THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Cont'd.)

"Oh, Dorian, dear! What are you thinking of? Do remember how warm the weather is."

"Well, so it is.—grilling," says Mr. Branscombe, nobly confessing his fault.

"Do you like me in that olive silk?" asks she, hopefully, gazing at him with earnest, intense eyes.

"Don't I just?" returns he, fervently, rising to enforce his words.

"Now, don't be sillier than you can help," murmurs she, with a lovely smile. "Dont'! I like that gown my-smile. "Don't! I like that gown my-nice and old, and that.'"

"If I were a little girl like you," says Mr. Branscombe, "I should rather hanker after looking nice and young."

"But not too much so: it is frivolous when one is once married." This pensively, and with all the air of one who has long studied the subject.

"Is it? Of course you know best, your experience being greater than mine," says Dorian, meekly; "but, just for choice, I prefer youth to anything else."

"Do you? Then I suppose I had better wear white."

"Yes do. One evening, in Paris, you wore a white gown of some sort, and I dreamt of you every night for a week afterward."

"Very well. I shall give you a chance of dreaming of me again," says Georgie., with a carefully suppressed sigh, that is surely meant for the beloved olive gown.

The sigh is wasted. When she does don the white gown so despised, she is so perfect a picture that one might well be excused for wasting seven long nights in airy visions filled all with her. Some wild artistic marguerites are in her bosom (she plucked them herself from out the meadow an hour agone); her lips are red and parted; her hair, that is loosely knotted, and hangs low down, betraying the perfect shape of her small head, is "yellow, like ripe corn." She smiles as she places her hand in Dorian's and asks him how she looks; while he, being all too glad of her excessive beauty, is very slow to answer her. In truth, she is "like the snowdrop fair, and like the primrose sweet."

At the castle she creates rather a sensation. Many, as yet, have not seen her; and these stare at her placidly, indifferent to the fact that breeding would have it otherwise.

"What a peculiarly pretty young woman," says the duke, half an hour after her arrival, staring at her through his glasses. He had been absent when she came, and so is only just now awakened to a sense of her charms.

"Who?—what?" said the duchess, vaguely, she being the person he has rashly addressed. She is very fat, very unimpressionable, and very fond of argument. "Oh! over there. I quite forget who she is. But I do see that Alfred is with her. With all his affected devotion to Helen, he runs after every fresh face he sees."

"Then she is a—a—propriety," says the duke, with a dry chuckle at his own wit; indeed, he prides himself upon having been rather a "card" in his day, and anything but a "k'rect" one, either.

"Yes, there is,—there is propriety," responds the duchess, in an awful tone.

"That wouldn't be a bit like it," says the duke, with a dry chuckle at his own humor; after which—thinking it, perhaps, safer to withdraw while there is yet time—he saunters off to the left, and, as he has a trick of looking over his shoulder while walking, nearly falls into Dorian's arms at the next turn.

"Ho, hah!" says his Grace, pulling himself up very shortly, and glancing at his stumbling-block to see if he can identify him.

"Why, it is you, Branscombe," he says, in his usual cheerful, if rather fussy fashion. "So glad to see you!—so glad!" He has made exactly this remark to Dorian every time he has come in contact with him during the past twenty years and more. "By the bye, I dare say you can tell me—who is that pretty child over there, with the white frock and the blue eyes?"

"That pretty child in the frock is my wife," says Branscombe, laughing.

"Indeed! Dear me! dear me! I beg your pardon. My dear boy, I congratulate you. Such a face—like a Greuze; or—h'm—yes." Here he grows slightly mixed. "You must introduce me, you know. One likes to do homage to beauty. Why, where could you have met her in this exceedingly deficient county, eh? But you were always a sly dog, eh?"

The old gentleman gives him a playful slap on his shoulder, and then, taking his arm, goes with him across the lawn to where Georgie is standing talking gayly to Lord Alfred.

The introduction is gone through, and Georgie makes her very best bow, and blushes her very choicest blush; but the duke will insist upon shaking hands wit hher, whereupon, being pleased, she smiles her most enchanting smile.

"So glad to make your acquaintance. Missed you on your arrival," says the duke, genially. "Was toiling through the conservatories, I think, with Lady Loftus. Know her? Stout old lady, with feathers over her nose. She always will go to hot places on hot days."

"I wish she would go to a final hot place, as she affects them so much," says Lord Alfred, gloomily. "I can't bear her; she is always coming here bothering me about that abominable boy of hers in the Guards, and I never know what to say to her."

"Why don't you learn it up at night and say it to her in the morning?" says Mrs. Branscombe, brightly. "I should know what to say to her at once."

"Oh! I dare say," says Lord Alfred. "Only that doesn't help me, you know, because I don't."

"Didn't know who you were at first, Mrs. Branscombe," breaks in the duke. "Thought you were a little girl—eh?—eh?" chuckling again. "Asked your husband who you were, and so on. I hope you are enjoying yourself. Seen everything, eh? The houses are pretty good this year."

