

WHEN YOU ARE SAD.

When you are sad, I ask no more
The lavished rights I claimed before,
When sunbeams glistened on the seas,
And dancing to the wailing breeze,
The laughing ripples kissed the shores.
The morning glow of love is o'er;
Oh, rosy dreams we dreamt of yore!
I do but ask the best of those,
When you are sad.

Let the fresh dawning yet adorn,
With joy's light footstep cross the floor,
But shut the last of all my plans,
And shut for all but me the door,
When you are sad.

—All the Year Round.

A YARN FROM THE SEA.

Hartford Times.

We were well into the Gulf of Bengal, bound for Madras, when one morning, just as night was fading in to dawn, I thought I heard a voice hailing us from the surface of the sea. There are sea birds which cry out almost like human beings, and although I was startled by the hail, I dismissed it after a few seconds as the cry of a bird. Scarcely had I done so when it came again, and this time I knew it was the voice of a woman. There was no need to hail the mate on watch, for he had heard the cry as well. We were jogging along under easy sail, and he seized the glass and ran up to the fore-cabin. There was a sort of steam rising from the water, but the mate had not climbed thirty feet when he came down again, and in one breath ordered the ship into the wind, the captain and the boat lowered. We of the watch had no doubt that the ship had been hailed by castaways, but the boat was down before any of us made out a lone woman in a sort of canoe craft about two cables length away on our port bow. She had neither paddle nor oar, and her craft was driven with the wind and sea, while she sat cowering in the stern. Our boat was soon alongside of her, and the woman and canoe were soon aboard of the Admiral Nelson. The watch below had turned up, and everybody was on deck to see what was going on. The woman was white, and, as we soon ascertained, American. I say white, but bronze would be the better term, for it was evident that she had long been exposed to tropical weather. She was of medium size, regular features and about forty years of age, and at one time had been good looking.

"Who is the captain?" she snapped, as she raised the deck.

"Here ma'am," replied our old man, as she stepped forward.

"I want to talk to you in your cabin," she continued, her fingers working nervously and her eyes snapping fire.

They had not been gone a quarter of an hour when both reappeared on deck. I was at the wheel, and therefore heard all that was said. It appeared that the woman, whose name was Mrs. Thomas, owned and sailed a trading schooner, which had been left at her husband's death. It was a strange vocation for a woman, but it seemed she liked it, and she had a good business head on her. She had a crew of six, her mate being an Englishman and the others Lascars, and she had been sailing between nearly all the towns on the Gulf.

Three days before we picked her up her schooner had left Sumatra bound for the Indian coast. The crew seemed to be perfectly quiet and content, but the mate, they had suddenly laid violent hands on her and sent her adrift without water, food or a paddle. The intention was to run away with the schooner and cargo and sell them, and this plan might have been carried out but for her rescue.

She was the spunkiest little woman I ever saw. She was so mad she couldn't stand still for three seconds at a time. What she wanted was for our ship to go in pursuit. Her schooner was armed with two brass pounders, and we had four twelve-pounders, and she expressed willingness to see her craft sent to the bottom before the mutinous crew should benefit by their acts. Captain Wheeler was pretty well along in years, very careful on the question of insurance, and his mind was not made up until after breakfast. Then he decided to luff up towards the Andaman Islands in search of the schooner, and he almost promised to give her a taste of our metal if she should be sighted and would not surrender.

The little woman managed to eat a dozen mouthfuls of breakfast and then returned to the deck to almost assume control. She ordered a man aloft, bossed the job of casting loose the guns and getting up powder and shot, and every ten minutes she was hailing the lookout to know if anything was in sight. Luck was in her favor. While we had been joggling along all night the schooner, being farther to the east, had been almost dead ahead about noon, and as luck would have it again we had plenty of wind, while she had none until the vessels were not two miles apart. The schooner could have no suspicion that the woman was aboard of us, and we flew a signal that we wanted to speak to her. She at once lay to, and as we ran down to her I saw Mrs. Thomas grin her teeth, clench her hands, and show other evidences of her feelings. She had borrowed the mate's six-shooter, donned a hat and coat to disguise herself, and as we lay about a cable's length away no eye could have made out our craft. "Schooner ahoy!" called our captain.

"Aye, aye, sir! This is the Nancy Lee, bound from Sumatra to the mainland."

"Are you the captain?"

"No, sir, my name is his berth."

