

THE WORLD ROLLS ON.

O, the world rolls on with its love and light—
It's sun by day and its stars by night,
And the dark gives place to the bright—the bright.

IN A DECK CHAIR.



HE was a very proud girl—stand-offish sort of a girl—and she came on board with fixed intention not to speak to anybody.

You don't notice individuals as a rule, for everybody looks so like everybody else on a first meeting, especially when it is almost dark, and a crowd of passengers hang about the ship's side taking their last look at things ashore.

I began to evict the intruder, at first with great difficulty. "Pray excuse me! I fancy you have mistaken your chair."

On the sixth day the sea had gone down a good deal and the saloon banquets were being patronized. I returned to the deck after a capital luncheon, with one of Clark Russell's stories under my arm.

It was a lovely night, and as we dropped down the river the passengers stood about in groups and enjoyed it. Several spoke to me and became quite sociable.

The next morning Miss Bradley (for that, as I discovered afterward, was her name) and I met at breakfast. I think all the passengers met at breakfast—at that first breakfast.

But the neighborly chat with which I tried to garnish the eggs and bacon met with little encouragement, and she committed herself no more than to the endorsement of my hope that we should have this sort of thing all the way.

All that day she wandered about the deck, with her dark eyes—they were dark gray in the sunshine—surveying the panoramas of the cliff-belted southern coast, or sat upon a bench by the saloon dome, reading a book under the shadow of the awning which had been rigged up on the "promenade."

There were several jolly women among the passengers; and particularly jolly they were on the score of the calm sea. Our time in the channel was good as a picnic, and it seemed as if the prevailing merriment must tantalize Miss Bradley out of her proud reserve.

The next morning when the steward called me at half-past 6 o'clock for my bath, a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was lifting and rolling in it considerably.

I supplied her plate, and lunched into a funny story. To my dismay, she suddenly arose and left the table—like a flash, ramming her handkerchief into her mouth, as I assumed, to prevent the laughter which must unbend her dignity, and break down the icy barrier between us.

For five days her pride—or some other indisposition—buried her in the sacred seclusion of her stateroom. It was too bad! During those five days we staggered through a lively cross sea, which made walking on deck a very awkward business, and I spent most of my time reclining in my comfortable deck chair.

It now occurred to a number of passengers that a deck chair was the thing of all others which they ought to have brought on board. The scanty accommodation of benches was inadequate for those who wanted to lie down at full length and "sleep it off," and the deck was not only no-sybaritic, but offered indifferent anchorage; those who made their bed on the floor experienced a constant tendency to slip and slide and roll as the Atlantic wrestled with the waves.

Envious glances were cast at my snug chair, which I had moored in a sheltered corner. Piratical attacks were made upon that chair whenever I ventured to quit it for a moment. If I took a turn to stretch my limbs, or went below for a book or an extra rug, I never failed to find on my return, some interloping loafer ensconced in my nest and pretending to be fast asleep.

I began to evict the intruder, at first with great difficulty. "Pray excuse me! I fancy you have mistaken your chair."

It came to this, that I got quite "rusty," and acquired the habit of folding up my chair whenever I left it, affixing thereon a notice: "This chair was brought on board for the owner's use. All others keep away."

On the sixth day the sea had gone down a good deal and the saloon banquets were being patronized. I returned to the deck after a capital luncheon, with one of Clark Russell's stories under my arm.

Suddenly, under the lee of the captain's cabin, I came upon Millicent Bradley. Her proud, gray eyes were dim and lustreless, the firm contour of the face was gone, and her rich complexion had changed to putty-color.

As I stopped before her and stared with astonishment and distress, she opened her eyelids just another sixteenth of an inch and murmured in the most die-away tone: "Oh, Mr. Franklin, I'm afraid I've got your chair. Do take it! Please take it!"

For three days I waited upon her hand and foot, helped her with delicacies, told her funny stories—not about seasickness—recited poetry to her—my own, unpublished! and—yes, I flirted with her.

And she? Oh it did her good—brightened her up amazingly. She talked better than a phonograph, and we were all in all to each other. The doctor was a bit of a nuisance, presuming upon his medical privileges, you understand; and the captain pestered us; but I got my grip, as we used to say when I rowed in the college eight, and I pulled right through, giving them my "wash" all the time.

