

VICTIMS OF A CYCLONE.

TWO HUNDRED GIRLS BURIED IN RUINS OF A FACTORY.

A Terrible Wind-Storm Demolishes a Large Silk Factory in Which Girls Are at Work—Fearful Results of the Storm Elsewhere.

(Reading (Pa.) special.)

A cyclone swept over the northern section of this city Wednesday afternoon the 9th inst., and laid waste everything within its path, with a terrible loss of life. The number of lives that have been sacrificed and the number of persons injured can only be estimated. The most reliable computation is that not less than sixty and perhaps eighty persons have been killed outright and 100 injured.

It had been raining very hard all the morning. Toward noon the rain ceased almost entirely, and by 4 o'clock there was every indication that there would be an entire cessation of the storm. Half an hour afterward the sun began to penetrate the clouds, and the tints of a rainbow were seen in the eastern sky. It portended a beautiful sunset. There was a clear sky overhead. This continued for half an hour.

Then the scene changed with a suddenness that was appalling. The fleecy clouds gave way to the ominous signs of a coming storm. Dark heavy banks of clouds marshaled themselves, and soon darkness seemed to have settled over the city. There was a stillness as of coming danger. Then the wind whistled, the storm clouds grew heavier, and still louder grew the wind. In the western sky the storm was seen approaching with a thundering noise. Persons residing along the track of the storm say that they saw the first sign of danger in a funnel-shaped cloud which seemed to gather up everything within its reach and cast it right and left. Out in the country houses and barns were unroofed, farm outbuildings were overturned, crops rooted up, and destruction spread in every direction.

The track of the storm was not more than two hundred feet wide, and it is lucky that it only touched the suburbs of the city. It came from the west and passed along the northern border of Reading.

First it touched the Mount Penn stove works. Here the corner of the building was struck, and a portion of the roof was cut off as nicely as if done with a pair of scissors. Then the storm crossed some fields and took off a portion of the roof of J. H. Sternberg's rolling mill. A number of dwellings were unroofed as readily as if their tin roofs were paper. The storm hurried across the property of the Reading railroad company and crossed the railroad. A passenger car was overturned as quickly as if it had been a toy, and its splinters scattered in every direction. Meanwhile the rain poured down in torrents. The atmosphere became heavy and oppressed, and it was almost as dark as night.

On one side of the track of the Reading railroad was situated the paint shop of the company. It was a one-story building about 90 by 150 feet in size. Here about thirty men were employed painting passenger cars. There were eight or nine of these cars in the building. They had been built at the company's shops in this city at a cost of \$6,000 each. The building was struck squarely in the middle, and the bricks scattered about as if they were playthings. The cars were turned topsy-turvy, while the men were buried under the debris. Some of the bricks were carried away. The chamber of each of the passenger cars was already filled with gas, as they were ready to be taken out on the road in a few days. They exploded one after another with the fearful bang of a cannon. Bang, bang, bang, they resounded over the city, causing the people to run out of their houses, thinking that it was the sound of an earthquake. There was a considerable quantity of gasoline in the building, and this added fuel to the flames. A sheet of flame shot upward with the roar of musketry. About twenty of the men had a chance to crawl out of the debris, but four of their companions were enveloped in the flames. Their cries were heard for a moment by the terrified workmen and then their voices were hushed forever. They were quickly roasted to death.

The fire department was called out, but its services were unavailing. The building and cars were consumed in fifteen minutes and nothing left but blackened, smoking ruins, under which lay four human beings burned to a crisp. Their names are: JOHN KALLER, ALBERT LANDSBERGER, SHERIDAN JONES, GEORGE SCHAFFER.

It was rumored that several others had been killed, but these are the only ones known to have lost their lives. Aaron DeWalt, one of the employees in the paint shop, had his arm broken, and George Knabb was injured internally, no doubt fatally. The loss to the railroad company is fully \$75,000.

