

CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian.

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Allan Quatermain," Etc., Etc. Etc.

Illustrated by MCNEILL, after CATON WOODVILLE and BRIDGEMAN.

CHAPTER XXV. THE LAST MISHY OF HARMACHIS: THE CALLING DOWN OF THE HOLY ISIS BY THE WORD OF FEAR; THE PASSING OF ISIS; THE COMING OF ATENA, AND THE WORDS OF ATENA.

CROUCHED upon the floor gazing at the body of my dead father, who had lived to curse me, the utter darkness crept and gathered round us, till at length the end and I were alone in the black silence. Oh, how fall the misery of that hour!—imagination can not dream it, nor words paint it forth! Once more in my wretchedness I thought me of death. A knife was at my girdle, wherewith I might cut the thread of sorrow and set my spirit free. Free at last to fly to face the last vengeance of the holy Gods! Alas! alas! I did not dare to die. Better the earth with all its woes than the quick approach of those unimagined terrors that, hovering in dim Amenti, wait the advent of the fallen.

I groveled on the ground and wept tears of agony for the lost, unchanging peace that I could never more see, but from the silence came no answer, no answer but the echoes of my grief. Not a ray of hope! My soul wandered in a darkness more utter than that which was about me. I was forsaken of the Gods and cast out of men. Terror took hold upon me, crouching in that lonely place hard by the majesty of the awful dead. I rose to fly. How could I fly in this gloom!—how find my path down the passages, and amid the columns! And where should I fly, who had no place of refuge! Once more I crouched down, and the great fear grew on me till the cold sweat ran from my brow and my soul was faint within me. Then, in my last despair, I prayed aloud to Isis, to whom I had not dared to pray for many days.

"O Isis! Holy Mother!" I cried, "put away Thy wrath, and of Thine infinite pity, O Thou all-potent, hearken to the voice of the anguish of him who was Thy son and servant, but who by sin hath fallen from the vision of Thy love. O Throned Glory, who, being in all things, hast of all things understanding and of all things knowledge, cast the weight of Thy mercy against the scale of my ill doing, and make the balance equal. Look down upon my woe, and measure it; count up the sum of my repentance, and take Thou note of the flood of sorrow which sweeps my soul away. O Thou Holy, whom it was given to me to look upon face to face, by that dread hour of communion I summon Thee. I summon Thee by the mystic Word. Come, then, in mercy to save me, or, in fury, to make an end of that which can no more be borne."

And, rising from my knees, I stretched out my arms and dared to try aloud the Word of Fear, the which to use unworthily is death.

Swiftly the answer came. For in the silence I heard the sound of the shaken sistras heralding the coming of the Glory. Then at the far end of the chamber grew the semblance of the horned moon, gleaming faintly in the darkness, and 'twist the golden horns rested the small dark cloud, in and out whereof the fiery serpent climbed.

And my knees waxed loose in the presence of the Glory, and I sank down before it. Then spoke the small, sweet voice within the cloud: "Harmachis, who was my servant and my son. I have heard thy prayers and the summons that thou hast dared to utter, which on the lips of one with whom I have communion, hath power to draw me from the Utermost. No more, Harmachis, may we be one in the bond of love divine, for thou hast put away of thine own act. Therefore, after this one summons I come, Harmachis, clothed in ivory, and ready, ready for vengeance; for notwithstanding can I be drawn from the halls of her Divinity."

"Smite, Godless!" I answered, "smite, and give me over to those who wreak Thy vengeance; for no longer can I bear the burden of my woe!"

"And if thou canst not bear thy burden here, upon this earth," came the soft reply, "how then shalt thou bear the greater burden that shall be laid upon thee there, coming defined and set apart into my dim realm of death, that is Life and Change unending? Nay, Harmachis, I smite not, for not all am I word that thou hast dared to utter the awful word which calls me down to thee. Hearken, Harmachis, I praise not, I reproach not, for I am the Minister of reward and punishment and the Executor of Decree; and if I give, I give in silence; say if I smite, in silence do I smite. Therefore, naught will I add to thy burden by the weight of heavy words, though through thee I have come to pass that doom which shall be thy lot; but I will give thee a sign, shall I say, the sign which shall be thy memory in Eternity. Thou shalt stand in a hall as I have done, and I will be with thee, both in the flesh and in my kingdom of Amenti. But I told thee that there is a road of repentance, and now thy feet are set thereon, and therein shalt thou walk with a humble heart, eating of the bread of bitterness, till such time as thy doom be measured."

