# THE THREAD OF LIFE:

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER II. - DOWN STREAM.

Tide served next morning at eleven ; and punctual to the minute-for, besides being a poet, he prided himself on his qualities as a man of business-Hugh Massinger surrendered himself in due course by previous appointment on board the Mud Turtle at the Pool by the Tower. But his eyes were heavier and redder than they had seemed last night; and his languid manner showed at once, by a hundred little signs, that he had devoted but small time since Relf left him to what Mr. Herbert Spencer Frocesses."

The painter, attired for the sea like a common sailor in jersey and trousers and knitted woollen cap, rose up from the deck to great him hospitably. His whole appearance betokened serious business. It was evident that Warren Relf did not mean to

play at yachting.

"You've been making a night of it, I'm afraid, Massinger," he said as their eyes met. "Bad preparation, you know, for a day down the river. We shall have a loppy sea, if this wind holds, when we pass the Nore. You ought to have gone straight to bed when you left the club with me last evening."

with affected cheerfulness. "The path of duty's as plain as a pikestaff ; but the things things I ought not to do, I find, on the conmake a clean breast of it. I strolled round to Pallavicini's after you vacated the Row last night, and found them having a turn or two at lansquenet. Now, lansquenet's an amusement I never can resist. The consequence was, in three hours I was pretty well cleaned out of ready cash, and shall have to keep my nose to the grindstone accordingly all through what ought by rights to have been my summer holiday. This conclusively shows the evils of high play, and the moral superiority of the wise man who goes home to bed and is sound asleep when | ly moving monsters. the clock strikes eleven."

Relf's face fell several tones. "I wish, Massinger," he said very gravely, "you'd make up your mind never to touch those hateful cards again. You'll ruin your health, your mind, and your pocket with them. If you spent the time you spend upon play in writing some really great book now, you'd make in the end ten times as much by it."

The poet smiled a calm smile of superior wisdom. "Good boy!" he cried, patting Relf on the back in mock approbation of his moral advice. "You talk for all the world like a Sanday-school prize-book. Honest industry has its reward; while pitch-and-toss and wicked improper games land one at last in prison or the workhouse. My dear Relf, how on earth can you, who are a sensible man, believe all that antiquated nursery rubbish? As a matter of tact, is it always good boys who pull the plums with self-appreciative smile out of the world's pudding? Far from it: quite the other way. I have seen the wicked flourishing in my time like a green bay-tree. Honest industry breaks stones on the road, while successful robbery or successful gambling rolls by at its ease, cigar in mouth, lolling on the cushion of its luxurious carriage. If you stick to honest industry all your life long, you may go on breaking stones contentedly for the whole term of your natural existence. But if you speculate boldly on your week's earnings and land a haul, you may in time set another fellow to break stones for you, and then you become at once a respectable man, a capitalist, and a baronet. All the where traders ply their flow of intercourse, great fortunes we see in the world have and stood by to eat their lunch in peace and

ion," Warren Relf answered with a more observed philosophically, as he poured out a ling a leap year in the fourth centurial year. serious air, as he turned aside to look after glassful of beer into a tin mug-the Mudthe rigging. "I admit there is a good deal Turtle's appointments were all of the home- the borrowing and paying back balance so of gambling in business; but anyhow, hon- liest-" We ought to get down to Whiteest industry's a simple necessary on board strand before an easy breeze with two days' back to the extent of only one day in 3,866 from your topsy-turvy moral philosophy, at Leigh and Orfordness."

and help me out with this sheet and the mainsail."

