LOVE CONQUERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "A ROSE IN THORNS," ETC.

Vane started as though a sword had been laid at his breast. King's Clyffel-He remembered it well; he had often been there when he was a boy. The Meadow Farm lay on one side of Holwood and King's Clyffe on the other. He could never go there. He loved his home and loved his parents too well to go so near them and ignore them. Vane looked half-doubtingly at Lord Charnwood

of am afraid I have made a very hasty promise," he said. "I must see what work we have on hand."

But Lord Charnwood would take no ex-"You are not well, Sir Raye says, You want a holiday, and a holiday you must have, I shall expect you as we have ar-

ranged." When he was gone, Vane went at once to Sir Raye and told him his difficulty, celt is so near home," he said; cel do not see how I can go to Lord Charnwood's. I

should feet like an impostor."
"I do not see why," remarked Sir Raye. When I adopted you, you gave up home; that is, you exchanged your home for mine; and the arrangement was agreed to by all. You changed your name and your

"I do not like it," returned Vane, "I shall feel inclined all the time to say that I came from that neighborhood and who I ame Again, I might meet some one who would recognize me; and, if that were the case, I could not conceal my iden-

"There is no fear," said Sir Raye, "You were only a pretty-faced boy when you left the Farm; now any Duke's son might be proud to have your face, manners, and figure. I wish you to go. Lord Charnwood is one of my best friends. I should like you to go. In the world we must do as the world does. Make up your mind, pack up your portmanteau, and Heaven speed you. Stay as long as you wish. I can manage proffy well,

But Vane did not like the idea that he chould be so near home and yet ignore evoided the journey and declined the in-

CHAPTER XIL

Vane sat at the window of a first-class carriage, his heart stirred to deepest emotion, and his eyes dim with a mist like tears. The old loves and hopes of his boyboot same before him. He remembered his pretty village love Marjory Lynn, with her rich brown hair and red rose face. How Marjory had loved him when they were children together! She would not have sent him away and made his heare ache by a few proud cold words,-The old homestead, the rush of the millefream, the clover meadows, and the broad Fiver, with its green banks, all came back clearly to his mind. What visions of greatness had come to him there! Had they been realized? Doubly so in many respecie. He had never dared to hope that such honors as the world had given to him would be his. But he was not happy; his He was barren and empty to him. He had given up home, father, mother, sister. love and the friends of his wouth; and in return he had wealth, position, and nonor embrit no love.

"Forhaps it would have been better for me if I had stayed at the Meadow Farm," he said to himself, "for honors and riches are barren and empty without

The handsome face was shadowed as he stood in the little station of Loyenha There, where the trees were greenest and the land was most fair, lay the pretty town of Holwood—the town that, as a child, he had believed to be the most wonderful in the world; and his home, the gray farmhouse, lay just beyond it. On the other side lay the lordly lands of King's Clyffe. At the station a carriage awaited hi in which he was quickly conveyed to his

Lord Charnwood met him in the hall, welcomed him most heartily, took him to Lady Charnwood's boudoir, and introduced him to his wife as an especial friend and favorite.

"I heard that you had not been well, Mr. Vibart," said her ladyship kindly...
"The air of King's Clyffe is considered very fine and bracing. I hope you will grow well and strong in it?"

Vane said to himself that he must be out of health, for the gentle veice of Lady Charnwood had brought tears to his eyes. Then he was taken to his room; but Lord Charnwood, who was really fond of him, could not leave him long alone.

"Come out with me, Mr. Vibart," he said, "and we will have a stroll through the grounds. Then we can join the ladies at the five of clock teads

Vane was only too pleased to talk to his kindly genial host while they walked through the beautiful grounds of King's Clyffe. Lord Charnwood said suddenly-"I must not forget to describe our party to you. We are rarely fortunate. We have just now under our roof the most beauti ful woman in England and the richest peer. A suspicious combination, is it

Vane said "Yes," with white lipe and a beating heart. To him there was but one beautiful woman in the world-only

"We have also the greatest artist, Mr. Holme, and one of the finest singers in

Europe, although she is not professional— Lady Fayne. Quite a galaxy, is it not?" But Vane asked with feverish lips— "Who is the most beautiful woman in England?" Lord Charnwood lauhged.

