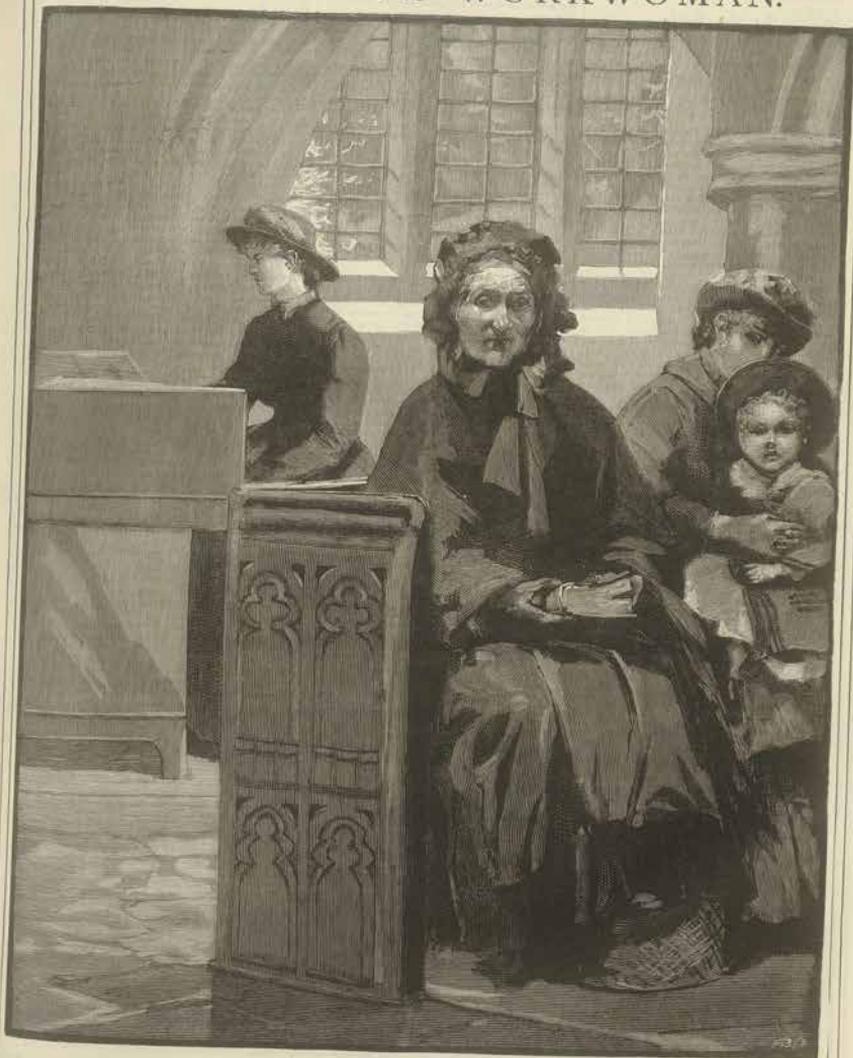


# THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.







room belongs to the twelve-year-old before named who is one of his greatest friends. Indeed, to see those two lying on the carpet or the grass-poll together, and to hear Mag muttering his satisfaction at being fooled by his young companion (whom he follows about as a dog would), is just some persons would treat a "cousin."

I had almost forgotten to mention one of Mag's greatest peculiarities. During the hot weather, before he received his injury, he was seen one day with feathers sprouting out of his head hanging on one side, his eyes rattling about, and having altogether the most fearful appearance. "Oh, we are going to lose poor Mag!" was the exclamation of one of the family, when down he flopped like a jelly fish. No sooner, however, was any concern in him fully manifested than he got up, took a whistle and loped away with the greatest nonchalance. Now if this had happened only once we might have taken it as a speedy recovery from a temporary illness, but as it is repeated several times afterwards when we were ill, and in like manner, there can be no doubt, I think, that it was all pretence. How he learnt to simulate a fainting fit I cannot imagine, but from observations made of our Mag and from the experience of others of similar kind, I have very little reason for doubting Mag's artfulness in this particular line.

