

It is a remarkable fact that the chameleon, when blindfolded, loses the power to change its hues, and the entire body remains of a uniform tint.

William Burke, of Binghamton, N. Y., has been sent to jail for thirty days for using profane language in a public street. Since his incarceration he swears twice as much as ever, but his oaths are muttered under his breath.

The fish inspector at Chicago reports that, by actual count, there are 13,000,000 pounds of frozen fish in the city which have been in cold storage for five years. The fish, much of which is unfit for food, is sold in the ghetto on Friday afternoons for two cents a pound.

At the marriage of Miss Lalla Jordan to David Jennings Porter, in Greenville, S. C., a sudden death occurred immediately after the ceremony. While Mrs. John M. Jordan, the mother of the bride, was talking to her daughter, the old lady suddenly fell to the floor, and in a few moments was a corpse.

To abate the smoke nuisance in Chicago, it has been suggested to license stokers and firemen, so that they may be temporarily suspended when they grow careless, or have their licenses revoked when they allow clouds of smoke and soot to roll from the chimneys tops. Mechanical experts say that any boiler fit for the work required of it will produce little smoke if properly fired.

Professor Kaufmann of Breslau, in conferring the degree of doctor of philosophy on Fraulein Immerwahr, the first woman who has ever passed the examination at that university, said that he earnestly hoped study among women would "continue to be the exception with the few capable individuals, inasmuch as it was desirable that they should hold their primary and noblest calling of wife and mother."

The recent German census shows there are now thirty-three towns in the German empire with a population of over 100,000, exactly the same number as in the British Isles. Five years ago there were twenty-six, and at the establishment of the empire in 1871 only eight. Thirteen towns have a population of over 200,000, against eighteen in the British Isles; while seven have over 300,000, against nine in the United Kingdom.

The masters of English are not afraid to use homely words whose expressiveness more than offsets their plainness. Thus Lord Rosebery declares that England, in order to withstand international competition, must educate her youth, and he suggests sending "batches" of young men abroad to learn the best her rivals know. That honest word batch would have been passed over by a speaker less sure of his English, when speaking of an aggregation of individuals. In the use of language there is a happy medium between overfastidiousness, which weakens one's style, and out-and-out slang, which wrecks it completely.

Forefathers' day celebrations call forth annual eulogies of the men and women who founded New England, but they seldom suggest a better thought than that uttered by the New Bedford Standard. "If we are better than the fathers," it says, "it is because they did the best they could. If we have outgrown our narrownesses, it is because they tried to overcome the traditions with which their lives were handicapped. To the true descendant of the Pilgrim a gap in the genealogy matters nothing. It is the descent of spirit and purpose that counts—that of that spirit and purpose which determine to make tomorrow better than today as today is better than yesterday. Plymouth Rock and Burial Hill teach this lesson to New England and to the nation."

The Seattle spirit is a thing to admire and imitate. It was manifested when the secretary of the navy told a Seattle firm that their bid must be reduced to two hundred thousand dollars if they wanted a contract for one of the new battleships. That was final, and in many places the people would have said, "Too bad we've lost it!" and gone about their humdrum business. Not so in Seattle. The strong men of the city conferred; the builders offered to scale down their bid if their fellow citizens would divide the loss, and the Seattle business men promptly subscribed the hundred thousand dollars—and four thousand over. These things being understood, we fancy nobody will begrudge Seattle the contract which will so richly benefit the manufacturers, mechanics and tradesmen. She has demonstrated her possession of that public spirit by which a city grows great.

In connection with the trial of the regicide Bresci, one gruesome piece of evidence made use of at the trial was the bullet which had been extracted from the breast of King Humbert. Queen Marguerite, on hearing that the tragic relic was in the possession of the minister of justice, M. Gianturo, expressed a wish to have it. The minister of justice at first hesitated to send the sad souvenir to her majesty, but the queen insisted, and has accordingly received it from the hands of the keeper of the seals.

AWFUL DISASTER AT SEA.

