

"Or any love—we are so fatally in the power of those we love. They can wring our hearts; their going is such misery their loss such despair. You see; heartless as I am, I can imagine all that."

"Having seen a great deal of it, having caused wholesale slaughter wherever you went. Only you took care your knowledge should be free from observation—never from experience."

"Never from experience. You found sarcasm, Frank, but it is very true, nevertheless. As to causing it—your great gallantry compels you to say so, no doubt. Poor little yellow pencil sketch! Put it back. It is the only souvenir of my childhood, and of—you—possess. Let me cherish it still!"

He does as he is told—people do obey her as a general thing—she is more than a trifling imperious even in trifles, this queenly Olga, and Livingston is inclined to rebel. He is conscious of irritating pique always; when with her, her words wound and vex him.

She is a merciless mistress—it is questionable if any lover of hers has ever been a happy man, even in the first fleeting hour of his foot's paradise—most certain is he to be supremely miserable a little farther on.

He turns the leaves of the book mechanically, but he hardly sees the sketches, full of vigorous life as they are. Olga is almost as skilled an artist as herself.

"Look there!" she says, laying her finger on a page, "does that resemble any one you know?"

It is a young man in the dress of a monk, standing in a striking attitude, his handsome head thrown back, one hand shading his eyes. His countenance has fallen on his shoulders, his left hand rests on the head of huge dog.

Both standing listening intently. It is in water-colors—a steel gray sky is above, around, nothing but snow—a white frozen world.

Livingston looks, and is conscious in some queer way that the face of the monk is like his own.

"It is a monk and a dog of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard," says Olga. "I saw him one evening from my bedroom window, listening and looking like that. Do you not see the likeness, Frank? He is your image, height, features, complexion, only he was of more courtly manners. He looked as if he might have been a young Austrian prince, come there to renounce the world, and live for God and his fellow-men. I was very much impressed—I know he must have been of noble blood—he had the manners and bow of a Count Chamberlain. And sitting there that cold, bleak, grey evening, I sketched my handsome young monk and his dog. How grave he looks—as if the old life of counts and kings were a dream—the shadow of a dream, with a touch of loneliness in the profound peace. And I thought of you, Frank, and imagined you in a cowl and robe, and with that look in your eyes—'he breaks off with a laugh, this malicious coquette, as Livingston looks up, certainly with a very different expression from that in the peaceful pictured face."

"I envy them, these monks of old. Their books they read, their beads they told. To human weakness dead and cold, And all life's vanity."

There is something grand in the idea, is there not? to renounce all that life holds, of bright and sweetest at that age, and for that reason? Turn another leaf."

"I am tired of sketches," he says impatiently, and turns as he says it. "This is Geoffrey Lamar!" he exclaims.

"Drawn from memory—yes," she answers. "Frank, where is Geoffrey Lamar?"

"Heaven knows! slaving at his profession, poor fellow, I suppose, to support his mother and sister."

"I never understood that matter rightly," Olga says, "except that Geoffrey made some great sacrifice for honor's sake, and renounced for himself and Leo all Mr. Abbott's wealth. What was it about?"

"Heaven knows again. I suppose Geoffrey does, he is the sort of fellow to know his own mind pretty thoroughly. I fancy the money was his own; he had a better claim than even Leo, and so Geoffrey gave it up. Noble as you say, but a trifling sacrifice, for the missing heir, whoever he may be, it seems cannot be found. But if he is never found it will make no difference to Lamar. He will work like a galley-slave until the day of his death, for his mother and sister, but he will never permit them to touch a penny of dishonorably-gotten gain. There are not many like that!"

Olga says nothing, but a sort of glow comes into her face—a look that is never there except when she listens to some deep heroic.

"He is of the stuff that made Paladins of old," goes on Livingston, "with uplifted notions on every subject under the sun—a sort of St. Gaudard, you know, to ride to the aid of damsels in distress. Witness his adoption of St. George's Joana. By the bye, I wonder whatever has become of Wild Joana. I must step in and inquire of Mistress Lora one of these days. Not that she is likely to know."

"When did you see Geoff—the Abbotts last?" Olga enquires.

