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The Prince of Wales has written a letter expressing disapproval of the custom of cropping dogs' ears and docking their tails, which has had the effect of proving a pronounced check to the practice in England.

Some one who is very near to Bismarck writes that the Prince 'has his old, venerable, awe-inspiring appearance. His eye is just as fiery and spirited, and he has the same interest in the events of the world. But otherwise he is like Rubens, from whom the palette was suddenly snatched, and who had to look on while, year after year, his pictures were smeared over by dilettantes and ruined.'

It is said that more than 20,000,000 acres of land in the United States are held by English landlords, prominent among whom are Lord Houghton, Lord Darvane, the Duke of Marlborough, Lady Churchill, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Lord Scally. They have lately effected a sort of alliance for the purpose of defending their interests and collecting their rents from their American tenants.

At an amusing meeting held the other day by the London Piscatorial Society it was decided, after some discussion, to abandon the giving of money prizes to anglers as rewards for cunning in the catching of fish. Despite the fact that one gentleman assured the assembled company that even her Majesty the Queen did not object to receiving money prizes at horticultural shows the majority of the fishermen present considered it 'derogatory to the character of a true angler, fishing in the Waltonian spirit for the love of sport alone, to accept a money prize.' Therefore in the future there will only be cup prizes for the sensitive-minded fishermen to compete for.

The probable effect of the opening of the Chicago Drainage Canal upon the water level of the great lakes is up for discussion again, notes the New York Tribune. The Chicago engineers declare that at the most it will not lower the lake level more than three inches. But Professor G. Frederick Wright, of Oberlin College, an acknowledged authority on the subject, says that the canal will ultimately divert ten per cent. of the water that now passes over Niagara; and in the late summer and autumn this will seriously interfere with navigation. As a preventive measure, he suggests that a dam be constructed across the lower end of Lake Superior at the 'Soo,' which will raise the level of that lake two feet and store enough water during the rainy season to supply the lower lakes during the late summer and fall.

The Chinese, in the view of Lord Wolsley, as printed in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, possess the mental and physical qualities required for National greatness. They are fine men, superior to the Japanese in average stature; they are industrious and thrifty, absolutely indifferent to death, and when well trained and well led make first-rate soldiers. This hardy, clever race, he urges, whose numbers are to be counted by hundreds of millions, need only the quickening, guiding hand and mind of a Napoleon to be converted into the most powerful Nation that has ever dictated terms to the world. As a Napoleon is not forthcoming General Wolsley advises China to seek another Charles Gordon to organize another ever victorious army. It may be that this estimate of the Chinese is correct, comments the New York Press; but, as the Press has often pointed out, and as Wolsley himself admits, the Chinese are not and the Japanese are a warlike race. The Chinese will have to change their estimate of the military profession before they can become a soldierly Nation, and it would take more than one generation to make their armies and navies a terror to the rest of the world.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You can never tell when you send a word— Like an arrow shot from a bow By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind, Just when it will chance to go. It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend.

Tipped with its poison or balm; To a stranger's heart in life's great mart It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act Just what the result will be; But with every deed you are sowing a seed, Though its harvest you may not see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped In God's productive soil; Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do In bringing you hate or love; For thoughts are things, and their airy wings Are swifter than carrier doves.

They follow the law of the universe— Each thing must create its kind; And they speed o'er the track to bring you back Whatever went out from your mind.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Munsey.

HE DREW TEN THOUSAND.

T 3.45 on the afternoon of March 6, 1887, the paying cashier of the bank in the city of London, cashed a check for \$10,000, drawn by the highly respected firm of Ployd, Gow & Co., of Fenchurch street, merchants. It was presented by the manager of the firm.

At 3.55 the manager of Ployd, Gow & Co. handed in his books and checks amounting to \$20,000. The paying cashier looked up as he heard his voice.

He called some one to take his place and disappeared into the secretary's room, and within twelve minutes the police were at work on the case.

The check presented at 3.45 was a forgery and the man who presented it some 'bummy,' who had made himself up like Mr. Smith of Ployd, Gow & Co's.

This was not a difficult task. The counterfeit man was the same height as the original and about the same make. Smith had not spoken 100 words to the cashier during the five years his firm had dealt with the bank.

He always wore a blue serge office coat whatever the weather. He always wore a silk top hat, and it invariably worked its way to the back of his head before he had worn it three minutes.

