YOUNG FOLKS.

The Curious Case of Ah-Top.

The slant-eyed maidens, when they spied
The cue of Ah-Top, gaily cried.
"It is some mandarin!"
The street-boys followed in a crowd;
My fate," he said, "is quite too bad!
No wonder that Ah-Top was proud
And wore a conscious grin!
But one day Ah-Top's heart grew sad,
My fate," he said, "is quite too bad!
My cue will hang behind me.
While others may its beauty know,
To me there's naught its grace to show,
And nothing to remind me."

At length he hit upon a plan,
Exclaiming, "I'm a clever man!
I know what I will do:
I'll simply wheel myself around,
And then the pigtail will be found
Where I can see it, too."

He spun himself upon his toes,
He almost fell upon his nose,
He grew red in the face.
But when Ah-Top could whirl no more,
He found the pigtail as before,
Resolved to keep its place.

"Aha!" he cried, "I turned too slow.
Next time, you see, I'll faster go,
Besides, I stopped too soon.
Now for a good one! Ah, but stay—
I'll turn myself the other way!"
He looked like a balloon!

So fast he whirled, his cue flew out
And carried Ah-Top round about.
An awful moment came—
The helpless spinner could not stop!
The poor man had become a top!
This gave the top its name.

THE EAGLE'S VISIT.

Once upon a time the eagle was the king of all the feathered world, and because he lived up so high on the mountains and occupied so exalted a position he grew to think very much of himself indeed. He imagined that he was ruler not only of birds, but of the whole created universe.

Now this is a very dangerous state of mind to be in. A very wise man said once that pride goes before a fall, and the eagle found this to be true.

He wasn't called the eagle in those days. He had a much more high-sounding name. It was magna avis, which means the great bird. And that, too, helped to make him conceited.

One day the dove met with an accident. She hurt her wing and was obliged to fly very near the ground. She could not reach her home at the top of the mountain, so she had to remain down in the valley for several days until she got strong. When she was able to fly she hastened to the eagle with a wonderful story.

"Oh, great one," she cried excitedly, "I have made a discovery. Far down below the crags on which we live are the most wonderful creatures. There are great beasts many times larger than yourself. They walk on four feet, and instead of wearing feathers they are covered with hair, and there are other things more strange still, who are clad in something that does not grow on their bodies at all. They walk upon two feet, but they have no wings and they carry their heads very high. And when they meet each other they make queer sounds and bend themselves forward in the most peculiar manner."

The eagle smiled in a very superior way and replied:

"My daughter, you grew weary with your long journey, and I fancy you saw most of these things with your head under your wing."

"Indeed, sir," protested the dove, eagerly, "I was not dreaming. Pray stretch your great wings and go see for yourself. You will be convinced then."

She was so very earnest that it made the eagle think.

"I really ought to investigate this matter," he said to himself, "If there be any such wonderful things in the world I would like to know it. As yet I have discovered no animal as great as myself."

"None that you acknowledge to be so great, you mean," said a voice close by.

Turning about the eagle saw the condor perched on a crag above him. Now there has been for ages great strife among these birds as to which was the larger and stronger. But as the eagle was more beautiful than the condor and had a smoother tongue, he had held his position.

"I think," continued the condor, "that if you would consent to a fair measurement you would discover that there dwells very near you a bird larger than yourself."

"Look here, my friend," said the eagle loftily, "we will settle this dispute here and now. I heard that down in the valley below us dwell beasts who could vanquish us both. Now I am about to go and see if this be true. If it is, why then there is no longer any use for you and me to quarrel. If it is not true then, we will have a fair contest for the mastery. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," answered the condor.

Then the eagle called all the feathered tribes together and spoke to them. He first told the dove's story, and then of the compact between himself and the condor.

"And now," said he, "I'm going to find out about this thing. If there are any such creatures as the dove has told me about, and I meet them and they overpower me, and I never come back, why, then, you must choose for your king the one whom you think most worthy. And now I bid you good by," and spreading his wings the splendid bird shot down from the mountain.

