

SINCE THE TROLLEYS COME TO TOWN.

Ring out the loud buzzes and do the job up brown. For at least we have a trolley running through the town.

AN EERIE EPISODE.

It was at a masquerade at Galinber (I's studio in one of the old Roman palaces. There were music, the tripping sound of dancing feet, laughter and the unintelligible hum of conversation mingled in a gay medley.

Carson, an American, a new arrival in the city and a stranger to that colony of sculptors and painters, had been accidentally separated from the friend who brought him in the crowd shortly after his entrance to the ballroom.

He was wandering listlessly among the merry maskers, quite regardless of their gibes and laughter at his expense. Tired at length of his aimless perambulations, he turned aside from the glaring lights and heat to the shade and coolness of the balcony.

The wide expanse at the end of the room were open and gave an unobstructed view of the kaleidoscopic scene within. A divan near the balustrade offered a place for repose, but it was not until he was seated that he was aware of the presence of a lady. She occupied the farther end of the divan and was partially concealed by the drooping tree ferns and palms with which the balcony was decorated.

Carson picked it up and gave it to her with a courteous bow. She thanked him, speaking in English, with just the slightest Italian accent. "I fear that I am intruding, signora," he said.

"Not so. The balcony is free to all who come. There can be no intrusion." She reached up her hand as she spoke and pushed aside the feathery fringes that swung between them. Then he saw that she was young and very fair to look upon.

Her face was decidedly English. She wore an indescribable swathing garment of soft texture that was gathered up closely about her neck and fell to her feet in long, clinging folds—strongly suggestive of a Bernhardt costume. Two beautifully shaped arms were bare to the shoulder, and the small hands that lay in her lap looked as though they had been modelled in wax.

AN INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

Spring (the low in thy cradle soft, Deep in the dusky wood! Spring (the low and swing soft— Sleep on a poplar's bough!

THE DERELICT.

BY CHARLES E. LEWIS.

I was second mate of the American brig Ruby, bound from Java to New York, and all had gone well with us for a fortnight, when accident brought about a curious adventure. Just as night was closing down, with the brig sailing along on an even keel and the breeze steady, I swung myself upon the tail to get a look at what seemed to be a raft floating past us. I may have been overcaresse or a rope may have given way, but of a sudden I found myself in the water.

When I had been afloat for some time, I saw a black speck in the distance, and next moment it was as dark as midnight and the sea all in a chop. I felt that it was all over with me then. The men would be lucky to bring the brig through the fierce squall without thinking of me. Indeed, if she had had 100 men on board instead of 12, they would not have dared to lower a boat. I got just one glimpse of the craft as she shot away into the darkness and then began to work to get the life preserver under my arms. I was buffeted and knocked about in the most confusing manner, and had the squall lasted five minutes longer I should have been drowned.

I kept an accurate reckoning, and I had been on the wreck just 49 days when I caught sight of my first sail. No doubt ships had passed and repassed me by day and night, but I could set no signal by day and from the first I slept all through the night. This sail was discovered early one morning, coming up from the south, and her course was such that she must see me. I had put the money into my legs and the logs into the pockets of clothing in view of a rescue, and therefore had nothing to do but wait. The stranger, which proved to be an English merchantman bound for India, but considerably off her course, was within four miles of me and had set a signal to gladden my heart when a big whale suddenly broke water close to the wreck. He was followed half a minute later by a second, which attacked him with great fury. The monsters put up a terrific battle, lashing and biting each other and kicking up a sea like a gale of wind. They at first drew away from me, but after a few minutes made a circle which brought them back.

What I had feared from the first came to pass after a quarter of an hour. Half blinded by pain and fury, or feeling myself overmatched and desirous of getting away, one of the whales suddenly whirled about and came for the wreck head on. He was fully 80 feet long and he came like a moving mountain. I made sure of my hold as I saw him coming, but he struck the wreck on her port side with such force that I was thrown across the deck into the sea beyond. I heard the crash of planks and timbers, was tossed about by the waves, rubbed against the whale as he sounded and reached the surface to find the wreck a hull no longer. It was simply a heap of floating debris. The strange ship drew nearer, lowered a boat, and I was picked up as I clung to a plank. The money was gone, all else but the timbers which composed the cargo had disappeared, and my adventure, surprising as it had begun, had ended in a manner strange enough to satisfy even the most imaginative novelist. I was carried to India by the French consul at Calcutta set inquiries on foot regarding the fate of the crew of the Marie. What they amounted to I never learned, but have always felt satisfied that all perished when their craft was dimmed. But for the fight between the whales I believe the brig could have been pumped out and sailed into port, but fortune is a jade who robs Jack Tar far oftener than she smiles upon him.

