IN TWO CHAPTERS - CHAPTER I.

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fidence.

Miss Martha Mercable, a spinster lady of ved during ice-and fifty, is the last of her race. Her bly brother Mr. Clement Marrable, never 9,600, maki parried, and died twenty years ago at The assuran Buden. Baden, whither he had gon a to drink \$6,779 565. he waters; . nd her two sisters, Maria and able. itis, although they il marry, did not to become middle-aged women. The Maria. after becoming the wife of Lington Larkspur, of the firm of Serip, Lukipir, and Company, bankers, of Threadedle Street, gave birth to a single child, jaughter, who was named Lucy; and the onger, Lacitia, having been led to the ar by Mr. S. ptimus Allerton, of the firm well shown Allerton, Bord, and Benedict, brokers, of make Line, presented her husband with vingirls, of whom one only-and she was Miled Amy-survived her extreme infancy. is therefore not astonishing that Miss irtha Marrable, a well-to-do woman withfamily ties, is exceedingly fond of the aughters of her two dead sisters. She gally has them to stay with her at least) rice a year, -once in the early summer at autumn at the seaside, or in Italy. wher she goes occasionally, accompanied Lathe great wonder of the foreigners-by regrier, a man servant, two maids, eleven and a green parrot. And as she is kind to her nieces, and denies them otting, it is not surprising that they are ally as fend of her as she is of them. But Martha Marrable is growing old; hereas Miss Lucy Larkspur and Miss Amy theren are both young, and intend to resin so for some years to come. It is not, refefore, to be expected that the three wies should invariably think exactly alike all subjects. And mored, I am happy to at that there are not many women who do mee with Miss Marrable upon all questions; although she is as good hearted an old minster as ever breathed, she is, unfortunaev. a man-hater. I have looked into the dictionary to see

ist the verb "to hate" signifies, and I find it means "to despise," or to dislike inesely." Let it not, however, be supposed tat the word "man-hater" is a stronger one ought to be applied to Miss Marrable; glam really not quite certain that it is altogether strong enough. She regards men sinterior animals, and looks down upon mem with lofty contempt. "Who," she once said to her piece Lucy, "has turned the world upside down, fi led it with poverty nd unhappiness, and deluged it with blood? is Man, Lucy. If woman had always overned the earth, we should have had no Borgias, no Judge Jefferise, no Bonspartes, and no Nana Sahits." And yet Miss Martha Marrable can never see a agarant begging in the street without giving him alms. The truth is, that although she detests and despises man, she pities him; at as she pities the poor idiot whom she ametimes aces grinning and gibbering by

be wayside in Italy. These being her sentiments Miss Marrable manot, of course, many male acquaintances. me is on good, but not affectionate, terms with her widowed brothers in-law, Mr. Lugton Larkspur and Mr. Septimus Allermuch larg in. She cuce a year invites her man of was point insiness, Mr. John Bones, of Cook's Court, ress is ke dine with her and them in Grosvenor Meet; and she is civil to the rector of her arish, add to the medical man whom she e before totald call in to attend her in case of illness. et Mr. Larkspur once told Mr. Allerton tat this feminine dragen had had a violent are-affair when she was nineteen; and Mr. lerton—whose connection with the Marable family is of much more recent date mes for can that of Lucy's father—actually declarthat he could well believe it. If, howends of ther, Miss Marrable did have a love affair aner youth, I am rot inclined at this time ime of day to cast it as a reproach in her beth. Boys will be boys; and girls, I sup-Me, will be girls, though they may live to He the error of their ways, and be none the Forse for their follies. One thing is certain. that is, that at the present time, and ronto Glo rat least five and twenty years past, Miss artha Marrable has ceased to dream of the Finder passion. She still occasionally talks

riguely of going up the Nile, or of visiting Yellowstone Region, ere she dies she never contemplates the pcs ss Corn getting married; and lelieve that she would as soon think of id therefor ilowing a man to believe that she regarded im with anything but polite aversion, as th wrapped the would think of going into business as a "teeple-jack, and learning to stand on one on the top of the cross at the summit of L. Paul's Cathedral.

