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LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

By C. Despard, Author of "When the Tide Was High," "The Artist and the Man," "Into a Larger Room," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

All that night the snow continued to fall, and the darkness through the country was appalling. The train travelled slowly, the line being now and more heavily blocked with snow as it went northwards; and the colonel, who was extraordinarily anxious to reach his journey's end, began to fear that he would be detained for an indefinite time on the road. At last—they were close to a station, for he could see its lights in the near distance—the train pulled up altogether.

Few passengers were in the colonel's carriage this terrible night, only one other man besides himself. This person, who had been fretting and fuming, and bewailing his hard fate the whole way, thrust his head out of the window and screamed out to the guard to know where they were and what had happened. "Are we to be frozen and starved to death out here?" he cried.

"All right, sir! line blocked," answered the guard, who was hurrying from carriage to carriage to reassure the passengers.

"Right! I call it all wrong," growled the injured traveller; "they work the line with no small staff. Never any one at hand in an emergency. There ought to be an army of men on ahead clearing the line. If I catch my death (sneeze) I'll be looked fierce at (sneeze) London." "I shall demand compensation of the company. Guard! where are we?"

"Berwick-on-ahead, sir. We'll get on there in few minutes."

"Have to remain there all night, I suppose?"

"Well, sir, it's the morning now. There'll be an hour's delay, most likely. Word come that the down train's in the station, full of passengers too!"

"They'll have eaten and drunk everything in the place. I know these Scotchmen a little of beasts!" said the irate passenger as the guard hurried on. "You mark my words, we'll not get one bite or sup (sneeze)."

"It will be good, in any case, to get a night's rest," said the colonel cheerfully. "Ah! we are moving. How wonderfully they work! There are piles of snow in front of us."

"Why wasn't it done before we came up? that's what I want to know. But it's of a piece with everything else in this wretched country nowadays, from politics downwards. I'm sick of it all. Upon my word, I sometimes wish I had been born a Turk; then I wouldn't have bothered myself: taken things as they come."

"An excellent idea," said the colonel, laughing; "but here, thank goodness! we are in the station lights."

"What, the second lights when there's no hotel?"

"Well! I shall try for some, at any rate," said the colonel.

He jumped out of the carriage and into a desolate the refreshment room, which was full of passengers from the down train.

"Hallo, colonel! you here! Now where did you jump from?"

He paused, who had just left the refreshment room, and was making his way across the platform was behind the colonel. He looked round in surprise.

"Why, Percy," he said, "is it you?"

"I think so, colonel."

"Man alive! Strange that I didn't see you at first. And how did you come to be in London?"

"I am on my way to London."

"Then you were not at home when my telegram arrived?"

"I left home three or four days ago. I had regimental duties which I was bound to attend to. I have only from to-day until Monday next. I go to-morrow, Friday, in London, and also to-morrow, Friday, in London."

"You were coming to me?"

"I hoped to see you."

"But that was not the object of your journey?"

"No, colonel, it was not. I will tell you the truth, for I believe you are my friend; besides, my mother has written you her letter about me. I have just found out about Miss Morrison and I am on my way to either see her or to my wife."

A glow of the sincerest satisfaction he had ever known in his life diffused itself through the colonel's heart as he listened to these words, which were spoken with a quiet, manly determination that showed it was his respect. For this had been his only fear, that Percy's love was not a lasting one, that it would pass as it had so suddenly triggered by the first headlong impulse.

Yet, in his contentment, he spoke seriously.

"My dear Percy, Percy! Have you considered her position and your own?"

"Yes, colonel," said the young man, "I see no reason to take up this line, which is not much here. You see, I feel fellow; me I don't want to quarrel with you. But I could like you to understand that the position is not to be discussed between us. I love her; I ask for her hand. I love her; I love her for her sweet, sweet self. I love her so that she is one of the loveliest women I ever beheld. But, ah! (sighing) I love you too, and I hate to hurt you, old friend, I have done it, I tell you, she is as sweet as a saint; that sounds conceited, and poor Percy, rueful fellow, and I know I'm not a good hand at saying what I mean. But this I will say: the man who gets that sweet girl may think himself the most fortunate fellow under the sun. Mind, I have no reason to suppose that I am the happy man," he said, with a break in his voice, "but I'm going to try."

For two or three seconds after this he passed—perhaps Percy's, the was silence between the two men. They were making their way across the bridge that leads from one platform to the other. The colonel had forgotten that he was cold—forgotten that he was chilled.

Suddenly he remembered where he was. "Percy," said he, laying his hand on Percy's arm, "the Mary—you expect you?" he said, his voice quivering.

"Certainly not! I am no fool. She left Castle Ettrick to prevent me from speaking. I am convinced of it. She would go away at once. She would do anything rather than see my people. But I hope to make her see that I am not wrong."

