

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR,
SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—AFTER LONG GRIEF AND PAIN.

The time to stand upon trifles was past. Let him run the risk of meeting Massinger by the way or not, Warren Relf must needs go round and fetch Elsie to comfort and console poor dying Winifred. He hastened away at the top of his speed to the Villa Rossa. At the door, both girls to other met him. Elsie had just returned, basket in hand, from the Avenue Vittorio-Emanuele, and had learnt from Edie so much of the contents of Warren's hasty letter as had been intended from the first for her edification.

Warren drew her aside gently into the tiny salon, and motioned to Edie not to follow them. Elsie's heart beat high with wonder. She was aware how much it made her pulse quicken to see Warren again—with something more than the mere fraternal greeting she pretended. Her little self-deception broke down at last: she knew she loved him—in an unpractical way; and she was almost sorry she could never, never make him happy.

But Warren's grave face bade her heart stand still for a beat or two next moment. He had clearly something most serious to communicate—something that he knew would profoundly distress her. A womanly alarm came over her with a vague surmise. Could Warren be going to tell her—Oh no! Impossible. She knew dear Warren too well for that; he at least could never be cruel.

If Warren was going to tell her that, her faith in her kind would die out for ever.

"Well, Warren?" she asked with tremulous eagerness, drawing closer up to him in her sweet womanly confidence, and gazing into his eyes, half afraid, half affectionate. How could she ever have doubted him were it only for a second?

"Elsie," Warren cried, laying his hand with unspoken tenderness on her shapely shoulder, "I want you to come round at once to the pension on the piazza.—It's better to tell it all out at once. Winifred Massinger's come to San Remo, very ill-dying, I fear. She knows you're here, and she's asked to see you."

Elsie's face grew red and then white for a moment, and she trembled visibly. "Is he there?" she asked, after a short pause. Then, with a sudden burst of uncontrollable tears, she buried her face in her hands on the table.

Warren soothed her with his hand tenderly, and leaning over her, told in haste and in a very low voice, the whole sad story. "I don't think he'll be there," he added at the end. "Mrs. Massinger said she wouldn't allow him to enter the room. But in any case—for that poor girl's sake—you won't refuse to go to her now, will you, Elsie?"

"No," Elsie answered, rising calmly with womanly dignity, to face it all out. "I must go. It would be cruel and wicked of course to shirk it. For Winifred's sake, I'll go in any case. But Warren, before I dare to go"—She broke off suddenly, and with a woman's impulse held up her pale face to him in mute submission.

A thrill coursed through Warren Relf's nerves; he stooped down and pressed his lips fervently to hers. "Before you go, you are mine then, Elsie!" he cried eagerly.

Elsie pressed his hand faintly in reply. "I am yours, Warren," she answered at last very low, after a short pause. "But I can't be yours as you wish it for a long time yet. No matter why. I shall be yours in heart.—I couldn't have gone on any other terms. And with that, I think, I can go and face it."

At the pension, Hugh had already brought the English doctor, who went in alone to look after Winifred. Hugh had tried to accompany him into the bedroom; but Winifred, to her terrible threat, lifted one stern finger before his swimming eyes and cried out: "Never!" in a voice so doggedly determined that Hugh slunk away abashed into the ante-room.

The English doctor stopped for several minutes in consultation, and Winifred spoke to him simply and unreservedly, about her husband.

"Send that man away!" she cried, pointing to Hugh, as he stood still peering across from the gloom of the doorway. "I won't have him here to see me die! I won't have him here! It makes me worse to see him about the place. I hate him!—I hate him!"

"You'd better go," the doctor whispered softly, looking him hard in the face with his inquiring eyes. "She's in a very excited, hysterical condition. She's best alone, with only the women. A husband's presence often does more harm than good in such nervous crises. Nobody should be near to increase her excitement.—Have the kindness to shut the door, if you please. You needn't come back for the present, thank you."

And then Winifred unburdened once more her poor laden soul in convulsive sobs. "I want to see Elsie! I want to see Elsie!"

"Miss Challoner!" the doctor asked suggestively. He knew her well as the tenderest and best of amateur nurses.

Winifred explained to him with broken little cries and eager words that she wished to see Elsie in Hugh's absence.

