

## THE QUEEN'S MARINE VILLA.

### A Delightful Paradise Which Victoria Calls Her "Home."

#### A GROVE OF WEDDING TREES.

**Some Accounts of Queen Victoria's Palace in the Isle of Wight.**

The Queen is at Osborne enjoying her summer days like an ordinary English lady fond of country life by the sea, and fortunate enough to possess the means of gratifying her liking. Her Majesty is very particular to have it emphasized that the palace villa at Osborne, Isle of Wight, is her own property, purchased with her own savings (out of the money given her by the public) and entirely free from official supervision. "It is so nice to have a place of one's own," she wrote to her uncle, the late King of the Belgians, "quiet, retired, and free from 'woods and forests,' and other departments which are the plague of one's life."

It is difficult to give a description of Osborne, as strangers are never admitted, and the Queen has intimated to the press that there would be no prying on her "little corner of privacy" in the shape of fine writing about her seaside home.

The picturesque grey stone gables of the Tudor Manor House are almost hidden by the many rare trees planted by the late Prince Consort. Interiorly, the rooms, paneled and deep-bayed, are good specimens of the domestic architecture of the period. The farm is, indeed, a model one. In the cattle sheds lie prize beasts of various species. In the pastures beyond browse placid fawn-colored Spanish cattle, and a shaggy black Highland herd. The dairy, tiled throughout, and fragrant, is a sight. From it butter is sent daily to Windsor when the Queen is there.

From the farm the drive (one of the many which form a perfect network over the estate and by means of which the Queen can drive for miles without leaving her own property) leads on to the gate of the Swiss cottage grounds at the edge of the woods above the water. Osborne was emphatically the home of the Royal Family, and nowhere is this more apparent than when we wander around the brown chalet which stands in the middle of their quondam playground. The air seems full of memories of the past—sad and pathetic in some cases, when one reflects on the untimely end which awaited some of the children who played about this spot.

#### TOY GARDENS OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

A double line of trees edges the walk. Those on the left are a variety of specimens of hollies and ivy. On the right the sombre rows of ornamental firs are all memorial trees. A tablet below each gives the name of the royal planter and the date. The Queen and Prince Albert's trees head the line, and after them come those of children and grandchildren and royal relatives. Some are wedding trees, planted by the bride and groom at their marriage. It is a family history, written in beautiful, unchanging verdure.

Behind is the miniature fort with guns, planned and built by the Queen's sons when boys. In a tool house opposite, numbers of little wheelbarrows and gardening implements, marked with initials, still hang as mementoes of the days when they worked in their respective gardens. These, too, are still kept up, and every year the Empress Frederick has the strawberries from hers sent to her at Berlin. There is a museum, too, where countless childish treasures are stored, and, even now, sometimes added to a younger generation. The Swiss cottage itself contains, in the upper story, the Queen's rooms, where she can rest when out for a drive, and the mounting steps are to be seen with which she used to mount her Scotch pony.

Of late, however, her Majesty drives about in a pony chair, descending occasionally to walk, surrounded by her dogs. In the lower rooms of the chalet is the Princesses' kitchen, whence it was their delight to send up dishes of their own making, when they invited their parents to tea in the rooms above.

Round the house under the broad eaves, carved in dark wood, run two old German mottoes, faithfully reflecting the spirit of the good and wise parents who watched so carefully over the children's training:

"Am Gottes Segen, ist gut gelegen,  
"Wer Gott vertraut, hat gut gebaut."

Close by is a large myrtle tree, grown from a sprig from the Princess Royal's wedding bouquet. From it were plucked the sprays for her daughter's wedding bouquet, the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, and one of these has now grown into a fine shrub next it.

#### BROWN IS NEVER FORGOTTEN.

It is a little distance across the park from the Swiss cottage to the house. The scene is a beautiful one—long sweeps of sward dotted with clumps of Scotch firs, and with oak coppices and patches of bracken, sloping gently to the blue Solent, beyond which rise the dark outline of the New Forest and the white heights of the Portsdown Hills. Yet another avenue of rare ornamental trees and then a grove of cypress lead to the terraces past John Brown's memorial seat. A plain bank of Scotch granite, ornamented with a carved medallion of the faithful servant, bears this inscription from Byron:

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,  
More loving and more loyal, never beat  
Within a human breast."

A little further on is a memorial tree to a four-footed favorite: "Bully, a nine years' pet."

