LORD ABERDEEN'S ANCESTORS.

His Family History Full of Romantic Incident—A Direct Descendant of the Warrior Who Slew King Richard.

Whatever grudge the New World may bear the Old, for its heritage, of ill, says W. T. Stead in the January "Review of Reviews," "it cannot complain that it is stinted in the counterbalancing dower of reminiscences of its romantic past. In the midst of the metallic clink of the coin on the counter and the eager babel of operators in the markets, echoed and magnified by the journalistic sounding boards of the press until the atmosphere seems vocal with dollars and cents, can be heard now and then stray notes of melody from out, "the purple past, the dusk of centuries and of song." these wandering echoes of the clarions of the bygone time come and go like the breath of the rephyr on the Æolian harp. Sometimes it is a name, a place, a date or a person which unloosens the latent music of the world, but whenever it is heard it carries us us back in imagination to

THE VANISHED CENTURIES

which poet, novelist and historian have irradiated with their genius, until they glow with the splendor with which the dawn illumines the Eastern sky.

The name of the present Governor-General of Canada is one of the keys which unloose these chords of the fairy music of old romance. When I was in Chicago the boardings blazed with the ornate posters announcing that a popular actor would shortly appear in one of the theatres of the city in this famous impersonation of Richard the Lion Heart. To-day there lives in the Government House at Ottawa, the direct lineal descendant of the warrior whose arrow slew King Richard before the castle of Charles in Perigord. A chasm of seven centuries yawns between the fatal shot of Bertrand de Gourdon and our own day, but it is bridged by the history of a single family; and the soughing of the Canadian wind amid the pines seems to bring with it far-away echoes of Blondel's song and the fierce clash of Christian sword on Moslem helm in the Crusaders' war. The legendary origin of the Gordons of Haddo, of whom Lord Aberdeen is the living representative, does not lose its value from our present point of view because its authenticity is a subject of antiquarian dispute, or because there are authorities who trace the Gordon genealogy much further back than the

DAYS OF THE LION-HEARTED

Plantagenet. Antiquaries question everything, and if the Gordons were in Aberdeen before the Norman William conquered England, that in no way detracts from the romantic interest that associates their name with the tragic fate of one of the few English monarchs whose story has become an heirloom of the world of old romance.

If the family history of Lord Aberdeen recalls the ancient glories of the Plantagenets, that of Lady Aberdeen revives memories not less glorious, in the opinion at least of one great branch of the English-speaking world. The Governor-General is a Gordon of Scotland, but his wife claims descent not only from the ancient kings of Scotland, but also from those of Ireland through the O'Neills of Tyrone. To the Anglo-Saxon, Irish history is very much of a sealed book. To an Irish patriot it is like those illuminated manuscripts which still attest, in European museums, the glory of Celtic art and the ancient splendor of the Irish race. And

AMONG THE HEROES

whose exploits furnish the illuminations to the gilded page, the O'Neills occupy a leading place. They were, it must be admitted, no friends of the English. Nor, indeed, was it possible for them to regard the invader as other than the common enemy of their family and of their race. Had there been a few more O'Neills in Ireland, the course of the history of that distressful isle might have been very different. But the axe and sword and musket thinned their ranks, and although the story of the O'Neills is as fuel for the brooding imagination of the patriot, it resembles all other Irish histories in its record of unavailing valor and of the pathos of despair. In these latter days, however, the cause of Irish liberty and Irish nationality has found a representative in Lady Aberdeen, who from her position in the inner arcanum of British rule may be able to do more for her country in the council chamber than any of her stalwart ancestors were able to achieve for Erin in the tented field.

Apart from the associations of legend and of romance that cluster round the family history of the Governor-General and his wife in the dim twilight at the remote past, it is interesting to note that the associations between the Gordons and the American continent date back for two centuries, to a period antecedent to the great schism by which George the Third rent the English speaking world in twain. John Gordon, of Haddo, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles Stuart, King of England, and the baronetcy is one among the many titles borne by the Earl of Aberdeen.

