

## ALMOST A SHIPWRECK.

A True Tale of the Sea—How Nick Brown Saved the Stella.

No more solemn sound can be heard than the monotonous minute-gun telling a story of death or death impending. To such a summons we were aroused one chilly November morning on the coast of Scotland, upon which a storm had beat during the night more fearful than any we had ever experienced.

It was a hopeless call of a pilot to save a bark fast hurrying on to a lee shore. "It is impossible to reach her; no boat can live," said old Donald McBee, whose gray hair told of more than three score years, and all the fishermen held his opinion in the respect due to age and an experience of a half century. But it was fearful to stand still and see a gallant bark dashed upon their rock-bound coast, for no stranger could enter the narrow inlet which was the only channel to a loch in which dozens of ships could ride in safety. We are all here," said old McBee, "and no man lives in the wide world, unless my boy Fergus is still in existence, who can pass the Hog's Back and the Hen and Chickens in safety."

At this very moment a brave sailor on the bark stood before his captain, cap in hand, and in reply to the surly demand of "say your say quickly, Nick Brown," the man spoke up: "Please, sir, man and boy I have entered the frith in such storms as this, in a fishing boat drawing six feet; the Stella draws fourteen, and that is the best water which can be made on the Hen and Chickens reef; but God, protecting, I will promise safe anchorage in the loch with only the loss of the false keel, and as this storm has let the water in for thirty hours we may escape without scratching paint."

It was the captain's only chance and he knew it; raising his voice above the roar of the tempest, he shouted: "All hands to the waist," and without ceremony he said, as he placed the trumpet in Nick Brown's hand: "Our only hope is in God and your shipmate Brown; and now do your duty and remember Mr. Brown has a handle to his name and he will have two hundred pounds if he plots us to safety."

Each man sprang to the orders of Brown, and soon a groan of agony passed from those on shore who beheld the bark squared away and standing under a close reefed foretop-sail directly for the breakers on the Hog's Back rock, where the mighty waves were shivered and the water sent masthead high at each incoming billow, and the spray dotted the very cliff-top. For a moment the crew were appalled as the angry waves boiled and seemed to break at every foot of the rock's face. The words of Brown acted like magic as he shouted: "To your posts, every one, for we will be safe in ten minutes' time, or in Davy Jones' locker if one coward shirks his duty." The Hog's Back was passed, and the Hen and Chickens rocks loomed up, dead ahead, but a master mind was at the helm. With unerring nerve he guided the ship into the eddy of the Hen and Chickens reef. He ordered her in stays, and in breathless anxiety he fairly gasped rather than breathed. Each instant he expected to hear the sickening shiver which precedes every timber of a ship when it grates upon a rocky bottom, as it drives along before the wind or drifts as the Stella was doing. The suspense was soon passed by and with it the danger. The yards were squared away, and with a free gale the Stella stood across the frith and passed between two sugar-loaf shaped rocks called Paul and Peter, which stood at the mouth of the loch not six ship lengths apart. As eight bells struck for noon the anchor was let go in seven fathoms, and the gallant vessel swung to her moorings in still water without the loss of a splinter. The first man to come up the side was old McBee, who hurriedly scanned each face as he asked: "Where is the man who saved this bark?" The captain replied, "It was a foremast hand called Nick Brown. Mr. Brown is resting in the cabin after the work of this forenoon." "Nick! There is no Nick Brown about it. It is Nick the devil or my own boy, Fergus McBee." Brown heard his true name spoken, and rushing to the deck, was clasped in his father's arms.

It is almost a custom for sailors to ship under an assumed name. Why they do it one can not tell, unless it be that they think going to sea is romantic, and when they make up the story of their voyages it will seem to interest themselves more if told in the third person. A few days afterward the Stella was safely in Liverpool and Fergus received his £200, with which he placed his old parents in comfort. Some time afterward Fergus McBee, after passing through many adventures, became the famous Captain McBee, of an ocean line of steamers.

