

THE SEA TOOK THEM.

It was Death by Fire or Drowning for Capt. Boyd and His Wife.

Seen from the Egyptian Monarch's Deck, Clinging to the Jibboom of the Burning Oil Ship—A Moment of Hope, and then the Spar Snapped and They Were Gone.

No yarn of the winter seas more thrilling and piteous than that spun the other day by Second Officer William E. Jourdan of the Egyptian Monarch has been heard in cabin or forecastle for many a day. It is of the loss of the Nova Scotia oil ship Loodiana. She was burned 500 miles east of St. Johns, N. F., or about in midocean, on Jan. 15-16. The cable has reported that two living men were seen clinging to her bowsprit, but soon disappeared. It was not two men. It was Capt. Boyd and his wife, and they perished before the eyes of the officers and men of the Egyptian Monarch.

It was Second Officers Jourdan's watch on the bridge of the Egyptian Monarch, eastward bound, from midnight on Jan. 15 until 4 o'clock the next morning. He had been on duty less than an hour when he saw a flare over the port bow, resembling the light of a sailing vessel displays when a steamship is close upon her. The seas, torn by a driving hail storm, were high masses of foam and for the first time in her history the Egyptian Monarch used oil on them. At first glance, Second Officer Jourdan thought the flare was in the neighborhood of the ship. It was really nearly ten miles away on the horizon to the northeast but it had been so mirrored in the innumerable drops of hail as to appear close by.

Mr. Jourdan got his glass, and as he leveled it in the direction of the flare a geyser of fire showed that there had been an explosion on some vessel. He had sent word to Capt. Irvin, and all hands were called to take in sail. This was quickly done, and the Egyptian Monarch was headed at the top of her speed toward the burning ship. Three-quarters of an hour later, or at 1 1/2 o'clock in the morning, she rounded to under the Loodiana's lee.

Mr. Jourdan left the bridge in charge of the Captain and went below and called for a volunteer crew to man a lifeboat. Only three sailors came forward. Chief Officer Buzham and Third Officer Kay, with Second Officer Jourdan, also volunteered. The reason there were not more volunteers from the forecastle, Mr. Jourdan says, was because the steamship had a "scratch" crew of landlubbers picked up at Gravesend.

Mr. Jourdan returned to the bridge and discovered for the first time that there were living people still aboard the ship, which, from stem to stern, was a great sheet of flame. Not a vestige of a mast was visible, and the only part untouched by fire was the jibboom. Astide of this was Capt. Boyd, and clasping his waist behind him was his little wife. They waved their hands, and their mingled voices crying for help came down on the wind to the men on the steamship.

Capt. Irvin steamed to windward and shouted: "Be of good cheer!" and he saw by the expression on the face of the skipper and his wife that they had heard him. The lifeboat was swung out, and the volunteers, feeling that they were going to their death in the swirling seas, stood ready to lower at command.

The burning ship was headed to the wind, steadied by her flowing sail of fire. She dipped her bow in a giant sea, and when she rose there was a forward rush of fire which nearly enveloped the skipper and his wife. The headways supporting the jibboom had been burned away, and when the fire reached the heel of the spar it snapped off.

The command to lower the boat had been given. But before the boat touched the sea Capt. Boyd and his wife were beyond-aid. They were seen clinging to the charred jibboom for a moment, the skipper supporting his wife with one arm. The next instant a wave dashed the spar against the flaming hulk, and man and wife disappeared.

The order to launch the lifeboat was countermanded. All night the Egyptian Monarch steamed around the wreck looking for possible survivors. At dawn she steamed fifteen miles to leeward, in which direction the ship's boats if any were launched, would have drifted. None was seen, and the steamship went on her course. Her officers believe that all on board the Loodiana perished.

The Loodiana left New York with a cargo of refined petroleum in cases on Dec. 31. She was insured for \$40,000 in Windsor, N. S., from which port she sailed. She measured 1,830 tons and was built at Hautsport, N. S., in 1889.

The Coldest Place on Earth.