No one ever saw him at the bank without his gold-rimmed eyeglasses and his tightly rolled umbrella.

Smith had a friendly nod for the patrons he knew in a business way, but he seldom spoke a single word to any one.

Officers were sent to every railway terminus; they searched the hotels and very likely place for a man to try to change his clothes. If the fellow had not some safe hiding place selected in advance the chances were more than ten to one against his making an escape.

In room 5 of Cremane's private and commercial hotel, which I will admit was not a first-class establishment, but still good enough for a traveler earning \$20 a week, I read most of the particulars given above in the evening paper. The officials had done their best to keep the whole affair dark until some clue was gained, but the reporters had been too many for them.

I had come in from my round of calls utterly tired out. Reaching my room, I pulled off my boots, lighted a pipe, sat down with my feet on the bed, and this bank business was the first thing which caught my eye as I glanced over the paper. I had just finished the article when the night porter came up.

'Heard about the bank swindle?' he asked, as he entered my room, without the preliminary trouble of tapping.

'Just read it.' 'Cool chap, wasn't he? And, I say, there are a couple of detectives downstairs now. They say they've shadowed him here, and they're going to search the whole place. They are on the floor below now, and will want to come in here in a minute.'

He had scarcely finished speaking when the man appeared. I was a head shorter than Ployd's manager. I was thin, while he was stout, and I was young, while he was middle aged.

But those old sleuthhounds came in on tiptoe, looked at me out of the corners of their eyes, and sat down on the edge of my two chairs to question me, the bigger of the two taking the precaution to place his seat between me and the door.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before they had finished, and then they seemed to take it as a personal injury that I hadn't committed the crime.

Before my visitors left one of them suggested with a wink to his comrade that I might as well be taken along on general principles, as there was no telling what I would not up to after a week in prison. But the other was not so evil minded.

In fact, he took a fatherly interest in my welfare and put his hand upon my shoulder pleasantly and compassionately as he advised me it would be better to restore the money while there was yet time. I refused to disgorge, and he went out sorrowing, saying that I had missed a golden opportunity and that I should like to repent and wear a convict's suit.

The hotel was thoroughly searched. Those men did their duty; and I think would have carried off every soul within the place as a suspicious character had not the manager interfered, and the detectives finally withdrew, with at least two pocketbooks crammed with notes.

At 10 o'clock I was finishing my third pipe and had long before exchanged my paper for a novel. I was just getting sleepy when a queer thing happened.

My bed was in one corner of the room. I sat on a chair on the left hand side, with my feet across the middle. I had my book on a line with my eyes, and all had been quiet for the last half hour, when suddenly a voice exclaimed:

'Well, old man, that must be an interesting yarn.' I bounded to my feet and—saw no one. I looked around the room carefully, peering into every corner—no one. I slipped toward the door on tiptoe and opened it with a jerk and saw—no one.

Then I turned, and there was a man standing on the other side of my bed. He wasn't a ghost. He was made of blood, flesh and bones like myself. To say I was frightened is putting it mildly. I was scared. I sank right into a chair, with my mouth open and my eyes bulging out, until my visitor laughed outright.

'Who are you?' I gasped, faintly. 'Well, that's a fair question,' he replied. 'I suppose you've got a right to ask. For the last three hours, up to a minute ago, I was the man under the bed, and now I'm the man on the bed,' and suiting the action to word he lay himself out at full length.

He was a cool hand. I knew human nature well enough to know he had plenty of nerve behind his cheek. 'It wasn't all put on. As he lay there I noticed a revolver in his hand. Then I began to understand.

The evening paper had given a portrait of Smith, and I saw this was his double. It dawned on me all of a sudden that he was the identical chap.

'You were under the bed when I came in?' I queried, as we sat looking at each other, and I was wondering how to reach the bell.

'Exactly,' he replied. 'And you heard what the porter said and the detectives?' 'Every word.'

'And, to come to the point, you're the man they want.' 'I am.'

'How the dickens did you get here?' 'I didn't choose this abode for its comfort,' he said, 'nor for its company. I had other plans, in fact. But they miscarried. I dodged into this hotel in search of a temporary asylum, and it looks as if I had found a lunatic asylum. Did you ever see \$10,000 in one pile? It's a refreshing sight. See here.'