## The Earl of Shaftesbury's Work.

In the death of Lord Shaftesbury not England alone, but the entire world, may be said to have sustained a loss that will be felt. For nearly sixty years he has been before the public striving to secure the moral, religious, intellectual, and social well being of the oppressed and helpless among his fellows. He has at length, at the patriarchal age of 84, rested from his labors. Let us for a moment review those works and labors of love. Fifty years ago the manufacturing interests in Great Britain were making rapid strides. A whole generation was springing up devoid of the rudiments of education, destitute of the comforts even of peasant life, doomed to incessant toil, little removed from the brute creation, and by no means so well cared for. They were known as the "white slaves" of England, and the women and children especially were doomed to a worse than Egyptian bondage. In the mining districts women, stripped to the waist, performed the work of beasts of burden, being harnessed to the coal trucks and suffering a living death within the bowels of the earth. It was then that Lord Shaftesbury, at that time a young member of Parliament known as Lord Ashley, came to their rescue, and in spite of the opposition of the manufacturing and mining interests and amid a shower of vituperation, succeeded in passing a statute positively forbidding the employment of women in mines, limiting their daily labor in the factories to ten hours, and, above all, absolutely prohibiting the employment of children under a certain age, and even between that age and a fixed period beyond, only permitting their employment in factories as half-timers, subjecting them under a compulsory process to attend during the remaining half of the week some public school sanctioned by the Government.

The manufacturers almost to a man, Mr. John Bright included, stormed and protested against this arbitrary interference with their rights and liberties of labor, but the Tory

members of Parliament carried the day, and the principle and system has been since introduced into the agricultural districts. But this is not all. He established ragged schools in the slums of London and all the great towns and cities, offering substantial and alluring inducements to the gutter urchins to attend them; he organized a well disciplined, well housed and well fed shoe-black brigade for vagrant boys, whose education and morals were cared for in addition, and their promotion and advancement in any trades or pursuits for which they might afford evidence of a capability assured, and his great work culminated in the establishment of reading, coffee and smoking rooms for cabmen and costermongers, where lectures were delivered and advice given gratuitously, such social gatherings being not infrequently graced by the presence of the noble philanthropist himself.

Though of ancient lineage and ancestral reputation—an ancestor having been Lord High Chancellor more than 200 years ago—he was not wealthy for a man of his rank. The drain upon his pecuniary resources must, therefore, have been very considerable, and though neither a Peabody nor a Montefiore in that respect, and not in a position to bequeath fabulous sums for the endowment of charitable objects, he is entitled to rank with such worthies in earnest devotion and a life's sacrifices to the interests of humanity and both the spiritual and temporal happiness of the human race.

## HEALTH.

SOUND WORDS FOR DYSPYPTICS.

A prominent physician, writing to *Chambers' Journal*, gives some practical thoughts on the subject of indigestible food, and rules for eating, which strike the real cause of more than one-half of stomachic troubles. He says: "Every individual can, without inconvenience, carry a certain weight, while an addition to it is accompanied by a proportionate sense of oppression. In the same way, what is called indigestion is often simply a result of excess. The amount of food which each man is capable of digesting has always a limit. The limit bears relation to his age, constitution, state of health, and habits. One point to bear in mind is, that not to eat a sufficiency at one meal makes you too hungry for the next; and that when you are too hungry, you are apt to overload the stomach, and give the gastric juices more to do than they have the power to perform."

"To eat too often and too irregularly is another source of indigestion; and still another very fruitful source of dyspepsia is imperfect mastication. We believe that one reason why dinner parties are not so dangerous—digestively speaking—as they ought to be, is, that people are compelled, through courtesy, to consume their food slowly and in small quantities each mouthful; thus the quantity consumed is counteracted by the long time used in consumption, which does less violence to the stomach than one plateful of meat flung down unmasticated."

FILTH AND LONGEVITY.

While the principle that cleanliness is an essential to health and longevity is an established fact of human life, now and then an exception is found that astonishes the physiologists. For instance, at Howdon, a dirty, desolate village on Tyne-side, England, a boy was born who, at the time of his birth, had the following extraordinary number of grandparents and great-grandparents alive. The grandfather and grandmother on the father's side were hearty and well, and so were both parents of the grandfather and the mother of the grandmother of the grandmother. The grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side were active and strong, and so were both parents of the grandmother. The boy thus had four grandparents and five great-grandparents alive, each of whom was in active work earning his or her own livelihood. Yet the village where those hale and hearty grandfathers and granddames live and flourish is one of the most unsanitary in England. Open sewers run down the centre of some of the streets. Until a few years ago the water supply was from one well. Houses have been condemned, wholesale, as unfit for human habitation, to the intense disgust of the people. Yet, notwithstanding all these adverse conditions, these families live and thrive.