The alarm for relief was immediately sent out, and in a short time thousands of citizens arrived to help out the dead and dying. The scene was harrowing and defies description. The mill is situated near the foot of Mount Penn, a mountain overlooking the city. When the people arrived everything was enveloped in darkness. Bonfires were built, which cast a dismal glare on the scene. The fire companies left the burning paint shop and assisted in the rescue. The entire police force was called out. The ambulance and relief corps and a thousand people were at work in the debris carrying out bricks, pulling away timbers, and doing what they could. A girl was taken out all bruised and out. One body taken out from the wreck had its head cut off. Others were in various postures. The living were all suffering from the most terrible wounds. In the basement of the building were found five bodies of young girls lying close together. The finder tried to pull them out, but they were pinned down and it was impossible to get them out. They were beyond all human aid. Already about a dozen dead bodies have been taken out. The work of rescue will be pushed, but it may be several days before all the bodies are taken out. It is impossible to tell how many may be under the ruins, as the managers are missing. The number may not be over forty

and may reach eighty. Among those known to be dead are:

HENRY CROCK, JR., foreman of the silk mill, aged 23 and married; he came from New London, Conn.
LAURA KERSHNER.
EVA LEEDS.
LILLIE GROW.
KATIE BOWMAN.
KATE LEADS.
AMELIA CHRISTMAN.
SOPHIE WINKLEMAN.
ELLA LONG.
WILLIE SNYDER.
WILLIAM PETERSON.
REBECCA POUSE.
KATE REIDENAUER.
ROSE CLEMMER.

These are all the dead who have been taken out. Clerk Autenback said he believed that fully eighty bodies were in the ruins. His list of employees is lost. Eighty is a conservative estimate of those who lost their lives.

Among the wounded are: Geraldine Glazier, Annie Leads, Bertha Kusel, Ella Lamm, Emma Bauensehn, George Nelman, Ella Karl, Minnie Merkel, Sallie Hasson, Lizzie Owens, Bertha Herman, Marie Mellon, Ellie Salmon, Ellie Pflum, Kate Hepler, Mary Cunius, Mary Evans, Effie Elright, Howard Bricker, Annie Bricker and Annie Fry.

The names of many others cannot be ascertained in the confusion.

The silk mill was built about four years ago. The builders were Reading capitalists, and the cost of putting it up was \$63,000. The mill was leased to Grimshaw Brothers, of Patterson, N. J. The machinery cost \$45,000. This is a total loss.

CATASTROPHE AT PITTSBURG.

Buildings Wrecked—Seven Killed Outright, and Nearly Forty Wounded. (Pittsburg (Pa.) telegram.)

A terrible wind and rain storm passed over this city about 12:30 o'clock on the 9th inst., during which a large building in course of erection on Diamond street collapsed, carrying twenty workmen to the ground and burying at least twenty more in the ruins. Twelve are known to have been killed outright. Six others are fatally injured and about thirty others seriously hurt.

The force of the falling building was so great that the rear walls of two other adjoining buildings were crushed as if they had been made of paper and their front walls fell upon the pavement on Wood street, burying several people in the debris and mangling some others horribly. Of these, two were a girl and a boy and one man, who is unknown, all of whom were taken in the patrol wagon to the Homeopathic hospital. A barber shop in the rear was also demolished, and its six occupants buried in the ruins.

The top story in the rear of Eichbaum's building on Fifth avenue, was also knocked in, and three printers who were working there were injured, but how severely can not be learned at present. The number of killed and injured can not be definitely stated at this time, as many are supposed to be still in the ruins. It is believed, however, that twelve have been killed and thirty-eight injured, six of them fatally.

Already forty mangled and bruised bodies have been taken from the ruins. Some were dead, others were dying, and many were fatally injured. One or two died on the way to the hospital. From the best information obtainable seven were killed outright or died in a short time and thirty-six others were injured. It is believed that the list of dead will be greatly increased. The following have been identified:

SAMUEL STRINGEN, aged 16, a printer.
THOMAS JONES, a brick-layer.
CHARLES FRITCH, aged 16.
GEORGE MASON, a carpenter.
TERGGE, a colored bootblack.
GEORGE KIRSCH, a barber aged 18.

THE INJURED.

JOHN H. GEARING, fatally hurt.
MISS WHITE, a school teacher, fatally hurt.
JERRY HOKENSTINE, very serious injuries.
WILLIAM SANDON, leg and thigh fractured.

SAMUEL BROWN, very serious injuries.
ROSE McCARTNEY, little girl badly out and bruised.

RICHARD A. DABNEY, cut about the head and body, seriously.

WELDON MASON, very seriously hurt.
CHARLES PETTICORD, badly bruised.
DENIS McCARTNEY, probably fatally hurt.
OWEN DONNELLY, serious injuries.
ELMER MCKOON, probably fatal.

