

'TIS FAR AWAY.

'Tis far away where skies are fair
And sweet with song and light;
When I had but my scythe, my den,
And you your needles bright,
So far away! and yet, to-day,
For all the distance dear,
My heart keeps chime with that sweet
time
And dreams the old dreams there.

There, where love learned its sweetest
words
And built its brightest bowers;
Where sang the rarest mocking birds
And bloomed the fairest flowers!
And fields were golden-rich, and clear
The streams flowed in the light—
When I had but my scythe, my den,
And you your needles bright!
How soft and sweet across the wheat
Your dear voice seemed to roam,
When stars of love peeped pale above
And I went dreaming home!
Life had no sweeter joy than this—
To rest a little while
There, where you met me with a kiss
And blessed me with a smile!
So far that sweet time seems to-day,
Here 'neath these darkened skies—
And yet, across the weary way
You light me with your eyes!
And I would give earth's gold to share
Once more that day, that night,
When I had but my scythe, my den,
And you your needles bright!
—(Frank L. Stanton.)

A DAGHESTAN PATTERN.

Phoebe Jane Breck hung the little rug over the arm of the old hair-cloth rocking-chair, and Mrs. Ponsonby Ten Broeck gazed at it critically.

"It's a real Daghestan pattern," said the great lady, who was a summer visitor at East Palustrina; and Phoebe Jane colored high with pride and pleasure. Being only fifteen years old, and not the capable one of the family, it was a great satisfaction to have her handiwork admired by a lady from New York.

"You really have a knack at rug-making," said Phoebe Jane's older sister Eunice, when the visitor's carriage had gone. It was at that very moment, while Phoebe Jane was washing the best thin glass tumbler in which the lady had drunk her cream, that a great idea came to her.

She did not tell Eunice at once; Eunice was trying to trim Pauline Jordan's bonnet "kind of subdued," according to that lady's injunctions, as she was coming out with new false teeth, and was anxious not to look too "flighty." When Eunice had something on her mind was not the time to talk to her. Besides, it was such a great idea that it almost took Phoebe Jane's breath away.

If she could have told her Cousin Luella, that would have been a comfort. Luella went to the Oakmont Female Seminary, and knew almost everything; but Luella and she were forbidden to speak to each other, because her father and Luella's mother, Aunt Cynthia, had quarrelled long ago.

Aunt Cynthia's boys, Jerome and Albion, and Phoebe Jane's brother, Llewellyn, had always scowled at each other, but Phoebe Jane and Luella had wanted to be friends ever since the day when Luella's buff kitten got lost in Wingate's woods, and Phoebe Jane climbed a tall tree, in the top of which it was mewling piteously, and restored it to its mistress's arms.

That had happened long ago, when they were little girls; but ever since they had shown themselves congenial spirits. So Phoebe Jane longed to ask Luella's advice about her bright idea. But as that could not be, she allowed it to rest awhile in her eager brain, and then proceeded to develop it.

Phoebe Jane stole softly into "the shepherdess room"—they called it so because the old-fashioned paper on the walls was covered with shepherdesses, with their crooks and their flocks of sheep. It was the best room, the parlor; but although Phoebe Jane's father and mother lived in that house ever since they were married, the room had never been furnished.

They had always been planning to furnish it; that had been one of Phoebe Jane's mother's hopes as long as she lived, and now Eunice, whenever she was able to save a little money, said that sometime, perhaps, they could furnish the parlor.

Eunice had made a beautiful lounge for it out of an old packing-case, and Mrs. Tisbury, when she moved to Orland, had left them her base-burner stove to use until she wanted it. But Eunice said the great difficulty was the carpet—it was such a large room.

Phoebe Jane stood in the middle of the room and surveyed it with a measuring eye.

"Llewellyn will paint the edges for me," she meditated, "and it is very stylish to leave half a yard all 'round."

"Then we could have the choir rehearsals here," said Phoebe Jane aloud to herself.

The Brecks had a large parlor organ; it almost filled the little sitting room. Mary Ellen, the sister who died, had bought it with her school-teaching money. No one else in Palustrina had such an organ, and Eunice had often said, with a long sigh, "How delightful it would be to have the choir rehearsals here, if we only had the parlor furnished!"

