William Snyder and Harvey Beck were killed, and John Bohr, Benjamin Eck and Enoch Eisenhauer were severely burned. The men labored on the furnace, and the metal while at their work. The hoisting shaft of the furnace was destroyed.

—Mattie Brown, aged 13 years, who worked in Reager's hosiery mill, in Norristown, Pa., was caught in the shafting by her hair on the afternoon of the 5th and injured so badly that she died in a short time.

—Daniel Carmichael, one of the best known business men in Amsterdam, New York, has been arrested on the charge of forgery. The forgeries extend over a period of two years. The amount is placed at \$110,000. Most of the notes are on John Carmichael, the forger's brother, but the name of Craig & Co., of New York, was used freely also. Andrew C. Drum, of Kansas City, Missouri, charged with forging the name of his uncle, Major Andrew Drum, to checks amounting to \$50,000 and absconding with the money, has been arrested in Toronto. Major Drum has gone to Toronto to secure his extradition. Young Drum was considered a model young man, was his uncle's confidential employe, and, it was understood, would inherit his uncle's entire estate, which is estimated at \$3,000,000.

—While driving out of Granville, Wisconsin, early on the morning of the 11th, August Moritzki, a farmer, was attacked by three highwaymen, who pulled him from his wagon, pounded his face with stones and robbed him of \$58, his watch and other valuables. Moritzki is in a critical condition.

—A report from Lockford, California, says that early on the morning of the 12th a Congressional minister named Ross killed his wife and 12-year-old son and then committed suicide. Charles A. Smith, a prominent Republican politician in Replins, Alabama, was shot and killed on the 12th by Calvin Brown. They quarrelled over politics.

A collision occurred at Lula, Georgia, on the evening of the 11th, between a passenger and freight train. Fireman Ford was killed and James Bell was badly injured.

—A despatch from Kansas City says that a blizzard is sweeping over Southern and Western Kansas. The wind turned to the north early in the evening and brought with it snow, which in some localities is drifting badly. At Arkansas City, near the Indian Territory, a regular norther is reported. At Wichita the snow is flying, and at Syracuse the blizzard is at its height. Abilene, in the centre of the State, reports severe wind and thick snow. A heavy snow storm was reported at Sioux City, Iowa, on the 12th.

—Amanda Steyer, aged 19 years, daughter of ex-Assistant Treasurer Steyer, was standing in her doorway in Cincinnati, on the evening of the 12th, watching the return of a wedding party to a house opposite, when some fool fired off a revolver "to celebrate the event." The second bullet pierced Miss Steyer's abdomen, causing a wound from which she died on the 13th. Charles Thowarsh had been arrested on suspicion of having fired the shot.

—A dam at McClellan's flouring mill, about a mile west of Alton, Ontario, broke on the morning of the 13th and the water swept to the town. Six mill dams, four bridges and several mills and dwellings were destroyed, and an aged couple named Harris were drowned.

—John McDonald and Duncan Beveridge, homesteaders at Matchwood, Michigan, had some trouble over a homestead claim. On the evening of the 11th McDonald went to Beveridge's cottage to talk matters over. Mrs. Beveridge and a friend were also in the room. During the conversation the men got very excited, and McDonald pulled his revolver and shot Beveridge, wounding him fatally. He then turned upon the women and shot Mrs. Beveridge in the hip, after which he emptied the remaining chambers of his revolver at Mrs. Beveridge's friend, inflicting a fatal wound. McDonald was arrested.

—Arthur A. Richwine was found hanging by one foot on the ladder leading to the gas pit at McCormick's furnaces, at Harrisburg, Pa., on the evening of the 13th. Both eyes were burned out.

—A man named Potter and his son, who left their ranch near Trinidad, Colorado, for that town nearly two weeks ago, have not been heard of since then, and are supposed to have perished in the blizzard.

—It is estimated that it will cost \$10,000 to repair the damage done by recent rain storms to the new silver vault in the Treasury court, in which nearly 100,000,000 standard dollars are stored.

—In August last August C. Hanke was found dead in a lumber camp near Spokeville, Wisconsin, with an empty rifle by his side and a bullet through his body. His death was supposed to have been accidental. Recently, however, officers had reason to suspect that Hanke had been murdered, and warrants were issued on the evening of the 12th for two suspected persons, one of them a man named Field. Field was found on the morning of the 13th hanging dead in his barn near Spokeville. The other suspected man has not yet been arrested.