The coldest spot on the earth's surface is near Werkhofjansk, Siberia. "There," it is said, "the culminating point of excessive climate is reached." In other words it is the pole of the greatest known cold. The lowest readings of the thermometer, taken by Sir George Nares, were noted at Floberg Beach, where for eleven days in succession the temperature ranged between 78 and 81 degrees below zero, the coldest being 81 Fahrenheit. For many years scientists supposed that Yakutsk, 400 miles from Werkhofjansk, was the coldest place in the world. The lowest readings of the Fahrenheit thermometer at Yakutsk, however, never exceeded 75 degrees below zero.

The German Emperor's refusal to obey the doctor's orders to keep himself and his children away from the Empress while she is suffering from influenza, on the ground that such conduct would set a bad example to German husbands, is likely to appeal to sentimentalists the world over, but hardly to persons of common sense. The Emperor, whether he is moved by self-will or by extreme devotion to his wife, is really setting the worst possible example to his subjects by disobeying the orders of his physicians in the first place, and in the second place by voluntarily subjecting his children to the danger of infection simply to gratify a sentiment. Even in the sick room of an Empress the directions of the doctor should be the supreme law, and the temporary loss of her children's society for their good is a sacrifice that every mother should be willing to endure. More self-control, even in the family, is needed by husbands and wives in Canada as well as in Germany; and not more effusive, unreasoning affection, but an example of such self-control could hardly be expected from Emperor William.

NECK AND NECK.

Two South African Giraffes Engage in a Desperate Battle for Leadership.

To the south and eastward of Lobengula's capital is situated Macalaca Land. It was conquered by that doughty monarch's father, Mosilikatze, and still remains subservient to the Matabeles. The approximate position of my camp at the time I witnessed the scene I will endeavor to describe was latitude 21° south, longitude 32° east.

The country surrounding me was marvelously attractive, although only sand very sparsely covered with bush, therefore totally useless for agricultural or pastoral purposes, but through the flat velt's surface, at irregular intervals, rose copies of immense blocks of stone, piled one upon the other, that resembled the debris that might have been left after Titans had built a gigantic city or mammoth fortification. These eruptions from beneath the earth's surface were covered with parasitic plants, decorated with most attractive fruit or

GORGEOUS BLOSSOMS.

A species of aloe, too, was numerous, the upright stem which bears its flower having a very striking resemblance to civilization's unsightly telegraph poles.

This country is not destitute of water, as is attested by the numbers of baboons, monkeys, and leopards that frequent the copies, and the antelopes, zebras, and guinea fowl that wander over the flats. Possibly the indigenous Bushmen know where to find this necessity of life, but these astute savages carefully concealed their secret from me and my people. I was riding slowly along admiring the beautiful colors of this distant landscape. In close attendance was my Massara guide. My reverie was broken by an unknown sound, which echoed and re-echoed from the surrounding crags. It was not the honest bark of the baboon, or the reverberating voice of the lion, or the hyena's discordant laugh, but a combination of all of them, uttered in quick, successive gasps. On inquiry from my follower, he informed me that kameels (giraffes) were the originators of the unknown sound. The Massara begged me to follow him. This I did, and so became witness of one of the

MOST EXTRAORDINARY SIGHTS

in wild life that I had ever seen. Those who have dwelt in the distant East have doubtless seen male camels fight and noted with what obstinacy, power, and viciousness they try to maim or disable one another; how they shriek with rage over each advantage that they obtain, and yell with pain when they are severely hurt. A giraffe duel much resembles a camel's as will be seen from what I proceed to state.

The rivals were not well matched—the taller was out of condition and very old; the other was in splendid form and in the prime of life. I concluded that a fight was imminent, and had no difficulty in deciding which would be the victor. They roared in unison as if each were trying to drown the other's voice. Sometimes this would cease for a few moments and then begin again with renewed strength. Presently the belligerents came within a few yards of each other. Then commenced a scene that baffles all description. Some people might call it ludicrous; it was far more, it was side splitting, and, but for my desire to see the end, I must have given way to convulsions of laughter. Although the giraffe possesses a certain beauty when at rest, it loses its grace when in motion, and the greater its speed the more ungainly does it appear. But when two mature bulls begin to waltz and dance violently around each other, each endeavoring to outdo the other in agility, at the same time mauling their jaws and emitting

FEARFULLY DISCORDANT ROARS,

it is certainly one of the most absurd sights human eye ever looked upon. I have often seen a crane dance—a function common enough north of the Vaal River; it is more than funny—it is ridiculous—but cannot for an instant be compared to the antics of these two mammoth brutes. Their great height added to the grotesqueness of their behavior; but even if the beasts had been no bigger than goats or sheep, the absurd manner in which they swung about their feet, contorted their bodies, and awayed their heads must have moved the most phlegmatic.