But within a day's sail of New York a disaster fell upon the ship, so terrifying, so lurid, so indelibly horrible, that you will think me inconsistent in declaring that it increased my happiness a hundredfold, and gave me in one hideous moment all the concentrated joy of a lifetime.

It had come on to blow again. A great bank of bubbling, purple clouds had arisen in the northwest as the night closed in, and while I was helping Miss Bradley down the companionway, driven from the deck by the ugly, threatening aspect of the sky, a blast of wind struck the vessel, heeling her over with a suddenness that forced me to cling with all my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley, with all hers, to my neck. For nearly a minute my chin rested against the top of her head, but that ecstasy was vouchsafed to me no longer.

I struggled back to the deck for the rugs and cushions, and found the vessel enveloped in a furious storm. Already it was dark, and the Atlanta

was plunging like a restive horse, the sea coming in floods over the bulwarks, and the wind tearing and shrieking among the cordage, and blustering against the big roaring funnel. The rain came down in slanting sheets of water, and the sailors were shouting to each other, and warning the passengers who had delayed getting below. I lost one of my rugs, and how I saved my life I can hardly tell. My deck chair I left strapped to its moorings, and took refuge in the smoke room with half a dozen other white-faced fellows.

With the greatest difficulty we got to our staterooms, and I clamored into my berth, simply shedding my top coat on the floor and kicking off my sopping shoes. I lay on my back with my elbows wedged against the side of the bunk to prevent myself being pitched out by the violent rolling of the ship, and listened to the smashing of glass and crockery, and the crash of hat boxes, bags and other unsecured trifles, which were flying about like pips in a dice box, and to the shuddering whirl of the screw as the water dropped away from our stern and left the great flanges to beat the air.

I had to lie there in a bath of perspiration, for I could not get relief by taking off my clothes. To unweave myself in order to make the attempt would have resulted in my rolling out on to the floor, where my shoes and a water bottle, and a careless companion's razor case, were having a perfect frolic together.

I grew parched with thirst. Every moment the air became more unbearably. Ten minutes more, and I gasped aloud: "I must get out of this, or die!" I flung myself down, and groped out of the door. A stifling fog hung in the saloon. The dim light of a swinging lantern showed it to me.

Never shall I forget the dawn of that day; the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun; the waves covering into sillenness; the storm-wind screeching in baffled passion—and my deck chair gone!

A pilot joined us. We steamed into Sandy Hook. They steered the battered hulk of the Atlanta into the grand harbor of New York under as goodly a sun as ever smiled on lovers.

Millicent Bradley once again stood by my side and spoke no word. Her dark eyes surveyed the shore and took stock of the monster excursion steamer, the Statue of Liberty and the Brooklyn Bridge; but she made no comment. She had not referred to that sweet night of terrors since I found her standing on the promenade deck neatly dressed for going ashore.

"Thank God you have come to me!" she cried with passionate earnestness. We had grown very good friends during those few blissful days of her convalescence, but only by maintaining a rigid barrier of the most respectful ceremony. How I blessed the accommodating tempest which made her now speak to me like that!

"I kept her hand in mine and brought my face close to hers—I had to do this to make my consolation intelligible, there was such a racket. 'It's all right!' I shouted. 'Only a gale of wind. Bit of a sea on. You're quite right to turn out if you feel nervous.'"

"Nothing at all!" I assented scoffingly, as if I had been used to "high seas and howling winds" from infancy. But in my heart I did not agree with her. She must surely be jesting—making light of it in panic-stricken bravado, else why was she so unmistakably overmastered by fear?

"Oh, Miss—Millicent!" I began. But she went on firmly: "Of course, we must not take seriously anything which circumstances—so exceptional—must not bind ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us; we will say good-by now; and—and if—we never meet again—"

"Millicent!" I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers, "don't coquette with me after what we have both gone through! You can say calmly to me, 'If we never meet again,' I say to you, 'Must we ever, ever part?'"