NOTES.

"Uncertainty, wonder, and the exercise of skill" are said by Sir James Paget to be the essential elements of healthy recreation.

Drinking water, says a hygienic writer, may be tested in this simple way: "Fill a pint bottle three-quarters full of the water. Dissolve in it one-half teaspoonful of the best white sugar. Set it away in some warm place for forty-eight hours. If the water becomes cloudy it is unfit to drink."

A well-known medical writer, declares that, notwithstanding the popular belief, beef tea, does not contain any food value whatever. Several physicians take issue with the doctor, but he has the hearty approval of the boarding-house landladies.

Remedy for frost chaps. Take 6 draochms avoirdupois powdered borax, pure glycerine 3 ounces, rose water or elder flower water 12 ounces; mix. Its daily use as a cosmetic wash renders the skin beautifully soft and white, and prevents and removes chaps, sun burns, etc.

Dr. Fothergill, a greatly respected English authority on dyspepsia, speaks strongly in favor of milk-puddings and stewed fruits for the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the gouty. He says: Sugar is undoubtedly objectionable to many, but it is by no means necessary to add sugar to stewed fruit. If the acidity be neutralized by a little bi-carbonate of soda, the natural sweetness of the fruit will be brought out and the dish be made more agreeable than though artificially-made sugar were added."

There are thirteen widows living on one street about three hundred yards long, in Hamilton. The city authorities propose to put at each end of the street a sign, "Dangerous Passing."

"Do you buy your music by the roll?" said a gentleman to a deacon's daughter. "No sir," she sweetly replied; "I always wait until Sunday, when I get it by the choir."

An exchange says that "married life should be a sweet harmonious song, like one of Mendelssohn's 'without words.'" But wives are not chosen from deaf and dumb asylums always.

## SAVED BY SPASMS.

The Experience of a Young Doctor in the Country.

"Talking about physic," said an ex-doctor to a reporter, "reminds me of an incident that occurred during my practice when I was new in the cause, and which when you hear, you will recognize as an important epoch in my professional career. It was in a country town in the western part of the state. I had just arrived a few days previous, a beardless boy, with very little hope of getting a patient under two years. However, I had gone there to stay, and so had made up my mind accordingly. I hung out my shingle and prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice."

"One morning about 2 o'clock, I was awakened by someone shouting, 'Oh doctor!' at my front gate. I dressed hastily and went with the stranger who proved to be the father of a baby 3 days old, who, he said, was dying with spasms. Upon my arrival at the house I was shown into a sick-room. The young mother lay weeping on the bed and the almost lifeless form of the precious little one was being fondly nursed by an old woman, who said the child had just had another severe fit."

"I was puzzled. It was my first case, and I readily recognized that my future reputation depended on the recovery of the child, but what to do for it I knew no more than a 10-year-old boy. Finally I made up my mind prepared some simple dose, and told the parents the child would have no more spasms, which of course, was only guess-work. This did not satisfy them. I could see in their faces that they lacked confidence, but I was firm. My word was out, and so I stood to it and left. The father followed me to the door and said he wanted me to come around the next day and meet his old family physician as he thought I was too young, and the child needed medical attention from a more experienced practitioner."

"I, of course, agreed, but at the same time felt that my reputation was forever gone if the doctor should come and tell them the child was really sick. I went home, but could not sleep, and as soon as breakfast was over I hurried over to see my patient."

"The father met me at the door. He looked cheerful and gave me a hearty greeting. The baby is all right, said he, and sure enough when I went in the little fellow was as bright as a May morning and my reputation was made. The parents praised me as the best baby doctor known, and from that time on I enjoyed a splendid practice among the little ones."

"The news of my wonderful case spread for miles around and two days afterward I was called to see another child, some twelve miles distant. The child had been sick for several years and under the treatment of an old white-haired practitioner. The father of this child informed me, while en route to his house, that I was called in because he had heard of the wonderful cure effected in the case of Mr. S.'s baby. This rather unnerved me, for he told me that Dr. —, from an adjoining town, whom I knew to be an eminent physician, had failed to benefit the little one."