"Not to know that is to be out of the world," he said. "The loveliest woman in England is Lady Lilias Audley; and she, I am proud to say, is now visiting my

Vaue did not swoon, which seemed to him afterwards somewhat wonderful, nor did he ery out, but he walked on for some minutes in silence by Lord Charnwood's

"You must put on strong armour, Mart," continued his lordship, "for boatdes being the most beautiful she is on sidered the proudest girl in England."

How the words stung him! He saw again the beautiful proud face bending over the meadow-sweet. He heard again the words that had cut him off and cast him from her—"It can never be."

Lord Charnwood had not noticed his agMation; he went on—

Mation; he went on—
"Lady Lilias is to my mind perfect.—
Mave you ever seen her? Her hair is like dead-gold, and her eyes—well, you must see them to appreciate them. She has been the reigning beauty for the last three years. There is no one to come near her. I am a great admirer of beautiful women," added his lordship frankly.

Then the question that had been burning on Yangle line for the present the continuous statements.

tag on Vane's lips found voice.

Aff she is so beautiful, how is it that she has not married?"

The voice was not like his own, and his thee had the paller of death.

"I do not know. At first people said the was too proud to marry even a prince, but I hear she has changed very much during the last year, and the general opin-

ion is that beautifu. Lady Lilias loves some one she is too proud to marry."

Vane was silent again, for he could find no worde; and, when he did apeak, it was to change the subject. Would the beautiful face that he had seen bending over the meadow-sweet have a smile for him?
"You look far from well, said Lord Charnwood, when they separated. "Per-haps you would rather not join the la-

"Such a change as that would do any one good. We have no ladies at Luiworth," said Vane laughingly; but there was no laughter in his heart.

Lady Charnwood was very fond of a ave-o'clock tea. It was to her one of the most pleasant hours of the day-an easy happy hour.

The tea was served in a pretty room known as the white room, a bright, warm, sunny apartment always full of sweet flowers. On this June afternoon, the long French windows of the white room were open, and the curtains of fine white lace gently stirred by the wind; the fountains in the pretty rose-garden played merrily, and the song of the birds made sweeter music than the ripple of woman's

Lady Charnwood, a most fair and gracious lady, presided at the little table, and dispensed cups of tea and choice fruit. Nearher sat Lady Fayne, whose face was not beautiful, but was so full of expression that no beauty of form or coloring was equal to it. Near the window, surrounded as she always was by a little circle of admirers sat Lady Lilias Audley, looking more beautiful, more queenly than over.—There was some subtle change in her face. It was even lovelier, but its color was somewhat lessened, and the expression was infinitely sweeter and softer. She looked like a fair young queen in her dress of cream-colored silk with trailing white lace, and a spray of white jessamine in her dead-gold hair. She held a peach in her hand, and was admiring the down on it, when the door opened and Lord Charnwood, with Vane entered the room. The young Duke of Raysford, the greatest matrimonial prize in England, was bending over her, thinking that this lovely woman with the dead-gold hair, holding the peach in her white hand, formed the fairest picture he had ever seen. He saw her start suddenly and grow deathly pale, and the peach fell from her hand. He saw her shiver as with cold, and the beautiful figure trembled.

"You are ill, Lady Lilias," said the

"No: I am tired. The room is warm, and there are too many flowers," She rose abruptly, but fate was not propitions. There stood Lord Charnwood, and with him the man that loved her more than his life.

"Lady Audley," said the master of King's Clyffe, "may I introduce Mr. Vibart She summoned all her courage, and raised ner eyes to his, then held out ner nanc

to him. "I have met Mr. Vibart before," she said gently. "He is an old friend?" and Lord Charnwood left them together.

"I did not know that you were expected here," she remarked. Nor did I dream of seeing you, Lady Lilias," he answered.

She walked to the window and he followed her. "If my presence annoys you," he said, "I will make some excuse and leave King's Clyffe, at once;" and there was a ring of

passion in his voice. "Why should you?" she returned. "You must know it is a pleasure for me to see you again." She spoke as though she were compelled to tell the truth even in spite of herself, "You are not looking well,

Mr. Vibart," she added. "I am not well," he replied. "I find life very hard, harder than I had ever

"I have not found it very easy," she said gently. She half hesitated, and then added, "I have thought of you very often since that morning?

"And I have thought of nothing but you;" he said. "I have tried to forget you; I've tried to drown all thoughts of you, but I might as well have tried to live without s heart beating in my breast. What cruelty of fate has brought me hither to suffer all the old pain and anguish over

Her exquisite face was raised shyly to his "Perhaps you will not suffer. Life teaches many things. I have learned one lesson since you went away."