There was a great flutter over the affair and the birds crowded around the dove to learn all about the matter. There never has been such excitement in the bird kingdom before.

They waited very anxiously for their ruler to come back, but day after day passed and the eagle did not return, nor did he send any tidings. At last they made up their minds that some evil had befallen him and a council was held, of which the condor was chief. After several plans had been discussed, the condor rose to make a speech.

"My friends," said he, "you all heard our king say what agreement we had made in case he did not come back. But I am resolved to take no advantage of his absence until I have gone to find out what fate has befallen him."

Before the affrighted birds could offer a protest the condor had disappeared over the cliffs on his way to the valley.

Meanwhile, where was the eagle? He had found when he reached the valley that the dove had told him the truth. He saw the great animals of which the dove had spoken moving about. The eagle alighted upon a high stone wall that overlooked a great city, for this was in the olden time you know, hundreds of years before the new one was discovered, and this city was in China.

As the eagle sat there considering what was best to do next, a mandarin named Wang Tong saw him.

"What is that?" he cried. "A great bird and a strange one. Why, our chickens and sparrows are but mites beside him."

The more Wang Tong gazed the more his wonder grew. At last he decided that the eagle must be a god, and he fell on his knees before it. Then he ran and told all his friends about the wonderful winged god that sat on the wall, and all the mandarins come out and fell on their knees.

At last one of them said: "We must place this new god in a temple, where we can offer proper worship to him."

So they seized poor Magna, and before he knew it he was held captive by chains. He was terribly frightened and very much mortified, but not for a moment did he forget that he was a king. He could not understand one word of what the men said so he could not tell what they ment to do with him.

He thought he would speak to them.

"Most mighty sirs," he said, "I do not know or what you are but I am Magna Avis, King of the Birds. I came down here to see if such creatures as you did really live, and now that I have seen I would like to return to my friends. I will not trouble you. I came with no evil intent—I beg you not to hurt me."

But of course they could not understand him and were preparing to shut him up in a splendid temple, where he would probably have died in a short time.

Suddenly there came a whir of wings, and the condor swooped down with such force upon the man who held the eagle that he let him go at once, and immediately he soared far above their reach and returned with the condor to their craggy home.

"Now," said Magna, "you have saved my life, and hereafter you shall be the king, and we will still hold our own dominion in spite of those who lives before us."

But the generous condor answered:

"No, no; I will have it so. You shall be the king now and always. Only that I think I have proved," he said, with a sly wink, "that I am the stronger."

"I admit it," said Magna; "and if it pleases you and the rest of the birds we will settle that way. You are the stronger, but I am King."

And that is how it happened that in the world of birds the eagle ranks above the condor, although the condor is so much larger.

The Car of Juggernath.

The Temple of Juggernath at Pooree Orissa, says the Rev. W. Miller in the *Missionary Herald*, with its surroundings, was completed as it now stands in 1198 A. D. Its erection occupied fourteen years, and cost a sum equal to half a million sterling. It stands in an enclosure, nearly in the form of a square, marked off by a massive stone wall, 20 feet high by 652 feet long and 630 broad. Within the enclosure are found some one hundred and twenty smaller temples dedicated to the principal objects of modern Hindu worship, so that each pilgrim, of whatever sect, finds his own favorite god or goddess represented. The high conical tower rising above the others, "like an elaborately carved sugar-loaf," one hundred and ninety-two feet high and surmounted by the mystic wheel of Vishnu, is the shrine of Juggernath, where he sits in jeweled state, with his brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra. The images are rude logs, clumsily fashioned into the form of the human bust, from the waist up. On the occasion of the car and bathing festivals golden hands are fastened to the short stumps which project from the shoulders of the idols.

