

A GREAT FIRE.

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS, THE SUPERER.

ESTIMATED LOSS, TEN MILLIONS.—
TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE HOMELESS.

LYNN, Mass., Nov. 26.—Lynn, the city of shames, was this afternoon visited by the greatest fire in its history, and with two exceptions the conflagration is the most disastrous which ever visited New England. The exceptions are the great Boston fire of 1872, which destroyed nearly one hundred million dollars worth of property, and the Portland fire of 1866, which caused a loss of between ten and twelve millions.

To-day's fire started at 11.55 a. m., raged over eight hours, devastated a square mile of the business section of the city, and caused a loss estimated at ten millions. In fact, the greater part of Ward 4 is wiped out as regards the important shoe manufacturing blocks and prominent places of business. The fire started in Mower's wooden building, Almond street, over the boiler, and spread with such rapidity that the excellent Fire Department of the city was powerless to cope with it. This large wooden building was soon doomed, and the flames leaped across a narrow passage-way and communicated with the six-story brick block known as Mower's block. When these two buildings got well under way it was evident that a terrible conflagration was in progress. Almost simultaneously the four-story wooden shoe factory of Bennett & Barnard, on Central avenue, and the four-story wooden building on Almond street caught fire, and, when under way, a hurricane of flames was in progress, which blanched the cheeks of all who were looking on.

For eight hours the flames had full sway, the efforts of firemen and citizens seemingly being of no avail, although, of course, they did valiant work. The burned territory is bounded by the following streets: Almond Central avenue, at its junction, with Wilow; Union street, from its junction with Broad, to the Boyden block on both sides; Mount Vernon street entire, Central Square entire, Beach street on both sides as far down as Lee's lumber yard, Washington street, from Monroe through to Union; Railroad avenue, all of Exchange street, Broad street, from the engine house, on both sides, up as far as the corner of Exchange; Spring street entire, besides dwelling houses too numerous to mention on Suffolk, Amity, Sagamore and Beach streets.

Aid arrived from Boston, Salem, Marblehead and surrounding towns, but their united efforts seemed to have little effect on the hurricane of flame. Scenes of the great Boston and Chicago fires were repeated in all their horrors, mothers fleeing with babes in their arms and express wagons loading at business and dwelling houses and transferring goods to a place of safety, in many cases a second removal being necessary.

After the fire had been in progress two hours everybody declared it would not stop until it reached the ocean. So it looked, and so it proved to be. Four daily newspapers are burned out, the Item, the Bee, the Press and News, three afternoon and one morning papers. Three national banks, the Central, Security and First National, together with the Lynn Institution for Savings, located in the First National block, are all wiped out. Twelve of the finest shoe blocks in the city are in ruins and about 25 stores. At this writing it is impossible to state how many dwelling houses are burned, but they were mostly occupied by the poor class, in the vicinity of Beach street and the wharves. It is impossible to give any estimate on insurance, but conservative estimates place the loss on property at \$10,000,000.

LYNN, Mass., Nov. 26.—About 8 P. M. the conflagration was under control, not because of any human agency, but because the open water was reached.

The ruins cover at least 60 acres, and some observers put it as high as 60. Streets are lost in huge piles of debris, and there is an open hole in the heart of the city a half a mile long, and a third wide. Upward of 250 buildings, dwellings and business houses are burned out.

At the lowest calculation 300 business men have suffered. At least 3500 employees are out of work, most of whom are employed in the shoe shops. Thirty-five per cent. of these are females. Mayor Newhall to-night reports that 200 people are homeless, and calls for aid.

—Two miners named White and Hull, were fatally injured on the morning of the 26th by a coal car running back on them in a mine near Washington, Pa. A passenger train on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad left the track near Greenville, Tennessee, on the morning of the 26th. Engineer Gregg was fatally, and the express messenger and four passengers were badly hurt. The car and its contents were destroyed. Dr. William B. Warning, a well-known physician in Atlanta, Georgia, fell down a flight of steps at his home, on the 26th and received injuries which caused his death. He was 60 years old.

—A wreck occurred on the Iowa Central Railroad at Appleton, Iowa, on the 26th. Two men were killed. A coal train and a work train on the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling Railroad collided on the morning of the 26th at Fishing, Ohio. Both engines and twenty cars were wrecked. A. H. Myers, engineer, was killed, and two other men were injured. While a train on the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad was running very fast near Greencastle, Indiana, on the 26th, driving rods on both sides of the engine broke loose. Engineer Strickland and Fireman Shale were badly injured by the pounding of the rods through the cab. The air brakes were applied and the train stopped.