At the end of five minutes' soothing talk, the doctor read it all to the very bottom with professional acuteness. The poor girl was dying. Her husband and she had never got on. She hungered and thirsted for human sympathy. Why not gratify her yearning little soul? He stepped back into the bare and dingily lighted sitting-room. "I think," he said persuasively to Hugh, with authoritative suggestion, "your wife would be all the better in the end if she were left entirely alone with the womankind for a little. Your presence here evidently disturbs and excites her. Her condition's critical, distinctly critical. I won't conceal it from you. She's over-fatigued with the journey and with mental exhaustion. The slightest aggravation of the hysterical symptoms might carry her off at any moment. If I were you, I'd stroll out for an hour. Lounge along by the shore or up the hills a bit. I'll stop and look after her. She's quieter now. You needn't come back for at least an hour."

Hugh knew in his heart it was best so. Winifred hated him, not without cause. He took up his hat, crushed it fiercely on

his head, and strolling down by himself to the water's edge, sat in the listless calm of utter despair on a bare bench in the cool fresh air of an Italian evening. He thought in a hopeless, helpless, irresponsible way about poor dead Elsie and poor dying Winifred.

Five minutes after Hugh had left the "pension," Warren Relf and Elsie mounted the big centre staircase and knocked at the door of Winifred's bare and dingy salon. The "patron" had already informed them that the signor was gone out, and that the signora was up in her room alone with the woman of the hotel and the English doctor.

Warren Relf remained by himself in the ante-room. Elsie went in unannounced to Winifred.

Oh the joy and relief of that final meeting! The poor dying girl rose up on the bed with a bound to greet her. A sudden flush crimsoned her sunken cheeks. As her eyes rested once more upon Elsie's face—that earnest, serious, beautiful face she had loved and trusted—every shadow of her fear and misery faded from her look, and she cried aloud in a fever of delight: "O Elsie, Elsie, I'm glad you've come. I'm glad to hold your hand in mine again; now I die happy!"

Elsie saw at a glance that she spoke the truth. That bright red spot in the centre of each wan and pallid cheek told its own sad tale with unmistakable eloquence. She flung her arms fervently round her feeble little friend. "Winnie, Winnie!" she cried—my own sweet Winnie! Why didn't you let me know before? If I'd thought you were like this, I'd have come to you long ago!"

"Then you love me still?" Winifred murmured low, clinging tight and hard to her recovered friend with a feverish longing.

"I've always loved you; I shall always love you," Elsie answered slowly. "My love doesn't come and go, Winnie. If I hadn't loved you more than I can say, I'd have come long since. It was for your own sake I kept so long away from you."

The English doctor rose with a sigh from the chair by the bedside and motioned the women out of the room. "We'll leave you alone," he said in a quiet voice to Elsie. "Don't excite her too much, if you please, Miss Challoner. But I know I can trust you. I leave her in the very best of hands. You can only be soothing and restful anywhere."

The doctor's confidence was perhaps ill advised. As soon as the two women were left by themselves—the two women who had loved Hugh Massinger best in the world, and whom Hugh Massinger had so deeply wronged and so cruelly injured—they fell upon one another's necks with a great cry, and wept, and caressed one another long in silence. Then Winifred, leaning back in fatigue, said with a sudden burst: "O Elsie, Elsie! I can't die now without confessing it, all, every word to you: once, do you know—more than once I distrust you!"

"I know, my darling," Elsie answered with a fearful smile, kissing her pale white fingers many times tenderly. "I know, I understand. You couldn't help it. You needn't explain. It was no wonder."

Winifred gazed at her transparent eyes and truthful face. No one who saw them could ever distrust them, at least while he looked at them. "Elsie," she said, gripping her tight in her grasp—the one being on earth who could truly sympathize with her—"I'll tell you why: he kept your letters all in a box—your letters and the little gold watch he gave you."

"No, not the watch, darling," Elsie answered, starting back. "Winnie, I'll tell you what I did with that watch: I threw it into the sea off the pier at Lowestoft."

A light broke suddenly over Winifred's mind; she knew now Hugh had told her the truth for once. "He picked it up at Orfordness," she mused simply. "It was carried there by the tide with a woman's body—a body he took for yours, Elsie."

"He doesn't know I'm alive even now, dearest," Elsie whispered by her side. "I hope while I live he may never know it, though I don't know now how we're to keep it from him, I confess, much longer."

