A FEW HOURS IN A BLIZZARD.

Mrs. Clifford and her daughter, Dove, lived in a flat in a comfortable, old-fashioned house in the West End of Montreal. The fact that it was an old house delighted Dove, she did not know why Madame, who lived below, was so ready to expatiate on the many inconveniences of an old house. Why should she know? Here was this bright little Madame, like most French-Canadians, full of resources and ready to do anything for her "locataires," also Martha, Madame's little servant, who thought it an honor to be allowed to enter the flat upstairs. Nothing could have been more comfortably arranged than this same flat in the old-fashioned house.

When the water froze downstairs, poor Madame had to thaw the pipes. Send for a plumber; no, indeed. Madame despised men; they were dull, slow creatures, these men, and charged exorbitantly. There was nothing Madame could not do far better than a man.

Madame rose every morning at an early hour and noiselessly arranged the house below, thus holding herself ready at any moment to attend to the affairs of her "locataires."

The early winter of 1890 was unusually mild. Christmas Day was positively too warm to be agreeable in houses heated by stoves and furnaces. Out of doors, the snow was melting in the brilliant sunshine; the mountain lost its dazzling whiteness, and masses of snow and ice floated about the river. As yet there was no sign of a road across the St. Lawrence.

The papers were full of records of the deadly Grippe, which was making its way across the continent. Isolated cases of heavy influenza had already occurred in Montreal, but the doctors held out against calling these "The Gripe."

Then suddenly the city was stricken by the enemy. Doctors, clergymen, old and young people were among the victims, and, to intensify the miseries and dangers of the hour, the mild weather gave place to intense cold, and a travelling blizzard capped its earlier enormities by a wholesale onslaught on the province of Quebec.

Dove rose that morning with limbs weighted with lead, head aching and eyes streaming; every symptom, in fact, of a bad attack of Grippe or influenza; but sheer fright drove all remembrance that such was the case away, and she really does not know if the disease ran its course or not. She found her mother in agonies of pain, for "the grippe" showed itself in an infinite variety of forms, and this of heart failure was one of the most painful.

"Madame," she called, "will you run down to the grocer's and telephone for the doctor? At once, please, dear Madame."

There was no answer; only a harsh, metallic cough from Madame's room, and Dove ran down to find this rock of strength feeble as an infant, unable to lift her head from the pillow.

"And where was Martha?"

"Alas! Mademoiselle, poor Martha could not hold up her head last night. I fear she has the "Grippe.'"

"Here's a situation," groaned Dove as she put on her furs and went out to telephone to the doctor.

"I've been up all night," telephoned the doctor, hoarsely; "and I have the Grippe myself, and ought to be in bed. But I'll try and come round in the course of the morning."

Dove found the wind so high as she returned that she could hardly make way against it. The cold, too, was of the most penetrating quality; exhausting to the vitality.

"I know it's down to zero," said Dove. "Oh how I hate zero! Perhaps, however, we shall feel nothing of it in our cosy flat."

Thus encouraged, she struggled along, knee-deep in the snow, and was stranded by the wind in a drift at the foot of the steps; but Dove was nothing if not active so she clambered up the glittering mass, and slid down to the porch door.

Presently the doctor arrived. He was very cross; very tired; and his opinion was not cheerful of either weather. He said he had about 200 patients waiting for him; and now here was the blizzard to make things worse; for it is an enemy that cannot be kept out by brick and stone; it comes in like an icy ghost through the walls, and circulates round and round the rooms until it appears as though one stood out of doors and stoves and furnaces gave no heat. The wind was pelting the snow like hard sand against the windows, through which it sifted, though the outer panes were sealed to keep out draughts.

"It's a regular blizzard," said the doctor. "The thermometer has been falling all night. It is ten below zero now. You must cover the windows with blankets to keep out the cold air. Keep up the temperature to 60 degrees day and night."

The doctor ran down stairs, darted into his sleigh and drove up to some other one of his two hundred cases of Grippe, hardly able to hold up his head for pain.