A series of stone balustraded terraces run along the sea front of the house. The palms and yuccas, the fountains and beautiful bronze statuary, the trellised viney, and the magnolias which adorn them are quite in keeping with the style of Osborne as an Italian villa, a Summer residence in a mild climate. Approaching these terraces from the east we find on our left the downstairs room, now converted into a chapel, as the Queen found Whippingham Church too crowded in the summer for her to attend with comfort. The private chapel is in the severest style, with an altar and a reading desk at one end, and an organ at the other. The service is of the simplest description, often devoid of singing. The Queen's chair is only noticeable in the front row by the little table before it.

#### STATE AFFAIRS BENEATH THE TREES.

In the center of the main block of the building is the Council Chamber, a fine apartment, decorated in the light style of pale colors, with elaborate cornices and ceilings. It contains, among other valuable pictures, Landseer's famous "Deer Drive," and early portraits of the Queen and Prince

Albert, and a fine bust of the German Emperor. Indeed, all over Osborne is scattered a wealth of beautiful examples of modern statuary and painting, many of the *chef d'œuvres* of the century finding a home here. Here, also, the Queen has collected a perfect gallery of portraits and busts of the family by well-known artists.

During the warm weather her Majesty has a tent pitched on the south lawn, among the great cedars, and there is wont to transact her morning's business with her secretaries. She is fond, too, of breakfasting in one of the alcoves of the lower terrace. The gardens lie to the left of the house, and are chiefly remarkable for the trees and shrubs. There is also a bathing place, moored out in the water after the manner of baths on the Rhine, and a little schooner lies at anchor ready to take any of the royal grandchildren for a sail.

#### LIFE OF AN AFRICAN KING.

**His Wild Youth, His Beautiful Wife His Christian Old Age, and Death.**

Whreabo, King of all the Bassas, died recently at his head town in the interior of Grand Corah, a trading station of Liberia. The Bassas are a very numerous and intelligent people, inhabiting a large district on the west coast of Africa, and Whreabo was one of the most interesting characters on the coast. His father was Boyer, who repeatedly waged war to prevent the American-Liberians from settling at Grand Bassa. Boyer, however, fell a victim to the vengeance of the Liberian laws, and died a bloody death, but not before he had instilled hatred of the civilized blacks in the mind of his son and heir.

After Boyer's death Whreabo attempted to take control of the government of his tribe, but he was prevented from doing so by his brother Taipu, who will be remembered by many old traders as "Tom Will." For months the Bassa savages, in factions supporting, respectively, Whreabo and Taipu, engaged in a guerilla war. Neither side gained any decided advantage. Taipu, however, had always been more or less friendly to the American-Liberians, so when the merchants of Monrovia demanded that the troubles which interrupted trade should end the Liberian Government exerted its power for his benefit, with the result that Whreabo was driven to an asylum in the bush, while Taipu took his father's town, his wives, and all the Bassa country.

Taipu was not long permitted to enjoy the dignity which he had usurped. Troubles arose from cruelties inflicted on Liberia's citizens by the Vie people, a warlike tribe further north, and diverted the attention of the Liberian Government from the affairs of Bassa. This was Whreabo's opportunity, and he took advantage of it. He endeavored to oust his brother from power and success followed his arms. It was not many weeks before the dead body of Taipu, swathed in many bandages, stood mummy-like in a corner in his chief widow's hut awaiting burial; and Whreabo began to rule over the country.

The fact that Whreabo had secured power in Bassa land gave the Liberian merchants excellent reason for alarm. Almost all export articles, such as oil, skins, camwood, ivory and rice are gathered in the Bassa district, and this field, controlled by a chief hostile to Liberia, meant that all commerce in this direction would be brought to disaster. Events soon made it plain that Whreabo intended to hold no peaceful relations with his civilized brothers. He looted the factories of Liberian merchants, drove the traders from their stations, and issued an edict that no produce of any kind was to be sold to Liberians by any of his people under pain of instant death. The "palaver" ground in Whreabo's town became a theatre wherein were performed many bloody acts. Hundreds of the followers of the dead Taipu daily lost their heads, and for weeks the savage chieftain held high carnival with death, until, feeling secure, he gathered his hordes around him and prepared to descend Grand Bassa for the purpose of driving the Liberian settlers into the sea.

The vies in the north at this time, encouraged by the intriguing English of Sierra Leone, were offering such stubborn resistance to the Liberian forces that the Liberian Government found it impossible to do anything for the relief of its citizens in Bassa land, and it was decided to issue an order that Grand Bassa be abandoned and all Liberian citizens leave the country. On the day when it had been determined to make this order public there arrived in the port of Monrovia, the Liberian capital, the bark *Edwards*. This vessel came from England and brought a beautiful negress who called herself Jacinto Boyer.