Then Winifred, emboldened by Elsie's hand, poured out her grief in her friend's ear, and told Elsie the tale of her long, long sorrow. Elsie listened with a burning cheek. "If only I'd known! she cried at last. "If only I'd known all this ever so much sooner! But I didn't want to come between you two. I thought perhaps I would spoil all. I fancied you were happy with one another."

"And after I'm dead, Elsie, will you—see him?"

Elsie started. "Never, darling," she cried. "Never, never!"

"Then you don't love him any longer, dear?"

"Love him? Oh no! That's all dead and buried long ago. I mourned too many months for my dead love, Winifred; but after the way Hugh's treated you—who could I love him? how could I help feeling harshly towards him?"

Winifred pressed her friend in her arms harder than ever. "O Elsie!" she cried, "I love you better than anybody else in the whole world. I wish I'd had you always with me. If you'd been near, I might have been happier. How on earth could I ever have ventured to mistrust you!"

They talked long and low in their confidences to one another, each pouring out her whole arrears of time, and each understanding for the first moment many things that had long been strangely obscure to them. At last Winifred repeated the tale of her two or three late stormy interviews with her husband. She told them truthfully, just as they occurred—extenuating nothing on either side—down to the very words she had used to Hugh: "You've tried to murder me by slow torture, that you might marry Elsie!" and that other terrible sentence she had spoken out that very evening to Warren: "He shall not enter this room again till he enters it to see me laid out for burial."

Elsie shuddered with unspeakable awe and horror when that frail young girl, so delicate of mould and so graceful of feature even still, uttered those awful words of vindictive rancour against the man she had pledged her troth to love and to honour. "Oh, Winifred!" she cried, looking down at her with mingled pity and terror traced

in every line of her compassionate face, "you didn't say that! You could never have meant it!"

Winifred clenched her white hands yet harder once more. "Yes, I did," she cried. "I meant it, and I mean it. He's hounded me to death; and now that I'm dying, he shan't gloat over me!"

"Winnie, Winnie, he's your husband, your husband! Remember what you promised to do when you married him. Oh, for my sake, and for your own sake, Winnie, if not for his—do see him and speak to him, just once, forgivingly."

"Never!" Winifred answered, starting up on the bed once more with a ghastly energy. "He's driven me to the grave; let him have his punishment!"

Elsie drew back, more horrified than ever. Her face spoke better than her words to Winifred. "My darling," she cried, "you must see him. You must never die and leave him so." Then in a gentler voice she added imploringly: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Winifred buried her face wildly in her bloodless hands. "I can't," she moaned out; "I haven't the power. It's too late now. He's been too cruel to me."

For many minutes together, Elsie bent tenderly over her, whispering words of consolation and comfort in her ears, while Winifred listened and cried silently. At last, after Elsie had soothed her long, and wept over her much with soft loving touches, Winifred looked up in her face with a wistful gaze. "I think, Elsie," she said slowly, "I could bear to see him, if you would stop with me here and help me."

Elsie shrank into herself with a sudden horror. That would be a crucial trial, indeed, of her own forgiveness for the man who had wronged her, and her own affection for poor dying Winifred. Meet Hugh again, so painfully, so unexpectedly! Come back to him at once, from the tomb, as it were, to remind him of his crime, and before Winifred's eyes—poor dying Winifred! The very idea made her shudder with alarm. "O Winnie," she cried, looking down upon her friend with her great gray eyes, "I couldn't face him. I thought I should never see him again. I daren't do it. You mustn't ask me."

"Then you haven't forgiven him yourself!" Winifred burst out eagerly. "You love him still! You love him—you hate him!—Elsie, that's just the same as me. I hate him—but I love him; oh! how I do love him!"

She spoke no more than the simple truth. She was judging Elsie by her own heart. With that strange womanly paradox we so often see, she loved her husband even now, much as she hated him. It was that indeed that made her hate him so much: her love gave point to her hatred and her jealousy.

"No, darling," Elsie answered, bending over her closer and speaking lower in her ear than she had yet spoken. "I don't love him; and I don't hate him. I forgive him all! I've forgiven him long ago.—Winnie, I love some one else now. I've given my heart away at last, and I've given it to a better man than Hugh Massinger."

"Then why won't you wait and help me to see him?" Winifred cried once more in her fiery energy.

