AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

"What! you dare to defy me?" said Gorman, with an air of assumed pity. "A pretty case you would have to make out of it. You fill your shop with combustibles, you warn your tenant upstairs to get out of the premises for a time in a way that must be quite unaccountable to her (until the fire accounts for it), and your own clerk sees you spilling turpentine about the place the day before the fire occurs, and yet you have the stupidity to suppose that people will believe you when you denounce me!"

Poor David Boone's wits seemed to be sharpened by his despair for he said suddenly, after a short pause—

"If the case is so bad it will tell against yourself, Gorman, for I shall be certainly convicted, and the insurance will not be paid to you."

"Ay, but the case is not so bad as it looks," said Gorman, "if you only have the sense to hold your tongue and do what you are told; for nobody knows all these things, but you and me, and nobody can put them together except ourselves—d'yo see?"

"It matters not," said Boone firmly; "I won't do it—there!"

Both men leaped up. At the same moment there was a sound as of something falling in the shop. They looked at each other.

"Go see what it is," said Gorman.

The other stepped to the door.

"It's only two of my wax-dolls tumbled off the shelf," he said on returning.

An exclamation of horror escaped him, for he saw that the heap of shavings had been set on fire during his momentary absence, and Gorman stood watching them with a demoniacal grin.

Boone was struck dumb. He could not move or speak. He made a feeble effort to stretch out his hands as if to extinguish the fire, but Gorman seized him in his powerful grasp and held him fast. In a few seconds the flames were leaping up the walls, and the room was so full of smoke that they were driven into the front shop.

"Now, then," said Gorman in a fierce whisper, "your only chance is to act out your part as wisely as you can. Shout fire! now till you're black in the face—fire! fire!! fire!!!"

David Boone obeyed with all his might, and, when Gorman released him, ran back into the parlor to try to extinguish the flames, but he was driven back again, scorched and half-cooked, while Gorman ran off at full speed to the nearest station, gave the alarm, received the shilling reward for being first to give the call, and then went leisurely home to bed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After David Boone's first alarm was given, other voices took it up; frantic females screamed it, and in a few minutes the hubbub in Poorthing Lane swelled into a steady roar.

Among the sound sleepers in that region was Miss Deemas. Miss Tippet, on the very first note of alarm, bounced out of bed with an emphatic "There!" The energy with which Miss Tippet sprang to the floor and exclaimed "There!" caused Emma Ward to open her eyes to the utmost possible extent and exclaim "Where?"

Without waiting for a reply she too bounded out of bed like an india rubber ball.

The repetition of the cry "Fire! fire!" outside induced both ladies at once to become insane.

While these events were occurring the cry of fire had reached the ears of one of London's guardians; our friend Samuel Forest. Sam was a calm, self-possessed man. But, although self-possessed and cool, he was not slow. With one energetic effort he tripped up and floored the conqueror with one hand, as it were, while he put on his black helmet with the other, and in three minutes more the fire-escape was seen coming up the lane like a rampant monster of the antedilurvian period.

It was received by the crowd with frantic cheers, because they had just become aware that a lady was asleep in one of the upper rooms, which were by that time unapproachable, owing to the lower part of the staircase having caught fire.

The fact was made known with a sudden look of horror by Miss Tippet, who, with Emma Ward, had been rescued from the first floor window by a gallant policeman.

Dozens of tongues and hundreds of voices directed Sam Forest to the right window. He pointed his escape toward it, but so vigorous was the uninvited assistance lent by the crowd that the head of the machine went crashing through it and dashed the frame into the middle of the room.

To say that Miss Deemas was horror-struck by such an awakening would be to use a mild expression. Miss Deemas cast courage and philosophy to the dogs, gave herself over to abject fear uttered a piercing shriek, dipped her head under the bedclothes, and, drawing her knees up to her mouth clasped her hands over them in agony.

"Come, ma'am, don't take on so; no time to lose; floor's goin' down!" said Sam. He coughed as he said it for the smoke was getting thicker every moment.

Shriek upon shriek was the only answer vouchsafed by the terrified Eagle.