"Lord Alfred has just shown them to me. They are quite too exquisite," says Georgie.

"And the lake, and my new swans?"

"No! not the swans."

"Dear me! why didn't he show you those? Finest birds I ever saw. My dear Mrs. Branscombe, you really must see them. you know."

"I should like to, if you will show them to me," says the little hypocrite, with the very faintest, but the most successful, emphasis on the pronoun, which is wine to the heart of the old beau; and, offering her his arm, he takes her across the lawn and through the shrubberies to the sheet of water beyond, that gleams sweet and cool through the foliage. As they go, the county turns to regard them; and men wonder who this pretty woman is the old fellow has picked up; and women wonder what on earth the duke can see in that silly little Mrs. Branscombe.

Sir James, who has been watching the duke's evident admiration for his pretty guest, is openly amused.

"Your training!" he says to Clarissa, over whose chair he is leaning. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself and your pupil. Such a disgraceful little coquette I never saw. I really pity that poor duchess; see there, how miserably unhappy she is looking, and how——er——pink."

"Don't be unkind; your hesitation was positively cruel. The word 'red' is unmistakably the word for the poor duchess to-day."

"Well, yes, and yesterday, and the day before, and probably to-morrow," says Sir James, mildly. "But I really wonder at the duke,—at this time of life, too! If I were Branscombe I should feel it my duty to interfere."

He is talking gayly, unceasingly, but always with his grave eyes fixed upon Clarissa, as she leans back languidly on the comfortable garden-chair, smiling indeed every now and then, but fitfully, and without the gladness that generally lights up her charming face.

Horace had promised to be here today,—had faithfully promised to come with her and her father to this garden-party; and where is he now? A little chill of disappointment has fallen upon her, and made dull her day. No smallest doubt of this truth finds harbor in her gentle bosom, yet grief sits heavy on her, "as the mildews hang upon the bells of flowers to blight their bloom!"

Sir James, half divining the cause of discontent, seeks carefully, tenderly to draw her from her sad thoughts in every way that occurs to him; and his efforts, though not altogether crowned with success, are at least so far happy in that he induces her to forget her grievance for the time being, and keeps her from dwelling too closely upon the vexed question of her recreant lover.

To be with Sir James is, too, in itself a relief to her. With him she need not converse unless it so pleases her; her silence will neither surprise or trouble him; but with all the others it would be so different; they would claim her attention whether she willed it or not, and to make ordinary spirited conversation just at this moment would be impossible to her. The smile dies off her face. A sigh replaces it.

"How well you are looking to-day!" says Scrope, lightly, thinking this will please her. She is extremely pale, but a little hectic spot, born of weariness and fruitless hoping against hope, betrays itself on either cheek. His tone if not the words, does please her, it is so full of loving kindness.

"Am I?" she says. "I don't feel like looking well; and I am tired, too. They say,—

'A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a;'

I doubt mine is a sad one, I feel so worn out. Though," hastily, and with a vivid flush that changes all her pallor into warmth,—"if I were put to it, I couldn't tell you why."

"No? Do you know I have often felt like that," says Scrope, carelessly. "It is both strange and natural. One has fits of depression that come and go at will, and that one cannot account for; at least, I have, frequently. But you, Clarissa, you should not know what depression means."

"I know to-day." For the moment her courage fails her. She feels weak; a craving for sympathy overcomes her; and, turning she lifts her large sorrowful eyes to his.

She would, perhaps, have spoken; but now a sense of shame and a sharp pang that means pride comes to her, and, by a supreme effort, she conquers emotion, and lets her heavily-lashed lids fall over her suffused eyes, as though to conceal the tell-tale drops within from his searching gaze.

"So you see,"—she says, with a rather artificial laugh,—"your flattery falls through; with all this weight of imaginary woe upon my shoulders, I can hardly be looking my best."

"Nevertheless, I shall not allow you to call my true sentiments flattery," said Scrope: "I really meant what I said, whether you choose to believe me or not. Yours is a

'Beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.'"

"What a courtier you become!" she says, laughing honestly for almost the first time to-day. "It is so strange to hear James Scrope say anything high-flown or sentimental. She is a little bit afraid that he knows why she is sorry, yet, after all, she hardly frets over the fact of his knowing. Dear Jim! he is always kind, and sweet, and thoughtfull Even if he does understand he is quite safe to look as if he didn't. And that is always such a comfort!

And Sir James, watching her, and marking the grief upon her face, feels a tightening at his heart, and a longing to succor her, and to go forth—if needs be—and fight for her as did the knights of old for those they loved, until "just and mightie death, whom none can advise," infolded him in his arms.

For a long time he has loved her,—has lived with only her image in his heart. Yet what has his devotion gained him? Her liking, her regard, no doubt, but nothing that can satisfy the longing that leaves desolate his faithful heart. Regard, however deep, is but small comfort to him whose every thought, waking and sleeping, belongs alone to her.