"But those guns!" whispered the old man to us, and down went the port of shutters and out went the big barkers, and such of the crew as were not at the guns rested their muskets along the rail.

"I've got your captain here, and she'll be put aboard of you!" shouted our captain.

"If you attempt any resistance I'll sink you!"

The Englishman ordered his crew to man one of the guns, but they refused to obey, every man of them skulking forward and disappearing down the hatch. The fellow left the deck long enough to arm himself with a cutlass, and as we lowered a boat, he called out that he would spit the head of the first man who attempted to board the schooner.

Our first mate, the boatswain, and two of our foremost hands went in the boat with Mrs. Thomas, and as we backed to the schooner's chains the boatswain pulled a revolver and climbed over in the bows. The mutineer retreated aft, and then we all boarded. The woman had not spoken a word since leaving the ship. She was as pale as death, and her eyes glared like a tiger's. As she dropped from the rail to the deck she cocked the weapon in her hand, walked aft and right up to the mate, and as he flourished his cutlass and commanded her to keep off, she shot him dead in his tracks.

"It's the law of the sea," she quietly remarked as she turned to us. "Now to rout out those Lascars."

"But you won't kill them," said our mate.

"No, not quite was her grim answer, as she handed him the smoking revolver.

Casting a look at the dead mutineer, to be sure that he was dead, she went forward, took a belaying pin out of the hatch she came down, and approaching the "On deck here, every man of you, and be quick about it!"

They came up one after another, and as each man touched the deck she gave him a crack over the head which made him see stars. They went down on their knees and begged for their lives, and after knocking them about in a liberal way she finally ordered them to attend parlor. Under her direction the mate's body was searched, and as she anticipated, all the money aboard the schooner was found. She then ordered the body flung overboard, and as it touched the water one of the biggest white sharks I ever saw seized it and bit it in half. While the Lascars were cleaning the deck the little woman ran down into her cabin and brought up a dozen bottles of wine, six boxes of cigars and a lot of dried fruits for us to take back to the ship. Then she gave each of us a shake of the hand, and as we entered the yawl, she sprang upon the port rail, laid fast to the main shrouds with one hand and shouted to our captain:

"Good bye and God bless you, Captain Wheeler. I've got my craft back, thanks to you, and I'll keep my eyes open after this!"

Then she jumped down and went to the wheel and gave orders to get the schooner on her course, and in a couple of hours the craft was lost sight of behind one of the islands as it made for the inside of the route. Two years later I saw the woman at Singapore, and she still owned the schooner, and was said to have a comfortable fortune in bank. A year later I heard that she had sold her schooner, purchased a brig, and putting in a cargo on her own account, had sailed for home.

Ratio Between Men and Women

From Science.

Prof. W. K. Brooks of Baltimore has discovered that a favorable environment tends to produce an excess of females among animals and plants, and an unfavorable environment an excess of males. If this be true, a race or species which is on the point of extinction should have an excess of males.

The population of Australia consists of a small and decreasing number of aborigines, and a prosperous and increasing population of foreign settlers and their descendants, amounting in all to nearly 3,000,000 persons. As the native population is rapidly disappearing, we should expect to find the male more numerous among them as compared with the females than among the inhabitants of foreign origin, provided other conditions are equal. For each 100 females there were in Victoria, of native-born Australians, 100 2-10 males, and of foreigners, exclusive of Chinese, 129 1-10 males. The ratio of males to females in the population of foreign origin is therefore very much greater than it would be if it depended upon the birth rate alone; and as this modifying influence does not affect the aborigines, an excess of males among them, no greater, or even a little less, than that found among the inhabitants of foreign origin, would indicate that the excess of male births is much greater among them than among the people of foreign origin. Computation shows that the excess of males among the aborigines is, notwithstanding these neutralizing influences, very much greater than it is among the foreign population.

For all Australia there are 143.72 aboriginal males to each 100 females; there are only 118.64 males of foreign descent to each 100 females, notwithstanding the fact that 129 males settled in these colonies to each 100 females.

To those who wish to follow this subject further, it may be interesting to know that an enormous collection of statistics relative to the Indian tribes of the United States was made under the direction of Major J. W. Powell. The results of this census have not been published, but the material is still available, and would furnish a much better basis of comparison than the one chosen by Prof. Brooks.

Costly Baked Beans.

Boston Herald.

