WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Roundabout the English Lake District.

Descriptive of this Unrivalled Region—"The Sweet and Pensive Lullaby-nest of All Britain," Common Ground of Delight for All British Nationalities.

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It would not be a surprising thing if the English Lake District were as well known in that almost measureless topography of sentiment and universal geography of literature, to as many American as English people. For out of its tender heart have issued countless streams of ever-living thought and imagery, flowing so deep, strong and far, that they have long ago penetrated to uttermost lands, and are as fatherland waters to all who own the good old Saxon tongue.

Perhaps, too, of late years it is actually seen, at least from one beaten track through it, by as many American as English eyes. But our people as a rule do not know it as Englishmen or Scotchmen or Irishmen know it. We hurry through it to criticise, compare, analyze, tolerate, and thus lose the precious charm of those things which, aside from its occasional sublimity and always exquisite loveliness, make the region almost consecrated ground. That, too, not from barbaric ruins, hideous scars of war and more intolerable monuments of ecclesiastical strifes and victories. The tenderest of all benediction is here. The Almighty never elsewhere fashioned the face of the earth in more entrancing mold. And then, as if the fiat were that still further grace should shine from every feature, lofty-souled men and women were born here, or came here, and in the centuries worshiped the God through all this transcendent handiwork by pouring forth their hearts and souls in ever-living psalms. Thus was the complete magic wrought, until from Morecambe Bay, which pushes in from the Irish Sea to cut grim Lancashire almost in twain, to the wondrous tide-bores of Solway Firth over against the land of Burns, you can turn your eyes scarcely upon a mountain or vale, lake or river, crag or barn, rock or rivulet, forest or copse, beck or waterfall, hamlet or home, that does not send thrilling through the vision to exultant memory some tender association with tender life, or strike some subtle chord upon the harp of fadeless song.

The Scotch glory in the straths and crags of their Highlands and Islands; the Irish have a pathetic and mournful pride in their ancient Celtic and later ecclesiastic monuments, and an exultant pride in their Giant's Causeway, their lone peaks of Donegal and Connemara, and their matchless Killarney, while the English fondly fancy that, outside the Lake District, among the peaks and valleys of North Wales, are scenic beauties of surpassing splendor. But the English Lake District is, as it were, nature's feast for common enjoyment. It is the one spot in the three kingdoms where gentle genii of the place are powerful enough to annihilate the race bitterness of centuries. Indeed it is the sweet and pensive lullaby-nest of all Britain.

Its geography, ethnology and etymology may have much to do with this. The region, from a race standpoint, is almost neutral ground. It is in the northwestern, and all things considered, the most remote portion of England. Its area comprises the northern, sea-detached part of Lancashire and all of the important shires of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Three sides, its northern, western and southern, are shut in by the Irish Sea and estuaries, while a natural barrier on the eastern side is formed by the Pennine range of hills, which furnishes Yorkshire, Durham and Northumberland their wild and savage fells and moors. Peopled originally by Cambro-Celts, their descendents clung to a region almost inaccessible in the past, and thus sustained, from the barbaric Stone age to the golden age of poetry and art, few abrupt divisions and impingements from Roman, Danish and early English invasion. All influences for change were consequently gradual and gentle, and never markedly unequal from the English on the east and south, the Irish on the west and the Caledonians on the north.

During three extended visits to the region, in which most of my time was passed among the peasantry, there have been found very many dissimilarities between these people and the peasant class in any other portion of England. Though the student of books may fail to find this apparent in the literary remains of the host of prose writers and poets who drew almost their sole inspiration from the Lake country; and though there may remain no evidence that these curious distinctions attracted the everyday attention of the men and women of genius, who so long lived where these contrasts were constantly apparent, the interesting fact still remains that Cumbrian men and women, as of all the inhabitants of north Lancashire, Cumberland and Westmoreland are generally called, are almost as different from other lowly English folk, in traditions, superstitions, manners, customs, and particularly in vernacular, as are those of Wales, who so patriotically treasure every vestige of their ancient Kymric life and tongue. The Scotch are most kindly disposed to their Cumbrian brethren across the Solway, for they know that in their veins flows an admixture of Caledonian blood. The Irish across the narrow channel are drawn to them, as to the Welsh, because the Cumbrians have with the Irish and Welsh a common Celtic parentage. The region is English through centuries of domination and gradual absorption of English nationality. Something as the Highlanders are to Scotland, and as are the Donegal and Connemara Highlanders to Ireland, the Cumbrians stand to the rest of England as a type of independent, half defiant folk, whose simplicity, piety, hardihood and solidarity compel genuine admiration and respect.