"Good! good! Percy. I know her. She will never run counter to your mother's wishes."

"If I find out that she loves me, I will run my mother to extent."

"Bravely said! Good courage. She may be worth it, Percy."

"I think I should know if I saw her. However, there is no saying. 'Colonel,' said the poor young fellow pitifully, 'give me your advice.'

"My dear, my dear, my advice—is that, Percy, be your impulsive self, you hear? Have you any reason to think that Lady Flora will accept your refusal? Have you seen Letty? Have you any reason to think that your position is better than she thought, different altogether, indeed, one moment? Here we out, I mean, I have been actually sent as a messenger by your friends to lay certain proposals before your parents. I tell you, Percy, that they recommend, and I hope that you will take Lady Flora, will accept these. Now, take time for yourself. If you want to be assured of your mother's consent and approval, would she not be more likely to give it if you waited a little?"

"I know she would."

"Well, why spoil your own chance of success by trying it on such a hurry? Come back with me, Percy. Miss Morrison has promised to remain where she is until I see her. I mean Miss Morrison, who seems a good kind woman, I delighted to have her. It may cause, it is only the difference of a few days."

"You would have to feel as I feel, to know what that difference means," said Percy with a deep sigh. "But no, I do not you are right. I'll go. When you are in love, if you ever are—"

"Ah!" said the colonel, with a smile, "I am sorry that kind of thing has gone by. I am content to play the part of the elderly gentleman. And," he added, perhaps to prevent Percy from feeling too great surprise at the deep interest he took in his affairs, "I was in love with your mother once—that is why I am so much interested in you."

As a fact, Percy was not extraordinarily surprised by the interest which the colonel took in his love affairs. It occupied a large place in his own mind, and it seemed to him, therefore, only natural that it should occupy a large space in the mind of another. But he took, as his manner was, gracefully this sign of ancient history, and relied more than ever on the colonel's advice and assistance.

When the down and up trains parted company, Percy went north instead of south. He took a place in the compartment which the colonel and his irascible travelling companion had occupied from London, and that person, who had not been treated well at Berwick—the first had been blocked by thieving navvies, and the second had provoked and been devoured by—that angry gentleman, who had taken himself off to another carriage. This delighted Percy who was able to pour out his hopes and fears, and his rapture of love and admiration, into the ears of the colonel. They had plenty of time for conversation, as the snowfall and heavy atmosphere continued, and their progress was lamentably slow. Percy began to fear that his short leave would be over before he reached Castle Ettrick.

At Edinburgh, however, matters improved a little. The snow ceased to fall, and the sun shone, and the heavy bank of fog lifted itself off the earth, and there was an exhilarating freshness in the air. They arrived too late for any train on that day, and were obliged, subduing their impatience as best they could, to sleep at an hotel in Edinburgh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRAVEL IN THE SAHARA.

A Hurricane in the Desert With Showers of Sand.

The ever bright sky of the Sahara is in strong contrast to our changeable weather. The atmospherical laws, which in our countries bring rain and wind as almost fixed periods, are not in force there. The only regular atmospherical variation is the equinoxial sirocco. This light wind, which comes directly from Southern Africa, where the hottest period prevails in October, is driven upward by the first rainfall, the latter generally coming about the close of that month. Heated under the Tropic of Capricorn and dried through the deserts of Guinea and the immense sandy expanse of the Sahara, this impetuous wind stirs the whole surface, heaving up and driving along showers of sand and

CLOUDS OF DUST,

which are perceived in their coming hundreds of miles away. It generally lasts from two to three weeks with more or less intensity, mild during daytime and increasing toward night, sometimes to the fury of a hurricane.

On our journeying from Wargala to Golea we were struck by one of the storms alluded to above. We left the luxuriant groves of which Wargala is the chief town, and resumed our way along the wild desert, following the dry bed of the Wad Mia. Though it was October, no rain had yet fallen, so that the earth still lacked her Winter mantle of green. The conformation of the land during the first five days was a variety of firm, pebbly and sandy ground, while a mountain range leads directly to El Golea. In all parts the firm soil appeared to be excellent for culture if it could only be watered. Tracts of sand of the color of iron rust were to be noticed along the Wad Mia, denoting the existence of some ferruginous spring. The spot where we encamped in our sixth stage was a sea of sand interspersed with dunes rising from 30 to 40 feet. One mount, 70 feet high, probably formed by a whirlwind, was noticeable above all at a certain distance from us. Several long and straight eminences, four or five feet high, with a striking similarity to waves, were to be seen.

