

AN OCEAN DISASTER.

CHAPTER I.

Night settled down so gradually, as it often does at sea after a clear day, that it was dark before they were aware of it. Along the horizon stretched a clear amber streak of fading light that seemed fastened to the sky by silver stars stuck here and there in its upper edge. In the northern heavens the pole had already flung out its starry pennants, and they fancied that they saw the two dippers flutter a moment before beginning their glorious round. He laughingly spoke of the north star as the center of a hugh carousal, and proposed that they take a turn on the Great Bear. All lovers are poets. At least in the first flush of passion. They were very happy, but neither thought of inquiring into the cause of the foolish ecstasy. They laughed at the odd fancies with a trembling joyousness that sent the blood coursing through their veins; she felt her face flush, and instinctively put her hand up to it. Forgetting for the moment that it was night, they laughed because they loved each other, though both were deceived, and thought it was their droll fancies that made them mirthful. It seemed natural to them to be together, and to be happy. They did not seek explanations of that which demanded none. They stopped now and then in their walk on the deck of the great steamer to look over the side at the streaks of phosphorescence coursing back in the foam from the prow, or at the dim heaving waves, and "their white arms tirelessly tossing" in the gloom; or they watched a gay company of emigrants on the lower deck, dancing boisterously to the music of an accordion. Everything gave them pleasure. They looked at the world (the microcosm of an ocean steamer) through the golden tinted atmosphere of dawning love, and were unconscious of the source of this fresh beauty. It grew late, the passengers one by one went below, the sounds from the lower deck died away, the deck steward folded up the line of steamer chairs one after another and stowed them away for the night. Soon all was quiet, save for an occasional sound of laughter from the smoking room or the shuffle of a sailor across the deck, or the voices of the forward watch speaking to the officer on the bridge. Behind all this was the pulsating throb of the great engines, of which after a few days at sea one becomes almost unconscious; it seems as natural as the sound of your own voice or the noise of your own footsteps.

They wandered up and down the dark, deserted deck in joyous freedom, talking fitfully on indifferent topics, that suddenly seemed to take on a fresh and lively interest. In the atmosphere of love commonplaces become delicious epigrams, and conversational trifles glow with poetic feeling. He dared not be serious in his talk, some vague force restrained him; the volcanic fires of love and passion were gradually working to the surface of consciousness, but were not yet ready to burst forth.

A slight shiver brought him to a sense of present realities, and a native thoughtfulness asserted itself.

"It is getting chilly. You ought to go below," he said.

"Oh! it is beautiful here. I could stay for ever," she replied in a tone that showed that she expressed a simple, natural feeling, which apparently had no relation to her companion. He perceived this, but nevertheless his soul was a glow in an instant; he felt his heart flutter and his mouth and throat parch as by a sudden heat. Words, images, utterances—fierce, passionate, tender mingled in a confusing, burning mass in his mind; another instant and the lava streams of passion would have burst the crust.

"This air isn't the best thing for the young lady, sir," said a voice, which aroused and restrained him. The Captain had just stepped out of his cabin to go up on the bridge.

"The breath of the banks is in the atmosphere," and he tentatively sniffed the air. "We'll run into the fog before morning," he added, as he went up the ladder to his post.

They walked slowly back to the main hatchway in silence. Once more he felt the impulse to passionate utterance, but the delay had brought a feeling of conscious hesitation, and he restrained himself. The lights in the dining room saloon were turned low. They lingered an instant before parting, though neither spoke a word. He felt the storm coming, and with a sudden fear for the result he seized her hand, kissed it passionately many times, and hurried away, catching a last glimpse of her eyes fixed upon him, wondering, yet tenderly. After he reached his stateroom that last look became more distinct; there was something in it that made him long to go to her again, to tell her that he loved her. As he dropped off to sleep her face glided from his waking thoughts into his dreams, which were strange and happy.

CHAPTER II.