Two unknown laborers, seriously injured.
A boy, unknown, body bruised.
The falling walls crushed in the buildings on Diamond street occupied by George Trexter, barber, and W. C. Thomas, dealer in shoe findings, and badly damaged portions of the buildings occupied by Joseph Eichbaum, printer, on Fifth avenue; J. R. Weldon & Co., booksellers, and Rea Brothers, stock brokers, on Wood street.

The wounded already rescued number thirty-five, of whom six will probably die. All kinds of theories have been advanced for the collapse of the building. In some instances the responsibility is placed on the contractors, while in others the building inspectors are blamed. Nothing definite can be known, however, until an investigation is made. It is hard to estimate the damage done at this time, but it will exceed \$50,000.

The cyclone wrought a terrible destruction in other parts of the city and out along the railroads centering here. A portion of the foundry of McIntosh, Hemphill & Co., on Thirteenth street, was wrecked, as was also a house in Allegheny. At Wall's station, on the Pennsylvania railroad, a large brick building, owned by the Westinghouse Air-Brake company, was partially demolished, and at Wilmerding, Pa., a coal tippie was wrecked. At McKeesport houses were unroofed, trees blown down and windows smashed. Three houses in course of erection were blown to pieces. On the rivers a number of boats were torn from their moorings and cast about like corks, but they were secured before much damage was done. The velocity of the wind was fifty miles an hour, the highest recorded for years.

A number of narrow escapes are reported. Seven men were thrown from the seventh story to the ground and escaped with slight injuries. Adolph Herman caught on the telegraph wires and was rescued uninjured. It has just been learned that a nut factory owned by Bon-treger & Co., in the Eleventh ward, was blown down during the storm and a man named Hines killed. The loss was \$13,000. Forty members of the Carpenters' union volunteered their services and are at work trying to save their unfortunate brethren.

The richest gambler has seen "bet-ter" days.

FARMING IN COLORADO.

NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF THE FAR WEST IN GROWING CROPS.

Immense Yield of Wheat Last Year—Profitable Growth of Potatoes and Kindred Vegetables—The Corn Crop Abundant—A Grand Country.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

DENVER, Col., Dec. 25, 1888.

Three days ago I got back to my cozy hotel here from an extended trip over the State of Colorado. The genial editor of the Field and Farm a short time ago extended to me an invitation to accompany him in a jaunt through the State. It was his usual yearly trip at the close of the harvest season to gather up items regarding agriculture and kindred belongings. The gentleman, Captain Cutler, is one of the best posted men in the Rocky Mountain region, and in addition, a splendid traveling companion. Possessing the personal acquaintance of nearly every ranchman in the State, with a phenomenal tact in getting information.

I had my doubts last spring as to the ability of Colorado farmers to raise successful crops. This is a dry climate, the rainfall being very small, and to one accustomed to regard abundant rains as essential to crops, it did seem to me that the land was hopelessly barren. I want to correct that impression, now that I have had visible proof, and to say that I am thoroughly convinced that the most inviting and profitable farming sections of the United States lie within the boundary lines of Colorado. It seems strange to talk of Colorado and adjacent States as especially adapted to farming, yet such is the actual fact. The Colorado farmer does not care so far as his crops are concerned, whether or not the entire year passes without a shower. An ever-compensating nature provides an abundance of water in the melting snows of the mountains, that flows down during the warm, dry summer months, needing only the simple skill of the farmer to store the water and distribute it over his fields at the time when it is most needed. I learn that at the present time there are over 5,000 miles of main line irrigating ditches completed, and more than 600 miles in process of construction, to be finished by next spring. The soils of the plains, apparently so sterile, are the worn down debris of rocks abounding in potash and alkalies, the richest chemical materials for the growth of nearly all crops. They only need the water to make them more productive than the best soils in the Eastern States, which have long required the application of those mineral fertilizers so profusely abundant here. In one place, near San Isabel, where last spring the plain looked to me like a worn-out door-mat, uninviting and sterile, I saw this month an immense potato field from which the yield of the meals tubers amounted to two HUNDRED BUSHELS PER ACRE, and in some instances exceeding this. The water brought by a small irrigating ditch from one of the numerous branches of the San Luis River was the magic elixir that had brought about such marvelous results. In other places over the State I found it to be no uncommon thing, in fact, the usual thing, for the potato crop to range from 150 to 200 bushels per acre. Wheat has done remarkably well. My friend, Captain Cutler, had been busy gathering statistics. I give you some of his figures. The Captain is inclined to be conservative, and I told him so. His reply was, with a shrewd twinkle of the eye: "Well, I've lived here many years, and have some property. I expect to live some years to come. If I only half of the land will do, and let the buyer find out the value of his ranch, why, then, I am making every fellow a good advertiser of what I have left. His figures are thoroughly reliable. They show the wheat crop of 1888 to be not less than three million bushels, averaging from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre. The crop of winter wheat was an experiment, heretofore the spring variety being sown. The crop of winter wheat has, however, exceeded the yield of the spring grain by about six bushels to the acre.

