THE FOUNDERED GALLEON.

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNRO.

[Copyright, 189, by the Authors.]

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, rather impatiently, "that our enterprise will not be anything in your line. You see, we're not going on the surface of the ocean only, but we intend to navigate our craft underneath it as well."

The visitor nodded gravely three or four times, receiving without the least trace of surprise this piece of information which had startled so many before him. His countenance remained as impassively wooden as it had been before.

"I doan' zee ez 'ow that matters, sur. I never bin on the water in my life, so I be just ez much at home underneath un ez I should be atop. I be a wonderful man to settle down, so they say. A year come next Martinmas I went into Taunton for a fortnight an in four days the strangeness had worn off altogether. Think of that now, zur!"

Miss Colepepper's choking attack became acute again at this point and necessitated remedial measures on the part of Guthrie.

"It's wonderful how some people can adapt themselves to circumstances," pronounced the doctor with perfect gravity. "Then you have thought this matter out thoroughly and are quite certain you wish to join?"

The farmer waited a minute or two to collect his thoughts. "I zeed un in the paper we get of Zaturdays," he declared at length slowly, "night after our Alderney calved it were, an that must be zummat about a month agone now, zur. I showed un to Abel, an Abel 'ee zez, 'Cain, thou be a blamed 'cool.' Tarrible 'ard mout'ed man, be my brother Abel, zur."

"Well," said the doctor, seeing that he paused for comment, "and so you worked it out by yourself and decided to venture?"

The farmer nodded. A faint, a very faint, smile flickered about his large plain face and its hamlike coloring deepened a trifle in tint.

"Me an Zusan Pierce. She was desprit set on it, was Zusan. It's her," he added, turning slowly round so as to face Dolly—"it's her I be keepin com'p'ny wi'. She's book learnt is Zusan, an she zez, 'Cain, thee go an make fortun' an then come back an thou shall marry I for thee paina.' Tarrible clever wench is Zusan, miss—'er I keeps com'p'ny wi'."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Woman at the bottom of it! Might have guessed that. Well, I can't decide this matter all on my own responsibility. You stay here, Cain. What's your name, while I go and discuss with my partner in the other room."

The farmer slowly nodded his large head, and then, when the doctor had gone, turned round again to Dolly. He did not speak. He only looked at her. But it was a most businesslike stare,

Captain Colepepper looked at the farmer.

and his little pig's eyes wandered over her from hair to slipper. People always did seem to have a confoundedly rude habit of staring at Miss Colepepper, thought Guthrie angrily; but, to tell the truth, she seemed rather to like it than otherwise. On this particular occasion, however, after she had been gazed at fixedly for five speechless minutes, she did hav the good taste to blush, and, turning away, began to examine one of the doctor's skeletons. Observing this sign of grace in the lady, Guthrie suddenly realized that the ordeal had been really somewhat a cruel one, and so he concluded that it was time to draw the farmer into conversation.

"Mr. Cain," he began—but the man interrupted him with a wave of one of his huge hands.

"Just Cain, if 'ee please, zur," he said. "Abel, 'ee be maister now, an zo 'ee be the maister in our varm."

This was disconcerting, and it was now Miss Colepepper's turn to come to the rescue. She plunged, therefore, into the topic of chickens and the enormous difficulty of rearing them (a subject of which she afterward confessed that she knew nothing), and very soon she managed to work the farmer up into quite an animated conversation. Before three minutes had passed he had given her an invitation to come down and stay a month at the farmhouse and assured her that, though Abel was a hard mouthed man to most of his species, he knew what was due to his betters and would behave as though it were Queen Victoria herself who was visiting him. In fact, Cain almost became voluble, which after events showed was a wonderful testimonial to Miss Dolly's powers.

When Dr. Tring returned, he brought his partner with him. Captain Colepepper looked at the farmer, said nothing for about a minute, and then, turning to the doctor, remarked shortly in an undertone, "No sailor, doctor, and never will be; but he'll do to turn that crank of yours."

"Then you think we had better accept the gentleman's offer?"

"Yes."

And thus Cain Laversha's name was written under that of Tom Jelly, and the ketch Eureka added another and surely the strangest specimen of all to her collection of nautical curios. No, Captain Colepepper was not proud of his crew.

But the captain, the doctor, the undergraduate, the two Jellys, the waiter and Cain Laversha made up only seven of a crew, and just now it was stated that there were eight. Who, then, was the other?

