When the angry passion gathering in my mother's face I see,
And she leads me in the bed-room, gently lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy tingles,
As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my dingles.

Every pebble of the shingle has an echo and a voice
And a thousand boxing fancies into active being springs,
And a thousand bees and hornets beath my coat tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm!

In a minutes comes my father—whom I suppose I had gone—
To survey the situation, and to tell her lay it on;
To see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the shingle
Hitting hard and by the shingle in a wild and weird refrain.

Then sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I scamper, Mother, gently, mother, or you'll tear my Sunday pants."
She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft,
And I know I had not thought of that my son; "Just take them off."

Holy Moses! and the angels cast your pitying glances down!
And thou, Oh, family doctor, put a good, hot mustard poultice on!
And may I with tools and dances everlastingly commingle—
If I ever use an other word when mother wields the shingle.

He'd Had No Show.

Joe Beasill 'nd see upon a keg
Down to the grocery store, an' throw
Out bright and over 'tother jaw
An' swear he'd never had no show.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show!"
Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't get no money from his dad,
Was wishin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show!"
An' then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty year—let's see—
Yes; twenty-four, an' never struck,
Altho' I've got round pastestily,
The fust carnation stunk or luck.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show!"
An' then he'd shift into mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down regular over day
For twenty years to Piper's store;
I've sot here in a patient way,
"Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore,
"I tell ye, Joe,
You hain't no show!
Yer too dern patient"—like half raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.

S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN!

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

The "season," so to speak, of Rilchester, began when the Worthingtons returned. Every one recognized Lady Worthington as the leader of the neighborhood, and, to a certain extent, even the inhabitants of the deanery bowed to her opinion.

Esperance had heard references to them through the autumn: "When the Worthingtons come back we must begin a series of dinners"; or, "When Lady Worthington is here all the ladies' committees will come to life again"; or most frequently of all in justifying any questioned act, "I am sure Lady Worthington does it."

From which remarks these, Esperance formed her own ideas, and being predisposed to think that nothing good could come out of Ritchester, she pictured Lady Worthington to herself as a tall, managing, masculine English woman, and the more she heard her quoted she more she felt inclined to dislike her. The only thing which made her waver now and then was the recollection of Claude Magnay's great regard for the whole family, but even this had little weight with her, so much contradictory and cynical was she growing.

But while she was daily becoming more hopelessly miserable, relief was on its way to her, for Lady Worthington was not a person to lose time, when once a project suggested itself to her she bent all her energies to its accomplishment.

It was "All Souls' Day," or as Esperance had always been accustomed to call it, "*Jour les Morts*," and between her sad memories and her uncongenial surroundings she was in a pitiable state.

A letter from Gaspard, full of tenderness, only proved a source of tears, and Mrs. Morblake's unsympathetic curiosity and Cornelia's undisguised scorn were almost unbearable. Never had the purple drawing-room felt so oppressive, never had the day seemed so interminable! Throughout, however, of her old courage kept her from quite giving way; she sat reading aloud to her cousins, mechanically, indeed, but still with a firmness of purpose which deserved praise, considering her very slight powers of self-control.

Her thoughts were far away—now in the crowded Parisian cemetery, now in the hospital ward beside her father's death-bed, or further still in the little grave-yard at Meudon, where year by year she had taken on this day all the flowers which the wild, old garden would produce. Did the peasants tend it now? she wondered.

"Really, Esperance, your pronunciation is getting worse and worse," said Cornelia, reprovingly.

Whereupon Esperance was startled back to the present, and toiled along heavily with her reading, her eyes dim with tears.

At last the sound of the door-bell made itself heard. Any interruption would be welcome, and she listened eagerly for approaching footsteps. To her great relief the door was opened, and Lady Worthington and Miss Neville were announced.

Whether it was on account of this most opportune arrival, or whether Lady Worthington's appearance fascinated her, it is impossible to say, but her prejudices were forgotten, and for a minute or two she was as happy and animated as in former times. Lady Worthington was, at first, misled by the smile of pleasure with which she received her greeting. She followed out her preconceived plan, however, and exerted herself to the utmost to keep both Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia "at bay," while Frances made the most of her opportunity with Esperance.

At first she was talkative enough—seemed delighted to speak of Gaspard and Claude Magnay, and fairly puzzled Frances by her apparent happiness. In a few minutes all was changed, however; a brass band, which had for some minutes been pausing the gray walls of the Vicar's Court and the deanery to echo to operatic airs, now gave forth with much martial ardor the all-inspiring "Marseillaise."

The color died out of Esperance's face. She paused in the middle of what she was saying, and Frances, full of pity for her, tried to invent some excuse for moving out of the sight of the rest of the party.

"What beautiful chrysanthemums you have in your window. May I look at them?"

