

# THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

BY JOHN RUSSELL.  
CHAPTER V.

...the vicarage all that afternoon... rapidly that afternoon... the vicarage all that afternoon... the vicarage all that afternoon...

too much for her already overstrained powers, and she sank back in her husband's arms, like one dead.

Mean while, the crowd looked on with breathless anxiety. They had seen the man enter the red doorway, to struggle upwards through the fiery furnace; should they ever see him return? "The stairs must be burning," said one. "It is the foothold of a madman," said another. And as yet there had been no sign from within the building. From moment to moment the flames belched forth in their red fury, and at other times the whole building seemed to be covered with a cloud of smoke and fire.

A few moments more elapsed, and there was heard the crashing of glass in the upper story, and through a gap in the curling smoke the white hair of the brave old man was seen at the open window. A half-suppressed cheer burst from the crowd; but the event was too greatly fraught with peril and anxiety for any long indulgence in exultation.

They heard his voice up there at the window. "The child is here," he cried; "but the stairs are burning, and I cannot return that way. Send me up a rope—There!" And he flung a ball of cord from the window out amongst the crowd, retaining the loose end of the ball in his hand. "Fasten a rope to it," he shouted again; "and for the bairn's sake be quick."

Almost in shorter time than we can tell it, a rope was made fast to the cord, and Giles was drawing it up towards him. The people awaited with breathless suspense till he reappeared at the window. At last—He is there! The child in his arms, wrapped up in some large covering for its better protection. He leans forward for a moment to watch when the lower windows are clear of flame, and then the child is seen to be descending through the air. Quickly, but yet cautiously, does the old man pay out the rope upon which depends the life of this little burden, so precious to his heart. A score of hands are held up to receive it; and as Lucy is safely rescued and placed in her mother's arms, tears might have been seen on many a sunburned face.

Before this had been more than done, it was observed that the man who had saved the child, high up in that place of danger and death, was attaching the rope to something within the building, and was himself preparing to descend. The first part of the descent on the rope was made, hand over hand, quickly and skillfully, "as if he had been a sailor all his life." So said an on-looker. But just when he had reached the windows of the second floor, the fall of some portion of the interior sent a fierce volume of flame with a suffocating rush from the shattered windows, half enveloping the descending man. He was seen to make an unsteady clutch at the rope, but missed it; and to the horror of the spectators, in another second he had fallen heavily, with a dull thud, to the ground.

combination. The members were enrolled under feigned names; and one of these members was Arthur Naseby. On one occasion, two or three years later, a riot broke out in the streets, and Giles was seized among others by the police; whereupon Naseby had headed a rescue party, and carried the prisoners off while on their way to the police office.

It was a time when Government was very severe upon such offenses; and Giles and Arthur Naseby fled. Grateful for the liberty which had been secured to him, the former advised Naseby to go to Stockborough, in Yorkshire, where he would find refuge with Giles's aunt, Mrs. Hales. He himself would take passage in a vessel as a marine engineer, and leave the country for some years. He gave Naseby a letter to his aunt, also a message to his cousin Esther, his aunt's only child. Esther had loved from his boyhood, though he had never yet spoken of it to her, for she was well educated, and he by no means ignorant; yet he imagined there was a sort of understanding between them, and fondly hoped that, by industry and success, he might some time be in a position to ask Esther Hales to be his wife. The winning of her love had been the ambition of his life. He remained abroad for nearly two years, returning to England towards the end of 1853, when he wrote to Arthur Naseby, saying that he was most anxious to visit his aunt and cousin, and asking if it was safe for him yet to do so. He was afraid the police had not forgotten him. In reply he received a letter stating that inquiries had been made when he first came to the village of Bromley, a few miles to the south. Here he received a second letter from Arthur Naseby, stating that the writer, after an absence of two days, was returning home to Stockborough, and would meet with him on the following evening at seven o'clock, the place indicated, between Stockborough and the White Horse Inn.

"He came," said the old man, addressing Clara; "and how can I tell thee what took place between us? All these years, and all the way home, I had been thinking of Esther Hales; I had done well, and my heart was set upon winning her—more's the pity, for he really loved her, and she loved him. I had married her the man who had carried my last message to her—I think I must have gone stark mad. I must have threatened him; for he threw his arms around me to keep me from striking him; but in my madness I shook him off, dashing him to the ground. We were on the road by the river-bank; and when he staggered from me, and fell, he rolled down the bank into the water. The night was dark, and I could not see him, and the river was in high flood. I only heard the splash in the water, and his wild cry. This brought me summat to mysen, and I saw the terrible thing I had done. I had been the death of the man who had been my friend till this wild love o' mine for Esther Hales came between us."