"As soon as I saw the patient I at once detected that the angel of death was hovering near, and all earthly power would be of no avail; but still I did not at once inform the parents. They had confidence in me, and I disliked to dispel their good opinion, so I set about to prescribe for the patient, but before I had taken out my medicine the baby was attacked by a severe spasm, and its little soul took its flight to another and a better world. So you can readily see how my reputation was again saved by a spasm. Had the child lingered along and died, which it surely would have done in a day or so, they would have said I did not treat it properly."

"This," continued the ex-doctor, "is simply to show you some of the difficulties met with by young doctors when they first start out. A young professional man has a poor chance at best in this uncharitable world. The incidents just related were providential epochs in my career, and ever afterward I had a lucrative practice until a failure of health caused me to seek a more congenial field of labor."

## School Taxes.

The question, why should the property of the country pay for educating the children of the country, is, even in this enlightened age, frequently asked, and many of those who ask the question imply that our taxing system is unjust. An American writer thus discusses the matter, and we think he does so very ably: "It is true to a large extent that the heaviest school taxes are paid by the childless and by business corporations, for the large families now a-days usually are the families of the poor. The best answer that can be given to the query or complaint is a simple one. Each generation of people, acting as a whole, educate the succeeding generation. A locality must have a certain number of inhabitants or it will suffer loss. The better the community educates its children to day the better will the community stand at the end of the next quarter-century. Now to raise a family of children costs a certain amount. There are the items of food, housing, clothing, medicine, schooling, burial of the lost ones and possibly damages for mischief committed in the course of childhood and youth. All these items form a large aggregate for each child, but they do not by any means constitute the whole burden of parentage. If parents were paid for the trouble of superintending alone, at the rate that superintendents are usually paid, they would derive a considerable income from their patience and sacrifice and pain. But all this is free service, so far as the community is concerned. It seems eminently just that the single item of schooling should be borne by the community at large, and instead of grumbling at the disproportion between his tax and the slight benefit he derives from the school, the rich childless man should consider himself a debtor to the landless head of the large family. This is the true view of the case. We must look at the group of children in the family not as the property of their parents but as the future citizens of the community. There must be a certain number of them to take care of every one hundred acres of land by and by, and the several one-hundred acres must do their individual part toward preparing their occupants for their stewardship."

The Anthropological Congress, which is soon to be held at Rome, will have a feature in a collection of 700 skulls of criminals. It will no doubt be a skullary gathering, but with so many "dead heads" it will hardly pay expenses.

## PEOPLE.

Professor Huxley is a victim of insomnia. Bismarck uses Spanish tobacco when he smokes the pipe of peace.

M. de Lesseps is back from his Hungarian tour looking younger than ever.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred upon Minnie Hauk the order of Saint Anne.

Monsignor Capel says that Pope Leo XIII's personal expenses are limited to \$2 a day.

The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise are the guests of the composer Blumenthal at his home in Switzerland.

The Princess Mettrich has been on a shooting expedition with her husband in Bohemia, and proved herself a capital shot.

Christopher Tegner, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Lund, is dead at the age of 78. He was the son of the illustrious Esaias Tegner of "Frithiofs Saga" fame.

Mr. Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," will shortly make a tour of Buddhist monasteries on the Island of Ceylon. He will also visit Bangkok at the express desire of the King of Siam.

Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, has fitted up a cosy home in London, a couple of doors from Mr. Henry Irving's. He has made the rooms look like a museum, with trophies of his travels and adventures.

M. Sibirakoff, the distinguished patron of Arctic exploration, has lately been cruising about the Kara Sea, and examining the country between the Obi and Petchora basins, with a view to establishing a commercial route.

Governor Solomon Nepton of the Penobscot Indians is a stately old man, with a wide, smooth, good-natured face and a heavy head of iron gray hair. He is 73 years old and cannot read or write, but speaks English fairly well.

Queen Victoria is said to have made a new will, leaving the Isle of Wight property to Connaught, the Scotch property to Beatrice, and handsome provision for the children of Leopold. Her entire fortune is estimated at about \$35,000,000.