Towards midnight the stars in the west faded, and those overhead were gradually blotted out; at last the fog closed in, and the steamer seemed floating in a universe of dark, impenetrable mist. All at once the mourn-

ful reiterating cry of the foghorn began, but the sound scarcely penetrated the thick misty folds. The throb of the screw became slower and slower; the steamer was feeling her way through the dense atmosphere. Occasionally the men on the forward deck—the watch had been increased—shouted a few words to the officers on the bridge. A signal flashed along the electric wires down into the heart of the vessel to the engineers. The great wheels stopped. Then for a moment the silence was intense. The ship lay like a huge monster, waiting breathlessly for its prey. One heard only the slapping of the waves against the sides. If any sound of warning had been sent forth from far across the waters the fog had wrapped and choked it in its terrible folds. Once more the steamer moved on slowly through the mist.

Suddenly a dark shape loomed up in the fog to the starboard. With one voice two men of the forward watch shouted wildly to the captain, who at the same instant had sent an order below. The great steamer veered from her course. The men and officers stood breathlessly rooted to the deck. A moment later they heard faint sounds and voices out in the fog. The captain seized a speaking horn and shouted with all his might. The dark shape became more definite in outline. A huge prow was bearing down on them. The captain gave order to go ahead full speed. It was too late. There was a terrible stunning crash. A sickening quiver ran through the ship; the sound of the crunching of great timbers was heard, then shrieks, and all was confusion and terror.

CHAPTER III.

Felix was thrown from his berth by the shock of the collision. He lay a moment on the floor looking about dazedly, and conscious of a painful bruise along his side. Then the shrieks in the hallways, the shouts on deck, the roar of the pouring water gave him a realization of what had happened. The thought of Adele flashed into his mind. He was on his feet in an instant; and in another moment had dragged on some clothes, and was fighting his way to the deck through the trampling, maddened crowd of half-dressed passengers that surged and shrieked up the stairway. On deck terror and frenzied confusion reigned. The officers were vainly trying to get together the crews of the life-boats. The water rushed into the hole in the stern with a terrifying, ominous roar. The great vessel lurched toward the starboard, and the cry of the steering passengers, some of whom were drowning in their berths, arose above the din. The stern of the steamer was gradually sinking, and Felix had a sickening sensation as he felt the deck falling away under his feet. The stern sank very fast, and the inclination of the deck in that direction was becoming so sharp that it required an effort to stand erect. Every second the mass of passengers crowded towards the bow became larger and more frenzied. Hundreds of men and women from the staterooms climbed up to the deck and thronged and crushed, forward, shouting for their friends, yelling purposelessly in the insanity of the moment, swearing, weeping, praying. Felix fought his way through them up the deck. He must find Adele. Where could she be? He felt that she was calling him; he tried to distinguish the words in the wild, confused babel. "Felix! Felix!" Yes, he heard her voice on the starboard side. With almost brutal violence he shouldered a path across the deck. Back and forth he ran. That part of the deck was almost deserted, and very dark. The glare of the lights and torches made only a broad streak where it came through the entrance to the main stairway. "Adele," he cried, "where are you?" Then he caught sight of a dark form moving on one of the benches. He was by her side in an instant. She threw herself into his arms with a low, happy cry, and buried her head in his breast, sobbing for joy. "I knew you would come," she murmured. "How my heart cried out for you."

"I heard it, Adele," he answered sobberly.

"It will be so beautiful to die together," she said.

There was no reserve in her voice or manner, but the perfect assurance of her mutual love.

Her words, though they sent a surge of exultant joy through his whole being, brought back the sense of present dangers, which for the moment had slipped below the consciousness. Now he heard again the horrible din on the larboard deck, terrified cries of women, shouts and curses of men, hoarse calls of officers to the men; he felt again the ominous falling away of the deck beneath them. Faint calls and sounds came floating out of the gray gloom; the other ship was sending out boats to take them off. Felix was aroused to action in an instant.

"I will save you, Adele. Wait here one moment."

In that state of supersensuous happiness which the first delicious abandonment of self to love brings to a woman's heart she scarcely understood his words. They sounded rough and strange. She wished to think of nothing but him and their love. She could not bring herself to realize their danger. With a sudden touch of the coquetry of new-born love she exclaimed:

"Ah! Felix! you do not love me. He clasped her in his arms.

The confused sound of voices became more tumultuous—they were taking off passengers in the boats.

"Adele," said he, in sudden agony, "we must be saved. We cannot give up this beautiful life so soon."

