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OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER IV.

"Fill up your glass, Halliday. You don't get '47 port every day, you know, and there isn't much of it left now in the old bin. Fill up your glass, and then we can talk over this matter comfortably."

A low-swung shaded lamp threw a subdued radiance over a small round table in the dining room of one of the largest houses in Cromwell Road. The wine decanters, of antique cut glass, stood on the table, and some old china dishes, filled with nuts and winter fruits. There was a glitter of silver, and of colored Venetian finger-bowls; whilst a few rare hot-house flowers, orchids and eucharis lilies in a silver bowl, in the centre of the snowy cloth, that was of an exceeding fineness, completed the perfect decorations of the small table. A chair, half pushed away at one side, denoted the recent departure of a lady; the servants, too, had retired, with velvet footsteps, softly closing the double doors behind them, and the two men, friends and partners, were alone.

Matthew Dane, the master of the house, and head of the ancient and prosperous mercantile firm of Dane and Trichet, sat with his back to the fire-place. A strong, vigorous old man, with a hooked nose, and many seams and wrinkles in his well-marked somewhat high-coloured features, but without a white hair in his almost coal-black, straight-falling locks. Matthew Dane was a man born to rule and to command. Ready of wit, clear of brain, untiring in energy, he had, by his sole exertions, for many years piloted the great house safely through all the storms and dangers of bad seasons, depression of trade, and failing commercial impulse. Where others had sunk, submerged in the remorseless stream, Matthew Dane had kept up his head—preserving, unbroken, the credit and the prestige of the splendid business which, nearly half a century ago, he had inherited from his grandfather. As to "Trichet," he had had no personality since those remote ages when the French branch, at Lyons, had joined hands with the London firm, thereby consolidating and strengthening it to an extraordinary degree. Trichet, save in the person of one clerk, representing an almost unheeded junior branch of the old family, had now no existence. As in London, so in Lyons, Matthew Dane was the head and mainspring of the whole business. He was, in fact, a demi-god, not only to the firm, but, unfortunately, to himself too. It seemed to him that he had but to speak, and his word became law; only to command, and servile obedience was instantly rendered unto him. He was master of all that came into contact with him, for the heads of other great houses, at home and abroad, with whom he did business, and who, when Matthew Dane recommended such and such a course of action, were at once convinced of its infallibility, simply because he advised it, of Joseph Halliday—for long years his managing clerk—whom by his own good pleasure, and for his own advantage, he had transferred, with one stroke of his pen, into his partner, without in any way altering his position as his inferior officer—master too, of his clerks and his servants, of his dependents, of every kind and degree, and last, but not least, he was master of his wife. And yet, curiously enough, it was in the person of Mrs. Dane that opposition had met that proud and domineering spirit in the most obstinate and aggravated form.

Mr. Dane, had married a wife, not as ordinary men marry, and from ordinary motives. He had not fallen in love with the lady as ordinary mortals are wont to do; neither had he sought her for her fortune, for she was portionless and he was wealthy; nor again had he chosen his bride from any worldly inducement, of high birth, or influential family, for she could not boast of any aristocratic connections, either mushroom or ancient. He had simply selected her out of a large family, because she was young and healthy, with a clear, wholesome skin, and a robust and hearty appetite. "Here," had said Matthew Dane to himself, "is the fitting mother of my children; the person who is most appropriate to give an heir to the house of 'Dane and Trichet.'" So he married her, and Mrs. Dane fell into ill-health shortly after her marriage, and was childless.

For the first two years of their married life he surrounded her with affectionate solicitude; for the third and fourth the solicitude remained, whilst the affection paled; for the fifth and sixth, an angry reproachfulness against duty unfulfilled, and obligations unredeemed, had supervened; and then, after that, he let her alone, recognizing that she was a failure, and that she had ruined his ambitions. He almost hated her for her delicacy, and at the very bottom of his heart he wished that she were dead, so that he might try his luck once more.