M. W. C. K. Wilde complains that people mention him only as the brother of Oscar Wilde—"a reflex celebrity," he says, "which, while it is one of my proudest privileges, is yet so destructive of my own identity that it has become comically irritating."

The Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Kellogg of Pittsburg has resigned his professorship in Biblical Literature in the Western Theological Seminary, to accept the pastorate of the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto. Dr. Kellogg was a missionary in India for about ten years.

Arctic Explorer Lieutenant Greely will have the opportunity of exploring all Scotland at the expense of the Edinburgh Geographical Society, that association having arranged to show him everything worth seeing in the country without the cost of a shilling to himself.

The suggestion made last January that Oaman Digna would probably die several times before we got through with him has been amply verified. In February, some six weeks after, he was killed by Lord Wolseley's troops, he was drowned in the Nile. In March he was buried in a sand storm and in April assassinated by his followers. From that time until the present month he has been taking his summer vacation; but he has just turned up again in a battle with the Abyssinians, where he has again fallen.

The owners of the lake vessel "Bob Ingersoll" probably named her so in the belief that she would never sink, on the strength of the proverb about the man who is destined not to be drowned, etc. It must have been a great surprise to them when they heard that the "Bob Ingersoll" was burned on Lake Michigan. This is ominous and the vessel's great namesake ought to investigate the matter. It is the ultimate fate that lots of people have predicted for him, but in which he has hitherto loudly professed disbelief. Perhaps this will shake his confidence.

## In the Bastille.

Under the ancient monarchy in France secrecy was the one all-important matter whenever prisoners of state were concerned. To them the Bastille was as silent as the grave so long as they were inside its walls. The orders for imprisonment were given by *lettres de cachet*, and these were scrutinized with the greatest care. The *lettres de cachet* was, in fact, a letter signed with the king's seal, and containing an order from him, but the orders that have come most frequently to our notice were orders for imprisonment. Those that related to the Bastille had to be signed first by the king, afterward by a minister. At the bottom of the order the governor signed a receipt. And in nearly every case, before the arrival of the prisoner, the governor had already received instructions to enter in the register his name, the cause for his arrest, and by whose order the arrest had been made. Unless these preliminary rules had been observed entrance into the castle was forbidden. To effect the arrest either force or cunning was the means usually employed, for it was above all things necessary to avoid publicity. An officer touched the shoulder of the man whom he was about to make prisoner with a white wand, and ordered him in the king's name to follow. Resistance was not often shown, for all knew that it would be ineffectual. A carriage was kept in readiness, or when that was not possible the first vehicle that could be found was seized—again in the king's name—and into that the prisoner was made to enter, two or three officers sitting beside him. Before opening the gates of the Bastille the first sentinel cried, "Qui vive?" The chief escort answered: "Ordre du roi." A subaltern of the guard inside the castle demanded to see the *lettres de cachet*. Then he allowed the gates to be opened, and a bell was tolling to warn the officer inside. The king's lieutenant and the captain in command of the gates received the prisoner in due form as he alighted from his carriage. De Renneville—who was a political prisoner in the Bastille during the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., and who has left us a long though not always a trustworthy account of his imprisonment and of his sufferings—says: "At last we reached the dreaded spot. On entering, as soon as the sentinels saw us they put their caps before their faces. I have since learned that they observe this strange custom because it is forbidden them to look at the faces of the prisoners."

## KILLED BY AN ELEPHANT.

A Tragedy in Forepaugh's Elephant House.

The big performing elephant Empress added a third victim to the long list lately by attacking and killing Robert R. White, a watchman employed at the winter quarters of Forepaugh's circus, at Philadelphia. As in almost every other instance, the attack was made without provocation or warning. White was in the elephant building, which is detached from the quarters of the other animals, in company with a man named Allen and a song and a dance artist, who has been connected with O'Brien's circus during the past season. When they entered the building Empress trumpeted loudly and moved restlessly about in her stall. As she had received her quota of hay, White knew that she could not be hungry, and for a time was at a loss to account for her uneasiness. He then jumped to the conclusion that she was thirsty, and told his companions that he intended giving her a drink. They knew Empress's ugly disposition, and tried to dissuade him from releasing her, but he protested that he could manage her and entered the stall.