From Jacinto's earliest day, stirring incidents marked her life. While little more than an infant, she had been stolen from her parents, who were Mandingoes, and sold to Portuguese slave traders. The vessel which was bearing her to Brazil was captured by an English gunboat, and the prow was turned toward Sierra Leone, where the human cargo was to be turned over to the English authorities. This slavee was recked before she reached her destination, and of all on board the only ones saved were the officer in charge of the vessel and Jacinto. Shortly after the Englishman and Jacinto were cast on the beach, they were discovered by the savages, and by them were taken to Boyer, at his chief town in the interior. Boyer was then in the midst of his struggle with the Liberians, and the civilized man who fell into his power was fortunate if he was killed without torture.

When the Englishman was brought into Boyer's presence, he raised his phion to strike him, but Jacinto sprang forward and threw her little arms around the intended victim. "No! No! King," she said, give me the white man." The sudden action of the little captive arrested Boyer's arm. All the Bassa women are extremely ugly, and the beauty of the Vie girl so pleased the chief that he hesitated. Whreabo, then a lad of 10 years, was an interested spectator, and when the young girl made her plea his precocious eyes discovered that she was fair, and, struck by a sudden fancy to earn favor in her sight, he joined her in petitioning his father to spare the white man's life.

"The strange maiden shall be my wife and the white man be a slave to both of you," was the answer of Boyer.

A few months after this Boyer was killed and his town was taken by the Liberians. The Englishman was rescued and returned to Europe with Jacinto. There she was educated and when she grew into womanhood, despite all of the efforts of her friends she took passage on the *Edwards* for Africa where she intended to devote her life to missionary work among the Bassas. Arriv-

ing at Monrovia when she did, the Liberian authorities refused her permission to proceed to Bassa land, but securing the services of two Kroo boys, she embarked in a frail canoe and stole away. After four days and nights on the ocean she reached her destination and she sent the Kroo boys back to Monrovia. She discarded all clothes and in the costume of the country (a cloth around the loins), began her journey for the chief town of the Bassas.

Arriving at Wheabo's town, Jacinto found him busily preparing for his warlike expedition against his enemies, but when she in her beauty presented herself before him and told him who she was his purpose changed. Instead of proceeding to war he gave orders for feasting and general rejoicing to celebrate the return of his long-lost bride. Jacinto accepted this position, and used her influence in such a way that Wheabo forgot his warlike intentions. By degrees she so influenced him that he dismissed his other wives. She induced him to look upon the Liberians without hatred, and so changed him that eventually, from being that colony's enemy, he became a bulwark to protect it from its foes. Finally she won him to Christianity.

For many years this woman exerted an influence for good over the savage chief, but some ten years ago she died. Since then Wheabo has never left his town, but aged, blind, and feeble, patiently waits for the final summons.

#### The Growth of Canada.

The expansion of any country is necessarily bound up in two factors nowadays—means of communication and population. It could easily be shown by statistics that immense progress has been made in all directions and in every province since confederation, but it is nothing to the advance which will be witnessed in the early future. It is only within the last few years that the vast resources of the Dominion have been placed in a position to enable them to be properly developed. Manitoba and the North-West can now be reached as quickly as, and cheaper than any other country in the world that is inviting immigration. Land can be obtained for nothing, and its fertility is unquestioned, while the climate is now recognized as perfectly healthy and favorable to agricultural operations. There are also large areas in the older provinces waiting to be occupied; and improved farms can be obtained there by persons, with some means, who desire to retain the social amenities to which they have been accustomed. The increasing population which these advantages is sure to attract, will require the manufacturers of Great Britain, and will send in return additional supplies of grain, farm and dairy produce, cattle and fruit, of which the larger proportion is now imported from countries outside the Empire. In addition, the resources she possessed in the two oceans which wash her shores, in her forests, in the mineral deposits both of Eastern Canada and of the West, in the limitless riches of the Rocky Mountains north of the boundary line, remain to be exploited and made available to a greater extent than at present for the use of mankind. All this affords promise of such wealth, strength and power, that it is no wonder Canadians turn a deaf ear to the wiles of Uncle Sam, preferring to maintain their individuality, and to work out themselves the destiny which they believe to be before their country. It is this thorough belief in Canada, and in her resources and capabilities that has always stimulated and inspired the leading statesmen of the Dominion, and is responsible for the wonderful transformation which has been referred to. Sir John was able to say, with pardonable pride, at a banquet given to him in London six years ago: "I have sat at the cradle of that strong-bantling, the confederation of the Dominion of Canada. The bantling, always a hopeful one, is no longer a child; it has grown up to manly youth, and it has such a promising vitality that if there were such a thing as a political insurance company, I am quite sure it would insure the life of the Dominion at a nominal premium."—*J. G. Colmer, in the Fortnightly Review.*