original a little craft as her owner and skip. Relf, and of your tinned lobster too. burden, she ranked as a yacht only by cour- with sailors and a cook and a floating drawtesy, on the general principle of what the ing room, my soul wouldn't care for. You logicians call excluded middle. If she wasn't can get drawing rooms galore any day in that, why, then, pray, what in the world | Belgravia; but picnicking like this, with a was she? The Mud-Turtle measured almost spice of adventure in it, falls in precisely as broad across the beam as she reckoned with my own view of the ends of existence. feet in length from stem to stern; and her skipper maintained with profound pride that | folk to see, then?" she couldn't capsize-even it she tried-in the worst storm that ever blew out of an a Girton girl: the newest thing out in English sky. She drew no more than three women. I call her a cousin for convenience's feet of water at a pinch; she could go any. sake. Not too nearly related, if it comes to where that a man could wade up to his that; a surfeit of family's a thing to be knees without fear of wetting his tucked-up avoided. But we're a decadent tribe, the breeches. This made her a capital boat for tribe of Massinger; hardly any others of a marine artist to go about sketching in; us left alive; when I put on my hat I cover for Relf could lay her alongside a wreck all that remains of us; and cousinhood's a on shallow sands, and run her up a narrow capital thing in its way to keep up under creek after picturesque waterfowl, or ap- certain conditions. It enables a man to pay proach the riskiest shore to the very edge a pretty girl a great deal of respectful attenof the cliffs, without any reference to the tion, without necessrialy binding himself state of the tide, or the probable depth of down in the end to anything definite in the the surrounding channel.

"If she grounds," the artist said enthus iastically, expatiating on her merits to his it, isn't it?" new passenger, "you see it doesn't really matter twopence; for the next high tide 'll in these jammed and crushed and overcrowdset her afloat again within six hours. She's ed days of ours? Nature demands the safea great opportunist: she knows well that all ty-value of a harmless flirtation. If one things come in time to him who can wait. | can't aford to marry, the natural affections The Mud Turtle positively revels in mud; she lies flat on it as on her native heath, and But it's quite impossible, as things go now-

plement of rugs and blankets : and a small and primitive open stove devoted to the ser-

leaving nardly room for the self-sacrificing volunteer who undertook the functions of purveyor and bottle-washer to turn about in. But the lockers were amply stored with fresh bread, tinned meats, and other simple necessaries for a week's cruise. Thus equipped and accoutred, Warren Relf was accustomed to live an outdoor life for weeks together with his one like minded chum and companion.

As for Hugh Massinger, a confirmed landsman, the first few hours' sail down the crowded Thames appeared to him at the periphrastically describes as "reparative outset a perfect phantasmagoria of ever varying perils and assorted terrors. composed his soul to instant death from the very beginning; not, indeed, that he minded one bit for that: the poet dearly loved danger, as he loved all other forms of sensation and excitement: they were food for the Muse; and the Muse, like Blanche Amory is apt to exclaim, "'Il me faut des emotions! But the manifold novel forms of enterprise as the lumbering little yawl made her way clumsily among the great East-Indiamen and big ocean going steamers, darting boldly now athwart the very bows of a huge Monarch-liner, insinuating herself now with delicate precision between the broadsides of two heavy Rochester barges, and "I know I ought," the poet responded just escaping collision now with some laden collier from Cardiff or Newcastle, were too complicated and too ever-pressing at the I ought to do I mostly leave undone; and the first blush for Massinger fully to take in their meaning at a single glance. Hugh trary, vastly attractive. I may as well Massinger was at once amused and bewildered by the careless confidence with which his sea-faring friend dashed boldly in and out among brigs and schooners, smacks and steamships, on port or starboard tack, in endless confusion, backing the little Mud-Turtle to hold herown in the unequal contest against the biggest and swiftest craft that sailed the river. His opinion of Relf rose rapidly many degrees in mental register as he watched him tacking and luffing and scudding and darting with cool unconcern in his toy tub among so many huge and swift-

> "Port your helm!" Relf cried to him hastily once, as they crossed the channel just abreast of Greenwich Hospital. "Here's another sudden death down upon us round the Reach yonder!" And even as he spoke, a big coal-steamer, with a black diamond painted allusively on her bulky funnel, turning the low point of land that closed their view, bore hastily down upon them from the opposite direction with menacing swiftness. Massinger, doing his best to obey orders, grew bewildered after a time by the glib rapidity of his friend's commands. He was perfectly ready to act as he was bid when once he understood his instructions; but the seafaring mind seems unable to comprehend that landsmen do not possess an intuitive knowledge of the strange names bestowed by technical souls upon ropes, booma, gaffs, and mizzen-masts; so that Massinger's attempts to carry out his orders in a prodigious hurry proved productive for the most part rather of blank confusion than of the effect intended by the master skipper. After passing Greenhithe, however, they began to find the channel somewhat clearer, and Relf ceased little hills of the Psalmist, while Massinger felt his life comparatively safe at times for three minutes together, without a single danger menacing him ahead in the immediate future from port to starboard, from bow to stern, from brig or steamer, from grounding

"If wind and tide serve like this," Relf the Mud. Turtle. - Come aft, here, will you, sail, sleeping the nights in the quiet creeks | years.

