

A NIGHT AT SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT.

It was six o'clock when I turned the boat's head. I never questioned I could row back in twenty minutes, and reckoned that the extra half hour would be well worth the money. I rowed at first with a good deal of energy, and my wife was delighted at the manner in which I made the foam fly with my oars. Indeed I worked too hard; the exertion soon tired me, and I perspired at every pore with the heat. It was slightly distracting that the baby, who had been sleeping very quietly should now wake up and cry for what I suppose you might call her tea if you can give regular names to milk and water administered about seven times a day. "I am sorry, William," said my wife, "that we have stopped longer than the hour." "Oh," said I, knowing that the child was a running in her head, "baby will do very well until we get home; we shan't be long now;" and again I exerted my strength and toiled like a champion rower. "It's very curious," said I, giving up after ten minutes, and feeling quite exhausted, and panting for breath. "What's very curious?" said my wife. "Why," said I, pulling out my watch, "here it is twenty minutes past six, and the land seems rather farther off than it was before I turned the boat's head towards it." "Yes," said she growing a little pale; "I've been noticing that, too." "Perhaps it wants a steadier stroke," said I wiping my forehead; and settling to the oars again, I rowed for another ten minutes, and then looked over my shoulder. I could not be deceived. Row as I would, I not only could make no way but the boat actually lost ground, I was heartily frightened, and pulled in the oars to stand up and look around me. My wife began to cry and the baby roared as babies can when they are particularly wanted to be quiet. There were some ships as I have said a long distance off; and there was the smack that had passed us, two or three miles distant; but there was nothing near us. I put my hands to my mouth and shouted towards the land as hard as ever I could, flattering myself that there was a faint chance of the smooth water conveying the sound. I then stood waving and flourishing my hat for at least five minutes. "Oh, William, what will become of us?" cried my wife, sobbing piteously. I was too much upset to answer her. I had hoped that we should be noticed by some of the people who keep a lookout on the pier; but as the time went by, and the sun sank lower, and I could see no signs of anything coming to our rescue, my spirits fell, and I sat down and stared blankly at my wife. I put out the oars again, but was so wearied that I soon gave up rowing; besides, I felt that we were being carried away, and that the oars scarcely hindered our progress towards the ocean. When the night fairly came the wind got up, not very much, but enough to disturb the water, and the wherry began to slop about horribly. What was worse it blew off the land and helped to carry us further away. How I cursed my folly for not having brought a man with me! The crying of the poor hungry little baby and my wife's moans and reproaches were just maddening. It was very fine overhead, the sky full of stars, but there was no moon, and the sea looked as black as ink. I could see the lights on the land, and could even very faintly hear the strains of a band of music playing on the cliff, for, as I have told you, the wind blew from the shore. I pulled out my watch, but though I held it close to my nose I could not see what time it was. I kept on looking around in the hopes of observing a passing vessel, but though no doubt some must have passed, I did not see them. My wife was continually saying, "Oh, William, what shall we do?" "Do," said I, "what can we do! We must sit here and wait." "Wait!" she would cry; "what is there to wait for?" "For daylight, if for nothing else." But what will daylight do for us? We have been lost in daylight, and when daylight comes where shall we be?" and here she would hug the poor crying baby, and wish herself dead, and so on. The sea kept the boat rocking incessantly, so that it was impossible for me to stand up. How we passed the hours I can't tell you. The baby would wake and cry until she cried herself to sleep, then wake and cry herself to sleep again, and so on, hour after hour. My wife and I fell silent; we had exhausted all that could be said, and we sat there like two statues. To my dying hour I shall remember the gurgling and sobbing noise of the water splashing against the boat's side, and the dreadful silence overhead and around, above the water, as I may say. The dawn was just breaking when I saw a vessel making a black mark against the pale green light in the place where the sun was coming. It took me some time to find out which way she was going, but presently the rising sun made her plain, and I saw that she was a small smack, and that she aimed directly for us. I managed to stand up in the wherry, and flourish my hat. There was no coast to be seen—nothing visible upon the sea but that smack. So far as water went, we might have been in the middle of the biggest ocean in the world. I perceived before long that the smack saw us, for she lowered one of her sails and came along slowly. A great man in yellow clothes bawled out, "What's that boat, and what do you want?" You might have supposed he would guess our want by our appearance. "We've been carried away to sea," I answered, in a faint voice, for I felt as weak as an infant and just fit to cry like one, "and only come in this boat all night." "Where do you come from?" he called. I told him, and he

