Of Perfect Form.

(By Herman Meade.)

I saw her where the shadows lie
  Beside a shelvy stream;
Where the yellow bees go buzzing by,
  And starry daisies gleam.

Now filmy fabrics, furbelowed,
  Concealed her symmetry;
Her only gown the light, which showed
  Her perfect form to be.

Those shining limbs so fitly dressed,
  Those big brown eyes and hair,
Had foiled an artist at his best,
  And filled him with despair.

And her's, such quaintly, quiet ways,
  Illumed by soft alarms;
What could I do but gaze and gaze—
  And gaze upon her charms!

But why those chilling glances, love—
  That frown upon your brow?
You, surely, are not jealous of
  A first-prize Jersey cow.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

There was something unutterably touching to Guy Stuart in Hugh Glynn's expression when he looked at his wife, it was so full of passionate adoring love; but it had so much humility and reverence, such intense sorrow and compassion, that Shirley herself could hardly meet it with anything like composure; and Guy's lips quivered as he watched her trying to smile as she lifted Hugh's head and held the cordial to his lips with a pitying tenderness which was almost maternal in its deep compassion. She had never seemed so beautiful in the eyes of these two men, who had loved her with such a fatal passion, as now, when the lustre of her beauty was dimmed and faded by sorrow.

"I wish you would rest a little, Shirley," said Sir Hugh, entreatingly. "You are quite worn out. Leave me with Guy, dear, for a time. Do you know, old friend," he went on, "that I have been happier during the few days I have been concealed here than I have been for many a long year—except on that day which began so well and ended so terribly? If she had loved me as deeply as I loved her, she could not have been kinder and gentler. And yet," he continued, unsteadily, "it is but heaping coals of fire upon my head."

She touched his lips with her finger with a little entreating gesture, and he smiled slightly.

"Leave us, my dearest," he said tremulously. "Try to sleep for an hour. Ah, how many nights it is since you have had any rest!"

"Go, Shirley," Guy put in gently. "Remember how much depends on you keeping well just now—and even an hour's rest will refresh you."

She smiled faintly as she turned away and passed into the little sitting-room, where she sunk down into an arm-chair, far more exhausted even than she knew by the terrible anxiety she had undergone, and which seemed so wonderfully lessened by Guy's sharing it. For a few moments she leaned back, thinking of all the misery and suffering, and shuddering at the thought of what was yet to come; and her fatigue overcame her, her eyes closed, and she sunk into the heavy sleep of prostration.

Meanwhile, in the inner room, the two men who had been friends and bitter enemies, and were friends once more, were talking earnestly in low broken voices; and Sir Hugh was telling his story, with long pauses between, caused by the weakness; and Stuart listened with an aching heart, feeling that for every sin his companion had committed such misery must have atoned.

"You must let me begin at the beginning, old fellow," Hugh said, in his feeble voice. "It will avail nothing to hide any of my sin and shame from you, and perhaps it will make you excuse me a little; although, indeed, you, in your uprightness and honor, Guy, can hardly understand how low I have fallen."

"Can I not? Ah, you hardly know how low my anger made me fall, Hugh! I am a murderer in intention, although not in deed—for I could have killed you in my heart."

"No wonder!" Sir Hugh said sorrowfully. "But I loved her so madly, and I was so wildly jealous that you had succeeded where I had failed. It maddened me too to know that your love was so much purer and better than mine. I felt that had the cases been reversed, you would have gone away and left her to me, concealing your sorrow in order to spare her pain. Yes, beyond hatred, beyond jealousy, beyond every other feeling, was that awful sense of humiliation; it galled me into madness. Beside your love, mine looked so worthless. You would have given your life for her happiness; I would—and did—sacrifice her happiness to my passion. Ah, it is not only now that I see this, Guy; although now, when the end is so near, I see it yet more clearly! The sin stands out in all its blackness."

"Dear old fellow, do not think of me now," Guy pleaded gently, his eyes dim as he looked down at the pale face and emaciated form which had once been so handsome and strong. "Surely it is not necessary!"

"I should like you to know it. Guy; it will make you think more gently of me in the time to come, and you will much more readily forgive the sin against yourself."

"I forgave long ago, Hugh—fully and freely."