Then Lady Charnwood joined them. "I had no idea that you were old friends,"

"Mr. Vibart was with us for a short time at Ulverscroft," answered Lady Lilias, "The beautiful bridge over the river was his design," She decided that there should be no mis-

take this time. He should not think she was ashamed of him. For she, the proudest girl in England, had found out for herself one secret, and it was that with all her heart she had learned to love the ardent hopeless young lover who had never dreamed of winning her. Of course his suit was all nonsense, and could never come to anything. A marriage between the queen of beauty, the heiress of Ul-verseroft, and a professional man was absurd even to think about. Yet she loved him as she could never love prince or peer. The day came when "the proudest girl in England" owned to herself that the whole happiness of her life had gone with Vane Fraser Vibart. She had thought she would never marry. Title, money, position-no-thing could tempt her, nothing save love, and love and she had parted on the day when she sent Vane from her. She had repented it; she could never understand why from all the world she had chosen him; she had said to herself if that morn ing were to come over again she should speak differently. But he had passed out of her life, and her pride would never let

of her life, and her pride would never let her call him back again—never! But, now that fate or fortune had brought them together again, now that she stood once more in his presence, the old glamour fell upon her, the old love stirred in her heart; and she knew, if he spoke to

in her heart; and she knew, it he spoke to her again, what her answer would be.

She was so kind, so gracious, so sweet in her manner to him that he was bewildered. She sat next to him during dinner, and talked with a brilliancy quite new to her. She wanted to know all that he had done since they parted." "Would it really interest you?" he asked

she replied.

"You have no idea," she said, "how beautiful the bridge looks over the Ulver. Will you never come to see it again?"

"I should imagine not," he replied; and yet a strange happiness was stirring in his neart. Why was she so kind to him! If she knew that nothing but an unhappy love could be between them, why was she so gracious, so kind, so sweet to him? Yet he dared not think, dared not hope—he was bewildered.

Into Vane's mind came other thoughts. How near he was to his old home, and how little any one surmiced it! What a false position it seemed, that he, the son of a poor farmer, should be a welcome guest at King's Clyffe, where his father would enter in lowly guise! Yet his genius had won the place for him; and there was no need to be suhamed of his home. There were times when he almost longed to re-

veal who he was, and to say boldly, «I am the son of a poor farmer who lives near Holwood." And again there were times when he shuddered lest any accident should make it known.

When dinner was over, and the m began in the drawing-room, he found him-self once more by her side. The light fell full upon her, upon her figure of imperial beauty and grace, upon her exquisitively lovely face upon the masses of hair with diamonds shining in it, and upon the artistic dress of rich white lace trimmed

with long green grasses. "You are fond of music," she said, with one of her irresistible smiles, which went straight to Vane's heart. "You will be delighted to hear Lady Fayne. She is one of the finest singers I have heard."

"My delight will be doubled if you will allow me to remain some where near you, Lady Lilias." She did not answer him in words; but

there was something in her face which told him that the delight would be doubled for Then the young Duke led Lady Fayne

to the piano, Vane and Lady Lilfas went to one of the long open windows. Vane owned to himself that he never knew what music or magic meant before. Lady Lilias had turned from the brilliant light of the lamps and in the moonlight her proud fair face was all sweetness .-Her dead-gold hair and diamonds shone brightly, and her proud superb beauty was softened.

Clear, fresh, and magnificent, the rich contralto voice of Lady Fayne rose and filled the room with grandest music—a voice so sympathetic that it brought tears to the eyes of those who heard it. The song she sang-"Three Kisses"-was strangely sweet-a song sad as it was sweet. And these were the words-

"Three, only three, my darling, Separate, solemn, and slow, Not like the swift and joyous ones

We used to know-Then we kissed because we loved each other. Simply to taste love's sweet, And lavished our kisses as summer

Lavishes heat-But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung When hope and fear are spent, And nothing is left to give except A sacrament.

"First of the three, my darling, Is sacred unto pain; We have hurt each other often,

We shall again. Then we pine because we miss each other, And do not understand How the written words are so much colder Than eye or hand.

I kiss thee, dear for all such pain Which we may give or take, Ruried, forgiven, before it comes, For our own love's sake.

"The second kiss, my darling.

