

reached an unusual height and as it floated across the low lying land the oil set fire to every building with which it came in contact. Mechanic street was known as a residence street for the poorer classes, and it was simply swept out of existence. Not a vestige of a dwelling on that street remains standing. This is where the greatest loss of life occurred. The fire and flood combined were so swift in its destruction that whole families were swept away before they realized that there was the remotest danger.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Little Items of All Kinds from the Ruins.

The Oil City Street Railway lost about 4,000 ties by the flood.

The headquarters of the Oil City Relief Association is at 210 Centre street.

A large gang of men under charge of Engineer Hyde went to work at 9:30 clearing away the debris.

The funeral of the late John B. Reinhold will be held from the Ferry House at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning.

The south abutment to the creek bridge across Seneca street is badly sprung, and it is great wonder the bridge did not go with the flood.

The happiest looking man among the ruins was a fellow who was leaving his former home with a little boy in one hand and a pistol in the other.

The building of the Oil Well Supply Company, above their shops on Seneca street, has been turned into a hospital by the Oil City Hospital Association.

Seventy-five or eighty of the sufferers were taken care of at the First Presbyterian Church yesterday and last night. They were furnished food, and cushions were taken out of the seats and beds made for the homeless ones.

One of the curiosities of the fire is a little house on Seneca street, next the creek, occupied by John Abrams. It stood between Kramer's store and the creek. Kramer's store was completely wiped out, as were all the houses in the vicinity, but the little house looks as though it never saw a fire.

The Oil City Hospital is in charge of two trained nurses and everything is organized on a good system. The following are the patients: John Roache, August Brumel and his three children, Mary, Johnie and August. These are all burned very badly, and will probably not recover. Lewis Hassenfritz.

The Valley Oil Company's property, at Rousseville, was damaged by the flood yesterday to the extent of about \$4,000. The Standard pump station was also washed away. Three families at Rousseville were flooded out. The new railroad bridge at Rousseville is damaged heavily, one span having been washed down.

John O'Leary, whose life and his mother's was lost yesterday had been put in the place of Messenger Metz, who was killed at Foster, in the railroad accident but a few days ago. When the flood came he tried to get his mother, who was nearly eighty years of age, out of danger. When he found he couldn't do it he bravely stayed by her, with the consequence of both losing their lives.

Proclamation.

To the Citizens of Oil City: The distress from both water and fire is great. The extent of the calamity cannot now be estimated. Substantial aid is being received from many good and benevolent citizens, and from municipal and private corporations. This is all needed to take care of the homeless and helpless citizens, who are many.

The municipality has sustained great losses, and none of the contributions will be used for any other purpose than what the donors intended.

Our streets must as quickly as possible be cleared of the rubbish and debris on them. In some of it are dead horses and the like, and if not moved soon it will create disease more disastrous than the flood and fire combined, and to do this it will require great outlay.

I therefore call upon every citizen who owes either municipal or water taxes to call on the Treasurer of the city and pay the same immediately.

W. G. HUNT, Mayor.
June 6, 1892.

Proclamation from the Mayor.

In the appalling calamity that has befallen our city, out of respect for the dead and as a precautionary measure to preserve good order, I, W. G. Hunt, Mayor of Oil City, by the authority vested in me, do hereby order all bars and places where liquors are sold, to be closed for a period of twenty-four (24) hours, from 12 o'clock to-day.

W. G. HUNT, Mayor.
Oil City, June 6, 1892.

Proclamation from the Governor.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 6.—Governor Pattison telegraphed Colonel Connelly as follows: Have issued proclamation asking for relief for the citizens of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

The Republican Convention.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 6.—The last field day before the convention finds both parties resolute and confident. The arrival of another score of prominent Republican leaders this morning showed about the same division of sentiment as to the preference for Harrison and Blaine that has prevailed during the past forty-eight hours so that neither party can be said to have profited by the more recent arrivals. The contest between the Blaine and Harrison forces is as animated as ever.

TOO TRUE!

Previous Reports Not Exaggerated.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

THE GREAT CALAMITY.

An awful calamity has befallen our city, the magnitude of which can hardly be comprehended or realized. The whole city is stunned by the blow and is practically at a standstill. Our people seemed dazed. The city is in mourning. It is thought that when all is known the death list will reach nearly or quite 100. Assistance is being forwarded before it is even asked, and the big-hearted donors may rest assured that our people are not unmindful of their great generosity. The blow is a severe one, and it falls at a most inopportune time. But the city will survive it. We have passed through ordeals before. It behooves the citizens to exercise great caution and to do all they can to assist in relieving the suffering of the homeless and the sufferers. Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.

