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THE CAUSE OF THE HORROR.

The evidence at the inquest in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel disaster yesterday proves conclusively that had the tunnel been lighted and ventilated it would not have occurred. Here is some of the testimony of Engineer FOWLER, whose engine telescoped the shop train.

The fog was very heavy. Approaching Seventy-second street I quitted my post and went over to the fireman's side of the engine to see the signal for myself. It flashed white, which means clear. The distance signal at Eighty-sixth street was also set for me to proceed. The next thing we were on top of the shop train, which was from 600 to 700 feet from the danger signal. I did not know that there was a train ahead until we ran into it. We were going between twenty-three and twenty-five miles an hour.

The fog in the tunnel was caused by steam.

There are places in the tunnel so dark and thick at times that I cannot see the emmenstack of my own engine, and we depend entirely on the block system.

According to Engineer FOWLER the shop train was directly in his way and within a few hundred feet of him when he saw the signal which said "all clear."

If the tunnel had been lighted he could have seen if a train were on his track had it been at the extreme end.

A fog caused by steam obscured his view.

Had the tunnel been ventilated there would not have been this fog.

When the disaster occurred in the tunnel on Sept. 22d, 1882, the Grand Jury pointed out that the tunnel should be lighted and ventilated, but no attention was paid to the direction.

It sounds well enough to say that, if the tunnel is lighted, signals cannot be seen. But admitting this to be true, which it is not, it is much better to be able to see obstructions on the track far enough ahead to stop. In a white-lighted tunnel a red light will flash like a ruby, and a green light will show up, too. And what is the objection to disks?

Think of a train flying along with the engineer unable to see his smokestack, and the chance of another train being directly in his way. Close to two hundred and fifty trains pass through the Fourth Avenue Tunnel daily and there are thousands of passengers in them. The New York Central Railroad Company should not be allowed to jeopardize these lives.

Light and ventilate the tunnel.

TRUE HUMANITY.

Side by side in the accounts of mining disasters there is something that makes the heart sink with horror and something that makes it glad with a proud respect for human feeling at its best.

The life of the coal miners at best is hard, uncompromising toil. It makes existence a daily tread-mill. The cheerfulness which goes with some occupations in the field of physical labor seems to be lacking in the miner's. Delving in the bowels of the earth, where no ray of sunlight can penetrate, and where even the flickering candle which lights the gloomy hole is itself a menace to life, the miner picks his living and earns sustenance for his wife and children in the hardest way.

Then there is the unspeakable horror of explosions, of suffocation from fire, or water, or earth, for in mining disasters all the elements seem to rise against the grimy toiler. But in these crises the true, warm hearts of his fellow-workers show the exquisite fibre of their humanity.

The rescue at Jeanesville is a beautiful example of this. For nineteen days miners were held in a living tomb, unable to do a thing except wait and suffer. But their brethren were digging their way to them, working in relays, unremittingly, though with no greater hope than that of rescuing the bodies of the entombed. Is there any human heart so insensible as not to feel the beauty, the pathos of this? Such men are a glory to their race.

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

When a mother seeks to precipitate herself and three little children, one an infant, into the river as the only escape from the sufferings of hunger and want, as a mother did last night, the thought will come that the charitable organizations of the city where this occurs cannot be all they should be.

If there are any proper objects for municipal charity a starving mother and children crying for food should be foremost among them. Something is wrong when despair can drive to such desperate remedy as death in the wintry flow of the river. The thought of this little group of sufferers seeking to cast away life too wretched to be endured is a heart-breaking one. Let mercy and charity reach a staying hand to prevent sobbing woe.

THE LAW PERMITS IT.

There is no law against the Sunday opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Neither is there anything in the laws of the country from the city which precludes the Sunday opening. Moreover, last year, in addition to the $15,000 which the city contributed annually to the support of the Museum, an additional $10,000 was devoted to it in order that it might be opened on Sundays or on two evenings of the week, without admission fee.

Yet with everything in favor of the Sunday opening the doors are tightly closed on the day on which it would be most convenient for the public to have them opened. Some of the trustees are opposed to it.

The matter will come up at a meeting of the trustees soon to be held, and as there is a constantly growing desire for the Sunday opening, it is to be hoped that prejudice and illiberality will not doggedly continue to deny this very rational wish. The doors of the Museum should be open on that day, and the point ought to be agitated until they are.

