

ON New Year's Eve.



Or dear ones taken away,
Thou hast brought us strength for the daily task,
Thou hast shown us gleams of light,
Thou hast brought us near some friends most dear.

And given us "songs in the night."
The hours of thy life are numbered now,
And we look with fond regard
On all the pleasure thy days have brought
And forget what we found so hard.
It is ever so, when we reach the end,
And the pressure of work is o'er,
That we gather our sheaves and count our gains.

And remember our toll no more.
We know thou art bringing us gifts, New Year,
Of wealth, of pleasure, of rest,
And our hearts beat high as thou drawest nigh.
For we hope and desire thy best.
But, ah, of sorrow, of waiting, of loss,
Thou hast also a hidden store!
Not strength then us all to endure our cross,
Nor faint ere the strife is o'er.

And let us to-morrow with hope begin,
And fix our standard high,
Striving to conquer the weakness and sin
That nearest our souls do lie;
And with helpful work or with kindly thought
Let us lighten each other's care,
For Love can soften the hardest lot,
And lighten the gloom of Despair.

THE NEW YEAR.

Could we but glance the new year o'er,
Its hidden depths unveil,
Look on the blessings safe in store,
Whose merces never fail:
Could we but see the happiness
The New Year seeks to give,
Our daily lives to cheer and bless,
How gladly would we live!

Could we behold the grief and care,
The weary, painful strife
Allotted as our rightful share
In each new year of life;
Could we anticipate the thorns
That in our pathway lie,
Before the smiling New Year dawns
How gladly would we die!

Yet, ignorant of all, we grope
With blind persistence on;
Upheld by patient faith and hope,
Each daily task is won;
A new year's burden unconcealed,
Our inmost hearts benumb,
But sorrows one by one revealed
Are conquered as they come.

—Lurana W. Sheldon, in N. Y. World.



[Original]

be remembered in some portions of the west, as one of the coldest, stormiest days of an exceptionally cold winter. I have good reasons to remember it, for on that day I came very near losing my life as the result of my own foolishness.

The day before I arrived at the little frontier town of S—, where I had business, proposing to drive thence next day to H—, forty miles distant, where I intended to spend New Year's day with friends whom I had not seen for several years. I had confidently expected to reach H— without difficulty and surprise my friends—who had always made it a custom to usher in the New Year with much jolly ceremony—by appearing in their midst late on New Year's eve. I was, therefore, much vexed, when I arose in the morning to find that a heavy snow had fallen during the night, and that the weather had turned much colder, with a heavy wind blowing from the north. Nevertheless, I was fully resolved to go, providing I could find anyone who was willing to undertake the drive. But there was no regular stage line, and no one seemed willing to trust himself and his team to the possible chances of a hard "norwester," and, after trying several places without success, I returned to the hotel in a very disagreeable mood.

As I was expressing my disgust to the landlord, with whom I was well acquainted, a man whom I had noticed on the train the evening before, and who was now sitting by the stove reading, looked up and remarked:

"I fancy we are in the same fix; I am very anxious to get to H— myself, but there seems to be no chance of getting away from here."

"Perhaps," I suggested, intending to be humorous, "perhaps we might buy a team and go anyway."

This brought the stranger to his feet.

"I don't know whether you would be willing or not, or whether we could get a team; but why not try to get one to go with, on the understanding that we pay for any damage done to the horses or conveyance—or pay a fair price for the animals in case they should not pull through alive?"