CHAS. HEYR.

## Thoughts on the Life of

### Moses,

III.

Heb. xi. 27.

IN following St. Paul's account of the history of Moses, we may gather into v. 27 of Heb. xi. the story of Moses from his return into Egypt till the time of the plague, dividing our brief study of this part of Moses' life into two points: I. What Moses endured from Pharaoh. II. What enabled him to endure as he did.

I. Moses was forty years in Midian. Then God appeared to him and gave him his commission (Ex. iii. 1-12). Moses was no longer a good man, "Who am I," he says, "that I should go unto Pharaoh?" He exalted himself and in such a spirit he was ready for God's work. For a time, however, he was filled with fear, and how can we wonder that he was so? What was one man against all the power of Egypt? God mercifully encouraged Moses by giving him Aaron, his brother, to go with him (Ex. iv. 27-29). Aaron was to be the spokesman, and Moses, so called to work two unobtrusive signs, and strengthened by God's promise, "Certainly I will be with thee," was ready at length to go forth to his conflict with the king. The message he was charged to deliver was, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go" (Ex. v. 1). How was the message received? "And Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice? How proud this man was! How determinedly he sets his 'I!' against God's 'I!'! God had said, 'I am come down to deliver thee' (Ex. iii. 8); Pharaoh said, 'I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.' This man, who was but dust and ashes, dared to say 'me' to God! But who was the stronger? Ah! It is not the man that questions. It is a terrible thing to oppose God. Every sinner who will take his own way is doing so. And how shall it be in the end? 'Ye have set at naught all

my counsel and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when you are in pain" (Prov. i. 25, 26). The only result of the first message to Pharaoh was that the children of Israel were worse oppressed than before. Brick-making is hard work. Straw was used in the brick-making to make the clay bind. Pharaoh commanded that the children of Israel should no longer have straw given them for their work, but must continue to make as many bricks as formerly, when straw was provided. If their case was hard before, it was harder indeed now. So miserable were they that when, soon after, God sent them a beautiful message by Moses, they could not listen to it, or take any comfort from it. God's message contained seven "I wills."

The water turn blood, so terrible that it would have been enough to make Pharaoh yield. But it was not so. Then followed two, the frogs; three, the flies; four, the murrain among the beasts; five, the boils; seven, the hail; eight, the locusts; nine, the darkness; and lastly, the death of the first-born. Only once through all this terrible time the heart of Pharaoh was softened a little (Ch. ix. 17); but directly the hail ceased his heart was as hard as ever. Oh! what a warning we have here. Are there not some who begin to tremble when they profess hard upon them? "For, in trouble have they visited Thee; they poured out a prayer when Thy chastening was upon them;" (Psa. cxvii. 16; Hos. x. 15). But when the chastening is removed how often the impression is gone—the serious thoughts and prayers vanish away. How sad this is! The heart in such a case becomes harder than before. Moses had much to endure all his time. He had a long struggle with that proud king. He had to deliver God's message and see them rejected over and over again.

II. What enabled Moses to endure? "He endured, seeing Him who is invisible" (Heb. xi. 26). What a contradiction the words seem! How can that which is invisible be seen? There is but one way in which this is possible—by faith. It was by faith that Moses saw One by his side all through his many days of trial. He could not see his Lord with his bodily eyes then. Afterwards he did so in a wonderful manner, we know, and though he could not, as he desired, see the face of God, yet God showed by before him and revealed to him much concerning Himself. But when he withstood Pharaoh, Moses saw that God was with him by faith only. Had he any sure ground of confidence for believing that God was near him? He had a promise. Real faith must always have a promise to rest upon. Moses had the promise—"Certainly I will be with thee" (Ex. iii. 12). Moses believed that word. He believed that God was with him, and in that strength he could endure. It has been so for every trial, fighting, suffering, Christian ever since. Not one such fights the battle alone, or lies on a sick bed alone. "Christ is along with me all the day." Was the testimony of a peaceful old Christian who lay year after year upon his bed of helpless sickness, and in that strength he cheerfully endured. It is a blessed secret. Moses took hold of it by faith, and he trod the rough path bravely leaving to the arm of God. Can we see our crosses? Have we seen the Lord by faith, and can we endure as looking up to Him continually? MARGARET EDWARDS.

