Once upon a time there was a widow who had a beautiful daughter. The mother was modest and humble; the daughter, Marienka, was pride itself. She had suitors from all sides but none satisfied her; the more they tried to please her, the more she disdained them.

One night, when the poor mother could not sleep, she took her beads and began to pray for her dear child, who gave her more than one care. Marienka was asleep by her side. As the mother gazed lovingly at her beautiful daughter, Marienka laughed in her sleep.

"What a beautiful dream she must have to laugh in this way," said the mother. Then she finished her prayer, hung her beads on the wall, laid her head on the same pillow with her daughter and fell asleep.

"My dear child," she said in the morning, "what did you dream last night that you laughed so?"

"What did I dream, mamma? I dreamed that a nobleman came here for me in a copper coach and that he put a ring on my finger set with a stone that sparkled like the stars, and when I entered the church the people had eyes for no one but the Blessed Virgin and me."

"My daughter, my daughter, that was a proud dream," said the mother, shaking her head, but Marienka went on singing.

The same day a wagon entered the yard. A handsome young farmer in good circumstances came to ask Marienka to share a peasant's bread with him. The mother was pleased with the suitor, but the proud Marienka refused him, saying, "Though you should come in a copper coach, and put a ring on my finger set with a stone that sparkled like the stars, I would not have you for a husband." And the farmer went away storming at Marienka's pride.

The next night the mother waked, took her beads, and prayed still more earnestly for her daughter, when behold! Marienka laughed again as she was sleeping.

"I wonder what she is dreaming," said the mother, who prayed, unable to sleep.

"My dear child," she said the next morning, "what did you dream last night that you laughed aloud?"

"What did I dream, mamma? I dreamed that a nobleman came here for me in a silver coach, and he offered me a golden diadem. And when I entered the church, the people looked at me more than they did at the Blessed Virgin."

"Hush! you are blaspheming. Pray, my daughter, pray that you may not fall into temptation."

But Marienka ran away to escape her mother's sermon.

The same day a carriage entered the yard. A young lord came to entreat Marienka to share a nobleman's bread with him.

"It is a great honor," said the mother; but vanity is blind.

"Though you should come in a silver coach," said Marienka to the new suitor, "and should offer me a golden diadem, I would not have you for a husband."

"Take care, my child," said the poor mother; "pride is a device of the Evil One."

"Mothers never know what they are saying," thought Marienka, and she went out, shrugging her shoulders.

The third night the mother could not sleep for anxiety. As she lay awake, praying for her daughter, behold Marienka burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Oh!" said the mother, "what can the unhappy child be dreaming now?" And she continued to pray till daylight.

"My dear child," said she in the morning, "what did you dream last night?"

"You will be angry again if I tell you," said Marienka.

"No, no," replied the mother; "tell me."

"I dreamed that a noble lord, with a great train of attendants, came to ask me in marriage. He was in a golden coach and he brought me a dress of gold lace. And when I entered the church the people looked at nobody but me."

The mother clasped her hands. Marienka, half dressed, sprang from the bed and ran into the next room to avoid a lecture that was tiresome to her.

The same day three coaches entered the yard, one of copper, one of silver and one of gold, the first drawn by two horses, the second by four and the third by eight, all caparisoned with gold and pearls. From the copper and silver coaches alighted pages dressed in scarlet breeches and green jackets and cloaks, while from the golden coach stepped a handsome nobleman all dressed in gold. He entered the house, and, bending one knee on the ground, asked the mother for her daughter's hand.

AT HER HUSBAND'S HOME.

"What an honor!" thought the mother.

"My dream has come to pass," said Marienka. "You see, mother, that, as usual, I was right and you were wrong."

She ran to her chamber, tied the betrothal knot, and of her kindness she willingly [illegible] with the noble lord, who [illegible] a ring on her finger set with a stone that sparkled like the stars and presented her with a golden diadem and a dress of gold lace.

The lord gave one to her mother to dress for the ceremony, while the mother [illegible] and to the bridegroom [illegible] "What bread do you offer your daughter?"

"Bread," said he, "the bread is of copper, silver and gold. She can take her choice."

"What does this mean?" thought the mother. But Marienka had no anxiety. She returned as beautiful as the sun, took her lover's arm and set out for the church without asking her mother's blessing. The poor woman was left to pray alone on the threshold; and when Marienka returned and entered the carriage she did not even turn around to look at her mother or to bid her a last farewell.

