

YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW IT ALL ENDED.

Katy Marsh and Flora Harwood were out on the ocean sailing—and bound directly for Paris! To be sure their steamer was only a wheelbarrow—and their ocean, the back yard! But what of that? And what is the use of little girls having an imagination if they're always going to adapt themselves to circumstances?—I'd like to know.

However, it all seemed very real to Katy and Flora, and as the steamer rocked again and again in the most alarming way, the little girls clung to the side of the vessel, and said "Whatever in this world shall we do, if we're drowned!" And, as no one could answer that question, they prepared themselves for the worst! But just then the sun came out from behind a cloud, and Katy said, "The storm is over and we are saved."

"Yes," answered Flora, "and now we must sing—don't you know, Katy? Shipwrecked crews always sing something."

"Do they? I should think they'd be drying their clothes."

"O, Katy Marsh! you're so queer. But then ours wasn't a real shipwreck, you know; we only came near it; any way I think it would be lovely to sing just as we are entering port."

"All right, Flora, go ahead." And Katy, who generally gave in to Flora, straightened up the dollies, pinned the silk handkerchief again on the kitten (for during the storm everybody and everything had been more or less disturbed), then said, "I'm ready, go on."

"Oh, it was just lovely! Even the kitten enjoyed it, for she purred delightfully as the little girls sung appropriate to the occasion. "A Life On the Ocean Wave," "Speed My Bark," "O'er Waters Blue," "The Breaking Waves Dashed High" and "Dublin Bay" followed each other in quick succession.

"Katy, do you know 'My Father's at the Helm'?"

"No! Is he? I didn't want to play when any one was around."

"O, Katy Marsh! You'll be the death of me some day. I mean the poem; it's perfectly lovely."

"Is it? But what is a hellum?"

"Helm, Katy, don't ever say hellum. A helm's—a helm! It's a something that always goes with a ship; I don't know as I can explain it; a sort of ornament, like a flag-staff, I guess. Any way, it isn't very important—I know!—But the poem is elegant, and makes me want to cry."

"Oh-h," said Katy, "I don't believe I'd like it then. Don't sing it, Flora, please; it's ever so much nicer without fathers and helms, I think. You know if papa was out here, he'd say, 'Katy, you'd better go in the house now and help mamma.' That would be horrible; we don't want to even think of such things."

"Oh, no indeed! let's sing—"

"Katy, Katy Marsh; where are you?"

"Oh dear, Flora! That's mamma after all. It's that old dress to try on, I know."

"Here I am, mamma," and through a hole in the fence came Katy carrying in her arm the little gray-and-white kitten. "You don't want me now, do you, mamma?"

But Mrs. Marsh did want her, she had been wanting her some time. Then, too, she despised cats, and had said to Katy again and again: "Never bring one near the house!" So putting it altogether, Mrs. Marsh was not in a gentle frame of mind; and what do you suppose she said? "Put down that cat, and come in this minute!"

Oh, it was dreadful! And little Flora Harwood, who was half way through the fence, went back in an instant to tell her mother all about it!

Poor Katy! It was bad enough to have mamma act so, right before Flora Harwood; but to hear her dear, beautiful kitten called a cat was enough to break her heart, and hers, she knew, was "breaking all to pieces."

There was Paris just in sight, and everything so lovely; and here was mamma with a frown, the kitten gone, and a dress to try on! Was there ever a little girl so tried!

"I shall never get over it—never" thought Katy; but the worst was to come. As her mother finished trying on the dress, baby Ned, who had a faculty for waking up at the wrong time on a busy day, began to cry lustily.

Katy well knew what that cry meant for her; there was no going out now till "that child" was amused in some way, or put to sleep again, and it was worse than useless to expect mamma to take him; so with a most unhappy heart Katy went into the little bedroom to quiet her baby brother.

What if at all other times, he was "just too sweet to live, and the most beautiful baby in the world!" He was not sweet when he cried, and not the least bit beautiful; besides it wasn't very nice to look after a baby when one would rather look after a kitten!

What if she had called mamma only the day before, when she promised to make the dress like Flora's—pulls on the sleeves and all—"too perfectly lovely." She was far from lovely now! And Katy wished something would happen to make mamma put up her work and pity her poor little girl!

