

THE DISTURBER OF TRAFFIC.

The Brothers of the Trinity order that none unconnected with their service shall be found in or on one of their Lights during the hours of darkness. Their employees can be led to think otherwise. If you are fair-spoken and take an interest in their duties, they will permit you to sit with them through the long night and help to scare the ships into mid-channel.

Of all the English south coast Lights, that of St. Cecilia-under-the-Cliff is the most powerful, for it guards a very foggy coast. When the sea mist veils all, St. Cecilia turns a hooded head to the sea and sings a song of two words once every minute. From the land that song resembles the bellowing of a brazen bull; but at sea they understand, and the steamers grunt gratefully in answer.

Fenwick, who was on duty one night, lent me a pair of black glass spectacles, without which no man can look at the Light unblinded, and busied himself with last touches to the lenses before twilight fell. The width of the English Channel beneath us lay as smooth and as many-colored as the inside of an oyster shell. A little Sunderland cargo boat had made her signal to Lloyd's Agency, half a mile up the coast, and was lumbering down to the sunset, her wake lying white behind her. One star came out over the cliffs, the waters turned to lead color, and St. Cecilia's Light shot across the sea in eight long pencils that wheeled slowly from right to left melted into one beam of solid light laid down directly in front of the tower, dissolved again into eight, and passed away. The light-frame of the thousand lenses circled on its rollers, and the compressed-air engine that drove it hummed like a bluebottle under a glass. The hand of the indicator on the wall pulsed from mark to mark. Eight pulse-beats timed one half-revolution of the Light; neither more nor less.

Fenwick checked the first few revolutions carefully; he opened the engine's feed pipe a trifle, looked at the racing governor, and again at the indicator, and said: "She'll do for the next few hours. We've just sent our regular engine to London, and this spare one's not by any manner so accurate."

"And what should happen if the compressed air gave out?" I asked, out of curiosity.

"We'd have to turn the flash by hand, keeping an eye on the indicator. There's a regular crank for that. But it hasn't happened yet. We'll need all our compressed air to-night."

"Why?" said I. I had been watching him for not more than a minute.

"Look," he answered, and I saw that the dead-mist had risen out of the lifeless sea and wrapped us while my back had been turned. The pencils of the Light marched staggeringly across tilted floors of white cloud. From the balcony round the lighthouse the white walls of the lighthouse ran down into swirling, smoking space. The noise of the tide coming in very lazily over the rocks was choked down to a thick drawl.

"That's the way our sea-fogs come," said Fenwick, with an air of proprietorship. "Hark, now, to that little fool calling out 'fore he's hurt.'"

Something in the mist was bleating like an indignant calf; it might have been half a mile or half a hundred miles away.

"Does he suppose we've gone to bed?" continued Fenwick. "You'll hear us talk to him in a minute. He knows perfectly where he is, and he's carrying on to be told like if he was insured."

"Who is he?"

"That Sunderland boat, o' course. Ah!" I could hear a steam-engine hiss down below in the mist where the dynamos that fed the Light were clacking together. Then there came a roar that split the fog and shook the lighthouse.

"Git-out!" blared the foghorn of St. Cecilia. The bleating ceased.

"Little fool!" Fenwick repeated. Then, listening: "Blest if that aren't another of them! Well, well, they always say that a fog do draw the ships of the sea together. They'll be calling at night, and so'll the siren. We're expecting some tea-ships up-Channel."

"If you put my coat on that chair, you'll feel more so fast, sir."

It is no pleasant thing to thrust your company upon a man for the night. Looked at Fenwick, and Fenwick looked at me; each ganging the other's capacities for boring and being bored. Fenwick was an old, clean-shaven, gray-haired man who had followed the sea for thirty years, and knew nothing of the land except the lighthouse in which he served. He fenced cautiously to find out the little that I knew, and talked down to my level till it came out that I had met a captain in the merchant service who had once commanded a ship in which Fenwick's son had served; and further, that I had seen some places that Fenwick had touched at. He began with a dissertation on pilotage in the Hugi. I had been privileged to know a Hugi pilot intimately. Fenwick had only seen the imposing and masterful breed from a ship's chains and his intercourse had been limited to "Quarter less five," and remarks of a strictly business-like nature. He began to cease to talk down to me, and became so amazingly technical that I was forced to beg him to explain every other sentence. This set him fully at his ease; and then we spoke as men together, each too interested to think of anything except the subject in hand. And that subject was wrecks, and voyages, and old time trading, and slips cast away in desolate seas, steamers we both had known, their merits, and their demerits, lading, Lloyd's, and, above all, Lights. The talk always came back to Lights: Lights of the Channel; Lights on forgotten islands, and men forgotten on them; Light-ships—two months' duty and one month's leave—tossing on kinked cables in ever-troubled tideways; and Lights that men had seen where never lighthouse was marked on the charts.

