over motion there is by a springiness in the knees. This in very rough weather is so noticeable in some of them as to suggest some mechanism there different from that boasted by land lubbers.

The first four or five days out the talk was all of "so far from New York, and no one seemed to think or care to make any preparation for the difference in manners and customs, money and all the rest which they would meet upon landing at Liverpool. But when it began to be said: "We shall reach Liverpool at such and such a time," everybody suddenly waked up. Those possessing United States money had it changed into coin of the realm of England, and it was most amusing to see them sitting in groups studying over them and trying to get acquainted with it. If we did not use some of the same terms for some of our coins as are used in England for coins of entirely different value, it would not be so perplexing. A sixpence, for instance, is of the same value as our shilling, only, as everybody knows, we have no shilling piece. The mixup all comes from the difference in the values of the English and American penny. An English penny is equal to two pennies of the coinage of the United States and it is about four times as large. So as the six "pence" naturally means six times one penny, the English sixpence has good reason for its being double its apparent meaning in American currency. Just as naturally it follows that the shilling—twice a sixpence—equals our quarter. Our fifty-cent piece is almost the same as the English florin. I had carefully and laboriously made all this out and thought that all my troubles with English money were at an end, when up bobbed a silver piece a trifle larger than the florin and called the half crown. One of the p arty who has been over a number of times and for whom European currency has no terrors, said glibly: "That's two and six." Naturally, I had to say, "Two and six what?" It is fairly disgusting to have to show one's ignorance in that way, and bear amicably the superior air of the answer, "Why, two shillings and a sixpence—sixty-two cents."

Tuesday, June 16.

There are a number of superlatives which must be applied to the Carpathia, and I never quite realized them until a party of us visited the engine rooms and steerage to-day. The Carpathia is one of the largest ships afloat, and she is the best of her class. The staterooms of the saloon passengers are much better than some of the staterooms on the large, fast boats, and the steerage accommodations are far ahead of those of any other boat so far. Everybody thinks of the steerage as a hole—a dark, noisome place where immigrants are herded like so many cattle. On this boat, they have staterooms, each containing four bunks; they have painted iron where the saloon passengers have nickel, and coarse gray blankets in place of the fleecy white ones furnished to first-class passengers. Then, too, they have in the staterooms no "wash-hand basins' as the English call them, a stationary bowl in the corridor for the use of a certain number of staterooms answering the purpose. Their tables are narrower and covered with oil cloth, and their fare is not so elaborate, but there are parlors for men and women, lighted by portholes, there is quite as much deckroom for them as for the saloon passengers, and there is a piano in their dining saloon, just as good as the one that has its place in the saloon above. Altogether, the Carpathia has set a new pace in her general accommodations for her passengers, whether steerage or saloon.

But, really, it is the engine room which is the most interesting of all. From the time we began to descend the first steep flight of stairs it was oil, oil, oil in some shape or other. But it is oil which makes the great wheels go smoothly 'round —and its presence does not indicate any lack of necessary cleanliness. There were half a dozen flights of steep stairs, as steep almost as a ladder set flat against a house before we came to the floor of the engine room, which fairly ran with oil, in which we had to set our feet most carefully in order to avoid a fall. It is useless to attempt to describe the engines —there were dozens of whirring wheels of all sorts and sizes and in all sorts of places; there were big pipes and little pipes, straight pipes and curved pipes and crooked pipes and cranks and a hundred other things impossible to remember. They have evaporators to make fresh water from the salt water drawn in from the ocean; they manufacture all the ice used on board, and there are condensers and condensers that provide against any waste of steam. And all the moving, working machinery drips and glistens with oil.