SHERIFF RAY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Sheriff L. L. Ray was in town Sunday and had a narrow escape when the explosion occurred. He had been doing good work in the morning, in keeping people away from the Centre street bridge, and succeeded in stretching ropes across the ends of the bridges. Just before the explosion he was talking with John Reinbold in the front of the latter's barn. Mr. Reinbold stepped into the barn. The Sheriff turned to him as he left and said, "Well, John, you have escaped rather luckily." Then he shook hands with him and left. The Sheriff had just passed the corner of Paul's building when the big explosion came. This explosion killed two men who were standing at the bridge in front of Paul's. The Sheriff was knocked unconscious. The first thing he realized was a woman tugging at his arm, crying, "For God's sake, save my children." Hardly knowing what he was doing, he grabbed one of them and ran around through the ward until he met a couple of men. To one of them he gave the baby, and then went back to help the mother with the other children. He then sent to Reno for hose to assist in putting out the fire. The Sheriff says it was the closest call he ever had in his life, and is an experience he does not care to repeat.

MYRTLE HAWK DEAD.

Myrtle Hawk, aged fifteen years, who with her mother and others was removed by the rescuing party from the flooded district after the fire, died today at the residence to which she was taken on the hill. Her death was the result of burns she had received.

ACTION OF ODD FELLOWS.

An impromptu meeting of the I. O. O. of Oil City was held in the Lodge room of 589 for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for taking care of their dead and injured brothers, to be known as the "I. O. O. F. Relief Corps." The committee appointed to care for the dead consists of J. H. Fulmer, D. S. Davis, T. C. McCoy, H. K. Mohr, T. W. Stewart, J. S. Shearer, W. H. Havis. Committee to care for the injured—E. J. Ross, W. T. K. Smith, J. P. Rhoachner, Chas. Neidick, G. W. Fry, J. C. Lowe, N. A. Sasmann, Jacob Simon, W. H. August, S. H. Hoskins, F. A. Doddington, D. E. Keller, J. T. Bennett, Geo. E. Rarer and Otto O'Koerber, Wm. McKenna, Wm. Kramer, J. D. Helmers, J. E. Ulander, John Farren, Geo. Foltz. The suggestion was made that the secretary of each Lodge bring before his individual Lodge the question of special relief.

AMONG THE REFINERIES.

The impression seems to prevail that a number of the refineries up the creek have been destroyed. Such is not the case. The Penn Refining Company has been the principal loser. The company lost ten refined oil tanks, varying in capacity from 300 to 1,000 barrels, each partially filled; also one agitator, two steam stills and condensers, cooper shops, barrel and filling shops. The damage is estimated at \$40,000. The Independent Refinery sustained a loss of about \$25,000 by the destruction of ten refined oil tanks. The other refineries, with the exception of the Valley, sustained material damage. The Valley lost a 1,000 barrel tank.

S. C. ZUVER'S EXPERIENCE.

N. C. Zuver, a barber employed in Kohlman's shop, had an experience he

will not soon forget, for he was the last man on the Lake Shore track to get into the tunnel, and he reached it by running at a speed which in all probability he could never attain again. He, like the others before him, ran into the tunnel ahead of the wall of flame, taking with him the awful thought that the great billows of fire came from a torrent of oil which would pour into the tunnel after them. But the prospect of even a few minutes more of life was better than to surrender, and the victorious race was run.

BENZINE CAUSED THE FIRE.

D. E. Byles, of the Independent Refining Company, says that a man who lives right by the Keystone Refinery, saw the tank which contained the benzine empty itself. It was a tank with a capacity of about 20,000 barrels, and was pretty nearly full of benzine. Mr. Byles also says that there must have been oil mixed with the benzine, as it had a dark appearance when it came down on the water. Benzine has a light appearance, and gas rises easily from it when exposed to the air. Some of the Independent's men were up at the Continental when they first noticed the gas and escaping benzine. The fireman told them to put out their fires, and then ran down to the Independent and gave the same order.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

