

PEARL FISHING.

THE GREAT INDUSTRY OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

Animated Scenes at La Paz—The Fishing Boats and the Divers—Mother of Pearl Shells—Origin of Pearls.

LA PAZ, in Lower California, whose chief industry is pearl fishing, presents a very animated spectacle between the months of May and November, when the season is on. The port, says the Globe-Democrat, is full of fishing boats and macks of all dimensions and builds, which are moving continually over the placid waters of the Gulf of La Paz, and the piers and other landing places are full of people preparing to embark, or awaiting the return of the fishermen. At least two-thirds of the entire population of La Paz is engaged in the pearl fisheries.

The oyster beds or fisheries which extend from Cape St. Lucas to Bunilego were divided by the Mexican Government into four sections in 1872, and a law was passed which only allowed one section to be worked upon every two years. This measure was taken to prevent the exhaustion of the fisheries. The barques which engage in this industry are boats of from two to three tons burden, manned ordinarily by six men including the diver, who is, of course, the most important personage on board. He is usually provided with a water-proof suit, metal helmet, lead weights for the breast and shoulders, or copper or lead shoes, which weigh altogether some 150 pounds.

The boats generally gather in groups of twenty and leave the port at midnight to go to the oyster beds at early dawn. When all have arrived, a cannon shot is fired as a signal, and the diving commences. When the diver is below his companions watch the signal and haul up the baskets of oysters as rapidly as he can fill them, and finally bring up the exhausted diver himself, as he can rarely remain under water over eighty or ninety seconds, though some have been known to resist the enormous pressure for a longer time.

Before the diver's suit was introduced in these parts it was the custom of the native fishermen to anoint their bodies with oil and dive to the bottom with nothing about them but a belt with the basket was attached in which the oysters were thrown. Even now the practice exists among some few divers, but the sword fish, the sharks, and the devil fish, of different varieties, which abound in the waters of the gulf, render this work extremely dangerous.

The diving goes on from six o'clock in the morning until mid-day, when another signal is fired to announce that the fishing is over, and the rest of the day is employed in opening the oysters. Formerly it was customary to pay the pearl divers one-quarter of the proceeds, but now the owners of the fishing outfits pay their divers and helpers a fixed salary.

The pearls are separated or classified by running them through different straining pans, commencing with the largest and running down to the smallest, after which operation they are appraised and sold invariably by the weight. A flotilla of pearl fishing boats is supposed to gather some three tons daily of oysters, and it is estimated that one in a thousand bivalves contains a pearl. During the season of 1881 there was a larger amount of pearls extracted than at any former period; and some of the specimens were remarkable for their size and beauty. A black pearl taken out that season by the divers of Juan Hidalgo weighed twenty-eight carats, and was sold in Paris for \$10,000. This year there have been sent over \$150,000 in pearls to Paris and New York, and the season is not yet through.

The pearls of this section were held in great esteem in Mexico and Peru three hundred years ago. During the first quarter of the seventeenth century Antonio de Castillo, a Spanish colonist, who was living south of Mazatlan, made an enormous fortune in the pearl fisheries. About this time, also, Captain Turbe Ortega engaged in the same business and took some very valuable pearls to Mexico, one of which he sold for \$4500.

This gave great impetus to the industry. The most precious pearls to be found to-day among the crown jewels of Spain were taken from the fisheries near La Paz before the French war of intervention, and they have always been in great demand since the time of Cortez. In 1867 an American ambassador to the Court of Spain said that he had seen pearls of the size of a plover's egg among the crown jewels of that country, and that they were esteemed as among the most valuable of the Spanish jewels.

The value of the mother of pearl shells is from \$10 to \$12 per one hundred pounds. The proceeds of these are sufficient to pay all the expenses of the fishing, and the pearl is a net gain when found. Several years ago it was quite a problem to find some use for the pearl oyster shells, and they accumulated rapidly on the hands of their owners. But now they are sent to Europe, whence they are returned to America in the form of buttons, knife handles and several other articles. The price of pearls fluctuates less than that of diamonds because their production is lesser and more regular. At present the black pearls are held in greater esteem than the white ones, although they are much inferior in point of beauty.

The Indians on the coast appreciated fully the beauty of the pearls and used them with great profusion in their ornaments. It was their custom to give their children a dower of pearls and the ceremony was a very solemn one, and partook of a religious nature.

