

high in the air, trying to get a whiff of the north east trade winds. He looked happy and contented, and, turning to the mate, he said: "That Yankee breeze feels good, after being in Chinese waters for a twelvemonth." Then he began to sing:

Let her blow, let her blow,
We are getting very near
To a land that is so dear,
Let her blow and blow and blow.

Bermuda.

In passing through the Rattlesnake shoals, off the coast of Bermuda, a "nor-wester," the dread of all mariners, struck us. For several days the ship beat in the face of a furious gale. On the evening of the sixth day the storm reached her height. With a mighty roar it went howling through the rigging. Again our upper top sails were consigned to the waves, then the nor-wester broke, and we were safe. In the meantime we had been driven one hundred and eighty-five miles from our course.

And now I shall bring this story to a close and sum it up in a few more words—of the landing at New York; sixteen thousand miles a sailor before the mast; around the world on nothing.

New York.

One morning, in the latter part of April, when I came on deck a heavy fog had settled down and the ship was moving slowly. The sea from a deep blue had turned to a muddy grey, a certain sign of land near by. Then, through the mist, we sighted a little sailing boat, with the figure six upon her main sail. "Pilot boat," sang out the mate. The captain sprang into the wheel house, lit a torch and moved it round and round. The boat came alongside, a line was thrown out and a man swung himself aboard, sprang to the wheel and sent her hard to port. This was the beginning of the end of a glorious trip from one side of the earth to the other. It was just one hundred and ten days since the morning we left Hong Kong. We passed Sandy Hook where great guns seem to say: "Beware, I represent America." Then I saw the mighty Brooklyn bridge and to the left the goddess of liberty waved her torch on high. Do you wonder that I was so happy, for I looked upon the second greatest city of the world, and beyond, over dense forests, deep rivers, waving fields of grain, over prairies broad and mountains high, until in imagination my eyes rested upon the shores of the sunny Pacific.

The last I remember as a sailor was when the great deep-water ship moved into the harbor, how the anchors struck the water with a mighty splash and the vessel lurched forward as the chains went tearing through the wild-cats, as they sank into the deep, and then I went ashore and received my money, shook hands with my ship mates, bid farewell

to Captain Pendleton, a prince among men, and one morning a few days later, I took a last look at that splendid ship, the "Mary L. Cushing."

There is little else to tell that would be of interest. I stopped a month in the east, then went to Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati and the west, and at last I reached the banks of the muddy old Missouri. I had traveled thirty-three thousand miles, with a starting capital of ten dollars, and you might say around the world on nothing. All things are possible. Nothing is beyond the pale of reason and of work.

THE END.

DECLINE IN FREIGHT RATES.

Thirty years ago, in 1871, the average rate per ton per mile received by the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway was 2.54 cents. In 1890 it had fallen to 0.995. A slight improvement was experienced for a few years, but the downward tendency again developed, and in 1900 the average has fallen to 0.930 of a cent for carrying a ton of freight a mile. The following table from the last annual report of this company is impressive indication of the rate movement on all roads:

1871	2.54
1872	2.43
1873	2.50
1874	2.38
1874	2.10
1876	2.04
1877	2.08
1878	1.80
1879	1.72
1880	1.76
1881	1.70
1882	1.48
1883	1.39
1884	1.29
1885	1.28
1886	1.17
1887	1.09
1888	1.006
1889	1.059
1890	0.995
1891	1.003
1892	1.026
1893	1.026
1894	1.037
1895	1.075
1896	1.003
1897	1.008
1898	0.972
1899	0.937
1900	0.930

In order to carry traffic at about one-third the rate formerly received, a great increase in volume and a great decrease in the ratio of expenses were both necessary. Thousands of miles have been built by this company, in order to get more business, and many millions have been expended in improving road and equipment in order to carry more cheaply. The stockholders would have liked more than the very moderate dividends declared, but earnings and

borrowed money have had to be continually poured in, so that the public demand for still cheaper transportation might be met. The St. Paul and other roads are still confronting an irresistible tendency to lower freight rates, in the face of an upward tendency in prices of many other articles, and must continue to find new economies if they would keep out of bankruptcy.—Railway Age.

A FRIGHTFUL TRADE DISASTER.

The disastrous storm which, on Saturday last swept over Galveston and ploughed its destructive course far out into Texas, had a farther reaching effect than the annihilation of Galveston and the destruction of the shipping and the shipping facilities of that unfortunate Gulf city.

We sympathize with the people of this sadly wrecked city both in the loss of their property and upon the loss of so many valuable lives.

The importance of Galveston as a shipping port and the probable effect of its recent storm upon that shipping may be seen from the following: During the fiscal year ending with June, 1899, there was exported through the port of Galveston among other things: Cattle, to the value of \$628,355; 3,411,743 bushels of corn, worth, \$1,289,733; 447,668 bushels of wheat invoiced at \$316,658; 122,000 barrels of wheat flour for \$462,065; 2,030,233 bales (1,076,523,562 lbs.) of cotton worth \$57,670,423; 1,200,000 eggs, 396,448 lbs. of tallow, 6,939,100 gallons of cottonseed oil, valued at \$1,701,222, and 550,467,494 lbs. of cottonseed oil cake and meal, worth \$4,650,991.

A disaster, therefore, which imperils most of this, or even suspends it temporarily, places a great hardship upon our shipping in the South. The loss of about \$20,000,000 worth of property is in itself a frightful item to contemplate. Millions of dollars worth of food was lost. Galveston is a city of about 35,000 population, and there was a food supply on hand for feeding that population fully two months. This was practically swept away, as the population is now destitute.

Looking at this frightful storm from a crop, live stock or shipping standpoint it is a national calamity. The appalling loss of human life adds to the horrors of this unprecedented Gulf storm.—The National Provisioner.

CLASS PREJUDICE. Candidates of populism in this campaign incite the poor against the rich. They array the thriftless and indolent against the frugal and industrious. They antagonize the moneyless with those who have money. Elocutionists of more or less brain and vocalizing power are denouncing men who have a million or more dollars as dangerous to the poor.