Dove went to work with blankets, stepladder, hammer and nails, keeping anxious watch over the open stove where a little fire blazed cheerily, burning in clear red glow, as though there were no such thing as zero weather. To her discomfit, she saw that the thermometer very obstinate in clinging to the fifties, and she ran down stairs to turn on the hall stove "full drive." Then she closed all the doors except those belonging to the two invalids, and passed the day in incessant work for one or other. The afternoon was drawing to a close before she realized her very serious position. Not a soul had come to the house since the doctor left in the morning.

She went into her room, opened the ventilating pane, and for a second looked into the street. There were no sleighs, no cars, in fact not a human being was to be seen. The street was simply a snow-drift, and it would be an utter impossibility for Dove to get as far as the end of the block to telephone for help.

The last of the coal was now needed for the fire, and there was no one to get any more. Dove understood now why Madame shunned an old-fashioned house; the coal had to be kept in a shed some twenty feet from the kitchen door. She ran downstairs to look at the self-feeding stove: that at any rate, was good for another twelve hours; but the supply upstairs was utterly exhausted.

The registering thermometer by this time indicated thirty below zero, Fahr.—i. e., 58 degrees below freezing point—and a bitter cold which only the robust dare go out into and combat without exhaustion. The thermometer in the sick room was, notwithstanding all Dove's pains, still in the fifties, and to permit the fire to go out meant certain death to the invalid.

"Mademoiselle, where are you going?" cried Madame as Dove passed her door.

"Madame, there is no coal upstairs. I am going out to the shed."

"But Mademoiselle shall not go," cried the kind little woman. "Only wait a little moment and I shall go. A little patience, Mademoiselle!"

"You go out with bronchitis, and 30 degrees below zero," cried Dove: "how dare you think of such a mad proceeding!"

So Dove, with the largest coal box she could find on her arm, went sturdily downstairs to the kitchen regions. A huge iron shovel lay close to the outer kitchen door; Dove set the bucket down for a moment beside it. This meant a little pause to get up her courage, for the roar of the wind and the swirl of the blinding snow would have daunted a stronger heart than hers, even if it were braced up by a vigorous physique. Dove knew from sad experience that she must inevitably freeze at so low a record as 30 degrees below zero; and then how was "she to stand up in a storm such as this?"

"It's got to be done," said Dove, grimly. I dare say it is not half so bad as it looks."

She pulled the fur cap close over her ears, tied a woolen cloud over her face to protect eyes and nose, and pulled the heavy articles over her boots. There was no further excuse for a moment's pause she grasped the bolt of the door and slid it back.

The wind tore the door so furiously from her hand that poor Dove, after an effort at balance found herself, bucket, spade and all, in a drift beside the threshold. Now it is a very easy matter to fall into a drift, but it requires judgment to assist one to get out of it, as struggling to rise merely sends one deeper into the new bank. But here the bucket stood a friend in need; Dove rose on its firm basis, and took a step onwards. Fortunately the snow was wind-driven towards the fence, and therefore not more than two feet deep on the path between the kitchen and the shed.

"Just my luck," said Dove, apt to consider herself fortunate in small things; so she struggled valiantly along with iron spade for a staff and the bucket for balance The situation to any but the robust was one of danger—for the blast of the blizzard is deadly in icy penetration; the snow, swept onwards by its wide-spreading wings, cuts like a knife; and in turning her back on it in order to take breath, Dove found her garments extemporized into sails, which drove her towards the snow-bank by the fence, where she must have perished. Well, it is hardly romantic to owe one's life to a bucket and a heavy iron spade, but Dove knows well how much was due to these humble friends during that struggle for existence between the kitchen and the shed-door.

This door, somewhat sunken, was choked with fine snow, and frozen so that it would not give space to a midge to enter. Dove, breathless but valiant, set the bucket down, and taking the spade as a battering-ram, plunged against the rickety door. It gave way at the hinges and came down with a clatter. Meantime the bucket had settled into the snow and was frozen there; when it was at length dug out, the bottom was heaped up with lumps of ice that it could not be induced to stand, and the coal that Dove laboriously shovelled in tumbled out in a manner that would have exasperated a saint. By this time another calamity threatened her—feet and hands were numbed, and unless she could speedily get up the circulation, would undoubtedly freeze.