"Yes, we must part—Horace." The words came slowly, and she did not disengage her hands. "Why? Where are you going?" "To Manitoba—to my brother's ranch. I am going to settle there. If you would like to call—"

Supposing the water to be scalding, I instinctively placed Millicent Bradley at full length upon the couch. There was no time to save myself, and I let out an unmanly yell as the waves lapped me right up to the knee. It seemed to bite the flesh from my bones. I can stand pain—I used to play football in England—but you just put your stockings feet into boiling water and try that! In a jiffy I was perched upon the top of a small table, and clapped my hand to my injured extremities; but, strange to say, I was not scalded at all. The water was cold. Others found this out simultaneously. And yet the steam was rising.

The meaning of it flashed upon Millicent first of all—or, perhaps, this phenomenon only confirmed a fear—"God help us!" she cried; "the vessel is on fire."

"Save me, Horace!" gasped Millicent—in that moment she called me by that name—"Save me, Horace, for the love of heaven!" I caught her to my breast like a child—she was a very full grown woman, and must have weighed eleven stone—I kissed her cheek, her eyes, her lips, and she never murmured. I strode with unwavering steps to the companionway with that lovely burden, soft and supple, in my arms.

I sprang up the stairs with a confidence I had not possessed in the calmest of weather, and presently stood with her on deck, the wind tearing at us like a legion of imps, and the rushing masses of water dashing over us from head to foot. It would have been too much for me, exposed to the full force of it, had not a handy sailor coiled a rope about us and hitched us up securely.

Oh, what a glorious time that was; with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened-down hatches and drive us from the vessel.

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They had found the fire and extinguished it; and with the morning light came the cry of "Land ahead!" from the lookout.

We should get through it all safely, then; and beyond lay—paradise! Not the same paradise that we had contemplated in the dark hours, but still paradise; such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

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The Argand lamp was discovered by Argand, Jr. While Argand, Sr., was studying how to produce a white light the boy clapped the broken neck of a wine bottle over the dull red flame of the lamp and the work was done.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CARE OF STRAW MATTING.

Where a really good article was originally purchased, it is frequently the case that colors fade, and the straw gets a shabby look before the fibre is broken or the economical soul can bring herself to replace it with new.

When brought face to face with this new difficulty, remove the tacks so that no broken edges will mar the matting, and then, roll after roll, let it be thoroughly beaten. Great care is again needed to prevent cracking the straw grown brittle with age. It is advisable to pin an old dust-cloth over the brush of the broom, after which that implement may be used with effect.

When the beating is done, lay the strips down and sprinkle with fine cornmeal; and be not sparing of this flour, for it needs to fill every crack and crevice. Now use a perfectly clean broom, and brush with great vigor, for every particle of meal must come away.—New York Journal.

HEALTHFUL COOKERY.

When we reflect upon the dependence of the mind upon the bodily condition, writes Fanny L. Fancher, we cannot escape the conviction that a good cook is a benefactor, and the caterer who feeds his fellow men wisely, is as great as he who rules a nation.

The numerous writers upon this subject, and the cooking schools, or clubs, springing up here and there prove that it is gaining the interest which its importance demands. From this we opine that the twentieth century maiden may boast of her ability to render Beethoven's sonatas; but her skill in the culinary art will be her greater pride. Then, indeed, will dyspepsia be routed, since improper diet will not be from infancy the regimen. When the appetite is not depraved, its cravings will often be a guide to proper diet. Sugar, so often craved by children, was formerly considered a luxury, but now it is deemed a necessity since it furnishes caloric for those whose weak digestion forbids much fat or oily foods.

The rigor of winter demands meat and other heat-producing material. The economic housewife prepares her meat by roasting or boiling; indeed, the frying pan is said to be the curse of American cuisine. Haste surely makes waste in the cooking of meats. The writer's formula for roasting beef will be found profitable.

Having secured a good roast—the dealer soon learns where he can send poor cuts—proceed as follows: Rub over the surface a scant handful of salt to three pounds of meat; place in shallow kettle, the kind used by most housewives for frying fried cakes; cover with inverted pie-tin and place in a piping hot oven. After baking fast for ten minutes to preserve the juices, lower the temperature. When partially done, turn over the meat. In this process no basting is necessary and the generated steam prevents overcooking. This is the principle of the patent baker which all cannot procure.

