ALMIRA HANCOCK,

Widow of the Distinguished Soldier, Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, Passes from Life, After a Lingering Illness, at Her Home in Gramercy Park, New York.

NEW YORK, April 21.—After a lingering illness of many months, Mrs. Almira Hancock, widow of Maj.-Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, died at 4:30 yesterday afternoon, at the residence of the general's niece, Mrs. Eugene Griffin, in Gramercy Park.

Mrs. Hancock's strength had been slowly wasting away under the subtle influence of a succession of sorrows that had subdued her naturally cheerful disposition and withdrawn her from society during the later years of her life. Her only daughter, Ada Elizabeth, a remarkably beautiful and accomplished girl, died in this city on the 18th of March, 1875, at the age of 18. Her mother, Mrs. Russell, died at the general's official residence on Governor's island, on the 24th of April, 1883, and her only son, Russell, died in Mississippi on the 30th of December, 1884. These bereavements were followed by the death of her husband at Governor's island, on the 9th of February, 1886.

Thus one after another the immediate members of her family passed away from her ideal home. In the summer of 1891 Mrs. Hancock went to Europe, where change of air and scenery soon wrought a marked change in her health. During this diverting sojourn in foreign lands something of the vivacious charm of her joyous youth came back to her now and then, but only for a time.

Over exertion in Europe, and particularly her preparations for her return, had developed a serious form of nervous prostration, which was aggravated by the winter voyage. After her arrival in this city last November she had a relapse, from which she never rallied. She continued to grow weaker until death resulted from complete exhaustion of the vital forces.

Three grand-children, two girls and a boy, the children of Russell Hancock, and her only brother Oliver Russell, and her two cousins, Mrs. Emma Rouvier, of this city, and Mrs. Ward, wife of Capt. Ward, of the army, are the nearest surviving relatives.

Mrs. Hancock was descended on her mother's side from two of the oldest Heguenot families of New York. Her paternal grandfather was Oliver Dubois, and her maternal grandmother Maria Brown, the latter being sixth in descent from Paul Richard, third son of of Dean Paul Richard, Comte de Vaillai, a captain in the French guards, and chevalier in La Duchesse de Orleans.

Mrs. Hancock's grandfather, Steven Richard Brown, the grandson of Capt. Johannes Breuin, who commanded a company in this city in 1689, was of French descent and figured conspicuously in the colonial history of New York. The Breuins or Browns were connected by marriage with the Kings, Van Burgs, Clintons, Livingstones and other old colonial families of New York.

Mrs. Hancock's grandfather, Oliver Dubois, removed from New York to Ohio, and then to St. Louis, which latter place became his home for many years, and was afterwards the home of Mrs. Hancock's parents, where she was born and lived until her marriage, in 1850, with Gen. Hancock, then a lieutenant in the Sixth United States infantry. Her father, Mr. Samuel Russell, had been for many years a prominent merchant of St. Louis, and her remains will be taken to that city for burial.

THE "WHITE CITY"

Badly Damaged by the Recent Terrific Gale and Storm in Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 20.—Last night's storm was the worst experienced since the building of the "White City," and it is not yet over. The wind has attained a velocity of sixty miles an hour, and the rain last night came down in torrents. The storm was at its height about 5 o'clock last evening, but continues to-day, though with lessened severity. The East Lagoon bridge, leading to the naval exhibit, was undermined by the waves from Lake Michigan. The government building looks as though a volley of musketry had been fired at its eastern front, the glass being shattered in countless places, through which the rain poured. The great dome, with its elaborate and costly decorations, is water-soaked and will require much work to be put in condition again. Books and pictures in the education department were found lying on the floor water-soaked, and in the engineering department of the war exhibit many models were badly damaged and rendered useless. The patent office department, too, fared badly, a large number of models being found wet and rusty this morning. The post office, on the west side of the building, got a good soaking. The manufactures building sprung leaks in various places and much glass is missing from the roof. The bulk of the damage is in the gallery, which in a measure protected the main floor.

Machinery hall, which almost escaped injury from last night's gale, is suffering from the west wind which struck up this afternoon. Many panes of glass are out. The buildings on the whole stood the storm well, but much of the "staff" decoration was blown away. No estimate of the financial damage has yet been made by the exposition authorities, but the loss will run well up into the thousands.

Fatally Burned by an Explosion of Molten Metal.