"That would exactly suit me," Massinger answered, draining off the mugful at a gulp Massinger turned to do as he was direct- after his unusual exertion. "I wrote a hasty ed, and to inspect the temporary floating line to my cousin in Suffolk this morning hotel in which he was to make his way con- telling her I should probably reach Whitetentedly down to the coast of Suffolk. The strand the day after to-morrow, wind and Mud. Turtle was indeed as odd-looking and | weather permitting-I approve of your ship, per had proclaimed her to be. A centre fun coming down to the great deep in this board yawl, of seventeen tons registered unconventional way. The regulation yacht, "It's a cousin you're going down to Suf

> "Well, yes; a cousin—a sort of a cousin: matrimonial direction"

"That's rather a cruel way of regarding

"Well, my dear boy, what's a man to do will find an outlet, on a cousin or somebody. stays patiently without one word of reproach adays, for a penniless man to dream of takfor the moon's attraction to come in its ing to wife a p nniless woman, and living on bly. Stimulated loss of temper is a great To cajole, soothe, caress—then "give him the sum of their joint properties. Accord gift; but a real, genuine loss has a power The yawl's accommodation was opportuning ito Cocker, nought and nought make of closing a controversy or putting an end Take all other toys, then, but leave me mine; ist too: though excellent in kind, it was nothing. When a man has no patrimony, to a situation where stimulated loss can limited in quantity, and by no means unduly he must obviously make it up in matri- effect nothing. No doubt the losing is exmony. Only, the great point to avoid is pensive; it generally means apology or man's yacht, and she meant business. Her letting the penniless girl meanwhile get too compensation of some sort; but for the deck was calculated on the most utilitarian deep a hold upon your personal feelings. moment it carries a man through a diffiprinciples—just big enough for two persons The wisest men—like me, for example—are culty unconsciously, and, as it were, on to sketch abreast; her cabin contained three downright fools when it comes to high play wings. The wounds received in the exor the domestic instincts. Even Achilles citement of battle are said at the time not had a vulnerable point, you know. So has to hurt, and loss of temper means an it of good family, without means, with a warfare, would leave the little slumbering every wise man. With Achilles, it was the citement where wounds given and re-

philosopher living. I acknowledge it myself. I ought to wait, of course, till I catch the eminent alderman's richly endowed daughter. Instead of that, I shall doubtless fling myself away like a born fool upon the pretty cousin or some other equally unprofitable investment."

"Well, I hope you will," Relf answered, cutting himself a huge chunk of bread with his pocket clasp knife. "I'm awfully glad to hear you say so. For your own sake I hope you'll keep your word. I hope you won't stifle everything you have got that's best within you for the sake of money and position and success .-Have a bit of this corned beef, will you?-A woman who sells herself for money is bad enough, though it's woman's way-they've all been trained to it for generations. But a man who sells himself for money-who takes himself to market for the highest bidder-who makes capital out of his face and his manners and his conversation-is absolutely contemptible, and nothing short of it .- I could never go on knowing you, if I thought you capable of it. But I don't think you so. I'm sure you do yourself a gross injustice. You're a great deal better ever actually arose, you'd follow your better and not your worse nature .- I'll trouble you for the mustard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### She Got Him Home.

A woman up at St. Helen's, says the Astoria Pieneer, is the wife of a man who loves to hang around a certain grog bazar, and in | tion to the rule. so doing he sorely neglects the helpmeet who sits patiently at home. Many a time and oft has she reasoned with him in her to him the disgraceful way in which he was yet nothing can exceed the sublime imbeeil using her, but all to no purpose. She even ity of some tribes of Arabs, who seize each went so far as to request the teller in the other's right hand thumb in their right aforesaid booze emporium that he cease hand, and go on through the entire list of selling her husband liquor. But the poison- their relations changing the grasp as each mixer bade her go hence and exchange New | relative is named. How is your father, A Year's calls with herself; but she turned on grasps B.'s thumb; how is your mother, B. her heel and left his hateful presence.