The eight horses set off at a gallop, and did not stop till they reached a hugh rock, in which there was a hole as large as the gate of a city. The horses plunged into the darkness, the earth trembled, and the rock cracked and crumbled. Marienka seized her husband's hand.

"Don't be alarmed, my fair one; in a moment it will be light."

All at once a thousand lights waved in the air. The dwarfs of the mountain, each with a torch in his hand, came to salute their lord, the king of the mines. Marienka learned for the first time her husband's name. Whether he was a spirit of good or evil, at least he was so rich that she did not regret her choice.

They emerged from the darkness, and advanced through bleached forests and mountains that raised their pale and gloomy summits to the skies. Firs, beeches, birches, oaks, rocks, all were of lead. At the end of the forest stretched a vast meadow, the grass of which was of silver, and at the bottom of the meadow was a castle of gold, inlaid with diamonds and rubies. The carriage stopped before the door and the king of the mines offered his hand to his bride, saying: "My fair one, all that you see is yours."

Marienka was delighted. But it is impossible to make so long a journey without being hungry, and it was with pleasure, therefore, that she saw the mountain dwarfs bring in a table, everything of which glittered with gold, silver and precious stones. The dishes were marvelous—side dishes of emerald and roasts of gold on silver salvers. Every one ate heartily except the bride, who begged her husband for a little bread.

MARIENKA SEEKING BREAD AND PITY.

"Bring the copper bread," said the king of the mines.

Marienka could not eat it.

"Bring the silver bread," said he.

Marienka could not eat it.

"Bring the gold bread," said he, at length.

Marienka could not eat it.

"My fair one," said the king of the mines, "I am very sorry; but what can I offer you? We have no other bread."

The bride burst into tears. Her husband laughed aloud; his heart was of metal, like his kingdom.

"Weep, if you like," he cried, "it will do you no good. What you wished for you possess; eat the bread that you have chosen."

It was thus that the rich Marienka lived in her castle, dying of hunger and seeking in vain for a root to allay the torture that was consuming her. God had humbled her by granting her prayer.

Three days in the year, the Rogation days, when the ground half opens to receive the fruitful rain sent by the Lord, Marienka returns to the earth. Dressed in rags, pale and wrinkled, she begs from door to door, too happy when any one throws her a few crusts, and when she receives as alms from the poor what she lacks in her palace of gold—a little bread and a little pity.—From Laboulaye's "Fairy Tales of All Nations," Copyright, 1866, by Harper & Brothers.

A Mountain Electric Railway.

One of the most interesting achievements in modern engineering is an electric mountain railway recently opened to the public at the Burgenstock, near Lucerne. The rails describe one grand curve formed upon an angle at 1[illegible] degrees, and the system is such that the journey is made as steadily and smoothly as upon any of the straight funicular lines. The Burgenstock is almost perpendicular—from the shore of Lake Lucerne the Burgenstock is 1,330 feet, and it is 2,300 feet above the level of the sea.

The total length of the line is 938 meters, and it commences with a gradient of 32 per cent., which is increased to 58 per cent. after the first 400 meters, this being maintained for the rest of the journey. A single pair of rails is used throughout, and the motive power, electricity, is generated by two dynamos, each of twenty-five horse power, which are worked by a water wheel of nominally 125 horse power, erected upon the river Aar at its mouth at Buochs, three miles away, the electric current being conducted by means of insulated copper wires. The loss in transmission is estimated at 25 per cent.—Levant Herald.

First Records of Shaving.

The only person on record who did not have to wait for his turn in a barber shop was Scipio Africanus, for it was in the year 300 B. C. that the Romans commenced shaving, and, according to Pliny, Scipio was the first of the Romans to submit to the razor. Alexander the great had all his soldiers shaved to prevent the enemy from catching them by the beard. Peter the Great, after returning from one of his tours, issued an edict ordering a compulsory observance in relation to the beard. He taxed the hirsute appendage, and afterward ordered all those found bearded to have the hair plucked out with pincers or shaven with a blunt razor.—Exchange.

The Speed of Meteors.