Sir John Gordon was a Cavalier of the school of Montrose. When the Scottish people were singing the Solemn League and Covenant with their heart's blood Sir John was fortifying his castle and

SHARPENING HIS SWORD.

and mustering his fighting men to help the King to govern by divine right. The fates and the Scottish people were, however, too much for Sir John and his royal master When the Marquis of Argyle besieged him in his castle of Kellie his Scottish artillerymen, having no stomach for the cause deserted to the army of the Covenant and Sir John was compelled ingloriously to surrender. There was short shrift in those days for the vanquished. Sir John Gordon was carried as a prisoner to Edinbro, and in the same month of July that Oliver Cromwell on the moor of Long Marston gave the royal army the foretaste of the quality of his Ironsides Sir John Gordon was judicially condemned to death and publicly executed. The lesson was a severe one, but the effect seems to have been most salutary. From that time to this, although his descendants may have described themselves as Royalists, Jacobisies or Tories, they have always been true to the cause of liberty, of justice and of progress.

Of this a more conspicuous example was afforded in the person of the first Earl of Aberdeen. Five years after the first Noval Scotian baronet went to the headsman's block the axe of the executioner was employed on the neck of Charles Stuart, but after a time the whirligig of time brought about its revenge, and the son of the beheaded king, having come to the throne, made the son of the beheaded baronet first Earl of Aberdeen and Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. Argyle

WENT TO THE SCAFFOLD,

and the Cavaliers, once more in the saddle, pursued their old enemies without ruth. They found, however, that their Lord High Chancellor brought too much conscience to his work to serve as the tool of mere proscription. The Privy Council, finding some difficulty in striking at the heads of some of the Whigs, issued orders that husbands and fathers should be held responsible by fine and imprisonment for the opinions of their wives and daughters Lord Aberdeen, to his credit be i spoken, declared from the judgment sea that the orders of the Privy Council could not be carried out under any existing law. Then speaking as Minister he declined to propose any alteration in the law to enable this monstrous iniquity to be legalized. The Stuarts were a stubborn race, and instead of recognizing the justice and integrity of Lord Aberdeen, the King drily observed that he would be served in his own manner and according to his own measures. Lord Aberdeen at once resigned. He was too loyal to the dynasty to consent to serve the King William when James was sent packing across the seas, and he spent the rest of his life in retirement. He was, however, sufficiently free from Jacobitism to take the oath of allegiance when Queen Anne came to the throne. He was said to have been the solidest statesman in Scotland, the first of a line of which the present Governor-General is no unworthy representative.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that the Aberdeens descend solely from the conservatives or aristocrats of the world. Lady Aberdeen owes her family name of Marjoribanks to the grant of certain lands made by King Robert the Bruce to his daughter, Marjorie, who married the High Steward Johnstone, whose family in time substituted the name Marjoribanks for their own most prosaic one. But not only is Lady Aberdeen associated by her ancestors with

THE PATRIOT HERO

of Scottish history, there is in her family story one of the most romantic incidents which occur seldom far from that mystic borderland of old romance which divided England from Scotland. Among her ancestors she counts the famous Grizel Cochrane, whose reckless daring saved her father's life. It was in the last years of King James' reign and Grizel's father, Sir John Cochrane, of Ochiltree, was lying in Edinbro under sentence of death. All efforts to secure his pardon failed. The death warrant signed in London, was forwarded by mail to Edinbro; on its arrival Sir John was to die. Despair gives courage to the most timid, and Grizel Cochrane, seeing that there was only one chance left, seized it with intrepidity. Disguising herself as a highwayman she waylaid the Royal mail, and clasping a pistol to the driver's head compelled him to give up the death warrant. As soon as she possessed herself of the fatal document she rode off and soon had the pleasure of thrusting it into the fire. Whether out of consideration for the heroism of the exploit or because of the Revolution is not stated, but Sir John was ultimately pardoned.

Lord Aberdeen also boasts a Grisell among his ancestors, who, by the way, makes him a direct descendant of John Knox. Among all men born on Scottish soil there is none greater or more universally esteemed than the great Reformer. Lady Grisell Baillie married the son of Robert Baillie, the martyr, who was John Knox's great grandson. Lord Aberdeen's grandmother was Lady Grisell's great granddaughter. Robert Baillie was

ONE OF THE MARTYRS

for Christ's Crown and Covenant, whose sufferings have done so much to glorify the history of Scotland and to dignify the Scotch character. It is a very pretty story, that of Lady Grisell and of her visits to the martyr as he lay in the Tolbooth waiting for death. It has features which suggest that Grisell was the original of Robert Louis Stevenson's latest horoine. Grisell played her part faithfully and nobly. She could not save Robert Baillie, but her heroism and beauty won the heart of his son George, whom she married after the Revolution of 1688 had made it safe for honest folks to marry and be given in marriage. Lady Grisell was a poet as well as a heroine, and fragments of her minstrelsy to this day enliven the hours of the Scottish peasant.

