

BACK TO LIFE.

It must be fully ten years ago that the doctor and myself were engaged upon a geological survey in the north. On a cold November day we shouldered our knapsacks and turned our faces homeward. Our way led through a chain of black and rugged hills toward a frontier town, twenty miles distant. A more forbidding region it has never been my misfortune to see. It was a perfect chaos.

We halted at sunset, and building a fire at the foot of a crag, disposed ourselves to rest as well as we might. How long I had slumbered I knew not, when I found myself sitting upright, peering nervously into the darkness. It seemed to me that someone had uttered a wild, appealing cry in the very portals of my ears. I was on the point of lying down again when I was arrested by a repetition of the cry. This time there could be no mistake. Wild, long-drawn, and, it appeared to me, full of intolerable anguish. I shook the doctor to awake him.

"Be quiet," he muttered; "I heard it all."

The cry was repeated. It was a woman's voice, but it expressed such supreme misery as, I believe, woman never felt before. Again it came; but now like a low, tremulous sob. I am not a superstitious man, but I confess that I sat there shivering with a species of horror that was utterly new to me. "Help! O God! help!"

At this intelligible appeal to our manhood our superstitious weakness instantly disappeared. Seizing a torch we made our way hastily toward a pile of rocks a few hundred yards distant. Scrambling up the height we came suddenly upon a strange and mournful scene. Before us stood a wretched-looking hut. Through the open door we saw the body of a man, apparently lifeless, lying prone upon the floor. Beside him, with arms flying wildly over her head, knelt the figure of a woman, evidently the one whose cries had alarmed us.

The woman raised her eyes as we approached, but gave no further heed to us. She was a young creature, hardly 20, and, despite the signs of hardship and sorrow, very beautiful. Her companion, a young man of about her own age, attired in a coarse woodsman's suit, had evidently succumbed to hardship or disease, and was either insensible or dead.

"Who are you?" said the doctor very gently, "and what has happened?"

"He is dead—dead!" she muttered, hoarsely.

"Perhaps it is not so bad as that," he rejoined.

"He died this morning before my very eyes," she moaned; "died, oh, my God! of starvation. And I never knew that he was depriving himself for my sake. Oh, my husband! why did you not let me die with you?" And she threw herself across the body, sobbing as if her poor heart would break.

We felt that we had chanced upon a strange, sad story of love, pride, and suffering. The doctor stooped down and felt at the heart of the prostrate man.

"He is dead," he whispered.

How we made the truth known to the poor wife I do not remember. It would seem that she had preserved some faint remnant of hope. With a slow groan she fell suddenly at our feet, insensible. Fortunately the doctor had his medicine case in his pocket. Administering a powerful sleeping potion to her, he placed her upon the wide couch.

Without vanity I can say that both the doctor and myself have received some few testimonials as to our scientific ability from the world. You will probably believe, then, that we are capable of deciding upon a very simple case of death by starvation. Very good; remember, then, that I assert upon my professional reputation that the man was stone dead.

"Yes," added the doctor, who had hitherto remained silent, "life must have been extinct more than five hours when we found him."

Well, having satisfied ourselves upon this point we covered the corpse decently and sat down to wait for morning. But at length completely overcome with weariness and excitement, I fell into a slight slumber. Almost immediately it seemed I was awakened with a shock. The doctor was bending over me with wonder and alarm upon his face.

"Wake up," he said, in a troubled whisper; "something very strange has been going on in this room for many minutes past."

"What is it?" I asked. "I thought that I heard some one speaking."

"You did," he replied; "I have distinctly heard a voice close beside us, yet there is no one in the room except ourselves and these poor people."

"Perhaps the woman has been talking in her sleep," I suggested, "or may be that the man is not dead after all."

"No, I have looked at both," he returned.

"There it is again," he muttered agitatedly.

A low, confused murmur arose in the room. Again it arose, coming from a point over our heads until it seemed to emanate from some invisible source behind us.

"Oh, my poor wife."

The weird, canny, startling significant words amazed us.

We scrutinized the corpse. It had not changed position or appearance. The flesh had grown perfectly cold, the muscles rigid. There was not a trace of vitality in it.

Now, I do not expect you to believe what I followed. Yet, I swear to you, on the word of an honest man, that I do not deviate from the truth by a syllable.

"In the name of God, assist me back to life," were the next astounding words.

We gazed at each other absolutely unnerved and appalled.

Again was the voice audible. "Oh, have pity," it said.

"Who speaks to us?" cried the doctor at last.

"The soul of the man who lies dead before you."

