

have told me you love me. And now you would have me name our wedding-day?"

"Not exactly that. But tell me some definite time, near at hand, to which I can be looking forward. Everything rests with you now, remember that." His last words convey an unconscious warning, but Clarissa neither heeds nor understands it.

"Papa will miss me terribly," she says, dreamily; "it seems selfish, almost as though I were wilfully deserting him. I should, at least, like another Christmas at home with him. And see,"—turning to him, with gentle earnestness—"are we not quite happy as we now are, loving and trusting in each other? Why, then, should we not continue this present happiness for another year? You are silent, Horace. You do not answer! Are you angry with me?" She lays her hand lightly on his arm.

"No not angry." His eyes are on the ground; and he takes no notice of the tender pressure on his arm. "But a year is a long time to wait! So many things may happen in twelve months; and deeds once done forever leave their mark."

"Do not speak like that, it is as though you would forestall evil," says Clarissa, a faint feeling of superstitious horror making her nervous.

Eranscombe, raising his head, regards her curiously.

"Why should there be evil to forestall?" he says slowly. "And yet, Clarissa, I would ask you always to remember this hour, and the fact that it was you, not I, who wished the postponement of our marriage. If it must be as you say, it will be better to keep our engagement as quiet as possible; perfectly secret will indeed be best."

"Yes; if you wish it. That will please me, too. Only papa need know of it, and—James Seroppe."

"And why Sir James?" with a scurrilousizing gaze.

"Why?"—with some surprise. "Well, I suppose because papa and I never do anything important without telling him of it. He is quite our oldest friend. We should hardly get on now without him."

"Not so old, either. I hope, by and by, you will be able to manage without Sir James as a father-confessor."

"By and by I shall have you," says Clarissa, sweetly, with a smile and a soft blush.

"True! I wonder if you will find that sufficient? I doubt I'm half such a good fellow, Clarissa, as you believe me."

"In which he comes nearer the truth than he ever came before."

"You are good enough for me," says Clarissa, with fond conviction. "Will you come with me as far as the vicarage? I must go there to-day, and the walk is such a pretty one, and—with a little happy laugh—" now you are quite my own property, I think I should like to make use of you. Look! there is Ruth Anersley standing at her gate. Good-morning, Ruth! What a charming day, is it not? after all yesterday's rain?"

Ruth—who, the moment before, had made a faint movement as though she would willingly have stepped behind the huge rose-bush nearest to her and so have escaped observation—comes slowly forward. She is pale; but the intense heat of the day makes itself felt by all, and has deprived even Miss Peyton's cheeks of some of their usual warmth. She accepts Clarissa's proffered hand, and smiles a faint welcome. But when Horace would, too, have shaken hands with her, she declines to see his meaning, and, bowing slightly, turns aside to listen to his companion's words.

"Were you taking your walk?" asks Clarissa, idly, leaning on the gate, and gazing down the tree-lined path that leads to the ivy-clad cottage beyond. "Nobody's walks are ever as clean as yours, I think. And your roses are something too delicious; far better than our out door flowers at Gowran. And so late in the season, too!"

"May I give you one?" says Ruth, dimpling prettily at her praise.

"Thank you. How sweet they are! No, no, Horace, that is altogether too large for your coat. Ruth, will you give Mr. Branscombe a tiny bud? That one over there, for instance."

"I don't think I see it," says Ruth, quietly. She has grown pale again, and her lips have lost a little of the childish, petulant pout that characterizes them.

"Just over there. Don't you see? Why, you are almost looking at it, you stupid child!"

"I am stupid, I am afraid,"—with a faint smile. "Come in Miss Peyton, and gather it yourself." She opens the gate, with a sort of determination in her manner, and Clarissa, going up to the rose-tree, plucks the delicate blossom in dispute. Horace has followed her inside the gate, but, turning rather more to the left, falls apparently in love with an article of white rose and that waves gently to and fro upon its stem, as though eager to attract and rivet admiration.

"I think I prefer this flower, after all," he says, lightly. "May I ask you to give it to me, Ruth?" His manner is quite easy, very nearly indifferent, and his back is turned to Clarissa. But his eyes are on Ruth; and the girl, though with open reluctance and ill-repressed defiance, is compelled to pick the white rose and give it to him.

"Well, I really don't think you have shown very good taste," says Clarissa, examining the two flowers. "Mine is the most perfect. Nevertheless, I suppose you will man must have his way. Let me settle it in your coat for you."

