

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### What Becomes of the Sun?

BY BERNICE E. NEWELL.

"Where does the sun go, mamma, when he drops behind the sea? What does he do all the long, dark night, while he hides away from me?"

"I'm very sure if he'd only stay and shine, as he does in the day, that I'd never get sleepy—no, never! But he would just play, and play, and play."

Does he go down, down in the water to cool him, I wonder, I guess. He finds it pretty warm these days. To make the sweet summer, yes.

I'm certain he likes to rest there. Down deep where the fishes play; But how does he know when 'tis time again To start on another day?

Dear me! I shall watch him closer. I wish I could only keep Awake just one night, and follow His gait, shiny face down the deep— See there! Down he goes! How provoking. That now I must go off to sleep!

### PRETTY VOICE EAGLE'S GIFT.

It was early in March, and I had been in to the fort on a little visit, and was on my return, horse-back. The weather had been warm for several days, and the snow had melted, except in the ravines, where it had bedded up solidly, to all appearances; but under the crust was water, mud and slush, making anything but a comfortable mess to get into, with a nervous, high-strung horse such as "Blue."

I had looked forward to the long ride with anything but pleasure in the first place; but now that spring had come, with its attendant warm winds, called "the chinook," which had converted the vast fields of snow and ice into a soggy, treacherous mess, it was wretched traveling indeed, and my spirits were anything but lively. Having gained the summit of the first ridge of hills, I looked back toward the fort, the buildings of which reflected back the first rays of the sun, and then down into the valley of the ice-locked Missouri, the solid bosom of which still resisted the approach of spring, sparkling and glistening as it gave back the cold gleam of the light.

With one last look at civilization, Blue turned his head, and on we went as well we might, on toward the valley of the Grand river, which lay at the end of forty miles of road. Not a house was between us and our destination, and it was a question if we would meet a living thing in all that distance. As I rode up a hill, from the top of which I could see several miles ahead across the prairie, I noticed wagon tracks off to the right of the road some distance and which I had not seen before. Looking carefully along the trail, which led off down the gully, I finally discovered a spot some distance ahead, which I took to be a wagon.

Glad of the relief, for it promised at least a little sight from the monotony of the ride, I urged Blue on, and in a short time we had plowed our way through the drifts and caught up with the wagon, which appeared to be stationary, as indeed it soon proved to be. Before I reached it, I found that it was my friend, "Pretty Voice Eagle," one of our Indian policemen, with his family, stuck hard and fast in the snow. The ponies composing his team were utterly exhausted and could pull no more, and there they were.

His wife and papoose, together with her sixteen-year-old daughter, "Rainbow," and little son, were high and dry upon a little knoll to the right, with the tepee and poles and all the rest of the plunder, which they had unloaded from the wagon, while down below "Pretty Voice Eagle" exhorted and struggled with the ponies, which he had fastened by a long rope to the end of the wagon tongue, so that they could get a footing on more solid ground. But in spite of their efforts, the bed of the wagon remained immovable in the snow and slush.

No sooner did he sight me than he dropped the whip with which he had been trying to stimulate his broken-down team, and welcomed me most effusively, calling out, "How, Kola Canege!" trying to impress on me the gravity of the situation. At this point one of the melancholy-looking ponies heaved a sigh and dropped like a log. A wall went up from the entire family, and for a while the air was filled with their lamentations; but old Pretty Voice Eagle wasn't going to waste any sentiment or time on such an affair as that, for coming up to me he said:

"Let me put your horse in and we can pull the wagon out."

For a moment I hesitated, and then was lost. Taking Blue further up on the knoll, I took off the saddle and blanket and turned them over to the care of the family, who had hushed their grief and were eagerly watching this new phase of the matter. Then Pretty Voice Eagle gave the horse that was down a resounding kick, that echoed amidst the labyrinth of ribs on the poor brute as if it had been a drum. At any rate the horse got up and staggered off. In a trice Blue had taken its place, and we were about ready to begin active operations.

"Now, Pretty Voice Eagle, you wait," said I, "until I can get back and raise on the hub of the wheel. Then you give a yell, and we will try and start it."