answered, "We'll tow you in. Look out for the end of the line," and another man threw a rope at me. I caught it, but did not know what to do with it, seeing which the first man told me to keep hold, and dragged the wherry up to the smack, and then got into her and attached the line to the boat. "Will you sit here or come aboard?" he asked. "Oh, come aboard, certainly," I replied; so he took the baby and passed it to a sailor on the smack, and then helped my wife up, and then me. So here we were saved; but faint, broken-down, feeling as if we had been dug out of the grave. Luckily, they had a few tins of Swiss milk in the cabin, and so poor little baby got something to eat at last. Also they gave us some corned beef and bread which we devoured gratefully after the manner of shipwrecked people. The captain of the smack laughed when I told him we had originally started for an hour's row. "How much do they charge you for an hour?" says he. "Eighteen pence," I answered. "You've got a good eighteen-pennorth," said he. "You may thank the Lord master, that ye're alive to pay even eighteen pence. D'ye know how many miles you've drifted from your port?" "No," said I. "Well, then," said he; "you've drifted eleven miles. There's the coast—you can calculate for yourself;" and he pointed to the white cliffs which were visible from the smack's deck, though not from the boat. A fearfully long distance they looked, to be sure. "William," said my wife at this moment, "I'll never come upon the water again." "Nor I, Sarah," said I; "at least without a man." "Man or no man," said she, "I'll never venture my life again." And I have no doubt she will keep her word, though it won't cost her a very great effort to do so, for I am quite sure I shall never attempt to make her break it.

BRIGHT TRADE PROSPECTS.

He is a small man, rather dapper in appearance, with a propitiatory air in his clothes, in his face, and even in the fringe of hair which encircles his head without covering it. His wife is a large woman, of course, with a red face and an aggressive air. He went out to the vegetable pedlar this morning, with a large tin pan, to make a purchase. It was the first time the pedlar had seen him come to trade. There were several women, neighbours, at the waggon. He came up to the cart, and looked critically over the array of fruits and vegetables.

"How much are those cucumbers?" he asked.

"Five cents."

He lifted one of them, said they were fine-looking, and then asked,—

"How much is that lettuce a head?"

"Ten cents."

"That is cheap enough, I'm sure. How much are these melons?"

"Seventy-five cents apiece," said the dealer, who, seeing that his customer was no ordinary party, began to stir himself about. "They are fresh melons, just got them last night, and every one of them is fully ripe. I'll guarantee that."

"Fully ripe, eh?" said the customer, fondling the article.

"Yes," said the dealer, getting up on his feet, in the flush of expectation.

"They look ripe," coincided the customer. Then he looked around and spied another attractive article.

"Peaches, eh? Well, I declare! How natural and good they look. How much for the peaches?"

"Thirty cents a quart," said the dealer, mentally figuring up the total of half dozen cucumbers, a couple of heads of lettuce, a watermelon, and a quart of peaches, while the women at the cart opened their eyes in wonder, and stood silently by, awed by the magnitude of the transaction.

"Only thirty cents," mused he. "Why, that's reasonable enough, I take it, in these times. Let me see,—five cents a piece for the cucumbers, ten cents for the lettuce, seventy-five cents for a watermelon, thirty cents for—"

"Joseph Malachia!" came a sharp, loud voice, through a spitefully opened door, "are you going to get what I sent you after, or are you going to stand out there all day?"

"Gimme ten cents' worth new potatoes," gasped the man, nervously opening the hand he had kept shut, and disclosing a new dime.

"Quick, please!"

THE HEDGEHOG.

After a little digging in the bank, using my pick carefully for fear of injuring the poor timid beast, I have got to the round warm nest, a mere hollow in the ground roughly floored with leaves and dry moss and lined on the top with a soft vault of the same materials. And now the creature lies motionless in my shovel, rolled tightly up into a prickly ball, and absolutely unassailable in its spherical suit of sharply pointed spike-armor. No defensive mail could be more effectual or more deterrent. I cannot even lift him up to put him into my basket; I am obliged literally to shovel him in, and then tie down the flap to keep him safely. Hedgehogs are really very common animals in England, and yet few people have any idea of their existence among half the hedges and banks in the meadows and copses around them. The little animals lie hidden in their subterranean holes or open nests during the daytime, and only come out in search of slugs, grubs, and beetles at nightfall. Yet they are a precious

