

THE OLDEST FRIEND.

Oh, life, my life! 'tis many a year since we
Took hands together, and came through
The morn,
When thou and Day and I were newly
born—
And fair the future looked, and glad and
free,
A year as long as whole Eternity,
And full of joys that could not be outgrown;
And time was measureless for thee and me.

Long have we fared together, thou and I;
Thou hast grown dearer, as old friends
must grow;
Small wonder if I dread to say good-by
When our long past is over, and I go
To enter strange new worlds beyond the sky
With Death, thy rival, to whom none saith
"No."

LOVE IN A BALLOON.

Some time ago I was staying with
Sir G. P., Peach House, Pembroke-
shire. Great number of peo-
ple there—all kinds of amusements
going on. Driving, riding, fishing,
shooting—everything in fact. Sir
George's daughter Fanny was often
my companion in these expeditions,
and I was considerably struck with
her; for she was a girl to whom the
epithet "stunning" applies better than
any other that I am acquainted with.
She could drive like Jehu, she could
row like Charon, she could dance like
Terpsichore, she could run like Diana,
she walked like Juno, and she looked
like Venus. Ah! she was a "stunner."
You should have heard that girl
whistle and laugh—you should have
heard her laugh. She was truly a
delightful companion. We rode to-
gether, drove together, fished
together, walked together, danced to-
gether; I called her Fanny and she
called me Tom. All this could have
but one termination, you know.

I fell in love with her, and deter-
mined to take the first opportunity of
proposing. So one day when we
were out together fishing on the lake,
I went down on my knees amongst
the grudgeons, seized her hand,
pressed it to my waistcoat, and in
burning accents entreated her to be-
come my wife.

"Don't be a fool!" she said. "Now
drop it do! and put me a fresh worm
on."

"O Fanny," I exclaimed, "don't
talk about worms when marriage is
the question. Only say—"

"I tell you what it is now," she re-
plied angrily, "if you don't drop it,
I'll pitch you out of the boat."

Gentlemen (said Jenkyns, with
strong emotion), I did not drop it,
and I give you my word of honor,
with a sudden shove she sent me fly-
ing into the water; then seizing the
sculls, with a stroke or two she put
several yards between us, and burst
into a fit of laughter that fortunately
prevented her from going any further.
I swam up and climbed into the boat.
"Jenkyns," said I to myself, "Re-
venge! revenge!" I disguised my
feelings, I laughed—hideous mock-
ery of mirth—I laughed, pulled to
the bank, went to the house, and
changed my clothes. When I ap-
peared at the dinner table I perceived
that every one had been informed of
my ducking—universal laughter
greeted me. During dinner Fanny
repeatedly whispered to her neighbor,
and glanced at me. Smothered
laughter invariably followed. "Jen-
kyns," said I, "Revenge!" The oppor-
tunity soon offered. There was to be
a balloon ascent from the lawn, and
Fanny had tormented her father into
letting her ascend with the aeronaut.
I instantly took my plans; bribed the
aeronaut to plead illness at the mo-
ment when the machine should have
risen; learned from him the manage-
ment of the balloon (though I under-
stood that pretty well before), and
calmly awaited the result.

The day came. The weather was
fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny
was in the car. Everything was
ready when the aeronaut suddenly
fainted. He was carried into the
house, and Sir George accompanied
him to see that he was properly at-
tended to. Fanny was in despair.

"Am I to lose my air expedition?"
she exclaimed, looking over the side
of the car. "Some one understands
the management of this thing, surely?
Nobody?"

"Tom," she called out to me, "you
understand it, don't you?"
"Perfectly," I answered.
"Come along then!" she cried; "be
quick, before papa comes back."

The company in general endeav-
ored to dissuade her from her pro-
ject, but of course in vain.

After a decent show of hesitation
I climbed into the car. The balloon
was cast off, and rapidly sailed
heavenward. There was scarcely a
breath of wind, and we rose almost
straight up. We rose above the
house, and she laughed and said,
"How jolly."