Omitting all those stories and omitting also the wonderful ways by which he arrived at them, I tell here, from Fenwick's mouth, one that was not the least amazing. It was delivered in pieces between the roller skate rattle of the revolving lenses, the bellowing of the fog-horn below, the answering calls from the sea, and the sharp tap of reckless nightbirds that flung themselves at the glasses. It concerned a man called Dowse, once an intimate friend of Fenwick, now a waterman at Portsmouth, believing that the guilt of blood is on his head, and

finding no rest either at Portsmouth, or Gosport Hard.

"And if anybody was to come to you and say, 'I know the Java currents,' don't you listen to him; for those currents is never yet known to mortal man. Sometimes they're here, and sometimes they're there, but they never runs less than five knots an hour through and among those islands of the Eastern Archipelago. There's reverse currents in the Gulf of Boni—and that's up north in Celebes—that no man can explain; and through all those Java passages from the Bali Narrows, Dutch Gut, add Ombay, which I take it is the safest, they chop and they change, and they banks the tides just on one shore and then on another, till your ship's tore in two. I've come through the Bali Narrows, stern first, in the heart o' the southeast monsoon, with a sou'-sou'-west wind blowing atop of the northerly flood, and our skipper said he wouldn't do it again, not for all Jamarach's. You've heard o' Jamarach's, sir?"

"Yes; and was Dowse stationed in the Bali Narrows?" I said.

"No, he was not at Bali, but much more east o' them passages, and that's Flores Strait, at the east end o' Flores. It's all on the way south to Australia when you're running through that Eastern Archipelago. Sometimes you go through Bali Narrows if you're full-powered, and sometimes through Flores Strait, so as to stand south at once, and fetch round Timor, keeping well clear o' the Sahul Bank. Elseways, if you aren't full-powered, why it stands to reason you go round by the Ombay Passage, keeping careful to the north side. You understand that, sir?"

I was not full-powered, and judged it safer to keep to the north side—of Silence.

"And on Flores Strait, in the fairway between Adonare Island and the mainland, they put Dowse in charge of a screw-pile Light called the Wurlee Light. It's less than a mile across the head of Flores Strait. Then it opens out to ten or twelve mile for Solor Strait, and then it narrows again to a three-mile gut, with a toppin' flamin' volcano by it. That's old Loby Loby by Loby Loby Strait, and if you keep his Light and the Wurlee Light in a line you won't take much harm, not on the darkest night. That's what Dowse told me, and I can well believe him, knowing these seas myself; but you must ever be mindful of the currents. And there they put Dowse, since he was the only man that that Dutch government which owns Flores could find that would go to Wurlee and tend a fixed Light. Mostly they uses Dutch and Italians, Englishmen being said to drink when alone. I never could rightly find out what made Dowse accept of that position, but accept he did, and used to sit watching the tigers come out of the forests to hunt for crabs and such like round about the lighthouse at low tide. The water was always warm in those parts, as I know well, and uncommon sticky, and it ran with the tides as thick and smooth as hogwash in a trough. There was another man along with Dowse in the Light, but he wasn't rightly a man. He was a Kling. No, nor yet a Kling he wasn't, but his skin was in little flakes and cracks all over, from living so much in the salt water as was his usual custom. His hands was all webby-foot, too. He was called, I remember Dowse saying now, an Orange-Lord, on account of his habits. You've heard of an Orange-Lord, sir?"

"Orange-Laut?" I suggested.

"That's the name," said Fenwick, smacking his knee. "An Orange-Laut, of course, and his name was Challong; what they call a sea-gypsy. Dowse told me that that man, long hair and all, would go swimming up and down the straits just for something to do; running down on one tide and back again with the other, swimming side-stroke and the tides going tremenjous strong. Elseways he'd be skipping about the beach along with the tigers at low tide, for he was most part a beast; or he'd sit in a little boat prying to old Loby Loby of an evening when the volcano was spitting red at the south end of the strait. Dowse told me that he wasn't a companionable man, like you and me might have been to Dowse."