"Here I, then, so hope, O Holy!"

ber thou this: that love Divine is love eternal, which can not be extinguished, though everlasting it be estranged. Repent, my servant; repent and do well while there is yet time, that at the dim end of ages once more thou mayest be gathered unto me. Still, Harmachis, though thou seeest me not, still, when the very name by which thou knowest me has become a meaningless mystery to those who shall be after thee; still, I, whose hours are eternal—I, who have watched Universes wither, wax and, and, though the breath of Time, melt into nothingness, cease to grate, or add, or reborn, thread the vast mass of space—still, I say, my companion thee. Wherever thou goest, in whatever form of life thou livest, there shall I be! Art thou wast to the farthest star, art thou buried in Amenti's lowest deep, in lives, in deaths, in sleeps, in wakings, in remembrances, in oblivions, in all the fevers of the outer life, in all the changes of the Spirit—still, if thou wilt atone and forget me no more, I shall be with thee, waiting this hour of repentance. For this is the nature of the love Divine, wherewith it loves that which doth partake of its divinity and hath once by the holy Isis been bound to it. Judge then, Harmachis, was it well to put this from thee to win the prize of earthly woman! And, now, dare not again to utter the Word of Power till these things be done! Harmachis, for this season, fare thee well."

As the last note of the sweet voice died away, the fiery snake climbed into the heart of the cloud. Now the cloud rolled from the horns of light, and was gathering into the blackness. The vision of the crescent moon grew dim and vanished. Then as the Goddess passed, once more came the faint and dreadful music of the shaken sistras, and all was still.

I hid my face in my robe and, even then, though my outstretched hand could touch the chill corpse of that father who had died cursing me, I felt hope come back into my heart, knowing that I was not altogether lost nor utterly rejected of Her whom I had forsaken, but whom yet I loved. And then weariness overpowered me, and I slept.

I woke, the faint lights of dawn were creeping from the opening in the roof. Glimpses there lay upon the shadowy sculptured walls and gleaming upon the dome and long white beard of my father, the gathered to Osiris. I started up, remembering all things, and wondering in my heart what I should do, and as I rose I heard a faint footfall creeping down the passage of the names of the Pharaohs.

"Zai! la! la!" mumbled a voice that I knew for the voice of the old wife, Atena. "Why, 'tis dark as the House of the Dead! The holy ones who built this Temple loved not the blessed sun, however much they worshiped him. Now, where's the curtain!"

Presently I was drawn, and Atena entered, a stick in one hand and in the other a basket. Her face was somewhat more wrinkled and her scanty locks were somewhat more white than of old, but for the rest she was as she had ever been. She stood and peered around with her sharp black eyes, for because of the shadows as yet nought could she see.

"Now where is he?" she muttered. "Osiris—glory to his name—send that he has not wandered in the night, and he blind! Alack! that I could not return before the dark! Alack! and alack! what times have we fallen on when the Holy High Priest and the Governor by descent of Atenthis, is left with one aged crone to minister to his infirmity! O Harmachis, my poor boy, thou hast laid trouble at our doors! Why, what's this? Surely he sleeps not, there upon the ground!—'twill be his death! Prince! Holy Father! Amenemhat! awake, arise!" and she hobbled towards the corpse.

"Why, how is it? By Him who sleeps he's dead! untended and alone—dead—dead!" and she sent her long wall of grief ringing up the sculptured walls.

"Hush! woman! be still!" I said, gliding from the shadows.

hid it—where, I can show thee—and this I do by right of descent."

"Talk not to me of wealth, Atena. Where shall I go and how shall I hide my shame?"

"Ah! true, true; here mayst thou not abide, for if they found thee, surely they would put thee to the dreadful death—aye, even to the death by the wagen cloth. Nay, I will hide thee, and when the funeral rites of the holy Amenemhat have been performed, we will fly hence, and cover as for the eyes of men till those narrow are forgotten. La! la! it is a sad world, and full of trouble as the Nile mud is of beetles. Come, Harmachis, come."

CHAPTER XXVI. ON THE LIFE OF HIM WHO WAS NAMED THE LARNED OLYMPIAN, IN THE TOMBS OF THE HARPERS THAT IS BY TAPE, OF HIS COURAGE TO CLEOPATRA, OF THE BURNING OF HARMACHIS, AND OF THE PASSING OF OLYMPIAN DOWN TO ALEXANDRIA.