The first thing was to get something to eat and drink. After a few minutes' work I broke open the cabin doors and got into the pantry. There was wine in plenty, as might have been expected, and I soon came across a bottle of brandy and biscuits in tin. I wanted water, but there was none to be had, so, taking what I could lay hands on, I went on deck and made a fair meal. When this had been concluded, I returned to the cabin for an overhaul. All the charts and nautical instruments were there, nor had any of the spare clothing of captain or mates been taken away. I found the logbook, and though I could not read French I made out the latitude and longitude last recorded. As near as I could figure it out the brig was then midway between Australia and Cape, and the date was nearly seven months old. She had drifted to every point of the compass, but must have drifted nearly 2,000 miles to the north to reach the spot where I found her. It was upon her I began an examination of the lazarette to see how I should fare for provisions. I found flour, wines, table waters, preserves, boxes of biscuit, choice bacon, codfish and other articles in liberal quantity—enough to last one man for months. Forward of the cabin I found a storehouse, in which were several barrels of best gunpowder, four barrels of coarse flour, dried fish, beans, coffee, tea and other articles of food for the men. Forward of this were the water casks, a dozen or more, and all full. When I came to examine the forecabin, I found boots, clothing, cutlery, and other belongings of the crew, to prove that they had not gone away in the boats. Indeed I was sure before I had half concluded my investigation that every man had perished when the brig was wrecked. It was night before I had finished, and I tumbled into the captain's berth and never slept more soundly. You may think it queer that during the day I had scarcely glanced around the horizon and never

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MEMORIES.

Once more, once more, my Mary, dear, I sit by that lone arched window. Where first within thy timid eye I breathed love's morning dream. The birds we loved will tell their tale Of music on each spray. And still the wild rose decks the vale. But thou art far away.

THE COTTON GIN.

How a Woman Helped Whitney to Perfect His Great Invention. "Recollections of Washington and His Friends" is contributed to The Century by Martha Littlefield Phillips. They were taken down from the lips of the author's grandmother, who was the youngest daughter of General Nathaniel Greene. The following is one of the stories:

"During my life at Dungeness a circumstance occurred there of some historic and scientific interest and in regard to which much erroneous statement has been made. I refer to the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney and my mother's connection with it. The facts, briefly stated, were about as follows: While spending the previous summer at Newport, R. I., my mother became acquainted with Mr. Whitney and grew much interested in the outcome of the experiments he was then making in the interest of his projected gin. To assist in his enterprise, my mother invited him to spend the following winter at Dungeness, where an abundance of cotton and quiet could be assured. Mr. Whitney accordingly came to Dungeness, and diligently pursued his experiments, a room in the fifth story having been specially fitted for his use as an inventor. One morning he descended headlong into the drawing room, where a number of guests were assembled and excitedly exclaimed, 'The victory is mine!' I deep sympathy with him the guest and hostess went with him to his workshop. Whitney set his model in motion. For a few moments the miniature saws revolved without hindrance and the separation of the seed from the cotton wool was successfully accomplished, but after a little the saws clogged with lint, the wheel stopped, and poor Whitney was in despair.

"Here's what you need," exclaimed my mother in her clear, decisive way, and she instantly seized a clothesbrush lying on the mantel and held it firmly to the teeth of the saws. Again the drum revolved, and instantly the saws were cleaned of the lint, and the last requirement of the great invention was satisfied.

"Madam," said Whitney, overcome with emotion and speaking with the exaggeration of gratitude, 'you have perfected my invention!'"

Culture of Vines. An all important matter in growing vines is to see that they are constantly supplied with sufficient water. Planted as they usually are, in a situation where they are exposed to the sun a major portion of the day, the soil dries out very rapidly, and plenty of water should be given when necessary. In the event of red spiders attacking the foliage of the tender sorts of annuals, a daily syringing will quickly eradicate the pests. To induce a low, bushy growth in annuals, cut the tips of the runners. Hardy vines, such as wistarias, honeysuckles, etc., when not growing too rapidly, can be trimmed with little or no injury.—Woman's Home Companion.

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