Esperance gladly assented, and the two moved to the opposite end of the room, where in the broad window-seat a few flowers were standing, now arranged by the perverse housemaid in stiff rows, though Esperance perservingly tried to group them after her fancy.

The brass band was now still more audible, and Frances was more grieved than surprised to see that the little French girl's eyes were brimming over with tears.

"It must be hard to hear one's national song in a strange land," she said, gently.

Esperance started, her cheeks glowed, and she even smiled through her tears, for Frances had spoken in her own language.

"You speak French like a native!" she exclaimed, rapturously. "Mademoiselle is too good—it makes the land no more strange. And yet," she added, with a slight shiver, as "Partant pour la Syrie," succeeded the "Marseillaise," "I think it only makes me long the more. Mademoiselle will pardon me—but to-day—*le Jour des Morts*, I cannot help being sad, and no one hate will understand, and—and"—with a rush of tears—"*Je suis desolee.*"

Frances was for a moment greatly perplexed. To attempt any comfort under the circumstances was almost impossible, yet to go to a still more retired place would probably attract Mrs. Mortlake or Cornelia. She resolved to risk it, however, and turned once more to Esperance, who was still standing disconsolately by the window, the tears rolling down her cheeks and sighing heavily on the chrysanthemum leaves.

"Do you think, dear, we might look at the conservatory? it would be quiet in there."

Esperance caught at the idea, and led the way to a little inclosed veranda which opened out of the drawing-room. Unfortunately, Cornelia happened to look up at the moment, and fearing that she had been neglecting Miss Neville, hastened forward.

"Will you not come nearer the fire? Esperance has not been taking care of you, I am afraid."

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Frances, smiling. "I have been admiring your chrysanthemums, and your cousin was going to show me the conservatory."

"I am afraid it is scarcely worth seeing; our gardener has not managed well this autumn."

Frances was afraid there would be no getting rid of Miss Collinson after this, but happily Lady Worthington, managed a skilful appeal to her judgment in the question which she and Mrs. Mortlake were discussing, and Cornelia, nothing loath, left Frances and Esperance to admire the flowers alone.

Frances, hardly bestowing a glance on the shabby array of plants, took Esperance's hand in hers, and still speaking in French, said, "Will you not tell me about your troubles? then, perhaps, I could understand a little. Claude Magnay told my sister that you were living here, and she came on purpose to see you; she knew your father and mother, as perhaps you have heard."

"No, I think not," replied Esperance, "but I have heard mere speak of Sir Henry Worthington. He—he spoke of him once, remember, before all the trouble began—so long ago it seems now."

"Was that before you left the chateau?" asked Frances, convinced that talking was a relief.

"No, we were at Paris, papa and Gaspard, and Javotte and I; we were so happy, mademoiselle, so very happy. But then came the war and then the dreadful siege, and from then till now things have grown worse and worse."

"Poor child!" said Frances, gently. Her words caused another rush of tears, however, for what memories did they not recall to Esperance! and how long it was since she had heard such a term of endearment! Frances could only hold her close, and Esperance, as she grew a little more calm, looked up gratefully, for nothing could have soothed her so well as the gentle, caressing sympathy which Frances knew so well how to bestow.

Conscious that the time left them was short, neither attempted to enter any more into detail, but Frances anxious to show that this was to be the beginning of a closer intimacy, began to speak of the future.

"You will come and see me at home, will you not? and we will talk French all the time."

"You are so kind, dear mademoiselle," said Esperance, "now I shall have something to look forward to, and the time will pass more quickly."

Her face lighted up for a moment, but there was a certain sadness in her words which did not escape Frances; it seemed to her unnatural for such a mere child to speak thus of whiling away the time. Yet, as they entered the oppressive drawing-room, once more, she owned that it was not surprising; an air of stiff, sleepy propriety pervaded the room, the large clock on the mantel piece seemed to tick slower than other clocks, the sunlight struggled almost reluctantly through the narrow windows, the fire smoldered lazily in the grate, a fat pug-dog yawned contentually on the hearth-rug; she could quite understand that all this would depress a French nature.

And Esperance certainly was out of place amid these surroundings. She hastened to move one of the ponderous arm-chairs for Frances—it is to be feared that she took a wicked delight in changing their positions—and then, as Cornelia turned to the younger visitor, she bent down to the dog, closed his mouth in the middle of a yawn, ann tried to rouse him a little.

Something in her unstudied attitude annoyed Cornelia; she wished she would sit down and be like an English girl.

"Do leave the dog alone," she said at last, with some sharpness in her tone.

Esperance looked round, surprised, but still smiling.

"It is exercise. *Ciel!* he sleeps again when my back is turned. Pug, you are the most lazy of dogs!"

The provoking ease of manner, the unfortunate "*Ciel*," equivalent to swearing at the deanery, and yet more, the grammatical mistake, angered Cornelia beyond all patience, and, in an unmistakably displeased voice, she said, "There are plenty of chairs, Esperance; why do you not sit down?"