BRADDOCK, Pa., April 20.—An explosion of metal at Furnace F of the Carnegie plant, Wednesday night, seriously burned Jack Green, Michael Flaherty and Thomas Day. Flaherty was burned the worst, and cannot recover. As the metal started to run into the sand it exploded. Flaherty was almost covered by the hot metal. He is 24 years old and single. The entire contents of the furnace, about eighty or ninety tons, poured out of the tap-hole and ran unrestrained into the sand on the floor.

The Earl of Derby Not Dead.

LONDON, April 21.—It was announced yesterday morning, and the report was generally credited, that the earl of Derby had succumbed to the attack of heart disease from which he had been suffering. A later dispatch states that the announcement was premature.

The Indian Troubles About Ended.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—Gen. Schofield yesterday received a telegram from Capt. Guthrie, at Antlers, I. T., stating that the trouble with the Indians is almost ended. The Locke men and the Kemes party are negotiating for peace.

FOURTEEN LIVES LOST.

Terrible Calamity, the Result of the Fierce Storm Over the Lake Region, at Milwaukee—Of Fifteen Men Employed at the Water Works Crib, a Thousand Feet from Shore, Only One Escaped when the Storm Swept the Crib Away—List of the Lost.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 21.—Fourteen workmen lost their lives in the fierce storm which lashed Lake Michigan yesterday. They were employed in the construction of the new waterworks in-take tunnel, being engaged in bricking up a shaft, a thousand feet from the shore. The hurricane swept away the frail structure which had been built upon the top of the cut to shelter the men and dashed them into the seething lake. Through the heroic efforts of the life-saving crew James Miller was saved. He is the only one of the fifteen workmen who escaped with his life. He is lying at the Emergency hospital, too weak to tell his awful story.

The work was in charge of Schailer & Schneiglon, Chicago contractors, whose loss will be about $10,000. Work on the tunnel will be delayed for several months.

A terrible sea has been raging since Wednesday morning. As night approached the swell increased, and to ward 11 o'clock the sea became so furious that the shed built on the crib began to tremble. Toward 12 o'clock the timbers supporting the house gave way and the planks began to wash ashore. At 4 o'clock yesterday morning the last rafter of the shed fell from the top of the crib, leaving the men at the mercy of the waves.

At 6 o'clock Capt. Peterson and the life-saving crew arrived at the waterworks. The sea was running high, waves fifteen and twenty feet high were washing over the piers and the crib. He said it was impossible to reach the crib with his lifeboat. If a tug could be obtained there might be some hope of landing. The Starke was secured and the dangerous trip begun. The tug cleared the harbor, but was obliged to turn back, as she could not be controled in the raging sea then running.

When the news came that the crib could not be reached great excitement prevailed. Relatives of the missing men volunteered to attempt the trip if a boat could be secured. There was no boat to be had, however. An attempt to reach the crib in a small boat would have resulted in sure death for its occupants.

At 9 o'clock about 500 people had assembled on the shore. The scenes were the most pathetic witnessed in this city since the Newall house fire. Wives and children of the victims patroled the shore for the bodies of their loved ones. No bodies were, however, washed up.

At 9:30 the beach was crowded with weeping women. Some were wives, some were sisters. Children were mourning for their fathers, wives for their husband.

At 10 o'clock every hope for the safety of the men had vanished, when suddenly a figure was seen creeping out of the shaft. Then came another. In a few moments six men were on the crib clinging to the engine, which is still intact. With the aid of a powerful field glass the movements of the men were plainly discerned. The men must have suffered fearfully from the cold, as their actions signified. They huddled together closely and tried hard to warm themselves. They remained on the crib about fifteen minutes, when one by one they disappeared. The disappearance did not worry the spectators, who now thought that the men were all safe. It was thought that the men on the crib had gone back into the shaft, where it was supposed their comrades were in safe refuge.

The news that the men had been seen cheered the women, who now had hopes of the safety of their husbands. The sea became calmer, and Capt. Peterson of the life-saving station notified the officers at the pumping station that another attempt to reach the crib would be made.

