

GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED WINTER

My grandpa's always talkin' 'bout the winters long ago— Never nothin' like 'em now, the ones he used to know.

BRAVE COLLEGE GIRLS.

We were two girls home from college during the Christmas holidays. At last I was "home," and my roommate and best chum at school was visiting me.

Taking advantage of the special privileges accorded to college girls on home vacations, we were having our own way entirely by sitting up late and alone in the big hall of my parent's country home, long after the others had gone to bed.

The dimly glowing embers of a real old-fashioned log fire on the hearth gave the only light we had or wanted.

Now and then a little flickering flame, suddenly blazing and as quickly dying out, made dancing ghostly shadows flit about the spacious apartment, giving it the weird and spooky appearance our romantic minds desired.

At the foot of the winding staircase stood an ancient suit of knightly armor, complete even to its visor drawn and its mailed right hand grasping its battle spear, which, no doubt, had in its day unhorsed and pierced many a valiant foe.

At the top of the first stair landing was a "grandfather clock" ticking its loudest as if trying to tell two giddy girls that after midnight it was proper for them to be in the land of dreams and not be wasting the precious slumber time in talking nonsense.

But its mournful "tick-tock, tick-tock," only made our hobgoblin surroundings more enjoyable and the old knight in armor grimly watching us saw but merry looks and heard only suppressed laughter, and, maybe, a few girl secrets for his pains.

Not another sound echoed through the big sitting-room hall save sometimes the rising wind outside slamming a shutter or moaning through the trees on the lawn or drearily whistling down the huge chimney before us.

Although the romance of our situation was delightful in the extreme, by and by it began to impress itself in all its uncanny spookiness upon our senses.

We became quieter, and though wishing to seek our cosy bed chamber above we dreaded going to it through the gloom of the long stairs and upper hall, and so, yet we lingered below by the dying fire.

"Say, Luce," said my chum Kate, after a spell of dismal silence, "suppose that ugly old knight by the stairs should step down and come for us—what would you do?"

"I would just run for my life, I guess," I answered, while the thought made cold chills run over me, "and you'd run for yours too, brave as you are. Let's go to bed, Kate."

"O, no hurry!" she laughed, "I like it here immensely. I dare you to go up and touch the old fellow. Say, Luce, mightn't there be a real, live man inside that armor now. A regular bloody burglar, for instance, waiting for us to pass him and then G-R-A-B us to choke our screams and cut our throats. I believe I saw it move. There! Look! I'm sure it made a noise. See its eyes staring at you now."

I could feel my hair trying to erect itself and in spite of the ridiculousness of the thing being aught but an empty shell I felt awfully like screaming and then fainting dead away. Kate, seeing my terror, kept on.

"I'm sure it's alive," she whispered, "and watching us. There! it moved again."

"O, Kate!" I gasped, more scared than I wanted to admit, "do please stop talking so, I'm not afraid, of course, but I don't think you ought to try and scare a person. It isn't right. Come, let's go to bed, it must be after 1 o'clock. What will my folks say when they know of it?"

"Well, Luce, you go first and see if it's safe to get past that old barbarian. The o, he moved again. I'm sure a man's inside the armor."

"No. We'll go up stairs together," I spoke, "give me your hand."

Kate evidently had frightened herself more than me for her hand trembled as I took it. "Now," I boldly whispered, "come." And away we dashed by the grim sentinel and up to my room.

After I had locked the door in the dark I found a match and lighted a candle standing on the dressing table, and Kate and I both looked into the glass—to see who was the whitest, I suppose.

Then we began laughing. "I never thought you was such a coward, Luce," said Kate, "where's all your college grit?"

freshman or play tricks on a professor.

And so we bantered each other as we prepared for our needed rest.

Then blowing out the candle, we both said our shortest college prayer, and lumped into bed.

But we couldn't sleep till our excitement subsided, and so we talked.

"What would you do, Kate," I asked, "in real danger. Would you faint or go into hysterics?"

"Neither, Luce," she laughed, "I'm not built that way. I'd be as cool as a cucumber, and brave as a lion in any emergency. I often wished I had a chance to prove it."