Such was the man, clean-shaved, strong-featured, hawk-eyed, young for, in spite of his seventy years, who sat at his table in Cromwell Road, and passed round the tawny-coloured '47 port to his partner. A very different man to himself was Joseph Halliday, his partner. A good ten years younger than his superior, he was, nevertheless, much older in personal appearance—his hair and whiskers were absolutely white, his forehead inclining to baldness, his features sharpened and pinched. An habitual deference of manner characterised his intercourse with Mr. Dane, a meekness of aspect, a ready acquiescence of word, that was yet not wholly free from a certain amount of cunning and shrewdness in the expression of pale blue eyes shaded by the penthouse of thick grizzling eyebrows.

"Fill up your glass, man," said old Dane, in his full strong accents, "and let me hear your own views. We are two old men. I am childless, you are childless. What I ask of you is, what is to become of Dane and Trichet? Are we to allow this splendid inheritance to collapse altogether for want of succession? Or shall we take in Phillibut as a third partner? Phillibut has four sons," added the great man meditatively, with a suddenly falling voice, and then he was very silent, tapping against his finger bowl with his almond-shaped finger-nail.

"It seems to me, Mr. Dane," here said the juinor partner, with a covert glance at the fixed and dreamy face, "that there is one element which you have left out of consideration. I may be mistaken, of course—" and here he filled up his wine glass with the '47 port, making a distinct pause as he did so—"and in any case," he continued, with a certain timidity—real or feigned—"I, of course, have not any right to open the subject."

"Speak up, Halliday. Speak up!"

"Well, sir"—sometimes, from force of long habit, Mr. Halliday called his chief "Sir" still—"if I might remind you—there is Mr. Geoffrey."

"Geoffrey? My nephew, you mean?"

"Yes, Mr. Dane."

"Pooh! What do I know about my nephew? He has sat on a stool in my office for two years because my brother, a parson, and an improvident man, as all parsons are, asked me to give him a berth. I gave him a stool and a salary. I know nothing about him—what are his capacities for business? How can I tell what he is made of?" He spoke with a certain angry impatience, as though the subject had been reasoned out in his own mind before.

"if I might make so bold as to say, Mr. Dane, Mr. Geoffrey not only bears your name, but he is a highly promising young man, one that either you or I would be glad, indeed, to own as a son."

Mr. Dane laughed shortly, with a little offence. "You, my good friend! Oh, yes, I daresay! You have daughters, I believe?"

"Two daughters, Mr. Dane, lovely girls, well brought up, well-educated, well-mannered young women, with whom no one need be ashamed to be connected." And Mr. Halliday settled his chin into his collar with a little conscious pride.

Matthew Dane gave him a swift and sudden glance, sharp as a needle, out of those keen, hawk-like eyes. Nothing ever escaped him, no shade of significance, however remote, was lost upon his ever-ready comprehension. He was master of the minds of men.

"Oho! So that's your idea, Joe Halliday—that my nephew should marry one of your girls, and that I should take the young couple into partnership?"

"I give you my word, sir—no such thought—nothing so presymptuous—or if, indeed, a transient idea did pass through—"the trembling junior partner hastened do cry, with confusion.

Mr. Dane laughed. "My good fellow, don't apologize. It's a very natural idea. Human nature, my dear Halliday, is the same, all the world over. 'Chacun pour soi!' as our dear neighbors say. Why should you not have dreamt your little day-dream? After all, it's as good as mine. What's Phillibut to me? Or to you, for the matter of that? Nothing at all, of course. Whereas your daughter—which is it to be, Halliday?—Well, she is your daughter—and my nephew—well, he is my nephew—and blood is thicker than water—and all the rest of the twaddle, Halliday, my good fellow." And Mr. Dane slapped his hand upon his knee, and laughed heartily—a laugh in which satire and amusement, good nature and devilry, were cunningly intermingled.

Mr. Halliday sipped at his port with a face of resignation, and looked intensely uncomfortable. He never quite knew whether the great man was in jest or in earnest.

"Your nephew, Mr. Dane——" he began, tentatively, after a short silence, during which his superior cracked cobnuts and sipped his port contemplatively.

