

ANNA GOULD'S WEDDING.

THE MOST BRILLIANT EVENT EVER SEEN IN NEW YORK.

A Scene of Magnificence—The Decorations, Costumes and Presents All Splendid and Beautiful.

A despatch from New York says—At high noon on Monday, his Grace Archbishop Corrigan officiating, Miss Anna Gould became the Countess de Castellane, and the fortunes of one of America's richest heiresses was linked with those of a French nobleman of ancient name and proud connections. The wedding, which took place at the home of George Gould, Fifth avenue and 67th street, will be marked with a white stone in the chronicles of magnificent society events. The palatial dwelling of the head of the Gould family, with its spacious rooms furnished in oriental splendor, was a fitting place for the ceremony, which could not be held in the Cathedral, owing to the fact that the bride is a Protestant. The canons of the Church of Rome prescribe baptism in that faith before solemnizing of the rite of matrimony at the altar of the church. The bride is an Episcopalian, and while she consented to the Catholic ritual she declined to join that church. A special dispensation was therefore obtained, and the nuptial mass was omitted from the ceremony.

THE INVITATIONS

were accordingly limited to the relatives and about 50 intimate friends, making less than 100 in all, as the house would not accommodate more. Numbers of curious people gathered about the residence. The scene within was gorgeous in the extreme. The hallway was banked with palms, ferns and potted plants. The East India room, in which the ceremony was performed, the music room opening out of it, and the library upstairs were elaborately decorated, the prevailing tone being pink and white. American beauty and bridal roses, Japan lilies and lilies of the valley were used by thousands. At the rear of the hall palms and exotics were used to transform a recess into a rustic grove, in which electric lights glowed. The heavy oak paneled of the staircase was covered over with a groundwork of palms, foliage and similar, white Japan lilies and white roses. Over this garland of pink and white roses were draped the garlands of the dome over the stairway garlands of asparagus plumes, entwined with white roses and lilies of the valley, were hung like the ribbons of a Maypole. The ends of these garlands were extended to form a canopy over the bridal walk, which led from the foot of the stairs across the hall through a doorway into the music room, the center of which was turned to the right into the East India room, and ended at a raised dais placed at the front of the room, and over which a canopy of royal purple was suspended. White ribbons attached to potted plants enclosed the walk. The chairs, which were formed by the tower at the Fifth avenue corner of the East India room was

A DREAM OF FAIRLAND.

It was paneled with lilies of the valley, over which hung garlands of pink and white roses. Suspended from the ceiling of the alcove was a mammoth horn of plenty showing lilies upon those beneath. An orchard of striped instruments, concealed behind a bank of palms, an organ in the hallway and a quartette furnished the musical program. The guests were all assembled at 11.45 a. m. Mrs. George Jay Gould, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Kingdon, received them.

Promptly at 12 o'clock all was in readiness. Organist Pecker of the Cathedral, touched the keys and the strains of the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin" floated through the house. There was a brief delay as the procession was being formed in the library on the second floor. Archbishop Corrigan and two assistants from the Cathedral took their places on the dais. Grouped about in the front of the room were the relatives of the bride and the Marquis and Marquise de Castellane, her parents, and Count de Castellane entered from the hallway a moment later with his best man, Count Jean de Castellane. They took positions at the side of the dais. The bridal procession ascended the stairs and passed along the floral walk through the music room and into the East India room in the following order—First came the ushers, Prince Del Drago, Raoul Duval, Brockhurst Cutting and Howard Gould. Then came the bridesmaids, all in white. They were Miss Helen Gould, Miss Beatrice Richardson, Miss Catherine Cameron and Miss Adelaide Montgomery. Following them went George Jay Gould with the bride. The two nephews of the bride, Masters Kingdon and Jean Gould, carried the bride's train, which was of great length. The ushers parted when they reached the dais and stepped back, the bridesmaids took positions in front of them and Mr. Gould and the bride walked between on the two lines, up the groom stepped forward and took his place at the side of the bride. Mr. Gould remained close at hand and

GAVE HIS SISTER AWAY.

