

THE DECK HAND.

By Charles King.
CHAPTER II.

Contrary to Genth Hurley's expectations Tom Harrington took the berth offered him. A week after the interview in the office, he sailed in the *Comet* for the fishing-grounds of the North Sea. Eight weeks, long and dreary to those at sea, soon passed ashore. To Genth, in the office, time flew. The morning the *Comet* was due again found him nervously pacing the quay. He had made his plans. This trip would prove Tom's salvation. He had found a desk for him in the office, and under his own eye Harrington should commence the new life. Though Genth's mind was busy, his eyes kept straying down the harbour; and at last he heard the pant, pant of a tug, and saw her red-banded funnel passing the lower ferry. Astern was a sandy-rigged trawler. Scores of smacks and luggers were already moored at the quay-side, and what with scandalous sails, masts, shrouds, and dangling balliards, it was a minute or two before he could make her out. When the snake-like coil of the tow-rope was cast off and the tug sneered out, Genth saw the newcomer was the *Comet*. He made a step forward, then stopped as he had been shot. His eyes were fixed to her rigging. She was flying her flag half-mast high. It was not the first time Genth had beheld that ominous sign, but now it turned him faint. In his mind ran one thought—suppose it was flying for Tom Harrington! He stood for a minute fascinated, then walked gloomily back to the office. He sat there with his face buried in his hands, when the opening of the door, the sound of sea-boots, and the voice of Holmes, aroused him. "I ken see, owner," he said, "you ha' been on the quay."

"Tell me," said Genth with dry lips, "whom you have lost?"
"The skipper of the *Comet* passed a large hand through his oakum-textured hair. "Well, owner," he said slowly, "I'll speak the truth. 'Twas this way: the wind were east."
"In God's name!" cried Genth, "who is it?"
"To sail straight to the pint, owner, 'tis the new deck chap."
Genth looked at him helplessly. Harrington! He had made all his little plans, and a greater hand than his had put them away. "When did this take place?" he asked.
"The night afore last. We wor acomin' home," said Holmes, directing his gaze to a nautical almanac, and telling his tale to it as it hung on a nail, "wi' the wind east-north-east; I had just fixed the port an' starboard lights, an' was taking a spill at the tiller. All of a sudden I sees a great green sea acomin', which I knew wad be ship, an' I sung out to the chaps to keep below. Jest as the words passed my lips, some one popped out o' the hoodway [companion]. The sea an' him must ha' touched the *Comet's* deck at the same time; an' afore I could clutch him, he wor swept over the starboard rail. I hauled a belt at him, an' put the tiller up. 'Most as sure as we gat about, our boat was launched, an' the chaps were in her. They pulled like madmen; but you know, owner, how fast a dromin' man drifts to windward. They could never get nigh him; an' when I poked the crew o' the boat up, they wor dore for. They couldn't ha' pulled another stroke for the Indies. An' the deck chap wor gone. All I picked up was this—he held up a soiled sou'-wester.

"You must report it," said Genth heavily—"it's all you can do now."
Holmes nodded, and slouched away. When he was gone, Genth wrote to his desk and drew from it a sheet of note-paper; on it was written the number of a row.
"And I must break the news," he said. On a bleak January afternoon, two years later, a man came through the tollgate. To save a mile or so, he had reached Herring-bourne by a cheerless, treeless cut called the New Road. He was thin and bearded. His clothes were shabby, and his steps uncertain. As he tendered his halfpenny toll his fingers burnt like fire. The sun went down as he came through the gate, and the traveller shivered. An easterly wind was blowing. It lay in wait for him as he rounded a corner, and a roaring gust brought him up gasping for breath. But still he wearily plodded on. At last he stopped before a "row," went up it, and then stopped again, the front of a house with the shutters closed. On them was chalked—"To Let." In a dazed sort of way he looked at the letters, then made his way to the quay. Here he halted at the office of Hurley's Fleet. With a trembling hand he tried the door. It was locked. Then, indeed, he seemed to lose heart, and sat a moment on the doorstep. He was looking at the black bough of a tree that flapped noisily against a lighted lamp, when a smacksman came past. The weary object of his gaze asked him where Hurley lived. He was told; and with a sigh went on again, this time towards the Drite. The sky grew darker, and it began to snow, first in light flakes, that he feebly tried to brush away, then faster. Soon he heard the roar of the angry sea, and saw the flaming eye of the Floating Light as it rocked inside the Scroby. Here the wind blew fiercer: it gathered the white flakes together and hurled them into his face till they blinded him. Staggering, clutching at iron rails, and turning his face to them when the strong gust swept off to sea, he went on till he reached the gate of a house where the blinds were parted and the room illumined by gas jets and a merry leaping fire. By that fire a man sat reading. It was Genth Hurley. The stranger outside opened the gate; the wind drove him up to the door, and he pulled the bell. It was answered by a servant, who gazed at him curiously. He asked if he could see the smack-owner.