#### Mortgaging and Renting.

The census report shows that there are about 2,250,000 mortgaged farms and homes in the United States, and 12,500,000 of families who own their own homes unincumbered or live in rented houses. Until the proportion of the latter class who live in rented houses is made known, the public will not be certain whether the comparatively small number of mortgages is a sign of prosperity or not. The presumption of the well-to-do condition is in favor of the family which owns a mortgaged home over one that lives in a rented home. The principal upon which mortgages are accepted requires the owner to retain something more than nominal ownership of the property mortgaged. The limit of a loan secured by mortgage is two-thirds of the market value of the property mortgaged. The person in whose name the property stands on the record retains the other third. But in case of families living in rented homes there may be no ownership of anything. Even the furniture may be rented. A mortgage rightly viewed is not an evidence of poverty. A man with savings ranging between \$1000 and \$2000 buys a home worth perhaps \$4000 pays down what he has and gives a note secured by mortgage for the balance. The interest on the mortgage is less than the rent would be if he rented the place, and the "unearned increment" falls to the owner. In districts where real property is rising in value this natural increase in value is considerable. In Toronto hundreds and perhaps thousands of men with a few hundred dollars in bank have purchased homes worth three times the amount of their savings, and in time paid the mortgages given as security by the difference between interest and the sum they would have to pay as rent if they had not made the purchase. No one would say that the man who continued to live in a rented house was in better condition financially than one with about the same yearly income who purchased his home and mortgaged it for a part of the purchase money.

The International Geographical Congress, now in session at Berne, will probably authorize the preparation of a map of the world on a very large scale, with the object of destroying the illusion that all the countries of the earth are sufficiently well known, and to prove that there is still plenty of territory for explorers to open up. The Congress will also discuss the question of a prime meridian, a universal hour, and rules to be observed in the spelling of geographical names.

#### UNDER THE VOODOO TREE.

**Orgies in Which Once Upon a Time a Drunken Sailor Played a Part.**

Curiosities, relics, and reminiscent spots spring up in New Orleans before the observing eye like fungi in the ruins of the Augean stables. It is not the well-known midnight shriek, the popular ghost that walks the haunted alleyway, nor the nocturnal rattling of chains that sends the gressome thrill through the frame of the callous legend seeker. It is the rare incident, the curious haunt, the startling phenomenon, the blood-red moon that pauses in its pathway through the heavens to swing ominously over the silent witchery of mouldering ruins. Clad in disguising rags and tatters the legend-seeker walks the midnight streets, peeping into dark byways, swaggering dramatically through pestilential cesspools of human degradation, going into ecstasies over the sublime antithesis of the purity of the pale crescent moon hanging over the gloating slums of sleeping cities.

The Voodooes are rare bits for the insatiable analysis of the mythist. Who are they? Where did they come from? What is their origin? their tenets? their religion? are questions which engross and puzzle the mythist, are incentives which send him in the rain or the Stygian blackness of starless nights far into the gloom of unpaved streets and rambling trees and curious residences. In no other great city in the world, perhaps could the Voodooes have obtained the footing that they have in New Orleans. Their outlandish forms, launched amid the superstition and ignorance of the locality in which they are found, blandly assimilated with its unresisting susceptibility. A half dozen or so acres of tottering shanties, ivied and crumbling tenements and deserted stables, tenanted by a horde of half-savage negroes, unscrupulous Sicilians, and hybrid nationalities. That is the scene upon which the curtain rises to the melodrama of the Voodooes.