That "English" idea of the necessity of sitting down! how it annoyed Esperance! With a little expressive movement of her hands, she subsided, however, into the nearest vacant chair, and sat for a few minutes like patience, on a monument, but when the good-bye were being said Frances noticed that her eyes were full of tears, which she was sure would not have been the case had Pug's diverting exercise been continued. The departure of the guests made an opportunity of escape, of which Esperance was not slow to avail herself, particularly as she felt that a scolding was in store; but in all her hurry she found time to stop at the landing window till Miss Neville's violet bonnet was hidden by the archway of the Vicar's Court. The stratagem had certainly been successful.

Lady Worthington gave a sigh of relief as the carriage drove away from the deanery.

"There! I call that 'Something attempted, something done!' and if you don't tell me of a grand result, Frances, with Claude's 'Mariage,' I shall feel ill used!"

"Your maneuvering was beautiful to see," said Frances, laughing. "How you managed to keep both Mrs. Mortlake and Miss Collinson occupied I can't imagine."

"Merely by chatter. General talk when possible—gossip, if Mrs. Mortlake seemed to be slipping away—the arts and sciences to detain Cornelia—what a medley it must have been, to be sure! But tell me about my protege. Poor little maid! I was longing to talk to her."

"I wish you could have done so, her naivete would have delighted you. Poor little thing! half a dozen words of French won her completely. She was crying, clinging, pouring out her troubles, all in five minutes, as if we had known each other for years."

"Or as if she had not had a confidante for months," said Lady Worthington. "No wonder she is unhappy in that gloomy place, and with those terribly stiff people."

"And yet I fancy there is so much real good in Miss Collinson," said Frances, musingly.

"My dear, Frances, you would see goodness in every living soul, I do believe. However, your are doubtless right, only you really must let me try and rescue that little French girl, who I feel convinced is as blind at I am to her cousin's virtues.

"To rescue her, or to make her see?" said Frances, half to herself. "I wonder which is the right way."

"As usual in our case, my dear, a little of both, I suppose," said Lady Worthington; after which the conversation turned upon other things.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Grannie is coming back to Rilchester," observed Cornelia Collinson, looking up from a letter she was reading at breakfast the following morning.

"Coming back!" exclaimed Bertha, in her annoyed voice. "I though she was to spend the winter at St. Leonard's. I am sure she said in the summer that she had taken the house for a year."

"She seems to wish to be at home again, and as to the house there was little difficulty in disposing of that. She will return early next week."

"And now there will be those wearisome pilgrimages down to the priory," groaned Mrs. Mortlake. "How tiresome of her to change her mind!"

"Where is the Priory?" asked Esperance, not a little excited at the prospect of a new arrival, and rightly conjecturing that "Grannie" was Mrs. Passmore.

"The Priory—my grandmother's house—is about two miles out of the town, on the London road," explained Cornelia, after a moment's pause.

Esperance was sorry that it lay in an opposite direction to Worthington Hall. She did not make any more inquiries, however, as her cousins were evidently put out, but her curiosity grew all the greater, and she looked forward much to the first of the "pilgrimages" which Mrs. Mortlake had mentioned.

Mrs. Passmore arrived at Rilchester on Tuesday, and on the Wednesday Mrs. Mortlake insisted that some one must go to see her. This led to a disagreeable discussion between the sisters as to who should perform the tiresome duty, to which Esperance listened with some scorn and a good deal of amusement, congratulating herself that for once she was out of it.

After much arguing, Cornelia yielded, not very graciously, and consented to go to the Priory, provided she could have the carriage.

"And you may as well come with me," she added, turning to Esperance; "it will be useful for you to know the way to the Priory."

Esperance prudently refrained from expressing too much satisfaction aware that any "frolicsome" on her part would put a stop to the whole thing; but inwardly she was much excited. To meet Mrs. Passmore, her mother's friend and helper, was indeed an unlooked for pleasure, and Cornelia would certainly have been scornfully surprised had she known that Esperance spent a good half hour in curling her feather, preparing her dainty little neck-tie, and mending her old but faultlessly neat gloves, in view of the afternoon's expedition.

By three o'clock the cousins were driving through the sleepy streets of Rilchester, Cornelia talking vigorous though inclined to be cross, and Esperance almost gay in spite of a thick November fog, which usually depressed her more than anything. Almost for the first time she saw the really poor quarter of the city, the deserted, tumble-down houses, and the squalid, dirty little children.

"This is different from the rest of Rilchester," she exclaimed. "Is this where Cousin Christabel goes to see her poor people?"

"Oh, no, she merely visits a few of the respectable houses near us," replied Cornelia, shortly.

"But who takes care of all this poor part?"

"I'm sure I don't know, it is not in our parish."