What happened in the next few minutes remains ever a kind of nightmare, of working against impossibilities; but the ext thing she distinctly remembers was the weight of the bucket, which she had to carry with both hands and set down at every step. The minutes seemed hours, and when the outer kitchen was reached at last, Dove was gasping for breath, as one half-drowned. Her hair was blown down and twisted into the cloud, as though a mischievous hand had tied it perversely into snarls. Her eyelids were frozen, so that she had to wait until the water thawed and rolled away like a tear before she could bolt the door again, and rid herself of the heavy arctics.

After this came another season of struggle, between three flights of stairs and the weight of the bucket in unaccustomed arms. "I've done it," at last said Dove to herself, as she sat on the top stair, looking lovingly at the well-filled box beside her. Then she went back to her invalid.

It was an awful night; the blizzard increased in fury, and by seven o'clock in the morning the bucket was again empty. Exhausted by the night's watching, Dove contemplated another visit to the shed with horror; she feared she could not pass through the twelve hours' accumulation of snow. What was to be done? Again she opened the pane and looked into the street. If only the milkman would appear! He was one of the kindest men in the world, and always ready to do anything to serve her. But it would be hours before the milkman could break the track and come in over the country roads. Nor could Dove go into the street; the snow had drifted half-way up the house door. It was a regular blockade. "May God give me strength," prayed Dove fervently, as she took the bucket in her hand and began to roll herself up in furs and wraps.

At that very moment came a sound of stamping outside. Then a kind of earthquake shook the house; this was caused by the wrenching open of the outside door, frozen in the intense cold. Then the door bell rang.

Dove had flown downstairs at the first sound, and now precipitated herself into the arms of the rosy, fur-clothed monster who stood shaking the dry snow pellets from his clothes.

"Jack! oh, Jack! whatever made you come so early?"

"Oh, I've been all night in the train; it's stuck fast a mile or two away. We were all so hungry that we ate up everything."

"But how did you get here?"

"I chartered an old inhabitant to bring me. I haven't been home yet. I've been bothered all night thinking perhaps Madame and Martha would get the grippe, and you might be left without coal in this blizzard."

This was the second time that Dove had unconsciously brought this brother to her aid at a crisis. The first time he broke his journey and travelled a hundred miles because he heard something in the ring of her voice calling him, this his arrival home was as opportune as on this second occasion. But psychology apart, now see the cheer this rosy-cheeked, healthy Hercules has brought to the flat. What a rattling and banging of stoves! How the warm air flashes flying all over the dainty rooms in his zeal! How he carries coal, too, until he's black as a coalheaver, and has to perform an elaborate toilet before he is presentable again!

"I say, Dove, that box is too heavy to carry up three flights when it is full," he remarked, as he bullied it into place by the stove.

"I know," said Dove meekly. "I did it yesterday."

"You did! How ever did you get to the shed in the blizzard?"

"I don't know. It was horrid, and I froze my toes again."

"Horrid! I wonder you are alive to tell the story. That comes of living in an old-fashioned house, with no man to look after things. I told——"

But he never finished his sentence, for Dove made a sudden friendly assault upon him, under which, man-like, he went down.

AGRICULTURAL.

Dehorning Cattle.

We are sorry to be compelled to infer from the tenor of discussions going on in the newspapers that the practice of dehorning cattle is spreading in Canada. It is said by some that dehorning is now so common in the Western States that it is the exception to see cattle with horns. We sincerely hope that this taken, as it is evidently meant, to imply that the hornless cattle so universally seen were not polled or hornless by nature, but have been made so by the saw or other implement in human hands, is an exaggeration. But, if otherwise it is still obvious that this fact is by no means decisive of the question of humanity or morality, since it will hardly be claimed that the average cowboy or cattle raiser of the Western plains is exactly the kind of man to whose judgment or humane instincts it would be safe to refer a question of this kind. To us it always seems that in all questions of cruelty to animals two distinct considerations should be taken into account, though as a matter of fact stress is usually laid mainly or wholly upon the one, viz., the amount of pain inflicted upon the animals. This is, of course, a vitally important question in the present case, and, unfortunately for the easy decision of the matter, it is one in regard to which there is a very wide difference of opinion. We have, for instance, before us at this moment two letters which appeared in the Globe of Saturday last, both written by men claiming to know whereof they affirm. Speaking of the consequences of dehorning the one writer says: "These consequences to the unfortunate animals are intense agony during the operation, and great subsequent suffering, continuing more or less severely for considerable periods, frequently causing permanent injury, and occasionally resulting in death." The other writer, a practical farmer, asserts, on the contrary, that the charge of cruelty is foundationless. He says: "As to the operation itself, every precaution is taken to prevent injury, and only in rare instances does it exceed ten seconds in duration to each animal, and within fifteen minutes afterward they will be feeding without any appearance of suffering." Evidently the first thing to be decided, so far as decision in such matter is possible, is this question of fact. As a trial is shortly to be had in London in which this no doubt will be the chief issue, those interested will do well to pay special attention to the evidence. Meanwhile it cannot be unfair, we think, to observe that pretty strong evidence will need to be brought forward to convince the disinterested listener of the opposite of what appears to be the testimony of experience and common sense. To conceive of the operation is enough to cause most sensitive persons to shudder; to conceive of it as almost painless is well nigh impossible.—[*The Week*.