heritage of our age, for all that; for they and the few other remaining members of the old insectivorous group form the last survivors of a very early and undeveloped mammalian type, the common ancestors of all our other European quadrupeds, who have diverged from them in various specialized directions. They rank as interesting middle links in that great broken but still traceable chain which connects the higher mammals with their lost and unknown semi-reptilian ancestors. Indeed, if we had never heard of the hedgehogs and their allies before, and if one were now to be brought for the first time by some intrepid explorer from Central Africa or the Australian bush, all our biologists would be as delighted with it as they were when the ornithorhynchus and the echidna were discovered and recognized as links between the reptile and the marsupial, or when the supposed extinct fossil genus *ceratodus* was found alive in the rivers of Queensland, thus connecting the ganoid fishes with the transitional lepidosiren, and through it with the amphibious newts, frogs, and salamanders. The unconscious black fellow used to devour as barramunda, and the colonist used quietly to pickle as salmon, a marvellous double-lived creature, provided with perfect gills and perfect lungs, for one specimen of which a naturalist would have given his right eye; and so too our own gipsies have been in the habit for ages of baking in a ball of earth the finest surviving representative of the most ancient placental mammalian line. They roll him up (dead, I am glad to say) in a mass of kneaded clay, which they put into the fire whole until it begins to crack; and then they turn out the steaming flesh by breaking the ball, while the skin and the spines stick in a body to the hardened lump of earth. Yet the creature which they so unceremoniously devour is actually the eldest scion of the great mammalian stock, whereof all the reigning houses in Europe are, after all, but younger branches.—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

CLIMBING THE HIMALAYAS.

A LEAF FROM MY DIARY.

February 24, 1881.—Can any words of mine be adequate to such a subject—how can my pen describe that glorious range stretching in unbroken sweep around a horizon of hundreds of miles? How depict the majesty and radiant splendour of those "Seven Brothers," worshipped as gold by the men of Sikkim? How portray in any manner to the bewildered imagination how a Yungfrau piled on a Mont Blanc, soars high in spotless radiance in the etherialized blue sky, untrodden and unmarked by any presence but perhaps that of angels; never to be climbed by man nor sullied by his destruction in their yawning crevasses. Before four o'clock a.m., in icy darkness we were called, and dressed painfully by aching fingers; we mounted sturdy mountain ponies and set out up the mountain called Jallapahar, in the frosty moonlight. The path we were climbing at a gallop was all in shadow and nothing could have been more weird than the spectacles and contrasts that met our eyes. We went in single file, a guide leading, the clatter of his horse's hoofs on the frozen ground only indicating the way. Making rapid zigzags we were quickly rising hundreds of feet and each moment brought still more startling effects. Below us in the deep valley over which Darjæling stands, a billowy ocean of clouds was resting; dense and silvery they were, as we looked down from far above, all in darkness ourselves by reason of the overhanging mountain, the side of which we were skirting. The sharp wind cutting fresh against our cheeks, we galloped on. The stars were luminous and gemmed the whole sky with their beauty, and the moon was radiant in effulgence. Once a great tree was in her shining pathway and across the rippling sea of clouds far below was cast its giant shadow. Ere long we had reached the summit on saddle, and below us there was another glorious valley filled too with vapour, while we above on the narrow pathway seemed raised almost to the sky. But now we must go down again; skirting the precipice followed on a winding road, above which rose the beautiful green mountain and beneath was a descent into a tiger-haunted jungle. Before long we began to rise anew, up and up on the Senshal, celebrated for its view; still we were in darkness and still the ponies bravely galloped on, drawing laboured breath, for the air was greatly rarified and we could give them but few rests.

As we gained the summit the first faint dawn appeared. Riding through the ruins of old barracks we reached Tiger Hill, began a slow climb up the breakneck path which leads to the crowning height. We reach the tiny plateau and dismount, and what a sight is that spread out before us! From end to end of more than half the five-hundred mile horizon stretch the snowy peaks, as much of it as the eye can take in, unmantled by the fogs which generally screen them, waiting in gray and icy silence the coming of that sun which is to light them to such glorious magnificence. Tossed and tumbled in their freedom, with their bound-up glaciers and untrodden steeps, with glorious Kinchin-Junga in their midst slowly a rosy touch lights their unapproachable, unrivalled peaks; gently they steal to the other brethren sitting in the glorious Olympus, and then see to the left, far away in Nepal, Mount Everest, its crest uplifted farther to the vault of heaven than any of this world's greatest mountains. We are

on a level with the hospital of St. Bernard, and though we shiver with the icy blasts coming from the frozen regions surrounding us, hours pass before we can tear ourselves from the contemplation of such wonders as it is not given to many men to see. Far down their glittering flanks, eleven thousand feet they say, begins the verdure, and we can trace it for as many more. One splendid spire-like aiguille, covered with the purest snow, became my favourite; and not all the way back did it hide the shining light and beauty of its front, so that its radiant image will never be effaced from those tablets where among memory's treasures it surely will be counted as the crown. E. L. P.

