

LABORING THROUGH STORMS.

The Tempest-Tossed Steamers Arrive in Port.

Two more of the large fleet of European passenger steamers, now overdue at this port, arrived safely yesterday. They were the Red Star line steamer *Waesland*, from Antwerp, and the National liner *Italy*, from Liverpool. The former battled with the waves for nearly twenty-three days before reaching port, and the latter had a long and terrible passage of nineteen days. There are still nine or ten steamers due here, which have undoubtedly been detained by the same dreadful storms which the *Waesland* and the *Italy* encountered. The list is quite a long one, and includes the *Parthia*, which left Liverpool November 21, the *State* of Nebraska, from Glasgow, on the same date, the *Amsterdam*, from Rotterdam, on the same day, the *Labrador*, from Havre, on the 19th and the *Netherland*, from Antwerp, on the 19th, also the *Necker*, from Bremen, and *Celtic*, from Liverpool, both on the 22nd, and the *Bath City*, from Bristol, which, however, has been spoken by the *Marathon* and reported as disabled. The others may arrive at any moment and will doubtless make port in safety.

The *Waesland* was warped into her dock at nine o'clock yesterday morning. She bore the scars of battle upon her, and it was evident at a casual glance that the good ship had survived a terrible storm. The bridge was broken, small boats scratched and rubbed, brass rails and stanchions twisted and a general appearance of having undergone the harshest of hard usage.

"This passage has been one of the most tempestuous I ever experienced," said one of her officers. "We have been twenty-two days, twenty-one hours and five minutes crossing the Atlantic, a longer time than I ever expected to spend in a steamer between Antwerp and New York. We ought to have been in a week ago last Thursday. We cast off from the Rhyndland dock, Antwerp, at seven o'clock on the morning of November 12 and proceeded on our voyage. We had fresh westerly winds, with light fog, at first. Soon after we passed Bishop Rock Lighthouse, with a fresh breeze. The next morning the wind increased, the sky was black and threatening and strong gales from the westward and heavy seas followed. The wind steadily increased in violence, and on the 15th it was blowing a terrible gale. The seas were tremendous, the waves dashing over the ship as high as the crossjack. We shipped sea after sea, and the whole length of the deck, fore and aft, was under water. The force and weight of the seas were almost irresistible, and each succeeding wave that broke upon the deck made a noise like thunder. The topsail was carried away, the steering companionway doors were stove in and the second cabin skylight scattered. The air was full of electricity and the storm was accompanied by thunder and lightning.

A SUCCESSION OF HURRICANES.

"By the 21st the storm had increased in fury to a hurricane, and the ship labored heavily but answered the helm and was kept out of the trough of the sea. The port side of the bridge was swept away, two lifeboats crushed to kindling wood and several spars lost. The seas at this time were something tremendous, but everything was battened down and we shipped no water. The passengers behaved pretty well, and those who were afraid were subdued and did not show it much.

"The next day the weather moderated somewhat, but it was still blowing a gale, and the 23rd the wind had increased. On the night of the 23rd there was for the first time a lull in the tempest, and the wind changed and ceased its violence, although, of course, the seas continued to run high. But it was literally the calm before the storm, for on the morning of the next day, after only four hours of intermission, the storm broke again and we were soon visited by a second hurricane. The barometer went down to 28.30, and there was a dangerous cross sea. The mizzenmast was carried away, the boom and gaff snapped like pipe-stems, a third lifeboat was crushed and the temporary bridge which had been erected to repair the breach caused by the first hurricane washed overboard.

"Just at this critical juncture the machinery gave way. We broke the after coupling bolts on the main shaft and the engines came to a stop. This was a very serious mishap, for the ship became perfectly helpless, and rolled about in the trough of the sea in a way that was alarming, not only to the passengers, but to old sailors as well. We were in positive danger, as every sailor will appreciate when it is remembered that the wind was blowing a hurricane and the sea was lashed with such fury as it has seldom been my lot to witness. It took twelve hours to make the repairs to the broken bolts, and during all that time our ship lay to, helplessly rolling in the trough of the sea. But she stood the test well. She is a fine ship, and only her great strength and seagoing qualities kept her from going down.