"I saw Geoff in New York, but we met by chance, the usual way. He does not live there, but somewhere out of the world, where he is working himself to skin and bone, judging by his look. They have sunk the Abbott, and call themselves Lamar now—the old pride, you know. I do not get much sense in it myself. They might as well lose the property until they miss her turn up. I would like to go and see Leo, but Geoffrey's manner was cold and discouraging. And one cannot force one's self whether or no, you know."

"I do not know. My experience—of you—is particularly the reverse, but I suppose counts are always an exception. As you are here, Frank, you may as well make your self useful, and carry my sketch-book home. I am going."

She rises—a lofty, slender, white figure—picks up her cashmere and gold wrap, puts on her pretty hat, and turns to go.

"Come Frank!" she says, and glances back, with one of those brilliantly sweet smiles that are fatal to men as the siren song of the faerie lullaby. What is Frank that he should resist? He is but mortal, and the spell of the enchantress is upon him. He is in love with her? really in love? He asks himself that question sometimes, but never when by her side. Then the glamour of the white witchery is upon him, and he lives but to do her bidding. Coldness, coquetry, are forgotten now; he picks up the big flat book, throws on his hat, and is by her side. And he thinks of a fitting couplet, though remembering recent rebuke he does not quote it:

"You throw off your friends, like a huntsman his pack,
For you know when you will you can whistle them back."

All the way to Ventnor Villa Olga is very silent and thoughtful. The sun is setting as they reach it, and she lingers a moment to look at its rose and gold beauty. But she is not thinking much of the sunset—not at all of the young cavalier by her side.

"Like a paladin of old," she muses, dreamily. "Yes, it is true. He is noble, great,

good, self-sacrificing. I wish—I wish I could see—Leo Abbott—again!"

(To be continued.)

"Curs."—The best thing we know of to heal a cut or wound is to bind up the injured part with a cloth saturated with Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. 152-2-ws

CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME OF OTTAWA.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Among the many interesting scenes which have marked the close of the scholastic year in the various educational institutions of Ottawa, none have proved more brilliant than the distribution of premiums and reception to His Lordship Bishop Duhamel, held at the "Congregation de Notre Dame," and which came off with unusual éclat.

This establishment, from its pleasant situation, the size, airiness and comfort of the building itself, and the completeness of the system of education, bids fair to become in time as popular as its sister institution the far-famed Villa Maria. As usual a numerous and fashionable audience, including the most prominent citizens, among whom were Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. J. O'Connor, Chief Justice Armstrong, Principal McCabe, Mr. Labrosse, M.P., Dr. Grant and others filled to overflowing the spacious hall of the convent.

The stage on which the pupils were seated had been transformed into a perfect bower, festoons of lace, with floral mottoes and emblems, rich exotics exhaling their delicate perfume, mingled their beauty with the fresh, rosy cheeks of youthful loveliness, and made the scene a real fairy vision. His Lordship, attended by the Vicar-General Bouthier, Rev. Father Gendreau, chaplain of the convent, Rev. Father Feron, of the London diocese, and a number of the diocesan clergy arrived at the convent at 4 p.m.

His Lordship on entering was met by twenty nymph-like children, beaming flowers, and little flags with appropriate inscriptions, and singing a joyous welcome, while they gracefully strewed their dowers before His Lordship until he reached the hall.

The programme opened with a grand overture, played by twelve young ladies on six pianos, after which Miss Brannen came forward and recited a poetical welcome, with fine effect. The distribution of premiums and medals then began, and was interspersed with choice selections of instrumental and vocal music. Musical culture is a marked feature in this institution, as was shown in the successful manner in which all, from the tiny beginners to the most advanced pupils, rendered their pieces. The vocal music likewise gave indication of the highest and most successful training in this art. In the recitation of the roles by Miss Hyatt and Miss St. Denis was very creditable. The recitations by the Misses Bauser, Bortinot and Blain de St. Arden were much admired, as was the pretty accompaniment on the bells. Another most interesting and important feature of these exercises was the distribution of a number of beautiful medals, all gifts to the institution, and which speak favorably of the large and influential patronage it enjoys, and of the esteem in which it is held by the patrons and friends of education. The list of medals awarded is as follows:—

A silver medal presented by His Excellency the Governor-General, awarded to Miss Catherine Brophy, of Ottawa, for general proficiency and observance of school rules.

