

# A QUEER RACE.

A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

Morris was a carpenter, and he had fixed up one mirror in the queen's bed-room so much to her satisfaction that she wanted to have all the remaining mirrors taken out of the saloon and fixed up in like manner. As for books, she was simply insatiable. She read anything that came to hand, but liked best something scientific, or a novel with plenty of incident and a complicated plot. When once she became interested in a story of this sort, she would neither sleep nor attend to business until she reached the end, and was beside the counselor who at such a time ventured to trouble her with affairs of State. When Mr. Thomas, a rather timid old gentleman, secretary to the council, brought her some papers to sign while she was reading "Monte Cristo," and did not go away the moment he was bid, she half frightened the poor man to death by threatening to set her puma at him.

We went down to the "Diana" as arranged, by water of course. In addition to the boat's crew and the carpenter, we were accompanied by Marian Lester, one of the queen's maids, and a youth of the name of Buttercup, who was half page, half errand-boy.

On reaching the ship, I looked over the manifest, on which I had ticked off the packages already landed, and, in consultation with Mab, decided what others we should take back with us in the boat, and told the men to hoist them out of the hold.

Then, while Morris was removing the mirrors, we took a turn round the ship, and made an inspection of the cabins, on the chance of finding anything likely to be useful and worth carrying away; for we did not intend to make another visit to the ship for some time.

In the captain's cabin were a thermometer and a barometer.

"We will have these," I said, looking at them. "This is a self-registering thermometer, and I want to ascertain the average temperature of Fairhaven; and the barometer may prove very useful. It gives warning of storms. Do you ever have storms?"

"Sometimes, and very bad ones. But they don't often take us by surprise. I have nearly always a premonition of them; so have others."

"I suppose you can tell by the look of the sky and the direction and force of the wind?"

The queen laughed. "The look of the sky and the force of the wind," she said. "Why, when the clouds gather and the wind rises, the storm has begun. These are signs which children may read. What I mean is, that before any sign is visible, while the heavens are still clear, the sea still calm, something tells me—I know not what; it is a feeling, a foreboding—that within a few hours the weather will change for the worse."

"That comes from increase of pressure," I said. "You are sensitive to atmospheric conditions."

"I don't know how that is. I dare say you are right," she returned, positively. "But I have exactly the same feeling when people are thinking evil against me."

"But that is not possible. Nobody can think evil against you!"

"Yes, such a thing has happened, my friend. Fair Island is very beautiful, and its people are happy, but they are not all good. And lately—the last few days—I have had a foreboding. For three nights past, Cato, who, as you know, sleeps always at my chamber door, has growled fiercely, as if he sensed danger; and this morning I was awakened by Deasil Fane's sword falling from the wall and clashing on the floor; and, worse still, it broke off at the hilt. Nothing could be more ominous of evil—and then this foreboding, the like of which for intensity I have never experienced before—"

Here she came to an abrupt stop.

"A foreboding of what?" I asked.

I had already discovered that the islanders were somewhat superstitious, but I thought Mab knew better than to believe in signs, omens, and presentiments, or attach importance to the falling of a sword or the growling of a puma.

"A foreboding of danger."

"To whom?"

"To myself, to the commonwealth, and to you, Mr. Erie."

"Why to me?"

"I know not. But I am sure the danger which threatens me threatens you also. The foreboding weighs heavily on my soul, yet whence it comes or how it is caused I cannot say. When we return to Fairhaven I will consult Sybil."

"Who is Sybil?"

"The oldest and wisest woman in the island; the only one to whom it is given to interpret dreams and foretell events."

"A very useful woman to know. I should like to ask her a few questions about myself. My own future is decidedly obscure at present. Perhaps she could throw a little light on it," I said, with mock gravity.

"It is only when she is in the mood that Sybil can discern the shadow of coming events," returned Mab, coldly, and almost sternly, as if she resented the skepticism which my remark implied. "The prophetic mantle rests not always on her shoulders. But you shall see her, and then you can judge for yourself. And now let us go on with our inspection."