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is, in swing long to bide;
To loose good dayes that might be better spent,
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires."

He is quite assured he lives in utter ignorance of his love. No word has escaped him; no smallest hint, that might declare to her the passion that daily, hourly, grows stronger, and of which she is the sole object. The noblest mind the best contentment has," and he contents himself as best he may on a smile here, a gentle word there, a kindly pressure of the hand to-day, a look of welcome to-morrow. These are liberally given, but nothing more. Ever since her engagement to Horace Branscombe, he has, of course, relinquished hope; but the surrender of all expectation has not killed his love. He is silent because he must be so, but his heart wakes, and

"Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty."

"See, there they are again" he says now, alluding to Georgie and her ducal companion, as they emerge from behind some thick shrubs. Another man is with them, too,—a tall gaunt young man, with long hair, and a cadaverous face, who is staring at Georgie as though he would willingly devour her—but only in the interest of art. He is lecturing on the "Consummate Daffodil" and is comparing it unfavorably with the "Unutterable Tulip," and is plainly boring the two, with whom he is walking, to extinction. He is Sir John Lincoln, that old-new friend of Georgie's, and will not be shaken off.

"Long ago," says Georgie, tearfully, to herself, "he was not an aesthete. Oh, how I wish he would go back to his pristine freshness!"

But he won't: he maunders on unceasingly about the impossible flowers, that are all very well in their way, but whose exaltedness lives only in his own imagination, until the Duke, growing weary (as well he might, poor soul), turns aside, and greets with unexpected cordiality a group upon his right, that, under any other less oppressive circumstances, would be abhorrent to him. But to spend a long hour talking about one lily is not to be borne.

Georgie follows his example, and tries to escape Lincoln and the tulips by diving among the aforesaid group. She is very successful groups do not suit aesthetics,—and soon the gaunt young man takes himself and long hair, to some remote region.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Branscombe?" says a voice at her elbow, a moment later, and, turning, she finds herself face to face with Mr. Kennedy.

"Ah! you?" she says, with very flattering haste, being unmistakably pleased to see him. "I had no idea you were staying in the country."

"I am staying with the Luttrells. Molly asked me down last month."

"She is a great friend of yours, I know," says Mrs. Branscombe; "yet I hadn't the faintest notion I should meet you here to-day."

"And you didn't care either I dare say," says Mr. Kennedy in a tone that is positively sepulchral, and, considering all things, very well done indeed.

"I should have cared, if I had even once thought about it," says Mrs. Branscombe, cheerfully.

Whereupon he says,—

"Thank you!" in a voice that is all reproach.

Georgie colors. "I didn't mean what you think," she says, anxiously. "I didn't indeed."

"Well, it sounded exactly like it," says Mr. Kennedy, with careful gloom. "Of course it is not to be expected that you ever would think of me, bu—— I haven't seen you since that last night at Gowran, have I?"

"No."

"I think you might have told me then you were going to be married.

"I wasn't going to be married then," says Georgie, indignantly; "I hadn't a single idea of it. Never thought of it, until the next day."

"I quite thought you were going to marry me," says Mr. Kennedy, sadly, "I had quite made up my mind to it. I never"—forlornly—"imagined you as belonging to any other fellow. It isn't pleasant to find that one's pet doll is stuffed with sawdust, and yet——"

"I can't think what you are talking about," says Mrs. Branscombe, coldly, and with some fine disgust; she cannot help thinking that she must be the doll in question, and to be filled with sawdust sounds anything but dignified.

Kennedy, reading her like a book, nobly suppresses a wild desire for laughter, and goes on in a tone, if possible, more depressed than the former one.

"My insane hope was the doll," he says: "it proved only dust. I haven't got over the shock yet that I felt on hearing of your marriage. I don't suppose I ever shall now."

"Nonsense!" says Georgie, contemptuously. "I never saw you look so well in all my life. You are positively fat."

"That's how it always shows with me," says Kennedy, unblushingly. "Whenever green and yellow melancholy marks me for its own, I sit on a monument (they always keep one for me at home) and smile incessantly at grief, and get as fat as possible. It is refinement of cruelty, you know, as superfluous flesh is not a thing to be hankered after."

"How you must have fretted," says Mrs. Branscombe, demurely, glancing from under her long lashes at his figure, which has certainly gained both in size and in weight since their last meeting.

At this they both laugh.

"Is your husband here to-day?" asks he, presently.

"Yes."

"Why isn't he with you?"

"He has found somebody more to his fancy, perhaps."

As she says this she glances round, as though for the first time alive to the fact that indeed he is not beside her.

"Impossible!" says Kennedy. "Give any other reason but that, and I may belive you. I am quite sure he is missing you terribly, and is vainly searching every nook and corner by this time for your dead body. No doubt he fears the worst. If you were my—— I mean if ever I were to marry (which of course is quite out of the question now), I shouldn't let my face out of sight."