I went widely along the water's edge; but now't o' my old mate could I see. I called for help, but no one came. I said, "I am a murderer!" A great fear came upon me, and I turned and ran off through the darkness. I knowed not where. At last I saw lights. It was the White Horse, and I went in. There were voices here, and I heard the man who had carried my last message to her, saying that he was in the light of the fire, and was in high flood. I only heard the splash in the water, and his wild cry. This brought me summat to mysen, and I saw the terrible thing I had done. I had been the death of the man who had been my friend till this wild love o' mine for Esther Hales came between us."

"I have seen the man who saved the child," said Clara, standing by the bedside, watching with more than womanly solicitude. This man, whoever he was, and whatever the name he bore, had saved the life of her child at the cost of his own; and as she thought of this, and all his tender ways aforesaid towards the little Lucy, her heart went out to him in deep love and compassion.

Slowly the hours moved on, one by one, and still the sufferer gave no sign of returning consciousness. The night passed, and the grey dawn began to show itself at the window; whereupon Lawrence Dale raised the blind, extinguished the lamp, and allowed the soft fresh light to enter the room. Gradually a flush of rosy brightness kindled in the eastern sky, and then the sun himself came up over the hills, shedding a golden halo through the curtained window on the pale face, resting there before them—so calm, yet so deathlike in its rigid lines. Clara thought of that morning when she first looked upon it—not more death-like now than it was then; and a faint hope quivered in her breast for a moment, as she thought it possible that he might yet live. Before she was aware, she found that he had opened his eyes, and that they were resting full upon her.

more in the old church at home by his mother's knees, with his hand in hers, the sunshine and the pleasant music filling all the place? Again the penitential words are on his lips: "Forgive us our sins." And again a change has come, "quick and sudden-like." But not surely this time into Darkness. Rather, let us hope, into the Day that knows no evening, into the Light that has no eclipse.

"UNCLE GILES." That was the name by which they had known and loved him; it is the name you may still see carved upon the little headstone above his grave; and that grave is in the place which of all places was most pleasant to him—within the sound of "them beautiful bells," the Bells of Linlaven.

"Dear Old Bess." The storekeeper of a little country town in Connecticut, writes a correspondent, drove a nondescript colored mare whose peculiarities of gait and figure were a source of constant merriment to the village people. "Old Bess" cared nothing for their talk, however, though her master often declared that "she knew what folks said about her" as well as he did. "But then," he used to add, "she has too much horse sense to mind that sort of thing."

Opposite the store, across the road, was a steep ascent leading up into the farmyard, where was a shed under which Bess was in the habit of standing when not actively employed. Up to this shelter she used to go to rest when the wagon had been unloaded at the store door, and Mr. P., her owner, had accustomed her to come down again at his call; or rather, as he said, "She took up the notion herself; I didn't teach her to do it."

The whole manœuvre was somewhat complicated. She had to back the wagon out of the shed, turn it partly round, pick her way carefully down the rather steep decline, cross the road, and then come up and turn again to bring the wagon into proper position before the door. It was a constant pleasure for us boys to witness the performance, and we often lingered for that purpose when we heard the well-known call, "Come, Old Bess, it's time to go to work!" One day the call was again and again repeated and still she did not come. We could just see a part of the rim of the hind wheels, and at each call we saw them push out an inch or two, and then draw up again, as if Old Bess had started and then changed her mind.

At last, after loud and impatient calls, Mr. P. went over to see what was the trouble. We followed, and there, standing directly in front of the wheel with her hand on the shaft, stood little May, Mr. P.'s three-year-old daughter. Poor Bess, divided between duty to her master and her concern for her master's daughter, was irresolutely drawing the wagon forward and backward as far as she could without lifting her feet, evidently conscious that any further movement might involve danger to the little one. "Dear Old Bess!" said May, with tears in his voice, while Bess, with a whiny of relief, no sooner saw him take the child in his arms—she was looking back at the child when we stepped back and she proceeded to back out and go down to the store, just as if nothing had happened.

Here the small boys patted her fondly, while the larger ones, some of them with strange lumps in their throats, after a timid glance at the tears still to be seen in the father's eyes, silently turned away to tell at home the story of Old Bess's "knowingness." —[Youth's Companion.]

## RAILROAD NOTES.

A tunnel from Scotland to Ireland is broached. Wherever the Pennsylvania R. R. builds a new bridge it will be observed that provisions are made for six tracks.

The Pennsylvania is showing its confidence in compound locomotives by adding new ones of this kind to its complement as fast as they are turned out. The highest viaduct in the world has just been erected in Bolivia, over the River La Plata, 9,833 feet above the sea level, and 4,008 feet above the river.