"Now I can never rightly come at what it was that began to ail Dowse after he had been there a year or something less. He was saving all his pay and tending his Light, and now and again he'd have a fight with Challong and tip him off the Light into the sea. Then, he told me, his head began to feel streaky from looking at the tides so long. He said there was long streaks of white running inside it; like wall paper that hadn't been properly pasted up, he said. The streaks, they would run with the tides, north and south, twice a day, accordin' to them currents, and he'd lie down on the planking—it was a screw-pile Light—with his eye to a crack and watch the water streaking through the piles just so quiet as hogwash. He said the only comfort he got was at sack water. Then, he streaks in his head went round and round like a sampan in a tide-river; but that was heaven, he said, to the other kind of streaks,—the straight ones that looked like arrows on a wind chart, but much more regular, and that was the trouble of it. No more he couldn't ever keep his eyes off the tides that ran up and down so strong, but as soon as ever he looked at the high hills standing all along Flores Strait for rest and comfort his eyes would be pulled down like to the nasty streaky water; and when they once got there he couldn't pull them away again till the tide changed. He told me all this himself, speaking just as though he was talking of somebody else."

"Where did you meet him?" I asked.

"In Portsmouth harbor, a-cleaning the brasses of a Ryde boat, but I'd known him off and on through following the sea for many years. Yes, he spoke about himself very curious, and all as if he was in the next room laying there dead. Those streaks, they preyed upon his intellects, he said; and he made up his mind, every time that the Dutch gubnot that attends to the Lights in those parts come along, that he'd ask to be took off. But as soon as she did come something went click in his throat, and he was so took up with watching her masts, because they ran longways, in the contrary direction to his streaks, that he could never say a word until she was gone away and her masts was under sea again. Then, he said, he'd cry by the hour; and Challong swum round and round the Light, laughin' at him and splashin' water with his webby-foot hands. At last he took it into his pore sick head that the ships, and particular: the

steamers that came by,—there wasn't many of them,—made the streaks, instead of the tides as was natural. He used to sit, he told me cursing every boat that come along,—sometimes a junk, sometimes a Dutch brig, and now and again a steamer rounding Flores Head and poking about in the mouth of the strait. Or there'd come a boat from Australia running north past old Loby Loby hunting for a fair current, but never throwing out any papers that Challong might pick up for Dowse to read. Generally speaking, the steamers kept more westerly, but now and again they came looking for Timor and the west coast of Australia. Dowse used to shout to them to go round by the Ombay Passage, and not to come streaking past him, making the water all streaky, but it wasn't likely they'd hear. He says to himself after a month, 'I'll give them one more chance,' he says. 'If the next boat don't attend to my just representations,—he says he remembers using those very words to Challong,—I'll stop the fairway.'

"The next boat was a Two-streak cargo-boat very anxious to make her northing. She waddled through under old Loby Loby at the south end of the strait, and she passed within a quarter of a mile of the Wurlee Light at the north end, in seventeen fathom o' water, the tide against her. Dowse took the trouble to come out with Challong in a little prow that they had,—all bamboos and leakage,—and he lay in the fairway waving a palm-branch, and so he told me, wondering why and what for he was making this fool of himself. Up come the Two-streak boat, and Dowse shouts: 'Don't you come this way again, making my head all streaky! Go round by Ombay, and leave me alone.' Some one looks over the port bulwarks and shies a banana at Dowse, and that's all. Dowse sits down in the bottom of the boat and cries fit to break his heart. Then he says, 'Challong, what am I a-crying for?' and they fetch up by the Wurlee Light on the half flood.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Suspicious Death of an Austrian Nobleman

It is reported from Pressburg that Count Emerich Esterhazy, aged eighty-three, was drowned in the Danube on Friday night, having fallen, with his carriage, horses, and driver, from the road over a dam eighteen feet high into the river. The driver saved himself, and gives the following account:—The Count had engaged him at six in the afternoon at Wieselburg, and wished to be taken to Pressburg. At ten they arrived at Orosvar, where the Count stayed to take supper, and at a quarter to eleven he ordered the driver, a country lad of seventeen, to drive on so that Pressburg might be reached before midnight. At eleven the Count appeared to awake from his sleep, started up, and ordered him to drive away from the high road along a road crossing a field. The lad remonstrated, saying that was the way to the Danube, but the Count ordered him so peremptorily that he dared not disobey, and before he knew what he was about the ground crumbled under the horses' feet, and in a second all were precipitated into the Danube. The driver ran to Orosvar to report what had happened, and though the body was searched for immediately, it was not found till the next day. A very suspicious fact was ascertained. The Count's trunk, which had been corded to the carriage, was found loose on the bank, and only contained the Count's wardrobe and 167 florins in the pocket of a coat. Now, the Count had written to Pressburg to say that he was coming to pay 6000 florins, and it was his custom to go to Pressburg once a month with a similar sum. It is, therefore, quite possible that he was robbed by people who knew the coachman, and that the carriage was driven into the Danube to give the affair the aspect of an accident. The Count leaves a large fortune, which he hoarded during a life of strictest economy, not to say avarice.

