An Anti-Alcoholic New Year's.

George Adolphus Grigg,
Heavy swell and dandy,
Dressed up in full rig,
Took a drop of brandy
Just to give him tone,
Brace him up while crawling
In a style his own
New Year's morning calling.

He made his first salam
Unto the Misses Brighthead.
"A hapnocyear," he said.
"Refreshments? Aw, delighted;
A glawse of sherry? Thanks;
So many calls to make, ah,
Keep steady in the ranks,
Strong bouillon cannot take, ah!"

Next on the Misses Twigg,
Called George Adolphus, gayly,
"Now, really, Mr. Grigg,"
Said Miss Jane Twigg, gentaally,
"If I might make so free,
You look a trifle chilly.
You'll take some catnip tea?"
He felt 'twas willy nilly.

George looked a little wry,
But gulped it down quite easy,
Then with a faint "Oh, my!"
Began to feel real wheezy.
Next off into the Browns—
Sweet girls he'd fain have kissed,
If he dared, but zounds!
He had 'em on his list.

"Dear George," cried Mrs. B.,
Your looking quite on tension,
Do let me give you—see,
A little drop of gentian."
"Now, don't you find it nice?"
Cried all the girls in chorus,
"So splendid with crushed ice—
Pray take a plaster porous."

"Why, gracious, what's amiss?"
Cried Mrs. Jones Van Blister,
As George essayed to kiss
Evadne Maud, her sister.
"Pulse high, eye bright—'tis clear
He needs treatment Siberian;
Here, swallow this, George, dear,
'Tis tincture of valerian."

Next at the Bells he rung,
And Mrs. Bell told quickly
His withers were unstrung.
He really did look sickly.
"Run, girls, some cocaine—
Poor George is faint, I know it.
Or would you take quinine?"
George faintly murmured, "Blow it?"

Poor Grigg, now fairly floored,
Made one attempt to rally,
'Twas where he used to board,
The girl's name was Sally;
But when the mother saw
Him quiver like suc-c-tash
She said—her will was law—
"Bring Sall Bromide of Potash."

Enough! Adolphus Grigg
Made one bolt for the door.
Rushed he in ruffled rig
Into the nearest "store."
"I'm poisoned, waiter, bring,"
He cried in accents thick,
"Six Scotches in a sling,
And, dimme! bring 'em quick."

The New Year.

I used to think the year was long:
I was a boy then, young and strong,
With spirits all aglow;
Impatient for the time to come
When I should strike the whole world dumb
By one stupendous blow.

I struck the blow—the world went on
Unmoved, and days have come and gone,
And I am still the same;
A little older grown, 'tis true,
And so, indeed, dear friend, have you,
And others I might name.

Fame—fortune—I could always hear
Their echoes in the coming year,
Like bells across the snow;
Like bells that through the night air chime,
Now all melodious, now sublime,
Now swelling and now low.

Those boyish hopes and plans are past;
The years came slowly, but went fast,
Each swifter than before;
The bells ring out as cheerily
For others as they did for me,
But ah! for me no more.

But hark! I hear the glorious truth
That was but shadowed in my youth
Now pealing loud and clear;
The truth that something better lies
Beyond than all that now I prize
Brings in this glad New Year.

Then good-bye, Old Year, if you must,
And welcome, New Year, to your trust,
We greet you with a prayer;
Keep us from sorrow and from strife,
And bring us peace and love and life,
Through all your seasons fair.

Mother's Room.

I'm awful sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know,
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff,
But the room of rooms that seems best to me,
The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest,
And talk of things the heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout;
It is mother's room, and if she don't mind,
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things—what then?
In my mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops and many things more,
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It's jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low;
And mother, she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet,
And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else; and you'll never find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

—*Harper's Young People.*

At the Stroke of Midnight.

My soul, watching and musing, saw this sight:
Two mighty angels, swift and full of power,
Meet and clasp hands, yet stay not in their flight,
Cleaving the zenith at the midnight hour—
Clasp and unclasp, swift as a thought may be;
One upward and the other downward bent;
One with a countenance serenely free—
The other, thoughtful, as on service sent.

But sure and swift as holy prayers arise,
The angel of the Past Year sought God's face;
He knew the constellations, and with eyes
And heart uplifted passed the starry space;
And swift and bright as sunshine from the skies
Came the strong angel of the Earth's New Year;
And while he stood with calm and watchful eyes
The last sharp stroke of midnight smote my ear.

—AMELIA E. BARR.

Sing Me a Song of the Olden Time.

Sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Laddie" and "Bonnie Doon;"
Sing to me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth to-night—
Sing me some dear old tune.

And I will dream as I hear your voice,
Sweet, and tender, and strong, and clear,
Like your mother's voice, when those songs she sung
Long ago when we both were young—
You are so like her, dear.