The next tower is the Hall of Audience, in which the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the images. The next structure is the Pillared Hall, appropriated to the musicians and dancing girls. Adjoining the above is the Hall of Offerings, where fruits, flowers, and various articles of food are deposited, preparatory to being offered to the idols and appropriated by two priests. The outer structure is the eastern and principal entrance to the enclosure, called Singa-dwara, or Lion's Gate. In front of this is a beautiful monolythic pillar which stood for centuries before the Temple of the Sun at Kanarak, twenty miles of north Puri. The structure, with a double roof resting on pillars, north of the Lion's Gate, is the Srian Mandugs, or Place of Bathing, where the idols

RECEIVE THEIR PUBLIC ABLUTIONS

before being repainted or decorated for the car festival. It is only at the bathing and car festivals that Juggernath appears in public. The Brahmins say that the reason for this is that people of the low castes, who are prohibited from entering the temple, may have a sight of Juggernath and be saved.

The open space in front of the Temple is a great place of concourse for the pilgrims. It has stalls and shops on each side and down the center for some distance. It is the commencement of the broad, sandy road, a mile in length, along which the cars are dragged to the Goondicha Temple, or Garden House, its terminus.

The day before the festival the cars, which are forty-five feet high and thirty-five feet square, supported on sixteen wheels, seven feet in diameter, are arranged in front of the Lion's Gate. The idols are brought out of the temple in a most ignominious way. Even Juggernath is pushed and rocked along to the car, a rope being fastened around his neck. What with pushing from below and hauling from above he is hoisted up and fastened to his seat on the car.

Seven Years Without a Birthday.

A Scottish clergyman who died nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Leishman of Kinross, used to tell that he had once been seven years without a birthday. The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that if he had been born on the 29th of February, he would have no birthday except in a leap-year. But leap-year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only; their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who in fact was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion. At the present time there can be very few, it there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on the 29th of February at least ninety-six years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return; and indeed there are some readers of this paper who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twelve years to come.

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be very widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap-year and 1900 will not be. The February of the present year had twenty-nine days; but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight.—[Rev. George McArthur, in April St. Nicholas.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides, when the moon is at the full, and when there is no more.

There are two methods by which God might prevent human suffering. He might every moment change the nature of things to avoid the consequences of man's sufferings, or He might send an all-wise angel to each human being to take that person by the hand and lead him through life, as you lead your little child through a machine shop or over a narrow bridge. In either case, human progress, would be forever impossible.—[Rev. Dr. W. S. Crowe.

WHEN THE BIG SHAFT BREAKS.

A Story of a Mishap at Sea That Sometimes Calls for Heroic Work.

"Stand by your boats!"

This command was shouted from the bridge of the steamship Kansas of the Warren line on Nov. 4, 1891, by Capt. Alexander Fenton. A report like the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance had just been heard in the after part of the ship, and the great iron hull had been shaken from stem to stern. Immediately the screw had ceased to revolve, and the Kansas was as helpless in the arms of the ocean as a babe in the lap of its mother.

Capt. Fenton, with the true instincts of a veteran seaman, commanded the crew to stand by the small boats ready to face any emergency that might arise. The men responded with alacrity and in less time than it takes to tell it, everything was in readiness for a hasty departure from the ship if necessity demanded it. While those precautions were being taken the chief engineer emerged from below, and, going to where the Captain stood, informed him that the shaft had broken short off about twenty-five feet inboard. It can readily be understood what an accident of this nature means to the sail area of a modern steamship is hardly sufficient to give her steering headway even in a gale. It is on such occasions that the ingenuity and tact of the master of the ship is called in active play, and the Captain who can bring his ship into port

UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES,

and thereby save to his company the enormous sum that a tow would involve, is just the man for his position. That all this was successfully accomplished by Capt. Fenton will be shown by what follows:

The steamer Kansas sailed from Liverpool on the 28th of October with a general cargo of English merchandise. She was in splendid condition, having recently came off the dry dock in thorough repair. It was her ninety-third trip across the Atlantic, and, while not starting out to break her record, the Captain believed he would have a most successful passage. Everything worked smoothly until the afternoon of Nov. 4, when the accident occurred, and the ship took even chances of going to the bottom of the ocean.