Phoebe Jane decided that if she had a "knack" it was high time she used it to accomplish something worth the while, especially as she had an uncomfortable sense of not being good for much.

Eunice was a famous housekeeper, and could trim bonnets so well that people preferred her work to that of the village milliner. She was so useful in sickness that every one sent for her; and she could play beautifully on the organ, too, although she had never taken any lessons.

Even Llewellyn, who was thirteen years old, and only a boy, could be trusted to get dinner better than Phoebe Jane; he could draw delightful music out of the old fiddle that they had found in Grandpa Pulsifer's garret, and could puzzle the school-master himself when it came to mathematics.

Phoebe Jane couldn't play on anything, except a comb, and she was obliged to go to the barn to indulge in that musical performance because it made Eunice nervous; she said she could bear it if Phoebe Jane could keep a tune. And Phoebe Jane was very apt to be at the foot of the class at school.

Never mind! Mrs. Ponsonby Ten Broeck might flatter, but Eunice certainly never did, and Eunice had said that she, Phoebe Jane, had a "knack."

Phoebe Jane slipped away that afternoon without giving any account of herself. She called first on old Mrs. Prouty, who had been the Palustrina dressmaker for fifty years. Old Mrs. Prouty had the reputation of being "snug"; she had a great store of "pieces" in her attic, and she had never been known to give any away, even for a crazy-quilt.

But she and Phoebe Jane were very intimate. Phoebe Jane had brought up Mrs. Prouty's tender brood of turkeys, hatched during a thunder-shower; had always stood up for Ginger, the old lady's little rat-terrier, that was voted a nuisance by the neighbors, and had twice rescued him from cruel boys. Moreover, old Mrs. Prouty's niece Lorinda sang in "the seats," and longed for evening rehearsals.

The pile of "pieces" in Mrs. Prouty's attic was like a mountain of rainbows, and old Mrs. Prouty had so good a memory that she knew to whose dress almost every piece had belonged.

Phoebe Jane made two or three other calls, and before she went home the success of her plan seemed assured.

Eunice said, "I don't see how you're going to make a rug that's large enough," and "I hope you won't get tired of it before its half-done as you did of the bed-spread you began to crochet." But she helped; Eunice would always help, though she was practical and saw all the difficulties at once.

Llewellyn got the Corey boys to help him make a frame that was large enough, and he helped to make the rest too. By dint of hard work it was finished and laid upon the parlor floor the first of December. As Phoebe Jane said, if you don't believe it was a siege, you'd better try one! A real Daghestan pattern, nine by twelve feet.

Then, alas! when the rug was down, and the parlor furnished, all the pleasure of the choir rehearsals was spoiled by a church quarrel. It arose as church quarrels and others often do, from what seemed a very small thing.

Old Mrs. Tackaberry, Aunt Cynthia's mother, had the old-fashioned New England habit of suspending all labor on Saturday evening, and beginning it again on Sunday evening; and being a very obstinate woman, she would knit in the Sunday evening prayer meeting. No matter how loud the minister and the members prayed and exhorted, no matter how loud the congregation sang, old Mrs. Tackaberry's knitting-needle seemed to click above everything.

Some people were shocked and some had their nerves affected, while others declared that "a mother in Israel," like old Mrs. Tackaberry, should be allowed to indulge in such a harmless eccentricity. At this time the church was divided into two parties, one insisting old Mrs. Tackaberry should cease to knit or leave, and the other declaring that if she left it would leave with her.

So the church was rent asunder. The supporters of old Mrs. Tackaberry hired the town-hall for their services, and a young divinity student for their minister. The funds that had been barely enough for one church were sadly insufficient for two, and there was enmity between old friends and neighbors. So Phoebe Jane said with a tearful sense of the futility of all human hopes, that there was "no comfort in half a choir rehearsal."

It was old Mrs. Tackaberry who had made the trouble between Aunt Cynthia, and her brother-in-law, years before, so it was not very likely that the Brecks would espouse her cause, though Deacon Breck who was a mild and gentle man, and never had quarrelled with anybody but Aunt Cynthia in his life—Deacon Breck said he "wished folks could have put up with the knitting, for he believed it was conducive to godliness to let some folks do as they were a mind to."

As if Phoebe Jane had not had disappointment enough, the worst storm of the season came on that Saturday

night when the choir had been invited to hold its first rehearsal in the newly-furnished parlor. It was a rain, following a heavy fall of snow. The roads were almost impassable, and most of the singers lived a long distance from the village.