Take down her harp and touch the strings;
Too long, too long have they silent been;
My heart has been full of hurry and strife,
And the care and worry of active life—
I long for the songs again.

Sing "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon;"
Your mother sang that song to you
While she rocked you there on her breast to sleep—
Dear little daughter, do not weep—
Sing me the old songs, too.

Sing "Logan Water" and "Land o' the Leal,"
"Annie Laurie" and "Banks o' Dee;"
Dear old songs that we never forget;
Over my heart they are echoing yet;
She sang them all to me.

No music ever so sweet can be
As the tuneful lays of the days of yore
Sung by mother and sister and wife;
And now, my child, in this later life
I would hear these songs once more.

So sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Laddie" or "Bonnie Doon;"
Sing to me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth to-night—
Sing me some dear old tune.

Not a Suspicious Person.

A patrolman on Second street pulled the bell of a house at 10 o'clock the other evening, and said to the lady who came to the door:

"Madam, a man whose actions are very suspicious has just entered the yard by the alley gate. Wouldn't it be well for me to search the premises?"

"Oh, no, sir," she sweetly replied. "That suspicious person is my husband. When he comes home sober, he enters at the front door. When he is tight he sneaks in at the back gate. You need never raise an alarm over him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

The director stepped back and Schaffer shrugged his shoulders; they had now learned to know their young chief well enough to understand that this tone would admit of no contradiction.

"I miss Hartmann among the mob," said Arthur, turning to the chief engineer. "He is usually the leader in all uproar and tumult; but to-day he seems to have only urged the men on to the attack and then to have left them alone. He is nowhere visible."

"And I, too, have missed him for a quarter of an hour," returned the engineer thoughtfully. "I hope he is not stirring up new mischief somewhere else. You command the guards stationed at the machine-houses to be withdrawn, Herr Berkow?"

"Certainly. We want the few men at our disposal here at the house; and now that entrance has been forced into the mines, they, as well as the machines, are quite secure. Nothing can be done without endangering the workmen below."

"With such a leader would this be a consideration?" asked the officer doubtfully.

Arthur's brow grew dark. "I might have thought of that! Hartmann is so uncontrolled, savage nature when enraged; but he is not a villain and what you have hinted at would be villainy. He would have destroyed the machines so as to hinder the descent; and as he could not hinder it, why do you believe that he would so insanely fall upon the machine houses? It certainly would not be to expose his father and comrades to destruction. He wished to recall his former orders, and when he saw that we were ahead of him, he became enraged at the failure of his plans against us. The descent alone has saved us the machines. No one lifts his hand against them while the overseer and the rest are in the mines, but, instead, they direct the storm against the house. I will go out and make an effort to quell it."

During the last weeks the officers had become accustomed to see their chief enter into scenes like this with the utmost daring and without regard to personal danger; but to-day warnings and entreaties were heard from all sides. Even the chief engineer for this once joined in, while Schaffer, who well knew from what source alone expostulation could avail, turned to Eugenie, who still stood at her husband's side.

"Do not let him go, your ladyship, not to-day. To-day it is more perilous than upon all days before. The miners are terribly excited and this time Hartmann is playing a desperate game against us. Keep our chief back!"

The young wife became deathly pale at this warning, which only too well confirmed her own fears; but she retained her self-possession; a part of Arthur's calmness seemed to have passed over to her.

"My husband has declared to me that he must make the effort," she returned firmly, "and he shall not say that I, with tears and entreaties, kept him back from what he deemed his duty. Let him go!"

Arthur clasped her hand still more firmly in his own, but he thanked her only with a glance.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "take an example from the courage of my wife. She certainly has the most to tremble for. I repeat to you, the attempt must be made. Let the doors be opened."

"We all go with you!" cried the chief engineer. "Fear nothing, my lady; I will not leave your husband's side."

Arthur calmly but firmly declined the proffer. "I thank you; but you remain here and the other gentlemen likewise; I go alone. In such a case, the solitary man is safest from the mob. The appearance of you all might seem a challenge. Only hold yourselves ready, if things come to the worst, to cover my retreat into the house. Farewell, Eugenie!"

He went, accompanied to the steps by the chief engineer and the other officers. No one made any further effort to hold him back; they all knew that in his appearance among the mob outside lay the only possibility of averting a danger, to withstand which for many hours, here within the house, seemed difficult if not impossible.

Eugenie hastened to a window. She did not see that all present in anxious suspense pressed to the other windows; she did not hear the half-audible remarks exchanged between the director and Schaffer, who stood immediately behind her; she saw only the wild, excited multitude, which, head crowding above head, surrounded the house and with savage yells demanded the release of the prisoners—the multitude which would now hurl itself against her husband alone, and the next moment, perhaps, threaten his life.

