

THE CASTING AWAY

—OF—

MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE.

(Continued.)

was not positively sure that we were going in the right direction, for the position did not allow me to see far over the water; but I remembered that when I was standing up in the boat and made my discovery, the boat was just about to rise in front of me, while the dark spot on the sea lay to my left. Judging, therefore, from the present position of the boat, which was not very high, I concluded that we were moving towards the north, and therefore in the right direction. How far off the steamer was I had no idea, for I was not accustomed to judging distances at sea. I believed that if we were not within our strength, and if the boat continued as smooth as it now was, we might eventually reach the land, provided she were yet afloat. After you are fairly in the water," Mrs. Aleshine, as she swept along, "though without the velocity, which the phrase usually implies, 'it isn't so bad as I thought; it would be, and the latter, seeing that I was to retain his life, I was, I suppose, all the time after time, the maddened sea tried to contrive to make me feel as if his senses were left himself rising. When dragged out of the water, he rolled out in a bubble, but the man had come to his senses, and a torn and wounded man, the injury he had received in the encounter, but he was not dead."

QUEER CITIES.

on Islands Connected by Bridges.

Ghent, in Belgium, is a city of six islands. These are connected with each other by bridges. The city has thirty streets and thirty public squares. It is noted for being the birthplace of Charles V. and of John Shakespeare called Lancaster, and the sanctification of Ghent, by several insurrections of well-known names associated with the treaty of 1814, terminating the war between England and France, which was known as the war of the bridges.

In Holland, is built below the water level, the city is intersected by canals, which are spanned by hundreds of bridges and in the mingling of the water it is considered that city. The canals, which are about ten miles in length, divide the land into ninety islands. Venice is built on islands, and is connected by bridges. Canals, Venice, and boats carrying passengers. The bridges are very steep, rising to the middle, but have a counterbalance of the water. The Venetian league against the French, and in 1777, the fleet of Napoleon in the defense of the city, was destroyed by the fleet of the Emperor, son of France. In gratitude for the help given by the Doge Zaccaria, the world-famous "Venice Marrying" ceremony was instituted. In this ceremony the chief ruler of Venice is crowned with appropriate honors, and a ring is placed in recognition of the aid carried to Venice.

ATOMIC CORSETS.

of rubber is adapted for women who are learning to swim. The corset is cut on the same principle as all corsets and makes the air space between the body and the corset. The corset may be blown up, and only to present a figure, but also to give confidence to the wearer. The corset is of confidence in respect to the lowness with which it is learned by women. It should prove a boon to the swimmer, and should be used in aquatic sports. It is said that they cannot swim clear enough to be able to hold their breath for a long time, and that they are so soon as they find the water from their nostrils, and become accustomed to it. It is much more than a rubber ring and a corset, and, in fact, does as it conforms to the wearer.

WRITING PAPER.

writing paper used in Italy is made

Lecks proceeded to divide one of the sausages, handing the other to me to hold meanwhile.

"Now don't go eatin' sausages without bread, if you don't want 'em to give you tussle," said Mrs. Aleshine, who was tugging at a submarine pocket.

"I'm very much afraid your bread is all soaked," said Mrs. Lecks.

To which her friend replied that that remained to be seen, and forthwith produced with a splash a glass preserve-jar with a metal top.

"I saw this, nearly empty, as I looked into the ship's pantry, and I stuffed into it all the soft biscuits it would hold. There was some sort of jam left at the bottom, so that the one who gets the last biscuit will have something of a little spread on it. And now, Mrs. Lecks," she continued triumphantly, as she unscrewed the top, "that rubber ring has kept 'em as dry as chips. I'm mighty glad of it, for I had trouble enough gettin' this jar into my pocket, and gettin' it out, too, for that matter."

Floating thus, with our hands and shoulders above the water, we made a very good meal from the sausages and soft biscuit.

"Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, as her friend proceeded to cut the second sausage, "don't you lay that knife down when you've done with it, as if it was an oar; for if you do it'll sink as like as not, about six miles. I've read that the ocean is as deep as that in some places."