If ethnological reasons, though but half consciously recognized, render the English Lake District common ground of delight for all British nationalities, the distinctive status and character of its peasantry certainly give it an added charm to the traveler who has an interest in men as well as in mountains and rocks. The larger proportion of the rural population, or dalesmen, are the families of "statesmen," or men owning and farming their own tiny pieces of land. These have come down to them intact from baronial times. In those old days the border incursions from Scotland taxed to the utmost the wits and resources of the northern barons. To provide and retain required forces for their often sore needs, the system of parceling out the land, in fee, and enfranchising the villein retainers to whom they were given, was resorted to. More fortunate than the poor clansmen of the Scottish Highlands, whom the decay of the clan system barbarously drove from their homes and soil, the decay of feudalism left these Cumbrian "statesmen" the actual possessors of the soil. Many of their little "estates" have been gradually swallowed up by the nobility, and by rich men who have become mighty landholders in the Lake region. But there are thousands remaining who to-day occupy the very same parcels of ground, defined by the identical metes and bounds, possessed by their villein ancestors of hundreds of years ago.

These have "stood still." They have sustained little encroachment. I have found "statesmens'" houses in remote glens, all the way from the Solway to Morecambe Bay, where can be traced the entire series of evolutions in habitations, from a cell quarried out of the mountain side to the half-modern, heavily-built, rock-thatched Cumbrian cottage. Along the Solway Firth, at Bowness, I can point out a half-score of these so old that carvings and altars dug from the nearly 1700-years old Roman wall of Severus, are built into fire-places and outside walls. Of these dalesmens' cottages Wordsworth, himself born among them, says: "Hence buildings, which in their very form call to mind the processes of nature, do thus, clothed in part with a vegetable garb, appear to be received into the bosom of the living principle of things, as it acts and exists among the woods and fields."

Precisely as in Wordsworth's time, outside the Cumbrian cottages you will find the shade of sycamores and a "tall fir through which the winds sing when other trees are leafless," a little orchard, an ample herb-bed, a near rill or spring-spout with its ceaseless wimple, a comedy garden, comfortable stone outbuildings for grain and for winter housing of the cows and the tiny but hardy Cumbrian sheep, and always the shed for the hives of bees which distil from the mountain heath the darkest, but ever the sweetest, honey in the world. Their interiors are no less characteristic. Standing in the door of anyone, your eyes may again trace, in the antique of utensils and furnishings, a complete museum of rustic household evolution from the stone age to our own age of Brummagem and brass, for you will find the quern, old as Aryan life, the ancient Celtic mether or drinking cup, the rudest and earliest make of spinning-wheel with delft of the first English kilns varied by many faulty bits of "Wedgewood," brought here from Staffordshire by hawking gipsies, and mingled with these various tawdry household ornaments and utensils of the present time.

Cumbrian peasants are, as a rule, "house-proud," and in years of wandering among the lowly of European countries I have never come upon any rustic folk the interior of whose habitations were such shining examples of homely comfort and restfulness. There are, of course, exceptions. Now and then you will find settlements like Watendlath hid among the fells between Borrowdale and Thirlmere, where may be seen all the sodden squalor occasionally met among the Scottish west-coast crofters and in the Irish west-coast fishing villages. Their houses are dark and dirty, the floors uneven, the furniture crazy, the men clad in ragged fustian and the women in coarse wool and wooden clogs. These are sheep-herders under a later sort of feudalism. In every such case the history is that their fathers before them sold their little "estates" to the encroaching land-grabbers, and their children are consequently to-day in precisely the wretched serfdom wrought by landlordism in the Scottish Highlands and in Ireland. But with the habitations of "statesmen" the interiors are charming. The floors are usually of the same huge slates as those covering the roof. They are scrubbed and cleaned until they shine like dusky mirrors. Frequently you will find them, particularly near the door and fire-place, decorated with white, ochre and vermilion chalk in figures and scroll work embodying strange fancies in rustic art. The living-room or "fire-house," as it is called, is always very large for a cottage, often from eighteen to twenty-five feet square, low, but with the richest of old and polished beams in the ceiling. Indeed old oak may be found in profusion. The long, solid table with benches at the side where the "statesman," his family and all servants sit together at meals, the "long settle" or two-yard long seat at one side of the fire-place, and the "sconce" or bench on the other, under which the night's fuel, called "an elden," is placed; the chairs, huge and high, and requiring a strong arm to move them; the high, narrow, sprawling-legged bureaus; the many iron or brass bound chests; the beds huge and strong enough to hold giants—for these Cumbrians are often tremendous in stature—are all of oak, curiously carved and often wondrously polished. All this is sometimes varied by pieces of mahogany almost as unique as can be found among the peasant homes of Brittany. From this large, clean "fire-house" or living-room, there are in all directions inviting vistas through wide, low doors and cosy stone "leantos," perhaps each built in a different century, to tiny-paned windows, splayed like turret windows, white with inner curtains, and in summer ablaze with outer bud and blossom.

