

Behind him lay the gray Azores;
Before him stood the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him not the waves of seas;
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone,
Save Admiral's star, that shall it be."
"Why," he says, "sal! on! sal! on! and on!"

"My men grow muttons day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a cry
Of salt water washed his weary cheek,
And he said: "I will not say, Admiral,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn!
"Why you shall say at break of day."
"Sal! on! sal! on! sal! on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until he said to the mate said: "Why,
Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall down
These very waters of the sea."
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—
He said: "Sal! on! sal! on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth and eager eye."
Brave Admiral, but one good word,
"What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping wave,
"Sal! on! sal! on! sal! on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
His eyes were dark as darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights; And then a speak—
"A light! A light! A light! A light!
If you, a star, or aught, or aught, or aught,
It will be Time's burst of dawn."
He gained a word; he gave that word
His grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER

A NIGHT RIDE.

A Thrilling Story of an Indian Outbreak.

"Yes, boys, they've left the Reservation and are killing and scalping ter beat thunder. I met a scout terday, over in the Big Coolies, an' he posted me.

"How many are thar of 'em, Jack?"

"Wal, as near as he could tell, thar was somewhars ebout thirty or thirty-five."

"How many of 'em carry shooting irons? or didn't y' find out?"

"I should say they was all heeled fer keeps. The scout told me that they all had Winchester, an' a hull lot of 'em had six-shootors as well. And now, boys, we've got ter ride like sin ter-morrow, an' gether in all the critters, an' push 'em over into the deep Creek country fer safety. I am headly fer to go, an' to navigate, that way. So here's fer a smoke, and then bed."

The speaker, big Jack Burns, foreman of the I. C. Horse Outfit, leisurely produced pipe and tobacco as coolly as if the murderous Apaches were a thousand miles away instead of thirty.

We were only seven men, counting the Big Gun, the six-shooter attached to the attachment to the corral, and were employees of the big I. C. Company; and well we knew what an Apache outbreak meant, for we all had suffered more or less from their cruel raids. But we had been intrusted with the horses, and we intended, if it were possible for human power to keep them out of the clutches of the redskins, to do so; for we had heard that many of the big bosses from the company, and from the highest to the lowest there was mual good-will, and friendly feeling,—very different from some outfits, who treat their vaqueros with far less consideration than they do their horses or cattle.

"Jimmie, did y' go down to the Cactus Ranch fer the six-shooter cartridges?"

"No, but I did an' got pretty close ter a thousand rounds."

"That's kind er comforting. Did y' hear tell of any news down thar?"

"Nothing perticuler. They was a talkin' ebout thar settler, over on Antelope Flat; they allowed that if trouble come with the reids, he would be in a pretty tough place, and he said he had reds a little confab, an' he said see anything happen ter him. I needn't tie the other days, and his little gal come out, and says, sorter anxious like:

"'Mister, hev y' got a little gal?"

"So I says, 'No, little sissy, I hein't.'"

"Nor no little boys?" says she.

"Nary one," says I, and I told her that when the first leete un I'd seen fer many a day, she said she had a little confab, an' then ther mother come out, an' she war a very pleasant lady, she war, an' she said she allowed that the leete un war lonesome for other leete uns ter play with. They've got a right young baby thar, too, but the leete gal says that baby can't do nothing but sleep, an laugh, an—

"No, no, no, listen, listen," and in a loud big Jack, and pushed open the door, and was looking intently out over the moonlit prairie.

"What is it, Jack?" asked the boys, as they gathered outside.

"Did y' hear shooting?"

"No, but thar's a shod hos a-coming like blazes."

And the thud, thud, thud, of ironshod hoofs were now plainly hear, and away out a faint glimmer of dust could be discerned.

"Boys, I am afeard ethe thar's trouble somewhars," continued Jack.

"Wal, jedging from the way they hos is hitting the trail, we can mighty soon tell now," said Hank Shover.

"That's the right that greeted our eyes showed us that there was trouble somewhars—for out of the dust and glimmer sprang a powerful white mare, while on her back, securely tied to the heavy frontier saddle, was the new settler's "leete gal."

With astonished and anxious faces, we sprang to the mare's side, and lifted the leete gal out of the saddle; and big Jack hurried her tenderly into the dug-out, and with wondering faces the rest of us quietly followed.