"That's my case, exactly," I earnestly said, "I may be frightened at—a mouse, for instance, but I don't think a man—even a robber—could scare me. There! I forgot to open the window for air. I'll do it now."

Out of bed I got and left the window shade and stood for a moment gazing on the lawn. The sky had been overcast in the early evening, but now the broken clouds were flying before the wind. The old moon, lately risen, shed enough beams on the soft snow to make the night effect of light and shade weirdly beautiful, particularly about the large evergreen trees swaying in the gale.

As I watched the dark shadows they cast on the snow when the moon peered through the cloud rifts, my attention was directed to the tree nearest my window, its shadow seemed strange, I thought, and at times looked as if something or somebody was moving under or around the dense branches.

Finally I whispered to Kate to come take a peep, too.

"There's something alive there, that's certain," she said, after a moment's intense gazing, "but don't let it see us. Keep out of the moonlight. Goodness it's a man—two of them. What can they be up to?"

"Mischief, Kate! They must be burglars going to rob us. See! That's the end of a ladder sticking out. Now, my college heroine! your chance to distinguish yourself has come—and mine. It's lucky we stayed up late. Slip on something quick, and we'll nip their design in the bud. I've got a pistol and you know how to shoot, if I don't."

It was my brother's revolver I referred to. During my absence he used the room and that loaded weapon was in its case in a bureau drawer.

I showed it to Kate, and she grasped it fearlessly, "It's fortunate, Luce," she spoke low and without a tremor, "that I'm tomboy enough to like firearms. They call me a crack shot down South when I'm home. But where's your gun?"

"I'm more afraid of a gun than a burglar. Stop! Yes, there's a hatchet in the closet. I'll take that," and I did.

"Now, then, Kate," I quickly whispered, "I'm in command, for I know the house. See! the fellows are taking the ladder around. They'll evidently try the back window of the fireplace hall. We'll sneak down and lay for them, one of us on either side of the window. While they are forcing an entrance you shoot and I'll chop—but not till I order. Remember we don't capture, or, at least, wound them so they will leave tracks, no one will believe us. Instead, we'll be laughed at. Your nerves are steady, Kate? You don't want to yell for help, do you?"

"Lead on! I'll follow!" smiled Kate, with a look that showed a true college girl's courage.

"All right, then," I coolly answered, "Attention! company! Shoulder arms! Forward, march!"

Hatchet and pistol in hands we noiselessly made our way past the old clock, whose "tick-tock, tick-tock" in the darkness and stillness sounded like "go back, go back," past the ancient knight in armor, whose grim, ghostly form seemed bigger and fiercer in the expiring glow of our log fire, till we reached the rear window of the hall. Its solid shutters were tightly bolted, and in order to shoot when the time came we softly raised the shade and sash. Soon our strained ears heard the latter go up and the shutter tumbled.

In the almost pitch darkness of the ghostly hall we took our positions, Kate to the right and I to the left of the window, and waited, wondering how the burglars intended to break in. It seemed an age before we heard a slight sound of boring by some tool the robbers were using. Then it stopped and for a while we thought the attempt had been given up to find another and easier entrance.

The suspense was more dreadful than when we knew what the villains were doing. While enduring that awful terror, something I couldn't see touched my dress. In spite of myself I almost screamed. But, happily, it was only the cat and I whispered so to Kate for fear it might give her the shock I had.

A faint noise of sawing on the shutters luckily came then to dissipate our panic and restore our nerves for action.

Scarcely perceptible was the sound as we listened with loudly-beating hearts and without knowing exactly what it portended.

Suddenly the moonlight shone through a small square opening in the shutter on my side and a huge, black hand inserted itself and fumbled around to find and unfasten the bolt.

Quickly I raised my hatchet to chop—then a more daring and less horrible plan of action came to me.

Dropping my weapon instantly, I grabbed the burglar's hand with both of mine and bracing one knee against the window sill I pulled that demon paw in farther and held it.

