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Farmer Stebbins at Ocean Grove.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN: We got here safe—my worthy wife and me—An' pitted our tents under a grove contig'us to the sea. We've harvested such means of grace as growed within our reach. We've tended all the mornin' talks, we've heard the Bishop preach. An' everything went pleasantly, until we had a whim—My wife and I—one breezy day, to take an ocean swim. We wouldn't ha' ventured out, I think, if Sister Sunnyhopes hadn' urged us over an' agin, an' said she knew the ropes. An' I told her safe an' sweet it was "in ocean rills to lave." An' "sport within the foaming surf," an' "ride the created waves." An' so we went along with her—my timid wife an' two inland noodles, for our first acquaintance with the sea. They put me in a work-day rig, as usually is done—A wampas an' short overalls an' sewed up into slits. I had to pull an' fuss an' jerk to make the things go. (You are aware my peaceful weight will crowd three hundred pounds). They took my wig an' laid it up—to keep it safe, they said—An' strapped a straw-stalk of a hat on my devoted head. They put my wife into a dress too short by fall a third— "Two come 'at in the 'Bloomer' style, an' looked a bit absurd. You know she's rather tall an' slim—somewhat my opposite. An' clothes that are not cut for her are likely not to fit. But as she was vent'ring in—my faithful wife an' I—An' formed our first acquaintance with the Inconvenient sea. Miss Sunnyhopes who went ahead, a-lookin' trim an' sweet. She had her bathin' suit all fixed an' trimmed from head to foot. An' I went out an' grabbed the rope, just as she told me to. An' with chains next, a-lookin' scared, scarce knowin' what to do. But Sister Sunnyhopes to me a smile o' sweetness. An' she said, "Now watch your chance, an' jump—here comes a lovely wave!" I must ha' jumped, I rather think, the wrong time of the moon. Alas! the lovely wave occurred to me too soon. It took me solid, with a rude an' unexpected shock: It beat the stoutest pair o' horns there is in all my flock. An' then, to top the circus out, an' make the act more free. I tried to kick the lovely wave, retinquitin' the line. On country fair's' action days, in walkin' through a crowd, I'm rather firm to jostle 'gainst—perhaps it makes me proud. But if it does, that was discouraged how soreness never pays. An' seemed to shoot, "How small is man, no odds how much he weighs!" It set on me, it jumped on me, in spite of right or law. An' whisked an' whirled me all about as if I'd been a straw. An' then it laid me on the beach, right thankful for my life. An' scrambled up, I gave a gaze to find my faithful wife. But she had sort o' cut the wave, with all the edge she had. An' stood a-holdin' to the rope, uncommon moist and sad. While Sister Sunnyhopes, with smiles, was lookin' proud an' gay. A-sailin' on her dainty back, some several rods away. She looked so nerrish-pretty there (an' knewed it too, she did). The crowd was all admirin' her, an' so was I myself. An' while again I grasped the line beside my wife of truth. My eyes could rove to Sister S., her beauty an' her youth. When all at once another wave, tremendous broad an' deep. Came smashin' down on wife an' me, an' tossed us in a heap. Head over heels, all in a bunch, my wife across o' me. An' on some unlovely folks who happened there to see. My hat untied an' floated off, an' left my bald head bare. When we got out, if I'd ha' spoke, it would ha' warmed the air. We drank a good part of the sea—my gaspin' wife an' I—While Sister S., still floated soft, a-gasin' at the sky. We voted that we'd got enough, an' crawled out of the way. Before another wave arrived, an' hid the sea good-bye. We looked as like two drowned rats as ever such was called. With one of 'em a mighty flop, particularly bad. Bet, like a woman torn, she said—my watchful wife— "We'll not mind; there's others here that looks as bad as we." Now Sister Sunnyhopes, by-'n-by, came back into our tent. As sleek or sleeker than before, an' asked us when we went. Says I, "My dear good Sister S., please do not now pretend. You did not see our y'age through, and mark its doubtful end. If you would play the mermaid fair, why, such I'd have you be. But we've lost all our life to take that part—my faithful wife an' me." —Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.

MARY'S BLUNDERS.