Internal dissensions in the different regiments have been too prevalent of late. Now it is the Seventy-first. Bitter words passed between two officers of Company D of that regiment, and one of them has been suspended from military duty. It seems a pity that the social character and *esprit de corps* of a regiment should not be strong enough to prevent these personal bickerings and undignified quarrels.

The suggestion that the open space at Seventieth and Seventy-third streets, Amsterdam avenue and the Boulevard be named Sherman Square, in honor of the deceased General, is one that reflects very creditably on the Board of Aldermen, who have made it. Such a public recognition of General SHERMAN honors alike those who made it and the dead hero whose worth renders it so fitting.

The Street-Cleaning Department has now a little machine that not only brushes the dirt together but picks it up and carries it away. This is charming. Signs of progress like this in Mr. SHATTIN'S Department are perceived with mingled feelings of admiration and thanksgiving by the public. Who knows but that some day the Street-Cleaning Department will develop to the degree of cleaning the streets!

DOUGHERTY, the insane murderer and lover, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life. His keepers in the jail should be more vigilant than were those who let him escape from the lunatic asylum. He should not be allowed to make any connection with firearms. The public is better off with lunatics of DOUGHERTY'S stripe securely under lock and key.

One of the women at the Washington Convention said that when a reformer became popular he missed his mission. This seems to suppose that the results of popularity are so enervating for the reformer that he loses his grip on the reform. There is more than a grain of truth in this.

The fancy price paid for a St. Bernard dog has been surpassed by the fancier price of $5,000 for a poodle. The intelligence and vitality of the poodle are very great, but this is too much money to give for dog brain.

SPOTLETS.

Cold nibbles seem good diet for wife.

When the lemon market is squeezed there is the juice to pay.

The only hole that some wives ever find in their husbands' clothes is the pocket.

International copyright stirs up the bookmakers who make books for the race, but not those who make books for the room.

How oft a vague presentiment
Of coming ill depresses us,
When if we'd but look back we'd find
'Tis breakfast that distresses us!—*Puck.*

Goodword heard some cows bellowing, and he said they were only kind words. Goodword is not dead yet.

How natural for a belle to have a good many rings on her hand.

How many of us are like the pensive crab. We look forward and go backward.

A hostile Indian cannot enter a pedestrian contest on the ground that he is a war-car.

The police magistrates ought to be gentlemanly when their profession is so re-fining a one.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Gas Meter Man.

He comes with his book and an innocent look,
Hence the work of the noble tin can.
Then goes on his way with a cheerful "good day,"
This corpulent gas meter man.

As he waddles away, you've nothing to say,
To be mild is a part of his plan;
But when you get the bill, you swear you will kill
That opulent gas meter man.

E. R. C., in Texas Siftings.

Sweetie.

Guid wife o' mine, it's no' sae lang
Sin' we were spliced thegither;
I picked ye out frae a' the thrang,
An' wadna' hae another.
Yer voice was music to my ear,
I lo'ed yer very shadow.
I thought the Simmer days were near
When ye cam' owr the meadow.

But noo, leek me, the change is great,
An sure's my name is Sandy,
It's aye hot water—air' an' lain,
Ye've turned a perfect randy.
I gaurss an' my heid my ain',
Ye hae a fishwife's clatter;
The simplest thing affects yer brain,
An' ye're as mad's a hatter.

Listen, guid man: afore we wed,
Ye aye were kind an' pleasin',
But noo, frae morn till time for bed,
Ye'll neither rhyme nor reason.
Bursten ye breeck to work the spell
Kind words an' love's entreaties—
Mak the fan't like wi' perse'—
Try ma sugar wi' sweetsies.

—Wm. Lyle, in Norristown Herald.

Marriage.

Marriage is like a flaming candle light
Placed in the window of a summer night,
Enticing all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there,
Those that are out butt hard against the pane:
Those that are in butt to get out again.

—Cape Cod Item.

IT'S A GOOD FIGHT.

An Enthusiastic "Evening World" Reader on the Tunnel Lighting Demand.

To the Editor:

It does me good to see the pressure you are bringing to bear on the management of the Fourth avenue Tunnel to have it lighted by electricity.

I say, keep it up, for I have sufficient faith to believe you will succeed, as you have done in so many things for the public good already.

A PATRON OF THE ROAD.
White Plains, N. Y.