"Because—I'm ashamed. I can't look him in the face; that's all, Winnie." Winifred clung to her like a frightened child to his mother's skirts. "Elsie," she burst out, with childish vehemence, "stop with me now to the end! Don't ever leave me!"

Elsie's heart sank deep into her bosom. A horrible dread possessed her soul. She saw one ghastly possibility looming before them that Winifred never seemed to recognize. Hugh kept her letters, her watch, her relics. Suppose he should come and—recognizing her at once—betray his surviving passion for herself before poor dying Winifred! She dared hardly face so hideous a chance. And yet, she couldn't bear to untwine herself from Winifred's arms, that clung so tight and so tenderly around her. There was no time to lose, however: she must make up her mind. "Winifred," she murmured, laying her head close down by the dying girl's, "I'll do as you say. I'll see Hugh. As long as you live, I'll never leave you!"

Winifred loosed her arms one moment again, and then flung them in a fresh access of feverish fervour round her recovered friend—her dear beautiful Elsie. "You'll stay here," she cried through her sobs and tears; "you'll help me to tell Hugh I forgive him!"

"I'll stop here," Elsie answered low, "and I'll help you to forgive him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Whales of the Scottish Isles.

Few people would guess the etymology of "caing" when applied to a whale, printed as it was exactly like this in the columns of a weekly contemporary. It is really "caing" the Scotch for calling, that name being given to this species of whale from the curious bleating sound they make. A stranded calf whale has a very pitiful call for its dam, which the latter answers in a harsher tone. The name is really local to the Scottish islands, the proper name being the detector, the whales being so called because they roam about the sea under the guidance of a leader in the shape of an old bull. In the early spring, just before the breeding season, there is a very keen competition for this office, and more than once the contending bulls have both been known to die from the effects of the encounter.

The whale is not a very large one, being only from sixteen to eighteen feet long; it has occasionally been taken in immense quantities among the shoals and channels of the Hebrides, Orkneys, Shetlands and Fair Isles. When a herd makes its appearance the natives lose no time in collecting all the boats, guns and harpoons which they can lay their hands on. They then try all they can to get seaward of the shoal, and if they succeed endeavor, by advancing with blowing horns, splashing oars, firing guns and shouting, to drive the terrified cetaceans on shore. Once they are stranded a terrific attack is made, and hundreds have been slain in a single battue. The scene is one of the most picturesque it is possible to witness in the north of Scotland. It is quite another affair from the occasional grounding of a Greenland whale, the caing whale being of an entirely different and far more gregarious species.

The girl who seeks to marry for the sake of a bank account is quite likely to be check-mated.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Milliners include among their many charming accessories fancy muffs that match the dress—bonnet designed for the opera, theatre, etc. These muffs are very elaborate and variously shaped. Birds, feathers, ribbons, buckles, metal galloons, and ornaments of cut steel, jet, gold, silver, and bronze, are used in the construction of what appear to be less articles intended to secure warmth than ornamental adjuncts to dressy toilettes. However, for special occasions, these trifles, even with the thermometer at zero, are not to be sneezed at. Imagination certainly keeps out a great deal of cold, and these little finger-cozies are at least a visible means of comfort, if they do but little real service. The larger fur muffs are certainly best for general and useful wear.

Pretty easy gowns for home wear show the back closely fitted with the waist out of just an inch or so below the belt. To this is shirred or pleated full breadths of the dress fabric. The fronts are like a long half-fitting Directoire redingote, and are very often of entirely different material and pattern from the back drapery or even the back of the bodice. These fronts open over a skirt that is shirred three or four inches from the belt down. A shirred waist or a shirred yoke, with a blouse effect below, shows on the front of the open redingote. The sleeves match the back drapery in kind, and the easy gown as a whole, though made up of two or three fabrics or dress remnants, is a pretty and very becoming success. We have in mind, as we affirm this, a picturesque "easy gown" made after this fashion by a wealthy young lady with a decided taste and genius for dressmaking, who, making use of the best portions of a wine satin gown and another of wine satin with a velvet stripe, constructed the above-mentioned frock with these materials and the aid of a perfect-fitting Directoire pelerina, which she changed and modified to suit her own particularly beautiful figure and charming fancy.