"Ah! Never mind my nephew, my dear friend, let us leave him alone. I can do as I choose with him, of course. I can make him, or I can break him," he added, with a little chuckle, as though the prospect of thus destroying his brother's son had attractions for him. C'est bien entendu, n'est-ce pas, as partner Trichet would say—" The mythical "Trichet" often figured as a somewhat familiar jest in Mr. Dane's intimate conversation, and was usually a token that the autocrat was in a good temper.

Mr. Halliday, when he heard it, took heart of grace, and laughed the usual little "Ha, ha!" which he considered due to the time-honored joke.

"What I want to hear about is your daughters, Halliday," continued Mr. Dane. "What sort of girls are they?"

"My dear friend, they are dear, good girls, I assure you," replied his junior, seriously—almost pathetically.

Mr. Dane waved his hand impatiently. "Pooh! that's not what I mean. As a matter of course, they are good. All young women are good, till they are tried," added the old Cynic, with a sneer. "That is not what I want to know. Are they clever? Are they beautiful? Are they healthy in body, and clear in mind? What are their characters, and what are the distinctions between them?"

"You ask a great many questions, but I will endeavour to satisfy them." And Mr. Halliday crossed one leg over the other, and folded his hands together upon his knee. Mr. Dane looked at him keenly and sharply.

It was, perhaps, not an easy thing to do—thus to define the physical and mental pecularities of his children. But Joseph Halliday held in his hand the key to the situation. He was not a great man, like his senior, but he was a very shrewd one—he knew exactly why Mr. Dane wanted to know all about his girls, and their natures, just as plainly as though he had heard him say: "Which of the two is the most suitable for my purpose—which can I easiest mould and govern, so that, in the event of her becoming my nephew's wife, I can still rule both him and her?"

So he set to work to answer him diplomatically and cautiously, for, after all, it was upon Geoffrey, and not upon his uncle, that the decision would finally rest.

"My two daughters are both, I thank God, in very good health, both are tall and comely-looking, they have brown hair, and nice complexions. As to their characters, Angel, the eldest, retiring nature, whilst her sister Dulcie, who is twenty-two, is of a gentle and cie, although equally tractable, is, nevertheless, rather more impetuous in disposition and impulsive in manner."

"Hum—Miss Angel is a fool, I suppose," muttered old Dane.

"Not at all—not at all," replied Mr. Halliday, considerably nettled by the remark. "Angel is by no means deficient in talent and character; all I meant to imply was that she is less easily carried away by her feelings than Dulcie."

"What in the name of fortune, my good fellow," here broke in old Dane, laughing, "induced you to give such sugary names to your girls?' 'Angel,' 'Dulcie,' who ever heard of so much seraphic sweetness in one family! If Miss Angel were a little fiend, and Miss Dulcie as hard as the nether millstone, you could scarcely blame Providence, after provoking the notice of the gods in so preverse a fashion."

"A fancy of my poor dear wife's, Mr. Dane, that was all." And Mr. Halliday sighed, as a widower may be supposed to sigh, even after fifty years of liberty.

"Well, my friend, I must see these young ladies myself. Why do you keep them cooped up in the country? Have them up to town, and bring them to see me. What is it, Barnes?" for the soft-footed butler had opened the door.

"It's Mr. Geoffrey, sir, who is upstairs in the drawing-room with Mrs. Dane."

"Ah, we are just coming up. How long has Mr. Geoffrey been here?"

"A quarter of an hour, sir. Mrs. Dane wished me to let you know."

"And at the auspicious hour,
The auspicious swain arrives,"

quoted the old man gaily, with a sly smile as he rose from the table, but Joseph Halliday knew the man too well to be led away by this apparent geniality. Mr. Dane never committed himself, and he was as uncertain as ever as to the ultimate success of the matrimonial scheme which he had dared to suggest to him, and upon which hung so many ambitious dreams and hopes. The ground had been broken—that was all.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Geoffery sat by his aunt's sofa, patiently holding a skein of white wool on his outstretched hands, while she slowly unravelled and wound up its many tangles. Long disappointment, and God knows how much of private suffering and humiliation, had broken down this poor lady until she was now but the faint shadow of the radiant girl who had gone forth fifteen years ago from her happy, if somewhat penurious home, to unite her fate with the elderly millionaire who had come a-wooing to the overcrowded house.