One day not long since a well known citizen of one of the busiest towns in Sagadahoc County returned from a drive into the country, late in the afternoon, with \$800, the proceeds of his day's collection, in his inside pocket. He was too late to deposit the money in the village bank, for the bank had closed. He went to the house and began to cudgel his brain for a safe place to put the cash during the night. He had a great horror of burglars and felt a little nervous about his \$800. The gentleman roamed over the house and finally dropped into the kitchen. The fire in the stove was out. His wife was away and would not return till late in the evening, and of course would not think of building a fire in the stove till the following morning. He opened the oven door and laid the greenbacks in the farthest corner of the bottom of the oven.

The capitalist went to bed, and at about ten o'clock in the evening his wife awoke him to ask if he would go down cellar and bring up another hod of coal. She said: "I've just built up a hot fire and put the beans in, but I don't believe there's enough coal on the fire to keep it in all night."

"Have you built a fire in the kitchen stove?" shouted the Sagadahoc husband.

"Why, yes; isn't that all right?" said his wife.

"All right! That pot of beans cost me \$800," shouted the capitalist, and he leaped from the room and down into the kitchen where the savory odor of baked beans and brown bread and a roaring fire in the kitchen stove greeted him. He pulled open the oven door regardless of burnt fingers, but he was too late. The bank notes had been cremated, and only a handful of grim, crisp ashes, remained of the fat \$800 roll of 5s and 10s and 20s.

An Unwelcome Legacy

This strange tale of a misanthrope's end comes from Paris, and its ghastly humor is quite characteristic of the people and the place. There was an old gentleman of miserly instinct who lived in a shabby garret at the top of a tenement house. The other morning he hanged himself from the rafters of his abode, but previously made a will disposing of his fortune. When the house porter learned that he had destroyed himself he could not refrain from uttering an exclamation of satisfaction; but he soon began to profess great compassion for his old lodger when he heard that he had left him a legacy. He declared with tears in his eyes that he was a worthy person after all, and then, with eager curiosity, asked the amount of the property bequeathed to him in so unexpected a fashion. The following missive was placed in his hands: "I am disgusted with life, so I am quitting it. I leave to the porter of my lodging-house my watch and the rope with which I have hanged myself." The job of the porter can be imagined.—Manchester Courier.

Rope Power Transmission.

Large electric light stations have given a distinct impetus to the use of wire, hemp, or cotton rope running at high speed over a grooved wheel instead of leather belting on flat faced pulleys. Among the advantages claimed for the rope transmitters is economy—the rope costing about one-thirteenth as much as the leather belt, while the forming is very much lighter in weight, demands little attention compared with a belt. The latter requires a man in the business to put one on right, and sometimes they don't always do it right; any deviation out of the line has the effect of affecting the belt, while it has no effect on a rope; the rope requires less room, and will pass through a round hole little larger than its own diameter.—Chicago News.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Points for the Farmer.

It is skill that gives butter its desirable keeping qualities, says one, and hence the logical teaching and that the expelling of buttermilk from butter is of more importance than salt in securing its salivation.

Soaking seed-corn in coal oil (kerosene) renders it so obnoxious to squirrels, crows, and other birds that they leave it unmolested, after sampling a few hills. This experience of a Kansas farmer.

Edward Burnett is right when he tells us that good breeding, care and kindness are all necessary to the development of first-rate dairy cows. Clover hay, cob meal, corn fodder and roots, giving warm water for drink, form the best rations for milk and butter.

But while the old hen is the best hatching machine in existence, says Fred Grundy in Rural New Yorker, she is "no good" to brood and care for early hatched chicks. A good brooder will double discount her in keeping the little fellows in that dry and warm condition necessary to health and rapid growth. A chick that is exposed to either wet or cold ceases to grow, and if it survives it is certain to be more or less stunted.

The udder of a cow is a very complicated affair. Outwardly it consists of a series of muscular bands crossing each other and all attached to the abdominal muscles for the support of the mass of the organ. The teat is not a single tube, as has been supposed, but consists of a large number of ducts, which run into four or five dozen channels or tubes, each of which discharges separately into the orifice of the teat.

The best way to get more corn is to get increased yield from the same acre. A poor corn crop necessarily costs so much labor that it rarely pays a profit. But if the land is manured highly and cultivated thoroughly the crop rarely or never fails to pay. It is possible to double the corn yield on the present acreage, and that too, without coming near the large yield which have been obtained in special cases.