Dairy Hints.

If anything can be more filthy than to put the milk away without straining it is to use a wire strainer or a dirty rag that has not been washed since the last time of milking.

The secret of obtaining and retaining customers for butter, at prices above the regular market quotations, is to make good butter, and make it every time. When the buyer tells his friend where he gets butter that is "always just so," and the friend likes it, he will soon desire to be a regular customer.

If the cows are not all of one breed some of the cream may require longer churning than the other, and not getting it will go off in the buttermilk, giving no profit. It is a good idea to test the cream of each cow by itself at various times, to see whether there are any among them whose cream does not come to butter when the rest does, and if there are weed them out. The farmer cannot afford to feed cream to the hogs.

George Hoard of Wisconsin, who is a good authority in dairy matters, places the value of feed for milch cows as follows, wheat bran 15, pea meal 22, linseed-meal 24, cotton-seed meal 27. At present prices cotton-seed meal is much the cheapest, but it is so highly concentrated that it must be fed with great care. One quart of cotton seed with two quarts of bran or one middlings is better for milk or butter than four quarts of bran.

In very cold weather it often takes a long time to churn the cream. To remedy this, put in hot water enough to bring the temperature to 62° or 64°. It "drives the witches away" just as quickly as ever did the red-hot horseshoe that was sometimes tried two centuries ago.

Straw in the Barnyard.

At the beginning of winter a thick layer of straw or other material should be spread over the barnyard. If the yard is too large to warrant this, it is too large for profit. Without some receptacle to retain it, most of the liquid excrement of domestic animals is wasted. This means the loss of the portion of excrement that is richest in ammonia, and, therefore, most stimulating to plant growth. Fresh urine is often so caustic that it burns vegetation to which it is applied, but it loses this injurious effect when fermented. If the barnyard is small, as ought to be, then successive layers of bedding may be thrown down, the stock eating what it wishes. If grain is given, the straw and other coarse feed will be eaten, thus taking the place of good hay and making richer manure. Before spring this accumulation of bedding with liquid and solid excrement mixed should be piled in heaps to ferment. It is a good plan to add a small quantity of phosphate well distributed through the heap. Stable manure is generally deficient in phosphate, especially if largely mixed with straw. If the two are applied separately, neither does the good it should, though after the stable manure is distributed the grain crops should have an additional dose of phosphate, as with the drill it can be distributed in contact with the seed so as to do the most good when the plant begins to start. But the phosphate mixed with manure is the most certain to do good later in the season, as it does not revert or become insoluble.

Colors of Flowers.

A writer for Garden and Forest reache the conclusion that the primary color o flowers, next to green, is white, which contains and is the basis of all other colors. He says: "There is no regular order of progression in colors, as for instance, that red follows yellow, or that blue follows red or was produced at a much later date, as it has been demonstrated that the principal colors. yellow, red, and blue are deprived directly from white, and therefore of equal rank, although some are more prevalent than others. Insects probably have aided in "fixing" and determining color to some extent in certain families, but before they could be established they must have appeared; and if the quality of sunlight and the texture of the tissue of petals was the same in primative times as now, and there is no reason to doubt it, then, in all probability, as soon as petals were formed, however remote that time may have been, all colors, including blue or purple, began to appear. Indeed, in the simplest and, presumably, the oldest types of flowers given in Gray's Manual of Botany, as clematis and anemone, the prevailing colors are white and purple. The rainbow and the prism reveal the many-colored rays of a beam of white light; the colorless tissue of the petal gathers up these scattered rays of the sun and forms them again, not into an intangible sunbeam, but into a material substance, shining with the original white from which the sun calls them forth, rehabilitated in all their prismatic splendor."