He watched me with piercing eyes, and though he was toying with his revolver carelessly enough I saw he had his finger on the trigger all the time. He bent over from the bed and picked up a bundle of notes from the floor.

'This means a visit to the tailor's, quail on toast with champagne, a long trip to America or the Continent,' and he fondly patted the money. 'So they've got an account in the papers, have they? I'd like to read it. Thanks.'

He skimmed through the article with evident enjoyment, now and then chucking to himself. The he said:

'Pretty close shave, that. I'm sorry for the cashier, but suppose he will wriggle out of the responsibility somehow. Excuse my asking the question, but what do you do for a living?' 'I'm a traveler in calicoes.'

'Married?' 'No.' 'Ever been abroad?' 'No.'

'Look here, old chappie,' he went on with easy familiarity, as he stretched himself on the bed, 'you're giving me shelter and I'll do you a turn. Hand in your resignation and come with me. It will do you good and, open your eyes. This little pile will do us first class for a year.'

'I'll see you hanged first, you cheery villain,' I shouted. 'I'm not making tours with bank thieves and jailbirds. Your trip will end in prison, if it doesn't start there.'

'Too peppery, altogether too peppery for the head traveler to a respectable firm,' he quietly observed. 'And do you think I'll be arrested, as you know so much about it?'

'Certainly. I'm going to take you down stairs and hand you over to the police.'

'That's a lie,' he said, as he swung his feet off the bed and stood up. 'I don't blame you for refusing a trip to America, but please don't make an idiot of yourself in other ways.'

'How do you mean?' I asked, also getting up and trying to keep my head.

'Just look at things straight and you'll see. I'm no chicken. Having played for a big stake and won it, I am not likely to let myself be balked by a kid like you. I'm armed, as you see. You're not, so keep your back to the wall. Even without arms I could do for you, being the larger of the two.'

'You starve or freeze and not move a finger. You owe a duty to yourself. It is to take change of air. And now's your chance. Preserve the present state of your health, that's my advice, and very good advice, too.'

'All of which means,' I interposed, 'that you will shoot me if I give the alarm?'

'Precisely.' 'Then I shan't do so.' 'I thought as much.'

He climbed again onto the bed and continued: 'I thought I was right when I sized you up. We have now come to an understanding. I've got one or two favors to ask, but I won't keep you long, and I see you want to go to bed. Ah, there are your scissors. I must sacrifice my mustache. Please sit over by the window.'

He laid his revolver on the dressing table and cut off his fine chestnut mustache. I sat watching him and wondered if I had gone out of my mind, or if, perchance, I was dreaming.

'You shave yourself, don't you?' he finally asked, as he turned round and faced me.

I pointed to my razor and strap, and in barely another moment he stood before me clean shaven.

He had sandy hair, while his eyebrows were almost red. There was a bottle of black ink on the table. He dipped his handkerchief into it and painted his eyebrows. With the same fluid he made as neat a black eye as any prize fighter would care to boast, and he was chucking as he turned to me:

'Just one thing more, old man—a suit of clothes. I must get off this blue serge. Perhaps it will fit you. Your oldest suit, please. I will pay cash for it.'

I handed over a much worn suit. 'Rather a tight fit, but it will do,' he said. 'Here's \$25 for it.'

'I don't want your dirty money,' I said, savagely.

'Don't be finicky, it's silly. Now, then, to wrap up the money in a newspaper, and then I'm off. Look here, my boy, take this \$500; it will make up for any little inconveniences I have caused you.'

'I'd starve first.' 'Oh, come now, you're too good for this world. What are you going to do when I leave the room?'

'Kick myself for an ass and then go to bed most likely.'

'Go to bed without the kicking part. You are a very sensible young man, you may take my word for it. If I'm arrested I'll say nothing about what happened here. Ta, ta.'

He reached the doorway and then he turned. 'Here's a present for you,' he sang out and threw his revolver on the bed. 'Its no use to me, I lost my cartridges getting here. Adieu,' and he was gone.

I locked the door and sat down. After a quarter of an hour I slipped into bed. The next morning I awoke with a fearful headache. I went to my dressing table, and there, rolled up in a neat parcel, was the \$500.

Did the man get away? Yes; he walked downstairs and out into the streets, and the detectives never got a clew of him after that night.

