

ON BOARD AN OCEAN FLYER

Noise and Confusion Preceding the Departure to Sea.

MECHANICAL FEATURES OF A STEAMSHIP

Explorations and Observations of a Locomotive Engineer—From a Cabin to the Stoker's Room—How the Engines and Furnaces Are Tended.

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LONDON, Feb. 25.—At midnight seventy-five fires were lighted under the nine big boilers, and shortly after a cloud of yellow smoke, rolling from the huge stacks, was floating over the bosom of the bay.

In their various homes and hotels 1,000 prospective travelers slept and dreamed of their voyage on the morrow.

By daylight the water evaporating into steam fluttered through the indicators, and as early as 8 a. m. people were seen collecting about the docks, while a fussy little bustling engine worked away, lifting freight from the pier. At 7 a few eager passengers came to the ship's side, anxiously inspecting her, and an hour later were going aboard.

Officers in uniform paced the decks, guarded the gangways, to keep intruders back, and others of the crew, in citizens' clothes, mingled freely in the crowd, having a sharp eye for suspicious characters.

Finally the steam gauge pointer advances to the 100 mark. Noise and confusion was wilder. The ship's crew is busy, from captain to stevedore, for thirty minutes before sailing, the sound of hurrying feet is lost in a deafening hum of human voices. All visitors are now refused admittance, except, perhaps, a messenger with a belated letter, package or flowers for people on board.

The little boiler fairly flies about in a heroic effort to lift everything that is at loose ends and store it away in the ship's hold. The pier is invisible, buried beneath a multitude of peering people.

All being ready, the captain is notified, and at his signal the first engineer pulls the lever and starts the little engine, which is used to open the throttle; the steam shoots out from the big boilers into the great cylinders, screws begin to revolve and the ocean liner, with 1,200 passengers, 2,000 tons of coal and 3,000 pounds of ice cream, leaves the landing.

Hundreds of handkerchiefs flutter and hundreds of people say goodbye with eager, upturned faces that try to smile through tears.

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vents himself from being shot half into one of the furnaces. He watches these grim toilers this wild night, and it seemed more the more rolled, pitched and plunged the more furiously they fed the furnaces. What the speed of the ship and the speed of the wind, the draught was terrific and the fire boxes seemed capable of consuming any amount of coal that could be thrown into their red throats. Though absolutely safe, the stoker room on a night like this is an awful place for one unused to such scenes; terrible that a young fireman, working away from New York to Hamburg, was driven insane.

As the sea began to break heavily on the bows the boat and make her rock like a frail leaf in autumn wind, the man was seen to try to make his escape from the stoker hole. For an hour he worked in the stoker's room, always looking for a chance of escape. At last the ship gave a roll that caused the furnace door to fly open, and with the yell of a demon the green steam rolled up the stairs leading to the engine room. Here one of the engineers, seeing the man was insane, blocked the way. The poor fellow paused for a moment, and the cold perspiration rolled down his face. Two or three men tried to hold him, but without the slightest effect, apparently, he cast them off, and running out on the stoker deck, jumped into the sea.

MAKING A RECORD.

All through the night, above the roar of the ocean, at regular intervals, came the sharp whistle of the head stoker, and "longer intervals the cry from above: "All well." On Sunday morning when we awoke, the waves still washing up the stoker deck and the great ship rolling from side to side, we could hear from the stoker room the same shrill whistle and the same cry outside of "All well." Then, like a flood of sunlight, came the sweet strains of the anthem, which the band always plays on Sunday mornings.

When the reckoning was taken we were all surprised to learn that on such a tempestuous sea this wonderful ship had made a mile more than on the previous day on a summer sea.

"Look away," said the captain, as we passed an ocean steamer that seemed to be standing still.

"Is she at anchor?" I asked.

"No," said the captain, "she's making twenty knots an hour, and only a few years ago she was one of the 'Ocean Greyhounds.'"

Within the last decade the time between New York and Southampton has been reduced for a like reduction within the next ten years will surely be disappointed. A ship of 20,000 horse power is able to make only a little over a mile an hour more than one of 15,000. If, by nearly doubling the horsepower, and with

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A NOTE UPON A TIME POET

The Friend of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FORECETHE WILLSON

A Poet Who Never Touched a Pen After the Death of His Wife—Instances of His Remarkable Gift of Second Sight.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by S. S. McClure.)

Strolling into the Boston office of the Atlantic Monthly one morning early in 1893, I met Oliver Wendell Willson, who, hurrying up to my room, handed me a copy of a new issue of the Atlantic Monthly, which he held out a single sheet of the Louisville Journal. "Read that, and tell me if it's not the finest thing since war began. Sit down and read it here—you might lose it if I let you take it away."

It was "The Old Seaman" by Forecethe Willson, which had been published on January 1, 1893, a carrier's address by the Louisville Journal. The poem was long, but fascinating with it, I read it entirely through, and returning the paper to Dr. Holmes said: "You are a good judge of verse—do you know anything of the author?"

"Not much," he answered. "I remember him as a student at Harvard twenty years ago. His exquisite taste and beauty attracted me strongly, but I never got really acquainted with him, for he was a shy young fellow, and I did not know how to get to him. He had a form like a Grecian statue, and such eyes as I never saw in man or woman. Longfellow knew him well—he had him often at his table. I do not think he had ever lectured then that there was a good deal in him. He said to me after I had read this poem that he would give me a copy of his lives, he will overtop every one of us! I hear that he lives at New Albany, Ind., and in some way connected with Prentiss's Journal."

WILLSON AS SEEN IN INTIMATE LIFE.

After this I read everything of Willson that I found about in the newspapers, and in a letter to a friend in the Louisville Journal. In 1864 I had gone to live in Cambridge, and there for some years occupied what was then known as the "Old Coolidge" house, an old-fashioned New England mansion, about 600 feet away, but with grounds bordering on my own, though separated by a street. The house was at that time unoccupied, but after some months I heard that it had been sold to a western man, and I went to see it. It was a beautiful house, and I was very much interested in it. I had heard that it had been sold to a western man, and I went to see it. It was a beautiful house, and I was very much interested in it.

Then early one morning, as I was putting on my hat to go to my house I found a stranger appeared at my rear gateway to look on at the performance, which consisted of a dance around a ring I had constructed for the purpose. The stranger, who was a young man, was very much interested in the performance, and I was very much interested in him. I had heard that it had been sold to a western man, and I went to see it. It was a beautiful house, and I was very much interested in it.

My little son was on the horse's back with-out saddle or bridle, and when the performance was over, the gentleman helped the boy down from the horse, and I was very much interested in him. I had heard that it had been sold to a western man, and I went to see it. It was a beautiful house, and I was very much interested in it.

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