"It is impossible that the dead can speak," said the doctor.

"No, for the intelligence never dies."

My body is dead, but that with which I lived and loved is in the room. I dared not leave my poor wife unprotected in this wilderness. By the power of my love I have remained near her. I cannot, I will not be separated from her."

The doctor spoke no more. But for the poor wife lying on the bed we would both have fled forthwith.

Some silence passed in ominous silence. The dawn came. Suddenly we both started. The voice had again spoken. "Help," it cried in faint accents: "for God's sake, help."

We hesitated, then hastened to the corpse and removed the covering. There was an alteration in its pallor. Our instinct conquered our weakness. A powerful restorative was administered, and before many moments the color was coming back to the wan cheeks. A sigh, and the eyes opened. The young man was restored to life.

Tender and wonderful was the meeting between the pair in the beauty of the morning.

The young man remembered nothing since the previous evening, save a vague, dreamlike, intense sorrow for his young wife. He had no knowledge of the voice which addressed us.

We learned that the persecution of relatives opposed to their marriage had driven the young pair to flight and poverty. We insisted on the right of securing their future prosperity out of ample means.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Few Englishwomen have received more marked appreciation in America than Lady Henry Somerset.

For this reason it may interest our readers to hear some account of this lady's home—or rather homes—in England, taken from the letters of a young American, Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Maxwell, a Boston teacher of Swedish gymnastics, who has been spending the summer with Lady Somerset.

As a guest of Lady Somerset Miss Maxwell has been an inmate of two of those English country houses which astonish foreigners by their size and splendor.

Eastnor Castle and Reigate Priory both belong to Lady Somerset by inheritance. Reigate Priory is the older one of the two and has recently been restored and parts of it rebuilt.

Mr. Somers Somerset, Lady Henry's only child, will probably some time be the Duke of Beaufort. The Beauforts are descended from the Plantagenets, and therefore cross their arms with the royal arms of England. The ceilings of the rooms at the priory bear the Plantagenet trailing rose, and the royal arms are everywhere. The motto of the house and the arms are carved over the tops of the beds in exquisite designs; they are on the dishes of the table, on the immense silver trays used for the tea and coffee.

Many of the beautiful things at Eastnor Castle have been brought from other countries and once belonged to famous people; and almost everything at the priory has a history that goes back to the "night of time." Eastnor is one of the show castles of England and is therefore much better known to travelers than is the priory.

Miss Maxwell was present at the grand reception held in honor of Mr. Somerset's attaining his majority. It is like a story book to read of the illuminations in the Italian gardens, the bands on the lawn, and the orchestra in the house, the grandees in diamonds, and the "masses" in serge. Lady Somerset and her son received in the great Holbein Hall. The presentation of plate by the tenants was in this hall, and there Mr. Somerset made his speech.

That ceremony being over, Lady Somerset and the Mayor of Reigate, Mr. Somerset and the Mayoress, led the way to supper. It was the merriest and jolliest of scenes. The great hall was cleared and there was dancing within and without. Within, real English waltzing, with no reversing, but round and round, which makes every head but an English head reel and grow giddy.

Lady Somerset owns the entire Borough of Reigate, whole streets in London, and "she has farms and she has manors" besides. It is well for her 250,000 tenants that she is the lover of her kind. Always working for the amelioration and elevation of humanity, working, and working hard, more hours than any of her servants, going from place to place to speak for what she holds the greatest and the best, never knowing when she can call an hour her own, she is indeed a Lady Beaufort.

The priory is thrown open one day in the summer for a fete given to tenants who rent property for a year; another day for those who rent for three months; and still another for the monthly tenants. Tents are raised on the grounds and provision made for hundreds of people. There is music and dancing and a dinner and illuminations. The children have also a fete day, when the whole place looks like a circus ground. All kinds and colors of tents are pitched; there are games and jugglers and bands of music, and 500 children are made happy all day long; going where they please, doing what they like, amused and taken care of, ending the day with a supper on the lawn.

Lady Somerset's interest in the health giving results of Swedish gymnastics was roused during her recent visit to Boston and at Reigate priory Miss Maxwell received carte blanche to fit up a gymnasium in a thorough and substantial manner. This gymnasium was placed at the disposal of classes and the young Boston teacher has been busy, indeed, making Swedish gymnastics well known to classes of ladies, girls, and children, all of whom regret her approaching return to Boston for her winter's work. That Lady Somerset should so promptly grasp the advantages of the Swedish system and should place its opportunities within the grasp of others is but one instance of her ready sympathy and beneficence.