—Fred Ewing, aged 15 years, was run over and killed by a train in Atlanta, Georgia, on the 25th. The boy's father, who is an engineer, was standing only a few feet away when the accident occurred.

NINE LIVES LOST.

BARK GERMANIA TOTALLY WRECKED AT LONG BRANCH.

HER CAPTAIN AND EIGHT SAILORS DROWNED—THE MATE AND THREE OTHERS SAVED.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 27.—The bark Germania was wrecked to-night at Long Branch. The Germania came ashore opposite the West End Hotel, Long Branch. Before a life line could be shot to her the vessel's spars went by the board, and the vessel quickly went to pieces and disappeared. Four sailors were rescued. Captain Windhorst and eight sailors were drowned.

The vessel was completely wrecked. She was consigned to Theo. Ruger & Co., of New York. She was bound from Stettin for New York. The names of the sailors lost are Captain Windhorst, William Helz, Franz Viroshin, Ernest Bauer, Gustave Holden-hainer, Richard Wittenberg, Arthur Beauer, John Schumacker and Gustave Bergenheim. First Mate Doyen and three men came ashore on empty barrels.

When the vessel struck the captain, it is said, was drunk. He drew a revolver to shoot the man at the wheel when a wave swept him over into the boiling sea.

The German bark Germania, Captain Windhorst, sailed from Stettin in September, 1901, for New York. She was a vessel of 830 tons and was built in Glasgow in 1874. She hailed from Bremen and was owned by D. H. Watjen & Co.

ANOTHER GREAT FIRE.

TWO ACRES OF BUSINESS BLOCKS IN BOSTON BURNED.

ESTIMATED LOSS, FOUR MILLIONS.—
TWO FIREMEN KILLED.

BOSTON, Nov. 28.—The most disastrous fire from which Boston has suffered since 1872, and one which in property loss more than rivals the great conflagration at Lynn on Tuesday, broke out at 8.20 this morning in the six-story granite building, owned by Jordan, Marsh & Co., and occupied by Brown, Durrell & Co., dealers in dry goods, on Bedford street, corner of Kingston.

The first alarm rung in to-day was immediately followed by the first general alarm in Boston since 1872. Today's conflagration raged for six hours, burned over two acres of territory covered by magnificent structures and entailed a loss estimated at \$4,000,000. The street playing the most prominent part in the fire was Bedford, from the Harrison avenue extension eastward across Chauncy, Kingston and Columbia streets, almost to the junction of Summer and Lincoln. It was near the latter point that the fire started working its way west.

There are about 200 firms burned out, and 100 agents of New York and Western firms have had their headquarters destroyed. The 79 insurance companies known to be interested carry an aggregate insurance of \$2,500,000 on the burned property. The total loss, according to the latest conservative estimates, will reach \$4,000,000. Two firemen, Daniel Buckley, unmarried and Frank P. Loker, who has a wife and child, have been missing since early this morning. They were last seen in the Brown Durrell building and their bodies are believed to be in the ruins of that structure. Several firemen who saw them in the building report an explosion of hot air, and their own narrow escape, and are of the opinion that the missing men were overcome and unable to save themselves.

SNOW AND RAIN.

THE PRINCIPAL DAMAGE SUSTAINED BY RAILROAD COMPANIES.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 28.—The Troy local trains on the New York Central Road were all delayed this afternoon and to-night by land slides at the clay embankment just below the Troy Iron Works. At 10 o'clock this morning the first slide occurred, the bank settling down over the east track. As soon as it was discovered the road master put a gang of men to work. For a time they got on very well, but in the afternoon the bank began to come down in a big slide so fast the men could not shove it out, and, for a time, all traffic was done on this side of the river.

The slide was the largest ever seen in this vicinity, and four frame houses on top were moved by the slide, and one is in a dangerous position. Trains ran up as far as the iron works on this side and transferred passengers.