According to a published guide to the railroads of the United States there are, or lately were, seventeen different gauges in the country, varying from two feet to five feet seven inches in width. The longest railroad in the world is the Canadian Pacific, the main line of which is nearly 3,000 miles long.

A lad at Buckingham Station, on the Belvidere Delaware railroad, greatly annoys the engineers by sitting on the track until the engine is almost on top of him. The trouble might be abated by allowing the boy to sit still until the train passes.

The Hudson river tunnel is within 1,884 feet of being finished and yet the work has been abandoned for a year for lack of funds to prosecute it. Steps will be taken to reorganize the company here. The English stockholders will appoint a trustee.

## Notes on Science and Industry.

A writer in the Ironmonger expresses the opinion that steel is liable to be changed by the action of time, unaided by any external, mechanical, or chemical influence, and, in support of his view that time also appears to be sufficient to produce these changes, he cites several examples of failures which have occurred within his own experience, some flat steel plates cracking spontaneously, and others on being tested by dropping. Mention is made of numerous boiler plates that cracked after the boilers had been at work for years, and weeks after the steam pressure had been reduced and the pressure vessels tested to double its working pressure when new. Another instance is the cracking of hardened armor-piercing steel shells several months after their delivery to purchasers, this being attributed to the after effects of the hardening process—though, if independent of time, the shells ought to crack during the operation or not at all. Such peculiarities are presumed to be caused chiefly by the unequal tension of the metal, whether due to the process of oil hardening or to some other fact. It is well known that some cast-steel ingots two or three years before working them up, their experience demonstrating that the steel is thereby improved.

This high rate of mortality is a serious loss to the industrial occupations, as at present pursued, exceed in unhealthfulness that of the potter—that, on joining the trade, the mortality is low, but after the age of 35 years, it is far above the average. In England this mortality has been especially noticeable, it being exceeded only by costermongers, miners and hotel servants.

This high death rate, indeed, in this specialty, has led the Registrar-General of England to seriously consider what, if anything, may be considered a remedy. It is claimed for America that in this respect the potters are much better off, working as they do in factories that are larger, better lighted and ventilated, and where the use of anthracite coal so universally prevails that the smoke atmosphere which surrounds the English pottery districts. There is certainly no doubt of the correctness of the statement that it is not so much the physical labor that injures the potter as it is the dust arising from the materials on which he works.

At one of the principal lead mines in Britain, the Mechanic, some special features have been introduced, for not only is the mine electrically lighted, but a current is used throughout for economy of labor. An enormous quantity is daily raised—more than 3,000 tons—but so perfect are the automatic arrangements that only twenty-five hands are required for this great output. A peculiar appliance is in vogue which has a great convenience, and it is thought is destined to quite general adoption. When a wagon of ore is tipped at the shaft's mouth electric contact is made in the tipping and a small handle in the office makes a red mark on a band of paper revolving by clockwork, the object of this being not so much to give automatically the number of wagons tipped as to show at a glance that the hauling is proceeding regularly; the paper band is divided into half hours for a week throughout, and, at the end of the week's work, it is clearly seen and known at once what number of wagons have been tipped on any day and at any time.

## LIFE ON A NILE DABAAB.

A Charming Way to See a Part of Egypt if One is Not in a Hurry.

Given a good boat and crew and pleasant companions, I know nothing more enjoyable in the way of travel than life for some months on board a dahabeh on the Nile. The Nile is seldom rough enough to cause discomfort even to the most timid, and against the bank while the storm lasts. Another great advantage of sailing on the Nile is the steadiness of the wind. From the beginning of winter to the end of spring—that is, while the Nile is navigable—the north wind blows steadily up stream with sufficient force to drive sailing boats against the current at a fair pace; while on the other hand, the current is strong enough to carry a boat without sails down against the wind except when it blows a gale.

A pleasure dahabeh under full sail is a beautiful sight. It has one great sail, of lateen pattern, attached to a yard of enormous length. Small sails are added as occasion may require. Over the cabins and saloon is a raised deck, with easy chairs and lounges, and gay with plants and flowers. To the east stretches the Arabian, to the west the Lybian desert, each flanked by a range of bare hills, which in a few places touch the river, but lie for the most part two or three miles back on either side. Ages before the pyramids the Nile filled the whole of the valley to the depth of some 200 feet, and the yellow hills, now so bare, were clothed with a luxuriant vegetation, of which the evidence still remains in petrified forests and fossilized plants. It was plainly a period of heavy rainfall and impetuous torrents, carving out vast gorges and pouring their waters into the Nile.