The dialect of the district, which I can only touch upon, is very curious, and contains many pure Celtic, Norse, old English and foreign words. The affix "ment" is in constant use, providing added quantity or emphasis. "Dirtment" thus becomes a collection of dirt, and "shamement" increased contempt in the expression of shame. A bull "beels" instead of bellows. Anything crooked is "cammed." "Sad" is heavy, and a "sad-cake" is one made without "rising," and is all its name implies. A road is a "wad;" and a young pig, instead of a boy, is called an "urchin." A "haddery" day is a drizzling day. A dancing night is a "tansy," no doubt from the German *tanz*. One whose actions make him a byword is a "bysen," and a short, thick-set man is a "botchy." "To few" is to fare, or to arrange. "Dal" is the expletive form of "The Devil;" but "donnet" is the devil himself, or one no better than the devil. When one is over-tired from labor he is "thewed." To "saunter" is not to straggle or dally, but to meditate; and if you are "boggart-owned" you are destined or fated to be given over to some evil spirit. Bad, loitering boys are "driving sneevils," that is, of no more account than if driving snails; and a poor "bandylan" is an unfortunate lass "banned from the land," or driven from home fellowship. "A cope" is a jockey dealing in worthless horses; "baggin" is food; and the "singing hinny" is a hot cake baked for tea. Arriving at one's house is "landing hoame." A "scrowmolly o' eggs" is a dish of scrambled eggs. If you accidently overheard your peasant host speaking of you to his wife as a "terrible" or "fearful sonsy mon," it would only mean a compliment; but if he spoke of you as a "bonny pistol" you could understand yourself to be regarded as an arrant knave.

Village and home life are very simple and uneventful. Each little community is sufficient unto itself, because of the unbroken custom of never "hiving off." The younger shoots of the family grow up beside the old. Entire valleys are found peopled by "statesmen" of the same family and name, pronounced acquirement, physical peculiarity, or location of habitation, such as "Jock the Russler" (wrestler), "Padish-tnop (porridge tub) Ben," or "Dick o' th' Rigg," providing ample distinction. Courtship is carried on in a primitive and vigorous way that would shock modern delicacy, but all manner of matings remain firm and true. Marriages provide extraordinary festivals, and, after the feast, numberless useful offerings from friends are made to the bride who receives them sitting in state. The dead are "watched" from decease to burial, and funerals furnish subdued diversions with heroic feasts. Candlemas, Curling Sunday when friends pelt each other with peas, Good Friday, "Powsowdy night," Christmas time and all christenings are boisterously celebrated. Leaping, wrestling and running are the principal amusements of the youths and men, who excel those of other English provincial districts, while the ancient custom of "rush-bearing," which will be described in a future article, is still here in vogue. The severely pious peasantry seem to be extraordinarily superstitious, and the Cumbrians are no exception. Every crag, dale or lake has its respective demon, while the universal spook is the "bogle." It is a ghost, goblin, witch, warlock, or bedeviling what-not. But the "bogle" is a great comfort to the old women; a certain corrective for "haddering" children, and brings all Cumbrian folk closer together in the home-glow of their blazing inglenooks during the long winter nights, when the tempests howl among Skiddaw's dreary scars or thunder along the "Striding Ridge" of mighty Helvellyn.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

It Was Not Prolonged.

One of Hartford's prominent ministers was pacing a hotel corridor not long ago, when a colporteur approached him with this question:

"Are you a Christian?"

"I hope so," replied the clergyman, modestly.

"Hope so! Don't you know so?" persisted his interlocutor.

No response from the divine.

"Well, now," said the stranger, "if a man should strike you on the right cheek would you turn to him the other also?"

"No, I wouldn't, if he had as much cheek as you have."

The interview was not prolonged.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

ON BEING AN ORPHAN.

It is a State Not Without Its Advantages.

Nothing is More Remarkable Than the Development of the Boy—How He Makes His Way at School and Elsewhere.

The state of being an orphan is not without its advantages. At first they are not so very apparent. It seems to the rest of us mortally hard that the poor little mite should have no mother or "dadda" to turn its eyes toward, in full trust of what the one or the other shall do to it. Even the best of substitutes for a mother must surely be a very weak make-shift. Not one aunt in a thousand may play the part with entire success, and a charitable institution, though ever so reputable, and with ever so long a list of benevolent gentlemen upon its committee, must as a general rule take rank below the average aunt or grandmother.

But the inevitable compensation steps in to salve the wound. I suppose, says a writer in *All the Year Round*, there is no doubt that the boy who grows up to manhood without ever knowing what it is to have a father's hand interposed between himself and the consequences of imprudent actions is likely to be fit to try fisticuffs with the world a good deal sooner than he would have been with a father to share, or even absorb, his earlier responsibilities.

Again, there are fathers of a kind by which no son would benefit. The men who regard children as a nuisance; to whom their proper home is the most obnoxious spot upon the earth, and who have no notion of seeing their own offspring develop into men and women more respectable than themselves—such parents as these might just as well be dead and out of the way of the budding intelligence of the children who are indebted to them for their introduction into the courts of life.