All 11 o'clock the tug Welcome towing a lifeboat steamed out of the harbor and headed to the northward. At 11:45 the crib was reached and Inger Olsen, one of the surfmen, landed. All eyes were now turned seaward. Olsen worked about for fifteen minutes and then dove into the water. Everybody on shore knew what the man's actions meant. There was no longer any doubt that the men were lost and that some of them had died while the helpless spectators on shore were looking on. When Olsen was drawn back to the boat it was seen that the helpless form of a man was strapped to his back. It was James Miller, the only survivor, who was half dead from cold and exposure. The tug and the lifeboat returned to the harbor with difficulty, and Miller was taken to the emergency hospital.

Following is the list of the dead:

Ames McBride, engineer, Chicago.
Michael Dwyer, fireman, Milwaukee.
William Pruesener, fireman, Chicago.
Geo. Gregg, lock-tender, Milwaukee.
James Murphy, miner, Milwaukee.
Joseph Pezol, miner, Milwaukee.
Gustav. Likowvitz, miner, Milwaukee.
Peter Seones, miner, Milwaukee.
William Marion, miner, Chicago.
Charles Johnson, miner, Chicago.
John Healy, miner, Milwaukee.
Frank Brown, miner, Milwaukee.
John Donovan, miner, Chicago.
Edward Cambrian (colored), steward, Chicago.

The house on the crib was a flimsy affair, constructed on the plan of the ordinary house on shore. It was built for the purpose of providing sleeping quarters for the men. It was argued by the contractors that in constructing the tunnel from the lake end there would be days at a time in the stormy weather incident to spring that it would be impossible for the men to leave the crib at the conclusion of their day's work, and in view of this arrangements were made for boarding them at the scene of their labors. The top of the crib was about four feet above the level of the lake.

Heavy Storm and Snow Blockade at West Superior, Wis.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., April 21.—A heavy northwest wind has prevailed here for almost forty-eight hours. This morning early it began snowing and the storm has continued all day. By noon the electric street cars had been taken off, it being impossible to get through the drifted snow. Trains on all roads are delayed. The Great Northern passenger train, due at 6:45 o'clock, was reported snowbound twenty miles down the road. Less snow fell last night, but the wind shows no sign of abatement.

STILL STRUGGLING.

The Harrison and McKinley Combination Still Hoping.

Two eminent advocates of republicanism and high tariff are reported by the republican papers as having recently made stirring appeals to their followers. One of them is the late president of the United States, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, whose views are said to have been packed into the single phrase: "Keep on fighting." The other is the late chairman of the ways and means committee of the house of representatives, and the responsible author of the present tariff law, Gov. McKinley, of Ohio. He is reported to have used language singularly that of Mr. Harrison, borrowing Mr. Lincoln's famous declaration: "This fight must go on." These assertions we accept with gratification. They indicate a spirit that is not only creditable to their authors and consistent with the known courage and resolution of these gentlemen and statesmen, but one that is also essential to the evolution of a sound policy of government for a free people under representative institutions. Both Mr. Harrison and Mr. McKinley have within the past year gone through experiences that might well chill their fervor and deaden any personal ambition by which they were animated.

Mr. Harrison, after four years in the chief executive office, and after a victory over powerful rivals in the nominating convention of his party, was defeated in the election by the democratic candidate whom he had defeated four years before, and this in a manner so decisive that it might well have discouraged him as to the possibility of his party's return to power in this generation. Mr. McKinley, during the session of congress in which the tariff law that bears his name was debated and passed, enjoyed a prominence and exercised a degree of power rarely achieved by any representative. He became the logical candidate of his party as a successor to Mr. Harrison, and when he allowed his name to be presented to the convention it was natural that he should have expected to see it accepted by the majority of that body. He was disappointed in that expectation. He then gave his utmost efforts to secure the election of the successful nominee, feeling that the real issue in the canvass had been made by him and that his standing with the country was as directly involved as that of Mr. Harrison, if not more so. The crushing defeat that followed at the polls fell with peculiar weight upon him. But now, it seems, he is not less ready than his party and rival to continue the struggle. We trust that both of them are very much in earnest and that they will do everything in their power to bring the contest to a result that will be entirely satisfactory to them.