The Archbishop read the brief Catholic ritual, the bride and groom made the responses promptly in firm tones, the quartette chanted an anthem, his Grace pronounced the couple man and wife and gave them his benediction. Then the Count and his bride stepped across to the room to the alcove in the corner, where they stood beneath the shower of lilies of the valley and the horn of plenty and received the congratulations of their relatives and friends. When this was over the doors of the dining room swung open and small tables were placed in the music room and the East India room and breakfast was served. The orchestra and singers rendered several selections while the breakfast was in progress. Then the guests were taken up to the library in parties of a dozen at a time, and the presents, which had been arranged on a number of small tables, were shown.

The bride, who is small and dark, with jet black hair, wore a gown of heavy ivory white satin, high in the neck, and supplied in effect with one side of shirred satin and the other in real old thread lace in Duchess pattern, falling over the right shoulder and meeting the folded belt on the left side. The sleeves were very full at the shoulder and fastened at the wrist with four small satin buttons. The skirt was circular in shape and falling in deep folds from the belt. The train formed a double box plait at the waist line and flared with graceful folds. It measured 45 yards in length. Clusters of

orange blossoms were fastened at the belt and at intervals on the lace garniture of the corsage and on the skirt. The bridal veil was fastened with a magnificent diamond pin, a gift of the groom. The veil itself was brought by the Castellanes from abroad, and is an heirloom of the family.

THE BRIDESMAIDS

wore costumes of cream white cloth trimmed with tulle. The bodice of these costumes was made in blouse effect. The sleeves were very full and the flare skirt of walking length was trimmed with tulle. A broad ruff of moire with loops and ends fastened at the back completed the costume. Masters Kingdon and Jay Gould, the nephews of the bride, who carried her train, were simply and prettily dressed. They wore knee breeches of white corded silk, white silk stockings, white kid slippers with rhinestone buckles, white liberty satin coats over white silk shirts, with large square cut pale pink silk collars. Each wore a pair of diamonds and amethysts, the gift of the bridegroom.

Among the rarest and most costly of the bride's presents was a brooch fastened in the shape of a heart; in the center was the rare and world famous Esterhazy diamond. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gould's present was a collar of superb pearls. Frank Gould presented a chain of 200 diamonds. Howard Gould gave a large knotted cluster of diamonds. The Marquis de Castellane presented to the bride a superb and unique necklace, consisting of five ropes of pearls, each string of which has historic interest. Another present by the Marquis de Castellane was a ring of two stones, a superb ruby and sapphire. Count Jean de Castellane's present was a diamond hat pin of exceeding beauty of design. Prince Del Drago presented a diamond horse shoe pin. Gen. and Mrs. Eckert presented a superb diamond star. One of the finest presents was a magnificent tiara of diamonds presented by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould.

LONDON CLOCKS.

One on the Royal Exchange is Said to be the Best in the World.

In these latter years some very wonderful clocks have been constructed, but the useful rather than the curious have been the guiding principle in their construction. London boasts of two very wonderful clocks. The one is on the Royal Exchange, and is said to be the best public clock in the world. The pendulum, which is compensated, weighs nearly four hundred weight. It has what is known as a remonator escapement, its pallets are jeweled with large sapphires and it has a chime of fifteen bells, which cost £500.

Another famous modern clock adorns the Palace of Westminster. The dial is 22 feet in diameter, the largest in the world, with a minute hand. The great wheel is 27 inches in diameter; the pendulum is 15 feet long and weighs 680 pounds, while the escape wheel, which is driven by the musical box spring, weighs about one-half ounce. This is the end of two great bells. With the application of the spring to the clock it became apparent that the timepiece could be made portable. Watches were but little known, if known at all, before the sixteenth century. Francis I. gave the master clockmaker of Paris in 1544 the exclusive privilege of making clocks and watches within that city. Henry VIII. seems to have spent much money on watches. Edward VI. had at his Palace of Westminster "one large iron watch of iron, the case iron gilt, with two plummet weights of lead." Elizabeth was fond of watches, of which she had a large collection. She had "a clock of gold, garnished with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls." "One garnet or shakell of gold, all over fairly garnished with rubies, and diamonds, having on the closing the air of a clock," was a gift to her in 1571-72 by the Earl of Leicester, master of the horse. Mary of Scotland had her watches. In those days there was great variety in the shape of the watch. A favorite shape was that of a skull, another was that of a coffin. Descriptions exist of several of Mary's watches. There was one coffin-shaped with a crystal case. There was another in which catgut supplied the place of the interior chain in the modern watch. One very marvelous piece of workmanship in the form of a skull is the property of the Duke of Devonshire. It was originally the property of Mary Queen of Scots, and was bequeathed to Mary Seton, her maid of honor, February 7, 1587. On the forehead of the skull are the symbols of death, the scythe and the hour-glass. At the back of the skull is Time, and at the top of the head are the gardens of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch is opened by reversing the skull. Inside are the holy family, angels and shepherds with their flocks. The works, which are the brain, the dial-plate is the palate. Another skull-shaped watch which belonged to Mary was the gift of her husband, Francis II.