The more elegant than strong iron fence of the park had already yielded to the storm, it lay in ruins on the ground. The costly and carefully-kept pleasure grounds, trodden down by hundreds of footsteps, presented only a wild chaos of earth, flower pots and trampled shrubs. The foremost had already reached the terrace, and from there had forced their way close up to the house; already some fists were armed with stones to hurl against the windows. Shouts, threats, cries of all kinds blent wildly together; the tumult increased from minute to minute, until it mounted to a howl of a moment's duration which had no longer anything human in its sound.

Then, all at once, there was a deep, breathless calm. The tumult died away suddenly, as if some Celestial power had commanded silence. The wildly-excited groups paused; the mob swayed back as if it had encountered some sudden resistance; and all eyes, all faces, turned in one direction. The front door was opened, and the young chief stepped out upon the terrace.

The silence was of only a few moments' duration; then the momentary surprise yielded to a renewed outbreak of fury more terrible than the first; and now it had a better object. All these furious outcries, all these faces distorted by rage, all these threateningly-lifted arms, which just before had menaced the house and its inmates, now turned against a single one; but this one was the chief, the master of the works, and what the father, with his mechanical genius, with his persistent endurance and his tyrannical will had not been able to establish in years, the son had enforced in a few weeks—his absolute personal authority. It availed even here, where all the bands of order were loosened. Calmly he let the storm rage around him; the slender form erect, the large eyes steady and clear turned to the throng, every one of which was his superior in strength, and from which he had no protection save his authority. There he stood opposed to them, entirely alone and unarmed; but he stood there as if these surging waves of insurrection must break against him.

And, in truth, they did break. Gradually the uproar subsided; it subsided into cries, then murmurs; at last these also died away. And now arose Berkow's voice, at first inaudible amid the excitement, and still often interrupted by the tumult, which, by fits and starts, again broke forth; but which, often as it rose, again sank powerless, and at last entirely ceased; so that only the voice of the young chief was heard, which, clear, loud and distinct, rose above all and became intelligible to the most distant.

"God be thanked!" murmured Schaffer, as he wiped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, "now he has them in rein. The mob foams at the mouth and rears but it obeys. Only see, your ladyship, how the excitement is subsiding—how all fall back! They are really leaving the terrace, and see there, the stones, also, are falling to the ground! If Heaven only keeps Hartmann away just now, the danger is over."

He did not know with what mental anguish Eugenie was repeating this prayer in her soul. She had been continually seeking that dreaded form amid the mob; and so long as it was not visible she kept up her courage, so long she believed Arthur safe. But now hope and security were at an end.

It might be that the sudden cessation of the uproar he had intentionally aroused called back the missing one, or that a suspicion of what had happened drew him hither at the decisive moment. As if he stepped out of the earth, Ulrich Hartmann suddenly stood at the park gate behind the mob; and a single glance told him how matters stood.

CHAPTER XX.

"Cowards you are, all of you!" he cried in a voice of thunder to his comrades, as, followed by Lorenz and the master-miner Wilms, he forced his way through the dense mass. "I hardly supposed that you would allow yourselves to fall into his net while we went to ascertain where the prisoners had been taken. We know now. They are there in the lower story of the right tower, close behind the great hall. Break in the plate-glass window, and then we have no need to storm the door."

No one obeyed the command, and yet it did not remain ineffectual. There is nothing more wavering of soul, more will-less, than an excited mob which is wont to allow itself to be controlled by the will of one man. In all this tumult and uproar, just subsided, there had been a lack of purpose, an indecision, which would never have gone so far as a direct attack. The eye, the arm of the leader had been wanting; now they were present, and the moment his hand again grasped the reins he gave the mob a decided purpose. They now knew where the prisoners could be found, they knew the way to them, and this awakened anew the danger which had been only partially overcome.

Ulrich at this moment gave himself little concern whether or not his orders were obeyed. He had forced his way to the terrace and now stood close before the young chief, with the whole obstinacy and pride of his uncontrollable nature, with his giant form towering almost a head above all the others. He was the born leader of the masses, whose wild energy, whose despotic will impelled them on to a blind obedience, and who, in spite of all that had happened, all that, perhaps, might happen, still for the moment had unlimited power over them. The whole victory which Arthur had won was imperilled, if not destroyed, by the mere appearance of this man, whose individuality was at least as powerful in its workings as his own.

"Where are our comrades?" asked Hartmann threateningly, as he stepped nearer. "We will have them released this instant. We allow no outrages against any of our men."

"And I allow no destroying of my machines," interrupted Arthur with calm dignity. "I have had the men shut up, although they were only the tools of another hand. Who ordered the attack upon the machines?"

Ulrich's eyes flashed fearfully but triumphantly, he had foreseen this firmness and had built his plans upon it. He wanted no excuse for attack; he would, at any cost, gratify his hatred; but his men, who were already wavering and threatening to desert colors, needed such excuse; this would goad on anew the faint-hearted ones, and the rival was brave and proud enough to allow him this.