When ready for the oven do not add water, as is the custom, in open pans. When baked, however, and removed from the kettle, water and flour may be added to the meat broth for the desired gravy. Try this way, and you will never again roast meat in an open dripping pan.—New York Observer.

RECIPES.

Sweet Potato Pie—One cup of sliced, cooked sweet potatoes, one-half cup of rich, sweet cream, a good-sized lump of butter. Sweeten with powdered sugar, add a half teaspoon of grated nutmeg, bake with two crusts until slightly browned.

Salad Dressing—Beat yolks of two eggs thoroughly, add one teaspoonful of salt, two of white sugar, one of mustard, one tablespoonful of butter and four of vinegar; mix together, and put in double kettle over the fire; stir constantly until it thickens; set in ice box until very cold. When ready to serve, pour over the cabbage and mix lightly.

Peach Cream—Put through a sieve enough soft peaches to make one quart of pulp. Put into a freezer one quart of cream and one coffee-cupful of sugar. When about two-thirds frozen add the peaches, and continue to freeze until firm. The amount of sugar for this cream should be increased or diminished, according to the acidity of the peaches.

Economy Pudding—Lay thick slices of stale sunshine or sponge cake in the oven until delicately browned, and line a glass dish with them. Whip half a tumbler of apple, quince or strawberry jelly with an egg beater until light; stir in the beaten whites of two eggs and pile this over the cake, decorating with fresh strawberries or with fresh or candied cherries.

Baked Hash—Put a pint of uncooked chopped potatoes in a saucepan, with a half pint of boiling water, stew five minutes, add the meat and stew ten minutes longer, add gravy, if any is needed to moisten; take from the fire and stir in two beaten eggs and season to taste; add a cup of stewed mushrooms is a great addition. Turn into a buttered dish and bake twenty minutes.

Crumpets—Scald a pint of milk in the evening; when lukewarm, stir in three cups of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, four ounces of melted butter and half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in lukewarm water; beat well and let stand over night. At breakfast time grease muffin rings and place on a hot griddle; fill each ring half full of batter, bake on one side, then turn and bake on the other. After the crumpets have become cold they are very nice toasted.

OVER FIFTY YEARS OF SUCCESS.

Notable Career of the John P. Lovell Arms Company.

For over half a century the John P. Lovell Arms Co. has been looked to as an authority on sporting goods, and no one who ever had business dealings with this well known firm has ever had cause to complain of unfair treatment.

After 50 successful years this house is now known throughout the country, and the very mention of the name John P. Lovell Arms Co. is a synonym of honesty and reliability. John P. Lovell, the founder of the Company, although 74 years old, is invariably at his desk every day to overlook the rapidly increasing business.

No sharp practices in trade can be held against him. His record for honesty and integrity is irrefragable. Fortunately, Mr. Lovell has some sturdy and businesslike sons whom he early associated with him.

Col. Benjamin S. Lovell, who is endowed with rare business ability, fills the position of treasurer of the Company in a most thorough manner. He is attached to the Governor of Massachusetts' staff, as was he from 1889 to 1892; was attached to Gen. John C. Robinson in 1877-1878, and served on staff of Gen. Russell A. Alger in 1880, and with Gen. Palmer in 1892.

Col. Benjamin S. Lovell and H. L. Lovell are the Colonel's valuable assistants in keeping the Company to the front. The John P. Lovell Arms Company have every facility which money, a thorough knowledge of the business, and the greatest skill in mechanics can produce to make the "Lovell Diamond" the best bicycle in the world.

Every year since its first appearance this bicycle has been improved, until now it is unsurpassed in point of material, workmanship, finish, safety, speed, beauty and easy running qualities. Not only is the use of the Lovell Diamond becoming more widespread in this country, but foreign dealers are not slow in recognizing the merit of this machine.

The "Lovell Diamond" has the field, and it has already demonstrated that it is the king of bicycles. As the most important part of the stand for all that is substantial in nature, so does the John P. Lovell Arms Company represent all that is solid and permanent in the business world.—Boston Herald.

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