

# THE CHILMAN TRAGEDY.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

In the year 1863 I sailed as ship's doctor aboard the *Chilman* in the third voyage that fine Black wall liner made to Melbourne. I had obtained the berth through the influence of a relative. My own practice was a snug little concern in a town some fifty miles from London; but a change was needed, a change for my health—such a change as nothing but the oceans of the world, with their several climates and hundred winds, could provide, and so I resolved to go a voyage round the world on the easy terms of feeling pulse and administering draughts, with nothing to pay and nothing to receive, a seat at the cabin table, and a berth fitted with shelves and charged with a very powerful smell of chemist's shop down at what is called the steerage.

I joined the ship at the East India Docks, and went below to inspect my quarters. I found them gloomy and small; but any rat-hole was reckoned good enough in those days for a ship's doctor—a person who, though of the first importance to the well-being of the ship, is, as a rule, treated by most owners and skippers with the same sort of consideration that in former times a parson to a nobleman received, until he had obliged my lord by marrying his cast lady.

First let me briefly sketch this interior of saloon and steerage, since it is the theatre on which was enacted the extraordinary tragedy I am about to relate. The *Chilman* had a long poop; under this was the saloon—in those days termed the cuddy; cabins very richly bulkheaded went away down aft on either hand. Amidships was the table, overhead the skylights, and the deck was pierced by the shaft of the mizzen-mast, superbly decorated, with a piano-forte secured to the deck just abaft it. There were no ladies' saloons, smoking-rooms, bath-rooms, as in this age, though the ship was one of the handsomest of her class; if you sought retirement, you went to your cabin; if you desired a pipe you stepped on deck; if you asked for a bath, you were directed to the head pump.

The *Chilman's* cuddy was entered from the quarter-deck by doors close beside the two lights of steps which conducted to the poop. A large square of hatch yawned near the entrance inside, and you descended a staircase to the steerage where my berth was. The arrangement of this steerage somewhat resembled that of the cuddy; but the bulkheads and general furniture were in the last degree plain. I believe they charged about twenty-five pounds for a berth down here, and sixty or seventy guineas for a cabin up above.

Whilst I stood in my berth looking around me, a little howlegged man in a cam let jacket and a large strawberry mark on his cheek peered in and asked if I was the doctor.

"Ay—Dr. Harris," said I. "I'm the ship's steward, sir," said he. "That's where I sleep," and he pointed to a cabin opposite.

I was glad to make this man's acquaintance, and was very civil to him. I would advise all sea-going doctors, on long-voyage sailing-ships, to speedily make friends with the head steward. I remarked upon the gloominess of my quarters, and said I was afraid when it came to my making up draughts I might blunder for the want of light. He answered that the sailors never expected much more than strong doses of Glauber's salt, and that in his experience passengers, as a rule, managed very well without being a full ship. He answered, pretty full. About half the steerage berths were taken, and the same number of cabins would be occupied in the saloon. The 'tween-decks were crowded, he told me.

After this chat I went on deck, where I made the acquaintance of the captain and the chief mate. The ship was still in the docks, and the captain had just come aboard, and was talking to the first officer when I walked up to them. The decks were full of life and the scene of excitement and interest. Groups of 'tween-decks sailors were bawling and putting capers on the fore-castle; some saloon passengers who had joined the ship in the docks walked the poop; Blue Peter was streaming at our fore-royal mast-head under the gray sky of the Isle of Dogs; in all directions rose the masts of ships, a complicated forest, bewildering with the lace-work and tracery of rigging. Cargo was swinging in and out; pawls of capstan and winch were ticking like gigantic clocks to the thrum of the hardspike and the revolution of the handle; the air was full of the smell of distant climes; I seemed to taste coffee and nutmeg and a pungent tickling of black pepper; but the perfume of the greasy wool-bale was dominant, and suggested nothing of the sweetness of the Arabian gale.

The captain went below; the mate fell shouting. I walked to the brass rail that ran across the break of the poop and gazed about me. The steerage passengers on the main-deck looked a shabbily dressed lot of poor distressed people—men, women, and children. I took notice that certain young fellows, apprentices or midshipmen, with brass buttons on their jackets and brass badges on their caps, warned them off the quarter-deck whenever they stepped abaft the mainmast. One of these young fellows came and stood beside me. He was a gentlemanly, fair-haired, handsome lad, now making, as he pleasantly told me, his second voyage. I asked him why those poor people were ordered off the part of the deck that lay immediately below us. He said because it was the quarter-deck, to be used only by the second-class passengers.