The parish belonging to the cathedral merely included the houses in the close, and a very small sprinkling of "respectable poor," an arrangement singularly unfortunate since it gave all the rich people the same excuse for ignorance and idleness which Cornelia had just made: "It is not in our parish,"—while the clergy of the poorer districts were sadly hampered by the dearth of church-workers.

Esperance asked no more questions, and in a few minutes the houses were left behind, and the bare, bleak country lay before them. Half a mile beyond the town stood the Prior, a gloomy, brown building, not really old, but built in the antique style; Esperance's heart beat quickly, when, in one of the lancet-headed windows, she caught sight of the snowy hair and widow's cap which could belong to no one but Mrs. Passmore.

The cap, however, speedily disappeared, and by the time the carriage had driven up the gravel sweep, the old lady was standing by the open door, with what Esperance considered quite the right kind of welcome.

"How good of you to come the very first day, my dear children—in all this fog, too."

"My dear grannie, do go in; how unwise to come out to the door," said Cornelia.

Whereupon the old lady, but half understanding, held out her hand to Esperance, till Cornelia led the way to the prim little drawing-room, and taking up Mrs. Passmore's speaking-trumpet, made the deaf old lady understand who her companion was.

"Amy's little girl come from France! dear me, dear me! Come and kiss me, my dear."

Esperance obeyed willingly enough, but when Cornelia put the other end of the speaking-trumpet into her hand with an injunction to "say something," every word of English suddenly escaped her memory, and after a dreadful pause she could only say in French, "I am so pleased to see the friend of my mother."

Whereupon Cornelia frowned angrily, and the old lady herself put down the trumpet with a little laugh.

"Ah! you speak in French, and I am not such a good scholar in that respect as I used to be. Never mind, never mind, we shall understand each other soon."

Esperance blushed crimson, vexed at her failure, and some minutes passed before she had collected her thoughts enough to listen to the conversation.

"Yes, I grew tired of St. Leonards," Mrs. Passmore was saying. "The house was draughty, too, and I began to long for my old haunts; after all, my dear, there is no place like home."

"And are you comfortably settled in?" asked Cornelia.

"Well, pretty well; there is a great deal to see to, and the days are short; my rheumatism has been troublesome to-day, and that is a hindrance. Could you spend a few days with me, my dear, you or Bertha? I should be so glad to have you."

Cornelia did not at all wish to stay, and began to hunt for excuses.

"I am so busy just now, grannie, or I certainly would come, and Bertha has—a cold, or she might have helped you."

Mrs. Passmore looked disappointed.

"I am sorry for that, it would have been such a pleasure to have you." Then with a smile again, "Could Amy's little girl stay?"

"Oh, certainly," said Cornelia, without referring to Esperance. "She shall stay with you now, just as long as you like."

And so the matter was settled, and Cornelia soon took leave, turning just at the last to Esperance with the words, "I will send down your things, and the books you will want, and you must walk in on Friday morning for your lessons; I will be ready for you at eleven."

Then the carriage drove off, and Esperance was left behind with mingled feelings of relief at being away from the deanery, anger at being so summarily disposed of, and awe of Mrs Passmore and the trumpet.

She was soon happy enough, however, for Mrs. Passmore was delighted to have a companion, and spared no pains to make her comfortable and at home. She was charmed with her curious old-fashioned bedroom, and with the exquisite neatness of the whole house; there was a feeling of calmness and repose, too, which, with all its deliliness, the deanery never could attain, and most of all, the sense of being really wanted restored Esperance to much of her old cheerful brightness.

The only drawback to her complete happiness was Mrs. Passmore's deafness: this had now been of such long duration that the old lady had fallen into silent habits, and only twice in the long winter evenings did she take up her trumpet. But though silence or dullness of any description were usually very uncongenial to Esperance, she was now too much out of health, and too weary of the incessant "nagging" of her cousins not to be thankful for the respite.

The busy idleness of the next morning, too, suited her admirably. She enjoyed helping old Mrs. Passmore in her manifold tidyings and arrangings; and as the old lady could not feel comfortable till every drawer and cupboard in the house had been systematically searched and sorted, she was kept fully occupied. Her dainty little fingers seemed to have a natural aptitude for such work, and nothing came amiss to them, whether they dealt with stores of old lace, artificial flowers, venerable silk dresses, or chaotic odds and ends.

At last, while setting to rights the contents of an old secretary, she came across a drawer full of letters, and, not liking to break in upon their wild confusion, drew Mrs. Passmore's attention to them.

"Letters? dear me!" exclaimed the old lady; "I thought I had sorted them all last year. This will be an afternoon's work for us, Esperance."

Accordingly, after the two o'clock dinner was over, and Mrs. Passmore had taken her usual *siesta*, the two set to work, destroying a few of the less precious documents, and arranging the others carefully according to their dates.