Just then remembrance of the long days of last Spring came to her; how, when she was "so sick with that fever, mamma had been so good and patient all that weary, long time." Even Katy's papa, at the last, said "Katy was getting cross," but mamma hadn't thought so. Surely her little girl ought to be willing to help mamma when she could. So almost before she knew it the angry thoughts had all gone, and Katy was singing a lullaby to baby Ned, who, as he listened, forgot to cry and settled himself down to finish his nap.

Now mamma, out in the other room, heard the sweet voice singing, and then mamma began to think.

"Poor little girl! It was too bad to have to leave your play, even to try on a new frock; and though you came in unwillingly, I cannot blame you so very much. It was hard to know, to give up Flora and the fun in that sudden way. I ought not to have been so hasty. But, dear me! I never could endure a cat. They're always in the way."

"Meow, meow," went something right beside Mrs. Marsh, and looking down, she saw the dearest, little kitten in the world! All gray but the two fore paws, and a spot of white on the top of its head. "Meow, meow," went pussy—and looking up at Mrs. Marsh said as plainly as one could wish—"I'm not a cat, I'm a kitten!"

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Katy's mamma, "you're the very thing Katy had in her arms; where did you come from?"

A SUBMERGED RAILWAY.

The Ingenious Scheme for Loading Ships Near a Rocky Spanish Coast.

The mines of Onton, near Bilbao, north Spain, have long been celebrated for their richness in the yield of iron ores suitable for the manufacture of steel, but great trouble has heretofore been experienced in the shipment of the mineral on account of the difficulty of placing it on board of the ships. England and the Continent are the great markets for this product. The coast adjacent to these mines is high and rocky, exposed to the full force of the sea, there being no harbors in the immediate vicinity. At the foot of the rocks there is a sloping shore which extends out to a considerable distance, with an even grade. It is upon this incline that the remarkable railway we are about to describe has been constructed.

The roadway of the railway has a length of about 650 feet and a width of 20 feet, upon which two sets of parallel tracks, each 3 feet wide, are placed constituting a four-rail railway. The grade is five feet to the hundred. The car which traverses this railway, upon which the ore is conveyed from the cliffs to the ships, consists of a high metallic tower made in the form of a pyramid having a wide triangular base. The tower is mounted on wheels, which run upon the quadruple railway track before mentioned. The platform of the tower upon which the load of mineral is placed is about 70 feet high from the track, a height which is sufficient to rise above the decks of ordinary vessels when the tower is run alongside thereof; and from the platform the discharge of ore is made directly into the hold of the vessels. This great rolling tower is operated automatically. It is connected to the shore by means of a strong wire cable, which passes over pulleys fastened to the rocks. At the land end of the cable there are attached some weighted cars that move up and down upon an incline. These form a counterbalancing weight for pulling the tower when empty in toward the shore.

The mineral to be loaded upon the vessels is brought from the mines, which are not far distant from the coast, upon railways mounted upon posts. From the mineral dumps upon the rocky heights the mineral is conveyed part way down the cliff through a chute, the end of which projects beyond the cliff, and when the empty tower is drawn to shore by the cars before mentioned it automatically opens an end gate at the weight of ore sufficient to overcome that of the counterbalancing weight or weighted cars has fallen upon the platform, and when this takes place, the tower, by its own gravity, begins to move down the inclined railway, and the gate of the chute automatically closes. The tower continues to glide down the inclined way through the water until it reaches the side of the ship, which is anchored fore and aft, and then by the throw of a lever, the platform of tower being inclined, the whole load upon the platform is almost instantly deposited upon the ship, going down through suitable slides into the hold thereof. As soon as the discharge of the load takes place, the counterbalancing cars begin to draw the tower inward again toward the shore, and thus the operation of moving the tower back and forth automatically, and automatically loading and discharging itself, is carried on with the greatest success.

It is said this railway operates even when the sea is extremely rough. It certainly is a bold undertaking, and reflects the greatest credit upon its constructor, Mr. D. M. Alberto de Palacio. The platform carries for its load 100 tons of ore. It is said that 5,000 tons of ore per day can be put on shipboard by means of this apparatus, the total cost \$18,000.

The wardrobe of Queen Bess.