"Be quiet my good lady," said Sam Forest in a voice of tenderness; but if his voice was tender his actions were the reverse, for it was now a matter of life or death; so he grasped the Eagle, bedclothes and all, in his arms, and bore her to the window. Sam was considerate, however, and polite even in this extremity. He begged pardon as he wrapped the bedclothes round his victim, and lifting her into the head of the escape let her go.

No swoop that the Eagle ever made (mentally) down upon Base, unworthy, arrogant man, was at all comparable to the descent which she made (physically) on that occasion into the arms of an expectant fireman! She held her breath, also the blankets, tightly, as she went down like a lightning-flash, and felt that she was about to be dashed to pieces but to her surprise soft cushions received her, and she was immediately borne, by another of these desperate men in helmets, into an adjoining house, and left unhurt in the arms of her sympathetic friend Miss Tippet.

But where was David Boone all this time? Rather say, where was he not? Everywhere by turns and nowhere long, was David to be seen, in the frenzy of his excitement. Conscience-smitten for what he had done, or rather intended to do, he ran wildly about, making the most desperate efforts to extinguish the fire.

Before the fire was put out, poor Boone's eyelashes and whiskers were signed off; little hair was left on his head, and that little was short and frizzled.

Almost superhuman efforts had been made by the firemen to save the house. But so well had the plot been laid; so thoroughly had the combustibles been distributed and lubricated with inflammable liquids, that all the engines in the metropolis, would have failed to extinguish that fire.

There was a shout at last among the firemen to "look out!" It was feared one of the partition walls was coming down, so each man beat a hasty retreat. They swarmed out at the door like bees, and were all safe when the wall fell—all safe, but one, Joe Corney, who, being a reckless man, took things too leisurely, and was knocked down by the falling bricks.

Moxby and Williams ran back, and carried him out of danger. Then seeing that he did not recover consciousness although he breathed, they carried him at once to the hospital.

By this time, David Boone, besides being mad, was in a raging fever. The tenant of the house to which he had been taken was a friend, as well as a neighbor of his own,—a greengrocer, named Mrs. Craw, and she turned out to be a good Samaritan, for she insisted on keeping Boone in her house, and nursing him.

Next day, D. Gorman happened, quite in a casual way of course, to saunter into Poorthing Lane.

"Wery sad, ain't it, sir?" said a sympathetic barber. "He was sich a droll dog, too. He'll be quite a loss to the neighborhood; won't he, sir?"

"I hope he won't," said Gorman. "I hope to see him start fresh, an' git on better than ever, poor fellow; at least, I'll do all I can to help him."

"Ah! you've helped him already, sir, more than once, I believe; at least so he told me," said the barber, with an approving nod.

"Well, so have I," returned Gorman modestly; "but he may be assured that any trifle he owes me won't be called for just now. In fact my small loan to him is an old debt, which I might have got any time these last years, when he was flourishing, so I'm not going to press him now, poor fellow. He's ill, you say?"

"Yes, so I'm told; rather serious too."

"That's very sad; where is he?"

"With Mrs. Craw, sir, the greengrocer."

"Ah, I'll go and see him. Good-day."

But Gorman's intentions, whatever they might have been, were frustrated at that time; for he found Boone in high fever, and quite delirious. He did not, however, quit the house without putting, as he expressed it, at least one spoke in his wheel; for he conducted himself in such a way toward Mrs. Craw and expressed so much feeling for her friend "and his," that he made quite a favorable impression on that worthy woman. He also left a sovereign, where-with to purchase any little luxuries for the sick man that might be conducive to his health and comfort, and went away with the assurance that he would look in to inquire for him as often as he could.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mr. Thomas Tippet beaming and perspiring as of old, was standing at his bench, chisel in hand, and Willie Willders was standing with his back to the fire, and his legs pretty wide apart; not because he preferred that degage attitude, but because Chips and Puss were asleep side by side between his feet.

Standing on the hearth, as we have said, Willie related to his friend all he knew in regard to the Cattley family, and wound up with an anxious demand what was to be done for them.

Mr. Tippet, leaning on his bench and looking into Willie's face with a benignant smile, said—

"Done, my boy?" why, help 'em of course."