Arnold of the strand presented George III. in 1764, a watch of his own manufacture set in a ring. Later, in 1770, he presented the King with a small repeating watch, also set in a ring, the cylinder of which was made of an oriental ruby. The Czar of Russia, when he heard of these mites of watches, offered Arnold 1000 guineas if he would make one for him, but the artist would not consent.

Electric Railway for Egypt.

Arrangements have been made for the construction of a trolley road in Cairo, and Egypt will be invaded by the modern Juggernaut. Doubtless when, in the near future, the tourist traverses the valley of the Nile, views the monument of Karnak and Thebes, observes the grandeur of the Pyramids, and gazes upon the features of the Sphinx, he will be soothed by the melody of a dusky motorman's gong. The slaves of the Pharaohs and possibly the Sphinx itself may frown in disapproval, but modern science marches onward among the monuments of the ancients with as little compunction as a modern male mortal would have in using his razor.

A Fad Follower.

Burglar Bill—Wat's become of Slickfinger's sister?

Sneaky Sam—Servin' time for followin' a fashionable fad.

Wat?—

Kleptomaniac?

A Little Too Regular.

St. Peter—I hardly know whether to let you in or not.

Mrs. Peter—You don't? I never missed a church service, no matter what the weather.

St. Peter—Yes, and your husband worked himself to death paying doctor's bills.

Wat, and I'll see if he want's you.

MURDER AND ROBBERY.

TO SECURE \$25,000 THREE MEN ARE SHOT DOWN.

The Paymaster of the Valleyfield Cotton Mills and His Two Clerks Were Making the Payrolls When a Discharged Employee, Frenzied and With the Office Revolver Shot Down Two of Them—The Watchman Coming to the Rescue Was the Third Victim.

A despatch from Valleyfield, Q., says—The bustling little manufacturing town of Valleyfield was on Friday night the scene of a terrible murder, by which the lives of John Loy, a clerk in the employ of the Montreal Cotton Company, and Maxime Lehouf, the night watchman, were sacrificed at the hands of a discharged employee named V. C. K. Shortis, while High Wilson, another clerk, was wounded and may not recover. The murderer is now in Beauharnois jail.

Shortis, who was lately secretary to Mr. Simpson, the manager of the mill, had been discharged for his drinking and dissipated habits, and either robbery or revenge prompted his terrible deed. The details of the crime are most sensational.

PICKED UP THE PAYMASTER'S REVOLVER.

Mr. Loy, paymaster of the mill, and two clerks had just about finished making up the pay rolls about 11 o'clock. Although Shortis had made threats of violence against Mr. Simpson and others, no steps had been taken to disarm him. Shortis entered and loitered around the office, while Mr. Loy was at work. He nonchalantly reached over the counter, picked up Mr. Loy's loaded revolver, which was lying on his desk, and shot the clerk Wilson, the bullet taking effect in the side.

SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

Mr. Loy, a clerk, thinking it was an accident, made for the telephone to call a doctor, but Shortis took deliberate aim and shot Loy through the heart, death being instantaneous. Mr. Loy had been attending to Wilson, and a shot aimed at him struck Wilson in the forehead.

TOOK THE \$25,000 INTO THE VAULT.

Loy, seeing how matters were, grabbed the pay boxes, which contained \$25,000, and ran into the vault with them, pulling the massive door after him. Shortis then came to the door and said to Loy to come out, as he did not wish to injure him. Loy replied that he was locked in and could not get out, though that was not the case, the door being simply shut.

SHORTIS SAID, "GIVE ME THE COMBINATION."

Mr. Loy replied, "Just give me the knob sharp turn and it will open."

THE MURDERER DID SO, AND, OF COURSE, LOCKED THE SAFE, WHICH WAS WHAT MR. LOY WISHED.