"Ha! I hadn't pulled stroke oar in our college crew for nothing. Now my gymnastic lesson—hauling myself hand over hand up ropes and swing-

ing on trapeze bars—served me well. Vainly those coarse, hard fingers tried like snakes to wind about mine and hurt them. Vainly that strong, rough, murderous hand sought to tear itself from my college-learned grip. The core it tried the tighter I held. "Shoot, Kate! Shoot—right through the shutter! Quick—before I weaken," I yelled.

"Bang!" went a bullet. "Bang! Bang!" two more. I felt the muscles relax in the devil hand I clutched. Mine did, too. Then I let go, heard a fall and shouts outside—and (they told me afterwards) I fainted.

Kate and I both lay in heaps on the floor when father and my brother rushed to our aid.

One burglar was captured alive after a smart chase in the moonlighted snow. The other—was found where he fell. But they never told that to Kate till the coroner's inquest and then they had to.—Free Press

Tendencies and Effects. Each phase of a man's mind and life, says L. G. Wunder in Leisure Hours, is fraught with pleasure or pain, and worthy of praise or blame, according to the motives or principle by which he is actuated and guided, for its result, and "the thread of our life is of a mingled yarn." Sir Walter Scott writes, "There's aye gude and ill 'f' the chief."

If a man follows the bent of his own inclinations, he must keep his passions and desires under the control of reason, or he may do many things amiss which will cause him regret. Peace chooses for her home the breast in which she finds harmony. To every earnest heart, life will seem richer and brighter in companionship with toil, disappointment and reverses, if fortified with strength, resolution and endurance, than when passed away in elegant ease and the pride of profession. Men who would take the world by storm rather than silently, work for their own welfare and the public good; men who will allow the efforts of their souls to be wasted in useless pursuit after chimerical objects, without a fixed purpose to gain what is best and most reliable, will never attain any beneficial results for themselves or others.

Beneath the mantle of conventionalism the human heart is still seen throbbing, filled with hope and desire for improvement, though selfishness, prejudice and vanity may have dominated our lives and caused our own actions to degenerate. The man who wanders from right and duty is sure to go adrift and be at the mercy of contending elements. Honor and integrity are thereby sure safeguards of home.

Chinese Servants at Singapore. "Who will free us from the tyranny of the Chinese domestic?" This cry of despair comes to us from Singapore, where, if we may trust the local papers, the difficulties to which it refers have now reached a climax. In particular the extortions of the Chinese cook (all domestic servants in the Straits Settlements appear to be Chinese) are represented as something appalling. His pilferings in collusion with the tradesmen are locally known as "squeezers," and it is affirmed that an offer to a Chinese servant of an increase of wages in lieu of these irregular imposts would not be met with scorn and derision.

"A Housewife and Mother" writes, complaining piteously of the "rapacity and wickedness" of these "tyrants of the kitchen," but it appears to be easier to complain than to find a remedy. One editor feebly suggests that somebody or other "should make an effort" a course which, it will be remembered, was recommended to the first Mrs. Dombey with no very satisfactory result. Another snaps at the idea of asking the Penang Debating Society to "thrash the subject out."

It is not stated whether the Chinese servants are to be represented at the discussion. Up to the present the debate has a somewhat one-sided air.—London News.

Russian Sentinel. The sternest ideal of military duty is fulfilled by the Russian soldier. An illustration is given by the author of "A Journey to Mount Ararat." On leaving an Armenian village, the writer passed a beautiful green valley watered by a river that flowed between strong embankments. His Armenian servant told him that in April, 1888, after a great storm, the river rose in such a flood that the persons living near the bank fled for their lives.

There was a powder magazine near the river. The sentinel who was guarding it prepared to retreat, but the officers who were watching the scene from a mountain forbade him to leave his post. For an hour the poor fellow struggled against the rising waters, clinging desperately to the lock of the magazine door.

The water rose to his chin, and when he was literally within an inch of death the flood ceased. He was decorated by the government with the ribbon of some honorary order in recognition of his heroic obedience.

Wealthy Indians. The richest people in the world are said to be the Osage Indians, of Oklahoma. The tribe only numbers some 1,500 souls, and it has to its credit in the United States Treasury the sum of \$8,500,000 in cold cash, besides 1,400,000 acres of choice land, worth, at the least computation, \$5 an acre. Eight hundred thousand dollars of the money in the Treasury is interest fund, and the national council of the tribe wants Uncle Sam to shell it out that they may be able to pay their debts.