Empress stood perfectly passive while he unrolled the heavy chain that secured her fore leg to a stake driven in the ground. She obediently backed out of the stall and started toward the water trough at the other end of the building. She had not gone half a dozen paces, however, before she gave vent to a threatening snort, and raising her trunk in the air, felled White to the ground with a blow. She then struck him another blow as he lay prostrate, and then, rearing on her hind legs, brought one of her front feet down on White's chest with the full force of her ponderous weight. She paused for a moment, apparently to see whether her victim would offer any resistance, and when he moaned feebly she bent down her immense head, and with her remaining tusk literally disembowelled him.

In the meantime White's companions, who had been rooted to the ground with horror for an instant after the attack began, ran from the building and gave the alarm. There were very few of the employees about, but those who were within call quickly assembled and held a hurried consultation at the door of the elephant house. Every man realized that it would be folly to encounter the savage monster, especially at the moment when she had obtained such an easy victory over one man and felt her strength and power. They could hear her trumpeting and tramping, and then Daniel Taylor, an attaché of the circus, picked up a spear and, dashing into the elephant house plunged it into the brute's leg. She stopped thrusting at the prostrate man with her single tusk and turned her head to look at her assailant. Taylor followed up his attack by plunging his spear into Empress's side repeatedly and shouting at her. She turned toward him and made a movement as though she intended transferring her attentions to him. Taylor never swerved for a moment, but continued prodding the brute with his spear and shouting at her in a tone of authority. Empress hesitated a moment, and then doggedly turned and walked to her stall, where she was quickly secured.

White's body was horribly crushed and mangled, although the face was not disfigured. It lay in a pool of blood in the centre of the building. He was unconscious, but still alive. He was placed in an ambulance of the Episcopal Hospital, but died before reaching the institution, and his body was taken to his home, near the circus quarters. He was between 40 and 50 years of age, and leaves a widow and several children.

## SHORT AND CRISP.

WHAT THE FOOLISH VIRGINS PARABLE TRACHES.

"What does the parable of the seven wise and the seven foolish virgins teach us?" asked a Dallas lady who was teaching a class in the Sunday school.

"That we should always be on the lookout for a bridegroom," replied one of the smallest girls in the class.

OVERWORKED MENIALS.

A rather good-looking cook was hired out in the family of a wealthy man living in Dallas, Texas. On a day her employer put his arm around her and kissed her, whereupon she dropped a courtesy and said, modestly:

"Don't put yourself to so much trouble. In all the other places where I've been the coachman had to attend to that, but perhaps he is kept busy here kissing the lady of the house."

NICETIES OF DISCRIMINATION.

"These quick changes in a woman's temper are funny, Bromley. Yesterday I heard a crash in the yard next door, then I heard Mrs. Bines say: 'You didn't want to break the pitcher, did you, Tommy? Never mind it, little dear!'"

"I would call her an amiable woman, Mr. Darringer."

"Well, may be. Ten minutes later she struck a different key. Tom, you good-for-nothing little rascal, why did you leave that gate open? I've a mind to box your ears."

"That wasn't quite so amiable, I admit, Mr. Darringer. Increased provocation—"

"No, Bromley, it was less of a provocation—"

"How do you explain the inconsistency, then?"

"Easily enough. The Tom who broke her pitcher was my Tom. The Tom who left the gate open was hers."

A MEAN TRICK.

"Des vos a mean drick, Heinrich."

"Vell, de lady vos drowning, and I couldn't wait to ask her name."

"Ah, Heinrich, if your wife vos sinkin' for de last time I wouldn't do you such a mean drick as to pull her out. De nex' dime my wife falls into de water just find out who it is, and if you tries to safe her I got mad mit you."

THE VARIOUS ELEMENTS.

"What are the elements?" asked a Texas teacher of a pupil.

"Air, fire, water, and whisky."

"Why do you call whisky one of the elements?"

"Because when pa comes home full of whisky ma says he is his element."

"There is one element you have omitted entirely. What other great element is there besides fire, air, and water?"

"I dunno."

"Why, what do we stand on?"

"Stookings."