"That dirty raff," said he, looking with disgust at the third-class folks, "must keep to the waist and fore-castle if they want air."

"And this fine deck of poop?" said I. "Nobody uses this," he answered, "but the saloon nobs and the officers and mid-shipmen."

Shortly before eleven the vessel hauled out of dock. There was much noise of yelling and swearing at this time. My sight and hearing were confounded, and I wondered that any mortal being should understand the exact thing to do in such a scene of clamorous distraction. People on the pier-heads shrieked farewells to those on board, and those on board sobbed and yelled in response. When we had floated over the sill with the mud-pilot on the fore-castle almost apoplectic with unavailing wrath at some insult fired at him out of a hurricane lung on the wharf, a tug got hold of us, a couple of seamen lurched aft to the

wheel, the hawser tautened, and away we went down the river in the fizzing wake of a pair of churning paddles.

The varied scenery of the Thames—I mean its maritime details of crafts of twenty different rigs and steamers of twenty different aspects thrusting up and down, some staggering athwart, others making a beeline through the reaches—charmed and interested me, who was fresh from a long spell of inland, almost rural life, and I lingered till I was driven below by the wet, which came sweeping along in a succession of drenching squalls as we rounded out of Gallion's into Barking Reach. I spent the remainder of the day in putting my cabin to rights, examining the drugs (some of which for antiquity methought might have gone round the world with Cook in his first voyage), and in providing for my own comfort as best I could, and at half past six went into the cuddy to join the people at dinner, by which hour the ship had arrived at a mooring-buoy off Gravesend, and was lying motionless on her own shadow in the stream.

It was a sullen evening, already dark, and dirty blowing wet weather on deck. The muffled howling and hissing of the wind in the three towering spires of mast and yard and rigging communicated, I've no doubt, the particular brilliancy and beauty I found in the appearance of the well-lighted cuddy, with its long table draped for dinner, sparkling with glass and plate, and a number of ladies and gentlemen, along with the captain and chief officer, issuing from their respective berths to take their seats. Thirteen of us sat down, and when this was remarked by an elderly lady next the captain, a midshipman was sent for to neutralize the sinister influence of that number by making a fourteenth. The lad took his place with a countenance of that number by making a fourteenth. The lad took his place with a countenance of happy astonishment. He heartily wished, I daresay, that thirteen people would sit down to dinner every day.

I understood that there were some eight or ten more passengers expected from Gravesend in the morning. I looked me to see what sort of persons I was about to be associated with on an ocean passage that might run into four months. No need in this brief record of a tragic event to enter into minute descriptions of the people; enough if I refer now to two persons who sat opposite to me, both of whom were to prove leading actors in what I have to tell. One of them was a man of about six and thirty years of age. He wore a heavy moustache slightly streaked with gray. His eyes were dark, keen, and steadfast in their gaze—steadfast indeed to rudeness, for his manner of looking at you was scarcely less than a deliberate scrutinizing stare. His hair was thin on top, bushy at the sides; his complexion dark, as of one who has lived long under the sun. His voice was subdued, his whole bearing gentlemanlike.

His companion was a lady—a dark, very handsome woman of three or four and twenty. Her hair was black, without gloss—a soft, dark, rich black, and I never before saw a woman with so wonderful a thickness of hair as that girl had. Her large, fine, dark eyes had a tropic sparkle; there was foreign blood in the glances which flashed through the long lashes. Her complexion was a delicate olive, made tender by a soft lasting bloom which rested like a lingering blush upon her cheeks. Her figure looked faultless, and doubtless was so. I put the man down as a happy fellow carrying a beautiful wife, and the lady as the antipodes. You could not have doubted that they were happily married; his countenance was all fondness; hers that of the impassioned young wife who finds difficulty in concealing her adoration in public.

I have thus sketched them, but I own that I was not more particularly interested in the couple than in others of the people who sat on either hand. The chief mate of the ship, however, Mr Small, who occupied a seat on my left, concluded that my interest was sufficiently keen to justify him in talking to me about them; and in a low voice he told me that they were Captain and Mrs. Norton-Savage; he didn't quite know what he was captain of, but he had gathered—from some source he couldn't recollect—that he had made a fortune in South America, in Lima or Callao, and had been married a few weeks only, and was going to live in Australia as his wife's health was not good, and the doctors believed the Australian climate would suit her.