Almost as she speaks, the flowers drop accidentally from her fingers; and, both she and Horace making a step forward to recover it, by some awkward chance they tread on it, and crush the poor, frail little thing out of shape. It lies upon the gravel, broken and disfigured, yet very sweet in death.

"You tread on it," says Horace, rather quickly to Clarissa.

"No, dear; I really think—indeed, I am sure—it was you," returns she, calmly, but with conviction.

"It doesn't matter; it was hardly worth a discussion," says Ruth, with an odd laugh. "See how poor a thing it looks now; and yet, a moment since it was happy on its tree."

"Never mind, Horace; this is really a charming little bud," says Clarissa, gayly, holding out the rose of her own choosing; at least you must try to be content with it. Good-by, Ruth; come up to Gowran some day soon, and take those books you asked for the other day."

"Thank you, Miss Peyton. I shall come soon."

"Good-by," says Horace.

"Good-by," returns she. But it is to Clarissa, not to him, she addresses the word of farewell.

When the mill has been left some distance behind them, and Ruth's slight figure, clad in its white gown, has ceased to be a flash of coloring in the landscape, Clarissa says, thoughtfully—

"What a pretty girl that is, and how refined! Quite a little lady in manner; so calm, and so collected—cold, almost. I know many girls, irreproachably born, not to be compared with her, in my opinion. You agree with me?"

"Birth is not always to be depended upon nowadays."

"She is so quiet, too, and so retiring. She would not even shake hands with you, when we met her; though you wanted her to. Did you remark that?"

"Sometimes I am dull about trifles, such as that."

"Yes. By the bye, she did not seem surprised at seeing you here to-day, although she thought you safe in town, as we all did—you deceitful boy!"

"Did she not?"

"No. But then, of course, it was a matter of indifference to her."

"Of course."

They have reached the entrance to the vicarage by this time, and are pausing to say farewell for a few hours.

"I shall come up to Gowran to-morrow morning the first thing, and speak to your father; is that what you wish me to do?" asks Horace, her hand in his.

"Yes. But Horace," looking at him earnestly; "I think I should like to tell it all to papa myself first, this evening."

"Very well, dearest. Do whatever makes you happy," returns he, secretly pleased that the ice will be broken for him before he prepares for his *mauvais quart d'heure* in the library. "And if he should refuse his consent, Clarissa, what then? You know you might make so much a better marriage."

"Might I?"—tenderly. "I don't think so; and papa would not make me unhappy."

CHAPTER IX.

"A generous friendship no cold medium knows."

Mrs. Redmond is sitting on a centre ottoman, darned stockings. This is her favorite pastime, and never fails her. When she isn't darned stockings, she is always scolding the cook, and as her voice, when raised, is not mellifluous, her family in a body, regard the work-basket with reverential affection, and present it to her notice when there comes the crash of broken china from the lower regions, or when the cold meat has been unlawfully dealt with.

She is of the lean cadaverous order of womanhood, and is bony to the last degree. Her nose is aquiline, and, as a rule, pale blue. As this last color might also describe her eyes, there is a depressing want of contrast about her face. Her lips are thin and querulous, and her hair—well, she hasn't any hair, but her wig is flaxen.

As Clarissa enters, she hastily draws the stocking from her hand, and rises to greet her. A faint blush mingles in her cheeks, making one at once understand that in by-gone days she had probably been considered pretty.

"So unexpected, my dear Clarissa," she says, with as pleased a smile as the poor thing ever conjures up, and a little weakness at the knees, meant for a courtesy. "So very glad to see you,"—as indeed she is.

In her earlier days she has been called a belle; by her own people—and had been expected accordingly, to draw a prize in the marriage market. But Penelope Prout had talked them, and, by so doing, had brought down eternal condemnation on her head. In her second season she had fallen foolishly, but honestly in love with a well-born but impetuous curate, and had married him in spite of threats and withering sneers. With one consent her family cast her off and consigned her to her fate, declaring themselves incapable of dealing with a woman who could willfully marry a man possessed of nothing. They always put a capital N to this last word, and perhaps they were right, as at that time all Charlie Redmond could call his name was seven younger brothers and a tenor voice of the very purest.