Their rites are undoubtedly a degenerated modification of that mysticism which has been an unsightly excrescence upon the history of earth from the time that the Galli and Corybantes performed their primitive and lascivious services around the marbled image of Cybele in the starlit temples of ancient Phrygia down through the parallel worship of the Thracian Bactes before the naked image of Catys, the alchemy, demonology and astrology of Christian Rosenkreuz and his neophytes, of Rosicrucians, the egotistical quackery of Paracelsus and his beard of wisdom, to the Mesmer and Calistotrof of the evening of time and the "Quacks of the Helicon" of the present day. The black art, however modified or elaborated into dissimilar forms, still has as its distinctive feature an animosity to the well being of men. Vindictiveness and unnaturalness no less characterize the rites of the tropical Voodoo of to-day than did excessive greed and appetite of yore typify the ogres of Jack the Giant Killer.

There is a haunted tree in the romantic old plaza of Congo square around whose scarred and hallowed trunk it is said that the ghosts of long dead Voodoo queens dance when the rain falls in the moonlight—but at no other time. Then they come down from the black storm clouds in the drops of rain and their rites are lit by the witching brightness of Hecote, the goddess of witches. These are the ghosts. Yet not many years ago, before the white light of electric lamps dissipated the shadows of the Congo square with a seemingly perpetual moonlight, there were wild dances about that same hollow tree, and there were weird phantasmagoria of hideous faces and impassioned forms showing beneath the filial glare of foggy oil lamps.

No more dramatic spot could have been chosen by these wizards and witches for their nocturnal rites. The square itself is odorously of romance, of duels, and abductions, and of undiscovered deaths. A stone's throw away are the hoary walls of the historical parish prison, beyond is the aged Tremé Market, to the left of the tree the black waters of the Old Basin with its crowding of dark vessels like a glimpse of Venice. Behind it the holy walls of the venerable French cathedral, from whose deep-toned belfry comes ever and anon through the night the ominous ringling of the hours.

The story of the Voodoo tree is this: Years ago, when the Voodooes were a power among the ignorant and superstitious denizens of the slums contiguous to Congo Square, there dwelt in a shanty a certain Voodoo queen who was known to her benighted followers as Zourinous. Zourinous was progressive; Zourinous was poor; Zourinous was ambitious; Zourinous was well qualified by an insidious and unscrupulous mind to gain that ascendancy over her ignorant followers which would give her not only fame, but riches. A peculiarly lean and angular form, a distorted and hideous face, and a wonderful strength and supernatural agility added to her intellectual capacities that palpable intrinsic superiority which goes so far in impressing the savage.

Zourinous advertised that she had charms of singular potency for the quieting of enemies; that human obstacles to success were rapidly, effectively, and permanently removed, without loss of blood and without the possibility of police interference.

Her patrons were not few, but she wanted more. The ceremonials must be more public. This would increase her popularity. Her popularity would necessarily increase her clientele. The increase of her clientele would be rapidly followed by a more plethoric condition of her exchequer.

One night Zourinous walked through Congo square. As she passed a certain tree her attention was attracted by the peculiarity of a hollow in its side. The hollow was large, wide, and high enough for a tall man to stand in. Its shape was that of an Indian spear head. The quick perceptions of Zourinous immediately turned all of this to account.

She announced to her followers that in the smoke from her caldron of simmering fats and fetiches she had read that in the Congo square there was a tree in which was a hollow, modelled after the fashion of the magic spear of a powerful wizard of the East. This would wonderfully augment the efficiency of her already preternatural magic. In future all of her charms and dances would take place after midnight around the tree. Thus instructed, subjects of her witchery came in the quiet of the night to the Voodoo tree of Congo square, Zourinous and her assistants were there before them. They had the tree already arranged.

In its hollow were deposited the feet of toads, the heads of chickens the preserved toes of dead negroes, and a great steaming

tin bowl of stew compounded of various disgusting and unsavory articles. The individual to be charmed was stood in the hollow tree, the Voodoo queen sat down in front of him, her oldest hag boat upon a tankard, and the rest of the crew joined hand and danced with horrible contortions of face and body around the enchanted tree. The person to be charmed before coming out placed beneath the bowl of stew the money which he owed the witches for their enchantment. These weird dances were kept up for a long while, and were eventually broken up by a drunken tar from a United States vessel anchored in the river. This individual ran afoul of the Voodoo tree in the midst of the festivities. The dance was stopped at his approach and the Voodooes with horrible grimaces and yells tried to drive him off.