"I need not bandy words with you!" he cried derisively, "and I certainly need not allow you to listen to me with that arrogant air. Once again I tell you, release these prisoners! The miners demand it, or—" his glance finished the threat.

"The prisoners remain in confinement," declared Arthur unmoved, "and you, Hartmann, have no longer a right to speak to me in the name of all the miners; more than half have already deserted you. I have nothing more to say to you."

"But I have to you!" cried Ulrich, beside himself. "To our comrades!" he shouted, turning to the excited mob. "Strike down all that oppose you! Forward!"

He was about to fall upon Berkow first of all, and thereby give the signal for attack, but before this could happen, before it was decided whether the mob would yield or deny him obedience, there was heard a strange sound which made all tremble and caused even the wild leader to pause in horror, while he, like the others, listened spell-bound and in breathless silence. It was a sound like distant, hollow thunder, which seemed to come from the depths of the earth, and was followed by a momentary underground reverberation. Then all became still as death and hundreds of faces, white with terror, turned in the direction of the works.

"God of Heaven! That came from the mines; something has happened there!" cried Lorenz, starting up.

"It was an explosion," said the chief engineer, who during the last few critical moments had stood at the vestibule below, at the head of the younger officers and the whole available force of servants, so as to be ready to hasten to the help of the chief. "An accident has happened at the mines, Herr Berkow. We must go over."

For an instant horror seemed to palsy all around. No one stirred; the warning had been too terrible. At the very moment when one party with deadly hatred would have hurled itself against the other, a mortal danger had overtaken their brethren down in the mines, and imperiously summoned them from assault to rescue. Arthur was the first to recover his self-possession.

"To the mines!" he cried to his officers, who now, rushing out of the house, gathered around him, and he himself gave the example, as in advance of all he hastened to the works.

"To the mines!" thundered Ulrich also to the miners, but the command was no longer needed; the whole mass, in bewildered haste, were already rushing in that direction, their leader at their head; he and Berkow were the first to reach the works, and both reached them almost at the same moment.

There was no outward evidence of the work of the destroying element, none but the dense pillars of smoke which rose above the shafts. These told what had happened, and they told enough. In less than ten minutes the whole space around the mines was filled with men whose first dumb horror had now yielded to loud outbursts of anguish, terror and despair.

There is something terrible and yet sublime in such a great misfortune which does not come from mortal hand; for it almost always redeems the honor of human nature and purifies it from those baser passions which usually disfigure and overshadow it.

Here the change in the people's mood had been so sudden, so lightning-like in its swiftness, that it no longer seemed the same mob which a few minutes before had raged around the house, menacing all its inmates with violence and, perhaps, murder, because their insane demands were not granted. Strife, hostility, hatred, fostered for months long, all had now subsided into the one thought of rescue. To this rescue alike hurried miners and officers, friend and foe; and the most violent of the rioters now led the band. An hour ago they had threatened their comrades, had laid violent hands on them, and would have stricken them down if it had not been the father of Ulrich Hartmann who led them to the mines, and now—when these very comrades were in mortal danger—now, every one would have risked his life to save them. The fearful warning had borne its fruit.

"Back!" cried Arthur imperiously as he confronted the bewildered, aimless throng. "You cannot just now help; you only hinder the efforts of the officers. It must first be decided how and where we can enter the shafts. Let the chief engineer take the lead." "Let the chief engineer take the lead!" repeated the foremost, and the cry went through the line, and the dense mass at once opened a path for that officer, who, with his subordinates, was already upon the spot.

"To enter down yonder will be an impossibility," said the chief engineer to Arthur, pointing to the lower shaft, which was connected with the others and at whose mouth smoke and vapor arose in mighty columns. "We have made the attempt, but in vain; nothing human can breathe in that infernal air. Hartmann tried it, but, after a few steps, he retreated half-stifled and had to bring out Lorenzo with him, who had followed, but had fallen at the very entrance. Our only hope lies in the upper shaft. Set the machinery in motion; we must ascend there."

The machine-master, to whom the last words were addressed, and who had stood near pale and agitated, made no motion to obey.

"The machines refuse to do their work," he said in a voice of anguish, "they have for an hour. I should before have announced this to the officers, but my messenger could not make his way to them through the mob, and I thought that in any event the miners could ascend through the lower shaft. We have already worked a long time upon the elevator, but in vain. It cannot be made available."

"Heaven and earth! Do they fail us now?" cried the chief engineer, rushing into the machine-house.

"But the footway shaft?" said Arthur hastily, turning to the director. "Can we not go down there?"

The director shook his head. "The footway shaft has been impassable since this morning. You know, Herr Berkow, that Hartmann had all the upper ladders destroyed because he would, at any price, hinder the descent of the miners. He did not fully succeed; the workmen went down the main shaft and at present this is our only entrance into the mines."