"Dear me! Aunt Sadie, is Mr. Covert ill? Yes? Then I cannot take my music lesson to-day." "You seem to feel happy for that relief." "Oh, dear, no! I rather prefer taking my lesson." Aunt Sadie glanced sharply at her niece, but that young lady's face was calm enough. "It strikes me," observed the old lady, "that you do not dislike Mr. Covert as much as you seem to." "I never expressed any aversion to him," replied Carrie, demurely. "In fact," she added, as she molded the biscuits she was making with deft fingers, "I think I like Mr. Covert very much." "Humph!" sniffed Aunt Sadie, contemptuously. "He is only a poor music teacher, and you cannot afford to marry a poor man with no prospects." "Well, I declare!" flared Carrie. "Do you think it follows as a consequence that I must marry a man I like? Aunt Sadie, I am surprised at you!" And Carrie took up the pan containing the dozen little round balls of dough and pushed it into the oven with such a bang that the old lady dropped her knitting and almost fell from her chair by the range. Then Carrie bounced out of the room indignantly and went upstairs to dress. Ten minutes later she came flying back to

the kitchen, and her pretty little face wore a look of great consternation. "Land sakes alive! What's the matter, child?" cried Aunt Sadie. "I have lost my garnet ring, Aunt Sadie." "Perhaps you left it on the table before kneading your biscuit dough," suggested the old lady. "No," tearfully replied the unhappy little cock. "I am sure I did not; and I have searched all over my room. It was a present from papa when he got the pastorate of his new church; and I am doubly anxious to find it because Mr. Covert wished it on my finger—" "There, now, you are going off at a tangent about that man again!" exclaimed Aunt Sadie, in an impatient tone. "I don't care; he's real nice, and he is good, and he is handsome, and I like him, and you are adverse to him, Aunt Sadie, because you thought he was coming here to carry away your daughter Mamie for his wife, and he undoesed you." "There, there! That will do, miss!" cried the old lady, starting up angrily. "I vow, this is nice talk for a minister's daughter! You should respect your elders." "I am sorry," retorted Carrie, "that poor papa's teaching does not make a deeper impression on your mind—at least enough so to let your conscience be the fault of looking down on Mr. Covert because of your disappointment." "Well," gasped Aunt Sadie, with an incredulous stare at Carrie, "over the top of her spectacles, 'I'd always heard that as a general thing ministers' wives and daughters ain't the most exemplary of mortals; and now I believe it. The very idea of you—your, Carrie Ray, talking to me in this way! It beats anything I ever heard of before! What my religious principles are is none of your business—do you understand? and when my sister Sally—your mother—married Parson Ray, I kinder suspected some such goings on as this here, twenty years ago!" The ring was forgotten now, but the biscuits in the oven began to burn, and scenting them, with a scream of dismay Carrie turned from her angry aunt, opened the oven door and took out the pan. There were a dozen beautifully browned biscuits in it—one or two slightly scorched, but not enough so to spoil them. "I s'pose those things are for your father's supper?" "Half are," returned Carrie, "the balance for Mr. Covert." "Good land sakes alive!" commenced Aunt Sadie. "Here, Mary," called Carrie to the servant in the dining-room, "take these half dozen biscuits to him wrapped up in a napkin to Mr. Covert, down the street, number fifty-four." "Yes, ma'am; an' will I say who they're from, ma'am?" "Leave word," whispered Carrie, "that they are from Aunt Sadie Hall." "All right, ma'am!" rejoined Mary, who suspected a joke. And taking the biscuits off she went. "I feel so sorry I quarreled with Aunt Sadie," thought Carrie, shortly afterward, "for she is good and kind to me, and has almost taken the place mamma held in my heart before she died. But her prejudice against Mr. Covert is sadly misplaced. Poor fellow—I must ask papa to call on him. And oh, won't he be surprised when he receives those biscuits, with the message they are from Aunt Sadie? I will not say anything about it to any one, and when he is well enough to call there will be such fun!" Yes, there was to be fun, but a different kind from that which Carrie expected. That evening she asked her father to call on Launce Covert, explaining that he was ill. "Hum! Number fifty-four did you say?" asked the stout minister. "That is right on my way, as I was about to drop in on our new neighbor." "In number fifty-five?" asked Carrie. "Yes, my dear, an old bachelor, I think," replied her father. "I saw him in my church Sunday night, and I think I have seen him somewhere before, too, but where I cannot recall to mind." When her father had left the room, Aunt Sadie entered. "I hope," she said, frigidly, "you are a little less combative to-night, Carrie;" and she sat down in a chair and stared at the girl in a most uncomfortable manner. "Oh, Aunt Sadie, forgive my rudeness this morning," cried Carrie, repentantly, as she sat on a low ottoman at her aunt's feet, "for I was very angry." "You should learn to control your temper," replied the old lady, severely; "but we will forget it, dear." She kissed her niece fondly. The door burst open at this juncture, and in rushed Mamie Hall, her daughter, quite out of breath from running. She was a tall, angular girl yet in her teens, and had a somewhat pretty face and charming manners. "My gracious, what's the matter?" cried Aunt Sadie. "Oh, dear me!" panted Mamie. "The funniest thing happened to me just now! I was returning from Ada Gray's house, and passing No. 45 of this street, a tall, thin gentleman in a long white duster ran out after me, waving his arms frantically, and called for me to stop. He looked so strange that I became frightened and ran, and would you believe it? the wretch had audacity enough to chase me. I passed Uncle Benjamin, who was going by on the other side of the street, but as I did not wish to implicate him in any trouble I did not stop him. And now