"Yes, I know you did," he answered, a faint smile irradiating his pallid face. "Still I want to tell you, so that you may know that, if I sinned, I have suffered. Even when I congratulated you on your engagement," he went on, after a pause, "I was resolved to steal her from you if I could, and I racked my brain to know how I could succeed. That very night I told her how madly I loved her; I fancied that my wealth—you were a poor man then, Guy, although you were rich soon after—would tempt her; that, like many other women, she was to be bought. I am afraid my previous experience of the sex had taught me to think of them as mercenary"—with a faint bitter smile; "but I do not know whether I hated or loved her most when she turned to me and said so proudly that you would not so betray your friend. Well, I tried to disguise my anguish; but Latreille—Heaven knows that I would not speak in anger now!—tempted me. He told me how Shirley's mother had been inveigled into a Scotch marriage, and how easy it was to steal a wife in Scotland; and from the time I heard that story, Guy, I never rested from seeking an opportunity of obtaining the same power over Shirley as another miserable traitor and coward like myself had obtained over her mother. And the opportunity soon came. You were called away, which removed one obstacle from my path, and then came her brother's letter, which she opened in my presence. Do you remember, old fellow, that almost your last words to her had been that she was to trust me? I reminded her of them, poor child, in her misery You know how I drove her to Dumfife and passed there as her husband; the little note which was such conclusive evidence in my favor she wrote me quite unaware how greatly it would tell against herself. I knew, and Latreille knew, that when we left the inn she was my wife by the laws of Scotland; but she, I need hardly tell you, was as ignorant as a child of what had been done. When I left her at the Court, I put my lips to her cheek with a laughing little speech which she did not understand; but she shrunk from me with a little cry of pain which made me feel ashamed and furious at once. Then I went away. The accident I met with prostrated me for weeks, and the preparations for your marriage went on; and, when I could spare Latreille to go and see what was doing, the wedding-day was fixed, and I had—Yes, I know that the rest need not be told. But, Stuart, if I could have undone it then, I would. Great Heaven, shall I ever forget Shirley's face when she shrunk from me? I think I saw then for the first time the heinousness of the sin I had committed."

He fell back upon the pillows, faint and exhausted, and Guy brought water and bathed his temples and raised him on his arm as tenderly as a woman would have done, and, as he revived, he looked up and smiled faintly into the grave face.

"Those were not happy years," he continued brokenly, "how could they be? How could the poor girl be happy with a man whom she did not respect? She failed in none of her duties, but I know how she suffered. How often have I watched the misery on her face when she thought herself unobserved, and the tears which lay upon her cheeks when she had cried herself to sleep! Never, until you had spoken to her, had she treated me with anything but coldness, and I could not complain. I knew that I deserved even worse at her hands. My poor Shirley! And then you came back, Guy, and you forgave me so nobly and generously, and after a time you induced her to think more gently of me and to forgive me. That night at Easton—ah, shall I ever forget it?—she told me that she had forgiven me, that she would try—poor darling!—to be a better wife to me and I cried like a child to think that there might be happy days in store for us both—thanks to you."

"Dear old Hugh—poor fellow!"

"I had deserved to be miserable, Guy. Even now my punishment has not equalled my sin," he said pitifully. "Let me continue. I had dismissed Latreille as soon as Shirley came to Maxwell. She was ill for weeks, as you know. Think, old fellow, how sad it was for one who loved her to know that the illness was all caused by him. When she was better, we went abroad, I heard no more of Latreille for some time. I had paid him liberally for aiding and abetting my villainy—I must call it so, Guy—there is no better word—and he was spending the money and enjoying himself; but a couple of years after he reappeared, demanding, rather than begging, assistance. Several times I gave him sums of money; but at last, wearied with his importunity, I refused. He then threatened me; if I did not accede to his demands, he would publish the whole story of the Scotch marriage and my treachery, and disgrace me. I have always been a coward, then. Again and again I gave him money, at times large sums, and he grew more and more insolent when he saw the cowardly wretch with whom he had to deal. His letters and constant reappearance made my life miserable. I hoped that you, and perhaps Shirley herself, might be induced to think that the marriage had not been a voluntary act, and that I had been ignorant of what I was doing. I was maddened by the fellow's threats and insolence; and, when I told him to do his worst, the world would not believe him, he said that the world would believe you, and that you would make it public. It was just at this time that we went to Easton, and it was you who casually mentioned having seen him passing the hotel. I knew then that he had followed me. Late that night, when I was alone on the balcony, feeling grateful—Heaven knows how grateful—for the wondrous happiness which seemed to be opening for me, he passed again, looked up, and accosted me. I went down to him, and he renewed his entreaties and threats, and, fearing that my new-found happiness would be destroyed by his means, I agreed to meet him the next morning on the cliffs."

