

The Lady from the Sea

BY
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Author of "When Blades Are Out and Love's Afraid," "Women with the Ship," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "The Southerners," etc.

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THE LADY FROM THE SEA is the graphically appropriate title of this most fascinating and interesting serial. The story is from the pen of Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of a number of works of fiction that have received attention in the best literary circles.

Ellen Smith, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a Confederate officer who owns a privateer, and the scene is laid during the War of the Rebellion. Ellen is a typical southern girl—proud, self-reliant and daring. Thomas Beekman Smith is a naval officer of the Government, and captures a blockade runner. They learn through a letter found aboard the ship, the location of the privateer, and also capture that craft, with Ellen aboard.

Some very entertaining and interesting chapters are devoted to life on the ocean and love-making later. Ellen appears to have betrayed Smith to the Confederates, and he barely escapes death as a spy. Later still, her father is made a prisoner on board a ship of the enemy. The hot-headed southerner disowns his daughter, when she acknowledges her love for Smith, is set at liberty and the discarded Ellen becomes the wife of the man she loves.

This story is intense in its war flavor and original in its treatment of plot and incident. The naval adventures are thrilling and well depicted, and the serial will be recognized as a very superior war story.

CHAPTER I.

Romance, in books, is associated always with the beautiful, generally with the best. We go backward into the past for a theme, since "the distance lends enchantment to the view." We fancy that the heart beats more warmly—certainly more gracefully—beneath satin and lace than beneath calico and fustian; that the love that quotes poetry is purer and more admirable than that which through hard necessity expresses itself ungrammatically; that diamond-buckled shoes, capering nimbly upon a carpet to the "pleasing of a lute," carry a man whose ideals must inevitably transcend those of his lowly brother who is upborne by the sabot or the brogan.

It is a dictum that there is no romance among the common people. The hero and the heroine, in the novel, must be dissociated from real life by unusual qualities and characteristics, else no one will care for their story—so, at least, it is imagined. Yet as the saddest tragedies are those of the commonplace, so the finest romances are those of the common people.

To pick up at random any of the current stories of the day is to find one evidence of a concession to the supposed popular yearning for the beautiful and the unusual in the descriptions—and, eke, the names—of the puppets who give title to the story and strut through their brief hours upon the written stage. With rare exceptions the heroines are beautiful in person, cultivated in mind, ancient in family—Lady Clara Vere de Vere, in short; while the hero is no longer beautiful, but he is strong, tall, brave, noble, generous; and if disappointed, will ultimately reform. The names, as I have suggested above, of these godlike persons correspond, so far as names may—and they may to a great degree, notwithstanding Shakespeare—to these attributes. They fall trippingly from the tongue and linger musically in the memory. Invention which might better be devoted to the story is wasted on a name that, like Wordsworth's famous light, "never was on sea or land." I have invented several myself, therefore I know!

The heroine of the ensuing story is named Jones, the hero, Smith. These names have been selected deliberately. That sets this romance at once apart from all other stories that have ever been written. That it may live up to its unlikeness is the prayer of the writer. There must of necessity be thousands of romances in the Smith and Jones families, there are so many of them—and they are not dying, but, on the contrary, are increasing at a rapid rate! Cannot a Smith love as well as a Montmorency? Is not the blood of a Jones filled with the same passionate ichor as that of a Howard?

Miss Jones—her first and only other name was Ellen—was a young woman of no particular ancestry which need be dwelt upon. While it must be frankly admitted that she was not strikingly beautiful, it may be affirmed with equal truth that neither was she painfully homely. She was just a tall, well-formed, healthy American girl, such as you meet with in plenty in any community in the land. Her hair was brown, her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red, and her teeth were white—these are the usual colors, I believe. Her temper was quick, her disposition cheerful, her soul honest—nor are these qualities at all uncommon. She had been reasonably well educated for the period in which she lived, and in addition to what she had learned at the "Female Academy" she could sing a song, make a dress or cook a dinner—happily, ability of this sort is not rare. There was nothing extraordinary about her from any point of view. Thousands of women like that—Smiths, Joneses, Browns, etc.—are being loved, wooed and married every day; and the future of the country depends upon the steady continuance of a supply adequate to meet the demand.