Early next morning the rest of the passengers came on board, the tug again took us in tow, and under a dark blue sky, mountainous with masses of white cloud, the *Chilman* floated in tow of the tug into Channel waters, where a long flowing heave despatched a great number of us to our cabins.

We met with nothing but head-winds and chopping seas down Channel. The ship lurched and sprang comsedly and the straining noises of bulkheads and strong fastenings were so swift and furious in that part of the vessel where I slept that I would sometimes think the fabric was going to pieces at my end of her. I was very seasick, but happily my services were never required in that time.

I think we were five days in beating clear of the Channel; the weather then changed, the sky brightened into a clear azure delicately shaded by clouds, a soft wind blew out of the west, and when I made my first appearance on deck I found the ship clothed in swelling canvas from truck to waterway. The side-white decks were lively with people in motion and the swaying shadows of the rigging; a number of ladies and gentlemen walked the poop, and the captain with a telescope at his eye was looking at a small steamer that was passing us at about a mile with a color flying; Captain and Mrs. Norton-Savage stood beside him, also looking at the steamer; the foam spun along the ship's side in wool-white wreaths, and every bubble shone like a bit of rainbow; and the streak of the vessel's wake gleamed upon the flow lines of the ocean stern as though she trailed a length of mother-of-pearl.

All sights and sounds were beautiful and refreshing. I breathed deep, with exquisite enjoyment of the ocean air after my spell of confinement in my apothecary shop of a cabin, and with growing admiration of the spectacle of the noble ship, slightly heeling from the breeze and courtesying stately as she went, till you'd think she kept time to some solemn music rising up round about her from the deep, and audible to her only, such a hearkening look she took from the yearning lift of her jibs and stay-sails.

Presently the captain observed me, called me to him, and we stood in conversation for some twenty minutes. I begged his leave to take a look round the ship, and he ordered a midshipman to accompany me. I

peered into the galley or ship's kitchen, then into a fore-castle, a gloomy cave dully lighted by a lamp whose vapor was poisoned with the slush that fed it, and complicated to the landlubber's eye by the glimmering outlines of hammocks, and the dark, coffin-like shapes of bunks and seamen's chests. I then descended into the 'tween-decks by way of the main-hatch, and took a view of the accommodation there, and found the cabins formed of planks roughly shaped into bulkheads, with partitions which made mere pigeon-holes of the places. In truth the poor third-class folks were always badly treated in those days at sea. They were ill housed; they were half starved; they were elbowed, sworn at, and generally tyrannized over by all hands, from the captain to the cook's mate; and in heavy weather, when the hatches were battened down, they were almost suffocated. Yet they were better off than the sailors, who were not only equally half starved, half suffocated, and sworn at, but were forced to do the treadmill work of the ship also.

I regained the deck, glad to get out of this gloomy region of crying babies and quarrelling children, and grimy groups in corners shuffling greasy cards, and women with shawls over their heads mixing flour and water for a pudding, or conversing shrilly in provincial accents, some looking very white indeed, and all as though it was quite time they changed their country.

As I went along the quarter-deck on my way to the cuddy, I saw a young man standing in the recess formed by the projection of the foremost cuddy cabins and the overhanging ledge or break of the poop. I looked at him with attention; he was a particularly handsome young fellow, chiefly remarkable for the contrast between the lifeless pallor of his face and the vitality of his large bright dark eyes. His hair was cropped close in military fashion; he wore a cloth cap with a naval peak. His dress was a loose monkey jacket and blue cloth trousers cut in the flowing nautical style. On the beach of Southsea or the sands of Ramsgate he might have passed for a yachtman; on the high seas, and on the deck of a full-rigged ship, with plenty of hairy sailors about to compare him with, nothing mortal could have looked less nautical.

I paused when in the cuddy to glance at him again through the window. He leaned in the corner of the recess, with his arms clasped upon his breast, and his fine and speaking eyes fixed upon the blue line of the horizon that was visible above the lee bulwark rail. My gaze had lighted upon many faces, whilst I looked over the ship, but no one had lit lingered. It lingered now, and I wondered who the youth was. His age might have been twenty. Handsome he was, as I have said, but his expression was hard, almost fierce, and certainly repellent. Whilst I watched him, his lips twitched or writhed three or four times, and exposed a grin of flashing white teeth that was anything but mirthful. I can assure you. His clothes were good, his appearance refined, and I concluded that he was one of the cuddy passengers who had come on board at Gravesend. He turned his face and saw me looking, and instantly made a step which carried him out of sight past the cuddy projection.