Not only are most of the low bodices of rich evening toilettes made differently on each side, but very many of them are made with each side of the front of a different color; for example, one London gown has a shirred bodice piece of golden-green crepe de China starting low on the right shoulder. This is carried diagonally to the left side and shirred to the belt. There are no darts, but the bias goods is drawn over the fitted silk lining to fit like a glove. Draped from the left shoulder is a width of exquisitely beautiful old-rose lace, which is also arranged to define the figure perfectly. A green and gold shot satin gown brocaded with pink roses in raised velvet has one side of the bodice draped with gold lace. The opposite side of the brocade, with a Mouquet-ere revers of green velvet overlaid with embroidered pink roses, buds, and foliage. The V-shaped necks are so becoming that they will remain in favour, while many toilettes are square in front and pointed at the back. Many of the magnificent Pompadour dresses of stately satin brocade are cut square both front and back. Other brocaded gowns have low round necks that are cut with a modest depth, just showing the top of the shoulders.

ONE OF THE RICHEST SOVEREIGNS.

The little Princess of the Netherlands, when she becomes Queen of Holland, will be one of the richest sovereigns, if not the richest sovereign, in Europe. The civil list of Holland, which is secured on the revenues of Borneo, is very large—£3,000,000 per annum, it is said. The Duchy of Luxembourg passes to the Grand Duke of Nassau, and then becomes a portion of the German Empire, but the Kingdom of Holland, not coming under the operation of the Salic law, descends to the King's little daughter. She is a bright, intelligent, clever child, with a good deal of character and determination. The marriage of the King and Queen, despite the disparity of age, has been a very happy one.

WELL-PAID LITERARY LADIES.

The Pall Mall Gazette announces that "the largest sum ever given to a woman for any single story" has just been paid to Mrs. Hodgson Burnett in America, the amount being £3,750. It is a pity that such non-essence should be printed. George Eliot received £7,000 for "Romola," and her gains from "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Middlemarch" were even more considerable. Many women have received larger sums than £3,750 for a story, and more than a hundred years ago Miss Burney was paid £2,000 for "Cecilia."

"MADAME" NATHALIE.

About two hundred packing cases and trunks, containing Queen Nathalie's personal effects, have been sent to Jersey, where her Majesty is going to stay. The King has kept nothing belonging to the Queen, and has even restored all the presents that were given to their majesties jointly. The letter in which the Servian Legation at Belgrade notified the divorce to the Queen was addressed "Madame Nathalie de Keschko, and orders have been given to the Legation to use no other style in official communications with the ex Queen.

GOSSIP.

The oldest female professional thief in the country is Mrs. Fitzgerald, now in the Tombs at New York and eighty years of age. She has spent the greater portion of the last sixty years in prison. She was arrested one day last week for picking pockets, and made a desperate fight for liberty. She began her wicked career at eleven years of age.

Leap year is nearly past, and with it the proverbial opportunity for the so called "appropriation." But very year seems to be a leap year across in Bulgaria. Mrs. Nathaniel Conklin in "From Flax to Linen" quotes a Bulgarian missionary as saying that in his country the girls ask the important question as frequently as the young men, and he also intimates, on further inquiry, that he has himself had the opportunity to decline two proposals. What a rare country Bulgaria must be!

An Indiana lady is the proud possessor of General Harrison's recipe for salad dressing, and here it is just as he wrote it out at her request:—"For each person four teaspoonfuls of oil, and a little more; one and one half of vinegar, and a salt-spoonful of salt, one

of black pepper, two of dry mustard, a pinch of red-pepper. The dry mustard mix first, then put in the oil and a little vinegar; add a shred of garlic and a few kinds of salads, and if there is anything green on his table he proceeds to transform it into a salad, mixing the dressing himself according to the above preparations.

A golden crown, beautifully gemmed and which was worn by some of the most notable titled women in France, is being exhibited in Philadelphia. It is massive, ablaze with diamonds and tourquoises and was made in 1820 by the Crown Jeweller of France for the Duchess de Berri. In the centre of the front is a tourquoise about the size of a pigeon's egg, and the same kind of jewels are spread over the surface all round. About these are scrolls of gold, in which are set diamonds 200 in number. The diadem is valued at \$75,000, and after the Duchess' death it passed to the head of the Duchess D'Angouleme, and was subsequently worn by the Empress Eugenie.