"Hugh, rest now," Guy entreated, as he saw the exhaustion and faintness which Sir Hugh struggled against so bravely. "You shall tell me the remainder another time."

"There may be no other time for me," he said sadly. "The best thing I can do is to die and leave her free, and perhaps Heaven will let me do it. No; let me tell you now; and then, when you know all, I will rest. You remember," he continued, after a long pause of weakness, "how we started together—shall I ever forget Shirley, as she stood on the balcony that morning?—and how, as we walked across the beach together, I tried to thank you for what you had done for me. I never loved you as I loved you then, Guy. Even in our boyhood, when we had been such friends, you had never been so dear to me; and I stood and watched you out of sight, and sat on the rocks waiting for him. When he came, I saw at once that he was prepared to be insolent, and I resolved to be firm with him. I had brought with me two hundred pounds in gold and notes that Pears had brought me down a day or two before, which I intended to give him as a last bribe. He was in a most insolent mood; he had left the inn in a neighboring village where he had been staying, saying he would not return, and he had made up his mind to speak to you. But even the taunting words and insults were no excuse for my anger. I turned upon him at last, and lifted the stick—your stick, old fellow, which I had asked you for a keep-sake—oh, how sorry I was for that afterwards!—and struck him. He fell immediately to the ground, and never spoke afterward. I had—oh, merciful Heaven, I had killed him on the spot!"

Sir Hugh covered his face with his trembling hands, and lay back, shuddering violently, the cold dews gathering on his forehead, his whole frame shaking with horror and anguish. Guy, scarcely less agitated, could hardly utter the few words of consolation he strove to speak; and there were a few moments of painful silence ere Hugh Glynn resumed the pitiful story.

"Heaven knows I had no intention to hurt him," he went on, with an accent of unutterable sadness; "and, when I saw him lying there, I had no thought but that he was stunned or had fainted. I knelt by him and did all I could to restore him, but, of course, in vain. Then, when I realized what I had done, when I found myself a murderer, with the stain of blood upon me, I went mad, I think. I had but one idea—to escape; and then a horrible notion entered my head. If I could disfigure him enough—Oh, Guy, Guy!"

For a few moments there was no sound in the room but the uncontrollable weeping which broke from the baronet and rent his weak frame with terrible sobs; Guy's face too was hidden—he was trying to shut out the awful scene which the words conjured up. It was indeed an awful one—the dead man lying with his face upturned, the sky overhead, the sea beyond, and the murderer trying to escape the results of his crime, if it might be so called.

"You know how well I succeeded," continued Sir Hugh, when he could speak. "I took off his coat and put mine on him; the clothes he was wearing had been mine once—I saw that directly. I put my ring on his finger, and all that I had about me which could lead to recognition I put into his pockets, and then I left him there. I never imagined but that it would be thought an accident; and I did it all with an awful calmness which I think of sometimes now and wonder at. My one thought was to escape. I shrunk with an unutterable horror from what was before me if I gave myself up, although now I can see that I ought to have done so. I had plenty of money—that was one difficulty removed; and I walked to the nearest station, carrying the bag Latreille had with him, and took a third-class ticket for London, which I reached late that night—that terrible night. Do you remember the storm? Will you ever forget it, Guy? The next morning my first action was to disguise myself effectually," he went on, after a long pause, "With money, in London, it was not difficult; and then I took quiet lodgings in a part of town where I had never been in the old days; and for a time I remained there, ill and weak with a nervous fever, during the continuance of which however I was never light-headed. Strangely enough, I had no fear of pursuit; I knew that the poor fellow would not be missed, and I felt sure that the body would be taken for mine. One day—the very first time I was able to read a newspaper—to my inexpressible horror, I saw what a mistake had been made—what a terrible mistake!"