"The next day the wind and sea moderated a little and we started again with just steam enough to keep the ship on her course, to repair the machinery once more. We had better weather from this time on, but we ran at only half speed. Our seamen were washed about the decks and brushed. Many were injured, but only two seriously. One had a leg broken and another his rib fractured. It was a terrible voyage. There were forty-one cabin passengers and 354 in the steerage. They behaved themselves as well as could have been expected under the circumstances.

A PASSENGER'S EXPERIENCE.

"I have made six voyages, but never such a one as this," said a cabin passenger. "I never want to go through such an experience again. We were obliged to remain below the whole trip. It would have been as much as a landsman's life was worth to have ventured on deck; he would surely have been swept overboard or crushed by the weight of the gigantic waves, that pounded down on the decks with a noise like the discharge of artillery. During the first hurricane the passengers were terror-stricken. Some fell on their knees and began to pray; others muttered prayers and wrung their hands as they moved with feverish haste to and fro in the saloon, clinging to every support to keep their feet; while a few others acted like wild people. The greater part, notwithstanding their fear, were quiet and subdued.

When the engines were disabled and we lay rolling and pitching in the trough of a terrible sea, with the wind blowing a hurricane, our position was a dreadful one. I don't believe any of us ever expected to reach port. The steering passengers were panic-stricken and the officers had to threaten to imprison the most violent."

THE ITALY.

The steamer *Italy* reached her dock, at the foot of Houston street, late in the afternoon. Her chief officer said last evening in narrating the story of the voyage:—"I never had so rough a time on the Atlantic. We left Liverpool on the 16th of November and were eight days overdue. We had a succession of gales all the way over until the 1st of December. In fact, I might say, it was one continuous gale of varying severity all the time. The two hurricanes that the *Waesland* encountered we passed through on the same dates. The first one, on the 21st, lasted eight hours and was of terrible severity, the barometer fell to 28.10, which is very low. The waves ran mountains high and were blown into spray so thick that you could not see the width of the ship. We lost two lifeboats and had the bridge rails on the port side torn away. When the hurricane passed it continued to blow a gale for two days and then another hurricane, more violent and longer continued than the first, struck us. It lasted twelve hours. We weathered it, however, as we had the first, without serious mishap, and thenceforward had more moderate weather. When we got this side of the Banks we had the first let-up of the storm.

"Our passengers behaved themselves well, and they gave us a rousing cheer as they left the ship this afternoon. And they had reason to," said the sailor, with enthusiasm, modestly attributing all the passengers' compliments to the ship. "They had reason to, for she is a noble ship and did nobly. It was a terrible test to put her to, and yet she never started a bolt.

"We haven't heard the worst of this hurricane yet. It is an ominous thing that we never sighted a sailing vessel during the whole of our long voyage. I am afraid there were many such craft that came to grief. We passed the *Egypt* and the *Alaska* on the 20th and 22nd, but no sailing vessels."

Action of Coffee and Sugar on the Stomach.

M. Leven has communicated to the Paris Society of Biology some experiments which he has made on this subject on dogs, with the assistance of M. Semerie. The action of coffee on the stomach has been much discussed and variously interpreted. The majority of writers admit that coffee stimulates the circulation and provokes hyperemia of the gastric mucous membrane, but they have not adduced experimental proof of the fact.

The contrary opinion is supported by a certain number of observers, to whom M. Leven has given in his adhesion. He recalls to mind the experiments which he made some years since on caffeine absorbed by frogs, guinea pigs, and rabbits. It retarded the action of the heart, which, at the same time, became strong; it increased the arterial tension; like the vaso-constrictor agents, it dilated the pupil. Caffeine has even been used in certain cases to replace digitaline, of which it has, to a great extent, the properties, though in a smaller degree.

The latest experiments of M. Leven were as follows: He gave to a dog a meal of 200 grammes of meat; he then administered an infusion of 36 grammes of coffee in 150 grammes of water; the animal was then killed, and, at the end of three hours, the stomach still contained 145 grammes of meat, while in the absence of coffee it only contained about 100 grammes. The abdominal mucous membrane was pale as well on the external surface as in the interior, and the vessels were strongly contracted. It follows, then, that coffee, producing anamia of the stomach, retards digestion; and, the anamia repeating itself, ends by bringing on habitual increased congestion of the stomach, which, according to M. Leven, is synonymous with dyspepsia.