Pacific Liner Sinks and 122 Persons Drown.

BIG VESSEL STRIKES A ROCK.

The Steamer City of Rio de Janeiro Wrecked in Entering San Francisco Harbor—Accident Due to a Fog—Consul Wildman Lost.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 25.—The steamer City of Rio de Janeiro was wrecked in entering the harbor and 122 of the 201 persons on board perished. The big Pacific mail liner struck on Fort Point Ledge, just outside the Golden Gate. The disaster was due to a fog which settled down about the ship after it had started from its anchorage. The explanation of the terrible loss of life is that the vessel sank in fifteen minutes after it struck, thus carrying down most of the small boats, which still hung on the davits. The passengers behaved well until the bow began to sink suddenly.

Wild Panic When Ship Sinks.

Then, when it was seen that the vessel was on the point of sinking, there was a wild panic. Men and women ran screaming to the boats, only to find them not lowered. Over 100 Chinese were huddled together below, dazed with terror. Many jumped overboard and were carried down by the suction of the steamer. All about was thick darkness, which probably prevented many from escaping. Few bodies have been recovered, as the tide runs swiftly out to sea where the vessel struck, and it is feared that most of the victims will never be found. The most prominent passenger on the steamer was Rounseville Wildman, United States Consul at Hongkong, who was accompanied by his wife and two children. All were drowned. The ship was in command of Pilot Frederick Jordan when it struck. He was rescued. Captain William Ward went down with his vessel.

Captain May Have Shot Himself.

One woman passenger, Mrs. Kate West, of San Francisco, stated later her belief that the captain committed suicide before the vessel went down. He had said during the voyage that he would blow out his brains sooner than bear the disgrace of a wreck. She insists he locked himself in his cabin shortly before the ship sank. Others also say the captain went into his cabin, but reports on this point do not agree. There are varying statements as to the conduct of the officers and crew. Some say that the officers and sailors were cool and conscientiously endeavoring to get out the boats and save as many passengers as possible, while others declare that as soon as the seriousness of the situation became apparent there was an end to discipline among the seamen, and that it was "every man for himself."

No Time to Lower Boat.

Conflicting accounts of the details of the disaster are told by survivors, but all agree on the statement that there was no time to get down the boats. The City of Rio de Janeiro was three days overdue from Hongkong via Honolulu when it arrived off the Heads last night, and the dense fog prevailing at the time induced Pilot Jordan to bring it to anchor until he could see his way clear through the gateway. It lay to until about 4:30 o'clock when the atmosphere cleared and it was started under a slow bell toward Point Bonita. All went well until 5:40 o'clock, when it struck. Most of the passengers were below at the time, and it is believed that many of them were drowned in their berths.

Wild Rush for the Boats.

There was not much confusion until fifteen minutes after striking, the bow of the vessel suddenly plunged under water. Then there was a wild rush for the boats. Two boats had already been lowered and others were getting away as rapidly as the trained discipline of the crew could prepare them. A thick fog enveloped everything, and as yet no sign had come from the life-saving stations. Darkness was all about, and with this added terror the people on the Rio had to cope.

One Boat Cleared.

One boat got clear of the vessel without damage. This contained Mrs. West, Mrs. Ripley, Chief Engineer Herlihy, Second Officer Coghlan, Frank Cramp, J. R. Russell, Storekeeper Borge, Water Tender D. Lenn, Quartermaster R. Mathieson and Captain Hecht of the German navy. The boat after getting clear, stood by to help in picking up those who had no time to get into the boats and were in the water. Another boat, containing Third Officer Holland and J. K. Carpenter, also got away, but was drifted around close up under the bow of the steamer. As the forward end of the vessel plunged downward the prow caught the small boat and cut it in two. The two men in the boat were uninjured, and swam away from the sinking steamer just in time to avoid being caught in the swirl of water caused by the settling of the big ship. Carpenter was picked up by the other boat. The fate of Holland is not known, but he is supposed to have perished.