Ulrich now appeared with Wilms and several of his usual companions. "Nothing is going on down there," he said to his comrades, as he made his way through all. "We are sacrificing life needlessly when we ought to be rescuing it. Perhaps we can do so here. Why is the elevator not at work? We must go down by its help."

As he was violently rushing forward he suddenly met the young chief, who gazed sternly at him.

"The elevator will not work," he said, loudly and sharply, "it ceased an hour ago, and ten minutes ago the accident happened. These two events have no connection, but it was just an hour ago we arrested your three men. What had they done, Hartmann?"

Ulrich staggered back as if he had received a blow. "I recalled my order," said he, "the moment my father went down and the others followed. I went myself to hinder its execution, but the mischief had already been done. I did not wish it. God knows I did not."

Arthur turned from him to the chief engineer, who had just come out of the machine-house. "Well, how is it?" he asked quickly.

The officer shrugged his shoulders. "The machinery will not work," he said. "Still, we have not been able to find where the trouble lies. The injury has not come from the explosion; it is from a human hand. If we do not succeed in repairing it, all entrance into the mines is denied us, and all below are lost without hope of rescue, the overseer Hartmann among them."

At these last words he had raised his voice and fixed his eyes upon Ulrich, who, with a face white as that of a corpse, stood there dumb and motionless. But now he trembled and made a hasty movement forward. Arthur stepped into his way.

"Where would you go?"

"I must go down!" he said breathlessly, "I must help. Let me go, Herr Berkow. I must, I tell you!"

"You cannot help," interposed Arthur bitterly. "We can do nothing with our arms alone. You could destroy and make the danger tenfold. The work of restoration must be left to the officers. They alone can make it possible for us to rescue our imperilled workmen, and they must be neither disturbed nor hindered in their task. Keep guard around here, Herr Director; and you, Herr Wilberg, bring the three prisoners here immediately. They must know where they have laid their hands. Perhaps they may give an intimation to the engineers. Hasten!"

Wilberg obeyed, and the director also made preparations to carry out the commands of his chief. He met with no resistance. All knew what hung upon the efforts of the officers, and all obeyed willingly. They felt something of the truth of those words Herr Berkow had once flung back against the obstinate demands of their leader. "Try all this, if the hated element is wanting which gives direction to your arms, force to your machinery and intellect to your work."

Here were hundreds of arms, hundreds of strong men ready to help; and the whole power, the whole possibility of rescue, lay in the hands of the few who must lend science to their work, so as to bring help, where the multitude and their leader could do nothing at the utmost but rush blindly into certain death. These officers, once so hated and despised—upon them all glances now hung, and wherever one of them came in sight, all crowded around him. They would now at any cost have protected them and their work, had they needed such protection.

Minute after minute passed in anxious, agonized suspense. Wilberg had long since returned with the three prisoners. They knew what had happened. They came in breathless haste, like all the others; like them, to stand there aimless and despairing. They were no longer needed, for the reason of the stoppage of the machinery was already found. The injury had proved slight and its immediate reparation was possible. The engineers, under the direction of their superior, did their utmost; while outside, they organized their plans for rescue and constantly, but still in vain, sought to force entrance into the mines on other sides. The danger had, as at one stroke, firmly reunited the loosened bands of discipline. All obeyed, and obeyed better and more quickly than even before the outbreak of the revolt.

But the chief himself accomplished more than all the rest. His eyes, his voice, were everywhere. Everywhere he knew how to work himself, how to inspire others. Arthur possessed little or nothing of the science and experience so needed here. The young heir had been reared in the fullest ignorance of what it most concerned him to know; but one faculty he possessed which cannot be instilled by culture or training—the genius of command. And this was the faculty most of all wanted here, where the chief engineer, the only energetic one among the officers, was kept inside occupied with the machinery; and the director, as well as the others, half-stunned at the sudden change of affairs, and at the catastrophe itself, in spite of their science, experience and capability, had all lost their presence of mind.

It was Arthur who gave it back to them—Arthur who with his quick glance posted every one in the right place and incited all to do their utmost; it was he who by his energy impelled and inspired all. The character of this young man, so long misunderstood by those around him and by himself most of all, had never shone forth so brilliantly as in this hour of peril.

At last was heard the heavy, groaning sound with which the machinery resumed its work; then followed the panting and creaking of its mighty frame, at first fitfully and interruptedly, then at regular intervals. The works rose and fell with their wonted obedience. The chief engineer stepped to Herr Berkow, but his face had become no more cheerful.

"The machinery is again in order," he said, "but I fear it is too late or too early for the descent. The vapor rises even here. The fire-damp must again be breaking out. We shall have to wait."

Arthur made an impatient gesture. "Wait! We have waited a whole hour already, and the lives of these unfortunate men hang upon every moment. Do you think it will be possible to go down?"

"It is perhaps possible; this seems to be vapor which rises here; but every one who goes down risks his life. I would not venture."