Lehouf, the night watchman, entered at this juncture and was shot dead. Wilson, by a superhuman effort, managed to crawl about 200 yards and touched the electric fire alarm button. Shortis made renewed efforts to enter the vault in which Mr. Loy was, but in the meantime the firemen entered and overcame the murderer, after a terrible struggle.

THE INQUEST.

The inquest on the bodies of the victims, Loy and Lehouf, was held on Saturday and resulted in a verdict in each case that the deceased came to his death at the hands of the prisoner Shortis. The funerals of the victims took place Monday and were attended by all the directors of the Cotton Company. At the inquest, at the prompting of reporters, Shortis denied counsel, but consented to wait for the preliminary trial, which opens Monday.

THE PRISONER INTERVIEWED.

Shortis was a cigar and dime novel fiend and had several firearms in his room. A correspondent had an interview with him at the inquest. He was asked if he had any friends in Canada?

"No I have not," he said.

"How long have you been in Canada?"

"I came over here about two years ago, to come over to make my fortune. Nice, kind fortune, is it not? I was born in Waterford, Ireland, and educated in a college there. Am going on 20. In the Cotton Company's employ I was learning the business, and was first with the Globe Cotton Company, and then came here. I got no money for what I did."

"Do you care to speak of last night's occurrences?"

"No, I do not. I do not know what I think. I seem to be just recovering from a nightmare. I have telegraphed for a lawyer, and until he comes I cannot do anything."

The accused seems to take the affair very coolly, and as far as external appearance is concerned does not feel at all the horrible crime of which he stands accused.

Mr. Loy, who rushed to the vault with Arthur Lehouf, told a most graphic story of the shooting. At the vault door Shortis buried paper to try and frighten them out, and remained for about ten minutes at the door, ready to shoot them if they emerged. The scene was visited by Mr. D. McMaster, Q. C., who represents the crown, and Mr. Loy went over the whole scene. By actual test, it was ascertained that he could, as he says, hear in the vault all that transpired.

Wilson may recover.

A despatch from Beauharnois, Que., says—The murderer Shortis was safely lodged in goal here on Tuesday morning, having been brought from Valleyfield in a sleigh. Shortis is apparently unconcerned, and seemingly is more interested in his personal comfort and toilet than anything else. It is said that the Beauharnois goal will not hold him long, as a change of venue will be applied for, and may be granted. This is not by any means certain, however. Shortis will be very carefully watched, and Sheriff Leberg will not allow anyone to see him unless by an order from the Attorney-General. A special guard will be asked for. The goal in which he is confined is a very old building, and during its existence there have only been two deaths, and that in each case the accused being acquitted. Shortis will be fed on porridge and bread and water principally, though he will be allowed soap and meat fat dinner on alternate days. Beauharnois is much excited over the fact that the celebrated murderer is at last in the neighborhood. The woman in the case, Miss Millie Anderson, is said to be quite ill to-day. Her attachment for the murderer has been quite pronounced, and she has sent him tender and loving messages since his incarceration.

HER CORSETS KILLED HER.

LEONIE MERCIER OVERCOME WHILE DANCING AND SOON DIES.

She Wore the New Kind of Stays—A Paris Doctor's Realistic Method of Proving the Evils of Tight Lacing for Beauty's Sake—A Technical Discussion of the Case—Dancing to the Greatest Physical Exertion Women Can Undergo.

Paris has recently had a remarkable object lesson in the evils of tight lacing. Two dead women, both young and both beautiful, but in a different way, contributed to the lesson, and by their respective anatomies—one as an example of a non-corset-wearing woman, the other as a terrible example of the woman who, by using the fashionable stays, tempts nature to do her worst—afforded a text for a Paris physician at a lecture at which no men were admitted.

The woman who wore no corsets was a barmaid, and the other woman, she who had died from tight lacing, was a society girl. By some means or other this realistic physician—Dr. Henriquez, of the Rue de l'Opera—had secured their skeletons for exhibition.

The doctor had been telling his hearers who numbered several hundred, of the celebrated beauties of ancient Greece and Rome, who wore no corsets and whose figures have been immortalized by sculptors as the highest type of female loveliness.

Then, drawing a curtain, he disclosed the skeleton of the barmaid, who, he said, had been as beautiful and had had as perfect a form as any of the great beauties of antiquity. The barmaid, had died at a guinette, or drinking place in the suburbs frequented by the lower classes. Fashion haunts before its doors and its inmates and habits make a point of being primitive in attire and manners.