Is full of joy's sweet thrill; We have blest each other always, We always will. We shall reach until we feel each other Beyond all time and space;

We shall listen till we hear each other in every place. The earth is full of messengers. Which love sends to and fro: I kiss thee, darling, for all joy

Which we shall know. "The last kiss-ah, my darling, My love, I cannot see Through my tears as I remember What it may be!

We may die and never see each other-Die, with no time to give Any sign that our hearts are faithful To die as live. Token of what they will not see Who see our parting breath,

This last one kiss, my darling, seals Slowly, clearly, distinctly each word fell; and the fair proud face in the moonlight grew paler and sweeter. Once again Vane saw a mist of tears in the beautiful eyes, and his heart beat quickly. He drew nearer to her, so near that the sweet subtle perfume from the flowers she wore

"If you gave one of those three kisses, Lady Lilias," he asked, "which would it

There was no anger, nothing but love in the eyes she raised to his. "It would be the seal of death," she answered.

He drew nearer still to her in the shad ow of the curtains; something in her face told him he might. He took the white hand, bent over it, and kissed it with passion too deep for words.

"I do not care if you kill me for it," he said. "I have looked at your hands and have longed to kiss them until I have almost gone mad with my own longing. You may do your worst to me, Lady Lil-

"This is my worst," she answered, holding out the other hand to him. She saw that he had grown pale and that he trem-

"How good you are to me," he cried— "and yet how cruel! It would be more merciful a thousand times to drive me with cruel words from your presence. I am

drinking poison." "I have no wish to drive you from me," she answered. "I am well content that you should be here; I have not been so

happy as this since you went away."

The proud face drooped, and a burning flush came over it. Vane was dazed and bewildered. "The proudest girl in England" to say this to him—the Earl's daughter, beautiful Lady Lilias, to speak so to

"Ah, Heaven have pity on me!" he cried. "You are driving me mad. I have

He stopped suddenly, for Lord Charn-wood laid his hand upon his shoulder and asked if they were admiring the moon-

It was a lovely morning, clear and cloudless. The whole party at King's Clyffe had decided upon a long ride and drive around the country. Lady Charnwood had declined. Lady Fayne rode a wood had declined. Lady Fayne rode a fine horse that she had brought with her, and Lady Lilias rode Lord Charnwood's famous Bonnie Bell. The heiress excelled as a horsewoman; and her beautiful figure was never seen to better advantage than on horsebask. The young Duke Cantain was never seen to better advantage that on horseback. The young Duke, Captail Lorme, and Vane formed her escort, whill Lord Charnwood rode with Lady Fayne The sweet air was full of fragrance. They rode along roads where tall trees met over head and formed an arch of green leaves, and through lovely green lanes, where flowers grew in lovely hedgerows, and the soft sweet grass under their feet was like a carnet.

Vane found himself by the side of Lady Lilias. She could not have been kinder to him; the sunlight was not brighter than she. Che never once avoided him, never turned from him. In vain the young Duke of Raysfort tried his best to engross her and attract her attention; it was uncless. In vain did the Cartella did

Where was he? There stood the row of tiful lime-trees, there was the deep clear river, there the mill-stream with its rush of water, and there—ah, Heaven, there stood the pretty gray farm-house with its veil of flowers and foilage! A mist seemed to come before his eyes and for a short time to hide it all. He was at me again at the Meadow Farm, the home he had left so long before to become a gentleman. Lady Lilias turned her face to

"Look at that pretty picturesque spot!" she said. "That is my ideal of a farm-house. Look at the honey-suckle round the windows, and the white pigeons whirling round. How pretty the cows look drinking trom that clear pool! I am so warm and so thirsty! I wonder if they would give me a glass of milk?"

The Duke of Raysfort laughed. "Yes," he answered, "I am sure they would, and remember your visit all their

"I can picture the inside," said Ladv Lilias. "It is just like one of the interiors of the old Dutch painters-a clean kitchen, with everything shining and bright, a kindly clean house-mother, a table with a white cloth, a homely brown jug. It was worth riding all the way for. What do you say, Mr. Vibart? Shall we try to get some milk? Look at that pleasant old-fashioned garden with its sweet peas all in flower! I should like to walk here. Do you think the good people would

Vane was white to the lips-white he knew, with cowardly shame and fear. He hated himself for it. Yet, with the young Duke and the gay worldy Captain alongside, with Lady Lilias's proud beautiful face smiling on him, he could no more have spoken than he could have flown. He longed to say, "This is my home. I was born here. I am a son of the house .-Laugh, sneer as you will, I am not ashamed of it." These thoughts were in his mind, and the words came to his lips; but he had not the moral courage to utter

"What do you think, Mr. Vibart?" asked Lady Lilias. "Would those good

people receive us?"