"But I will!" cried Ulrich with grim determination. At the moment when the machinery began to work he had rushed violently forward, and now stood close to the shaft. "I will go down," he repeated, "but one alone can do nothing there. I must have help. Who goes with me?"

No one answered; every one seemed to recoil from a descent into this smoking abyss. They had all seen how the courageous ones who at the first had sought to force an entrance had reeled back or fallen. Lorenz still lay senseless from a venture which his stronger comrade had made without injury. But no one possessed the courage to follow Ulrich in a descent where return or retreat was almost impossible.

"*No one!*" asked Ulrich after a pause. "Very well, then, I go alone. Give the signal!"

He sprang into the seat, but suddenly a small white hand was laid upon its blackened edge, and a clear voice said firmly, "Wait, Hartmann, I go with you."

A cry of horror from the lips of the assembled officers gave answer to this decision; from all sides arose the most violent opposition.

"For God's sake, Herr Berkow, do not go! You are needlessly sacrificing your life! You cannot help!" These exclamations were heard from all sides, and in every tone of horror and anguish.

Arthur rose erect. The full self consciousness of the lord and master flashed from his eyes.

"I do not do this for aid, it is for the example," he said. "If I go, others will follow. Do all possible above here to rescue us, Herr Engineer. The director will maintain order. For the moment, I have nothing to offer my workmen but courage, and that I intend to show them."

"But not alone and not with Hartmann," exclaimed the chief engineer, almost forcing him back. "Beware, Herr Berkow! It is the same elevator and the same company which proved fatal to your father and below there something might menace you more dangerous than the explosive fire-damp."

(To be continued).

CLAMMISH.

Advantages of Being a Clam Clearly Set Forth.

The *Times* had recently an editorial exhorting people for several reasons not to be clams. We have investigated this subject and cannot agree with the views of our esteemed contemporary. On the contrary, we advise all people to be clams for the following pertinent reasons:

A clam is unobtrusive. He is of a retiring disposition and does not thrust himself upon society.

A clam is peaceful, but at the same time no coward. When attacked he bites.

A clam is contented with his lot in life. No clam ever tried to be an oyster.

A clam is trustworthy. No secret told to a clam has ever been divulged. A clam is very close.

A clam is beautiful and wears fine clothes. No clam would go through life with a rough and ragged shell like an oyster.

A clam attends strictly to business. His business is to be a clam, and he is.

A clam is self-possessed. He keeps cool under very trying circumstances.

Be a clam, and imitate that industrious bivalve when thrown upon a lee shore by going about business in a business way.

Be a clam, and be useful to the world by laboring for the sustenance of others as well as yourself.

Be a clam, and deport yourself so that though your exterior may be rough you can take as high a polish as the best of men.

Be a clam, and coldly view all schemes of designing men.

Be a clam, and be honest, never aspiring to be what you cannot reach.

Be a clam, and attend strictly to your own business at all times.

Be a clam, and always have plenty of sand about you.

The clam grows—the fossil doesn't.

The clam knows when to shut up. He exhibits more discretion in this respect than the majority of the human race.

The clam hides in the sand, but you know just where to find him when you want him, which can't be said about a policeman. It doesn't take hard digging to find the clam, for however he may exclude himself from society he still keeps up connection with it through his breathing funnel.

He's a shell-fish, but that does not necessarily make him selfish. He never neglects his own business to bother about other people's business, a kind of selfishness that we are sorry is not more popular.

He protects himself against intruders. If a crab pops a pebble between his shell the clam doesn't bother himself about ejecting it. He subjects it to some chemical process and changes it to pearl, thus contributing to the wealth of the world.—*Philadelphia Call.*

An African New Year's Card.

The oddest use of the cactus prevails in Cape Town, South Africa, where its leaves are made to serve the purpose of visiting cards. Fancy carrying about in your coat-pocket a lot of thick leaves covered with spines as sharp as needles! But, wait a moment. The leaves of the particular kind of cactus so used are very prickly, and, moreover, they are not carried about, but are left growing on the plant, which stands at the foot of the front steps. When a lady calls she has only to draw out one of those ever ready hat pins, with which ladies are always provided, and with the sharp point scratch her name on the glossy green surface of a leaf. A gentleman generally uses the point of his penknife. The lines turn silvery white and remain on the leaf, clear and distinct, for years and years. On New Year's Day, these vegetable cards are especially convenient, and ladies who wish to keep the calls of that day apart from those of other days, appropriate a branch of the cactus to that purpose. One gentleman in Cape Town has a cactus plant which is nearly 15 feet high. Its great thick leaves are almost all in use as visiting cards, so that he has a complete and lasting record of his visitors. It cannot be said that this adds to the beauty of the plant, but then it is oddity and not beauty that is desired in such cases. There is one cactus, not so plentiful as that just described, which is of a very accommodating character. It not only has smooth leaves, but the spines it has are so large and so stiff that they can be used as pens for writing on the leaves.