During the preceding nights the suffocating sirocco had been blowing hard, without, however, causing much disturbance. But now an atmospherical revolution broke upon our camp. A fearful blister

AROUSED US FROM SLEEP

and terrified the horses. Blast followed blast; our tents were terribly shaken, while the wind grew rapidly to the force of a cyclone. The horses were neighing and the camels groaning. Everybody was awakened, and all were obliged to take a frantic hold of the tents from the interior. Some tried to get out to pitch the tents more securely, but could not stand the whirl of sand. Showers of sand were beating upon our tents like a heavy rain. The more courageous men were swearing against that impertinent element which had interrupted their sleep and was blowing down their flimsy shelter. Others were terror stricken, fearing immediate destruction. All were clinging desperately to their tents to prevent them from being carried away, but in spite of their efforts, all the tents, one after another, were blown down. Each man underneath grasped frantically at one side of his canvas house and rolled it around his face for protection against the sand. The camels, despite their groaning, were little injured by the gritty whirlwind, and seemed to be quite accustomed to it.

Their incomparable vital strength enables them to withstand the sorest privations and the severest weather. They live, indeed, day and night in the open air, and are fed and watered only every three or four days; thus becoming inured to every hardship and stress of weather.

The horses felt the violent pelting of the sand quite differently. As they are standing up they offer more hold to the fierce wind and can resist less than the camels, which always lie when at rest. They became distracted and

FLUNG FRANTICALLY

against their invisible provoker. The officers shouted to the horsemen to mind their horses, but no one dared move. Finally several horses broke loose and blinded by the sand ran among the tents, tumbling against the men and falling upon them. Screams and struggles ensued, increasing the disorder and confusion in the camp. Those who knew not the cause of these cries, were prompted to go out and see what was happening. Finally the horses got up unaided and were captured by some of the Arabs, who, better accustomed to this hurricane, were groping and crawling along with their faces covered with a drapery. The cadi commanding the Arabs, seeing that we could not be qualified as "warriors of the desert" as we were unable to brave that unexpected enemy, ordered his men to look to the horses until the tempest ceased.

After two hours of struggle, calm succeeded in the atmosphere and peace in our camp. I went out to see the effects of the storm. The dawn which faintly appeared through the dustclouded space, threw a gloomy light upon the camp, revealing the overturned tents with the human forms underneath

LIKE WHITE SHROUDS

covering corpses. The sand was heaped up against their bodies, and had filled all the interspaces between the men lying under the same tent, almost levelling a surface smooth as a table at the height of their shoulders.

I went up to the animals and found the horses snifling and sneezing, while the camels a little further on, were lying partially covered with sand in perfect quiet. They seemed to have bravely borne the brunt of the storm. Enveloped in their drapery, the Arabs were sitting on the ground, with legs drawn up, and their bodies leaning upon the backs of their camels as upon a pillow. One of them hearing me, raised his head and unrolling his drapery, gave me a long look.

"Have you not been frightened?" I said to him.

"At what?" he answered, as if astonished at my question.

"At what?" I repeated, amazed. "At what has just happened, of course."

"And what has happened?" asked he indifferently.

"Did you sleep so deeply that this fierce tempest could not awaken you?"

"Is this peculiar weather for you?" rejoined he.

"Is it natural weather for you?" I demanded. "Must Heaven itself fall upon your head to awaken you?"

"The roar of the ghibli (sirocco), and the groan of the camel are two sounds familiar to us since birth," he answered.

Dumfounded by such stoicism I returned to my tent, wondering what such a people would not be able to endure. They are truly hardy and toughened in a respect; deaf to the suffering of others, subject to their own, cruel to the last degree, but patient in hardship. The awakening I was not surprised that morning, when I set wishing to know before starting how much damage had been done, and whether the men were fit to march.

When I arose at daylight and looked around, I could scarcely realize that I was awake. The plain were quite a different aspect. Those large waves of sand that I had noticed the previous day had disappeared. A dune fifteen feet high had also been removed and several of the eminences had been reformed a few miles farther on.

HIARION MICHEL.

An officer of the health department of Chicago claims to have discovered that the flesh of broken down, emaciated and diseased horses is being made into sausage meat and sold in the poorest quarters of the city.

What the Pioneer Steamships Were.

Brief Notes on the Vessels of an Earlier Period.

WRECKS AND OTHER CASUALTIES.

The Compact Form in Which These Monsters of the Deep Are Constructed—The Fate Which Has Befallen Many of the Ocean Liners.

Perhaps the finest illustration of the inventive and constructive genius of man to be found in the world to-day is one of the superb steamships which have of late years reduced the vast Atlantic ocean to little more than an Anglo-American lake. Take, for instance, any one of the most recent additions to the splendid fleet of ocean "greyhounds," it seems hardly possible for even the most brilliant imagination to conceive of a human structure more perfect in all those details that together constitute the acme of safety, speed and luxury. If other steamers may with sufficient accuracy be called floating hotels, this one might with equal propriety be termed a floating club house, as well as a hotel of the highest class. For the purpose of this article a brief survey of the dimensions and equipment of such a steamer will make a good starting point.