As for Smith, the hero of this venacious tale, his first name was Thomas, intimately abbreviated to Tom. If he

could have won Ellen Jones for his wife, he would have been supremely happy as well as very fortunate. If Miss Jones had no family to speak of, Mr. Smith had absolutely none at all. He had been raised—I use the word advisedly, it was more like raising than rearing—in an eleemosynary institution—to wit, a public orphan asylum. The superintendent of the institution, not being gifted with imagination, had named him Smith. He had a regular list of names for the foundlings which he bestowed upon his charges in unvarying succession, and Smith fell to the lot of this unfortunate. One of the women attendants had further called him "Tommy" after her sweetheart. To identify the little waif from the New York streets and to differentiate him from other "Tom" Smiths, of whom there were not a few, the authorities had inserted a middle name. He had been picked up in Beekman street, and in the records his full name, therefore, ran this way, Thomas Beekman Smith.

He was an unusually bright boy and as homely as they make them—freckled, red-headed, and, for all his name, evidently of Irish parentage. He was a jolly, cheerful, willing, hard-working little rat, however, who dearly loved a joke, yet who was as ambitious as a ward politician. The superintendent of the orphan asylum happened to have a brother who was a captain in the United States navy, one of the old-time, "1812," sailing-frigate captains. The superintendent's interest had been excited by young Smith. He had communicated some of this interest to his brother, and—in short, at the age of eleven the boy went to sea as a captain's servant.

By and by old Commodore Bainboro, observing there was good stuff in the lad, had him warranted a "reefer." Smith went through the usual course of the young aspirant in those days. He served creditably as a midshipman in the Mexican war, and thereafter, being still young enough, sought and received permission to go through the Naval Academy, from which he graduated in the class of '52. Behold him in the fall of 1861 a full-fledged lieutenant in the United States navy, still freckled-faced, still red-headed, still homely, still fond of a jest, still happy, and still ambitious—also in love. He was one of those rare mortals who can be happy, ambitious and in love at one and the same time.

The war between the States had just begun. Opportunities for distinction would be many. That some of them should fall to his lot and be embraced accordingly was the determination of Smith. He owed everything to the United States, and was resolute to discharge some of the obligations. Things did not look very promising at first, however. Being without influence—for old Commodore Bainboro was long since dead—the best assignment he could get for duty at the outbreak of the war was the old-fashioned sailing frigate St. Lawrence. Smith had promptly applied for an appointment to one of the new steam sloop-of-war, but his application had been passed over and he had been relegated to his useless relief of the past.

The commander of the St. Lawrence was Commodore Hiram Paulding, who had been a midshipman in the War of 1812 and commended for his gallant conduct while executive officer of the Ticouderoga at the battle of Lake Champlain. The veteran also chafed at his relegation to the St. Lawrence, but there was no present help for it. In modern times he would have been retired long since, so he might perhaps consider himself lucky at being given any command at all.

As I have said, the war had just begun. Blockade-running was in its infancy. Privateering in behalf of the Confederates was, however, beginning vigorously. Had it not been nipped in the bud by the prompt efforts of the Federal cruisers it might have done enough damage to have rendered unnecessary the appearance of the Alabama later on. The United States

had proclaimed a blockade of the southern coast, but as yet it was laxly maintained, owing to paucity of force, and the Confederate privateers came and went pretty much as they pleased.

The St. Lawrence, attached to the North Atlantic blockading squadron, had been out two months and had not made a single capture. Officers and men were disgusted. Why they should have expected to capture anything in a sailing vessel when the Confederates usually employed the swiftest steamers for privateers and blockade-runners is a question. One afternoon in late July the St. Lawrence under easy sail was swinging along to the southward of Cape Hatteras. A week before she had been spoken by a dispatch-boat, which had transmitted a general order from the flag officer commanding the squadron to the effect that a certain Confederate privateer called the Petrel was fitting out in Pamlico sound for a dash to sea, and that all the ships of the squadron were cautioned to look out for her.

"Nice notice to send us," remarked Smith, who was the executive officer of the frigate, to the second lieutenant of the ship. "We couldn't catch her with this old hooker if she were anchored. Oh, why don't they lay up this tub as a guardo or store ship somewhere and give us a chance in a steamer?—something that has heels as well as guns?"