Then she had been full of hope and life and energy, determined to make her husband happy, and to be a good wife to him; soon, very soon, she learnt that she had no influence over his life, and no power to please him, save in the only fashion in which she was unable to gratify his ambition and his wishes.

"Any washerwoman can have babies," she would say to herself in the bitterness of her soul. "There is hardly a poor woman in the streets who would not be more precious to him than I am, just for that one thing of which I am incapable, and, for failing in that, I am as nothing to him."

For in her fashion, she had loved him once, meekly and submissively, in accordance with her marriage vows; but now that all delusion was at an end, and that she realized to the full of her own position with him, the love had perished, and only the misery and the disappointment remained to her.

She was frightened of him, too; scenes of violence and angry reproaches had broken her spirit, whilst constant fretting over the unalterable had undermined her health and ruined her nerves. A poor weak creature, feeble in mind, yet clinging with a piteous affection to those who were kind to her, that was what Mrs. Matthew Dane was now, after fifteen years of married life. She was fond of Geoffrey, for he was always gentle and tender to her, yet she had reason to believe that her husband regarded her friendship with him with suspicion and displeasure.

When she heard the sound of the gentlemen's voices on the staircase, she pushed her armchair further away from him.

"Don't be talking to me, Geoff," she said nervously; "he will think we have been plotting something."

"My dear aunt, surely that must be fancy."

"Oh, you don't know him as I do. He must be master everywhere, even over people's thoughts."

The drawing-room door opened. Geoffrey was sitting close to it on a low chair behind a tall Japanese screen that sheltered the entrance to the room. As the door opened he heard Mr. Halliday say—"We might send Faulkner, perhaps, to France." Faulkner being the name of one of the head clerks.

Then Mr. Dane answered quickly: "No, no, I don't know enough about him, we don't want a repetition of the De Brefour scandal-tragedy business; no more untried clerks where money is concerned for me, Halliday. Ah! Geoffrey, how d'ye do? Helping your aunt with her wool work, eh?"

But for once Geoffrey had no repartee ready. The name of De Brefour had struck upon his ears with a strange intensity. Swiftly there flashed before his mental vision, the long, low room, warm-curtained and book-lined, the shaded lamp, the flickering firelight, and the "Lady Hamilton" of his dreams, who had granted him that one interview, now more than six weeks ago—beautiful Rose De Brefour!

By what strange chance had her name, held sacred within the innermost recesses of his soul, come to be mentioned again to him, and upon the lips of his uncle? ,and why were words of such dire import as scandal and tragedy named with it in the same breath?

The next moment he was smiling at himself for his folly. It was, of course, but a mere coincidence of similarity of name—it could be nothing more. And yet the coincidence was a singular one.

To Be Continued.

There wouldn't be half enough room at the top if all the people succeeded in getting there who think they ought to.

HONOURING THE BRAVE.

LONDON HONOURS THE HEROES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

From Nelson to Kitchener—Many Emblematic Tokens Presented to Successful Commanders in British Wars—The Latest Recipients of the Coveted Trophy.

The London Daily Telegraph says: Sir Herbert Kitchener, to be known henceforth as Lord Khartoum, will be presented with the sword of Honor on the 4th of next month. This is one of the many recognitions which the Sirdar will receive for his memorable conduct of the campaign which restores to Egypt, under English guidance, control of the sources of the Nile. What a century in the life of Egypt is that now closing! It is just 100 years since the Corporation bestowed upon Admiral Nelson—not then raised to the Peerage—a Sword of Honor for his services at the mouths of the same great river.

Generally highly distinguished military men are presented with swords as donating the arm of the Service to which they belong, and great naval commanders receive, like them, the Freedom of the City and the additional gift of a box enclosing it, this casket being made of British Heart of Oak with gold fittings. Sometimes, however, swords have been given to men who have won their renown upon the sea.

The Corporation were never stinted in their admiration of the man who won Trafalgar. They gave him the Freedom of the City in a gold box in 1797. There was more than a mere sense of fitness in his recognition of the favour. In the following year he forwarded to them the sword of Blanquet, the only French Admiral who survived th edisastrous Battle of Aboukir Bay, with a letter, in these terms:

Vanguard, Mouth of the Nile, August 8th, 1798.