He solemnly assured me that he would do his part, and I picked my way back to where the stalled wagon lay, up to the hubs of the hind wheels, where they had broken through the packed snow, and were settling further into the mud and water. Bracing my feet as well as I could, and getting a firm grip on the hub, I called "All right!" and gave a mighty tug. I have a confused recollection of an appalling yell cracking the air, a vista of flying wagon wheels and other stuff, and then found myself struggling in the slush and mud up to my waist. Recovering, I tried to shake the particles of snow and ice off as well as I could, and floundered up the hillside, and there caught a glimpse of Blue clearing the last ridge, dragging his pony mate, wagon, Pretty Voice Eagle and all in one mad rush for Grand river. The entire family were pursuing, and howling in all keys, with variations.

On gaining the top of the hill, I found the procession had finally stopped just on the other side, and it was with a great feeling of relief that I found Blue safe and sound after his spurt. But Pretty Voice Eagle said:

"Canege, let me drive your horse in, and you ride in the wagon!"

But this did not suit me at all, and I told him he would have to wait there until his horse was strong enough to go on, and then

to come to camp. After a short rest I pushed on, leaving Pretty Voice Eagle and his family gazing disconsolately after us, and just at dark rode down the hill into camp.

The next afternoon Pretty Voice Eagle came in, and as soon as he had hitched his horses he came over to see me, leaving his wife to put up the tepee, build the fire and do the rest of the work. He came in, calling out, "How! How!" telling me how glad his heart was and what a good friend I was to him, and then asked me to give him some tobacco and papers, so he could make some cigarettes. Wishing to get rid of him on any terms, I gave him about half a pound of tobacco, and off he went. Every day or two he would come around asking for different things, until finally, in self-defense, I had to be out every time he called. Things ran along this way for quite a while, until one day I missed his genial presence, and was told that he had gone on a hunt, to be gone some time.

I was sitting on my steps one evening in the latter part of May, looking over at the hills, which were just growing green, and watching the tepees which were going up on all sides. The Indians were out gathering wild turnips, and all the women and young girls were busy digging and drying them for use later on. I saw a white-topped wagon coming around the hill, and a few moments later was heard the harsh, discordant voice of my long-lost friend Pretty Voice Eagle. He had come in from his hunting trip and was with us once more.

Visions of his begging propensities flitted through my mind, and I hastily went through the house, removing all traces of tobacco, candles, coal-oil, or anything else that might attract his eagle eye, and which would call forth a request for the same from his ever-ready tongue. I had hardly got through secreting my things, when up rode two good friends from the fort, Lieutenants W— and S—, to spend the night with me. Their welcome appearance dissipated, to a great extent, my apprehensions about Pretty Voice Eagle, and we were soon in the midst of gossip of the outer world, I having seen no one from the post since my visit in March.

Just at this point, who should come stalking triumphantly in but Pretty Voice Eagle, bearing proudly before him two magnificent antelope hams, as a present for his good friend, Canege. Lieut. S— jumped up eagerly, and relieved him of his burden, amidst general rejoicing, and presented our liberal friend with a cigarette. How ready I was to forgive him all his past little begging expeditions, and was sorry I spoke, or ever cherished secretly, hard feelings against a man who could drop in with some thirty pounds of fresh antelope meat at the right time.

And what a supper we had! The memory will long remain of that little supper eaten in the wilds of Dakota, with S— and W—, and Pretty Voice Eagle and his son, who came after us, and left not a single thing on the table to tell the tale. And when we had finally settled for the evening and the tobacco went around, how loud we were in our praises of the appreciation of favors, as shown by our friend Pretty Voice Eagle, and Lieut. W— wanted to get up on the spot and make him a speech to that effect. But as Pretty Voice Eagle would have been just as much in the dark as to what it was all about (for he knew no English) after he had finished as he was before he began, we omitted the speech; but Lieut. S— gave him a lot more cigarettes, and he went away after awhile with a light and blithe heart and heavy stomach.

About four months after this I dropped in at the little trader's store, not far from the ranch, and found Pretty Voice Eagle trading there. I had not seen him for some time, and I thought his greeting, more affectionate than usual, was not absolutely necessary, but I sat down on a trunk in the corner and watched his bargaining with the storekeeper. He had no money or checks, but was evidently on a trade, pure and simple, as he wanted to dispose of two little muskmelons for thread and beads, so his wife could make him some moccasins. I could catch my own name once in awhile, but could make nothing out of it. At any rate there was a very earnest talk going on between the clerk and himself, which finally ended in the clerk asking me if Pretty Voice Eagle had ever given me any antelope meat.