She Beats McGovern. The fastest typewriter in California is said to be a young woman who is employed in a newspaper office at Santa Barbara.

RAILWAY SPEED AT SEA.

What the Use of the Propeller Has Made Possible.

Far back in the year 1834, Captain John Ericsson, whom we all remember as the builder of the first ironclad "Monitor," applied for a patent on a screw propeller to be used in driving ships through the water. Ten years later the Secretary of the British Admiralty persuaded that body to make a trial of the new machine in the frigate "Arrogant."

The device was a success. The frigate went faster than others of her size using sails alone; she could move about in the water when there was no wind, and when other ships were motionless or at anchor; and although her speed, even with the wind, was but little increased, and the sailors growled at having the ship's hold filled up with "tea-kettles and b'ilers," they had to admit that she was safer in a gale, and could go better than before. Popular feeling was against the propeller, however, and it was not until 1852 that it was placed in the larger ships of war.

All great inventions have to fight their way, and this was no exception. It gradually came into use among merchant ships, and when the naval authorities saw its advantages most of the opposition ceased, and they decided to try it in the greatest ship they had. The "Windsor Castle" had just been completed at the Royal Dockyard, Pembroke. She was 255 feet long, 60 feet wide, and had three tiers of port-holes—room for 120 guns. She was the result of years of labor, and was then the greatest warship in the world.

It seemed a pity to desecrate this noble craft by loads of coal, tons of oily machinery, hot boilers, and a company of "greasy engineers," but it would never do to have England's greatest war-ship lacking in anything that could give her greater speed and strength. Therefore it was decided to cut the vessel in two, and lengthen her so as to accommodate the machinery. She was sawed directly through amidships, the stern was pushed back twenty-three feet, and the gap built up solid with the rest of the ship. When she was launched the machinery was put in. Complete, she was 278 feet long, and carried twenty more guns.

In making a report of this great ship to the French navy, Lieutenant Labrousse urged the French also to adopt the propeller, and wrote that "the use of the screw as a means of propulsion is far from diminishing a ship's sailing qualities. It is, on the contrary, capable of adding to the certainties of navigation."

In 1859 we find the "Great Eastern" using the propeller, but only as an aid to her paddle-wheels. In fact, for many years thereafter, all the ocean steamers used paddles only. The warships alone continued to experiment with the propellers.

Now, however, everything has changed in favor of the screw, and, except some light river boats drawing little water, all steamers are run by propellers. Boats were soon built with propellers under the keel, then others used two, one on either side of the keel, and now three are being successfully operated.

Then came the days of "forced draft," when the fire-rooms were closed up tight, and air was pumped in to go roaring up through the chimneys after fanning the fires into greater heat. The engines worked faster, and the ship's speed was increased; but the increase soon reached a limit, for the boiler-room became so hot that the poor firemen could not stay at their posts for more than fifteen minutes at a time. One hundred and sixty-five degrees was the awful heat they had to work in recently on the fast United States ship "Concord." The men fainted in front of the furnaces, and others were hard to hire. What was to be done? The limit of speed for ships seemed to be reached, while more speed was wanted.

Commodore George W. Melville, of the United States navy, has solved the puzzle by designing a ship with smokestacks 100 feet high. These have the same effect as the tall factory chimneys on land. The firemen do not find this natural draft so oppressive, and these smokestacks give a steam power that sends the great ship, with spinning screws, at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour. And, even at this railway speed, she will use so little coal that she can run 24,000 miles, or almost around the world, without renewing her supply.—St. Nicholas.

A Dog Story.

John Christ, of Shamokin, Pa., owned a dog which was getting old and had outlived its usefulness. In order to rid the animal of its suffering without much pain he bethought himself of dynamite. He bound the dog to a tree in the yard, the dynamite was attached, and, after applying a match to the fuse, the owner made haste to get out of the way. He started for the kitchen, but the dog broke loose and started in pursuit. Both crossed the threshold of the door when an explosion occurred. The dog was blown to fragments, while Christ, strange to say, escaped without a scratch.