WATERBURY, Conn., Nov. 28.—The storm last night swelled Little Brook under East and South Main streets, and filled twenty store cellars, causing damage to goods to the amount of \$4000. The Naugatuck Valley, from Thomaston to Birmingham, is turned into a sea by the rise in the Naugatuck river. The Naugatuck Railroad is covered in many places. A bad washout at Seymour delayed passenger trains this morning. The bridge over the creek at Union city was washed away. The Dunham dam at Naugatuck gave away at 4 o'clock this morning. There is also a bad washout on the Meriden Road in this city.

MONTREAL, Nov. 28.—The storm, which struck this locality 24 hours ago, is still raging with full force. Fourteen inches of snow have fallen, but the wind now seems to be abating. All incoming mails are delayed, and railway services is badly interfered with. The local transportation companies are coping with the storm efficiently, and the interference with business is not serious.

ROME, Ga., Nov. 28.—The first snow of the season fell here to-day, but melted as it fell.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 28.—Several inches of snow fell this morning, and was followed by a heavy rain. This evening a violent southeast gale set in.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Chief Post-office Inspector Rathbone, in his annual report to the Postmaster General, shows that 801 persons had been arrested during the year for all kinds of offenses against the postal laws and regulations and for various crimes committed, including burglaries of post-offices and robberies of the mail.

—The latest report from Butte, Montana, concerning the St. Lawrence mine fire is that there is no air to fan the fire, and the carbonic acid gas generated will eventually put it out. Five men are known to be dead in the mine and two to four are variously stated to be missing. The twin mines, the Anaconda and St. Lawrence, employ over 1000 men.

—An explosion of natural gas occurred at the residence of Scott Hawthorne, in Dayton, Ohio, on the morning of the 26th. Two children were killed, and Mr. Hawthorne, his wife and father received terrible injuries. William Dyer, Ira Chamberlain and Sun Dyer, while hunting near Washington, Indiana, on the 25th, were accidentally shot by George Chamberlain. Sun Dyer died in a short time. A boiler at the Allegheny Bessemer Steel Works at Allegheny, Pa., exploded on the morning of the 26th, wrecking the boiler house and killing William Marshall and George Cooper. Robert North was badly injured. The cause of the explosion is not known.

—A despatch from Harrisburg, Virginia, says that the rain still continues and the streams are still rising. The farmers are discouraged. The corn is rotting in the field. The country roads are almost impassable. A light fall of snow prevailed on the 27th at Minneapolis. A telegram from Littlefield, Minnesota, reported the setting in there on the morning of the 27th of "a genuine blizzard." Snow had fallen to a depth of three inches and was drifting badly. The temperature was quite low. A despatch from Aspen, Colorado, says that the heaviest snow in years has fallen during the past three days.

—Near Huntington, West Virginia, on the 27th, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad bridge crossing the Guyandotte river fell while a freight train was crossing it, precipitating the cars into the water. Engineer R. V. Freeman was killed and other train hands slightly injured. The bridge had been condemned for some time.

—John McCarty, a convict, who savagely assaulted Philip La Coste in the State prison at Providence, Rhode Island, on the 26th, hanged himself on the 27th in a dark cell. He tore the lining of his coat into strips to make the noose. La Coste is recovering.

—A telegram from Bellefonte, Pa., reports on the morning of the 27th, that the murdered body of a young girl named Clara B. Pierce was found two miles from Karthaus. It is believed that the murder was committed about 9 o'clock, as the girl had been seen in that neighborhood about that time. A tall, slim man, wearing a light suit of clothes and a derby hat, had been seen with her a short time before, and he is believed to be the murderer. A man has been arrested at Vanderbelt, on the Beech Creek road, who answers that description. His name is not known at present.

—Hans Jacob Olsen, 50 years of age, was dragged from his home in Preston, Wisconsin, by masked men on the evening of the 24th, and hanged to a tree. Olsen was partially insane and somewhat quarrelsome, and had been ordered by neighbors to leave the country. George Gough shot Mrs. J. G. Ludwig and her niece, Eva Wooster, in Rockland, Maine, on the evening of the 25th, and then committed suicide. His body was found on the morning of the 27th. The two women may recover.

—John W. Brown and William S. Henderson, colored, clerks in the post-office in Charlotte, North Carolina, were arrested on the 27th on the charge of rifling registered letters. One of the letters opened by Henderson was addressed to John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. Granville K. Young, Assistant Postmaster at Ruby, Tennessee, has been arrested for rifling letters.