"The deceased barmaid," said the physician, "was an extremely healthy specimen of humanity. Too bad that one of her admirers shot her in."

THE FRENZY OF JEALOUSY!

But what I desire you to know and to consider is that she never wore a corset in her life, and like many people of her class, affected suspenders, man-like, thus making her shoulders carry the weight of her skirt. I learned that by persons highly among her female relatives and friends, whom I visited after making the autopsy on the body. The very perfectness of her figure, its graceful and classical outlines, prompted me to this departure from ordinary custom."

A LITTLE ONE,

or at least a soon that was interpreted as an exclamation of relief.

"Whether the witnesses to this tragedy were correct or incorrect in their surmises—at any rate it was the last manifestation of a healthy life. The physician saw as one that his offices would find nothing—the 'compressor' had done its work."

Dr. Henriquez entered upon a technical discussion of the case. Leonie Mercier, he said, had died of heart failure, induced by compression of the breathing organs. The heart had failed to send up the proper supply of blood to her brain and that ended it. The autopsy proved that the lungs of the unfortunate young woman had been compressed, whereby the motions of the diaphragm had been obstructed. The liver, stomach and vascular glands were crowded out of shape and much further to the rear than their functions called for. Other internal organs were pressed out of position in a downward direction, all of which had a tendency to prevent the normal and equitable circulation of the blood.

"The compressor stays worn by this lady diminished the area occupied by some of the most important life organs by five to eight inches," continued the physician, "squeezing them together, rendering them immobile and compelling great structural changes not only in the position but also in the shape of her organs of respiration, circulation and digestion."

"If Miss Mercier had not died as she did, and as any woman trying to squeeze twenty-five inches of her flesh and bone into eighteen or thereabouts may do at any moment, she would surely have become a victim of

VARIOUS CHRONIC DISEASES.

For hundreds of women, the doctor declared, dancing is the greatest physical exertion they undergo. The ordinary ballroom dress, or under dress, with its tight corsets, impairs the heart's ability to send blood into the arteries. The heart is the pumping station of the human body. In its state it should keep up such a pressure within the arterial section as will suffice for the maintenance of the circulation and the organic functions of the body depending on it. Excessive action of the heart is, in nervous and susceptible persons, induced by moderate exertion; it may even occur while the possessor is at perfect rest. It has been demonstrated that the heart, during a waltz, contracts twice as often as in a condition of comparative repose; that is, it sends twice the quantity of blood to the lungs.

A medical authority has reckoned that the extra pumping imposed upon the heart by this exertion in an evening's dancing amounts to lifting one metre high 14,496 kilograms of blood; that is, a weight of nearly thirty-two thousand pounds. These astonishing figures easily explain why so many society girls have fainting in the ballroom. A superheated atmosphere is not the correct, though it is the usual explanation.

The first principle of ballroom hygiene, therefore, is to dance with a loose corset, or no corset at all. It is also important to keep the mouth and throat dancing. At the slightest symptom of weakness or numbness the dancer should retire.

Cold and Calculating.

See—Mr. DeCad has such a cold and calculating look.

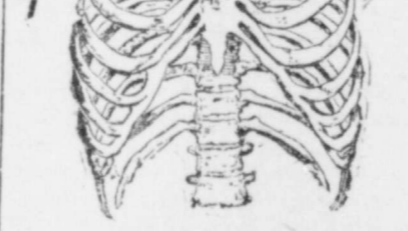
Ho—And no wonder. His landlady has just giving him a fire, and he is calculating how he can get his trunk out of the house without paying his board bill.

Neatly Done.

Go De Smith—By the way, Hostetter have you two lives for a ten?

Hostetter—No, I have.

Go De Smith—Then lend me one of 'em



THIS IS THE SKELETON OF A WOMAN DEFORMED BY TIGHT-LACING.

THE SKELETON OF A WOMAN WHO NEVER WORE CORSETS.

The doctor called for his instrument case, and with a quick dash of the knife cut open the corset. At that moment a last respiratory motion seemed to vibrate through poor Leonie's body, the diaphragm rose perceptibly and the breath was expelled with a little cry.

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THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

NO LESS THAN 25,000 LETTERS WENT DOWN WITH THE ELBE.