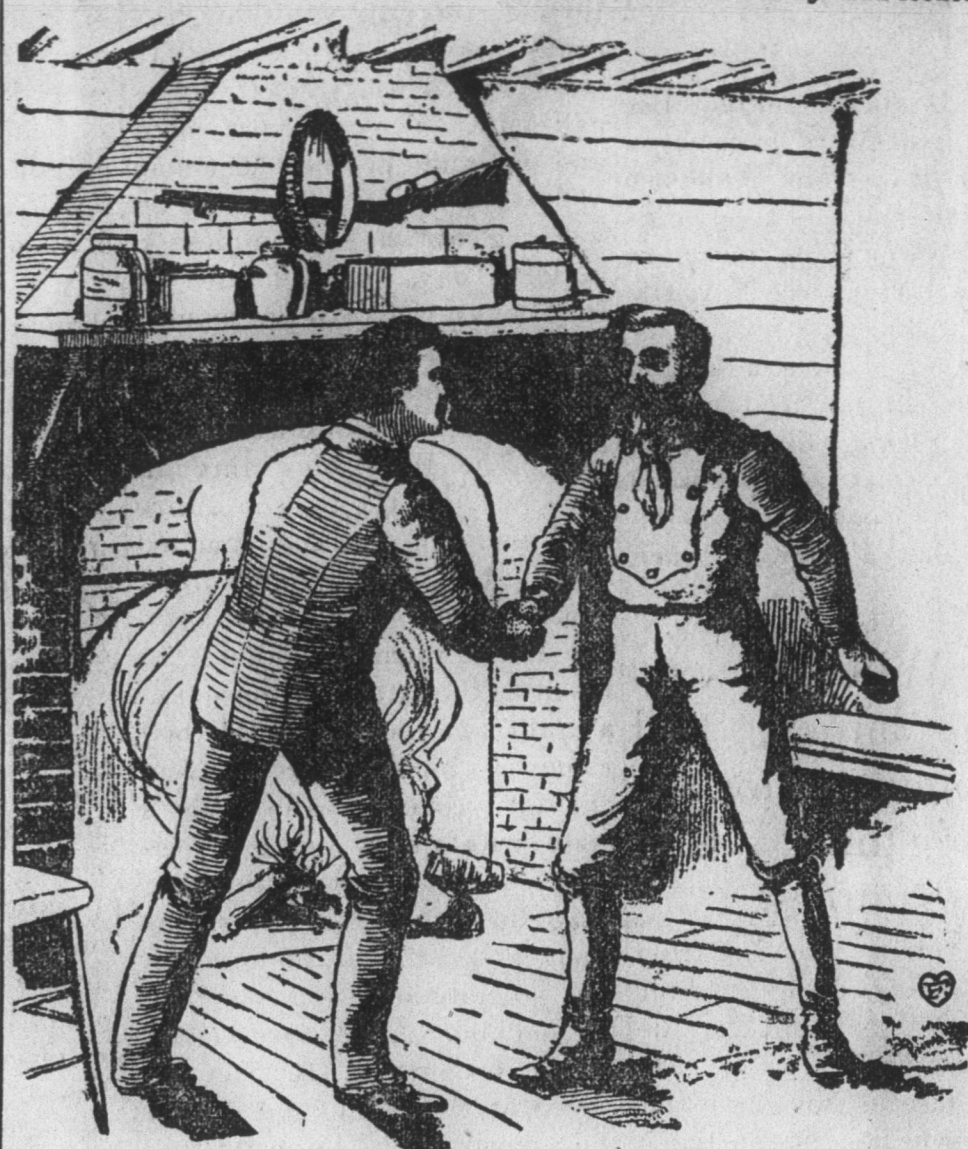
"The very thing!" I agreed. "We can try, anyway."

The landlord and others tried to dissuade us from our purpose, but we were firm, and the result was that in a short time we secured a team of horses and a cutter, leaving with the landlord a deposit sufficient to cover their value

in case we did not return them in good condition; and, in a half hour or so, we were on our way to H—, well bundled in robes and furs, and feeling quite cheerful over the prospect of reaching H— after all.

The first twelve or thirteen miles of our route was over a good road, and, as we glided along at a merry pace, I had opportunity to take note of my companion's appearance.

He was a tall, large man, well-built and quite handsome, though not extraordinarily so. What impressed me most was his manner. He had a firm, decided, rather slow way of speaking, and his eyes met mine honestly and fearlessly whenever I looked at him. His words carried conviction with them and his straightforward manner gave me the impression that my companion, who had registered as "H. A. Brown, New York," was a man of truth and honor who meant every word he said and on whom one could depend in an emergency. Beyond this and the fact that he was a stranger in that part of the country, I learned nothing. I found him well-informed, a gentleman, and an agreeable traveling companion, and that was sufficient.



"SID! SID!"

All went well until early in the afternoon, when we came to several miles of bad road, over which we were compelled to drive with the utmost care, despite our impatience. To add to the discomfort of the situation, it was becoming colder, and the wind, into the teeth of which we were driving, was blowing at a fearful rate. Both of us began to feel the cold keenly, and the prospect of darkness coming on soon, and finding us on a strange road, and so far as we knew, twenty miles from anywhere, did not tend to enliven our spirits.

