

between Elizabeth and Mott streets, north of Canal. Station E is on Thompson Street, between Broome and Spring. Station H is extended from East Eighteenth to Nineteenth Street, between avenues A and B: they are located at this point quite extensive shops of the company, where the expansion joints and other fittings needed for the pipes are manufactured. Station J is on West Thirtieth Street, near Seventh Avenue. Station K is on the East River, and extends from Thirty-second to Thirty-third Street. Station L is on West Forty-seventh Street, near Ninth Avenue. Station M is on East Forty-ninth Street, east of First Avenue. Station N is on East River, between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets.

The Holly system, which was adopted by this company, has been much improved by Mr. Charles E. Emery, its engineer. The other officers are as follows: W. C. Asanwa, President; William L. Sims, Vice-President; J. A. Boerswits, Treasurer; and H. E. Rockwell, Secretary.

MABEL'S LOVER.

Under the shadow of a great fig-tree a young girl sat in a deep reverie. Such a tender light was in her eyes, such a sweet smile of full satisfaction on her face, that a stranger would certainly have said, "She is thinking of her lover." But no lover had Mabel Rae. Her pleasure sprang from a far less dangerous source—from the handful of tuberoses in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy beauty and rare, rich perfume always held her as in a spell of measureless content, and the lovely waxy flowers, pale, pure, and white as moonshine, haunted her heart and imagination, and received from her a perpetual love and worship.

There she sat until the heat and stillness of the tropic noon drove her to the house, a grand old home, hid among giant live-oaks gray with the solemn waving Southern moss. She went to the large dim parlor, intending to put her favorites among the damp moss of the hanging basket, but the dreamy languor of the room overcame every desire but that of sleep, and she lay down on the nearest couch, holding her flowers in her hands.

Half an hour later Mr. Rae opened the door, and ushered in a gentleman who had accompanied him from New Orleans.

"Sit down, Allan," he said. "I will soon arouse the house. You see it is the hour for siesta, and I believe all take it at the same time when I am away."

For a few minutes the young man believed himself alone. A subtle powerful perfume was his first sensation. Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the carefully closed jalouses, he saw a picture that he never more forgot, a most lovely girl, in the first bloom of maidhood, fast asleep on the silken cushions, piled on a low divan. Her white robes made a kind of glory in the darkened corner; one hand had fallen down, and the flowers gamed the carpet at her side; the other lay across her breast, as if embracing the tuberoses which it had scattered there.

Never in all his native mountains, never in any dream of love or fancy, had Allan Montekith seen a woman half so fair. He stood gazing on Mabel as if he had "seen a vision." There lay his destiny asleep; he knew it, and opened his whole soul to welcome "Love's young dream." But when Mr. Rae, followed by a negro valet, returned, and Mabel languidly opened her great pensive eyes and stretched out her arms for her father's embrace, Allan almost thought he should faint from excess of emotion, and it was with difficulty he controlled himself to receive the hasty and apologies necessary.

Allan Montekith was young Scotchman, the only son of a gentleman with whom in early life Mr. Rae had formed a most ardent friendship. He was rich, and by nature and birth equally noble; nor was he destitute of the traditional business capacity of his house, as some late transactions in cotton and sugar in New Orleans had proved to Mr. Rae. And partly because he liked the young man, and partly as a matter of interest, he had invited him to his home among the woods and lagoons of the ever green bayou. Mabel, in this transaction, had scarcely been properly considered; but to her father she was yet a child. True, he recognized her beauty, and was very proud of it, and she possessed an exquisite voice and great skill in music, and the passing idea of showing his pearl of price to the foreigner rather flattened his vanity than alarmed his fears. He did not dream that he was introducing a new claimant for its possession.

Allan lingered as if in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes, but those which centred in Mabel Rae. And the soon returned his passion with a love even more absorbing and far less selfish than her lover's.

Oh, the sweet, warm, love-laden days in those solemnly shaded woods! Oh, the blissful hours in the cool evenings, when the perfume of tuberoses and jasmin filled the air! when the soft calm moonlight glorified every lovely and every common thing! It was like a dream of those days when the old rustic gods reigned, and to live was to love, and to be happy.

With the fall, however, there came letters from Scotland, and Allan could no longer delay. Mr. Rae would hear of no engagement for two years, by which time he said he hoped to be able to give Mabel such a fortune as would make her acceptable in the eyes of Allan's father. But for the present he absolutely "had to look upon the young people's attachment" as binding on either side.

"In less than two years I will be here again, Mabel darling," were Allan's last whispered words, as he held her in his arms, and kissed again and again the face dearer than all the world to him. And Mabel smiled through her tears,

and held the last tuberose of the summer to his lips for a parting pledge.