About the money. I returned it to the bank by post, and that part of the business is still worrying the detectives. I could tell them a thing or two, but I won't.—Boston Post.

A Wonderful Stone Saw.

A newly devised stone saw that has been put in operation in West Philadelphia is demonstrating extraordinary cutting powers as compared with former processes. It is the invention of an expert stone mason and carver.

By tests made with the saw, using a chilled-iron shot abrader and cutting through the hardest of all brownstone, known as the Hummelstown, using a block of stone ten feet by six inches long and two feet two inches in thickness, the following results were attained:

The first cut through was made in one and three-quarters hours, the second, with increased feed, in one hour, and the third cut, with the full limit of speed, in three-quarters of an hour, which is equal to cutting thirty-three inches per hour. Four inches per hour has been considered good work in the ordinary mills of the country with other saws.

Thin slabs are also cut, leaving no ridges on the face of the pieces after cutting, although the saw passed through various veins of flint.

In the improved saw is used a lineal or horizontal motion, while in other saws the pendulum motion has been depended on. Further, the improved has a thinner blade, with thicker teeth, which allows the abrading material to fall down between the teeth to the bottom of the kerf.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Killed Superstition.

The Count de Lesseps never seemed to lose sight of the education of his children, even in the smallest detail. One morning at breakfast a beautiful Dresden teacup was broken. 'Ah!' cried the Countess, 'a disaster! Two more of that set will now be broken. It always happens so.'

CANALS OF HOLLAND.

THEY ARE A CONSTANT MENACE TO HEALTH.

A Land of Perpetual Moisture Where Cholera Finds Easy Lodgement—Cities Built on the Refuse of Eight Hundred Years.

Disease-Breeding Waters.

OLLAND'S city canals are sources of constant peril to health. It is true that great precautions are taken to insure the purity of the water, but even with precautions, the water can not be kept pure. There are stringent municipal regulations against the throwing of any kind of offal or refuse matter into the canals, but to judge from the smell of the small canals, the back alley water ways, many a bucket of kitchen stuff must be surreptitiously emptied out of the back windows as the easiest way of getting rid of it.

The canals are daily flushed by the tide, but the tide flows in as well as out, and the refuse that goes out with the ebb often comes back with the flow. The country canals are free from foreign impurities, but the water they contain is, of necessity, stagnant water, and in the heat of a summer sun often becomes almost unendurable. In the stagnant waters of the city and country the germs of cholera or of almost any other disease might exist unsuspected, and if, as some scientists assert, a cold not greater than that necessary to freeze water does not destroy their vitality, it is possible they may exist for years, until favorable circumstances bring about their development. It is hard, indeed, to tell how long disease germs may linger in the earth.

In A. D. 80, a frightful plague prevailed at Rome. Over 10,000 persons died daily for three weeks. It was impossible to burn the dead, so large trenches were made in an open space beyond the city gates, and over 200,000 bodies were there interred. The plague spot was forgotten, and in the year 1603, when some improvements became necessary, a street was cut through the old graveyard, the earth was upturned a considerable depth in the heat of summer, and almost instantly the plague broke out among the laborers employed in the work. For fifteen centuries the disease germs had remained alive in the earth and became active as soon as exposed.

The population of both Holland and Belgium is denser, and always has been. The area of Holland is 12,648 square miles, and the population in 1892 was 4,564,565. Belgium is smaller, having 11,373 square miles, but in 1890 had a population of 6,143,041, and thus in the two, with a combined area one-third that of the State of Missouri, there is a population about one-sixth

that of the United States. The population of Holland is 350 to the square mile, that of Belgium about 530. Such a population in such a place is found nowhere else in the world, and when it is remembered that these low-lying countries have always been thickly settled, the statement that the ground on which they live is a mass of putridity can be easily understood. In a soil clogged with the refuse of ages, any sort of pestilence may lurk, and in view of the dampness, the canals and the impurities of built-up grounds, the wonder is not that cholera stays in such a locality, but that it can ever be forced out.