Mile after mile we urged the tired horses along, until it seemed as if they must drop from fatigue; colder and more fiercely blew the wind down the narrow, high-walled canyon, until I became so chilled that Mr. Brown had to take the reins.

Soon dusk began to gather. By this time I found I had frosted my face and hands severely, and was becoming numb all over. It required much urging from my companion to keep me from falling into that sleep which intense cold superinduces, and which is nearly always fatal. Finally Mr. Brown drew rein.

"These horses can't go another mile. We shall have to do something," he said. "We cannot keep on going."

He had hardly spoken when he added: "Oh! thank God! there's a light!"

I must have been pretty badly frozen, for, though Mr. Brown said afterwards he talked to me as we passed on to the house where he saw the light, I knew no more until several hours later I found myself on a bunk in a rude, one-room cabin, with Mr. Brown and another man, apparently the cabin's owner, standing over me.

"Good!" said the stranger. "I thought he wasn't too far gone to pull through all right." For which I was duly thankful, and so expressed myself.

Later in the evening, as Mr. Brown and our host sat by the fire, smoking silently, I lay idly watching them, and was suddenly struck with a certain similarity in their appearance. They were about the same size and build, had the same color of hair and eyes, and, though our host wore a thick beard, which Mr. Brown did not, I fancied I detected a certain facial resemblance. Both men, too, had a decided, positive way of speaking, and wasted no words.

Suddenly Mr. Brown drew out his watch and looked at it. "A quarter of twelve," he remarked, gravely—almost sadly, I thought. I noticed our host cast a quick, keen glance at the other's face. Then Mr. Brown continued, looking dreamily into the roaring flames in the big open fireplace:

"I don't know why I should become confidential or communicative; it is not my way. But to-night, the eve of the New Year, is the saddest night of the year for me; and there has never an old year died, in the last eleven, that has not found me longing for human companionship and sympathy. If I had neither I should go mad, I think."

He paused for a few moments, and seemed lost in painful thought. Then he continued:

"Twelve years ago to-night, I became a criminal and an undeclared perjurer. No, you need not look incredulous; it is true. Shall I go on?"

"Yes," said the other man, and I thought he seemed oddly eager for the rest of the story, and deeply interested in it.

"Twelve years ago, there was, in a certain city in Ohio, one of the happiest families that ever lived. To-day they are scattered far and near, and I am the cause of it."

"My father and mother were both living then, and on Christmas and New Year's there was always a merry gathering of children and grandchildren at the old home. There were five children of us—three girls, all married, my younger brother, Sidney, and myself."

"That year we were all gathered as usual under the home roof for the last time, as it happened."

"I need not make a long story of it. On New Year's eve it was discovered that a certain sum of money that had been in the safe at my father's office was missing—money that had been left there for safe-keeping by a friend, who called for it late in the afternoon; father leaving the house and going down to the office with him to get it."

"That the money had been taken there was no doubt, and when my father learned that Sidney had looked

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President Harper says that the endowment and the value of the lands, building and other property of the university now amount to about \$7,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller has given \$3,600,000. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars were originally raised by various people in Chicago to establish a university. Marshall Field & Co. gave the campus, which is worth \$250,000. Then Field and others gave \$1,000,000 for the erection of buildings. About \$500,000 has come from the estate of William B. Ogden for the establishment of the school of science in connection with the university. The Reynolds estate has given \$250,000 and C. T. Yerkes gave \$500,000 for the construction of the great telescope and observatory. Over \$4,000,000 have been received within a year.

HANOVER, N. H., Dec. 28.—Dartmouth college has just received the largest individual bequest with one exception in its history. It comes from the late Ralph Butterfield, M. D., of Kansas City, Mo., the executor of whose will writes Prof. Charles P. Chase, treasurer of the college, that the estate is worth \$200,000, all of which goes to Dartmouth except \$20,000, which is given to relatives and friends. The bequest is for the purpose of founding and forever maintaining a chair and professorship for the purpose of lectures, recitations and general instruction in paleontology, archaeology, ethnology and other kindred subjects, and for the erection of a building to cost not less than \$30,000 for keeping, preserving and exhibiting specimens illustrating the aforesaid branches.