As years rolled on, though Mrs. Redmond never perhaps regretted her marriage, she nevertheless secretly acknowledged to herself a hankering after the old life, a longing for the grandeur and riches that accrued to it (the Proutes for generations had been born and bred and had thriven in the soft goods line), and huffed the demoralizing thoughts, and a little bismarck a little moratrade and a little less blue-blood would have made her husband a degree more perfect.

She ceased her when the country families invited the youthful Clisay to their balls; and it warmed her heart and caused her to forget the daily shifts and worries of life when the duchess sent her fruit and game, accompanied by kind notes. It above all things reconciled her to her lot, when the heiress of Gowran Grange pulled up her pretty ponies at her door, and, running in, made much of her and her children, and listened attentively to her grievances, as only a sympathetic nature can.

To-day, Clarissa's visit, being early, and therefore unconventional, and for that reason the more friendly, sweetens all her surroundings. Miss Peyton might have put in an appearance twice in the day later on, yet her visits would not have been viewed with such favor as this maternal call.

"Clisay is out; she has gone to the village," says Mrs. Redmond, scarcely thinking Clarissa has come all the way from Gowran to spend an hour alone with her.

"I am sorry; but it is you I most particularly wanted to see. What a delicious day it is! I walked all the way from Gowran, and the sun was rather too much for me; but how cool it always is here! This room never seems stuffy or overheated, as other rooms do."

"It is a wretched place, quite wretched," says Mrs. Redmond, with a deprecating glance directed at a distant sofa that might indeed be termed paternal.

"What are you doing?" asks Clarissa, promptly feeling she cannot with any dignity defend her. "Darning? Why can't I help you?—I am sure I could darn. Oh, bring me a quantity of socks! Are they all broken?" looking with awe upon the overhanging basket that lies close to Mrs. Redmond's feet.

"Every one of them," replies that matron, with unctious. "I can't think how they do it, but I assure you they never come out of the wash without innumerable fears." Whether she is alluding, in her graceful fashion to her children or their socks, seems at present doubtful. "I sometimes fancy they must take their boots off and dance on the sharp pebbles to bring them to such a pass; but they say they don't. Yet how to account for this?" She holds up one bony hand, decorated with a faded sock, in a somewhat triumphant fashion, and lets three emaciated fingers start to life through the toes of it.

"Do let me help you," says Clarissa, with untiring, and stooping to the basket, she rummages there until she produces a needle, a thimble, and some thread. "I dare say I shall get on splendidly, if you will just give me a hint now and then and tell me when I am stitching them up too tightly."

"This hardly sounds promising, but Mrs. Redmond heeds her not.

"My dear, pray do not trouble yourself with such uninteresting work," she says, hastily. "It makes me unhappy to see you so employed; and I'm sure there must be something wrong with his heels. If you insist on helping, do try another."

"No, I shall stitch up Bobby, or die in the attempt," says Miss Peyton, valiantly. "It is quite nice work, I should think, and so

easy. I dare say after a time I should love it."

"Should you?" says Mrs. Redmond. "Well, perhaps; but for myself, I assure you though no one will ever believe it, I abhor the occupation. There are moments when it almost overcomes me—the perpetual in and out of the needle, you will understand—it seems so endless. Dear, dear, there was a time when I was never obliged to do such menial services; when I had numerous dependents to wait on me to do my bidding. But then—" with a deep sigh that sounds like a blast from Boreas—"I married the vicar."

"And quite right, too," says Clarissa, with a cheerful little nod, seeing Mrs. Redmond has mounted her high horse and intends riding him to death.

(To be continued.)

Holloway's Pills.—The changes of temperature and weather frequently upset persons who are most cautious of their health, and might particularly in their diet. These pills, purifying and gentle aperient Pills are the best remedy for all defective actions of the digestive organs; they augment the appetite, strengthen the stomach, correct biliousness and carry off all that is noxious from the system. Holloway's Pills are composed of rare balsams, unmingled with baser matter, and on that account are peculiarly well adapted for the young, delicate, and aged. As this peerless medicine has gained fame in the past, so will it preserve it in the future by its renovating and invigorating qualities, and its incapacity of doing harm.

WIT AND HUMOR.

There is this to be said in favor of the aesthetic knee breeches: They won't bag at the knee.—*Buffalo Express.*

Twenty-two colonels constitute the staff of Gov. Long, of Massachusetts. He must be contemplating a war with Rhode Island.

Bolling hair in a solution of tea will darken it, says an exchange; but some folks don't like to have their tea darkened that way.