The Netherlands form the western end of the vast plain that crosses Europe from the east to west. From 100 to 200 miles in width, it has no elevation greater than 300 feet until the foothills of the Ural Mountains are reached. In Holland the plain reaches the sea and really sinks below the sea level, for the greater part of this singular country is lower than the level even of the lowest tides, and is kept even from overflow only by constant vigilance, unremitting exertion and a liberal outlay of money. The dike system of Holland is of an antiquity so great that history does not mention its beginning. The Roman invaders of this country in the century before the Christian era found a system of artificial sea walls in use, perhaps not very extensive, nor very efficient, but nevertheless sufficient to meet ordinary emergencies, and from that time to this there never has been a year during which the Hollanders were not looking after their dikes, except one. The world's history records no more desperate expedient than that adopted by William the Stadtholder, who resolved to cut the dikes and let in the sea, rather than submit to the French invaders, but the device was entirely successful; the French army was literally drowned out of the country, and the Hollanders remained victors, though retaining sovereignty of only watery waste. Every other year the dikes have been watched with scrupulous care. Day and night watchmen patrol their whole

drainage becomes of the first importance. Lying, as most of it does, at a lower level than that of the sea, a natural drainage is impossible, and recourse must be had to artificial means. The extent to which this system of artificially carrying off the rainfall as well as the water that insensibly percolates through the giant barriers that have been raised can be appreciated only by an actual inspection of the huge pumps that are provided for the purpose of raising and sending off the superfluous water. When the Haarlem Lake was drained an enormous steam engine was constructed for the purpose of working eleven great pumps, each of sixty-three inches in diameter and ten-foot stroke, and in actual work these pumps discharged sixty-six tons of water at every stroke. For four years the pumping went steadily on, or from May, 1848, to July, 1852, when the work was finally concluded, seventy square miles of area having been cleared of twelve feet of water. So gigantic a feat had never been undertaken before, but its complete success inspired the sturdy Hollanders to a still greater enterprise, and it is probable that in the course of time the draining of the Zuyder Zee will add many hundred square miles to the arable land of Holland.

Having really more water than they know what to do with, the honest Dutchmen have utilized no small portion of their surplus by making canals from one end of the low lands to the other. All the low regions of Holland are a network of artificial waterways, along which float vessels bearing all sorts of town goods to the country and all varieties of country produce to the towns. These artificial waterways are of every size, from the huge ship canal that connects Amsterdam with the ocean to the branch country canal six or eight feet wide, that was constructed because some country town wanted to give itself airs over its neighbors; but all are alike in one respect, in that all are covered with boats, sometimes drawn by a horse, sometimes by a man, or a man harnessed with a dog or steer or donkey. Small steamboats are also employed, but only on the larger canals; on the smaller, some form of animal locomotion is almost universal. The canal, in short, is an acknowledged feature of Holland, and Amsterdam, Rotterdam and other cities on or near the coast are as much brides of the sea as Venice. In Amsterdam, for instance, the gondolier and his song are the only things lacking to make the city a Northern Venice, and these are supplied by boatmen, who work and sing not, but get their passengers to the appointed destination just as surely as though every stroke of the oar was accompanied by a rhyme from Tasso. Amsterdam is, in fact, a city of canals. The town is built on about ninety islands, which, by the artificial waterways, are cut up into all sorts of sizes and shapes, and on them are built thousands upon thousands of queer old houses, some, perhaps most of them, dating back to the time when the burghers banded themselves together to overthrow the Spanish rule. In the matter of canals, Rotterdam and a dozen other cities of the coast are exactly like Amsterdam, while all over the country dampness and moisture are the rule. Situated on one of the most inclement coasts in Europe, a wind from almost any direction comes laden with moisture, which settles on every object, so that during half the year and a large part of the other half the walls of the houses, both within and without, the woodwork, and even the domestic utensils, feel damp and clammy. To people who have been accustomed to a different climate, such persistent dampness is very hard to bear, and even the natives, accustomed as they are to much moisture, suffer from it, for diseases such as rheumatism, consumption and others induced by the climate, are very common.

But the never-ceasing dampness has another unfavorable feature, which, together with the flat and depressed country and the immovable canals, render Holland peculiarly liable to such a disease as cholera. It is generally understood that Dutch housewives are the neatest people on the earth. The

housekeepers of other nations may be neat from principle; with the Dutch neatness has become a mania. A Holland housewife is never so happy as when she is scrubbing and washing and polishing. The broom and dust-pan are never out of her hands. Every thing about the house is as clean as soap and sand and water can make it; the floor is white, the doors and furniture are stainless; the kitchen utensils might be used as mirrors. Most of the rooms of the big Dutch houses are closed, and entered once or twice a week only that they may be cleaned; the front door is opened only on great occasions, for the family and family visitors go in and out at the back door in order to save soiling the front steps and hall. The most fastidious man or woman could take no exception to the energy and zeal with which every detail of the house is attended to, for the closest scrutiny fails to reveal a spot that has not been scrubbed and soaped and sanded and polished until it shines.