But they must not forget what the "fight" really is or what they will have to do to accomplish their ends. It may be said at the outset that the one thing they must do is to convince the majority of the American people that the decision of last year was an error. So far as Messrs. Harrison and McKinley are concerned the decision was very simple. They asked the people to leave the framing and enforcing of tariff laws in their hands, with the avowed undertaking that tariff taxation should not be reduced, but should rather be increased. That was the burden of all their professions in the late canvass. There was no admission by them of any serious faults or vices in the tariff, of any unjust advantages conferred on favored interests, or unjust impositions upon the great body of consumers. There was no intimation that "trusts" had been fostered by the tariff, or that the party in power had been demoralized by its independence on the money made from special privileges granted to monopolies. There was no suggestion of relief to manufacturers by the decrease of duties on materials or of help for the laboring classes by an increased foreign demand for the products of their labor. Now, if Messrs. Harrison and McKinley and their party friends really intend to "keep on fighting" on the lines of last year's struggle, the people will only be more and more enlightened as to the real nature and effect of their fiscal and political policies. That is a desirable result, and we hope that they will not abate a jot of heart or hope in pursuing it in their own way.

Probably, however, this would not be the line these gentlemen would pursue. They would be more likely to fall back on general or specific criticism of the party that has replaced their own in power. That also will be heartily welcome. We have seen how pitifully the republican party was first misled, then weakened and finally debauched by unchecked prosperity. We do not pretend that the democratic party can be trusted forever with power. We shall be heartily glad to see it subjected to the most searching examination of its conduct and its motives. If it deserves continued success, it will bear such examination. If it cannot bear it, the people will know how to take care of it. By all means "keep on fighting."—N. Y. Times.

LOPPING OFF THE DEAD WOOD.

Measures of Economy Adopted by the New Administration.

Both in the treasury department and in the department of agriculture the democratic administration has begun reforms that have been long needed. By discharging the objectionable statistician and with him a great many others who have been earnestly and seriously drawing their salaries while merely playing at work, Secretary Morton is doing much to redeem his department from the odium to which it has been so long subject that the people very generally believe it has been justly called the department of humbug.

He has made an excellent beginning, and if he continues his researches he will find that there are republicans in the department doing little or nothing, who have held over from Arthur's time—who rewarded democratic magnanimity in keeping them in by doing all they could to get democrats out as soon as Harrison succeeded Cleveland. It will be a genuine reform to get rid of such barnacles, especially if they pretend that they have been retained as indispensable, when the real reason of their retention is that they have pulled wires and licked boots and betrayed every party in turn, helping the democrats to turn out republicans and the republicans to turn out democrats, in hopes that they would thus retain their own places.

The more of these people Mr. Morton rotates out to support themselves by honest work the more efficient he will make his department and the more popular he will become with all who believe that genuine reform means something more than keeping republicans in office.—St. Louis Republic.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

Financial Matters at Washington Daily Improving.

Every effort ought to be made that is consistent with the safety of the business interests of the country to postpone the consideration of the currency question until after the revision of the tariff. Secretary Carlisle is convinced that the monetary conditions are daily becoming more satisfactory. Gold is coming in in adequate amounts, and although there have been occasional renewals of the foreign demand for it there seems to have come an end to anything approaching lack of confidence in the treasury.

The financial authorities at Washington, agreeing with Mr. Carlisle, are hopeful that the problem can be solved without drawing the question into the arena of immediate political debate. The main issue on which Mr. Cleveland was elected was that of the tariff. That is the issue upon which there is most harmony among democratic congressmen, and that is the one also in which the people of the country are most deeply concerned.

The money question is no longer confined to silver coinage. It now embraces the whole subject of our incongruous paper currency and involves the entire system of banking. Moreover, it cannot be determined without a solution of the difficulties of those communities that have not proper banking facilities; in other words, that are not possessed of proper credit tokens for the transaction of their business.

The settlement of such problems will require very many months of deep study and thorough discussion. And in the meantime it would not be fair to the people who have demanded by an enormous majority that they shall be relieved from the burdens of tariff taxation imposed upon them by the McKinley act that the reform of that act should be postponed.

It is probable that the administration will be able to take such steps as will convince the country and the financial world that a proper solution of the monetary question will be eventually reached, and that in the meantime American securities will remain safe investments. This being done, the attention of those who will be intrusted with the task of reforming the tariff will not be distracted, and the promises made by the democracy can be fulfilled.—N. Y. World.

REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

Industrial Interests Improving Under Democratic Rule.