"What is love?" asks everybody, and somebody replies: "It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow fooling around her."

The steamship "Neckar" brought over eight giraffes, three of which died on the way. A sea-sick giraffe has to throw his victuals a long way up.—*Courier-Journal.*

"Think I'd live in that building?" exclaimed the lady who ran a boarding-house. "Not a bit of it! Why, all the doors fasten with bolts. There isn't a key-hole in the building!"

The North Australians have adopted a plan to get rid of the Chinese which we respectfully refer to the eminent consideration of our brethren on the Pacific Slope. They eat them.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Plain-spoken Aleck McClure puts it thus: "The tumbled debt of Philadelphia is \$68,139,916, and all that we have to show for it is a few brown-stone houses occupied by the bosses, and some miles of six-cent railways, which also belong to them."

In this progressive era of daily journalism there is nothing more marked than the change from the old-fashioned long editorials and longer news items to the editorial paragraphs and the crisp newspaper clippings that adorn every well-regulated daily.—*Reading News.*

Somehow or other *The Detroit Free Press* discovers that it takes but thirteen minutes to load an elephant on a railroad train, while it takes twenty for any sort of a woman to kiss her friends good-bye, and lose the check for her trunks. But then a woman has more trunks than an elephant.

It's funny! but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pig plate to her nearest neighbor at the table with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man, with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back, will drop it to the floor and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.—*Chicago Tribune.*

In consequence of the assassination we have sold more papers than we otherwise would have done. For these extra sales we are indebted to Guttauer. We wish to do the fair thing, and will therefore furnish the funds with which to purchase the rope, the only consideration being that the authorities will guarantee to use it immediately.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Dyspepsia of Thirty Years' Standing.

FROM J. T. BOWEN, of East Aurora, N. Y.

"I was troubled with dyspepsia for thirty years, and tried several medicines advertised for the cure of this distressing complaint without deriving any benefit from them. About a year ago I commenced taking the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and after using altogether twelve bottles I find myself entirely cured. I consider my case one of the worst I ever heard of, and I take great pleasure in recommending the PERUVIAN SYRUP to all dyspeptics, believing that it will be sure to cure them." All druggists sell it.

GUITEAU.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—Last night Guttauer was much excited, sometimes stamping his feet with rage, saying:—"I want good lawyers to argue this case. When I get to lecturing I will have plenty of money. I don't want Scoville to have anything to do with the case." Guttauer said:—"I won't have anybody meddling with my body. I don't want my relatives to make any money out of it. I intend to will my body to some institution, but I will have use for it yet for a long time." Speaking of Snyder's affidavit regarding the newspaper in the jury-room, Guttauer said:—"I intend to make the most of it. These things are providential, just as God's duty to take advantage of them. The assassin is beginning to show much irritability and nervousness. He is suffering from a bad cold which inflamed his eyes. One of the jail officials says he would not be surprised if Guttauer did not live to be hung, as his health had appeared to be failing rapidly. John W. Guttauer, who visited the prisoner last night, said: "I never saw my brother look so wild before, he is as crazy as a loon."

The result of the election has proved a grand success, but not more so than Kendall's Spavin Cure is proved every day. Read advt.

THE P. E. I. BANK.

CHARLOTTE TOWN, Feb. 1.—At a meeting of the shareholders and depositors of the Bank of Prince Edward Island held to-day, it was resolved that the bank resume business if the depositors accept repayment in one, two and three years without interest. The depositors present unanimously agreed to accept the offer, and a committee was appointed to obtain the consent of the depositors not at the meeting. The directors will pay \$75,000 and the shareholders will have to make up \$125,000. The feeling is hopeful that the bank will resume within ninety days from the time of suspension. An adjourned meeting will hold this day fortnight.

GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN NEW YORK.

A General Clearing Out of Newspaper Buildings—The Skilled and Wounded—Heroic Conduct of the Fire Brigade—Incidents, &c.