Esperance had just tied up and labeled a packet of 1847 letters when Mrs. Passmore gave an exclamation of surprise.

"How strange to be sure! and that I should have come across them to-day! Two of poor Amy's letters—your mother, my dear." And she handed them to Esperance.

They were folded together, though one was written on thin blue paper, the other on a little note-sized sheet, yellow with age. Esperance opened the latter and read eagerly:

"Russell Square, 16th May, 1848.

"MY DEAR MRS. PASSMORE,—I cannot thank you enough for your great kindness in asking me to stay with you during next month. Thank you, too, for your consideration in saying that, if my brother changes his mind, I may still be free to stay in London; but of this I now feel sure there is no hope, for, besides his former objection to our marriage, he has now, I fear, a personal dislike to Monsieur de Mabillon. I cannot tell you how terribly all this has grieved me. Had it not been for dear Christabel's kindness, I don't think I could have borne it. She has, indeed, been a good sister to me."

"Under the circumstances, both Alphonse and I think it will be best that our wedding should be perfectly quiet; so, with many thanks, I will decline your kind offer of accommodation for any guests. It is will be quite convenient to you, and to the clergyman of the parish, we should prefer some day in the first week of June, and should like it to be early in the morning. Again thanking you for your great kindness, believe me, your affectionate

AMY COLLINSON."

"Christabel, then, was the name of my aunt?" asked Esperance, looking up with swimming eyes.

Seeing how great an interest her companion took in the matter, Mrs. Passmore became at once both sympathetic and communicative.

(To be Continued).

Jay Gould's daily income has been estimated recently at $1,446, Cornelius Vanderbilt's at $15,994, John D. Rockefeller's at $18,715, and William Waldorf Astor's at $23,585.

W. E. Hart, agent for several coal companies in New York, has disappeared, leaving a shortage in his accounts amounting to $20,000.

RAN INTO AN ICEBERG.

The Beacon Light's Awful Experience in the Fog.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT'S COOLNESS.

The new oil-tank steamer Beacon Light had a narrow escape from sinking after collision with a mammoth iceberg off the Great Banks last Wednesday. A calamity was only averted through the presence of mind of Captain Elliott. When she struck the icy Cerelict, tons of ice crashed upon her decks, shattering her starboard bow and starting several plates. The steamer came to anchor off Liberty Island yesterday looking very fast, and her steam pumps had to be kept in constant motion. A New York *World* reporter boarded her and Mate Chase gave him an account of the collision.

The Beacon Light is a recent addition to the rapidly growing fleet of oil tanks running to this port. She sailed from Newcastle seventeen days ago in ballast, carrying 2,800 tons of water ballast. She is built to carry 4,000 tons of oil.

The new steamer had an uneventful voyage up to the time she struck the Great Banks. Then she began to encounter dense fogs. On the night of May 15th it became so foggy that Capt. Elliott decided to stay on deck. The steamer was then in latitude 42.55, longitude 48.18, or about 540 miles east of Nova Scotia. At midnight Tuesday both Capt. Elliott and Mate Chase were on the flying bridge trying to peer through the dense fog. The lookout was at his post and the steamer was going along at half speed. The air became somewhat colder, telling Capt. Elliott that he was in the vicinity of icebergs.

It was just the beginning of the middle watch, or a little after 12 o'clock Wednesday morning, when the lookout shouted:

"There's a light ahead!" Scarcely had the echoes of his words ceased when an appalling sight was disclosed.

"My God!" exclaimed the captain, "there is an iceberg." Straight ahead, less than fifty feet distant, was a towering double-peaked icy monster. The electric search-light on the ship's foremast shone brilliantly on the mammoth and revealed it in all its awful grandeur to Capt. Elliott and his terrified crew.

It was a moment of suspense and anxiety. To strike the berg head on meant destruction to the Beacon Light. Courageous young Capt. Elliott rose to the emergency and by his calmness saved the ship and the lives of his crew.

"Helm hard to starboard; reverse engines and full speed astern!" was the quick command. His promptness averted a calamity. The good ship obeyed her helm, swung to port, but not enough to clear the berg. Her starboard bow caught one of the berg's projections. The shock was something terrific. It seems to shatter the big towering mass of ice all to pieces. Its lofty crests, which towered far above the decks of the Beacon Light, showered tons of massive cakes upon the ship's decks, crashing in her steel bow and making such a terrible noise that the crew rushed on deck in a frenzy of despair. They thought it their death knell.

Then the ship keeled away over and fell on her beam ends. This was quickly followed by a bumping, crashing sound, as though the berg had got underneath the ship. When the mass of ice fell big cakes sank far down into the sea and then came to the surface again, striking the ship just amidships. The pounding was done with such force that the cakes of ice which got under the ship fairly lifted the big steel vessel ten feet out of the sea. Then, to make matters worse, there was a sudden confused sound as though the boilers had burst. This, however, was only the escape of air from some of the tanks.