He turned away his face lest she should see its pallor. There on the other side was the old sweet, familiar rush of the millstream-it seemed to sing to him with a thousand voices that this was home. He was compelled to answer her.

"I am sure they would be pleased to see you," he said, in a strange husky voice. "Will you not accompany me?" she asked, half surprised, half pained at his manner.

"I-I would rather not," he replied slowly; and the young Duke, seeing his chance, said-

"Lady Lilias, I am even more anxious than yourself to see the interior of what I am sure is a picturesque old house." They dismounted, and Vane watched them enter the house where the first few years of his life had been spent. Some of the men in the farm-yard came forward and attended to the horses. Lord Charnwood and Lady Fayne joined the party, laughingly declaring that a glass of milk would be the most welcome thing they

could have. Vane left his horse with the others and Was torn with love and regree. Averon made the star of hope shone so prightly before him, never had the light of love failen on him so fully. It seemed to him, although he hardly dared to believe it, that the beautiful proud lady he had loved so-long and so hopelessly was beginning to care for him at last, and that she was unbending to him in her proud gracious fashion .-If just now-while she was learning to love him perhaps-he made known his birth and parentage, that would steel her against him. Yet he loved his early home. All the manhood and courage in him rose in hot rebellion against his silence. But to speak was to lose his love, or to lose the hope that was growing from it-a hope

He stood once more by the mill-stream. How it all came back to him. The sunlit morning when Sir Raye Vibart had first spoken to him about the boat! How much had happened to him since then! One by one the honors which he had received passed through his mind. He had left home a poor unknown boy. Now he held every fair gift of the world in his hand .-The week before he came to King's Clyffe Sir Raye Vibart, having no children, no kindred, had formally made his will, in his favor, and had adopted him as his heir. He had left him the fine estate of Lulworth, with all the money he had accumulated; he had left him all he had in the world, so that he would be an excellent match for any lady in the land, so far as money went. He remembered that as he stood with the sound of the mill-stream in

He looked across the fields. There in the far-off meadow-they called it the oakmeadow, when he was a child-with his gray head bent and his tall figure drooping, he saw his father busily at work, and his brother Desford helping him. His heart warmed to them; he longed to go to them, to throw his arms around his father's neck, and cry out to him that he foved him, that he was not ashamed of him. But, if he did so, what of his love, what of Lady Lilias? He could not lose her; he

would rather have died a hundred deaths.
"It is a false position," he said to himself. "If I had my life to live over again, I would avoid it. I have a place, amongst the great people of the world; and yet, if my birth and origin were known, they would decline to associate with me. Lady Lilias would. I remember what she said

about farmer's sons." Then he saw the whole party returning He walked with slow steps down the lane, and suddenly, to his surprise, he saw Lady Lilias talking to a most beautiful girl—a picture of healthy blooming country beauty—with a tall, lithe rounded figure full of supple grace, a shapely head proudly get on grand shoulders, a dark handsome fice glowing with health, fresh red lips, teeth whiter than pearls, dark bright eyes, and dusky rippling hair—a girl whose beauty took him by surprise; and, looking at her, he recognised his sister Kate, who, years before, had hung round his neck and begged him to leave home to be made a gentleman. How well he remembered it, and how his heart went out to her! Lady Lilias was talking kindly to her; and Kate held a bunch of sweet hone/suckle in her hand, which had evidently been gathered for her lidyship. He walked with slow steps down the land

hold a bunch of sweet honeysuckle in her hand, which had evidently been gathered for her lidyship.

He saw another thing too—the Duke of Raysfort was looking at her with admiring eyes, and Vane trembled with imposent rage. The Duke, while Lady Lilias walked on; stayed belind; he begged some of the Roneysuckle; and Kate, with a bright blush and fattered smile dimpling her face, gave it to him. Then—and the sight of it enraged Vane—the Duke laughingly touched the lovely face with his fingers, and Vane knew that he was saying something about the beautiful color of it. At that more than the could have struck the young about the beautiful color of it. At that motion he could have struck the young Duite to the earth. He gave one quick glance around, but could not see his mother. His heart was heavy and sore in spite of the smile with which Lady Lilias greeted him.

"How ill you look, Mr. Vibart!" she said. "I could not imagine why you would not go in with us. Why did you not tell me you were ill?"