It is a stock subject for sermonizing. Whitechapel on Saturday night abounds with fathers who can do little but distress their children. The babies may not be able to explain why they feel so relieved when they are told they will never again see "dadda;" but it is a fact that "dadda," in dying, often thus unwittingly does his first good deed since he took unto himself a wife. While he lived he was a stumbling-block to his children, if nothing worse. No one is more astonished than are the children themselves to realize how faculties, hitherto undreamt of in them, suddenly spring to light and add to their happiness now that he, the stumbling-block, is removed.

An election day at any of the great orphan asylums in the land affords some strong spectacles even for the man with a sufficiently hard heart. The children are less interesting than the mothers, or those who have hitherto acted more or less like mothers. To be sure, some of them show passion and distress. But it is of a vague kind. They guess that something is about to happen in which they are to have a part; but they do not quite know what. They are thus petulant, rather than passionate, as a rule. The children who stamp with their feet, struggle violently rather than consent to be separated from their mothers, and sob forth tearful infantine threats of what they will do, are quite exceptions.

Some of the mothers look heart-broken; and no wonder, poor souls. They are in their "widow's" weeds—and perhaps the boy or girl that holds them so tightly by the hand is an only child. They act for the child's good, not for their own relief. It has been set before them by their friends and relatives; votes have been offered; the advantages to the little one and to the mother of free board and lodging, and education for ten years or more, are, if anything, exaggerated; and so the mother has been won over. It was not easy, even at the outset, to consent to this prudent, but—as it seems to her now more that ever—cold-blooded arrangement. Hence, the moment of parting having come, it is all she can do to keep from breaking her contract, and giving her votes to another more in earnest than herself.

As like as not, ere the child is a year older, this young mother will be married again. It was part of the plot—though she did not know it. And so, little by little, it is possible that her feelings may chill towards the child of her former husband. And the child, too, will repay neglect with forgetfulness; and so the years will roll on until, at the age of 15, it is sent out into the world, almost friendless, to open the oyster.

On the other hand, it is not difficult to distinguish the parents who are unlikely to be of much service to the children if these fail to be elected. They chat freely to each other, and discuss their "chances" with much less feeling than you see in a couple of speculators on the issue of the Derby.

The expression with which such a woman awaits the result of the poll is not pleasing. No tears bedim her eyes, and she is rather rough with the "pale-looking thing," her son, when it transpires that she is again outside the list. Perhaps the best one could wish for the boy would be his election next year. The atmosphere of the orphan asylum is not exactly invigorating; but it has some good qualities that his mother's house probably lacks.

At what age does a person cease to be an orphan? One's grandfather is likely to be without father or mother; but no one thinks of him as an orphan, nor does the world tender to the busy man in the city, middle-aged and plump, the conventional terms of sympathy which come to our lips about a child who is pointed out to us as being motherless and fatherless.

I fancy the age is somewhere on the border of the first of the teens. At any rate, that is the time when old ladies cease those smooth caresses of theirs, with "Poor little fellow!" or "Bereaved darling!" which hitherto were their wanted form of consolation. They also then, in many cases, abruptly end that much more agreeable function of pity which shows itself in the bestowal of welcome tips, pleasing alike to the giver and the receiver. Perhaps it is because they can espy the man in the boy, and their maidenliness takes fright. Nor do they, after that time urge the little orphan to drink wine and eat cake half as warmly as they used in the days when he was about as tall as the table.

Certainly that is the time when the average boy has cut himself adrift from his mother's apron strings. He no longer feels that she is indispensable, as in the earlier days, when the mere thought that some day she will die was apt to bring soaking tears upon his pillow. Not that his love for her has lessened. Oh, dear, no! It is at its hottest, its most chivalrous pitch, with something of the man in it and all the ardor of the boy. She is a being to watch over and fight for now, as well as to love at all times, and be conciliated for the sake of particular needs of person and pocket. But the cut fingers and bruises which of old were displayed to her, perhaps with glistening eyes of appeal, are now pooh-poohed with magnificent contempt. Chance, with a little salt or sand, may attend to their healing instead of the mother.

The unmistakable orphan at 7 or 8 has a knack of becoming a downright boy of the world at 13 or 14. He is in an awful pickle; and yet trouble and rows compose an atmosphere in which he finds himself much at ease. It is odd if he does not make up his mind to be a midshipman. The unfortunate who is chiefly responsible for his guardianship has his hands full, and probably gets rid of the burden by packing the lad off to sea to learn discipline where it is best taught. But if he lives with an aunt of no very obdurate kind, a maiden, it may be that his very audacity, and the wickedness of his escapades, win her affection to such a degree that he has practically the freedom of the house, and a blank sheet of forgiveness from her for all the offenses he may commit.

I know well that such amiable aunts do not grow on the hedges. But they exist; and if the orphans they take in hand are sound at the heart they need never, with such guardianship, feel the lack of a mother. The turbulent days of their spoiling will soon pass, and discretion will come in the morning, long ere they have sinned irretrevably against themselves and their chances in the world.