"Ay, but how?" asked Willie.

"How?" cried Mr. Tippet; "why, by giving 'em money. You are aware that I stopped their allowance because Cattley senior went and drank it as soon as he got it, and Cattley junior is able to support himself, and I was not until now aware that the poor daughter was killing herself to support her father; but as I do know it now I'll continue the allowance and increase it, and we shall give it into the daughter's hands, so that the father won't be able to mis-spend it."

Mr. Tippet's visage glowed with ardor as he stated this arrangement, but the glow was displaced by a look of anxiety as he observed that Willie shook his head and looked as perplexed as ever.

"If that plan would have availed I would have tried it long ago," said he, with a sad smile, "for my income is a pretty good one, thanks to you, sir—"

"Thanks to your own genius, Willie, for the very remarkable and prolific offshoots which you have caused to sprout from this dry old root," said Mr. Tippet.

"Not the less thanks to you sir," said Willie, "but Z—a—Miss Cattley positively refuses to accept of money from any one in charity, as long as she can work."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Tippet, shaking his head slowly, "pride, simple pride. Not laudible pride, observe. She deceives herself, no doubt, into the belief that it is laudable, but it is not; for, when a girl cannot work without working herself into her grave, it is her duty not to work, and it is the duty, as well as the privilege, of her friends to support her. Truth is truth, Willie, and we must not shrink from stating it because a few illogical thinkers are apt to misunderstand it, or because there are a number of mean-spirited wretches who would be glad to say that they could not work without injuring their health if they could, by so doing, persuade their friends to support them. Why, sir, Miss Cattley is committing suicide! and, in regard to her father, who is dependent on her, he is committing murder—murder, sir!"

Willie admitted that there was much truth in Mr. Tippet's observations, but did not quite agree with him in his sweeping condemnation of Ziza.

"However," continued Mr. Tippet, resuming his quiet tone and benignant aspect, "I'll consider the matter. Yes, I'll consider the matter, and see what's to be done for 'em."

He leaped from the bench with a quiet chuckle as he said this and began to saw vigorously, while Willie went to his desk in the corner and applied himself to an abstruse calculation, considerably relieved in mind, for he had unbounded belief in the fertility of Mr. Tippet's imagination, and he knew well that whatever that old gentleman promised he would fulfill.

(To be Continued.)

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There is no guesswork about the results obtainable from Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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It is because of the certain results accompanying the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment that this great preparation has come to be standard the world over. If a dealer offers you any other ointment, does he do so on its merits, or does he not rather try to make a sale by saying "This is just as good as Dr. Chase's?"

As a matter of fact, Dr. Chase's Ointment is now so universally used that few dealers think of offering anything else when a cure is sought for eczema, salt rheum, old sores or piles. There is scarcely a town, village or side line in this whole land but can point to some case in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has made a remarkable cure.

While this ointment is best known on account of its extraordinary success in curing the most torturing skin diseases and the most distressing forms of piles, it is also useful in scores of ways in every home for the cure of scalds, burns, wounds, old sores, chafing, skin irritation, sore feet, pimples, rough skin and everything for which an antiseptic, soothing treatment is needed.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

UP-TO-DATE FARMING.

One thing the up-to-date farmer will work hard for, and that is to have his farm buildings as convenient as possible. The amount of time and strength used up in doing work in unhandy barns, for instance, is astonishing beyond belief, writes a correspondent.

Not long ago I was in one of these unhandy barns, I was impressed by the tremendous loss of energy the owner of that farm sustained every time he fed his horses and cattle. Every pound of hay he fed his horses and cows he had to lug by main force from the mow far along the floor to a pitch-hole down which it was pushed and then along an alley until the mangers were reached. Think of that! Take a man who was not robust in health, or in case of sickness when the boys and women folks may be compelled to do chores, what a piece of work it would be to feed a lot of cattle! The straw shed in that barn was just as unhandy. All straw used must be carried fifty or sixty feet before reaching the stables.