My Lord—Having the honor of being a Freeman of the City of London, I take the liberty of sending to your lordship the sword of the commanding French Admiral, Monsieur Blanquet, who survived, after the Battle of the First, off the Nile, and request that the City of London will honor me by the acceptance of it, as a remembrance that Britannia still rules the waves; which that she may for ever is the fervent wish of your lordship's most obedient servant,

HORATIO NELSON.

Right Honorable Lord Mayor of London.

The weapon, which, along with the letter, is preserved in the Guildhall, was made during the Empire, and bore the words: "La Liberte, La Loi et le—" "Roi" was not quite to the taste of the time, and had been entirely effaced, having been burred over with a hammer.

NELSON'S FRIEND.

Nelson's intimate friend, who was with him at his death, Captain Hardy, was not forgotten by the Corporation, who, on January 30, 1806, bestowed upon him the sword for his gallant behaviour on board the flagship, the Victory, on October 21, 1805.

But Hardy is remembered better in connection with the death of his chief than for his own undoubted valour. It was always, as Southey says, Lord Nelson's desire that the British fleet should be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected at Trafalgar. He set an example himself, giving orders to cease firing upon the French ship Redoubtable, believing as she did not return his fire, that she had struck. It was upon this ship the man was standing who mortally wounded him. As Nelson fell he said, "They have done for me at last, Hardy." "I hope not," replied the young captain. "Yes, my backbone is shot through," continued the Admiral, and he covered his face and breast with his handkerchief, so that the crew would not see who was being carried away. "You can do nothing for me," he said to the surgeon, and insisted that others of whom there was hope should be attended to. His last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

WELLINGTON.

Upon this roll the Duke of Wellington early occupies a place. In 1812 he received a Sword of Honor, and the action of the Corporation was only expressive of the national enthusiasm. It was in 1808, upon being created Lieut. General, that Wellington was given the command of the army to be despatched to the Peninsular. With some 13,000 men in all, he prepared to attack the French, under Junot, who had with him 15,000 troops. Sir John Moore had likewise landed in Portugal with a view to effecting a junction with the Duke, then Sir Arthur —ellesley, who before he could give battle to Junot, was superseded in the chief command by Sir Harry Burrard. This general was singularly mild and cautious, and it might easily have been foreseen that the man who was known in India as an impetuous "Cornet of Dragoons" would not long act under him. Burrard declined to attack Junot till Sir John Moore arived greatly against the wish of Wellesley. At Vimiera the French, as Wellesley had predicted, fell upon the English, but were gallantly repulsed, and would certainly have been cut off from Lisbon had it not been for the hesitating tactics of Burrard. The Convention of Cintra followed by which the French agreed to evacuate Portugal, Junot and his troops and baggage being conveyed in English transports to the nearest French port. In disgust and disappointment, Sir Arthur Wellesley resigned his command and returned to England. The nation was indignant at the incompetent generalship of Burrard, and the diplomatic error which had allowed Junot to regain by treaty, what he had lost on the field. An inquiry took place at home which conclusively demonstrated the superior generalship of Wellesley. Accordingly, in 1809, when Napoleon burst into Spain, the national enthusiasm demanded that Sir Arthur Wellesley should be given sole command of the war. There is no need to recall the series of brilliant victories which, from this point, marked the course of the Peninsular War. In November, 1813, Wellesley descended into France pursuing his conquering course to Toulouse, from which, after some desperate fighting, Soult was driven. With this engagement, the Peninsular campaign may be said to have ended, and in 1814, after an absence of five years, the great commander, now the Duke of Wellington, landed in England, where his reception was unprecedentedly brilliant. Three years before the Corporation resolved to present the Iron Duke with a sword, and the ceremony took place on July 9, 1814, under the most impressive circumstances, and with the almost passionate concurrence of the nation.

From his earliest years the Duke of Cambridge has stood high in the esteem of the City of which he was made a Freeman in 1814. On the occasion of his return from the Crimea His Royal Highness was presented, in 1857, with a sword as a testimony to his soldierly qualities.