We lay hidden, and quiet while rivals were getting closer and closer to each other; at length, when they were nearly within striking distance, simultaneously each dropped upon his knees and commenced to twist and twine his long neck about that of the other, with the evident purpose of seizing his adversary's throat. This lasted several minutes, but both were "skilled in fence," and ultimately relinquished this style of fighting and adopted other tactics. They began rearing as if to bear each other down, their mouths all the time open to grip if opportunity occurred. At length the violent exercise began to tell upon the elder beast; he made some mistake in a parry, and the younger seized with his teeth the foot of the veteran, who in return laid hold of his opponent's ear. For some moments there was a pause. It was very brief, and then the struggle was renewed. With a gigantic effort the younger giraffe threw the old hero upon his haunches. He looked very much as if he had played his last card, but there was pluck in his aged heart yet, though the battle was not for him; years told against him and victory lay with the youngster, who celebrated it by trying to drag the vanquished after him. This operation must have been painful for the shrieks that the defeated warrior uttered were heartrending.

After a final worry, the hero of the hour walked off, mobbed the two harem of ladies together, and, willingly followed by all, took the lead. Not one of the zenans of the fallen chief turned a head for an instant to see what had become of him. I fear it is much the same among our own race as it is among the inferior animals. The veteran finally tried to pull himself together, but he was dreadfully knocked about, as well as very lame. With anxious eyes he gazed in the direction the herd had taken, possibly wishing to follow, or with a hope that one of his wives at least would return to him. Not so; the poor old fellow was doomed to disappointment, and appeared to realize that he was deserted. The life before him I knew would be one of misery, therefore what better could I do but raise my rifle, glance along my sight, and send a bullet through his heart. It was a sad alternative, but after all I think it was humane.

Happiness is an art, and we have to learn how to be happy, just as we learn how to be good.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Georgia raises red cotton. The United States purchased Alaska in 1867 at the rate of less than a cent an acre. An umbrella twenty-one feet in diameter has been constructed for a king of the Africans.

A man has invented a machine which will register the paces and the ground covered by a horse.

Give a boy a name that the other boys can tease him about, and you help Satan to ruin his temper.

A prim parlor at home too good for use is one of the best promoters of the saloon and public loafing places.

Some persons never get further out of their own little circle than the wooden horses in a merry-go-round.

By a recent appliance to kitchen ranges the refuse from the kitchen is thoroughly dried, converted into charcoal and used.

Recent improvements in wire-drawing have made it possible to draw platinum and silver into wire that is finer than human hair.

The microscope shows 4,000 muscles in the body of the common caterpillar, and that the eye of the dragon-fly contains 28,000 polished lenses.

During the past twelve months the Salvation Army food depots have supplied 2,290,950 cheap meals to the homeless and starving. Of these 210,000 were free.

There are now twenty-one law firms in the United States composed of husbands and wives, and there are about 260 American women who practice law or control legal publications.

A velocity as high as 2,887 feet per second has been obtained by a projectile from a rapid-fire gun. This is at the rate of 1,968 miles an hour. It is the highest velocity yet recorded.

There is only one vessel in the British navy which in the last thirty years has been engaged in a sea fight with a hostile warship, the Shah. She is to be sent to Bermuda to die a hulk.

A Frenchman has invented a new and ingenious fractional machine. Mercury is forced by means of a pump through the pores of a piece of chamois and electricity in considerable quantities is generated by the friction.

Two fish-hooks made of the pearl oyster shell of the Indo-Pacific ocean were recently plowed up on the north shore of Lake Ontario. They are said to be identical in every respect to those of the ancients of Polynesia.

The success of the French postal savings banks, which were established ten years ago is shown by the report of 1890. At the close of that year the total deposits were \$20,000,000, the number of depositors numbering over 2,000,000.

A new cement is attracting considerable attention in England, owing to its adhering so strongly to iron, wood and stone. It is made of twenty parts of gas tar, seventy-five parts of clay and silica earth and five parts of natural sulphates.

Kitchen Maid (to Irish valet, who has just returned from Italy with his master)—"Tell me, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking so much about?" Irish valet (facetiously)—"Only a drop of the crater, Molly."

