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NO. 4.

A Lullaby.
Rockaby, lullaby, lies in the clover!—
Crouching so drowsily, crying so low—
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland—
Down into wonderland—
Go, oh go!
Down into wonderland go!
Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover!
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep!
Rockaby, lullaby—bending it over!
Down on the mother-world,
Down on the mother-world!
Sleep, oh sleep!
Down on the mother-world sleep!
Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!
Dew on the eyelids that sparkle at dawn!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Into the stilly world—
Into the stilly world,
Go, oh go!
Into the stilly-world gone!

two of us; a week I'd be on day-work, next we work, and so on. Now it so happens that water in that part was terribly water that would cover the inside of thick fur in no time. But was that or no, I can't say; all I know is that one dinner-time I went out to wash my hands and face, when I heard a strange, wild, rattle, and felt something hit me on the head; and then, turning, I stood fixed to the spot, for the airpuck with tiles, and bricks, and lat ratters, while the whole place seemed crumbling up together—just as if it had been a house, and that it fell, one card on top of another; so that the top of all was and mug; so that out of a tall there was nothing left but some smol'.

I knew it my fault; for I'd looked at it just before, and the pressure of 'em. I knew there was plaster in the biler, and the safety-valve right; so that all I could do was to thank for the accident happen-er-time, and also for my own escape. And then, though I was something seemed to come over me, and struck me to the ground.

When I felt horribly sick and deathly like about from face to face, what was the matter? For I could not out why I should be lying on my people round me in the yard—up my head, and another apron face with water.

Then it's back at once, and I slithered my head and looked at the ruff; for I knew what it was struck to earth. I said before it was wash, and it was—it was one quick which came across my brain, for that, being dinner-time, my little-ared gal would have brought me tied up in a basin; and some one that she had gone into the go find me when I had gone into.

"Let it," I says; and I ran toward them began tearing away at the heap rubbish, while the crowd now gathered, hearing that there was somethin' like fury.

By-an police came, and some gentlemen like order was got at, a worked well to get down to where hole had been. I had said this some one there, but I couldn't by mouth to say who it was; as said it was one man, and some at who ever they named seemed directly, back from his dinner, or he had heard the explosion. So, by he had heard the explosion. So, by he had heard the explosion.

"A Lullaby." "Rockaby, lullaby, lies in the clover!—Crouching so drowsily, crying so low—Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover! Down into wonderland—Down into wonderland—Go, oh go! Down into wonderland go! Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover! Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep! Rockaby, lullaby—bending it over! Down on the mother-world, Down on the mother-world! Sleep, oh sleep! Down on the mother-world sleep! Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover! Dew on the eyelids that sparkle at dawn! Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover! Into the stilly world—Into the stilly world, Go, oh go! Into the stilly-world gone!"

A STOKER'S STORY.

Can't say, I'm sure, sir. Been used to bilers all my life; but working 'em's different to making 'em. There's something wrong, as you say, or they wouldn't always be bustin'. 'Tain't once, nor twice, nor now and then, for it's a thing as is always a-happening; and though I've never had more than a scald or two myself, I've seen some strange sights; men all blown to pieces, so that they were picked up afterward in baskets; men taken to the hospitals with their flesh hanging to them in rags, and there'd lie writhing and tearing at the wrappings in such agony, that there, I ain't above owning it—I've cried like a child to see my poor mate's sufferings. And there they'd be, day after day, till a sort of calm came over them, and the pain went, when they'd quiet smile if you spoke to 'em, they seemed so easy; and it would be because a gentle hand was laid upon 'em, and they were going into the long sleep.

Some gets better, but not when they're scalded badly; for its strange stuff, is steam. Well, no; I'm not afraid, and never do feel afraid. What's the good? One's got to do, and there's the mouths at home to feed, so one can't afford it; and then the odds are precious long ones against it being one's own bustin'. But now so many more steam-engines are coming into use, day by day, it seems as if something ought to be done in the way of making bilers stronger. Cheapness is cheapness; but then, a thing's dear at any price that makes such ruin as I've seen sometimes; so why don't they try some tougher metal than iron? though, certainly steam's strong enough to tear up anything. But there seems to me to be some fresh plan wanted for making bilers. I didn't work there, but I went and had a look d'reckly after that horrible accident at the Big Works last autumn. Well, there was about an acre of buildings—sheds and stables—swept away as if you'd batter'd 'em all down; great fire bricks, weighing a hundred and a half, piled here and there like chaff; sheets of lead sent flying a hundred yards; tall chimneys powdered down; and the big bustled biler itself jumped right out of its place; while as to the middle of it, that was torn off, and crumpled up, and blown, like a sheet of paper, to a distance. Plenty of life lost there, and plenty of escapes; but what I took most notice of was the plates torn off the biler—torn off, as I said before, like so much paper; while these sheets, or plates of iron, had given way at the rivets, and looked for all the world like torn-off postage stamps—torn off, of course, along the perforating.

"Now, then," I says to myself, "that's a thing as wants altering. You perforate the edges of your plates to admit rivets, and so takes half their strength off—p'raps more; and then you puts, p'raps, hot rivets in; and they p'raps crystallizes the iron"—only p'raps, mind, I don't say so, only the raw edges of the biler looked crystally and brittle. "Well, then, some day comes a hextry pressure of steam, and up goes your biler—busted, and spreading ruin and death and misery around."

"Then how are we to fasten our biler plates," says you, "if we don't rivet 'em?" How should I know? I ain't a scientific man—only stokes. That's for you to find out. But you ain't a-going to tell me, are you, that you scientific men and biler makers can't find no other way to make bilers only by riveting them? Say you bends the plates' edges over, and hooks one into the other, like tin sarspan makers does their tin. They'd stand some strain that way, and you wouldn't weaken your plates. I ain't a biler maker, or I should try that dodge, I think; but there, that's only one way out of many as could be found by experiment.

Seems to me, sir, as if we English people hates anything new, and always wants to keep to what our fathers and grandfathers had before us. They went along and made their footmarks, and we go along after 'em, putting our foot in just the same spots, thinking it must be right, come what will of it.

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How to be wise—don't think that you know everything.