The stoke room aboard a ship like the Carpathia is not the small inferno that it is on an ocean greyhound, where high speed has to be kept up unceasingly. It is hot enough, too hot for comfort, and great beads of perspiration were standing on the faces of the stokers on duty. Every shovelful of coal that went into the roaring furnaces threw a great blast of flame back thru the door—only a momentary gush of fire, but ample to scorch and burn anything in its way. But the stokers were far below it, bending over the next huge shovelful of coal that must be lifted and swung into the yawning door with all the strength in their brawny arms and bodies. Out in the engine room there is a huge ventilator, extending up thru the ship and several feet above the highest deck which not only furnishes the fresh air that would come naturally with the motion of the boat, but brings it down by forced draft with a great gush that is felt some distance away and so keeps the air in the engine room reasonably fresh. There are no solid floors between the engine room—which is fifteen feet below the water line—and the saloon deck, nothing but iron gratings.

As we left, I said to the chief engineer:

"I thought the captain was the biggest man on the boat, but since I have been down here I have come to the conclusion that the man who is master of all this intricate machinery, who understands it to the smallest detail, is a bigger man."

The canny old Scotchman smiled and made answer modestly: "He does his work and I do mine and we never interfere."

THE EDITOR.

Milk From "Condensed" Cows.

A little boy was visiting in Florida, and they were obliged to use condensed milk where he visited. One day he turned to his mama and said: "Oh, mama, I wish those old condensed cows would die."—The Little Chronicle.

THE INDIAN DOLLS.

The Indian papa and mama dolls,
With the little papoose at their side,
Belong to a little Ojibway girl,
And her name is Mari-gold-wild.

They are dressed, you must know, with beadwork fine,
Tobacco pouch, purse and necklace;
And Mari-gold-wild loves them nearly to death,
And keeps in the wigwam their place.

If Mari-gold-wild saw your dolly, so fine,
And her own, so dark and queer,
Do you think she would choose the flaxen-haired doll
Or the ones that to her are so dear?

—Selected.

WORD FROM OUTDOORS.

THE LITTLE WOLVES OF THE AIR.

By Charles G. D. Roberts, author of "Kindred of the Wild," "The Forge in the Forest."

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THE pool lay shimmering and basking in the flood of the June sun. On three sides, east, west and north, the willows and the birches gathered close about it, their light leafage hanging motionless in the clear, still heat. On the south side it lay open toward the thick-grassed meadows, where bees and flies of innumerable species flickered lazily over the pale crimson clover blooms. From the clover blooms and the vetch blooms, the wheel-rayed daisies, and the tall umbels of the wild parsnip, strange perfumes kept distilling in the heat and pulsing in across the pool on breaths of air too soft to ruffle its surface.

Above the unruffled surface the air was full of dancing life. Gnats hung in little, whirling nebulae; mosquitos, wasp-like flies, and whirring, sharp-winged beetles, passed and repassed each other in intricate lines of flight; and here and there, lucently flashing on long, transparent, veined wings, darted the dragon flies in their gem-like mail. Their movements were so swift, powerful and light that it was difficult in spite of their size and radiant color, to detect the business that kept the dragon flies so incessantly and tirelessly in action. Sometimes two or three would hurtle out for a brief expedition over the blossoming meadow. Often one would alight for a moment on a leaf or twig in the sun, and lie there gleaming, its two pairs of wings flatly outspread in a way that showed every delicate interlacing of the nerves. Then it would rise again into the air with a bold, vehement spring; and whenever it began its flight, or whenever it abruptly changed the direction of its flight, its wings would make a dry, sharp, rustling sound.

The business that so occupied these winged and flashing gems, these darting iridescences, was in truth the universal business of hunting. But there were few, indeed, among all the kindred of earth, air and water whose hunting was so savage and so ravenous as that of these slender and spiritlike beings. With appetites insatiable, ferocity implacable, strength and courage prodigious for their stature, to call them the little wolves of the air is perhaps to wrong the ravening gray pack whose howlings strike terror down the corridors of the winter forest. Mosquitos and gnats they hunted every moment, devouring them in such countless numbers as to merit the gratitude of every creature that calls the mosquito foe. But every summer fly, also, was acceptable prey to these indomitable hunters, every velvet-bodied moth, every painted butterfly. And even the envenomed wasp, whose weapon no insect can withstand, was not safe. If the dragon fly could catch her engrossed in some small slaughter of her own, and, pouncing upon her from above, grip the back of her armed abdomen in his great grinding jaws, her sting could do nothing but dart out vainly like a dark, licking flame; and she would make, her poison glands discreetly avoided, as good a meal as the most unresisting blue-bottle or horse fly.