It was Miss Dolly Colepepper. As Dr. Tring had prophesied that she would, she claimed to benefit by the precedent which had been set up by their acceptance of Mrs. Jelly; if one woman was eligible, their arguments, she declared, fell to the ground. And so they might do as they pleased about giving her permission, for she meant to go! At this declaration her father fumed, the doctor demurred argumentatively, and Guthrie, with the mistaken daring of inexperience, ventured to support her application. She, in return, snubbed the undergraduate, laughed at the doctor and kissed her father, and that was the end of it. The opposition, though thoroughly disorganised, of course made a show of further resistance, but the young lady had her way, and perhaps, if the truth had been spoken, neither her father nor Dr. Tring was in his heart sorry that his authority was thus derided. And, as for the undergraduate, he was openly and shamelessly glad.

After all, Captain Colepepper remarked jesuitically to the doctor, Henrietta was a woman, and, as Dolly said, sh was accepted; so—

And then the sailor had the grace to blush, for his ally was actually laughing at him.

CHAPTER IV.

A JUGGERNAUT OF THE OCEAN.

The Eureka was rounding the island of Ushant and entering the bay of Biscay. So far wind and sea had both been on their best behavior, and the exhilaration which comes from the breathing of the strong, pure sea air had obviously laid its hold upon the two youngest members of the crew. Guthrie, with the ready hope of youth, had almost forgotten that a week ago he had walke by the seashore of Weston-super-Mare and had groaned aloud at the thought of the "shilling a day and pipeclay" which he had determined to face. Now his troubles were behind him, and before him he saw only hope and fortune. The Flat Holme light, which had beckoned him out westward, had been the true beacon after all.

As for Miss Dolly, she had no troubles, and so, having nothing to forget, she could afford to enjoy the happiness of the moment. And this, to tell the truth, she did thoroughly.

Dr. Tring, who was standing by the mainmast, smoking cigarettes in endless relays, watched the pair with an amused smile. The undergraduate was a complete novice in the matters of the sea, and so Miss Colepepper, who, as her father's pupil, could have given points to Mrs. Jelly herself in the knowledge of things nautical, was explaining the mysteries of "knots, bends and splices," and illustrating her lesson with deft manipulations of sundry pieces of rope end. Guthrie watched the nimble fingers admiringly and tried to copy, but his success was not overpowering, and when a particularly painstaking effort ended ignominiously in the production of a "granny," Miss Colepepper did not take the trouble to conceal her scorn.

"Doctor," she cried, throwing away the rope with a gesture of mock despair, "come here. My pupil is no credit to me. I shall have to resign the post of schoolmistress and hand him over to you."

"No," put in the culprit quickly, in low tones, "don't threaten to do that. I'll be diligent."

Dolly answered him with a glance, but said nothing; for the doctor, who had come up in obedience to her summons, was standing close behind her.

"Well, young people," said he, "enjoying yourselves, I see. Umph! No harm in that. This yachting weather's very pleasant, isn't it, Guthrie? Feeling all right, I suppose?"

"Rather!" answered the young man enthusiastically. "Why did I never go to sea before? A sailor's life seems to be all pleasure."

"No, not all, young man," answered Dr. Tring grimly. "There are such things as storms, you know, and," he added quietly, "every sailor isn't quite so lucky in his company as you seem to find yourself. And, talking of storms, I fancy by the look of the sunset that we're in for a stiffish blow tonight. The Eureka is dropping rather bigger courtesies to the waves than she did an hour ago. We shall have her shipping it green a bit presently, I expect. Isn't that so, Colepepper?"

"Yes," said the captain, who had joined the group, "you're right, doctor. It will be a case of 'all hands shorten sail' in another half hour if I know anything of the signs of the weather. Well, we shall have a chance of seeing how the Eureka behaves in a sea."

"Your watch all fit for duty, Colepepper, or has the tumbling found out the landsmen?"

The crew had been divided into watches immediately on getting clear of the crowded navigation of the Severn. The captain had taken the starboard watch himself, and had under him the farmer, the German waiter and Guthrie. Dr. Tring, who was officer of the port watch, had Jelly and his wife—either of them, in the matter of present usefulness, worth all the captain's trio put together. Miss Colepepper, though she had pleaded hard to be treated just like any other member of the crew, had not been appointed to either watch.

"The German is completely bowled over," replied Captain Colepepper gloomily. "Henrietta brought me word just now that he's down in the forepeak sick as a Dover to Calais tripper, and groaning like a small earthquake."

"Ah, he's a bad bargain, I'm afraid—a weakling; never make a sailor! And that un-Cainlike Cain—is he, too, stricken of the plague?"