There was a heavy sea on at the time, and the wind howled through the rigging with a force that threatened to wrench it from its fastenings. The log showed that the ship was just 811 miles of Fastnet when she received the shock that came very near ending her career. When it was learned that the shaft had parted, an examination showed that the trouble was in the stern tube, which is probably the most dangerous point on the whole length of the great shaft, as at this particular spot the packing is used to prevent the water working into the tunnel.

Here was an emergency that Capt. Fenton was quick to appreciate. It was shown that the ship was making over 200 tons of water per hour, and that the safety of the vessel and perhaps the lives of those on board depended on checking this flow. It was a perilous undertaking to go into the tunnel, as the water rushed in with the force of a Niagara.

"Who will volunteer to follow me?" said the Captain to his men.

All of the officers stepped forward and one brave seaman. Which the Captain could have ordered any member of his crew into the tunnel, yet he felt he would not call upon them to go where he was not willing to lead the way.

Down into the black depths of the ship descended the men until the tunnel was reached. A hasty survey showed that it was half filled with water. Grasping their way along in murky darkness the stern tube was finally reached. Here the water was nearly up to the armpits of the daring officers and of icy coldness. The danger of the undertaking was enhanced by the fact that any accidents to the pumping engines and the tunnel would have become filled with water, rendering escape impossible. But the machinery worked all right for the time, and kept the flow partly under control while the repairing was going on. The officers had taken with them ropes, blankets, and any other material that could be used to advantage in diminishing

THE RUSH OF THE WATERS.

An attempt was made to chain or chuck up the broken end of the shaft, but in this only partial success was attained. The men remained at their labors for over four hours, and when they emerged it was with difficulty that their limbs were made to relax their rigidity.

The next morning it was observed that the water was gaining in the tunnel, and again the Captain called for volunteers to repeat the hazardous experience of the day before. And again the officers came forward. There was a renewal of the first experiments, and after being in the water for over three hours the men again came out. They were utterly exhausted, but under the careful treatment of the ship's doctor they ultimately regained their lost energy.

The Kansas is fitted with a half dozen powerful pumps of the very latest pattern, and by their continual use the water was kept under partial control. The wind at this time began to subside, a most fortunate circumstance, but the sea continued to run very high. One precaution was the opening of the tunnel so as to allow the water to pour into the engine room and stoke halls, and in this way a measure relieved the tunnel.

After this the Captain turned his attention to doing what he could to make port. First of all the sails were set, then the canvas on the small boats was hoisted, the covers were also put up to the breeze,

EVERY SPARE SAIL

was brought up and rigged so as to catch the puffs of wind; the cargo booms and derricks were also utilized, and thus decorated, the Kansas presented one of the most novel marine pictures which ever decorated the Atlantic.

Under the influence of the moderate breeze the steamer took up a sort of drifting course, or, as the sailors call it, she had a leeway of six points, and crept over the water at the rate of 2½ knots per hour. Practically she went dead to leeward. The prospects of reaching shore were not very assuring, but all that human ingenuity could devise had been done.

On and on she drifted until it was believed she would ultimately reach the French coast. In the mean time the pumps began to cause trouble, as under constant use they became choked and worn, which necessitated stopping them from time to time to make repairs. During these times the water frequently rose to a height of seven feet in the hold. The ship rolled heavily, and a great part of the cargo became broken and the contents of barrels and boxes were a confused mass in the hold.

On the sixth day after the accident the British steamer Vondram sighted the Kansas and sent a boat off to see what assistance she could render. It was decided that the Vondram should tow the crippled ship into Liverpool, and arrangements to that end were satisfactorily carried out. The Kansas was practically helpless, and the great strain that came upon the hawsers was more than they could stand. After the two ships had kept company about forty-five miles the ropes parted, and all subsequent attempts to renew the attachment of the two vessels failed, and the Vondram finally

STEAMED AWAY OUT OF SIGHT.

On the following day the steamer Iran bore down upon the Kansas and attempted to do what the Vondram had failed in. But the task was too great, and she, too, was compelled to abandon it. The thought of leaving his ship never entered the mind of Capt. Fenton or his officers. They had resolved to stand by her, sink or swim.