But the two years brought many changes. The war cloud gathered, and long before Allan could redeem his promise the little inland plantation was desolate and deserted; Mabel was an orphan, and cruelly embarrassed in money affairs; claimants without number appeared against the Rae estate, and creditors forced the plantation into the market at the most unfavorable time. She was driven from her home in strict accordance with the letter of the law, but she felt and knew, though powerless to prevent it, that she had been wronged.

For the first time in all her life Mabel thought for herself, and dared to look the future in the face. She had promised her father never to write to Allan without his permission, but she considered that death annulled all contracts, and surely if ever it was Allan's duty to befriend and care for her. So she sent him word, in a few airy, timid sentences, of her sorrow and loneliness. But it was doubtful if ever the letter would reach him: mails in those days were not certainties; and even if it did reach Allan, it was still more uncertain whether he could reach Mabel. And in the mean time she must work; and though Mabel could command no higher position than that of a nursery governess, yet she found in it a higher life than ever the dreamy luxurious selfishness of her father's home had given her.

Her employers were of the ordinary class. I can weave no romance out of them. They felt no special interest in Mabel, neither did they ill-use her. She was useful and unobtrusive, and asked for neither sympathy nor attention. No letter came from Allan, though she waited and hoped with failing heart and paler cheeks for more than a year. She had not the courage to write again, and her anxiety and distress began to tell very perceptibly on a naturally frail constitution. Then a physician advised her to try at once a more invigorating climate, and she not unwillingly agreed to accompany the invalid wife of an officer returning to her home in New York.

This was the dawn of a brighter day for Mabel; by the advice of friends she established herself in a fashionable locality, and commenced teaching music. I think few women could have been more successful; so in the second winter of Mabel's residence in New York it became "the thing" to invite Miss Rae to provide over social and musical entertainments. I have a friend who met her during that season frequently, and who describes her tact and influence as something extraordinary and magnetic. Her rare beauty was undiminished, though more thoughtful; her dress was uniformly the same—a pale pink, lustrous silk, with tuberoses in her hair and at her breast, for her passion for these flowers was stronger than ever.

She had many lovers, but she ignored or else decidedly refused all. Her heart was still with the tall fair mountaineer who had won it amid the warwuth and perfume of tropic moons and moonlit nights; and though twice two years had passed, she refused to hide him from her. And she was right: Allan deserved her fullest trust. Her letter had never reached him, and yet he had with invincible difficulty made his way to New Orleans, only to find the plantation in the hands of strangers, and Mabel gone. After a long and inspiring search he left Mabel's discovery in the hands of well-paid agents, and returned to Scotland almost broken-hearted.

But he still loved her passionately, and often on stormy nights when the winds tossed the tall pines like straws, and mountain snow beat at the barred doors and windows, he thought of the happy peace and solemn silence in which he and his love had walked, listening only to the beating of their own hearts, or the passionate under-tones of the mocking-birds.

Thus the two walked apart who should have walked hand in hand, and it seemed as if the years only widened that breach over which two souls looked longingly and callously.

But if we will wait, the harvest of the heart will come; and so one day Mabel got a note from a friend announcing her return from abroad, and bringing her to be present at a small informal reunion at her house that evening. She went early in the day, and spent the afternoon in that pleasant gossip which young and happy women enjoy. Her friend rallied her a good deal upon her growing years, and laughingly advised her to secure a young Scotchman with whom they had had a pleasant acquaintance in their travels, and who was now in New York, and going to spend the evening with them.

Did fate knock softly at Mabel's soul's tent? For she blushed and instantly, as it by magic, there sprang up in her heart a happy refrain, which she could not control, and which kept on singing, "He comes! he comes! my lover comes!" She dressed with more than ordinary care, and was so impatient that her toilet was completed before the others had begun. So she sat down in the sun-lighted parlors, saying to herself: "I must be still; I will be calm; for how should I bear a disappointment, and what ground of hope have I? Absolutely none, but that he comes from the same country. No, there is no hope."

But still above the doubt and fear she could hear the same chiming under-tone, "He comes! he comes! my lover comes!"

She became nervous and superstitious, and when the silence was broken by a quiet ring and a rapid footstep, she rose involuntarily from her chair, and stood trembling and flushing with excitement in the middle of the room. Ah, Mabel! Your heart has ne'er further than your eyes! Allan has come to tea!

"Ah, my darling, my darling! I have found you at last!" was all that Mabel heard as Allan clasped her to his bosom.

And so Mabel's winter of discontent and sorrow was over, and never more did she have grief or pain unsoothed or uncomforred—for she was loved.

CAPTURE OF A RHINOCEROS.