(Continued next week:)

THE HARDY PILOT.

The coming of the pilot on board is usually the most exciting incident in a Trans-Atlantic voyage. While perhaps hundreds of miles from shore, but making her way swiftly towards New York harbor, the steamer is boarded by a well-dressed, weather-beaten man, carrying a satchel in his hand.

He comes up literally from the depths from a tiny boat which bobs up and down under the huge side of the steamer. If it is night little more than the light of the tiny craft can be seen from the deck, while in the distance shines the bright lights of the pilot ship from which the interesting stranger has come and to which his vhilom comrades return.

THE STRANGER COMES ABOARD. The pilot shakes hands with the captain and officer in charge of the steamer, which from thenceforward until the time when she is safely in harbor, is under his command.

He has brought with him news from the world to which the passengers have been estranged during the course of the voyage. The newspapers in his budget may be several days old it is



true, but they are newer than any previously on board. Surely the man

who walks up from the open sea with comparatively recent information, when the steamer is far from sight of land, is an exceptionally welcome person.

There is a mystery and a fascination about him, moreover. I confess that the pilot thus mysteriously making his appearance, and who walks the bridge in all the dignity of a command which has superseded that of the captain, is, by all odds, the most interesting person

BETTING ON THE NUMBER OF HIS BOAT. Perhaps he would please me less as a subject of contemplation had I ever lost money on his account. Although considerable of a traveler myself, I have never once been swindled by betting on the number of the pilot ship from ence he has come.

Ir claim no superiority to the average passenger on this account, but did everybody know and act upon the

knowledge that the ship is steered to fleece the passenger, there would be no need of my repeating the warning against a form of gambling which brings money to those who originate the wager for their own pecuniary profit, and laugh in their sleeve at the people who are fooliish enough to bet their cash against the almost absolute certainty of loss.

In common fairness the first pilot sighted should have the priority in the care of the sh p. That he is robbed of his right in order to defraud innocent and unsuspecting passengers is a double outrage at which my gorge

THE PILOT'S EMPLOYERS. The New York pilot plies his hard vocation throughout the year, the acceptance of his services being compulsory by all vessels coming from or bound to foreign ports; but coasting vessels may decline to accept his ser-

vices, if they please. A vessel brought into port without one runs great risks, for, should she get aground, and danger arise in consequence to either her or her cargo, the insurance companies would not be compelled under the law to

The necessity of a sufficient number of pilots being always on duty from January 1 to December 31, is obvious. They and their boats are under the control of the Pilot Commissioners of the State of New York. There are about twenty-eight pilot boats in all running out of New York harbor, owned by one hundred and seventy

Roughly speaking, the pilot service of the Empire City gives employment to about four hundred men, including the crews, and not counting the New Jersey men who sail in the same waters under conditions imposed by the legislation of their own State.

HIS SEVERE PREVIOUS TRAINING.

My precent business is with the New York pilot, who cannot ply his vocation without thorough and laborious preliminary training.

This arduous course begins in boyhood. After acquiring the mastery of every form of rig and a comprehensive acquaintance with the science of navigation the woung seemen acquiring to every form of rig and a comprehensive acquaintance with the science of navigation, the young seaman aspiring to be a pilot, becomes a boat-keeper or pilot's mate, in which capacity he must serve three years before he can be admitted for his examination for a license. The loss of his position as such necessitates beginning the three years' apprenticeship over again on another boat.

A boat-keeper has to see to it that the pilot-boat is kept in order, and must be prepared to start her at a moment's notice, or as soon as her party of pilots is on board. Mer, who have successfully passed their examination for admission as pilots, have to wait for a vacancy which they are allowed to fill.

lowed to fill.

The first year the newly-lier pilot can pilot no vessels others those drawing less than sixteen Two feet additional draught are all

Two feet additional draught are allow him during the second twelve ment of the initiatory stage in his pilotage. He becomes a full pilot only aft passing a satisfactory examination third year. Then he is at liberty pilot the largest ocean steamer thrides the mettlesome Atlantic, provid he can succeed in getting her.