The vessel continued on her drifting course for ten days, and was nearing the Bay of Biscay when the wind suddenly shifted to southwest, which changed the course east-north-east. About this time the disabled screw began to thump and crash into the stern of the ship, and there was imminent danger that it would tear out the whole stern. But alarm from this source suddenly ceased, as one of the blades became wedged fast into the race of the vessel, as was shown when the repairs were being made in dry dock.

The Kansas held to her new course for an additional ten days, and gradually drew toward the coast of Ireland. On the morning of the 20th day after the accident Capt. Fenton located his ship about sixty miles off Queenstown, and concluded to communicate with the land if he could find a crew of volunteers who would undertake the task in a life-boat. The men were readily secured, and, under charge of the second officer, they put off for the shore. They had their orders to land, however, and, like good soldiers, they carried them out.

Before assistance arrived the ship had drifted within nine miles of Old Head Kinsale, and ultimately brought up four miles off the coast, where the waves tossed her about as if she were a birch canoe. Finally three powerful tugs put out to the assistance of the disabled ship, and she was towed into port.

A Strange Optical Illusion.

Well may Superior breed mysticism in the minds of savages, for it is given to startling tricks. The mirages that are seen upon it have bestowed upon it a peculiar and distinct fame. They are known to the people of the lake only as "reflections." I have heard many sailors describe the wonderful ones they have witnessed; I would give another journey out there to see one. Men have told me that they have seen Duluth when they were 185 miles away from it—upside down and in the sky, but distinctly Duluth. One sailor said that at one broad noonday he suddenly saw a beautiful pasture, replete with an apple-tree and a five-rail fence, shining green and cool before him, apparently close at hand. The effect the clear air produces by apparently magnifying objects seen upon the lake is most astonishing. To illustrate what I mean, let me tell what happened the very last time I saw the lake. I was on a tug-boat, and upon coming out of the cabin I saw ahead of me a tremendous white passenger steamship. The boats were approaching one another at right angles, and this new-comer loomed up like a leviathan among vessels, bigger than one of our new naval cruisers, high above the water as a house would look. I called attention to it, and a companion, familiar with the lake, replied,

"I wonder what boat it is; she's a whopping big one, isn't she?"

Something distracted my attention, and five minutes afterward, when I looked at the approaching vessel again, she had passed the mysterious point at which she was most exaggerated in apparent size, and had become an ordinarily large lake steamer. But that was made the end of the trick. She began to dwindle and shrink, growing smaller and smaller in size, until the phenomenon became ridiculous. In time the elastic boat had become a very small passenger propeller, and I found myself wondering whether she would be discernible at all by the time we were abreast of her. But at that the optical frolic ceased. A small screw steamer of the third class was what she proved to be.—[Harper's Magazine.

A Sioux Indian's Prayer.

The first recorded prayer of a Sioux Indian was made 1837. Walking-Bell-Ringer was not a Christian, according to Rev. S. W. Pond, his teacher, and his prayer had little reference to Christ. The Sioux had no word for forgive, but they asked God to forget their sins. The following prayer shows the earliest manner of worship, and it was offered in the Mission house at Lake Harriet, which stood a few rods beyond the park pavilion:—

"Great Spirit, my Father, I would worship You, but I do not know how. How I wish You would teach me. I want to understand Your Book. I have grown up in ignorance, and have worshipped stones and trees and everything, but I wish now to worship You alone. I want to throw away everything that is bad, and listen to You. If I hear evil conversation among men or women I will not listen to it, but leave the place. I wish my soul to be happy when I die. When the spirits of all the dead are assembled in judgement, and the bad are cast into the fire, I want to be saved with the good. I will not unite any more with the Indians in their idolatrous feasts. I want my sins forgiven. I want the Son of God to forget my sins. The Sioux are all ignorant and wicked. We have all forgotten You. We have forgotten You and prayed to things that have no ears. I want You to pity all my relatives and take care of them. I want you to pity me."

Many a child of the Church would be put to shame by the pagan's prayer.

The Limit Reached.