"Ambitious Flannies"

Keeping on their kind hope, omitting comma of schoolmistress fame, for what a French critic calls those "cruel Anns" that habitually exploit their appearance. Many such have dared that sacrilegious experiment, "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup," when the Cherokee Blood-Cure has a history of 200 years in America, and very rare in this country, as an inhabitant-remedy.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Seats for Women Clerks—The Latest in Tea Gowns—Those Who Can Wear Gray—Thin Shoes and Muddy Streets — Royalty Wields a Broom.

If the good women of New York who are aching for something to do, something unusual, would use their influence in getting stools or seats for the women clerks, a great "blessings on you" would go up from the dry-goods counters.

In tea-gowns there is a fashion for fastening a long court train to the back of the shoulders, permitting it to fall loosely from the gown, which in that case is tight-fitting in the back. Many of the newest ones are made in this way. A large Watteau plait is fastened at the shoulders and sweeps in long lines behind the wearer as she walks. The under side of this plait is of satin or surah in a pretty contrasting shade.

The use of tobacco among women is on the increase in France, and even in London it is not unusual to see a lady produce her silver or enamelled case in the drawing-room. Cigarettes are giving place to cigars in Paris, and some fears are entertained of the smoking habit among women becoming uncontrollable. The well-known writer, Mme. de Latour, defends the use of the weed by her sex, and insists that if it is good for men it is not injurious to women, while to brain workers it is a great help and solace. She would not, however, give women quite the same license as men, and would restrict them to two cigars and a few cigarettes a day.

She shoppeth best who shoppeth before 11 A. M.

Stamped table and toilet linen is incredibly cheap. So is eyesight.

According to report the Queen of Sweden has been renewing her health by making her bed in the morning, sweeping her room and spending most of the day at work in the garden, by order of her physician. When women take to real work in gardens half their maladies and more than half their ugliness will disappear.

You can get a cotton comfortable for $1.50; you can also get a remnant of figured silk for $5, and then you have the making of a robe that will be as serviceable and pretty as a $30 down covering. These silk comfortables are extremely nice to throw over a couch or a lounge for a nap, snooze or smoke.

The Hon. Maude Stanley recently opened a new girls' club in Dorset street, Whitechapel. The house is prettily decorated, and comprises well furnished rooms and a private sanctum for the resident superintendent, a lady mission worker connected with Spitalfields Church. The club will be open every night and also every afternoon for the junior members, little girls from the neighboring schools. The evenings will be devoted to recreation, consisting of singing and games, needlework, musical drill, and reading and writing lessons. Miss Pitt, the resident worker, addressed the girls. Miss Stanley gave an interesting account of the growth of her flourishing club in Greek street, Soho, which has now about 200 members. The club was started ten years ago, being the first of the kind in London.

No woman can wear gray unless she has a great deal of color in her complexion—fastened or applied. Any pale face who rigs herself out in steel, stone or pearl shades at once becomes kin to her ash tin.

The butterfly toilette provides a tinsel bug for each shoulder and slipper, for the hair, hip and knee.

Mrs. Thomas, with the assistance of the late Countess of Dunmore, was the originator of the Harris industry, which now brings much money to the islanders of Lewis. Mrs. Thomas first visited the island with her husband, Capt. Thomas, who was engaged in a hydrographical survey, and was touched by the poverty of the women. She taught them how to knit stockings, and afterwards how to weave the tweeds which are now famous. A depot for their sale has recently been opened in Berners street, Oxford street. Mrs. Thomas now resides in Hastings, but continues to take an interest in the success of the Harris trade.

It makes men shudder to see the number of sensible-looking women on the street who walk, shop and market in Oxford ties and gaiter tops. With soles as thick as a pie knife and streets as muddy as the Missouri bottoms, it is a miracle how these fair little fools escape pneumonia and the gates ajar.

Some one who knows says this is the correct thing for small boys: For those in kilts the kilt should be short while the coat is long. The kilt is buttoned to a short waist and is worn over small trousers of the material. The skirt should be laid in twenty-six plaits, all turned one way. A large bow of white India or surah completes this suit, which is for boys from three to six and made of diagonal for best, though some of the nice plaids in rather light Scotch cheviot plaids are very much worn for best also. The dark Scotch plaid kilt is for common and is worn with a reefer of a dark diagonal. For best wear boys from seven to fourteen wear the Chesterfield suit of black English worsted, with braid binding and lasting buttons. The coat is a three-button cutaway. The Eaton suit has long trousers and is worn for best by boys from eight to fourteen. Twelve is now the age at which it is thought best to put boys into collars and neckwear similar to their fathers. Often these are worn much younger. Every boy between eight and ten must, to be strictly fashionable, have a russet Tam O'Shanter and leggings to match.