He had become very faint and exhausted during the last few minutes, and his voice had sunk so low as to be almost inaudible; but he was so anxious to finish his story that Guy had not sufficient strength of mind to prevent him and make him rest. Raising him gently, he gave him some more of the restorative which the doctor had left with Shirley, and, supported in Guy's strong arms—for it was easier for him to breathe thus—he resumed his story.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"When I read that you had been arrested on the charge of having murdered the poor fellow," Sir Hugh went on, "I think I realized for the first time what a miserable coward I was. My first impulse was to go and give myself up at any cost; but my courage—bah, I had no courage, so I cannot say it failed me!—my cowardice conquered. Heaven only knows what I suffered during those days, Stuart—you in prison, and that poor broken-hearted girl did not suffer more—at least you were not tortured with remorse as I was. Again and again I lived those terrible hours on the rocks, in that awful solitude I had so dreaded being disturbed—again and again I saw in anticipation the trial, the crowds of accusing faces, the hooting multitude. How I shrunk from it all you may guess when I tell you that two or three times I went out to try to obtain poison, and that once I went down to London Bridge—Don't, Guy, dear old friend, don't grieve so—I have been a coward from the beginning. A coward's death would be a fitting end for my career. But I will not speak of it since it pains you," he added brokenly. "When the time of the trial came on, I went down to Exminster. I had no definite plan, except that, if you were convicted, I was determined to confess all, and—"

"Stop!" Guy said breathlessly, lifting his hand for a moment. "You were at Exminster. Then it was not a delusion—I saw you."

"You saw me! Where?"

"It was at night," Major Stuart said unsteadily. "I was leaning out of the window of my room at the hotel, and a man passed down the street—a man with a great dark beard, and—

"You recognized me?"

"The face reminded me of yours; but I fancied it was a delusion—you were so much in my mind," Guy said tremulously; and Hugh looked at him in silence for a few moments.

"If I had recognized you, Guy," he faltered, "I think I should have told you all. Would to Heaven I had!"

"When I saw that you were acquitted, I went back to town," Sir Hugh continued, "and I lived there as long as my money lasted. After a time I got less fearful of recognition, and I used to go out and wander about the city, and I became familiar with all kinds of misery which I had never even suspected before; and when my money failed I got odd jobs—all kinds of work. I have driven a hansom for weeks, old fellow, and held horses, and—But I said I would not distress you," he broke off, with a faint smile. "Is it not strange?" he went on, in a moment. "When Shirley was in London, we could not have been far from each other, I feel so thankful now that we never met."

"Hugh, my poor fellow!"

"Have you any pity for such a mean, miserable, cowardly wretch?" the unhappy man said brokenly. "Heaven bless you, Guy. I might have known how you would have received me. I m ht of had faith in you; but, old fellow, m one consolation all this time lay in the thought that you and Shirley were happy together. Old fellow, why was it—"

The wistful eyes seeking Guy's face so inquiringly finished the question, and Guy answered it with a grave gentleness.

"She sent me away," he said with a slight smile. "Poor child, she feared that the—" He hesitated, knowing that his words could not but add to the suffering which Sir Hugh was already enduring; and the latter guessed the conclusion of the answer, even as Stuart divined the end of the question.

"I understand," he said. "Well, it was as well perhaps. Soon—very soon, old friend, she will be free indeed," he added feebly; "and I shall be truly glad to leave her in your care. Poor darling, how greatly she has suffered, and how nobly she has forgiven! Hers is a heart of gold, Guy, and you are worthy of each other. But, to end my story, I must tell you how I came here. Give me another mouthful of that cordial, old fellow—just enough to enable me to finish."

Guy did as he was requested.

"My health was failing me, and I began to long for a breath of fresh air again," Sir Hugh resumed. "The London fogs were killing me, and I thought it would be so terrible to die in the midst of all the filth and misery and degradation in which I had passed the last months of my life. So one morning I set off on foot and worked my way along the road, getting a few pence for an odd job here, or a meal there, and sleeping in a barn or wherever I could get shelter. I had no route to follow, I just went on and on, until the snow overtook me outside this village, and I lost my way in the fields on that Christmas-day. I had wandered about for over an hour, night was coming on, and I was weary and exhausted, when I saw a light in a window a little distance. I managed to struggle across to it; the curtains were not drawn over the window, and I could see into the room. A woman was sitting alone by the fire and I was just going to knock and ask her for shelter, when she rose and came to the window. The next moment I recognized her, and the surprise so overcame me that I fell forward on the snow, and lost consciousness for a few moments. When I recovered, I managed to creep round to the door. A numbness was stealing all over me. I felt that I was dying, and my one wish was to hear her forgive me before the end came. I tried the door; it was locked; and there was a sound of a dog barking violently. I remember dimly trying to pray, but even my senses were too dead for that; and then I recollect nothing until I found myself lying with my head on Shirley's knee, and her dear face bending over me, with Heaven's own pity reflected upon it. How can I tell you how good she was to me then, Guy—how she warmed and fed me? And, even when I told her what a guilty wretch I was, she did not shrink from me—she only hid her face for a moment, and let me keep her hands in mine."