—William McComb, aged 18 years, was accidentally shot dead while gunning at Rehoboth, Delaware, on the afternoon of the 28th. He was crossing a ditch on a fence, holding his gun by the muzzle, when it went off and the lead entered his head. Josephine Welsh accidentally shot and killed her lover, Charles White, in West Elizabeth, Pa., on the evening of the 27th, while toying with a revolver. The young couple were to have been married soon. While Ossie Johnson was playing with an old pistol in Rome, Georgia, on the 25th, it went off, and the bullet struck Edward Landell, who was near. He died from the wound on the evening of the 27th.

—Charles D. Cole, aged 28 years, was killed on the 28th, in Anna Arundel county, Maryland, by the premature discharge of his gun. The fourteen-year-old son of Policeman John Miller, of Baltimore county, Maryland, was killed by the bursting of a gun on the afternoon of the 28th. Joseph Werry, a miner at the Conyngham shaft, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., was killed on the 28th by being caught by the cage as it was ascending. He had tried to get in after it had started. William H. Edwards, a private in the Morris Guards, was accidentally shot and perhaps fatally wounded by Lieutenant Russell G. Bing during target practice, at Atlantic City, on the afternoon of the 28th.

—William Hodgman, a farmer near Greenville, New Hampshire, shot and killed his wife during a quarrel on the morning of the 28th. Michael Kennedy, a salt boiler in Syracuse, N. Y., killed his wife on the evening of the 27th. The couple had been on a spree for several days. At Wheeling, West Virginia, on the evening of the 28th, while a man named McGoff and his son were unloading a wagon full of cinders on the river bank, the bank gave way and they were thrown into the river and drowned.

The Toys.

My little son who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet growth-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him and dismissed
With hard words and unkind,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids and their lashes wet,
From his late sobbing wet,
And I with moan
Kissing away his tears left others of my own:
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put within his reach
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
And two French copper coins arranged with
careful art.
To comfort his sad heart,
So when that night I pray'd
To God I wept and said:
"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, motherly not less,
Than I whom thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."
Conventry Patmore.

NANCE.

Nance Williams was not beautiful, in the ordinary sense of the word. She was sunburned and freckled and her nose had too much the suggestion of a snub to be an ornament. But she had fine eyes—not large, but small, expressive and fringed with heavy black lashes. She was strong-limbed, well-developed and hearty girl of 22, or thereabouts at the time of this story, and was known to the Skytown community as a fearless woman, and no less peculiar than brave.

Peculiar, indeed! She had no relatives that any one knew of, and was all alone "way out in that western country, and for a woman to be alone in Dakota, in '82-3, and especially "holding down a claim" ten miles from any one, presented a spectacle of self-sacrifice and daring, rarely exhibited by the gentle sex.

But Nance was equal to the emergency. If she had a heart to dare, she had an arm all-sufficient for her protection. She could handle a gun with the skill and ease of a professional ranger, and had more than once demonstrated her superb marksmanship. I have seen her break the wildest of broncos to the saddle, and by a score of similar acts proclaim herself the mistress of her situation.

Yet, with all her masculine qualities, she was feminine to the greatest degree in some of the sweeter virtues of her sex. She was ready-witted, bright and tender-hearted, and whenever she came into the store to trade it was a treat for me to draw her out in conversation. She was usually very reserved, but from time to time I gleaned a few facts concerning her early life. She was born in California. There was a tinge of Indian blood in her mother's veins and her father was a miner—a "forty-miner." Her whole life had been thrown in the most rugged surroundings, and I could not but wonder how she had grown up into her scathless womanhood. She was a diamond in the rough—I could see that and I gloried in it, but how she supported herself and why she buried herself away out in that lonely region afar from womankind and civilization were mysteries to us all.

Along in the summer of '83 a young fellow from the east came to Skytown and settled down among us. He was a pale, sickly individual, slightly built, had blue eyes, curly yellow hair and wore goggles. He was very refined in his language and dress and carried himself with such scholarly air that he was immediately christened "Professor." His father, he told me, had sent him West for his health. He had come to Dakota with the avowed intention of roughing it, and wanted me to advise him the proper method for seeing the greatest amount of pioneer life in the shortest possible time. I advised him to take up a claim, roll up his sleeves and do as we Dakotians did. He followed my advice to the letter. I introduced him to Charley Atwood and he purchased of him the relinquishment of a fine quarter of a ground, three miles from town, remodeled the shack a little to suit his convenience and started in to experience Dakota life. In some manner he became acquainted with Nance Williams and they grew to be steadfast friends. I knew their friendship was warm, but did not dream it was so strong as after events proved.