"Of course you can," she said sharply. "But shoo some of that snow off!"
He tried, but his fingers seemed numb. She impatiently beckoned him in, and left him on the mat while she informed her master a man wanted him. Before she could speak, the visitor had stolen up behind. As he crept back, he and Genth came face to face. The attitude of the shabby figure was humble, and his knees shook.
"Come in," cried Genth cheerily—"come in, my man. You wanted to see me?"
In a hesitating way the other stopped forward; particles of snow had melted on his beard and hung in glistening drops.
"Don't you know me, Hurley?" he asked, in a trembling tone. "I wonder if Nell will know me? I'm Tom Harrington."
With a strange, curving cry Genth fell back and clutched at the mantel piece. He seemed turned to stone. The visitor looked wistfully at the bright fire, and caressed his thin hands as if he were warming them. "No, no," gasped Genth hoarsely, "not him!—not Tom Harrington! He was drowned at sea."
"Not drowned," said the other; and his voice sounded so gentle, so unlike the Harrington of old, that there was plenty of room for mistaking his identity; "but, picked up by a schooner, when he had lost all hope, was carried to a strange place,

and I had the fever." He drew a little nearer the fire, and put his hand on the back of a chair; then, with a smile, he looked at Genth. Hurley's face wore an awful frozen look. He appeared cowering back.
"I'm very tired," said the wanderer feebly. "May I sit down? I have been to some strange places, but I'm home now; and I want to find Nell. I have been to the old house, but she was not there. But you'll help me to find her, won't you? You'll tell me where she is?"
His voice was eager, and again he looked at Genth. The door of the room was only partly closed, and through it there came a faint cry; then a soothing sound; then a cry louder than the first. The rescued man picked up his ears.

"A baby!" he said. "So you are married. Perhaps—perhaps," he added timidly, "you don't want me here. I had better go. I had no right to come; but I thought you could tell me where Nell was." He gazed again at the fire and his shaggy fingers strayed over the buttons of his threadbare coat. With an effort he staggered up.
"Yes, yes," he said, in a hollow tone, "go! And in the name of God, go quick! Tomorrow—I'll see you to-morrow."
A gust of wind drove the snow against the window. Before the fleeting patterns of the flakes were off the glass, another gust made them afresh. Harrington shivered. "It's very cold," he said; "but I'll walk quick, and you'll tell me where to find Nell?"
As he put the question there sounded a rippling laugh; then the joyous snatch of a song, as some one tripped down the stairs. The wanderer's face grew bright. He held up his hand. "Listen!" he cried breathlessly. "That is Nell's voice! My Nell! That is the song she used to sing, long ago! Why, she is here, she is here!" He turned wondering to Genth. The smack-owner's jaw had fallen; his teeth were chattering; and trembling in every limb, he barely held up by the mantel piece.

A puzzled look stole over Harrington's face. It cleared; and he too began to tremble. "Your wife!" he whispered. "You have married her! You thought me dead! I am going—I am going." He put his hand out to feel for the door. He was trying to find the handle, when it swung open and Nell stood on the threshold. He gave a low sob, and with bent head sought to pass her. She tried to see his face.
"I am going, Nell," he mumbled—"I am going." He was quite helpless now, and blinded by tears.
At the sound of his voice, at the sight of the shabby figure grown suddenly old, some memory stirred her, and she clutched him by the arm. He lifted his head; their eyes met, and with a wild scream she sank to the floor.