A Bridge of Straw.

This sounds like a rope of sand, but it appears to be something better, as described in the Texas newspapers. It is said to be built across the Red River, seventeen miles from Quanah, Hardeman County, Texas. The bed of this river is very wide, and is a very fine, red, treacherous sand, making heavy hauling impossible. The bridge is really a causeway, three miles long, about five feet high, and wide enough for two teams. It was constructed by a near-by settler, who charges a small toll for its use. It is built of alternating layers of long grass and sand, and is rebuilt every season, as the high water washes it away. An attempt has been made to build an iron bridge, but it was washed away almost immediately, and the straw bridge is said to have proved itself cheaper and better.

A New Bridge Over the Thames.

London's great bridge across the Thames is almost finished, and it will take a place in the front rank of such structures. The main bridge is 135 feet above high-water mark, so as to allow the passage of vessels under it, but a lower roadway is furnished thirty feet above the water for ordinary travel. This roadway is provided with two movable leans between the piers, each weighing nearly 1,000 tons. These leans are raised by powerful hydraulic machinery to make a passage for ships, and so perfect are the arrangements that a delay of only five minutes for the passage of vessels is necessary. Stairways and elevators are provided for foot passengers who desire to ascend to the upper bridge when the lower one is open. At this point the river is 940 feet wide, and the structure is supported by two gigantic piers of masonry in the channel, 400 feet apart.

AFLOAT ON A BIG BERG.

A Sailor's Plight on the Atlantic.

Picked Up by a Passing Vessel After Having Fallen Unconscious on the Mountain of Ice—Six Days in an Open Boat.

A gentleman related to a reporter the other day the following thrilling experience:—"As you know I am an Englishman by birth, and until my twenty-fifth year was in the English merchantman service. I liked the life, and from a boy was bent on following the sea as a business, so that my father, who was an old sailor himself, and owned several shares in one or two vessels, besides having friends among a good many captains and mates afloat, got me in in my sixteenth year. Of course I had mishaps. The life is one of the hardest in the world, and I often wondered since at free men adopting it deliberately as a calling, but I was young and there was that amount of novelty about it at first that attached me to it, and even now I run off once a year to go on a short voyage. I was shipwrecked twice, and once had a row with seven others in an open boat for five days and nights until we got to Newfoundland. Our vessel had collided with an outgoing one, and the captain never even looked back to see what damage he had done. Of a crew of twenty-eight and three officers, the seven I spoke of and myself were the only survivors. One of the men went raving mad on the third day and cut another's throat before leaping into the sea himself. On the morning of the sixth day we sighted land, and had then been without food for nearly thirty-six hours and water for twenty-four. We were picked up by an outgoing schooner and carried back over our old course, and ran across that very night the ship that had sunk ours and which was now wrecked by some such accident as we had suffered by. The captain was hanging from one of the mast yards and the ship was actually sinking when we arrived to take him off.

CRASHED INTO THE ICE.

"But about my voyage on the iceberg. Well, I was serving then on the Beaconsfield—and a good ship she was, too—and we were bound for Newfoundland that turn. We had had a fair voyage and we were congratulating ourselves on the idea of getting there on the next day but one, when one night about 12 the officer on the bridge called out all at once that there was a ship or something just ahead. The man at the wheel tried to luff, but it was too late and the cry arose of "Ice, ice," just as we struck, and there was a terrific sound of ripping and tearing and a yell of despair from the men on deck, answered by another from those below, who, roused from sleep by the noise, guessed in a moment what had occurred and came running up the forecastle ladder, while the officers from the wardroom ran up in their nightclothes. The ship was rapidly settling and we knew there was no time to be lost over ascertaining what the danger was.