SPIDERS were formerly considered to be a cure in rural districts for ague. Some years ago a lady in Ireland was famous for her success in curing people thus affected. It appears that the only medicine she employed was a large spider rolled up in treacle. The patients were ignorant of the contents of this novel bolus, so that imagination had nothing to do with the matter. In England, also, the spider has been called in as an ague doctor. In Lincolnshire the creature was treated very much after the above-mentioned Irish fashion, being rolled up in paste and swallowed; but elsewhere the animal is put into a bag and worn round the neck.

It is the prevailing opinion that the amount of trade will fall short of that of last year because people seem afraid to buy in large quantities at great expense.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"Now, I wonder what that means?" said Philo Lusk. He has just come back from his snowy tramp to the post-office, with the weekly paper and one letter.

Old Mrs. Lusk had brought in the lighted candles and piled an extra log on the fire, so that the low-ceiled kitchen was all aglow with ruddy light, while the smell of stewing apples and the song of the tea-kettle which hung from the iron crane lent a practical idea of comfort to the scene.

"Taxes, ain't it?" said Mrs. Lusk, whose eyesight was not so good as it had been.

"No, it ain't," said Philo. "It ain't a letter at all. It's just a card: 'Miss Valeria Whitman. At home January 1st, 1885.'"

"La!" said Mrs. Lusk. "She wants you to call there."

"Get out!" said Philo, with a sudden access of sheepishness. "Why should I go there?"

"Well, why not?" asked Mrs. Lusk. "It's what the city people do, I'm told. They make a big cake and draw a pitcher of cider, and set down in their best clothes to see company. Valley Whitman is dreadfully enterprising. She means to lead in the fashions."

"Am I to call there?" asked Philo.

"Why, of course," said his mother. "What else should it mean?—'Miss Valeria Whitman. At home.'"

"She's at home most days, ain't she?" said Philo, musingly. "There never was anything of the gadabout in Valley Whitman that I ever heard of."

"Oh, but this 'ere's a new kink," explained Mrs. Lusk. "New Year's day, don's you see?"

"I'd calculated to take the oxen on to Snidge hill and grub stumps out of the clearing on New Year's day," said Philo.

"The next day will do just as well for the stumps. One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," said Mrs. Lusk.

Deacon Folgrove got one of Miss Whitman's cards—also Squire Hart. In fact, there was not a widower, or old bachelor, or eligible swain in Cedarville who was omitted from the list.

"I ain't as young as I was," said Miss Whitman to herself. "It's high time I took steps to establish myself."

So she put fresh muslin curtains to the windows, made herself a new gown according to the latest fashion-plate, and prepared for the festive initial day of the year.

Miss Valeria Whitman had passed her 45th birthday. She was stout and ruddy, with the very best set of teeth that the Cedarville dentist could supply; and she was very tired of living alone and sewing on vests to earn her pin-money. She had determined on this particular occasion to make a *coup d'etat* and win a husband.

So she attired herself on New Year's Day in a green satin dress cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves, and pinned a bunch of chrysanthemums at the left side, and puffed her hair in the most elaborate fashion.

"I do declare," said Miss Val to herself, "I don't look a day over 20!"

Deacon Folgrove was the first to arrive—hard-handed, hard-headed old man, with a complexion of leather and the keenest of black eyes.

"I got a letter from you, Miss Whitman," said he. "I suppose you want to consult me on business."

"La, deacon, what a very strange idea!" said Miss Whitman, with a giggle. "No, indeed; I only wish to promote sociability at this festive season."

"Well, then, I guess I'd better be going," said the deacon, crisply. "I hain't got no time for no sich foolery."

"Don't be in a hurry, deacon," said Miss Whitman. "I do wish to consult you."

"About what?" said the deacon, looking dubiously at the chilled shoulders and purple arms of the lady.

"Marriage!" said Miss Whitman. "Would you advise me, dear deacon, to commit my future into the hands of another?"

"Eh?" said the deacon. "Hai' an offer?"

"Yes," said Miss Whitman, driven by his directness into an absolute lie.

"Then, if I was you," said the deacon, "I'd accept it; 'cause it ain't likely you'll have many of 'em."

Miss Whitman colored under the rice powder.

"But, deacon," she stammered, "what if I don't love the man? What if I love another who——"

"Then don't accept him," said the deacon. "But," suddenly becoming aware of his danger, as Miss Valeria moved her chair a little closer to his, "my horse is gettin' dreadful uneasy; I guess I'll be goin'. No, thank you," as Miss Whitman took up a plate of cake. "I don't never eat nothin' except at my reg'lar meals. Good mornin'!"

And thus the deacon escaped.