This was a poser for the second lieutenant. He did not attempt to answer it, but left Smith, who was enjoying a leisure hour, standing on the lee side of the quarter deck staring over the rail at the empty sea and vacant sky to starboard. Empty sea and vacant sky? Well, not quite. When there was nothing else to command his attention Smith could always see Ellen Jones in the ambient on the horizon. He was looking straight west. Beneath the sky line some fifty miles away rose the low sands of the chain of islands that separated Pamlico and Albemarle sounds from the ocean. On one of the broad estuaries of Pamlico sound stood the home of old Major Jones, Ellen's father. For aught Smith knew the object of his dreams was there. At any rate, he did not know that she was anywhere else, and he embodied her there without hesitation.

Major Jones was of somewhat humble English birth. As a child he had come to the United States with his elder brother, a man of much shrewdness and mercantile ability. The elder Jones, who had settled in North Carolina, had amassed a considerable fortune. With an Englishman's love for position, he had succeeded in getting a commission in the army for Ellen's father. While Smith had been stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and Ellen's father at Governor's Island, the young people had met. Smith had loved madly, Ellen had been deeply interested. Her father had been absolutely opposed to Smith's wooing. He had sent him about his business; his brother's influence had been exerted, and the young man had been ordered away on a three-years' cruise in Asiatic waters, whence he had just returned at the outbreak of the war.

The year before that Major Jones' brother had died, leaving him all his property in North Carolina. The Major had resigned his command and gone down to live on his brother's plantation, taking with him his daughter, his only child. Ellen, save for her inclination towards Smith, was still heart-whole and fancy-free. It is falsely urged that the absent are always wrong. Someone has said that a proverb is a lie or a platitude. In this case the wise saw quoted above was both. If she had been allowed free and unrestricted intercourse with the homely Mr. Thomas Beekman Smith, Ellen Jones might have found it impossible to have made him the object of her romance—which is going contrary to all the theories stated in the introduction! However that may be, severed from him by the stern edict of a practical parent, the interest engendered by the ardent wooing to which she had been subjected ripened into a deeper feeling. She grew to love the absent sailor almost as the absent sailor loved her. For his sake she had refused many offers of marriage which she had received both from the army and from the surrounding people of her North Carolina home. It is not only the superlative women who have men at their feet, be it remembered. The social position of the Jones family in proud, aristocratic tide-water North Carolina was only fair. Yet Major Jones had money, his daughter was distinctly likable, and of young visitors the plantation had not a few.

Smith had come back from his Asiatic cruise with a determination, fruit of three years' absence and repression, to seek Ellen and take her, willy nilly, for his own. The war had interrupted all that. When he might see her now was a question. (To be continued.)

Horse's Sense of Danger.

That a horse has the instincts of impending danger was demonstrated the other afternoon when an animal belonging to M. D. Swisher, county road overseer, refused to act on the bit, ran up the mountainside and saved its rider from death in a cloudburst, says the Cripple Creek correspondent of the Denver News.

Swisher was riding along Box canyon, a narrow gulch, when the horse turned from the road, and paying no attention to the rider ran up the mountain side and stopped on a ledge twenty feet above. Swisher was mystified until he saw water about eight feet deep rushing down the canyon tearing up bushes and upending everything movable. The water was from a cloudburst about half a mile farther up the gulch and the horse had heard the noise of the rushing water before the rider.

Half a mile of the Box canyon road leading to Florissant was washed out and bridges carried away. Swisher remained on the mountain side for an hour before he considered it safe to re-enter the canyon.

Companionship Barred.

"Rastus," said the man who gives advice, "if you want to prosper in this world you must go to bed with the chickens."

"Yassir," answered Mr. Pinkley. "It's wifin' to go to bed wif 'em. But de folks dat own chickens ain't sufficiently trustful."—Washington Star.

A Political Vendetta

By
WELDON J. COBB

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The clerk roused up as Hope approached his desk. He stared strangely, curiously at the disordered visitor.

"I have come here twenty miles on a hurried order," summarized Hope.

He took a folded bit of paper from his pocket.

"Do you know Warren? Warren, of the Vulcan Co.?" he added, inquiringly.

"Why—yes," admitted the clerk, standing up and rubbing his eyes.

"Do you know his handwriting, also?" "I think I do."

"There's a specimen of it."