At about a year later, a doctor came. He looked at Harrington, who had been put to bed, and shook his head. "I'm no use," he said. "Cold, exposure, a debilitated constitution. The man has been dying for weeks. He may last the night out; I doubt it."
The doctor was right. Harrington gradually grew weaker. His brain wandered to strange scenes, the River Plate, Costa Rica, the home of Nell. When his mind partially cleared, she was bending over him, and Genth sat holding his hand. Like a child he put up his face, and she kissed him. He looked, smiling, at Genth; then his head fell back on the pillow. "I am going," he said softly—"I am going." There was a faint flutter of breath, and his eyes closed. The Deck Hand had gone.

[THE END.]

Remedy for Potato Rot.

To the Editor.

SIR.—There are few diseases of field crops which are the direct cause of more loss to the farmers of Canada than that which is known under the different names of "potato rot," "blight," or "rust." My object in writing this letter is to draw the attention of your readers to the fact that a practical and simple remedy has been discovered, and that the best time for applying it is during the latter half of this month.
This disease of the potato is due to the attacks of a parasitic fungus, known by the name of *Phytophthora infestans*. The life history of this fungus is briefly as follows: The fungus passes the winter inside the potato tuber and in the soil. In spring, as soon as the potato throws out its shoots, the parasite grows with it, running up through the tissues of the stems and from about the end of July produces beneath the leaves an abundance of spores, or seed-like bodies. These are exceedingly minute, but are produced in such numbers that they frequently give a frost-like appearance to the under sides of the leaves. When these spores are produced on the leaves, the appearance known as "rust" shows itself in the shape of small dark brown dots, which are caused by the drying up of the tissues from the parasite having used up their contents. From the rust stage all future infection takes place. Some of the spores are carried by the wind and falling upon the leaves of other adjacent plants, produce more rust spots, while others falling to the ground are washed beneath the surface and reaching the forming tubers produce the rot stage. The wet rot, as seen in autumn in the tubers, is the form of this disease which is best known, but potato rot is really a dry rot which kills the tuber, and in autumn the wet rot follows as a result of decay. In winter the disease occurs in the tubers as patches of hard whitish diseased tissue.
In this district the rust stage does not generally appear until about the first of August and this is the first evidence that blight is present in the field. As a rule the black spots appear only on a few leaves at first, but if the weather be favorable the disease spreads rapidly from spores carried by the wind from these centres of infection, so that a large field may become diseased in a few days, and as a result the crop of potatoes will be ruined.

Careful experiments have shown that by spraying the potato haulms at the time the rust first appears with a mixture of sulphate of copper and lime known as the "Bordeaux Mixture," the rust or blight on the leaves can be stopped, and as a consequence a large proportion of the rot in the tubers can be prevented.

BORDEAUX MIXTURE.
Copper sulphate, 6 pounds;
Lime, fresh, 4 pounds;
Water, 45 gallons.

To make Bordeaux mixture.—Take six pounds of copper sulphate (blue vitriol) powder, and dissolve it in one gallon of hot water in a wooden tub (iron must not be used, as the vitriol would attack it). Slake four pounds of lime in sufficient water to make a thin whitewash. Strain this through a fine sieve or sack to remove all lumps. When both liquids are cool, pour the lime wash slowly into the copper sulphate solution, stirring it all the time. Now add enough water to make 45 gallons and the mixture is ready for use. It is best

to prepare the mixture some time before required, but it must be kept covered to keep out all dust and rubbish.
To apply this mixture to the foliage undoubtedly the best and cheapest way is to use a proper spraying pump and nozzle, but if these are not on hand, good results will be obtained by applying the mixture with watering cans supplied with fine roses. There are several different kinds of spraying pumps in the market. Perhaps the most convenient for this work is a force pump attached to a barrel on wheels to be drawn through the field by a horse. Smaller machines, known as Knapsack Sprayers, consist of a reservoir containing a small force pump, which can be carried upon a man's back. Both of these kinds of pumps can be purchased for about \$15 to \$20. It will be necessary to spray the fields two or three times to protect the crop thoroughly. There is no danger of injuring the foliage with the above mixture, as it is only half the strength of the original formula which is most generally used.
A great advantage of this mixture is that Paris green, the only practical remedy for the Colorado potato-beetle, can be applied at the same time. To do this, mix from a quarter to half a pound of Paris green with a little water so as to make a thick paste and then add it to the 45 gallons of Bordeaux mixture, that is, it is used in exactly the same strength as with plain water.
These mixtures must be kept constantly stirred while being used, as both the lime in the Bordeaux mixture and the Paris green sink quickly to the bottom of any mixture if left undisturbed.