—A despatch from Covington, Indiana, says that on the evening of the 12th, a crowd of 100 men, from Covington, about ten miles from Covington, 30 persons, disguised with white caps and masks, faces blackened, and armed with clubs, entered the church, 15 in each aisle, marched up to the pulpit and took the preacher, Rev. S. Lindsay, of Danville, Illinois, to the woods, about a half a mile distant, and gave him his choice between leaving the country early the next morning and a terrible pounding. He decided to leave. All those in the church were warned not to leave it. The cause of the trouble seems to be the manner of conducting meetings, and treating people for diseases with the faith cure.

—John Henry, an old soldier, fell or jumped from a passenger train at Wilkesport, Pa., on the morning of the 14th, and was killed. He was on his way to the Soldiers' Home, at Erie, of which institution he had been an inmate. He was returning from a visit to friends in Chester county, Pa. A special train collided with a switch engine near Canton, Mississippi, on the 14th, resulting in the death of Patrick Richmond, engineer of the switch engine; Tom Loftins, switchman, and an unknown negro. Jim Smith, D. Halsey and V. Thomas, and several other persons were injured.

—While men were blasting rock on the construction branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Jefferson county, Minnesota, on the evening of the 12th, a blast of giant powder failed of the desired effect, and some black powder was pounded in to complete the blast. An explosion followed instantly, killing six men—Constantine Sullivan, John Dell, A. Finn, A. W. Lansen, T. O'Leary and Ham Roos. Two others had their eyes blown out.

—An explosion of fireworks occurred on the 12th in the pyrotechnic factory of Marnie & Romaine, at Petersburg, Virginia. Six thousand pieces of fireworks were destroyed and three men were fatally burned.

—While blasting rock at White Rock, Colorado, on the 13th, William Richardson, Ralph Shafer and Louis Waltham were killed by the premature explosion of a charge of giant powder. David Brown, aged 75 years, was killed and his two daughters were badly injured by a runaway accident at Aikinson, Maine, on the evening of the 13th. Miss Bertha A. Gates, 21 years of age, daughter of Rev. M. A. Gates, was killed by being thrown from her horse in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, on the afternoon of the 13th.

—Tree men wearing masks attacked a Chinese wood-chopping camp, near Portland, Oregon, on the evening of the 12th to rob the Chinamen. A fight ensued, in which one of the robbers was cut so badly that he died soon after. One of the Chinamen was shot several times, and it is thought that he is fatally wounded. Another robber was also badly chopped with a hatchet. The dead robber's name is Myron Locke.

## The Valley of Silence.

In the hush of the valley of Silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing,  
And the music floats down the dim valley  
Till each finds a word for a wing.  
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,  
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach,  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall flow into speech;  
And I have heard dreams in the valley  
Too pure for language to teach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—  
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!  
And they were holy veils over their faces—  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the valley like virgins  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,  
Ye hearts that are hallowed by care?  
It lies far between mountains,  
And God and His angels are there;  
One is the dark mountain of Sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.  
—Father Ryan.

## HOW THE KITTENS MADE THE MATCH.

MRS. A. M. PAYNE.

"I intend to put old Tabby and her kittens in the carriage house Phyllis. They are really a nuisance here. It was bad enough to insist upon keeping five kittens at all, but when they have begun to climb over the sides of the box and are running in every direction I can not endure it. I stepped on two of them this morning, and I am sure I do not wish to hurt them."

Mrs. Morrison carefully lifted a kitten and put it into the box, and while she was trying to get the second who had run under the lounge the first was out again upon the floor. Phyllis laughed and laid down the book she was holding, to join in the pursuit, and finally the five kitten and old Tabby were transferred to the carriage, with a warm corner allotted them in the old sleigh.

There was much laughing and chasing before this was accomplished, and Tabby was very much disturbed by the whole proceeding, but to look at Phyllis face when she returned to the room, Tabby was not the only troubled member of the household.

Her very grave face and dejected manner, however, had nothing to do with kittens. One of those interesting people who feel a "neighborly interest" in everybody had dropped in to see Mrs. Morrison that morning, and Phyllis had heard, or overheard, some not very kind remarks.

After discussing the different diseases in the town, the varieties of pickle the leading housekeepers were putting up, and the new dressmaker from New York, the neighbor remarked:

"I hear young Phil Dennison comes to see your Phyllis a good deal." Likely young man he is too, but I hear it is always the last new pretty face that attracts him. Nobody knows where he spends his evening's when he is not here. They say at his boarding house that he is never at home, though to be sure a boarding house is a poor place for a young man."

Phyllis liked Phil Dennison, the frank manly bearing, and his plainly shown preference for her society had drawn out all the sympathy of a loving heart. He had spoken of their home, and how much he enjoyed spending an evening with her, and had made one or two remarks which had led Phyllis to believe that she was the only one whom he liked to visit.

One of those young men who styles himself one of the boys had also taken a neighborly interest in Phyllis. He was one of a club where Phil had lost interest, but in which he had lost interest. They met upon the street.