A meteor was recently observed passing over England, the speed of which was computed at twenty-eight miles per second. An express was noted about the same time, and the astronomer who described the course says it moved leisurely through the heavens, its flight being calculated at fourteen and one-half miles per second. The speed of fast express trains becomes insignificant when measured against the cars, but when the old system of running locomotives prevailed, every line had at least one "Meteor," whose best hourly performance did not much surpass the distance a compiled by a real meteor in a single second.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A NEW RACE COURSE.

The Westchester Track of the New York Jockey Club.

The scene of the racing drama has been shifted to the new track of the New York Jockey club at Westchester. Westchester is one of the most picturesque counties of New York state, and the new course is situated in one of the most attractive portions of it, lying midway between the Van Nest and Westchester stations of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. John A. Morris, the owner, has spared no money in making the new course an ideal one in every respect. Probably $2,000,000 have been expended.

The new track is fast; the grade is down hill, and horses will be able to run so fast as to amaze even their own trainers. It is confidently expected that all existing time records will be broken, for a horse that cannot run a mile in 1.43 is not able to run in 1.45 at Sheepshead bay. The straightaway three-quarters is down hill till an eighth of a mile from home, when it rises slightly for about a sixteenth, and then comes down again at what might almost be called a sharp incline.

The grand stand is a magnificent structure, capable of seating 10,000 people easily. Composed of brickwork and iron it is strong enough to serve as a fortress and graceful and beautiful to the eye as a delicate pavilion in a gentleman's private garden. Underneath it is the betting ring, capable of accommodating 200 bookmakers, but the number is to be limited to 100. But to see the races it is not necessary to mount the grand stand. The lawn, which is beautifully sodden, is laid on an incline from the base of the grand stand to the outer rails of the track proper. From any part of it a complete view of a race and all its details may be got. The saddling padlock is a charming inclosure, and in time it will become as beautiful as the famous bird cage at Chantilly in France. There is stabling enough for 1,000 horses, and altogether not a single detail has been overlooked to make the course an ideal one.

The wind up of the championship in the league and the association promises to be without a parallel in the history of the national game. The leaders in both of these organizations are coming down the track neck and neck, and the finish will be close and exciting. The home stretch will not be reached in the older organization until seven weeks from today, while in the American association the last battles are scheduled for October 14. In the league the eastern clubs will close the season on western fields of conflict, and in the association the clubs of this section and those of the west meet on their respective territories. The club, therefore, that plays the steadiest game at home and abroad is most likely to win the pennant. New York has on this and the last trip out west proved to be superior to its most formidable rival, but at home the Bostons have shown up to the greatest advantage. They have won thirty-four of the forty-four games played on the South End grounds. The giants, on the other hand, only won thirty-one games and lost eight at home.

When the Brooklyns first encountered their rivals the Browns in the last series they were much closer rivals of the champions than they now are. Three of the most remarkable games ever played by the St. Louis team were those in which they took all the pluck out of the Grooms. They not only defeated them, but they wiped the field up with their remains, and then sent them to Kansas City feeling that they could only battle with the tail-enders. Even with the cowboys as opponents the Brooklyns have had the hardest time to win. From this series of games it is easily seen that the Grooms have lost heart. St. Louis has won most of its games from weak clubs, while the case is just the reverse with the Brooklyns. They are fully able to cope with the leaders, but a strange fatality overtakes them when playing with the tail-enders. Had it not been for this one feature they would have been in the lead ere this.

Horace Phillips, manager of the Pittsburg club, who recently showed symptoms of insanity, is a native of Philadelphia, and 35 years of age. He was a player and manager of an amateur club during the centennial year and for three years afterward. In 1871 he organized the Hornellsville (N. Y.) club, and this was his first professional venture. He took Fred Dunlap and several other players from Philadelphia to Hornellsville. His club was strong, and Phillips became known as a "hustler." Phillips drifted into the theatrical business, and acted as an advance agent for the next two years, and then settled down as a clerk in the Great Western hotel in Philadelphia, which was then the base ball quarters.