"Please, Mr. Big Jack, I've brought a letter from pap."

"A letter, child! y' ve brought a letter twenty miles for me! what in the name of the Great Medicine war y' dad thar thinkin' of? Did y' want to say, baby like y' with?"

"I don't know, please Mr. Big Jack, perhaps he's hurt, 'cause his eyes were wet and mamma was crying. Then papa wrote a letter and put me on old Nan and told me to keep on the wagon trail till I got to the one tree, and then head for the Black Canyon, and he gave me a switch to beat old Nan, and he said if Nan didn't run good, Baby Frank would be a good horse, and that that would be awful. So I beat her all the way, and came drefful quick,"—and judging from the mare's heaving sides, the little one had ridden her for all she was worth.

"Wal, give me ther letter, leete un, an' I'll mighty soon see what's wanted."

The leete gal had been securely fastened to the little's dress, but it was soon in Jack's hands.

"Sissy, don't y'er feel like eatin' a bite of rub and drinkin' a cup of coffee?"

"No, thank you, sir, I am sleepy, and very tired, and—"

"Jyan, keep—the child sort of amused fer a minute, an' boys, come!" and big Jack led the mare and the foal and the room.

"Boys, here's the dinner s'p' pay. In a w voice, he read the letter:

"To the boys at the Store Corral: I was out on the ridge at the back of my shanty, at a tower twenty miles away I saw a big