VARIETIES.

PROFESSIONS FOR WOMEN.—Anything can be forgiven of a woman except a career of vice or vanity, or the wretched numbness of inaction. No woman should insult her Maker by supposing that he made a mistake in making her. A morbid or useless woman was not contemplated in the great plan of the universe. She has always a sphere. If home is unhappy beyond her power of endurance, let her

"Go teach the orphan boy to read,
The orphan girl to sew."

Let her learn to cook, bake, brew; let her adopt a profession—music, possibly—and work at it. Let her go into a lady's school and teach. Let her keep a boarding-house, paper walls, hang pictures, embroider, dust, sweep, become the manager of a business, do anything but sit down and mope and wait for something to turn up. Many a pair of unhappy old maids are now dragging out a miserable existence in a second-class boarding-house, turning their poor little bits of finery, who might if they had been brave in their youth have won a large repertoire of thought and a comfortable competency. But they preferred to keep alive one little corner of pride, and that has been but a poor fire to sit by to warm their thin hands—hands which should not have been ashamed to work, hands which would have been whiter for honest effort.

The German papers relate the invasion of the empire by a tall-talking American tourist and the prompt arrest and the final suppression of his tall talk of the latter. At the latest advices the dominions of the Emperor William had resumed their former quiet. The affair is stated in the Paris Register as follows: The train from Belgium arrived at the frontier station of Herbenthal, where, as usual, the German railroad officials took charge. Just before starting again a conductor, in the customary way, approached a *coupe* for the purpose of verifying the tickets of the passengers, when a young man, in rather broken German and a pompous tone of voice, asked him why the tickets had to be shown again. On the conductor's telling him that this was the rule on entering the German (Prussian) territory, the stranger exclaimed, "Oh, I see! That's where all the mean scamps come from." "What do you mean to say?" asked the conductor; and the traveller repeated, "Yes, the Germans and Prussians are all a set of scamps!" Thereupon the conductor pointed out to the traveller the consequences of his unjustifiable behaviour and retired. On arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle he reported the case to the station-master. This functionary in his turn informed the police officer on duty, who—the offensive remarks made by the traveller having been confirmed by his fellow-passengers—arrested the same, when it was found out that he was an American citizen on a bridal tour to Italy with his young wife. Meanwhile it had grown quite late and the proceedings at that hour of the night did not lack a certain comical aspect. Brother Jonathan suddenly remembered that there was an American Consulate at Aix-la-Chapelle, and although the police had "placed the best possible room at his disposal," deemed it preferable to wait for further developments at a hotel. To that end he appealed to the American Consul for assistance, which, despite the lateness of the hour, was promptly vouchsafed him and the prisoner set at liberty on security being given and bail deposited. The police authorities, after duly questioning both the American and the conductor, saw fit to hand the case over to the competent judge, who deemed the misdemeanour to be of sufficient gravity to raise the amount of bail to forty pounds sterling—eight hundred marks. At the trial the depositions of the accused, as well as those of the conductor—present, as witness—confirmed the facts as above detailed. The defendant's counsel, Justizrath Sternberg, plead that the American had only sinned against the German nation owing to his lack of familiarity with the idiom, having supposed the term "scamps" to be synonymous with "beggars," an idea which his frequently encountering German immigrants in America without work or means had forcibly suggested to him. This plea, however, was not considered to be sufficiently explicit in view of the conductor's precise statement. The court attorney therefore demanded that the accused be sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment and costs, a sentence against which the lawyer for the defendant plead extenuating circumstances, which the court admitted and finally sentenced the accused for his gross insult to a fine of one hundred and fifty marks and eventually in case of inability to pay, to four weeks' imprisonment and costs. The American at once paid the fine and without further delay went off on his thus unpleasantly interrupted wedding tour.—*Home Journal.*