At the same time, however, it should be understood that while this craze for cleanliness is obvious and honest, it is not in the least intelligent. The houses are built in the most insanitary manner, without the slightest regard to modern principles of construction or drainage, and from cracks in the floor there often issue odors always offensive, sometimes very dangerous. Amsterdam has been a city ever since the year 1100, and how much longer there is no means of knowing. Rotterdam is at least as old, and claims to be older, and the fifth of 800 years forms the ground on which both are built. When it is remembered that only within the latter half of the present century have the laws of sanitation been properly understood and intelligently applied, the condition of such dense centers of population as the towns of Holland can be better understood. Under a tropical sun, contagious and infectious disease would never be absent, and that plague such as cholera make only occasional visits, is due apparently to luck, since intelligent precautions seem to have nothing to do with the matter.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY. Mr. Jenkins Proved It by the Lady, the Barber and the Tramp.

Mr. Jenkins was always in a hurry. It galled him to have to wait for anything. A delay of even a few seconds in getting change drove him into a passion. He always would walk down town rather than wait for a street car if the car was not lit sight when he was ready to go. It gave him nervous prostration if the railroad train he wanted to take was five minutes late. But the worst trial of his life was the necessity of having to wait his turn at the barber shop. That he regarded as a clear waste of time. He would try every scheme to get into the shop at a time when no one else was there. Often in desperation he would spend an hour hurrying from one shop to another in the hope of finding one where he could be 'next.' Unfortunately, however, his favorite barber was also the favorite of a good many other men, and he often had to bide his time in patience, or rather impatience, though it made a great strain on his nervous system.

He started to enter the shop the other evening, and as he peered through the door he saw to his delight that the barber at the eleventh chair had no victim. He hugged himself over his unusual luck, says the Buffalo Express. His hand was on the door knob, but just at that moment a woman's scream rang out close at hand. A tramp had accosted her with a plea for a nickel-for-a-night's lodging, and when she attempted to brush past him had snatched at her purse. She was clinging to it pluckily and screaming for help. The street was deserted. Mr. Jenkins was the only man around and he was out of sight in the doorway, which probably had emboldened the tramp to make the assault.

Mr. Jenkins took in the situation at a glance. He was a chivalrous man. His first impulse was to rush to the rescue of the woman. But as he was starting to do so the thought of the vacant chair came back to him. What was he to do? If he stopped to help the woman some one else might slip into the shop and then he would have to wait for his shave. He took a step toward the struggling couple. Then he turned and stepped back the other way. He whirled himself around three or four times in sheer desperation of indecision.

Then a bright idea came to him. Springing into the middle of the sidewalk, he waved his arms and shouted: 'Wait just a minute, madame! Please hold on a second or two, Mr. Tramp! I'll be there as quick as I get shaved. I'm next and it won't take ten minutes. Just postpone your affair till I get through.'

And with that he bolted into the barber shop, and dropping into the vacant chair exclaimed excitedly: 'Double tip if you'll let me out quick. I've got to rescue a lady from a highwayman as soon as I get through here.'

Shipbuilding in the United Kingdom during 1894 showed an increase of nearly 200,000 tons over 1893, although it does not attain the average of the years preceding. Steamers were built aggregating 966,219 tons, and sailing vessels 109,384 tons; this represents 793 vessels in all. The proportion of steamers to sailing vessels, which is steadily increasing every year, is now 90.18 per cent. During the year marine engines were built with a total of 371,616 horsepower. The marked feature of construction was the effort to obtain enormous capacity for a limited gross tonnage, with a pine-knot speed on a minimum coal consumption. This economy, Engineering thinks, has been carried beyond the danger point, as such engines are unable to hold a fully laden ship up to a gale.

length with keen eyes, for the finest leak would, in a few hours, become a crevasse that no earthly power could stop. A break would mean the inundation of thousands of acres, the blotting out of thousands of lives. There have been several such breaks. In 1424 there was one famous as the inundation of Dort. High water in the River Meuse occurred simultaneously with a high tide. The dike gave way, and 100,000 people perished. In 1530 there was another failure of these defenses against the sea. Heavy rains, high water in the rivers, high tides, and strong winds came together, and the dikes seemed to melt away in a hundred places at once. All the low country was inundated and the drowned numbered more than 400,000. There never were more frightful disasters, and that they are remembered in Holland is proved by the zeal with which the dikes are kept up and the interest shown in them not only by the state, but by every citizen.