The average orphan in the world is much like the average novice in a public school. At first it is very disagreeable. He is dreadfully puzzled, plagued and distressed. There seems meaning nowhere. He is but a little pallid leaf, drifting before the wind, severed ere its time from the parent tree. Goodness knows whither the wind will carry the leaf. It may get jerked into the brown creek over the way, with the white ducks in it, tail upwards, looking so very ridiculous. Then it will soon get clogged with the dirty water, and so it will go the bottom, and there will be an end to its individuality. At the best, it may fall softly into the roadway, there to be trodden under one foot after another until it is decomposed, and lives again by metempsychosis in some other form.

Nothing is more remarkable than the development of the public school boy from the timid little creature who sets foot upon the threshold of the school. His own mother would hardly know him at the end of the year, if he were able to lay bare to her the manifold notions and aspirations which have in the meantime come upon him.

I am inclined to think it is better to let a plant run wild a little and blossom out in its own way, rather than trim and prune it after a fashion of one's own. The much-besnipped myrtles and box-trees of Dutch and Italian gardens are curious enough; but they seem to have little grace or beauty compared to the tree growing in the open, with its twigs ever unmutilated by shears. It is not quite the same with children, or else King Solomon has misled us. Nevertheless, give me the hearty, willful orphan boy, who follows his heart's desire, even though with too much zeal, rather than the child sempiternally kept in subjection to the will of a parent with hard-and-fast ideas of what a boy ought to be, and a stern determination to bring his boy into conformity with such ideas.

It is, doubtless, going too far to say that the majority of men who have become distinguished in the more active walks of life had the advantage to begin life as orphans. Yet there is something genuine in the suggestion. The orphan is not trammeled with inherited responsibilities. He has no father, with an ambition to couple his son's name with his in the bacon or tobacco business which he has so carefully fostered from a very small beginning. He has no scruple to hinder him from trying his various faculties and inclinations, to see which it suits him best to make the sheet-anchor of his livelihood. If he has a desire to see the world, there are many ways open to him; and the reproaches of no one for whom he need care inordinately stand in his path as obstacle. No matter if he comes to grief here and there in his "preliminary canters." While he is young he can not help being buoyant; and each "cropper" does but teach him how in the future to avoid a repetition of such disaster.

The paternal authority is good when the "pater" himself is a good and wise man. But even then prejudices will occasionally interfere with the father's wisdom. It is altogether distressing to the grown man to be told by a stripling, for example, that he—the stripling—has an irresistible impulse to become an artist or an author. Probably in nine cases out of ten, at the very least, the elder does well to set down the heavy foot of his authority upon the youngster's hopes in the matter. Still, there is the tenth, for whose disappointment the success of the nine in other ways cannot be said to atone.

So with the orphan. It is hardly quite true that he is an Ishmael in the world, But it is little less than providential that he should be led, as he is often, to fancy that every one's hand is against him, and that, therefore, it behooves him to keep himself braced and ready to act on the defensive. Thus forewarned by his imagination, he is not to be caught napping like the boy used to the paternal shield and buckler, but quite unused to the shocks and slights which assail the man who stands alone.

I call to mind the career of an orphan whom I knew from the beginning of his boyhood. He was a dishevelled little wretch when he entered the somewhat select preparatory school, which proffered about forty of us our initial step up the ladder of life. For a year or so he was despised by every one, and the butt of innumerable jeers, which would have broken the spirit of any one but a thoroughbred orphan. But all the time he was advancing upon us by leaps and bounds. Though he had no mother to make him neat and clean, he had his mother wit. I suppose he had the smallest money allowance of any of us. But he had a genius for finance; and so it transpired anon that he got half of us into his meshes in our various moods of lavish expenditure. Having thus acquired a definite ascendancy, he quickly rose above us in other ways also. He had good abilities; and he did not mind exercising them now. Before, it would have been as much as his piece of mind and body's comfort would have been worth. But, having got us in his toils he could do as he pleased.

The boy's success followed him from this little school to the greater school in which he finished his education. He was now a masterful fellow, a leader in everything, with a strong spirit of apparent recklessness, that gained him the admiration of his juniors. He was handsome, too, in a fortuitous manner. I mean that he was not good-looking, and nothing of a dandy, but owed his attractiveness to the free vigor of his mind. Yet all the while he kept the bridle upon his impulses; he had learned enough of the wisdom of the world to know that, with skillful management, it is possible to please at the same time parties who may be said to be in mortal opposition to each other. And so he remained until he left school, and went to London to see how he and the law could become friends. But he had not been a student in Gray's Inn more than two years when word passed that he had married a ward in chancery. It was a clandestine affair, and there was some peril about it. But he had taken the measure of the peril beforehand with fair exactitude. Now he is a country magistrate of fame, with as sterling a future before him as any man could wish for. The ward in chancery—a pretty girl, by the way—has brought him four stout boys, as well as an excellent estate of pounds, shillings and pence.