The town-hall was opposite the Brecks' house, and Phoebe Jane looking out of the window, saw that the choir of the new society was assembling in spite of the storm. It was to be a great occasion with the new society to-morrow; Jerome, Aunt Cynthia's oldest son, who was a student in a theological seminary, was going to preach.

But a great volume of smoke was pouring out of the doors and windows of the hall, and Llewellyn, who had been over to investigate, announced that "that old chimney was smoking again, and they would have to give up their rehearsal." Then Llewellyn, who was a strong partisan, and didn't like Aunt Cynthia's Jerome, turned a somersault of excitement and delight.

"It is too bad!" cried Phoebe Jane, whose soul was sympathetic. "Father—Eunice—don't you think we might ask them to come in here?"

Father Breck hesitated, rubbing his hands together nervously. He said he was afraid people would think it was queer, and if any of their choir should come it would be awkward.

Then Eunice suddenly came to the front, as Eunice had a way of doing quite unexpectedly.

"I think Phoebe Jane has a right to use the parlor as she likes, she worked so hard for the rug," said Eunice.

"Well, well, do as you like, Phoebe Jane. Maybe it's a providential leading," said Father Breck.

Phoebe Jane threw her waterproof over her head and ran out. There were Cynthia and Jerome, and with them a professor from Jerome's seminary. Phoebe Jane had a lump in her throat when she tried to speak to them, but behind, oh joy! there was Luella.

"If you will come and rehearse in our parlor—you know about my rug!" said Phoebe Jane; and then she drew her waterproof over her head again and ran back.

There was a consultation, evidently. Phoebe Jane heard old Mrs. Tackaberry's voice, and was afraid they wouldn't come.

But they did! It seemed almost the whole of the new society came pouring into the parlor, and by that time Alma Pickering, and Jo Flint, and the Hodgdon girls, of their own choir, had come!

It would have been a little awkward if old Mrs. Tackaberry had not been immediately struck by the new rug, and begun to ask questions about it with a freedom that made every one laugh.

Soon they were all talking about it. Phoebe Jane remembered, as she had meant to, where she had put almost all the "pieces" of which Mrs. Prouty had told her the history.

Old Mrs. Tackaberry cried about the pink delaine that was her little granddaughter, Abby Ellen's, who died, and about the brown tippet that was her daughter Amanda's wedding dress when she married a missionary and went to China, and died there.

Then they all laughed at an arabesque in one corner which was Jerome's yellow flannel dress—Phoebe Jane had been a little afraid to tell of that, Jerome was so imposing in a white necktie. Aunt Cynthia would not believe that she had let the dress-maker make that dress until she remembered that it was the time when she scalded her hand.

People kept coming in. Phoebe Jane had an inspiration, and made Llewellyn go and invite them. It became a good old-fashioned neighborhood party—"just like a quilting," old Mrs. Tackaberry said. Everybody found some of their "pieces" or their relatives' "pieces" in the rug, and smiles and tears and innumerable stories grew out of this.

The new-comers found the two factions apparently so reconciled that they were surprised out of any animosity that they might have felt; and when they came to rehearse their music it happened, oddly enough, that both parties had chosen the same hymn, and they all sang together.

When they had finished rehearsing, someone—Phoebe Jane never was quite sure whether it was Jerome or the professor—started "Blessed be the tie that binds." How they did sing it! Old Mrs. Tackaberry's thin, cracked treble sang out in defiance of time and tune, and when the hymn ended tears were rolling down her seamy cheeks.

"I'm going back to the church!" she said, brokenly. "I've spilt my meet'n's and other folk's long enough. And—and—I'm going to do what I'm a mind to, to home, when it comes sun-down on the Sabbath day, but I ain't goin' to knit a mite in meetin' again—not a mite!"

There was a great hand-shaking; Aunt Cynthia and Father Breck actually shook hands, and out in the entry old Mrs. Tackaberry kissed Phoebe Jane.

In spite of the bad roads, there was a great congregation in the East Palustrina church the next day. It was the professor who preached. He chose for his text, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and every one looked at Phoebe Jane until she grew red to the tips of her ears.

