PROFESSOR FLEG. FISHERMAN.

Professor Fleg had never caught a salmon or a sea-trout, and when he accompanied Colonel Burscough and Robert to the shooting-box which they had rented in Skye, it was his great ambition to fill this vacant niche in his life's achievements. Indeed, he never spoke of the blank without some sense of shame, veiling it, as it were, from the indiscretion of the vulgar.

For when you would ask the Professor if he had ever caught a salmon, he would reply: "Well, no, not exactly, my dear sir," for he was the very soul of honor; "but I have fished for them, though always with ill success, and I have gaffed a salmon for a more fortunate or more skillful angler."

So Professor Fleg came to Skye full of hope.

But this year Skye suffered under an infliction that does not often befall it. It labored under a partial drought. The salmon could not go up the Skaebost—that mighty river, so much like the Regent's Park Canal—nor could the sea-trout get up the lesser burns. They would be seen jumping (what McBain, the Gaelic man of all work, called "chimping") in the loch, looking for fresh water that they might ascend, until, as McBain said, he could not bear to be on the yacht's deck any longer, but must go below that he might not see this tantalizing sight of fish that he could not catch, albeit there was fine sport to be had "splash-netting" at the burn's mouths.

And Professor Fleg mingled sympathetic tears with the trouble of the salmon and the sea-trout, but in insufficient quantity to produce a spate.

But then there came a day, an evening on the Saturday, when the dark clouds began rushing across the Minch from the Uists and all outer Hebrides, be-word-painted by Black, and poured down all night a liberal rain upon the land of Skye. And the next morning, being Sunday, a sea-trout came up as far as the bridge pool in the burn that runs past the house, and kept rising hungrily as if it were long since he had tasted fresh food.

It was clear by this time, and the spate was only partial. But the sea-trout was content, and did not try to go up any farther. Only Professor Fleg was not content, as he watched him through his spectacles. The Professor did not go to church, but spent his time in contemplating Nature's handiwork in the shape of that trout in the bridge pool. For a long time he watched it and was strong. Then he grew weak and yielded.

He went into the house and got his rod and line. He put on his best "blue upright," having cultured taste for quiet colors, and began to throw with much satisfaction over the spot where the fish was rising. After every second throw he managed to hook himself in the leg, the hat or the spectacles, and spent a while in disentangling himself. But the wind was with him, and his line went out over the water of its own accord, and the fly fell lightly, greatly to the Professor's admiration.

At the sixth throw he felt that sudden intoxicating tug, followed by a variable strain upon the responsive upper joint of the rod which means a bite. Professor Fleg flushed redly with pleasure and excitement, and prepared to display all his skill in landing this his first sea-trout. He feard to give the fish too much line, for he was not an adept at reeling up, and preferred to dash after the trout ankle-deep in water. Then it seemed to threaten to lead him into the rapids at the tail of the pool, so, giving him the butt, the Professor ventured to put a little strain on him. He yielded kindly, and the Professor grew more bold, tightening his hold upon him until he gradually brought him to the bank, where he pounced on the fish with one hand while holding the rod aloft so as to keep a steady strain upon him.

And so he landed his first sea-trout, and it weighed as near as possible three-eighths of a pound.

And this was the Sabbath day.

The Professor threw down his rod and line, sighed with relief, looked lovingly at the trout. Then he drew out his pocket-handkerchief with his right hand, and removing his hat with his left turned his face to the cooling breeze and prepared to mop his warm and intellectual brow. In this unfinished pose he was suddenly arrested, as if turned to stone, by meeting the gaze of a half score of "bodies" who were watching him over the side of the bridge close by.

They were crofter bodies, and the odor of peat smoke and of strong disapproval of his proceedings was wafted down upon the Professor even before they spoke. For the most part they spoke in Gaelic, but a few spoke in a tongue resembling English. And this is what they said:

"Eh, mon, did a body iver see the like of it?"

"A sea-troot it is, Alick!"

"Wi' rod and line, forbye!" as if there were something more profanely secular in this misuse of the engines of Walton's craft than if it had been an honest net.

"Are ye no mindin', ye sinfu' body, that this is the Sawbath day?"

To tell the truth, this was a circumstance which the events of the previous ten minutes had entirely put out of Mr. Fleg's head. But on the direct challenge of his last interlocutor he became at once alive to the enormity of his indiscretion. In infinite confusion he laid his hat reverently beside the trout and began: "My dear people—" But he was interrupted by a discordant Gaelic turmoil, across which came, in Lowland Scotch, "Eh! dinna speak. We'll hae na dealin's wi' ye, ye sinfu' body."