And yet Miss Martha Marrable was last far the heroine of a terrible scandal; and Stomach any of her misanthropic female friends have erer since been able to completely believe r professions of hatred of man. The affair ans abroat lise to many whispers, and was even, eft at home inderstand, guardedly alluded to, with just virtuous deprecation, in the columns of ced to a Woman's Suffrage Journal, as a terrible ne Triang out happily rare instance of womanly weak. less and trivolity; and since the true story ee corner as never been told, I feel that it is only ir to tell it, and by telling it, to defend man as Marrable from the dastardly charges cent litt reputation for good sense and unflinching contempt of the rougher sex.

Towards the end of August, Miss Marrable her two nieces left London for North Wales, and after a long and tiresome jour-Jey, reached Abermaw, in Merionethshire, and took rooms at the Cors y Gedol Hotel. they were accompanied, as usual, by the to, which maids and the green parrot; but the is cel courier and the man servant, being males, Having and their services not being imperatively required, they were left behind in London. had just celebrated her twenty-third orthday, and Amy was just about to celetate her twenty-first; and—although I am forry to have to record it—I am by no means atonished that they were both in love. tacy, during the whole of the previous had been determinedly flirting with Rhod gning young art's; named Robert Rhodes; and Amy, younger and less exon an er cousin, had been carying Jelli more sen imentally, with Mr. Vivian lound to who, being heir to a baronetcy, that hat position so arduous and fatiguing, that he was quite unfitted for any active oc-Mas Most of a laborious character. Of course Had al Marrable knew nothing of these affairs. had she suspected them, she would perhaps have not taken her nieces with her to Aber. water for it happened that at that very

ladies the two mai's and the green pirrot arrived. But no for s g it on M ss Marrable's part could have pevented Mr. Robert Rhodes from fo'lowing Lucy to North Wales That adventurous artist had made up his mind to spend the antumn in M ss Lark. por's neig aborhood; and even it M ss Martable had carried off her eldest niece to Timbuctoo or the Society Islands, Mr. Rhodes would have g. n : after the pair by the n-xt train, steamooas, dil gence, or caravan avail-

Upon the morning, ther fore, after M'ss Mariable's arrival at Abermaw, she and her nieces were comfortably irs alled at the Cors y Gedol Hotel; while at the Red Goat, cles; by, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and Vivian occupied rooms on the first floor, and Mr. Rhou s had a bed room on the third.

In the course of that afternoon, Miss Martha Marcable occupied by her nieces. and felowed at a re-peciful distance by the two maids, walked in the surshine upon the hard sancs that stretch, for I do not know how many hundred yards at low water, between the rocky hils behind the little town and the margin of Cardig in Bay. The weather was hot and sultry, and the unrippled sea looked like molten lead in the glare. Much exercise was therefore out of the question; and ere long, tho three ladies house in Grosvenor Street; and once in | sit down on the seaward side of a rush grown sandhill to read, leaving the two n aic's to stroll farther if they chose to do so, and to explore at their leisure the unaccustomes wonders of the seashore.

M ss Martha having arranged her sunshade to her satisfaction. opened a little volume on The Rights of the slaves of England, while Lucy devoted herself to one of "Ouida's" novels, and Amy plunged deep into Keats. In five minutes The Rights of the Slaves of England fell heavily to the sand; and in three minutes more, Miss Marrable was emitting sounds which, but that I know her to be a woman who has no weakness, I should call snores From that moment, Lucy and Amy, as if by common consent, read no more.

"Lucy," said Amy mysteriously to her cousin, "I have seen him." "So have I," said Lucy.

"What a curious coincidence!" "Not at all. He told me that he intended to follow vs."