She and Luella walked homeward together—openly, arm in arm; and it seemed like walking in Paradise, although one went over shoe in mud. —[Youth's Companion.]

Capetown, in South Africa, is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

INTERESTING NOTES AND MATTERS OF MOMENT.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

TWENTY years ago W. A. Van Sickle, of New Brunswick, N. J., lost a watch in a field in that place. Recently a colored man unearthed it. After being soaked in oil the timepiece was found to be in fairly good condition.

A FARMER at Middlebury, Ind., while digging a ditch in a swamp, unearthed the petrified body of a man. It was found three feet below the surface, and weighed 400 pounds. Doctors say it was the body of a white man who in life weighed 150 or 160 pounds.

WARWEL, in the Province of Quebec, is greatly excited over the recent performance of a speckled hen, the property of the Widow Hoolihan. This remarkable bird laid a cubical egg and a large Brahma rooster in the barnyard cackled until his waffles burst and he bled to death.

THERE is a year-old baby in Elmira, N. Y., who has already begun to talk French, though its parents are both native born Americans and neither of them know any tongue save English. The child's strange linguistic endowment was discovered by a French Canadian woman who went to the house to do sewing.

A RECORD kept at Yale for eight years shows that non-smokers are twenty per cent. taller, twenty-five per cent. heavier and have sixty per cent. more lung capacity than smokers. An Amherst graduating class recently showed a still greater difference, the non-smokers having gained twenty-four per cent. in weight and thirty-seven per cent. in height over the smokers, and also exceeding them in lung capacity.

THE only Victoria Cross that was awarded to a participant in the deadly charge at Balaclava was put up at auction in London the other day and sold with some other decorations, for \$775. The officer who won the cross was Lieutenant Alexander Roberts Dunn, and it was bestowed on him for his signal bravery in cutting down three Russian lancers who were attacking him, and in saving a fellow soldier from the sword of a Russian hussar.

GOLDSMITHS "save" their floors and gilders their rags with surprising resultant economies. One important firm of jewelers in New York requires its factory employes to leave their working clothes at the factory. The work benches and floors are carefully swept nightly, but once in every few years floors, benches and clothes are burned. After one of these burnings the crucibles contain as a residuum thousands of dollars' worth of precious metal.

THERE is a family of Lees in Western Michigan which for three generations back has seemed fated to violent deaths. The grandfather was killed in a brawl, after having been acquitted of the charge of murdering his wife. Of his two sons one was killed in the war, the other was drowned. Three sons of the latter were killed by knife or bullet, a fourth fell from a horse and died from his injuries; a daughter committed suicide, and her son is serving time in prison for assault with intent to kill.

LAWYERS are ever ready with new methods of procedure and novel grounds for action, but there is an Englishman who has just made himself prominent in his profession as a deviser of a unique basis for a suit for damages. He has entered suit against a newspaper, asking damages and an injunction, on the ground that the newspaper withholding his name in cases where he has been successful and publishing it only in cases which he has lost. Eminent counsel have been retained on both sides, and the action will be bitterly contested.

MRS. MARY E. HARRIS, of Roxbury, Mass., has had for thirty years the hobby of collecting buttons, until now her collection numbers 12,000 different kinds. Thirty years ago she made a wager that there were more than 999 different kinds of buttons; she reached the thousand mark inside of a year, but once started in the fascinations of "collecting" her pursuit was kept up. Mrs. Harris has some interesting buttons in her collection. One was worn by a soldier in Napoleon's army; another by a soldier in Washington's; there are buttons from the uniforms of half a dozen European armies, as well as from those of the South American republics, the Confederate army and the uniforms furnished by different States during the Civil War.

GINGER cookies fell a prey to Uncle Sam's secret service sleuth hounds in Philadelphia. Certain enterprising bakers cackling about for new ideas, have sold cookies stamped with a giant image of the American penny. The stamping process required a big leaden mould, and the impress was made on the dough before the cakes went to the ovens. The new idea took well, but the watchful officials learned of the scheme, and in order to maintain the majesty of the law, seized and destroyed the moulds, warning the bakers that a repetition of the offence would be followed by prosecution. As the extreme punishment for counterfeiting is a fine of \$5,000 and an imprisonment at hard labor for not more than ten years, the warning is likely to be heeded.