"No; he's all right as regards the stowage of his holds," replied the captain. "He's far too phlegmatic to let a little jobble of sea upset his internal economy. But he has no sea legs whatever, and he showed me so plainly that he'd just tumble overboard at the very first good roll that I ordered him below out of harm's way. He was no good that I could see on deck, and I didn't want to have to dirty the first page of my logbook by entering, 'Hand lost overboard when abreast of Lundy.' So, so prevent accidents, I sent him below."

"Then are you going to let him stay there for the whole of the run?"

"More or less, doctor, yes. He'll never make a sailorman. He's too fat and bulky. It would take at least a couple of years to teach him how to use his weight on a rope. No; he'd never make a deckhand. So it's no use to try. But, all the same, I don't mean him to be a passenger. He'll have to turn to on cook and earn his salt that way. He'll know a trifle of that trade to start with, I dare say, and we'll soon drum the rest into him. Duff twice a week, boiled beef, hot and cold, tea and spuds is about the outside of our menoo, and it don't take much brains to rig up that. Keep her away another half point, Henrietta!"

"Keep her away it is, sir," squeaked Mrs. Jelly, who was at the tiller.

"So," continued the captain, turning to Guthrie, "as we've got a lame watch of it already, you'll have to do double duty, my lad; so mind you set to work and learn how it's to be done. May as well begin now. Go aft and take a trick at the helm. Henrietta'll teach you in half an hour how to steer a course, if you keep your wits about you."

With a brisk "Aye, aye, sir!" the young man went aft, and the captain called out to Tom Jelly to reeve an earring through the third cringle on the mainsail and then to unstop the reef tackle and overhaul it.

"It's going to be dirty, doctor," he said, "so we'll just get her snugged down at once, to be ready for it. Dolly, my lass, your place will be below for the next 48 hours or so, I'm thinking; so you'd best be seeing about getting out your needlework and novels in preparation."

"Mayn't I stay on deck, then?" asked Miss Colepepper in a tone of disappointment.

"No, Dolly. We shall have the seas breaking over her tonight, maybe, and I don't want you to get an arm broken or anything of that sort. Besides, if you were washed overboard, you would never have the spending of those Spanish dollars, would you, now?"

Dolly laughed. "Counting your chickens, dad," said she. "Well, I suppose I must go, but it's a shame, if there's going to be fun."

"Plucky!" muttered Dr. Tring beneath his breath. "But Colepepper's right."

Throughout the day the glass had been falling steadily, and that a heavy gale was approaching there could be no doubt. But the wind rose gradually, and there was plenty of time to put the ketch into dirty weather trim before she was pressed. About two hours after sundown the first black squall from the northeast struck her, but by Captain Colepepper's foresight she had already been eased of her top hamper, and under main trysail and a small jib only she was ready for it. This first squall soon exhausted itself, and there was a momentary lull, and then it came on to blow in real earnest. The sea rose fast, and the bluff bowed ketch was perpetually drenched with spindrift. She coursed over the watery ridge and furrow slantwise, with a fringe of yeasty surge bubbling and boiling round her forefoot, now creaming far away below the bobstay, now churning right over the sprithead.

Guthrie, who had been sent forward as a lookout, at first took his station alongside the bowsprit bitts, but as again and again sheets of solid green sprang over the weather bulwark, squirting down the collar of his oilskins and cutting his face and eyes like a sleet storm, he was driven to execute a short retreat. Floundering across the

Beyond the dim outline of the Eureka's bull there was little to be seen.

slippery deck, he fetched up against the fife rail of the mainmast, and, jamming his shoulders in between a couple of halyards, recommenced his scrutiny.

Beyond the dim outline of the Eureka's bull and rigging there was little to be seen. There was faint suggestion of hoary wave crests with deep valleys of ink between them. All else was blotted out by the rain, which was not falling perpendicularly, but driving straight along in thin sheets, like so much solid plate glass. Looking to leeward he found was comparatively easy. He did not see much, it is true, but the process of trying to see did not hurt. A glance over the weather bow was a different matter; for there he met the full force of the storm, and the driving rain and drifting scud stung him like nettles. An older hand would not have minded it, perhaps, but Guthrie's skin was still tender and smarted painfully under the unaccustomed assaults of the ocean. Dr. Tring was certainly quite right when he declared that a sailor's life was not all pleasure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Marvels of the Modern Locomotive.

It all sounds simple in the recital. The wonder of the thing comes into view only when one reflects on the speed and nicety with which cumbrous parts are made to do their duty. The piston and connecting bar of a modern locomotive weighs some six hundred pounds. When the speed is sixty miles an hour these parts travel back and forth five times a second. Ten times a second, at the end of every stroke, the piston head is at rest. It must pass from this condition to a velocity of 1,800 feet per minute in one-twelfth of a second. The drive wheels measure more than a rod at every revolution, but when going sixty miles an hour they must turn mere than three hundred times a minute.