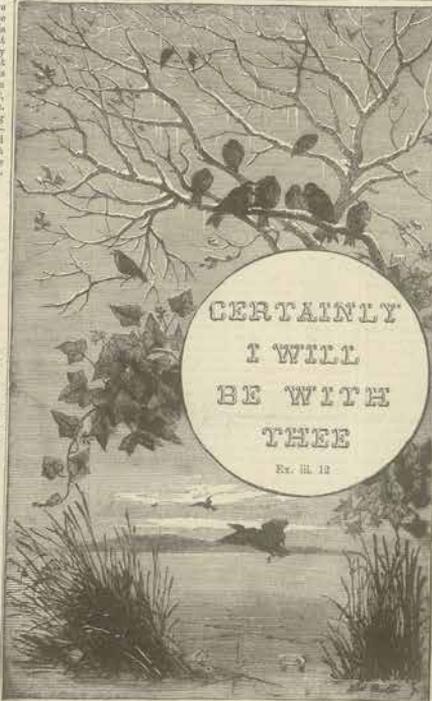
SECRETLY does not consist in making your mind ill-occupied, but in doing it when silence would be congenial, and falshood inseparable.

## I. Life's Memory.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARATIONS.

IT was a pleasant event in the lives of the family at the Lindeau, when Mr. Tyler falling ill, long standing promise of paying them a visit. "Everything comes to him who waits," asserted said Mr. Howe, who had looked forward to this occasion with much pleasure.



The first concerned the deliverance from Egypt, and the last the possession of the land of promise; yet they "hearkened not" for "acquaintance with God" (Ex. vii. 6-9). When God says "I will" however, He never fails to keep His word. Each "I will" in God's message to Israel was fulfilled, but not without "great judgment." What these were we must now very briefly consider. Because Pharaoh would not listen to God's message, he must be smitten by God's hand. Ten strokes came from that hand. What a level tree was Pharaoh's not to yield sound! There is no other such instance in the Bible. If there is in the five chapters that give the history of the plagues we read that Pharaoh's heart was hardened. One would have thought the first plague, turning

Not only Mr. Tyler was coming, but Mrs. Tyler also, and a young son and daughter, the prospect of whose company was a source of gratification to Winifred and her brother Raymond. Altogether they expected to have a very good time, and no little preparation was made for the coming festivity. As Mrs. Rowe was an invalid, most of the household management devolved on Winnie, the eldest here. It was she who directed almost everything; and no one knew how they should get on but for the wisdom of her thoughtful hand.

Raymond, next in age, was a fine, well-built, manly youth in his teens; and Nellie was the youngest yet of the family, a wee, fair-lydie crea-

ture widely different. While the latter, with good abilities, and gentlemanly address, had met with moderate success, his friend had turned the golden wheel of fortune, converting all before him into money.

Some of the young persons in the Rowe family were somewhat flattered by the prospect of this visit; Raymond, perhaps, more so than the others. He was just at that age when his collars and wristbands, and the cut of his clothes were weighty items in his sun of happiness. If anything was the matter with these he knew no peace; he was under the all-mourning delusion that in the eyes of other he was of the same importance as he was in his own.

the traveller; but as the Tylers came in a well appointed carriage of their own, it did not put them to any inconvenience. The sound of wheels, as the vehicle drew up, fell pleasantly on Raymond's ears; he noted with gratification the impression he and his sisters made on their parents' old friends. Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Rowe had not met for years, and there was a look of pleasure on the latter's delicate face as they conversed together on topics of interest to themselves.

Once Raymond found his own name mentioned, as his father's eyes rested with pride upon him; his heart swelled with self-complacitation, and a glow of satisfaction overpread his well-favoured features.