We were higher than the highest
trees, and she smiled and said it was
very kind of me to come with her.
We were so high that the people be-
low looked like mere specks, and she
hoped that I thoroughly understood
the management of the balloon.

Now was my time.
"I understand the going up part,"
I answered; "to come down is not so
easy," and I whistled.

"What do you mean," she cried.

"Why, when you wanted to go up
faster, you throw some sand over-
board," I replied, suiting the action
to the word.

"Don't be foolish, Tom," she said,
trying to appear quite calm and in-
different, but trembling uncommonly.
"Foolish!" I said, "Oh, dear no; but
whether I go along the ground or up
in the air, I like to go the pace, and
so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you
cripples," and over went another
sandbag. "Why, you're mad, surely,"
she whispered, in utter terror, and
tried to reach the bags, but I kept
her back. "Only with love, my dear,"
I answered, smiling pleasantly;
"only with love for you. Oh, Fanny,
I adore you; say you will be my wife."
"I gave you an answer the other

day," she replied, "one which I
thought you should have remem-
bered," she added, laughing a little
notwithstanding her terror.

"I remember it perfectly," I an-
swered, "but I intend to have a differ-
ent reply to that. You see those
five sandbags; I shall ask you five
times to become my wife. Every
time you refuse I shall throw over a
sandbag. So, lady fairitas the cab-
mon would say) reconsider your de-
cision, and consent to become Mrs.
Jenkyns." "I won't," she said, "I
never will! and, let me tell you, that
you are acting in a very ungentle-
manly way to press me thus." "You
acted in a very ladylike way the
other day, did you not?" I rejoined,
"when you knocked me out of the
boat?" She laughed again, for she
was a plucky girl, and no mistake—
a very plucky girl. "However," I
went on, "it's no good arguing about
it—will you promise to give me your
hand?"

"Never," she answered, "I'll go to
Ursa Major though I have got a big
enough bear here, in all conscience.
Stay; you'd prefer Aquarius,
wouldn't you?"

She looked so pretty that I was al-
most inclined to let her off (I was
only trying to frighten her, of course
—I knew how high we could go safe-
ly well enough, and how valuable the
life of Jenkyns was to his country);
but resolution is one of the strong
points of my character, and when
I've begun a thing I like to carry it
through, so I threw over another
sandbag, and whistled the "Dead
March in San!"

"Come, Mr. Jenkyns," she said sud-
denly "come Tom, let us descend
now, and I'll promise to say nothing
whatever about all this." I contin-
ued the execution of the "Dead
March." "But if you do not begin
to descend at once I'll tell papa the
moment I set foot on ground!" I
laughed, seized another bag, and
looking steadily at her, said: "Will
you promise to give me your hand?"

"I've answered you already," was the
reply. Over went the sandbag, and
the solemn notes of the "Dead March"
resounded through the air. "I
thought you were a gentleman!" said
Fanny rising up in a terrible rage
from the bottom of the car, where she
had been sitting, and looking per-
fectly beautiful in her wrath; "I
thought you were a gentleman, but I
find I was mistaken; why, a chimney-
sweeper would not treat a lady in
such a way. Do you know that you
are risking your own life as well as
mine by your madness!" I explained
that I adored her so much that to die
in her company would be perfect
bliss, so that I begged she would not
consider my feelings at all. She
dashed her beautiful hair from her
face, and, standing perfectly erect,
looking like the Goddess of Anger (or
Boadicea—if you can fancy that per-
sonage in a balloon)—she said: "I
command you to begin the descent
this instant." The "Dead March"
whistled in a manner essentially gay
and lively, was the only response.

After a few minutes' silence I took
up another bag and said: "We are
getting rather high; if you do not
descend soon we shall have Mercury
coming to tell us that we are trespass-
ing—will you promise me your
hand?" She sat in sulky silence in
the bottom of the car, I threw over
the sand. Then she tried another
plan. Throwing herself upon her
knees, and bursting into tears, she
said: "Oh, forgive me for what I
did the other day; it was very wrong,
and I am very sorry. Take me home,
and I will be a sister to you." "Not
a wife?" said I. "I can't, I can't,"
she answered.