In remarkable contrast with the bravery of Capt. Elliott was the conduct of his crew. The firemen and cooks became wild with fright. They were almost uncontrollable. They thought that their vessel was going to sink. Loudly they cried for the Captain did so, but his coolness and his appeals for them to stand by him at last brought the crew to their senses. After getting the boats loosened and ready for use in case of necessity the crew went to work and began to clear away the ice, which was lying in heaps about the deck.

Water was found entering several of the tanks from the bottom and big perpendicular support beams were almost bent in two by the severe pounding which the ship received from the ice which got under her as she struck the berg. After starting the ship continued her voyage. The following day she sighted several very large bergs, but they were not close enough to cause any alarm.

The berg which they collided with was about one hundred feet high and over six hundred feet long. Capt. Elliott says it was very solid and not in the least honeycombed.

"It was," he said, "the grandest sight I ever beheld to see the big avalanche of ice drifting astern as we grazed it. As it came out of the fog before we could distinctly see it, it looked like a cloud, but when it revealed itself I was almost transfixed with awe and fright. Our electric search light shone upon it, which added to its glistening grandeur. We saw it just in time. Had my ship been travelling very rapidly I dread to think what would have been the consequences. As it was, we were only going at half speed, which enabled us to stop our headway before we crashed into it.

"If the ship had struck the berg head on she would have been shattered to pieces without a doubt. The awful suspense which occurred between the time I sighted the berg and when she struck was something terrible. It is an experience I never want again. Our escape from destruction was almost providential."

The Beacon Light will be put on the dry dock. It is thought that her bottom is damaged very seriously. The Beacon Light registers 2,800 tons. She is 332 feet long, 40 feet wide and 28 feet deep. Her owners are Stuart & Co., Liverpool, oil merchants. She was built by Armstrong & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Unhealthy Work for Laundresses.

The laundress earns from $3 to $7 a week, with an average of from $5 to $6. She works in rooms where pipes leaking and dripping clothes keep the floor wet most of the time. In winter the water freezes and the floor is covered with ice. She must always be provided with two pairs of shoes, as she cannot wear the water soaked ones in the street. Indeed, a complete change of apparel is necessary in winter. The ironing rooms cannot be ventilated, laundrymen claim, because it is impossible without admitting smoke and soot from the outside. The irons are heated on great furnaces in the center of the room, that they may be easily accessible from either side, and the heat at all times is oppressive, in summer intolerably so. In this, as in most employments, there is too much difference between the wages paid to men and women, and convict labor reduces prices.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Walt Whitman to Victoria.

Saturday was Queen Victoria's birthday, and was remembered by Walt Whitman, the poet, who sent her from Camden, as a birthday gift, a bunch of American arbutus, which, he says, is "to be put in a little vase on the royal breakfast table," with the following lines:

Lady, accept a birthday thought,
Haply an idle gift and taken right from the send-off hands may utterance have,
Smelling of countless blessings, prayers and old-time thanks
A bunch of white and pink arbutus, silent, spicy, shy, from Hudson's, Delaware's or Potomac's woody banks.

What He Died Of.

"I don't know what to make of my husband," said a young wife tearfully; "he begs me not to cook anything, but to allow our trained cook to prepare the meals."

"My husband was different," said a lady in deep mourning; "he was emphatic in his orders that the food should always be prepared by my hands."

"And your husband—where is he now?"

"He is dead."

A Japanese Election.

The people of Japan will cast their ballots for the first time at the Parliamentary elections to be held on July 1st. A property qualification is attached to the right of suffrage; yet a wonderful advance has been made toward democracy. The intelligence and aptitude of the Japanese promise still further progress in the science of free government.

—A brake for baby carriages is patented.

Old Mr. Cumso (as the clock strikes 12)—Is that young man in the parlor with Mabel a minister? Mrs. Cumso—What makes you ask that? Old Mr. Cumso—I inferred so from the fact that he is holding a protracted meeting.

THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE.

She Will Belong to Combinations to Raise the Price of Her Labor.

Combination among skilled women workers is increasing every day, though slowly, for women are naturally conservative, and they do not readily accept the principle of unionism. They have, many of them, suffered sorely from the effect of strikes, and though they realize that prolonged combination, if carried out consistently, must improve their position and in the long run raise their wages, never lose sight of the long periods during which their employment must cease till their ultimate demands are conceded. Added to which they do not forget the bitter feelings aroused—the breach between employer and servant—and, above all, that in a struggle such as a long strike must always be, it is only the strong who win; the weak ones go to the wall.

All these things make women shy and slow to join a trade union, while the introduction of foreign labor in England and the increasing demand, on account of their cheapness, for foreign goods have made a much deeper impression on their minds than is generally admitted. The skilled woman worker has, however, the security of knowing that she can take up her stand with a greater chance of success, for with the best women workers as with the men, the supply is rarely in excess of the demand. And were technical instruction given to women a good deal of the better class work they cannot do would be carried out in England, instead of being executed by French women, who are trained for it in the many technical schools which exist for women in France.