A SHE-YINION.

tine of six years old; a little woman in her way, and in dignity and importance quite "queen of her half."

But next to their parents Winifred and Raymond looked forward to the coming visit with the greatest pleasure. They had never seen these old friends, but they were not a little impressed by all reports said of them.

They were rich, and had all that heart could desire; and to those who thought much of those things, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler were very great persons. The former and Mrs. Rowe had been long together; the friendship they formed had lasted through life, though their paths in that great school

However, that may be, externals were never overlooked by him; when the day of the festival arrived he viewed, with no little satisfaction, the preparations that had been made for it.

Winnie, with her usual alacrity, had superintended and arranged everything. The tables were laid hospitably, and the wax candles shed a soft light over all. Biting fire added to the cheerfulness of the scene, and showed to advantage the rich ornaments and other comforts, with the pretty dresses of the mother and sisters completed the attractions of the picture.

It was a little night outside; hail, snow, and sleet alternately interred with the well-being of

Mr. Tyler, too, was not unappreciative of the young folks around him, while his son and daughter were simply charmed and glowing.

Altogether there seemed no alloy to this social gathering; though if they had had the entire covering of it, he would have altered one or two matters; such as prohibiting all allusions to the domestic machinery, the hidden wheels of which worked as well under Winifred's able management. It would have received neither praise nor commendation but for Nellie, with whose presence her brother could well have dispensed. There was no knowing what her garrulous little tongue might reveal; but to no one but him was sensitive on the point,

her remarks occasioned annoyance in no other quarter.

"It was mine that asked," she whispered with starting indignation, "looking sweetly into Mr. Tyler's brown beard face.

"And did you help her?" asked Mr. Tyler.

"No, but I am going to do so soon day, when I am old enough, I shall do lots of things just as Winnie does."

"And every one smiled, and looked benignly at the little maid, and at Winnie, of whom no one thought a whit the worse for her trying to lighten her frail mother's sorrow, and ease the labours of the domestic.

But Raymond felt terribly uncomfortable; he grew pink and warm, and wondered what the guests, who were so ready, and had many servants at their command, would think of these miserable details.

"He had, just to learn that true gentlemen do not consist in that which a man does, but in that which he is."

But other matters claimed his attention. Mr. Tyler engaged him in conversation, and while standing this unfortunate episode the evening might have passed peacefully but for an event that destroyed his equanimity.

## CHAPTER II.

### A MERRY EVE.

AMONG Mr. Rowe's friends were a certain Mr. Olive and his daughter Olive. A distance of a couple of miles separated the two homes, and the families frequently were one another.

Mr. Olive had some better days, but ill-health and many losses found him in his declining years, and only a slow cessation from actual poverty. Perhaps indeed Olive ceased to have very poor days they really were.

By the Olives they were much respected, and both Mr. and Mrs. Rowe greatly enjoyed the conversation of Mr. Olive's well-to-do interest. Olive and Winnie were so friendly terms, and Raymond was always polite and obliging with them. They there was one great obstacle to real familiarity; and this was the Olive's ready circumstances. To his ready assistance mind, it seemed such a dreadful thing to be poor.

"We are not rich," said Winnie, to whom he was comparing his own case.

"No, we are not rich, but we are very comfortable, and so you need not be ashamed of us. We were quite as though we were poor," he said, with complacency.

"Now this was just what the Olive did look, and it was on this account that Raymond was averse to their visits. He failed to see that, notwithstanding their shallow philanthropy, both father and daughter had the unchangeable stamp of comfortable life.

"I hope the Olives won't come on Monday," he said to Winnie previous to the Tyler's visit.

"If they do not, neither," she answered, with a look of surprise in her blue eyes. "Papa did think of inviting them, but sometimes he has not done so. They are always so very objectionable in manner, and no more was said on the subject.

"But don't you speak on that remarkable evening, Raymond went, as he was crossing the hall, two hours into the garden.