It is well known, and English physicians have laid great stress upon this point, that the abuse of coffee and tea often brings on gastralgia, dyspepsia, and, at the same time, more or less disturbance of the apparatus of innervation. It is, therefore, necessary precisely to distinguish the local anamia produced by coffee on the stomach from the more general action exercised by it over the central nervous system, and which has conferred on it the merited qualification of an intellectual drink. In opposition to coffee, sugar is, according to M. Leven, an eminently digestive substance; and he does not fail to order it in certain cases of dyspepsia. He has made the following experiments: He gave to a dog 80 grammes of sugar at the same time as 200 grammes of meat; six hours afterward there was nothing found in the stomach but 20 grammes of undigested meat. The abdominal mucous membrane was red and turgid, the liver was wholly congested.

M. Leven draws this practical lesson from his experiments: that the infusion of coffee should be sufficiently sweetened to stimulate the secretory function, and thus assist digestion.

SOME MONSTERS OF THE FOREST.

Near Stockton, Cal., is a tree that is 325 feet high, and two in Victoria, Australia, are estimated to be 435 and 460 feet high. A great elm tree that had been blown down near London, with a large ball of earth at the roots, settled back into its original place after the branches had been cut off.

A cypress tree felled by N. B. Jordan of High Hill Creek, S. C., measured twenty-five feet in circumference at the butt. It took two axemen five hours to cut it down.

A black walnut grove that was planted by a Wisconsin farmer about twenty years ago, on some waste land was recently sold for \$27,000. The trees are now from sixteen to twenty inches through.

A tree that was eight hundred feet in length, ninety-six in circumference at the base, and six to the very heart was felled in California recently. Five men were twenty days doing the work. After it had been completely severed by anger holes, it still stood unmoved, and required blocks, pulleys, and tackling to bring its proud head to earth.

A Story of the Conscription.

Translated from the French.

Up four flights of stairs in a house at Paris was a suite of apartments consisting of three rooms which were inhabited by a family named Roumilk. There were only peaked roofs and chimneys and the blue sky to look out upon; but the rooms were so pleasant, neat and sunny that there was small temptation to turn the eyes away from them.

It was evening, and the family had assembled at supper. They were celebrating a *fete*, and their best gilt china shone on the table; a little bouquet of fresh flowers stood by each glass, and an iced cake, surrounded by a wreath of rosebuds, graced the centre of the table. Around this social board sat the jolly, affectionate old father, the delicate, loving mother, their brave, handsome son, and one other, not yet belonging to the family, but soon to be called daughter by the parents and wife by the son. She was a gentle, lovely young girl, looking with affectionate respect on the old folks, and with fond, modest eyes on her lover.

"Son," said the mother, "for twenty-one years, this night, has been the delight of my heart. Thou has gladdened my eyes every day thou hast lived. Ah! that thou wert but a few years younger, that I might be sure of thee longer."

"Wife, dost thou not see that Marian takes thy word as a reproach to her?" said the father. "Thou wouldst have thy son all to thyself, thou sayest."

"I do not mean that I would not have my child Marian for my daughter," she replied; "no! no! Bless her heart, she need not blush so. And she gives me no cause of fear. I even think my son Robinet happy to be her husband. But the conscription, father! Our boy is of age."

The old man's happy face grew pale and uneasy. "Wife," he said, "our boy is affectionate to us, true to Marian, and loving to God. If Heaven is but just he will not draw the fatal lot. Heaven blesses the good."

"Whom God loveth He chasteneth," said the mother, with a sigh, and Marian's cheek grew whiter.

"Come, do not darken a sunny day by clouds of fear," said the young man. "To-night I am free. To-night I can be the happiest fellow alive. Even if to-morrow I draw the wrong number, and must go to fight, I may return to you covered with honors. Will you not be glad and proud then?"

"My son! my son! I have known many a brave boy join those ranks dreaming as thou now doest; but few came back to their mothers. Oh, Robinet! thou art my only son; if thou art killed I shall be childless."

"Ah! wife," said the father, forcing back his tears, "couldst thou not be almost happy to be a widow? The conscription spares the only son of a widow. If thy useless old husband were gone thou couldst keep thy brave young son."

"Ah! ah!" cried the wife, "stop that old man's tongue. Put thy hand on his mouth, Marian. I cannot bear to hear him talk so."