An inventory taken in the year 1600 of the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth enables us to estimate the sumptuous attire with which the Virgin Queen at once delighted and astonished her subjects. She had at the date named, 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns (round, loose and French), 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 27 fans, 96 cloaks, 83 saveguards, 85 doublets and 18 lap mantles.

Her gowns were of the richest and costliest materials—purple, gold tissue, crimson, satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet, cloth and satins of dove color, drake color, horse-flesh color and a very popular color known in those old times as "lady blush." Some of the queen's dresses are worthy of special note, says the London Lady. A frock of silver cloth, checkered with red silk like birds' eyes, with demisleeves, a cut of crimson velvet twisted on with silver and lined with crimson velvet. A French kirtle of white satin, cut all over, embroidered with loops, flowers and clouds of Venice gold, silver and silk. The forepart of one dress was white satin embroidered very fine with border of the sun, moon and other signs and planets of Venice gold, silver and beads of sundry colors, with a border of silks beneath, likewise embroidered.

Other gowns were adorned with bees, flies, spiders, worms, trunks of trees, pantries, oak leaves and mulberries; while some were resplendent with rainbows, suns, clouds, fountains and flames of fire. Her buttonholes were of fantastic device, some being in the shape of flowers and butter-flies, and those on one gorgeous dress were in the similitude of birds of paradise. Altogether, the Virgin Queen, when arrayed in all her glory, must have resembled a preliminary edition of "The History of Animated Nature."

Elevation of Women.

Edward White, Archbishop of Canterbury in a series of visitation addresses on the present social aspect of Christian life and work, thus alludes to organizations for the protection and elevation of women:

"Not one step taken thus far in woman's education and advance can be said to have led to one evil or done one mischief. Her dignity has risen steadily with her power for good. No scandal, folly, luxury, extravagance can be pointed to as results."

They Met by Chance.

Col. Yergor—What's the matter with you? Your clothes are all torn and your face is all scarred up.

Sam Johnson—Nuffin, boss, nuffin wuff speaking of. I jus had a little chat wid my fist and only lub, what I met for doo fust time since I married Swayback Lucy.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S STORY.

It is About the Late Emperor Frederick, and is Curious.

Some time ago Col. Stoffel, an authority in the military affairs of France and Germany, published in Paris a pamphlet concerning the possibility of a Franco-German alliance against Russian pan-slavism and Russian barbarism generally. The *sine qua non* of such an alliance, Col. Stoffel said, was that Germany should return to France her lost provinces. The general discussion of Col. Stoffel's novel ideas was interrupted by events of greater importance at Berlin and Paris, but it has been revived by some rather sensational comments on it by the venerable Marshal MacMahon. Since the accession of the present German Emperor to the throne, Marshal MacMahon thinks, there is no hope that France may get back her provinces peacefully in the near future. Had young Williams's foreign policy, however, lived to execute the foreign policy he had in his mind, France would have recovered Alsace and Lorraine without the firing of a shot or the spilling of a drop of blood.

"On the day after the battle of Sedan," says the Marshal, in explanation of his unique opinions, "I could not receive him on account of my wounds, but d'Abzac, my Adjutant, saw him, and talked with him and on the following day related the conversation to me. The Prussian general staff expected the war to end very soon, and had no idea that Paris could offer much resistance. The Crown Prince Frederick said: 'Herr von Moltke is, in my opinion, about to make a grave mistake. He wishes to compel you to cede to us part of your territory; I gave my views on the matter, and declared I held such a proposal to be a bad error. I think I know the French and that they could forgive everything except just such a crippling of their country. As soon as they regained their strength after thus losing territory, they would try to get back all they had lost. They would, therefore, always, be threatening the peace and safety of Prussia.' These words of the Crown Prince, reported to me by d'Abzac, impressed me deeply. I have never forgotten them. I am sure that Frederick, as Emperor, would not have altered his views but would have been true to his former conviction that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine was a permanent obstacle to my reconciliation of France and Germany. Under him Stoffel's proposal for a Franco-German alliance could have been considered seriously. Now it is out of the question."

All the German dailies which are not entirely occupied with the recent developments of Imperial politics at Berlin are trying to prove that the old French soldier is attempting to manufacture history and that Unser Fritz never made any such utterances as those attributed to him by d'Abzac.

Women Professionally Athletic.