Sixty miles an hour is the merest common place to the mind of the up-to-date railroad man, but it means other things besides those described that are wonderful to the outsider. It means a steam pressure blow of twenty tons on each piston head every tenth of a second. It means that up in the cab the fireman is throwing into the furnace two-thirds of a ton of coal every hour; No. 900 burns coal faster than two men can mine it. It means two quarts of oil every hour to keep her journal boxes greased and everything running smoothly. It means that the engine with its half dozen cars and load of human freight is moving through space with twice the power of a shot from a hundred ton gun. It means that the engineer has worked her up to the point where she can use every ounce of steam, that he is coaxing her as a jockey urges his mount in a fierce race, and yet it means that he is ready at a second's notice to move the reversing lever and apply the air brakes that will stop the mighty steam avalanche within the distance that it covers as it sands on the tracks.—Earl W. Mayo, in the November Ainslee's.

Alpine Climbing in the Pantry.

—New York Journal.

Cold Water a Stimulant.

According to a high authority, cold water is a valuable stimulant to many, if not all people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. It has been known to raise the pulse from 76 to over a hundred.

FARM HOGS.

How This Class of Stock May Be Rapidly Improved.

This class of stock can be improved more rapidly than any other on the farm, says J. W. Jamison of Ohio in The National Stockman. Three steps are necessary to accomplish this most rapidly. These are selection, feeding and purchase. Every farm herd can be improved in part or in all of these ways.

Purchase alone amounts to little without the others. Nor can selection and feed do it all. Where the custom is to feed corn almost exclusively as the grain ration the hogs are sure in time to lack in bone. Their bones gradually become smaller with each succeeding generation. Selection cannot wholly overcome this. Some farmers try to overcome it by purchase, but this is not wholly satisfactory and fails to a great extent. We have long since found that the best way to secure an abundance of bone is to grow it. There are good reasons for this—the animals are more thrifty; again, we cannot get satisfactory weights without plenty of bone.

In the matter of selection, the best should be retained. The best in this case means those showing the greatest thrift and that have made the most rapid growth. Rapid growth is the most important characteristic to establish in a herd, and this cannot be done by selling those growing fastest and retaining the slow growers.

When the farmer has good stock to start with, it is only necessary to buy males to introduce new blood. The sow can always be selected on the farm. In fact, this is a better place to do it than on some other man's farm. In our own case we would not expect to purchase a class of sows as satisfactory as what we now have, that we have worked years to develop.

We are not in favor of the practice of cleaning up the farm of all home grown stock every few years and purchasing entirely new. This is not the most satisfactory way to secure improvement. However, it may be the best practice for some men that make a practice of letting their hog stock "run out," as it is termed. "Run out" is the result of bad feeding, selection and too close breeding. The "running out" system of management is not profitable. The building up of a herd should yield an increasing profit. The cost of males to improve a farm herd should not deter the farmer from making the purchase.

A Long Maned Wonder.

The long maned horse Linus II, owned by J. K. Rutherford, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., is a golden chestnut, with mane and tail nearly white. The mane is double and reaches down and out on the ground about four feet on

LINUS II.

both sides. The tail reaches out on the ground about ten feet. Horse stands about 16 hands and weighs 1,300 pounds. Ordinarily his hair is kept braided and looped up with bags made to fit the loops drawn over them and fastened so his hair does not interfere with his movements. He is of beautiful form, high spirited, but kind and affectionate. He becomes very much attached to his groom and those who attend him.

Raising Hares.

A new industry has just been established in Indiana by Nathan Meyer, a prominent manufacturer, and his associates. The concern is regularly incorporated under the title of the Wabash Belgian Hare Breeding and Importing company. The company will undertake to import large numbers of the animals from Europe and will propagate them on an 80 acre farm leased for the express purpose. A 10 acre tract has been set apart for the breeding grounds and range, and a well built rabbit house, 16 by 200 feet, has been erected to shelter the hares in bad weather. The 10 acres are surrounded by a high and closely woven wire fence, and as the business grows the range will be enlarged. Already 300 fine hares have been placed on the farm, and Herman Wolf, an agent, is now in Europe purchasing more, which will be shipped over this fall. Mr. Meyer says that when the company gets under way it will raise 1,000,000 hares a year, the market for the same being found here, where the fine fur is used in making crush hats. The hair suitable for these hats is high priced and difficult to obtain. The promoters expect to derive great profit from the industry.