Johnny—"Where you goin'?"
Tommy—"Home. Don't you hear maw a callin' me?"
"That's nothin'. She called two or three times before."
"Yes; but she's out at the peach tree now, cuttin' of a ultimatum."

Among the most notable achievements of Emperor William since his accession to the throne, is his success in reconciling to the existing order of things the princes deprived of their sovereignties, and of their dominions by Prussia, at the close of the war of 1866. It was in vain that Prince Bismarck extended to them the olive-branch while he was at the head of affairs. They refused to enter into any friendly communication with the Court of Berlin. Since, however, the young Emperor took the negotiations in hand they have entirely modified the original attitude, and at length proclaimed their adhesion to the German Empire as now constituted. The most important of them all, and the one who was the last to accept William's offers of friendship, was the Duke of Cumberland, ex-Crown Prince of Hanover, and sovereign de jure of the ancient Duchy of Brunswick.

A FIGHT WITH SEA-ROBBERS.

A New Version of an Old Story About Columbus.

It is one of those tales that illustrate the manners of this cruel age. The pirates had long been the scourge of the honest Venetian traders. Sometimes they would disguise themselves as merchant-men trading peacefully to Candia for wine, and then throwing off their disguises, would prey upon all around them. No mercy was shown in these fearful contests. Between the sea-robbers and the merchants there was a lasting and deadly hostility. It was to the pirate class that the Columbi belonged, and of all the corsairs of the day they were the most renowned. The elder Columbus had apparently lain in wait in vain for the rich fleet that sailed yearly to the north. But he had a son, known as Columbus Junior, who followed the same profession, and whose true name was Nicolo Griego, or Nicholas the Greek. He at last succeeded in the project which his father had so long essayed in vain. The prize was a tempting one even to the bold buccaneers. The Flanders galleys with their freight were valued at two hundred thousand ducats—perhaps two millions of dollars and would have proved an immense fortune to the captors could they have retained the spoil.

In 1485 the galleys were equipped with unusual care. We have the decree of the Senate under which they set sail. The Doge Giovanni Moncenigo appoints the noble Bartolomeo captain, with a salary of six hundred ducats. Four great galleys are provided, and to each captain a bounty of 3500 golden ducats is promised upon their safe return to Venice. This money was to be paid out of the tax on the Jews, and calls up anew Shakespeare's unreal picture; it is plain that the merchants of Venice were the true Shylocks of the time. A medical man was assigned to the fleet; his salary was only nine ducats a month. Minute rules are given for the conduct of the expedition. The freight is to be paid to the state. No deck-loads of tin or pewter ware are allowed, no currants nor molasses are to be stored in the hold. Two galleys were to go to London or the English ports, the rest to Sluys or Bruges. On their passage they might touch at Malaga and other ports in Spain; on their return a ship was detached to trade with the Mohammedans along the Barbary shore. The Venetians were too keen traders not to find profitable markets even in the lands of the infidel.

The Columbi or the Griego were at last to seize their prize. They watched with seven ships—powerful, no doubt, and well equipped—off the Spanish coast to intercept the fleet of Bartolomeo Minio. The commander of the pirates was Nicolo Griego, the son, we are told, of the elder Columbus. His father had disappeared from sight. But his name will in the pirate ships an other Columbus, the future discoverer and admiral of the Indies. In his "Life" Fernando Columbus boasts of his father's share in this famous engagement—famous at least as it led to the settlement of Columbus at Lisbon, his marriage, and his future exploits. He was now a man of at least fifty, hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure. What position he held in the pirate fleet, whether as commander or seaman, his son does not tell. We only know that he served under his relative, Columbus or Griego, and that he fought with desperate energy in the famous sea fight off Cape St. Vincent.