"Yes," I said, "my good friend Pretty Voice Eagle had made my heart glad, some time before, by giving me two nice antelope hams, and I appreciated it very much."

Some more talk passed between them, and then the clerk said to me: "He wants you to pay him for it now."

"Why," I responded, "I thought that was a present to me, for all I have given him, and done for him, too?"

But no, Pretty Voice Eagle had no recollection of my ever giving him anything, so I had to pay him then and there for his "gift."

### The Era of Appendicitis.

The cholera ghost has gone and a new disease is now raging with unprecedented violence. It bears the formidable name of appendicitis, because it has to do with the "appendix vermiformis," a little blind alley in the human department of the interior, which is supposed to be the rudiments of the second stomach, which our evolutionary ancestors had in the ages of geological change and development. Why they didn't take the second stomach away with them when they departed this life is a mystery, and why they left it to their heirs is another mystery. For, located where it is, this little blind alley is continually threatening to make swallowed things go down the wrong way, and to get caught in a corner where they cause irritation, surgical operations, or death, and sometimes surgical operations and death.

Just at present the vermiform appendix seems to be unusually active. We say seems to be, rather than is, because, having always been there since man began to eat fruits with seeds in them, it is probably not doing any more harm than it has done in the past. But when a man has a pain in the region of his watch fob, it is now the fashion to say he has the new disease with the long name, just as it was fashionable to call it malaria or nervous prostration or a grippe two or three years ago when anybody had anything. The run which appendicitis is having just now may be another indication that it is the same general complaint that changes its name every two or three years, and that the way to keep well is to breathe fresh air, not the carbonic acid of bad ventilation, for after all, nature loves us and rewards us with health if we are true to her.

## HOUSEHOLD.

### What They Say.

Dear little May went out one day, Into the old barnyard to play; Among the animals she walked, And this, she says, is how they talked.

"Moo, moo," said the cow, "moo, moo, I give nice sweet milk to you; Butter and cheese from me you get. Beef and tallow, an' a more things yet; Without my help what would you do? Moo, moo," said the cow, "moo, moo."

"Baa, baa," said the sheep, "baa, baa, I give soft wool, that your mamma May make your socks and mittens warm. To shield you from the wintry storm. Without my aid you ne'er could keep So warm. Baa, baa," said the sheep.

"Cluck, cluck," said the hen, "cluck cluck, As up her saucy head she stuck. 'Lots of eggs for you I lay. A nice fresh egg, day after day; You could not do without me then. Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck," said Mrs. Hen.

"Quack, quack," said the duck, "quack, quack, I'm sure that I need not stand back. For I too lay you eggs so fine. And are hens' eggs as large as mine? If one of us you'd have to lack, I think I'm not the one. Quack, quack."

"Bow, wow," said the dog, "bow, wow, Dear little miss, I'll tell you how I watch and guard your house for you. And take care of your barnyard too. Of duck and hen, of sheep and cow. Bow, wow," said the dog, "bow, wow."

Then little May, in her sweet way, Brought for the cow a wisp of hay; Some fresh grass for the sheep she found, And corn she scattered on the ground. For hen and duck, with loving thought, A bone to Rover then she brought. With word of praise. And thus she showed To all the hearty thanks she owed.

### Personal Cleanliness.

A conscientious mother realizes the necessity of impressing upon the minds of her children the importance of personal cleanliness. The closest surveillance is required to nip in the bud partly formed habits that threaten to injure the health of the little ones committed to our care. Some children are particularly adverse to cultivating habits of cleanliness, and the exhaustion that often follows the excitement and discussions that take place before and during the bathing process, tempts many mothers to postpone indefinitely the daily treatment that insures perfect health.

Every child should be supplied with a tooth, nail and flesh brush, and they should also be taught how to use them properly. They should be made to understand that swift and sure punishment will follow neglect of these important duties. Teeth should be brushed at least twice a day, and the finger nails cleaned whenever the space under the nail is filled with particles.

A child may be, to use a homely expression, "up to his eyes in dirt," but vigorous scrubbing with a soft flesh brush, will quickly remove every particle of dirt and make the skin clean, firm and rosy.