"What! Vivian told you?" "O no! Bother Vivian! You are always

thinking of Vivian, I mean Robert." "He here too!" exclaimed Amy. "I meant Vivian. I saw him half an nour ago,

with his father." "Well, I advise you not to let Aunt Martha know too much," said Lucy. "If she suspec's anything, she will take us

back to London this atternoon." Miss Marrable murmured uneasily in her sleep. A fly had settled on her chin. "Hush," exclaimed the girls in unison, and

then they were silent. Not long afterwards, they caught sight of two young men who were walking arm-inarm along the sand, a couple of hundred

yards away. "Look! There they are!" whispored Lucy. "Aunt must not see them. We must go and warn them." And, steathily accompanied by her cousin, she crept away from Mi's Marrable, and ran towards the

approaching figures. I need not describe the greetings that ensued. Such things are the common places of seaside encounters between young men and young women who have likings for each and times. Suffice it to say that, a few minutes later, Lucy and Robert were sitting together under the shadow of a bathing machine, while Amy and Vivian were confidentially talking nonserse a dozen yards off. More than half an hour elapsed ere the girls returned to Miss Marrable; but fortunately the excellent spinster was still murmuring sleep ly at the fly on her chin; and when sne awoke, she had no .s spicion that she had been deserted by her charg s. As she walked back with them to the hotel, nevertheless, as if with a strange intuitive comprehension of danger in the air, she held for in to them up in her favorite topic—the unfathomable baseness of man; and gravely warned them against ever allowing themselves even for a single moment to entertain any feeling, save one of polite aversion to the hated sex.

Thus matters went on for a week or more, Lucy and Amy meeting their lovers every day in secret, and M ss Marratle suspecting nothing. Although she knew Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son, she treated them whenever she encountered them, with such freezing courtesy, that they did not seek her society. As for Robert Rhodes, she did not know him; and he therefore escaped her lofty slights.

But in due time a crisis arrived; and in order that the full bearings of the situation may be properly understood, I must briefly explain the character of Miss Martha Mar-

rable's undutiful nieces. Lucy Larkspur has but little romance in her composition; she has strong feelings, not much sentiment; and she is one of those g rls who are perfectly op n with their neart. She loved Robert Rhodes, and, as she knew quite well that he also loved her, she made no secret to him of her affection for him. Amy Allerton, on the other hand, is, and always has been, sentimentally inclined. She believes, rightly or wrongly, that it is a very charming thing

Let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek ;

and she would as soon have thought of permitting Vivian Jellicoe to think that she loved him, as of attempting to win and woo the Sultan of Turkey. The consequence was that Mirs Marrable, who fondly imagined that she knew all the thoughts of ner elder niece, trusted her much more than she trusted her younger. She regarded Lucy as an open book that might be ess ly read, an i Amy as a kind of oracular voice that, while saying and appearing to say one thing, might mean exactly the opposite. Miss Marrable was destined to discover that she was to same extent wrong in her estimate, so far, at all events, as Lucy was concerned; and her discovery of her error was, I grieve to say, accompanied by a good deal of pain and mortification.

Ten days had passed; and the two pair of lovers had made considerable progress. Amy, it is true, had not declared hers. If to Vivian, who, being a bashful young man, had, perhaps not pressed her suficiently; but Lucy and Robert understood one another completely, and were secretly engaged to be married at the earliest opportunity. Vivian's bashfulness could not, however, endure for an unlimited time. One morning, he and Amy found themselves together on the rocks Watering Place, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his behind the town, and the opportunity being favourable, he serewed up his courage, toli

her that he had never loved any one but her; and obtained a coyly given promise that she would be his.

Natures like Amy's when they once take fire, often burn rapidly. On Monday she hecame engaged to Vivian Jellicoe; on Tuesday, Vivian begged her to name a day for the wedding, and s e refused; and on Wednesday, Vivian, knowing the peculiar sentiments of Miss Martha Marrable, and doubtful also, perhaps, whether his father would not throw in pe liments in the way of his early mair age, pr posed an elopement;

and Amy, with some hesitation, cors nted. When she returned from her secret meet. ing with her lover, she of course confided her plan to her cousin. "How foolish you are," said Lucy; "you know that your world: and you will make an enemy of

"But she would never agree to our marry. ing, if we consult her," objected Amy; "and if she knew anythir g of our plans, I am sure that soo would manage to frustrate them. She is a dear ol 1 thing but-We'l, she is peculiar on these points."