Divers to Search for Mail—How the Lost Letters Will Be Treated if Recovered—The Sea Post Office—Hard Work for the Postal Clerks.

Twenty-five thousand letters at the bottom of the sea! No fewer, and possibly, twice that number went down with the Elbe. O these at least a couple of thousand were registered, and perhaps as many more contained money or other inclosures of value, though not registered. The damage and distress involved by the loss of those 250 sacks of mail matter may hardly be calculated. How often do life and death hang upon the prompt arrival of a written message! The delay of such a communication for a week may cause the failure of a firm. Drafts and other paper representing large sums are in some of the missing letters. Only the other day a man wrote from Germany inquiring about a missive containing \$4000, which he had sent by post to this country. Fortunately, it had already been returned to him, the address being defective. Divers will seek for the mail of the Elbe. Presumably only a part of it will be recovered. The ship sank in water no so deep as to make the quest for the missing letter bags a hopeless one, but some of them are not unlikely to drift away with the currents of the tempestuous North Sea. When the Oregon went down in the harbor of New York, skillful men in diving gear had no difficulty in fetching up from the wreck 215 of the bags of mail which she carried. There were 598 sacks in all, but most of them floated off and out to sea. They were picked up during the next six months at various points along the Atlantic coast from Portland, Me., to Cape Hatteras.

IF RECOVERED.

Such mail as may be recovered from the Elbe will be forwarded immediately to New York, where it will be examined with a view to its delivery to the recipients at the earliest possible moment. Much of it will be reduced to the condition of paper mache; wrappers will have disappeared, and addresses will be beyond deciphering. What can not be made out will be treated by experts who have had experience in this sort of business. They accomplished wonders with the stuff that was brought from the Oregon, but few of the letters recovered falling to reach their intended recipients. The letters were first dried by furnace heat, while the packages and printed matter were spread out in the sun. The Oregon disaster occurred on March 7, 1886. All but 134 of her sacks of mail were saved by divers recovered as follows: 1. 1 sack, incidental to their inspection of the water-soaked stuff, it was discovered that the stuffing of jewelry and other dutiable articles in newspapers was being carried on to an extent previously unsuspected. Loose, fine handkerchiefs, and, more particularly, clean shirts, were being carried in this fashion in enormous quantities, evidently. No doubt the same sort of practice goes on to-day, for the Post Office authorities can do very little toward preventing it. It is not possible to examine every newspaper and parcel of printed matter for contraband goods.

ANOTHER GREAT LOSS.

Another great loss of mail at sea occurred in 1892, when, on the 31st day of January, the steamship Eider was wrecked off the Isle of Wight. She carried 387 sacks of postal matter, some of which would have been recovered probably but for the heroic behavior of William H. Hall, the postal clerk in charge. While the vessel was sinking and all was confusion, the passengers taking to the boats anxious only to preserve their own lives, he stood at the post office and got out the mail bags, all of which were forty-seven were safely landed. For this act Hall received a testimonial from the German Government. Two postal clerks lost their lives on board of the Elbe. The men who do this kind of service have no easy life. They are chosen from among the clerks who have had experience at post offices in the handling and sorting of foreign letters. The clerk in charge of a post office is usually ill-ventilated and too small for comfort—a room over the screw or opposite the steerage kitchen. Perhaps the quarters will measure 20x10 feet, with a case of sixty boxes for distributing mail at either side of the door. The carrier mail across the ocean has a completely equipped post office. Though crowded into small space, it is provided with everything of importance that is to be found in a post office on land. The clerk in charge is the postmaster of the sea post office. He must be proof against seasickness, and it is preferred that he shall be unmarried. On an average trip he has to sort 75,000 letters, and, in addition, the contents of perhaps fifty boxes of printed matter. With plenty of room and better facilities he could accomplish this task in a day or two, but conditions being unfavorable, more time is required. The sacks, on being placed aboard the ship, are put in the storage rooms, from which they are brought by the deck hands as they are wanted.

THE SEA POST OFFICE.

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S ENGLAND WORKS, 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the Liver, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.
In all Female Complaints are invaluable.
For Children and the aged they are preferable.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
Is an invaluable remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Itch, and all Skin Diseases. It is famous for its equal success in Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, and all Swellings. It is used like a Shave.