Over-farming is one of the evils complained of in the West. There is a tendency among agriculturists to endeavour to cover too much ground. A little farm well tilled is really more profitable than a large farm indifferently cared for. Speaking upon this subject, the president of the Winnipeg Board of Trade said recently that the system of farming pursued by a good many farmers is that of attempting to work more land than they can properly cultivate. When there is a large crop, as in the past season, the harvesting cannot be attended to in time to save it, thus rendering useless the whole of the work entailed in preparing the land and putting in the seed. Practical farmers are seeing the evil of this system of over-farming, and the tendency is now towards working less land, with better culture—three or four crops, with less tivation, which, in the end, will yield much better results than a larger acreage poorly tilled.

It is stated from Ottawa that renewed efforts are being made to induce the government to take over and operate the various lines of telegraph of the dominion. Mr. F. N. Gisborne, superintendent of the government telegraphs, has prepared an elaborate paper on the subject which will be presented to the House of Commons at the coming session, when it is probable that legislation will be introduced to effect the transfer of the lines of the various companies to the federate government. Mr. Gisborne advocates very strongly that for the purposes of trade it will be advisable that all the telegraph lines should be put immediately under the control of the postoffice department as they are in England. He says there are thousands of letters transmitted from one part of the dominion to another which, if the government had control of the wires, would be exchanged by telegraph. The revenue from 500,000 messages at cents for delivery, would be \$110,000 plus the press news income.

The following figures from an advance statement of the United States Bureau of Statistics show the enormous increase of the exports of breadstuffs from North America, that is, the United States and Canada, for the first seven months of the current fiscal year as compared to the exports for the corresponding months of the preceding year:

	1892.	1892.
Wheat.....	\$24,015,718	\$12,618,310
Wheat flour.....	28,890,890	41,106,971
Corn.....	10,120,167	19,156,069
Corn-meal.....	575,427	571,069
Rye.....	203,411	8,321,410
Oats.....	327,253	2,687,747
Oatmeal.....	172,614	361,685
Barley.....	223,677	1,308,827
Totals.....	\$64,524,799	\$186,136,474

During the same period there was but little change in the exports of beef, hog, and dairy products as compared to the same months for the preceding year. Of course Canadian trade with the United States is not included in the foregoing.

"Well, Mr. Bronson," said a dominie, "I hope you derived profit from the services this morning."

"Sir," returned Bronson, inclining to be indignant, "I assure you I drop business on a Sunday and attend church with no hope of profit."

INFLUENZA AND SALICIN.

An Interesting Article on the Subject by Dr. MacLagan.

Information has been cabled of Dr. MacLagan's article in the new Nineteenth Century on "Influenza and Salicin." The article is striking and abounds in interesting points. While asserting the now almost universally-accepted belief that the poisons which give rise to many of the most important diseases of mankind consist of minute organisms, Dr. MacLagan states strongly the fact that the knowledge we possess of these poisons is not derived from a study of the poisons themselves, but from a study of the disease caused by them. Before the microscope had detected the organism it was perfectly well known, from a study of the disease, that the organism was there. Of all those diseases of which the organism has not yet been discovered it is perfectly well known that they are due to organisms. This is evident from the growth of them in the system during illness. The sufferer receives only enough to poison himself, but gives off enough to poison hundreds. It is evident, therefore, that reproduction is going on, and nothing in nature is ever reproduced except an organism. Furthermore, these poisons, like other organisms, breed true. Smallpox produces only smallpox, just as dogs produce dogs and rose trees roses. The fact that the diseased system gives off poisons is not the only proof of reproduction. If you give a man a dose of any ordinary poison, like opium or arsenic, the full effects are shown almost as soon as it can be taken into the system. But it is very different with the poisons of smallpox, malaria, and kindred diseases. A period varying from two days to two weeks elapses between the reception of the poison by the system and the first evidence that it is there. The poison has immensely multiplied in the interval. This is, of course, evidence of reproduction. If the full strength which the poison has acquired in its latter stages were introduced into the system immediately, the patient would die from the attack, just as he dies from a dose of arsenic. However, the effects are scattered over many weeks. In typhoid fever the period of incubation is ten or twelve days—that is, that many days elapse between the reception of the disease and its first appearance. Dr. MacLagan gives a table which shows the rate of increase. In typhoid fever the germs multiply four times each day. There are four germs at the end of the first day, sixteen at the second, and the fourteenth day the germs have increased to sixty-seven millions. The harm that these organisms produce is evident from the fact that they feed on the same materials that tissues of the body do—nitrogen and water.