Her length is, say, 590 feet, breadth 58 feet, depth 40 feet. She is, in fact, one of the largest vessels in the world, her displacement, when fully loaded, being not less than 16,000 tons, a figure surpassed, if at all, only by one or two of the huge Italian ironclads recently launched.

It is not easy to give any just conception of what the above dimensions mean, or to help those who have never seen one of these floating palaces to realize the enormous amount of constructive talent, adaptive skill and artistic feeling, as well as money, that they represent. In the words of the *Engineer*: "It is perhaps because it seems almost impossible to do gigantic a subject justice, that the literature, if we may use the word, of Atlantic passenger steamships is deplorably meager."

Nothing that, art and science can do to render the ship beautiful without and within, luxurious, safe and swift, is left out of account. In addition to being minutely subdivided by athwartship bulkheads, there is a longitudinal bulkhead running fore and aft, and forming a mighty backbone that gives additional rigidity to the whole structure, greatly increasing the security in event of accident. Furthermore, the doors closing the different compartments can be shut instantly from the flying deck by pulling small wire ropes, while there are automatic arrangements by which these doors will close of themselves if the water rises unduly in the bilges.

As to the fittings and furnishings that contribute to the ease and comfort of the fortunate passengers it would require columns to describe them. The chief architectural feature in such steamers is, of course, the saloon, which becomes a banqueting hall of almost awsome brilliancy. The length often exceeds sixty feet, and the breadth is but little less. Fancy so vast an apartment being at one's command in mid-ocean!

Standing under the lofty dome of many-colored glass and gazing about at the multitudinous mirrors, the golden figures of tritons, nymphs, and mermaids disporting in an ivory sea, the richly-carved cabinet work in English oak, and the great round ports in their elaborate setting of rich brass *repousse* work, one scarcely quickly grasp the idea that all this splendor is simply part of a vessel—of a ferry boat plying between the old world and the new. It seems to belong more properly to the palace of some mighty monarch.

The same feeling is produced by the sumptuous staterooms with their wide four-post bedsteads of gleaming brass, the spacious library abounding in the lore of the gorgeous smoking room fit for a prince's use, and the other departments of this ocean monarch on board of which the population of a good-sized town might stow away comfortably, for her normal carrying capacity is 300 saloon passengers, 175 second class, and 855 steerage, making up with the 86 engineers, etc., in the engine room, the 40 sailors in the forecastle, the 25 cooks in the gallery, and the 60 stewards in the pantry, nearly 1600 souls; 3000 tons of coal and 4000 tons of cargo being carried besides.

Here then we have excellently illustrated the situation that man, so far at least, has achieved in the form of naval architecture for the passenger service. Competing lines will, no doubt, make it their business to say the latest addition to the fleet and go one better. They will, perhaps succeed in effecting some further improvements, but it is not likely that much antecedent to Bellamy's A. D. 2000, at all events, we will have any such miraculous craft as that outlined in the following words:—

"She will be over a quarter of a mile in length, and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in twenty-six hours, being one night out. She will be driven by electricity, and in such a fashion as to keep rail way time, despite fog or storm. Passages can be secured by flash photo. Edison's patent, and the ticket will include an opera stall, or a concert ticket, or a seat in a church pew—the opera house, concert hall and church being all on board. A covered ring for horse exercise will also be provided, and a racing track for fast trotters. A base ball ground and tennis courts will also form a portion of the attractions. For business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes, on the vibration system. The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric rollection system. A spacious conservatory, containing the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place, and bouquets will be provided gratis."

A remarkable feature about the development of ocean steam navigation is its astounding rapidity. Putting aside the Savannah, which was really a sailing ship with steam merely as an adjunct, and which made the trans-Atlantic trip in 1819, the first ocean steamer was the Royal William, that crossed from Quebec to London in 1831, using coal all the way, and taking nearly three weeks to make the passage. She was a paddle steamer of 860 tons burden, a clumsy craft that would nowadays be considered fit only for a coal hulk. Six years later the Great Western appeared, and on her first voyage cut down the record to fourteen drys, subsequently reducing it to twelve days and a half. She, too, was a paddle steamer, and her dimensions were quite respectable, her length being 235 feet, her breadth 34 feet, and her tonnage 1320.

But if it were possible to take the Great Western, in her time the wonder and pride of two continents, and to place her beside the Furst Bismarck, the Teutonic, the City of Paris, the Alaska, the Etruria, or any other of the ocean greyhounds of our day, how pitiably insignificant she would seem, and yet the vast gap between the two vessels has been closed in little more than half a century. Many were the centuries required to develop the modern brougham out of the lumbering chariot, or the swift-sailing packet ship out of the slow-moving galley, but sixty years have sufficied to give us a degree of perfection in ocean steamships that even in this age of mechanical marvels is not easy to imagine being surpassed.