"Poor woman! what a time she is going to put in!" says Mrs. Branscombe, pityingly. "Don't go about telling people all that, or you will never get a wife. By this time Dorian and I have made the discovery that we can do excellently well without each other sometimes."

Dorian coming up behind her just as she says this, hears her, and changes color.

"How d'ye do!" he says to Kennedy, civilly, if not cordially, that young man receiving his greeting with the utmost bonhommie and an unchanging front.

For a second Branscombe refuses to meet his wife's eyes, then, conquering the momentary feeling of pained disappointment he turns to her, and says, gently,—

"Do you care to stay much longer? Clarissa has gone, and Scrope, and the Carringtons.

"I don't care to stay another minute: I should like to go home now," says Georgie, slipping her hand through his arm, as though glad to have something to lean on; and, as she speaks, she lifts her face and bestows upon him a smile. It is a very dear little smile, and has the effect of restoring him to perfect happiness, again.

Seeing which, Kennedy raises his brows, and then his hat, and, bowing, turns aside, and is soon lost amidst the crowd.

"You are sure you want to come home?" says Dorian anxiously. "I am not in a hurry you know."

"I am. I have walked enough, and talked enough, to last me a month."

"I am afraid I rather broke in upon your conversation just now," says Branscombe, looking earnestly at her. "But for my coming, Kennedy would have stayed on with you; and he is a—a rather amusing sort of fellow, isn't he?"

"Is he? He was exceedingly stupid to-day, at all events. I don't believe he has a particle of brains, or else he thinks other people haven't. I enjoyed myself a great deal more with the old duke, until that ridiculous Sir John Lincoln came to us. I don't think he knew a bit who the duke was, because he kept saying odd little things about the grounds and the guests, right under his nose; at least, right behind his back: it is all the same thing."

"What is? His nose and his back?" asks Dorian; at which piece of folly they both laugh as though it was the best thing in the world.

Then they make their way over the smooth lawns, and past the glowing flower-beds, and past Sir John Lincoln, too, who is standing in an impossible attitude, that makes him all elbows and knees, talking to a very splendid young man—all bone and muscle and good humor—who is plainly delighted with him. To the splendid young man he is nothing but one vast joke.

Seeing Mrs. Branscombe, they both raise their hats, and Sir John so far forgets the tulips as to give it as his opinion that she is "Quite too, too intense for every day life." Whereupon the splendid young man, breaking into praise too, declares she is "Quite too awfully jolly, don't you know," which commonplace remark so horrifies his companion that he sadly and tearfully turns aside, and leaves him to his fate.

Georgie, who has been brought to a standstill for a moment, hears both remarks, and laughs aloud.

"It is something to be admired by Colonel Vibart, isn't it?" she says to Dorian; "but it is really very sad about poor Sir John. He has bulbous roots on the brain, and they have turned him as mad as a hatter,".

(To Be Continued.)

LUMINOUS GUNSIGHT.

A luminous foresight for use in a bad light with guns of various kinds has been patented in England. A tiny incandescent lamp, supplied with current from a simple form of battery concealed in the stock, is mounted within a shield at the muzzle of the gun, and a faint ray of light, calculated to indicate the position of its source, is exposed in the direction of the shooter's eye, and this sufficient to enable him to obtain the required alignment with the back sight and with the target, be it animate or otherwise. The special application of the sight is for game shooting at night, and for service purposes, such, for instance, as the illumination of a machine gun used against torpedo attacks during the night

"Going to pot" is a reminder of the days when boiling to death was a legal punishment of parricides

HORRORS OF THE RED SEA.

THE REGION WHERE THE ITALIANS ARE OPERATING.

The Hottest and Most Desolate Country on the Globe—Red Sea Towns and Their Peculiarities—The Most Singular Body of Water in the World.

The Red Sea has the well-deserved reputation of being the hottest part of the earth. During the coolest months of the year, from December to March, the temperature at Massowah averages 80 degrees, while during July and August the average temperature day and night, is 100, while, when the simoon blows, as it sometimes does for a week at a time, the mercury has been known to rise to 132, and stay at that point for many hours. Nor is the heat the only evil to be endured at such times, for the simoon brings with it clouds of fine dust, which strangles all who breathe it. When the approach of this dreaded wind is felt, the people of Massowah, Jiddah and other Red Sea cities close their stores and houses, and shut themselves up tightly, stopping every cranny against the fine sand of the desert. The sensation of being shut up in a closed house at such a temperature is described by Europeans as resembling imprisonment in a red-hot stove, but it is the only chance for life, for nothing can live in the terrible sand storm.