Over went the fourth bag, and I
began to think she would beat me
after all, for I did not like the idea
of going much higher. I would not
give in just yet, however. I whistled
for a few moments, to give her time
for reflection, and then said: "Fanny,
they say that marriages are made
in Heaven—if you do not take care
you will be solemnized there." I took
up the fifth bag and last. "Come, I said,
"my wife in life or my companion in
death, which is it to be?" and I pat-
ted the sandbag in my arms, as if it
had been a baby. "Come, Fanny,
give me your promise." I could hear
her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted
creature breathing, and would not
pain any living thing, and I confess
she had beaten me. I forgave her
the ducking; I forgave her for reject-
ing me. I was on the point of fling-
ing the bag back into the car, and
saying: "Dearest Fanny, forgive me
for trying to frighten you. Marry
whomever you will. Give your
lovely hand to the lowest groom in
your stables—endow with your price-
less beauty the Chief of the Panki-
wanki Indians. Whatever happens,
Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—
your footstool. His duty, henceforth,
is to go whithersoever you shall or-
der, to do whatsoever you shall com-
mand."

I was just on the point of saying
this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly
looked up and said, with a queerish
expression upon her face: "You need
not throw that last bag over. I
promise to give you my hand."

"With all your heart?" I asked,
quickly.

"With all my heart," she answered,
with the same strange look.

I tossed the bag into the bottom of
the car, and opened the valve. The
balloon descended.

Gentlemen (said Jenkyns rising
from his seat in the most solemn
manner, and stretching out his hand
as if going to take an oath); gentle-
men, will you believe it, when we
reached the ground, and the balloon
had been given over to its recovered
master—when I had helped Fanny
tenderly to the earth, and turned to-
wards her to receive anew the prom-
ise of her affection and her hand—
will you believe it, she gave me a box

on the ear that upset me against the
car, saying at the same time, "There's
my hand with all my heart," and run-
ning to her father, what at that mo-
ment came up, she related to him
and the assembled company what she
called my disgraceful conduct in the
balloon, and ended by informing me
that all of her hand that I was likely
to get had been already bestowed
upon my ear, which she assured me
had been given with all her heart.

INDIAN AGENTS.

Grave charges are made against
Indian Agent Wilcox, at the San
Carlos Agency in Arizona. It is
understood that they are substantiated
by numerous affidavits of such a
character that it will require more
than a mere assertion that the allega-
tions are made by persons who have
ulterior motives to set them aside.
The charges are various and numer-
ous. Among other things it is alleged
that contrary to law Agent Wilcox is
running the post tradership. He is
said to have his son-in-law nominally
in charge, but that he himself fur-
nishes the goods for the establishment,
supervises the management, and takes
the cash received at the close of each
day's business. It is understood that
a man by the name of Hise has made
a sworn statement to the effect that
he sold out his business to Wilcox in
person and in part payment took
notes from Wilcox. This is shown
to substantiate the charges that Wil-
cox is managing post tradership in
fact, and that his son-in-law is a mere
figurehead. Hise was one of the post
traders before Wilcox arrived, and
the property he sold to the agent was
his store, which became useless to
him after his license ran out.

Not only are there charges of the
violation of the law preferred, but
allegations are made against his
moral character of the most startling
nature. Among other acts, it is al-
leged that he bought a Yuma squaw
from her parents, paying \$23 in money
and a Government wagon for her;
that he took her to his house and
kept her for some time, until a scandal
was caused by his course, that he
finally returned her to her parents.

SQUIRREL-TALK.

It is wonderful how the squirrels
know at once when any one has come
into the woods. Let the intruder be
ever so quiet, in a minute or two
there is an approaching "chip-chip-
chip!" a clattering down the loose
bark of a tree, as of somebody whose
shoes do not fit very well, and two
small, bright eyes staring at him in-
quisitively from a safe distance.