Silver medal, presented by Sir H. Langevin, awarded to Miss Emma Labrosse for 2nd excellence in general proficiency.

Silver medal, presented by His Lordship Bishop Duhamel for Christian doctrine, won by Miss McDermott, of Montreal.

Gold medal offered by Bishop Walsh, of London, Ont., for the best original essay on Canadian history, awarded to Miss Long, of St. Louis, Miss.

The Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford, Ont., presented a gold medal for domestic economy, which was won by Miss Tierney, of Ottawa; another by Mrs. Beaudry, of Montreal, was awarded to Miss Dowdall, of Ontario.

A gold and silver lyre presented by the Rev. Father Feron, of Stratford, for proficiency in music, were won respectively by Miss St. Denis and Miss Brophy, both of Ottawa.

Medal for mathematics, by Rev. J. Collins, awarded to Miss McNulty.

A gold medal for grammar given by Mrs. Hayes of Ottawa, was taken by Miss McNulty.

Six handsome volumes presented by the Hon. Superintendent of Education of the Province of Quebec, were awarded for reading and elocution.

Two prizes for literature, offered by Principal McCabe, were won by Miss Brannen and Miss McNulty.

Medal for plain sewing, mending and darning, Miss Nolin of St. Johns.

Medals for painting, Drawing, French and English conversation, were awarded; also a number of richly bound volumes.

As will be seen from the above list, every branch of education is here encouraged, and great inducements are held forth to the pupils to excel in whatever nature has best fitted them for.

A beautiful valedictory was spoken with much feeling and pathos by the two graduates, Miss Brophy and Miss Long. They expressed heartfelt regret at leaving their beloved Alma Mater to enter upon the great world abroad, upon a life "real" and "earnest," as the poet so properly paints it.

Another subject worthy of comment was the *time* and decorum of the young ladies, the simplicity of their dress and manners, the grace and elegance of their deportment, gave evidence of the care and judicious training of the good and pious Sisters in charge. No one could come away unimpressed by the value to home and society of such institutions as the "Congregation de Notre Dame" of Ottawa.

The exercises were brought to a termination by an address from His Lordship, in which he thanked the ladies and pupils for the gracious reception they had tendered him, and congratulated them on the success which had this day crowned their labors.

Sir Hector Langevin then arose, and in responding to the address which had been presented to him, paid the most flattering eulogy to the ladies of the institution and their pupils, thanking the former in the name of the country over whose destinies he presides for the good they were effecting, and felicitating teachers and pupils on the happy results of their year's labors. He promised a medal next year also.

CATARH OF THE BLADDER.

STRICTING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints, cured by "Buchanania." \$1.

FRIGHTENED ARABS.

ALEXANDRIA, July 5.—The Arabs could not understand the salutes fired in honor of American Independence yesterday and believed the bombardment had really begun. There was a great scare for a short time.

WIT AND HUMOR.

An old maid's laugh—He! he! he! he! The paper-hanger's business is very stuck up.

What poet probably never smiled?—Sterne.

Entertaining knowledge—Ascertaining the cost of a dinner party.

An old lady, writing to her son, warns him to beware of bilious rooms.

A rise in the price of beef—When the "cow jumped over the moon."

When a man's coat is threadbare, it is an thing to pick a hole in it.

Why is the letter L like a calf's tail? Because it's at the end of veal.

The blackboard is the most marked feature of our common school system.

"Clothed in a little brief authority"—A young barrister with his first case.

Never ask a woman her age—that is, not that woman. Ask some other woman.

"I paws for a reply," as the dog said when he scratched at the door for admission.

Despite the tailor who is willing to trust you. He's the fellow who gets you into debt.

Three degrees of mining speculation—Positive, mine; comparative, mine; superlative, mine.

What glorious object does a boy getting up in the morning resemble? The rising sun, of course.

Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the wasp. He can always give you a point.

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the fashions. She's got the delirium tremens."

A horse-dealer, describing a used-up hack, said—"He looked as if he had been editing a newspaper."

Why does the crown of the head first become bald? Because it is there that the "parting" of the hair begins.

"It's very curious," said a clever young lady, "that the tortoise, from whom we get all our combs, has no hair?"