THE GERMS so common during Teething are prevented by Mendel's Teething Chocolat. Price 25c.

THE CLEANER.

Arthur B. Griggs, President of the Boston Theosophical Society, is in town. Last night he lectured to the initiated in the Sunday-school room of the Church of the Messiah. His remarks were interesting, and he delighted his audience by pounding the Spiritualists. There is much beauty in Theosophy, and the meetings of the Theosophists are well worth attending.

* * *

New York weather is as changeable as women.

* * *

I notice in the Chicago *Herald* an amusing article about Tom Reed. He was found in the House barber shop for the first time in his life, the story says, and this was overheard: "I always shave myself," he remarked to the barber, "and it never takes me long to do it, for you will notice I have but three whiskers.

* * *

The studio of Edward L. Henry, the artist, is filled with bits of odd work, which he has picked up on his travels, that would delight an amateur. Mr. Henry is eminently a painter of American life, and his canvases are eagerly sought for by collectors in this country. He delights in picturesque old farmhouses, country roads and pastures, and the wild scenery of the Adirondacks, of which he has made innumerable studies. Just at present he is busy with a piece which is to be called the "Country Fair," and which shows the crowds pressing about the race track just at the moment of an exciting finish. It is full of life and action.

* * *

I am told that Judge Pryor, since he has been appointed to the bench of the Common Pleas, has been one of the hardest working judges of that court. His activity is something marvellous, and he possesses a reserve force of nervous energy that enables him to work early and late without showing any fatigue. The opinions which he writes, whenever a case may call for it, are marked in style by the same nervousness and vigor which he displays in all his actions and his manner.

* * *

Unpleasant stories are coming from Paris about Marie Van Zandt, who is now in St. Petersburg. Her father asserts that they are instigated by some rival, who wants to keep Marie from returning to the United States. Let us hope the rival will not succeed.

* * *

We are going to have in Central Park a bronze statue of Bertel Thorwaldsen the famous sculptor. It has been purchased by the Danish residents of New York, who will present it to the city. We cannot have too many statues provided they are good, but if they are not they should be severely let alone.

* * *

The appointment of the Honorable P. Divver by Mayor Grant as Police Justice seems to have greatly disturbed the Rev. Thomas Dixon, pastor of the Twenty-third Street Baptist Church, who relieves his pent-up feelings this way: "The Mayor has done a great thing. He appointed a man after his own style and heart—a criminal saloon-keeper—to the solemn office of Judge at a salary of $8,000. He has capped the climax of municipal degradation of the nineteenth century. For daring impudence, for brazen prostitution of the public trust, this performance stands matchless amid the catalogue of villainies committed in the name of law and the people." The question is, what are the Mayor and Mr. Divver going to say in reply, as Dr. Dixon seems to have used up all the adjectives.

* * *

Some one was telling me the other day that sealing wax has a language of its own. A letter containing a proposal of marriage must be sealed with white wax. Blue implies constancy, yellow jealousy, green hope, and brown melancholy. If you are writing a letter of condolence it should be violet, and red wax is used for business letters.

* * *

I hear that there will be an orchid exhibition at Madison Square Garden early next month, and that the blooms will be the finest ever shown to a New York public. It is said that 5,000 specimens will be on exhibition, and the hot-houses of the Four Hundred will furnish most of them.

* * *

The West Side Driveway scheme has been very quiet for a few days, and some wonder is expressed as to what will be done next. It is very apparent to the public that New York cannot afford to spend $5,000,000 for a mile and a quarter of driveway parallel to and alongside of Riverside Drive. Of course, it will improve property in the immediate vicinity, and I fancy that this, along with the interests of the Standard Oil Company and the New York and Northern Railroad, is at the bottom of the whole project. The action of the Commission will bear watching.

* * *

It is worth while to read the names of the streets which have been selected for the million dollar appropriation for new pavements. I am safe in saying that they are not the streets which need paving most, and it wouldn't be a bad idea for somebody to look in the Elite Directory and find out who lives on them.