"The city authorities of my town

offered a bounty for English sparrows," said C. E. Reid, to a Cincinnati reporter. "These birds had driven all others away, and had multiplied until they became an unbearable nuisance. The son of a brewer hit upon an ingenious scheme and reaped a harvest. He arranged little troughs through which the waste beer would run, and scattered food upon each side of them. For the first two or three days the birds were not molested, at the end of which time they had evidently notified all of their friends. They ate the food and drank the beer and every one of them became drunk. In this condition they could be picked up by the hundreds of them, and the boy gathered in hundreds of them. He would eventually have lured every one in the town into his trap if the bounty had not been withdrawn."

ED. MARSH, of Mineral Township, Penn., comes to the front with a story that is both wonderful and unique, but true in every detail. About five weeks ago a Durham-Alderney cow, aged two years gave birth to a calf, and they began to milk the cow, but were thunderstruck when they discovered that the milk was black. The calf, however, thrived upon the milk, and Mrs. Marsh having overcome her prejudices, decided to try some of the milk. It tasted the same as other milk, only it was much richer, and by leaving a crock of it set for four hours, nearly two inches of cream, a little lighter in color than the milk, would raise to the top. Two gallons of the cream were churned and four pounds of butter were secured. The butter was examined by a chemist, who pronounced it perfect butter only in color, and gave the reason for the color something yet unknown to science in the blood of the animal. The butter much resembles coal tar, and has a delicious taste.

A QUEER custom which prevails at no other court than that of Great Britain, is the announcement at the beginning of each course of dinner of the name of the cook who has prepared the dishes served. The announcement is made by one of the clerks of the kitchen. The origin of this custom dates back to the reign of King George II., who made a great favorite of one of his marmitons, promoting him to the rank of chief cook over the heads of all his seniors. This, of course, created great jealousy, and every effort was made to oust him from royal favor by rendering him responsible for the failures which were laid upon the King's table. Greatly incensed thereby, and fearing to lose his post, he complained to the King in person, who immediately gave orders that, henceforth, whenever a dish was placed before him the name of the cook responsible for its success or failure should be announced in an audible tone.

A TELEGRAM reports that an extraordinary occurrence took place in Slade, a fishing village in South Wexford, Ireland. Luke Kavanagh, an Irish-American, who had become insane, was picked up in a small boat about twenty miles out to sea by a fishing trawler from England. He had two trunks and a number of parcels of meat and bread. When questioned, he said he was on his way to California; that he had plenty of supplies, and had fishing tackle to help support him when his provisions fell short. As the man's conversation indicated his condition, and seeing the boat had no rudder, and was half full of water, the trawler's crew forcibly took the stranger on board and conveyed him into Slade, where after a severe struggle he was taken charge of by his relatives. The police took him into custody in the evening, when a fierce fight ensued in the police station. Kavanagh is a very young and powerfully built fellow, and several police constables were injured by him. In the fight he was rendered senseless by a chance blow. Had this not happened he would have escaped. He was conveyed to the asylum under a strong guard.

ONE of the Florida wonders is an immense volume of water that boils up in the middle of the St. Johns river at a place known as Devil's Elbow, one mile east of Palatka. Although soundings have been made at Palatka to the depth of 600 feet, no bottom has been found. It is believed to be the outlet of Falling creek, a considerable stream that sinks into the earth eight miles north of Lake City, in Columbia county. The carcasses of drowned animals have been known to come up in this boil, showing that part of the stream must be above ground. Several of the oldest citizens in the county concur in the story that some forty years ago the carcass of a cow was thrown up by this geyser that bore the mark and brand of Colonel Goodbread, a well-known cattle owner of Columbia county at that time, whose stock used to graze on the banks of Falling creek. The bed of this underground stream passes directly under Palatka at a depth of 205 feet. It is tapped along its course within the city by numerous artesian wells, which throw up a clear, cool stream of water to a height of thirty-three and one-third feet above the level of the streets. By placing the ear to the pipes of these wells the unmistakable thunders of subterranean cataclysms are easily recognized.