The steward came up out of the steerage at this moment, and wishing to know who was in the ship, I asked him to peep through the door and tell me who the melancholy clothes was. He popped his head out, and then said:

"He's a gent named John Burgess, one of the steerage people. He occupies the foremost cabin to starboard, beside the foot of the mainmast," said he, pointing to the hatch.

"Is he alone in the ship?" said I. "All alone, sir."

"Where do those steerage people take their meals?"

"Why, in the steerage, at the table that stops short abreast of your cabin."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Dizzied by Success.

James Hinton, the celebrated artist and essayist, was one of those men who are absolutely oblivious to the impressions made upon the world by their own eccentricities of demeanor. He was an odd little man. As some one once said of him, "There never lived a man with a whiter soul, a warmer heart or a shriller voice." He wrote a book that set the world talking, and also leaped at once into a fine medical practice. One day J. C. Jefferson was walking along a London street, when he heard his own name uttered in a high treble. He says:

Turning quickly round, I saw a little fragile man, dancing about the pavement in high excitement, to the considerable inconvenience of wayfarers. It was James Hinton. Jumping up to me, he shook my hand, with convulsive tugs, as he ejaculated:

"I am so very glad, so inexpressibly glad to see you! I have so often wished to see you and tell you all that has happened!"

Having, by this time, shaken my hand with more than sufficient cordiality, he stepped back a few paces and, in doing so, banged against a stout lady, and knocked a small boy down into the gutter. After viewing me in the right perspective, he danced up to me again, and then danced before me, ejaculating in the highest notes of his shrill voice:

"I am so delighted to see you! There is so much for us to talk about! So many things have happened that I want to tell you about! Do you know, I am a successful man, a very successful man! I became a success all in a minute. Isn't it ludicrous? You never expected me to be a successful man. No one thought it in the least degree possible that I should be a success. No one! No one! No one! See! that's my carriage! There are my horses! Is it not absurd? Do, my dear fellow, say it is absurd that I should drive about London in my own carriage!"

Having thus, in complete innocence, entertained a London crowd by his antics, he stepped into the wonderful carriage and drove away, beaming.

## A Shower of Feathers.

The eminent surgeon Sir Astley Cooper, was fond of a practical joke. On one occasion he ascended the church tower of a village in Norfolk, taking with him one of his mother's pillows, and finding the wind blew directly to the next town, he let off handfuls of feathers, until he had emptied the pillow. The local papers reported this "remarkable shower" of feathers, and offered various conjectures to account for it, and the account was copied into other papers, and it was probably received as a perfectly natural occurrence.

## GOLD-HUNTING IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

### Several English Expeditions in Search of the Precious Metal—Frobisher's Wonderful Adventures.

More than three hundred years ago, in the reign of Elizabeth, the idea of reaching China by sailing round the northern coast of America was revived, and Martin Frobisher, one of the most celebrated navigators of his day, received the support of the Queen in fitting out two small vessels to search for the "northwest passage." The larger of Frobisher's barks, named the *Gabriel*, was of only twenty-five tons burden, and the other, the *Michael*, of twenty tons. With these ridiculously small vessels, loaded with provisions calculated to last twelve months, the daring navigator set sail from London on the 7th of June, 1576. When passing Greenwich, where the Queen was staying, the little carronades of the *Gabriel* and *Michael* belched forth a salute to her Majesty, who appeared at the window of her palace, and waved her hand to the brave voyagers.

For several days after leaving port the weather continued pleasant; then a succession of heavy gales separated the two frail vessels, but not before those on board the *Michael* observed one of the *Gabriel's* masts to go overboard. After being buffeted about for three weeks, the crew of the *Michael* lost heart, and petitioned their Captain to return, stating that the *Gabriel*

### WAS UNDOUBTEDLY LOST.

and that if they prolonged the voyage as far as Greenland, it would be productive of little good, for there would be no one to lead in the search for the long-sought passage to the westward. These arguments had the desired effect, and the *Michael* returned to England, carrying gloomy forebodings concerning the probable fate of Captain Frobisher and his crew. But the dauntless seaman was not at the bottom of the Atlantic. With one mast gone and the other badly sprung, he nevertheless repaired damages and sailed on, opposed for several weeks to head gales and heavy seas, which seemed to defy his advance. The following quaint passage copied from his journal of the voyage explains his sentiments at this time: "The sea at length must needs have an ending, and some lands should have a beginning that way."