RUSH OF THE WHEEL.

A Thanksgiving Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

ALL HONOR TO THE INVENTORS.

In Domestic Life the Wheel Has Caused a Great Revolution—The Work of the Wheel in the Agricultural, Industrial and Literary Worlds.

Washington, Nov. 26.—The discourse of Dr. Talmage is a sermon of preparation for the national observance of this week and in an unusual way calls for the gratitude of the people; the text, Ezekiel x, 13, "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel."

Next Thursday will, by proclamation of President and Governor, be observed in thanksgiving for temporal mercies. With what spirit shall we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. M think it will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop, and author's study by those who never wore an epaulet or shot a Spanlard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. And now I call your attention to the wheel of the text.

Man, a small speck in the universe, was set down in a big world, high mountains rising before him, deep seas arresting his pathway, and wild beasts capable of his destruction, yet he was to conquer. It was not to be by physical force, for compare his arm with the ox's horn and the elephant's tusk, and how weak he is! It could no be by physical speed, for compare him to the ostrich's foot and ptarmigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to soar or plunge, for the condor beats him in one direction and the porpoise in the other. Yet he was to conquer the world. Two eyes, two hands, and two feet were insufficient. He must be re-enforced, so God sent the wheel.

In domestic life the wheel has wrought revolution. Behold the sewing machine. It has shattered the housewife's bondage and prolonged woman's life and added immeasurable advantages to her work. It has had punctured the eyes and pierced the eyes and made terrible massacre. To prepare the garments of a whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for winter was an exhausting process. "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" Thomas Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agonizing prose.

Slain by the sword, we buried the hero with "Dead March in Saul," and flags at half mast. Slain by the needle, no one knew it but the household in that watched her health giving away. The winter after that the children were ragged and cold and hungry or in the almshouse. The hand that wielded the needle had forgotten its cunning. Soul and body had parted at the seam. The thimble had dropped from the palsied finger. The thread of life had snapped and let a suffering human life drop into the grave. The spool was all unwound. Her sepulcher was dugged, not with sexton's spade, but with a sharper and shorter instrument—a needle.

Besides all the sewing done for the household at home, there are hundreds of thousands of sewing women. The tragedy of the needle is the tragedy of hunger and cold and insult and homesickness and suicide—five acts.

But I hear the rush of a wheel. Women puts on the band and adjusts the instrument, puts her foot on the treadle and be is. Before the whir and rattle, pleurisies, consumptions, headaches, backaches, heartaches, ar headaches, backaches, heartaches are routed. The needle, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slave—roll and rumble and roar until the family wardrobe is gathered, and winter is defied, and summer is welcomed, and the ardours and severities of the seasons are overcome, winding the bobbin, threading the shuttle, tucking, quilting, ruffling, cording, embroidering, underbraiding, set to music; lock stitch, twist-ed hoop stitch, crochet stitch, a fascinating ingenuity.—All honors to the memory of Alsop and Duncan and Greenough and Singer and Wilson and Grover and Wilcox for their efforts to emancipate woman from the slavery of toil! But, more than that, let there be monumental commemoration of Elias Howe, the inventor of the first complete sewing machine. What it has saved of sweat and tears God only can estimate. In the making of men's and boys' clothing in New York City in one year it saved $7,500,000, and in Massachusetts, in the making of boots and shoes, in one year it saved $7,000,000.

Secondly, I look into the agricultural world to see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the stalks of wheat and oats, the one bread for man, the other bread for horses. Cost off and with a cradle made out of five or six fingers of wood and one of sharp steel, the harvester went across the field, stroke after stroke, perspiration rolling down forehead and cheek and chest, head blistered by the consuming sun and lip parched by the consuming August air, at noon the workmen lying half dead under the trees. One of my most painful boyhood memories is that of my father in harvest time reeling from exhaustion over the door-step, too tired to eat, pale and fainting as he sat down. The grain brought to the barn, the sheaves were unbound and spread on a thrashing floor, and two men with flails stood opposite each other, hour after hour and day after day, pounding the wheat out of the stalk. Two strokes and then a cessation of sound. Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, thump! Pounded once, and then turned over to be ponded again, slow, very slow. The hens cackled and clucked by the door and picked up the loose grains and the horses half asleep and dozing over the mangers where the hay had been.