At Pomeroy, Ohio, when one sits on summer evenings, perchance in front of one of the leading hostleries, he commands a sweeping view of the Ohio river, both up and down stream. Often strangers enjoying the charms of the situation are surprised to hear the staccato notes, apparently of a steam calliope on some distant packet. They learn, however, that the calliope's notes are those of a human

voice, two miles down the river. John J. Curtis has won the local sobriquet of the "human calliope." He is about eighteen years of age, and a very manly-looking youth, of great breadth of shoulder and capacity of lung. Down at the factory of evenings he is wont to give strange vocal exhibitions to his fellows and the neighboring country at large. Mounted on a pile of pig iron, he braces himself, takes a long breath, and then from an oval-shaped mouth emits, without any apparent effort, tones that for strength and far-reaching quality his auditors declare they have never heard the equal. On clear nights his voice can be heard for over two miles. With a ready ear for music young Curtis "plays," or rather, shouts, many of the popular airs of the day, and is looked upon as a great celebrity in his section.

HARD TO KILL A GRIZZLY.

He Can Do Plenty of Damage When "Nominally Dead."

Personally I have more respect for His Majesty, the Grizzly Bear, than for any other animal I ever trailed, the tiger not excepted, writes W. T. Hornaday in an article on the bears of North America in St. Nicholas. It is quite true that many an able-bodied Grizzly is caught napping and killed "dead easy," as the baseball language says, but so are big tigers also, for that matter. In fact, I know of one large tiger weighing within five pounds of five hundred, who was promptly laid low by two bullets from a mere pop-gun of a rifle, and there was no fuss about it, either.

It is easy enough to kill a Grizzly at a good safe distance of a hundred yards or so, which allows the hunter to fire from three to six shots by the time the teeth and claws get dangerously near. But to attack a fully grown and wide-awake *Ursus horribilis* in brushy ground at twenty or thirty yards' distance is no child's play. As an old hunter once quaintly expressed it to me, "A Grizzly Bear 'll git upan' come at ye with blood in his eye after he's nominally dead!" The point of it is, this bear is so big, and so enveloped in long, shaggy hair, his head is so wedge-like, his strength and tenacity of life so great, and his rage when wounded so furious that at that short range he is hard to kill quickly, and killed so dead that he cannot get a blow at the hunter.

The strength in a Grizzly's arm is tremendous, and when the blow comes accompanied with claws five or six inches long, like so many hooks of steel on a sledge-hammer, it tears to shreds what it falls to crush. There are many authentic instances on record of hunters and trappers who have been killed by Grizzly Bears, and I believe it could be proved that this animal has killed more men than all the other wild animals in North America combined, excepting the skunks and their rabies.

In the days of the early pioneers, the only rifles used were the muzzle-loading, hair-trigger squirrel-rifles of small caliber, and they were no match for the burly Grizzly, either in speed or strength. As a result Bruin had the best of it, and in time brought about a perfect reign of terror among the frontiersmen who trespassed upon his domain. For my part, I certainly would not want to attack a big Grizzly at short range with my father's old Kentucky rifle, of 32 caliber, unless I had my will made, and all my earthly affairs in shape to be left for a long period. But with the rise of the breechloader the tables turned; and, like all other dangerous animals, the Grizzly soon found out that the odds were against him. To be sure, he still kills his hunter now and then, sometimes by one awful stroke of his paw, and sometimes by biting his victim to death. But he has almost ceased to attack men willfully and without cause as he once did. Unless he is wounded or cornered and about to be attacked, he will generally run whenever he discovers a man. But when he is attacked and especially if wounded, he gets mad clean through. Then he will fight anything, even a circular saw, so it is said, and give it five turns the start.

Every Man for Himself.

The American philosopher, Emerson, was as far removed from practical politics as he was from the art of making money, and his views of the individual and human institutions are on the highest level of thought. In his essay on wealth the following striking passage will be found:

"The Saxons are the merchants of the world; now for 1,000 years the leading race, and by nothing more than their quality of personal independence, and in its special modification, pecuniary independence. No reliance for bread and games on the government; no classism, no patriarchal style of living by the revenues of a chief, no marrying-on, no system of clientship, suits them, but every man must pay his scot. The English are prosperous and peaceable, with the habit of considering that every man must take care of himself and has himself to thank if he do not maintain and improve his position in society."

Have the people Emerson called Saxon changed for the worse since his day?—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The whaleback style of steamship has not been adopted yet for ocean passenger carrying. There is one such huge passenger vessel on the Great Lakes, which was used as an excursion boat during the World's Fair. Her capacity is 4,000 passengers.