Dr. Butterfield decrees that his own cabinet of fossils, mineral, geological and archaeological specimens, now in Kansas City, be placed in said building as part of the bequest.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 28.—Mr. John L. Woods, a wealthy, retired lumber dealer, gave \$125,000 on Monday to the medical college of Western Reserve university as a Christmas present. The college is already one of the best in the country. The university has received during the past two years gifts aggregating \$400,000.

WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

Snow Falling Where It Has Not Been Seen in Years.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 28.—For the last five days the weather has been colder in Maryland than at any time during the last six years. The Susquehanna, the Gunpowder and the Patuxent rivers are nearly frozen over and near the shores the ice is thick enough to cut, and the ice companies and packers have begun to fill their storehouses. A number of oystermen have been brought to hospitals with their feet and hands frozen. Should the present bitter weather continue the supply of Chesapeake bay and New York river oysters will be cut short.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 28.—A blizzard struck Charleston Tuesday morning, and for the first time within the last fifteen years the housetops were covered with a thin coating of snow and sleet. The mercury averaged about 3 or 4 degrees below freezing point.

GOLD RETURNED.

The Treasury Receives Large Sums from New Orleans and Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The treasury department is gradually recovering the gold it lost by the recent heavy shipments abroad, having received \$1,500,000 from New Orleans and \$1,000,000 from Philadelphia. The heavy disbursements, however, have reduced the net cash to \$26,500,000. Pension payments continue to be the chief source of drain, \$18,056,000 having been paid out on this account this month. Pension payments will reach \$14,000,000 before the month is out. This rate, if continued, will make the pension payments \$168,000,000 per annum.

Official Vote of California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 28.—The vote of California cast at the general election was officially announced Tuesday by Secretary of State Thomas R. Baird received the largest vote cast for a republican candidate, 118,027, and was the only republican elected. Eight democratic electors are chosen, R. A. Long, with 118,174, receiving the highest vote. The full strength of the people's party in the state was 25,311, of the prohibitionists 8,096. The congressional delegation stands: Democrats, 4; republicans, 3.

GIVES ANOTHER MILLION.

John D. Rockefeller Makes His Fourth Donation to the Chicago University—His Total Gifts Amount to \$3,600,000.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Following P. D. Armour's gift to the city of an institute of technology comes a Christmas present of \$1,000,000 from the University of Chicago from John D. Rockefeller. Monday the faculty received a letter from Mr. Rockefeller giving notice of his intention to present 1,000 5 per cent bonds of the total value of \$1,000,000, principal and interest payable in gold. The bonds are to be delivered to the university December 2, 1893. It is less than ten months since Mr. Rockefeller made a contribution of a like amount in almost the same manner. This addition to the funds is made for the further endowment of the work of instruction.

This is Mr. Rockefeller's fourth donation to the university. The first was for \$500,000, given in May, 1889, for the purpose of founding an institute of learning in Chicago. The second was \$1,000,000, given in September, 1890, to enlarge the scope of the institution. The third was \$1,000,000 in bonds, given in February of the present year, for the further endowment of the university. The present donation of \$1,000,000 makes a total of \$3,600,000 from Mr. Rockefeller alone.

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AFRAID OF FIREBUGS.

Milwaukee Is a Panic Over the Large Number of Recent Big Fires—Belief That Incendiaries Are at Work—Two Tanneries and Big Street Car Barns Comprise the Latest Losses—Two Firemen Meet Death.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 28.—An incendiary fired one of the wooden additions of the tannery of the Becker Leather company on Commerce street at 6 a. m. Tuesday. The flames spread to the tannery of Conrad Brothers, adjoining, and that establishment was entirely destroyed. The main building of the Becker plant was saved. A pipeman named Thomas Sullivan was killed by a falling wall, and George Rickmann of the fire patrol was suffocated in the Conrad tannery. Julius Huebner, a fireman, had his back broken, and other firemen were slightly hurt. The loss by the fire will foot up \$225,000, of which \$100,000 is on the Becker tannery and \$125,000 on that of Conrad Brothers. The property was well insured.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 28.—The street car barns and electric plant of the Villard line were totally destroyed this morning between 1 and 2 o'clock. The loss will approximate \$300,000. Many horses and cars were burned.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 28.—There is a genuine firebug scare in this city, and what is more there seems to be good grounds for alarm. Conservative citizens are now thoroughly alarmed and steps are being taken to guard against further loss by fire as much as possible. That incendiaries are at work in this city is no longer doubted by any one conversant with the circumstances surrounding many of the recent fires.