—hark! what is that? Some one at the door! Oh, good gracious! I really do believe that old monster is there!" There came the sound of a vigorous "bang!" at the door, and then the vehement voice of Mary in stormy altercation with some one. Then they heard a tremendous crash, and with simultaneous shrieks of terror the three parted. Carrie dove under the bed. Aunt Sadie bounced into a closet and closed the door, while Mamie sought refuge in flight upstairs. "It's a lunatic!" was Aunt Sadie's agonized thought, while horrid visions of dire tragedies floated through Carrie's mind. They heard noises below stairs which plainly indicated a scuffle of some sort; then shortly after there sounded foot-steps on the stairs. "He has killed Mary, and is coming up here to butcher us!" thought the trembling old lady, as she crouched further back in the darkest corner of the closet, while Carrie kept very quiet, although she was on the verge of screaming. Patter, patter, patter, sounded the approaching footsteps, nearer each moment; then there was a pause, and they distinctly heard heavy, labored breathing. The suspense was becoming intolerable to the two ladies, and dim thoughts crossed Mrs. Hall's mind of breaking from her concealment, of rushing valiantly out, confronting the intruder with a poker, or some other implement of self-defense, and by staring at him dauntlessly drive him from the room; she had heard maniacs could be subdued by unflinching courage, and a stare as unwavering and giant-like as that of an owl. But before she could put her theory into practice the door opened; then Aunt Sadie sprang out, a low cry escaped her lips, and she sank feebly back into a chair. For the person in the room was Mary. That female was in a stormy frame of mind, and there was a vicious look on her generally good-humored face. "Och, ma'm!" she cried, "I've had such a racket wid the vould feller as got thim biscuits this very blessed mornin', down at the dhure, that I'm nearly dead now, so I am!" "What does all this mean?" demanded Aunt Sadie. "Shure, ma'am," returned Mary, in perplexity, "I don't know meself. Whin I tuk him Miss Carrie's biscuits this mornin' wid your compliments—" "With my compliments?" echoed the bewildered old lady. "Why, you are berest of your senses, girl! Who did you give biscuits to this morning with my compliments?" "Why, the aould man as kem to the dhure just now, axin' for your blessed self an' Miss Mamie, shure. Faith, he was that wild I wouldn't let the likes ax him in, an' bedad we had a tussle which ended in meself givin' him the fut an' landin' him in the air, whin I slammed the dhure in his omannerly face, so I did, or yes might ar' 'ave been kill! If he'd a kem dacin'tly an' axed ter see yes, gracious only knows what 'ud a happened!" "Who was that man?" asked the old lady in bewilderment. "I don't know, ma'am, for he's on'y moved into this strait; he lives beyant in that elegant house, number forty-five, an' a more deceivin' man I never see. It's mighty queer he is, for this mornin' he was all smiles an' graces, an' this evening he seemed to be clane gar in his upper story." At this interesting juncture Carrie emerged from her retreat, looking very foolish. That Mary had carried her present to the wrong house she had no doubt. Number forty-five and number fifty-four are numbers widely different, and by not paying attention to what was said the girl evidently had gotten the numbers transposed in her mind, and so made the blunder. "Well, I declare!" exclaimed the old lady. "I am at a loss to understand what this all means." "Aunt Sadie," interposed Carrie, gently, "it is partly my fault. This morning I sent Mary with that half-dozen of my biscuits to Mr. Covert, and told her to say they were from you; but she carried them to the wrong house, and the man who followed Mamie was the recipient of them, and probably wished to ask her why they were sent." "Well, I never!" gasped the old lady. "That accounts for it." Though she said nothing about it, she appreciated her niece's kind act in saying she had sent the biscuits; although, coupled with this intended kindness, Carrie had intended perpetrating a joke. The explanation seemed satisfactory enough, too, but the little shadow of mystery surrounding that day's doings was only just developing, and the following day they were to be very much surprised. "It's odd your father has not returned for tea," observed Aunt Sadie, after all the dishes, save one for the absent minister, had been cleared away. "He said he was going to make several calls," replied Carrie. "He is always late," grumbled the old lady. "Aunt Sadie," said Carrie, "what is the matter with you to-day—you are out of temper?" For answer, her aunt burst into tears. Carrie looked at her in surprise. "Dear Aunt Sadie, have I offended you?" she asked with a troubled look, as she kissed her affectionately. "No, Carrie, that is not it. I know I am a burdensome old creature, but I have been harassed by so many doubts and fears since my husband went away that I have often wished for the peace of heaven. You don't know what I mean?" "No, I do not," replied Carrie. "Why, mamma," said Mamie, "is papa not dead. You always led me to believe so."