There are many theories regarding the formation of the pearls. The most common is that of some foreign substance, like a grain of sand, finds its way into the shell, and by the irritation which it causes to the sensitive bivalve provokes

a secretion of mace, which envelops it and increases until a good-sized pearl is formed. Sometimes the pearl is hidden in the general fecundation of mother of pearl, and it is only found when the shell is broken up at the factory.

Made \$5,000,000 in One Day.

When asked the other day by a San Lake City reporter as to the origin of the subterfuge "Lucky," E. J. Baldwin, the San Francisco millionaire, explained that it was given him when he made \$5,000,000 out of the Ophir mine deal. He had the entire California Bank crowd after him, and it was no small victory to beat such men as Sharon and Raiston, who represented \$150,000,000.

It was Lucky Baldwin who had \$3,000,000 in the bank at one time, and who was largely responsible for the failure of the California Bank at another time. After getting control of the Ophir mine he ran the stock up to \$335 a share, and by making another mine of the Mexican he forced its shares to \$30, making the consolidated value of both mines over \$400 a share. He cleared on this transaction \$5,000,000. One day he bought \$1,600,000 worth of stock. "Ole hundred thousand dollars was no more in those times than \$5 is now," he said, glowing with a faint trace of the old enthusiasm. "We got up games of poker and lost \$40,000 at a single sitting, and went out in the street the next day to even up."

"There is a great deal that might be written of the men of those times that would read stranger than fiction, but the best of it cannot be made public until the men who figured in it are dead. We would stand on the street and take men's words," he continued, "for \$300,000 and put down the figures on our shirt sleeves to keep track of it. When the California Bank broke it owed from twelve to fourteen millions. It had plenty of real estate, but no ready money. I took \$1,100,000 of its stock to start it up again, and the stock is now worth \$309 a share. The restoration of this bank, with \$14,000,000 liabilities, was a feat never known in the history of the world."

"To illustrate how they were trying to crowd me, Ralston notified my broker that he wanted \$300,000 margin by 3 o'clock. At that hour an express wagon backed up to his office with \$300,000 in \$20 pieces."

Mr. Baldwin, besides owning the 600-room hotel, which bears his name, in San Francisco, and which cost \$2,400,000, owns 50,000 acres in Los Angeles County. He has expended half a million building irrigating ditches to reclaim it, and those persons who have visited his orange groves will remember how they would drive all day in the beautiful shaded avenues without getting off Baldwin's land. He also has 5000 acres in San Bernardino and 15,000 acres in other parts of California.

The Beggars of Malta.

Beggars swarm so in Malta that according to the Rev. J. E. Hardy's sketch of Maltese life, the only way to avoid being pestered by them is to put out the hollow of your hand and anticipate their wish with your own winning "Give me something." "Me plenty poor man." "Me very large family." Some of these beggars are supposed to have acquired a good deal of money, and it is said that the priests order people to live on begging for awhile as penance. On the other hand those who will work it is hard to do business owing to their reluctance to name a price for their services. The answer is "What you like" which tempts the stranger to reply that he would like to give nothing at all. The poorer Maltese have, it seems, a ready wit. An English officer, failing to make a Maltese understand what he meant, called the poor man "a fool." Understanding this much, the man who had traveled about a good deal, replied he did not understand English, replied by asking, "Do you speak Maltese?" "No." "Do you speak Arabic?" "No." "Do you speak Greek?" "No." "Do you speak Italian?" "No." "Then, if I be one fool, you be four fools!" In illustration of a curious sort of discriminating rogues which appears to be characteristic of the Maltese dealers, Mr. Hardy tells a story of a naval friend who stopped one Christmas time in the great market in Valletta before the stall of "Joe" with whom he had had many dealings. The color of one of his turkeys, all trusted and ready for the spit, attracted him. The breast of the victim was of a bluish purple, the legs were scraggy and also discolored, but otherwise the bird seemed to be well fed. Pointing to it, he asked, "How much?" Joe fell back, and beckoning to him, explained matters thus: "Dat not for you, signor, dat for de hotel." Then in a mysterious but impressive whisper, he added, "He die."—London News.

The First Map of America.