NOT AN IMPROVEMENT.

Eastern Housekeeper—Do you have difficulty in keeping good girls in the West?

Western Housekeeper (from a natural gas town)—Great difficulty. Every once and awhile the girl lets the gas run too long before lighting it, and we have to look about for a new girl. No use looking for the old one.

HORSES ARE IN DEMAND.

PRICES OF GOOD ANIMALS ARE BOUND TO GO HIGHER.

American First-class Carriage Teams in Great Demand in England—The Trolley and Bicycle.

A year ago most farmers who had been making most of their money raising common or "railroad" horses—were about the bluest class of men in the United States, says the Washington Star. To-day they are again in good heart. Then they were convinced that the industry in which their capital was invested, and from which they had won their profits for years, was doomed; that they must abandon forever the one business to which they had devoted their lives and with which they were familiar, and seek other ways to make their farms productive. Many of them, indeed, sold their horses at big sacrifice, and closed out without ceremony. Now they are beginning to go into business again, their pastures and paddocks are once more being brought into use, and they are satisfied that the outlook is full of promise.

This most desirable change in the status of a great industry has been brought about so gradually that few persons not directly engaged in the horse business know anything about it. Its cause, according to Mr. William F. Doerr, one of the best known horse dealers in the United States, has been the apprehension—somewhat tardily shown, to be sure—by the English, of the facts with regard to the horse market in the United States.

HORSES IN DEMAND.

"It was some time last year," said Mr. Doerr, in conversation with the writer a day or two ago, "that our friends on the other side began to send their buyers over here. They had never done so to any extent before. Possibly this was in some degree because they did not favor American horses, but chiefly for the excellent reason that American horses could never before be bought nearly so cheaply as those of foreign breeding. The first English agent went at his buying perhaps with some hesitation. But he soon became confident, for he found not only that the prices at which he could buy here were much below the current prices abroad, but also that the American horses were harder, more enduring, grade for grade, better looking than the English animals."

The first shipment of consequence was sent over rather early last year, and as soon as the horses were seen and tested there a rush of English buyers to the States began. Ever since then the shipments have been constantly increasing. I do not believe the traffic has ever yet reached its height, since there are at least a hundred English buyers now in the land, picking up horses wherever they may. Seven or eight hundred horses are now being sent over every week, and I should say the total shipments of railroad horses to England this year are likely to reach 25,000 or more.

WHAT THEY ARE FOR.

"How do they use those horses over there?" To haul tram cars with. The English have not yet adopted electricity on their tram lines to any extent. Their adoption of street cars in the first place was slow, and although they are now using them more freely, they are still behind as to the method of hauling them. Some American horses are being used for other purposes, I suppose, but not many. The grade of horses which we formerly called "railroaders" are so much better adapted to tram work than any other sort that they are all snapped up for that purpose.

"Prices?" Well, the American railroad horse cost, delivered over there, from \$125 to \$175. This, of course, includes the commissions of the English buyers and the American agents, the transportation cost to the seaboard, and the ocean freight. No; prices of railroaders have not got up on this side, for the reason that there is now not much demand for them here.

PRICES GOING HIGHER.

"Although the breeders of horses have begun again in earnest," continued Mr. Doerr in his talk, "it will be four years at least before the effect will be much felt on the market here. In the meantime prices will go up—they will be higher, in my opinion, than they ever have been. I do not mean that 'railroad' horses will bring much higher prices, for reasons which you already understand."

"In fact, in a few years there will be no 'railroad' horses to speak of for sale here, since the new horse-breeding is to be conducted along other lines. American breeders are at last finding out what fine horses are. They have been learning from the horse shows, whose influence has been exceedingly far-reaching. They have been learning, too, from bitter experience."

TROLLEY AND BICYCLE.

"When the trolley came, and with it the bicycle, and with them both the slump in prices of the cheaper grades of horses, the prices of first-class horses never wavered. In fact handsome, sound carriage and coach horses were never so high as now in this country. They are almost impossible to get. This is because the folks who have money to spend use horses now just as much as they ever did. They may have their 'wheel' all right, for fun, but they want their horses and carriages for show all the same, and they want better ones than they ever wanted before. Why, there are plenty of beasts going abroad now to haul tram cars that would have been thought carriage horses ten years ago."

"Good coach horses range now from \$800 to \$2,500 the pair. Those that can be bought for the lowest of these figures are not considered of much account, either, and there is no lack of buyers for any that may be offered at more than the highest rate named."