New York, Jan. 31.—Flames were discovered at 10.10 this morning in the block bounded by Park Row, Beekman, Spruce and Nassau streets. The flames spread with great rapidity. Several people jumped from the upper windows, and others escaped by ladders. At eleven o'clock the *Times* and the old *World* buildings were in flames. The new ten-story building of E. Kelley is also in flames; the Morse building, on the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, is also burning. The excitement is intense, and crowds are rushing to the scene of the conflagration from all parts of the city. In about an hour from the time of the fire breaking out in the old *World* buildings the walls on Park Row fell. The colored janitress in the *World* building, Ellen Ball jumped from the story next to the pavement and is probably fatally injured. Her husband is missing. One woman got out of a window on a ledge of copstone and jumped. Her clothing caught on fire as she went down through the flames. The firemen brought down three inmates from the same building. At five minutes past eleven the post office roof was smoking, and all the employees were fighting the flames and drenching the building with water, no hose being able to reach the building. The old *Mail* office, corner of Beekman street and Park Row, formerly Lowry's Hotel, is now in flames. It is occupied by the *Rural New Yorker* and numerous small offices.

The offices entirely burned so far are the *Scientific American*, New York *Observer*, *Scottish American Journal*, *Pettingill's Advertising Agency* and *Turf, Field and Farm*. Those now burning are the *Times*, *Forest and Stream*, *Leggo Bros. & Co.*, J. Walter Thompson, Charles Meyers, German Advertising Agency, Nash & Brooks dining rooms and the New York Rubber Co. (the largest of the kind in the world). All the walls of the old *World* building have fallen. The firemen at 11.15 began to get control of the flames, and it is hoped they will be able to save a good part of the *Times* building.

10 p.m.—A dozen or more fire engines are still playing on the ruins of the burned *World* building. The *Times* will be published, as usual, from its building in the upper section of the block. The *Times* building was saved from destruction, and, indeed, from serious permanent injury by the extraordinary partition wall which separated the premises from the burning building. It is understood that this wall, 22 inches thick, was put up at the special request of the late Mr. Raymond, the original editor of the *Times*. Mr. Jones, publisher and principal owner of the *Times*, estimates the damage to the building not to exceed \$2,000. The *World* building is a complete wreck, and except the tattering fragments of the walls, is a heap of blazing ruins. The front of the Morse building, standing at the rear end on the opposite side of Nassau street, was badly injured, the windows being burned away and the occupants of the front sections lost considerable in furniture, books, &c. The editorial and publication rooms of *Truth* newspaper, situated in one of the front basement sections, have been removed to another part of the block in Spruce street. On the south side of Beekman street is situated the old Lovejoy Hotel building, until recently occupied by the *Evening Mail* publication offices in the basement ground and second floors, and now by a hat store, liquor store and offices. The damage to this building is great from fire, smoke and water. The *Mail* offices removed a few weeks ago to the *Express* building when the consolidation of the two papers were effected. The *Express* building is two doors below, contiguous to the new offices of the *Daily News*, and the new building occupied by the *World*, separated from the rear of the Lovejoy building, in a course of erection, to be occupied principally by the Nassau Bank. This is one of the most expensive of the new buildings in course of erection, and is damaged to the extent of many thousands of dollars. The Beekman street front is damaged by smoke, flames and water. The possibilities of conflagration at one time could be scarcely estimated, as it was not improbable, except for an extraordinary force of firemen and a combination of fortunate circumstances, that the new Post Office, City Hall, *Tribune* building and a score of other prominent buildings would have been burned.

The burned building has been regarded for a long time as being unsafe, and a few months ago an architect refused to add additional stories, recommending that it be torn down and a safer structure put up in its stead.