"What is this life? Our love will not end here. But it would have been very sweet, for the world is so beautiful when one loves." There was a rapture in her tone and manner that made his own emotion seem feeble, though he felt its height and depth. This complete sweet surrender of herself to him, it was so strange and beautiful. He kissed her forehead reverently, and then rushed away to the other side of the steamer.

A sickening feeling of sympathy struck into his heart as he saw the crowd of maddened, despairing wretches trying to get to the boats that had been lowered. In the horrible confusion only two had been manned, and the officers were fighting back the men and trying to single women and children out of the trampling mass of humanity.

He went back to her side.

"It is of no use, Adele, the boats cannot take them all." They sat down together on the bench where he first found her. He put his arm about her, her head rested on his shoulder, and they looked into each other's faces. Felix bent over, threw himself passionately across her breast, and kissed her full on the lips. As he drew back, the gleam of the love-rapture in her eyes sent a thrill of fresh, intense happiness through his soul.

"Why did you leave me last night, Felix?" she asked. "Did you not see that I loved you? I hardly know it myself, but it was that. I was so happy with you. I did not try to think why. And after you kissed my hand and went away, I knew why it was. It was because I love you and you love me. I felt as sure of you as I did of myself."

"I could not go to bed and to sleep, so I lay down on the couch in the cabin and dreamed out a whole beautiful life for us. I thought it real, and was happy. But now that I know it cannot be I am none the less happy. Are we not together, and do you not love me? I ask for nothing more, Felix, my beloved!"

She lay back on his breast, his arms were about her, and she looked up into his eyes with infinite love and trust and happiness. Their lips met in a long rapturous kiss.

"Dearest," he said, "this moment of love cannot be all for us. It is too pure and sweet and glorious. We die together."

The ship gave a sudden lurch, and began sinking rapidly, swaying, falling away from under them.

"Oh, God!" cried Felix, "I cannot give you up—the kiss of your mouth, your warm, sweet breath on my face, your beautiful loving eyes, the touch of your hand, I cannot—I cannot. What will we be, Adele? Not to take you in my arms, not to kiss you, not to hear your voice. Oh, God! it must not be. I will save us, I must!"

He sprang up. It was too late. The deck was level with the water's edge. He looked about in agony. The shrieks of the passengers rose above the roaring of the water that surged over the great vessel. He turned and looked down into Adele's eyes, then sank on his knee by her side, her arms slipped about his neck, his head was pillowed for a moment on her breast.

"My darling," she murmured, "it will be well. Death has no more mysteries than life. Love will take us through the dark ways, love that is of the soul and spiritual. I knew not perfect faith until I loved you. We are going out into the unknown, but together, my beloved, and something smiles and beckons us!"

The great ship trembled as in a final agony.

She leaned her face closer to his.

"Kiss me, darling," she cried. "Let me feel your lips against mine. Oh, God, forgive us and make us ready!"

Their lips met. His head was on her breast, and his cheek against hers; they were clasped fast in each other's arms.

A great gulf yawned in the sea. The steamer half turned on its side, then plunged down, down, down. Huge waves toppled over into the abyss, and then all was a seething, whirling confusion of raging waters, wildly tossing and roaring in the night and mist.

Pasteur's Treatment of Hydrophobia.

M. Pasteur is responsible for the statement that out of 7,000 people who have undergone his treatment for hydrophobia the total number of deaths has been seventy-one, or 1 per cent. Two hundred and fourteen of these patients were English subjects, treated in Paris. Of these there were five unsuccessful cases after completion of the treatment and two more during the treatment. The methods followed have been continually undergoing improvement, so that last year, out of a total of sixty-four English persons bitten by mad dogs and treated in Paris, not a single case has succumbed, although ten were bitten on the head and others on the limbs, often to a very serious extent.—Detroit Free Press.

Carious Result of Cigarette Smoking.

Two young men of our town addicted to the constant smoking of cigarettes are irregularly affected, not so much in mind as in body. They are becoming spotted all over their bodies, giving them the appearance of leopards. Their minds, though now apparently sound, are in imminent danger, for their nervous systems are so affected that neither of them can sleep without smoking several of those abominable cigarettes after retiring.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Sayings and Doings.