"To-night let us be happy," cried Robinet. "I am not yet a conscript, and I believe I shall escape to-morrow: so 'begone dull care.' Father, shall I cut my birthday cake?"

"Yes, my boy," said the father. "Let us not borrow trouble. It would kill me to see thee among the dissolute soldiery driven to slaughter! I will not, no, I cannot think of it. Yes, cut thy cake, but do not harm those pretty buds. Marian placed them there as a token of how she will surround thy life with pleasures. Eh, Marian? Each bud for a kiss or kind word, eh?"

Marian wiped her eyes and smiled blushing. Cheerfulness was restored and the happy family gave themselves up to present enjoyment, while the secret thought that perhaps it was for the last time made them more tender to each other.

On the next day the drawing was to take place. Father and son went together to the place of decision. The son, with pallid cheek and dilating eyes, drew his lot, while the father stood by, his usual jovial manner having given place to the trembling of agonizing apprehensions. It was the fatal number! With a groan of despair the old man fell upon his son's neck.

"Oh, my boy," he exclaimed, "I cannot let thee go! I cannot see thee driven to slaughter! Thy mother's heart will be destitute. I cannot, God forgive me, I cannot."

He wrung his son's hand, and shaking his head at the few brave, consoling words Robinet's trembling lips uttered, he stopped them short by kissing him tenderly. Then he went out, with a gesture forbidding any to follow him.

The mother will weep over her son," said Marian's father, who stood by; "but an old man, like an old dog, goes alone to grieve. He, thy poor old father, idolizes thee, boy; and, ah! Robinet, there is another, a poor young girl, whose bitterest tears will be secret ones."

The youth, almost stunned with despair at his fate, returned to tell his mother and Marian. They awaited his arrival kneeling before the image of the Virgin and praying with agonizing fervency.

Robinet entered quietly and stood pale and rigid behind them, with big eyes and quivering nostrils. The mother turned and looked at him, then fell back in a swoon. Her son raised her and laid her on a sofa, where she recovered slowly. Marian clung to his arms weeping bitterly. None asked for the words they could not bear to hear.

"Ah, thy poor father," the mother murmured, "I know he is weeping in secret. He was ever slow to show his grief. His heart is broken like mine. Oh! that I had thy father here! We would mourn together."

There was a stir below and the sound of many footsteps coming up the stairs. They paused at the door. Robinet opened it. They were bringing in his father—dead! He had killed himself that Robinet might be free from the conscription. He had fallen a sacrifice to an insane idea of duty. Let him not be judged too harshly. He meant well, but his brain was feeble; he died that his son might live. God is more merciful than man!

Thus the widow kept her son, but the memory of the father was held in deep and tender regret throughout life by the mother and son.

An cider-down quilt in green satin has been manufactured in Cork to the order of a London lady for presentation to Mr. Parnell. The monogram of Mr. Parnell is worked in the centre in gold lace. Possibly the donor is the same lady who decorated the agitator's effigy at Mme. Tussaud's.

FIRE AT SEA.

Burning of a Vessel in Mid-Ocean At Sea in an Open Boat for Twenty-three Days.