The first news of the disaster reached here at 7:30 o'clock a. m., and soon afterward a boat of rescued passengers and petty officers arrived at the mall dock.

Tugs Reach Scene Too Late.

Tugs were immediately dispatched to render any service that might be needed, but no living persons were afloat when they reached the wreck. A number of drowning persons were

rescued by Italian fishermen, and the bodies of two white women, three Chinese, and a Japanese were brought in by the tugs. The search for more of the victims continued all day. The wreck lies about three-fourths of a mile south of Fort Point, and about a thousand yards off the rocky shore. The smokestack and a portion of the upper works of the steamer are visible. The cargo of the Rio de Janeiro was valued at more than \$500,000. There was besides \$600,000 in treasure in the specie tank. The steamer itself was valued at from \$650,000 to \$700,000.

Ohio Student Shot in the Leg.

Springfield, O., Feb. 25.—The war between the "frat" and "non-frat" men at Wittenberg college broke out again, resulting in G. H. Myers being shot in the left leg. A crowd of students, thinking that George E. McCord of Nokomis, Ill., was attending a lecture, visited his room on a little "stacking" matinee. They bored a hole in the door in their endeavors to enter the room, when all of a sudden McCord blazed away with his revolver through the lower panel, hitting Myers. The faculty has begun an investigation and is still in session. It is probable some students will be made an example of.

The Blizzard in Michigan.

St. Joseph, Mich., Feb. 25.—The worst blizzard of the season, accompanied by a northwest gale, prevailed here for twenty hours. All freight trains on the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa railroad are imprisoned by a wall of snow that collected during the night in Gallen Cut, twenty miles south of this city. Trains are blocked at each end of the cut, and all trains on the Michigan division between South Bend and this city were blocked until noon.

Kicked and Broke His Neck.

Deshler, Neb., Feb. 25.—August Koerwitz, a German farmer living north of here, broke his neck while kicking at a vicious dog. Koerwitz had just come to town and hitched his team. He started to cross the street, when the dog ran at him. The farmer made a vigorous kick. The ground was icy, and Koerwitz slipped and fell backward, breaking his neck. He died instantly. Koerwitz was 50 years old.

Tokyo Hospital Is Burned.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 23.—Mail advices received here from the Orient report that the hospital attached to the Tokyo University was burned Jan. 29, and twenty-one patients were burned to death and ten patients and eleven nurses and attendants injured. It was a wooden structure, and there were ninety-six patients in it at the time of the fire, which burned from 4 to 6 a. m. The hospital was for the treatment of particular laterals.

Indiana Girl to a Bed.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 25.—The session of the senatorial committee of the Indiana legislature investigating the Indiana Industrial School for Girls and Women's Prison was marked by testimony of the same sensational character that has marked the sessions all along. Nora Hardin testified that she had been whipped and taken to an attic, handcuffed to a bed and left there a day and a half without food or attention of any kind.

Union Iron Works Sued.

San Francisco, Feb. 23.—Eight suits have been instituted in the United States District court against the Union Iron Works by Edward Rosenberg, secretary of the Labor Council of San Francisco, asking the sum of \$1,000 in each case and alleging that the Union Iron Works had brought eight copper-smiths to this country under contract, paying the expenses of such laborers from their homes to San Francisco.

Must Answer for Old Murder.

Washington, Ind., Feb. 25.—George and John Reeves, charged with murdering Deputy Sheriff John E. Gardner and William Cox in Dubois county June 1, 1885, are now confined in the county jail at Jasper, Sheriff Herman Castrup and a deputy having received the prisoners yesterday afternoon from the authorities at Frankfort, Ky., where they had just been released from the penitentiary.

Tesla Is to Make a Test.

New York, Feb. 23.—According to the Tribune's London correspondent, Nikola Tesla will test his system of transatlantic wireless telegraphy along the fortieth parallel, from the coast of New Jersey to the coast of Portugal. James Galbraith of New York left London last night for Lisbon, with the electrical apparatus to be used in connection with the trial.