But hark to the buzz of wheels in the distance! The farmer has taken his throne on a reaper. He once walked; now he rides; once worked with arm of flesh, now with rod of iron. He starts at the end of the wheatfield, heads his horses to the opposite end of the field, then rides on. At the stroke of his iron chariot the gold of the grain is surrendered. The machine rolling this way and rolling that, this way and that, until the work which would have been accomplished in many days is accomplished in a few hours, the grainfield prostrate before the harvesters.

Can you imagine anything more beautiful than the sea island cotton? I take up the unmelted snow in my hand. How beautiful it is! But do you know by what painstaking and tedious toil it passed into anything like practicality? If you examined that cotton you would find it full of seeds. It was a severe process by which the seed was to be extracted from the fiber. Vast populations were leaving the south because they could not make any living out of this product. One pound of green seed cotton was all that a man could prepare in one day, but Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts Yankee, woke up, got a handful of cotton, and went to constructing a wheel for the parting of the fiber and the seed.

Teeth on cylinders, brushes on cylinders, wheels on wheels, which Carolina gave him $50,000 for his invention, and instead of one man taking a whole day to prepare a pound of cotton for the market now he may prepare three hundred weight, and the south is enriched, and the commerce of the world is revolutionized, and over 8,000,000 bales of cotton were prepared in this country last year, while in this country 14,300,000 spindles, employing 270,000 hands and enlisting $281,400,000 of capital.

When I see coming forth from this cotton production and cotton manufacture enough cloth to cover the nakedness of a nation, and enough spool thread to sew every rent garment, and enough hosiery to warm the shivering feet, and enough cordage to fly the sails of all the shipping, and enough wadding to supply the guns of all the American sportsmen.

Thirdly, I look to see what the wheel has done for the travelling world. No one can tell how many noble and self-sacrificing inventors have been crushed between the cogs of the wheel and the modern locomotive, between the paddle and the ocean steamer.

I will not enter into the controversy as to whether John Fitch or Robert Fulton or Thomas Somerset was the inventor of the steamboat. They all suffered and were martyrs of the wheel, and they shall be honored. John Fitch wrote:

The 21st of January, 1873, was the fatal time of bringing me into existence. I know of nothing so perplexing and vexatious to a man of feeling as a turbulent world and assemblies building. I experienced the former and quit in season, and had I been in my right senses I should undoubtedly have treated the latter in the same manner; but, for one man to be teased with both, he must be looked upon as the most unfortunate man in the world.

Surely John Fitch was in a bad predicament. If the steamboat built, he did not blow him up, his wife would. In all ages there are those to prophesy the failure of any useful invention. You do not know what the inventors of the day suffer. When it was proposed to light London with gas, Sir Humphry Davy, the great philosopher, said that he should as soon think of cutting a slice from the moon and setting it upon a pole to light the city. Through all abuse and ogricature, Fitch and Fulton went until yonder the wheel is in motion, and the Clermont, the first steamboat, is going up the North river, running the distance—hold your breath while I tell you—from New York in 32 hours. But the steamboat wheel multiplied its velocities until the Lucania of the Cunard and the Majestic of the White Star line and the Kaiser Wilhelm of the North German Lloyd line cross the Atlantic ocean in six days or less, communication between the two countries so rapid and so constant that whereas once those who had been to Europe took no airs for the rest of their mortal lives—and to me for many years the most disagreeable man I could meet was the man who had been to Europe, despising all American pictures and American music and American society because they had seen European pictures and heard European music and mingled in European society—now a transatlantic voyage is so common that a sensible man could no more boast of it than if he had been to New York or Boston.

What a difference between John Fitch's steamboat, 60 feet long, and the Oceanic, 704 feet long! The ocean wheel turns swifter and swifter, filling up the distance between the hemispheres and hastening the time spoken of in the Book of Revelation when there shall be no more sea.

While this has been doing on the water James Watt's wheel has done so much on the land. How well I remember Sanderson's stagecoach, running from New Brunswick to Easton, as he drove through Somerville, N.J., turning up to the post-office and dropping the mail bags with ten letters and two or three newspapers. Sanderson himself on the box, 6 feet 2 inches and well proportioned, long lash whip in his hand, the reins of six horses in the other, the "leaders" lathered along the lines of the traces, foam dripping from the bits!

It was the event of the day when the stage came. It was our highest ambition to become a stage driver. Some of the boys climbed on the great leathern boot of the stage, and those of us who could not get on shouted "Cut behind!" I saw the old stage driver not long ago and I expressed to him my surprise that one around whose head I had seen a halo of glory in my boyhood time was only a man like the rest of us. Between Sanderson's stagecoach and a Chicago express train what a difference, all the great cities of the nation strung on an iron thread of railways!