In 1881 and 1882 Phillips was the manager of the Athletic club, and he worked hard for the success of the American association, of which he was one of the organizers. In 1882 he left the Athletics and organized the present Philadelphia club. He soon left on account of falling out with the officers, and in 1883 he became manager of the Columbus club. In 1884 Phillips drifted to Grand Rapids and organized a club for that city in the Northwestern league. In 1885 the hustler took charge of the Pittsburg club, and he has been there up to a few days since. Phillips' career has been very eventful. He has been married three times, and his present wife is the only child of Dr. Sanders of Grand Rapids, Mich. Phillips was always possessed of a very vivid imagination, and many a tale of the Munchausen order has been imparted by him to newspaper men as absolute truth. He has two brothers, one living in Philadelphia and one in Salem, Ohio. Secretary Scandrett is temporary manager of the Pittsburg club.

The "Blue Ribbon" of the Rifle Ranges, for the last time on Wimbledon Common, was won, on Tuesday, July 16, by a steady-eyed Scotchman, Sergeant Reid, of the 1st Lanmark (Engineers) Rifle Volunteers, who gained the Gold Medal of the National Rifle Association, the Gold Badge of the Championship of the United Kingdom for 1889, and the Queen's Prize of £25. His score at each range was 31 at the first stage, 1[illegible] at the second stage, [illegible] at the 500-yards range, and [illegible] at the 900-yards range—making a grand total of 2[illegible]. He made two bull's eyes at the 800-yards range. The competition was very close between Sergeant Reid and Maj. Pearse of the 4th Devon Rifle Volunteers, the Gold Medallist of 1875 who made a total score of 2[illegible], including 48 at the 900-yards range. Sergeant Reid is a telegraph clerk at Glasgow. The portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of Wimbledon.

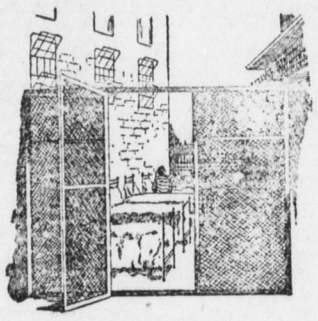
FOUR HANGED AT ONCE.

THE GREAT QUADRUPLE EXECUTION IN NEW YORK CITY.

With Firm Steps, but as if Walking in a Dream the Condemned Men Reach the Gallows—No Time is Wasted in Ceremony, and in a Few Seconds They are in Eternity.

The American public has grown so used to startling things that a little affair like the hanging of four murderers makes comparatively little stir. Everybody is now familiar with the details of the recent wholesale execution in New York, and while most people have thought of it with a passing shiver the majority have consoled themselves with the reflection, "Well, they deserved it," and turned their minds on pleasanter things.

A description of this hanging must be like many others that have been read and forgotten, but if words could reproduce a scene of which the very routine and lack of incident form the most dreadful features, if the people as a body could be made to feel what even the most



THE TOMBS DEATH WATCH.

hardened looker-on in the Tombs prison yard felt, an end would soon come to the habit of vindicating the law by tying human beings into helpless parcels and then killing them as sheep-stealing dogs are killed to warn their fellows.

It is useless to try to remember at such a moment that they had brutally killed women and were suffering deserved punishment; nothing is visible to the eye or mind as the procession moves out of the prison to the fatal spot but the doomed men, helpless and uncomplaining, each with a noose around his neck, going to death.

The hangman is at the side of his victims, anxious, but ready and eager, surveying carefully his work as the men slowly pace the few yards that separates them from the gallows.

Everything is perfect around each man's neck, the noose hangs properly. Dangling at the end is the patent clasp, corresponding with the one hanging from the ropes on the gallows.

The men's arms are pinioned tightly to their sides, giving the impression of a soldier in an exaggerated correctness of attitude on drill. Fastened at the back of each man's neck is a loose black sack, with long black ribbons fluttering from it. These death caps are soon to come in use. No spirit or drug has been used to dull the senses of these men. Their eyes are clear, their step firm, and their bearing upright. But the men seem walking in a dream.

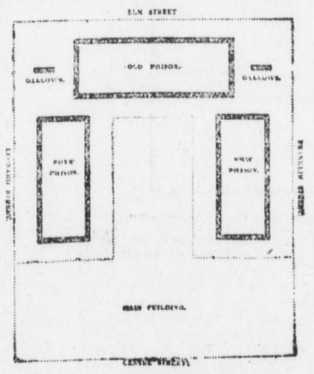
The awful wretchedness which had been creeping upon them for days has now come, but the manness and horror of it awakes no outward struggle against destiny. Both men's lips are moving.