WILLIAMS OF KARS.

General Williams, whose name is so well remembered in connection with the terrible siege of Kars, received a word with the approval of the whole country. At first it was decided to give him the Freedom in a gold box, but as his heroic courage under privation and suffering became known the Court of Common Council resolved to present the sword in recognition of this quality as well as of his valour. It will be remembered that in September, 1855, the Russians were defeated at Kars, Colonel Williams reporting that after a stubborn combat of seven hours they left on the field over 5,000 dead. Notwithstanding this bloody repulse, they still clung to the blockade with extreme obstinacy, and continued to invest Kars on all sides, in the hope of compelling the garrison to surrender. Well might the Corporation sympathize with Colonel, afterwards Major-General Sir W. F. Williams. Our troops suffered fearfully after the engagement from their meagre diet of bread and water, and Dr. Sandwith wrote in the following month: "They are no longer stout and hardy men who fought for seven hours against overwhelming odds, and drove back a magnificent Russian army. The newly-opened hospitals are filling daily with men whose only disease is exhaustion from want of nutriment. The grass is torn up in all the open spaces and the roots eaten by the soldiers and people." But no privation could subdue the spirit of our men, and in honoring Major-General Williams the City showed what it thought of his and their high courage and patriotism.

INDIAN MUTINY.

Upon Baron Clyde, better known as Sir Colin Campbell, was conferred a similar honor, in 1858, "for his distinguished service in India, particularly for his decisive operations at Lucknow." "The Bayard of the Indian Army." Sir James Outram, received, in the same year, the Freedom of the City and a Sword of Honor, "in testimony of the signal services rendered by him in suppressing the mutiny and rebellion in the East Indies, and in admiration of his high personal and public character, exemplified through a long period of military service in the East, as a brave, skilful, and patriotic soldier."

MAGDALA.

To Lord Napier of Magdala this civic reward of valour was offered for his rescue of a number of Europeans held prisoners by King Theodore. The capture of Magdala was distinguished by a very spirited attack upon the fortress, the leading men of the 33rd scaling a rock and turning the defences at one of the gates, thus allowing the troops to enter. The King, finding all was lost, committed suicide.

LATEST RECIPIENTS.

But time would fail to tell of all those who subdued kings and wrought national righteousness. Besides, the later wearers—all but one—of the honorable trophies are still serving the nation. Lord Wolseley, who, in 1874, as Sir Garnet Wolseley commanded the expedition to the Gold Coast, obtained the prized distinction for "bringing about results conducive to peace, commerce, and civilization on the Continent of Africa." Six years later Lord Roberts, at that time Major-General Sir Frederick S. Roberts, V. C., was made a Freeman of the City and presented with a sword in recognition of his gallant services in Afghanistan, where he so well and nobly upheld the prestige and reputation of the British Army. The late Admiral Lord Alcester, who bombarded the forts of Alexandria, was the last recipient of a Sword of Honor from the Corporation, who are never slow to recognize the "Wisdom, Duty, Honor," which animate the men who serve our Queen.

THE EMPIRE OF BAROTSE.

Only Remaining Savage Realm South of the Equator.

There now remains only one people and one little valley south of the Equator whose severeignty has not been claimed by some European power. It is the Valley of Barotse, fifty or sixty miles wide, north of Lialui, in South Africa. And the only reason why the Marotse, who inhabit it, have preserved their independence is that England and Portugal both claim it, and therefore the work of "civilization" is at a standstill.

It may not be so easy to conquer the Marotse when the time comes, for they are a tall, well-set-up race, very black in skin. In manners they are courteous and in bearing dignified. Every full-blooded Marotse is by birthright a chief, and takes his place in the aristocracy of the empire. The bare fact that he is a Marotse insures the respect of the subservient tribes, and as he grows to manhood a sense of superiority usually implants in the native the dignity of self-respect.

TOLD BY THE CIRCUS MAN.

What Happened When Finally The Greatest of All Giants Died.