But the fearless and intoxicated tar was not to be thus disposed of. He announced himself as a friend or an enemy, at the option of the witches. He added impressiveness to his remarks by the production of a terrifying marlin spike, and said that he would like to have a certain boatswain voodooed for having used his influence to put him in the brig. Upon his producing a \$10 bill he was told to enter the tree. This the tar immediately did, and, leaning down to place his donation below the bowl, he observed a number of other bills and a number of shining coins. "This is my prize," remarked the tar to himself, whereupon he rolled up his sleeves and took his trusty marlin spike in one hand and the dish of steaming stew in the other and sallied forth to defeat the enemy. The excited Voodooes dancing around the tree were taken by surprise and completely routed. The tar opened the war by throwing the hot stew over the bedizened form of the queen, Zourinous. He then cracked the next dignitary in power over the head with the bowl. The queen sped rapidly off. The bow-hit hag followed her, and upon the jolly tar's making a terrific onslaught on the remainder of the crew, they followed the precedent set by their superiors. The tar placed both his hands upon his hips and laughed loud and long. He then gathered the money from the tree, sheathed his marlin spike and hied to the nearest grog shop to get drunker.

That ended the Voodoo dance in Congo square. Zourinous was rich and did not care. The rest, having lost their leader, had not sufficient hardihood to risk meeting another drunken sailor.

#### THOUGHT SHE WAS HAUNTED.

**What Happened to a Clipper Ship With a Superstitious Crew.**

"I don't believe in ghosts, but I'll never forget the time I had aboard a clipper ship which for many a night I thought was haunted," said Jim Wandall, able seaman, engineer and a good all-round workman, while spinning yarns and fairy tales with a host of kindred spirits.

"We were in the East Indies," said he, "and had a crew that came from all quarters of the earth, and superstitious as you could make 'em. We were bound for Yokahama, but ran our nose into some pretty hard weather. Before we came out the ship had lost a 'Wegian overboard, carried away her foretopmast and lost a yardarm. Capt. Bates concluded to put into Bombay and try and get some new spars, the spare ones having already been put into use.

"We got into port right enough, and rigged a new topmast. The only yard that could be bought for love or gold was a big iron fellow with a hollow inside. It was part of what remained from the wreck of an English ship. It needed some slight repairing, and this was done by the ship's carpenter. Then it was sent aloft and we put to sea with our general cargo.

"Everything went well the first few days out, and we had fair sailing with a steady light wind. Finally the wind died out altogether, and the ship started in to roll. She would go bow on, and then fall over from side to side. This started about sun-down when it was beginning to get dark.

"The first roll she gave (and I'll never forget it) there was a horrible noise aloft that made every man on deck jump, from the mate to the man at the wheel. It went z-z-z-z-is-is-is-iz-zip-zip-bang! And every time she rolled over, bang! it would go again. It was a blood-curdler, and sounded as if some one was trying to pull down everything aloft.

"It kept right on, and the boys began to growl. Every one below had got on deck, and when the mate ordered a couple of sailors to climb aloft they refused to go. They wouldn't have any 'bloody, blasted, blooming sperits in their.' So I and another chap went up, but for the life of us we couldn't see where all the trouble was coming from, except that the iron spar was mixed up in the mischief somehow.

"Whenever a man got on it, zip, rap, bang! she would go, and two or three times, we almost lost a man overboard from fright. Still we couldn't find out where the spook was, and the men began to kick and tell the choicest lot of sea tales I ever heard in my life. Well, sir, we got to Yokahama, and the first thing the captain did to keep the men from leaving that ship in a nice hurry was to have that iron spar brought down.

"Down she came, and the carpenter opened it very carefully and with great reluctance. What'd ye suppose he found?"

"What?" said the crowd, with one voice.

"Why, a heavy iron hammer. It had been left in there at Bombay by one of the men working on the spar. It was sealed up and the plates screwed on. As long as we had fair weather it was all right, but when there was a sea on, why the old hammer would start out on a tour of exploration. The interior of the spar was rough and that made the racket, and when she fetched up at the end there was a bang. But we didn't hear any a ghost yaru all the way back.

"Yes," Jim concluded, "I think so, too, there is only one drink in this kind of weather, and that is beer.

An excursion train ran into a mail train on the Central Vermont road, near Champlain, N. Y., last week killing William Angell, of Champlain, and S. Venetta, of Chateaugay. About 20 people were injured.

Father Chiniquy, while on his way to deliver a lecture on "Auricular Confession" at the Opera house, Escanaba, Mich., last Wednesday evening, was assaulted and struck on the head by some unknown person. The injury is not reported to be serious.

"Remember always," said Carlyle in a recently-discovered letter, "the end of man is not a thought, but an action; a series of manful, faithful actions (and of modest, silent, steadfast endurance) which make up worthily man's life here below."