They arrive under the fatal beam without seeming to see it. Each is put right beneath a dangling rope. For a few dreadful seconds the hangman and an assistant are busied tying each man's legs together below the knees with thin white rope, the clasp at the end of each noose is snapped into the corresponding clasp at the end of the dangling ropes, the black caps are hastily pulled up over the backs of the men's heads and down over their ashy faces, one quick, general survey from the hangman, then comes a vigorous blow of his fist twice repeated on the yellow boarding that hides the big weight, the blow of an axe is heard, almost at the same instant a dull crack. Part of a second later comes the heavy fall of the 1,00[illegible]-pound weight on the thick straw mattress, and the active work of law, judge, jury and hangman is over.

Other Executions in New York.

Previous to the executions of Friday, August 23, the highest number hanged together in New York was three, and that was on December 11, 1871, when William Thompson, William Ellis and Charles Wernd, alias Charles Weston, all colored, were executed in the Tombs for killing a Hebrew peddler in the upper part of the city.

Since the arrival of the first settlers on Manhattan island seventy-six hundred have been executed within the territory comprising the present city limits. The records of the hangings in New Amsterdam under the Dutch government and of New York under the English are incomplete, but here and there in the archives are to be found notes of executions. The earliest one that is recorded is that of John Wry, in 1683, on a charge



THE TOMBS PRISON.

of being a Roman Catholic. The next execution that it was thought worth while making a note of was that of Jacob Leisler and his son-in-law, Milbourne, for treason in refusing to recognize the authority of the governor appointed by William Prince of Orange, and holding the government against him.

Many colored persons met the death penalty during the reign of Tryal, Kelly, Coventry, Cosby, Clarke, Montgomerie and Cornbury, which [illegible] were supposed to be [illegible] a change, [illegible] a state and [illegible] in a variety be seen [illegible] the old Chatham theatre, [illegible] Bayard's hill, [illegible] Barclay street, where public executions took place for [illegible] years afterward. The first hanging in the [illegible] occurred in 1741, when Patrick Russell was executed, but in 1741 two men, John Higgins and John Anderson, paid the penalty of their crime, which was the passing of counterfeit money, on the site of the present city prison. As far as known, only three women have been hanged in this city, and they were Diana Silleck, a murderess, who was hanged in 1816 on a gallows erected at the intersection of Bleecker and Mercer streets, Rose Butler, who was executed for arson in 1820 in Potter's Field, now Washington square, and Catherine Coshear, a negress, who was hanged at the northern end of Blackwell's Island on May 7, 1829, for the murder of Susan Saltus.

Since the Tombs was opened, in 1838, forty-six men have paid the death penalty within its walls. On but three occasions have two men been hanged together, and only once was there a triple execution.

Three scaffolds have been in use since the construction of the prison. The first was built in 1841, and was in use until capital punishment was abolished in this state. This law was made especially to cover the case of Mrs. Hartford, who was sentenced to be executed in 1858 for the murder of her husband. The sympathy for the woman resulted in the abolition of capital punishment. The old scaffold was then destroyed.

In 1860, when capital punishment was once more in force, a new gallows was built. This did duty till May 19, 1882, Augustus D. Leighton being the last man hanged on it. In March, 1883, the present scaffold was built and Pasquale Majone and Michael F. McGloin were executed on it together on the 9th of that month. Seven men have been hanged on this gallows, the last being Daniel Lyons, on August 21, 1888.

About a score of men and one woman have escaped being hanged in the Tombs through executive clemency and three men have cheated the hangman by committing suicide. These were John C. Colt, who killed himself on November 18, 1842, the day set for his execution; Robert C. McDonald, in 1851, and John Carpenter, the wife murderer, in April, 1888.

CAPTAIN MINNIE HILL.

A Handsome Young Matron Who is Master of a Pacific Coast Steamer.

The lady commander of the Columbia was born in Albany, Ore., in 1865, and lived at that place until a short time before her marriage with Charles Hill, which took place in 1883. Mr. Hill was at that time purser of the steamer, Joseph Kellogg. He continued in this position for three years, being assisted in his duties by his young wife. Living economically all this time, they managed to save $1,000. With this money they purchased an old schooner, and converted her into a trading boat, putting a small engine into her. Mrs. Hill's next step was to take out a second-class master's license. She had studied navigation and had thoroughly learned the Columbia and Willametta rivers while assisting her husband, and she passed her examination without any trouble. Her husband obtained an engineer's license in December, 1886, for the steamer Minnie Hill to run from Portland to Astoria, a distance of 110 miles. They then bought a stock of goods on credit, and launched into a trading business at the various points on the Columbia river.