Down to the pool thru the luxurious shadows of the birches came a man, and stretched himself against a leaning trunk by the water side. At his approach all the business of life and death and mating in his immediate neighborhood came to a halt, and most of the winged kindred, except the mosquitos, drew away from him. The mosquitos, to whom he had become, so to speak, in a measure acclimatized, attacked him with less enthusiasm than they would have displayed in the case of a stranger, and failed to cause him serious annoyance. He fixed himself in a position that was thoroly comfortable, and then lay quite still.

The man's face was under the shadow of the birch tree, but his body lay out in the full sun, and the front of his soft white summer shirt made a patch of sharp light against the surrounding tones of brown and green. When it had for a time remained quite still, the patch of whiteness attracted attention and various insects alighted upon it to investigate. Presently the man noticed a very large, steel-blue dragon fly on rustling wings balancing in the air a few feet in front of him.

At this moment, from a branch overhead, a hungry shrike dashed down. The dragon fly saw the peril just in time, and instead of fleeing desperately across the pool, to be almost inevitably overtaken by the strong-winged bird, it dashed forward and perched for refuge on a fold of the dazzling white shirt. The foiled shrike, with an angry and astonished twitter, flew off to a tree across the pool.

For perhaps a minute the great fly stood with moveless, widespread wings, scintillating aerial hues as if its body was compacted of a million microscopic prisms. The transparent tissue of its wings was filled with a finer and more elusive iridescence. The great, rounded, globose, overlapping jaws, half as big as the creature's whole head, kept opening and shutting, as if to polish their edges. The other half of its head was quite occupied by two bulging, brilliant spheres of eyes, which seemed to hold in their transparent yet curiously impenetrable depths a shifting light of emerald and violet. These inscrutable and enormous eyes—each one nearly as great in circumference as the creature's body—rolled themselves in a steady stare at the man's face, till he felt the skin of his cheeks creep at their sinister and menacing beauty. It seemed to him as if a spirit hostile and evil had threatened him from beneath those shining eyes, and he was amused to experience, for all his interest, a sense of half relief when the four beautiful wings hurtled crisply and the creature darted away.

It would seem, however, that the fold of the white shirt had found favor in those mysteriously gleaming eyes; for a minute or two later the same fly returned to the same spot. The man recognized not only its unusual size, its splendor of color, but a broken notch on one of its wing films, the mark of the tip of a bird's beak. This time the dragon fly came not as a fugitive from fate, but as a triumphant dispenser of fate to others. It carried between its jaws the body of a small greengrasshopper, which it had already partly eaten.

Fixing the enigmatic radiance of its eyes upon the man's face, the dragon fly calmly continued its meal, using the second joints of its front pair of legs to help manipulate the rather awkward morsel. Its great round jaws crushed their prey resistlessly, while the inner mouth sucked up the juices so cleanly and instantaneously that the repast left no smallest stain upon the man's spotless shirt. When the feast was over there remained nothing of the victim but a compact, perfectly rounded glistening green ball, the size of a pea, made up of the well chewed shell-like parts of the grasshopper's body. It reminded the man of the round "castings" of fur or feathers which an owl ejects after its undiscriminating banquet. Having rolled the little green ball several times between its jaws, to make sure there was no particle of nourishment left therein, the dragon fly coolly dropped it into a crease in the shirt bosom and lightly hurtled away.