Another fact that is now attracting attention is that all the fires of mysterious origin have occurred when the weather was best suited to their spreading. On rainy days or when the weather was mild and no wind blowing there have been no fires, excepting those where the origin could be clearly traced. Another curious feature is that 50 per cent. of these big fires have occurred in the Third ward.

So large have been the losses and so apparent has it become that incendiaries are at work that insurance men are becoming alarmed, and a number of outside companies have ordered their local agents to take no more insurance here, and in several cases have ordered them to cancel many of their risks. Property owners and business men are alarmed and a mass meeting will be called to consider the matter.

John P. McGregor, vice president of the Northwestern National Insurance company, said his company would at once reduce its risks in this city provided there were any more mysterious fires. Fifteen special agents, representing a large number of outside companies, arrived here Tuesday for the purpose of making an inquiry into the origin of the many fires. Others are expected.

At the meeting of the common council late Tuesday afternoon a resolution was passed requesting the municipal court to call a grand jury for the purpose of making an investigation into the causes of the many recent fires.

An extra force of watchmen has been engaged to watch the business district and nearly all the big downtown establishments have employes on guard in them. There is a very bitter feeling in the city, and threats of lynching the criminals, should they be discovered, are freely made by men who are usually temperate in their language.

FAMINE AND CHOLERA.

Russian Peasants Dying Like Flies from Hunger and Disease—Finlanders Starving.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Standard says that a British consul who has visited the famine districts of Kieff, Bessarabia, Kharkoff, Khovsk, Razan, Orel, Tuia and Vorenes reports that the peasants are dying like flies from hunger and disease. There are no signs of relief from the horrors of the hard winter. In Sebastopol he learned from a trustworthy source that cholera is raging on the Circassian shores. Hundreds of deaths have been reported in the last fortnight. A dispatch from Paris to the Standard states that there are four cases of Asiatic cholera in Dunkirk.

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 28.—The famine in north Finland is increasing, and there is a movement in Sweden to renew the subscriptions of last year for the aid of the starving Finlanders. Many villages are snowbound and it is feared that whole communities have perished, as nothing has been heard from them for a number of days.

TRAINS LOST IN THE SNOW.

Traffic in Kansas Demoralized by the Severe Storm—Many Cattle Perish.

WICHITA, Kan., Dec. 28.—Snow fell again Monday night, and after a brief intermission resumed operations about 10 o'clock Tuesday. Railroad men say that traffic in Kansas is badly demoralized. Every train is pulled by two locomotives, and still many are so far behind time that they have been almost lost sight of. Monday night, for the first time in ten days, a train got in over the Wichita & Western, but the road is again blocked, and Comanche and Clark counties are shut off from the world. Arrivals from Englewood report terrible losses among stock in that section, and on the ranges in No Man's Land thousands of cattle, they say, have died.

THE process of canning fruit by heating, steaming and sealing air tight, was in use by the inhabitants of the old city of Pompeii, as made evident by the discovery of several jars of figs in that buried city evidently prepared according to our present process.

The department of agriculture in South Australia is encouraging the growth of raisin grapes and has imported 40,000 cuttings for distribution among farmers.

VANDYKE married a lady for her money, and was disappointed on finding she had none.

WHEAT PROVED HIS DOWNFALL.

E. S. Corser, a Minneapolis Real Estate Dealer, Doubles in Wealth and Is Forced to Assign—Liabilities of \$1,000,000.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 27.—A loss of \$250,000 in wheat during the last thirty days has led to the failure of E. S. Corser, which was announced Monday. His liabilities are stated at \$1,000,000. The failure created the most intense excitement of any that has occurred in this city for years. Corser is the head of the real estate firm of E. E. Corser & Co., one of the largest in the northwest, and Corser's failure will cause the suspension of the firm. It was wheat and not unfortunate real estate deals that caused Mr. Corser's suspension. The firm embraces besides Mr. Corser, Lester B. Elwood, Walter E. Badger and Austin B. Bellknap. It is difficult to arrive at the true state of affairs until the matter is placed in the hands of a receiver and the liabilities and assets have been carefully figured up. It is thought from present prospects that Mr. Corser will be able to meet his obligations nearly in full.