"I have tell you what I think," said Lucy, with an assumption of wisdom that was perhaps warranted by her seperior age. "Don't be foolish."

But Amy was already beyond the influence of counsel. She persisted in her intention, and even claimed Lucy's sympathy and as istance, which of course, Lucy could not ultimately withhell.

Ere an elopement can be successfully carried out, in the face especially of the jealous watchfulness of a man-nating spinster lady of middle age, numerous preparations have to be made; and in the case of Vivian and Amy, the making of these preparations involved correspondence. Amy, therefore, bribed one of her aunt's maios to act as a go-between; and the maid in question, with a fidelity that is rare, and at the same time a treachery that, I fear, is common in her kind, promptly carried Vivian's first letter to her mistress.

Miss Martha Marrable without scruple tore open the envelope and angrily perused its contents. "My own Amy," ran the audacious communication-"Let us settle, then, to go on Wednesday. At nine o'clock in the evening, a carriage and pair shall be ready to take us to Harlech, where you can stay for the night with the Joneses, who are old friends of ours; and on Thursday by mid-day we shall be married, and, I trust, never afterwards parted again. We can arrange the details between this and then. But write, and tell me that you agree.

Your ever devoted VIVIAN."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Whale with Fine Whiskers. A whale measuring fifty feet nine inches long and twelve feet four inches through tale nine feet across, got ashore recently on the south inside shore of Pungoteague creek, Accomac county, Virginia. Five fishermen attacked the monster by shooting and chopping it. They secured it with two anchors, which were fastened to the leviathan by ropes passed through holes cut in his flesh. Its captors were at work about the whale for several hours, during which time the the animal from its captivity, and it moved away, carrying the cables and anchors with it. No more was seen of it until the following Monday, when it was discovered in the channel of the creek, dead. The fishermen towed it to the beacon north of Pungoteague creek, where they recommenced their operations of stripping it of the blubber. The proprietors of the fish factory on the creek offered to boil the blubber for one-half the oil, hardy fishermen of the neighborhood. The desert and the sweltering sea; and then whale is now in charge of Capt. Crockett, | come more islands, some of them coral and who was most persistent in his capture. | with a scanty vegetation, and next Dissee, man can stand erect in its mouth. monster was driven into the Chesapeake | thus to Massowah. The island, half a mile of board and clothing. from the ocean by the recent easterly storms, | long by a quarter wide, holds the town, the and, keeping along the leeward side of the | name of which is again becoming familiar to bay, entered the deepest water, which took | British readers. The better bullings are it into Pungoteague creek. It is of the male kind. Behind each jaw, under the ear, it has a beautiful dark mane, much coarser than that of a horse. The whale is lying | and a mile further north is Dahal a bay, near Martin's point on his side, where crowds visit it from the country. Pungoteague creek is a distinguished locality. It was there Gov. Cameron, of Virginia, rendezvoused his oyster pirates is year, and nct far from the whale is the ghost-famed Millstone point, so well known to old sailors and citizens. It is the only creek on the peninsula visited by water- outs, there being three experienced ere in thirty years. More people have been drowned in Pungoteague creek than in any other water on the eastern shore.

Cremation on the Continent.

On the continent, as in England, cremation is making progress. The French chamber of deputies has before it a bill, introduccitizens the option of being inhumed or crechamber of representatives has before it a petition from the town council of Brussels praying for the legalization of cremation. The International Cremation association, which has its headquarters at Milan, is at the same time carrying on an active propaganda in France and Belgium. The agent whom the society sent to Belgium is a near relative of the late papal nuncio at the court of Brussels; and he is charged to obtain permission to erect an experimental crematorium in the 'gay city of Brabant," at the expense of the association. In Italy a considerable number of priests have been cremated. On the continent, where funerals usually take place within forty-eight hours of death, there exists a morbid fear of being buried alive; and this feeling may, perhaps, explain the favor into which incineration is rapidly rising on the other side of the channel.