The Ozar and the Photographer.

A Berlin paper states that the Ozar does not like having his photograph taken, especially when he has to stand alone in front of the camera, or is subjected to the process unexpectedly or suddenly. A Danish photographer found this out two weeks ago. He had taken up his position on the road, which leads from the castle to the station near the Fernbane Hotel, in order when the Ozar took his usual morning walk to the station to catch him, and to force him in a sense to give him a sitting. The Ozar came, as luck would have it, quite alone, when suddenly to his left he heard the ominous click-click of the instrument. He immediately turned sharply round, as if the shadow of a danger had crossed his path, and saw 10 paces off the black camera, which, being dazzled by the sun, he evidently did not at once recognise. The Ozar's face was whiter than an apron; the stick which shortly before he had been carelessly waving in the air fell from his grasp, and he trembled like a fawn in face of a sudden fright. But then as if by a sudden determination of will, he collected himself, and as the photographer came forth from behind his box with a humble request, he gave him a look which made the young man tremble, and the words died on his lips. "Jamais," hissed the Ozar between his teeth, and hurried back to the castle, a group of children running to meet him. In their midst he most likely soon regained his composure. The photographer returned by the next train to Copenhagen. He was near fainting, the poor fellow, and for half an hour nearly lost the power of speech, such an impression had the Ozar's enraged looks and his imperious "Jamais" made upon him.

The Loreley.

(From the German of Heine.)
I know not what it meaneth
That I so sad should be,
That like as one that dreameth,
This tale comes back to me.
The air is cool and darkling,
And silent flows the Rhine,
The mountain top is sparkling,
Where evening glories shine.
There sits a maiden, seeming
Of beauty wondrous fair,
With golden Jewels gleaming;
She combs her golden hair.
Her comb likewise is golden:
A song meanwhile sings she—
A stirring song and olden,
Of touching melody.
His barque the skipper guiding,
Is touched with wildest woo;
His gaze on high abiding
Sees not the reef below.
And so the wavelets swallow
Both boat and man ere long;
How strange that this should follow
A beautiful maiden's song.

LARGE LAND-OWNERS.

The Duke of Sutherland Owns Nearly a Whole Country.

There is only one landed proprietor in England possessed of more than 100,000 acres in one country, there being three in Ireland and no less than fourteen in Scotland. In England the Duke of Northumberland is proprietor of 181,616 acres in Northumberland. In Ireland Mr. Richard Burridge is proprietor of 160,152 acres in Galway, the Marquis Conyngham 129,846 acres in Donegal, and the Marquis of Sligo of 122,902 in Mayo. In Scotland the Duke of Argyll is proprietor of 168,315 acres in Argyll, the Earl of Breadalbane 234,166 acres in Perth and 204,192 in Argyll; Mr. Evan Baillie of Dookfour, 111,148 acres in Inverness; the Duke of Buccleuch, 253,179 acres in Dumfries and 104,461 in Roxburgh; Mr. Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, 109,574 acres in Inverness; the Earl of Dalhousie, 136,602 acres in Forfar; the Duke of Fife, 134,829 acres in Aberdeen; the Duke of Hamilton, 102,210 acres in Bute; Sir George Macpherson Grant, 103,372 acres in Inverness; Sir James Matheson, 406,070 acres in Ross; the Duke of Richmond 159,952 acres in Banff; Sir Charles Ross, 110,445 acres in Ross; the Earl of Seafield, 160,224 acres in Inverness; and last but not least, the Duke of Sutherland, with no less than 1,176,454 acres in Sutherland, so that his grace is possessed of very nearly the whole country, the total area of which it 1,297,845 acres.

A Chinese Ghost Story.