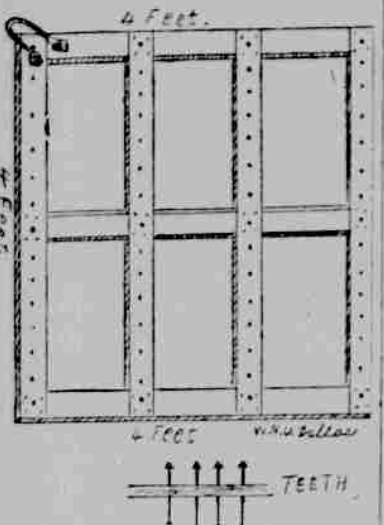
READING FOR FARMERS.

Plan for Constructing a Substantial and Useful Homemade Harrow for the Small Sum of One Dollar.

TO OBTAIN BEST RESULTS IN POTATO CULTURE.

Value of Cotton Seed—Compact the Wheat Ground—Rye for Pasture—The Poor Condition of Calves—General Farm and Stock Notes.

The following is a plan for a homemade harrow. It should be used after other harrows to make the ground fine and smooth. Take seven pieces of board four feet long, five inches wide and one inch thick; fasten them strongly together with nails; then bore holes three inches apart in the cross pieces for the large eight-inch nails, so that they will go through snugly and stay with the heads one inch above



the boards. Then they can be driven down if desired at any time. Put a chain or any fastening at one corner, as the harrow should be drawn cornerwise. Two can be hinged together if desired. The expense will be from 75 cents to \$1 if the implement be made at home. There will be fifteen large nails in each cross piece—sixty in all.

Sheep and Calves in Cornfields.

Weeds are likely to escape in the latter cultivation of the corn, and other weeds spring up after cultivation is ended. It is these weeds which foul the land for future years. The weeds in the corn field are neglected during the hurry of grain and the hay harvest, threshing, hauling manure, and preparing the ground for wheat. But even better than is the scythe are the sheep. Let them have the run of the corn fields during the autumn. They like the shade of the rows. They will nibble off the lower blades of the corn, but this is no wise an injury to the crop. The sheep will also find every weed and bunch of grass. Their scent is sharp, and they will discover weeds that would be overlooked. There are very few weeds indeed that will not be cropped by sheep, especially of the Merino breed; they crop so close to the ground that the weeds will hardly start again. The spring calves, if not too strong, may well be put with the sheep. Unless unusually large, they will not damage the corn, and will get considerable feed which would otherwise be wasted.

Peach Yellows.

Dr. W. W. Stell sounds a note of warning in regard to peach yellows, which fruit growers and farmers should heed. He says that agents from infected districts of other states are now selling nursery stock, and advises buyers to patronize nurseries which so far are free from the dread disease. The following article by P. J. Birkmans in the Southern Farm will be read with interest:

I regret that I cannot give you an article for publication which would prove of value so far as giving a preventive to this destructive scourge.

As to its eradication there appears so far no other method suggested than the uprooting and immediate burning of all trees affected by the yellows.

Until a few weeks since I had never seen a genuine case of peach yellows in Georgia, but this disease has unmistakably made its appearance in several places in South Carolina, near the City of Augusta. From all that I can learn the yellows followed the planting of peach trees which were sold at auction in Augusta three years ago, the trees being brought from either the west or the north. I was told by the owner of the affected orchard that the disease has affected trees planted several years previous to the introduction of the "auction trees," thus showing that it is contagious.

The United States department of agriculture has lately issued a most elaborate and practical report upon peach yellows, by Mr. Erwin F. Smith, who was appointed a special agent for the investigation of this disease, and who has performed his work most carefully.

In a map accompanying the report, it appears that a large area in South Carolina and Georgia is affected.

In South Carolina fully one-half of the peach belt is marked as affected. It begins at a point on the Savannah river near Augusta, and extends to the mountains.

In Georgia, the area marked upon the map as affected extends from Marshallville to Marietta and includes all the territory west of the Ocmulgee to the Alabama line. The affected part covers fully one-third of the peach belt of the state.

Mr. Erwin F. Smith is of the opinion that prompt destruction of affected trees by fire, if practiced throughout the community, will greatly hinder the progress of the disease. Still, with the utmost care

cases will appear from time to time, more some years than others, but there will be no outbreak comparable to the epidemic.