THESE things then came to pass. For eighty days was I hidden of the old wife, Atena, while the body of the Prince, my father, was made ready for burial by those skilled in the arts of embalming. And when at last all things were done in order, I crept from my hiding place and made offerings to the spirit of my father, and placing lotus flowers on his breast, went thence sorrowing. And on the following day, from where I lay hid I saw the priests of the Temple of Osiris and of the holy Shrine of Isis, come forth, and in the holy procession bear and placed on their heads and laid it forth in the funeral tent in the consecrated boat. I saw them celebrate the symbol of the trial of the dead and name him above all men just, and then bear him thence to lay him by his wife, my mother, in the deep and splendid tomb that he had builded near to the resting place of the most holy Osiris, where, notwithstanding my sins, I, too, hope to sleep ere long. And when all things were done and the deep tomb sealed, the wealth of my father having been removed from the tomb, and the body of my father, with the old wife, Atena, I fled, disguised, up the Nile till we came to Tape (Thebes), and here in this great city I lay awhile, till a place could be found where I should hide myself.

And such a place I found. For to the north of the great city are hills brown and rugged, and desert valleys blasted of the sun, and in this place of desolation the Divine Pharaohs, my forefathers, hollowed out their tombs in the solid rock, whereof the most part are lost to this day, so cunningly have they been hidden. But some are open, for the action of time and the action of the winds have broken them in search of treasure. And one night, for by night only I can leave my hiding place, just as the dawn was breaking on the mountain tops, I wandered alone in this sad Valley of Death, like to which there is no other, and presently came to the mouth of a tomb hidden amid great rocks, which heretofore I knew for the place of the burying of the Divine Remeses, the third of that name, now long gathered to Osiris. And by the faint light of the dawn creeping through the entrance I saw that it was spacious, and the walls were all of white marble. In the following night, therefore, I returned, bearing lights, with Atena, my nurse, who ever ministered faithfully to me as when I was little and without discretion. And we searched the mighty tomb and came to the great hall of the sarcophagus of granite, whereon slept the divine Remeses, and saw the mystic paintings on the walls—the symbol of the Snake unending, the symbol of Ra (the sun), resting upon the Scales, the symbol of the Heh, standing in the boat, the symbol of the Ankh, being initiated, and I read the mystic. And opening from the long descending passage I found chambers whereon were paintings beautiful to behold, and of all manner of things. For beneath each chamber is entombed the master of the craft wherewith the paintings tell, he who was the chief of the servants of the craft in the house of the divine Remeses. And on the walls of the last chamber—on the left-hand side, looking toward the hall of the sarcophagus—were paintings exceeding beautiful, and two blind Harpers playing upon their lutes, and before them a blind Man; and beneath the floor these Harpers, who harp no more, are soft at sleep. Here, then, in this gilded place, even in the tomb of the Harpers and the company of the dead, I took up my abode; and here for several long years did I work out my penance and make atonement for my sin. But Atena, because she loved to be near the light, abode in the chamber of the Boat—that is, the first chamber on the right-hand side of the gallery looking toward the hall of the Sarcophagus.

And this was the manner of my life. On every second day of the month, Atena, went forth and brought from the city water, such such food as is necessary to keep the life from falling, and also tapers made from fat. And one hour at the time of sunrise and one hour at the time of sunset did I go forth also to wander in the valley for my health's sake and to save my sight from failing in the great darkness of the tomb. But the other hours of the day and night, save when I climbed the mountain to watch the course of the stars, I spent in prayer and meditation and sleep, till the sound of Atena's hand on my heart, and once more I drew near to the death that I shun, my heavenly Mother, I might speak no more. And according as I grew older, I pondered on all the mysteries wherewith I had the key. For abstention and prayer and sorrowful solitude were away the grossness of my flesh, and with the eyes of the Spirit I learned to look deep into the heart of things till the joy of Wisdom fell like dew upon my soul.

Soon was the rumor wafted about the city that a certain folk, named Olympian, abode in solitude in the Valley of the Dead, and hither came the people hearing such that I might cure them. And I gave my mind to the study of simple, wherein Atena instructed me; and by love and the weight of thought I gained great skill in medicine and healed many sick. And thus ever, as time went on, my fame was spread abroad; and it was said that I was also a magician, and that in the tombs I had converse with the spirits of the dead. And this, indeed, I did—though it is not lawful for me to speak of these matters. Thus, then, it came to pass that no more would Atena go forth to seek food and water for the people brought to me; more than was useful, for no fee would I receive. Now, at first, starting lest some might in the hermit Olympus know the light Harmachis, I would only meet those who came in the darkness of the tomb. But afterward, when I learned how through all the land 'twas said that Harmachis was certainly no more, I came forth and sat in the mouth of the tomb and ministered to the sick, and at times ministered to the dead.