The corsairs or the Columbi approached their prey in the evening; they waited all night on the still Atlantic, and in the morning rushed upon the Venetians. It was seven, perhaps eight, ships against four. The galleys were heavy-laden and unmanageable, compared to their swift assailants. The Columbi had evidently resolved to make sure of their prey. They sailed under the French flag, and may have been fitted out in Genoa. It was the custom of the pirates, it seems, to assume false colors. But dreadful was the contest and fierce the fight that raged all day, as Columbus had told his son, on the tranquil sea—the scene, nearly four centuries later, of the battle of St. Vincent—and his narrative is confirmed by the Venetian archives. The four great galleys under Bartolomeo Minio defended themselves with unfailing rage. From the first to the twentieth hour they beat off their savage assailants. The ships grappled with each other, and fought hand to hand. They used we are told, artificial fire and the pirates fastened their ships to the galleys by hooks and iron chains. Then no doubt they boarded, and were at last successful. And then Fernando Colon relates the romantic incident that led, he thinks, to the discovery of a new world. The ship in which his father fought was lashed by chains and hooks to a great Venetian galley. The Venetians seem to have set Columbus's ship on fire. The flames consumed both vessels. The only refuge left to the survivors was to leap into the sea.

Columbus, an excellent swimmer, seized an oar that floated near him, and partly resting on it and partly swimming, sustained himself in the water. He knew that he was about six miles from the land, the coast of Portugal, and made his way toward it. Wearied, half inanimate, he was dashed upon the shore. He had much difficulty in reviving himself. But he was near Lisbon, and made his way, a shipwrecked, penniless seamen, to the Portuguese capital.—From "The Mystery of Columbus by" Eugene Lawrence, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

The Fisheries of Lake Superior.

At Port Arthur alone the figures of the fishing industry for the market are astonishing. In 1888 the fishermen there caught 500,000 pounds of white-fish, 360,000 pounds of lake trout, 48,000 pounds of sturgeon, 90,000 pounds of pickerel, 30,000 pounds of other fish, or more than a million pounds in all. They did this with an investment of $3800 in boats and $10,000 in gill and pound nets. This yield nearly all went to a Chicago packing company, and it is the controlling the main Chicago and Cleveland capital that is controlling the lake's fisheries. The white-fish is, in the opinion of most gourmets, the most delicious fish known to Americans. The lake trout are mere food. I am told that they are rather related to the char than to the salmon. They are peculiar to our inland waters. They average five to ten pounds in weight, and yet grow to 120 pounds; but they are sometimes poor eating, for they are very large; and there is a more pressure of hard dry flesh, calculated only to appease hunger.

The Duke of Richmond and other peers of Scotland are directly interested in the liquor traffic, either as distillers or owners of public houses. Among the principal offenders are the Dukes of Hamilton, Athole, Sutherland, and Fife; the Marquises of Bute, Ailsa, Breadalbane; the Earls of Rosebery, Aberdeen, Moray, Zetland, Haddington, Home, Elgin, Wemyss, Stair, and Galloway. Sir John Gladstone, the nephew of the "Grand Old Man," is one of the most extensive whisky distillers in North Britain.

LIFE'S LIGHT AFFLICTIONS.

The pathos of life shows itself in many ways. Sometimes it can be seen in the pinched features and sad lips, or in the eyes humid with disappointment. It is not seldom expressed in words, or if it reaches the gates of speech it is too late to make itself heard. Dead faces tell the story oftenest, and the mourner, reading it written there, cries aloud:

"Oh, if I had only known! But I never thought of it."

A woman lies dying who has had one grievance all her life. It is such a simple one that the telling of it would provoke a smile, yet to her it was an indictable offense, mental as well as physical. But she has never spoken of it to anyone, least of all to him who was the one to remedy it.

They were young when he bought a gig such as people rode in fifty years ago, and it had no springs and very little back. In this they traveled long miles over bad roads, to church, to funerals and to christenings. At first he helped his little wife up to the high seat of the gig and then she jumped up; as the years went on, she climbed.

Sons and daughters came, and her husband bought a spring wagon still higher, to keep out of the mud, or the dust. The man never thought of its being a hardship for his wife to clamber over the wheel into that farm vehicle. Her neighbors considered her a fortune to a woman to be able to ride. When it became too hard and her strength gave out, he would call on the tall, strapping boys to "give mother a boost," and mother couldn't have told which was hardest, the boost or the climb.