In the storms and cold of the winter months, which are now rapidly leaving us, says a correspondent of the New England Homestead, the need of wind-breaks has been severely felt on many farms. I could not help noticing this on a recent driving one of the severest blizzards we have had. Roads were blocked, the wind intensely cold and the falling snow almost as bad as passing on the Galop. Struck driving fifteen feet high, it seemed like entering a different zone, all was so quiet. A gentle murmur passed through their summer hued branches and to a short-sighted man who could not see the raging storm beyond the belt the day would have appeared almost charming. Indeed, I was half deceived into believing the storm had moderated, until I drove on again.

Mr. Miller, in the Husbandman, refers to the fact that recent experiments made by the agricultural college of Michigan showed that the Holstein calves made the largest average gain, on the least quantity of food in a given time, of all standard breeds, exceeding even the short horns, the Galop ways, and the Herefords. The more the good qualities of this breed of cattle are known the better they are appreciated.

A farmer leased a farm for three years, and to oblige the landlord gave as rent in advance, three notes, payable in one, two and three years. The notes were sold to innocent parties who did not know they were given in advance for rent. Shortly after the sheriff dropped in and foreclosed an outstanding mortgage on the premises. Of course the Landlord absconded, and the farmer learned a lesson by experience which he will never forget.

Washing Out the Stomach.

A symphon is generally used for this purpose. In washing out the stomach, the stomach is again and again filled with water until it flows clear and sweet. In some cases medicinal solutions are added to the water; in others, after the irrigation, appropriate remedies are introduced to advantage; but in most cases, the simple washing out with fresh water is sufficient. In chronic gastric catarrh there is an abundant secretion of tough mucus, which, being alkaline, neutralizes the acid of the gastric juice. This, with the resulting fermentation, gives rise to dilatation of the stomach. Some cases require but a few washings while others demand it daily the rest of their lives. When one gets used to it, the operation should be conducted by a responsible physician, though some patients afterward readily learn to perform it on themselves.—Dr. E. G. Cutler.

"Humburgery in the Seed Business."

My faith has been severely shaken in the claims made by certain highly respectable seedsmen as to the superiority of their own seeds, which, they assert, have been submitted to certain "tests" insuring their freshness, vitality, and being true to name. They also inform the public that of certain "novelties" (usually named "patent" varieties) they hold the entire stock, and seed of these varieties offered by other seedsmen is necessarily spurious. In other words, "buy of us if you wish the genuine." Desiring to grow some extra-early cauliflower last summer, I procured of Mr. — a packet of his "Early Snowball" cauliflower, for which an exorbitant price was charged. The introducer warns the public to beware of imitations, and publishes a trial of nearly a dozen samples of so-called E. S. C. obtained from other seedsmen, not one of the samples proving true to name. Not wishing to be "imposed upon" by reckless and unscrupulous dealers, I obtained from the "novelties" Mr. —'s trademark label. Sowed the seed under glass March 15, and obtained about 100 plants. I set them out with early cabbage plants upon a piece of ground intended for celery by August 1. The cabbage and about a dozen of the cauliflower headed and were cleared off in July; but the remaining cauliflower was captured by a late variety, grew over three feet high and headed leisurely through September and October, and some never headed at all. I could have done no worse had I purchased seed of any one of "the swarms of hungry imitators" who, devoid of both originality and fair business principles have been tempted to offer imitations of this famous variety! There is an immense amount of humbugery and charlatanism about this seed business.—W. V. S. Beekman.

A Good Suggestion.

It is right that a man should secure a competence for a wife and child, who without him might eat the bitter bread of poverty. But if he cheats their present of all that makes it worth having for the sake of a future that may never come, he is guilty of a cruelty. They are dependent upon him for their daily joy as much as for their daily bread. To supply the one he has no right to pretend to himself that he may stint the other. "The police reports of wife-beating and wife-tormenting are too horrible to be read. But that brutal, born of thoughtlessness and selfishness, which deprives the wife of the moral oxygen that is her rights, which keeps her in the devitalized and unfeeling state of a creature wrong, because the victim is more sensitive and the tyrants more enlightened.

The Derisive Snort of Satan.

Once, while traveling horseback through a rough section of Tennessee, I "fell in" with a nomadic preacher. He was one of the courageous evangelists who fight down every physical disadvantage that they may spread spiritual consolation, and neither cold winds nor the greasiest and most dyspeptic fare could turn him from an apostolic course which he had mapped out. In the course of two days' travel together we became somewhat confidential. I told him I was traveling in the interest of a great newspaper, writing up the peculiarities of the people; he told me he had with him five hundred dollars, which a former congregation had just paid him for one year's service.

"Don't you think," said I, "that you acted unwisely in bringing the money with you?"

"No, for I had no place to leave it," he replied. "I am but little acquainted with the ways of business, but I know enough of banks not to have any confidence in them."

One night we stopped at a wayside house. We occupied the same room.

"Don't you think," said I, as we were preparing to go to bed, "that it would be better to put your money under your pillow?"

"No, I don't think so," he replied. "I am but little acquainted with the ways of the world, but I know that under a man's pillow is not the first place a robber searches."

He placed a candle and some matches under the bed. It must have been about midnight when the pop and flash of a match startled me into wakefulness. A negro stood in the center of the room, holding the preacher's pantaloons in his hand. He crept back up stairs, and I let the folks grind you 'er da feet?" Mr. Satan, 's' I, 'wush you would go on erbout yo' bizness, fur I ain't got no conversation wid you, 'but he kep' er-cuttin' closer ter me, 'an' at las', 'not bein' able ter stan him, I slipped up er, tuck yo' money 'an' went down. Satan wuz gone, 'an' I ginter think, 'an' den I ginter pray, 'Sunthin' 'peared ter say, 'Wah! de use o' prayin' long ez you got dat stolen money in yo' pocket?' 'an' den de tears o' sorrow ginter gush outen my eyes. Oh, I let that my po' soul waz dum los', 'an' it peared to me dat I hearn old Satan er-standin' at de corner o' de house er-snickin' 'til he kep' hissef. Marster, I couldn't stan' 'til no longer 'an' I creped back up stairs, 'an' wid er pr'ar in my heart, 'I wuz puz'ed ter money back in yo' britches, 'w'en you woke up 'an' lit dat can'. Now, sah, you may me take ter jail. Jes take me er way 'an' I won't say er word, 'fur I se lessened ter de voice o' old Satan, 'an' hab described it all. Put er rope round' my neck, marster, 'an' lead me er way.' He bowed his head and tears gushed from his eyes. The preacher was deeply moved. "Poor creature," said he, you yielded to a temptation, but your determination to replace the money proves that you have an impressive and generous soul. I will not have you sent to prison—I will forgive you, will pray for you."

"Oh, marster, marster, may de Lawd bless you fur dis. I will go back ter my cabin, sah, 'an' pray."

I was also deeply moved, for I could see that the old negro was sincere. He shook our hands just before leaving the room, and in his own peculiar way, begged us never to forget that we had seen a man whose soul had been stricken. When he had gone my friend said:

"I do not believe in a personal devil and yet there is almost enough proof to convince me there is. That poor old negro suffered just as much as though he really heard the derisive snort of Satan."

Next morning, as we were dressing, the preacher remarked: "I hope that negro will after his agonized repentance. I have done so much at the mourner's bench that—merciful heavens, I have been robbed! my money is gone!"

We hurried down stairs and informed the landlord. The old negro was gone. A party of men volunteered their services, and late that evening the packet of the "E. S. C." was captured. It showed us the place where he had hidden the money. My friend did not again refer to the "derisive snort of Satan."—New York Mercury.

Where Alligators are Badly Needed.

From the Fort Myers Press.

Since the year 1876 water has not been so scarce on the cattle range as it is at the present time, so it is reported.

In the indiscriminate killing of the alligators one great source of supply of water has been obliterated from the cattle country, because when the 'gators held a water hole they always kept the mud pushed up the banks, and when even hundreds of cattle would come to the 'gator walls to drink, and by crowding and pushing succeeded in filling it up. Mr. Alligator and his family would soon repair the damage by digging and pushing back the mud.

Now the cattle stand around these old walls, which are almost entirely dried up, waiting patiently for rain. As it is, they exist only by eating the grass nights and early mornings that is heavily coated with dew.

If rain does not come soon the cattle will be forced to dig for water, and as there are a great many thousand cattle it would seem an almost impossible task to supply them. Another plan is to drive them to the rivers, but on account of the numbers of the cattle scattered over hundreds of miles it would be an endless task, and could scarcely be accomplished in time to do any good. A great many cattle are going into the everglades in search of water.

A Complete Novel After Amelle Rives.

Miss Barbary Pompadour returned to her old Virginia home on a dark tempestuous night, which had been specially selected for her by the author, so that she could drive through the howling rain and allow the ragged trees to brush her face as she dashed onward in the gloom.