"No—that is, I do not know," said the old lady. "He left me to travel for the firm he was connected with in business, and went out West. A month after he had gone I received intelligence that he was thought to be dead. They said he was in a train which had been wrecked by falling through a bridge. It was a frightful accident, and the papers were full of the news at the time. Mamie was a little child then, about three years old. They did not find his body, nor have I ever heard from him since, and it was supposed that his corpse was carried away by the river. To-day was the fifteenth anniversary of the frightful event, and bearing on my mind so all day it has made me exceedingly peevish and disagreeable." It was late that night when the Rev. Benjamin Ray returned home, and he rushed off to his library in great haste, and sat there nearly the whole night through, smiling benignly, and polishing his bald head with his handkerchief until it shone again. No one in the house knew the occasion of his joy, nor did he divulge it until the succeeding day. "Carrie," said he, at the breakfast table, "did you send Mr. Covert a napkin of biscuits yesterday?" The girl blushing admitted that she had done so. "Well, my dear," said the old gentleman, "I am glad you did, for it has almost cured him of his illness, and he is coming here to-day to thank you for them; you know I called on him." Carrie looked at Aunt Sadie in perplexity, and the old lady returned her a glance of the same sort. "But, papa," she stammered, "Mary delivered them to some one else, and the old madman who got them chased Mamie last night, giving us all such a scare that we did not know what to do." "Eh?" said her father, glancing over his spectacles at her. "The wrong party got them, did he? Oh, I guess not!" Carrie and Aunt Sadie gazed at him, more bewildered now than before. "But Mary said so," began Carrie. "Before she finished speaking there came a 'bang!' at the door; it flew back on its hinges, and in rushed the old fellow who had pursued Mamie. They all started to their feet and the ladies would have fled had he not barred their exit by standing in the doorway. Then there sauntered other footsteps in the hall, and before Aunt Sadie could resist the stranger had her in his arms and was crying: "Sadiel Sadiel! At last I have you again!" "My husband!" she cried. "Oh, thank God!" Yes, it was Aunt Sadie's husband, and the old lady clung to him, weeping for joy. "And, William, here is your little Mamie." There was no fear of the supposed madman now, and Mamie found herself clasped in a loving pair of arms and felt her father's tender kisses with happiness indescribable, while Carrie looked on in astonishment. "So you thought me dead, eh?" said Mr. Hall. "Well, it was all a mistake. I received severe injuries in that railroad accident, but soon recovered, owing to the good care I received at the hands of the miners' wives to whom I was carried. They persuaded me to stake out an claim in their mining regions, and I did so. I was not rich, you know, Sadie, and I saw prospects of sudden wealth in mining, and my hope was realized after years of work. Once the gold fever was on me I could not leave there until I accomplished what I meant to do. I would have written you, but resolved not to do so until I could return and say 'I am rich,' or 'I am a beggar.' The surprise to you now is more delightful, isn't it, my dear?" "But the suspense you kept me in?" she remonstrated. "I thought that, too—but I knew you would not remarry during my absence." "But that isn't what I mean," she expostulated. He laughed and kissed her, saying he knew it was not. "I was at the gate of my new house, and was making up my mind to come after you," he continued; "for I learned your place of residence by seeing Ben here at his church, and inviting him to call on me, and he not knowing me the while, either, when Mamie passed by. I knew who she was, despite her growth into young ladyhood while I was away—for she is the image of you—and I ran after her—with what result you know." At this juncture Mr. Covert walked in. He was young and handsome, but somewhat pale. "Ah! Covert," cried Mr. Ray, "you are up?" "Yes, Carrie's biscuits half cured me," he said, laughing. "This, then, is the gentleman," said Mr. Hall, "for whom the biscuits were intended? You see, sir, your name was written in pencil on the napkin, with your address, and I saw there was a blunder on the servant's part in delivering them to me. And when Mr. Hall came to my house I showed it to him and he took the parcel to you; so it went all right, after all!" "Then Mary must have told him they were from me," thought Carrie. But half an hour later she was undeceived; for, on finding herself alone in the parlor with Mr. Covert, that gentle-