It may really be said that a mother and father are to some of us a luxury that tend to enervate us, and make us less able to carve out our fortune than we would be were we thrown on our own resources.

However, not every orphan may hope to show extraordinary pluck and self-confidence; nor would it, upon the whole, be well that those of us who begin life without certain of the advantages of an orphan should, for the sake of the experiment, cut ourselves adrift from our progenitors with as little apparent reluctance as a fledged bird shows when it flies away from the home nest.

The American Way.

A Utah gentleman recently returned from Old Mexico tells the Salt Lake *Mining Exchange Journal* that Americans have about captured the silver mining industry in that country. Formerly Germans and English controlled not only the mines, but the people. Now, however, Americans, with American machinery, have about revolutionized mining in the republic. The gentleman visited John W. Mackay's great mines at Hermosillo and Zacatecas, and says that one of the finest mills he ever saw is at the latter place. He also visited Boss Sheppard's mines at Baltapilus, and, although used to seeing large mining operations at home, was surprised at the gigantic plant the Boss has established. Governor Sheppard is Mayor, or Alcalde, of the town, and as the entire male population work for him in one way or another, he runs things to suit himself.

The tallest man in the German army is a young volunteer in the First Regiment, whose home is in the Rhineland. He is seven feet four and a half inches in hight, and he is the tallest man the army has had since 1850.

CARE OF FISH EGGS.

Interesting Information from the Natural History Society.

The Number of Eggs Produced by the Different Species and Their Methods of Depositing Them—Singular Contrivances for Hatching Out the Young.

"The eggs of the marine catfish are as large as those of a robin," said Dr. James A. Heushell, Secretary of the Natural History Society, to a Cincinnati *Times-Star* reporter. The reporter jotted this down while the man who knows more about the internal mechanism of a fish than Jonah did continued: "But at the same time the number of eggs produced by the fish varies according to its age and weight. The species I have just alluded to deposits from ten to thirty in accordance with these rules, and hence it is not so prolific as other species that deposit from thousands to millions."

"Millions!" echoed the reporter.

"Well, yes; but let us enumerate. The brook trout deposits from 100 to 1,800; salmon, from 5,000 to 15,000; black bass, 5,000 to 20,000; lake trout, 15,000; shad, 25,000 to 100,000; whitefish, 20,000 to 70,000; mackerel, 300,000 to 500,000; halibut, 2,000,000; sturgeon, 7,000,000; codfish, 9,000,000, while eels deposit several millions that are almost microscopic.

"Now," continued the doctor, "while most of the sharks and rays are viviparous, all of the true fish, with very few exceptions, are oviparous or egg-producing. These eggs are spherical in form, though in some of the lower forms they are oval or semi-elliptical. The eggs of the salmon, brook trout, shad and some other species are separate and apparently smooth on the surface like pellets of shot, while those of other species are joined together by means of minute threads or filaments. These various methods of depositing eggs allow some of them to cling to the weeds or other objects, some to float singly, some to sink to the bottom of the streams where they roll about by themselves, while others are held together by strips and bands of glutinous material, by means of which they become attached to plants, sticks, etc., and thus float on the surface of the water, and still others are carried about by the male fish in various receptacles of its body until they are hatched. As an example of one of these methods take the goose-fish. Its eggs number 50,000, and they are inclosed in a ribbon-shaped gelatinous mass about one foot wide and forty feet in length. This ribbon floats near the surface until the young are hatched.

"Now, it is only recently that definite information has been secured that will allow naturalists to talk intelligently on fish eggs. It has not been many years since all fish were supposed to deposit their spawn upon the shoals of the seashore or upon the beds of shallow inland streams, where they rested until hatched. Now we know that many of the marine species deposit their eggs at the surface of the ocean, where they float until incubation is complete. Of the species that produce floating eggs may be mentioned the cod, mackerel, Spanish mackerel, bonito, cusk, haddock and many of the flounders. A very curious and interesting contrivance for causing the ova to float on the surface is that resorted to by the paradise fish of China. The male constructs a floating raft by expelling from its mouth bubbles of air coated with a fatty secretion, which collecting on the surface, clings together until it forms a viscid scum or raft several inches in thickness. After the eggs of the female are deposited and fertilized on the bottom in the usual manner, the male collects them in his mouth and ejects them into this frothy bed, which he keeps in repair by constantly adding fatty blubbers until the young fry are hatched, which occurs in about two days.

"This is just the reverse of the action of the salmon, shad and suckers of fresh water streams which deposit their eggs and leave the young to their fate. Indeed, most valuable food fish are just as careless as those I have mentioned, and as a consequence most of their young are devoured by other fish. This is why artificial culture must be resorted to to keep up the food supply. There are, however, some exceptions to the above statements, for the black bass, catfish and sunfish deposit their ova in shallow depressions, and the males guard them during incubation and protect the young for a short time, just as a hen does her chickens. In the case of the black-head minnow and goldfish, the male deposits the fecundated eggs singly upon the under side of leaves of water plants and then watches them until they hatch. The sickle-back builds a cunning, basket-like nest between the upright stems of water plants and in this he induces the females to deposit the eggs. This done he watches the nest until the eggs are hatched.