A New Yord car-driver when he wants to clear the track shouts, "Hi, there, hi." Chicago driver strikes his bell and shouts, "Shake 'em up there, will you?" A Boston driver says, "Deviate from the direct line those equine appendages, accelerate, acceler. ate, exhilaration, lively now."

THE RED SEA.

Its Points of Interest, Historical and Topegraphical—The Site of Mediaval Romance-Scenes Along the Coast.

By whatever name we may call the narrow strip of sea that separates Arabia from A'r.ca,-the "Weedy sea" of the Hebrew, the "Ecythræa" of the ancient, the 'Gulf of Mecca" of the Mohammedan, or 'Red sea" of modern ra-lance—there is no doubt that it has at all times commanded a special interest. Memorable, of course. in hely writ, it has also been frequently selected as the site of mediæ al and even later romance. and no traveller either before cr after the Suez canal who confided his impressions to father would not have you do that for the type ever failed to devote some page to this famous sea. It abounds with such obvious Aunt Martha, who is like a mother to us points of interest, historical and topographical, from the Twelve Apostles to the Gulf ot Suez, that even the Peninsular and Oriental passenger reclining under the awnings, languid with the excessive heat, evolves sufficient energy to ask questions of the officers or to listen to dissertations of more experienced voyagers upon the spots of note or national curiosity which the steamer is passing. Not that, as a fact, much comes actually into clear view, but still there is enough shadowed out upon either horizon to pique curiosity and arrest the imagination. Is not Arabia on the one hand and Abyssinia on the other? And have not these been from all times lands of romance and travel?

To the traveller from India, therefore, the straits of B bel-mandeb mark the commencement of the more stirring half of the voyage. Even a rock is a vast relief to eyes that have grown blase of sea water and weary of speculating on sails seen on the horizon. And immediately on entering the straits the "sights" of the Red sea commence. That island yonder is Perim, upon which Anglo-Indian wags delight to crack their jokes—a sun-smitten four miles of rock, where two wretched soldiers are popularly upposed to

REPRESENT THE POWER OF ENGLAND. Life, they say, is dull there. There is not | ture. even the diversion of throwing stones into the sea. They have all been thrown away long ago. So the private, it is said, chips

the rock for the sergeant to chuck at the water. A fly once set led on Perim, and the private got a day's leave from his superior officer to go out shooting it. Such and a hundred others are the waggeries intended to convey a notion of the dreariness of P. rim. Yet the French would like to have the rock very much, and for that reason Great Britain keeps it. Close to Perim is Oyster rock, so called for the abundance and excellence of the oysters which at some remote period are said to have existed there. Forty miles up the sea brings the voyager abreast of Moncha—a city that illastrates conspicuously the virtues of whitewash. The shells of houses and mosques, the body from back to breast, and with a with cranky minarets, are all whitened, and canal mentioned. the largest vessels emwhen the sun sbines upon the town it stands | ployed in the Baltic trade can reach St. out from the sea with a beauty which is | Petersburg. The canal is seventeen miles most immorally deceptive. Meanwhile on long, and is formed by two enormous breakthe other side the steamer has passed the | waters running parallel to each other 275 Six Brothers, a group of volcanic rocks, one | feet apart. Between them a channel of the of which, in compliment to its superior sta- uniform depth of 22 feet has been dredged. ture, or perhaps a reflection upon the di- About half way between the two cities the minutive proportions of the rest, is called | canal is widened to a harbor of refuge about the High Brother. The coast line broken one mile square, also formed by breakwaters. whale remained motionless, and it was by some remarkabl; irregularities away The latter are almost entirely constructed thought to be dead. When the tide came | toward the interior of the country is seen | of cribs filled with stone, which were generother, and they have been described a thous in at sundown it floated and displayed re- rigid with successive ranges of hills. On ally sunk in winter time when the bay was newed vitality. A desperate struggle freed | this, the African side, the course lies past | frozen over solid. The cribs were mostly Assab bay and Ras Billore, with num rous built on the ice, which was as much as islands, steep and paaked, scattered along | three feet thick, and sunk through holes cut the coast, with reefs that make navigation in the ice. This work was by no means dangerous, and except for chance Arabs col lecting sharks' fins or tur: le for trade with Yemen, most inhospitably uninhabited. Tairty miles or so north of Ras, or Cape, Bill ol islands recommence, some of them the resort of myriads of sea fowl, and many | sudden snow-storm, in which it was imposof curious shapes, volcanic. And so to the but the lucky captors refused to accept those | village of Edd, a hamlet whence the flockterms. It will probably render seventy-five | keep ng folk of the interior export their | three miles or more over the ice. To combarrels of oil. This is the second whale to | produce, and where cattle thrive. The next | plete the canal it was necessary to sink get ashore in the same vicinity within one | sign of habitation is Ampla, a place of about twelve million cubic feet of rocks and