and of Apaches coming. They will be here inside of three hours." My little girl is a good rider, and the mare is sure-footed and fast, so I send this her, asking you for aid. May God guide her to you.
 "If you cannot help us our doom is sealed. My relatives live in L—, Michigan; write to them in regard to my little daughter."
 "Hoping and praying you are in sufficient force to aid us. FRANK STANTON.
 "God knows I would not want help for myself, but think of my wife and baby."
 Tears were in our eyes, as Jack finished the short and rather incoherent letter; and then—good heavens to think that we were only—
 "O boys, if we were only a few more!"
 "What can we do, Jack?"
 "Wal, I'm afeared if we tried ter get him from the Cactus Ranch it would be too late."
 "Do the little gal know the trouble?"
 "No."
 "Wal, let's ask her her dad hev got shooting horns."
 "Sinead, did yer pap hev guns, and things ter home ter shoot gal-rabbits with?"
 "Yes, sir, he's got a shotgun, and he bought a nice rifle that shoots without loading, and please, Mr. Big Jack, can I go to bed? I'm so tired."
 "Jimmie, put the leetle un in your bunk, an' you kin' turn in with me if we get's time ter sleep."
 "But Jack hain't we ergoin' ter try an' help 'em somehow?"
 "God knows I wish we could. But we have ter leave one man with the hosses, an' what is six aye a crowd?"
 And truly it looked hopeless,—but O, to think of the fate of that gentle mother and tender babe!
 "Boys, this is maddening. We must do something!"
 Jimmie had by this time fixed the bunk and taken off the child's shoes. "And now dearie, pile in, an' take a real good snooze."
 "But, Mr. Jimmie, you must hear me say my prayers first."
 If a shell had come crashing into the dug-out it could not have created more astonishment than the simple request of the child. Jimmie had however pulled himself together quicker than a flash, and before the child noticed the astonished and confused looks, he had carefully spread a bearskin on the dirt floor, and gently as her own mother bade her "say her prayers."
 The beautiful Lord's Prayer was repeated in the clear childish voice, and then came, And please, my Heavenly Father, bless my mother and stand by me, and my little baby brother, and Mr. Big Jack, and all the boys at the Stone Corral."
 Starting up and drawing the back of his hand hastily across his eyes, and endeavoring to steady his voice, big Jack said: "Jimmie, you an' Juan stay an' tend ter the leetle un. We uns are ergoin' to help the others."
 Crash, and the dug-out door flew open, and five determined men—yes, men in every sense of the word that night—rushed to the corral, buckling on the heavy six-shooters as they ran.
 "Take the black."
 "You take the sorrel."
 "No, he had a long day's ride already."
 "He's over his usual roan?"
 "He's fresh."
 "Be sure an' all get fresh horses, boys; God knows we'll need 'em bad enough."
 "I'm taking the blazed face bay."
 "Better not—he's stiff in the shoulder."
 "Pinto is fresh."
 The heavy stock saddles are slapped on, the peculiar arms put on, and at the long tattoo steady, until the chinches seem as if they would cut through and hide, so tight are they.
 "Be sure and cinch 'em well, boys, we can't stop to tighten 'em after we get started."
 "Ay, ay, yer kin bet on us, Jack."
 "Are yer all O K?"
 "Yus't."
 "Then head for the Baldy Mountain an' ever you spurred, spur this night."
 Out and away, leaning low, until our rears almost rested on the saddle horn, and with spurs tightly pressed against our corncrunchers' sides, we swept swiftly away from the Stone corral. Big Jack was on the left, and a little in the lead; and as we rushed, the wind whistled in our ears. I saw him and his horse showing dark and clearly out against the sky. He was riding his best this night, and his blue roan was stretching himself like a thoroughbred.
 On and on, with a rushing noise, like the sound of great wings now a sharp ejaculation or a smothered oath from somebody in the rear, and now a snarl, and now pushing silently on, cutting the cool night wind like arrows—and yet, dear heaven, we may be too late!
 "Pull er leetle to the left, boys; we kin make better running."
 Running! they are running like racers now; but can they keep it up for twenty miles over the sandy, heavy ground?
 "No sign of no signs of weakening yet, and at every lift of the steed they plunged onward like frightened deer."
 And now we came to a long stretch covered with loose and jagged granite; at any other time we would have pulled up and carefully picked our way over. But to-night the stake we were riding for was far too near, and we would not stop to fuss, or even to look back, so with tightly tightened reins and our own toes resting in the broad stirrups, we pushed madly across, the sparks flashing as the iron shoes clashed against the rough rock. Across at last, thank God, and once more on the smooth plain, our gallant naysuses, with ears well forward, and distended nostrils, were stretching themselves and leaning forward.
 Rising ahead of us and looking almost like small clouds was the "lone tree."
 "Half way, boys!"
 "Thank heaven ter that; but do yer posse the cayuses kin keep his gait and gallop!"
 No answer to that question; we all feared that our horses would drop, and that our brave men would have to get out of the way the mother and babe, or die trying.
 With a slight severe we passed the lone tree, looking strangely weird as it stood all alone, like some gigantic sentinel keeping watch and ward over the plain below.
 Rolling over more sand ridges, the horses started bounding hard and running heavily; and still on, and on, and on.
 Out of the sand and up the rim rock we leaped a quart, but the jaded animals were wearying their best, and the steel failed to get extra jump out of them. Another mile would bring us to a point where we would be able if they were daylight to see the settler's place.
 Though a long sag, then a dry creek bed, slashing through the stunted willows that shaded its banks, we breasted the slight ascent, and in another minute were on the summit. We involuntarily checked our running horses, and a thrill of horror ran through us as we saw a bright glare of light ahead.
 "Too late, too late, boys! The reds are got 'em." Jack's voice sounded almost as a groan.
 "How far are we from the place?"

"Erebout five miles 'round by the wagon road, but we kin lead our horses down the deer trail, and git that in two."

"Then let's follow the deer trail; we may yit be in time ter help 'em some way."

Leading our staggering, trembling horses, we cautiously crept down the precipitous trail, and mounting, headed straight for the glen, where even in the valley could be distinctly seen.

Nobody now remembered that we were only five to thirty, and, goaded and cut by the spurs, the cayuses carried us rapidly over the ground.

When within half a mile we halted in the shadow of some overhanging rocks, while Hank cautiously crawled up, and out on a pile of stones he still intact, and that he could the Apaches had any scouts thrown out we should have to be careful, as our only chance of success was to surprise them.

While we were waiting we carefully examined our six-shooters, and in another minute, to our great joy, Hank was telling us that the barn was on fire, but the dwelling-house was still intact, and that he could distinctly hear the crack of rifles showing us plainly that the brave settle was still defending his loved ones.