He quickly recognized that the Gill square farm, somewhat better under the night of years. Yes, it was Mr. Olive, and his daughter. The usualness out of the way, and the poor woman's face, as Ray's sharply little expression of frowning and low, looked across Ray's mind. They must not meet the Tyler! It would never do! And without a moment's hesitation he proceeded to see.

Softly he opened the hall-door and stepped out. The darkness prevented his seeing the small light behind the old gentleman's face, as Ray's sharply figure stood in the full light of the doorway.

"Ah, he had come to meet him, he helped him up that long flight of steps!" He stretched across his hand, and warmly pressed the youth's. But the next moment he stopped, stared blankly into an erect posture, and looked with serious aim at Raymond's thinking face, as he murmured out an excuse for not inviting them to that night.

"His father was engaged; he had a very old friend with him. Would Mr. Olive mind coming another time?"

But Mr. Olive, without uttering a reply, turned on his heel, took the arm of his daughter, and walked with first step and erect bearing from the gate.

Not even Olive knew the depth of the wound inflicted in her father's heart that night, as through the dust and rain they strove through the darkness.

Raymond returned to the guests, but though he entered into the amusements that followed, his Olive's face as he turned went away before his mind, and, sure that repose was useless, he would have given up the party without his usual satisfaction when he saw that his friend was standing gazing on the hearth, the latter mist and his dark doublet and looked towards Winnie and Raymond.

"You are blessed in your family, as I am in mine," he said, with falsely pride. "Is Raymond still with the world?"

"My father would answer Mr. Rowe: 'he is but young yet, and surely perseverance, you know, sometimes attains great ends.'"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Tyler removed his eyes and turned eagerly towards his friend—"old you ever meet my cousin Richard in days gone by?"

"Not that I remember," replied Mr. Rowe. "What of him?"

"All I that is what I should like to know. We have not met since the year for years. But he was a nice fellow, as were very fond of him, poor Dick!"

"Of whom are you talking?" asked Mr. Tyler, as the old man turned towards the hearth.

"Of Richard Olive." The pitch of Mr. Rowe's voice as he put the query attracted the notice of the young man, and the party, who turned towards the group at the fire.

"Of whom?" again repeated Mr. Rowe.

"Of Richard Olive. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Amie, my dear, just tell those Olives how highly we esteem that good old man and his daughter," said Mrs. Rowe, turning to her wife, who, in kindly words and kindling face, addressed her use of praise to her husband.

"There it is our theme company, we can thoroughly enjoy them than Mr. Olive's, and we certainly do," he said, "perhaps represents what a true-hearted Christian gentleman he is, and we are always pleased when he gives us the pleasure of a visit."

Raymond's suppressed agitation was manifested in the heavy sighs and sighs that followed.

"Well, I am glad to think that we have always met him out at last," said Mr. Tyler. "He was always very excellent—your parents' good friends." He added, with a smile, "and I suppose they always will be, so long as we are much distance in point to those who have money, as if that was anything." "It is a mighty fine thing to have thought—my young woman think."

He turned towards him and placed his hand on Ray's shoulder. "Ah! but it is not all. Better by a poor man, with a kindly spirit, that would think from his heart, by word or deed on a fellow man, than be the richest man in London with a soul blinded to the feelings of others. Know my young friend?"

The unaccountable only in Ray's throat served for an answer to Mr. Tyler's address. "Yes, kindly thought for the welfare of those who were so poor in life as the best words for young—"

"But what about Richard?" He turned again to Mr. Rowe.

"I am so sorry that we did not invite him here for tonight." There was genuine regret in the latter's voice as he turned towards the hearth.

"So am I," he answered.

"What is the use of my driving over for him now?"

It is the best of the present case from Mr. Rowe, and without a moment's hesitation it was decided. Raymond was commended to hasten to the apartment not a few yards off, and to fetch a four-bottom, which he put in a state of mind hardly to be described, and a few moments later Mr. Tyler, his father and mother-in-law, in good-natured heartiness the former had prepared him into an service, and all three driven in the direction of Mr. Olive's cottage.

## CHAPTER III.

### MEETINGS.

In the morning, Sunday and child, father and daughter had breakfast.