One night about 8 or 9 o'clock, Nance Williams came into the store. She approached me and said in a low tone: "I'd like ter speak with you, Mr. Barlow." I was somewhat surprised, but conducted her to my little cubby-hole of an office.

"What do you suppose Rice Fielding, Tom Jenkins an' all that gang are goin' to do to-night?" "I cannot imagine, Miss Williams," said I, in a tone of alarm.

"They're over at Spangler's plottin' to beat the Professor out o' his claim!" "You don't tell me!"

"I do, though. You see, the Professor is out o' town, an' that gang knows it, so they're goin' to try and steal his place."

"But they can't—"
"They say they can. They say they'll try it an' give the tenderfoot a big scare, anyway. Why, I never heard of such an outrage?"

"How do they intend to go to work to get the Professor's claim?" "I heard 'em talkin' it all over. Said

they'd take along a keg of whisky an' move into his shack an' stay there. They're goin' up to-night. They won't have any time to-morrow 'cause the Professor'll get back then. You know he went to Jintown Tuesday. Can't you do somethin', Mr. Barlow?"

"The law won't uphold them, Miss—"

"She snapped her fingers, 'That for the law! I tell you these fellers shan't get into the Professor's shack if I can help it.'"

She drew herself together like an angry Amazon and her eyes were twin coils of fire.

"I beg of you don't be rash, Miss Williams. Remember—"

There came a chorus of yells from Spangler's. Nance Williams listened a moment.

"Hear that," she said harshly, "they're gettin' ready to go. It's time I was movin'. You mark my words Mr. Barlow, the Professor's claim is safe—Nance Williams says so."

She rushed out of the store and away into the night.

Shouts and yells came from Spangler's, and not long before Nance had gone a drunken rattle rode by the store in the direction she had taken. I felt certain something of a serious nature was threatened, so, as soon as I could leave the store, I saddled my horse and followed.

Tom Jenkin's gang had a half-hour the start of me and I put my horse to the run in order that I might be on hand with as little delay as possible. As my horse clattered over the bridge that spanned the Pipestem, I heard a succession of faint rifle shots from the direction of the Professor's claim.

"My God," I cried, "the girl will be killed!" and I lashed my horse to greater speed.

It had never occurred to me that I would be helpless in an encounter with the drunken rattle. I had thought of nothing but getting upon the ground in the quickest possible time, for it was more than probable that Nance Williams would be alone at the mercy of the crowd. As I drew nearer and nearer my destination I heard cries from time to time, and my nerves were all a tremble with excitement and apprehension. When I came close to the Professor's claim shanty, however, I realized that Nance Williams was in no immediate danger for the men, some ten or twelve in number, stood counselling together. From their loud talk I gleaned that they had met with a disappointment—they had thought that the Professor was in Jintown, while they had found him in the shack on hand to protect his property.

"What's the matter, boys?" I inquired, springing from my horse.

"It's Barlow," said Tom Jenkins to his associates in a low and not very delighted voice. Then, advancing toward me, he asked: "What do you want, Ike Barlow?"

"To see fair play," said I promptly; "what are you fellows here for?" "Tain't nothin' to you. You go back to town an' leave us alone."

While I was haranguing Tom Jenkins, Rice Fielding, his partner, tried to steal up to the door of the house. He had gone barely half way, however, when a rifle was thrust through a partly-open window and fired in his direction. The bullet whistled uncomfortably near him, and Rice retreated with more haste than gracefulness.

"No use, Rice," said Tom Jenkins; "the feller means business. There's only one way to get at him, an' that's to burn him out."

"Look here," I cried excitedly; "have you men any idea of the crime you are perpetrating? This outrage—"

There were several derisive yells from the crowd and I could see they were too much bent upon mischief to be influenced by me.

"Say, Barlow, you know as well as I do that Charley Atwood hadn't no right to jump that claim in the first place. That there place belongs to me an' Tom, an' the rest of the fellers are goin' to help me get it back, so you just keep munn an' get out o' the way."

Ah, that was the idea! It was a fact that, the quarter had originally been filed on by Rice Fielding, but he never went near it and made no pretension of living up to the law, consequently it became jumpable, and Charley Atwood had taken advantage of the fact. All the while Atwood held the place Fielding had made no move to get it back, but now that the Professor had bought it a fancied wrong tangled in Fielding's breast. In this view of the case I thought best not to tell the men they were battling against a woman.