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "I hope we are not over one of them deep spots."

"There's no knowin'," said Mrs. Lecks, "but if it's more comfortin' to think it's shaller, we'll make up our minds that way. Now, then," she continued, "we'll finish off this meal with a little somethin' to drink. I'm not givin' to takin' spirits, but I never travel without a little whiskey, ready mixed with water to take if it should be needed."

So saying, she produced from one of her pockets a whiskey-flask tightly corked, and of its contents we each took a sip. Mrs. Aleshine remarking that, leaving out being chilled or colicky, we were never likely to need it more than now.

Thus refreshed and strengthened, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine took up their oars, while I swam slightly in advance, as before. When, with occasional intermissions of rest, and a good deal of desultory conversation, we had swept and swam for about an hour, Mrs. Lecks suddenly exclaimed: "I can see that thing ever so much plainer now, and I don't believe it's a ship at all. To me it looks like bushes."

"You're mighty long sighted without your specs," said Mrs. Aleshine, "and I'm not sure but what you're right."

For ten minutes or more I had been puzzling over the shape of the dark spot which was now nearly all the time in sight. Its peculiar form had filled me with a dreadful fear that it was the steamer's bottom upwards, although I knew enough about nautical matters to have no good reason to suppose that this could be the case. I am not far-sighted, but when Mrs. Lecks suggested bushes, I gazed at the distant object with totally different ideas, and soon began to believe that it was not a ship, either right side up or wrong side up, but that it might be an island. This belief I proclaimed to my companions, and for some time we all worked with increased energy in the desire to get near enough to make ourselves certain in regard to this point.

"As true as I'm standin' here," said Mrs. Lecks, who, although she could not read without spectacles, had remarkably good sight at long range, "them is trees and bushes that I see before me, though they do seem to be growin' right out of the water."

"There's an island under them; you may be sure of that!" I cried. "And isn't this ever so much better than a sinking ship?"

"I'm not so sure about that," said Mrs. Aleshine. "I'm used to the ship, and as long as it didn't sink I'd prefer it. There's plenty to eat on board of it, and good beds to sleep on, which is more than can be expected on a little bushy place like that ahead of us. But then, the ship might sink all of a sudden, beds, vitties, and all."

"Do you suppose that is the island the other boats went to?" asked Mrs. Lecks.

This question I had already asked of myself. I had been told that the island to which the captain intended to take his boats lay about thirty miles south of the point where we left the steamer. Now I knew very well that we had not come thirty miles, and had reason to believe, moreover, that the greater part of the progress we had made had been towards the north. It was not at all probable that the position of this island was unknown to our captain; and it must, therefore, have been considered by him as an unsuitable place for the landing of his passengers. There might be many reasons for this unsuitableness; the island might be totally barren and desolate; it might be the abode of unpleasant natives; and, more important than anything else, it was, in all probability, a spot where steamers never touched.

But, whatever its disadvantages, I was most widely desirous to reach it; more so, I believe, than either of my companions. I do not mean that they were not sensible of their danger, and desirous to be freed from it; but they were women who had probably had a rough time of it during a great part of their lives, and on emerging from their little circle of rural experience

accepted with equanimity, and almost as a matter of course, the rough times which come to people in the great outside world.

"I do not believe," I said, in answer to Mrs. Lecks, "that that is the island to which the captain would have taken us; but, whatever it is, it is dry land, and we must get there as soon as we can."

"That's true," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for I'd like to have ground nearer to my feet than six miles, and if we don't find anythin' to eat and any place to sleep when we get there, it's no more than can be said of where we are now."

"You're too particular, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "about your comforts. If you find the ground too hard to sleep on when you get there you can put on your life-preserver, and go to bed in the water."

"Very good," said Mrs. Aleshine, "and if these islands are made of coral as I've heard they was, and if they're as full of small pints as some coral I've got at home, you'll be glad to take a berth by me, Mrs. Lecks."