When she reached Rosemary her aunt rushed into her arms, kissed her, and then disappeared from the story.

Barbary was a dashing young widow, who had lost her husband, Valentine, three years before. She was now back at the home they occupied, and as soon as she recovered from the enervating effects of her aunt's kiss she asked to be shown to her room. It was her bridal chamber, and its familiar aspect threw her into convulsions. Everything there reminded her of Valentine. She had strength to bear it, however, until she discovered a half-smoked cigarette in her manure set. She drew back in horror, for it was one of Val's stubs. She picked it up at last, and kissed it passionately.

BLIZZARD II.

The next morning she got up feeling much better, and went out into the woods. She returned in the evening singing "White Wings." As she entered the drawing room she was met by her husband's cousin, Dock Jeering, and she fainted at the sight of him, for he was the very image of Val, and he had many of the latter's artless Virginia ways, such as expectorating on the floor and eating pie with a knife. The prospect of mashing Dock, however, soon restored her to consciousness; when Dock saw her profuse he acknowledged himself ashamed.

A few days after he called upon her as she was seated in the crotch of an old tree, and avowed his admiration for her profile. They conversed jauntily for a while, and then stepped out of the sunless forest into the teeth of a storm that had been hanging around the woods until the author should need it.

In a burst of passionate longing, she said in a low, sulphuric whisper, "You understand me."

"I thought you were one of my galvanic thoughts," said he, "I like you."

She gazed at him with sparkling eyes, and allowed him to hold her hand. Then, after raving about Valentine, when the storm let up a little, she permitted Dock to throw his arms around her.

BLIZZARD III.

For three weeks Barbary did not see Dock. But one afternoon he came around, and after kissing the back of her wrist, as was his courtly habit, he took his seat in a nestling fashion on the floor mat.

The kiss burned into Barbary's conscience so deeply that she dismissed Dock, ran up to her room, and drowned her remorse by standing before her mirror, where she proceeded to address a few uncomplimentary remarks to the image therein. She grew so cold with horror that she froze the fire in the grate.

Deaf, the king, and Val, the dead, were now pronounced rivals for Barbary's affections. It worried Dock a great deal, but Val pursued the even tenor of his way and didn't seem to mind it at all. Dock finally retreated to New York. There he received a letter from Barbary, bidding him farewell forever. He accordingly lighted four gas burners in his room, took a Turkish bath, and went to a comic opera.

BLIZZARD IV.

A few days after she telegraphed him: "Come to me."

He packed his valise and went back to Virginia, where he was welcomed by Barbary with all the fervor of a human Vesuvius. She sank into his arms.

A week of ecstasy followed. Dock and Barbary were dreaming Love's young dream. They were now on the brink of matrimony, but Dock's good fortune had not quite deserted him. One day a terrific storm, of the author's best construction, broke loose and Barbary was caught in it. She was terribly frightened by the thunder, and she discovered by the glare of the lightning that she couldn't marry Dock. When she got home she so informed him.

And he, after telling Barbary that he had had her opinion of her all along, put his wearing apparel into a valise and went over to the nearest saloon. In the meantime Barbary had gone up to her room, donned her wrapper and was deeply absorbed in the last New Novel.—Life.

The Original State of Man.

Professor Huxley in Popular Science Monthly.

In the cycle of phenomena presented by the life of man, the animal, no more moral end is discernible than in that presented by the lives of the deer. However imperfect the relics of prehistoric men may be, the evidence which they afford clearly tends to the conclusion that for thousands of years, before the origin of the oldest known civilizations, men were savages of a very low type. They strove with their enemies and their competitors, they prayed upon things weaker or less cunning than themselves; they were born, multiplied without stint and died, for thousands of generations, alongside the mammoth, the vulture, the lion and the hyena, whose lives were spent in the same way, and they were no more to be praised or blamed, on moral grounds, than their less erect and more hairy compatriots.

As among these, so among primitive men, the weakest and stupidest went to the wall, while the toughest and shrewdest, those who were best fitted to cope with their circumstances, survived. Life was a continual free fight, and beyond the limited and temporary relations of the family, the Hobbesian war of each against all was the normal state of existence. The human species, like others, splashed and flourished amid the general stream of evolution, keeping its head above water as it best might, and thinking neither of whence nor whither.

Gov. Leslie, of Montana has made a radical change in the quarantine law relating to Texas cattle, allowing the cattle from the Pan Handle of Texas to come in by railway.