Now comes the question, Why do not these germs go on increasing indefinitely? In other words, why does anybody get well? The answer is that the material upon which they feed in the system is limited. An organism which grows in and at the expense of another organism is a parasite. Now, a parasite does not grow all over the body. There is generally only one part where it can grow. The parasite which grows in muscle will not grow in the skin, and the reverse. Why this is so is not known, but it is a fact. The locality in which the parasite grows is called its nidus—that is, its nest. In smallpox the nidus is the skin; in typhoid fever it is a particular set of glands in the bowel. It is because smallpox, scarlet fever, and measles have their nidus in the skin, and therefore in direct communication with the atmosphere, that they are so contagious. Typhoid fever, on the other hand, is not contagious because its nidus is hidden away in the bowel. It is obvious that this limitation of the nidus is a fortunate fact for the sufferer. There is a special something within the nidus upon which the organism feeds, and when that something is exhausted the organism dies. That something is sooner exhausted in some cases than in others; hence the varying periods of these diseases. People do not have the disease the second time because this something in the nidus is no longer there. This something is, therefore, not necessary to our existence, and has, perhaps, like the rudimentary tail, been received from our ancestors. The harm which these organisms do is due to the fact that they consume nitrogen and water, upon which the tissues of the body also live. It is because the organisms consume the water that ought to go to the tissues that there is such thirst in fevers. The patient has delirium because of the consumption by the organisms of the material which should go to nourish the brain. The same process goes on when the heart is enfeebled. When the patient dies of brain failure or heart failure he may be said to die of the acute starvation of the brain or heart. It is the doctor's business to keep the brain and heart going by food and stimulants until the poison has ceased to be produced. That is about all he does at present, but Dr. MacLagan has great hopes that in the future he may do more. In the first place, people may be protected against many diseases by inoculation, as they are now protected from smallpox. In the second place, diseases may be cured in their earlier stages. The second of these is already done in the case of ague and rheumatic fever. The poison of ague is undoubtedly killed by quinine. It was the example of quinine which led to the discovery of the remedy for rheumatic fever. A curious fact about malarial fevers is that the remedies have usually been found under the same climatic conditions as the diseases. The cinchona tree, which produces quinine, grows best in countries in which malaria is most prevalent. In the same way it was thought a remedy for rheumatic fever might be found in places where the disease was most likely to flourish, that is, in a low-lying, damp locality and in a cold rather than in a warm climate. It was thought that willows grow under such conditions. Willows contain in their bark a bitter essence called "salicin." This was tried for rheumatic fever with a success which exceeded all expectations. It cures rheumatic fever just as surely as quinine cures ague. It does this by attacking the disease in the earlier stages, it being, of course, easier to kill 10,000 germs than 20,000,000. It is salicin which Dr. MacLagan very strongly recommends as a cure for influenza, and he makes the very important assertion on behalf that it does not in the least depress vitality.

A whale measuring 13 feet 6 inches, and 10 feet in circumference, was caught in the Wash, Lincolnshire, on Thursday week. About lewt of haddock, whiting, and other fish were taken from its mouth.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Dragging a Captive to Death.

Civilized Europe has frowned upon the African slave-trade, and the British are continually fighting over it. Strong efforts are being made to stamp out this awful traffic, and Christian is arrayed against Mohammedan. Death, except so far as self is concerned, is regarded lightly by the Arab slave-trader, and the consolations of his religion are such that he can even look upon his own death with equanimity. Where his savage black brother is concerned, an Arab seems to exercise about as much humanity as would be looked for in a tiger of the jungle. The religion of the Prophet is decidedly selfish, and was probably moulded to fit just such men as make up the bands of slave-hunters.