A great point is gained when children can be induced to listen attentively to illustrative stories on the subject of cleanliness. We know a certain boy who, to use the words of a relative, "chronically dirty." This boy was very much impressed with a story about a lad who never cleaned or purified his finger nails. One day, while romping with his sister, one of his nails scratched the flesh on her arm. In less than ten hours the inflammation was so great that blood poisoning set in and in a few days a loved sister passed away—a veritable victim to uncleanness.

A child who was in the habit of picking and rubbing his nose, communicated the bacterial poison to the sensitive skin around the nostrils, and for many weeks the child's head and face were covered with festering sores.

Personal cleanliness is a duty that should be taught both at home and at school, and a vast amount of good will be accomplished when parents and teachers insist upon the cultivation of habits that promote health and happiness.

### The Pansy Bed.

There are few flowers that grow so near the popular heart as do the pansies, and there are few that so well deserve the place.

If they have been well cared for in the fall, they will be the first to bloom in the spring; lifting their sunny faces almost as soon as the snow disappears, and will bloom on uninterrupted until after severe frosts in the fall. They produce a greater profusion of flowers continuously, and for a longer period than any other flower in our garden beds.

They require a rich, mellow soil and considerable moisture, and will delight in the full sunshine, if the supply of water does not fail. Pansies grown in the sun are stronger, and produce larger and finer flowers, besides a greater number of them, than will those grown in the shade.

The bed for pansies should be prepared in the latter part of summer, or early autumn, according to the locality, and the plants set early enough so that they may become thoroughly established before severe frosts. Pansies are cold weather plants and enjoy the cool days and nights of autumn.

After the first severe frosts the beds should be covered with evergreen boughs that the plants may not be smothered—then with a covering of straw and dry leaves, or other coarse litter, until early spring.

The bed should be well enriched with old, well decayed stable manure, or compost made fine and mellow to the depth of one foot. It can hardly be too rich; pansies are gross feeders.

The seed chosen should be the best. That is, it should be procured from a reliable dealer, and must be fresh.

If the bed is made in the fall, the seed may be sown out of doors, in boxes, pots or pans. The soil must be kept moist. As soon as the young plants are strong enough to bear transplanting, they may be removed to the open ground, and set at least six inches apart each way.

They should be transplanted in cloudy or damp weather, and shaded for a few days.

If the bed is to be made in the spring the plants should be sown early in the house, or in a hot-bed, or they may be bought by the dozen from the florist.

They may be set in the open ground as soon as all danger of severe frost is over. They are very hardy, but the plants grown under glass will not endure frost, until they have become hardened by out of door growth.

In dry weather they should be watered thoroughly at least three times each week, and will be benefited by a sprinkling every night beside the regular watering.

By mid-summer they may have a liberal application of some liquid fertilizer as often as once a week, applied while the soil is moist from recent watering, or from rains. This should not be poured over the foliage unless the plants are afterwards well sprinkled with clear water—it should be applied to the roots; or rather, the soil about the roots.

Cared for in this way pansies develop a decided fragrance; and the bed will be a wonder and delight to all who see it.

The plants, to do their best both in number and size of blossoms, should not be allowed to form or ripen seed. Each flower should be picked off as soon as it fades. Eternal vigilance in this direction will be well rewarded.

### Tried Receipts.

Splits.—A Supper Dish.—Very early in the morning make a sponge by dissolving one cake of yeast in a cup of luke warm water, (cold water in summer) stir into it flour enough to make a stiff batter, and set it to rise in a warm place. When well risen, pour it to one quart of flour, to which has been added a teaspoonful of salt; then add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, creamed with a light half cup of sugar; and two eggs well beaten, with same quantity of sugar. Mix all thoroughly together, adding enough lukewarm milk to make a dough just soft enough to handle comfortably. Put it to rise; when risen, if too soft to handle, work in a little flour, but be careful to keep the dough very soft. Roll it out very thin and cut into shapes with a biscuit-cutter; put two together, having put melted butter between and on top of each. Set them to rise, giving them room enough in the pan, not to touch when they have risen. As soon as they are light, bake as you would cake, having a very moderate fire to start with. If you wish to vary the shape, cut them as large as a saucer, and double half over."