"Among the relics appertaining to the discovery of America brought out in connection with the Columbian celebration," said the Spanish Consul at this port recently, "is the first geographical chart of America, which is preserved in Spain. The chart is in the possession of the Naval Museum of Madrid, and is said to be the original autograph of the navigator, Juan de la Cosa, a pilot of renowned reputation in his time, and of whom Columbus had a very high opinion."

"The chart or map is signed in the Puerto de Santa Maria, in the year 1492, but Juan de la Cosa, who accompanied Columbus as pilot or sailing master on his first and second voyages, was at work on it during the voyage with Alfonso de Ojeda in 1499. It is said to be the best of all ancient universe maps in its correctness and extent of its newly discovered territories, and has the reputation of being the first map made extant, showing, as known in 1500, the whole of Europe and Africa, a great portion of Asia and the America just then discovered. It was executed with great precision, and is luxuriant in gold and coloring."—Baltimore (Md.) American.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The breaking of a heart leaves no trace. Bad men excuse their faults; good men leave them.

Love, that needs forgiveness, has, for its first duty, to forgive. He who waits to do a good deal at once will never do anything.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done as the fear of consequences.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy, reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Hypocrites are wicked; they hide their defects with so much care that their hearts are poisoned by them.

Whatever the world may say there are some mortal sorrows; and our lives ebb away less through our blood than through our tears.

So long as you can say "father" and "mother" there is a love on the earth which bears one in its arms; it is only when the parents are gone that one is set down on the hard ground.

Perhaps you have nothing in the world but kind, sweet smile; then let that fall upon some poor life that has no smile in it. Remember that a dew drop glistening in the sun is just as beautiful as a rainbow.

There is nothing of a man but the word that is kept or broken—sacred as life or unshakable as water. By this we judge each other, in philosophy and practice, and by this test shall be ruled the ultimate judgment.

Each of us as we travel the way of life has the choice according to our working of turning all the voices of nature into one song of rejoicing, or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful withdrawal of silence or condemnation or into a crying out of her sorrows and a shaking of her dust against us.

The right faith of man is not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work. It is not intended that he should look away from the place he lives in now, and cheer himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in next, but that he should look stoutly into this world, in faith that, if he does his work well here, some good to others or himself will come of it hereafter.

Wastefulness of Americans.

Economy is simply the avoidance of all waste, and economical housekeeping means the endeavor to obtain for the whole household the utmost amount of health, comfort and enjoyment of life. In this sense it is surely the duty of every mistress of a household, from the highest to the lowest, to be economical. Much has been written and spoken about the wastefulness of the poorest classes, a reproach which Economical Housekeeping acknowledges is unfortunately only too well deserved, but is equally deserved by most well-to-do households. To take only the item of food; how much is often wasted in the preparation of a single dish which forms but a part of one of the courses of a dinner. This plea that it can be well afforded is no justification for waste.

The two chief articles of food which are wasted are bread and fat. Few of our cooks recognize the value of either of these, although the French cooks know the value of the former under its most imposing name of chapelleur. In plain English this is stale bread dried in the oven and broken down, or nearly pulverized, by being rolled with a heavy stone bottle; not on any account with the rolling pin that is used for pastry, because the hard crusts indent the wooden rolling pins and even scratch the marble ones, and this is apt to make the pastry heavy. These crumbs should be assorted and kept in bottles, brown and white bread separately, and coarse and fine crumbs also separately, and they are then ready for use when needed. The preparation is an easy matter when the cook gets into the habit of collecting all the clean bits of bread and putting them to dry in the oven over night, and any leisure moment can be spent in pulverizing and sifting the crumbs. They are used in many ways—for fried fish, for hams, for puddings. It is a vexation to prepare crumbs every time that they are needed, while, if bottles of chapelleur are at hand, of various degrees of fineness, the dishes that require crumbs can be prepared at very short notice.

Faithfulness.

A poor, half-witted creature was obliged to stand in a close, hot room, twelve hours a day, stitching harness. He had heard from some preacher that every-day work could be ennobled, but he had only a dim idea of the man's meaning. One day he looked out and saw a horse dash madly by with a carriage containing a woman and child. A man leaped from the curb, caught the horse by the bridle, and was dragged along by the infuriated animal. But the bride held, the horse was stopped, the mother and child were saved.