* * *

The American sight-seer is an individual all unto himself. Philadelphia presents the latest for his inspection. It has on exhibition Mrs. O'Shea's ponies and victoria, which arrived from Glasgow yesterday, and with them a letter from Mrs. O'Shea giving their pedigree. I wonder what they will be having next.

One Advantage.

[*From the Somerville Journal.*]

Miss Gotham—Say, girls, one of you has got on my rubbers and has left this horrid worn pair in their place.

Miss Chicago (proudly)—I am glad that I, at least, am above suspicion.

Same Kind of a Game.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

"Did you ever see anything like that?" said a young lady to her escort at a church fair where raffling was in progress.

"Only once."

"When was that?"

"It was when a bunco man in New York steered me into a little game of faro and I was robbed of $75.

A Good Rule to Follow.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Tattered Tomkins (reading from a newspaper in which his cold lunch had been wrapped)—Russell Sage makes it a rule never to lend more than $500,000 on any given day.

Weary Wiggles—That's a very good rule. I have observed it myself all through my business career.

FROTH FROM HUMOR'S CUP.

Odds and Ends of Wit Culled from Various Sources.

American Enterprise.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

English Heiress—No, Mr. Porker, I can never be your wife. It is my wish to remain ever near these ancestral halls, hallowed by the memories of ages!

Mr. Porker (of the hustling West)—Is that all? Why, Yaculi, dear, I'll buy the place, and have every stone of it removed to Chicago!

A Weighty Testimonial.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Mrs. Cookinskool—A tramp came to the house to-day, and I gave him some of my home-made cake.

Her Husband—And what did the tramp say?

Mrs. Cookinskool—He said he was under a very heavy obligation to me.

That Made a Difference.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Mrs. Bloobumper—Miss Roxy has taken the veil."

Bloobumper—What, that vivacious belle, with her army of admirers, become a nun?

Mrs. Bloobumper—You men jump to a conclusion very quickly. It was a bridal veil she took."

She Was Talkative.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

"O, John!" said Mrs. Smith, tearfully, "ma has cut her thumb dreadfully, and the doctor says there's danger of lockjaw."

"He needn't be afraid of that," replied Smith, sarcastically. "She'll never give it a chance to lock."

A Sure Cure.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Farrago—You say old Gallon has quit drinking. I didn't suppose he could stop.

Perman—Neither did I. But he got drunk last Fall and laid down in front of a freight train. He hasn't touched a drop since.

Head or Feet.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Greene—What is the chief end of man?

White—That depends on where he lives; Boston and Chicago are radically at variance on that point!

Matrimonial Item.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Young Man—I love your daughter, sir, and would like to make her my wife. She loves me, and all I need is your consent.

Father—What are your prospects?

Young Man—I've not looked up your rating in Bradstreet's yet.

A Prosperous Druggist.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Dryson—Well, Dock, I hear you opened a drug store at Des Moines, Ia.

Doctor—Yes, and I am making it pay, too. My receipts one day last week amounted to over $100, and that didn't include the 75 cents' worth of drugs I sold.

A Post of Responsibility.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Uncle Josh—Well, Tom, how are you getting on in New York? Are you a director of the bank yet?"

Tom—Yes; at least I direct a good many envelopes there."

Railroad Bumble.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

"Ma," said Tommy, "do the Injuns own the railroads?"

"No, my son."

"Well they got som'thin' to do with them, 'cos pa said he bought his ticket of a scalper."

His View of It.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Snively—I hear that Jaysmith forged your name for $100.

Snodgrass—Yes.

Snively—Are you going to prosecute him?

Snodgrass—No. I regard it as a compliment that he got the money.

It Seemed Strange to Her.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Wife—You don't tell me that Prof. A. has been struck dumb?

Husband—Yes, last night. And he was master of seven languages.

Wife—Is it possible? And was he struck dumb in all seven?

A Literal Reason.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

He—Does Mary still cling to her ideas of being married in April?

She—Yes; that is the last oyster month.

He—What has an oyster month got to do with it?

She—Because it takes an r to make Mary marry.

It Has Lasting Qualities.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"There's one thing about a tailor's bill that I admire."

"What's that?"

"Its endurance. I know of one that has been running for five years, and isn't thinking of stopping."

The Horns of the Dilemma.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Doctor (to patient, who has been indulging in the flowing bowl a good deal and is begging for just one more drink)—Why not stop at once? Take the bull by the horns.