The Professor was one of the most sensitive as well as most habitually courteous of men, and he felt that he had never been in so disconcerting and distressing a condition. The only thing that it occurred to him to do, in the perplexity of the situation, was to unfasten the trout from the hook, and taking it in his hand as a peace offering, approach in this conciliatory manner the little crowd upon the bridge. Nor, in his pride at the capture of the fish, did its inadequacy as a peace offering occur to him, for it was but a fish of something between a quarter and a half pound weight. But being his first sea-trout it appeared to the Professor in the light of a far more precious thing than it seemed to his critics, who were in the habit of catching fifty of such at a time in their splash nets, and the Professor in his trouble forgot that the added value given it by the fact of his having been its captor was a value which, though immense, was purely subjective, as one may say, and would appeal but little to the critics on the bridge.

As the Professor picked up the trout and came towards them, the clamor subsided into silent observation; and this spectacle of Mr. Fleg, the incarnation of the scientific spirit of the nineteenth century, approaching, bareheaded and suppliant, trout in hand, the throng of Gaelic Sabbatarians, was one for the gods to marvel at.

Fleg looked from one face to the other of the crofters, but found small encouragement therein; nor did they cast the covetous eyes he had expected upon his peace offering, his trout. He addressed himself, therefore, to the Lowland woman, whose speech he had at least partially been able to understand.

"Pardon me, my dear madam," he said in his most courteous way, "if I take the liberty of addressing you without introduction. But might I ask you to favor me by the acceptance of this"—he held out his hand—"this"—he failed to find an adjective that would express his feelings—"this—fish?"

The Professor felt conscious of a something near akin to bathos in this conclusion, but it is to be recorded that not a suspicion of amusement was to be seen on any crofter face. The case was far too serious. To the Professor it seemed to grow more serious every instant, when the woman broke forth:

"Tak' it awa'! Tak' it awa', ye sinfu' mon! Dae ye think tae supperlicate me wi' the wages o' sin? Awa,' I tell ye—awa'! I wad na touch yer wuckedness though it were a great saumon itsel', let alone a meeserable wee bit trootie sic' as you."

"Miserable troutie, my good woman!" the Professor began, deeply mortified by the rejection of his proffered peace offering and the insult heaped upon it. But the woman gave him no chance.

"Dinna ye 'guid woman' me! I'll ha' nane o' yer 'guid woman!' Did na ye ken," she said, turning on the poor man fiercely, "did na ye ken it was t' Sawbath day?"

"My good wo—I mean," he hastily corrected himself, "my dear madam, I can very truly assure you that for the moment I had forgotten the fact."

"Guid sakes save us!"

The woman threw her hands in the air in pious amazement, and forthwith translated this appalling intelligence into Gaelic for the benefit of the majority, on which there was a simultaneous exclamation of horror, and a drawing back from the Professor as if he had been a "laidly worm" or other uncanny object. And a new aspect was then put on the matter by the arrival of McBain.

McBain himself, indeed, looked upon Mr. Fleg and the fishing-rod and the sea-trout with grave disapproval, but more in sorrow than in anger, as he listened to the account, given him with many suitable interjections of pious indignation, of the Professor's enormities.

He looked a good deal shocked, and he paused a while, in his Highland way, before he said anything, turning round and round his hat, which he held before him in his hand, as if it were the handle of a barrel organ to grind out the words with. Then he addressed himself to the lady who had been Mr. Fleg's chief inquisitor;

"I'm not saying that I approve of the fishing, Mrs. Macpherson—it is a sinful thing upon the Sabbath day. But there has been worse things done in this township and on this foreshore since this Sabbath's dawn, Mrs. Macpherson. See whether all the black is washed from off your own hands."

This address of McBain's had a wonderfully mitigating effect upon the righteous wrath of the lady. Whatever the color of her hands, her face changed its hue and became several shades warmer. Then she gathered up her kirtle, as one who would keep herself free from besmirching surroundings, and swept, with her nose aloft, over the bridge.

And finding themselves abandoned by their chief spokeswoman, the rest of the crowd one by one followed her example, until Professor Fleg, McBain and the sea-trout were left alone together.

McBain then explained to the Professor the hidden virtue in his words, by which he had swept away, as a peat smoke does a host of midges, the crowd of Sabbatarians. He explained that the reference to the possible blackness of Mrs. Macpherson's hands was not purely metaphorical. For it so happened that on this Sunday morning McBain had looked out of the door of his black house very early. And his house stood on the opposite side of the loch from that on which most of the houses of the township stood. And as he was admiring the face of Nature he became aware of two figures moving upon the shore, and, watching attentively, saw that they were engaged in abstracting as many lumps of coal as they could conveniently carry from a large heap which had been discharged off a ship the previous day for the use of Colonel Burscough's household. But while McBain put on his boots—with which, he said, he would like to have "kicked the thieves sorely"—they went off with their coals, and though they were too far off for him to identify in the dim early light, he was able to see that they went to Mrs. Macpherson's cottage.