Picture a little village in Darkest Africa. Whatever may be the condition of life, it is certainly as the inhabitants choose to make it; and however savage the people are, there is no question but that they must enjoy a certain freedom of existence, and hold family ties that even the beasts are not bereft of. They know of no better life; but there is the possibility of a worse state always before them. Their creed is war, their virtues few; but for this they can hardly be held to blame, for

THE FALL OF DARKNESS

is over them at all times. Suddenly a horde of Arabs sweeps down upon them. The village is demolished; every one of the inhabitants is captured by the hunters. To resist means torture and death. The life of each Mohammedan must be paid for by the slaughter of the young and old, which is accomplished with the most terrible exhibitions of cruelty; and even if the Arabs make their captures without loss, there is no pity felt for the poor negro. Those who are unfit for slaves are sold that they may go; but as they sneak off, they are run and shot down by the brutal captors. The Arabs have no regard for life. They will tie a rope around the ankles of one of the helpless ones, and fastening it to the saddle of a horse, compel the lesser brute to drag the victim across the desert until life is extinct, or nearly so; the latter suits their devilish taste much better. The slaves on the line of march bear round wooden yokes, and are linked in pairs, with their hands often tied. Any murmur against their captors or refusal to eat—in fact, the slightest act of insubordination—means instant death. Crossing the Great Desert these slaves suffer the agonies of thirst—a suffering that we cannot appreciate. Scores fall by the wayside, and are left to die as best they may; for, in the height of their exquisite cruelty, the Arabs deny unto these men the merciful bullet. When the wells are reached, these poor slaves expire within reach of the water that they are unable to drink, and the robbers of the desert show no sign of pity. It is hard to think of these Arabs as men and human beings; yet they are men who glory in their religion, and often show themselves worthy of higher influences. They regard life as lightly as possible, and it is said of the great number of captives that begin the march

ACROSS THE DESERT

very few ever reach the markets. The route of a slave caravan is marked by the dead that lie upon the sand.

The outlook is one of promise. Already these bands of slave-traders have been diminished, and earnest men are engaged in the suppression of the traffic. England has been deeply interested in the subject and it will probably be but a short time before this horrible trade is a thing of the past. The world progresses, and the gentler influence of Christianity or civilization—call it what you will—may soon extend to Darkest Africa, and wipe out the scourge of the poor native.

By a Hair's Breadth.

It was a February day, with a warm sun and a Chinook wind from the Pacific Ocean melting the snow. All along the trail, as we wound up the mountain side, great masses of snow seemed to overhang us, and more than once I noticed how anxious the grizzly-haired old guide seemed to be. Only a narrow path had been cleared through the snow, and the twenty mules followed each other in single file. Half way up we came to four cabins occupied by miners. Three brawny men in red shirts stood at the door of one of the cabins talking as we filed past. Salutes were exchanged, but we had no occasion to halt.

We had gone about 300 feet, and were about to make a turn in the trail when I halted to look back. The guide was ahead—came second. The line of mules were strung out for a quarter of a mile, and on foot among them were five packers, all half breeds. I heard no signal of danger—no cry of alarm. With the swiftness of thought the snow 500 feet up the mountain began to move. The width of the avalanche was about half a mile, and it moved like a flash. I was looking full at it, but its speed confused the eye. There were thousands of tons of snow, hundreds of trees, hundreds of great bowlders. There was no rumbling, no crashing.

The rush was almost noiseless—simply a sound like a gentle wind blowing among the pines. In fifteen seconds it was all over, and a cloud of what seemed smoke hung over the spot. It drove off down the mountain after two or three minutes, and I looked for our pack train. Not a man nor a mule had escaped. I looked for the cabins. They had disappeared. Aye! the very trail had been swept down into the valley a mile below and almost across it. For a space half a mile wide there was neither tree nor shrub—not a yard of earth. The avalanche had ground its way down to the rocks heaved up in the convulsion of 10,000 years ago. I turned and looked at the guide, wondering if it was all a dream. "Purty clu clat that!" he whispered as he pointed to the well-defined edge of the avalanche, not a yard from my horse's heels. "Come on. All the men in Montana could not dig them out!"

The Gulf of Georgia is reported to be almost choked with large schools of herring. The Washington and British Columbia fishermen are catching the fish by the ton with no trouble whatever, and are making good money by packing them for shipment East. A very remarkable and beautiful sight, it is said, is to be seen at night from the deck of a steamboat. The vessel seems to be floating on herrings and the fish dart away from the bows in thousands, leaving phosphorescent wakes like the flashing of countless meteors.