Reports from various manufacturing centers of the country show how hypocritical was the cry raised during the campaign of last fall, that an adoption of the democratic tariff idea meant a virtual annihilation of our great industrial interests. The Carnegies are expending some two million dollars in the enlargement and improvement of their great plant at Homestead, and a significant feature in the case is the fact that a largely increased producing capacity in several departments is among the contemplated changes. All the vast sum to be expended is with a view to meeting a greatly increased demand.

Like faith in the business future is manifest from other important localities, and all this despite the terrible disasters that the people were told would follow, upon a retirement of the republican party from power. It is well understood that in the coming revision the iron and steel schedule of the tariff will be changed throughout. It is the expectation among the producers themselves that iron ore will be placed upon the free list and that the duty upon pig iron will be greatly reduced. It is also anticipated that from the duty on the finished products there will be taken a considerable portion in addition to that corresponding to the reduction upon the raw material.

The manufacturers understand, as they have understood all along, that such a revision of the tariff will not render it impossible for them to do business on a profitable basis. On the other hand, many of them are satisfied that their business will be improved by the increased demand for their products. They are convinced that all existing difficulties will receive due consideration, and that the revision will be so made by congress that they may adjust themselves to the changing situation. They as well as the consumers will be benefited by the proposed changes, and the enlargements are being made only in anticipation of the increased trade which will result from the practical application of democratic principles as affecting the tariff question.—Detroit Free Press.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

——The republican organs ought to deal very leniently with the rush of officeseekers at Washington, in consideration of the fact that their own administration provoked it by filling every post in the public service with a red-hot republican.—N. Y. World.

——When the present administration dismisses a relative of some prominent republican the g. o. p. organs set up a concerted howl. When the present administration appoints a relative of some prominent democrat the g. o. p. organs also set up a concerted howl. In the former case they call it "spoils." In the latter they call it "nepotism."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

——The present administration is acting to a greater extent than usual upon the principle of promoting experienced members of the consular and diplomatic service. This is a step toward the practice of other countries that enjoy the advantage of having men trained for the diplomatic relations which are maintained with foreign countries.—Detroit Free Press.

——If it affords any comfort to republican editors to think or pretend to think that the democratic party "shrinks from its task" of reducing the worse than war tariff, according to its pledges, we are not disposed to deny them this consolation in defeat. But if they really desire to know the truth we will confide to them our conviction that the pruning-knife of reform will make such thorough work with the McKinley law before the 1st of January next that its sponsor will not recognize it.—N. Y. World.

——It is just thirty years since President Lincoln sent for David A. Wells to advise with him relative to what was then the vital question of raising more revenue. Now President Cleveland sends for the same man for his advice and aid in framing a measure which shall reduce taxation and increase revenue. It is also a noteworthy fact that Mr. Wells was an ardent protectionist until 1868, the result of environment and impressions rather than of study and judgment, and that it was Garfield who made him a free trader.—St. Paul Globe.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—An attempt to rob the Casino at Monte Carlo was recently made by employees. They tried to steal some £10,000 as it was being transported from the gaming rooms to the cashier's office. Several croupiers were involved and sixteen arrests were made.

—Commenting on the inaugural celebrations the Toronto Globe says Canadians are puzzled to understand how the political enthusiasm of Americans can be maintained at procession heat so long after the election. "If we Canadians rise to the procession point on election day," it says, "we are doing remarkably well in that line."

—A curious discovery was made some years ago among the archives at Southampton of a box containing the original naval laws of that port as early as the fourteenth century. One of them was that if the majority of the sailors of a vessel on the point of sailing were of opinion that the wind was unfavorable, and the vessel was wrecked afterward, the captain was responsible for the value of the goods lost.

—When Manitoba is pronounced Indian fashion, with an explosive accent on the last syllable, it is plainly enough in part an onomatopœia, or word expressing its sense by its sound. It means "breath of God," "Manitou" being God and "ba" breath. As properly pronounced, the last syllable is simply a sudden expulsion of breath, such as must have seemed to the savages, who first employed the name as accurately expressive of their meaning.

—The oldest tree on earth, at least as far as anyone knows, is the Boo tree in the sacred city of Amarapoora, Burmah. It was planted, the record says, in the year 288 B. C., and is, therefore, about two thousand years old. Its great age is proved by historic documents, says Sir James Emerson, who adds: "To it kings have dedicated their kingdoms in testimony of a belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Uoa, when he was undergoing his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away by pilgrims as relics, but, as it is too sacred to be touched, even with a knife, they can only be gathered after they have fallen.