In such a country the problem of drainage becomes of the first importance. Lying, as most of it does, at a lower level than that of the sea, a natural drainage is impossible, and recourse must be had to artificial means. The extent to which this system of artificially carrying off the rainfall as well as the water that insensibly percolates through the giant barriers that have been raised can be appreciated only by an actual inspection of the huge pumps that are provided for the purpose of raising and sending off the superfluous water. When the Haarlem Lake was drained an enormous steam engine was constructed for the purpose of working eleven great pumps, each of sixty-three inches in diameter and ten-foot stroke, and in actual work these pumps discharged sixty-six tons of water at every stroke. For four years the pumping went steadily on, or from May, 1848, to July, 1852, when the work was finally concluded, seventy square miles of area having been cleared of twelve feet of water. So gigantic a feat had never been undertaken before, but its complete success inspired the sturdy Hollanders to a still greater enterprise, and it is probable that in the course of time the draining of the Zuyder Zee will add many hundred square miles to the arable land of Holland.

Having really more water than they know what to do with, the honest Dutchmen have utilized no small portion of their surplus by making canals from one end of the low lands to the other. All the low regions of Holland are a network of artificial waterways, along which float vessels bearing all sorts of town goods to the country and all varieties of country produce to the towns. These artificial waterways are of every size, from the huge ship canal that connects Amsterdam with the ocean to the branch country canal six or eight feet wide, that was constructed because some country town wanted to give itself airs over its neighbors; but all are alike in one respect, in that all are covered with boats, sometimes drawn by a horse, sometimes by a man, or a man harnessed with a dog or steer or donkey. Small steamboats are also employed, but only on the larger canals; on the smaller, some form of animal locomotion is almost universal. The canal, in short, is an acknowledged feature of Holland, and Amsterdam, Rotterdam and other cities on or near the coast are as much brides of the sea as Venice. In Amsterdam, for instance, the gondolier and his song are the only things lacking to make the city a Northern Venice, and these are supplied by boatmen, who work and sing not, but get their passengers to the appointed destination just as surely as though every stroke of the oar was accompanied by a rhyme from Tasso. Amsterdam is, in fact, a city of canals. The town is built on about ninety islands, which, by the artificial waterways, are cut up into all sorts of sizes and shapes, and on them are built thousands upon thousands of queer old houses, some, perhaps most of them, dating back to the time when the burghers banded themselves together to overthrow the Spanish rule. In the matter of canals, Rotterdam and a dozen other cities of the coast are exactly like Amsterdam, while all over the country dampness and moisture are the rule. Situated on one of the most inclement coasts in Europe, a wind from almost any direction comes laden with moisture, which settles on every object, so that during half the year and a large part of the other half the walls of the houses, both within and without, the woodwork, and even the domestic utensils, feel damp and clammy. To people who have been accustomed to a different climate, such persistent dampness is very hard to bear, and even the natives, accustomed as they are to much moisture, suffer from it, for diseases such as rheumatism, consumption and others induced by the climate, are very common.

But the never-ceasing dampness has another unfavorable feature, which, together with the flat and depressed country and the immovable canals, render Holland peculiarly liable to such a disease as cholera. It is generally understood that Dutch housewives are the neatest people on the earth. The

housekeepers of other nations may be neat from principle; with the Dutch neatness has become a mania. A Holland housewife is never so happy as when she is scrubbing and washing and polishing. The broom and dust-pan are never out of her hands. Every thing about the house is as clean as soap and sand and water can make it; the floor is white, the doors and furniture are stainless; the kitchen utensils might be used as mirrors. Most of the rooms of the big Dutch houses are closed, and entered once or twice a week only that they may be cleaned; the front door is opened only on great occasions, for the family and family visitors go in and out at the back door in order to save soiling the front steps and hall. The most fastidious man or woman could take no