Now, a little foresight would have obviated all this unnecessary labor. When the barn is built is the time to fix things for the man who feeds the stock. In our up-to-date barn we have the hay come down right in front of the cattle, it only being necessary to pitch it from the mow to the big floor whence it goes directly to the feeding alley. Even this is work enough for us. The straw shed is within six feet of the horses. No hard work about bedding the horses there.

THEN IN THE HOUSE,

too, how terribly contrived are the rooms in many houses! Not long ago, I was in a house where the kitchen was hardly big enough for a woman to turn around in. My wife said it never would do for her. The stove took up the most of the room, and she being a woman of generous proportions must have a little room for herself. The sink, table and cupboard utilized almost all the space the stove did not monopolize. Every farm house should have a good big kitchen. If we are going to shorten any of the rooms let it be the parlors, but it would be a great mistake to do even that.

Then, the water should be handy to the kitchen. I have in mind one farm where there is no well whatever. Every drop of water used for cooking purposes must be brought from a spring, as much as a quarter of a mile away. I have personal knowledge that the man of that farm allowed his wife to lug water from that spring most of the time one winter, when the snow was often knee deep, and that she contracted rheumatism from which she has since suffered terribly. I believe such a man should be arrested and punished severely. But many of the rest of us fail in the respect I have mentioned, perhaps not to the extent this man did, and yet, we should make very careful provision for the needed water supply of our farm houses.

The well should be near to the kitchen door, and easily approached. No woman or man either should be expected to carry water up a flight of steps. It is much better if one be situated so that he can bring the water into the house

FROM SOME GOOD SPRING.

How much work this will save for the house-wife, who can tell!

While the farmer is getting his up-to-date tools for use in growing his crops, he should not forget to provide everything as modern for his wife as he can. More than one farmhouse is as bare of conveniences as those of fifty years ago were. This is not right. The man who will put all needed money into farm tools for his own use and neglect his wife who is expected to keep up her end of the work, ought to be ashamed of himself.

What should the farmer's wife have in the line of conveniences in the house? A good kitchen table upon which to do her making of pies and bread; a sink to wash dishes in; an ironing board, a sewing machine; a low table at which she may sit down to cut out and make garments for herself and family; a large cupboard for dishes; a place to stow away kettles basin and kettle covers; and plenty of low, easy chairs to sit in when sewing or doing similar work.

These do not cost much at present. They may be purchased one at a time if the farmer does not feel able to get them all at once. By getting now and then some such things for the housework, in a little while everything needed will be supplied.

More than one woman has been broken down physically by being compelled to do her work under disadvantage. Most women are ready and willing not only to do their own work in the house, but also to lend a hand when outside work presses; and it is not right that she should be required to scrub any way she can in the house and then

HELP HER HUSBAND OUT.

But no farmhouse is complete without a shelf for plants in winter and a stand of some kind for them in summer. The farmer who is handy with tools can himself fix up a nice stand and also rig up a shelf in the bay window, or in some other sunshiny place for the flowers. It sometimes seems as if the farmers of the country do not understand the value of plants and flowers as they should. So many farm houses are bare of these beautiful things! But they may be made the source of much happiness. More; they may be the means of knitting the hearts and lives of the young folks to the farm. This is a point not to be overlookood. The winter months on the farm need every possible source of attraction, and flowers go far in that direction.

What shall the farmer's wife have on her flower shelves? I think she should put there a pot or two of geraniums. She should have fuchsias, the rich begonias, at least one calla lily, the fragrant mignonette, and some of the more delicate form of the cactus. These anyway, and if there be room, as many of the other kinds of house plants as she loves.

For the yard outside in summer, there may be pansies, sweet peas poppies roses, hollyocks, snow balls, dahlias verbenas phlox, portulaces, candytuft, sweet william and the beautiful petunias. It is not so far from the big barn, for which we plead for better conveniences, to the house with its flowers and plants as might at first be supposed. Both have their merits and no up-to-date farmer will overlook them.

DAIRY NOTES.

Now is the time to prepare to turn off the unprofitable animals before the cold weather comes. It takes less feed to fatten in warm than in cold weather.

The great secret of profitable silage-making is to know just when the corn has reached the proper stage.

Corn is in its best condition when the ears have just reached the roasting stage.