To Cook Hog's Head.—Take a head, after it has been cleaned and salted, and boil it until it is done enough for the bones to be pulled out easily. Take off the lean meat, and most of the fat from the skin. Leave the fat only about a quarter-inch thick on the skin. Chop the meat very fine, lean and fat together. Season with pepper, salt and a little sage. Then mix it thoroughly and lay it on the skin, and roll it up carefully into a nice shape. Flatten down all the edges of the skin, and smooth all irregularities of shape. Fasten it securely in place, with strings, but do not tie them so tightly as to make unsightly marks. All this should be done while the meat is still warm. When it is cold, take the strings off, and it will be found solid and shapely. It must be served on a flat dish and garnished with parsley. An excellent dish for luncheon or supper.

Salmi of Quail.—Cut the nicest pieces from cold quail and set them aside. Take the bones, gravy, and all the odds and ends, and put them in a sauce-pan with a pint of water, one small onion minced fine, and a bunch of sweet herbs; let them stew, closely covered, for one hour. If you have no gravy, add a few pieces of pork; then skin and strain, and return it to the fire. Add a little sherry, lemon juice and nutmeg; thicken with browned flour, if necessary, and pour over the reserved pieces, which must be in another sauce-pan which has been kept warm. Put it on the fire until it is smoking hot, but do not let it boil. Arrange the pieces of bird in a heap upon the dish and pour the gravy over it.

Irish Potato Soup.—Take four moderate sized Irish potatoes and boil them in the usual way; then peel and mash with a fork until light. Put a quart of sweet milk on the fire and when it boils, take a part of it and mix with the potatoes until they are thin and free from lumps, then stir this mixture into the boiling milk. Add salt and pepper to the taste, and three or four sprigs of parsley. If onion is liked, boil a small one, chop it fine and add it. Use your judgment about the thickness of the soup, using more or less potato. Just before the soup is served, add one heaping teaspoonful of butter.

Sweet Potato Rolls.—Boil two or three sweet potatoes until they are soft; peel them, then mash them through a sieve. Take a coffee cup full of the potato, add to it one egg, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one cake of yeast that has been dissolved in a half cup of warm water; beat these ingredients together. Have ready about three parts of a quart of flour that has been previously warmed; pour the mixture into it and knead lightly until it is a smooth dough. This dough must be very soft. Put it in a warm place to rise; when risen, put it into a tray with some flour, and roll it around in the flour, but without kneading it; then pinch off small pieces and make out the rolls, putting them in a greased pan, and set them to rise. As soon as they are light, bake them in a rather quick oven. There cannot be any bread more delicious for breakfast.

Biscuit.—Sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt in one quart of flour, and rub thoroughly into a heaping tablespoonful of lard or butter. Use as much cold water as will make a very stiff dough; and then beat the dough until it is soft and pliable and has great blisters on it; then make it out into biscuits, stick holes, with a fork, in each one and bake them in a slow oven.

### Arctic Explorations.

Ellesmere Land, the destined scene of Mr. E. Stein's projected explorations, and possible starting point for the North Pole, is a part of Canada about which comparatively little is known. The coast was touched at its southern extremity by Baffin in 1616, and until Ross the elder reached a neighboring point in 1818 nothing was done for two centuries to add to the world's knowledge of it. Osborn was in Jones strait, the waters to the south of it in 1851, and Hayes and Godfrey at Hayes Sound to the north of it in 1854. Nares had to coast long Grinnell Land, to the north of it, and along Grant Land still further north, on his way to Paleocrystic ocean or sea of Ancient Ice. Having thoroughly explored Ellesmere Land and the region north of it as far as Cape Columbia, Mr. Stein will entertain the more ambitious project of extending his stations towards the Pole, his hope being that Nares sea may afford a series of islets suitable for such stations. There is, indeed, a single islet just off the northern coast of Grant

Land near Cape Columbia, called Ward Hunt's island, but it is quite close to the mainland and can hardly be regarded as a promise of an archipelago in the subpolar ocean. There have been centres of exploration and observation established and maintained on the other side of Behring sea and in Franz Josef Land. Lieut. and Mrs. Peary certainly spent a year in a higher latitude than Ellesmere Land on the other side of the passage known as Smith sound.

### PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

The Pope has decided to forbid all performances of the well-known masses of Mozart, Haydn, and Weber. He expresses the opinion that they are of too florid a character to be conducive to piety.