The Republic of France is at war with the King of Dahomey, and a French newspaper published the information the other day that a battle had been fought in which eight combatants were killed and many wounded. Later on the Dahomians, who had succeeded in capturing a number of Frenchmen, and other Europeans, made another attack, but were finally repulsed with a loss of 400 killed.

The interesting fact in the dispatch lay in the last lines: "Among the dead were found some of the female warriors of the King of Dahomey."

Who are these Amazons?

Dahomey, now for the fifth time at war with a European nation, is a kingdom of Western Africa, in Guinea, its limits being inexactly defined, but with an estimated area of four thousand square miles. The Dahomians are Pagans, and the tiger is their principal fetish. They are bloodthirsty, but hospitable and courageous. Once a year the monarch (whose people approach him by crawling with their faces in the dust) sprinkles his ancestor's graves with human blood. There is an annual festival which takes place about October and lasts several weeks. During the Saturnalia many human victims are put to death with great barbarity.

At one stage of these "customs" the unfortunate wretches, chiefly captives taken in war, are dressed in long shirts and long white nightcaps and tied on baskets. They are then taken to the top of a high platform and paraded on the heads of Amazons, together with an alligator, a cat and a hawk in similar baskets. After the King has made a speech, the victims are hurled down into the midst of a surging crowd of natives, and meet with a horrible death. The skulls are used to adorn the palace walls, and the King's sleeping chamber is paved with the heads of his enemies. The skulls of the conquered kings are converted into royal drinking cups.

About one-fourth of the females are said to be married to the fetish, many even before their birth, and the remainder are entirely at the disposal of the king. The most favored are selected as his own wives, or enlisted into the regiments of the Amazons, and then the chief men are liberally supplied.

The Amazons form the flower of the army. They are marshaled into regiments, each with its distinctive uniform and badges, and they take the post of honor on the flanks of the battle line. Their number has been variously estimated at from 1,000 to 6,000. Their weapons are blunderbusses, flint muskets and bows and arrows. They are in part recruited in a remarkable manner. If a woman in Dahomey is found to be unfaithful to her husband she is at once sent to military headquarters and enrolled among the Amazons. If she has an acrid temper or fails to bear children, or if her husband wants to get rid of her, he honors himself by presenting her to the King, who, if she has the requisite physical qualifications, turns her over to his army officers to be drilled as an Amazon.

The garrison of Aghome, the King's Capital, is composed almost exclusively of Amazons. A recent visitor to the Capital says there were only thirty male soldiers in the garrison. The Amazons are so trained to fill the peaceful role of ballot girls. One of the big sights of Dahomey is to see the Amazons on gala days frantically brandishing their weapons, uttering their warcries and going through their dances before the King.

It is said that at the death of the King a horrid scene ensue. The wives, after the most extravagant demonstrations of grief, attack and murder each other, and remain in an uproar until order is restored by the new sovereign.

Why is a beehive like a rotten potato? A beehive is a bee-holder and a beholder is a spectator, consequently, spectator is a rotten potato.

PERILS OF THE ATLANTIC.

A SINKING BARK ABANDONED AND BURNED.

Desperate Chase of a Small Boat's Crew After a Ship.

The German bark Western Chief was abandoned and set on fire on March 19 about 360 miles northeast of Bahama Islands. The crew left the vessel in two boats, and of which has not since been reported. The remainder of the crew were picked up after having been in an open boat thirty-six hours, and they arrived here yesterday on the brig Pearl, Capt. Knapp, from Ponce.

Chief Officer Herman Kruse, who was in command of the rescued boat's crew, says that the Western Chief left Hamburg for New York with a general cargo on Dec 21, and took the southern passage. Violent westerly gales prevailed steadily for twenty-eight days, and during the greater portion of this time the bark was holed to. She pitched and strained in a violent manner, and finally sprang a dangerous leak. The pumps were manned and were kept going constantly, but the water in the hold gained steadily. During the night of March 18 the leak suddenly increased. In the morning soundings showed that there were five feet of water in the vessel. Capt. Rohling and Chief Officer Kruse held a consultation and decided that as the bark was liable to fill suddenly and sink at any moment it would be advisable to abandon her. They were in the track of vessels bound to and from the West Indies. The weather was fine, and there was a good chance of the crew being picked up. At the worst, the Bahamas were only 300 miles distant.