On the 21st of July he entered the strait which was afterwards named after the explorer Davis, and sailed north, until his way was blocked by an enormous ice-field stretching from mainland to mainland. Anchoring his vessel to a mass of ice near the Greenland side, Frobisher went on shore to look about. Here he fell in with a body of natives, who at first showed signs of hostility, but the Captain soon reached a friendly understanding with them. In exchange for bells, looking-glasses, bright coins, and nails, the Esquimaux brought off to the ship quantities of salmon, seal meat, and skins of animals. Another extract from the log-book reads, "The natives, to show their agility, tried many masteries upon the ropes of the ships, after our mariners' fashions, and appeared to be a strange of their arms and nimble of their bodies."

The seeming friendship of the natives was not to be relied upon, however, for several days following, five of the crew went on shore to trade with some of the Esquimaux, and failing to return, a search was made for them, but they were

### NEVER AGAIN SEEN.

As the tribe disappeared at the same time, it was believed that the seamen had been murdered for their clothes and arms. While endeavoring to trace the missing ones, Frobisher came across a great quantity of black stone, which was so heavy that he brought a piece on board as a curiosity.

The Captain now decided to return to England, as the winter was rapidly drawing near, making it necessary to escape at once from the strait unless he proposed to incur the risk of having his ship frozen in ice. Several days later, while sailing near the land, a number of Esquimaux paddled around in their leather boats, called kayacks, "expressing astonishment by signs to one another over the mighty ships that sailed with wings like unto a bird of the air." Frobisher determined to capture one of these outlandish people, and carry him to England as a proof of having navigated his ship to a high northern latitude; so one of them was enticed on board, and made prisoner. On the second of October the *Gabriel* arrived in the Thames amid great rejoicings, for she had given up as lost. The Esquimaux, who had been christened "*Gabriel*" by the Captain, was presented to the Queen as a representative of her new subjects within the arctic circle. Poor *Gabriel* was unable to stand the warm climate, and died of consumption a few months later. The "black stone" was given as a polar curiosity to wealthy patron of the Captain, who exhibited it to a friend, a refiner in London, and by the latter it was claimed to contain "a godlike quantity of pure gold." Great excitement followed this announcement, and a new voyage was quickly planned, the object of which was to bring back a cargo of precious ore.

On the 26th of May, 1577, Frobisher sailed on his second expedition, and after a pleasant voyage of six weeks the ships came to anchor in the "land of gold." As soon as the captain landed, he was accosted by the same natives who had

### SO SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED.

the year previous, when the five members of the *Gabriel's* crew were missed. Captain Frobisher asked them by signs where his men were, and was informed in like manner, that they were all alive and well. Thinking that perhaps the Esquimaux were holding his sailors in captivity, he determined to make capture of several natives and hold them as hostages. Unfortunately for the success of the venture this was attempted on land, and although a number of the treacherous people were overpowered, the remainder of the tribe let fly a cloud of arrows at the kidnappers, by which several of them were severely wounded and the escape of the prisoners was effected. An arrow entered Captain Frobisher's back, and was cut out with difficulty by the surgeon of the ship. Luckily the tips of the arrows were not poisonous, and the wounds soon healed. Several days after this, while overhauling the contents of the Esquimaux huts, the owners of which had taken flight after the skirmish, a number of articles were identified as the property of the five missing seamen. Having laden his ships with ore, Frobisher set sail for home, where he safely arrived after a long and tempestuous passage.

The Queen appointed a commission to examine into the merits of the venture, and upon being assured that the project was one "worthy of her Majesty's most gracious encouragement," a third expedition was by her orders planned on a liberal scale. Fifteen large ships were placed under the command of Frobisher, who was directed by the Queen to convey

### TO THE NEW COUNTRY.

one hundred persons of both sexes who desired to colonize the land where gold could be gathered on the surface. A large portable timber fort was built and stowed in the hold of one of the vessels, and this fort was of such size that it was calculated to be used as a dwelling by all the colonists in times of emergency. It was also the Queen's orders that four of the ships were to be retained at the colony, and a number of sailors, soldiers, and miners were sent out to serve in their several capacities, it being understood that their term of service was to be three years. A Governor, having under him several officers, was to direct the affairs of the colony. Several noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, influenced by the novelty and excitement of the plan, and wishing to see this strange and wonderful country, obtained permission to sail on the flag-ship as guests of the commander.