The men who had been in the watch with me at the first realization of what had happened made for the boats and succeeded in lowering the life boat and one other smaller. I rushed for this, but a big Swede a very brutal domineering fellow, raised his arm and brushed me aside as if I had been a fly. But life was as sweet to me as to him and I resolved to get in that boat or to know the reason why. So I sprang up and tried to force my way to it through the crowd of sailors about it. Seeing me near him, the Swede with an oath caught me by the collar and deliberately swung me over the side of the vessel. I fell only a a few feet, owing to the lurching of the ship, and immediately struck out for her but the boats dropped from their davits at that moment and, loaded down as they were, they could not turn back to take me on board, and there were still others on deck crying to them for God's sake not to leave them to perish. The ship was now sinking so fast that I saw to linger near her was to be sucked down with her in the vortex, so I struck out anywhere to get away.

"Fortunately, the night was mild and calm and there was but little wind, so swimming for a few minutes was not hard. But all at once I saw bearing down on me in the starlight a huge irregular shape and I knew it for the iceberg that had sunk us, and conceived the idea of climbing aboard it, if possible, and riding on until rescued by some ship. So I did not try to avoid the moving mass, but only got enough out of the way not to be run down by it. As it passed I threw out one arm and caught at a small spur of ice that jutted from the side and so drew myself up. I found a plateau, if one may use the word, a few feet up the thing, and there I sat down, locking up at the pinnacles and minarets rising above me taller than the masts of a ship, dwindling to a small blue point, on which the starlight struck and glistened like fairy lance heads. But I soon found that I had a very icy seat.

AFLOAT ON THE HUGE BERG.

"The wind had risen, it seemed to me, and sweeping over a huge bulk of frozen water caused it to refrigerate rapidly. I suppose it did get colder in reality, but it was soon almost unendurable on the berg. I got up and walked about as far as the confines of my plateau would allow, and then as I grew colder and colder until my very breath seemed freezing, I actually attempted a wild sort of dance, leaping up and twirling about as well as my stiffening limbs would permit. Then sullen despair would seize me, and I sat down once or twice and resigned myself to being frozen to death. I had always heard that dying of cold was not a disagreeable death, and I thought I would as soon die that way as another, but I did not keep that delusion long then. Oh! the ache of the flesh, the burning of the skin, for it was soon no longer cold, but on fire, it seemed to me. And at this pass I got up with what I meant for alacrity, only I was scarcely able to move at all. Then I went to the edge of the ice and watched the water for a while, trying to make up my mind to giving the plunge that would soon end my misery, but I could not yet give up all hope, and the waves, roughened by the wind that was now blowing stoutly, looked like ravening wolves as they leaped up at me, and I instinctively drew back out of the reach of their pitiless, hungry jaws.

"Oh, how I longed for daylight, though I no longer knew in which direction to look for its first appearance, for the stars were all gone now, covered over by clouds that flew along in broken masses, but enough to obscure them, except for an occasional one that appeared to fly across my vision. I had some notion of climbing one of the great towers of ice rising about me, but it was so smooth and so polished that I knew no mortal form could cling there. Indeed, it was almost a miracle that I was ever able to crawl up on the berg at all. At last, after I was completely worn out with walking and dancing about that singular ballroom floor, there was a faint streak over in the direction I had guessed was south, and in half an hour I was able to look out over the great deep.

"How eagerly I scanned the horizon for a ship, and I actually cried out with joy and then wept as I saw, low down on the line, the masts of a vessel. On it came, and after awhile I saw that she was a good-sized bark, well loaded down with cargo. My heart beat high and I forgot how cold I was in my excitement in watching her. She was within eight or nine miles when I saw that she was altering her course slightly and that she would pass too far off for anyone on her deck to perceive me. Doubtlessly she had sighted the ice and had gone aside a point or two to avoid this dangerous Ishmaelite of the sea.

MOVED TO THE FRENZY OF DESPAIR.

"I screamed aloud in my agony, I implored the vessel in words and sobs not to leave me; then a reaction came. I dropped my jacket that I had taken off to signal her with, and fell to cursing her, for I could not understand how the people on board her could have avoided seeing me, so frantic had been my demonstrations. And at last as she vanished I calmly walked to the edge of the berg with the desperate determination to at least cut my misery short. I raised my face for one last look at the world about me, and as I did so beheld a large ship bearing down upon me from a quarter that had been hidden from me as I watched the other vessel disappear. I regarded the newcomer somewhat stolidly, thinking, 'Yes, you, too, will abandon me,' and when I saw her all at once falter in her sailing, as if she tacked, I understood that she, too, had seen the monster in her path and was for getting out of its way, and then, overcome by a sense of the hopelessness of my situation and my grievous first disappointment, I sank down unconscious, thinking, as I felt my strength going from me that perhaps this was death come in a merciful guise.