As we passed through one of the berths—I think it was poor Bains'—I saw a carpet-bag in one corner.

"What is here?" I said, opening it.

"Books!" exclaimed the queen. "Let us see what they are."

So I carried the bag into the saloon, and emptied on the table at least a score of volumes, the greater part of them novels.

"There!" I said, taking up a copy of "The Woman in White." "You have only to begin reading this, and you will forget all about your melancholy forebodings, and the supposed dangers which a too active imagination has conjured up."

"Is it very interesting?" she asked, with sparkling eyes.

"Very."

"I will begin it at once," she said, and snatching the action to the word, she sat down, and opening the volume, settled herself for a good read. "Let me know when the boat is ready."

An hour later the boat was ready, but so crowded with bales, cases, and one thing and another, that it was evident she could not take us all back at one trip.

On this I went below to the queen, whom I found deep in Wilkie Collins' thrilling romance, and after explaining the difficulty we were in, suggested that she and her personal attendants should go off in the boat, and that two of the men and myself would wait on board until another could be sent to take us off.

"So, let the people go. They can send a boat for us when they get to Fairhaven—I

mean for you, myself, and Marian, and Buttercup."

"It cannot be here for two hours, and in much less time than that it will be dark."

"I am not afraid of the dark. You have lamps, I suppose?"

"Yes, we have lamps; still—"

"Let the boat go, I say!" and the next moment her head was again bent over her book.

I went on deck, gave orders for the boat to shove off, and told the coxswain to send another for us with all speed, the instant he arrived. This done, I lighted a cigar and paced to and fro, absorbed in thought, until the thickening twilight warned me that it was time to trim the saloon lamp.

Mab was still reading, nor until I lighted the lamp which swung over her head did she look up.

"Thank you," she said; and then turning round, looked intently through one of the ports toward the almost departed sun. "There is going to be a storm," she added, wistfully.

"Why should you think so?" I asked.

"The sky is perfectly clear, and there is hardly a breath of wind."

"You will see. I hope it won't be more than a storm—a tempest, I mean. But there is a feeling in the air. Is the ship quite fast—safely moored, I mean?"

"Quite. I looked to that the moment I came on board."

"Good! We are safe, then. The boat will be here in an hour. That will be time enough," and then she took up her book again, and I went once more on deck.

The short twilight had now almost deepened into darkness, and I was quite alone, Marian being with her mistress, and Buttercup fast asleep in a corner of the saloon. I lighted another cigar, and was about to resume my solitary walk where I had left it off, when it occurred to me to verify the queen's weather-forecast by glancing at the barometer.

The result was startling. The mercury had fallen several points since I last looked at it—that is to say, in three hours.

"God, she is right!" I thought; "we are in for a storm, and no mistake—a regular ripper! I hope it won't burst before we get back to Fairhaven. The creek is certainly not the open sea, and we are safely moored. All the same, I would rather be on dry land for choice."

I looked round, for, as yet, the darkness was far from being absolute. Myriads of stars studded the sky, and the sea was phosphorescent. The creek shone like a river of molten gold, and as the tide (thereabouts very strong) ebbed rapidly past, fiery wavelets broke on the shore and dashed merrily against the "Diana's" sides. The mountain, its summit pointing toward the Southern Cross, loomed large and silent under the vaulted sky, like some monstrous genie guarding hidden treasures or a giant sentinel keeping watch over the sleeping island that nestled at its base.

Westward, as well as northward and southward, the calm was complete, and anything more superb than the orb-gemmed heavens and the shining sea it was impossible to imagine; but out of the mist and beyond the Painted Rocks were beginning to creep ominous shadows—shadows that swiftly took the form of clouds, and spreading pall-like over the sky, swallowed up the stars and turned the water to an inky blackness.

It became so dark that I had to grope my way to the binnacle, intent on lighting the lantern, as without something to denote our whereabouts the people who were coming to fetch us off would be unable to find the ship. There was a peculiar feeling in the atmosphere, too, that made me think it was strongly charged with electricity. My temples throbbled as if they would burst, when I pushed my hand through my hair I could hear it crackle.