"I stole your money," wrote a thief to his employer. "Remorse nags me conscience, and I send some of it back. When remorse nags again I will send some more."

Some malicious old bachelor says that there is a musical society in the next villa to his residence which is fifty years old, and that several young ladies have belonged to it ever since its commencement.

In addressing voters, a candidate for office, whose opponent was an undertaker, said: "How can you, citizens, vote for that man, who has been, and will be, the means of bringing thousands of you to your graves?"

"I have been told, doctor," said a fretful patient, troubled with insomnia, "that a man can go to sleep if he will only firmly and resolutely fix his mind on nothing." "Think of yourself," advised the doctor, bluntly.

Desperate student to his pistol—"I have pined all I had, my last resources are exhausted; I am determined to take a desperate step! Come, old friend, do me a last service, and follow your comrades to the pantechnicons."

"There is nothing like setting down," said the retired merchant confidentially to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I should not have a penny."

"Down with the encore," cry the dramatic papers. It is very well for professional to utter this cry, but how are the great public to utter five shillings' worth of perfunctory for eighteen pence if the privilege of the encore is to be denied them?

"Is the neighborhood much bothered with cats?" asked a gentleman who was negotiating for the lease of a house. "It used to be," frankly answered the landlord, "but since a French restaurant was opened round the corner there hasn't been one seen."

A fellow who is nearly as big a bore as the St. Gothard tunnel, was telling a circle of warty acquaintances the other day of a song that "always carried him away" when one of them, looking round, gently inquired, if any one present could sing that song.

"Bloating," headaches, nervous prostration and spinal weakness cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

MISS JUNCTION, Ohio, July 4.—The steamer "Scotia" with about five hundred passengers, collided with the "John Lomas," in the middle of the river to-night, sinking the "Scotia" in about 15 feet of water, only the pilot-house being visible. Excursionists are arriving, but they are so excited that no definite information as to the exact number can yet be obtained.

A survivor says the "Scotia" was coming up the river under full head of steam, and when about half-a-mile from Mingo Junction the "John Lomas" was sighted coming down. The "Scotia" whiskered for channel, but owing to a misunderstanding both boats took the same side, the "Lomas" striking the "Scotia," and sinking her in three minutes. The scenes on the "Scotia" were heartrending, and the life struggle frightful.

The "Lomas" was only slightly disabled, and went to work saving those on the "Scotia." This task was rendered easier by the bright moonlight, and no doubt many lives were saved for this reason. It is now believed that first reports were exaggerated and that the loss of life will not exceed twenty.

The steamer "Lomas" succeeded in landing over four hundred of the "Scotia's" passengers, making several trips, and continuing the work as long as any could be found. Skiffs put out from the shore, rescuing a number of passengers. Three women who were rescued died after reaching the shore. The assistant-engineer thinks many lives have been lost as the lower decks were crowded, and the boat sank instantly. A skiff man says, from what parties who landed told him, there were from 650 to 700 on board. He gathered that from five hundred to 550 were landed. A man and woman passed within a hundred yards of his house. The man was holding her up and crying for help, but the skiff man's wife saw them sink. The scene was terrible. He saw at least fifty young ladies who were saved by their escorts swimming and holding them up.

RE-ENTERING DETAILS—THE NUMBER OF LIVES NOT KNOWN.

MISS JUNCTION, Ohio, July 5.—It is impossible to ascertain the number of lives lost by the steamboat disaster last night. Captain Thomas and his son Dan are missing. A deck hand, name unknown, was also drowned from the "Scotia." The rest of the crew are safe, the first man taken out of the water being the watchman, Charles McCoy. The "Lomas" struck the "Scotia" on the port, fifteen feet from the bow, and put a large hole through the hull, filled rapidly and sank at once. The boat is now lying on the bottom of the river with water two feet deep in the

cabin. Charles Page, assistant engineer of the "Scotia," said: "We started from East Liverpool at 6.30 yesterday morning with a large excursion party off for a

FOURTH OF JULY PROLOG.

We went as far down the river as Moundsville, arriving there about 1.30 p.m. After lying there two hours we started for home, stopping at Wheeling and Martin's Ferry.