"When I opened my eyes it was on the kind, motherly face of a lady, who made me think of my mother and who was wetting my lips with brandy. By me sat an elderly man, holding my pulse, and whom I recognized as a physician that had served on a ship with me three years before. 'Well, young man, you'll do nicely now. How did you come here? If I tell you will you promise not to talk any more, but go to sleep like a good boy? said the doctor.

"I nodded, and he went on to tell me that just as the ship had altered her course some one had made me out through his glass, and had insisted that there was a man aboard the iceberg. The captain came himself, and looking confirmed the idea, and the vessel was carried as near as was safe, and when it was ascertained for certain that there was some one on the ice a boat was sent to see if there was still life in the castaway. I appeared to be dead, but I had been so lately seen alive that they took me in the boat anyhow, and thence to the ship, where under the ministrations of the doctor and the captain's wife I recovered. Well, that cured me of my love of seafaring life, and for the last twenty-five years I have lived inland, except for the occasional visit I told you of to the sea. In all I was not over five hours on board that berg, but judging from what I felt while there, I was her passenger for several weeks if not a whole year."

KANGAROO BALLOTS AT HOME.

The Australian System Not the Same in All Parts of the Island.

The Australian system of voting at elections varies in different parts of Australia. In Tasmania the ballots contain the names of all the candidates in nomination for the particular office. On the back they are stamped by the clerk of the peace, who distributes them to the returning officers and they in turn stamp or countersign them before distributing them to the voters. The voter expresses his vote by striking out all names but that he intends to vote for. Provision is made for assistance in making the ballot, but only to those who are blind. In New Zealand the returning officer writes upon the back of the ballot his initials, and upon the lower left hand corner of the ballot on the back the registered number of the voter, and after securing the said corner by gum stamps upon it the official mark. If the voter desires it the returning officer and an interpreter, if necessary, are to retire to a compartment with the voter and mark the ballot as he instructs. In Victoria the period between the days of nomination and voting is to be from three to fourteen days. The vote is expressed in the same way, and the officers are forbidden in counting to examine the back of the ballot. In New South Wales nominations must be handed in at least seven days before election; the ballot must be signed by the poll clerk, and the vote is expressed as before. In West Australia the act applies only to elections for the legislature. The ballot is to have a counterfoil attached, and a number is written or printed on the face of the counterfoil. The vote is expressed by an X in the square opposite the name voted for. The returning officer's initials are to be placed on the back of the ballot before delivery to the voter, and the voter's name is to be written on the counterfoil. The returning officer is to reject at the counting a ballot "on which is written any matter or thing which is not justified by this act to be written thereon," or in which votes are cast for more candidates than are to be voted for. It is also provided that "any mark by which the voter may be afterward identified" will invalidate the ballot. No provision is made for assisting any class of voters. The system has been in use in South Australia since 1858, in Victoria since 1856, in Tasmania since 1858, in New Zealand since 1870, in Western Australia since 1877 and in Queensland since 1874. The advantages derived from the system in Australia were universal confidence in its secrecy and in its simplicity. It has been popular from the first.

The mole works harder for a living than any other creature.

Among recent inventions is a "shorthand typewriter," designed especially for rapid work.

DEMORALIZED THE COMPASS.

Steel Corsets and a Dynamo Caused Remarkable Deviations.