> AN EQUALLY USEFUL HARBOR. A jungle-grown shore now carries on the coast line, abounding in reefs and inconsiderable islands. Daalac island, with some half dozen hamlets, is, however, a spot of comparative interest, having a trade in pearls and other sea produce, and fairly supplied with cattle, and abundantly with good water. Some of the other islets are inhabited, the houses built of Madrepore cora roughly hewn into blocks, and the rocks affording just sufficient subsistence for small flocks or goats, which, with fish and shell fish, form the chief food of the people. Norawat bay, past which the steamer may now be supposed to be making her homeward-bound way, is the finest bay in the Red sea, but the islands that for n it are barren and inhospitable, so that, excep; for its ed by M. Casimir-Perier, giving French excellent anchorage, the harbor is of no value. The coast line becomes monotonous to mated as they may prefer, and it is expect- a degree, being low and sandy, with nothed that the bill will pass. The Belgian | ing but occasional tufts of arid tamarisk scrub to break the dreariness. But it changes again soon, and the names of various elevations, "Chimney hill," "Sagarloaf hill," "Hummock peak," and so forth, describe the various bold contours they assume. And so to Suakim, the little town built of coral on a coral is land that is now so famous and so often described of late.

chiefly of coral, and a languid trade is car-

ried on with the Arabian coast opposite.

But the anchorage in Massowah bay is good,

From Suakim northward the coast b ars few traces of permanent habitation. Jezirat Abdulla, Saeik Burud, and Daroor are hamlets without prosperity or natural resources to tempt any but the porest Arabs to reside there, while the same abundance of reefs and rocky islets, making navigation dangerous, continue. Eighty miles north of Suakim is Salaka, a wretched village in a wretched bay, and except for curious peaks and hills, the coast line possesses no interest up to Dhana bay, on the rocks beyond which more than one ship has been lost. And so, northward, to Dalao bay, and thence past a dangerous shore, studded with sunken reefs, to Helaib, with an excellent little harbor and an Arab and Nubian colony in comfortable circumstances; St. John's island, once famous for its emerilis, and still tlessed with a profusion of turtle; Enera'd Bob.

is and itself, Rus B nas, where the ruins of ancient B renice lie almost overwhelned in the shifting sand, and many another litil; cap; and island to Casseir, a town of some three thousand people and a considerable grain trade, and wnich, under better goverament, might attain to some prosperity. Northward lie some Bedouin villa res-and then, after a tract of uninhabited coast, broken by numerous is ands, Jubal,