The Pacific mail steamer *South Carolina* arrived at San Francisco from Panama, bringing with her survivors from several vessels wrecked in the recent gales on the Mexican coast. She also brought Capt. Currie, his wife and two children, and four seamen from the British bark *Lara*, of Halifax, which was burned in mid-ocean. They were twenty-three days in an open boat before reaching Acapulco. The story told by Capt. Currie of the sufferings of the party is one of the most thrilling in the tragedies of shipwreck. His story is substantially as follows: The bark *Lara* sailed from Hullingland with a cargo of gas coal. The first intimation we had of the danger to which we were exposed was seeing smoke issuing through the ventilator hatch. Knowing that there was nothing there that could be on fire except coal, I at once gave orders to bore two holes in the starboard bow, and let in four feet of water. After a time the smoke ceased, and I began to think that the danger had been overcome and the fire out. I then gave orders to plug the holes up and pump the ship dry. That was about 8 o'clock in the evening. Shortly after pumping out, one of the men saw smoke coming out again. It increased so rapidly that within an hour it was worse than it had been before. Anticipating the great danger we were all exposed to, I gave orders to batten down the fore and aft hatches and possibly smother the fire it seemed impossible to put out with water. For three days we watched every aperture. After three days, observing that the volume of smoke was increasing, I determined to abandon the vessel. I ordered the boats launched and had them packed with provisions and water. There were three boats in all. In the first one were my wife, my two children, and the second officer, five seamen, and myself. In the second boat were the first officer, cook and four men, and the third boat the boatswain and three seamen. We were twenty souls in all on board. This was on Sunday evening, three days after we had first seen the smoke. We stayed by the ship until the smell of gas from the burning coal was getting so bad that it was impossible to stand it longer. We got into the boats about 10 o'clock that night. The weather was clear and the sea quiet. The three boats kept together that night and the next day, but the following night a heavy storm came up with thunder and lightning and heavy rains. During the night we parted company, for when the morning broke we could not see anything of the other two boats. For two days we were alone. Then we sighted the other boats, and remained with them three days, when we again parted company and never saw them more. For twenty-three days we tossed about on the Pacific over one thousand miles from land. I had given orders to the other boats to steer their course for Acapulco. They were supplied with provision and water all they could carry, and with compasses. As the days wore by and no land appeared we all became more or less despondent. I could not give way, as I felt I must cheer my wife, children and men. The latter held out bravely, but the burning sun, thirst, and fear were too much for my poor wife. She fell sick, and day by day became more exhausted. We all did our best to cheer her up. She struggled bravely for the sake of the little children. It was painful to hear their wails and cries for water. The eldest one, although only 7, was old enough to realize to some extent the situation, but a little fellow, only two years old, was too young to comprehend it, and he would cry: "Mother, mother, give me some water." His mother would moisten her handkerchief and put it to the little fellow's lips. As it touched them he would clutch it with all the desperation of dying thirst; but it is hard to tell how they suffered night after night during these long twenty-three days and nights. They would, as I have told you, fall to sleep on their mother's knee with the words "Water; water," expiring on their lips. That was the hardest thing to bear I have ever yet experienced. After a time our tongues and lips began to swell. We men did not mind it so much, but it added to the suffering of wife and children. Although many days have elapsed since we landed in Acapulco, we have not yet been able, neither wife nor children, to wear boots.

At last we sighted land, and my wife cried like a child. Our thirst was getting almost intolerable. You can have some idea how we suffered when I tell you that one day we succeeded in capturing a turtle, and as we hauled it into the boat the men actually tore it to pieces to suck its blood, not before, however, asking my wife whether she would have some, but she was too sick at the stomach to attempt that. When she told the men she could not suck blood, even to quench thirst, the men tore it to pieces, each taking a portion and sucking the dripping blood from it, as though to wait a moment longer would be sudden death. No one can imagine the intensity of the suffering of thirst in an open boat in a tropical sea.

We reached Tehuantepec, and from there went to Acapulco.

How the Great Amuse Themselves.

Temple Bar.

It is curious to notice how men who have been noted for their polish and culture as writers or conversationalists have in their leisure moments found a strange pleasure in associating with their inferiors. Prior, one of the most elegant of our minor poets, the companion of princes and diplomatists, constantly passed whole evenings in chatting with a common soldier and his slattern wife in a low public house in Long Acre. Thomas Warton the historian of English poetry, and a singularly refined scholar, was often to be found in sordid taverns joking and being joked. Porson and Elmsley had similar propensities. So also had Turner, the painter. Machiavelli and Burke delighted to forget politics by sharing the labors of their farm servants; and even the stately Bolingbroke, as we learn from one of Pope's most delightful letters, was not above shouldering a prong. Byron's principal amusement during his residence at Venice was shooting with a pistol at a coin in a cleft stick, and that pursuit he practised

more methodically than any other thing in his unmethodical life. The Conqueror was devoted to the hunting field. "Loving the fall deer as if he were their father," says the old chronicler. Henry V. was the slave of tennis, and Edward IV. of falconry. Titinius and Louis XI.—the Titinius of modern France—delighted to shut themselves up with astrologers and quack prophets. But it is time to turn to more eccentric frivolities. Philip the Good, of Burgundy, spent enormous sums of money in contriving houses full of *delectables*, such as hidden traps, doors, spring snares, false roofs, undermined floors and the like. He would then invite guests to a grand banquet which would suddenly disappear; he would introduce them to magnificent *sofas*, which would suddenly dissolve in ruin, the miserable guest finding himself at one time falling through space, at another time soused in water or banged with sacks which came tumbling, charged with flour, on his bewildered head. Into the still more extraordinary recreations of Alexander VI. and Caesar Borgia in Italy, and of Louis XIII. in France we cannot enter for reasons obvious to readers of the diaries and memoirs illustrating those periods.