It used to be thought that corn would never succeed as a crop in Colorado. Eastern corn growers said: "Your altitude is too great, and your nights are too cold." Let me say, that during the trip from which I have just returned I have seen thousands of acres of splendid corn, from every acre of which twenty-five bushels have been gathered. I do not mean to say that I have not seen poor crops. I have; but they were the result, not of any unfitness of the soil, but of the improvident, shiftless stupidity of the fellow who calls himself a farmer. The man who floods his fields with water in early spring time, before the frosts have left the ground, and then neglects the need of him, by opening the balg of the season, prefer to loaf around a whisky mill in town; such a chap couldn't raise half a bushel of sweet potatoes to the acre on the choicest spot in the Garden of Eden. The alfalfa hay is one of the great staple crops of Colorado. It is a planted crop, and though not requiring what might be called cultivation, does require some attention in irrigating. It yields, with fair treatment, an absolutely reliable crop of five tons per acre, worth in the stack from \$6.00 to \$10.00 per ton. Three cuttings are made yearly, and in many instances four. There is no better hay for all kinds of stock. Pigs eat it greedily and fatten rapidly upon it. The oat crop has been an abundant one, averaging over 40 bushels per acre, and weighing as high as 55 pounds per bushel. The dry climate, the strong mineral soil, and the timely application of the water to the growing crop, combine to make all grain heavier and of better quality. On the farm of Mr. Charles Fassett, near Monte Vista, in the great San Luis Park, I saw an oat field that had yielded ninety bushels to the acre. The crop of barley has been good. The quality of the grain is pronounced to be superior to the best German barley, and is eagerly sought for by Eastern brewers. Vegetables have kept pace with the grains in making a record for prolific growth. Onions, beets, parsnips, turnips, are simply enormous. The cabbage crop alone will this year net a round million of dollars.

Now I expect that you will ask what is land worth in Colorado, and what does it cost to farm it? Well, land can be bought in some of the best agricultural districts at ten dollars per acre, including a perpetual right to the use of abundant water for irrigation. Under ordinary circumstances the cost of raising an acre of wheat is about as follows: Plowing, \$2.50; seed, \$1.40 to \$1.50 per 100 pounds; sowing or drilling, 75 cents; irrigating (spreading water over the ground by means of ditch furrows), \$2.50; harvesting, \$2; threshing, \$1; total, \$10.25. The crop, at lowest average, being twenty-five bushels per acre of sixty pounds to a bushel, selling at \$1.25 per hundred, \$3.12, bringing \$18.75, almost paying the cost of both land and culture the first year. Very many crops do more than this. The cost of culture given above applies also to oats and barley, while the profits per acre are for oats \$8 and barley \$12 per acre. I am giving you fair figures, not fancy ones. The cost of farm labor is about the same as in the Middle States, the cost of living no higher.

Should any of my readers desire more detailed facts, I would advise them to address a letter to the Bureau of Information, Denver, Col., P. O. Box 2846. I have had occasion to seek information at that source, and have found the data I got to be reliable. Have I not shown the presence of rich and abundant material for a Christmas letter? A happy New Year. God bless us all. JACKSON.

M'MILLAN FOR SENATOR.

MICHIGAN REPUBLICANS ARE UNANIMOUS IN THEIR CHOICE.

A Sketch of the Man Who Will Represent the "Wolverines" in the Halls of Congress—Knights of Labor Will Return to Original Principles.

(Lansing (Mich.) special.)

James McMillan, of Detroit, who was unanimously nominated by the Republicans for the United States Senate, at the convening of the Legislature in this city, is 50 years of age. His father was a Scotch Presbyterian, who settled in Hamilton, Ont., in 1834, and died there in 1874, leaving a handsome property. James McMillan was educated in the Hamilton grammar school. After four years spent in business in Hamilton he settled in Detroit, where he began the business career which has made him a millionaire. While yet under age he managed



JAMES M'MILLAN.

a railroad contractor's business, and the Detroit & Milwaukee Road's pier at Grand Haven was built under his supervision when he was but 20. In 1864, Mr. McMillan and others founded the Michigan Car Company, out of which have grown the Detroit Car-Wheel Company, the Daugh Steam-Forge Company, and the Detroit Iron Furnace Company. Mr. McMillan organized many other large business enterprises. He was instrumental in building the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway. He is a large stockholder in two lake transportation companies and two banks. He has given large sums of money to Detroit. His latest gift to Detroit was \$100,000 for a hospital to be founded in the name of his daughter Grace, now dead.