JAMES FLETCHER,
Ent. and Bot. to Dominion Exptl. Farms,
Ottawa, July 19, 1892.

A BOAT WITH A HISTORY.

First a Trading Vessel, then a Slave Ship, and Finally an Explorer's Craft.

A little vessel having a remarkable history has plied for years on Lake Tanganyika. Her story illustrates the progress in that region from savagery toward civilization.
The best boats on Tanganyika are obtained from enormous trees in the forest, which skirps most of the shores of the lake. In this forest the boat long after known as the Calabash was originally a huge tree trunk, cut down by the axes of the natives with enormous labour, and then, with axe and adze and fire, moulded into shape.
Boats like the Calabash are excellent sea vessels, though in their lines they suggest rather a clumsy hippopotamus than a swan. Scores of natives dragged the finished boat down the mountain slopes to the lake, where it was launched with much ceremony. The medicine man made an offering of beads to the gods of the lake, so that they should take the vessel under their protecting care.
The history of the boat is a long one. The vessel, still unnamed, began her career with a crew of stout black paddlers, who took her from port to port laden with grain, fruit, salt, oil, dried fish, ivory, and other commodities that are exchanged among the tribes.
On one of her voyages, after she had served as a trading canoe for two years, she entered the port of Ujiji, where she was bought by an Miwahili slave trader. He drew her on the shore, deponed her by building planks around her sides, strengthened her with thwarts and a half deck, rigged her with a mast and sail, and then launched her again as a slave ship. For three years she plied back and forth across the lake bringing cargoes of wretched men, women, and children to the Ujiji market. One day of slaves had just been landed on the shore when Mr. Hore, who had recently come to Ujiji as an agent of the London Missionary Society, saw the little craft, and decided that she was just about what he needed for exploratory voyages around the lake. He succeeded in purchasing her for a few hundred dollars, and once more, repaired and altered her, he made a will in her favour, and one day, when

he sent for her, and gave her the paper. Having thus yielded up all that was dear to him on earth, he soon sank, and died on September 4, 1794, aged seventy-eight, and was buried in the church yard of his parish of Harrow. Apart from his besetting weakness—craze, call it what you will—he often felt a pang of conscience, and there is no doubt but for that weakness he would have been a reputable citizen and a credit to his family.
John Elwes is a name which has become proverbial in the annals of avarice. Born to great riches, he nevertheless developed a passion for accumulating wealth by denying himself common necessities to such a degree as to excite the name of miser. The career of John Elwes presents in many respects a marked contrast to that of Dancer, and furnishes an example of the terrible inconsistency of man. His father's name was Meggot, a brewer of Southwark, who died when the boy was about four years old; and it was to the principles instilled by his mother, and later, when in a dispute with his uncle, that John Elwes probably owed the marked traits in his character. Although her husband left her one hundred thousand pounds, it is said she starved herself to death. Her son was sent to Westminster School, where he remained some years, and became a good classical scholar. He inherited about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds from his uncle, Sir Harry Elwes, who was himself as penurious as his nephew afterwards became; and as his own fortune was of a similar amount, he was at this time a very rich man. For fifteen years before his uncle's death John Elwes was known in all the fashionable circles of the metropolis, his large fortune introducing him to the best society. His passion for play—a passion at that time rampant in society—was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not until late in life that he entirely relinquished it. According to his own assertion, few played deeper or with more varying success. He once sat playing for two days and a night with the Duke of Northumberland, to whom he lost several thousand pounds.

EATEN BY CANNIBALS.

The Second Explorer in Equatorial Africa to Fall a Victim to Men Eaters.