The Nile is a busy river, full of life and on trade, passing up and down its stream with scarcely any intermission, while its banks are full of interest to the lover of the picturesque; crowds of women, with graceful forms and, not seldom, very comely faces, filling heavy earthen jars with water, and carrying them home on their heads; men, with skins of bronze, toiling in a burning sun, and singing the while to relieve the monotony of their daily labor; boatmen, floating with the stream or sailing against it, and they also singing a weird, wailing chant, like the echo of a hopeless cry wafted across the centuries from hard bondage under Egyptian taskmasters, such as the Israelites, engaged on the sand or maneuvering in the air like soldiers on the march; kingfishers, now hovering over the water, now darting beneath its surface in quest of a passing fish. And then there is the mysterious Nile itself, mysterious still, though its sources have been disclosed and its long meandering tracked from the uplands of Central Africa to the margin of the Midland Sea.

The voyager now, it is true, seldom sees a crocodile, unless he goes beyond the Second Cataract; still less has he a chance of witnessing any of those fierce encounters between crocodiles and hippopotami, which are sculptured on the walls of the temple of Edfu. In those ancient days, when the shores of the Nile down to the delta were under the shadow of crocodiles and hippopotami, both of which afforded excellent—albeit sometimes perilous—sport to the dwellers on the banks. Firearms and steamers have now driven those fierce monsters of the deep beyond the Second Cataract.

But, apart from its inhabitants, the Nile itself has a mystic interest of its own. I do not wonder that in the mythology of ancient Egypt it was worshipped with life, and received some sort of divine honors. Its periodical inundations, while their causes were unknown, placed it outside the category of rivers, and invested it with an atmosphere of mystery. And in the youth of our race, when woods and glades and rivers were beloved to own appropriate deities, it is easy to understand how the Nile came to be regarded as endowed with more than natural life. It is so full of sub-currents and eddies that the amphibious natives, who swim like fish, will not venture to cross it except astride on logs of wood. In the stillness of the night these eddies gurgle and murmur, and understand how the Nile came to be regarded as endowed with more than natural life. It is so full of sub-currents and eddies that the amphibious natives, who swim like fish, will not venture to cross it except astride on logs of wood. In the stillness of the night these eddies gurgle and murmur, and understand how the Nile came to be regarded as endowed with more than natural life.

## A Delicious Cough Candy.

A delightful cough candy is made from the following receipt, and will be found almost agreeable medicine, as well as beneficial to all who use their voices and are troubled with throat affections: Break up a cupful of slippery elm bark; let soak an hour or two in a cupful of water. Half fill a cup with wax seed, and fill up to the brim with water, leaving it to soak the same time as the slippery elm. When you are ready to make the candy, put one pound and a half of brown sugar in a porcelain steppan over the fire. Strain the water from the wax seed and slippery elm and pour over it. Stir constantly until it begins to boil and turn back to sugar. Then pour it out, and it will break up into small crumbly pieces. A little lemon juice may be added if desired. Be sure to use the same measuring cup.

## Liquefied Air.

"The resources of the lecture-room are decidedly increased," says The Independent, "when Professor Dewar was able, in a lecture on chemistry in London lately, to produce liquid oxygen in the presence of the audience literally by pints, and to pass liquid air about the room in claret glasses. Oxygen liquefies at about 250 degrees below zero and air at 343 degrees below zero. If the earth were reduced to a temperature of 350 degrees below zero, it would be covered with a sea of liquid air thirty-five feet deep. Professor Dewar's process, of liquefying oxygen and nitrogen was with a hundred pounds of liquid ethylene and fifty pounds of nitrous oxide, with the aid of two pumps and two compressors driven by steam."

And before the onlookers had time to take in the full significance of his words, he had made a dash forward into the red illumined space, and disappeared within the doorway of the burning edifice.

Clara, with lightning rapidity of perception, gathered from his words and his mad action that her child was there—within these blazing walls. The knowledge was

while this was proceeding, Mr. Brookes had got paper and ink in readiness; and, although the story was told by the dying man in slow words, and after long intervals, it was to the following effect:

In that year of Revolutions, 1848, this man, who now gave his name as Giles Barton, had become a member of a society which, although its aims were to benefit the social condition of working men, was in reality a secret and somewhat dangerous

Chicago is said to be overcrowded with unemployed bakers. Union Nos. 2 and 64 of that city have issued a circular requesting bakers to stay away. These unions have also agreed not to use the international label, but a local label of their own.

The neighborhood of Lancaster is known as the Sixth district of Pennsylvania, and the starvation district, where the cheapest cigars are made by the farmers and their wives and children at wages on which no other cigarmaker could subsist.