"Now, boys, here's their best plan I kin think on—I hain't extra much of a giner, but I hev an idea that it's the best way fer us ter do. We'll lead our cayuses down this gully, we git ter that scrub brush—we do so that without the reds ketching on us—then we'll mount. Yer see by that time the cayuses will be getting their wind partly well. Then we'll ride right square down on 'em, yelling like fury, an' wharve a red git up we'll down him. Then if they make it 'ot too hot for us, we'll dodge inter the cabin."

"An' what then, Jack?"

"Wal, we'll seater help the settler to hold the fort. Anyway we kin keep 'em from setting the shanty afire, 'till the cayaves comes. By this time the troops must be on the trail an' af'er 'em red hot. They can't be a great ways off, nehow."

Silently as spectres then we led our horses down the gully, carefully avoiding the rocks that here and there cropped out through the sand. Reaching the scrub willows, we found ourselves within 300 yards of the house, and perhaps about 400 from the burning barn.

Climbing quietly into our saddles, we bent low to keep out of the glare, and Jack whispered, "Are yer all ready?"

"Yes, and I kin see the cayaves, we pressed our sombreros tightly down on our heads."

With a rush and a crash we tore through the brush and rode at full speed on tin; the clearing, now almost as light as day, for the big, heavy barn timbers were burning brightly and steadily. Across we went, our excited animals plunging and leaping like panthers, but still no Indians.

Past the house and within a few yards of the burning barn we pulled up. The silence confused us. We too late after all! Mechanically we closed up—a fatal move, for with unearthly yells and blood-curdling whoops, the Indians, from a low sag in the ground on the left, sent a murderous volley crashing into our midst.

Down went our brave horses, and down went their riders. Four of us scrambled to our feet as we cleared ourselves from the burning leathers, only to throw ourselves bay, and here we were again, and here we were again to save ourselves; for again the villains ordered their lead into us—this time, thank heaven, doing us no harm.

Using our horses for breastworks, we tried to return their fire, but they were effectually uncealed.

"Anybody hit?"

"Yes, I kin see Hank throw up his hands and face down."

"Boys, we've got ter get out of this or they'll surround us sure."

"Kin we make a break for the cabin?"

"I think we might manage to crawl thar, yer kinder keeping the horses between us and the red cuses."

"Anybody is hollerin'!"

Looking over our shoulders, we saw that the door of the shanty was partly open, and the settler vigorously beckoning to us.

"We must try an' see if poor Hank is lean done fer, fust."

One of the boys crawled cautiously around in the derd horse and fallen rider, and returning in the same manner, whispered scornfully, "poor Hank hed passed in is checks."

"Now, boys, we'll make a run fer it,—doop low, and with a spring, away we rushed for the door.

Another stream of lead whistled by us, ut nobody fell, and in another second, we were inside the heavy door, and helping the settler barricade the entrance.

"I heard you when you charged by, den, as I had a hull lot of things piled agin the door."

"Are ye all safe so far, Stanton?"

"Yes, thank God. My wife is guarding the back of the house, and I'm watching the front. But she's feared most is that they'll fill the place with cayaves, and then my little daughter reached you safe, did she?"

"Yes, and is staying in the dug-out at the corral. We left two of the boys with her."

"Now, men, I'll show you the loop-holes the logs, and I'll go and tell the wife 'he hour after hour we strained our eyes, rearing through the loop-holes trying to catch sight of the redskins. But they were very wary and seemed to have a wholesome dread of venturing into the frelit space in front of the house.

Presently Stanton came quietly in and said, "Boys there's something going on at the back that I don't understand."

Leaving one man in the front room, we retired with him to the room in the rear of the building.

Jack pressed his face close to a loop-hole and stared steadily out in the darkness. Suddenly he stepped back and pulling his shirt-sleeve, pointed it through the loop-hole.

A wild yell of rage answered the shot.

"Aha, I thought I could fetch him. I w him crawling up, an' hed a burning stick under his blanket. I guess he won't run no more shanties. Give me a chaw of rbacker, somebody?"

And now we saw a faint streak of dawn and, and some the sun was gilding the distant Baldy Mountain, and—what was a far more welcome sight still—was listening on the seabards and accoutrements of a company of Uncle Sam's boys as they came through the pass at a sharp trot.

The barricaded door was quickly thrown open, rushing out, we saw the Indians full retreat mile out on the mesa. Owing from their haste, they must have been in the cavalry, for they were pushing their wives.