Good Animals. No one can buy as good an animal as he can breed unless he knows something of the animal he buys, yet nine dairymen in ten will buy all their fresh cows from any source where the cows can be procured. If a cow has just calved it covers all other considerations. No one can buy a cow and know what he is buying if she is to be used in the dairy. She must be tried in order to learn her worth, and even if she proves a good milker she may be vicious and unsafe. The only sure way to have good cows is to raise them.

THE VICE PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

Interesting Apartment in the Capitol to Be Occupied by Mr. Stevenson.

The room occupied by A. E. Stevenson as his office at the Capitol is one of the handsomest as well as one of the most historic in the way of relics there is in the city of Washington, says a Washington correspondent of the New York World. In the Senate wing of the Capitol there are two rooms set aside as offices for the President of the United States and the Vice President of the United States. The former room is by far the handsomer of the two, but it is little used as an office. The latter, however, though not as pretty as the President's, is a very beautiful room. It is used daily as the office of the Vice President while the Senate is in session, and it contains some very interesting relics.

It is large and square, with stuccoed ceiling and tinted walls, and is situated just at the end of the Senate lobby. Its furniture consists of a very beautiful ecrú-tinted carpet, five large chairs, including a rocking-chair upholstered in dark-green leather, two flat top rosewood tables and an office desk. There is also a large sofa, fire-screen, drop-lights, etc.

The fireplace is one of the old style, wood being used as fuel entirely. Just between the Vice President's seat at the center-table and the fireplace is the large glass screen and this serves to throw off the heat, but still does not spoil the effect of the burning hickory logs. The large brass fender around the fire used to protect the carpet from the sparks is a very elegant affair, and it has been the custom for many years to give to the retiring Vice President this fender with its accompanying poker, tongs, etc.

In the right-hand corner as you enter the room is a small safe, upon which is marked in gilt letters "Vice President of the United States." This safe is used as a repository for the electoral votes as they come from the different States just after election until they are counted in the House of Representatives. The custom prevails, and probably will always prevail, that during the period when the electoral votes are within the safe two officers of the Capitol police force are detailed to watch them night and day, and they are so vigilant that even the Vice President's Private Secretary is not admitted to the room without one of the officers accompanying him. The combination of the safe is at that time known only to the Vice President then holding the position as President of the Senate.

The former entrance to the Vice President's chamber, just outside of the lobby, has been for some years closed, and the little alcove made thereby is now used as a washroom. This little place contains one of the most interesting relics in the room.

It is a small mirror, two and one-half feet long by eighteen inches wide, and was purchased by the Senate for John Adams, the first Vice President of the United States, who was on the ticket with Washington. It has a very ordinary gilt frame and is made of poor material. Still it caused a great controversy in the Senate at the time of its purchase, some of the Senators objecting to the price, which was \$40, saying that that amount was sent rely too much for the government to expend for a mirror, even for the Vice President, but after a lengthy and interesting debate it was decided to buy it. The mirror has received every care and is now almost in perfect condition, having been for the last fifty years in the care of the venerable Capt. Bassett. Another article in the little wash-room is a very beautifully carved toilet case. The cabinet is of ebony and was made for Mr. Chester A. Arthur by his special request.

Upon the right wall, looking from the entrance, is a painting of George Washington, considered the best of Washington in existence. It was executed by Rembrandt Peale, in 1795. Peale had three sittings of Washington, and at that time dentistry was not practiced so scientifically as at the present day, and it is a historical fact that at each of these sittings Washington used raw cotton as a substitute for false teeth so as to fill out the mouth and cheeks. This adds great value to the portrait, as it gives his face a determined look, which was very natural in Washington.

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OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Sprinkles of Spice.

ALL France is now talking through its Panama.—Memphis Appeal.

A dog's bark does not always indicate that he is upon the seize.—Boston Courier.

The couple who "married for fun" afforded a large amount of it in the divorce court.—Puck.

"POLITE LITERATURE" must consist of that class of books which we never meet without an introduction.