"Given up the club, have you?" asked the young man.

"I have not been there lately," replied Phil, "I have been very busy."

"Ha! I understand." I hear you are at Deacon Morrison's. Take care there I heard that Phyllis said you were dull company. She is not one who likes everybody. See you soon, I hope.

"It does not prove anything, because she does not like you," thought Phil bitterly as he walked away, but still the memory of the remark rankled as such things will do, taking all the joy out of the day and tinging everything. He hesitated when evening came, doubting whether he had better go to the Morrison's, but he fought against his feeling, and went, after all.

He was late, however, and the quick heart beat of the girl who waited, told her that she was more glad to hear the sound of his boot than she ought to be. She met him rather stiffly and without reaching out a hand, and he wondered if she found him "dull." They tried to talk but neither felt at ease. The two kind neighbors who had interfered in their behalf, seemed to stand like ghosts between them, and neither knew what the barrier was. It was one of those little happenings,—if we have a right to call anything a happening,—which have spoiled the happiness of many a life.

Finally he rose to go, and she thinking with a pang that he was tired of her society, rose also without a word.

Just then at the parlor door which opened—southern fashion—upon a porch, there was a curious noise not a footstep, but an uncertain thumping as if something was thrown against the panels. They both turned in that direction, expecting some one to enter, but when no one did, and the thumping continued, Phil asked:

"Shall I open the door, Miss Phyllis?"

"Certainly," she replied, "I cannot think what it is."

He opened the door and in walked Tabby, and in scrambled or rolled or trotted five little kittens, glad enough of the warmth and light they rolled themselves in every direction over the parlor floor. Phyllis seized one and Phil another, and placed them upon the rug before the fire. Then two more and the mother cat, while a poor little stray, sat mewing by the door. With a great deal of laughter Phyllis and Phil tried to collect them on the rug together but they would not stay, and no sooner was one safely there, than another would have roamed to a far corner of the room.

Poor Tabby," said Phil, who had one of those best of many hearts wherein there is a place for all dumb creatures, "how those kittens worry you, don't they. He took her up and stroked her gently, and then Phyllis tried to collect the kittens again. She held them all in her apron at last, and then Phil put Tabby down, and came to Phyllis, and they bent over the pretty little funny things, admiring and petting them.

"I declare," said Phil with a laugh, "I have not been so merry in a month. I have been over to Hampton's every evening, I have been away from you, caring for a sick friend, and I have been up late so many nights, I am quite worn out. I fear you have found me dull."

A pang of sorrow at her false judgment caused Phyllis to say as she looked up at him, "I never find you dull. How you friend must have enjoyed having you with him."

"I am glad to say so," he replied, remembering his judgment of her, and he took gently the hand that was stroking a kitten, and held it without a motion of withdrawal from her.

The other hand however, could not hold the restless family, and they all rolled down on to the rug again.

They were at the four corners of the room and one in the middle in two minutes, so they did not see the tabby by the fire, and I shall not tell what took place.

Next morning, however, Phyllis was in the kitchen, and as she made Tabby and her kittens comfortable in their box beside the stove, she said to her mother, "Please mamma let the cat keep her kittens. I think they are the dearest little things I ever saw."

So it came to pass that at the Morrison mansion there is an old cat and three large younger cats, for the other two live with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dennison at their new cottage on Congress Avenue.

## Who Invented Smiling?

By some accounts this facial spasm is itself an innovation, and was a trick of fashion set so little time ago as at the beginning of the last century; and the mode, said to have originated at Vienna, coming to Paris, was there, it is reported, called La Viennoise, and from that center, so rapid is the spread of absurdity, extended to the ends of Europe. And surely this unmarital smile that we all employ, this grin that is only of the lips, is an absurd thing, neither natural nor decorous; for why should I smile inanely and endeavor to seem glad when I meet an acquaintance? Why should he return this conventional salutation with a corresponding contraction of the muscles of his face when he sees me? How is he to know that I am not weighed down by some secret sorrow which my smile of greeting but thinly conceals? How am I to be sure that my own smile should not rather be a groan of sympathy or silent tear? We smile in concert, hypocrites that we are, while perhaps our very hearts are torn asunder! How much wiser is the gravity of the Portuguese peasant, or the stern salutation of the Oriental, who has not yet caught this European trick of the lips, and who meets and greets his acquaintance with the grave sympathy of one wayfarer meeting another on this rugged, tortuous path of life that has its ending only in the mysterious grave!