In Scotland the question has been warmly espoused by the women who work in Glasgow and Dundee, and the prospect of combining for the unskilled as well as the skilled workers is very much more promising than in England. Scotch women are more independent and self-reliant, added to which, though the pay is bad, their surroundings are less deteriorating than those of the London women, and their dwellings are better and rents are lower.

The rapid increase of the population and the influx of people from the country to the large towns make the problem of how to deal with our skilled female labor every year more difficult. The education hitherto given to women in England is purely intellectual, and when a girl has passed the standard she at once goes into the ranks of the unskilled. If she can give time she may be apprenticed and learn a trade, but the number of girls who can afford to do that is getting fewer every day. The few shillings a girl can earn at once is too important an addition to the family income to be rejected, and, as the majority of them marry while practically children, neither the necessity of being apprenticed nor of joining a union appeals to them.—*English Illustrated.*

The Corn Exhibit in Edinburgh.

The Edinburgh *Scottish Leader*, May 7th, gives a lengthy and enthusiastic account of the American Indian corn exhibit at the Exposition in that city. Colonel Murphy who has the exhibit in charge, is not only showing the Scotchmen the different varieties of corn produced in the United States, and explaining to them the immensity of the crop and its remarkable cheapness, but he is teaching them its manifold uses in the production of starch, glucose, oil, whiskey, etc. This is the first time, says the *Leader*, "that the people of Scotland have been taught how to cook maize; and, no doubt, many after seeing and tasting the numerous excellent qualities of that form of food will wonder why they have so long been kept in ignorance of them." As the risk of having its patriotism impeached the *Leader* declares "that Indian corn bread is pleasant to the taste and lighter than oatmeal," and that if people are once acquainted with it it really is wholesome and nutritious food that can be made from this corn it is thought that exportation may prevent the waste in America.

Colonel Murphy has had printed fifty different ways of making appetizing and nutritious dishes from corn meal, furnished him by the *Record*. If he should prevail upon the people of Great Britain to learn how to properly prepare corn for the table all his troubles will be easy. They would find that it is as good food for men and women as for horses and oxen. And what a blessing cheaper bread would be to the very poor!—*Philadelphia Record.*

New System of Building.

A very favorable account is given in the French papers of the new system of building houses of iron and steel plates, introduced into France by M. Danly, manager of the Societe des Forges de Chatelenan, who has set forth its various advantages with much practical detail, attracting considerable attention to the method. It has been satisfactorily ascertained, it seems, that corrugated sheets of such metal, of more than a millimeter in thickness, are sufficiently strong for building houses several stories high, and the material, of course, allows of a considerable variety of architectural ornamentation.

The plates thus employed are of the finest quality, and as they are galvanized after having been cut to the sizes and shapes required no portion is left exposed to the atmosphere. In addition to this it is asserted that houses constructed in such manner are very sanitary, and that all ventilation and heating arrangements can readily be carried out. In England this system of building has found much favor, the superiority of the new over the old system consisting in the method of corrugating and galvanizing the metal.—*Philadelphia Record.*

First Glass Factories in America.

The first glass factory in what is now the United States was erected in the year 1609 near Jamestown, Va., and the second followed in the same colony twelve years later. In 1639 some acres of ground were granted to glassmen in Salem, Mass. The first glass factory in Pennsylvania was built near Philadelphia in 1683 under the direction of William Penn, but it did not prove successful. The first west of the Alleghanies was set up by Albert Gallatin and his associates, in 1785, at New Geneva, on the Monongahela river. A small factory was established on the Ohio river, near Pittsburg, in 1790, and another in 1795. The earlier attempt failed, but the last was quite successful. In 1810 there were but twenty-two glass factories, with an output of less than $1,500,000 annually. At the present time there are hundreds of factories, which yearly put over $100,000,000 worth of glassware on the market.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The Holy Kiss.

Elder Ludwig, pastor of the Christian church at Whitewater, was observed to kiss one of the lady members of his congregation good-bye in the presence of her husband on the public street, and the gossiping was severe. On the following Sunday he discussed the subject of kissing in his pulpit, and explained that the kiss given the lady was of friendship, a sort of holy kiss, and that in all his life he had kissed but five women. After the close of his sermon, he called for a rising vote of his congregation on the sinfulness of his kissing, and the audience arose en masse and voted him innocent of sinful osculation.—*Indianapolis News.*

The Largest Englishman.