The Coroner's jury has had a busy day. Coroner J. M. Snowden swore in his jury this morning, and the work has been severe. The following are the names of the jurymen: C. H. Duncan, Foreman, M. Lowentritt, William Gates, J. H. Payne, D. R. Merritt, W. L. Lay. The jury has been obliged to view all of the bodies. The sight has been a most sickening and horrible one. Tonight the list of those who have been identified, or partially so, stands as follows:

- WILLIAM EAKIN.
- EDWARD EAKIN.
- BARTHOLEMEW LYONS.
- KATE LYONS, his wife.
- WILLIAM LYONS, his son.
- Six-day-old infant of D. CAPLIN.
- MRS. FLORA O'LEARY.
- JOHN O'LEARY, her son.
- EMMA BRIGGS.
- MRS. MILLS and two children supposed to be hers.
- Unknown child found in front of Briggs' house.
- WALTER MCPHERSON.
- JAMES BURNS.
- Girl, unknown, about twelve years old.
- H. W. SHAFER.
- J. L. DORWORTH.
- HIRAM D. DOUGHERTY.
- CHARLES MILLER.
- EDWARD MILLS, and three girls, supposed to be his daughters.
- JAMES HOLMES, Jamestown, N. Y.
- E. V. R. PLANK, Carthage, Jefferson County, N. Y.
- CHARLES BAKER.
- JAMES W. BRISTOL.
- DANIEL SULLIVAN.
- JOHN REINBOLD.
- MRS. JOHN ROACHI.
- Body supposed to be that of WM. HASSENFRITZ.
- EDITH FREEMAN.
- Body of a baby was found on Seneca street at 3:15 p. m.

In addition to the Coroner's list EUGENE FRITZ died at 3 o'clock. MISS HAWK died at 2 o'clock.

BE CAREFUL OF THE GAS.

Too much care cannot be taken in the turning on and off of the gas in the houses. Many people who left their homes with such suddenness yesterday left the gas turned on. The supply was afterward shut off but again turned on, and people who have not yet returned should be sure the rooms are free from gas before they strike a light. J. M. McCarthy with Angus Steffee went up this afternoon to the rooms which his wife and himself had left yesterday. The rooms were filled with gas, but the odor of it was detected, the windows and doors were left open and no bad result followed. Let everybody remember that the gas has been turned on and let everybody be accordingly careful. This is the chief danger to be guarded against at present. Let everybody who has a home or room left from which they fled yesterday see that the gas is turned off all right and let the greatest precaution be taken in turning it off and on. Let no one forget this.

ANOTHER FIVE HUNDRED.

BEAR CREEK REFINING CO., PITTSBURGH, June 6. Continental Refining Co. Draw on us for \$500 for Oil City Relief Fund. Write how our friends have stood the storm.

BEAR CREEK REFINING CO.,

- B. B. CAMPBELL, President.
- RECORD OF FAMILIES ON THE FLATS.
- The BLIZZARD reporter this afternoon endeavored to get a list of families who lived on burned flats. The list is as follows, beginning at the house occupied by Lowe, which was partly burned, on Seneca street:
- Mr. Lowe, wife and baby, saved.
- Geo. Kramer, wife and three children, saved.
- Mr. Martin, and three children, saved.
- L. Fouquet and wife, saved.
- N. Smith, wife and five or six children, saved.
- Jan. Wilson and wife, saved.
- M. Lyons, wife and child, lost.
- John Campbell, wife and baby, saved.
- Ben Wright, wife and three children, saved.

Another family lived in same house, unknown.

D. Sullivan, wife and six children. Mr. Hamer, wife and five children, saved.

In the next, a double house, Mrs. Beston and two daughters, saved; and Andrew Black, wife and two children.

Chris Kramer, grocer, wife and three children, saved.

Unoccupied house. Trax & Kramer block, with four families in large building and one in small addition.

Lambert Eisenman, wife and three children, all saved.

Family in next house unknown. W. S. Wick, one son lost.

Mr. Cuplin, wife and three children, all lost.

Egan, family unknown. McMullen, family unknown.

Mr. Downs, wife and five children. Two families in double house unknown.

J. Hassenfritz, wife and five children; two lost and others injured.

Mr. Harlow, wife and baby. S. Steck, wife, daughter and son.

These were the families on west side of Seneca street. Beginning at the bridge on east side, is the boarding house occupied by the two Misses Colburn.

J. Roche, wife and three children. Sam Richardson, wife and three children.

Mr. Freeman, wife and three children, little girl lost.