But at last she was unable to get in without a chair, and amid much good-natured, unfeeling raillery, mother was gotten up to her perch, where her feet touched nothing, and she could not lean back, and was in mortal terror of being jolted out, and nobody ever knew!

Now she lies dying in that darkened room from which she shall go forth to her last long rest, and she is talking wildly, deliriously of all the things of her life, and as she talks her husband looks perplexed and says to the neighbor who is taking care of her:

"Mother seems to be getting flighty."

But soon she addresses him:

"Don't put me up into the seat," she says wearily, "I'd rather go underneath than sit dangling up there. It's broken my back and worn me out a-ridin' in that uncomfortable way. I'd rather have walked a thousand times, if I'd only led the strength."

"You never told me, mother, that the wagon was hard to get into afore," said the man in a troubled voice.

"No, I didn't want to vex ye," replied the poor little woman, "but I dew hope if they come for me with the chariot of Israel it will be easier to get into than our farm wagon. If it ain't, I believe I'd rather walk."

It is not much of a story, but it is one of the hidden tragedies of a human heart, and it exemplifies what I was talking about—the pathos of life.

Another case is worthy of notice. A woman died recently whose husband was known in his neighborhood as a good provider. His wife had lived a respectable woman in her walk of life could demand or expect; that is, she received clothes and board for a long life of labor. Sometimes she wanted a little money to expend for herself—perhaps to purchase some of the useless things that a man never buys. But when she asked her husband for money, he sprung a series of answers upon her that effectually silence her.

"Don't I provide well for ye Jenny? What do ye want that I hain't given ye? You know I ain't made of money."

So he carried the purse and provided liberally, gave everything but a chance for his wife to feel independent; she was really less in the household than a servant, since *she* would have her wage. But when the wife died, and the tide of remorse that comes with death had set in, the husband remembered that the one thing she had wanted all her life was a little money to expend as she pleased, and then his heart relented. He went to his money box and took thence some of the shining silver coin it held and placed them tenderly in the dead, cold hand of his wife.

"There," he said, "she allus wanted ter have some money of her own, and mebbe she'll know that I've give it to her."

And it never entered into the sordid soul of the man that what he had done was everlastingly too late.

In great calamities we have the sympathy of all our kind to help us bear them. It is the nagging pain that goes with us and takes all the sweetness out of life that we must bear alone. And because we must not reveal it to the world, but keep it unshared, it becomes to us at last a demon of unrest.

A man may wear a wooden arm and go through all his days with a smile, but there is not a moment day, or night, that it does not cause him pain and apprehension. When he is alone the smile becomes pitiful, it is so full of self-sympathy.

These light afflictions have not the dignity of misfortunes. They are the martyrdom of life without its crown.

Posture In Prayer.

The Bishop of Huron, in a recent sermon, had something to say to an Anglican audience respecting posture in prayer, which we suspect might, with much propriety, be said in some Presbyterian churches: "It was a painful thing to look over a congregation while prayers were being offered and to see the light part taken in the hallowed exercise by the people. Many never condescended to bend the knee, but lounged back in sumptuous indifference, while at the close there came but a feeble and meaningless 'Amen.' It was not wealth nor any other temporal power which the Church needed so much as the deep, spiritual power of prayer. There were three positions in prayer: standing, which was scriptural and implied service; kneeling which betokened consciousness of sin; and another which was so popular among the elegant people of modern society. It implied sitting and its implied equality. If in the presence of the Queen, they would never think they had no right to sit, and would never attempt it, and yet they do so in the presence of God. Strong, able-bodied men lolled back in their seats, and thus they felt themselves the equal of Him. Although God's awful majesty was there, they assumed the right to sit. Some called themselves by the name of the Lord, and the occupants of pews cried out that they were miserable sinners, while the carpets in their richly furnished pews had never been touched by the bent knee."

The Countess of Zetland has made herself very popular in Ireland by appealing to Queen Victoria not to interrupt the Dublin season festivities on account of the general mourning. Victoria inclined a gracious ear, so business is good in Dublin and everybody is happy.