The thought passed through the mind of the poor leather-stitcher; "Suppose the sewing on that bride had been poorly done, with bad thread. Then the bride might have broken, and the man, as well as those in the carriage, would have been injured. How do I know but that sewing was some of my work?"

Animated by that grand thought, he stitched away like a hero, determined to do his humble work well for the sake of others. From that time he ennobled his calling, as everyone may do who has the spirit of the Master, whose life has made ours worth living.—Egworth Her.

The Czar is never lonely on his splendid yacht, the Polar, as she carries a crew of 300 men, who are selected from the best sources in the imperial fleet.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

CUT DOWN BY MINES.

FAR WISER THAN WE.

This Happened to Quite a Large Tree in Front of the 7th Ind.



GEN. GRANT in Vol. 11 of his Memoirs speaks of a tree 18 inches in diameter being cut down by musket-balls. I want to tell you what I know about that. We were in line by the Johnnies near Spotsylvania Courthouse on the morning of May 12, 1863, when the good news came down our line that Hancock's Second Corps had charged that morning just before daylight and captured 4,000 prisoners, two field officers, 20 cannon, a great many small-arms, and several stands of colors. Of course we were much pleased at this news, and threw up our hats and shouted with all the force of our lungs. About this time our regiment was ordered to make a forced march to the left; and after marching four or five miles we heard the roar of heavy musketry in our front, and pushing forward across a hollow and up a little hill, we came up to and relieved a regiment that had been firing in front of a rebel fort since early morning, which had not yet surrendered to Hancock. We were drawn up within 100 feet of the fort, and our orders were to fire as fast as possible, and we kept a constant stream of balls pouring over this fort, so that the Johnnies could not raise their heads above the breastworks to fire at us without being hit with our bullets.

We continued firing until late in the evening, when, after our guns had become so dirty we could hardly get a ball down them, we were relieved through Wall street, in position in the line just beyond the fort, and in a line with our firing stood a large tree, which, when our regiment was relieved, appeared to be almost cut down, and when the regiment started back to its old position, Capt. Jeffrey requested me to stay and see if it did actually fall. In about two hours after our regiment left the fort, the Johnnies shot up the white flag just as the tree fell to the ground. I was so glad it was over and started up the hill to the fort where Hancock's Corps had charged early in the morning. It had been raining all day and part of the night before, and the mud was deep. The dead and wounded had been removed, knapsacks, portfolios, writing paper pens and inks, letters, etc., were scattered all over the hill-side. I got on top of the fort, and saw a sight! Worse than a slaughter-pen—muddy, bloody, and as wet as if they had swam the river. There were 200 in the entrenchments, every one of them more or less wounded, and many dead. They were calling for food and help. The scene was so deeply stamped upon my memory that it seems but as yesterday, though it is 28 years ago. After talking to the wounded for some time I returned to my regiment, and I never could tell why our regiment had been brought so far to do that work, when there were others so much nearer.

It is said a part of that tree had been taken to Washington City. Is that true? Also, I would like to hear from other comrades what they know about this particular fort.—A. D. STRANDBERG in National Tribune.

PREMONITIONS.

A Comrade Thinks Soldiers are Somewhat Warned of Death.

Do soldiers have premonitions of their death before going to battle? Yes, I think that they do, an numerous cases have been cited truthfully that occurred during the late civil war. I will relate the following incident, which came under my personal observation, and which seems a clear case of premonition that soldiers are impressed with a strong foreboding that they are to meet death in battle, and invariably it has proved true.

My regiment during the afternoon of May 19, 1864, moved across the Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania turnpike and through the gap in the stone wall on to the historical Harris Farm, taking position upon a rolling interval of ground south of the Harris Mansion. Here the regiment formed in line and rested for a short time, the first battalion resting on the right, with the 3d battalion resting on the left, near a strip of woods. The boys were laughing and joking, there being no signs of a battle, or that there would be one.

Soon the scene changed, however, as I saw Cos. D and F enter the woods in our front, and listened to the continuous roar of musketry that followed; for they had struck Rodes's Division, of Ewell's Corps, and there was sharp business ahead for the boys. I stood under the colors, and as I looked down the long line of blue I saw many faces that wore expressions of calmness, and others of determination, and some were pale and anxious. As I stood there with Old Glory flapping against my face, I shall never forget the pale features and anxious look of Capt. Wm. G. Thompson, who, laying his hand upon my arm, remarked: "Well, Corporal, how do you feel about going into battle?"