The estate will show a fair valuation, the real estate assets amounting to nearly \$1,000,000. The assets will amount to about \$15,000 in excess of the liabilities. The amount received by the unsecured creditors will largely depend upon the management and successful handling of the estate by the assignee, the greater part of the property being real estate. The assignee has not been appointed yet, but will probably be selected this week, and it is likely the papers in formal assignment will not be issued until later in the week.

Mr. Corser was fifteen years ago president of the city council. He is at present president of the real estate board, and has just declined a nomination to that office. While not regarded as a wealthy man, Mr. Corser has been looked upon as one of the substantial men of the city, and it has always been considered that he was safe and conservative in his business policy.

Friends called on him to offer aid in tiding over the present difficulty, but he decided it was best to let matters take their own course and do the best he could under the circumstances. He has a large farm in the Red River valley and raises considerable grain, and in connection with his own product has gone extensively into wheat dealing.

Though Mr. Corser himself is confident that his assets will nearly or quite cover his indebtedness there are those of his creditors who are far from feeling so confident. Four of the local banks cover nearly \$100,000 of his paper at the present time, all of which is said to be unsecured. The Hennepin county savings bank has \$5,000 of this and the Nicolet and First national and Security banks about \$3,000 each. An official of one of the above banks offered to sell his paper for 25 cents on the dollar.

The immediate cause of Corser's failure is wheat speculation. It is to the wheat pits of Minneapolis and Chicago, and not to Minneapolis real estate, that the failure must be credited. The story is that Corser's losses in wheat aggregated \$250,000. When asked about the matter he did not deny that he had lost money in wheat speculation.

FATHER HENRIOT DEAD.

He was the Leader of the Harmonist Society, Better Known as the Economists—Great Wealth of the Organization.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 27.—Jacob Henriot, father of the Harmonist society, died at his home in Economy, the quaint little village of the community, at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The deceased was born on a farm in Gross, Karbach, Bavaria, on January 15, 1803, and came to this country when he was 20 years of age and shortly after connected himself with the Harmonist society. He was received with open arms, and when Father Tappan, the founder of the sect, died in 1838, he succeeded him, and has since been the governing spirit.

The Harmonist society was founded in Wurttemberg by George Rapp about the year 1800. Rapp believed that he had a Divine call and was charged with the restoration of the Christian religion to its original purity, and the community was founded on the basis of the model of the primitive church, with goods in common. A difficulty with the government in regard to worshiping Father Rapp to transplant his community in 1803 from Wurttemberg to the United States. They first settled near Zionsville, Butler county, this state, where they founded the village of Harmony. There were over 100 families in the society and they employed themselves in agriculture and manufactures. In 1834 they sold their property and moved to Beaver county, where they founded the village of Economy.

On account of the peculiar religious beliefs of the society, which keeps strongly maintained, its members have gradually decreased, until they are a mere handful as compared to what they were formerly. At their most prosperous period, which was about sixty years ago, there were fully 800 persons who acknowledged allegiance to the beliefs held by this society. Trouble came in 1833 and about one-third of their members left the original society and founded a new organization of their own. This split was the result of their beliefs on marriage and as to the amount of work to be done by the different members.

By the death of Father Henriot many believe the future success of the society will be endangered, though others strongly maintain that it will go on as usual and with little change in its affairs. What leads many of its most devoted members to have fears for the society's future is its small membership. Its numbers are becoming less each year and there are only a few who make formal application for membership.

The society owns and controls about 2,500 acres of ground in a high state of cultivation. Besides this numerous other industries are operated by it, as there are factories and facilities for supplying all their needs. They can exist almost independently of outside influences, as it has been their aim to be a communistic community, and they have succeeded in the past. The wealth of the community is said to be about \$20,000,000, though it has frequently been claimed that it was near \$100,000,000.

CHOLERA IN HAMBURG.

The Cholera Making Steady Progress and the Future Looks Gloomy.

HAMBURG, Dec. 27.—Two children living in the Borgeschstrasse fell ill of cholera on Thursday, and Monday two more in the same house with them were stricken. The Eppendorf hospital is treating thirty-eight cases of cholera, of which eight are of an exceedingly virulent type. There was one death from cholera at the hospital Monday. Without doubt the disease is making steady although slow progress. General uneasiness prevails, especially in mercantile circles, which still are under the burdens of last year's losses.