As one looks at a steamship, stately, strong, staunch and swift, the question What will be her ultimate fate is very apt to come into the mind. To all appearances, barring, of course, destruction by shipwreck, collision, or fire, she might last for a century or more, and if so, how varied and interesting would be her history. The main object of this article is to offer some sort of answer to this very question, and in endeavouring to point out what becomes of ocean steamships I will start with some of the earliest in the field.

The Royal William (1831), already mentioned, after making her successful trip across was sold to the Spanish Government and her ocean career promptly closed. The Sirius (1838) also made only one voyage, and that proving unprofitable was placed upon the channel service between Cork and Dublin, where she ran for many years. The Great Western (1838) completed thirty-seven round voyages, and was then sold to a West India company, for which she did good service until 1857. The Liverpool (1838) after making six voyages from the port that gave her birth and name to New York and back was purchased by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, in whose hands she was wrecked off Cape Finisterre.

A still worse fate befel the President. This fine steamer was launched at New York with great eclat, in December, 1839, and started on her first trip in August of the following year. She made good time across, and great hopes were entertained concerning her. But they were doomed to speedy blight. In April, 1841, she sailed from Liverpool bound to New York, and was never heard of again. Other vessels reported icebergs abounding, and strong gales prevalent, and no doubt these two perils of the sea combined for the destruction of his unfortunate steamer whose mysterious loss proved so serious a blow to the pioneer company to which she belonged that it withdrew from business and sold the remnant of its fleet to the Cunard line.

There was the City of Boston, for instance, that in the early part of 1883 steamed out of Halifax promising fair for a speedy passage to Liverpool, and then—[illegible] faintest clue has ever been discovered. It was months before the families of those on board, waiting in the long drawn out torture of uncertainty, gave up all hope of their loved ones. More than once a cruel rumor threw them into ecstacies of gladness only by its speedy refutation to cast them back into still sharper sorrow. I was a boy at school then, and one day there came to the waiting city the report that the missing steamer had made the Azores with all well on board. No sooner did it reach the ears of our worthy old teacher than, despite his dislike of holidays, he at once dismissed the school and hastened off to join the general rejoicing. But alas! only when the sea gives up her dead will the secret of the City of Boston's loss be revealed.

Another wreck that stirred the city of Halifax to its depths, although none of her people directly suffered by it, was that of the steamer Atlantic, which took place on the 1st of April, 1875, and was, as regards loss of life, the most disastrous that has occurred in the North American coast. The scene was Meagher's Island, near the mouth of the harbor of Halifax, for which port the steamer was making, and the time 3 o'clock in the morning of a tempestuous day. The vessel struck full on a rock about fifty yards distant from the island, then swung round and heeled over with her deck nearly perpendicular and facing to seaward. There were 957 persons on board. Hundreds of these never reached the upper deck, and of those that did, the pitiless breakers with unappeasable fury snatched away score after score as they swept over the fast wrecking steamer. Owing to the position of the vessel the boats could not be lowered and the only chance of escape was to leap into the boiling surf and battle for a landing on the rocky beach. The brave, hardy fishermen of the neighborhood, headed by their minister, a splendid type of muscular Christianity, the Rev. Mr. Ancient, performed prodigies of heroism in rescuing the unfortunate castaways, but after all their efforts, when the muster roll was called, it was found that no less than 545 souls had perished.

In the course of the same year a fine vessel was also lost on the Nova Scotian coast, namely the City of Washington, which, after having been enveloped in a dense fog for several days, went ashore on the reefs off Little Point Ebert, Shelburne, on the 5th of July. As the stranding happened in the day time and in fine weather, the passengers and crew numbering 576 in all were got to safety without much difficulty.

Some of the disasters which have befallen ocean steamships have been of a very curious character. The Arizona a few years ago crashed into an iceberg off the Newfoundland coast receiving a great gaping wound in her bow that would have been fatal but for the blessed water tight compartment system, thanks to which she was enabled to reach a haven of safety without the loss of a life. The superb City of Paris while on full speed in mid-ocean the year before last was suddenly shaken from stem to stern by a tremendous explosion. One of the engines had in some mysterious way "gone to smash," rending a great hole through her bottom, and again only the compartment system and the timely arrival of another steamer prevented the adding of one more to the longthening list of horrors of the sea, in which the awful catastrophe of the Utopia in Gibraltar Bay is the latest and one of the most appalling. Then there was the extraordinary foundering of H. M. S. Eurydice in 1878, which so strangely paralleled the sinking of the Royal George a century or more before. The Eurydice was coming into port with every stitch of canvas set, for the day was fine and bright. Suddenly a wicked squall caught her on the quarter—she heeled over until her copper showed high above the brine, the open ports readily received the speeding waves, and, before a tenth of those on board realized their peril, she had disappeared from sight, carrying down with her hundreds of sailors hopelessly imprisoned between decks.