"Captain," I answered, "this looks like business, and some of us have come to stay; but I am going to trust in Providence, and think that I will come out all right." He remarked, "I am going to be killed, and I cannot help feeling so."

The Captain's words were verified, for within twenty minutes after the regiment went into action Capt. Wm. G. Thompson, as brave a man as ever drew a sword, was carried to the rear mortally wounded.—Wm. CRANE in National Tribune.

SOME scientific authority has served notice that trailing dresses are liable to sweep up cholera germs. If the warning will only cause a removal of the trail, the Asiatic plague will not have hovered near us in vain.

TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

FAR WISER THAN WE.

Are Feathery Songsters That Fly to Their Homes in the South.

Dr. Talmage's text Sunday was Jeremiah 8:7: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people knoweth not the judgment of the Lord."

When God would set fast a beautiful thought He plants it in a tree. When He would give it abroad He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air He moulds it into a bird. My texts speak of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, the turtle, the crane, and the swallow familiarly to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the doorway, the sweet dispositioned turtle-dove, with its color white and black and brown, and ash, and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, sailing, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet 25 centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rustling train under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claws.

The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs. I propose, so far as God may help me, this morning, carrying out the words of the text to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men, and I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. I saw a young song give elasticity to their wing and help up the journey, sending a thousand miles into four hundred. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our every-day work. I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning, and keeping it all the day, and that we might take some of the dulcet, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life, and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah." It is a good sign when you hear a man whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is still a better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley.

I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" denoting through Wall street, it would put an end to any financial disturbance. I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept away by heaven-born ballads. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on our way to the summery clime of heaven, and from your pleasurable population flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing. The Church of God will never be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

Go further, and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, in the fact that, in their migration, they fly very early in the morning, when the dew is in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun; but when they start for the annual flight southward, they take their wings and go straight up, as if an arrow to the mark. We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us.

So poor is the type of piety in the church of God that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we are so poor in these respects, we ought to be ashamed to be so poor. We ought to be ashamed to be so poor that there are any such heights.

We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God, and we come on the morrow those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again; but staying all day in the same old camp, we have the same old battle to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations and forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we have reached the last victory. Do my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancements, trading out our sins, praying about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of.

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and you are not happy, there are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this lifetime? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy. The Southern pines, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never wait for Northern frosts as God has waited for you.

Another frost is bidding you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh, you say, 'I have moved.' Why did you move? You say, 'I don't want as large a house now as formerly.' Why do you not live in a larger house? You say, 'My family is not so large.' Where have they gone to? 'Sternly!' Your mind goes back through that last sickness and through the almost supernatural effort to save life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling, and I hear the wailing breaking—while I speak, I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone! Alone!

Many have noticed that when the challenge of the stork or the crane starts on its migration, it calls all those of its kind to come, too. The tree-tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol and the long roll-call. The birds do not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take you by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael.

Start for heaven yourself, and take your children with you. Come from under the house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of bliss and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagles' stroke, put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping.

KILLED BY A RUNAWAY CAR.

THREE MEN LOSE THEIR LIVES AND TWO WOMEN ARE SERIOUSLY INJURED.

A runaway car on the incline plane at the Phillips Glass Works, at Mapleton, ran into a crowd of passengers at the Pennsylvania railroad station, killing Archie Dill, William Temple and John Barclay instantly. Nerva Wilson and Daisy Banks were seriously injured. A hundred or more persons were standing on a side track, which connects the Phillips company's works with the Pennsylvania railroad, awaiting the arrival of a passenger train. Suddenly the runaway car, heavily laden, ran into them. The wonder is that many more were not killed or wounded. The incline of the side track is very great and the car came down with tremendous velocity.

THE OHIO LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The depth of water in the channel of the Ohio at Bellair, O., is but seven inches. Captain William Dillon, inspector of hulls for the port of Wheeling, who is one of the oldest rivermen hereabouts, says that this stage is the lowest that has been known for 60 years. He remembers that in 1836 there was but 10 inches in the channel at Wheeling, and he recalls pushing a baby carriage loaded with butterens across the river at that time. The Juniata, a small steamer, ran aground on Wheeling creek bar that year, and had to remain there all summer. JUDICIAL DECISION ON ONE POINT IN THE BARRETT LAW.