The Largest Ship Afloat.

The French five-master France is the largest sailing ship afloat. She was launched in September, 1890, at Partick, and her dimensions are as follows: Length 361 feet, breadth 49 feet, depth 26 feet. Her net register tonnage is 3,624, with a sail area of 49,000 square feet: and not long since she carried an enormous cargo of 5,900 tons of coal on her maiden passage from Barry to Rio de Janeiro, without mishap, after thirty-two days' sail, or within one day of the fastest passage on record. She is square rigged on four masts, but carries fore-and-aft canvas on the fifth mast. Her masts are only 160 feet high; nevertheless, she looks heavily sparred. This leviathan is fitted with a cellular double bottom, and can carry 2,000 tons of water ballast, thus reducing the expense of ballasting to a minimum.

The largest British ship is the Liverpool, of 3,330 tons, built of iron on the Clyde. She is 333 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 28 feet deep. Her four masts are each square rigged, but she is far from clumsy aloft, is easily handled, and has run fourteen knots an hour for a whole day. We were much impressed by her exceptional size, but for beauty she compares unfavorably with such a ship as the Thermopylæ, or a large wooden-built ship of America, having bright, lofty spars and decks as white as a hound's tooth. Iron decks do not lend themselves readily to adornmnet. Next in size is the Palgrave of 3,078 tons.

The United States ship Shenandoah of Bath, Me., built by Messrs. Sewal & Co. of that port, is the largest wooden vessel in existence. She is 3,258 tons register, and will carry about 5,000 tons of heavy cargo. She has just left San Francisco, Cal., with 112,000 centals of wheat, worth $175,000. This is the largest grain cargo on record. Another wooden vessel, the Rappahannock, also built at Bath, Me., is 3,053 tons register, cost $125,000: and 706 tons of Virginia oak, together with 1,200,000 feet of fine timber, were used in her construction. The largest British wooden ship is the Three Brothers, of 2,063 tons register, built at Boston, United States, in 1855. She is 323 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 31 feet deep. A further conception may be formed of the carrying capacity of such ships when we mention that the Liverpool brought 20,000 bales of jute from Calcutta to Dundee, and the Rappahannock took 125,000 cases of petroleum from Philadelphia to Japan.

Proper Place for the Linen.

The world, or this part of it at least, is full of housekeepers who think that there is no material for sheets and pillow cases comparable to linen. They don't always have it, to be sure, because it is expensive, but they always covet it and finger the shining breadths lovingly and wonder if the time will ever come when all these things shall be added unto them. But the truth about linen is that it is isn't the ideal dressing for beds at all. It is cold and slippery and insures sensitive persons the dream of sleeping on an iceberg which does well enough for an occasional experience, like seasickness, but which palls on too frequent repetition. Besides that, it wrinkles and tumbles in spite of its heavier body, much more than cotton does, giving a bed after one night's use, a most slovenly and uninviting appearance.

Nobody recommends linen for body wear. Its firm texture and hard surface makes it wholly non-absorbent; it allows the body to become chilled by refusing the perspiration and so has been known to bring on serious illness. For outside wear in summer, linen may be tolorated as clothing, but nowhere else.

Where, however, it is at its most useful and best is in household uses. For table service, for the toilet and for minor ornamental details, it is simply invaluable—its smoothness of texture, its brilliancy, which laundering ever increases, its exquisite freshness makes it the one fabric fit to drape the dining table, and to use in the toilet, while its suitability for needle work decoration makes it admirable for all kinds of fancy work. And here it is rightfully used, but to wear next the skin and sleep in—no.

What the World is Doing.

A scheme for taking vessels of twenty-feet draught through the Canadian canals by means of steel pontons placed under them is being urged upon the Canadian Government. The expense of this system would be about $500,000, while to deepen the canals sufficiently would cost many millions of dollars.