I had reached the binnacle, and was feeling about for the lantern, when a terrific peal of thunder crashed over the mountain, and a long, vivid flash of forked lightning rent the clouds asunder, bringing every object which it illuminated into sharpest relief. It did not last the hundredth part of a second, yet I saw everything—the creek, the sea, the tall masts of the "Diana," the very leaves quivering on the trees—and the figure of a man cutting one of the ropes by which the ship was moored to the shore!

CHAPTER XXIII.—A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

I saw it distinctly—a man hacking at the rope with a long knife; and if his back had not been turned toward me I should have seen his face—possibly recognized him. Yet I could hardly believe my eyes. I thought they had deceived me, and tried to persuade myself that I was the victim of an optical illusion. But my doubts were quickly and rudely dispelled. The next moment the ship swung round, and the second rope, unable to withstand the strain, or perhaps weakened by the slash of another knife, parted with a report like the shot of a pistol, and the "Diana" was adrift.

I ran to the helm without any definite idea of what I should do, for I knew how helpless we were, and I feared we should be dashed against the opposite side of the creek. It was, perhaps, the best thing that could happen to us; if we were carried out into the bay, we should be past praying for. Just then I heard the sound of hurried footsteps.

"What has happened, Mr. Erie? Where are you?" asked a voice which I recognized as that of Queen Mab.

"At the wheel. Somebody has cut the ropes, and the ship is adrift."

"Somebody has cut the ropes? What do you mean? How do you know?"

"When the lightning flashed just now, I saw a man cutting the stern-rope."

"Saw you his face?"

"No."

"You have no idea who he was, then?"

"Not the least."

"Somebody was thinking evil against us, then, and plotting it. My foreboding has soon come true; yet you did not believe it, Mr. Erie."

"You were right, too, about the weather," I answered, evasively. "The barometer has gone down rapidly, and we are going to have a night of it. My God!"

Another blinding flash of lightning, followed by an even more terrific peal of thunder than the first. At the same time a violent gust of wind, coming down the channel of the creek as through a funnel, drove the ship before it like a straw, and almost threw her on her beam-ends.

Mabel was now close by me, holding on to the binnacle.

"How will it end? I mean, what is likely to be our fate?" she asked, quietly, and with no more fear in her voice than if she were putting an ordinary question.

"Drowning is likely to be our fate. Even if the ship were manned by a full crew, and commanded by a skillful captain, we should be in great danger; and there is only one man on board, and he no seaman."

"It is God's will for us to perish, so be it. He knows best, and we can die but once. We cannot escape our destiny."

This answer, spoken with measured gravity, surprised me exceedingly. Never

before had I heard Mab mention religion. I had thought her practically a pagan, though she did go to church sometimes.

"We cannot escape our destiny," she repeated. "Still, I like not to yield without a struggle. It is our duty to live as long as we can. Must we drift helplessly on? Can you think of no expedient? There is surely an anchor?"

"Of course there is. What an ass I am! Why didn't I think of that before? But I told you I was no seaman. Yes, we will let go the anchor—if we can—and put a light in the mizen-top, and then, when the boat comes, it may perhaps be seen, and ourselves rescued."

But the idea was much more easily conceived than carried out. A light was indispensable, and after several unsuccessful attempts to obtain one from a match, we were compelled to go into the saloon, and there light a lantern. Then, followed by Marian and Buttercup, we made our way forward with great difficulty, for the ship was rolling like a log, and the decks were wet and slippery with the whirling spray, which lashed our faces and impeded our progress.

It was an exciting moment; Mab clinging to the capstan and holding up the lantern; Marian and the boy cowering behind a coil of ropes; myself, maul in hand, groping for the pin by which the chain is fastened to the ring of the anchor.