A Remedy for Drought.

Capain Pierce, in his address on Silos and Ensilage, before the Farmers' Congress, in Kansas city last week, said some things which, if there is half as much in them as he thinks there is, are well worth not only study, but general application. He referred to a field of his own corn that was being injured seriously by dry weather. He did not care to take any risks on the weather's account, so he set hands to work cutting up the corn and putting it in the silo. He is now feeding that corn to his cattle, and it is as good feed as any he has. He said that if he had left the corn standing in the field, it would have so dried out as to be comparatively worthless.

Judging from his own experience in this case, he believes that farmers in the western part of Kansas, if they would prepare silos, could save every bit of their corn in dry seasons by doing just as he did in this case. He is now getting the full value of a fair corn crop that would have been of but little worth had he not saved it as he did.

This matter is worth more than a passing notice. There is a great deal in it, or there is nothing, and the personal experience of a man like Capain Pierce, who is feeding cattle in large numbers, is entitled to great weight. He fed five head of cattle last winter on the corn which had grown on one acre of ground. The stocks were cut up when the corn was in dough, and put in silo. He used a little hay and straw with the ensilage. A silo is not hard to make, and it need not be expensive. The secret of success in preserving green food is in keeping air and water out of it. A silo may be made under ground or above ground; it will be strong, and the ground must be well drained. An excavation on a side hill is a good place, but it may be built wholly above the ground. A strong framework tightly lined with boards, tight enough to keep out the air, is all that is needed. The stalks of corn ought to be cut into short pieces by a cutting machine, but where that is not convenient, lay them down straight in the silo in such manner as to get the most in, and then tramp it solid as the filling is done. When the silo is full, cover the stalks over well with hay or straw, then lay boards on that the right length to reach fully across the silo and just short enough to slip down inside as the corn settles. Cover the whole this way, then throw a few pieces of scantling across the boards and put a heavy weight on. Rocks or earth may be used for weighing. Let it be heavy, say 300 pounds to the square yard. Some persons do not use weights, they simply cover well with grass or similar substance and let it rot. But Capain Pierce began with weights and he advises their use.—[Kansas Farmer.]

Coal Oil Johnny's Bootblack.

On the Oil Creek flats between Titusville and Oil City is situated the famous farm that proved to be such a mine of wealth to the late John Steele, or "Coal Oil Johnny," as he was better known. The wonderful wells that spouted their streams of wealth into the lap of the giddy youth ceased to flow many years ago, and the farm was long considered valueless for oil purposes. With the later improved methods of producing oil, however, the old place is being reclaimed and is once more figuring among the valuable oil farms of the region. It is now owned by J. W. Wait, who was a street urchin at Roseville, a mile from the farm, when "Coal Oil Johnny" was in the zenith of his wild career. As a boy, young Wait frequently blacked Johnny Steele's boots, or held his team, and received for the service anywhere from \$5 to \$50, whatever happened to suit the whim of the spendthrift, who believed there was no end to his suddenly acquired riches. It was not many years till "Coal Oil Johnny" was a labourer, working for a dollar a day. There are about a dozen new wells drilled on the place, and every one of them is profitable. The place will make young Wait a rich man. He has been operating the property about a year and values it at \$60,000. He has a production of 1,600 barrels a month.

The Good Natured Japanese.

I think the Japanese are the most good natured and courteous race I ever saw. I never heard an angry word said the whole time I was in that country, and as an illustration of their courtesy take this, which I saw myself: It was in the railroad station in Yokohama. I had just returned from Tokio. The railroad system is just the same as that on the continent, cars and all. You buy your ticket for your destination, and when you get there you pass through a gate just wide enough to let you pass through; here a man stands who takes your ticket. We were certainly 200 persons who got out at the station, and were headed by a man who was evidently of some rank. When he got to the gate he stopped; we all stopped. Then he bowed very low three times to a man who was standing outside of the gate. The bowing is done by placing the hands on the legs very near the waist and then bending the body and sliding the hands down to the knees. After he had got through the other returned the salutation, bowing three times in the same way. All this time we stood still and there was no crowding or pushing, every one seeming to think it the most natural thing in the world. Yet had this been in Europe, just think what a row it would have created! Just imagine a whole train full of people standing still and waiting for a minute or two while two persons greeted each other.—Samuel F. Farrs.