"Some of the fishes of the Gulf Stream build a nest among floating seaweeds; others gather weeds together and construct nests in which the ova are left to be watched by the male. Of these latter might be mentioned the snake-head fish of India and a small catfish of South America. But one of the most curious methods of raising the young is that adopted by the marine catfish mentioned above. The female of this fish deposits her eggs in the sand. The male afterward takes them into his mouth and arranges them between the leaves of his gills where they are retained until the young are hatched and able to take care of themselves. At such times his pharynx is enormously distended and presents a very curious and comical appearance. The armored catfish of South America has a very singular contrivance for protecting its young. The male is provided during the breeding season with a numerous series of little stalks on the under surface of the abdomen, and upon these stalks the eggs are received and carried until hatched.

"Winter before last while engaged in scientific researches in Florida for the United States Fish Commissioner, I collected some of the sea-horses, of a species but 1½ inches long, that were carrying their young in pouches at the time. In the pipe-fish a similar pouch is found in the male for the same purpose, but it is formed by a fold of skin from each side of the trunk and tail, the free margin uniting in the medial line. In the solenostoma, another allied fish, the inner borders of the ventral fins unite with the skin of the body and thus form a pouch for the reception of the eggs, where they are retained by numerous filaments arranged along the central rays.

"In another queer species, the lump-sucker, the male digs a pit between two stones at the bottom of a shallow portion of the sea, in which the female deposits several hundred thousand eggs, which are tenderly watched over by the male until hatched. The young attach themselves by their suckers to the body of the male, who carries them about until they are able to care for themselves. It is worthy of note that in every instance mentioned of the ova being guarded and cared for, or transported in various receptacles on the body of the parent, it is the male that performs these duties. In all fish the duties of the female seem to end with the depositing of the eggs."

"How about sharks?"

"Perhaps the most curious and bizarre of all fish eggs are those of the egg-laying sharks and rays. These eggs are quadrangular, horny capsules or cases two or three inches in length, with long filaments at the corners, which coil about seaweeds and other objects for protection. These horny cases in the Port Jackson sharks of the Pacific are twisted into a spiral form. As I mentioned before, most of the sharks and rays do not lay eggs, but produce their young alive. When in Florida two years ago, I cut open some of these capsules of sharks and rays and found the young developed enough to swim around in a bucket of water.

"The study of fish eggs," said the doctor in conclusion, "is very fascinating, and an additional charm is added to it from the fact that it is yet a comparatively unexplored field."

MARS AND HIS MOONS.

Curious and Interesting Facts About the Fiery Planet.

The astronomer of the National Observatory, Professor Hall, who made the famous discovery of the moons of Mars recently, a Washington correspondent says, speaks of those two interesting satellites as being each about the size of a forty-acre lot. Revolving about the planet like two pretty little golden shuttles, one of them presents the phenomenon of traveling round more than three times as fast as Mars himself does. Thus is produced a very surprising appearance of things from the point of view of the Martian inhabitants, who see the rapidly moving moon seemingly rising in the west and setting in the east, while its companion, in reality circling in the same direction with it at a speed comparatively slow, rises in the east and sets in the west.

In this way both moons are seen in the heavens at once, one going one way and the other the ether. They are doubtless dead spheres, like the one that pursues its endless journey around the earth, and are not supposed to be made of green cheese.

It is an astonishing fact that these two moons of Mars, so recently discovered, were referred to with much accuracy of description by both Voltaire and Dean Swift in their satirical writings, thus anticipating astronomical science, at which their sarcasm were aimed, by a century. It was all guess on their part, but assuredly one of the most remarkably guesses ever made. Describing his voyage to Laputa, which was inhabited by a people given over to the science of astronomy, Gulliver says: "They have likewise discovered two lesser or satellites which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the planet exactly three of its diameters and the outermost five of the diameters of the planet; the former revolves in the space of 10 hours, and the latter in 21½ hours."

Now the fact is, as discovered only the other day, that Mars really has two moons, an inner one and an outer one. The diameter of Mars being a little over 4,000 miles, Gulliver's estimate for the distance of the inner moon from the planet was about 12,000 miles, whereas it is actually 10,000 miles away. For the outer moon Gulliver gives 20,000 miles as the distance, which is really only 15,000 miles. So he was only 2,000 miles off the fact as to one moon and 5,000 as the other. Gulliver mentions the time of revolution for the inner moon as seven and one-half hours; it is actually ten hours.

The time for the outer moon is set down by the imaginary traveler at 21½ hours; in fact, a little over thirty hours. Pretty good for a guess at moons that never offered to human observers until a century later any evidence of their existence.