TEAMS HAVE THE CALL.

"Five-thousand dollar carriage teams are snapped up without delay whenever they are offered; the trouble is that there are so few that are really of this grade to be offered. No; there are not many sales of high-grade horses in Eng-

land. They are worth more here than they are there; and, in my opinion, that and the fact that they are not plentiful here are the reasons why English coach horses are so often sold here."

"In spite of the high prices commanded by English coach horses, I can hardly say that it is a surely profitable business as yet. It often happens that a colt is bred and reared with the greatest care, only to turn out practically worthless as a coach horse, to the great disappointment and damage of the breeder."

THEN AND NOW.

Compare the Work of Modern Machinery With Ancient Methods.

Sir Frederick Bramwell has drawn an interesting picture of the insignificant thing that muscular power, whether animal or human, is when compared with the vast force exerted nowadays by machinery. Contrasting a galley, for example, a vessel propelled by oars—with a modern Atlantic liner, and assuming that prime movers were nonexistent, and that this vessel was to be propelled after galley fashion, he proceeds thus: Take the length of the vessel as 600 feet, and assume that place could be found for as many as 400 oars on each side, each oar worked by three men, or 2,400 men, and allow that six men under the conditions could develop work equal to one horse power. The product would then be 400 horse power. If this capacity were doubled the 800 horse power would require 4,800 men at work, and at least the same number in reserve if the journey were to be carried on continuously. Contrast the puny results thus obtained with 19,500 horse power given forth by a large prime mover of the present day. To obtain such a force, on the above method of calculation, 117,000 men at work would be needed, and 117,000 in reserve, and it is easy to see what this would mean in a vessel of 600 feet in length. Even if it were possible to carry this number of men in such a vessel, by no conceivable means could their power be utilized as to impart to it a speed of 20 knots an hour. This is given as an illustration of how a prime mover may not only be a mere substitute for muscular work, but may afford the means of attaining an end that could not be by any possibility be reached by muscular exertion, no matter what money was expended, or what stimulus was applied. Another instance is seen in the railway locomotive, in which 400 to 600 horse power is developed in a machine which, even including its tender, does not occupy an area of more than 50 square yards, and that can draw a heavy train at 60 miles an hour. Here again the prime mover does what no expenditure of money or life could secure from muscular effort.

BRITAIN'S BULWARKS.

Two Enormous New Powerful Cruisers Able to Steam at Railway Rate.

A London special says: The enormous unarmoured cruiser Terrible, recently built on the Clyde for the British navy, maintained a speed of twenty knots an hour on her recent maiden trip from Glasgow to Portsmouth, and it is asserted that her maximum speed was 24 knots, which is certainly remarkable in view of her size and length, 14,200 tons and 500 feet respectively. Not less remarkable is the Terrible's coal-carrying capacity, enabling her to steam 25,000 miles without recaling. Her sister ship, the Powerful, is soon to be in commission, and then the British Admiralty may claim to hold the world's record in this class of vessels. The naval experts are not satisfied, however. They are still crying aloud for more men more quickfiring guns, and such like things, which, of course, mean more money. The leader of the malcontents, Captain Lord Charles Beresford, loses no opportunity of warning Englishmen that they are living in a fool's paradise and being deceived by the very people who ought to tell them the whole truth. No doubt, he says, we are gradually remedying the grave defect of too few ships, but what is the good of building ships if you do not at the same time increase the number of men? This distinguished critic pledges his veracity as a man that if war were declared to-morrow a score of powerful warships would have to remain in port for lack of sailors and stokers to man them, and this for the sole reason that the Governments of the day, Tory and Liberal alike, fear to face the necessary expenditure, and so keep the strength of the navy's personnel below what should be the standard, even in a time of peace.

IT EATS GLASS.

For This Reason Hydrofluoric Acid Is Kept in Gold Bottles.

One of the most extraordinary liquids in existence is hydrofluoric acid, well known as a glass-etching fluid. It is perfectly colorless, and looks as harmless as water; but if you happen to let a drop fall on your skin you will wish that you had been bitten by lions and tigers instead. To inhale it is sure death, and it has put an end to more than one scientist.

If placed in the thickest glass bottle it will eat its way out in a very short time. It has, therefore, to be kept in bottles made of india-rubber, lead, platinum or gold. But the two last named are the only perfectly safe receptacles.

Even when in a gold bottle great precautions must be taken to keep it there. As it is volatile, a plate covered with paraffin has to be securely clamped over the mouth of the bottle, and the temperature of the room must never exceed 60 degrees, or the bottle would burst. Hydrofluoric acid is chiefly used for etching the scales on thermometers, and work of that kind.