Going to the rear of the house where there were no windows or doors through which a rifle could be fired, preparations were made to burn the building. A billet of wood was saturated with the oil of a lantern one of the men had brought, and, lighting this torch and taking an armful of straw, Rice Fielding approached to burn the Professor's shack. Before he put the plan into operation, however, a figure appeared on the roof of the house. Standing aloft, stern and undaunted, upon the flat roof, Nance Williams covered Rice Fielding with her rifle.

"Not another step," she cried warningly, "another inch or you're a dead man!"

"Good God!" yelled Fielding, "it's Nance!"

There she stood erect as a statue—a target for a dozen guns!

"Nance Williams!" I cried, "for God's sake come down."

"If they take the Professor's claim they walk over my dead body ter get it. What are you goin' to do, Rice Fielding?"

"Don't shoot boys, Nance, put up your gun—I'll quit. In heaven's name don't stand there."

"I'll stand here till every last one of you gits across the Pipestem. Now, you fellers move or I'll shoot you anyhow!"

Well, they moved, and I never saw such a dismayed lot of men as mounted their horses and rode toward Skytown. They were not too much inebriated to realize that twelve men had made war on one woman, and they went back conscious of defeat.

But what ailed Fielding! At the very climax of his expedition he had weakened. What caused it? Nance Williams happened to be in the store two or three days after and I asked her.

"Hub!" said she, contemptuously, "he wants me ter marry him, an' I'd see him dead an' buried afore I'd stoop so low as that after what he tried to do to the Professor." She paused a moment, and I saw a tear steal down her cheek. "I never liked but one feller in my life, Mr. Barlow, an' Bill—he died. I'll tell you 'bout him sometime. Good by."

She left the store in a hurry. "Women are women the world over," thought I, and I pitied poor Nance from the bottom of my heart.

A Pitiable Story.

Judge Cowing Tempered Justice with mercy the other day in a way that the public will heartily approve. It was in the case of a wretched woman who admitted stealing some articles of clothing and pawing them under truly pitiable circumstances, her husband having got out of work and having pawned first his clothes and then his tools, and she herself having pawned most of her clothing. When her husband learned of her crime he tried hard to earn money enough to redeem the stolen articles. The woman appeared in court with an infant four weeks old. She pleaded guilty to petit larceny and the husband to receiving stolen goods. As Judge Cowing was convinced that the theft was committed under compulsion of hunger, he sentenced them to one day's imprisonment in the Tombs. A more pitiful story is not often heard in our criminal courts. Our charitable institutions say that it is impossible for any one to starve in New York. This case shows that people may come very close to it, however. And the practical question arises: What became of these people after their one day's imprisonment? What has been done to help them tide over present difficulties and find the husband work.

How to Rescue the Drowning.

A noted swimmer in answer to the question: "What is the best course to pursue in aiding people who are drowning," says: "Take them by the back hair and hold them at arm length. I've noted one thing about drowning people. When they are sinking the first time if they see you and they rise again they know where to grapple with you, and the result is you both go down together, with a strong probability that you will be drowned. It is my advice, that if you go to rescue a drowning person you should swim around him and keep behind him, so he won't see you when he comes up the second time. Another thing when going to a person's rescue try to gain his confidence. It is a fact that one finger placed under a swimmer's body will keep him afloat if you can only get him to believe it."

A Dog Story From Scotland.

A gentleman employed at a colliery near Glasgow had a dog called "Jimmy," which he parted with to a friend at the colliery some miles distant. The collieries are connected by telephone, and on a recent morning the gentleman rang up his friend and asked how Jimmy was doing. "Oh, he's fine," was the answer. "He's at my feet just now. I'll hold him up and see if he knows your voice." This was done, and the former owner shouted over the wire, "Hillo, Jimmy!" Jimmy made no sign of recognition, but on being set down again he at once made for the door, and when his old master went home to dinner the dog was there to welcome him.

A Logical Illustration.

A layman in Providence who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus recently expressed his belief in the existence of Deity: "Brethren, I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being as I am that there is flour in New York, and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels of superfine, which I will sell as low as any other person in Iowa."

The portrait of the baby King of Spain now appears upon the coin and postage-stamps of that nation.