"I never told you the exact height of the great giant—what's the use?" said the old circus man. You would not believe it if I did; as I've said before it would only make yoy disbelieve what I do tell you about him, and what's the use? But you can form some sort of an idea about it if from these things that I've told you and from what I'm going to tell you now about his death and burial because in the course of time he died.

"We were under canvas then, showing three times a day, and moving ourselves, and we were tolerable busy, and we really hadn't time to give such attention as we ought to the burying of what had been, after the great giraffe, our very greatest attraction. The digging of a grave for him would have been like digging the foundation several houses in a row and would have taken lots of time, and the mere cost of the land would be considerable.

"Well, as usual, the old man's horse sense came to the rescue. In looking around for forage when we struck the town he had discovered the bed of an abandoned canal, that they'd stopped using when the railroad was built. This old canal ran through the edge of a man's farm there, and the land was no use to anybody. It didn't pay to plough it because it wasn't worth the time and trouble it would take to get horses and ploughs up and down the bank, and it wasn't any good for anything; and the old man bought a strip of that land along there, a few acres of it, enough for a cemetery lot for the giant, for next to nothing. So you see there we were, with the land bought and the grave dug at very small expense and practically in a minute.

"We laid the giant down in the section of the canal we had bought and hauled earth from the rest of the piece to cover him—the old man was wise enough of course to buy land enough to provide for that. When the mound was rounded up in proper shape and due proportions it made quite a ridge; it was a flat country around there, and you could see this ridge for quite a piece.

"Of course the old man put up a headstone, and it was much the biggest headstone I ever saw, and quite different from any I ever saw—it was built of brick. The old man hired all the men that could work on it, and they put in a foundation and built the headstone in half a day. It was something like the side wall of a brick house for general dimensions, only it was very much thicker and tombstone-like in shape, and at a little distance in that level country the ridge with the great stone at one end of it looked like what it was, the grave of a mighty giant.

"And so we left him secure in memory as we thought with the inscription we had put on the headstone, but a great storm came up before the morter had set and blew the headstone down, and there it lay simply a scattering pile of brick. But the mound remained, as it still does; I saw it there only a year ago when I passed through that country. But with nothing to mark it, exact knowledge of it gradually faded, and even tradition had grown indistinct, and the great mound had come finally to be known simply as the giant's hill.

WRECKED AND STARVING.

Seven Seamen Live for Twenty-three Days on Three Fish and Sea Weed.

Captain George C. Benner, of the wrecked schooner, Jennie F. Willey, from Jacksonville to Martinique, and his crew of six men who were landed at Quarantine, New York, on Sunday, by the steamer Saratoga suffered greatly from hunger before rescued. Their vessel ran into a hurricane on September 30. It was not long before she was a wreck. Her masts went overboard and her deck load was drifting in all directions. When the storm subsided it was found that the vessel was completely water-logged and there was no apparent chance of rescue. The water casks had been washed away and there was nothing to eat. The pangs of hunger soon struck them. They took the pins out of their clothing and made hooks of them. They secured a line by ravelling a piece of sail cloth, and after two days' fishing they managed to hook a small fish. This the Captain ordered cut up into equal parts and each man received an equal share. The fish was devoured at once. For eleven days, the Captain declares they were without food of any kind or a drop of water to drink.

"The agony that we suffered," he continued, "none can ever know unless he has had a similar experience. For eleven hours I sat in a drizzling rain with my rubber coat spread out on my lap trying to collect water enough to satisfy the awful thirst that seemed to consume me. My lips were cracked and parched, and the blood was running from the cracks and trickling down my chin. I thought that my arms and legs would be paralyzed from keeping them in one position so long, and yet I waited for the rain to fill the receptacle in my lap.

"After the rain I had collected but two tablespoonfuls. That was divided, and day after day, whenever a sprinkle would come, we used the rubber coat to catch what water we could, and the little we caught by that means kept us from perishing."

For twenty-three days the vessel drifted lifeless, her men growing weaker and more disheartened as the days wore on. Two small sharks were washed on board and eagerly devoured, and that meagre supply gone, the men were reduced to eating seaweed. And then at last the vessel was washed on a reef and a Spanish fishing schooner took off the half perished crew. The cook was mad then and the others were nearly dead from starvation.

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