Electricity is now being used in mining, for ventilating, pumping, lighting, signaling, sub-surface hauling, hoisting, surface transportion, undercutting, separating, and clearing.

The growth of trade at Puerto, Columbia, in South America, has necessitated the construction of a pier 4,000 feet long at that port. It will be built of iron and steel and will accommodate ten vessels at one time.

Recent explorations in the district of Sonora, Mexico, show that the coal deposits in the San Marcial Valley will amount to fully 60,000,000,000 tons, and it is of excellent quality,

The Antarctic expedition which was to have beer out next year seems about to be a failure owing to the lack of the appropriation from the Australian authorities.

A new industry has been started in California which consists of making sugar from the sap of the sugar pine tree. The sugar is said to be exceptionally fine.

First quality of white ash is becoming so scarce that in a few years oak will have to be used for coach poles and for other purposes where ash is now employed.

Over 300,000 orange trees were planted in Mexico last year by planters from California.

The people of this country spent more than $14,000,000 last year upon flowers.

The Best Things.

Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always cheapest. Spring water costs less than whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sabbath morning for nothing, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you $2 every time; the circus takes fifty cents, the theater $1, but the missionary box is grateful for a penny; the race horse scoops in $2,000 the first day, while the church bazar lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out $40 in debt.—[R. J. Burdette.

A PILOT'S STIRRING STORY.

Run Down by A Steamer.

A disastrous collision occurred on Saturday night off the Wielingen Lightship, thirteen miles from Flushing, when the barque Childwell, of Liverpool, 1286 tons register, was sunk and fifteen hands were drowned. The Childwell was on a passage from Iquique to Antwerp, and when off the lightship was run into a steamer unknown, outward bound. The barque was struck amidships and cut into pieces, the mainmast and foremast knocked overboard, the mizzenmast alone being left standing. The vessel immediately sank, and a portion of the crew at that part of the vessel took to the masthead. Their comrades in the other part of the ship gave a cry for help, but went under and were drowned. Fortunately another steamer came towards the sinking vessel, and she proved to be the Great Eastern Company's Continental steamer Ipswich, Captain Robinson, with passengers from Antwerp to Parkeston. Captain Robinson at once launched a lifeboat, which was manned by the chief mate, the second mate and two seamen and a fireman. They succeeded in rescuing Captain Richardson, first mate Fellows, second mate Grimley two apprentices, and able seaman Richardson Laming, the pilot, gave the following graphic narrative of his terrible experience. He said:—"I was shipped on Tuesday last on board the Childwell by some Dover boatmen. When we left the Downs the wind was blowing northwest by west, but we made

A FINE PASSAGE

across the North Sea, and all went well until about seven P. M. of the same day. We were then about half a mile from the Wielengen Lightship, which is thirteen miles from Flushing. It was beautifully clear, although it was a dark night and blowing rather heavily. It was so clear that we could see lights a long way off. Quite a quarter of an hour before the collision took place the red light of the steamer which collided with us was reported on our port bow. We watched it, and saw the vessel approaching, but thought she was going all clear of us. We kept on our course, but all at once the steamer starboard, ed her helm, thinking, apparently, to cross our bows. At that time she was right on top of us. We were sailing six or seven knots, and the steamer was going full speed. She was a very large vessel, apparently a passenger steamer, as she had a double row of cabin lights. We supposed she was one of the Red Star liners or German boats which sail from Flushing. She was coming out from there. Directly I saw her green light I said. "There will be a collision." I could see it was inevitable, and within a second or so she was right into us. We shouted to those of our crew who were in the berths. "Look out, all hands!" but before they could get up she had struck us. It was