Rehearsal Quits Down.

Vienna, Feb. 23.—In the rehearsal the opening scenes promised to necessitate the suspension of the sitting; but, after brief, tumultuous demonstrations by the Czechs against the president, on his refusal to accept non-German interpellations, the house passed to the discussion of other matters.

Find More Bodies at Trenton.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 25.—Three more bodies were found in the ruins of the wreck on the Camden & Amboy division of the Pennsylvania railroad. It is now known that eleven persons were killed and twenty-five injured, and that there are now four missing.

Fierce Blaze in Printing House.

Chicago, Feb. 25.—Ice coated from head to foot, Chief Swenick and his men fought a fierce fire in the six-story building in Harrison street, extending from Dearborn street to Plymouth Place. The loss was about \$55,000. Everything in the building was destroyed.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

On Christian Heroism.—The Great Reward That Comes to the Faithful Soldier of the Cross—Heroes and Martyrs of Everyday Life.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfch.)

Washington, Feb. 24.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The text is Galatians vi., 17, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted and to their dying day they will have a sacrifice of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt; but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they once were than rubescence is emaciation, than balm is vitriol, than noonday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong which they must perpetually resist they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, deep scars, ignoble scars.

But Paul in my text shows us a scarification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourgings and shipwrecks and maltreatment by mobs. In my text he shows those scars as he declares, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Notice that it is not wounds, but scars, and a scar is a healed wound. Before the scar is well defined upon the flesh the inflammation must have departed and right circulation must have been restored and new tissue must have been formed. It is a permanent indentation of the flesh—a cicatrix. Paul did well to show those scars. They were positive and indisputable proof that with all his body, mind and soul he believed what he said. They were his diploma, showing that he had graduated from the school of hardship for Christ. They were credentials proving his right to lead in the world's evangelization.

Not Ashamed of Scars.

Men are not ashamed of scars got in battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him, "Where did you get that gash across your forehead?" and he can answer, "That was from a saber cut at San Juan." When you ask some German, "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say, "I lost it at Sedan." When you ask an Italian, "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer, "I suffered that in the last battle under our glorious General Garibaldi." But I remind you of the fact that there are scars not got in war which are just as illustrious. We had in this country years ago an eminent advocate who was called into the presidential cabinet at attorney general. In mid-life he was in a Philadelphia courtroom engaged in an important trial. The attorney on the opposite side of the case got irritated and angry and in a most brutal manner referred to the distinguished attorney's disfigured face, a face more deeply scarred than any face I ever saw. The legal hero of whom I am speaking in his closing argument said: "Gentlemen of the jury, when I was a little child I was playing with my sister in the nursery, and her clothes caught fire, and I ran to her to put out the fire. I succeeded, but I myself took fire, and before it was extinguished my face was awfully burned and as black as the heart of the scoundrelly counsel who on the other side of the case has referred to my misfortune." The eminent attorney of whom I speak carried all his life the honorable scar of his sister's rescue.

Reading a Family.

But why do we go so far for illustration, when I could take right out of the memories of some whom I address instances just as appropriate? To rear a child for God and heaven a large family of children in that country home was a mighty undertaking. Far away from the village doctor, the curer must contain the herbs for the cure of all kinds of disorders. Through all infantile complaints the children of that family went. They missed nothing in the way of childish disorders. Busy all day was the mother in every form of housework and twenty times a night called up by the children all down at the same time with the same contagion. Her hair is white a long while before it is time for snow. Her shoulders are bent long before the appropriate time for stooping. Spectacles are adjusted, some for close by and some for far off, years before you would have supposed her eyes would need reinforcement. Here and there is a short grave in her pathway, this headstone bearing the name of this child and another headstone bearing the name of another child. Hardly one bereavement lifts its shadow than another bereavement drops one. After thirty years of wifehood and motherhood the paths turn toward the setting sun. She cannot walk so far as she used to. Colds caught hang on longer than formerly. Some of the children are in the heavenly world, for which they were well prepared through maternal fidelity, and others are out in this world doing honor to a Christian ancestry.