While the world has been rolling on the eight wheels of the rail car or the four wheels of the carriage or the two wheels of the gig it was not until 1876, at the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, that the miracle of the nineteenth century rolled in—the bicycle. The world could not believe its own eyes, and not until quite far on in the eighties were the continents enchanted with the whirling, flashing, dominating spectacle of a machine that was to do so much for the pleasure, the business, the health and the profit of nations. The world had needed it for 6,000 years. Man's slowness of locomotion was a mystery. Was it of more importance that the reindeer or the eagle rapidly exchanged jungles or crags than that man should get swiftly from place to place? Was the business of the bird or the roebuck more urgent than that of the incarnated immortal? No. At last we have the obliteration of distance by pneumatic tire. At last we have wings. And what has this invention done for woman? The cynics and constitutional growlers would deny her this emancipation and say, "What better exercise can she have than a broom or a duster or a churn or rocking a cradle or running up and down stairs or a walk to church with a prayer book under her arm?" And they rather rejoice to find her disabled with broken pedal or punctured tire half way out to Cheny Chase or Coney Island. But all sensible people who know the tonic of fresh air and the health in deep respiration and the awakening of disused muscles and the exhilaration of velocity will rejoice that wife and mother and daughter may have this new recreation. Indeed life to so many is so hard a grind that I am glad at the arrival of any new mode of healthful recreation. We need have no anxiety about this invasion of the world's stupidity by the vivacious and laughing and jubilant wheel, except that we always want it to roll in the right direction, towards place of business, towards good recreation, toward philanthrophy, towards usefulness, towards places of divine worship, and never towards immorality or Sabbath desecration.

Fourthly, I look into the literary world and see what the wheel has accomplished. I am more astonished with this than with anything that has preceded. Behold the almost miraculous printing press! Do you not feel the ground shake with the machinery of the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and western papers? Some of us remember when the hand ink roller was run over the cylinder and by great haste 800 copies of the village newspaper were issued in one day and no lives lost. But invention has crowded invention, and wheel jostled wheel, stereotyping electrotyping, taking their places. Benjamin Franklin's press giving way to the Lord Stanhope press, and the Washington press and the Victory press and the Hoe perfecting press have been set up. Together with the newspapers comes the publication of innumerable books of history, of poetry, of romance, of art, of travel, of biography, of religion, dictionaries, encyclopedias and Bibles. Some of those presses send forth the most accursed stuff, but the good predominates. Turn on with wider sweep and greater velocity, O wheel—wheel of light, wheel of civilization, wheel of Christianity, wheel of divine momentum!

At different times in Europe they have tried to get a congress of kings at Berlin or at Paris or at St. Petersburg, but it has always been a failure. Only a few kings have come. But on this imaginary platform that I have built we have a convention of all the kings—King Corn, King Cotton, King Rice, King Wheat, King Oats, King Iron, King Coal, King Silver, King Gold—they all bow before the King of Kings, to whom be all the glory of this year's wonderful production.

"The test of selfishness is not to forget ourselves - it is to remember others."
Would it not be kind to tell your friends about Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea?

CORUNDUM DEPOSITS.

A Valuable Mineral Which is Being Mined in Ontario.

Dr. Adams gave an interesting address on the corundum mines of Ontario, a subject which bears great interest in the present state of Canadian mines, before the McGill Mining Society.

Corundum is an article of great use in the industrial world, having very high abrasive powers, and being used instead of emery as a grinding material. Emery is, in fact, but an impure, and consequently much inferior grade of corundum, the impurities in emery being much softer than the corundum.

Up to a short time ago, he said, corundum was very little used, as the expense of its mining, and its rarity kept its price too high for general use. But the deposits in Ontario are of much value, and are so easily worked that it is hoped that in future it will be placed on the market at a more reasonable price.

Corundum is a compound of aluminum, and is of the same material as the saphire and ruby, and is, in fact, but a poor member of the same family as these stones, and lacking their brilliant colors. It was mined several years back, but at present is only mined in America in one place, in North Carolina, and here the process is carried on only in a very slipshod way, and very little is accomplished. This deposit is found in the Appalachian mountain range which runs through the eastern townships of Quebec, and as the rock formation is the same in that place as in North Carolina, there is every reason to believe that corundum exists there also, though it has never yet been discovered.

The Ontario deposits lie north of Kingston, and cover a large area. The corundum occurs along with mica and other substances. It is tamped up into powder, and separated from the rest of the rock by washing, its weight being much greater than that of the other constituents of the rock. The deposits have only recently been discovered, and are as yet almost undeveloped.