If the corn is put in the silo when too green it is less nutritious and the silage becomes too sour.

If allowed to pass the glazed stage the stalk becomes too dry and woody.

Avoid both extremes.

Get the silo filled before the corn is struck with frost.

While filling the silo keep a man in the silo spreading and tramping the edges near the wall.

It is imperative that the edges and corners be well packed.

In finishing run oat straw through the cutter until the whole surface is covered about a foot deep.

Weighing is not necessary.

When beginning to feed throw off the straw and manage so a layer can be fed off every day or two and there will be no moldy silage.

Do not cut down and feed in sections. It will spoil.

Feed out properly and there will be no waste.

Remember that cows can not maintain a good flow of milk on short feed.

Never forget to look after the comfort of the cows and see that every storm finds them in their stalls.

If you have found by testing that you have an unprofitable cow in your herd—a robber—don't sell to an unsuspecting neighbor, but fatten her and send her to the shambles.

ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM.

There Are Great Possibilities In Its Use.

The end man at the minstrel show who informed Mr. Johnsing that farmer Brown had bought a dynamo which he was going to use to shock his corn really made a practical suggestion. The farmer, it is true, can't use electricity to shock his corn, but may find it useful in many other ways. According to a writer in the Engineering Magazine the possibilities in the use of electricity in farming are very great. He says in part:

"It has been clearly shown, for example, that electricity, far from injuring vegetation as had been alleged actually aids its development and under certain conditions exerts upon it an influence analogous to that of electro-therapy upon the human system. Beyond this, there are many applications of electricity to be made on the farm. It will be enough for the present to cite, as the most important: First, the lighting of the fields for night work, and the lighting of the farm house and its outbuildings. Second, telegraphic and telephonic communication between farms minimizing the disastrous effects of isolation in sparsely settled districts like certain parts of South America, the Congo, etc. Third, the supply of a motive power highly adapted to agriculture—that is to say, economical, divisible into small units, easy of transmission, and demanding little oversight. Trolley lines to the markets would relieve the overworked horse."

HE TOOK THE HINT.

"Yes," she said, in answer to something he had said, "the old songs are very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically! "'beautiful' hardly describes them. They are—they are—well, compared with them, the songs of to-day are trash, the veriest trash."

"I agree with you; yet the old songs sometimes contain sentiments of which one cannot wholly approve."

"I think you are mistaken."

"I will give you an illustration. There is 'Home, Sweet Home,' for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments it contains?"

"Why not?" he asked, warmly. "Why not?"

"Because," she said glancing at the clock, which was marking the hour of eleven, "because there is a line in that song which says, 'There's no place like home.' You do not believe that, do you?"

Then he coughed a hollow cough, and arose, and went silently out into the night.

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Dr. Chase's Ointment

COUNTRY OR [illegible]N?

Which of the Two A[illegible]ed for the Grow[illegible]

The town and cou[illegible] advocates, but, for t[illegible] in spite of all the adv[illegible] fort and culture the [illegible] country seems to be the best place. His gr[illegible] observation are exer[illegible] ies of natural wonde[illegible] is turned to many a[illegible] tivance. He co[illegible] with nature and li[illegible] the city boy does no[illegible] up a store of del[illegible] that later will be a [illegible] mense pleasure to [illegible] town-bred child's mi[illegible] such treasures.

"He moves," sa[illegible] Spectator, "in set a[illegible] even as the stars i[illegible] Certain walks he g[illegible] restricted; he trots [illegible] his nurse, or lays a[illegible] hers. Shouting a[illegible] forbidden. Shops, [illegible] traffic, in eternal Rho[illegible] and Hurry, are all th[illegible] His outdoor consider[illegible] nursery he romps i[illegible] the whole breadth fr[illegible] door life are denied [illegible] years, whatever he [illegible] enjoy, he will be v[illegible] glorious gains, barre[illegible] en memories, which [illegible] ble heritage of his [illegible]

COUNTRY BOY'S [illegible]