I have purposely left to the last a reference to that scene of shipwrecks by the score whose name comes at once to mind when one thinks of ocean disasters. As a fearful warning of what may have not yet sowed barley, however. A good deal of barley is raised in these parts, and it is found a convenient and beneficial crop. Barley is one of the best crops to seed with, and it gives opportunity to clean the soil. I finished getting in my crop yesterday evening. My method is to let it follow oats. The oats are grown on soil broken after being two years in grass or pasture. The oat stubble is plowed early in spring, about the last of April, not very deep. This is then harrowed as often as there is time (many good barley growers do not harrow at all). About the middle of June this land, which I term a spring fallow—if much over-run with quitch grass or other noxious weeds that cannot be subdued by the harrows, is again plowed, the seed sowed immediately in the freshly turned earth at the rate of two bushels to the acre, and a peck of timothy with a variety of clovers, and all harrowed thoroughly with a spring harrow until mellowed to the bottom of the furrow and finished with the roller. If the land is free from quitch grass or other *stubborn* perennial weeds, there is no need of a second plowing. I put on the disc harrow straight across the furrows; if such soil the disc generally goes to the bottom of the furrow, or it is kept on till it does. The barley is their sown broadcast and covered with the spring-toothed float harrow. I find that clover and timothy grow finely with barley.

Some handsome black grenadine dresses made over satin have a crest of white guipure lace that is studded with large jet nail heads, or with smaller bits of cut steel.

WONDERS IN MEORANICH.

An electric drill in an Idaho mine recently performed the feat of boring a two-inch hole through twenty feet of solid granite in four hours.

An electric transfer table, seventy feet long and with a capacity of 225,000 pounds, is now in use in the Denver shops of the Union Pacific Railway.

Since the success of the electrically propelled boats on the Thames the demand for them is very large, and builders have difficulty in keeping up with the orders.

The pressure and volume of natural gas around Findlay, O., have fallen off recently, and it is feared that within a short time there will be no gas for manufacturing purposes.

The band saw is fast superseding the circular saw for all kinds of work. The latest application is made by the tailors, who are using it with great success for cutting cloth.

A German professor has discovered a curious gaseous compound made up of oxygen and hydrogen. It dissolves metals, and, with silver and mercury, it forms powerful explosives.

Electric coal cutters are rapidly replacing hand labor in many mines. Not only is it possible to do the work more cheaply, but there is a decided saving of coal, due to the small height of the undercut.

A Pittsburg man has designed a pleasure boat to be made of aluminum. It will have a screw propeller, and although it will carry six persons, it will not weigh more than from sixty to seventy pounds.

An English firm has established near Dieppe a factory for the production of incandescent lamps. The factory covers an acre of ground and is said to be the first of its kind in France established for commercial purposes.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a law prohibiting the erection of buildings over 850 feet in height above the street, except in the case of grain elevators, sugar refineries, steeples, towers and purely ornamental structures.

The big dam on Housatonic river in Connecticut, which was swept away by a freshet in January last, is being replaced by a new structure 680 feet long, twenty-two feet high, and slightly curved in plan. The cost will be about $300,000.

Slate is extensively used for electric switch boards, and although it is liable to fracture, yet an electric construction company recently drilled 12,000 quarter-inch holes in a slab five-eighths of an inch thick and containing but twenty-two square feet of surface.

Movements of England's Navy.

The British warships Hercules, Sirus and Spartan have been ordered to duty on the North American coast. The Hercules is one of England's largest ironclads. The Sirus and Spartan are two of her fastest cruisers. The orders referring to the above mentioned vessels follow a series of recent British naval orders which have caused it to be observed in American naval circles that Great Britain is quietly replacing at home ships now on the American coast by the most powerful war vessels she can spare. The Hercules relieves the flagship Bellerophon and the Sirus and Spartan relieve the Emerald and Comus, both inferior ships. The Hercules brings out from England Vice-Admiral Hopkins. This officer will command all British warships now in or ordered to American waters. Two additional cruisers have been selected to relieve the gunboats Ready and Thrush. An armored cruiser will relieve the Tourmaline. It is declared in well-informed Government circles that the British Admiralty proposes to offset in fighting efficiency the new vessels of the United States navy. To do this the Admiralty will send over vessels to increase the fleet in American waters in proportion to the growth of the new navy of the United States. British naval officers believe that by reason of her great size the new American armored cruiser Maine will be a more powerful vessel than the Hercules. With the possible exception of the Miantonnoah, they say the Hercules is more than a match for any of the American warship now in commission. The British force in American waters will in future be larger than at any time since the civil war. It has been constantly increasing until now it has assumed formidable proportions. Besides increasing her naval force, Great Britain during the past three years years has increased by one-half the strength of her troops in the West Indies.

