

Wrecked by A Local Gale

The Splendid Coaling Wharf at Oyster Bay Is Swept From the Piles

Loss by the Mishap Will Approximate Ten Thousand Dollars.

As a result of a purely local and terrific windstorm from the southwest, between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the new and principal wharf at the Danvers colliery bunkers at Oyster Bay (or Ladysmith as it has recently been christened) was carried away together with eight loaded cars, and the steamer Oscar narrowly escaped destruction in the general wreck.

There was happily neither personal injury, although several persons among them Mr. James Danvers—had been on the long wharf only a few moments prior to its collapse and thus narrowly escaped sharing its fate.

The fric of the unprecedented gale will involve a financial loss of perhaps \$10,000, while it may be that the loading of several colliers now about due may be slightly delayed through the unanticipated destruction of property.

First reports of the mishap received in the city credited a tidal wave with being the vehicle of devastation; investigation by the railway wire, however, gives a contradiction to this report, while verifying the first information as to the violence and fierce destructiveness of the gale.

Operations for the replacing of the long wharf, which had extended out from the end of the splendid bunkers a distance of 1,300 feet, have already been commenced by the crew of workmen on the scene and it is expected that a

The scene, which was captured on film, showed the damage being done by the wind. The wind was blowing from the north, and the damage to the wharf was severe. The wind was blowing from the north, and the damage to the wharf was severe. The wind was blowing from the north, and the damage to the wharf was severe.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT.
Sealers of the Geneva Picked Up by
Coasting Steamer and Landed in
San Francisco.

The appended story of three men in a boat, new edition, is clipped from the San Francisco Examiner, and will be reprinted with interest, where the pickpocket-sealers have their homes: "The steamer Noyo, which arrived this morning from the north, brought with her three men who had been picked up four miles from Greenwood in a small boat. They were part of the crew of the sealing schooner, which had run aground at the foot of

Geneva, who had put out to hunt sea Saturday afternoon. A dense fog came up and they lost sight of the Geneva about forty miles to the west of Greenwood. It was a little after 5 o'clock last night when the boat was sighted by the Noyo, and the weather was still foggy. The Noyo's captain thought at first that he was to be made the victim of an April fool joke, but he stopped anyhow. The men gave the names of Arthur Griffin, Charles Thorn and 'Scotty' Campbell.

She—You conceited thing! What led you to believe she thinks you "lovely?"

He—She told me last night I was "brilliant!"—Philadelphia Press.

FOR THE HONOR OF ENGLAND

England, mother of nations! Who shall declare thee old—

Steeped in luxurious languor, stifled 'neath
 the greed of gold?
 Does not thy early splendor burn to a cle
 er flame
 On fields where thy flag is carried by
 men who bear thy name?
 Troop upon troop they gather, thy lo
 and fearless sons,
 Rushing to death and danger—and each
 cheers as he runs;
 Leaving, perchance forever, kinsfolk
 child and wife.
 For the sake of the mother who bore th
 paying down life for life.

Scarce had the warning trumpet sound
Its dread alarms
Than the strength of a gallant nation
Sprang in an hour to arms.

From town and hamlet and village, from
Island and sea girt coast,
From palace and plow and workshop
There hurried the eager host;
He who had won Fate's prizes and he
Who had drawn her blanks,
From the man who marshals an army
To the drummer who serves the ranks,
Those who had cast behind them pleasure
And woman and lands.

and power and lands,
Those who gave all in giving the life
Take in their hands.

Nay, tho' they fare so proudly the price
glory is high:

Hearts that are rent to breaking, the
The poor no skill can dry,
The pitiful wall of orphans, the wide
desolate fears,
And grief that nothing can lighten
the march of the empty years.

Sickness, famine and fever, till life
poor at a gift,
And the living could almost envy the

And the living God was swift;
Or the bitter and awful phantom that
Of who will care for the children when
father is in his grave.

Think of it, O my brothers! You who
warm to-night
And gather your dear ones round you,
they go forth to fight;
From camp, from beleaguered city,
cannon and clash of steel,
From the din and the roar of battle
made you their last appeal!

Into your tenderest keeping those
they loved receive,
Lo! to your charge they left them, all
they had to leave;
Is not your safety purchased at the
of the blood they shed,
And the ancient honor of England
by the mighty dead?
—Christian Burke in the Pall Mall
sine.