He was silent; his wife's noble self-devotion and perfect forgiveness had touched all that was good in him; and there was a great admiration mingling with the sadness on his face as he thought of her. She seemed to him more than woman—better, nobler, holier; she was no longer the girl whose beauty he had coveted, and who had been his wife; she was an angel of goodness, of compassion and of mercy; and the halo which surrounded her in his thoughts surrounded Guy also. By their nobility he saw how high he might have risen; by it too he saw how low he had fallen.

Very wistful and entreating and sorrowful were the blue eyes now, which Guy remembered so gay and smiling, and, if it had not been that he feared to distress Sir Hugh, Guy could have hidden his face and wept like a child at the recollection of the past days and the knowledge of his companion's great suffering—a greater far than his or Shirley's since they had not the heaviest burden of all to bear—that of remorse.

He saw too that Hugh was very ill; not only was he weak and debilitated to a degree sad to witness, but he breathed with difficulty, and more than once his narration had been stopped by a fit of coughing which racked his weak frame with a terrible force. It was evident that even with care he could not last many months—even weeks; and Hugh, looking up into the grave pitiful face, read the thought, with quick intuition.

"Yes, I shall not last long now, old fellow," he said quietly. "And it is all for the best. These last days have not been unhappy, except when I saw how much anxiety I was causing that poor child. It was so pleasant—ah, so pleasant!—to be nursed by her, to feel her hand about me as gentle and tender as if I had not been the worst foe she ever had; to hear her voice with its pitying tones was sufficient to make me happy. At first I was too ill even to thank her, or to realize how terribly I was adding to her anxiety by my presence here; but I can imagine now what those days must have been to her, in her anxiety for me and her dread of discovery—a dread which my wild terror must have increased a hundred-fold."

"Hugh"—Major Stuart's voice was very grave and tender and compassionate—"I cannot let you talk any more now. You have talked more than you ought to-day. Rest a little, and when you are stronger we will consider what is best to be done. Ah, here is some one whose influence is greater than mine!" he added, smiling, to Shirley came in quietly and went softly as the other side of the bed. "Nurses' and doctors' orders are paramount, are they not?"

"Shirley knows that I shall rest all the better for the relief of telling you all this, Guy, and making you—selfishly—I confess—share my burden—and hers, poor child! Have you rested a little, dear?" he added wistfully.

Shirley forced a smile to her lips as she answered in the affirmative, and, sitting down by his side, took the attenuated hand in hers and held it between her own; and after a time, the weary, blue eyes which dwelt upon her with such love closed, and he fell asleep.

Gently and noiselessly Shirley disengaged her hand from his, and, with Guy, went into the other room. The day had worn on toward evening now, and the gray, wintry dusk was filling the little room, which looked drear and desolate without fire or lamp. For a few moments they stood in silence facing each other, both too deeply moved to speak; then Shirley said softly under her breath—

"Guy, tell me, what must we do?"

"I am almost too stunned to think," he answered. "It is a terrible position for you, my child."

"And for him! Oh, Guy, think of the consequences of discovery!"

"You trust me, Shirley?"

"Fully," she answered, looking up at him with steady eyes but quivering lips.

"Will you let yourself be guided by me in this?"

"Oh, so gladly, Guy!"

"Dear, will you let me trust Oliphant?" he asked, very gently.

"If you think it best, Guy," she answered faintly.

"I think it is our only course, Shirley," he said, with the same extreme gentleness and pity. "Already Hugh's presence is suspected here, and only the people at the Hall can do away even in a measure with the suspicion. Besides, we must find some way of removing him to safer quarters."