It chanced that this particular and conspicuous individual of the little wolves of the air was a female. A half hour later, when the man had almost grown tired of his watching, he again caught sight of the great fly. This time she alighted on a half-submerged log, one end of which lay on shore by the man's feet, while the other end was afloat in deep water, where it could rise and fall with every change in the level of the pool. Quivering and gleaming with all her subtle fires, the dragon fly stood motionless on the log for a few seconds. Then she backed down close to the water's edge, thrust her long, slender abdomen a good inch into the water, and curled it under her as if she were trying to sting the hidden surface of the log. In reality, as the man at once understood, she was busy laying eggs—eggs that should presently develop into those masked and terrible larvae of hers, the little wolves of the pool. She laid the eggs in a row under the log, where there was no danger of the water receding from them. She moved along the log daintily, step by step, and her wings fluttered over the task.

The man had taken out his watch as soon as he saw what she was about, in order that he might time the egg-laying process. But he was not destined to discover what he wanted to know. The dragon fly had been at her business for perhaps two minutes, when the man saw a large frog rise to the surface just below her. He liked all dragon flies—and for this one in particular he had developed a personal interest. He jumped suddenly and violently to his feet, hoping to chase her away from the approaching doom. But he was just too late. As he jumped the big frog sprang, and a long, darting, cleft tongue clutched the busy fly, dragging her down. The frog disappeared with his prize—to come to the surface again at the edge of a lily pad, a few feet off, and blink his goggle eyes in satisfaction. He had avenged (tho about that he cared as little as he knew) the lives of a thousand tadpoles.

Brain Teasers.

I.—WHAT ARE THESE VINES?

1.—Coveted by all and a famous American author.
2.—An expression of pleasure, and a tool.
3.—A cereal, and a symbol of constancy.
4.—Roving, and to drive a sharp bargain.
5.—A satellite, and to bloom.
6.—An old name, and manner.
7.—A plain, and a thing of beauty.
8.—To know, and extent.
9.—A sweet substance, and to nurse.
10.—A vowel, and a consonant.
11.—A musical instrument, to crawl and to mistake.
12.—A period of time, and the height of enjoyment.
13.—To lament, to crowd, and a climbing plant.
14.—Uncultivated, and a vegetable.
15.—Part of the hand, a prickly growth and a Greek goddess.
16.—Cut triangularly.
17.—To jump.
18.—A kind of wine.
19.—A state, and a small bird.
20.—A nickname, a preposition, and a neuter verb.
21.—A solid substance, and to establish.
22.—Fuel and the climbing stem of a plant.
23.—A Scotch measure and to conceal.
24.—Marriage and a creeper.

II.—SQUARE WORD.

My **first**, a most capricious maid,
Plays fast and loose with sun and shade;
My **next**, a blossom large and bright,
In robes of crimson, pink or white;
A wanderer over land and sea,
My **third** is restless, wild and free;
The gardener does my **next** with care,
Improving apple, peach or pear;
Stringed instruments my last will name,
Of ancient date and classic fame.

III.—CHARADE.

My first's in cat, as well as rat,
But never in a dog.
My second see in bird so free,
But never in a log.

My third's in pen and little hen,
But never in a duck.
My fourth behold in eagle bold,
If you should have such luck.

My whole you'll find the largest kind
Of vegetable growing,
In greenest dress. Ah now you'll guess,
And soon its name be knowing.

IV.—CONUNDRUMS.

1.—What tree is one of the hardest to climb?
2.—Plant a stove manufactory and what will come up?
3.—Plant gum and what will come up?
4.—When is a sailor like the highest room in a building?
5.—What animals are used for illuminating and may be very ornamental?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1.—M a y y a m.
a r e e r a
y e a a y e
2—All Fool's Day.
3.—When April blows his horn
It is good for hay and corn.
4.—Lightning—Thunder.

CLINKUM CLANKUM.

Clinkum Clankum lives in a tower,
Lives in a belfry airy and cool,
And every morning he rings the hour
For little children to go to school.

Clinkum Clankum lives in a tower,
Greenly clad with a whispering vine,
And every noon he rings the hour
For little children to go and dine.

Clinkum Clankum lives in a tower,
And the stars are beautiful over his head,
And every evening he rings the hour
For little children to go to bed.

—Youth's Companion.