McBain concluded his explanation by some general observations on the wickedness of Sabbath breaking which went home to the Professor's heart. He then said "Good day," leaving the Professor to gather his hat and his rod and line, and return to the house with the trout in his hand and a tumult in his heart, which was divided between a joy, not yet completely chastened, in his capture, and pain at the shock he had inflicted on the sensibilities of these weaker and peat-smoky brethren.

The Professor and Colonel Burscough had met a singular man as they came up by train. He had entered the train at Dingwall and accompanied them to Strome Ferry. He was a stalwart person and wore a kilt with all its accessories and a beard. He carried in his hand all that he had with him by way of luggage—a very long and thin box. He put this under the seat of the carriage.

He talked very volubly, especially when he discovered Mr. Fleg's interest and ignorance in fishing. He told tales of the fishing in Loch Torridon, a sea-water loch in the mainland just opposite the Quirang, in the north of Skye. "In Loch Torridon," he said, "the lythe grow to such a prodigious size that the natives when they fish for them adopt the following plan: They tie the end of the rod to a spare oar which they take with them in the boat for the especial purpose. As soon as they hook one of these monsters he rushes off, dragging on the line till the reel is nearly red hot. Then when the line on the reel is exhausted they throw the rod overboard, and after the rod the oar, and they go rowing about the loch after them. The oar remains on the top of the water, though dragged along at a tremendous rate by the fish below. By degrees it goes slower and slower, and then when they judge the fish to be sufficiently tired they pick up the oar and then the rod, and gradually reel in the fish till they can reach him with the gaff."

The Colonel and the Professor were both silent when the Highlander had finished the story, and he seemed rather disappointed; but at length he said:

"Well, you do not seem very conversationally inclined, so I think I'll just give you a tune on the pipes."

So he took up his luggage—the long tin box—which was seen, when opened, to contain an eighteen-foot salmon rod, two paper collars, and some bagpipes. Now the Highland railway is not a thing of rhythmical movement at least, and the Colonel and the Professor found its jolts and shakings when accompanied by the shrieks and screams and groans of Scotland's national instrument of what she is pleased to call music, rather a severe tax on the senses. The bagpipes are bearable, mellowed by the distance of a Highland glen, but in the confinement of a railway carriage they are rather too much. The man of war was forced into one corner of the carriage, the man of learning into another, as though they were physically compressed there by the volume of the sound which the Highlander, with immense delight, was uttering from the other end of the carriage. And he was a magnificent speciman of the human race, and seemed to bear it even with pleasure himself; nor did he cease for a moment to take breath, playing one reel tune after another (all marvelously alike) until the train came tardily to its terminus at Strome Ferry. There he put his bagpipes regretfully into the long thin box again, expressed the great pleasure which the society of the Colonel and the Professor had given him during the journey, and his sincere regret that he was unable any longer to enjoy it. Then he wrung each of them by the hand with a warmth that left them under the impression of having suffered the medieval form of torture known as the embrace of the rat catcher's daughter, and vanished into the crowd of tourists, bearing with him the long thin box and an invitation incautiously given him by the hospitable Colonel (before the production of the bagpipes) to visit them at the shooting lodge if his travels led him in that direction.

Now this was a man whom they were not likely to forget, and though Mr. Fleg accepted his account of the lythe fishing at Loch Torridon with a soupcon of the classic grain of salt with which he would fain have seasoned the Highland music, still he felt that, like all myths, this should have somewhere a substratum of fact about it were it only by way of allegory.

Wherefore Mr. Fleg was in the frequent habit of saying, "Would it not be possible, my dear sir, for us one day to snatch a favorable hour and sail across to Loch Torridon, there to tempt our fortune with some of those monsters of the deep of which our Highland friend spoke to us?"

To which Colonel Burscough would always answer, "Why, jam it all, Fleg, easiest thing in the world, of course—nothing easier. Choose your own time. Order the boat whenever you like. But all I stipulate is that I don't go with you—see?"

This was the sort of permission of which Mr. Fleg was the last man in the world to be able to take advantage. To order out a yacht belonging to another man and to give the order to a skipper who was another's servant were inconceivable impertinences to Mr. Fleg. But at length he persuaded Robert to take the enterprise in hand, and once Robert had undertaken it its accomplishment was near at hand.

So they started with a fair breeze down the loch, and all went well till they were round the north of Skye and off North Rona, where the wind died away and it fell a dead calm. They flapped about idly awhile, and put out some lines over the yacht's side in twenty fathoms of water, and had never a bite for an hour.

Suddenly Mr. Fleg exclaimed, "I am of opinion, my dear sir, that a fish is even now biting at my bait."

"Oh, then, pull up, pull up, please, Mr. Professor," McBain said in great excitement.