"Removing him!" she repeated, with frightened eyes. "He is so weak, Guy."

"Yes, poor fellow, and we must wait for a day or two. Let me ask Oliphant's advice; and, dear child, it will surely be a comfort to you to trust Lady Oliphant?"

"Lady Oliphant?" she repeated shrinkingly. "Oh, Guy, must I? She was very cruel to me to-day."

"My child, think under what impression she labored when she spoke to you. Believe me, it grieved her to the heart."

"And—and—and you think it best, Guy?"

(To be continued.)

Stage Gossip.

There are signs of a decadence in the popularity of amateur theatricals in Brooklyn. The scandals that have arisen in these silly organizations within recent months have opened the eyes of prudent parents to the dangerous allurements of Thespian diettanteism. The tragical story of the downfall of Miss Murphy, who was one of the favorites of the amateur stage in Brooklyn, has capped the climax. A record of the domestic disasters growing out of this fribbling in dramatic art would be surprising as well as interesting.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has felt called upon to make a formal and even official denial of the report published in this country that he was to marry Miss Ulmer, the comic opera songstress. This act was pronounced a brutal cut by the little brunette's admirers and one of them declared himself quite ready to call Mr. Gladstone out for it. Word to this effect was carried to the Premier's athletic son and in reply he returned a message stating that his footman would be pleased to attend to any gentleman who might call in the capacity of second to Miss Ulmer's champion. That ended the twaddle about a duel.

London gossips are puzzled over the identity of a completely pretty girl who drives in Rotten Row in carriages emblazoned with the crest of the Duke of Portland. It might ease their anxiety to know that the fair-haired beauty is none other than Miss Jennie McNulty, who played ducks and drakes with dudish hearts when with the Adonis company at the Bijou. Josie Hall, wedded to a German baron, Miss McNulty sporting the arms of the House of Portland, Adelaide Detchan whistling her way into the company of lords, the gypsy-like De Lussan carrolling a career for herself among the belles and blades of Belgravia, Mary Anderson declining coronets as disdainfully as though they were stale buns, Martinot snubbing princes from the door of her Paris salon—what a great people we are, to be sure!—*American Exchange.*

All the Passengers Etherized.

A very peculiar accident that set a whole railroad car full of passengers in a state of intoxication occurred on Sunday last on the North Pennsylvania Railroad. Dr. Ott, of Pleasant Valley, got on the train at that station to go to Quakertown to perform a surgical operation on a patient. The doctor took with him a large bottle of ether, which he laid on the seat beside him. The jolting of the train agitated the potion to such an extent that the bottle exploded, and in a moment the atmosphere was laden with the drug. The male passengers in the car made a dash for the door, but many of them could not get out, and, together with about a dozen ladies, were overcome by the ether. When Conductor Hammond went into the car to take up the tickets he, too, was overcome before he could retreat. The brakeman missed the conductor, and on looking into the car saw him, with the others, laughing and grimacing. As soon as possible the windows were thrown open and the passengers revived.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Why We Keep Cool.

Prof. Archibald is a leader of physical meteorology in England. He has been interviewed on the ice question. Asked why it is so cold, he replies after a natural and rational fashion, and his theory, stripped of its scientific jargon, is as follows: "The late winter in the region of the north pole was one of abnormal severity. Vast icefloes and icebergs were carried far to the south. These deposits, breaking up in the usual manner, have detached and sent off frozen emissaries to prove once more that in years of great abundance of floating ice in the north Atlantic the month of June and the summer generally have been abnormally cold." In America, so far, the effect of the Archibald theory has been to give us an abundance of moisture and weather which, especially for small grains, cannot be bettered.—*Chicago News.*

Post-Office Scarcity.

Ecuador, with about one million inhabitants, has only 47 post-offices, but they are so widely distributed that it requires a mail carriage of 5,389 miles to reach them all—72 miles by canoes and 5,317 by horses and mules. About 500 miles of the seaboard is also covered by foreign steamship mail service. Between Quito and Guayaquil there are two mails each way weekly by couriers—the usual time one way, travelling day and night, being six days. Other sections of the country are less favored, the receipts and departure of mails ranging from once a week to once a month, as people happen to be going.

"I don't see," said Mr. McGuire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he was going the other way all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there is nothing to point that way."