and the Gulf of Suez

On the Arabian coast, if the course of the steamer would parmic, a view of these numerous s nall villages could be seen soon after leaving Mocha, on the northward voyage, and then Hodeida, a town of consider. able p etentions, a coffee pire, and fortified; Cumaran island, with its colony of parlfishers and turtle hunters; the Three Sisters, Loheia, a walled and fortified p'ace with lar te trade with the desert felk; the Z bayr group, Gheesan, with its crumbled fort and jungie-grown surroundings: Zinier, where antelopes abound; the Farsan group, with their curious bluffs; Jezirat Desan, inhabited within the century, but now a desolate ruin with a large cemetery Ras Turfa; Comfida, with its garrison and bazaars well supplied with food; and Jeddah, the famous port of pilgrimage. Here is the tomb of Eve-so the faithful say. A few Bedouin hamlets, inhabited only occasionally, lie along the coast above Jedda, and then Zembo, the port of M dina, is sighted. Another succession, at long intervals, ot small Arab settlements bring up the coast line to the pilgrim's halting place of Moi'lah, and so on northward to Ras Motammed and the Gulf of Suez agaia. The Gulf of Akabah, which the Arab

fears with sucn a surpassing awe that he will not sail on it, and even passing near it offers up a prayer for protection; the distant glimpse of Sirai, the headland near which tra lition states the Hebrews crossed the Red sea, the wells of Moses, and many another sight of interest or sp culation are present in imagination to the voyager down this famous sea, while those who have explored its shores can tell of great ruins that strew the land, and strange freaks of na-

But to-day it derives its chief interest from the fact that her majesty's government have notified their intention of occupying the ports upon its Egyptian coast, and that our gallant troops are fighting on its shores.

Great Engineering Work.

One of the wonders of marine engineering is the ship canal through the Finland bay from St. Petersburg to Cronstradt, in Russia. The bay between the two cities is so shallow that formerly only vessels of very light draft could come to St. Petersburg. and in consequence an enermous amount of lighterage was necessary, the cost of which, some \$5,000,000 annually, becoming alto. gether too burdensome for the St. Petersburg trade. Since the completion of the free from danger, for frequently the water would suddenly rise through the hole made and flood the camp of the laborers, wno had then to work standing knee-deep in freezing cold water. At other times a sible to stand erect, would force the laborers to win the coast, crawling a distance of year, and afford a source of revenue to the | ghostly solitude, between a storm swept | stones, while to deepen the channel 230,-000,000 cubic feet of earth had to be remov-Of course such an undertaking was possible only in Russia, and at a time when When its jaws are fully open an ordinary or "V lentia island," with its one group of her population was still largely made up of The stone huts and small herds of cattle, and serfs, whose labor could be had for the cost

Oiling the Waves.

Wm. J. Card, eaptain of the schooner Turban, reports some interesting particulars of his use of oil to break the force of waves. on a voyage from North Carolina to Nova Scotia, in September last. The schooner was of 163 tons registered, with a cargo of 300 tons railroad iron, which loaded her down until her gunwales were not more than two feet above water. On the third day out the weather became boisterous, and on the following morning, soon after daybreak, the vessel ran into a gale. The wind was varying about from southeast to northeast, and blew up a heavy sea, caused by the hurricane that had prevailed for some days to the southward of the vessel's position. The schooner, by reason of her deep loading, was completely at the mercy of the seas, which broke over her with terrific

Soon after noon Capt. Card stationed a man in the bow of the schooner—it being unsafe to venture on the jib-boom, which was in danger of being carried away by the seas-and directed him to throw over from a small can a little o'l at the approach of every "comber." The oil was poured out through the spout of the can, and the Cap. tain estimates the quantity thrown over each time at rather less than an ordinary tumblerful. As the supply on board was limited, it was thrown out only at the approach of very heavy seas.

At first petroleum burning oil was used. and while this had some effect, it was not heavy enough to thoroughly break the wave, and linseed oil-some ten gallons of which had been laid in for painting purposes—was then employed. The result was in every way satisfactory, and the use of the oil was continued for about fifteen hours, by which time the supply was exhausted. The fury of the gale hal. however, subsided, and the schooner reached port in safety. Capt. Card says that without the use of the oil the vessel could not have lived out the gale—the effect of the oil having been to level the comb of the wave and prevent its breaking over the vessel.

"Will you have a small piece of the light meat or a small piece of the dark?" asked Bob's uncle as he carved the turkey at dinner "I'll have a large piece of both," said