A few months ago the French explorer, De Pommarac, ascended the Mobangi tributary of the Congo to its big northern bend, and then paddled up the newly discovered, still unexplored, river. He made this journey for the purpose of conferring with Chief Sakuru of the Sakharas tribe. He was well received by this chief, whose relations with all white men have been excellent in the little time they had known him. Upon his return journey homeward, however, Mr. De Pommarac came into collision with the Babus. This tribe has been at war with the Sakharas, who have been bent upon subjugating the Babus, though they have not yet succeeded. It happened, unfortunately, a number of Sakharas were members of the explorer's party, and it is supposed that this fact was the occasion for the fierce attack which the Babus made upon the travellers.
The white expedition was suddenly assailed by a large force of natives armed with lances and knives. All the survivors of the fight declare that the Babus fired no guns. Soon after the fight began Mr. De Pommarac was wounded in the right side by a lance thrust. The Babus carried him alive into their village, where they murdered him. Only a few members of his party escaped, and made their way to the white post on the Mobangi.
The explorer and all his comrades who were taken were eaten, and the cannibal orgies of the Babus extended over a period of several days. This is the second instance of a white traveller being killed and eaten by cannibals in Africa. The first instance occurred about two years ago, not very far from the place where the recent tragedy occurred. The commander of a French station with his handful of men were butchered and eaten.

A lecture on fruit should always begin with a pear oration.

HISTORIC MISERS.

Worth Thousands Yet Living in Absolute Want—Curious Eccentricities of Three Miserable Creatures.

Few people are able to realise to themselves the all-absorbing passion for hoarding which engrosses, to the exclusion of all others, the heart of the Miser. Curiously enough, this craving for secreted wealth is a product of civilization, which has grown up with society, and become more developed as gold and silver became emblems of wealth. The occupation and ambition of a miser's life is not to accumulate for himself or his children or relations, but for the same reason that a magpie steals a silver spoon, for the pleasure of hiding it.
Daniel Dancer was one of the class of misers who hoarded money for the pleasure of secreted it. In this he followed an hereditary tendency, as his father and grandfather had all done the same. It has been said that miserly instincts as a general rule are not inherited, but this case was undoubtedly an exception; for not only himself but his brothers and sisters were all of a miserly disposition. He was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century at Weald, a village near Harrow, and on the death of his father, Daniel, the eldest son, inherited a fair estate. He suffered great uneasiness at this time on account of a feeling of certainty which possessed him that his father had

of money about the premises. His trouble was not occasioned so much by the idea that the money might not be discovered, but from the fear that his brothers might find it and not give it to him. Ultimately, about two hundred pounds in gold and silver coins were discovered enclosed in two pewter dishes buried beneath a gate-post, and nothing more was ever found.
Daniel Dancer spent the whole of his life in the house on Harrow Weald Common, and a dreary, wretched blank that life was. The house stood in about eighty acres of rich meadow-land, with some fine oak-trees upon it; and there was also a small farm adjoining. The whole, if properly cultivated, might at that time have brought a table, and an old woman, comprising all the furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. He used to say that of all his movables the old woman gave him the most trouble. She was always taking cold from the chillness of the large rooms, coupled with insufficient firing.

His son George having married, was naturally anxious that his father should make his mass weighing several tons. When the lithic mass came in contact with the earth's atmosphere the impact breaks up the matrix sets free the iron bodies, and they reach the earth in the same condition, so far as mass and figure are concerned, as they exist in the original formation. In such cases it is probable that the stony portion of the original body is rent into such small fragments by the explosion that these will not reach the earth in any appreciable size. The larger the masses of iron the more complete would be the destruction of the original body, and the larger lithic meteorites would be those containing the smaller granules of iron.