The cavalry had also caught sight of them, and they were coming like the wind, and as they swept by, in spite of our weariness and relief at the loss of our horses, we cheered them with a shout of hoarse welcome.

The next day we obtained horses, and they escorted the settler and his wife and baby to the Cactus Ranch.

ENGLAND'S PURSE KEEPER

A Brief Sketch of the Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen.

BY HOWARD WAREFIELD.

In America everybody feels that equal is not merely a name; and that the humblest citizen may aspire to be President; but an idea prevails that in England class distinctions and "the cold shade of the aristocracy" prevent those who are born without social advantages from ever rising to a high position. That idea is not altogether correct. There is a certain sturdy spirit of equality in the Anglo-Saxon character, and there never was a time when England disdained to place her highest public offices in the hands of men of obscure birth, if they showed capacity for them. "Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London," is no fable, though the story is 400 years old. Wolsey, the great Chancellor, was the son of a butcher. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. The late leader of the Commons, W. H. Smith, was the son of a newsagent. In almost every administration there have been men drawn from the people, and they have generally held very important positions. The dukes and lords of the realm have not yet attained to the places with social power attached to them are commonly filled with mere commoners who never had a grandfather that speak of nobility.

George Joachim Goschen, the most distinguished Chancellor of the Exchequer of modern times, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, and the most influential member of the Cabinet, contrary to his Premier, and the First Lord of the treasury, is a marked instance of a middle-class man who has risen to a high position. His father was a London Merchant of not great prominence in business and of no social standing at all, who was commonly supposed to be a German Jew, though in fact he was English and a baptized Christian, and whose progenitors may be traced to the Jews of Poland.

Goschen was born, in 1831, to the suspected of Jewish lineage was a great disadvantage. No Jew could sit in either House of Parliament or hold any public office under the Crown, or enter either of the universities of any of the public schools. Except in business and in the turf, in fact, Jews were excluded from the avenues to success. The elder Goschen boldly sent his son to Rugby and to Oxford, and he distinguished himself to much by his scholarship and his independence of character that he regained the respect of all the men of sense among his fellow-students. He had to suffer a great deal of treatment, nevertheless, on account of his Jewish ancestry, and his foreign name. Many of his contemporaries in public affairs remember one little incident of his life at Rugby, where he was a favorite pupil of Dr. Tait, the late Archbishop of Canterbury. The students had a very offensive trick of inventing doggerel rhymes like this:

And had a bit of pork,
I stuck it on a fork,
And gave it to the Jew boy Jew!
And had a bit of money,
I stuck it on a button,
And gave it to the Jew boy Jew!
And had a bit of beef,
I stuck it on a leaf,
And gave it to the Jew boy Jew!

and on the Jewish tiresome monotony. Goschen took the verses very much to heart, and a student who was old enough to know better, and whose noble birth gave him great prominence, went a step too far. He wrote the "pork" stanza on a piece of paper, and pinned it up in the pew where Goschen used to sit in chapel. The result was a very angry quarrel among the students during service, and the angry beating of the head master. Doctor Tait was quite ready to punish the offender, but Goschen begged him not to take any notice of the affair. He intended to look after that matter himself. He sought out his tormenter and said to him: "I wish you to understand that I am a Christian and so is my father, but if I were not a Christian, I am ashamed of it and would not allow you to insult me on account of it. I don't mind what the young fellows do, because they know no better, but as for you—" At this point the fight began, and the noble lord got the greatest hiding he ever had in his life. He showed the manliness to shake hands with the tormenter, and to beg his pardon for what he had done, and the two young men were excellent friends, and afterwards that happy mixture of good temper and high spirit helped Goschen very much at Oxford, and it has helped him very much at other important periods of his life.