W. Briggs, wife and daughter, the latter drowned.

S. F. Terwilliger, wife and two children.

J. T. Hawks, wife, son and daughter, and Wm. Monks, wife and child.

Frank Goodrich, wife and three children.

F. N. Clark, wife and three children. Ambrose Heil, wife and four children.

Jno. Eisenbeil and wife, and Jas. Graham and wife; all saved.

Mr. McReady, wife and five or six children; boarding house, had some boarders.

This was the last house on that side. Next on Standard street, a double house, occupied by Dan Fry, wife and three children, and J. W. Baurlinger, wife and five children.

Phil. Johnson, wife and daughter, saved.

Mr. Benton lived alone. This brings the list to Stevens street. First house unoccupied.

Wm. Caldwell and wife, mother and daughter.

House with six occupants. Jim Fahy, wife and four children.

Jno. O'Leary and mother, lost. Jno. Hart, wife and son.

Mrs. Hines, widow, nine children all saved.

Jim Downey, wife and children. Mike Fahy, wife and four children.

W. A. Smith, wife and five children. Mike Martin, wife and five children.

Feeney, wife and four children. This makes a complete list as near as can be ascertained, of the families burned out on the flat.

EARNEST GREETINGS.

Everybody in Oil City to-day has felt like grasping each other by the hand and congratulating each other on their being alive. There is hardly a person in the town who, almost without knowing it, has not shaken hands with scores of people and extending such congratulations. Certainly the people of the city have never before felt so grateful for their existence.

A PITTSBURGH STRAW.

PITTSBURGH, June 6.—A grim earnest of the terrible calamity at Oil City was afforded at the Union Depot this morning. A car loaded with coffins was sent up over the Allegheny Valley road. There were thirty-eight rough boxes and fifty-five caskets.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

The Residents Ran For Their Lives to the Hill.

The oil columns of smoke that rose from the burning oil and passed down the river presented a spectacle to the south side that will never be obliterated from their memory. The first impression was that the whole part of the city, lying on the flats, was on fire and that the flames would soon be communicated to the adjacent streets. Residents on Front, First and even Second streets gathered their valuable papers and all that they held dear, and fled to the hills for safety. Women and children were frantic with fright, some praying, others singing, and some raving as if mad. A number of residents didn't stop in their flight until they reached Kich's Hill on the Salina pike. Two little children started for the Trinity Sunday school, but learning on the way that there would be no school, thought they would go down to the river bank and watch the flood. When the clouds of dark smoke came bursting down the river, they fled to the hills, and were not found until late in the afternoon. They had climbed over a fence into a field and pulled up a large spot of grass, thinking they would prevent the fire from overtaking them.

The ten-year-old son of James Collins, conductor on the Valley road, was on his way to church on the south side when the explosion occurred. He became panic stricken and started across the bridge, some man on horse back picked him up, placed him in front of him in the saddle and took him as far as Reno. The little fellow walked home from there unharmed excepting for a severe fright.

Relief Notes.

The gentlemen who were appointed to serve on the committee for the collection of contributions to relieve fire and flood sufferers will meet at the office of N. F. Clark, in the National Transit building at 8 a. m. Monday, N. F. Clark, chairman.

MARY WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

A Visit to the Grave of the Mother of the "Father of His Country."

Driven by "de man what knows me" 'bout F'edricksbu'g 'n enny oder coachman 'bout cher (about here), if the evidence of brother backmen be of value, we seek the burial place of Mary, the mother of Washington.

The legend of the unfinished monument is familiar to us all, as is the history of the various attempts to revive in the hearts of the American people active interest in the work of repairing the wrong done to motherhood and to the memory of our greatest chieftain. Yet we are conscious of a shock when the carriage draws up within a few feet of the grave. A square construction, seemingly composed of un-mortared blocks of marble, supports Corinthian pillars set between buttressed corners. There are two columns upon each of three sides; from the fourth, one is missing. A marble obelisk, blackened by mold and stained by the snows and rains of fifty-nine years, lies upon the ground at the base of the "memorial" (heaven save the mark).

The intelligent coachman says his piece: "Martly, or Mary Wash'n'ton, or whatever dey call 'er, been buried under dat ar monument. Some folks say 'twas a mighty han'some monerment 'bout a hund'ed year ago. Oder folks say 'tain' neber been finished no time. Don' look like 't'ber will be finished now. Kiz'yl! Whas folks been made a hund'ed years nobody gins ter take do trouble ter put up a tombstone fer 'em."