## A Mirage on the Plains.

We witnessed the most perfect mirage we ever saw on the Laramie plains one evening recently. It was about an hour before sunset, and looking out of a car window we saw a mile away a beautiful lake. It was in a slight depression among the hills, and seemed to be about two miles long by a mile wide. Never having noticed a lake at that place on the road, we were considerably astonished, and asked the conductor for an explanation. He was equally astonished, as were passengers familiar with the road. As the train advanced the lake appeared to enlarge and rise, but in spite of this it was difficult to believe the appearance was simply that optical delusion known as mirage, and that what appeared to be a lake was a grassy level plain. The apparent lake was as smooth and bright as a mirror, except at one edge, where it appeared to be ruffled by the wind. The strange sight was viewed with wonder by hundreds of passengers until it was out of sight.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

## IMPRISONED WOMEN.

### How Feminine Vanity and Self-Will Operate Behind the Bars.

Compulsion is the woman convict's drop of bitterness, says the San Francisco Argonaut. The complete mortification of that harmless sort of vanity which fills so much of a woman's life, makes her endurance doubly vile. All her vile feathers are sacrificed ruthlessly. Her hair, which she has apostolic authority for regarding as an ornament, is shorn of its last lock as soon as her cell has been allotted to her; and the face which has gazed with perfect passiveness, almost to rouse a country's admiration, and the tongue that has been made mute under the finding of jury and sentence of Judge, are raised to plead pathetically with the holder of the scissors, while the corridors sometimes ring again to the piercing cries for a sparing pity as the inexorable shearsers gather their harvest of curls. But, spring returns, and the hair renews itself, and before the next shearing day the girls grumble that a thoughtless administration provides them with no hairpins. One woman whose hair continued to be suspiciously resplendent, as of macassar, after weeks of incarceration, was an object of some wonderment, even to the chaplain until she explained to him in confidence that she allowed her bruth to grow cool and then skimmed off the fat to glitter in her crown of glory. Another girl certainly rouged, and rouge tells effectively on the pallor of prison confinement. Great was the envious indignation of her sisters in servitude, against a frivolity so unattainable, but greater still, perhaps, was the curiosity to discover how the accomplishment of such a frivolity could be attained. At length it was discovered that the red threads woven among the blue shirts which she had to sew would, when drawn out and chewed, yield the bloom yearned after by the cheek of beauty. The manner in which nearly every woman finds it possible to disarrange and double one of her undershirts and present the fascinations of a crinoline is so comic that it has been known to wring a smile from the gravest among men—a prison chaplain. And a woman without a looking-glass! Only the austere and severest orders of nuns renounce that. And perhaps it is the female prisoner's most oppressive penance, for the relief of which she is even willing to risk the imposition of extra punishment—a task the more, a meal the less. By an accident, which she declares she will regret for a lifetime, she has broken a window. The hole is there, sure enough; but where is the detached glass? Days after this it is found concealed in a corner of her cell and behind it a strip of dark cloth, her substitute for quicksilver. And all for what? There are no male hearts to break and few male eyes to see.

## Arabi Pasha Restless and Unhappy.

An Englishman who has spent some time at Colombo has given a correspondent of the Birmingham (England) Post an idea of the present life and surroundings of Arabi Pasha. He states that the Egyptian exile is falling into a state of despondency. "A few years ago he was altogether a jovial and well-conditioned fellow; now he looks dyspeptic and unhappy, and wears his 49 years as though they were many more. While his companions seem to live in ease and comfort, and are determined to enjoy the life to which fate has for a while consigned them, Arabi, is restless, unhappy, and oppressed with a morbid fear that he will die in exile. Occasionally he exhibits a little interest in the possibility of growing Ceylon products in Egypt. In the ordinary amusements of the isle he takes little interest, and the monotony of his life seems to be only varied by occasional drives to the houses of the more popular members of Colombo society, a visit to the cinnamon gardens, or an infrequent stroll along the Galle Face beach. His family take life more easily. His wife and his daughters and his sons (one son excepted, who remains altogether with his father) spend considerable time in Egypt."

## A Wearisome Subject.

"People who are completely absorbed in their own personality make the grave error of supposing that the subject of which they never tire is equally interesting to others; hence, if they "enjoy poor health," it is their habit to give effusive descriptions of numerous aches and pains to whomsoever they meet. Now, illness, of all things in the world, is the least interesting, and even in one's own family soon becomes tiresome. Sympathy called upon too often becomes to a certain degree lessened. We can each recall too many people who make bodily ills the stock subject for conversation in and out of season, and a feeling of depression inevitably follows their minute recitals. We ought not to ignore real illness and expect it to leave or pass by us because of our non-recognition, but we need not draw the shadow of disease about our family gatherings and gala days by describing every little pain that has wearied us.

Justice raises a nation, but sin makes a people miserable.

Face all things. Even adversity is polite to a man's face.