"I am sorry to see you, because I should have been with you last night," said Mr. Rowe, as he turned towards the hearth.

"I believe it is, but I am so sorry that we did not meet in his view. Yes, with a great effort, but I had brought himself to believe the shameful part he had

It looked dark and obscure, the fire was out, there was no one to receive them, and a sense of desolation and gloom, as if twenty years had enough with which to contend, but that was as nothing in comparison to the wound inflicted that night. "This is not only a great night," said Mr. Rowe, as he turned towards the hearth. They even tried to mend the friendship of Mr. Rowe; it was impossible that he had remembered Ray to set as he had done. "What could say, Mr. Olive had thought of the world's weakness."

But Olive soon kindled a fire, and lighted the candles, and as she turned towards the hearth, a great out, and brought him his slippers, he was comfortably sitting in his easy chair by the side of the fire.

Her olive basket and mantle were scarcely removed, when she was uttering the visitors drove up to the door. "It stopped, some one stepped out, and then I could say, Mr. Olive had thought of the house."

It was an unusual sound, preceded by unusual circumstances, and with her usual, in some little father of civility, Olive went to the door. She had a severe, patient face, which looked with some amazement on the party before her.

"Olive, my dear, how do you do?" said Mr. Rowe kindly, smiling. "You and I have brought an old friend to see your father," said Mr. Olive, with a look of astonishment as he saw, and followed Olive into the little sitting-room.

Mr. Olive rose at the sound of voice, and looked indignantly before him, but the heavy grey of his firm's hair, and his cheery face brought a smile to his face, the expression of which changed to a look of astonishment as he was treated as the last party, figure by Mr. Rowe's side.

"Ah! Richard found that last. How are you, old friend?"

There was no mistake in the warmth of the greeting, nor in the genuine pleasure evinced by the speaker, as he greeted, with affection on the varying countenance, and as if he were a father, spoke in a language more powerful than any he spoke in the home-to-day, since that followed. At last Mr. Olive said, "How do you find me?"

"Through our mutual friend here, as you are speaking to me, I was not to be surprised, and I would have been so, and I am so glad to see you, so doing I discovered that he was your valuable old friend."

"How are you, my dear?" said Mr. Olive to the three that had just entered, and he said the evening at the London. We had intended a hope that you might drop in by chance."

In the pass that followed Mr. Rowe's invitation, Ray's cheeks grew unaccountably warm, his dark eyes gleamed with unexpressed feeling as they rested with a sort of familiarity on Mr. Olive's face, but without even looking his eye, the latter drew Olive towards him and introduced her to her mother, whose face and air seemed the death of her mother, some years since.

Raymond's mother was surprised, and his mind was in the great state of disquiet, and he was nearly conscious of what was really taking place.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," said Mr. Olive and Olive would not, but he was almost as if himself, as he saw how remarkable his mother's mood, upon their sight. "If he had only thought of this before! But it was kind, dazzled by the beauty that he thought his parents' old friends were confirming by their visit to him, and the glory of which had thrown Ray off his balance, and set his beating in beyond occasion."

He had ample time for reflection as he sat on the couch-box during the drive home, if he had followed his mother's advice, he would have seen the view of Olives and relatives for the remainder of the night but this could not be done.

Arrived at the London, as soon as there was a full view of the welcome that followed, he was not particularly welcomed by Mr. Tyler, who had his arm in his, and turning him face to face with Mr. Olive, and young friends, Mr. Richard's face and a very promising one too.

"Raymond and I are well acquainted," said Mr. Olive proudly.

"That is right; you could not know a better man than our friend here," Mr. Rowe exclaimed, Mr. Tyler looking on with some surprise.

"I believe it is, but I am so sorry that we did not meet in his view. Yes, with a great effort, but I had brought himself to believe the shameful part he had



## THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

gift for which I had bought myself, and which had not been missed, as they were stable.

"Now, darling, my good night," exclaimed Annie, after a few short pauses, "and don't lose Miss Fitz Edmund better than you can, Daisy."