On the 31st of May, 1578, the fleet sailed from England, and on the 16th July reached the coast of Greenland, where a number of the party landed and took possession of the country in the name of the Queen. Disappointment,

### AWAITED THE ADVENTURERS.

when the entrance to the strait was reached for a mighty barrier of ice completely blocked the passage; and while the intrepid navigators were endeavoring to find a lane through the mass, a terrific gale arose, which drove large quantities of drifting ice against the ships, sinking the one that had the fort on board and wrecking others. From that time forth a series of difficulties and dangers beset the expedition, and after bravely battling against them for several weeks and contending with a widespread mutiny among the seamen of the fleet, Frobisher abandoned the idea of founding a colony, and sailed for England. Subsequent assays proved that the ore did not repay the great cost of mining it, and the arctic gold fever soon burnt itself out.

In the year 1585 Frobisher served with distinction under the gallant Admiral Sir Francis Drake in the West Indies. Three years later he commanded one of the ships of the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada, and for his gallantry on that occasion was knighted. He was killed in battle in the year 1594 while gallantly fighting at the head of his men.—[Harpers Young People.]

### MORE WONDERS TO COME.

#### When The Kinetoscope Is Perfected It Will Be a Marvel.

The completion of the kinetoscope is but the first stage in the series of experiments being made by Mr. Edison, which if successful, will result in an apparatus which will dispense with travelling theatrical companies, operas, gymnasts, lecturers, variety shows and athletes. His aim is to combine the kinetoscope with the phonograph. "It is in the travelling apparatus of a large number of persons that the profits of theatrical companies are used up," said Mr. Edison, the other day. "With this machine, when perfected, a couple of men could travel from place to place, hire a hall, and show upon a white screen all the scenes from a play or opera. The phonograph at the same time could give the words or music. Selections from various operas could be given, or four of the most striking acts from Shakespeare's plays, as an evening's performance. Chauncey Depew could live forever in one of his finest orations in this machine, for you would not only hear his face at the same time. Historic scenes could also be made imperishable, battles with the noise of cannon, horse-races and prize fights."

The kinetoscope, however, has not yet reached this state of perfection. In its present condition, which presents the scene without the sound, it is perfect, and it represents the work of several years. The difficulties to be surmounted were numerous and novel, and many pieces of expensive machinery had to be made to meet the various exigencies as they arose. In this Mr. Edison was assisted by Mr. W. K. L. Dickson, who explains the various parts to the many visitors who have heard of the furore in scientific circles the machine has stirred up, and have gone to Orange in order to see it in operation. Scientists from Europe and from the leading universities in this country have inspected the kinetoscope and the kinetograph, and all have marvelled at their perfection and the certainty with which they do the work desired.

### The Antwerp Exhibition.

The exhibition at Antwerp, which is to be opened by the King of the Belgians on the 5th of May, promises to be a most successful affair. The necessary buildings have been erected with great rapidity, and present a most imposing and beautiful appearance. Although the space is double that of the exhibition of 1885, all of it will be occupied. Belgian manufacturers have retained a space of 330,000 square feet, and the United States comes next in order with 175,000. France and Germany, who are brisk competitors for Belgian trade, have bespoken 110,000 square feet each, while Great Britain has 60,000. Italy, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Norway, Sweden, Canada, and Peru also will be well represented. An extensive space in the park has been set aside for Eastern countries. Here will be found streets in Cairo and Constantinople, dancing and howling Derivishes, priests, caravans, and "fantasias," not to mention the Congo section, which will be remarkable not only for the products exhibited in a separate palace and dioramas showing the country, but also for the presence of a large number of natives chosen from the principal tribes of the future Belgian colony, and living in their habitual fashion. The crowning attraction of the exhibition will be the reproduction in fac simile of old Antwerp in the sixteenth century, which is to be a marvel of picturesque fidelity.

Experiments with Heilmann's electric locomotive in France developed a speed of sixty-seven miles an hour on an up grade.