Judge Yerkes at Norristown gave as his opinion upon the right of the voter to take a friend in the booth with him to mark the ballot. The judge says that if a man happens to forget his spectacles he cannot be deprived of his vote because he cannot see, but may call in a friend to help him. One who is unable to read may also have a friend in the booth to tell him how to mark his ballot, or a voter may, says the judge, have a ballot marked beforehand, take that in the booth and mark the one given to him by the election officer by comparison.

CALLERY JUNCTION IN RUINS.

The little village of Callery Junction, where the Butler branch of the Pittsburg and Western railroad diverges from the main line, was completely wiped out by fire Saturday morning. The settlement consisted only of about a dozen frame buildings, and high wind-lack of water and fire apparatus, precluded any attempt to stop the flames. The fire broke out in Patrick Murray's pool room, and in less than two hours the village was a heap of smouldering ruins. The loss is about \$16,000, with very little insurance.

YOUNG MAN AND WOMAN KILLED.

An accident on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road at Lehigh resulted in the death of two young people, Edward C. Solar and Ella Cole, who had been calling on a friend and who were returning upon the track. An engine was backing and they thought it was on the other track. The girl was killed instantly and the young man died soon after. Their home was but a few yards away.

TWO KILLED ON THE BALTIMORE & OHIO.

The Baltimore & Ohio flyer, westbound, struck a cab containing Michael Kane and wife of Philadelphia at Darby Junction, killing both the occupants and scattering their remains along the track half a mile. The driver was thrown 40 feet in the air, but escaped with slight injuries.

In a freight wreck on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad at Bird-boro, Berks county, many cars were destroyed and engineer Miller and fireman Kessel were badly injured.

There is a water famine in the vicinity of Scotland and Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, and if a fresh start nothing can be done to stop it. At Taylorstown, stone throwers have been bombarding private houses nightly. Armed parties are patrolling the country seeking a cure.

While an unknown Slav was endeavoring to crawl under a freight train at Bellwood, the train moved and the man's head was cut from his body.

The Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company has begun the construction of the largest coal breaker in the world at Ashley. The plant will cost \$250,000 and will employ about 2,000 men and boys.

At Pottstown, the *Miner's Journal* building, occupied by real estate offices and various clubs was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$75,000.

Mrs. NICHOLAS REAST, aged 78, of Butler, while walking on the West Penn track was struck by an engine and instantly killed.

At Bellefonte, Pa., fire destroyed three large stables, two smaller buildings and a large residence belonging to Dr. Robert Hays, together with the Bush Arcade. Loss, \$20,000; insurance, \$10,000.

ONLY A STICK.

Greatness is not usefulness. There are many things too great to be useful. What would a crowbar be worth in repairing a watch? Persons sometimes and scolding themselves, and seem to regard themselves of no account.

Says Marion Lawrence to Sunday school teachers: "Don't allow yourselves to get discouraged in your work. One of my teachers came to me one day and said, 'I cannot teach this class. I am only a stick.' I replied, 'Do you know what the Lord did with a stick? He opened the Red Sea with a stick. He brought water out of the rock with a stick. You go back to the class and be a stick, be a good stick. That is all the Lord wants of you.' The trouble is that we are not something that we are not. If we are crooked sticks the Lord will find crooked places for us to fill."

No man should be discouraged about his place, his opportunities, or his calling, but each for himself should look to God for guidance, for help, for vision that cometh from above, and those who look to God with loving joyous trust, will find that he will never forget them or forsake them, but will guide their efforts to his glory and the good of other men. And the work of the small may be as useful as the work of the great, for it is not by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts.—(The Christian).

JOHN CLARK, seventy-four years old, was killed by a train at Spencerville, N. Y., the other evening. Just ten years ago he was struck by the same train, under the charge of the same conductor, at the same hour and near the same spot. At that time he was thrown up in the air, but was unharmed.

The mountain fruitmen in the neighborhood of Cloverdale, Cal., are complaining bitterly about the damage done to young fruit trees by deer.