After his college with a good record, and his father having been able to get his real money, he went into business in the city under favorable circumstances, becoming a partner in his father's firm. In those days it was not uncommon for a city merchant to be a man of high intellectual attainments, and Mr. Goschen soon became a marked man, especially in relation to questions of finance. He was a man of great energy. He became a director of the Bank of England at an age when most young merchants are occupied with the drudgery of their business, and in 1863, at the age of thirty-two, he was returned to Parliament as one of the members for the city of London. Naturally enough, one of the first things he did in connection with himself was to propose a bill to the measures for removing the disabilities of the Jews, and placing people of all religious denominations on an equal footing. At the general election two years later, he had the high distinction of standing at the head of the poll for the city of London, and at once retired from business and devoted himself entirely to politics, and placed himself thickly on him. He was given a place in Earl Russell's ministry as vice president of the Board of trade and made a member of the privy council, and after only few months' apprenticeship to office was taken into the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer of Lancaster. It was at this time that the famous Cambridge case arose, in which Mr. Gladstone, who formed a very high opinion of his talents, especially in relation to the subject of finance. Mr. Gladstone may be said to be the first English statesman who regarded questions of finance from the point of view of the people. Other financiers thought only of raising the greatest possible taxation to the people to support the government; but Mr. Gladstone conceived the idea of a progressive system of finance, by which each year's budget should be a measure of reform, relieving the public burden and facilitating trade and industry, while yet providing all the revenue required. He believed that the sound in Mr. Goschen was the man he wanted to lead him in the work, and he lost no time in bringing him to the front. When Mr. Gladstone came to power in 1869 he gave Mr. Goschen one of his offices in his Cabinet after another, and entrusted him as closely as possible with himself in his financial schemes, and he soon won the regard of the Ministry. The Ministry were defeated in 1874, and Mr. Gladstone was removed. There was a strong reaction against the Liberal party, especially in London, where the Conservatives carried every seat at once. The solitary Liberal member for that had formerly been a Liberal stronghold was Mr. Goschen. Probably no other man could have saved his party from utter ruin in the city of London.

Being now out of office he turned his mind

dition to what may be called financial diplomacy. At that time Egypt was overburdened with debt to French and English capitalists, and the affairs of the treasury were in such a horrible muddle that the interest was unpaid, and the principal was in danger, notwithstanding the unhappy Egyptians were ground to the very earth by taxation. Mr. Goschen, as the British ambassador, was sent as delegate for the British bondholders and the result was framed a scheme by which the Khedive was enabled to pay his debts, while the crushing burdens of his people were greatly relieved. It was a brilliant stroke of financial skill, and, as it touched the pockets of many thousands of very influential people in England, it gave him a great position in public life.

Before this Mr. Goschen had given a very striking instance of the old spirit of independence which he showed at school and college. Finding that his seat as member for the city of London was not altogether comfortable and that his constituents were beginning to grumble at some of his doings, he boldly gave up the seat, wrote a strong letter, and retired from the House in an opportunity. The electors of Ripon, in Yorkshire, returned him without difficulty, and he afterwards was elected for Edinburgh, being one of the few men who ever sat in Parliament for both the English and the Scottish capital.

Some time since his memorable quarrel with Mr. Gladstone on the home rule question. Of all the politicians who secured themselves from Mr. Gladstone at that time and formed the Liberal-Unionist party the two who incurred the bitterest displeasure of their former chief were his ex-colleagues. Sir George Trevelyan was besides Mr. Goschen. The Grand Old Man was exceedingly bitter with rage when he heard of their defections and he only covered them with abuse in terms quite unworthy of him, but he took measures for driving them both out of public life. Both were defeated at the polls, and Sir George Trevelyan's courage gave way. He cried *perdu* and returned to the House of Commons. Mr. Goschen took a very different course. He readily gave up other seats, and at once became one of Mr. Gladstone's most formidable antagonists. He made him bitterly rue the day when he called him a "Tory," and tried to expel him from politics. He furnished the Unionist party with just what they stood most in need of, an able financier, and to the great disgust of Mr. Gladstone, he stepped into the position that great man used to fill. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Salisbury's Ministry and contributed incalculably to their success by a succession of brilliant budgets, lowering the taxation, paying off large sums of national debt, abolishing vexatious imposts, and leaving a very handsome surplus. In short, he has done all that a statesman should do, and Mr. Gladstone never hoped to be able to carry in double the time. The greatest of his exploits undoubtedly, and one by which he will be long remembered, is the reduction of the rate of interest on consols from 3 per cent to 2-1/2 per cent, a measure which gave a great stimulus to industry and by checking the tendency to hoard up money unproductively.