The following ghost story is related by a correspondent of the *Anti-Jacobin*:—At Nanchang, in Kiangsi, were two literary men who used to read in the Polar monastery. One was elderly, the other young; they were united by the bonds of closest friendship. The elder one went to his home and suddenly died. The young man did not know of it, and went on with his studies at the monastery in the usual way. One night after he had gone to sleep he saw his old friend open the bed curtains, come to the bed, and put his hand on his shoulder, saying, "Brother, it is only ten days since I parted from you, and now a sudden sickness has carried me off. I am a ghost. I cannot, however, forget our friendship, and so have come to bid adieu." The young man was so astounded that he could not speak. The old man reassured him, saying, "If I had wished to injure you why should I have told you I was a ghost? Do not fear, then. The reason of my visit is that I have a favour to beg of you with regard to the future." The young man grew a little calmer, and asked, "What can I do?" The ghost replied, "I have a mother over seventy, and a wife not yet thirty; a few piculs of rice are needed for their maintenance. I beg you to have mercy upon me, and supply their wants. That is my first request. I have also an essay which I have written, which has not been printed. I beg of you to get a block cut for it, and print it, so that my name may not utterly die out. This is my second request. Next, I owe the stationers some thousands of cash, which I have not paid; kindly settle this claim. This is my third request." The young scholar assented with a nod. The dead man stood up, and said, "As you have been kind enough to grant my requests, I will depart."

Eruptive Geysers.

Bunsen has explained the periodical eruption of geysers in such a satisfactory manner that doubt is no longer possible. A cavern filled with water lies deep in the earth, under the geyser, and the water in this cavern is heated by the earth's internal heat far above 212°, since there is a heavy hydrostatic pressure upon it arising from the weight of water in the passage or natural standpipe that leads from the subterranean chamber to the surface of the earth. After a certain time the temperature of the water below rises, so that steam is given off in spite of the pressure, and the column in the exit tube is gradually forced upward. The release of pressure and the disturbance of the water then cause the contents of the subterranean chamber to flash into steam and expel the contents of the exit pipe violently. These eruptions may also be provoked by throwing stones or clods of turf into the basin of the geyser. The water in the cavern below is disturbed by this means.

The Household Prize.

135 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont. "Your reliable preparation, St. Jacobs Oil, has proved a benefit to me in more ways than one. I have used it for quinsy (outward application) with very beneficial results, and for a case of rheumatism, where its action was swift and sure, and a perfect cure was performed. I consider it a remedy to be prized in every household." THOS. PRELTON, with Johnson & Brown.

A Brave British Boy.

A plucky attempt to save life, made by Mr. W. R. Parr, the son of the Rev. E. R. Parr, British chaplain at Boulogne, has received unexpected recognition from the French authorities. The incident occurred at Boulogne last December. A French boy fell through the ice on the river Liane, and young Parr, a lad of 15, made a most gallant though fruitless effort to save him, in the course of which he himself narrowly escaped death. He has received notice from the Minister of Marine that a silver medal, as a reward for his bravery, will be presented to him by the Commissary of Marine, who is the chief maritime authority at Boulogne.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.—[Goethe.]

What a man cannot believe can never at bottom be of true interest to him.—[Carlyle.]

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes

That Tired Feeling
creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.

Fagged Out
"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BREGOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Worn Out
"Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. PUEBE MOSHER, 20 Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Railways in the Holy Land.

The Turkish government, having decided on the construction of a railway proceeding from Ismid to Samsun to Bagdad, has invited the administration of the Anatolian Railway and Baron Macar, who received the concession for the Samsun-Sivas line, to a conference in order to consider the best means of attaining its object. The Minister of Public Works has a number of applications for concessions on hand at present. Among them is one from Mehmed Assim Effendi, for the building of a tramway line from Janina to Hanopoulo. This tramway would be worked partly by animal traction and partly by steam. Another project is that of Ibrahimdarzade Djemil Bey for the construction of a tramway at Broussa.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccupping or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Naturally Aroused Suspicion.

"Brother Means," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, entering the counting-room of one of his parishioners, "will you kindly tell me whether or not this \$5 bill is a counterfeit?"

"It is perfectly good," said Brother Means, examining it. "What led you to suspect its genuineness, may I ask?"

"It was dropped in the contribution-box last Sunday."

Smacking Hi Chops.

"I suppose Jimpsom when he struck the free lunch counter fairly smacked his chops?"

"No; the barkeeper came around and smacked them for him."

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"