"Eh! what's that noise? If it's the cat jumping at my canary again—but it sounded like some one laughing, and cats don't laugh. Who's that? Philo Lusk, I declare! Well, he's a likely young fellow—not so rich as Squire Hart, maybe, but—oh, come in, Mr. Lusk, come in! I am so glad to see you! Lovely day, isn't it?"

Philo Lusk sat down with his hat in his lap.

"I received your card, Miss Valeria," said he, "and I am here in response to it."

"So kind of you!" said Miss Whitman, with a smile, which not even the fabled "cats of Cheshire" could excel, although they are reported to be good at smiling.

"To tell the truth," said honest Philo, "I wanted a little talk with you."

"Indeed!" said the lady. "Won't you come here and sit beside me on the sofa? It's more sociable like."

"Oh, yes, if you like," said Philo, obeying her gesture of invitation. "You see, my mother is getting feebler every day, and we feel the need of a young person at the farm. I am 28 now, and the place is in prime order, and I've money at interest, so I've pretty much made up my mind to marry."

Miss Valeria let the puffed and frizzled head fall on his shoulder.

"Dearest Philo!" she exclaimed.

"Yes—exactly," said Philo, moving as far away as the arm of the sofa would allow. "So, if you thought your niece Bella would have me——"

"My niece Bella!" gasped the lady, the immovable bloom never altering on her face, although her heart beat wildly and her lips blanched.

"Yes," said Philo; "I hoped to have seen her here to-day."

"No!" said Miss Valeria, sharply. "She has gone away; if she hadn't she wouldn't accept you."

"Is—is she engaged to some one else?" stammered poor Philo.

"Yes," said Mrs. Whitman, "to Peter Gregson. But, Philo, do not grieve; I am ready to entertain your suit, though Bella despises you——"

"But she doesn't, aunty!" said a clear, distinct voice, and Bella herself entered the room. "On the contrary, she loves Philo Lusk dearly; and she refused Peter Gregson, as you know very well. Oh, Philo," with a reproachful glance at her lover, "would you have believed her falsehoods?"

"How came you here?" screamed Miss Whitman.

"I went to Mrs. Willet's house,' said Bella, "and she had gone to spend the holidays with her niece at Medbury. So I came home."

"You are a dreadful minx!" cried Miss Valeria, nearly suffocated with indignation.

"Gently," said Philo Lusk, interposing in Bella's defence. "No calling names, please."

"And you shan't stay in my house another day!" added the indignant lady.

"Then she shall come to mine!" boldly asserted Philo Lusk. "Come, Bella, my sleigh is at the door, and it holds exactly two. We'll go to Parson Meadow's and get married this very hour."

And they did so; and Mrs. Lusk, senior, who was waiting at the farmhouse to receive her son, was delighted beyond measure.

"If it hadn't been me," said Bella, laughing mischievously, "it would have been Aunt Val., for she was determined to marry Philo."

"The Lord forbid!" said Mrs. Lusk, piously.

"And after this," said Philo, as he led his bride in, "the first day of the year will be a double anniversary—the happiest of happy new years to us—eh, Bella?"

CURRENT TOPICS.

DOCTORS say that women should be cautious how they call to offer sympathy to neighbors having sick children. Women's clothing offers inducements to fugitive bacteria, and several instances have been recorded lately in which contagious diseases are known to have been brought about by germs carried into the household in the folds of heavy woollen fabrics.

PRIVATE JOHN BURKE, who has just been discharged from the Suffolk Regiment, is supposed to have been the oldest soldier in the British army, having enlisted in 1847. He had six good conduct stripes, and was refused the seventh on the ground that six was the maximum number allowed. He had served in the Crimean and Indian mutiny campaigns, and also in China and Afghanistan.

BARNUM is much bent over by his years and activity, but otherwise does not show his age, and would pass in a crowd for an easy-going gentleman of independent means, excepting that his features as the greatest showman on earth are so well known. He delights—if he has the time to spare—in reminiscences, his memory being remarkably good.

EXPERIMENTS on an extensive scale have been made in Germany to ascertain the relative strength of iron and steel girders. The soft-steel girders proved to be 22 per cent. and hard-steel girders 66 per cent. stronger than the iron girders, and it is remarked that it seemed pretty well established that the strength of steel girders is about the same for the two flanges if made alike in section.

ADVERTISERS who understand their business advertise more heavily in the season of dull trade than in the season of lively trade. It is the slow horse that needs the lash, not the fast one. The steady goers are the successful advertisers. They build up great businesses by keeping themselves before the public summer and winter, and whether it rains or shines, or is a feast day or a fast day.

THE belief that agricultural dulness in England has been greatly exaggerated for party purposes finds support in the fact that an official return from the Bankruptcy Court shows that in the past fourteen years, out of a total of 1,175 bankrupts in East Kent, only 59 were farmers and dairymen, while under the Act of 1883 only four farmers in East Kent have filed petitions in the Bankruptcy Court.

ACCORDING to a ately issued department report of the British army in 1883, the number of applicants for