This and other such startling strides ahead, however, have made Mr. Goschen very unpopular with the Conservatives; and when the other day there was a talk of his being made First Lord of the Treasury in succession to Mr. Smith, there was very nearly a riot in the House. He really is a man of great power, but Mr. Goschen is not liked. No one can deny his ability or his many valuable qualities; but he is lacking in that rare faculty of conciliation, which made Mr. Gladstone so powerful, and equally so in that lofty courtesy and chivalrous unselfishness which has made Mr. Balfour beloved even by his political enemies. He really is an intellect and all his versatility. Mr. Goschen has never succeeded in becoming quite a gentleman, and that will probably stand in the way of his ever attaining the highest positions of all.

Yet he has a very agreeable society side, and there is no jollier fellow in congenial conversation. He is best in the society of his own kind, and at one of Augustus Harris' supper parties at Drury Lane Theater, where the cleverest men and the prettiest women in England are gathered round the festive board, eating the choicest food and drinking the finest wine, and bringing out their very best natural gifts for the general delectation of the company. There the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goschen, looking never, at sixty faultlessly dressed, with huge gardenia in his buttonhole and a glass of pink champagne in his hand, his face full of merry twinkles and his eyes gleaming with enjoyment, lets himself out freely among his friends and makes speeches that set the table in a roar. Work hard as he does, he is never tired. He follows strictly he is young man still; and with plenty of pluck and a great fortune behind him, there is no saying how big a space he may yet make.

Bare Heads at Funerals.

The death of the Duke of Clarence has created public attention in England very peculiarly to the danger often incurred by mourners at funerals, a fact sufficiently illustrated by the late Duke's funeral. The party of "One funeral makes many," there seems to be little doubt that the luckless prince caught his original cold at the burial of the Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, and a general protest has arisen against the custom which demands that mourners shall be bare-headed at the grave in all sorts of weather.

The doctors say that many deaths can be traced directly to this practice, and point out that the dead cannot be benefited by the offerings of the living. The *Lancet* goes so far as to declare that only persons in robust health ought to be permitted to attend funerals in bad weather, and enforces its argument by referring to the death of a prominent London merchant, which was caused solely by exposure at the burial of a friend.

An Indian Cat Woman.

Mrs. Chippewa, the largest woman in the world, died on February 2nd at Dog Lake, an Indian reservation on the shores of Lake Superior, distant from Winnipeg a little more than 100 miles. The avoirdupois of the deceased was 624 pounds. She tipped the scales at over 700 pounds a few days before she died. The cause of death, though an autopsy has not been made, was undoubtedly due to fatty degeneration of the heart. The woman was born 47 years ago on the shores of Hudson Bay. She moved to Lake Umbagog district with her parents when seven years ago, where she resided until her death. She had spent in the Winnipeg museum six years ago. At that time she weighed 624 pounds. She was five feet seven inches in height, and a full-blooded Ojibwa. After death the body was placed in a coffin seven feet long and five feet across. The woman was married to an Indian weighing less than half her weight. Her relatives, of the Ojibwa, had arranged to have her to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

NEW FLYERS FOR THE OCEAN

Two Magnificent Big Ships to be Added to the Cunard Line.

It is Reported That Each Will Cost \$410,000.

The coming season of the transatlantic travel promises to be the most notable of all in the history of ocean voyages up to the present time. Not only will there be a greater number of vessels in the service than has before been known, but efforts will probably be made to reduce all previous records.

The two vessels in process of construction for the Cunard Company, one of which will probably be ready for service during the Summer, will be more splendid than any ever seen. Their dimensions are so great that those not directly versed in the art of shipbuilding and marine engineering would not be able to grasp the magnitude of the subject without an explanation. When the Cities of Paris and New York, and more recently the Majestic and Teutonic appeared on the Atlantic route, it was supposed that the apex of engine power and fast steaming had practically been reached, but in this age of scientific progress comparatively little is now possible after all.

THESE ARE MONSTROUS SHIPS.

The new Cunarders are each to be over 600 feet long, drawing water 13.500 gross tons. The engines will be marvels, and their power will be far in excess of anything afloat. It is also intended to have these ships outstrip all others engaged in the Atlantic trade in elegance of equipment.