"Yes, 'tis," slowly and wonderingly nodded the clerk, as he perused a scrawl ordering "the delivery to bearer" of a certain satchel in a certain closet in the house.

"Queer, to send for his satchel that's been here so long! I'll get it for you, though."

"Be speedy, then, and—careful!" "Eh!"

"It might hold some of his goods—see?"

"Oh! dynamite? Yes, but he knows enough to have it protected," confidently retorted the clerk.

Gideon sank into a chair, pretty well exhausted. He felt a trifle grieved, as bearing a dust-covered satchel, the clerk reappeared. His hand shook as he took it. Strange thrills ran through his being. A thousand deaths lurked in the little innocent looking leather receptacle, he well knew.

He breathed more freely as he again reached the outer air. With the thoughtfulness of a true man he took the middle of the road, alone anxious for the nonce in getting the explosive far and quickly from the proximity of human beings.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At the edge of the silent town Gideon Hope paused. What should he do with the dynamite to insure its harmlessness, now that he had it—that was the question.

He recalled the explicit directions that Warren had given him: To sink it in some unfrequented water course, and he remembered he had crossed a bridge above a winding little stream, about a mile from the town.

Toward it Hope bent his course. He had proceeded a distance when a dull sound grew into momentarily augmentative resonance and distinctness.

Klappety klop—klappety klop—klappety klop!

In the soft moonlight he observed approaching two horsemen. An instant suspicion assailed him. Suppose they were allies of the mismatched pair at the isolated house, scouring the country for him?

"I'll take no chances," he decided quietly—"at least until the dynamite is disposed of."

So he drew aside into some bushes fringing the road. It was well that he did so. As the men passed him he was positive he had seen them in the garden of the private asylum—hired appendages of that nefarious institution.

As they rounded a curve in the road out of view, Gideon resumed his way.

About five minutes later, as he was nearing the bridge, almost noiselessly a man mounted on a horse emerged from the thickets and nearly ran him down.

He stared hard at Hope. Piece by piece he seemed inspecting his clothing as if identifying him from description.

Gideon stood his ground. Soon he started to move on.

"Click!"

"I want you!" spoke the horseman, and he now held a revolver in his hand.

He ran his horse fairly upon Hope, leaped over, and aimed a blow at him with the weapon. Gideon dodged. Then he grappled with the form leaning toward him. He felt a stinging pain in one shoulder—the firearm had exploded.

But in wrath and strength he clung to the fellow, dragged him from the stirrups, and giving him a mighty fling, sent his head cracking across a mass of bowlders.

The satchel he had carried strapped across one shoulder. As the man lay senseless, Hope started again for the river. He staggered. The horse, well trained, had not moved away. As he began to experience a strange dizziness, Hope pulled himself into the saddle, hurried by shouts around the bend in the road.

The two horsemen in advance had probably heard the shot, and were hurrying back.

"Up—on!" feebly ordered Gideon, but in sheer weakness he almost fell across the horse's neck.

Then there seemed a lapse of sheer insensibility. Again his brain slightly cleared, and he was conscious of being borne at a plodding gait along a wildwood bridle path.

The steed must have taken a course out of range of the regular road and the pursuing horsemen. Day was breaking. Gideon knew that the bullet wound in his shoulder was accountable for the great weakness that made him even forgetful of the fateful burden of dynamite that he still carried.

He lapsed into renewed unconsciousness—again revived.

It was broad daylight now. The horse was browsing in a sort of garden. Near by was a house. Hope straightened up in the saddle, tried to rally his confused faculties.

He lifted his eyes toward the building. All its windows were closely shuttered but one. That was on the second floor, and barred.

There his glance was riveted. Was it delirium, fancy? For the roseate dawn illumined a figure, wonder eyed, gazing down at him.

Claire!

CHAPTER XXIV.

That had happened: The horse that had safely borne Gideon Hope to this unlooked-for destination belonged, as he had inferred, to the stables of the se-

cluded haunt where his pursuit by Elita's allies had begun.

Apparently the animal had made frequent journeys between the two places, and instead of returning home, had come hither, with Hope a helpless burden across the saddle.

The truth, the fortune of this climax burst over the man's soul with ardor. Not only had he escaped his enemies, but he had found Claire!

Instantly weakness, his injuries, his confusion, were forgotten, obliterated. To that glorious face marvelingly looking down at him he raised his glance, full of fervor and love.