"This is undoubtedly a skin game," said the man who had been cheated in the purchase of furs.—Washington Star.

LAVINIA—Yes, James and I are to become partners for life. Mabel—And you will be the senior partner. How sweet!—Judy.

MRS. BILKINS—What a commanding presence that lady has. Mr. Bilkins—Yes, I guess she's married.—New York Weekly.

HOWEVER much we may reverence the wisdom of the ancients, a 20-year-old encyclopedia is a great accumulator of cobwebs.—Puck.

"IN some respects the ancient Romans had the best of us." "Give me an instance." "They hadn't got to learn Latin."—Half Holiday.

PERHAPS the strongest advocate of an extra session is the young man whose best girl's parents hold him down to one call per week.—Exchange.

PHOTOGRAPHER—Now, madam, a pleasant expression, please? Son-in-law (in the background)—Whew! I must not miss that!—Fliegende Blaetter.

"LET'S go back and break a bottle, Cholly?" "Impossible, my dear boy! I've quit breaking." "Why so?" "I'm broke already."—Atlanta Constitution.

"THIS," said the youngster, as he gazed at his effulgent metal-tipped shoe, "must be what they call the light fantastic toe."—Washington Star.

JESS—To be safe, a young girl should keep her heart under lock and key. Jack—I fancied most of them did keep it at the bottom of their chests.—Quips.

"My son is a smart boy at a bargain," said Hicks. "He sold a \$20 gold piece his grandfather gave him last Christmas to a coin collector for \$15 yesterday."—Puck.

MRS. DOWNYCOUTH—Burglars broke into the church last night and took everything. The Rev. Downycouth (absent-minded)—Did they take a collection?—Texas Sitings.

HOW DOES Editor Scrabbleton manage to get such a reputation for originality? "He waits till all the other people have expressed their views and then disagrees with them."—Washington Star.

GILGAL—"If you want anything well done do it yourself, it is a good rule." Mullins—"I know a better one. If you want anything well done tell the waiter to bring it rare."—Harper's Bazar.

TIMID CITIZEN (who has just escaped from a riot)—Who are you, sir? Policeman—I am a member of the police force. There's my badge. Timid Citizen (vociferously)—Help! help!—Washington Star.

IN BOSTON.—Tourist—I'd like a conveyance this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Liveryman—Yes, sir. Do you mean a vehicle or a blank legal form for the conveyance of real estate.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A LONDON magazine has been suppressed for publishing one of Queen Victoria's poems. It seems to us that the editor might have established an alibi by showing that it was not poetry.—Memphis Appeal.

CURTIS—"Lend me a fiver, old man." Burtis—"Certainly. How'll a ten go?" Curtis—"Oh, come to think, fiver wouldn't be enough; better make it ten." Burtis—"Sorry, old man; I've got only a V."—Truth.

"No," said good old Mrs. Jenkins; "I haven't any faith in these new-fangled specifics. I've buried eight children in my time, and the good old-fashioned yarbs is plenty good enough for me."—Somerville Journal.

HUSBAND—"Mercy! what have you got all the gas turned on full force for?" Wife—"As a matter of economy, John. I want to consume \$1,000 worth this year so's to get the discount of 10 cents a thousand."—Boston Transcript.

PERTERZE IRNCHIZKOWSKELOWSKI is a San Francisco cabinet-maker, and Perterje Zmuczizkomskekolowski is a Buffalo boiler-maker. The consequences of a chance meeting of these two men in a narrow Boston street would be too horrible to contemplate.—Rochester Post Express.

This Man Was a Tinker.

Speaking of the remarkable feats of marine engineers, the Marine Journal recalls the achievement of Richard Peck, who at one time had charge of the single engine of the old city of Vera Cruz coming up from Havana. South of Hatteras the piston rod went to smash, breaking into three pieces. But Peck, after twenty-four hours of continuous labor, actually mended that piston so that it was strong and true enough to do its part with the rest of the machinery, and he brought his ship into New York harbor steaming six knots. This was a deed which, in the opinion of the Boston Journal, quite eclipses even the recent notable performance of Engineer Tomlinson, of the Umbria.