—Two Americans, in the employment of the government of British Columbia, recently accomplished a feat hitherto deem impossible by crossing the Selkirk mountains in the depth of winter. The object of the trip was to ascertain if it were possible to lay out a pack and cattle trail over the range from Golden to Kalso. The men traveled one hundred and fifty miles on snowshoes, fifty miles over the wildest mountain country, where glaciers abounded. They found a pass at an altitude of six thousand five hundred feet that is practicable for cattle and pack trains in summer. The thermometer was below zero during most of their trip, which occupied nearly a month.

—A policeman and a supposed criminal whom he had arrested were walking beside the Danube at Kelheim, Bavaria, recently, when the prisoner suddenly jumped into the river. The water was full of great blocks of ice, stretching quite across the stream, and the man jumped safely from block to block and reached the opposite bank. The policeman followed, but being less agile fell between the blocks into the river. His late prisoner had a very nice question in casuistry to decide, and he settled it by plunging into the river, at imminent risk of his own life, to save the life of the policeman. He succeeded in getting the officer to land, and then the policeman was in a quandary. He offered to state the case to the authorities and try to get a life-saving medal for his rescuer. But the latter thought he would rather have his liberty, and the policeman promptly set him free, and gave him a couple of marks to help him on his way. The fugitive has not since been recaptured.

PRESENCE OF MIND AT SEA.

An Old Sailorman Recalls Instances in Which It Was All-Important.

Speaking of presence of mind at sea," reflected the old Boston mariner, "I remember that many years ago, when Capt. William T. Glidden, formerly of the firm of Glidden & Williams, was in command of a ship bound to New Orleans, she was struck by a squall off the south side of Cuba, and the head of the foremast, close to the eyes of the rigging, splintered and broke, but held together. The topmast canted to leeward, and it would have gone over the side if the broken part had separated. Capt. Glidden kept the ship off, brought the topmast upright by the backstays, and then took a spare spar, rove it up through the catharpins, lashed it around the broken head of the foremast and the heel, or doublings, of the topmast, and around the foremast below the top, and thus secured the lower mast, the topmast and all above them.

"To think this out was the work of a second, but hours were required to make it complete. By presence of mind and using the material at hand, Capt. Glidden saved the expense and delay of putting into port. Seamen, as a general rule, are ready reasoners. There are no given rules by which a disaster can be repaired at sea; all depends upon the experience and skill of the captain or the officers. A captain who is not an unmitigated egotist will act upon a hint suggested by a common seaman.

"An illustration of this kind occurred in which a link of the slings of the main yard was broken. While securing the yard with a tackle, a sailor suggested that a shackle would supply the place of the broken link. There were several shackles on board, evidently designed for that purpose, which had attracted the sailor's notice in clearing out a locker, but which was unknown to her captain and mates. In addition to these there were shackles for every piece of chain rigging in the ship, and for the cables, too. The sailor, in turning them over, divined their use. On that same voyage, while bringing the ship up in the River Mersey during a gale, at Liverpool, the cable parted, but another anchor and chain saved her from drifting ashore. At low water the parted chain and anchor were recovered, and the broken link was replaced by a shackle. The shipmaster who fitted the ship out when new had provided for such contingencies, but as she was then ten years old the means to meet them were unknown to her officers. The intelligence of the common sailor rendered them available. These and various other means to repair accidents had been regarded as so much old iron. This led the captain to overhaul the contents of every locker in the ship, and he found appliances for constructing a jury rudder, for repairing pumps, stopping leaks, and so on, and had them all properly assorted, that they might be used when required. It was evident that he who had fitted the ship out was a man of thought and extensive experience, and had made provision to meet accidents that were liable to occur.

"When Capt. Eben Howes commanded the New York packet Roscius a man fell overboard while the ship was going rapidly through the water. Not only were the life buoys cut adrift, but spare studding sail yards, billets of wood, and planks were thrown overboard, and a man was sent aloft to look out while the ship was being brought to the wind and the lee-quarter boat was made ready for lowering. A passenger asked Capt. Howes why he had thrown so many things overboard. He was answered, because they would be guides to the boat in looking after the man. In a seaway the life buoys, as well as the man, might escape the notice of those in the boat, and in such an event, the other articles would multiply the chances of finding the man. Guided by the articles, the boat, after an hour's search, found the man safely floated by a life buoy and in good condition. He had seen some of the driftwood, and being a good swimmer, made toward it and was saved. Capt. Cressey, in the ship Flying Cloud, saved a man by the same means, after he had been two hours in the water. A man's head is a small object to find in a seaway, hence the prudence of throwing articles overboard as guides to find him."—Boston Herald.