The story that a deviation of her compass resulting from the presence of steel in a cork leg worn by the man at the wheel caused the steamer Susan E. Peck to strand near Bar Point, Lake Erie, in September last, with a loss to the underwriters of upward of $20,000, has brought out another quite funny one. According to the narrator, on one of the trips of the fine steel steamer Castalia down Lake Huron the past season the second mate reported to Capt. Allen that the compass had suddenly gone wrong; that the needle would swing three or four points to the right or left at intervals, and that because of these erratic movements it had become utterly impossible to steer a course—in fact, he had lost track of the course of the steamer altogether. Capt. Allen accompanied the mate to the pilot-house and found matters just as they had been reported. Besides the man at the wheel two lady passengers were in the pilot-house when Captain Allen entered. Turning to them, after meditating for a moment, he asked if they wore steel corsets. A reply in the affirmative led to a further question as to where they had been, and this elicited the information that the ladies had paid a visit to the engine-room and that while there the engineer had afforded them an opportunity to inspect the dynamo which supplied the electric lights of the steamer. "That settles it; you must get out of here!" next greeted the ears of the ladies as Capt. Allen opened the pilot-house door for their exit. And while they were walking back to the cabin in a maze of surprise and astonishment at Capt. Allen's exhibition of bluff, sailor-like authority, that compass got right down to staid business again and showed the man at the wheel the way with its usual precision. It is hardly necessary to explain that the dynamo had magnetized the steel corsets worn by the ladies, and that thus the corsets became responsible for the crazy race the needle of the compass ran as the wearers moved to and fro in the pilot-house.—[Evening Wisconsin.

REMEMBER IN SPEAKING

To speak in chest tones.

To pronounce vowel sounds correctly.

To say, "It was I" and "He went with me."

To speak distinctly, but softly and slowly

To give each syllable its proper value or length.

For an inferior to say "sir" or "madam" in speaking to a superior.

To say "memorandum" in the singular and "memoranda" in the plural.

To pronounce the letter "r" in words where it occurs, in "arm" "girl" "rubber."

To avoid coarseness and rudeness of speech and language and harsh laughter.

To lower the voice and speak slowly when one wishes to enforce one's authority.

To train children carefully to read aloud both for the sake of the voice and the pronunciation.

To avoid the over-delicacy of language and affectation of precision which belong to persons of narrow culture.

To pronounce in English fashion the names of foreign places and persons which have become Anglicized, as Paris, Vienna, Napoleon.

To say "sir" or "madam" if one have occasion to address a stranger, using the word "madam" for a single as well as for a married lady.

To pronounce correctly, studying not only the dictionary but the language of living speakers who are entitled to speak with authority.

To teach children to say "Yes, mother" (or father), and "No mother," and to say "Yes, sir" (or madam), to old people or to those who adhere to the old way of speech.

To remember that slang is unmeaning as well as inelegant, and that words like "jolly," "beastly," etc., used in season and out of season, soon lose all their meaning.

To use words of Saxon rather than of Latin origin whenever it is possible to do so, thus gaining terseness and vigor rather than a large number of syllables with diminished force.

To use the words "man" and "woman" in many instances where formerly one would have said "lady" and "gentlemen," the latter words having lost their significance from excessive use—or abused. The phrase "Mrs. Ames is a charming woman" would be preferred to "Mrs. Ames is a charming lady."

The Canadian Sledge Dogs.

Mr. Cameron in his talk with a reporter Sunday told of the dogs that are used for sledging during the winter in the northwest territories of Canada.

Six or eight dogs are used on each sledge. They are fed only once in twenty-four hours, and that is in the morning before the start is made and after the dogs are in harness. At that time about four pounds of frozen fish are given to them. Everything must be in readiness for the start, and the men must look to it that they are at hand to jump on the sledges, for at the very instant the last morsel of fish disappears the dogs are off at a break-neck speed. Strange as it may seem the drivers do not dare to feed the dogs unless they are in harness. Otherwise they would scatter and nothing more would be seen of them. They are driven with one long rein attached to the leader. A whip with a very short handle and a very long lash is used to urge them on, though in most cases they need no urging, for they seem to feel that the faster they go the quicker they will come to the post, where food and warmth and a lazy life await them. They travel often as far as ninety miles a day.—[Buffalo Courier.

The question as to which is "the most fashionable language" has apparently been definitely settled by Prof. Vamberry, who recently lectured on the subject of "Fashionable Languages" before the members of the Buda Pesth English Club. "English," he says, "may now be called the most fashionable language in all parts of the world."

The Russian authorities have intervened in behalf of the nightingale. The police of Kiew found some bird catchers who were on their way to Moscow with 600 nightingales in cages. The bird catchers were captured and fined and their little victims were taken to the botanic gardens and released. It is said they rose in the air in song, which was responded to by the other birds around.