O. B. Potter, the owner, who is president of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, states that the rents were \$70,000 per annum; that the building was worth \$200,000, insurance perhaps three-quarters of its value. The site is valued at over half a million dollars. One of the heaviest losers is the New York Printing and Packing Co., whose stock is valued at \$150,000, with insurance upwards of \$100,000. The stock is an entire loss, the only thing saved being the books in actual use carried out by the clerks. W. Wallace, one of the largest stationary dealers and importers in the city, loses about \$100,000, insured for \$62,500; entire stock lost. The *Scientific American* is also a complete loss; insurance about \$20,000 on properties in use, which does not include losses which are irretrievable in accumulated records of patents, models, drawings, etc. Messrs. Munn & Co., owners, estimate the contingent loss to the firm and customers at upwards of a million. *Turf, Field and Farm*, owned and published by Messrs. Bruce, had its offices in the *World* buildings; complete loss, estimated at \$50,000, including the best sporting library in the country. S. M. Pettengill & Co., advertising agents, estimate their loss at \$20,000. Other occupants of the building were Marks, tailor; Grubb, tailor; Jacob Stover, patent solicitor; Tribbals & Sons, New York *Observer*, *Scottish Journal* and *Scottish-American*; A. G. Rodand, cigars; Poland Spring Water agency; A. S. Clarke, books; J. G. Todd, Thompson's *Bank Note Reporter*, the *Manufacturer's Builder*, *Printing World*; Patten & Rolap, retailers; the *Topographer*; Almqvist, patent lawyer; Brown, curiosity dealer; A. J. Todd, lawyer; and others. Among known losses to insurance companies are the following: *Lafayette*, \$5,000; *Emporium*, \$2,000; *Bank of Hartford*, \$10,000; *Star*, \$2,000; *Williamsburg City Home*, \$30,000; *Phoenix of Brooklyn*, \$15,000; *German American*, \$10,000; *American*, \$10,000; *Citizens*, of Hanover, North American, of Pennsylvania, Howard National, of Hartford, National, of New York, *Farragut* and *Niagara*, \$5,000 each; *Queen*, \$2,500; *Royal*, \$1,500. On rents and building, London & Liverpool & Globe, \$5,000 on building and \$6,000 on rents; *Imperial* and *Northern*, \$10,000 each on rents and building.

The loss of life is variously estimated from

five to fifty, as it is feared that a number of women and girls in the printing offices on the top floor were unable to escape. Among those known to be killed are Ellen Ball, colored, aged 34, janitress, who fell from the fifth story window, died at the hospital, and two others, names as yet unknown. Several victims are now in the hospital.

Rev. Mr. Prizze, of the *Observer*, said when the cry of fire was shouted, he seized a bundle of papers of personal value, and assisted the clerks to close the gates, ran for the down stairs, coats wrapped around him; could not get through that way, saw his brother, Rev. Dr. Irenaeus Prime, had succeeded in passing the critical point of the flames, and with Dr. Stoddard he ran back and sprang out of the front window on the ledge of window, and holding on by the sign board, climbed along the ledge to the *Times* building, to the window, and thus escaped. One man escaped by jumping from the window to a mass of telegraph wires underneath, along which he crawled a few feet to a pole, down which he slid to the ground. Col. L. C. Bruce, after trying to escape down stairs with the subscription books, had to throw them from a window and escape as Dr. Prime did. Anthony Cramock assisted the first fireman who arrived. A woman standing on the sill of the window held on to the telephone wire with her left hand. She was hatless and her clothing was in a disordered condition. She fainted herself with her right hand and waited for assistance. "Hold fast," shouted Fireman Rooney, and a score of men and boys rushed forward and dragged the ladder from the hook and ladder wagon that had just arrived. In an instant the ladder was placed along the side of the building. It only reached to the third story. A cry of dismay went up from the crowd.

"Push up another," a hundred voices yelled. Two firemen ran up the ladder two steps at a time. Can you hold a minute?" the leader asked of the poor woman. "Yes, but God's sake hurry," was the hoarse reply. "Come on, Ben," "D—n the ladder, we must save her," and up went the top. His hands just reached the woman's feet; the crowd held its breath in suspense; the woman remained cool. "Hold on to the wire and step on my shoulder," said the fireman, guiding her foot with his hand. The woman did as she was told, but as the brawny fellow went to move a step lower she seemed to swoon, and had apparently lost her balance, when the fireman on the step below caught her, and she was hastily carried to the ground. Cheers after cheers went up from the crowd.

The corner burned is one of the best newspaper locations in the city, has been a central point in newspaper row, and contiguous to the post office and telegraph offices of New York, and Brooklyn bridge, elevated roads, &c. The interior of the *World* building was fitted with old woodwork, very inflammable; two sets of stairs ran from the third to the ground floor, one set to the Park Row end, the other to Nassau street. One set went from the third to the fifth floors. The stairs were narrow and almost rotten. An elevator had just been erected in the building, and it is said the flames caught in the line near this and spread from thence over the building. The janitor says it had been necessary to have a unusually hot fire in the basement in order to dry the plastering, some repairs having been made after the *World's* removal to the new building. It seems certain that the flames originated from the fire in the basement. After getting a start they burned like tinder, filling the house with flames and smoke, and prevented those in the upper stories from escaping, except through the windows. To do this was the more difficult, on account of the sleet, snow and wind raging fiercely, which prevented persons holding to the ledge.