Mr. McMillan married Miss Wetmore, of Detroit, in 1860. Five children are now living. William C. McMillan, the eldest son, was graduated from Yale in the class of 1884 and has married and settled down to assist his father in his business. The other three sons and a daughter are pursuing their studies. Their names are James Howard, Miss Amy, Philip Hamilton, and Frank Davidson. Mr. McMillan, ranging in age from 14 to 27 years. His oldest daughter, Mrs. W. F. Jarvis, died last April. She was a great favorite with her father, and her death was a blow which he still keenly feels.

Mr. McMillan has a beautiful home on Jefferson avenue, Detroit, and he and his family are well known in social and art circles. Mr. McMillan's first active work in state politics was undertaken in 1878 as a member of the Republican state central committee. Two years later he was a member of the executive committee and treasurer of the state committee, Zachariah Chandler being chairman. He also personally superintended Mr. Newberry's congressional canvass. Two years later when the Republicans needed the first district, it was largely through Mr. McMillan's untiring efforts that a Republican representative was sent to congress. After Senator Chandler's death Mr. McMillan was elected chairman for the remainder of the term.

It was not until the campaign of 1886 that Mr. McMillan again came to the front in his party's councils in Michigan, but his political sagacity exhibited while chairman of the Republican state committee won for him the senatorship to which he has been nominated.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

The Founders Have Determined to Return to the Original Principles. (Philadelphia (Pa.) telegram.)

The following telegram has been issued: To the members of the Knights of Labor, Greeting: In behalf of the falling millions of the earth, we the surviving founders of the secret order of Knights of Labor, have, after several secret meetings in the city of Philadelphia, and after due deliberation and investigation into the present condition of the order, have found that the present order of Knights of Labor has departed or diverged from the original designs when organized in 1869, to the destruction of the principles of self-government lying at the base of American institutions. As the order of the Knights of Labor was founded for the purpose of abolishing poverty by securing to the laborer the fruits of his toil, and as we, the original founders of the Knights of Labor, who have been determined to return to the original text, we extend the hand of fraternity to all those who believe in the principles formerly promulgated, to wit: Secrecy, obedience, mutual assistance, and the plan of industrial union. We have resolved to eliminate all opposition detrimental to the principles and progress of the Knights of Labor as the founders intended. In making this known through the public press, we do so to notify those, a distance, and this must be as a reply to many letters received on the subject.

As in 1869, numbers for assemblies will be given from Philadelphia, Pa., until a sufficient number have been formed to call a joint convention for the good of the order.

Those desiring to be with us will address box 884, Philadelphia, Pa. All communications will receive prompt reply, and all necessary matter will be furnished to carry on the needed work. In conclusion we desire to say that believing we are doing right in issuing the foregoing, as we did when promulgating the principles of the Knights of Labor nearly twenty years ago, we have unitedly affixed our names.

JAMES L. WRIGHT,
R. L. KEEN,
R. C. MACAULEY,
JOSEPH S. KENNEDY.

LAST OF THE JAMES GANG.

Gov. Morehouse Commutes the Long Sentence of "Bill" Ryan. (Jefferson City (Mo.) dispatch.)

"Bill" Ryan, the train-robbler, has been granted a commutation of his twenty-five years' term by Gov. Morehouse. The Governor's reasons for granting the commutation are:

"William or 'Bill' Ryan was a member of what was known as the James gang. He was but a boy, and came of an honorable and respected family of Jackson County. He was no doubt guilty of violations of the law, but from statements in the petition submitted, and from other information I believe he was the least guilty member of the band. A man who was much deeper steeped in crime and who was more guilty on these specific charges was pardoned out of the penitentiary to convict him, and he has been punished more than any member of the gang. Justice, therefore, demands that he should receive this clemency."

Ryan has been confined in the penitentiary since Oct. 10, 1881. He was convicted of complicity in the Blue Cut train robbery on the Chicago and Alton Railroad in 1881.