racket down cellar, and upon investigation niece, your cousin, your grandfather, etc., found that a skunk had got his tail in the grasp, grasp, grasp, and so on for a quarter rat-trap. Now it is a well-known fact that of an hour. The Persian saves himself all a skunk will hold its peace as long as his this wear and tear by simply touching his hand, and remembering that she had no does on being told to go home, while the her head. The clock in the house was strik- do something nearly as simple. ing one and she wanted papa to come home. With a quick movement she threw a bag over the animal's head, and, after grasping its tail, opened the trap, and thus armed headed for the saloon. It was only a short distance away, and finding the door partly the crowd, and swiftly stole away.

home. The saloon keeper, who never took | phur powder. a vacation before in his life, has gone into the country to visit relatives, and the saloon is closed for repairs.

### Why the Year 1900 Will Not be Counted Among Leap Years.

The year is 365 days, 5 hours and 49 minutes long; eleven minutes are taken every year to make the year 3651 days long, and every fourth year we have an extra day. for a while to skip about the deck like the Where do these eleven minutes come from? This [was Julius Casar's arrangement. They come from the future, and are paid by omitting leap year every 100 years. But if leap year is omitted regularly every 100th year, in the course of 400 years it is found that the eleven minutes taken each year will not only have been paid back, but that a whole day will have been given up. So About two o'clock, after a hot run, they Pope Gregory III., who improved on Casar's cast anchor awhile out of the main channel, calendar in 1852, decreed that every centurial year divisible by 4 should be a leap year

# The German Empress.

"The German Empress," says a writer in the Journal des Debats, "is the soul of the Imperial household. She is much better loved there than outside, where people are unjust to her. She has committed the mistake of remaining English—as all the English do-and to carry the pride of her race into the middle of a people which admires itself with a naive and enormous complaisance; she brought the pride of her birth into a family which believes itself the first in the world; her aristocratic tastes into a town where art shows itself in clumsy imitation and patchwork; the independence of her views into a court where everything is regulated and prearranged; and the liberty of her religious and political sentiments into a centre where religion has its narrow forms, as the politics of which it is the servant. The independence of the Princess, and the wicked habit which she had contracted of thinking for herself, rather auffled the old Hohenzollerns. But entire harmony exists between the Empress and her husband. She reads serious literature-Adam Smith, Thornton, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and other political econo-The Emperor enquires into the social problem, and studies the theories of the Socialists. This accounts, perhaps, for the Socialist flavour of his address to the German people.

# The Loss of Temper.

Temper, too, there is no question, is good to keep; yet we ourselves remember occasions when we would have given all the world to have been able to lose our Oh, 'tis rare, indeed, with a victim smitten-

### Hand-Shaking.

From the man with the limp, damp, expressionless hand shake, all through the list of the side motion shakers, the pump-handle shakers, the vice-grip shakers and all the others there are many varieties of handshakers. You may get an idea how the custom began by reading this taken from the Home Journal:

History tells us that hand-shaking first came into fashion in the time of Henry II. attended the funeral of a dear friend. Up to that time our ancestors were more | Some friends met Thackeray on the street affectionate in their greetings than we, their colder-natured descendants, embracing and intense grief. "What is the matter?" kissing each other much in the same fashion as that now prevailing in some parts of Newcome," he sobbed, bursting into tears Europe, Germany especially. The historian as he hurried away. Charles Dickens had who is pleased to date the commencement of hand-shaking in place of osculation and even more harrowing. When I wrote my embracing about Henry II.'s time is perhaps in error, as it is more probable the close embrace of acquaintances began to be discontinued later on, perhaps when tobacco was first introduced. This certainly seems a probable surmise, as even in our present derback myself. Ah, indeed, I hadn't the year of grace a man who has been smoking a cheap cigar or a rank pipe is certainly not | that dear, considerate soul, saw how I felt the most embraceable object in the world; than you pretend yourself. If the occasion and only think what the tobacco of Raleigh's also killed all the other dear, loving gentle time must have been like! However, whether Henry II. did or did not begin the fashion leaving he remarked that he would kill of "shaking hands," it is now rapidly becoming overdone. Everyone shakes hands stuff. He meant it, too. People who saw with everyone on every occasion, on entering and leaving a room, on meeting on the and lint, and pine slivers, and gouts of paste street, and on saying "good morning," off my back, saw at once, by my grief-"good night," or "good bye." The fine "fleur des pois," the "creme de la creme, the quite too too people are the only excep

