

For Clean Sanitary
SINKS
free from Grease and Scum use
Old Dutch Cleanser

Directions. This light serves the purpose of illuminating the surrounding water to avoid foes, to recognize their own kind or to capture prey.

The greatest depth found by sounding was until lately 5,269 fathoms, or 31,614 feet—nearly six miles. This is a point in the Pacific ocean off the coast of Guam, about 100 miles or so. But a surveying ship of the German navy has recently discovered a deeper spot in the ocean, near the Philippines, about forty sea miles off the north coast of Mindanao.

THE BUSY CHILD

I have so many things to do,
I don't know when I shall be through.

To-day I had to watch the rain
Coming sliding down the window-pane.

And I was humming all the time,
Around my head, a kind of rhyme;

And blowing softly on the glass
To see the dimness come and pass.

I made a picture, with my breath
Rubbed out to show the underneath.

I built a city on the floor;
And then I went and was a War.

And I escaped from square to square
That's greenest on the carpet there.

Until at last I came to us;
But it was very dangerous:

Because if I had stepped outside,
I made believe I should have died.

And now I have the boat to mend,
And all our supper to pretend.

I am so busy every day,
I really have no time to play.
—[By Josephine Preston Peabody,
"Singing Leaves."

TALE OF A RAILWAY DISASTER

I remember, when I was a little girl, my uncle, who has travelled in almost every country in the world, telling me about a railway accident which he experienced while in South Africa. He is a missionary, and at the time of the accident he was going to Putamayo, a mission station to the north of the Orange River Colony. This was the story he told me as I sat on his knee, fascinated:—

We arrived at Cape Town, after an excellent voyage, in very good spirits. Our health was good, and we were looking forward with great interest to our journey on the new railway. This was a new country and a new people. Blythe and I (Blythe was his companion, a medical missionary) said good-bye to our friends, and, having secured our luggage, we boarded the train.

What a train it was! Not like your cosy trains, dear, but a peculiar engine and light, fragile-looking carriages. The drivers were natives, but the guards were colonials. However, we did not despair, but took our seats, and ere long we were speeding along through a very beautiful country.

The train gradually gained speed, and we made friends with a little black boy who told us his name was "Boori." He had an illness, and was going to Bloemfontein Hospital to be healed. Blythe was greatly interested in him.

Night fell—and how beautiful it was! A wide river, calm sometimes, and roaring madly at other times, flowed along beside the line. The sky was a deep blue, and the moon was sending shafts of silver light down to the river's depths. Blythe and I got up and stood drinking in the beauty of it all.

Suddenly Boori stole up to us. His little thin body pressed close to us,

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and he said, "Can't thou not hear the river?"

He shivered as he spoke, and we stroked the trembling little hands, and talked to him reassuringly; but, even as we did so, the train whistle shrieked, and I felt myself being hurled somewhere. Then a fearful crash came, and the boards of the carriage knocked together. This was followed by a bang, accompanied by an awful scream.

A few moments later a voice said to me: "Well, are you better now?"

"Better," I said; "I am not ill." I raised my head and saw a mass, shapeless and weird, high above me. People were moving about, dazed and horror-stricken. I looked round me—I was lying on some grass on the border of a swamp.

Feeling better, I rose and climbed up a bank, and oh, the horrible sight! I saw parts of people—human bodies—lying in a confusion of débris. Mothers were wailing for their children—for a black mother is as fond of her children as any white woman. Little mites were crying for their parents—they had gone away for a little while, we told them. The accident was a tragedy, made up of numberless little tragedies. But there was one worse than all the rest. A

young white woman had been married, and, her husband being prosperous, she went to take her old nurse to live with them. I came upon Blythe, dear fellow, sitting beside the dead body of the girl, and trying to comfort the distracted old woman.

I looked for little Boori, and I found him, his suffering ended, lying with his little thin face turned up to the midnight sky.

We were all taken to a township near by, and, having recovered, Blythe and I sped on to the work awaiting us.

At length we learned the cause of the accident. The railway bank was artificial, and very high above the river. The river, which was dammed, so that the people of the township could get water, had dried up considerably, causing the dam to contract. After the rains, however, the dam burst, and the river rushed suddenly from the imprisoning wall, through the swamp to the railway, carrying everything before it. The railway bank, being new and scarcely set, had burst too, and without warning the engine plunged into the hollow fifty feet below. The noise little Boori had heard was the escaping of the torrent.

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