"I never, never should, Annie," I cried, throwing my arms round her dear neck, and hugging her with such violence that she declared her beautiful hair collar was loosened and rattled.

The next day I walked with my cousins to the lake as usual, and, on arriving there, we found the party assembling, with orders to conduct us to his young mistress.

Miss Fitz Edmund was dressed ready to start for church, but she insisted upon waiting while I partook of a large piece of cake and a cup of fragrant coffee to warm me, as she said, after my walk; and then she and I drove for about four miles in the prettiest little pony carriage I had ever seen.

We arrived at the old-fashioned village church in good time for the service, and, as we walked slowly in and took our places with the small congregation, we were joined by Captain Morland, to the evident surprise of my companion. He tapped me lightly on the back, with a smile, and then sat down at Miss Fitz Edmund's side.

"I think I had never enjoyed Divine Service so much as I did that day," said Miss Fitz Edmund, a noble-looking old man, presided very earnestly about the love of God.

"As we were passing out of church, I thought I saw the strange woman standing in the little bell-chamber earnestly at me, and he looked so very different to the small gentleman I had taken for him at Greytown, that I felt sure it could not be the same." At lunch-time I was introduced to Lord and Lady Fitz Edmund, a very stately, aristocratic-looking couple, but I saw no one else with them but the captain, who had accompanied us home.

I thought Miss Fitz Edmund seemed rather cold to him, which just as I felt sure she had no perfect in my eyes; for he was very kind, and particularly so to her; I could not understand it at all. But she was extremely good to me; and, after dinner we had a long talk in her own pretty boudoir.

"I think," she said, "as we sit side by side on a low couch, I see Harold dear, it is as if he were here to go to talk over matters with a friend. I know I have often found it so myself."

"Yes," I answered rather hesitantly, feeling shy again.

"You shall tell me as much or as little as you like, dear boy," continued Miss Fitz Edmund, "and you say you will be quite sure with me. And I will try to help you. Can you treat me?"

"Then the high-born, beautiful girl looked my brow and sat waiting for me to speak, with one hand to my ear and another with my brown hair.

"I did not keep her long in suspense, but laid without any loss of time the whole of my life's story even including the terrible secret about my father; but I felt it was safe with her, safe as with an angel from Heaven. In the telling cost me much, and when I had told me I had laid my head down on her lap and cried bitterly."

"Dear boy, dear little fellow, Harold, I'm so glad you've told me, and so dreadfully sorry for you. Don't cry—the *darkest part of your story* is not so dark as you think. I am not at liberty to tell you more, I wish I were—oh! I wish I were!"

"My note had ceased now and I was looking up in amazement. "What do you mean? What do you know?" I inquired.

"Something, dear boy, something which I wish I should like to know; but I have promised not to divulge it to any living being."

And Miss Fitz Edmund was firm in refusing to do so; still she said she had good reasons for advising me not to look on the darkest side of my present trouble. Then she set me to work of my mother, asking many questions and showing an astonishing amount of interest in all I told her. I had to repeat mother's story over more than once.

"You see, Harold dear, you leave away reasons to think your father was innocent, for the belief that," she said thoughtfully.

"But I shook my head, replying, "It is so easy to believe what one wishes, and mother always did believe the best of every man always."

"Silly, Harold, it would you, I would believe he was innocent—it were only your trouble so much easier to bear."

"It's no use," I said, obstinately, my younger brow darkening, "I can't have been. Mother used to cry so much about him—I did not understand

that, but I do now—it must have been because he had been so wicked, and Miss Fitz Edmund, I can't bear to think about him—I can't indeed—I do not and disagree to any of his doings."

"I had grown so used to that I scarcely heeded my companion's earnest assurances that the law had made terrible mistakes sometimes, owing to circumstantial evidence. I think I was told that," I had said, and I did not believe because I did not wish to do so, for, alas! I did not lose the memory of my father's name ever since my mother's dying discomposure. I had felt very bitter against him. In my boyish haste and vexation I would not believe he possessed one good quality.