Nothing can be more dignified than the way many orientals salute a friend; their wishes for his welfare, of those dear to him, quiet, motherly way, and tried to point out expressed in a few words, are to the point; grasps A.'s thumb; how is your uncle, grasp; That evening as she sat alone she heard a how is your aunt, grasp; your nephew, your bushy tail is held, whether in a trap or the forehead at you, something like your groom Suddenly a bright thought entered | Chinese, Burmese, and most other nations

#### Considered at a Farmer's Institute.

The black knot on cherry and plum trees was shown to be a fungus disease penetrating the bark. The only safe remedy is to open, she tossed the skunk into the midet of cut it off and then rub the spot affected with turpentine. The tomato rot was also declar-It had the desired effect and papa came ed to be a fungus, the preventive being sul-

> Col. F. D. Curtiss spoke upon pigs as dairy and fruit farm necessity, and how to feed them lean. He advocated a radical change, and said it was a mistake to think it impossible to keep pigs without corn. Corn is the farmer's ideal of everything, and it is all wrong. Pigs ought to be fed but twice a day, to give time for rest and an opportunity for digestion. The food should be strongly impregnated with phosphate nitrogen. Feed them with meals, turn them into rye fields, put them in clover fields and apple orchards—that is nitrogenous food. Follow up with sweet cornstalks and sorghum. The best quality of pork is made out of apples alone. He pictured the could be fed so long on corn as to be starved to death.

> along the St. Lawrence and in the Canadas.

# A Romance of Compressed Air.

A gentleman who, by the way, is quite a celebrated organist himself, was wandering through the organ loft of St. Andrew's Church in New York when he slipped and fell into the diapason pipe of the huge instrument. He went down feet foremost into the cone of the pipe until he was firmly wedged.

The more he struggled the tighter he wedged himself, and, being about twelve feet from the top of the pipe, the air soon began to give out, and he became frightened at the idea of dying in the prison where accident had lodged him. His frantic shouts for help did no good.

After spending a night in this dargerous and dismal hole, and having in his struggles stripped off his coat, he wound it about his waist, so that no air could escape from below. Soon he heard the sonorous tones of the organ, and ascended the pipe until he could reach the top with his hands. Then he knew that air had been pumped in below him, and that by gradual compression of the air, he had been forced up as through a pneumatic tube. As he drew himself out of the pipe, he gave one hearty and fervent shout of "Saved !" which rang above the tones of the organ, and nearly frightened the organist to death.

The Scng of a Flirt. Oh, a dainty toy is the heart of man! For all toys known since time began Compare with this one what one can?

What rapture to watch it chill and burn And burn and chill and tremble in turn-Then with dainty shod feet to carelessly

Take riches and pleasures and palaces fine; Take all but my plaything-the heart masculine.

# Rara Avis.

The following advertisement recently appeared in the London ! tandard : "A lady range guns, now so much in vogue in naval vice of the ship's cookery, took up almost heel; with us it's the heart. The heart will ceived become almost a pleasure. [London be grateful to anyone who would give her striking range of its intended victim is one occupation, not particular as to what."

Authors and & ntiments.

Nobody but us literary people knows how closely grows the attachment between the author and his characters. It is related be Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe that when from the pages of her manuscript she read the death of little Eva, the entire family sat bathed in tears, nor could one of them speak a word, but all mournfully separated, going to their rooms as though they had just one day, and his countenance bore traces of they asked. "I have just killed Colonel the same experience. So did I. Mine was first funny story about Mr. Bilderback going up on the roof to shovel off the snow, and making an avalanche of himself and sliding down into a water barrel, I was almost heart-broken. I didn't kill Mr. Bilheart to do that. The managing editor, about it, and he killed him for me. He characters in the sketch. And as I was me if I ever came back with any more such me coming out of the office, scraping dust, stricken face, that something had happened. But I could not tell them what. My poor, bursting heart was too full .- [Bob Bardette.