Sitting perfectly still on the ground,
I have eyed a squirrel ten minutes at
a time—he as still as myself and gaz-
ing into my eyes as steadily as I into
his. I have usually had to be the first
to look away; then he would perhaps
venture a little nearer, or possibly
would take alarm at my movements,
and run up into his tree, quivering
with excitement. Once I caught the
eye of one sitting on a pine-needle
near me, with a nut or acorn in his
mouth, which fitted in exactly and
gave it the shape of the letter "O."

He staid there a long time quite
motionless, with his tail in the air, and
his paws uplifted to his cheeks, stuffed
out with the nut, which he did not at-
tempt to eat or drop, until I turned
away. It was very comical, the three
interjections that his eyes and mouth
made as he watched me. I tried to
talk to him in squirrel-language, and
he seemed to listen, but not to under-
stand, for he gave no answer; I sup-
pose he was laughing inside at the
ridiculous mispronunciations of the
intrusive foreigner. But I have had
long talks with squirrels that came
down to within a few feet of me, and
told me unmistakably that they had
better command of their own voca-
bulary than I, and that I had better
leave their premises at once.—[From
"Among the Polly-dancers," by Lucy
Larcom, in the May St. Nicholas.

"YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY."—The
story comes from Washington that a
few days ago, when a \$1200 employe
of the Senate died, Sergeant-at-Arms
Bright received an application for
the vacancy. Col. Bright read the
recommendation, and said at once:
"Very well, you can have the place."
The applicant was very much aston-
ished, and asked, "When can I take
hold?" "You can begin to-day," be-
gan Col. Bright; "but let me explain
the situation. You see, when Mr.
St. John was buried it left his \$1200
place vacant. The next man under
him, a very capable one, receiving
\$900, was promoted. A laborer next
below him, at \$720, stepped into the
\$900 place, and a man under him was
then lifted a little, and so on through
the whole list, until the place really
left vacant by the death of Mr. St.
John is a place in the stable to carry
horses at \$1 a day. You can have
that, and begin work at once." The
applicant withdrew.

At a meeting of the New England
Cotton Manufacturers' Association
recently, it was stated by one of the
speakers that since the last meeting,
six months ago, there has been no im-
provement in quality or price of elec-
tric lighting. The position of the
underwriters has generally been ac-
cused to, and during the past year
there have been no accidents on ac-
count of the use of light. About one
mill in fifteen insured in the Mutual
companies is now lighted in whole or
in part by electricity. With proper
precautions that is now the safest
form of artificial lighting. The neces-
sity was urged for testing frequent-
ly an electric light system just as the
pressure of steam in a boiler is
watched.

"No, sir," said the practical man,
"no bric-a-brac on the mantle for me!
It's a nuisance. Where's a man to
put his feet?"

SAINTLY TOILS.

Two Handsome California Women
Among the Mormons—Passed Through
the Endowment House.

A Salt Lake paper says a few
months ago there arrived in Salt
Lake City two women, Mrs. Clark
and Wellman, direct from California,
to reside for a time. Both had been
living in Stockton, and their hus-
bands had a few months before gone
to New Mexico for the purpose of
entering into business. When Clark
and Wellman left California they ex-
pected soon to have their wives join
them in their new homes. Mrs. Well-
man had a son 10 or 12 years old, in
very delicate health, and she was ad-
vised to come here to save the life of
the boy. They found a temporary
home at the residence of relatives of
Mrs. W., and for a time matters
moved along smoothly, while their
money lasted, but when it was ex-
hausted there was a change in the
manner in which they were treated,
and the ladies were in sore trouble
to know what was best for them to
do.

During this time the husband of
Mrs. Clark had become interested in
acquiring claim in New Mexico, and
in a dispute over the property with a
Mexican, was killed on December 15,
1882. This left his wife without
money, and in very poor health, un-
able to do any work such as she could
get for her support; and the husband
of Mrs. Wellman failing to remit
money to her, the two ladies were in
such straitened circumstances as to
be at a loss what course to pursue.