Voltaire described the journey of Micromegas, an inhabitant of Sirius, who left the great Dog Star for a visit to the solar system. "He traveled," wrote the artist, "about 100,000,000 of leagues after leaving Jupiter. Coasting by Mars he saw two moons circling about the planet, which have hitherto escaped astronomers upon the earth."

Professor Hall has named his moons Delmos and Phobos, after the attendants of Mars, who are spoken of in Book XV. of Homer's "Iliad," as helping to accouter the God of War for conflict:

He spake and summoned Fear and Flight to yoke
His steeds and put his glorious armor on.

Prof. Hall says he has little doubt that Mars is inhabited—perhaps by human beings like ourselves. Conditions there are suitable to such life, and strongly resemble those found on the earth. Its more eccentric orbit takes it at times in its journey around the sun farther away from that great source of heat, so that its winters must be more severe: but cold is modified by atmosphere, and it is known that Mars has an atmosphere, because clouds are frequently seen obscuring its surface. The planet, the diameter of which is about one-half that of the earth, is about equally divided as to its area between land and water. Its poles are capped with ice and snow, and these white caps, plainly visible through the telescope, increase in size in winter and diminish in the Martian summer.

Prof. Hall has no difficulty in seeing through the mighty telescope at the observatory the wonderful "canals" mapped out by Schiaparelli, the Milan astronomer, on the surface of Mars. These canals, so-called because they don't look like anything else in particular, and because they seem invariably to connect sea with sea, intersecting every which way, must be several miles in width, as well as thousands of miles in length. Whether they are great roads, canals, bridges, or any other sort of public works, there is certainly nothing approaching them in this world. But Professor Hall does not think that they are artificial at all. Though entirely at a loss to explain them, he supposes that they are natural markings on the planet.

The question whether other planets are inhabited is always an interesting one. It is certain that the four greater outer ones—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune—cannot support animal life. Their density is small and their consistency more or less liquid and gaseous. Jupiter, biggest of the planets, the diameter of which is more than ten times that of the earth, is a sun not yet quite extinguished and even now giving out heat.

From time to time a spot appears on its surface, which is a black hole in the midst of the fire, big enough to drop the earth into. Saturn is hot, too, while Neptune and Uranus are so far off that not much can be ascertained about them beyond the fact that Uranus has four moons and Neptune one. There may be life on Venus and Mercury, though it must be warm, inasmuch as Venus is a third nearer the sun than the earth and Mercury is not half so far away.

All these planets, together with the sun, around which they revolve, are traveling with a velocity inconceivable directly north toward the constellation Hercules. Doubtless the solar system on this mighty journey is pursuing the path of a vast orbit around some central point unknown. Once it was thought that this point was Sirius, and again that it was the Alcyone in the Pleiades; but neither is true. Our sun and its system are but a small affair altogether, anyway. What we call the orb of day is only one-eighth of the size of Sirius. And even this latter giant sun is far surpassed in magnitude by ever so many other suns that are wheeling through the heavens with their attendant constellation in plain sight. To make them more beautiful, these suns are of different colors. Vega, in the constellation of the Lyre, has a huge sun of an exquisite blue tint, Sirius is white, and Alpha—one of the several gigantic suns in Orion—is red.

Smarter Than His Father.

Going to Springfield the other day there was seated in the car one of Holyoke's legal lights, says the Northampton *Journal*, accompanied by his wife and his six-year-old son and heir, whose sole ambition in life at present is to learn to whistle. The windows were open and the boy had been holding on to his hat with one hand for fear it would blow away. The conductor coming in slammed the door and for an instant the boy let go his hat. His father reached round through the window and whisked it off his head. The boy was disconsolate. "Look straight ahead and whistle for it, and it will come back," said the father.

"I can't whistle; I'm too mad."

"Well, then, I'll try," and the dignified lawyer whistled a few bars of "Annie Rooney," and shortly afterward placed the hat on the boy's head, whose tears were now turned to smiles. Then he stood up in the seat, and, snatching his father's new $8 tile from his head, deliberately threw it out of the car window, saying: "Whistle for it again, papa."

The Same Old Story.

Mr. Younghusband (to his wife)—Where's the cook?

Mrs. Y. (whimpering)—She's gone off.

Mr. Y.—What's the matter?

Mrs. Y.—I handled her carelessly. I didn't know she was loaded.

He (at 11:30)—"I hope you don't mind helping me on with my coat?" She—"No, indeed. It's the greatest pleasure in the world."

CLEVER WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Miss Mary F. Seymour, Editor, Teacher and Manager.

Miss Grace H. Dodge and Her Working Girls—Miss Plummer—The Brainy Quintet—Miss Jane Meade Welch—Mrs. Annie Besant.

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New York, April 21, 1891.

If Miss Mary F. Seymour was a man I should call her a "hustler," but as she is a woman of the womanly type, I can simply express my admiration by calling her a phenomenon, a wonder. What does she do? You ought rather to ask: What doesn't she do?

In her office in the Potter building she employs from eight to twelve typewriters and stenographers regularly, and again as many outside occasionally. As her young ladies are