MINNIE HILL.

Their venture was crowned with success, and in the second year their business had assumed such proportions that they were obliged to get a larger steamer, for which they paid $3,000, money which had been made by them during their first year of trading, besides paying off all indebtedness. They bought the Clatsap Chief, and on November 20, 1887, Mrs. Captain Hill applied for and was granted a master and pilot's license, and on that day she entered on her duties as commander of the Clatsap Chief, while her husband went on as engineer. A larger stock of goods was put on board, as they found it profitable to branch out and take in more territory. Another year followed and their fortune was established.

Captain Minnie Hill and her husband and their trading were known all over the Columbia and Willamette rivers. The captain had won the heart of every one by her happy disposition, her kindly heart, and charming manners, while the engineer was equally well liked for his upright and manly qualities. In another year they bought the steamer General Newby for $7,500. The steamer is 1[illegible]-12 feet in length, 20.5-12 feet beam, and has a depth of hold five feet. Their business is flourishing greater than ever. They now carry nearly every article that can be found in a general merchandise store.

Engineer Hill runs the lower deck; he looks after the men's wants, and the captain dickers with the women on the upper deck, and is said to be an excellent hand at making a second bargain. She steers their ship of life, and her husband gallantly responds to the bells, and "goes ahead" or "slows down" as she directs, and a happier couple is unknown. When not on the river their home is in Portland, where it is said they have accumulated property to the amount of about $25,000.

Mrs. Captain Hill is a handsome brunette, about five and a half feet in height, and weighing about 140 pounds. She has the happy faculty of making friends, and no one is more highly thought of among her large circle of acquaintances than is Mrs. Captain Minnie Hill.

He "Bugled" With His Pistol.

Zagonyi, the commander of Gen. Fremont's bodyguard, was a Hungarian refugee and a man of most gallant spirit; not at all the man to overlook insubordination or the appearance of it. He obeyed orders himself and exacted obedience from others. Just before the final charge at Springfield, Mo., Zagonyi directed one of the buglers, a Frenchman, to sound a signal. The bugler seemingly paid no attention to the order, but darted off with Lieut. Martenyi.

A few minutes afterward he was observed in another part of the field vigorously pursuing the flying infantry. When the line was formed in the city square after the engagement Zagonyi noticed the bugler, and, approaching him, said: "In the midst of the battle you disobeyed my order. You are unworthy to be a member of the guard. I dismiss you." For reply the bugler held up his bugle and showed the mouthpiece shot entirely away. "The mouthpiece was shot off," said he; "I could not blow the bugle." Zagonyi was so pleased at the incident that the sentence of dismissal was withdrawn.

How the Austrians Lost.

The Austrian government, which controls the tobacco trade, adopts a great fluctuation in the prices of cigars. In German about 55 [illegible] cigars have been [illegible] with a corresponding increase in the consumption of cigarettes and pipes. In [illegible] the loss amounted to 710,000 florins.—Ex.

CRUISE OF THE ELECTRON.

The Trial Trip of the First Electrical Yacht.

A tidy little boat poked her sharp white iron nose out past the end of the Pennsylvania railroad pier at Jersey City the other afternoon and swung around to the southward. She sat high out of the water and kicked up very little wash as she ran away towards Liberty Island, keeping well inshore for easy traveling.

There wasn't a smoke-stack or funnel or pipe of any kind showing, not even the grunting brass tube that makes naphtha launches smelly and musical. No sailor man who saw her could take his eyes off from her. They all seemed to have fallen in the trance-like state of the Chinaman, who, when he first saw a cable car, murmured in his artless singsong way: "No pushee, no pullee, all samee go like hellee!" Now the Electron passed under Castle Williams' brown walls, grey with moss and flaky with age, and headed straight for the Narrows. The only visible thing about her that suggested machinery was a set of switches such as you may see in any big electric light outfit. These switches were on the wall of the little pilot house perched over the wheel and took up very little room. They started, stopped, backed or slowed the boat just as the pilot wished. As for sound of machinery, there was none, not even the faint June-bug hum of the naphtha launch. There wasn't a ghost of a spar or bit of canvas about her.