"Claire—Miss Tremaine!" he breathed, and slipped from the saddle. As he did so, unheeded the satchel of dynamite dropped from his shoulder to his feet.

But Hope noticed it not, for the moment absorbed in contemplation of the beginning and the end of all the present motives of his life.

"It is you! It is you!" slowly, dabbly murmured Claire, an eager light in her beautiful eyes, her pale face working with intense emotion.

"And you—a prisoner!" cried Hope, rousing up.

"Yes, for a long time. Since the night I was taken away to marry the man you bade me obey."

"Who is in this house now?"

"I, alone," explained Claire. "A woman has been in charge, but she went away last evening, leaving me securely locked in. She will soon return."

"Why did you not try to escape?" began Hope.

"Because they have led me to believe you desired that I remain here."

"Wait!"

Gideon Hope flashed from the spot. Soon he was at the front door. With a great billet of wood he dashed it from place. Up a stairway he made advance, and before his irresistible assaults door after door gave way.

Pale, excited, apprehensive, the fair captive was brought out into the garden.

"Listen," spoke Hope, all thought and action: "You are trembling, weak, excited. There is much to do, and no time for immediate explanations. Let me lift you to the saddle. Ride to the nearest town, and await my coming."

"But you?" faltered Claire, and there was no mistaking the tender light that shone from her anxious eyes upon the man she had learned to obey so implicitly and love so devotedly.

"I will remain here for a time. I have something to do," answered Hope seriously.

There was the dynamite to dispose of. And then, too, he had resolved to confront Claire's jailer when she returned, and force from her lips a confession that would enable him to intelligently proceed about a raid upon the inmates of that other isolated house which harbored the Kanes and their infamous associates.

"I will do as you say," assented Claire, and moved toward the grazing horse.

"But—wait," interrupted Hope again. He had brought her from the house without any head covering or wraps. Now he explained and left her side momentarily.

He was not gone two minutes, and returning with the articles he had gone for, he cleared the staircase four steps at a time, as a shriek from the outside warned him of some peril or alarm on the part of Claire.

When he came around to the side of the house the horse had stamped into an adjoining field. Upon the green sward where Hope had left her was Claire, in a dead faint.

No other person was in view. What had happened? Quickly Hope lifted her head in his arms, and murmured his anxiety and solicitude into her white, pulseless face.

Thus several minutes went by, until at length her eyes opened. She shrieked.

"Where is he?" she cried, with a frightened start.

"Whom?" inquired Hope quickly.

"That man!"

"You mean?"

"Kane."

"He was here!" exclaimed Hope, in absolute amazement.

"Yes!" she panted, looking about her, all in a tremble.

"When?"

"While you were gone." She clung to him hysterically. "Oh, Mr. Hope!" she cried, "protect me from him if he comes again—"

"Do not fear for that," assured Hope. "You are certain it was Kane?"

Flutteringly Claire related a singular story. Hope had no sooner gone into the house than Kane had appeared. Wild faced, his garments disordered, a broken chain dangling from one wrist, he had burst upon her appalled view.

He had sprung to her side, seized her arm, in hurried accents announced that she must at once accompany him in flight. It was his desire—Gideon Hope's command.

She had struggled. He sought to drag her from the spot. Something he caught from her incoherent words, that she disbelieved and disregarded him, that Hope was even now in the house, that the horse, the satchel, he had brought hither.

"I called for help," narrated Claire. "Suddenly Kane's eyes flared with a strange, eager light. He sprang toward the satchel, saying: 'This is Hope's? Then it contains the money! If you will not go with me, at least I have the fortune.' Then I fainted away."

"The doll—the victim! That satchel contains—"

Hope was interrupted. A flying horse-woman came up the road. It was Elita.

"You here!" she cried, facing Hope, "and you free?" she shouted at Claire.

"Has he been here?" she demanded.

"Yes—what is that?"

"What, indeed! A strange breath, as of nature gasping, a flutter of the leaves

of the trees, a check in birdsong and insect chirp—all caused by a harsh, cutting crash at some near distance.

Upon the topmost branch of a lofty elm a robin had built her nest.

As day broke, she faced the sun, and began, first, her faint, twittering note, then a slow, low trill, and finally her full burst of glorious song.