Martyrs All Around Us.

People think they must look for martyrs on battlefields or go through a history to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service. In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body. In committee rooms, in consultations that involve the welfare of the nation, under the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. In almost every village of the country you find some broken down state or national official. After exhausting himself in the public service, rough American politics kicks him out of congress or cabinet or legislative hall, and he goes into comparative obscurity and comparative want, for he has been long enough away from home to lose his professional opportunities. No man that was ever put to death by sword or instrument of torture was more of a martyr than that man who has been wrung to death by the demands of official position. The scars may not be visible, for these are scars on the brain and scars on the nerves and scars on the heart, but nevertheless are they scars, and God counts them, and their reward will be abundant.

The Unseen Scars.

In all lands there are veterans of war who may not have had their face scraped with one bullet or their foot lamed by one bursting shell and who could not roll up their sleeve and show you one mark suggestive of battle, yet carry with them weaknesses got in exposures to disease along malarial swamps or from many miles of marching, and ever and anon they feel a twinge of pain, each recurrence of which is sharper or more lasting, until after awhile they will be captured for the tomb by disorders which started 20 or 30 or 40 years before. And their scars are all unseen by human eyes. But those people are as certainly the victims of war as though they had been thrust through with a cavalryman's lance. What I want to make out is that there are scars which are never counted except as God counts them, and I want to enlarge your sympathies.

There is a woman who has suffered domestic injustice of which there is no cognizance. She says nothing about it.

An inquisitor's machine of torture could not wring from her the story of domestic woe. Ever since the day of orange blossoms and long white veil she has done her full duty and received for it harshness and blame and neglect. The marriage ring, that was supposed to be a sign of unending affection, has turned out to be one link of a chain of horrible servitude. A wreath of nettle and nightshade of brightest form would have been a more accurate prophecy. There are those who find it hard to believe that there is such a place as hell, but you could go right into it in any community and find more than one hell of domestic torment. There is no escape for that woman but the grave, and that, compared with the life she now lives, will be an arbor of jasmine and of the humming bird's song poured into the ear of the honeysuckle. Scars! If there be none on the brow showing where he struck her arriving home from midnight carousal, nevertheless there are scars all up and down her injured and immortal soul which will be remembered on the day when there shall leap forth for her avengement the live thunderbolts of an incensed God. When we see a veteran in any land who has lost a limb in battle, our sympathies are stirred. But, oh, how many have in the domestic realm lost their life and yet are denied a pillow of dust on which to slumber? Better enlarge your roll of martyrs. Better adopt a new mode of counting human sacrifices. A broken bone is not half as bad as a broken heart.

Marks of Christian Service.

There are many who can, in the same sense that Paul uttered it, say, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"—that is, for the sake of Christ and his cause they carry scars which keep their indenture through all time and all eternity. Do you think that Paul was accurate when he said that? If you have studied his career, you have no doubt of it. In his youth he learned how to fashion the hair of the Cilician goat into canvas, a quiet trade, and then went to college, the president of which was Gamaliel, an institution which scholars say could not have been very thorough because of what they call Paul's imperfect command of Greek syntax. But his history became exciting on the road to Damascus, where he was unhorsed and blinded. His conversion was a convulsion. Whether that fall from the horse may have left a mark upon him I know not, but the mob soon took after him and flogged and imprisoned and maltreated him until he had scars more than enough to assure the truthfulness of his utterance, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

All of Paul's sufferings was for Christ's sake. He had intellectual powers which could have achieved for him all worldly successes. You see what he could do in a courtroom when with extemporaneous speech he made the judicial bench tremble; when on Mars hill he confounded the Athenian critics; when he preached amid the excitement of a tumbling penitentiary; when in a storm at sea he took command of the ship, the only one on board cool headed. With his inspired logic, and his courage of utterance, and his power of illustration, and his capacity to move audiences, and his spirit of defiance, there was no height of worldly power he might not have gained.