They were stopping near Dr. Mar-
shall's, in the southern portion of this
city, and this gentleman, on hearing
of their situation, kindly let them go
into his house and supply them with
provisions and a home. Their ac-
quaintance in this city was almost ex-
clusively among the Mormons, and
people of that sect soon began to ad-
vise them what was best to do. The
beauties of Mormonism were held up
before them in flattering array, and
they were informed that if they
would join that organization they
would find friends and be provided
for through the storehouse of the as-
sociation provided for ministering to
the destitute. The ladies were fasci-
nated with the picture and promises,
and on or about December 6, 1882,
they were baptized into the church.

Mrs. Clark now laughs heartily over
the manner in which Apostle Smith
assisted her into the grease vat and
bestowed smiles and expressed his
admiration on that occasion. She
did not then suppose that his atten-
tions came from sinister motives, but
her eyes were afterwards opened to
the fact, when she was asked to be-
come an addition to his harem, a
proposition she scornfully resented.

After the two ladies had become thus
associated with the Latter-day fraud,
they for a time received much atten-
tion from the priesthood and their
strikers. Mrs. Clark being a hand-
some woman, of pleasing manners
and fine conversational powers, at-
tracted unusual attention from the
advocates of celestial glory through
polygamy, and Bishop Sheets and
others set their nets to catch her for
their harems. About this time she
received news of her husband's
death, and ill-health and nervous ex-
citement for a time prostrated her.

This gave the old chaps an opportu-
nity to send in delicacies. Brother
Murrin sent so many chickens that
all were not needed, and they are
now crowing on some of the neigh-
boring bay stacks.

Mrs. Clark, it seems, was raised in
New York, was well educated, had
studied medicine and practiced in
various places where she had resided.
Among her possessions, kept as heir-
looms of her family and as gifts
from friends, were numerous dia-
monds and costly jewelry, and a fine
gold watch and chain. These were
seen by the elders and she was ad-
vised to part with a portion of them
in tithing to the church, a proposition
she flatly refused. She at one time
when being told by one of the teach-
ers she must be sealed to some one of
the brethren as a means of salvation,
answered that she would not be bossed
by any of them. This refusal to
obey the church brought Bishop
Woolley around to instruct her in
her duties.

One old widow woman wanted to
save her by having her sealed to the
dead husband of the saintess.

Having gotten on the inside of
Mormonism with that shrewdness
characteristic of the woman, she en-
gaged in prying into their secrets so
earnestly that she soon became an
object of their persecution, and from
that on was made to suffer.

Her associate, Mrs. Wellman, found
a home some time ago in the family
of one of our prominent citizens. On
April 2 her husband died in Soncorro,
New Mexico. Mrs. Clark was at a
loss to know what she would do, when
one day, some two weeks ago, she re-
ceived notice of the death of a rela-
tive in New York, and was requested
to go thither to receive an estate val-
ued at \$180,000. On Sunday, April
15, she departed by the Union Pacific,
and while on the road to Ogden gave
the above facts to a gentleman who
happened to be a passenger in the
same car. She stated she was a con-
sistin of Kate Field, and exhibited rich
laces and other articles which she
had received only a few days before
through the mails.

Dr. Marshall corroborates many of
the events we have described, and
speaks of Mrs. Clark as being a very
intelligent and attractive lady, who
was evidently brought up in refine-

ed circles, and who conducted her-
self at all times just as a lady should
do. Her close observation of Mor-
monism and the shrewdness with
which she pried into their secrets en-
abled her to learn so many facts that
she was looked upon as a dangerous
person by them after they found out
that she was not in sympathy with
them, and more than one elder and
bishop has since said that she knew
too much. She got into the secrets,
she said, of some crimes committed
within the past two or three years
which explain the disappearance in
one instance of a man. There is a
flutter of excitement in the locality
where she was known in this city, for
fear some of the facts she obtained
may become known, and this ac-
counts for the expression of one who
said the best thing they could do
would be to "lay her out."