Ellen Ball and R. H. Davy, printer, who leaped from a window, died at the hospital. The injured are Robt. Bowie, printer, of Brooklyn, burned severely; H. Joint, rescued by firemen, burned on face and arms; E. H. Moore, printer, burned severely on face; John Johnson, lithographer, severely burned; Bruce and many others slightly but not dangerously injured. There are many reports of seeing women and girls at the windows of the upper stories, who afterwards disappeared and it is thought that many perished; but the firemen, by holding ladders to the windows, rescued many, and the confusion doubtless many escaped unobserved by means of the stairs. Nevertheless, as the upper floors were largely composing rooms employed girls, it is not improbable that a number of these perished.

The *New York Sun* says:—

A QUICK-WITTED BOOTHLEASER EXPLOIT.

Three men were seen gesticulating wildly at a five-story window at the Beekman street corner of Park Row. They were carpenters employed in changing the partitions of the rooms vacated by the *World*. No way of rescuing them was conceived by anybody but Charley Wright, a young half-breed Indian and negro employed in Keenan's saloon. When he looked up, on hearing the men cry out for help, he saw that a wire cable ran from the corner of the cornice to the telegraph pole across the street.

"Hi, Mike!" he called to Michael Pryor, a boy; "come and boost me—quick!"

Charley got a start from Mike's shoulder, and by hard, fast, desperate climbing mounted the pole to the crossbars. A spike in one hand aided him in the feat, and with that as a tool he twisted the cable loose. The other end was already securely fastened above the heads of three carpenters, and they suddenly saw a practicable fire escape, dashing within reach. They lost no time in using it. Two did so by going down hand over hand. The third slid, with his hands clutching the wires, and was considerably lacerated. As for Charley Wright, he had had luck after his heroism. In slipping down the pole, his foot touched a lamp post, and, thinking he had reached the sidewalk, he let go his hold, and got a fall which lamed him. Then a man offered him fifty cents to fetch an overcoat from a room in the lower story of the Potter building. He was familiar with the room, and did the errand in a jiffy. He is believed to have been the last person to quit the house. The police lines were being formed when he emerged, and he could barely hand the coat to its owner before being prodded off by a club—without the half dollar, though he expects to get it. Later in the day the American Humane Society voted him a medal.

DRIVE FIREMAN.

One of the most striking scenes of the fire was the rescue of an old gentleman named Alexander Roberts from the fourth floor of the Beekman street side. He stood on the window sill, enveloped in smoke; the crackling flames were reaching toward him, and the firemen were compelled to drench him with streams of water to prevent his being burned to death. It seemed an impossibility that he should be saved. A ladder 30 feet long was raised by Hook and Ladder No. 1, but it was not long enough to enable Mr. Roberts to reach it. A ten-foot ladder was quickly brought and passed to the top of the long ladder, where

Foreman John J. Horan, of Hook and Ladder 10, and Paul C. Just, of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company, undertook the perilous task of raising it so that Mr. Robinson could descend. Horan is a stout, muscular man, and after climbing to the top of the long ladder, he got on the window sill of the third story. Then he rested the ten-foot ladder on his thighs and held it firmly, assisted by Mr. Just, and called for Mr. Roberts to descend. The old gentleman was weak and nervous, but amid the breathless anxiety of the spectators, he climbed slowly down the ten-foot ladder to the long ladder, being helped on his way down, and then to the ground. The rescue is believed to have been one of the most daring ever effected, and Fireman Horan will receive special mention in the official report.

A YOUNG GIRL'S COOLNESS.

Ida Small, of 85 Attorney street, a young girl employed as amanuensis by D. F. Lindsay, stenographer, got out on the sill of a window in the fourth story on the Beekman street side. A telegraph wire ran across the top of the window, and by it she staid herself while standing outside the sash. She was hatless and her clothing was disordered. The flames crept up until they set fire to her hair, but she put it out, and a moment later, it looked as though she must drop either back into the room or down into the street; but the blaze receded temporarily, and she fanned her glowing face with one hand. A ladder was hastily put up. It did not reach her.

"Hold on fast," a fireman shouted.

"Yes, but hurry," Miss Small replied.

Fireman John L. Rooney, of Hook and Ladder 10, climbed up as far as he could, and was barely able to touch her feet as she hung from the window.

"Drop!" he said.

She let go, falling between him and the ladder, and he was able to keep her from slipping through his arms. She was then swooning, apparently, and was carried down, very limp and white, but not seriously hurt.