MORSELS OF HUMOR.

A FUTURE state—Dakota. ONE of the "has beans"—an old Boston girl.

THE red cheek of a king or queen is a royal flush.

"I HACKS your parding" says the English caddy.

A MISFORTUNE much sought by young men—a young heiress.

TWO HEADS are better than one—especially if a person is going to depend on a dime museum for a living.

GARCON—Monsieur has given me a counterfeit 25 cents. Monsieur—Is that so? Well, keep it for your honesty.

"HELLO, Moses, wot's the matter wid ye?" "Indigestion." "How's dat?" "Hain't had nothin' to digest lately."

AN old salt who saw an incubator work for the first time, said it was the most wonderful hatchway that he ever saw.

"LAY a silver bridge for a flying enemy." This doesn't mean that you furnish him with silver to escape to Canada.

JINKS (at Mrs. Tiptop's reception)—I'm in luck for once. I know the hostess. Blinks (intent on the good things of life)—I'm in greater luck. I know the waiter.

MRS. POPINJAY never uses slang, but she came very near it the other day, when she caught her lazy chambermaid sitting at ease in the parlor, and exclaimed: "Now you get up and dust!" BROWN—Green is an intellectual man—what they call a man of large grasp. Black—A man of large grasp! I should think he was. Why, when he dances in a waltz he can put his arms around "the whirled."

"Ah!" exclaimed the matter-of-fact man joyfully, as he saw the heading in the newspaper, "Trials of Authors," "so they've arrested some of those confounded poets at last, have they? Wouldn't I like to be on the jury?"

PEDDLER—I have some beautifully printed "Heaven Bless Our Home" mottoes which I should like to show the lady of the house. Servant—Well I'll call her down just as quick as she gets through lickin' the children and clavin' her husband.

OLD Philadelphian (out for the morning air, kindly)—Well, my young woman, I see you're scrubbing down the steps. Young woman—Yis, sir. (Aside to her companion): "Do yez moinde that, Bridget; he axes if we be a-scrubbin' down the steps; do you s'pose the old broadbrim thinks we be a-sayin' av our prayers?"

YOUNG wife—How the world moves! There's Bessy Gray, an old chum of mine, a graduate of the Normal School, has just entered a medical college. She will soon be able to write M. D. after her name. Women are coming to the front, I tell you. Formerly girls were taught nothing but housekeeping. Young husband—Yes, and now they're taught everything but housekeeping.

ONE STEP.

One step at a time
Is the way we must climb,
If ever we get to the top
Of fortune's steep height;
Then climb with your might,
Nor loiter, and linger, and stop.
"Success" is the word,
Once uttered, once heard,
Will nerve us to work at our best
One step every day
And the long, weary way
Is over, and then we can rest.
We'll dare to do right,
Then fearlessly fight
Whoever has face to oppose;
The world cries, "Well done!"
When success has been won,
And the victor stands over his foes.

Disposition of Old Letters.

It is trouble, not good, that arises from old letters. A package has fallen into my care, to be disposed of as I thought best. It contains letters, bills, receipts, some papers of value, and others worthless. In order to sort the chaff from the wheat, they must be carefully examined. Ah, what unthought-of secrets they disclose. Family troubles of which the world never dreamed; bitter heartaches where we thought all was serene; love-letters, sacred for their time and place, ridiculous now; a whispered suspicion of slander upon a name we thought was pure as snow, and we are left to wonder whether it is true or false. Old letters! What can they be good for? Their mission is ended.

"I may like to read them while recovering from an illness," says some one.

Pshaw! as if these would be the tonic you needed at such a time! Better far a breath of pure air. We are all prone to brood too much at such times, and need no such help in that direction. Let this plea for the burning of letters be a strong one. Business letters should be filed and labeled. Have a blank book in which to copy such dates or extracts as may be of value in the future for reference. This can be done when letters are answered. Then burn and see the ashes. It is the sorrows instead of the joys that most letters contain. They are the safety-valve for deep feeling, from friend to friend, good in their time, but sometimes worse than useless in the future. Every day brings new experiences. We are constantly changing, and in many cases would be ashamed of our letters written ten years ago.

Garfield said: "When you pitch your tent let it be among the living, not among the dead."—Sarah M. Bailey, in the Housekeeper.

Germans in France.

It seems that there are now only 100,000 Germans in France—less than half the number that lived there before the Franco-Prussian war. More than one-third of these are quartered in Paris.