We are wiser than he on the last head. The recurring consciousness of this salve the mortification and pain induced by the sight of the disgrace, and the recollection of the abortive enterprises for the removal of the blot from the national escutcheon. We do not add to our citizens' stores of general information our knowledge that the ground on which we stand, and the five acres immediately encompassing the grave, are the decided property of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association; that collections are steadily if not rapidly being made by the organization for the erection of a new and fitting monument; that the faith in ultimate success of the women who have the movement in charge has never wavered since they set their hearts and hands upon righting Mary Washington in the eyes of a republic that is rather unthinking than ungrateful.

Our busy fancies fall to work instead upon the shadowy outlines of the site that is to do away with the fact and the memory of the crumbling fragment before our bodily eyes. Two of us sit upon the half buried obelisk, a third walks about the ruin, thrusting a tentative cane into interstices and shaking a mournful head. The tentacles of wire grass are digging out the disintegrated mortar, tufts of sheep mint, bruised by the intrusive ferrule, breathe pungently, a rank plant that may develop into "jimsen weed" leans imperceptibly toward us from the earth deposited upon the top of the memorial by the winds of sixty years, save one. Sir Oracle is looking over the wall into the small burying ground behind the incomplete tomb as motionless as the marble.

The cornerstone of what we see was laid May 7, 1838, in the sight of 15,000 people. As President Andrew Jackson deposited an engraved plate in the hollowed block, he is reported to have predicted "that the American pilgrim will, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place and lay his hand upon this sacred column. May he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the mother of Washington.—Marion Harland in Harper's Bazar.

When Labouchere Was in Washington.

When Labouchere was about twenty-three years old he tired of his wanderings, and through his uncle, Lord Taunton, was appointed an attaché to the British legation at Washington. Some odd stories are told of him there. The minister, Mr. (afterward Sir John) Crampton's chief object in life was to escape the wiles of the unmarried ladies in Washington, who one and all were wont to lay siege to him. By way of forwarding the interest of the belles of Washington it was a pure delight to young Labouchere to drive out to visit the minister, accompanied by as many fair ones as the carriage would hold. These girls would sit and chatter by the hour together, until Crampton would almost beseech Labouchere to take them away. At last Sir John denied him admittance.

There was then nothing left for this practical joker to do but to keep up the bombardment with marriageable ladies by giving a letter of introduction to every lady who expressed a wish to become acquainted with the unhappy bachelor. This practical joking had a strange sequel. It was Mr. Labouchere who gave a letter of introduction one day to Miss Victoria Balfe, the prima donna and daughter of the composer of the "Bohemian Girl." The lady went and saw and conquered. She married the minister and became Lady Crampton. The union, however, was not a happy one, and after the dissolution of her marriage with Sir John she wedded the Duke of Friars.—London Cor. New York Weekly.

Managing Hobby.

Wife—I shall need ten dollars today. Husband—Good gracious! I gave you ten dollars yesterday, ten dollars the day before and ten dollars the day before that. Wife—I need the ten dollars or I would not ask it. I wish to get a new dress. Husband—Oh! Well, you do need another dress, that's a fact. Here's the money. Can you get a dress for ten dollars? Wife—No, but this ten and the other three tens make forty. Goodby, dear.—New York Weekly.

Poor Willie.

Teacher—Johnny, take the sentence, "He went home." Is "went" a verb or a noun? Johnny—A verb. Teacher—Next! Willie—A noun. Teacher—Johnny is right. Willie, you may remain after school and say your lesson over again.—Harper's Bazar.

A Green Superstition.

In Corea three spirits are supposed to enter the world with every infant, guarding the child until it grows up. For these mysterious protectors three little bands are sewn upon the child's waistband, each containing a lock of his hair.—Washington Star.

The Latest Addition.

Mrs. Rangle—Isn't your piano something new? I suppose you hire it by the month? Mrs. Wangle—Oh, yes. The piano mover told me he brought it direct from your house.—New York Herald.

How Gypsies Treat a Dog.

The tent gypsies cut the tail off of a dog that comes into their possession so that he may not turn back into a man in case he has been one and had been changed by a witch into a wolf.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Street Magician.