Thomas Congley, of Dover, England, is said to be the heaviest of her majesty's many subjects. He is an intelligent and respectable citizen, 42 years old, having been born (of parents not above the normal size) in 1848. As a baby he was considered small and not over healthy. His present weight is 40 stone (560 pounds); height, 6 feet 2 inch; measurement of waist, 90 inches, and of legs, 25.—*St Louis Republic.*

Why She Was a Fool.

Flossie (discovering sister Belle and her Henry sitting side by side)—Oh, Belle, you've called yourself a fool? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

Belle—What do you mean, you little simpleton?

"Anyway you said Mr. Brown was next thing to a fool and he's next to you."

Food For Fishing.

Wife—Got any lunch to take along?
Husband—Yes, plenty.
Wife—Got a knife and fork?
Husband—No. I've got a corkscrew.

—The fellow who escaped a cold all winter is now laid up.

Professor A. T. Abernathy, teacher of modern languages in a college at Rutherford, North Carolina, is only 19 years old.

Never touch a vine that has three fingered leaves—that is, leaves divided into three parts. Vines that show five fingers may be handled with safety. Poison ivy has three fingers.

SHOULD HORSES BE SHOD.

Interesting Discussion Carried on at the London Animals' Institute.

"As the public are being invited to view a collection of horseshoes at the Animal's Institute, and a series of papers are being read on the art of horseshoeing, the question whether our horses should be shod as all might be raised 'opprimitely,' says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Use and wont have so accustomed us to shod horses that it will appear to many to be as absurd to discuss the practice as it would be to begin a contention as to the wearing of boots. But it is not by any means the first time that the wisdom of nailing an iron shoe on the hoof of horses has been called in question. Some years ago the matter was hotly debated, when the advocate of the shoeless system came in for the abuse usually awarded to the pioneers in any reform. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty of Animals also gave it out that they would prosecute any one who rode or drove a horse without shoes, being convinced that it would be a piece of cruelty to do so. If they are still of the same mind they need not lack a subject for prosecution, as we know of more than one owner of horses who has converted theory into practice.

A doctor in considerable practice in the north of London has been driving one of his horses for nearly a year past without shoes, and his experience confirms in the fullest degree the views of the Rev. J. G. Wood, as set out in his book on "Horse and Man," a perusal of which induced him to make the experiment. When she shoes were first removed the hoofs were soft, and in order that they may harden and so return to the natural condition, the horse was kept on a hard floor in the stable for three months. That is a costly but necessary preparation where shoes have been used, but later economies will more than balance the account. At the close of the period named he was put to work, and, notwithstanding the tear and wear in all weathers and on hard and soft roads indiscriminately, the hoofs are to-day perfectly sound.

Frost makes no difference to the sure-footedness of the unshod animal, and whil the brougham proprietors were confined to the stable owing to the slippery condition of the roads, he went his rounds with absolute safety.

This is a clear demonstration that a horse can do traction work without shoes with distinct advantage both to the animal and the owner. And the Rev. J. G. Wood contends that it can do saddle work also, better than when shod, on any description of road. Veterinary surgeons, farriers and grooms may be skeptical, but practice is better than theory. The following are the advantages which one of the author's correspondents sets out as the result of his personal experience.

1. Five or six pounds per annum are saved by non-shoeing, including the frost nails in winter.

2. One gallon or a road covered with ice, when other horses are not safe even with the use of frost nails.

3. The weight of the shoes is taken off the feet, which is a considerable help to the horse.

4. The foot, being flat from the frog and down to the ground, leaves no receptacle for stones.

5. There is none of the unnecessary jar caused by shoes, so that the horse travels freer and lighter.

The doctor's groom, who is an enthusiastic convert to the new system, not only confirms these advantages but claims that the animal is saved from various diseases of the foot caused by shoeing, while its surefootedness is most remarkable. It steps high and goes well, and at the end of a day's work its feet are perfectly cool. If this surefootedness can be secured without detriment to the hoof, it certainly would be an incalculable boon to the horses which are constantly coming to grief in the greasy London streets, and besides it would afford not a little relief to those who have to watch the torture of the animals as they make painful efforts to regain their foothold.

The Scotch-Irish Congress.

The Scotch-Irish Society of America, which was organized in May last, will hold its second congress at Pittsburg, Penn., from May 29th to June 1st. Among the distinguished speakers who will deliver addresses, are: Gov. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, who will deliver the address of welcome; Secretary Blaine, Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York; Gov. James E. Campbell, of Ohio; Rev. Dr. J. S. McIntosh, of Philadelphia; Prof. A. L. Perry, of Williams College, Mass; Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelly, of Tennessee; Prof. H. A. White, of Washington & Lee University, Va.; Hon. W. E. Robinson, of Brooklyn, and Hon. John Dalzell, of Penna. Mr. Robert Bonner, of New York, President of the society, will preside. The great auditorium is capable of seating over 5 000 people, and will be magnificently fitted up and decorated. The finest band in the U. S. will furnish the music. Special pains will be taken to show vis