After a good deal of hammering—for I made several bad shots—I succeeded, though more by good luck than address. The anchor dropped into the sea, and the huge cable flew through the hawse-hole in a sheet of flame. What with the wind and tide, the ship had a good deal of way on her; and when the anchor took ground, she brought to with a shock that shook her like a leaf, dashed the lantern from Mab's hand, and sent me sprawling into the scupper.

We had to find our way aft in the dark—no easy task, for the force of the wind increased every minute, and the ship heaved and rolled viciously.

"Can we do anything more?" asked Mab, when we were all in the saloon. She had lost her hat; her disheveled hair was damp with spray; her face flushed with exposure to the storm, her eyes aglow with excitement; and as she stood there near the swinging-lamp, erect and fearless, she looked wondrously handsome.

"The only thing more we can do," I said, "is to hang a lantern in the mizen-top; not that I think it will be of any use. No boat could live in this sea; but it is well not to throw away a chance."

"How long do you suppose we shall have to remain here, then?"

"That depends on how long the storm lasts; but at any rate until sunrise."

"In that case I may as well resume my interrupted novel. If any change takes place either for the better or worse, Mr. Erie, kindly let me know." And with that she sat down and went on with her reading as unconcerned as if she had been in her own room at Fairhaven.

As for me, I lighted another lantern, and after at least three narrow escapes of falling overboard, succeeded in fixing it securely in the mizen-top.

This done, I returned to the quarter-deck and remained there—I cannot say on the lookout, as there was nothing to be seen—for I had an uneasy feeling that something would happen, and not for the better. The wind continued to blow in gusts so fierce that I was more than once nearly carried over the taffrail. I could not have made my way to the fore-part of the ship to save my life; and though the cable was invisible, I knew that the strain on it must be terrific. And the wind did not always come from the same quarter. Several times it veered completely round, the ship veering with it, till at last (being unable to see the compass) I had not the most remote idea in which direction lay the land. This went on some hours, and about midnight (as nearly as I could tell) what I dreaded came to pass—the anchor began to drag. At first I thought I might be mistaken, but when I felt sure that the ship moved I went below and informed Mab.

[To be Continued.]

The Burden of Big Horses.

An ideal of earthly comfort, so common that every reader must have seen it, is to get a house so big that it is burdensome to maintain, and fill it up so full of jimmicks that it is a constant occupation to keep it in order. Then, when the expense of living in it is so great that you can't afford to go away and rest from the burden of it, the situation is complete and boarding houses and cemeteries begin to yawn for you. How many Americans do you suppose out of the droves that flock annually to Europe, are running away from oppressive houses? When nature undertakes to provide a house, it fits the occupant. Animals who build by instinct build only what they need, but man's building instinct, if it gets a chance to spread itself at all, is boundless, just as all his instincts are. For it is man's peculiarity that nature has filled him with impulses to do things and left it to his discretion when to stop. She never tells him when he has finished. And perhaps we ought not to be surprised that in so many cases it happens that he doesn't know, but just goes ahead as long as the materials last.

If another man tries to oppress him he understands that and is ready to fight to the death and sacrifice all he has rather than submit; but the tyranny of things is so subtle, so gradual in its approach, and comes so masked with seeming benefits that it has him hopelessly bound before he suspects his fetters.—Scribner.

Old Heads and Young Hearts.

"Now, Samuel," said his dotting mother, "you are going to see one of the nicest girls to-night that ever came to this town, and I want you to make a good impression. Now, the way to do that is to show appreciation. As some one says, 'Be a good listener.' Now, don't you forget it."

"I won't mother," answered the dutiful Samuel.

At another house, the one to which Samuel's feet were tending, a loving aunt was saying to her visiting niece: "Now, if Sam comes don't you rattle on as if you hadn't any brains. Just you keep quiet and let him do the talking. He'll like you all the better for it."

To this day those match-making women can't understand why those two young folks despise each other.—Puck.

It is stated that the confederate gray uniform was borrowed from the First Virginia regiment, which borrowed it from the Seventh New York regiment.

## FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

### USEFUL INFORMATION ABOUT FARMING TOPICS.

#### Root and Vegetable Storing—About the Spud—Cutting Corn—Grass Seeding—Various Matters

##### Root and Vegetable Storing.

Some crops are much sooner injured by frost or light freezing than others and to avoid damage should be harvested in good season, says the Orange Judd Farmer. It is necessary to store away where they are intended to be kept all Winter, says an exchange, but the safest plan is to store where they will at least be safe from injury by frost or light freezing. Sweet potatoes are generally the first crop to be dug, after these beets and carrots and then the Irish potatoes. Turnips stand considerable frost but a good freeze seriously injures them. Cabbage will stand a freeze, while salsify and parsnips can be left out all Winter if desired, although usually it is best to dig and store a supply to use during the Winter before hard freezing weather sets in. A very good plan is to dig and sort, carefully taking out all the small unmarketable specimens and also any that are bruised or injured. Fruit or vegetables to be stored for long keeping must be sound. Store them where there is a good circulation of air and yet in a place where they can be readily protected in case a sudden change of weather should make it necessary. In this way a good opportunity will be given them to dry out before storing away and they will keep much better than if they are dug and stored away immediately. With this work, as with much else that is done on the farm, it is better to get it done in good season than to be even a little behind, as an early frost often does considerable damage which a little work in proper season would have readily avoided. By sorting when harvesting some work in handling may be avoided, and the unmarketable part be fed out to the stock which if left until the product is either sold or used, would be lost. Irish potatoes especially should never be left exposed to the sun any longer than is strictly necessary, as they are easily damaged. But all products will keep better if they are well dried before storing away. With care in handling much loss by bruising may be avoided and when a crop has grown it seems only common prudence to take pains to save it in best condition possible and it is therefore best to arrange to harvest in good season, to sort and dry carefully and then either market or store away in as good a condition as possible. But before selling make sure of a sufficient supply for home use as it is rarely profitable to sell products in the Autumn and then be obliged to buy the next Spring before anything can be grown to take their place.

##### About the Spud.

Speaking about the use of a spud on a farm, a writer in the Ohio Farmer gives the following personal experience:

I have used a spud, or light narrow spade, which ever you please to call it, for the last fifteen years to destroy burdock. My farm was overrun with that pest when I came in possession, but now they are nearly wiped out. By cutting them off below the crown they cannot sprout. I had my spud made at that time in the following manner: I got a broken cross-cut saw-plate, took it to a blacksmith, had it cut about 15 inches long, and cut tapering, the top of plate cut square across, and the pointed end cut a little rounding

as shown in Fig. 1. Then I punched two quarter-inch holes, the first one about one inch from upper end of spud and the other, two or three inches below, according to the length of spud. Then I make it a little concave, which gives it strength to resist any pressure on the handle; which is cut beveling, as shown in Fig. 2. Any tough spade or fork handle will answer the purpose. The handle must be riveted on the concave side of blade; the head of rivet should be long and T-shaped to bend over the handle to keep it from spitting. I have a large and small spud. The latter is made from a hand-saw plate about eight inches long and two inches at pointed end and tapering as shown in Fig. 1; made in every way as the one described. My large one I use for spading in the garden; they are thin, light, and easily kept sharp.

##### Cutting Corn.

Although this article may be somewhat late to be of use to all farmers this season the following suggestions offered by a writer in the Ohio Farm-

er are well worth remembering: The first suggestion is that of an improved corn-cutter, for more readily and easily gathering down or leaning corn. It is made of an ordinary heavy back cutter, such as are sold at hardware stores. The cut will explain how it is made, the dotted lines showing the cutter before treatment, the solid lines after treatment. The corner of the blade should be cut out with a cold chisel, and care should be taken when beating the horn not to heat the blade so as to draw the temper.