Mr. Eastman offers the following theory to account for the apparent excess of iron in stony meteorites: When a stony meteorite falls to the earth it breaks into many fragments, and the ruptured surfaces indicate the nature of the catastrophe. No case is on record where an iron aerolite showed any indication of having been twisted, broken, or torn from another mass of the same material.
The true type of meteorite which reaches the earth in its outer space is probably similar to that which fell in Iowa county, Ia., on Feb. 12, 1875. This celestial visitor is composed almost wholly of lithic matter, but scattered through the mass are small grains of nickeliferous iron. This iron may exist in the stony matrix in all forms and sizes, from the microscopic nodule to the mass weighing several tons. When the lithic mass comes in contact with the earth's atmosphere the impact breaks up the matrix sets free the iron bodies, and they reach the earth in the same condition, so far as mass and figure are concerned, as they exist in the original formation. In such cases it is probable that the stony portion of the original body is rent into such small fragments by the explosion that these will not reach the earth in any appreciable size. The larger the masses of iron the more complete would be the destruction of the original body, and the larger lithic meteorites would be those containing the smaller granules of iron.

When we revert to the alliferous aerolite which is reported to have fallen a few days ago in Idaho, so far as we are aware, precious metals have never yet been found in substances of meteoric origin. Should, therefore, the telegraphic news which has been received of an apparently remarkable discovery be confirmed, scientists will find themselves confronted with another knotty problem—how to account for the presence of pure gold?
Up to the present the principle known constituents of parts of meteoric iron are, in addition to "the most common and useful of metals" and nickel, numerous compounds, such as ferrous sulphide (troilite), sulphide of chromium (daubreilite), calcium sulphide (oldhamite), and phosphide of iron and nickel (sulfuretted nickel), which are not known as terrestrial minerals besides magnetite, chromic iron, magnetite, pyroxene, olivine, and anorthite, which are ordinary components of volcanic rocks.

When Were Passports First Issued?

A passport is a license to travel, and also a safe-conduct or warrant of protection. By means of it Monarchs or Governments restrain the entrance of foreigners into their dominions, or the exit of their subjects from their territories, and also endeavour to secure the safety and freedom of their subjects while travelling abroad. Passports are of very ancient date, and the first on record are mentioned by Balzac as having been given by the Roman Emperor Julius Cæsar to a philosopher. It was in the terms following, namely, "If there be any one, on land or sea, hardly enough to molest Potamon, let him consider whether he be strong enough to wage war with Cæsar." In the chronicles written and preserved by monks are mentioned the first passes issued to subjects when going on pilgrimages to the shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome by Canute, or Cnut, King of Denmark and England, between A. D. 995 and 1035, to obtain for them security, and also hospitality in passing through the various countries in the course of their travels. The system was also in vogue in China during the 10th century, and still remains so as far as Russia is concerned. In all European countries, save the United Kingdom, passports still continue to exist, and therefore to cause annoyance to a greater or lesser extent both to natives and foreigners, but especially to the latter. Even in those countries on the Continent where the passport system is not so rigidly enforced, the carrying of a passport is found to be desirable if delay and trouble to travellers are to be avoided. The passport most used by British subjects is that of the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs (Lord Rosebery), which is now granted to any British subject on payment of a fee of two shillings, and it holds good for life.

The Hindu Boy.

Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware that the human body falls asleep by instalments. According to M. Cabanis, a French physiologist, the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the head, and these last sooner than the muscles which sustain the back; and he illustrates this by the case of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking. He conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first—then the sense of taste; next the sense of smell; next that of hearing; and lastly that of touch. He maintains also that the viscera fall asleep one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.

A Bad Conscience.

Landlord—What sort of wine do you want?
Guest—I don't care which sort. It is all the same.
Landlord—It is, eh? How did you find that out?
Guest—It was troublesome to a doctor, that the lat-

freshed himself by rubbing down the horses, milking the cows again, and so forth. And yet his master often called him an idle dog, and said he wanted to be paid for doing nothing.

With the two large fortunes which he possessed, and the wretched way in which he lived, his whole expenses at this time not being more than three hundred pounds a year.

He sat for Berkshire, in which he had a large estate, in three parliaments; but his parliamentary honours made no difference in his dress or his habits. He consented to stand for the constituency only upon condition that he should be returned free of expense. He dined once at the ordinary at Abingdon during his canvass, and so obtained his seat in parliament for the moderate sum of one shilling and sixpence, a record which has probably not yet been broken. Nevertheless, he was wont to declare that the seat cost him quite as much as three contested elections, in consequence of the sorrowing propensities of the other members—who were never repaid. Probably that was one reason why he retired from parliament, as his constituents had a high opinion of his integrity, and would certainly have returned him at a small expense.