The large Toronto firm is starting to develop some of the deposits, which they have purchased from the Government. The specimens so far tested have proven fully rich enough to be well worth developing, and the extent of the deposits is probably quite large, though that has not been thoroughly investigated yet. There is no impediment in the development of these mines at present. They are easily mined, rich in the mineral, and are conveniently situated, so that transportation will be cheap.

With the discovery of the corundum deposits in such pure condition, has arisen the somewhat vague hope that its more precious relations, the ruby and the saphire, might also be found in the same region, and this has led to considerable investigation. In some places corundum has been found, which shows plainly the blue line of the saphire, but as yet no real gems have been discovered.

Intemperance and Poverty.

Between intemperance and poverty there is a twofold relation. Drink causes poverty and poverty often drives a man to drink. It is impossible to even approximate the number of "poor" people for whose poverty liquor is responsible; but the number of paupers (people who are supported by the taxpayers) produced by drink can, to a certain extent, be fairly estimated. The New York Voice recently sent the following question to the almshousekeeper in each of the 284 counties of the United States: "In your opinion what proportion of your almshouse came there, directly or indirectly, through the use or abuse of intoxicating liquor, either on the part of themselves or some one else?" From the 816 replies received, it is shown that fifty-one per cent. of the inmates of that number of almshouses became paupers through drink. As the number of persons wholly, or partially, a public charge upon the nation is estimated to be 3,000,000, it follows, upon this basis, that there are to-day 1,530,000 persons dependent wholly or partially upon the taxpayers of our country for the common necessaries of life. As the Voice pertinently comments, there are many unpreventable causes of poverty and pauperism, but the most prolific cause—the saloon — is preventable. Common sense therefore calls for its abolition.

The Cavalry Horse Not Yet Obsolete.

One of the important facts developed during the progress of the war in South Africa is that horses are as useful as ever for war purposes. It was thought that the development of arms of precision would render cavalry practically useless in modern war. It is found, however, that cavalry is still useful as cavalry, that is, for charging broken infantry, and that it is simply invaluable for scouting purposes and for the rapid movement of large bodies of men which may be used either on foot or horseback, as circumstances determined. Instead of horses being less used for the purpose of war than formerly they are more likely to be used to a greater extent than ever before. This will have an important bearing on the future prospects of the industry of raising horses in Canada.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.

The individual who robs Peter to pay Paul usually strikes Paul for a larger loan later.

NORTH BRUCE NOW.

Soon There Won't be a Leg Left for Diabetes to Stand on.

All Over the Country Diabetes is Being Vanquished by Dodd's Kidney Pills

—Thomas Brooks, of North Bruce, This Is One—His Case Required Two Dozen Boxes.

North Bruce, Nov. 20.—However it is in other parts of Ontario this big toe of the province knows the value of Dodd's Kidney Pills for Diabetes. It was not so long ago that Diabetes was considered incurable throughout Bruce County. Anyone who contracted Diabetes, or its twin malady, Bright's Disease, were given up as hopeless by physicians and friends. And some of the most prosperous, popular and influential men in Bruce have been carried off by Diabetes.

Seldom, indeed, nowadays is a death from Diabetes in this district. Dodd's Kidney Pills are too well-known here for that. Diabetes is cured before it advances to a dangerous degree generally, though there have been cases where prejudiced people, trying everything under the sun before resorting to Dodd's Kidney Pills, have been snatched from the edge of the grave by their use.

The case of Mr. Thomas Brooks, of North Bruce, belongs somewhat to this latter class. Mr. Brooks says: "I was troubled with Diabetes. I consulted a doctor, but he could not help me. I have also used other medicines, but got no relief. I have used two dozen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am completely cured. I can highly recommend this medicine above all others. Two years ago I could not look up to the top of a building, my back was so bad. Now I can stoop and bend with ease. The doctors wanted to perform an operation, but I would not allow this. Dodd's Kidney Pills are better than doctors."

An Excellent Savory Dish.

Such dishes as beef or veal olives are attractive and palatable. Sufficient meat for them may be purchased for a single meal; in fact, it is true of all stews; but broils and roasts are not good when small. Beef olives are strips of thin red steak with a small piece of suet or bacon rolled or tied within. These are first browned in a little suet and then stewed slowly until tender—about one hour—in a brown sautee made by adding two tablespoonfuls of flour to the fat in which they were browned. After mixing, add a pint of hot water and a seasoning of onion, bay leaf, salt and pepper.—Ladies' Home Journal.

That tired, languid feeling, and indisposition to effort of any sort will be rapidly removed by the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills.