

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; there 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. KERNY, its engineer. The other officers are as follows: W. C. ANDREWS, President; WILLIAM T. SMITH, Vice-President; J. A. BOWEN, Treasurer; and R. 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 baneful of tuberculosis in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy beauty and rare, rich perfume always held her as in a spell of measureless content, and the lovely waken flowers, pale, pure, and white as moonlight, stirred 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 baskets, 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 shutters, he saw a picture that he never more forgot, a most lovely girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, 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 gazed the carpet at her side: the other lay across her breast, as if embracing the tuberose which it had scattered there.

Never in all his native mountains, never in any dream of love or fancy, had Allan Montith 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 introduction and apologies necessary.

Allan Montith was a 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 proud of price to the foreigner rather flattered his vanity than alarmed his fears. He did not dream that he was introducing a new claimant for his possession.

Allan lingered as if in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes, but those which centered in Mabel Rae. And she 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 tuberose and jasmine 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 love was 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 "dared to look upon the young people's attachment as blinding 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 infant 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 annuls all contracts, and surely now if ever it was Allan's duty to befriend and care for her. So she wrote him word, in a few shy, timid sentences, of her sorrow and loneliness. But it was doubtful if ever the letter would reach him; mails in those days were not certain; 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 pining 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 select 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 tuberose 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 waltzes and perfumes of tropic noons and moonlit nights; and though to her two years had passed, she refused to believe him false.

And she was right: Allan deserved her fullest faith. Her letter had never reached him, and yet he had with incredible difficulty made his way to New Orleans, only to find the plantation in the hands of strangers, and Mabel gone. After a long and dispiriting 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 snows beat at the barred doors and windows, he thought of the happy peace and solemn silence in which to her his love had walked, listening only to the beating of their own hearts or the passionate undertone of the moaning 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 called vainly.

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 begging 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 called 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 then? For she blushed, and instantly, as if 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 near disappointment and what crowd of hopes 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 quick 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! Mabel! Your heart has seen further than your eyes. Allan has come at last!

"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 unsmoothed or uncomfirmed—for she was loved.

CAPTURE OF A RHINOCEROS.

THE Begum of Rangoon, 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 shikaree 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 goat, a buffalo, nor an elephant. The shikaree at once sent a messenger 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 *teela* separated from the high range of mountains to the east. The shikaree arranged his men between the *teela* and the main range, with instructions not to allow the animal to escape in that direction, but that if it made for an adjoining *jhel*, or for an open slope toward the village, it was to be allowed to pass by either of these ways, as it would be possible to noose it in the *jhel*, and to capture it if it went to the village. The animal, however, refused to show itself, and did not come out of the dense jungle, but the would-be captors were aware that it was moving round the *teela*, and at length the shikaree by climbing a tree was able to make out that it was a rhinoceros. They then tied a number of ropes to the branches of the tree, letting them hang down as nooses, in the course the animal was following. In a short time their labor was rewarded, as it ran its head first into one noose and then into another, tearing them away, however, from the trees, and, in its excitement, rushing out on to the open slope leading to the village, dragging the ropes after it. By this time it was somewhat exhausted, for it fell in a muddy hollow, where it was immediately surrounded, secured by ropes, and ultimately dragged into the village.

Three days afterward the male made its appearance from the same *teela*, but unfortunately an effort made to capture it did not prove successful. The female rapidly became tame and tractable, and was introduced into the *zenana*, where it soon established itself as a favorite, more especially with the children, who used to ride as safely on its back as children have done on the back of Jumbo.

THE LARGEST STEAMBOAT IN THE WORLD.

THE Old Colony Steamboat Company, operating the Fall River Line of boats, and owners of the splendid steamers *Bristol* and *Providence*, wanted another steamer that should exceed even these in size, elegance of finish, and speed. To satisfy their demands, Messrs. JOHN ROACH & SONS undertook to build for them the largest and fastest steamboat in the world. Last July the hull of this monster craft was launched from the famous Chester ship-yard, and was christened, in honor of the old Bay State, the *Pilgrim*. The huge boat, designed and built by Constructor FAWCETT, has a length over all of 350 feet, an extreme beam of 87 feet, and a draught of 12 feet. Her normal rate of speed is to be twenty miles an hour. Thus she is ten feet longer than the *Bristol*, two feet wider, one foot deeper, and is designed to travel two miles an hour faster. She is built with two iron hulls, one inside of the other, and so rigidly braced as to equal in strength a solid hull of a thickness of the space existing between the two, and capable of being driven through the ice, that sometimes obstructs Long Island Sound, as though it were card-board. The space between the hulls is divided into ninety-six, and the inner hull beneath the iron main deck into seven, watertight compartments, so that it is beyond the limits of possibility for any known form of accident to sink the vessel.

When the attempt was made to launch the *Pilgrim* she slid along the ways until 130 feet of her length overhung the water, and then stopped, the heat of the weather and the friction of her own moving mass having melted and dried off the tallow with which the ways were greased. For nine days she remained in this position before the efforts made to move her were successful, and serious fears were entertained that she might become stranded. When, however, she was finally safely afloat, it was found that not a seam had opened, nor a butt of her wood-work started, nor did the stanch hull betray the slightest evidence of the terrible strain to which it had been so long subjected.

After being launched, the *Pilgrim* was towed to New York, and now lies in the East River at the foot of Ninth Street, off JOUR ROACH & SONS' Morgan Iron-Works, where, amid the incessant din of hundreds of hammers, and in the glare from the Plutonian fires of the vast forges, she is receiving her boilers and machinery, and having her wood-work supplied. Here she will be finished ready for service, a labor that will take five or six months to complete, and she will not make her first trip until the opening of the next summer season.

The paddle-wheels of the *Pilgrim* are 41 feet in diameter, and to turn them the largest shaft in the world has been constructed. The *Great Eastern* was originally a side-wheel steamer, but each of her wheels was driven by its own engine, so that two shafts were used, neither of which was as large as this one of the *Pilgrim*. This shaft was

forged in two sections, each of which weighs 40 tons. The great hammer by which it was beaten into shape weighs 17,000 pounds, and driven downward by steam-power, is capable of delivering a blow of 55,000 pounds weight. After being forged, the huge piece of metal was placed in a lathe, and turned as nicely and with as great accuracy as though it were a pinion of a watch. The accuracy with which this turning must be done may be realized when it is understood how the shaft and crank-pieces are fitted together. The crank is bored about an eighth of an inch less in diameter than that of the shaft, and heated until the metal expands and the bore is exactly the same size as the shaft. Then the shaft, which has been kept at a much lower temperature, is inserted. If this is done too slowly, or if from irregular turning the shaft is not perfectly true to its bearings in the crank, the whole work is destroyed, and the iron must be broken up; for the hot crank-piece has already cooled upon the cold shaft with such a grip that they can never again be separated.

The huge cylinder, weighing thirty-five tons, having an interior diameter of nine feet and ten inches and a fourteen-foot stroke, was cast in the same foundry, and its removal from the yard and careful placing within the iron hull 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 lined 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 rake would keep it away. Lluellin (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 their woe can pass;
Him to no tale is odd;
We can take off our saddle,
And turn out the nightmare to grass."

Hence, it has been suggested, arose the popularity for children to wear coral beads—a practice which extensively prevails even at the present day. Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, mentions a charm which is perhaps nowdays as 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 peasantry 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. Herrick, again, in his *Wit's Reprieve*, gives the following advice:

"Hang up hockes and shears to scare
Hence the hag that rides the mare.
Till they be in the morn;
With the ink and the sweat;
This observed, the manes shall be
Of your losses 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 "mistletoe branch." 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 superstitious—an allusion to which we find in Cartwright's play of *The Ordinary* (Act III, Scene 1):

"Saint Francis, and Saint Benedict,
Hence this nuisance from wicked night,
From the Nightmare and the Goblins,
That is high good fellow Robin.
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Payrix, wench, rats, and ferrets,
From Cancer, from the scorpion,
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.