man explained the mystery by handing her a little parcel. It contained the ring she had missed when making the biscuits. "I found it in one of the biscuits, where it must have slipped from your finger," explained he; then taking it, he added: "And will you let me replace it on your finger to bind the acceptance of my love for you, Carrie?" She did not say no, for she had learned that she loved him; and Mamie suffered nothing, for Aunt Sadie was mistaken in supposing she cared for Mr. Covert, as another man soon after made her his bride. A Week in a Chinese House-Boat. To the uninitiated it may be said that a Shanghai house boat is very much more of a home than are the craft called by the same name which are met with occasionally upon the Thames; and the "bosses" of the great banks and mercantile houses vie with each other in the lavish decoration and luxurious comfort of their house-boats. Many of them are, in fact, little floating drawing-rooms, ablaze with mirrors and gilding, and very much better adapted for "loafing" purposes and entertainments than for shooting expeditions and other rough work. The boat in which we made our trip up the river was comfortable and convenient enough; but it was a practical and not an ornamental house-boat. It was late summer when we started; for although a house-boat is generally tolerable during the hot season, when nothing else is, we were not much given to lounging and the reception of company. All told we were six on board—including the "lowdah" or captain, the cook, and two coolies to row or work the boat. Scenery there is none near Shanghai; and at the first starting, amidst the crowd of boats, junks and sampans which block up the creek below bridge, the only sense titillated to any extraordinary degree was that of smelt. It was very slow work, but we kept in the boat, and passed the time agreeably if not profitably, in eating, drinking and smoking, and listening to the old lowdah's tales of his pirate life. The cook did his duty manfully, and varied our meals with the talent peculiar to Frenchmen and Chinamen. Until we passed Steawel, which may be termed the boundary of the foreign domain, the coolies cared the boat in their peculiar fashion, the lowdah steering—with his feet when his hands were busy with his "chow" or his pipa. But when we got into the open country the tow-rope was fastened, and the coolies got out on the bank. It was a curious voyage. Only one thing annoyed us, and it was inevitable, it had to be borne—the ceaseless attention paid to us by the native dogs. Chinese dogs—in fact all Chinese animals—possess an extraordinary faculty of scenting out a foreigner, and the former invariably announce their discovery by howlings and barking, which only cease with the complete disappearance of the obnoxious intruder. Sometimes in the country these dogs—which, like those of Constantinople, are the public scavengers, and are protected from harm by public edict as well as by popular prejudice—are positively dangerous; for although singly they are arrant cowards, and run off at the mere action of picking up a stone, in groups they are apt to be aggressive, especially if the foreigner be alone. We could always tell when we were approaching a village, when the high banks hid it from view, by the excitement amongst the dogs; and when we anchored for the night—always in mid-stream—their incessant barking banished all notions of sleep. Another annoyance was the mosquitoes; but at night the curtains kept them out. Everywhere we could see traces of the horrible work of pillage and devastation carried on during the Taiping rebellion, and, strange to say, in spite of the more generous ideas of civilization which are beginning to assert themselves in China, as it is nobody's business to remedy the appearance of matters, the bare and desolate character of the country still remains. We must have passed during our week's trip at least twenty villages utterly wrecked and deserted, not to speak of magnificent porcelain bridges ruined, pagodas tottering to their fall, roofless temples and even desecrated graveyards. Every evening we anchored in mid-stream and jumped overboard for a swim; and upon one occasion, when the spot chosen was not far off from a town rejoicing in the euphonious name of Sin Ka Kok, as we were espied jumping overboard and striking out, the whole population swarmed out to witness the sight, the bridge was a mass of human heads, and the banks were lined with a crowd of both sexes. Not far from here are the only hills anywhere near Shanghai, and being hills, they are a favorite pilgrimage of foreigners weary of the monotonous grave-studded flatness of the country round the European settlement. They are but mounds; but there are actually some picturesque caskets at their base which are greatly resorted to by picnic parties. We ascended the hills, as in duty bound, and then turned the prow of our boat homeward—a proceeding which seemed to please our coolies mightily, for they took us back in half the time they occupied in bringing us. The extraordinary advance of what has developed into the human race is shown in the fact that Darwin left an estate valued at \$73,000. Eighteen millions of years ago no monkey then extant was worth half that number of chestnuts.