Army of Christian Soldiers.

All ye who bear in your body the marks of the Lord Jesus, have you

thought what use those marks will be in the heavenly world? What source of glorious reminiscence! In that world you will sit together and talk over earthly experiences. "Where did you get that scar?" "saint will say to saint, and there will come back a story of hardship and struggle and persecution and wounds and victory through the grace of the gospel. Another spirit will say to listening spirit, "Where did you get that hurt so plainly marked?" And the answer will be: "Oh, that was one of the worst hurts I ever had. That was a broken friendship. We were in sweetest accord for years, together in joy and sorrow. What one thought the other thought. We were David and Jonathan. But our personal interests parted, and our friendship broke, never to be renewed on earth. But we have made it all up here, and misunderstandings are gone, and we are in the same heaven, on neighboring thrones, in neighboring castles, on the banks of the same river."

Practical Application.

Now what is the practical use of this subject? It is the cultivation of Christian heroism. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no danger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and brave satanic assault when there is something aggressive and bold and dangerous to be undertaken for God and righteousness. And if we happen to get bit what an ado we make about it! We all need more of the stuff that martyrs are made out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy recklessness as to what the world may say and do in any crisis of our life. Be right and do right, and all earth and hell combined cannot put you down.

The same little missionary who wrote my text also uttered that piled up magnificence to be found in those words which ring like battle axes on splitting helmets: "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us, for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How do you like that, you cowards, who shrink back from aggressive work and if so much as a splinter pierce your flesh cry out louder than many a one torn in auto da fe? Many a soldier has gone through a long war, been in twenty battles, led a regiment up a hill mounted by cannon and swept by musketry and yet came home without having been once hit and without a mark upon him. But it will not be so among those who pass in the grand review of heaven. They have all in the holy wars been wounded, and all bear scars. And what would the newly arrived in heaven do with nothing to show that he had ever been struck by human or diabolic weaponry? How embarrassed and eccentric such an one in such a place! Surely he would want to be excused awhile from the heavenly ranks and be permitted to descend to earth, crying, "Give me another chance to do something worthy of an immortal. Show me some post of danger to be stormed, some difficult charge to make. Like Leonidas at Thermopylae, like Miltiades at Marathon, like Marlborough at Blenheim, like Godfrey at Jerusalem, like Winkelried at Sempach gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others, show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I can not go back to heaven until somewhere I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." My hearer, my reader, quit complaining about your misfortunes and disappointments and troubles and through all time and all eternity thank God for scars!

A HISTORIC HOME.

Rousseau's Famous "Les Charmettes" Ready for a Purchaser.

In all literature there is hardly any house more famous than Les Charmettes, that modest dwelling in Chambéry where Jean Jacques Rousseau, the renowned French philosopher, spent the happiest years of his life, and therefore it is no wonder that the reading public of Europe was considerably surprised and somewhat shocked when it heard the other day that it had been advertised for sale, says the St. Louis Star. The advertisement read as follows: "For Sale—Les Charmettes, the historic home of Jean Jacques Rousseau, together with furniture, fields, and orchard." In 1600 the house was built, but it first became historic on July 6, 1738, that being the day on which Mme. de Warens, Rousseau's friend, purchased it, together with "a barn, meadowland, orchard, plowland, vineyard, two oxen, two cows, ten sheep, seven hens, and a cock." The new owner occupied it at once and Rousseau joined her there later in the same year. Of his life there one of his French biographers says: "To Mme. de Warens the world is infinitely indebted, since it was she who provided this man, the son of a Geneva watchmaker, with a home in which he had ample opportunity to improve himself and to develop his many talents. Since 1732, the year in which Rousseau's "Confessions" were published, Les Charmettes has been a Mecca for thousands of his admirers from all parts of the world, not a year since that time passing in which hundreds have not visited it and reverently taken away from the little flower garden some buds or leaves in memory of him.

Nature knows no pause in progress, and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction.—Goethe.