I counseled my companions to follow me as rapidly as possible, and we all pushed vigorously forward. When we had approached far enough to the island to see what sort of place it really was, we perceived that it was a low-lying spot, apparently covered with verdure, and surrounded, as far as we could see as we rose on the swells, by a rocky reef, against which a tolerably high surf was running. I knew enough of the formation of these coral islands to suppose that within this reef was a lagoon of smooth water, into which there were openings through the rocky barrier. It was necessary to try to find one of these, for it would be difficult and perhaps dangerous to attempt to land through the surf.

Before us we could see a continuous line of white-capped breakers; and so I led my little party to the right, hoping that we would soon see signs of an opening in the reef.

We swam and paddled, however, for a long time, and still the surf rolled menacingly on the rocks before us. We were now as close to the island as we could approach with safety, and I determined to circumnavigate it, if necessary, before I would attempt with these two women, to land upon that jagged reef. At last we perceived, at no great distance before us, a spot where there seemed to be no breakers; and when we reached it we found, to our unutterable delight, that here was smooth water flowing through a wide opening in the reef. The rocks were piled up quite high, and the reef, at this point at least, was a wide one; for as we neared the opening we found that it narrowed very soon and made a turn to the left, so that from the outside we could not see into the lagoon.

I swam into this smooth water, followed close by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, who, however, soon became unable to use their oars, owing to the proximity of the rocks. Dropping these useful implements, they managed to paddle after me with their hands; and they were as much astonished as I was when, just after making the slight turn, we found stretched across the narrow passage a great iron bar about eight or ten inches above the water. A little farther on, and two or three feet above the water, another iron bar extended from one rocky wall to the other. Without uttering a word, I examined the lower bar, and found one end of it fastened by means of a huge padlock to a great staple driven into the rock. The lock was securely wrapped in what appeared to be tarred canvas. A staple through an eye-hole in the bar secured the other end of it to the rocks.

"These bars were put there," I exclaimed, "to keep out boats, whether at high or low water. You see they can only be thrown out of the way by taking off the padlocks."

"They won't keep us out," said Mrs. Lecks, "for we can duck under."

I suppose whoever put 'em here didn't expect anybody to arrive on life-preservers."

PART II.

Adopting Mrs. Leck's suggestion, I "ducked" my head under the bar, and passed to the other side of it. Mrs. Lecks, with but little trouble, followed my example, but Mrs. Aleshine, who by reason of her stoutness, floated so much higher out of the water than her friend and I, found it impossible to get herself under the bar. In whatever manner she made the attempt her head or her shoulders were sure to bump and arrest her progress.

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, who had been watching her, "if you ever want to get out of this salt water, you've got to make up your mind to take some of it into your mouth and into your eyes; that is, if you don't keep 'em shut. Get yourself as close to that bar as you can, and I'll come and put you under."

So saying, Mrs. Lecks returned to the other side of the bar, and having made Mrs. Aleshine bow down her head and close her eyes and mouth, she placed both hands upon her companion's broad shoulders and threw as much weight as possible upon them. Mrs. Aleshine almost disappeared beneath the water, but she came up spluttering and blinking on the other side of the bar, where she was quickly joined by Mrs. Lecks.

"Merciful me!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, wiping her wet face with her still wetter sleeve, "I never supposed the heathens would be up to such tricks as makin' us do that!"

I had wanted to give my assistance that might be required, and while doing so, had discovered another bar under the water, which proved that entrance at almost any stage of the tide had been guarded against. Warning my companions not to strike their feet against this submerged bar, we paddled and pushed ourselves around the turn in the rocky passage, and emerged into the open lagoon.

This smooth stretch of water, which separated the island from its encircling reef, was here about a hundred feet wide; and the first thing that arrested our attention as we gazed across

it was a little wharf or landing-stage, erected upon the narrow beach of the island, almost opposite to us.

"As sure as I stand here," exclaimed Mrs. Lecks, who never seemed to forget her upright position, "somebody lives in this place!"

"And it isn't a stickery coral island, either," cried Mrs. Aleshine, "for that sand's as smooth as any I ever saw."