AN AWFUL CRASH,

and a fearful sight to witness. The steamer struck us between the mainmast and foremast on the port side. It was a loud, fearful crash like the report of a gun, only much more terrible, and the pieces of iron plating were thrown about as the bows of the steamer ploughed through us. She cut right through the vessel to within five or six feet of the starboard side, the force of the blow causing us to heel over to starboard. Our foremast and mainmast fell, with a lot of the rigging, on to the steamer's decks. She backed astern at once, carrying the masts with her. As soon as the steamer backed out we filled, and in less than two minutes the ship had sunk. We had no chance to get out the boats, and the sea was running very high when the steamer backed out. She showed three red lights, signifying that she was disabled. Our vessel settled on the ground, the water being somewhat shallow there. The water closed over the ship, although it was low tide. All that stood above water was part of the mizzenmast and the end of the bowsprit. Nine of us who were on the after-part of the ship climbed into the mizzen rigging. Of the fifteen men who were drowned we believe that twelve of them went down in the ship. They could hardly have had time to get up from below. Three poor fellows were out on the end of the bowsprit. We heard their cries for help, but we could not get at them or offer any assistance. It was an awful thing to be so near them and unable to help them. They appeared to hold on to the bowsprit until the water rose and reached them, about two hours after the vessel sank, and then were washed off and drowned.

THE NIGHT WAS BITTERLY COLD,

and we felt the effects of the exposure very much. The mate cut away some of the halyards, and we lashed ourselves all together round the mizzenmast. We remained there four hours. It is not true that the colliding steamer did not attempt to assist us. She stood by us for about an hour. They lowered two boats, but they could not reach us. It was very rough, and there was a very broken sea caused by the tide running out. It must have been heart-rending to the poor fellows who were hanging on to the bowsprit to see the boats put back to the steamer and leave them to perish. It might have been very difficult to reach us, but I think the men on the bowsprit might have been picked off. When we saw the steamer steam away we had very little hope of being saved, for we knew that in a few hours time the water would rise and cover us. Our hearts beat with joy when we saw the lights of a steamer approaching between half-past ten and eleven o'clock. The Flushing pilot recognized her to be one of the Harwich boats, which proved to be true, as she turned out to be the Ipswich. We all shouted together at the top of our voices, and to our great joy we were heard, for the steamer came within speaking distance, so that her lights shone on us, and the captain shouted 'Hold on; I will lower my boat.' The steamer's lifeboat was lowered, as we afterwards learned, in charge of the chief mate and rowed towards us. We were all very grateful for the kindness we received on the Ipswich. I shall never forget the experience of that night. None of us expected to see our homes again."

A Mexican Duel.

A desperate duel took place at Corboda on Saturday in the presence of a great crowd. The encounter was between Antonio Gomez, son of the proprietor of the Plaza, in which the bull fights take place, and a rival whose name is unknown. A Dalziel's telegram says that the men met in front of the cathedral, and drawing their knives fought for some time. Gomez was stabbed to the heart. His opponent was fearfully cut, and after lingering several days, died from the effects of his wounds.

The progress of death was uniquely reported by the dying Dr. Richet to his son, a professor of physiology, and his physician. As his end approached he carefully described to them every perceptible sensation. At the moment when they observed unmistakable signs of immediate dissolution, he surprised them by saying, "You see I am dying."

A $1,000,000 DIAMOND CASE.

The Nizam of Hyderabad Loses his Suit Against a Dealer

His Highness Now has Neither the Diamond nor the $500,000 He Deposited—His Subjects Shocked by His Appearance in a Lawsuit—Mr. Jacob's Triumph.

The million-dollar diamond case of the Nizam of Hyderabad was decided in India about three weeks ago. The case has been the talk of India, and, to a lesser extent, of England. It was decided against the Nizam. This distinguished potentate was beaten in the courts by a humble though famous dealer in gems or bric-a-brac named Jacob, who is said to be the very person whom Mr. Marion Crawford immortalized under the name of Mr. Isaacs. The Nizam is one of greatest of all the Indian potentates. His large territory, nearly two-thirds the size of Bengal, lies between the Madras and the Bengal Presidencies. He is noted for his friendliness toward the Empress of India and her Government, for the magnifience of his jewelry, and for the lavish hospitality with which he entertains distinguished guests.

Nizam was one of Mr. Jacob's best customers. Jacob is welcomed at every Indian court, for he has a high reputation as a dealer in the costliest of jewels, and as a shrewd and indefatigable bric-a-brac hunter. The rich native princes have been among his best customers. Every year he has visited Hyderabad, where he was lodged and fed in one of the Nizam's palaces. During the trial Jacob's counsel undertook to say that the gem merchant was on very friendly terms with the Nizam. His Highness, however, repudiated this assertion, and drew an emphatic distinction between lodging a traveller and entertaining a guest. The Nizam said their relations were purely commercial, and anything like friendship between them was wholly out of the question.