Turning to the [illegible] Spectator thus exp[illegible] advantages: "Meanw[illegible] child is laying up t[illegible] isence that will be [illegible] him to his latest h[illegible] are no empty name[illegible] has its unique alm[illegible] none is inferior to a[illegible] night are his, especi[illegible] ous mystery of sun[illegible] is the haunt of va[illegible] ions. The sunrise [illegible] the sunset, and all [illegible] expanses of bare he[illegible] rim to rim. He is [illegible] cause there are s[illegible] distances for his sig[illegible] yet he may be a k[illegible] minute detail, ex[illegible] variations of ins[illegible] flowers. At four o[illegible] his sense of adventu[illegible] sible, leading hi[illegible] peril and punishmen[illegible] episodes with imp[illegible] He may shout and [illegible] lenged along the [illegible] legs and his lungs [illegible] vitality none to sa[illegible]

"While his si[illegible] daisy chains or tos[illegible] he is immersed [illegible] ecstasy of hunting [illegible] away with elder [illegible] stream, to return [illegible] He excavates pira[illegible] sandpit, or jogs a [illegible] poised timber: [illegible] claims devoted att[illegible] adept with rake [illegible] ries his first fru[illegible] radishes in pro[illegible] prouder mother."

IN SEARCH OF [illegible]ARASITE.

Expedition Goe[illegible] Study Sleepin[illegible]

"Recently a litt[illegible] results of whose [illegible] be of great int[illegible] of great value to [illegible] colonizing nation, [illegible] the greatest benef[illegible] got from South[illegible] with the smallest [illegible] trumpets. The ex[illegible] which the Liverpo[illegible] Study of Tropical [illegible] enabled, through [illegible] the King: of the [illegible] spatch to the Con[illegible] chiefly, the cause [illegible] ness. Researches [illegible] carried out in [illegible] tellani and Low [illegible] parasitic origin o[illegible] ease—which first [illegible] into a state of [illegible] and then kills, the [illegible] lani, in a recent [illegible] Society, tentative[illegible] cause to a para[illegible] which he found in [illegible] fluid of sufferers [illegible] is by no means w[illegible] is the means of a[illegible] and meanwhile the [illegible] is sweeping off the[illegible] —"is devastating [illegible] tories," said Sir A[illegible] terday—and indeed [illegible] urged against tak[illegible] tives to the Sou[illegible] labor is that they [illegible] sleeping sickness [illegible] these reasons, if n[illegible] King Leopold offer[illegible] cial assistance [illegible] School of Tropical [illegible] would send out an [illegible] Congo to study [illegible] and to recommen[illegible] measures on spot, [illegible] accepted, and Mr. [illegible] work is the suppre[illegible] on the west coast [illegible] only just ended, Dr [illegible] Dr. C. Christy a[illegible] way there.

AS ST[illegible]

An amusing story [illegible] ing a young lawyer [illegible] the Supreme Court [illegible] in which he was be[illegible] fendant.

"I once heard a[illegible] age," said he, "which [illegible] argues his own cas[illegible] client. Despite th[illegible] pose to present t[illegible] in this case, as I [illegible] than anyone else."

Then he proceeded [illegible] ment.

Before he went m[illegible] asked a friend to p[illegible] as soon as the Co[illegible] delivered. Later [illegible] gram, which read:

"Old French ad[illegible]

"Know thyself," [illegible] pher. Yet how [illegible] men would be if [illegible] selves.

A BRAKE FOR SHIPS.

Interesting Experiment Near Montreal.

"The Canadian government has recently equipped one of its [illegible] the steamer Eureka, plying on [illegible] waters—with a 'ship brake,'" says The Scientific American. As the name indicates, the brake is intended to check the speed of a vessel. It can also be utilized to assist in turning about in a limited shipway. During a recent trial made in the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, the steamer was driven ahead at an indicated speed of eleven knots an hour. Steam was then shut off, and, simultaneously, the brakes on each side opened. The vessel came to a full stop within [illegible] distance equal to her own length. The brakes were then closed, the vessel went ahead until the original rate of speed was attained, when the engines were reversed and the brakes opened, with the result that headway was checked after she had gone but [illegible] about her length. In another trial the Eureka at full speed was turned also within her own length with one brake thrown open. An examination of the hull and mechanism after the test showed apparently no harmful strain or damage, and in operation there was no jar or vibration was felt by those on board.