Patient—But I only want one horn, doctor.

It Talks for Itself

Day by day Hood's Sarsaparilla tells its own story and wins its way more and more into the confidence of the people. It talks for itself in the scrofulous and impure blood made rich and pure, in the relief it gives from the itching and burning of salt rheum, in the satisfaction at meals experienced by the former dyspeptic, in the happiness of those cured of malaria and catarrh, in the buoyancy of spirits and the good appetite enjoyed by those recently weak, tired and run down. It is by such results as these that Hood's Sarsaparilla makes its hosts of friends. Is not its record of cures and the good it has done others sufficient to warrant your giving this excellent medicine a trial?

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

"I feel in duty bound to acknowledge the efficacy of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 10 years I have suffered with dyspepsia, and what is called water brash. I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have been taking it for five months (six bottles), and the effect is marvellous in my case. I do not say I am entirely cured, but, to all appearance, very nearly so. My grateful acknowledgment is due for this timely relief, and I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. M. JOHNSON, 427 Tenth Street, Toledo, Ohio.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has driven out of the market all the other sarsaparillas and blood purifiers, so-called." W. F. ELMENDORF, 220 S. Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y.

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

LOCKED IN AN ICY PRISON.

Strange Story of a Ship and Crew Frozen in the Arctic Regions.

Records Showed That They Had Been There Twenty Years.

One evening in the middle of August, 1775, says the Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph, Captain Warren, the master of a Greenland whaler, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs in about 77 degrees north latitude. They were of immense height and wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind them as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter.

Captain Warren did not fel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind he could not move, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the bergs kept their situation.

One night, after a violent storm, the captain found that his ship had sustained no serious injury, and that the accumulated icebergs had become disarranged and separated, and that a kind of canal had been formed through which the ship could pass. After he had proceeded a few miles a ship made its appearance about midday. The sun shone brightly at the time.

At first the bergs prevented the captain from seing much of her but the masts, but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She then grounded and remained motionless. The captain's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately jumped into a boat with several of the crew and rowed to her.

On approaching her he observed that she was considerably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He then hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board an open porthole caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything indistinct.

The party went upon the deck, and, having removed the hatchway, after a few moments' pause they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warren had viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate still retained the same position and was insensible to the entrance of strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green, damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled the open eye-balls. He had a pen in his hand, and the log-book lay in front of him. The last sentence in its unfinished page ran thus:

"Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been inclosed in the ice seven years. The fire went out yesterday, and the master has been many hours trying to rekindle it, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

Capt. Warren hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted his attention was the dead body of a woman reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her face retained the freshness of life, but the contraction of her limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of a young man holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the forward part of the ship some sailors were found dead in their berths, and the body of a boy crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs.

Neither fuel nor food could be found anywhere, and the captain was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen from examining the vessel as minutely as he could wish. He, therefore, carried away the log-book, returned to his own ship, and steered to the southward deeply impressed by the awful example which he had just witnessed of the dangers of navigating the Polar seas.

On returning to England he made inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared, and by comparing results with the documents he ascertained the name and history of the frozen ship and found she had been there thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her.

FADS OF STATESMEN.

Oddities in Speech and Actions of Some Washington Lights.

Senator Ingalls has two or three hobbies says the Lowell Critic. One of these is rooting around old bookstores; another is red neckties, and the third is wearing a tight fitting coat, always buttoned from top to bottom.

Mr. McKinley pronounces "United States" very much in this fashion—"Y-o-u-n-i-ted St-a-a-tes," and if he has occasion to speak of the President he is always the "President of the United States." The senate is "the senate of the United States," and the treasury is "the treasury of the United States."

Senator Reagan of Texas is never happy unless he has strings or pieces of cord to play with, twirling them about in his fingers, testing their strength, tying them in knots and then untying them again.

An odd fad is that of Congressman George Adams of Illinois. Mr. Adams, though never at sea, is passionately fond of sea stories. He reads all the sea tales he can get hold of and amuse himself drawing diagrams of the sailing courses of vessels described in the stories, and of the scenes of wrecks and disasters. Senator Wolcott is the only left-handed man in the upper branch of congress.