And thus my fame grew exceedingly, till at length my journey ever from Thebes and Alexandria to visit me; and from them I learned how Atena had left Cleopatra for certain, and, Ptolemy being dead, had

married Octavia, the sister of Cæsar. Many other things I learned also. And in the second year that I did, I dispatched the old wife, Atena, disguised as a sister of simple, to Alexandria, bidding her seek out Charmion, and, if yet she found her way alive, reveal to her the secret of my way of life. So she went, and in the fifth month from her sailing returned, bearing Charmion's greetings and a token. And she told me that she had found means to see Charmion, and, in fact, had laid fall the name of Harmachis, speaking of me as one dead, wherewith Charmion, unable to control her grief, wept aloud. Then, reading her book, for the old wife was very clever, and held the key of knowledge, she told me that Harmachis yet lived, and sent her greetings. Thereupon Charmion went yet more with joy, and kissed the old wife, and made her gifts, bidding her tell me that ever she kept her eye, and waited for my coming and the hour of vengeance. So, having learned many secrets, Atena returned again to Tape.

And in the following year came messengers to me from Cleopatra, bearing a sealed scroll and great gifts. I opened the roll and read therein: "Cleopatra to Olympian, the learned Egyptian who dwelleth in the Valley of Death by Tape." "The fame of thy renown, O learned Olympian, hath reached our ears. Tell thou, then, to us, and if thou talkest aught greater than our wealth shall then we have the love of noble Antony, who is beauteous of cunning Octavia and turneth long from us."

And heretofore I saw the hand of Charmion, who had made known my renown to Cleopatra. "All that night I took counsel with my wisdom, and on the morrow wrote my answer as it was put into my heart by the destruction of Cleopatra and of Antony. And thus I wrote: "Cleopatra to Olympian, the learned Egyptian who dwelleth in the Valley of Death by Tape." "Go forth into Syria with one who shall be sent to lead thee; thus shall thou visit Antony to thy arms again, and with him gifts more great than thou canst dream of."

And with this letter, I dispatched the messengers, bidding them share the presents sent by Cleopatra among their company. "So they went wondering. But Cleopatra, sitting on the strict which her passion prompted her, departed straightway with Ptolemy, Cæsar's son, and there the thing came about as I had foretold, for Antony was subdued and her and gave her the greater part of Cilicia, the ocean shore of Aradus, Nababona, the plain bearing provinces of Judaea, the province of Phœnicia, the province of Cyprus, the rich Isle of Cyprus, and all the library of Pergamum. And to the two children that, with the son of Ptolemy, Cleopatra had borne to Antony, did he bestow the gift of the names of "Kings, the Children of Kings"—of Alexander Helios, as the Greeks name Ra (the sun), and of Cleopatra Selene, the long-winged (the moon). These things, then, came to pass.

Now, on her return to Alexandria Cleopatra sent me great gifts, of which I would have none, and prayed me, the learned Olympian, to come to her at Alexandria; but it was not yet time, and I would not. But therefor she did send and Antony send me to me for counsel, and ever I consulted them to their ruin, nor did my prophetic fail.

Thus the long years rolled away, and I, the Hermit Olympus, the dweller in a tomb, the eater of bread and the drinker of water, became by strength of the wisdom that was given me of the avenging Power, once more great in Khem. For ever I grew wiser as I trod the deserts of the Sea beneath my feet and turned my eyes to Heaven.

At length eight full years were accomplished. The war with the Parthians had come and gone, and Artavasdes, King of Armenia, had been led in triumph through the streets of Alexandria. Cleopatra had visited Samos and Athens, and, by her counselling, the noble Octavia had been driven, like some discarded concubine, from the house of Antony at Rome. And now, at the last, was the measure of the folly of Antony full even to the brim. For this master of the world had no longer the gift of reason—in Cleopatra he had lost, even as I had been lost. And therefore, in the event, did Octavianus declare war against him.

And as I slept at night in the chamber of the Harpers, in the tomb of Pharaoh that is by Tape, there came to me a vision of my father, the aged Amenemhat, and he stood over me, leaning on his staff, and spoke, saying: "Arise, my son!—the hour of vengeance is at hand! Thy plots have not failed, thy prayers have been heard. By the bidding of the Gods, as she sat in her gallery at the light of Aetium, I filled the heart of Cleopatra with fears, so that she fled with all her fleet. Now is the strength of Antony broken on the sea. Go forth, and even so shall be thy mind, so do thou."