"Whoever does live here," resumed Mrs. Lecks, "has got to take us in, whether they like it or not; and the sooner we get over there, the better."

Mrs. Aleshine now regretted the loss of her oar, and suggested that some one of us who could get under bars easily should go back after it. But Mrs. Lecks would listen to no such proposition.

"Let the oars go," she said. "We won't want 'em again, for I'll never leave this place if I have to scoop myself out to sea with an oar."

I told the two women that I could easily tow them across this narrow piece of water; and instructing Mrs. Lecks to take hold of the tail of my coat, while Mrs. Aleshine grasped her companion's dress, I began to swim slowly toward the beach, towing my companions behind me.

"Goodness gracious me!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, with a great bounce and a splash, "look at the fishes!"

The water in the lagoon was so clear that it was almost transparent, and beneath us and around us we could see fish, some large and some small, swimming about as if they were floating in the air, while down below the white sandy bottom seemed to sparkle in the sunlight.

"Now, don't jerk my skeert off on account of the fishes," said Mrs. Lecks. "I expect there was just as many outside, though we couldn't see 'em. But I must say that this water looks as if it had been boiled and filtered."

(To be Continued.)

DIZZY SPEED ON A TRICYCLE.

A Petroleum Motorcycle That Attains the Speed of an Express Train.

Like the question of reducing to three days the time it takes to cross the Atlantic, the increase of the bicycle's speed to a point where the rider can travel as speedily and as safely as on a railroad train, is one of the things that seems bound to be attained. It is surely a coming achievement that awaits us in the future, as it is the perfecting of the machinery of the ocean greyhound so that the present speed of the marine flyers can be doubled. In the days when bicycles run at a speed of 45 miles an hour, a clear track will be absolutely necessary, so that with locomotive engine pace will have to come a special track for the wheelmen, a desirable improvement that will be welcomed by all lovers of the wheel. The attainment of the speed named by the bicycle seems to be in the hands of Henri Fournier, of Paris, France, who has become known as the

KING OF AUTOMOBILISTS.

What Fournier does not know about the petroleum tricycle may as well be omitted from the wheelman's education.

At present Fournier, who uses the petroleum tricycle of the Doin Bouton kind, with a one and a half horse-power machine, averages 40 kilometers an hour. The machine he uses is comparatively light, easy of manipulation and powerful. It is fitted with a motor of from one to three horse-power, its hill climbing and speed capabilities being gauged thereby. The big and heavy automobile carriages have trouble in mounting hills, but the lowly and Dutch barn style of tricycle goes puffing right up to the top and its rider is in no wise affected with fatigue in the task of making the ascent.

Fournier is in deadly earnest in his determination to attain a speed of 45 miles an hour. He has made a series of tests with his automobile that show that, given a straight, smooth track and the machine working at forced draught, the express train will find the petroleum tricycle a dangerous rival in the matter of speed. To see Fournier on one of these test trips is a sight never to be forgotten. He flies along with bulging eyes fixed on the ground over which he is flying, hair streaming in the wind and the puffing motor working at such a speed as to make one tremble to think of the

FATE OF THE RIDER.

Should any untoward accident cause a spill, Fournier seems to know no fear when going like the wind on these risky trips. By constant practice he has become an expert in the manipulation of the petroleum tricycle, and will turn a curve while going at the dizzy speed of 45 miles an hour with all the recklessness of a boy.

His performance suggests the grave danger that would accompany trips such as his on a road where similar machines are dashing along. Fournier alone on a level, smooth road, with no one to kill but himself, and no machine to smash but his own, is a sight sufficiently thrilling. Multiply the sight by 10, and imagine that number of Fourniers mounted on flying automobile tricycles and the spectator cannot help thinking that this would make a novel and sure method of committing suicide.

SECRETARY DAY'S STATEMENT.

A despatch from Washington, says:—Secretary Day at one o'clock on Wednesday made the following statement to the Associated Press: "We have agreed upon a protocol embodying the proposed terms for the negotiation of a treaty of peace, including the evacuation of Cuba and Porto Rico, and it is expected this protocol will be executed."