It may readily be imagined from this one fact that life in a Red Sea port has many drawbacks, and in fact, the ports along the sea are looked upon only as stopping places on the road to the interior. Jiddah, the port of Mecca, is by far the most important, as every year many thousands of pilgrims, from India, Siam, China, Persia and Africa, land there on their way to the holy places of Islam. For hundreds of years, the regulation mode of travel was by caravan, but since the English commerce spread over the Orient,

PILGRIM SHIPS

regularly sail from India and Persia to Jiddah and the inconveniences and delays of a long land journey are thus avoided. On the opposite side of the sea from the Moslem port is the port Massowah, the gate to Abyssinia.

Much has been written about this place since the Italian occupation, but little is really known by the reading public. The town was situated on a coral island, close to the shore, but during the last few years, on account of the increasing trade from Central Africa it has extended to the main land and now has three times the size and population that it possessed twenty years ago. At best, it is a miserable place to live in, for there is no water, which is collected in tanks during the rainy season, and, as, during the hottest weather the temperature of the Red Sea rises to 93 degrees, the fitness of the water for drinking purposes may be imagined. The Italian army there has been supplied with [illegible] the condensing apparatus on every ship, but even this supply of water, such as it is, [illegible] thousands of men in such climate is terrible. Frightful pictures are drawn of the miseries endured by the unfortunate Italians, who were sent to remain in this African [illegible] for nine months. The same glittering sun, without a cloud; night after night, the same scattering heat, without a breath of cooling air. Sleep became impossible, and scores of the soldiers went mad and committed suicide, rather than longer endure this living death. In order, to some extent, to relieve their sufferings, the Government sent out several hundred of sprinkling cans, such as are used everywhere by gardeners to water flowers. As sleep in the houses was an impossibility, the men lay in the streets of Massowah in rows, and natives were employed to go up and down the lines of prostrate forms and sprinkle

THE WRETCHED MEN

with water to cool them sufficiently to enable them to go to sleep.

But Massowah is not the only town in this part of the world where civilized troops suffer the tortures of residence. The great fortified post of Aden, at the entrance to the Red Sea, is almost as bad. The town is situated at the base of a range of mountains, and is thus protected, to a limited extent, from the simoons, but the scorching heat, reflected from the rocks that rise behind the city, renders life almost unendurable. To be assigned to duty at Aden is more dreaded by a British regiment than to be sent on an expedition to the heart of Africa. Aden has one thing in its favor, however, and is, in that respect, superior to Massowah, it has an abundant supply of water, from the springs in the mountains, and this, collected into two large cisterns in the hills above the town, affords the inhabitants one pleasure that to the residents in Massowah is unknown.

Aden is to the Red Sea what Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean, but the British Government, never neglecting to appropriate unconsidered bits of land here and there, has established another post in the immediate vicinity, which makes the Red Sea virtually a British lake. The Strait of Bab el Mandeb, the "Gate of Tears," so called by the Arabs on account of the numerous shipwrecks that have taken place there, in its narrowest part is not more than fifteen miles wide, and is divided into two passages by the island of Perin. The passage to the west of this island is thirteen miles wide, but its navigation is exceedingly dangerous on account of a group of volcanic islets and the presence of great numbers of hidden coral reefs. All regular travel in and out of the Red Sea passes to the east of Perin, where the channel, though less than two miles in width, is deep and safe. In 1799, when Napoleon was in Egypt, the British Government became greatly alarmed at the presence of a French army there, believing that Napoleon contemplated a

DESCENT ON INDIA.

Orders were sent to erect fortifications at points where an effective resistance could be made to the progress of the French, and among other places, Perin was seized and fortified. The scare was soon over, Napoleon went back to France, and Perin was abandoned for many years, until the Suez Canal was projected, when the British Government, recognizing the strategic importance of the island, again occupied and fortified it. It is of volcanic origin, has about seven miles of area and no inhabitants but the British garrison; but its guns cover the strait; and not a ship can enter or go out save by permission of Great Britain, so that it is quite possible for John Bull to close the Red Sea as well as the Mediterranean to all men of war but his own Gibraltar and Malta, Cyprus, the Suez Canal, Perin and Aden, these are the strategic points held by the British through the land-locked seas between Europe, Asia and Africa, and thus are they made, to a large extent, the means of increasing the political importance of Great Britain in this quarter of the world.

The towns along the shores of the Rea Sea are, as already intimated, of little importance, save as gates to the country beyond, but in this respect they deserve attention, for the future commercial value of the African ports particularly can not be overrated. Of the interior of Arabia little is known beyond its reputed desert character, but along the southern end of the Red Sea there is a good coffee land, a fact which gives Mocha and Hodeidah their importance. It is certain that the African ports of the Red Sea will play a large part in the world's commerce when peace is restored and the tribes of the interior are taught that commerce is more profitable than war. At present the Red Sea ports are all of the same type; all on the sandy coast, all having the same style of flat-roofed houses, generally of only one story, and commonly with a fringe of buzzards on the roof. In one sense,

THE BUZZARDS

are indispensable members of the community, for in these seaports, everybody empties the refuse of the house into the street and the buzzards do the street cleaning. It is very effectively done, for the greedy creatures never get enough to eat, pounce upon any offal almost before it falls to the ground, and without their presence Massowah and Mocha and Jiddah would have cholera every year and all the year round.