Although Francesco Crispi, Italy's Prime Minister, is never described as an old man, he is in his 75th year. He looks hardly 60, for his hardships in the ranks of the revolutionists and in exile never caused him a day of dangerous illness.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has just consecrated two new missionary bishops at Lambeth Palace—the Rt. Rev. Henry Ewington, who goes to Japan, and the Rt. Rev. Herbert Tregwell, who goes to Western Equatorial Africa.

A favorite trick upon strangers in the South is to take the new comer in search of wild honey. The pretended bee tree having been discovered, a hole is chopped into the hollow of the tree and a fire made to smoke out the bees. When the fire is well going the cry is raised that the farmer is coming to protect his property, and everybody makes off, with a confederate in pursuit. If it is possible to elude the stranger, he is left to find his way home through an unknown country, and is next day the butt of the village.

Much sympathy is felt in France for ex-Minister Baihaut, who, having been the only one of the persons implicated in the Panama scandals who was honest enough to plead guilty, is the only one who is at present in prison. His eldest daughter died a few weeks ago from lung trouble brought on by her daily visits to her father's prison at Etampes, and now it is announced that his second and only remaining daughter, who, since her sister's death, has been bearing daily consolation to her unfortunate father, is on her death-bed.

Admiral da Gama seems a very good sort of fellow, though he is down. He is magnetic, unusually refined and immensely admired by officers and men. He is of an old and noble family, and was close to Dom Pedro during the empire. Speaking of himself in January last, and giving the reason why he was a rebel, he said: "I never thought I would become a rebel, but now I am so weary of fighting. I have to care for my men's wives and children, and I have to be on the watch day and night. I never rest. My fortune is gone and my reputation is at stake. If you could find a way to end this warfare with honour, both sides would thank you from their hearts."

A magistrate of a Liverpool court recently had the odd experience of trying himself for an offence against the law, and inflicting on himself a heavy penalty. A number of names of persons charged with allowing their chimneys to be a fire, through neglect of cleaning, came before him, and among them was his own name. He was the only magistrate present, and the clerk said he could fine himself, and suggested that if he inflicted double the usual penalty justice would be met. The magistrate promptly fined himself to this extent, and caused a smile in court by lecturing another offender of the same batch for his carelessness, and warning him to be more careful in future.

### BRITISH SHIPS AT RIO

Quiet But Effective Work Was Done for British Protection.

A London despatch says:—After all that has been heard of the energy displayed by the American admiral at Rio and the supposed reluctance of the British naval force at that port to render adequate assistance to our mercantile fleet, the testimony of Col. Howard Vincent is most welcome. As an eye-witness he declares what Her Majesty's ships have been able to do and have done. Naval officers have conducted mail steamers to a safe anchorage, have escorted passengers embarking and disembarking, and have afforded British cargoes (and there have been hardly any others) protection from the fire of either side, although the nature and destination thereof were often a subject of legitimate suspicion. As an instance, Colonel Howard Vincent mentions that Admiral de Mello threatened to stop the royal mail steamer Thames, on board which were his wife and himself, because certain passengers, believed to be sailors going to man a Government steamer, were not allowed to be arrested. Captain Lang intimated at once that this would not be allowed, called his command to quarters, and directed Captain Hicks, of the Thames, to steam out very slowly directly under the stern of the Aquidaban. Better counsels prevailed upon the flagship, and the green flag was lowered in salute to the red ensign.

### ANOTHER EXPLOSION AT SANTANDER.

Tea Men Killed and Thirty Injured. A Madrid special says:—A despatch from Santander this evening says that 10 men were killed and 30 injured by an explosion of dynamite in the harbor to-day. The dynamite was in one of the many cases of explosives which went down last November with the wreck of the steamer Cabo Machichaco. Ever since the steamer was blown to pieces divers have worked intermittently upon the wreck, and have raised considerable quantities of the miscellaneous cargo which she brought to Santander. Recently the divers reported that they were getting near the dynamite, but it was supposed that the explosive had lost its power after so many weeks in the water. Three divers were down to-day when the explosion occurred. Ten men were out on a boat over the spot where the divers were at work. Some 50 men were at work at the docks. The cause of the explosion of dynamite is not known exactly. The shock shook the Mendez Nunez street, which skirts the quay, along its whole length. The small boat just off the dock was splintered and seven men were killed. Three divers also were killed and 30 men along the quay were injured seriously.