A SISTER'S HELP.

BROUGHT RENEWED HEALTH TO A DESPONDENT BROTHER.

His Health Had Failed and Medicines Seemed to Do Him no Good—Where Others Had Failed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Met With Great Success.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.—
Gentlemen,—A few years ago my system became thoroughly run down. My blood was in a frightful condition; medical treatment did no good. I surfeited myself with advertised medicines, but with equally poor results. I was finally incapacitated from work, became thoroughly despondent, and gave up hope of living much longer. While in this condition I visited my father's home near Tara. A sister, then and now living at Toronto, was also visiting at the parental home. Her husband had been made healthy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she urged me to try them. Tired of trying medicines, I laughed at the proposition. However, later on she provided me with some of the pills and begged me to take them. I did so, and before I had used two boxes I was on the road to restored health. I am commending their good qualities almost every day I live because I feel so grateful for my restoration, and I much to satisfy those who cannot be have concluded to write you this letter wholly in the interest of suffering humanity. I am carrying on business in Owen Sound as a carriage maker. This town has been my home for 23 years and anyone enclosing a reply three cent stamp can receive personal indorsement of the foregoing. This blamed for doubting after taking so many other preparations without being benefited. You may do just as you like with this letter. I am satisfied that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not be able to attend to my business to-day. Perhaps I would not have been alive.

Yours very sincerely,
Frederick Glover.

CADIZ IN WAR TIMES.

The Forts Old and the Guns Obsolete—How Seville Amuses Itself.

In the brilliant sunshine of spring no happier looking town could be seen, writes a correspondent. And yet it is not in the least happy. No place in Spain has suffered more from the drain and drag of the last three years. From its harbor it has seen the best youth of the country drafted away to almost certain misery, sickness or death. The numbers which people tell me have left its port for Cuba vary from 120,000 up to infinity. Many thousands at all events have gone, and few return. Ship after ship has started amidst the shouting and tears, and, after all, Spaniards have bowels very much the same as other people. Things have been going from bad to worse, and now—well, the worst is not as long as we can say this is the worst.

On land, meantime, almost the only signs of life are the continuous efforts of gangs of men to construct or patch up a fort near the end of the peninsula, close beside the strip of public garden, now full of roses in bloom. I can see the nose of one very large new gun, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and I think there is another. It is possible that these are the only two guns of importance in Cadiz, and that is why all this cement and stone is being lavished on their defence. The whole town, it is true, is surrounded with forts, and there must be 200 guns in position, but they appear to be small and old-fashioned for the most part, and the fortifications, though magnificent to look at, are almost as obsolete as the lunettes of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim. Across the bay, however, at the point of Santa Catalina, I can see five tents of engineers engaged upon a grand new fortification of which people speak with pride.

The people hardly seem to realize the meaning of war, though the feeling against America, and England, too, is of course, intense. I have noticed two peculiar instances: When the United States of America Consul left Cadiz the landlord turned his furniture into the street, and the English Consul had great difficulty in finding it a shelter. And at the patriotic bull fight in Seville last Wednesday each bull bore the name of some American Minister, which added a spice to the slaughter. Even when the biggest got his horns entangled in a horse's inside and threw him over his head, the people did not applaud as usual. They could not cheer even a four-footed McKinley.

PRETTY WELL UP.

New arrival, at fashionable resort— This is about the height of the season, isn't it?

Hotel Clerk—Yes, sir, gettin' mighty close to the roof. Front! Show the gentleman to No. 999.

HAD A WOMAN TO BLAME.

I have dreadful luck. This morning I dropped my spectacles and my wife stepped on them.

That's what I call good luck. If I had dropped mine I should have stepped on them myself.

HER CHILLY MANNER.

Ah! he cried, yesterday you welcomed me warmly. To-day you receive me coldly. What is the cause of this sudden change?

Don't you read the papers? she calmly replied. My father has just inherited a cool million.