As Elwes grew in years, his parsimony increased. He took to building largely in London around Marylebone, and this he did in frequent visits to the metropolis. On these occasions it was his custom to occupy any house of his own that might happen to be empty. In this manner he moved about from street to street, so that his own relations never knew where to find him. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprising all the furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. He used to say that of all his movables the old woman gave him the most trouble. She was always taking cold from the chillness of the large rooms, coupled with insufficient firing.

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THE PASSION OF AVARICE.

such was his delicacy of feeling that he professed never to be able to ask a gentleman for money, and this rule he never violated. In consequence, several large sums which in his gambling days he won from persons of rank were never paid. His manners were always gentlemanly and mild, even rudeness could not ruffle them; and on several occasions he was known to put himself to considerable trouble in order to do a service to persons from whom he could have had no hope of repayment. From all of which we may conclude that there was in him a natural kindness of heart, though choked by a rank growth of noxious weeds.

Of a totally different character was Thomas Cooke, who was a contemporary of Elwes, and who attained some little celebrity by his riches and shameless meanness. He was born at Clewer, near Windsor, in 1728. His father, an itinerant fiddler, died when he was an infant, and he was brought up by a grandmother at Swannington, near Norwich. As a boy he was employed at a factory in Norwich, afterwards becoming a porter to a draymaker. Through the interest of his master, he obtained an appointment in the Excise, and arrived in London with eight shillings in his pocket. His early habits of parsimony continued. He ingratiated himself with a brewer, and took some trouble to learn the business; and when this man died, he told the widow heronally chance of carrying on the trade was to marry himself, as he was better acquainted with it than any one else. To this she was mostly consented. He was now a rich man; but richer he became the more his avarice increased. He allowed scarcely any food in the house, nearly starved besides ill-treating his wife and she, poor soul, who had been used to a very different life with her former husband, soon died of a broken heart. One of his favorite methods of retaining his daily food was by timely visits to persons he knew, throwing out hints of having just made his will, in which he had not forgotten them. Or he would be very particular in having the full names of the children written down, carefully stowing the paper in his pocket-book. Another method was to fall down in the street in a simulated fit before a good house, into which he would be taken and kindly treated. He never failed to call the next day, protuse in his thanks for their kindness, representing that they had saved his life, for which he said they would receive a substantial reward. Thus, by empty promises made to all sorts of people, he was continually raising hopes for no other purpose than to trade on them to his own advantage. As the rich Mr. Cooke's friendship was worth cultivating, he was continually receiving presents of geese, turkeys, hares, and wines, from people to whom he had made these false promises. Notwithstanding his inordinate love of money, he was fond of amusement; he liked a good horse, and went once a year to Epsom races. These excursions, however, seldom cost him anything, for he always managed to fasten himself upon other people. At length, through

INFIRMITIES OF AGE.

he found himself compelled to have medical advice. His plan then was to dress himself in rags, and apply to some physician as a pauper or unfortunate tradesman, relying upon the doctor's kindness to obtain his advice. He did this many times, and once was so troublesome to a doctor, that the lat-

ter caused inquiries to be made about him, and discovered who he was. Upon this he returned to see him again, and sent him his bill, which, however, was never paid. Thus did this man, by the most paltry devices, delight in tricking every one with whom he was brought in contact. At length he became extremely weak, and spent the remaining portion of his life in arranging his affairs with his solicitor, altering and re-altering his will many times. He died on the 26th of August 1816, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, unipitied and lamented, leaving nearly one hundred and thirty thousand pounds behind him. Of all the miserable and sordid men of whose life we have any record, his, surely, is the worst. Not one good action or one redeeming virtue can we place to his credit.

MASSSES FALLING FROM THE SKY.

Their Volcanic Nature—What are They Composed of—Is Gold Ever in Them?