"This new form of brake [illegible] on the sides of the hull, and its construction and method of attachment to the ship resemble [illegible]

AN ORDINARY [illegible]

It extends downward [illegible] extreme load line of the vessel [illegible] bilge keel, convenient [illegible] and hauling the new section [illegible] secured by mailing the [illegible] tively deep in proportion [illegible] width. The gate, as it [illegible] consists of a strong [illegible] heavily reinforced, which [illegible] vertically to the vessel's side, when not in use, [illegible] against the side of the vessel [illegible] of heavy steel spring [illegible] all attached to the [illegible] gate near its outer edge [illegible] to a series of chains [illegible] are arranged to move [illegible] covered ways, built over [illegible] sure of the hull. When [illegible] folded forward against the ship, the chains [illegible] course, at the forward [illegible] covered ways, but as the [illegible] eased and thrown open [illegible] sure of the water as the [illegible] forward, the chains [illegible] backward in their [illegible] press the water, that is within the covered way.

"At the rear end of the [illegible] a number of orifices, which [illegible] water to escape as the [illegible] gate, in opening, pushes [illegible] backward. The forward [illegible] gate is secured in place [illegible] brake is not in action, by [illegible] catches arranged in a [illegible] The rod on which the gate [illegible] is provided with a bevel [illegible] which the gate can be [illegible] open. The method of [illegible] as follows: When it is [illegible] stop the vessel suddenly [illegible] event of a collision or [illegible] a landing, the catches [illegible] forward ends of the [illegible] ed, and by means of the [illegible] the gate is slightly open [illegible] pressure of the water then [illegible] the forward edge of the gate [illegible] it out to the full-open position [illegible] den jar or shock being prevented [illegible] means of the water cushions at [illegible] back of the slides. The power [illegible] of the brake can be controlled [illegible] tirely either from the bridge or [illegible] the engine-room as may be [illegible]

AMUSED CECIL RHODES.

"Cecil Rhodes rarely [illegible] hearty laugh," says an [illegible] formerly lived in South A[illegible] once in the early diamond [illegible] Kimberley I knew him to split his sides at the follow[illegible] as told by poor Barney B[illegible]

"At a seaside fair a [illegible] was gathering in penn[illegible] hibition of a peep-show. [illegible] had rigged up himself [illegible] ken ginger-beer bottles [illegible] holes, and a queer arrang[illegible] lights and optical illusions [illegible] little girl with pig tail [illegible] ing out horizontally behind [illegible] had paid her penny, and [illegible] gazed at the wonders [illegible] through the magic beer [illegible] which the old showman explai[illegible] response to her eager question[illegible]

"'And what's that blue light [illegible] asked.

"'That's Napoleon crossi[illegible] Halps.'

"'My! And what's the [illegible] light?'

"'Oh, that's Missus Napoleo[illegible]

"'But what's the big red l[illegible]

"'Red light? There ain't a [illegible] light.'

"'Why, yes, there is a re[illegible] sir; and it's growing bigger a[illegible] ger.'

"'Wot? Here, you stand [illegible] missey; an' let's have a peep[illegible] looked, then threw up both [illegible] and roared: 'Crikey! Me [illegible] bloomin' show is on fire!'"

WILLING TO DO HIS PA[illegible]

An old farmer once took [illegible] a former Duke and Duchess o[illegible] cleuch, at Drumlanrig Castle [illegible] grace's Dumfriesshire estate.

His first cup of tea was gone most before the duchess had [illegible] it out. Again and again [illegible] was passed along to the head [illegible] table. At the sixteenth [illegible] duchess became uneasy about [illegible] supply on hand. "How [illegible] cups do you take, John?" she [illegible]

"How mony d'ye gie?" John [illegible] ed, cannily.

Figures may not lie, but a mathematician may be able to [illegible] gle them to some purpose.

A farmer has stopped [illegible] local paper. He wrote to the [illegible] asking how to get rid of wa[illegible] soothing answer came in the issue of the paper, "Kill [illegible]