The Electron moved through the water as noiselessly as a swan.

"What makes her go?" asked a tugman of Electrician Baillard.

"Oh, she has a patent keel," was his answer.

"Well," after a long pause— "Well, I'll be ——," said the mariner. He then and there, to all appearances, made up his mind that the Electron must move by springs like a clock and therefore must quit going as soon as the springs ran down. Whereupon he climbed up into his pilot-house, rang the jingle bell and followed the little white magic boat down the bay. How he would sock it to the men aboard of her and make them pay a big price to be towed home! Break down? Of course they'd break down. The Electron sailed along and the tug followed her. When they got half way to Sandy Hook the tug ranged

THE ELECTRON.

alongside and her captain yelled, "Don't you want a tow?"

"No."

"Are you running by clock work?"

"No, electricity."

"Well—I'll—be—blamed!"

So saying, the tug man put about and ran for home, musing.

Out past the Scotland lightship, with its twin cages at the mastheads, and then away to the eastward ran the little yacht. It was a risky thing to do, buffeting the Atlantic waves, inviting Neptune to come on and put up his hands and do his best, and see how a couple of men with pencils and paper and an electric current could triumph over him. For heretofore it had all been a matter of pencils and paper. Men had talked about electrical ships as glibly as they talked of electrical balloons that would take you from here to London in a day, but the actual demonstration of one seemed as far off as the other. Here at last was a little ship dancing along with her nose pointed towards England and not a thing was driving her but the electric current. She might break down at any moment—perhaps. It was all new, all strange. The Atlantic shore isn't a particularly pleasant place to swim to from a given point, with all your clothes on, when the given point is miles out at sea, but these men had faith in the tractability of the electric current and the accuracy of the work of their pencils and paper, so they never thought of swimming. In steamers you can look in the coal bunkers and in the water tanks and tell how much further you can go. On the Electron the only guide is your pencil and paper wherewith you set down the amount of electrical force used up and calculate the amount of energy still stored.

The Electron didn't misbehave one moment. There was enough sea to make her roll a little, but she skimmed along without a skip or a leak. Even the journals were not heated, and everything was as smooth as could be. Just before sunset Pilot Hold pressed a button, and, presto! the tiny ship's port and starboard lights shone out bravely in red and green. They were big incandescent globes behind colored screens on the sides of the pilot house. At 7.45 o'clock, after a voyage of three hours and fifteen minutes, the Electron was anchored in the little harbor back of the Avenue hotel, Rockaway. The distance she had traveled was twenty-eight miles, and she hadn't been driven for speed. To say that her passenger and crew were delighted with the success of the first ocean cruise ever made by an electrical yacht would be putting it very mildly.

England's Pension List.

There are some interesting items on England's civil pension list. Sir Richard Owen has had $1,000 a year since 1842, and Lord Tennyson the same since 1845. The widow of Tito, the biblical encyclopedist, gets $250, and the widow of Hardin—of the "Dictionary of Dates"—$500. The daughter of Douglas Jerrold $250. Gerald Massey, because he is "a little poet sprung from the people," gets $500 a year; the same sum is awarded to William Allingham, Mrs. Oliphant, Robert Buchanan, the widow of George Cattermole, and the Rev. George MacDonald. Faraday's niece gets $750, Mr. Tupper $600, the widow of Charles Kingsley $1,000, two ladies directly descended from Defoe $375 each, the widow of Richard A. Proctor $500, the sister of Keats $400, Philip James Bailey $500, and the daughter of Nelson's adopted daughter $1,500.

Warmoth's Magnificent Plantation.

Ex-Governor Warmoth, who is collector of the Port of New Orleans, is an Illinois man who found himself in New Orleans after the war as provost marshal under military rule. He owns what is probably the finest plantation in America on the banks of the Mississippi, about 100 miles from New Orleans; 7,000 acres of it are in cane cultivation, and a dozen or more sugar houses turn out an immense production every year. The house in which Warmoth lives is described as an American palace. This property was inherited by his wife, whose family are all Democrats. Mrs. Warmoth's five young sons, she declares, she is rearing to be good Democrats like their grandfather.—Pittsburg Dispatch.