The people hailed us all along the river, but the Captain said we had enough on board and refused to take any more except at Steubenville, where we took on several. When we collided with the "Lomas," as near as I can judge from what I heard the people saying, we had on board four hundred at least, probably five hundred. I was on watch at the time of the accident, and when the boats whistled for passing I noticed there was something wrong, but thought nothing of it and stepped out on the deck for a second when I saw

THE "LOMAS" RIGHT ON US.

I rushed back to my engine, obeyed the bell to go back which was immediately followed by the bell to stop, and then seeing the boat was fast sinking the engine and I threw a skiff into the river and then ran after my coat. When I got back the skiff was so full of panic stricken people that I knew it would sink. I jumped into the river and struck out for the West Virginia shore. In looking around me as I swam I saw a sight that fairly took the life out of me. The water was

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY, and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

MISS JUNCTION, Ohio, July 6.—There seems little doubt that the wrecked steamer "Scotia" was overcrowded. One hundred people left her at Moundsville on the morning of the excursion which led to her fate. It is stated that the "Scotia" was started up at Wheeling by the Government officers for overloading but gave them their heads. Under the law she should carry 60 to 70 passengers. It is said, by a special permit, she was allowed to carry 300. On the down trip she took the upper row and stopped and the boat sank when passing the "Lomas" it parted apart and swung her to the bottom of the river. The general opinion is that the "Scotia" was to blame for the catastrophe, as the other boat had the right of way. David Koller, the pilot of the "Scotia," is said to be keeping a saloon in Wheeling and it is thought his license may be taken away. It appears that he had considerable drinking on board. "The officers of the 'Scotia' say that only a few of the passengers were drunk, and the crew were all right. The 'Scotia' after the collision took place and would have turned back but for the fact that she sank on the other side of the spot she would have been completely submerged."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

MISS JUNCTION, Ohio, July 6.—There seems little doubt that the wrecked steamer "Scotia" was overcrowded. One hundred people left her at Moundsville on the morning of the excursion which led to her fate. It is stated that the "Scotia" was started up at Wheeling by the Government officers for overloading but gave them their heads. Under the law she should carry 60 to 70 passengers. It is said, by a special permit, she was allowed to carry 300. On the down trip she took the upper row and stopped and the boat sank when passing the "Lomas" it parted apart and swung her to the bottom of the river. The general opinion is that the "Scotia" was to blame for the catastrophe, as the other boat had the right of way. David Koller, the pilot of the "Scotia," is said to be keeping a saloon in Wheeling and it is thought his license may be taken away. It appears that he had considerable drinking on board. "The officers of the 'Scotia' say that only a few of the passengers were drunk, and the crew were all right. The 'Scotia' after the collision took place and would have turned back but for the fact that she sank on the other side of the spot she would have been completely submerged."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

MISS JUNCTION, Ohio, July 6.—There seems little doubt that the wrecked steamer "Scotia" was overcrowded. One hundred people left her at Moundsville on the morning of the excursion which led to her fate. It is stated that the "Scotia" was started up at Wheeling by the Government officers for overloading but gave them their heads. Under the law she should carry 60 to 70 passengers. It is said, by a special permit, she was allowed to carry 300. On the down trip she took the upper row and stopped and the boat sank when passing the "Lomas" it parted apart and swung her to the bottom of the river. The general opinion is that the "Scotia" was to blame for the catastrophe, as the other boat had the right of way. David Koller, the pilot of the "Scotia," is said to be keeping a saloon in Wheeling and it is thought his license may be taken away. It appears that he had considerable drinking on board. "The officers of the 'Scotia' say that only a few of the passengers were drunk, and the crew were all right. The 'Scotia' after the collision took place and would have turned back but for the fact that she sank on the other side of the spot she would have been completely submerged."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY,

and the expression of their faces was the most terrible you can imagine. Men, women and children were crying piteously for help, and some of the screams so unheeded me I could scarcely swim; but the current was strong and as I struck out with all my might I soon got out of sight of the crowd in the water, there being but two boys near me who managed to reach shore safely with little help from me. We swam about a mile altogether, and when we reached the shore it was almost impossible for any of us to stand up. As to how many were lost I can form no idea, nor do I know what caused the accident or who is to blame."

BLACK WITH STRUGGLING HUMANITY