After having received information
of her fortune, and also money to
take her East, she quietly departed
for Elmira, N. Y. She gave her
name as Mrs. Myrtle Clark, is about
30 years of age, dresses in excellent
taste, and is just such a lady as would
attract attention wherever she goes.
It was from Mrs. Clark that most of
these facts were obtained, and when
bidding our informant farewell at Og-
den, she stated she intended return-
ing here ere long and would look
more into the affairs she had gained
some knowledge of, and that she
should use her voice and influence
against Mormonism. At the time
she gave her statement on the way to
Ogden, she spoke about the death of
Peter Cooper, which she learned of
for the first time through an article
in the Tribune of that date, and said
he was a great uncle to her father,
and in this connection told of other
prominent citizens connected with
her family. She said that there
were good reasons for her not asking
aid of her family, and offered as the
most prominent the fact that she
was too high-spirited to do so.

WHAT MRS. NEWMAN SAW IN A HA-
REM.

The ladies of the literary society
of the Madison Avenue Congrega-
tional church listened last evening,
in the church lecture-room, to a descrip-
tion by Mrs. John P. Newman, wife
of the clergyman, of her visit to the
harem of the pasha of Hillan, Baby-
lon. Mrs. Newman's visit was made
ten years ago, when she was travel-
ing with her husband, who was not
permitted to accompany her into the
interior of the harem.

"The gates of the 'Abode of Bliss,'
closed instantly after I entered the
building. A long corridor opened
into the main apartment of the ha-
rem. It was furnished with gor-
geous tapestry hangings and sumptu-
ous satin furniture of curious de-
signs. The curtained windows looked
out upon blooming gardens. Hang-
ing about the chamber in various at-
titudes were a score of women. Some
were seated on divans and some
kneeling. Thirteen of them were the
wives of the pasha. A cloud of ne-
gro servants attended to their wants.
I could speak but a few words of
Arabic, but we were at home on the
subject of dress, which has a univer-
sal language of its own among wo-
men. All the women had long-lashed
and lustrous eyes, and dark, finely
chiseled features. Their costumes
were magnificent, and strongly fash-
ioned of rich satins and loaded with
ornaments of gold and jewels and
garlands of pearls. Their head-
dresses were of silken gauze, held by
bands of gold and surmounted by
graceful ostrich feathers. They
wore silk trousers and silver slippers,
and their finger nails were tinged
with yellow. To an elderly lady,
very queenly in her movements, im-
plicit obedience was yielded by the
others. The air of the apartments
was heavy with the perfume of sand-
al wood. A crowd of colored ser-
vants brought in cigarettes and sweet-
meats and coffee, and of the delicia-
ties I was pressed to partake.

The eating of these dainties and
gossiping with each other the whole
day long is the sole occupation of
these women of the harem. They
live in luxurious bondage, in blissful
ignorance of the outside world. I
longed to reveal its beauties and pos-
sibilities to them, but could converse
only by gestures. Before I left, a
baby pasha was shown to me. Its
mother looked like a sleeping beauty.
The baby was wrapped in folds of
fine linen, and its wardrobe consisted
of over fifty different articles of appa-
rel. The interest shown in the baby
and the mother by the other women
of the harem, was to me a beautiful
evidence of the universal sisterhood
of women."

The Somerville, Tenn., Falcon
brings the story of one of the daugh-
ters of the dusky race, who has just
made her visit to the Episcopal
Church in that place. On reaching
home she said: "Look here, missus,
I never seed such dom' as that at
church afore. The people they be's
prayin' and prayin' and de preacher
he holler at um to get up, and den he
gets mad and turns his back on 'em,
and don't have nuffin to do with
'em."

Miss Matilda Showball, having
closed the door, approached the lady
of the house in a most mysterious
manner, and asked as a favor that her
employer write a letter to Sam Johns-
on. "What do you want me to write?"
"Write him dat I was at de corner
at de 'pinted hour and dat he didn't
come." "Well, I've got that down."
"Den add to dat ar: I consoles my-
self wid de fond hope you was kep-
away by sickness. Your only true
lub, Matilda Snowball."

"Neuralgia" is the name borne by a
charming girl of Iowa. Her mother
found it on a medicine bottle, and
was captivated by its sweetness.

A SEA OF FIRE.

The Standard Oil Company's
Struck by Lightning Causing the
Death of Six Persons.