How the Red Sea got its name is a question about which antiquarians have never agreed, and many explanations have been offered of the title. It is said that in parts of this peculiar body of water there are dense masses of animalculae found floating, and the reddish color of these creatures is supposed by some persons to have given a name to the sea. Others suggest that among the weeds, which in this sea are more abundant than in most other land-locked waters, one species, of a dark red color, gives the prevailing tint and the name. The Hebrew Scriptures frequently mention it as "The Sea of Weeds," a confirmation of an allusion made by several ancient authors to the abundance of vegetable life in its waters. One writer finds the origin of the name in the redness of the surrounding hills; another in the presence of the red coral, here very abundant. Another traces it to a Greek word meaning red, the root of which is found in the word Phoenician, and supposes that it was originally the Phoenician Sea, while still another discovers that the word Edom, red, was the name of a country to the northeast, and that it was thus the sea of Edom. A historian conjectures that the Arabic Ahmar, red, the name of a kingdom in Southwest Arabia, was transferred from the land to the water. Only one thing is certain, that is, it has always been called the Red Sea, for so it was known to the Romans, and to the Greeks and Phoenicians before them. Neglected and almost unknown for ages, it has acquired new importance from becoming the great highway between Europe and Asia, and when the interior of Africa is opened to commerce, no doubt there will be ports on the African coast which will rival in importance those of the Mediterranean.

THE SCOTCH IN HOLLAND.

Similarity of Language and Former Close Relations.

To the Scotsman Holland is unusually redolent of ancestral memories, writes a correspondent. In the first place, one who uses broad Scotch can make himself quite easily understood by the people, especially those of Friesland. Scotch is lowland English, but slightly affected by the Norman element. The Dutch scholar can enjoy Robert Burns, in his finer shadings and verbal felicities, far more easily than can the average Englishman. In the Dutch war of independence against Spain Scottish soldiers served by the thousand in the Dutch armies. Hundreds of the men of war and of traffic from the land of thistles married Dutch maidens. The "Scotch brigade" was for nearly 200 years in the service of the States General. Some of the best Dutch families to-day have unmitigated Scotch names, like McLeod. The "Scottish apothecaries," so common in Dutch cities are men who do not, as a rule, speak or know either English or Gaelic. In nearly all the large towns are unmistakable Scottish names. Those who bear them do not, as a rule, have any knowledge of or interest in Scotland beyond that of their Dutch countrymen. They are the descendants of those Scotch Presbyterians who, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, worshiped God, in their own mother tongue on the west side of the North Sea. There was once no fewer than

TWENTY CHURCHES,

with English-speaking congregations, in the Netherlands, probably at least half of the attendants being from the north of the Tweed. In the three or four English Reformed or Presbyterian churches still existing, the majority of members and attendants who do not use Dutch as the language of their homes, are Scottish folk. The three clergymen now in the active pastorate, Rev. William Thomson at Amsterdam, Rev. J. Irving Brown at Rotterdam, and Rev. Mr. Frater at Middleburg, are all from Scotland. The "Scottish Dyke," by the Maas, the "Scottish Corner," in Flushing, and the various lanes, streets and water passages with Scottish names found in the country, are too numerous to mention. Very touching are the tombs and memorial tablets in the churches, and the numerous monumental stones in the cemeteries, y which tell how the sons and daughters from Caledonia have found their final resting place in Holland's soil.

No Scottish tourist in the Netherlands should fail to visit the quaint little town in Zeeland called Veere or Campveer. Here, in the thirteenth century, the Lord of Borselen brought his Highland bride, the daughter of James I. of Scotland, and here, for over five centuries, until the era of the French revolution, was the "Scotch Staple." According to the Dutch system, which located a special monopoly in a particular town, the wool, cloth and other products of the Scotch soil and industry could be imported free of excise or toll only at Veere.

We spent a most delightful day in this quaint place, with its museums full of relics from the land of heather and granite. Here were coats of arms with such names as Chalmers and Davidson, etc., upon them, and letters and documents, with autographs of kings and queens in the two chief countries of Great Britain. Here stood once a Scottish church edifice, with its resident pastor and preacher. The little town, now containing 800 people, once had 12,000 inhabitants. To-day the colossal church, restored and in good repair could contain all the dwellers in Veere

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The Enormous Cost of Building This Great Place of Worship.

Few people, even in these days of palmy extravagance, and millionaire display, have any adequate impression of the gigantic cost of the great temple of Solomon. According to Villalpandus, the "talents" of gold, silver and brass used at the enormous sum of £6,579,822,000. The worth of the jewels is generally placed at a figure equally as high. The vessels of gold, according to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, which reduced to English money (as has been shown by Chapel's reduction tables), was equal to £575,296,203. The vessels of silver, according to the same authorities, were still more valuable, being set down as worth £646,344,000. Priests' vestments and robes of singers, £2,010,000; trumpets, £200,000.