From this it is evident that in order to free a locality from the "yellows" every owner of a peach tree should agree to destroy any tree as soon as it shows symptoms of the disease, as by no other means can the spread be prevented. In some states, Michigan for instance, laws have been enacted for the destruction of affected trees. All owners of such trees refusing to comply with the notice of the commission appointed by the county shall be liable to a fine not exceeding \$100 and costs. This act was in force four years—from 1875 to 1879. In 1879 this law was further amended, and again in 1881, when an additional penalty, a three months' imprisonment, was added.

We could very easily arrive at the desired results in localities affected by yellows in Georgia without resorting to the harsh measures which are in force in Michigan and in Ontario, if our people will unite to this end.

Care of Sweet Potatoes and Onions.

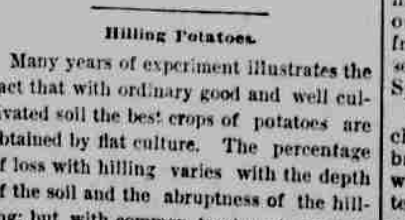
The principal requisite in keeping sweet potatoes is to store them away absolutely free from bruises or cuts. To accomplish this, plow out one side of the row and throw out the bunch of tubers by plunging the spading-fork in at the opposite side. As soon as they are dried, sort carefully, rubbing them as free from dirt as possible, and put such as are to be stored away at once into the boxes or barrels where they are to remain. Lay them in by hand; do not pour them from baskets. Then lift the packages into the wagon, and when arrived at destination lift them out without tumbling or rolling and set them down as carefully as if they were barrels of eggs. This is less trouble and expense than to pack them in sand, shavings, or cotton-wool meal, and serves the same purpose. The reason why sweet potatoes are so difficult to keep is that they are so rich in sugar, containing as compared with the common potato nearly seven per cent of soluble sugar, in place of a similar amount of starch, and whenever the cuticle is broken the omnipresent spores of fungi take root and rapidly produce discoloration and dry or wet rot. The best place for storing is a cool, dry, well-ventilated room where the temperature may be kept between forty and fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

Last year, having one sweet potato ridge, about six hundred feet long, left after setting the last plants, I opened a drill along the top and sowed carrot seeds in it. When harvest time came I plowed down one side of the ridge and threw out the carrots easily with the fork, instead of searching for them deep in the bowels of the earth. The long, smooth, well-shaped roots obtained determined me to try the same method for the entire crop this year, and present indications are that I shall not be disappointed at the result.

In gathering the onion crop, unless the stand is much evener than most people secure, there will be a quantity of bulbs too small for market and too large, apparently, for sets. It is sometimes a question as to what disposition shall be made of these latter. Having a quantity of them on hand last spring, I used them for planting my earliest onion bed, and almost as soon as the new growth commenced, they were ready for marketing as green onions. They came in very much sooner than those grown from the smaller sets, and consequently brought the best prices. A neighbor came over as we were gathering the last from the bed of five square rods, and suggested that "he guessed in the long run hogs and corn would pay better than onions." So taking out my note book, I investigated the facts, and found that the five rods had yielded 650 branches, worth net \$27.20, or at the rate of \$52.40 per acre. This was as much as my neighbor could reasonably hope to secure from his sixty acres devoted to corn and hogs, and I think the cost of production was rather in my favor.—James K. Reeve.

Hilling Potatoes.

Many years of experiment illustrates the fact that with ordinary good and well cultivated soil the best crops of potatoes are obtained by flat culture. The percentage of loss with hilling varies with the depth of the soil and the abruptness of the hilling; but with common treatment, such as



we generally see through the country, the loss by killing is about 15 per cent, and sometimes more. With slight hilling it is less. The accompanying figure shows the way in which this loss occurs, the cross section of the hill representing the tubers as buried needlessly deep underground at the expense of the smaller roots and fibres more remote from the stem, which are laid bare and torn in hoeing and hilling.

The value of cattle in Texas is rapidly increasing, says the El Paso Times, and it is a fact that the number is rapidly decreasing. This may seem anomalous, but it is nevertheless true. Thousands and tens of thousands of aatts have been shipped out of Texas this year, and where fifty have been shipped out hardly one has come in. But those that have been sent into the state are blooded animals and have taken the place of the scrub animals that have evacuated the state. From now on the standard of all kinds of cattle in Texas will be much higher and their value greater.