Looking for vessels is the most arduous and thresome of the pilot's



Reefing the mainsail on a pilot-boat.

vessels he pilots; the greater their draught the larger his fees. As all ships from or destined to foreign ports are obliged to employ a pilot, the pilot, on his part, is bound to board a vessel making signals for him. Failure to do this is visited by the

infliction of heavy penalties. The usage is the employment of the same pilot when the ship is outward bound who brought her into harbor. When the pilot taking a vessel out to sea is unable to leave her because of

stormy weather, he is carried across the Atlantic and brought back by the same ship, the owners of which are compelled to pay him a stipulated salary while he continues to be their guest. His duty on an inward bound vessel is completed upon her being admitted to the port after the completion of her inspection at quarantine.

To the experienced eye the pilot-boat is pre-eminently "a thing of beauty. In size it varies from fifty-five feet in length to about ninety-this length is excessive-and in cubic measurement from seventy to one hundred and twentyfive tone burthen. Pilot ships are invariably schooner-rigged, and formed to run fast. Some

DESCRIPTION OF THE PILOT-BOAT

of them make as high as twelve knots an hour under conditions favorable to rapid They are comfortably and handsomely fitted up. The snug little cabin is a model of neatness, and even beauty, Usually a state-room and two berths

are situated on each side of this pleasant sitting-room. Exclusive of pilots, there are usually on board four able-bodied seamen, the cook, cabin-boy and the boat-

keeper. Perhaps generally speaking, seven pilots own and run the craft, and each takes his turn in command until all are gone, when the boat-keeper beresponsible for the return of boat to the mooring ground. The pilot next to leave is in command until he

This order is invariably followed. Each in turn cruises in sight of Sandy Hook for four days. While thus employed it is known as the station boat. Its business is to intercept

vessels which have escaped the attention of boats off shore, and to take

CRUISING OFF SHORE. Cruises off shore vary in length of time and distance. Pilot boats from New York are encountered as far south as Cape May, and as far north as the Great Bank. Off Staten Island is the mooring ground, from whence the little

crafts start on their voyage. Here the pilots come aboard from their pleasant homes or their favorite rendezvous in New York. Many of them live in the pretty villages bordering the bay of the great city, in the enjoyment of well-earned comfort.

The cruise of a pilot sometimes lasts several weeks. Almost from the beginning the lookout is constantly maintained. The character of the boat appears in a number painted on the nowy surface of her sails. They are an intelligent and orderly class of men. Time aboard is spent in conversation, games and light reading. The pilot takes his ease in blue flan-

nel and a pea jacket, doffing his shore clothing. When, however, his turn comes to take duty on an incoming vessel, he is a well-dressed man, showing immaculate linen, and generally a "point device" regard for the "accoutrements, which is highly commendable. A SUCCESSFUL CHASE.

A speck is discovered on the horizon,



At the signal he puts about the vessel, should a pilot be required to customary signal.

the customary signal, "jack at the fore," is displayed. Then the response is given by the pilot-boat "dipping The ship is now "hove to" with her nain topsail "laid back." The yawl is

main topsail "laid back." The jump launched, the pilot and two men jump in, and with a few shoves of the oars the Lightly up her side clambers the gile pilot, satchel in hand. Once on pile pilot, satchel in hand. The two men who have brought him return to the pilot-boat. Their boat is once more lifted to her usual resting-place, and the searci recommences.

face,
As we so cold!
That her heart est trace Of memory or Nor do I think Who watched Would have gu Ot a faithless, nd they needs For this was t didn't know he And so-she p Prince the very sam

The dic

No one could h

day, Two little bab One was a doggy One was named named all on a New And in one crad All through th On her pillow, Prince and Per nt Prince grew Till he soon With a coal-blac fine. With a big,

And he lear wrong. nd Prince wou Rocking her w ently, lightly, and the mother For Prince a nd he'd bear ca With never so nd Pearl on or he'd carry Darling, trust

nd when Pearl

A mile or mor

Prince carried he

At the close of they were th In summer or p in the mount own or count Prince and Pea heese Fact The busines telligently a

ures to the ady income ntario is fa tural advant roduction of e finest qua ent succes depends upo uct, Every ould be inter ent. In prod ik to cheese the follo tention in or I. Milk from ald be used. st four days

2. Any bars

d injures t 3. Cows sho rdant suppl e food and they will drin 4. A supply ed where o ery day. 5. Cows show drink stagn to eat cle bles, leeks, ng that wou nsive taint. . All milk broughly clear shed, then s ter, and aft . Cows sho hands, and have beer

> . Milking k should be mall objectio in a foul-sm arts to make r whey shou ald hogs be d, or near a . Tin pails 0. All milk ined, immedi is prefe

Nova