"Rain, colder," answered the prophet, with an air of importance.

"Well what d'ye do that for?" was the rejoinder.

This novel question pleased the prophet, as it allowed him to draw the inference that his friend considered him capable not only of prophesying, but also of controlling, to a certain extent, the meteorological conditions. Such an inference was pleasant but modesty, of course, required him to dispel his friend's delusion with regard to the control of the weather.

He had barely begun to speak on that line, when someone across the street called to him and, pointing to the flags, cried, "What is it?"

"Rain, colder," replied the prophet.

"Well, what do you do that for?" came back the query, as a transformed echo.

When the prophet made a mental calculation of the number of times that he must answer that query, its novelty entirely disappeared. He began to look around for some means of escape just as a third friend came up,—"What's the indications?" "Rain, colder," came the reply in subdued tones. Again the query, "Well, what d'ye do that for?"

As the fourth, fifth, and sixth friends came up with the same question, and the same rejoinder, the prophet began to wish for the isolation of his old lighthouse. There he could close his eyes to the dreadful sameness of a calm ocean; there, he could close his ears to the tiresome creak of the machinery in the tower; and there, when a rain was approaching, neither the machinery, nor the tower nor the ocean could ask him, "Well, what d'ye do that for?" Yes, he wished himself back in his old tower, for isolation was preferable to answering the same question so many times.

He saw the clouds gather that evening in accordance with the signal. The next morning the wind blew and the rain fell—and that night was Friday night.

"What will they say about this?" mused the prophet as he started out for breakfast. Seeing a friend coming towards him, he quietly crossed to the other side of the street and admired the houses on that side until his friend had disappeared. Not thinking it advisable to go to the hotel for breakfast, he dropped into a chop house and took a stool in the back corner, where as few as possible might see him. He was just congratulating himself on his safety, when some one took the next stool, and looking at him, said, "Hello, you the weather-man?" The poor prophet was about to deny his identity, but his conscience made him answer in the affirmative. "Well, why don't you have better weather?" asked the stranger. "So this is the question that I must answer six hundred and fifty times today," mused the prophet as he left the house, and he began to wonder if life were worth living. But fortunately the wonderful adaptability of human nature to circumstances came to his rescue and taught him to answer questions mechanically.

He received indications of an extremely warm spell. "Now everyone will ask,—why do you have it so warm?" reasoned the weather man, and he prepared himself to answer that question. Fully prepared with a mechanical answer, he walked down the street trying to look cool in a spring suit and a straw hat, with a handkerchief around his neck, tucked in over his collar. The first person he met smiled and asked, "Hot enough for you?" This question both surprised and chagrined him. "Hot enough for you?" Did people no longer realize that he was a weather prophet? Must he answer that question six hundred and fifty times per day, in the capacity of an ordinary man?

This was more than human nature could stand. His health broke down, he declined rapidly. Every time he heard that question an expression of sorrowful inquiry would spread itself over his countenance. The doctors gave him up. Just before the end came, he was sleeping quietly and his expression was one of peaceful rest, but as the transmigration took place, his face assumed that same expression of sorrowful inquiry, as if, on the other shore, the first question he encountered was, "Is it hot enough for you?" MORGAN M. MAGHEE.

"A Leaf From the Log Book."

BY JAS. A. LUNN.

On the 17th of October, 1887, the sailing ship, "Minnie Swift" was towed out of Port Glasgow, bound for Quebec. She carried a crew of twenty-two all told, I myself being one of the number, and acting boatswain. We had the wind from the northwest and it struck us on the starboard quarter. At Cape Fairhead we set our sails, braced the yards to the wind, coiled down the ropes, lashed the water casks, swept the decks, spliced the main brace, and went below. About 5 p. m. the chief mate ordered all hands to appear on the quarter deck for the purpose of selecting watches. The crew mustered aft and were divided into watches, starboard and port. I had the good fortune to be in the port watch with the chief mate as my superior officer. As boatswain it was my duty to assign the work to the men, keep the ship in trim and see that everything was kept in order.

After we had been out to sea about ten hours the wind died out and the sea fell to a dead calm. During the next two days we made only three miles headway. Although this delay was unwelcome it gave us ample time to put the ship in good shape for any kind of weather that might come. The rigging was tightened up, the chafing gear put in place, and the masts greased. Our watch had been on deck from 8 to 12 p. m. and the weather was very fine. At 12 m. we went below, being relieved by the star board watch, who took the next four hours on deck. I went to my berth, turned in, and slept very soundly. I dreamt that we were in a terrible storm. I thought I could hear the wind blowing and the rain pattering on the decks. I saw the ship straining herself with the wind right in her teeth.

Suddenly I awoke, and found myself on the lee side of my bunk. I heard the captain's voice above the howling wind,—"All hands on deck!" Then I heard the second mate's "Ay ay sir." I realized in an instant the situation we were in. We had been struck by a dangerous northeasters, with all the sail set. I jumped on deck to find the ship plunging into the sea with all the lower sails braced sharp up on the port tack, so that we could steer close to the wind. We all worked hard and it was not long before we had the top-gallant and royal-sails stowed away. As the gale was increasing the captain ordered the double reef to be put in the top-sails and to take in all the head-sails except the jib. This being done in about two hours, the time arrived for our watch to stay on deck again. After getting under snug sail once more, we had a chance to look around us. I went on the poop to make inquiries about our bearings. The mate said that we would have to tack in about half an hour, as the land was on both sides, Scotland to starboard, Ireland to port. The wind commenced to blow still harder; the sky was pitch dark, and the seas began to rise higher and higher. The captain walked the deck very uneasily, always looking to leeward. Suddenly a light flashed right ahead, and the order came, "Tack ship!"

This manoeuvre in a heavy sea is the finest piece of seamanship that is known. First, the helmsman puts the wheel hard down, and just as the ship's head is within two points of the wind the captain yells out, "Hard a lee!" Then the men at the jib sheets let go and the sails flap in the wind forcing the ships head around. When the ship is head to wind the skip-