MOUNT ATHOS.

A Monastic Community Where Women Are Not Allowed to Penetrate.

Nothing is more curious than to study the effects upon a large society of the total exclusion of the female sex. Says Murray's Magazine. It is commonly thought that men by themselves must grow rude and savage; that it is women we owe all the graces and refinements of social intercourse. Nothing can be further from the truth. I venture to say that in all the world there is not so perfectly polite an orderly a society as that of Athos. As regards hospitality and gracious manners the monks and their servants put to shame the most polished western people. Disorder, tumult, confusion seem impossible in this land of peace. If they have differences and squabbles about the rights of property, these things are referred to law-courts and determined by argument of advocates not by disputing and high words among the elements. While life and property are still unsafe on the mainland and on the sister peninsula of Cassandra and Longos, Athos has been for centuries as secure as any county in England. So far, then, all the evidence is in favor of the restriction. Many of the monks, being carried to the peninsula in early youth, have completely forgotten what a woman is like except for the brown, smoky pictures of the Panagia with her infant, in all the churches, which the strict iconography of the orthodox church has made as unlovely and non-human as it is possible for a picture to be.

So far, so well. But if the monks imagined they could simply expunge the other sex from their life without any but the obvious consequences they were mistaken. What strikes the traveler is not the rudeness, the untidiness, the discomfort of a purely male society; it is rather its dullness and depression. Some of the older monks were indeed jolly enough; they drank their wine and cracked their jokes freely. But the novices who attend at the tables, the men and boys who had come from the mainland to work as servants, muleteers, laborers, seemed all suffering under a permanent depression and sadness. The town of Karyes is the most somber and gloomy place I ever saw. There are no laughing groups, no singing, no games among the boys. Everyone looked serious, solemn, listless, vacant, as the case may be, but devoid of keenness and interest in life. At first one might suspect that the monks were hard task-masters, ruling their servants as slaves; but this is not the real solution. It is that the main source of interest and cause of quarrel in all these animals, human and other, does not occur. For the dullness was not confined to the young monks or lads; it had invaded even the lower animals. The tom-cats, which were in crowds, passed one another in moody silence along the roofs. They seemed permanently dumb. And if the cocks had not lost their voices and crowed frequently in the small hours of the morning their note seemed to me a wall, not a challenge—the clear though unconscious expression of a just want in their lives.

Words of Wisdom.

Emulation looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes that she may lower another by a defeat.—Colton.

Books give the same turn to our thoughts that company does to our conversation, without loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change.—Swift.

But calamity is, unhappily, the usual season of reflection, and the pride of men will not often suffer reason to have any scope until it can be no longer of service.—Burke.

All things are admired, either because they are new or because they are great.—Lord Bacon.

An author is in the condition of a culprit; the public are his judges; by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause; and by pleading and asserting too boldly he may displease the court.—Prior.

Are we not to pity and supply the poor, though they have no relation to us? No relation? That cannot be. The gospel styles them all our brethren; say, they have a nearer relation to us—our fellow-members; and both these from their relation to our Savior himself, who calls them his brethren.—Sprat.

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent and suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.—Dr. I. Watts.

There is no greater unreasonableness in the world than in the designs of ambition; for it makes the present certainly miserable, unsatisfied, troublesome and discontented, for the uncertain acquisition of an honor which nothing can secure; and, besides a thousand possibilities of miscarrying, it relies upon no greater certainty than our life; and when we are dead, all the world sees who was the fool.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Sublime Parts.

Many years ago, when the first Dutch ambassador was sent to the porte, he visited the sultan. "What does the dog want?" asked the sultan. This was translated in a speech full of ornate oriental compliments, and the ambassador replied in the same strain. "Let the dog feed," answered the sultan, "and when the dog is fed, kick the dog out!" The ambassador was delighted with the sultan's compliments. The sultan felt that he had held his own, and the treaty was signed next day.

Demolition of a Famous Church.

The famous old church of St. Edmund the King in Lombard street, in London—one of Wren's churches—is to be demolished. In the church is buried Shute, who was sent to Italy in 1550 by the earl of Warwick to study architecture and who published as the result of his studies, "Architecture's First and Chief Grounds."