The European Situation. The uncertainties of the European situ. ation seem to be increasing rather than diminishing. The rupture of diplomatic relations between Greece and Turkey has brought in a new element of complication. To the on looker, noting from a distance the persistent intrigues carried on under Russian influence to bring about disturbances in Bulgaria and Rormania, it would seem to indicate that the long-predicted convulsion is inevitable, and its outbreak simply a question of time. The unmistakable tension of feeling in Austria points to the same conclusion. On the other hand, Prince Bismarck, whose opportunities for taking in the whole situation are probably unequalled, and whose position makes him in a manner the arbiter in all European disputes, is represented as sanguine that peace will not be broken. It is possible that his knowledge of the insufficiency of Russia's preparations may give warrant and confidence to his opinions, or it may be that he has some inscrutable objects in view that are best promoted by maincaining his characteristic attitude of imperturbability. It is very likely that if Russia can manage by any course of diplomacy and intrigue to have her chestnuts pulled from the fire by some other means she will prefer to avoid the tremendous risks of a great war. But that she will ever conclude, save under constraint of the direct necessity, to abandon her cherished objects, and especially to leave Ferdinand in peaceful possession of the Bulgarian throne, is incredible. To relinquish a purpose once formed and attempted, would be to break the historical record of the most pertinacious of

The One-Armed Pianist. Count Zichy, the extraordinary planist, says The Queen, of London, never plays in public except for charitable purposes, being not only of high family but also possessed of ample means, and the singular and romantic difference between the effects of carbonace. facts with which his present extraordinary ous and nitrogenous food, and such a pig efficiency is connected insure him crowded audiences wherever heappears. Count Zichy has from childhood been a great lover of Dr. J. S. Woodward addressed the farm. music, for which he had extraordinary naers upon "Nitrogen, Potash and Phosphoric tural gifts. As a youth he devoted himself Acid." He said the air was the great store- to the study of the violin, on which he had house of nitrogen; another source was the already attained great proficiency, when a been piled up in the last resort, if you'll quietness under the lee of a projecting point each year, more than paying our borrowings liquor of the gas factories, and said it was the course of his life. It was found necescoal fields. He described the ammoniacal terrible accident while out shooting turned back by omitting three leap years in three one of the best forms of nitrogenous manure. sary to amputate his right arm, and it would Potash is found in plants in the mines of have appeared to most persons that with Germany. Phosphoric acid builds up the this all hopes of an active career in art must frames of animals, and is found in the bones | be abandoned. But the indomitable characof animals. It also exists in the slag of iron | ter of the young Hungarian noble triumphfurnaces, in natural deposits in the south, ed. In a year from the time of his recovery he had mastered the most extraordinary difficulties on the pianoforte with the left hand, which remained to him, and now this one handed pianist produces effects which, if the eyes were closed, would convince the listener that he was listening to two, and even sometimes to four, hands upon the in-

monarchies.

strument.

The Carrot

The carrot, like all other root crops, de lights and grows to great perfection in a deep, well enriched, light, loamy soil. The seed should be sown in shallow drills about sixteen inchesapart. Sow early in the spring. just as soon as the ground can be properly prepared. If the sowing is delayed until later, it is advisable to soak the seed for twenty four hours in tepid water, and then dry it by mixing with dry sifted ashes, when it may be sown. If the ground is dry at the time of sowing it is advisable to firm it well over the seeds. An ounce of seed

will sow 120 feet of drill. In our fine soil the farmer, if he have time to spare, may find it profitable to try a good sized field patch of shorthorns, inter mediates and long Reds, thinning to five inches or so in the row, and drill two feet wide to admit of horse hoeing.

A score of years ago the exploits of the Monitor, an experimental warcraft designed and built in the United States, drew the attention of the maritime world, and did much to inaugurate the revolution which has since been wrought in the construction and equipment of navies. Another experimental vessel, the Vesuvius, was launched the other day from the American Navy Yard, which bids fair to attract no less attention, and, should opportunity occur, to outdo the feats of its short lived predecessor. The two chief novelties in regard to the Vesuvius are the high rate of speed antioipated, twenty knots an hour, and the unique character of her offensive armament. The latter is to consist of three guns, each fifty-four feet in length, and adapted to throw a dynamite shell of two hundred pounds weight a distance of one mile with precision. If this can be accomplished, and the dynamite cartridge made to explode on striking, it is evident that no ironclad could withstand the shock. Whether, however, the long of the uncertainties of the experiment.

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