A man dashing through the brush, hatless, pale, yet eager, bearing a satchel in his hand, looked up and echoed the exultant note, and laughed gayly, triumphant-ly.

It was Percy Kane. He had escaped, had been forced to abandon the thought of taking Claire away with him, but had he not in the satchel the other half of the severed bank notes? Yes! his folly led him to believe. He was rich, and the money was the main thing, after all.

As he hoped, planned, anticipated a new future in some new field, thus equipped with a princely fortune, he grew half wild with reckless delight.

He waved the satchel carelessly, he plunged on. Soon he came to a break in the landscape. Fair valleys, a radiant, fertile expanse, spread out—the world lay all before him!

"The final hour!" he exulted—"and I am the victor!"

Yes, the hour had come—but not of victory, of doom, instead—the hour of ripening dynamite! Retribution and total extinguishment!

He knew no shock or pain—simply a flashing dissolution. The dynamite had exploded, and he was blotted out.

One last act of justice the woman, Elita, performed ere with her unfortunate father, she disappeared from the scene of her recent endeavors, never to be seen there again. She gave to Gideon Hope some secret papers of her dead husband, proving his connection with the murder of Everett Hope, and the base swindles that had been perpetrated against Albert Tremaine, thus insuring a return of a portion of his lost fortune.

Warren, of the Vulcan Co., was released from the asylum. Hope saw to it that Kane's accomplices were punished.

Fate had been more powerful in bringing about the unmasking and destruction of the guilty than his own fondly cherished plans, but the recompense was of justice, and he was content.

To his country, to his political aspirations, he bade a final adieu.

He had love now to live for—love that had never faltered, though well nigh sacrificed—and, away from the scenes where its first inception had been harsh and painful, and might prove haunting, he and Claire sought mutual forgetfulness of the past and unalloyed joy for the future.

(The End.)

TEACHING BY MOVING PICTURES.

Surgical Operations and Nervous Diseases Before the Camera.

One of the new uses to which moving pictures are put is teaching, and at least one house dealing in films publishes a list of some hundreds intended for classroom use, says the New York Sun.

Most peculiar of all are the pictures of operations intended for display in hospitals and medical colleges. In fact, it is explicitly stated that medical and surgical films are restricted to exhibition before such institutions and cannot be loaned except under strict guarantees that their use will be so limited.

Perhaps, however, the general public would not care to sit through a vaudeville show and at the end as the house was darkened read in letters of light upon the screen: "Removal of a myxomatous tumor of the thigh," or "Extraction of a bilateral exophthalmic goitre."

The catalogue, which describes these films and which promises many more than are contained in the issue for this year, describes them in great detail. One series consists of half a dozen operations all of the same general nature, the "Extraction of encapsulated tumors," and in all more than one-fifth of a mile of film is needed.

Surgery is not alone in being thus illustrated. Medicine has its pictures, more particularly to illustrate the diseases in which there is a characteristic walk. Various forms of paralysis where the diagnosis is dependent on the gait are shown in detail. The pictures of such a disease as paralysis agitans show the characteristic rigidity of the body when the sufferer is walking and of the face muscles when talking.

An unusual series illustrates the effect of beri-beri on the natives of Borneo.

Moving pictures also have their use in solving problems of agriculture and public health. The dealers in films announce that by a process which they describe as micro-kinematography they can show the typhoid bacilli magnified 850 diameters in all stages of growth and movement. Similarly the circulation of blood in the web of a frog's foot is shown and the movement of the chlorophyll or green coloring bodies in the leaf.

The possibility of teaching geography in this way is easily understood and the motion picture camera has invaded most parts of the civilized world. Even the religious field is not neglected and the attention of Sunday schools and missionary societies is called to such subjects as "open air Bible class in India," conducted by native evangelists or "outcasts of India; Procession of men, women and children who have embraced the Christian religion."

Zoology offers a list of subjects that ought to charm any child into forgetting that he is learning. The subjects range from polar bear fishing to camels crossing the desert. Very many of these pictures have been made in the famous wild animal park of Carl Hagenbeck near Hamburg.

Of the microscopic picture some 600 feet is devoted to the one subject of "life in a water butt," with a cheerful collection of views of such creatures as megastherium bacilli and paramoecium or a swarm of water bear.