To this add the expense of building materials, labor, etc., and we get some wonderful figures. Ten thousand men hewing cedars, 60,000 bearers of burdens, 80,000 hewers of stone, 3,300 overseers, all of which were employed for seven years, and upon whom, beside their wages, Solomon bestowed £6,733,97. If their daily food was worth 50 cents each, the sum total for all was £63,877,088 during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated as having been worth £2,545,337,000.

MYSTERIOUS CONTINENT.

IS THE NORTH POLE REGION INHABITED AND BY WHOM?

Animals That are Supposed to Exist There—Birds Peculiar to the Arctic Region—A Strange Tale From Point Barrow—A Fresh Water Floeberg That Gen. Greely Saw.

What is the North Pole like?

It is situated on land; that seems to be almost a certainty. There is land bare of ice in that part of the world, and clear water too. Good and scientific reasons lie back of these assumptions. That the region in question is inhabited by various animals is an undisputed fact. It can not be asserted with human confidence that human beings do not live there.

It is known that several species of birds live and breed in regions so far to the north of any point as yet reached by explorers. They are seen migrating toward the pole, their flocks vanishing into the unknown beyond. Obviously, they cannot lay their eggs or rear their young on ice floes or bergs, and so it must be taken for granted that they find bare land suitable for the purpose. The rosy gull, most beautiful of all its fleet-winged tribe, spends summer and winter within the mysterious and unexplored area. Its species is actually restricted to that area, only occasional specimens being seen outside of it, driven to the southward by storms. Only once has a flock of rosy gulls been seen; it passed Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska.

There must be no small extent of land in a region that exclusively maintains a whole species of animals. Open water there must be all the year around, else the rosy gulls would starve. Doubtless the birds skirt the ice fields in winter, looking for fish. Two species of sandpipers breed in the unexplored area. The same may be said of at least one species of goose. Every spring brant are seen from Point Barrow, flying northward, whither no human being has yet been able to follow.

If there be a polar continent, there is no reason for picturing it as devoid of animal or vegetable life. In its surrounding waters are

PLENTY OF FISHES,

doubtless, as well as numerous species of crustaceans; in its bays seals disport themselves perhaps, and possibly walrus are not absent. As for the flora, there is apt to be as much of it as is found on Spitzbergen—that is to say, plenty of mossed and lichens, with even a few flowering plants, such as the yellow arctic poppy.

The most interesting question about the north pole is as to whether human beings are to be found in its vicinity. Such a notion is not as absurd as might be imagined. From decade to decade bold explorers have ventured further and further toward the northern extremity of the earth's axis but, however high the point reached, people have always been discovered dwelling there. A short time ago Nansen outlined the north coast of Greenland, proving it to be an island. At the north end of the island he came across a colony of 279 Esquimaux, pursuing a contented and fairly prosperous existence by the means of hunting and fishing.

The man who is lucky enough to discover the north pole may well feel somewhat discouraged if he finds a lot of people living there. Yet, why not? The climate can not be so dreadfully severe; it is certainly not nearly so cold as north latitude 68 degrees. On that coldest latitude is situated the town of Werkojansk, in Siberia. And just here may as well be told a remarkable story that rests on the authority of Capt. Herendeen, formerly engaged in the arctic whaling service. The event he describes occurred in the winter of 1885, which he spent at Point Barrow.

There is an Esquimau village at Point Barrow, and also a whaling station. One day there was a great commotion, and Capt. Herendeen saw half the people of the village running, evidently much excited. They came to him and told him that three strange-looking men had been seen on the ice off the Point. They were dressed peculiarly—not in deerskins, but in a white fur which was supposed to be that of the polar bear. They acted as if very tired, and it was noticed that they had no guns. This last point was particularly surprising, inasmuch as nobody in that part of the world ever goes out

WITHOUT A GUN.

Now, the Esquimaux are proverbial for their hospitality and amiable inclination towards strangers, and they were astonished when the three men took fright on seeing them and ran away over the ice to the northward. This was what had caused the excitement.

The Esquimaux declared positively that the three men were not of their people. Their dress and actions made this a certainty. If so, whence did they come? The only tenable theory seemed to be that they had drifted on an ice floe from an unknown land far to the north, the existence of which was asserted by a tradition among the Esquimaux. They say that some of their people were once carried away by a storm and reached this land, subsequently returning. One of the natives was so confident of the truth of the story that he begged Capt. Herendeen to secure for him a passage on a north-bound whaler, in order that he might go with the ship as far as possible and then leave it to complete the adventurous journey in his little boat.