One day, when the Nizam was in particularly good humor, Mr. Jacob happened to remark that he could procure for him one of the biggest and finest diamonds in the world for forty-six lakhs of rupees; Perhaps this does not convey to all readers an idea of a very great sam of money. The fact is, however, that forty-six lakhs of rupees are something over $1,000,000. The gem Mr. Jacob had in view would not bring anything like that sum in the open market, but great Indian potentates, with millions of taxpayers in their domains, may be expected to indulge some rather extravagant whims, and his Highness told the dealer in gems that if he would bring the expensive bauble to him he would pay forty-six lakhs of rupees for it if it met his approval, but that the gem was to be returned if it did not please him.

Mr. Jacob seemed to agree to these terms; at the same time he said he could not get the stone from England unless half of the specified purchase price was deposited in a bank in Calcutta. The Nizam thought this stipulation was reasonable, and upward of $500,000 was accordingly placed in the Calcutta bank, subject to the order of Mr. Jacob.

As soon as the owners of the gem received notice that the money had been deposited in Calcutta they forwarded the gem to India, where it was duly handed over to Mr. Jacob, who set out in great haste for Hyderabad, expecting that he was about to make a sale which would put a small fortune into his own pocket. In this hope he was disappointed. The Nizam had changed his mind. He had seen a model of the diamond and it did not come up to his expectations. He had also been informed that the sum asked for it was absurdly in excess of its real value. Another important personage had, moreover, appeared on the scene. This was Sir Denis Fitzpatrick, the British Resident. He informed his Highness very frankly that in view of the fact that as the finances of Hyderabad were not in a flourishing condition, and that there was a prospect of a famine in the northern part of the State, it was a very bad time for the great ruler to put so much money into a wholly unproductive investment. His Highness said "No" with much emphasis to Mr. Jacob. The dealer used all his blandishments to induce the Nizam to change his mind, but in vain. The sale was off.

Then Mr. Jacob began to talk of compensation for the expense he had incurred and the trouble he had taken. He said he was entitled to at least $10,000. This claim was not disputed, but the Nizam delicately hinted that before the claim was paid the twenty-three lakhs of rupees, which had been deposited in the Calcutta Bank, should be returned. Mr. Jacob did not show any alacrity about complying with this important part of the operation. In fact, the money was not forthcoming at all, and his Highness brought a criminal suit against the dealer to recover it. This proceeding was unsuccessful, and Mr. Jacob, up to this writing, not only has the Nizam's $50,000, but has also triumphed over him in the courts.

The telegraphic reports do not speak definitely of the grounds of the acquittal. All that is yet known is that the accused disclaimed all dishonest intentions and declared that he had paid to the owner of the stone nearly the whole of the amount. It remains to be seen whether the Nizam has any prospect of recovering his money by any other procedure.

The court suggested, in its decision, that a civil suit might lie against Mr. Jacobs for the recovery of the money.

One curious feature of the affair is the attitude of the Nizam's subjects. When it became known throughout Hyderabad that his Highness intended to give testimony before a Commission appointed for that purpose the people were highly indignant. They said it would be a humiliation and a disgrace to the country for its ruler to condescend to give testimony like an ordinary mortal. Thereupon his Highness felt it his duty to issue a proclamation, in which he set forth his ground of action.

He said that in early days the word of the Nizam was law and superseded the dictum of any other tribunal. But in these good civilized times, he continued, this idea had been righteously swept away. In the course of India's progress law courts had been established. These courts were the fount of justice from which the rich and poor, rulers and subject, might alike expect to see just claims affirmed and wrongs punished. It was right and proper for the ruler to appeal to these courts when he had occasion, and to furnish all the light he could that would expedite the course of justice. His people were wrong in believing that it was any derogation of his dignity to give testimony in a law case.

Although his Highness has been defeated in the court to which he appealed, he still retains his very high opinion of legal tribunals.

The garden gate, the poet wrote,
Here from my room I used to view it,
But 'tis too late now to devote
A soul-inspiring stanza to it.
The garden gate—yes, 'tis too late
For timely verses—no, by thunder
It ain't, I have it—sure as fate—
The garden gate is now snowed under.