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES. Coke is so coal exactly what charcoal is to wood. Twisted magnetic wire loses its power by being twisted in the opposite direction. From statistics gathered in India it appears that cholera is far more deadly in the open than in the wooded districts. This is another inducement to preserve forests. Of the 8,000,000 tons of ore now annually raised in the United States, a portion belongs to the clay or carboniferous measures, while the remainder takes the form of either hematites or oxides. Dr. L. Ricciardi has analyzed six specimens of the lava ejected from Etna in 1669 taken at different depths of one and the same stream and in the same perpendicular plain. He found the only difference to consist in the various layers in the different proportions of iron in the highest stage of oxidation. As to the reduction of the production cost of wheat Dr. H. Jaulie recommends the substitution of good for inferior varieties, sowing by drill instead of broadcast, greater care in the destruction of weeds, rasping in suitable weather, thrashing by machinery to prevent the waste of grain, deep cultivation in order to secure the plants from droughts or excess of moisture, and, finally, the judicious management of manures. At a recent meeting of the Photographic Society of France, M. Janeser handed round a magnificent proof of the late partial eclipse, and said a few words upon the long-discussed question of a lunar atmosphere. In speaking upon this subject he said: "Suppose for a moment that the moon is surrounded by an atmosphere, that would be the result if we took a photographic view of it during an eclipse? The lunar disk would be sharp enough, but there would be a gradual decline in density, as in a vignette portrait. This is exactly the contrary which took place, as the proof will show. The lunar disk is very sharp and the negative is rather intensified near the disk, probably from refracted light." M. Janeser appears to doubt the existence of a lunar atmosphere. The Alexandria Riots. The chief mate of the steamship Bifrost, which arrived at Dover, England, with a cargo of cotton seed from Alexandria, gives the following account of the massacre which occurred at that town on Sunday, the 11th of June, and of which he was an eye-witness. He says: "Our vessel, with one or two others, was lying alongside the quay in the harbor at Alexandria. We were discharging a cargo of seeds. In the morning I went out with one of the officers for a ride on horseback, and returned to the town about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At that time everything appeared to be quiet in the town. About 3 o'clock we suddenly noticed batches of Arabs running about the town brandishing sticks, with which they attacked every European they came across, beating them in the most horrible and cowardly manner until they had killed their victims. One gentleman, who had taken refuge on board our vessel, afterward went to see two of his friends who had been taken to the hospital, but they were so terribly mutilated that one of them he could only recognize by a button on his coat, and the other by a part of his mustache, the skulls of the unfortunate victims being completely battered in. We saw one Greek marine running for his life down the street toward the quay in the hope of getting on board one of the English vessels. He was followed by a large crowd of Arabs, who were carrying sticks. They had evidently been chasing him some time, for the poor fellow was nearly exhausted. On reaching the quay he found the gate closed, and he tried to scale it, but before he had time to do so some of the Arabs reached him and knocked him down. Some one opened the gate and the Greek managed to regain his feet and run toward the quay, but one of the Egyptian soldiers stabbed him with a dagger, and he then ran into the street again, where he was overpowered by the Arabs. The man presented a very ghastly appearance. His face was battered, and his clothes, which were very much torn, were covered with blood. The general belief was that the soldiers and police killed more people than the Arabs. One gentleman who had on board told us of a family who had been taken to the police station for shelter, but were shortly afterward found there murdered. We heard of other cases of this character. We took several families on board, our deck being crowded with them. At night we moored off the quay, and took every precaution in case of an attempt to board us. We had a number of Arabs employed discharging our cargo. As soon as they heard the cry that an attack was being made on the Europeans they left their work like one man and seized on anything which they could lay hold of which would serve as a weapon and ran up into the town. We transferred a great many of the refugees to other vessels, but had about eighty passengers, including children, when we left Alexandria. We disembarked the greater part of them at Malta, bringing about twenty on to Dover. One gentleman, whose family in the massacre had fallen a victim to the massacre. Besides despatching him they had mutilated him in the most barbarous manner."