In the morning I awoke, wondering, and went to the mouth of the tomb; and there, coming to the valley, I saw the messengers of Cleopatra, and with them a Roman guard. "What wilt thou say to me now?" I asked sternly. "This is the message of the Queen and of great Antony," answered the captain, lowering his forehead, for I was much feared of all men. "The Queen doth command thy presence at Alexandria. Many times hath she sent, and they would not come; now doth she bid thee to come, and that swiftly, for she hath need of thy counsel."

"FULTON'S FOLLY."

So It Was Called By the Skeptics.

Some Interesting Reminiscences of Early Steamboating Done on the Hudson—The First American Steamboat.

It is difficult in those days of rapid steam travel, says George P. Hasbrouck in Drake's Magazine, to realize that in the beginning of the century, people were wondering over a strange new thing in navigation, a boat moved by steam. That the application of steam to boats as a motive power had been considered by many minds as a matter certain of accomplishment long before it became an actual fact, admits of no doubt, and just as the names of Trevithick, Hackworth and Stephenson must be bracketed together in connection with the locomotive, so most those of Fitch, Stevens, Fulton and others be associated with the invention of the steamboat.

That the name of John Fitch stands prominent at the head of the list, there can be no question, for while it must be admitted that numerous models were made of steamboats, accompanied by illustrations of their working, both in France and England prior to Fitch's time, there is nothing to show that he benefited by the work which preceded his, and it is an absolute fact that no boat moved by steam, of any practical value, ever existed until Fitch launched the first steamboat on the Delaware on the 20th of June, 1786. This boat made the then remarkable speed of seven miles an hour. In 1787 the Legislature secured to John Fitch the sole right and advantage of using the steamboat later invented by him, and in this and the following years his boats ran regularly on the Delaware. It was not until 1790 that New York had her first exhibition of a steamboat, a screw propeller built by Fitch being placed on a fresh water pond called the Collect, near Canal street.

It has been the fate of pioneers to see for others to reap, and John Fitch, the inventor of the steamboat, so far as this continent is concerned, adds another to the list. "The day will come," he said sadly, "when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention." Confident in the result of his work, he struggled bravely against adverse circumstances until, in 1798, he filled a nameless grave in Kentucky.

By this time the seed which the unfortunate and unappreciated inventor had sown had begun to germinate, and the work of experimenting was carried on by Morry, Rumsey, Roosevelt, Stevens and Fulton, a boat built by Stevens coming from Hoboken to New York in 1804. Robert Fulton's experiments in the early part of his career seem to have fallen far below what had been already achieved, and of this he seems to have been fully aware, when, after his failure in France, he was taken at the rate of eight miles an hour by William Lewis in his steam yacht on the Firth of Forth which dragged two vessels, each over seventy tons, on the canal in 1801.

That Fulton, whose name was afterwards to be associated with the successful introduction of steamboats, profited immensely by the work of others, can not be questioned, indeed, he was latterly assisted by Captain Morry in adopting his ideas. Unlike Fitch, he was so fortunate as to find the financial support necessary to the carrying out of his plans, and in 1807 he launched the Clermont, which stands the twelfth on the list of American steamboats, but the first to navigate the Hudson. The engines were of English manufacture and were held for some time by the agent for non-payment of freight, from which it may be assumed that the capital of the firm was limited.

The progress of the boat was viewed with wonder and alarm; the hold stood as it had; the boiler was open and leaked at every joint, the steam was not prepared for the Clermont's advent, were overcome with terror as they saw the strange-looking craft proceed against wind and tide, belching out fire and smoke, accompanied by the grunting of her machinery. The sailors protested their belief as the crew near, believing her to be the ear of his British Majesty with the owner on board. The boat, which resembled a Long Island skiff, was 126 feet long and eight feet broad, her hull set in masonry and her wheels uncovered, her rudder being such as was used by sailing vessels, moved by a tiller.

The Clermont made the journey to Albany successfully, at the rate of five miles an hour, in thirty-two hours; thus more than fulfilling the requirements of the Legislature when granting certain exclusive rights and privileges to Livingston and Fulton. "That the boat travelled not less than four miles an hour and not less than 19 tons burden."