The Arctic Ocean is very shallow, and it is natural to suppose that there would be areas of land uplifted above its surface. So much may be taken for granted as a fact; but nobody can say with certainty whether the land is a continent or an archipelago of islands. Gen. Greely, the famous explorer, believes, that it is a continent. He says that immense masses of land-made ice are seen floating southward through Kane Sea and Smith Sound under such circumstances as render it certain that they must come from a land area far to the north. The very size of the bergs proves that the land area must be of great extent. On one occasion he saw in Smith Sound such a floeberg that was 800 feet thick and that must have required something like 2,400 years for its formation.

Such a floeberg is quite different from an iceberg of glacial origin. The latter is a piece broken off from the end of a stream of ice that flows from the land into the sea. The floeberg, on the other hand, was stratified deposit originally formed on land by the snows of successive winters. Eventually its weight became so great that it

SLID INTO THE SEA.

Seen in sections, the strata composing it could be counted. Each of them representing a year; the winter's snowfall was followed by the summer's partial melting and a layer of dust from the air. Thus the layers of snow were marked by corresponding layers of dirt, the strata averaging about 5 inches in thickness, so that it was easy to reckon the age of the berg approximately. The fact that it was fresh water ice proved that it came from the land and not from the sea.

The old notion of a Palaecrystic sea, or a sea of ancient and never-melting ice around the pole, was long ago exploded. It was originated by the explorer Nares, who believed that the water in that part of the world was frozen down to the very bottom of the shallow ocean. On the other hand, the idea of an open polar sea, as conceived by Kane, is no longer entertained—that is to say, of an ever-open sheet of water surrounding the pole. The fact seems to be that there is always more or less water in that region, though where there is ice in one winter there may be no ice in another. In other words, the conditions vary. One of the most promising suggestions for arctic explorations thus far made is that several nations should combine for the purpose of reaching the pole. Suppose that the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and Japan should each furnish a ship. Then let these ships start at the same time to enter the arctic circle at as many points around the world. Each vessel should have orders to go northward as far as practicable, and then to pause for the winter, build a house and wait for summer to come again. At least one of the ships would be pretty sure to find an open waterway, though the others might be stopped by ice, and so the goal might be obtained. If not, the ships would proceed the next summer on the same plan.

The certainty that there is a good deal of open water toward the pole affords the best promises for the success of future attempts to reach it. In 1884 Wrangle, started on a sledge journey northward from the north coast of Siberia, but was compelled to turn back by finding

OPEN WATER AHEAD.

Nordenskiold spent a winter at Pitlekai, on the north coast of the Chukches Peninsula, and all through that season he saw water reflected in the sky to the north. If Nansen does not reach the pole, somebody else will do so before long. The greatest successes in arctic exploration have been made within recent years. During the eighteenth century nothing worth mentioning was accomplished in that direction. It remained for the nineteenth century to accomplish the northwest and the northeast passage, to outline the north coast of America and to discover the islands and archipelagoes poleward from the three continents of the northern hemisphere.

And yet, however, more than 8,000,000 square miles of arctic territory remain unexplored. There has been a tendency of late to cry down arctic exploration as unprofitable and uselessly wasteful of life. Yet the fact is that enterprise in this direction has been enormously valuable to mankind. Within the last two centuries it has furnished to the civilized world products aggregating $1,000,000,000,000 in market value, the most important of them being yielded by the whale fisheries.

Comparison has been suggested between the climatic and other conditions of Spitzbergen and those likely to be found on the polar continent. The archipelago of Spitzbergen is described by Gen. Greely as the most interesting of Arctic lands. Though so near the pole, its climate is comparatively mild. Its flora is extensive, and reindeer were once so plentiful there that Russian and Norwegian hunters killed them by thousands annually. On one occasion four Russian sailors were cast away on the east coast, where they remained seven years. They had only one gun and a few rounds of ammunition. Their experience in this polar land outdid the romance of Robinson Crusoe. From driftwood cast upon the shore they made arrows and spears, which they tipped with whalebone. These were supplemented with bows that were strung with the twisted entrails of reindeer. They devised traps for catching blue foxes and nets for snaring water fowl. They labored not only to sustain life, but with a definite purpose of acquiring stores of fur and bone of commercial value. So successful were they that yearly they made large additions to their stock of skins of polar bears, reindeer, seals and foxes. One of them died in the sixth year, but the others were rescued soon afterwards.

PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Princess Henry—or Princess Beatrice, as the English people still call her—is in her 39th year. She has always been known as the most accomplished musician of the royal family. When quite young she developed a wonderful gift of reading difficult music at sight, and this has been carefully cultivated. She is also a most graceful composer, and has set to music various poems by Lord Tennyson. These songs were heard at the great concert given the year before last as a memorial of the late poet laureate. Two or three years ago the Princess narrowly escaped being burned to death while staying at Hesse-Darmstadt. She was on a visit at the time to her brother-in-law, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and while there the beautiful palace of Heiligenberg caught fire at night, the flames spreading with such rapidity that the Princess barely had time to save her life, and lost all her jewels and effects.

To the Princess belongs the credit of reviving her mother's long dormant taste for theatrical