## The Biggest Things on Earth.

THE largest suspension-bridge in the world is between New York city and Brooklyn; the length of the main span is 1,695 ft. 6 in.; the entire length of the bridge is 5,800 ft. The left and right pylons are Popocatepetl—Smoking Mountain—35 miles south-west of Puebla, Mexico.

It is 17,724 ft. above the sea level, but has crests three miles in circumference and a thousand feet deep. The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kinnah, between Benroth and Settagravas. It is more than 9,000 ft. in length, and is 1,500 ft. high.

The largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern. She is 692 ft. long, 68 ft. beam, and 69 ft. deep, being 28,627 tons laden. 18,915 gross, and 18,344 net register. She was built at Millwall on the Thames, and was launched on January 21, 1857.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior, 60 miles long, 100 wide at its greatest breadth, and having an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean length is 400 miles, and its greatest depth is said to be about 200 fathoms. Its surface is about 630 ft. above the level of the sea. The biggest cavern is the Mammoth Cave, in Elizabethtown county, Kentucky. It is 14 1/2 miles long, about six miles from Cave City, and twenty-eight from Bowling Green. The cave consists of an immense, irregular chamber, many of which are large, situated on different levels. Some of these are traversed by navigable branches of the subterranean Echo River.

The longest tunnel in the world is that of the St. Gotthard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 9,000 feet above the sea level, and 6,000 feet beneath the peak of Katschberg, of the St. Gotthard range. The tunnel is 30 1/2 miles, and is 120 ft. high from the floor to the crown of the arched roof. It is 61 miles long, 12 miles longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One of these grows in Inyo county, according to measurements made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 ft. at a point 12 ft. above ground. Some of the trees are 30 ft. high and 34 ft. in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled in one day are 3,000 to 2,000 years.

The largest library is the Bibliothéque Nationale in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,100,000 volumes, 400,000 pamphlets, 150,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 100,000 coins and medals. The collection of volumes exceeds 1,300,000, contained in more than 100,000 volumes. The largest desert is that of Sahara, a vast region of Northern Africa, extending from the Atlantic Ocean on the west to the valley of the Nile on the east. The height from east to west is 3,100 miles. Its average breadth about 900 miles, its area 5,000,000 square miles. Rain falls in torrents in the Sahara, at intervals of 40 to 50, and once in twenty years. The greatest pyramid is that of Cheops, one of the three pyramids forming the Memphis group, situated on a plain about 17 1/2 miles from the city of the highest Nile. Its vast dimensions have been reduced by the removal of the outer portions to furnish stone for the city of Cairo, but it was many centuries originally of 800,000 cubic feet, and still amounts to 831,110 cubic feet. The present vertical height is 450 feet, against 170 feet originally. The total weight of the stone is estimated at 6,310,000 tons. The greatest fortress, from a strategical point of view, is the famous stronghold of Gibraltar. It occupies a rocky

peninsula jutting out into the sea, about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. One central rock rises to a height of 1,355 feet above the sea level. Its southern face is almost perpendicular, while its east side is full of tremendous precipices. On the south it terminates in what is called Europa Point, and here the sea is low and shallow, and the bay, and between its base and the sea is the narrow, almost level span on which the town of Gibraltar is built. The fortress is considered impregnable to military assault. The regular garrison in time of peace numbers about 7,000. The largest island in the sea is the Gaspian, lying between Europe and Asia. Its greatest length is 700 miles, and its area 180,000 square miles. The highest mountain is the obelisk at Karmak, in Egypt. Karmak is on the east bank of the Nile, near Levo, and occupies part of the site of ancient Thebes. The obelisk is ascribed to Hatshep, sister of Pharaoh Thothmes III, who reigned about 1,700 B.C. The whole length is 122 ft., and its weight 400 tons. Its height, without pedestal, is 108 ft. 10 in. The largest bell in the world is the great bell at Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 60 ft., and its height nearly 21 ft. It is the stoutest part of the bell is 2 1/2 in. thick, and its weight has been computed to be 435,725 lbs.

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