##### Another suggestion—although old to many may be new to some—to which I wish to call attention is that of cutting corn "railroad" fashion, or by going through the first two rows where the shocks are to stand and tying the standards, cutting only the two rows in which they are tied, then taking a single row on one side and going the whole length of the row, stopping at each shock to set up the armful cut between the shocks; then going back on the other side of the row of shocks the same way, and so on till the rows are cut; the last row cut, the shocks are tied. In cutting this way the work is all straight ahead and I think corn can be cut faster by this method than by cutting one shock at a time. Try it and see.

##### Grass Seeding

In answer to a subscriber the Orange Judd Farmer has this to say about grass seeding:

On well prepared loamy soils 10 to 12 lbs to an acre of the ordinary red clover seed is sufficient. On clays and other soils not so rich in plant food it is necessary to sow 12 to 16 lbs to be sure of a good stand. Of course if the season is very favorable throughout, a less quantity would probably give good results, but taking one year with another it is not advisable to sow less than the above named quantities.

It is the cheapest and best method to sow timothy seed when drilling wheat. It is the cheapest and usually the best method in all respects. Most wheat drills have attachments by means of which timothy seed can be sowed while the wheat is being drilled, thus saving an additional going over the ground, which is then in good condition and the seed is more likely to grow. Then too, the plant will get a good start before the freezing weather comes on and will be better able to winter well. In some cases it happens that if the wheat is thin or not very strong the grass sowed this early will tend to choke out the wheat but ordinarily this will not happen. If the season is not favorable for wheat it will hold its own. Autumn grass seeding, however, often fails because of continuous dry weather during September and October. If this happens the field can be again seeded later in Autumn or the following Spring.

##### Some Brief Pointers.

Late hatched chicks are apt to be lacking in size and vigor, and their progeny will follow suit.

In horse parlance, if a foal is dropped December 31, it is a yearling the next day.

An exchange lays down the wise rule for sheep raisers to grow mutton breeds if near a good market for meat, letting the wool be a secondary consideration; or wool, if distant from a market, or if large flocks are to be kept.

At this season it is important to give cattle, horses and sheep a taste of salt. Sheep should have it as often as once a week, at least. But it is better to place lumps of American rock salt (the best) where the animals can help themselves. If constantly within reach they will not take too much.

Farm poultry, with the opportunities for healthful exercise and plenty of good food the parents ought to thrive and pay well for their keep. But far too frequently they are a sorry neglected lot, and consequently fail to make satisfactory returns. This is not, however, the fault of the biddy. The farmer is the guilty biped.

Why don't farmers oftener keep pigeons? It would be very little trouble to fit up a loft, and the subsequent care of the beautiful creatures is not great. They make a charming addition to the farm live stock, and the tender squabs are not bad eating by any means. Let the boys or girls have a flock of pigeons. It will help to make them contented with farm life.

Prof. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment station, says there is an absolute loss in cooking food for hogs. He claims that the only way in which cooked food is of any value is in furnishing a variety. There is so much difference of opinion upon this subject and upon the use of ground as against unground grain, that we should advise all farmers to accept no statement as authoritative, but to test the matter fully for themselves.

Few men have grown rich by selling hay, corn or oats. The apparent profit was derived by robbing the soil of plant food which went away with each load sold. By feeding these products on extra profit would be procured from that operation, and the plant food would remain where it belongs—upon the farm. Look to it that you are not selling a part of the farm whenever you haul a load of produce to market. Some men do this, but do not find it out until too late.

The fixed stanchion for fastening in stall ought to be relegated to the limbo of discarded things, along with other instruments of torture. They hold a cow, surely enough; but the restraint on her freedom is altogether unnecessary and, especially in fly time, a source of great distress to the poor animal. The pivoted stanchion is undoubtedly a decided improvement, as we might suppose an inquisitorial thumb-screw would be that only turned half way. But it is still too great a restraint upon the natural movements of the cow. A collar and rope or chain of proper length is the best method of fastening and ought to be generally adopted.

## AVOID FADS IN DIET.

The Less People Have to Do With Them the Better for Their Health.