When the City of Paris broke the record, covering the distance from Queenstown to this port in 5 days, 12 hours and 13 minutes, two years ago, her engines developed about 29,000 horse-power, so that to get the odd hours out of the way a vessel with nearly 30,000 tons more weight to carry will require 30,000 effective horse power, and it is expected that the twin-screw engines of these two new vessels will actually work up to that figure.

In 1891 the record was made by the White Star line Teutonic, which covered the distance from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 5 days, 12 hours and 3 minutes, steaming in that time 2,790 knots. In order to cover the distance in five days an average speed of thirty-three and one-half knots per hour was required, and the same speed will have to be maintained. It is said that each of the Cunarders now in process of construction on the Clyde will cost £410,000.

ALL PUT IN GOOD SHAPE.

During the past two months nearly every one of the fast ships has been overhauled. Extensive work has been done upon all and have been put in first-class condition preparatory to the commencement of the Spring and Summer voyages. Already much has been done, and the ships are in good shape, and there is every indication that the eastward passenger-business this season will surpass that of any previous year. By April 1 every one of the great ocean flyers will be running on its regular trips east and west. Of the total number of vessels that will run thirty-six may be classed as specially fast, but only about a dozen will be of the type of the contestants for honors as record makers or breakers, as far as the New York-Queenstown voyages are concerned. The five will be the City of Paris and City of New York of the Inman line, the Teutonic and Majestic of the White Star line, and the new Cunarder, and all interest will centre during the season in the performance of these grey hounds.

The contestants in other lines will probably be confined to the Fuerst Bismarck, Normannia, and Columbia of the Hamburg-American line, and the Havel and Spre of the North German Lloyd, in the passage between Southampton and this port, and the La Touraine and La Bourgogne of the French line between Havre and New York.

It is confidently expected in shipping circles that these records will be lowered this year, perhaps by the same ships, as a number of improvements and changes in machinery, screw and draught have been effected. The impression that increased speed means increased danger is a very real fallacy. The increase of speed in railways has not increased the danger of travelling by rail, and no good reason prevails why it should be more dangerous to cross the Atlantic in a fast ship than in a slow one.

SLOW SHIPS CAN BE HAD.

Many persons, however, prefer a slow ship from choice, and for those who are timid of the sea, the functions of a vessel as a couch, for what is now known as fast voyages, is over. Fast ships of all well-managed companies are sailed as carefully as slower and less valuable vessels, perhaps more carefully, and no accident or loss of ships has yet been recorded which has been caused by extraordinary speed.

Signs of Advancing Years.

"Do you know the surest indication of old age?" asked Dr. Reed of a number of friends at the Lindell. "The surest indications I know of," he continued, "are a moist skin, a dry palm, and a shriveling of the calf of the leg. All these indications are due to some action of the nerves consequent upon advancing years. In the matter of the eye, the fifth section is interfered with, and it is this which causes a flow of water. The dryness of the palm is produced by an interference with the functions of the vessels, also due to the action of the nerves, and the shriveling of the leg follows from similar causes. In old age, too, you notice some one become more corpulent than in the earlier portions of their lives. With drinking men the change is often produced by the quantity of saccharine which they consume with their drink, and with those who do not drink it follows from other physiological causes. As to the hair becoming grey, it results, in the majority of cases, from the partial closing of the hair cells and the reduction of the quantity of natural coloring matter which the closing produces. With women the dimness of the eye does not come so soon as it does in men."

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. (Carlyle).

The children of the rich should be taught at the children of the poor will be their equals at least in the next world.

Any man who ever owned a balky horse will tell you that to follow with the animal exerts a terrible strain on the mind.

The thinnest tissue of paper measures 1-1000 of an inch in thickness. Iron has been rolled so thin as to measure only 1-1,800 of an inch in thickness.

Father—"Well, Tommy, how do you like you will like this little fellow for a mother?" Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully).—"Have you got keep him, papa, or is he only a sample?"

Edward Bok says that there are only 9 authors who earn \$20,000 a year with their pen and the lucky names are William Howells, Mrs. Olive Stevenson, Captain Twain and Mrs. Burnett. A new Wallace received \$100,000 in eight days in royalties for "Ben Hur."