The Begum of Bamboo, near Chittagong, on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, has presented to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens, in the name of her son Nawar Ali Khan, a boy of eleven years of age, an adult female rhinoceros, belonging to that group of Asiatic rhinoceroses which is distinguished by the presence of two horns on the upper surface of the facial portion of the head, and which is generally distinct from the one-horned rhinoceros of Asia, and from the two-horned species of Africa.

This rhinoceros was captured about seven months ago by the Begum's retainers. A shikari had gone out to hunt, and when he had reached some paddy fields he was told by the ryots who were there at work that an animal had come out from the jungle, on to the fields, and that it was neither a gaur, a tusker, nor an elephant. The shikari at once sent a message to the Begum asking that assistance might be sent to capture the animal, and in a short time a large number of people had arrived armed with sticks.

The locality to which the beast had retired presented facilities for its capture, as it was a small isolated hill or *teah* separated from the same foundry, and its removal from the yard and careful placing within the iron bull was a most serious undertaking, and one requiring the utmost skill and attention. It was, however, successfully accomplished, and formed a scene of such interest to our artist that he chose it as his subject of illustration. The great walking-beam of the *Pilgrim*, already cast and waiting to be placed in position, is twenty-nine feet long by fourteen feet and six inches across at its widest part, and weighs thirty-eight tons.

In the interior of the vessel every compartment in which fire is to be used is inclosed within iron walls, not wooden walls sheathed with iron, but solid plates of heavy boiler iron riveted together, and absolutely preventing the escape of any fire inclosed within their protecting limits.

The letters forming the name *Pilgrim*, which will be painted on the paddle-boxes, will be nearly four feet in height. Every room in this magnificent steamboat is to be furnished with small electric lights, and the total cost of the *Pilgrim* when completed will be nearly a million and a half of dollars.

CHARMS AGAINST NIGHTMARE.

Among the charms in use as a preservative against nightmare may be mentioned the coal rake. Not very long ago, at the West Riding Court, at Bradford, in a case of a husband and wife having quarrelled, the woman stated that the reason why she kept a coal rake in her bedroom was that she suffered from nightmare, and had been informed that the rule would keep it away. *Bluebell* (1879), referring to the power of coal over the nightmare, has the following:

"Some the nightmare hath prest,
With that weight on their breast,
No return of evil health can pass;
But if an iron rail is prest,
We can take of our saddle,
And turn out the nightmare to grass."

Hence, it has been suggested, arose the popularity of children to wear coal beads—a practice which extensively prevails even at the present day. Aubrey, in his *Miscellany*, mentions a charm which is perhaps nowadays popular as in his time. He says: "To hinder the nightmare, they hang in a string a flint with a hole in it by the manger, but best of all, they say, hang about their necks, and a flint will do that hath not a hole in it. It is to prevent the nightmare, viz., the lag, from riding their horses, who will sometimes sweat at night. The flint thus hung does hinder it." In Lancashire the peasant fancy that the nightmare appears in the form of a dog, and in order to frustrate its influence they place their shoes under the bed, with the toe upward, on retiring to rest. Herrik, again, in his *Hereditaria*, gives the following advice:

"Hang up hooks and shears to scare to death.
Hence the lag that rides the mare.
With them lay over wet
With them lay into the sweat;
This observed, the names shall be
Of your horses all knot-free."

The mistletoe is a popular charm, and when hung over the bed is said to ward off the nightmare. Hence, in certain parts of Germany, one of the popular names for this plant signifies "marchenblueten." Alluding to German superstitions on this point, we are told that a powerful remedy against the pressure of the nightmare is to cross the arms and legs before going to sleep. Thunder-stones are also considered a good remedy, and some persons place them at their doors. A piece of German folk-lore further tells us that in the pine branches are often found quite curled together, having almost the appearance of nests. When it rains, persons should be careful not to pass under such branches, for whoever is touched with a rain-drop from one of these nests will in the course of the night be oppressed with the nightmare. Once more: in days gone by it appears that there were numerous incantations addressed to saints, much used by the superstitions—an allusion to which we find in Cartwright's play of *The Ordinary* (Act III, Scene 1):

"Saint Francis, and Saint Bede,
Bless this house from wicked wight,
From the Nightmare and the Goblin,
That it might grieve all evil spirit,
Keep it from all evil spirit,
Paying, woeing, rats, and serrets,
From Cartew (line 100)
To the next prime."

This was, no doubt, intended to be satirical—a parody on those which were genuine. Lastly, according to a German idea which is not unknown in other countries, the nightmare creeps up the body of the sleeper. The weight is first felt on the feet, then on the stomach, and finally on the breast, when the sufferer, completely overpowered, can no longer move a limb.