It is a fact that horse dealers are buying horses with ringbones and spavins because they can make money by using Kendall's Spavin Cure. Read advertisement.

GREAT FIRE IN TORONTO.

TORONTO, Feb. 1.—At 10.40 to-night a fire was discovered in Conger's stables on the Esplanade. A few minutes thereafter the fire spread to Messrs. Hay & Co.'s warehouse on the east. In half an hour that building was enveloped in flames. The fire fed by the varnish and oils stored in Hay's building spread to the rear, where over half a million feet of seasoned lumber was piled. The lumber quickly disappeared and the next point attacked by the flames was the coal stored in Conger's yard. At the present time (1.30 a.m.) the fire is still raging with a heavy wind carrying the sparks eastward. Hay & Co.'s loss is estimated at \$100,000, with an insurance in fourteen companies of about \$35,000. In Conger's coal yard there are stored about 4,000 tons of hard coal, in which the fire is at present raging. Conger's loss is estimated at about \$15,000. Fully 10,000 or 12,000 spectators were scattered alongside the Esplanade. The trains both of the Great Western and Great Eastern are delayed on the track. Like all big fires, no person can tell how it originated. At two o'clock this morning the fire was under control and several sections of the brigade were despatched to their stations. The fire did not burn east of Hay's warehouse. Had the wind continued high the damage would have been greater. The firemen acted bravely. They fought the flames amid burning clouds, which scorched and burned their faces.

Mrs. Partington says,

Don't take any of the quack nostrums, as they are regimental to the human system; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general debilitation, costive habits, and all curable diseases. They saved Isaac from tripe fever. They are the *ne plus ultra* of medicines.—*Boston Globe.*

THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES—A RABBL OF CON-FUSION—THE AMERICAN AND CANADIAN ELEMENTS AT LOGGERSHEADS.

WINNIPEG, Feb. 1.—The annual meeting of the South-Western Railway was held to-day. As predicted, it was a stormy one. There was a large attendance of stockholders. One element, under direction of General Hammond, had first possession, and with a view to keeping full control of the premises, enlisted in their service a posse of police. When the directors not in accord with the American element arrived shortly after ten o'clock, they found the entrance to the room barricaded by two policemen, and Solicitor Beggs appointed to scrutinize the credentials of those seeking entrance. A fracas nearly occurred through one of the police refusing to permit Mr. Cartwright, a shareholder to enter. The latter resented the insult, and threw the officer from the door. A second officer came to the rescue, and covering Wm. Murdoch, another shareholder and ex-Chief Engineer, threatened, if he crossed the threshold of the door, that he would shoot him. Intense excitement followed this incident, but coolness on the part of those outside prevented what would have inevitably been a riot, perhaps blooded. The Board of Directors having arrived, Dr. Schultz, of President, proceeded to call the meeting to order, but was at once interrupted by a resolution from Gen. Hammond to appoint Hugh Sutherland chairman. The result was a babel of confusion not unlike the New York Stock Exchange, two meetings going on at one time. G. M. Cumming, of New York, was appointed secretary of the American element, and R. L. McGrogan, of the Canadian. The scrutineers for the Schultz section reported elected as directors Hon. W. N. Kennedy, Wm. Murdoch, R. L. McGrogan, R. R. McLennan, Hon. J. C. Schultz, Hon. W. R. Brown, E. A. C. Pew, D. H. McMillan, M. P. P. and Col. Scoble. The scrutineers of the other party reported elected Gen. Hammond, G. M. Cumming, J. H. Ashdown, H. Sutherland, E. M. Wood, C. W. Mead, Geo. Brown, Robt. E. O'Brien and V. P. Clough. The Oregon and transcontinental element from the Northern Pacific claim to control 8,519 out of 10,000 shares. The Canadian section deny this, and state that they have illegitimate control of the stock. The offices are still guarded by police, fears being entertained that the Schultz party will make an effort to recover the bonds, but this is not intended. The aggrieved party will seek redress through the Equity Courts, and recover the property through the Sheriff. General Hammond was elected at a subsequent meeting of the directors of one party President, and Dr. Schultz elected to the same office by the other party. Considerable excitement prevailed throughout the city, and further action is awaited with anxiety.

This one fact is being brought before the minds of the people of the United States. Kendall's Spavin Cure is not excelled as a treatment. Read advertisement.