One of Senator Cullom's characteristics is his smile. The senator from Illinois, who looks like Abraham Lincoln, and who may some day be president, is always smiling. He smiles when he is good natured and when he is not, when saying unpleasant things as well as pleasant, when praising or damning. He cannot help smiling any more than he can help breathing, and it follows that Mr. Cullom is a man who makes many friends and few enemies.

His colleague, little Senator Spooner, is a "dry" smoker, and goes around half the time with an unlit cigar between his lips or in his fingers.

B n Butterworth puts his arm around you if you stand beside him or walk by his side. Joe Cannon never fails to rest one hand on your shoulder while talking to you, as if to reassure you that he means to do you no harm with the other, which he uses for purposes of gesticulation.

HOW TO REMOVE MOLES.

Sodium Ethylate Gradually Dries Up the Disfigurement.

Moles on the face are now being successfully treated by the use of sodium ethylate, says the New Orleans Picayune. The mole is painted with the sodium ethylate, a fine glass rod being used.

When this mole has a varnished look the ethylate is gently rubbed in with the glass rod to make it penetrate more deeply. This mole turns nearly black and a hard crust forms over it, which is nearly three weeks in becoming detached.

When it comes off the mole is much lighter than before, and this treatment can be continued until the mark is scarcely noticeable.

LOOK IN at the GREAT BANKRUPT SALE in Furniture now going on at FLINT'S, 104 & 106 West 14th st. and this are such prices have been marked to cause quick sales.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

Southern Indians Go Through the Form of Burning a Girl.

The life of the mission Indian maiden is not altogether a happy one, especially if she is pretty, judging from the fate which befell a comely daughter of the tribe at Mesa Grande recently. A letter received by the San Diego *Union* from one of the most reliable residents of that district relates a thrilling and barbarous incident. The correspondent says:

"In the Autumn after harvest is over the Indians hold this fearful orgy—human sacrifice. Each clan by itself, at the burial place of its own tribe, gathers in from all the country round and proceeds to frighten away the 'evil spirit' by offering human sacrifice to the gods, the sacrifice always consisting of the most comely young maiden belonging to the clan.

"This was practised here recently. In this case it was a young girl about thirteen years of age, whose face was nearly as white as my own and whose long tresses would have graced the head of a Queen. She had been attending school at one of the white schools of the neighborhood for several years, and is as well educated as the average country maiden of that age so far as school books go.

"But, alas! when at home she is in that hotbed of vice, the Indian rancheries, and all the outside influence counts for naught in counteracting the pernicious influences which surround her there. A huge fire was built, and the usual preliminaries of groaning, chanting, flat-footed stamping and all that sort of jugglery that is common on such occasions were gone through with in extra fervor on this occasion, and while this was in progress the fire had burned down somewhat and lost its fiercest heat.

"When it reached this stage a huge pile of very green brush is brought and thrown upon the fire, making the most blinding smoke you can well imagine, and while this is at its height the maiden is bound, a blanket is thrown over the smoldering green brush, and amid the most demoniacal cries and shouts she is thrown thereon, and the whole mad crowd vie with each other in piling brush over her until, in this case, it was as high and broad as a squatter's cabin.

"Of course, all this brush is green, and is not calculated really to cremate the girl, but only to come as near to it as they dare. The smoke is enough to kill any one but an Indian, and if the pile should blaze up, as green brush sometimes does, nothing can save her from instant death. It was a terrible scene, and all this in the midst of a civilized community that is constantly contributing to foreign missions."

IMAGINATION KILLED HER.

A Dream of Death Is Accurately Carried Out to the End.

A remarkable instance of the hold superstition has upon the mind of even the educated and religious was recently exhibited in the case of Mrs. Rebecca Byrnes, of Helena, Ark., a lady noted for her intellectual attainments and pious life, says the Chicago *Herald*.

One morning, arising in what seemed her usual health and spirits, she summoned her children to come to her.

One son was residing in Topeka, Kan., one in New Orleans, two daughters were married and living in Sedalia, Mo., but, obedient to their mother's call, they came at once, though ignorant of the reason of their summons. When all were about her the lady informed them that she had had a dream in which her husband, who had been dead for nearly fifteen years, had warned her that she had only ten days more of life.

She sent for her children to bid them good-by, which she proceeded to do with much calmness, but with the air of one who had not the slightest doubt that she was already dying. Her friends attempted to reason with her and to point out the folly of placing such perfect confidence in a dream, but all to no purpose, for the lady persisted in asserting that she would depart from earth on such a day and exactly at a certain hour.