The Life of Man.

"The aim of all study, of all teaching, was to give a true account of the life of man, its nature, conduct, aims. All other questions were contained in this one and subordinate to it. Here these questions were investigated scientifically, yet also from the Christian point of view. In studying the nature of objects we did not ignore the revelation of God, and, in the words of the Apostle, we had the announcement of a principle which would prove a safe guide for our life. In the first place we were reminded that life was action, not enjoyment or receiving, but doing and giving. In the second place, it was action in the name of the Lord Jesus—that is, the recognition of the authority of our Lord, in union with Him; in short, in the spirit of Christ, recognizing, like Him, a divine order, knowing, as He did, that this world was not the devil's, or a world of chance, or of merely mechanical laws, but a living kingdom and family under the Government of God; further, that our relation to God in Christ was a filial relation; and finally, that our life on earth was not a merely earthly employment, but a vocation of God, that, as Christ came down from Heaven not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him, so we were also sent into the world to do the special work to which He called us, and for which He prepared us. These principles, the preacher remarked, were universal—they applied to what we called things secular and to things sacred; to small things as well as great. These were the principles which would make all life true and calm, and strong and progressive, which would produce the only life which could satisfy the God-like within us.—(Professor William Cloud (of Trinity College, Toronto.)

Work Work.

"We look back into the past as a restriction of power, a restriction of liberty, and a restriction of sphere. History was the biography of the few, and the history of a people was never written till the present century. A great change has come. The chances once held by the brilliant and the strong, and other chances non-existent then, have opened out on every hand. There is work and success for the men of every kind and degree of gift; not alone room at the top, as there always was, but all the way up; not only for the best things of the best men, but for every man's best. The very perplexity in the outlook before the young man now is from the 'embarrassment of riches.' It appears in the ever increasing forms of material and business enterprise, in the specialties of the professions, in the reconstructions of history, in the boundless range of scientific investigation and the practical applications of science to art, in linguistic and archeological researches, in the lines of Biblical investigation, in the enormous expansions of philanthropy—till we may say to every man, 'What can you do? Go and do it. Whatever your gift and drift, there is a place waiting for you; such a man as you; or, if not, you can make such a place.' The man that is ready finds the opportunity also ready. The few who make their opportunities, find a Providence opening the way. Work wins. And the best kind of genius is a genius for wise, hard work."

The Strength of the Bible.

"The Bible shows that it is fully inspired by its power to live," says the Presbyterian, "notwithstanding all attacks upon it. Never was there a book so criticised and so antagonized, yet it maintains a growing hold upon mankind. True, sceptics claim that it is passing out of date, and that science and education are superseding it, but facts do not warrant their statements. Never were Bible Societies so active, nor Scriptures so widly circulated and translated. The number of volumes issued by the British and Foreign Bible Societies during the past year was four million; while the American Bible Society was only a little behind in its issues. It thus appears that there were more Bibles published and circulated during 1890 than there were during all the centuries preceding the present one. Now, in view of the wonderful opening in heathen lands, has the Bible ever had a more promising prospect for gaining possession of mind and heart all over the world. As from age to age it has shown itself suited to all conditions of people, so, as the ages come and go, will it become more luminous with its triumphs over superstition, ignorance and sin, and manifest to the discomfiture of its assailants that it is the Word of Life and Power for the race."

3,000 YEARS AGO.

Pharaoh Introduces Labor Troubles with the Strikers.

"Tharp is a page in history never under the sun" receives nowhere more startling verification than in the year of strikes. The way in which our worthy ancestors in Europe try to coerce their employers was in substance the way in which they deal with their dark-skinned, poorly fed predecessors in the land of the Nile before Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. Mr. Maspero, who is well qualified to speak at all points connected with Egypt, lets us into a few secrets regarding the first known strike. It seems that the families of the working classes were quite as improvident in Egypt thirty centuries ago as some of them are in England at the present day. At the beginning of the month, when they had just received their month's ration, feasting and drinking went on without stint. By the middle of the month the famine began to fail, and the thriftless households in the face of the famine go again and again they went out on strike in order to extort more from their superiors. A strike of masons is described by M. Maspero in detail, and some parts of the description might almost be mistaken for extracts from an English or German newspaper of the nineteenth century of the Christian era.