A few days later Stevens launched his boat, the Phoenix, a paddle-wheel steamer, on the Hudson, but as the right held by Fulton prevented her running on that river, he took her to the Delaware, thus making the first

covered by sailing vessels, moved by a tiller. The Clermont made the journey to Albany successfully, at the rate of five miles an hour, in thirty-two hours; thus more than fulfilling the requirements of the Legislature when granting certain exclusive rights and privileges to Livingston and Fulton. "That the boat travelled not less than four miles an hour and not less than 19 tons burden."

steamboat trip on the ocean. Before the close of the season the Clermont's rudder was changed to that now in use, and the wheels covered in, so the great object of river skippers, who now boast their fear had worn off, delighted in running out of the boat and descending her in a wheel. In the following year she was rebuilt, her hull being lengthened and covered from stem to stern with a deck Jack, with two cabins. The next boat was the Car of Neptune, followed by the Paragon, which afterwards exploded.

So rapidly had the steamboat grown in favor that we find the first steamboat race taking place in 1809, which appears to have excited far more interest than the contest between two steam graptolites at the present day. In 1810 the steam ferry boat between Point Hook, Jersey City and New York was established, which was followed, two years later, by one between New York and Brooklyn, from Fulton street, then a country lane with farm houses.

That the growth in travel was rapid, we may gather from the fact that in 1810

the tax on steamboat passengers yielded the State \$30,000, the gross amount being \$100,000. Every passenger over one hundred miles paid one dollar, and over thirty miles fifty cents; shorter distances being exempt. For every dollar received by the State, it was estimated that seven were received by the steamboats. It is interesting to note that Fulton's last boat, the Champion Livingston, was one ton burden, 100 heavier than any of her predecessors; one had 80 feet beam, an engine of 10 horse power, with an average speed of eight miles and a half an hour. Additions were subsequently made to her machinery, which, when she was broken up, was placed in the Portland, Maine, finally in the Gulf of Mexico in 1808, when chartered to the Government.

The Rutland was the first boat to burn anthracite coal successfully instead of wood for fuel, of which a boat could burn forty cords on a trip from New York to Albany.

It was Fulton's idea that nine miles an hour was the maximum speed which could be obtained, not so great as the subsequent progress, that he first trip to Albany, which in 1808 took thirty hours, was made in 1809 by the North America in ten hours and twenty minutes. In 1809 this was reduced to nine hours and eighteen minutes; there being twelve stoppages on each day. In 1840 the Albany had a record of eight hours and twenty-nine minutes, broken by the South America in the following year, with seven hours and twenty-eight minutes. This seems to have been difficult to surpass; the highest time made in 1860 by the Alida being 7-05, and 7-10 in 1851 by the New World. In 1853 the Francis Hedley made the front with 7-21. The Rutland's record for the same year being 7-27. The speed approach to this was the America's 7-23 in 1860. In 1864 the Daniel Drew, which was subsequently burnt, broke the record with 6-41, which in the same year was brought down to 6-30 by the Chesney Vihard.

Eight Miles an Hour.

Early in March one of the electric wires at the corner of Calle de la Justicia broke and fell on the road. Two horses in a market cart passing by were thrown down by the electric current the moment they touched the wire, which was giving out sparks as it lay on the ground, and the driver was thrown off his seat. A policeman attempted to raise the wire from the horse's "foot" with his sword, when he was immediately hurled down by the force of the electricity. He managed to get on his feet, but was again hurled down. Some of the laborers went and pulled him off the wire, and in doing so one of them was knocked down, but managed to move himself by rolling off the wire. Immediately afterward a trawler drawn by three horses arrived, and all the cable fell on coming into contact with the wire. By this time the men of the electric light company appeared on the scene. One of them was for a time prevented by the police from touching the wire, but afterward one of them cut it, and was at once thrown on his back; but the horse fell from his hands and he was able to get up again. Some more of the company's men arrived shortly after, and the horses were recovered. The men then set about to repair the wire in order to get light in the Calle de la Justicia and other streets that were in darkness all the time.

From the Address Given at "Garrison and Pynchon."

"I've seen plenty of cowboys in my life," said the Major, rising from his chair and lighting a fresh cigar; "but there is one thing I never saw and never expect to see."

"What is that, Major?" asked the Colonel, filling his glass and telling his companion gratefully.

"A cowboy," replied the Major. "This was the beginning of the end. A year later three men met in the twilight of a summer evening. Each of them, so glad to see the other, passed between them. They were so



THE FIRST AMERICAN STEAMBOAT.



ROBERT FULTON.



THE CLERMONT.