Tomatoes are in season, and there-with has come again the cry that was raised last autumn, that the eating of them induces cancer. Cancer was as common in Britain long before tomatoes became cheap and popular as it is now, but such a fact will make no impression on those who choose to see some connection between the two, and who will perhaps tell us next year that cabbages induce consumption and green peas lead to epilepsy. Without disputing the importance of diet both in health and disease, the Hospital thinks, one may regret the numberless fads and caprices which in these days ban one food and "boom" another. That maltreatment of the digestive organs is at the root of many diseases is true enough; but it is to be remembered that to treat the average stomach as if it were an invalid is the best way to make it one. It is a popular notion that the stomachs of vegetarians undergo certain organic changes which make them more akin to the herbivorous animals. How far this idea is true no one who has not dissected a sworn vegetarian would dare to say; but there seems to be little doubt that a digestion which is never exercised on anything but the mildest meats becomes incapable of tackling anything stronger.

Perhaps popular medical literature is partly to blame for the growing habit of overnursing organs which are quite able to stand ordinary work. Health articles are written by doctors, and these, seeing people only when they are ill, forget that the papers they write for—the "family journals"—are read by men and women, especially women, who are perfectly well. "Avoid pastry," writes the doctor, thinking of the confirmed dyspeptic who left his consulting room half an hour ago, and a hundred folks who were never a whit the worse for their tarts avoid pastry conscientiously and take to unending puddings, whose monotony their weary palate loathes. If we were to renounce all that we see or hear condemned or overstraining or misusing our digestive apparatus, we should probably take nothing but peppin, with perhaps a little milk to exercise it on. There are times when after a too rigid dieting, the most mature of us longs for the green apples and raspberry tarts of youth, and such a longing is an honest rebellion of the digestion against a regimen which keeps it weak for lack of proper exercise. To give a fair and reasonable consideration to the food we eat, is a matter of common sense, but to make ourselves mentally the parallels of monks of Mount Athos, and concentrate our attention on all that we should avoid, is to lay ourselves open to the chance of indigestion as much as if we indulged every day in the banquets of a Lucullus.

## THE MALE BASS AND YOUNG.

He Guards the Eggs While the Female is Otherwise Engaged.

A small-mouthed bass, the variety sought by anglers, and the only kind caught about the islands in Lake Erie, says the Cleveland Press, attains a weight of about one pound in two years, at which time it also arrives at maturity in a productive sense.

It then fans off a clean place on the gravel, deposits eggs which are impregnated by the male member of the family, when contrary to the general rule laid down by nature, the female goes off to some favorable watering place, while the old man attends strictly to household duties, and by the most constant care fans with his tail all the sediment off the eggs and drives off all intruders, even to ten-pound mud-turtles.

He brings forth his little family of several thousand individual fishes about as large as the end of a broom splint, and about a quarter of an inch long, to become as long as a broomhandle and weigh all the way up to ten pounds, according to the conscience and eyes of the one who for the first time pulls him permanently out of aqua pura. He seldom attains a weight of over four pounds, although those weighing over six pounds have been caught.

## A Boy's Philosophy.

"Little Johnny," whose sayings are reported in the New York Herald, must be a bad boy. Can his father and mother be at all to blame?

"If you tell the truth about something," says Johnny, "You get licked, and if you tell a lie you don't, unless you get found out, and then you get licked twice."

"I know a boy," he adds, who always tells the truth. His mother is in Europe and his father is out West."

The same youthful philosopher delivers himself upon another point after this fashion:

"Some boys are brave 'cause they always play with little boys, and some boys are brave 'cause their legs is too short to run away, but most boys is brave 'cause somebody's lookin'."

## Hot Retort to the Russian Autocrat.

After the partition of Poland, Nicholas proposed that Veret should paint a picture on the subject. "I am afraid I cannot do it, sire," was the answer. "I have never painted a Christ on the cross."

"The moment I had said it," continued Veret, when he told me the story, which is scarcely known, "I thought my last hour had struck. I am perfectly certain that a Russian would have paid for these words with his life, or at least with life-long exile to Siberia. I shall never forget the look he gave me; there was a murderous gleam in the