Her pastor remonstrated with her, and even brought the severest censure to bear on her superstitious credulity, and at last Mrs. Byrnes ceased to speak of the matter, so that her family began to think that she had conquered her fancy. She continued in excellent health and pursued her usual daily life, but just before the hour she had predicted would be that of her death, she sought her children and bade them good-by, then seating herself quietly in an arm-chair, expired just as the hour was struck. The physicians declare that her death was due solely to her imagination.

ABSTRACT AND COMMON LAWS.

Why a Teacher Concluded that Her Scholars Needed One More Lesson.

During an etimology lesson a mistress obtained an answer from a girl which may be characterized both as ingenuous and ingenious, says *Chambers's Journal*. The lady was dealing with the common nouns and their cognate abstract forms. In order to insure that the class should thoroughly apprehend the subject of her discourse she took care to put before them the very plainest examples, such as (common noun) Judge, (abstract noun) justice, (common) coward, (abstract) cowardice, &c.

She then surmised that she might safely venture to elicit from the girls themselves a few examples of such cognate forms. Accordingly towards the close of the lesson she made the request.

After some time one child timidly raised her hand.

"There's a good girl," said the teacher; "now, what is your example of these common and abstract forms?"

"Please, ma'am," answered the girl, "(common) body; (abstract) bodice!"

I need scarcely remark that the governess decided that her class required at least one additional lesson before being subjected to a searching examination.

RUBE'S DREAM.

The Worst Kind of a Nightmare Resulting From a Joke.

A negro had gone asleep in the sun on the platform of a railway station in South Carolina, says the *Free Press*, and some of the boys put up a job to have some fun with him. A bag of shelled corn was laid across his knees, a second on his stomach and a third on his head. As the weight didn't waken him, another bag was placed on his stomach, making about 870 pounds resting there. He snored away for three minutes, grew uneasy, began to mutter and at the end of five threw the sacks off and sat up and looked around in a dazed way.

"Anything wrong, Rube?" asked one of the jokers.

"Fo' de Lawd, sah, but I'ze had de worstest dream dat I ever drempt! I'ze all in cold blood!"

"What was it?"

"Drempt dat I had sich a sore froat I couldn't swaller, an' de ole woman brought hum two chickens, some yams an' a 'possum, an' dun cooked an' eat de hull outfit wid me sittin' right dar an'not able to open my mouf! Lawd save me, but didn't I suffer when I saw de las' of dem chickens gwine down her old froat!"

DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION.

Advice About a Spring Medicine.

All physicians advise a Spring Medicine. People emerge from Winter run down in health, and the change to Spring makes them feel weak, languid, tired, nervous, and gets their stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys out of order. The great question with everybody is, *what to take in the Spring.*

At a recent congress of physicians this question was very positively settled by the unanimous recommendation to the public to use Dr. Greene's Nervura, as this remarkable medical discovery strengthens the brain and nerves, invigorates and vitalizes the blood and perfectly regulates the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

A. J. Marston, M. D., of Philadelphia, editor of the "Eastern Medical Journal" and formerly professor of a medical college, said of Dr. Greene's wonderful discovery: "It is a harmless vegetable remedy. Its medical properties are splendid. It *restores exhausted nerve power and re-establishes her vitality.*"

S. M. Reynolds, M. D., the great New York Specialist, stated: "I unhesitatingly pronounce it the most valuable nerve remedy I have ever used."

Dr. Henry Feller, also of New York, spoke enthusiastically of the great remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura: "*It is a perfect and complete cure for sleeplessness, headache, nervous weakness and debility.*"

The eminent Emil Neumer, M. D., superintending physician of one of New York's great hospitals, said: "We are using Dr. Greene's Nervura at the Hospital for our patients with good success."

Use Dr. Greene's Nervura this Spring. Druggists sell it, $1.00.

Dr. Greene, the specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call, or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease will be returned free.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

In a large business there is a constant accumulation of odd pieces. Patterns we have stopped making; samples that have served their purpose, taking up room that will soon be needed for the exhibition of New Styles.

THESE MUST ALL BE SOLD AT ANY PRICE THEY WILL BRING, AND THAT QUICKLY, so tickets in plain figures have been put on each at 25 to 50 PER CENT. below what we consider them worth.

EVERY ARTICLE is PERFECT and WELL MADE.

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