THE INSTINCT OF LOCALITY.

Men Possess It in Common with the Lower Animals.

A cat carried one hundred miles in a basket, a dog taken, perhaps, five hundred miles by rail, in a few days may have found their way back to the starting point. So we have often been told, and no doubt the thing has happened. We have been astonished at the wonderful intelligence displayed. Magic, I should call it. Last week I heard of a captain who sailed from Aberdeen to Arbroath. He left behind him a dog which according to the story had never been in Arbroath, but when he arrived there the dog was waiting on the quay. I expected to believe that the dog had known his master's destination, and been able to inquire the way overland to Arbroath. Truly marvelous! But really, it is time to inquire more carefully as to what these stories do mean; we must cease to ascribe our intelligence to animals, and learn that it is we that often possess their instinct.

A cat on a farm will wander many miles in search of prey and will, therefore, be well acquainted with the country for miles round. It is taken fifty miles away. Again it wanders and comes across a bit of country it knew before. What more natural than that it should go to its old home! Carrier pigions are taught "homing" by taking them gradually longer flights from home, so that they may learn the look of the country. We can not always discover that a dog actually was acquainted with the route by which it wanders home, but it is quite absurd to imagine, as most people at once do, that it was a perfect stranger to the lay of the land. To find our way a second time over ground we have once trod is scarcely intelligence; we can only call it instinct, though the word does not in the least explain the process. Two years ago I first visited Douglas, in the Isle of Man. I reached the station at 11 p. m. I was guided to a house a mile through the town. I scarcely paid any attention to the route, yet next morning I found my way by the same route to the station, walking with my head bent, deeply thinking all the time about other things than the way. I have the instinct of locality.

Most people going into a dark room that they know are by muscular sense guided exactly to the very spot they wish; so people who have the instinct of locality may wander over a moor exactly to the place they wish to reach, without thinking of where they go. There may be no mental exercise connected with this. I have known a lady of great intelligence who would lose her way within half a mile of the house she had lived in forty years. This feeling about place belongs to that part of us that we have in common with the lower creatures. We need not postulate that the animals ever show signs of possessing our intelligence; they possess in common with us what is not intelligence, but instinct.—London Spectator.

A FAMOUS DWARF.

Jeffrey Hudson Was Once Taken to the Royal Table Inside a Pie.

Jeffrey Hudson was a celebrated dwarf, born in England in 1619. At eight years of age he was but eighteen inches high. He was engaged as a servant to the duke of Wellington. While entertaining Charles I. and the queen at his summer castle, the duke had little Hudson brought upon the table inside a cold pie. When the pie was opened there stood the little fellow, dressed in regimentals, with a tiny sword at his side. The sight greatly astonished and pleased the royal guests, and the duke presented the little captain to the queen, who retained him as her dwarf for many years.

One day he got into a fight with a turkey-cock in the dooryard of the palace. Had not a woman come to his rescue little Jeffrey would have been killed. A son of one of the noblemen laughed at him for his failure to conquer the turkey-cock. At this the dwarf, who had a very ugly disposition became furious and challenged the young man to mortal combat. The latter took the matter as a joke, and came to the battle-ground armed only with a squirt-gun filled with water. Not so with the dwarf. He was in earnest, and upon receiving the contents of the squirt-gun in his face drew a pistol and shot the young nobleman dead.

After a life of dissipation and crime, from which his shortness of stature often enabled him to escape with impunity, he was confined in the Gatehouse, Westminster, for some offense. Here he took his own life, at the age of sixty-three.—Historia.

Unsophisticated.

"I don't like your milk," said the mistress of the house.

"What's wrong with it, mum?"

"It's dreadfully thin and there's no cream on it."

"Arfter you've lived in the city awhile, mum," said the milkman encouragingly, "you'll git over them rooral idees o' yours."—Chicago Tribune.

—Fear to die until you have done some good that will always live.—Ram's Horn.

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The Grip

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