Tunnelling the Pyrenees.

To the various subalpine and submarine tunnels now in course of construction, or planned on paper, is to be added another enterprise of the greatest importance to France and Spain. This is no other than a scheme for piercing a tunnel under the Pyrenees at a point as nearly as possible equidistant from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The great natural barrier between the two countries has, up to the present, only being surmounted by the iron road at the two extremities of the range near Bayonne and Perpignan. Both these routes necessitate a long detour for traffic between the South of France and the north of Spain, even the carriage roads over the mountains being all but inaccessible during the winter months. The advantage of a direct roadway midway through the Pyrenees would therefore be unquestionable, as, in addition to developing intercourse between neighboring provinces at present separated by an unbroken wall, the monotonous journey between Paris and Madrid would be shortened by about 100 kilometres. The initiation of this useful undertaking is due the Spanish Government, which has introduced a bill into the Cortes authorizing the construction of the tunnel, and of a railroad leading from Madrid directly to its entrance. The Government of King Alfonso offers to provide half the funds for the tunnel on condition that France undertakes an equal share in the expense. If voted by the Cortes the scheme will at once be submitted to the French Government, on whose part it will doubtless meet with a favorable reception. The enterprise displayed by Spain in putting forward this great undertaking, together with several important improvements at home, such as the new railway direct from Madrid to the Portuguese frontier, would seem to indicate that she is arousing from a long period of lethargy to take her place among progressive nations. If the new tunnel between France and Spain be carried into execution we shall at least witness the realization of the famous *unt of Louis XIV.*—"Il n'y a plus de Pyrenees."

A Cat King of the Rats.

The London *News* gives this: A cat, all black except its perfectly white tail, was presented to the town of Agnone, Italy, many years ago. They put it in a theatre to clear it of rats. They soon found that the cat was fraternizing with the rodents, and had become their King, and shared its food with them. The custodian of the theatre often observed the rats participating in the food of the cat, which when they fought among themselves for some dainty morsel, restored order by a cut of its claw. Time passed on: the cat became old and toothless, no weapons remained to him but very long claws, which, however, were proportionately weak. Of late years the theatre has been always closed, and the rats had increased enormously. Last week a revolution took place among them, and when poor Cola-Bianca tried, as usual to restore order, the rats turned upon him in a fury and bit him to death. At dawn the next day Cola-bianca was found dead in the middle of the stage, like some tragic hero. The youth of Agnone made a solemn funeral, carrying Cola-bianca through the streets on a bier, covered with black velvet, and leading in string, the numerous progeny of the celebrated cat, all black with white tails, like himself, and of the same gentle and intelligent disposition. Cola-bianca at the time of his death, weighed ten kilograms, and the number of his children was one hundred. A speech was made in the town hall of Agnone, and it was decided to take revenge on the rats by scattering poison all over the theatre.

On the last monthly settling day the French Government placed \$30,000,000 at the disposal of the Bank of France, to enable it to meet all demands without raising its rate of discount.

THERE are in Persia about 40,000 Jews, and the *Judice Press* says they have a bad time of it, being subjected to all sorts of vexatious restrictions. In the town of Hamidan are the traditional tombs of Esther and Mordecai.

THE theatre lately burned down at Stockholm is asserted, though only opened in 1872, to have been the oldest in Europe. It was there that Gustavus III. was assassinated by Count Ankarstrom at a masked ball. His fellow conspirators raised a cry of fire, with a view to his escape in the confusion. But the authorities locked the doors, and every one had to sign before quitting the house. Ankarstrom signed and left, apparently with a light heart. A knife of peculiar make, identified as his by a cutter, led to his guilt being discovered.

Among the remarkable novelties of recent discovery is the boot-blackening plant, a native of New South Wales. The leaves of this shrub contain a tough substance gifted with all the properties and attributes of the finest boot polish. Squeeze them gently and they will yield some thick, dusky drops of sticky fluid, which must then be spread over the surface of the boot. This done, a polish of dazzling brilliancy may be brought out by a few light touches of the finishing brush.