The following account of an amusing adventure is vouchsafed for by the highly respectable gentleman to whom the incident occurred. "I was walking down one of the principal streets of San Francisco on a windy afternoon, when a sudden gust of wind lifted my high silk hat (for I had been making some visits and was clothed in my best) and sent it spinning down the street. Of course I started at once in pursuit; but before I could reach it my unfortunate tile was picked up by a gentlemanly looking person who was apparently about to return it to me with a bow, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'I beg your pardon, allow me' and he drew out of my hat a cabbage.

"This is very odd," he continued, as the half dozen idlers who had been watching the proceedings drew near, 'but really, my dear sir—drawing out a bunch of carrots—this must be very uncomfortable—extracting half a dozen big boots—and you cannot surely put such things as these on your head,' and he held up, amid the laughter of the crowd, a rabbit, who kicked violently as he was held aloft by the ears. Rather annoyed at the publicity of the entertainment, I finally succeeded in capturing my hat, and the magician, followed by a small crowd, took his way up the street ready to play his tricks upon any other likely subject.—New York Tribune.

Corwin Lost Their Votes.

Tom Corwin was not only a very eloquent man, but he was the most renowned wit and humorist of his party, just as the late Samuel Sullivan Cox was of his party at a later day. Corwin's sense of humor sometimes got him into difficulty, and on at least one occasion lost him votes. He was on a campaign tour, and had stopped for the night at the house of a wealthy farmer, whose wife was as eager to display her book learning as her hospitality.

These efforts took the form of big, unusual words, which sometimes had a ludicrous Malapropian flavor. She prepared a most excellent and elaborate breakfast for the distinguished orator and his party, and then seated herself at the head of the table to do the honors. She poured out a cup of coffee, and then with a gracious smile, turned to the orator and asked:

"Mr. Corwin, do you take concomitants in your coffee?"

"Thank you madame," replied Corwin gravely, "I will take a little sugar and cream, but neither salt nor pepper."

He didn't get a vote in that family, and scarcely one in the precinct, though both family and precinct were usually Whig.—Washington Post.

The Crescent as an Emblem.

The crescent has been known since time out of memory. In ancient mythology it decorated the forehead of Diana and of Astarte, the Syrian Venice. In the days of Rome's greatest glory the ladies wore it as an ornament in their hair. Since the foundation of Constantinople (the ancient Byzantium) it has been the emblem of the city, and as such adorns its walls and public buildings, besides being stamped on its coins and postage. The legend which accounts for its universal adoption in Turkey, and Constantinople in particular, is as follows:

Philip of Macedon laid siege to the city in the year 340 B. C. He chose a night of unusual darkness for the proposed assault, but was foiled by the moon suddenly breaking from behind a cloud. In commemoration of this providential deliverance the crescent was adopted as the symbol of the city. The Mohammedan sultans were slow to assume this emblem until some one mentioned that it was the symbol of increasing greatness, power changing as rapidly as the phases of the moon.—St. Louis Republic.

Important to Rich Men.

A rich man holds his wealth simply as a trustee between his Maker and humanity. Unless he wants to become the slave of his money he must give it freely until he feels that there is some sacrifice in the giving. My observation for a great many years has led me to have a strong opinion on that subject. It is for the good of the man himself that he should look at the subject from this point of view. I do not believe there is much philanthropy or charity in providing that your money shall be given after death, when you are unable to hold it. Better give of your means as you go along through life, leaving of your wealth to others who after you will, in the exercise of their stewardship, follow the same course.—D. Willis James in New York Independent.

Women's Luncheons.

It is noticeable that at the luncheon rooms of the several women's exchanges, as well as at several of the restaurants in the shopping districts, broken orders are possible. This is especially true of the menus of the exchanges, which are managed by women solely for women. It is a concession to her appetite that women ordering and eating alone greatly dislike to pay for a mouthful more than can be consumed. One croquette, a half serving of salad, chocolate without bread—these are some of the ways a woman adjusts her bill to her appetite.—New York Times.

How Man and Nature Uses Carbon.

Man uses carbon for the same purposes as nature uses it. He employs it as fuel; so does she, but he in the crude form of coal, from which, also, he produces for other purposes different useful products artistically applicable as coloring substances, in which art, as he may one day find out, he is following some undiscovered natural design.—Longman's Magazine.

Names on Toothpicks.

Some of the principal hotels and restaurants on the Continent and in the United States require their addresses printed on the quill toothpicks used by their guests, and in Spain and her colonies it is customary to have all kinds of gallant devices or mottoes impressed on them by a machine.—Chambers' Journal.