On the 10th of the month the builders employed at the tombs of Thebes rushed out of the place where they were working and sat down behind a temple in the temple precincts, exclaiming: "We are hungry, and there are eighteen days before the next pay day." They charged the paymaster with dishonesty, asserting that the latter gave false measure. The paymasters, on the other hand, charged the men with want of foresight, alleging that they spent their wages as soon as they touched them. After some further negotiations with officers of the Government, the men resumed work on the understanding that the King himself should receive their complaint. Two days later Pharaoh actually visited the temple, and when the matter was laid before him, ordered relief to be given to the long-begone masons. For a time there was quiet, but soon provisions failed, and discontent broke out again with renewed violence. On the 16th of the following month the strike was in full force. Not a man would work. On the 17th and 18th they still refused to lift a tool. On the 19th they attempted to leave the precincts of the temple in order to carry their grievances into the outer world, but found the gate upon which was placed over them guarded by men who had taken possession of it to prevent their leaving. So they spent the whole of the day in laying their plans. On the following day they resorted to more noisy methods, appealing with loud cries to their manager, who they decided to appeal to the governor of the city, and therefore joined the busy streets to the incredulous astonishment of passers-by. Pharaoh at last heard of the strike, and when the news reached the Governor's palace, Lieutenant-Colonel Ramses, the successor of the Egyptian successor of Rameses, was sent to the scene of the strike. He was not built and oven Greek civilization was still in its infancy.

How old the method of striking was at that time it is impossible to say. It may perhaps the custom is as old as the Pyramids. Possibly the first strike preceded the erecting of the existing monuments of Egypt.

Bashful Bridegrooms.

I was once (says a Philadelphia Call) "best man" for a stalwart, middle-aged bridegroom, who, for his courage and strength in other case for us to go down stairs to his attendants, I found he was bashful, and he looked like a walking corpse. I had to go up, old boy" and "come down, old boy" and "to go down" to get him started, and at the door he was idiotic enough to clutch at me as if I would do to him. Now would it do to have Mary and the bridegroom ship in her and we go down at all? I can't go through all that crowd." "Idiot," I said, politely, "you don't propose to leave the house, do you? Why, you will go down stairs at last, with a ridiculous, or rather than another ignominious, or be held out of the window when the bridegroom was so dazed and confused that one of his own friends said to the minister said: "Wait a minute." Another bridegroom was so bashful to such a degree that, I had to say: "I, Henry, take thee, Mary, to be my lawful wedded wife," instead of "I, Mary, take thee, Henry, to be my lawful wedded wife." Another bridegroom was so bashful that he forgot to introduce his friends to his bride, and, in saying awkward, he said, "This is my wife." Miss Barton, "called the name. Few men are naturally bashful, but they use the words as if they were that of a badly stated plaintiff at a trial. Bashfulness is a good thing in the little bit of a boy, but it is not the thing for the man who is in the blandest manner. "Beg pardon, sir," said that he put the home of the presence of a large lady. The bridegroom was a dead failure, but the bride, who had been as cool as a cucumber.

Devonshire Cream.

A Canadian housekeeper writes to the *Country Gentleman* the proper way to prepare this dainty:

Strain into a bright tin four or five quarts of rich, new milk in your dairy or cellar, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, or after it has been carefully and gently as you can into the kitchen, and set on the top of the stove, but not in the range, but on the milk gradually so as not to scald, but it must be full an hour or two, but not too fierce, for the cream is ruined. The English cottagers use a tin pan the size of a dish pan, and about an inch from the top of the pan, all around, the cream will crack as it contracts by the heat. Now, with equal care and skill, take it back to the cool dairy or cellar, and let it stand three hours or more. Then, which should be in a cool place, so you could almost feel it, take a very wide-mouthed little silver or china bowl to pour and have ready to skim with. On fresh milk it is most delicious, but if or even on all the pans, or anywhere that it is no trouble of preparing, and of course the scalding is a very long time. In fact, this is one of its great advantages. Devonshire butter is made by taking up exactly the above cream into a big bowl. Then take a tablespoon, and begin to beat the thick cream as you would eggs with a long, steady motion. It will soon get quite thin, and then almost before you know it will break into big lumps of butter. These are then washed and salted in the usual way, and made up into little pats and scrolls for the table. Little salt is used, as the butter has a peculiar and distinctive taste of its own, which is much liked by almost everyone. Now, this butter is esteemed as a great delicacy, but it is an invaluable way of butter making to a family keeping one cow, and not able to spare cream enough for a regular churning. How often a person has just two pans of cream, or perhaps, one pan that they can spare. A very short time and the little trouble will convert that into a delicious pat of Devonshire butter for breakfast or tea table. And there is no fuss about it; you can sit on the piazza talking to a friend while you beat up the little bit of cream that is to appear on the tea table as fresh butter, and no one would ever imagine that you were churning.

Sanitary Items.

"Doctor, do wet feet cause pneumonia?" asked Gilbody of Dr. Baxter.

"Yes, that's the opinion of the best medical authorities," replied Dr. Baxter.

"Then why don't dog