The burning of the Standard
Works at Jersey City last week
ated a great panic. A dispatch
of the scene while the fire was in
ress says:

The works of the Standard
company at Communipaw, are ex-
tensive in this country, are on
the fire started during the
storm, and one of the large
near the shore was struck and
ed by lightning. The burning
poured out like an angry river,
flowed down the avenues be-
tween the enormous tanks toward
river. In a short time the
communicated with three huge
and they exploded simultane-
ously with terrific force. Fragments
iron were hurled a distance of
miles, and the burning oil was
tered in all directions. The
fire department has been summoned
but their services are almost
as the burning streams of oil
through the yard, firing tank
the buildings. The store-house
solid structure where barreled
was kept, was attacked by the
and succumbed. The engine
went next, and the oil and
pump-houses, sunken tanks and
chine-shop quickly followed,
whole easterly side of the works
a seething mass of flames. The
the tremendous heat and blis-
smoke, the firemen worked val-
in the hope of checking the
of the flames.

The shaft of lightning of
equalled brilliancy and bright-
that struck the first tank, was
by the firemen of engine No. 1,
Holiday street, Jersey City, a
away, and the engine at once
for the scene. It was soon dis-
to be useless work to play upon
flames, and all efforts were dis-
to prevent them from spread-
ing. This was partially successful,
nearly 5 o'clock, when tank No.
ploded with a terrific report, and
blazing oil spread with lightning
velocity. Chief Ferrier and a num-
ber of men were within ten yards of
tank when it exploded and were
almost by a miracle. Dropping
hose, which was burned to ashes,
fled for their lives. When they
tered together at a safe distance,
of their number were found miss-
ing. The smoke was so dense that
impossible to tell what way one
going, and it is thought that the
fortunate men ran down to the
and were lost.

Waves of flaming oil had rolled
upon the engine-house, carpenter
shop, machine-shop, boiler and
room, two warehouses, cooper-
and blacksmith-shop, and they
a heap of ruins in an hour. The
after tank was caught by the
until seven out of the twenty six
the ground were blazing. The
of the Pennsylvania railroad
caught fire, and several rolling
on the rails were only saved by
earth piled on the top of the
The bay was a sheet of flaming
and the long trestle bridge of
railway, about a quarter of a
long, running from the works
Black Tom's island, was also
down to the water's edge. At
boarding-house of the Eagle re-
close by, the scene was painful
extreme. Newly-made widows
gregated in one of the rooms,
and despair alternating in their
strated minds, and lamenting
fate of the loved ones from
they had parted but a few hours
fore.

By noon the fire was under con-
It is estimated that the loss will
cost a million and a half. The
large tanks, eighteen cars, six
a dredger, three docks, and five
building were destroyed. The
quantity of oil consumed was not
known.

Dr. H. W. Harkness has sub-
mitted to the California academy of sci-
ences the following description of a
to undescribed species of man-
which the fossil footprints of
State prison quarry at Carson,
are attributed: "Homo
denisii, Harkness. Length of
18 1/2 inches; width at the ball of
foot, 8 inches; width of heel, 6 in-
ches; average length of step, 27 in-
ches; length of stride, 50 inches; walk-
track-way, 18 inches, as meas-
ured from the center of the sandal to
center of the corresponding
Angle with the medium line, about
degrees. Each track is being re-
flected in form by a sandal, or other
fiction to the foot." These
ferences drawn from the rocks
which has thus far been learned of
extinct "Nevada man," whose
able history and characteristics
doubtless form a theme of scientific
discussion for years to come.

The civil service bill became
law on the 16th of January last. It
goes into effect substantially on
16th of July next, under section
which provides "that after the
expiration of six months from pass-
age of the act, no officer or clerk shall
be appointed, and no person shall
be employed to enter or be promoted
either of the said classes now
existing, or that may be arranged
under the act, until he has passed
examination," etc.

At Canton, O., Wm. B. Per-
kins, Co. book agents and news-
papers have assigned. Liabilities, \$4,
\$20,000 assets, nominal.