For Dealers of the Pills and Ointment, see list on page 10.

For those who wish to purchase direct, send for the Pills and Ointment, and all the particulars.

287 Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 78, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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NO LESS THAN 25,000 LETTERS WENT DOWN WITH THE ELBE.

Divers to Search for Mail—How the Lost Letters Will Be Treated if Recovered—The Sea Post Office—Hard Work for the Postal Clerks.

Twenty-five thousand letters at the bottom of the sea! No fewer, and possibly, twice that number went down with the Elbe. O these at least a couple of thousand were registered, and perhaps as many more contained money or other inclosures of value, though not registered. The damage and distress involved by the loss of those 250 sacks of mail matter may hardly be calculated. How often do life and death hang upon the prompt arrival of a written message! The delay of such a communication for a week may cause the failure of a firm. Drafts and other paper representing large sums are in some of the missing letters. Only the other day a man wrote from Germany inquiring about a missive containing \$4000, which he had sent by post to this country. Fortunately, it had already been returned to him, the address being defective. Divers will seek for the mail of the Elbe. Presumably only a part of it will be recovered. The ship sank in water no so deep as to make the quest for the missing letter bags a hopeless one, but some of them are not unlikely to drift away with the currents of the tempestuous North Sea. When the Oregon went down in the harbor of New York, skillful men in diving gear had no difficulty in fetching up from the wreck 215 of the bags of mail which she carried. There were 598 sacks in all, but most of them floated off and out to sea. They were picked up during the next six months at various points along the Atlantic coast from Portland, Me., to Cape Hatteras.

IF RECOVERED.

Such mail as may be recovered from the Elbe will be forwarded immediately to New York, where it will be examined with a view to its delivery to the recipients at the earliest possible moment. Much of it will be reduced to the condition of paper mache; wrappers will have disappeared, and addresses will be beyond deciphering. What can not be made out will be treated by experts who have had experience in this sort of business. They accomplished wonders with the stuff that was brought from the Oregon, but few of the letters recovered falling to reach their intended recipients. The letters were first dried by furnace heat, while the packages and printed matter were spread out in the sun. The Oregon disaster occurred on March 7, 1886. All but 134 of her sacks of mail were saved by divers recovered as follows: 1. 1 sack, incidental to their inspection of the water-soaked stuff, it was discovered that the stuffing of jewelry and other dutiable articles in newspapers was being carried on to an extent previously unsuspected. Loose, fine handkerchiefs, and, more particularly, clean shirts, were being carried in this fashion in enormous quantities, evidently. No doubt the same sort of practice goes on to-day, for the Post Office authorities can do very little toward preventing it. It is not possible to examine every newspaper and parcel of printed matter for contraband goods.

ANOTHER GREAT LOSS.

Another great loss of mail at sea occurred in 1892, when, on the 31st day of January, the steamship Eider was wrecked off the Isle of Wight. She carried 387 sacks of postal matter, some of which would have been recovered probably but for the heroic behavior of William H. Hall, the postal clerk in charge. While the vessel was sinking and all was confusion, the passengers taking to the boats anxious only to preserve their own lives, he stood at the post office and got out the mail bags, all of which were forty-seven were safely landed. For this act Hall received a testimonial from the German Government. Two postal clerks lost their lives on board of the Elbe. The men who do this kind of service have no easy life. They are chosen from among the clerks who have had experience at post offices in the handling and sorting of foreign letters. The clerk in charge of a post office is usually ill-ventilated and too small for comfort—a room over the screw or opposite the steerage kitchen. Perhaps the quarters will measure 20x10 feet, with a case of sixty boxes for distributing mail at either side of the door. The carrier mail across the ocean has a completely equipped post office. Though crowded into small space, it is provided with everything of importance that is to be found in a post office on land. The clerk in charge is the postmaster of the sea post office. He must be proof against seasickness, and it is preferred that he shall be unmarried. On an average trip he has to sort 75,000 letters, and, in addition, the contents of perhaps fifty boxes of printed matter. With plenty of room and better facilities he could accomplish this task in a day or two, but conditions being unfavorable, more time is required. The sacks, on being placed aboard the ship, are put in the storage rooms, from which they are brought by the deck hands as they are wanted.

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The sea post office on board of a ship of the North German Lloyd Line, such as the Elbe, has two clerks, one who speaks English and the other a German.