Food and water for five days were placed in two boats which were launched. Capt. Rohling decided to take charge of the long boat, and selected for his crew the second officer, four seamen, and a boy. (To the chief officer was assigned the care of the carpenter, cook, four seamen, and a boy. The latter was Alois Boeher, the son of a wealthy German, who had been sent to sea for his health. Before getting into their boats the crew set fire to the sinking bark, thinking that by so doing they might attract some passing vessel. The two boats left Western Chief about 8 o'clock in the morning, and remained near her all day. At 10 o'clock in the evening the bark sank. Half an hour later Officer Kruse lost sight of the long boat. He has hopes that Capt. Rohling and his men were picked up, or that they succeeded in reaching the Bahamas. At day break next morning Officer Kruse saw the spars of the Pearl, but it was evident that the boat could not be seen from her decks. The Pearl, however, was proceeding slowly. The distressed sailors bent on their oars and drove the boat in the direction of the northward before a southerly wind which blew in puffs. The boat would gain upon the brig until her hull would begin to show above the horizon. Then would come a puff of wind in which the boat would heel over in a dangerous manner, while the brig would rush on until only her spars remained above the horizon.)

Three men struggled desperately at the oars until long past noon, gaining ground only to lose it again. At length, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the wind shifted to the northward. The brig was no longer able to head her course and stood to the eastward. The shipwrecked men now strained every muscle in a last struggle to come up to the brig. They gained steadily upon her and at length, to their joy, they saw her heave to. Chief Officer Christiansen of the Pearl had seen the boat just as his vessel was about to go upon the other tack. When the men came up to the Pearl they were almost exhausted from the effects of their twelve hours' struggle at the oars. A schooner was now seen at some distance to windward, and appeared ready to offer her services, but these, fortunately, were no longer needed. The shipwrecked men were treated with great kindness on board of the Pearl.

An Able New Potato.

At the last meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences M. Aime Girard gave some interesting information respecting the Emperor, or Richter's Emperor, potato. He stated that, after testing it on a small scale for some years, he grew it largely in 1888 and 1889, and also gave out tubers for experiment to forty growers in different parts of France. It appeared that while the average yield of tubers in France does not exceed 7,500 kilogrammes (say 147 hundredweight) to the hectare, a hectare being 2.4 acres, the variety known as the Emperor may, under certain conditions yield as much as 35,000 to 40,000 kilogrammes per hectare of tubers, with more than 20 per cent. of dry starch. These figures were quite borne out by M. Girard's own experience, his crop of 1889 yielding 39,000 kilogrammes of tubers per hectare, with 20.4 per cent. of starch, equal to 7,956 kilogrammes of dry starch, which is more than the general average weight of tubers themselves in France. In thirty-three out of forty experimental cases through out the country the general result was a yield ranging from 32,000 to 44,000 kilogrammes per hectare, with a proportion of 20.4 to 24.2 per cent. of dry starch, the average yield being 36,000 kilogrammes per hectare and 7,900 kilogrammes of dry starch.

A forcible Illustration.

"What do you do when people come in and bore you?" a warm personal friend said to a merchant.

"When they stay too long, the office boy, who is very bright and knows just when to interfere, tells me that a gentleman is in the counting-house waiting to see me on important business."

"Ha, ha! That's a capital way to get rid of bores who don't know—"

Just then the boy opened the office door and sang out—

"Gent in the countin'-house, sir, waiting to see you on important business!"

A Liberal Citizen.

Musician—"Beg pardon, sir, but I'm around collecting subscriptions to buy the village band new instruments. The old ones are nearly useless."

Suburban Resident—"Is it the instruments that's the matter with that band?"

"Y-e-s, sir."

"Great Wagner! Why didn't you say so before? I'll order a new set for you to-morrow."

Began to Look as Though They Couldn't Agree.

Tom Dabbs and Mort Spillers, two colored gentlemen, formed a copartnership to do a general plastering business. One morning, the second day after articles of agreement had been drawn up, Dabbs seized an ax-handle and knocked Spillers down and beat him unmercifully. Spillers got up, rubbed his head and, turning to a white man that stood near, said:

"Dis proves one thing, sho'. Ef it keeps on dis way me an' dis man kain't agree."