An addition to our present knowledge of meteorites has been presented by Mr. J. R. Eastman, who furnishes a list of iron aerolites, together with a table of their weights and remarks as to the relative occurrences of iron and stony meteorites. According to this gentleman the ratio of weight of the former to the latter is as 1 to 12.23, and the aggregate weight of aerolitic iron which has been observed and discovered up to date on the American continent is about 153 tons. "If the above ratio be true in all cases," he says, "there should have been a fall of about 1,880 tons of lithic meteorites, or in all over 2,000 tons of aerolitic matter precipitated upon the earth."

Mr. Eastman offers the following theory to account for the apparent excess of iron in stony meteorites: When a stony meteorite falls to the earth it breaks into many fragments, and the ruptured surfaces indicate the nature of the catastrophe. No case is on record where an iron aerolite showed any indication of having been twisted, broken, or torn from another mass of the same material.
The true type of meteorite which reaches the earth in its outer space is probably similar to that which fell in Iowa county, Ia., on Feb. 12, 1875. This celestial visitor is composed almost wholly of lithic matter, but scattered through the mass are small grains of nickeliferous iron. This iron may exist in the stony matrix in all forms and sizes, from the microscopic nodule to the mass weighing several tons. When the lithic mass comes in contact with the earth's atmosphere the impact breaks up the matrix sets free the iron bodies, and they reach the earth in the same condition, so far as mass and figure are concerned, as they exist in the original formation. In such cases it is probable that the stony portion of the original body is rent into such small fragments by the explosion that these will not reach the earth in any appreciable size. The larger the masses of iron the more complete would be the destruction of the original body, and the larger lithic meteorites would be those containing the smaller granules of iron.

When we revert to the alliferous aerolite which is reported to have fallen a few days ago in Idaho, so far as we are aware, precious metals have never yet been found in substances of meteoric origin. Should, therefore, the telegraphic news which has been received of an apparently remarkable discovery be confirmed, scientists will find themselves confronted with another knotty problem—how to account for the presence of pure gold?
Up to the present the principle known constituents of parts of meteoric iron are, in addition to "the most common and useful of metals" and nickel, numerous compounds, such as ferrous sulphide (troilite), sulphide of chromium (daubreilite), calcium sulphide (oldhamite), and phosphide of iron and nickel (sulfuretted nickel), which are not known as terrestrial minerals besides magnetite, chromic iron, magnetite, pyroxene, olivine, and anorthite, which are ordinary components of volcanic rocks.

When Were Passports First Issued?

A passport is a license to travel, and also a safe-conduct or warrant of protection. By means of it Monarchs or Governments restrain the entrance of foreigners into their dominions, or the exit of their subjects from their territories, and also endeavour to secure the safety and freedom of their subjects while travelling abroad. Passports are of very ancient date, and the first on record are mentioned by Balzac as having been given by the Roman Emperor Julius Cæsar to a philosopher. It was in the terms following, namely, "If there be any one, on land or sea, hardly enough to molest Potamon, let him consider whether he be strong enough to wage war with Cæsar." In the chronicles written and preserved by monks are mentioned the first passes issued to subjects when going on pilgrimages to the shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome by Canute, or Cnut, King of Denmark and England, between A. D. 995 and 1035, to obtain for them security, and also hospitality in passing through the various countries in the course of their travels. The system was also in vogue in China during the 10th century, and still remains so as far as Russia is concerned. In all European countries, save the United Kingdom, passports still continue to exist, and therefore to cause annoyance to a greater or lesser extent both to natives and foreigners, but especially to the latter. Even in those countries on the Continent where the passport system is not so rigidly enforced, the carrying of a passport is found to be desirable if delay and trouble to travellers are to be avoided. The passport most used by British subjects is that of the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs (Lord Rosebery), which is now granted to any British subject on payment of a fee of two shillings, and it holds good for life.

The Hindu Boy.

Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware that the human body falls asleep by instalments. According to M. Cabanis, a French physiologist, the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the head, and these last sooner than the muscles which sustain the back; and he illustrates this by the case of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking. He conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first—then the sense of taste; next the sense of smell; next that of hearing; and lastly that of touch. He maintains also that the viscera fall asleep one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.

A Bad Conscience.

Landlord—What sort of wine do you want?
Guest—I don't care which sort. It is all the same.
Landlord—It is, eh? How did you find that out?
Guest—It was troublesome to a doctor, that the lat-