Curiously, if the glass is perfectly dry, the acid will not act; but let there be the smallest possible trace of moisture, and it will eat the hardest glass as if it were so much butter.

IMPROVEMENT IN MINING.

Bettering the Condition of the Collier—Coal Miner Inexhaustible.

At the general meeting of the Federated Institution of Mining Engineers, held recently in London, the presidential address delivered by Mr. G. A. Mitchell, reviewed the improvements and changes which had taken place in mining, especially during the last fifty years. He observed that many circumstances had had an influence in bringing about these changes, and among them, largely the following: Government legislation accompanied with the appointment of inspectors of mines, the spread of education and knowledge among those engaged in mining, and the establishment of mining societies with the facilities afforded thereby for the publication of information and for the discussion of matters affecting mining in its different branches.

There was nothing more important about a colliery than the ventilation of the workings, and yet forty years ago this was scarcely realized.

SERVICE OF THE SAFETY LAMP.

To the improvements in ventilation, in conjunction with the improvement in safety lamps, was largely due the decrease in fatal accidents from explosions. The death rate per 1,000 persons due to explosions of firedamp was 1,280 in 1851-5, and 0.281 in 1891-4. The speaker looked forward to the time when such disasters would be unknown.

To the improvement in ventilation was traceable a great improvement in the health of the miners. The census returns in 1851 showed that the average number of years during which agricultural labourers of Great Britain continued to work was forty-two, and of colliers twenty-eight. This had been changed, and mining, instead of being as it was then, one of the most unhealthy of occupations, was now one of the most healthy. As a matter of fact, the air in coal mines was better than it was in many factories.

OTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

In the various details of the conveyance of coal from the working face to the surface there had been great progress since the middle of the century. There had been a gradual evolution in the winding arrangement for shafts, and the improvements had been largely called forth by the necessity for greater facilities to cope with the increasing outputs. An invention of great importance in this respect was the wire rope, and yet the miners at first resented the innovation. Improvements in screening and picking arrangements and of washing machinery were of a comparatively recent date.

The difference between the systems of underground workings now and fifty years ago was not so great as might be anticipated, and Mr. Mitchell believed there was still room for considerable improvement. Coal cutting by machinery had not yet achieved much success in England, but in America it had made great headway.

NOT BEING EXHAUSTED.

Ludicrous mistakes had been made in the past as to the supposed approaching exhaustion of the coal fields. As far back as 1555 there was an alarm that the coal in Scotland would be quickly exhausted, and an act was passed in 1563 restraining the export, and the same provision was repeated in subsequent years on more than one occasion. In 1609, the reason given for confirming a former act was "the hail coil within this kingdom shall in a verie shorte tyme be waisted and consumed."

The trouble at the present moment, both for Scotland and England, and Wales, was that too much coal was being produced, and that there was a depression in the coal trade in consequence. It was unfortunate that the present time should be chosen for an agitation for a minimum wage.

Colliers scarcely realized how vastly the conditions of labour had improved. It was difficult to realize that less than 100 years ago miners in Scotland were practically slaves. No Collier was permitted to remove from one place to another without special permission from his employer, and no person was allowed to engage a collier without a certificate from his previous employer showing a reasonable cause for the change. If the collier deserted, his employer could claim him within a year and a day, and he had to be given back at once, under pain of penalty of £100. The deserters were liable to be punished as thieves.

NEW LINE OF INSURANCE.

It is possible to get insured here against death, fire, accidents, burglars, and a score of other things, not desirable, but England has gone one better in this line. Several members of the Lloyds, London, have for some time been doing quite a business, insuring against twins. They take all risks offered, and the premiums are comparatively small. The Law Guarantee and Trust Society of London has just embarked in this line, and it was unlucky enough to get caught on its first risk. The policy was for £200 at a premium of £5, and the holder of it has presented his proofs and collected his damages. It is stated that these policies appeal to poor people to whom twins are twice as great a misfortune as one. If the father of twins happens to have one of these new policies he is likely to look upon their advent as a stroke of good fortune.

A DIMINUTIVE LOCK.

The smallest lock and key ever manufactured were made by a London blacksmith, Mark Scalot, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The lock contained 11 pieces of iron, steel and brass, and together with a pipe-key only weighed one grain. Scalot also made a chain of gold of 43 links, weighing half a grain. The chain, to which was fastened the lock and key, was put about the neck of a flea, and was drawn by it with ease.