The Professor began hauling in the line, and the business went well till he had himself anchored in a cat's-cradle of some six fathoms of the line in inextricable confusion. He was like the advertisement of somebody's pills—the lion in the net. Then McBain said, "Let me, let me, Mr. Professor!" and taking the line from him began hauling it in, while Mr. Fleg was too entangled to make a protest, and solaced himself by taking up the gaff instead.

"A large fush, a large fush," McBain said appreciatively, as he drew in foot after foot of the tugging line, while Mr. Fleg stood in eager readiness with the gaff.

At last the thing came flapping on the top of the water. It was a large cod, nearly twenty pounds in weight.

"The gaff! the gaff!" Mr. McBain said softly.

Mr. Fleg leaned over the side, but the gaff had caught for a moment in something on board. He gave it a tug and loosed it, and at the same instant an extra strain seemed to come upon the line—the cod gave one extra whisk of his tail—the double gut broke—and away went Mr. Cod down into the depths again, with the end of broken gut waving like a moustache from the corner of his mouth.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what a misfortune, my dear sir! The gaff, my dear sir—it was caught in something."

"Eh, eh?" said McBain gently. "It was caught in my leg."

"Your what? Leg! My dear sir! Leg! Your? My dear Mr. McBain, are you in sober earnest?"

"Eh, eh? It is no matter."

"No matter! My dear sir, I tugged at it!"

"Eh? Yis—tugged—yis," McBain said, quite pleased to recognize the word.

Then Mr. Fleg covered himself with profuse apologies and bound up McBain's leg to the latter's unspeakable confusion, in his own pocket-handkerchief; and then, the calm continuing, and there seeming no prospect of getting more fish, Mr. Fleg disentangled himself from the line and went down to the saloon to write an article on the insensibility of the Celtic race to pain, expressing views which would show the crofter question in an entirely new light.

Meanwhile McBain had softly approached Robert. "I know, sir. There iss a sandbank near yonder. It is a splendid bank for spootfush."

"What's spoutfish?"

"Eh! eh! With shells. They dig down in sand—splendid nice to eat."

"Well, how can we get 'em?"

"The dinghy," said McBain.

So they started in the dinghy and rowed off to the sandbank, and there they dug in the soft sand until they overtook the quickly burrowing long-shelled bivalves and came back with a whole shoal of them in the boat. McBain had not overestimated the sandbank.

Then they showed them to Mr. Fleg. "And how do you eat them, my dear sir—in their native condition, or fried, or boiled?"

"Jist boiled," McBain said, "in watter," he added, that there should be no mistake.

"Quite so, my dear sir—in water," Mr. Fleg repeated, and went below again to the anæsthesia of the Celt.

McBain took to the boiling of the "spootfush" himself—again that there should be no mistake; and the time drew on till 4 o'clock in the evening, when McBain took the "spootfush" from the fire and declared them ready for eating.

"They look, indeed, most excellent, my dear sir," Mr. Fleg said, as they appeared upon a plate.

Then they began to try to eat them. They got them into their mouths and champed upon them, but without making the least effect. Their teeth went in, but the "spootfush" just flattened itself out like India rubber, and tough as leather, and squeaked (like India rubber) as it regained its shape when their wearied jaws parted off it.

"Excellent, doubtless, my dear sir," said Mr. Fleg to Robert; "could one but reduce them to such a condition as would permit of the palate taking cognizance of them; but as it is, my dear sir—eh?—yes—a trifle, as we say, tough."

It was seldom that Mr. Fleg's charity allowed him to pass so severe a criticism. The "spootfush" must have appeared to him very, very inedible.

McBain was very disappointed. He ate his own "spootfush," and came aft to see how the others were being appreciated. He said they were "splendid nice," and was but moderately comforted by Mr. Fleg telling him he was convinced that as "spoutfish" they were quite prize specimens of their species, and that he was sure they would be found delicious by those who like "spoutfish." For his own part, however, he grieved to say that his education had not been such as to lead him to an appreciation of "spoutfish."

Robert expressed a very similar opinion in somewhat cruder terms, telling McBain that the spoutfish were "blamed good things to give a teething baby to chew on, but not fit food for a Christian man."

McBain, a blighted being, could but solace himself by eating up the rejected "spoutfush" of Robert and Mr. Fleg.

And the calm continued, and the stillness was unbroken save by the occasional flapping of the sails and the squeaking of Mr. Fleg's quillpen in the saloon below as he expounded his theme of Celtic anæsthesia.

Then from the deck above there were borne to him sounds of pitiful groaning as of a man in his death agony. He went up the companionway and found McBain prone upon the deck, face downward. He was groaning deep bass guttural groans, and the other men were standing in a sympathetic silent circle around him.

"What is it, my dear sir? What is it? Can it be, my dear sir, that the gaff—his leg—"

"Oh, no, Mr. Fleg! it's not that," Robert began, but McBain's voice interrupted him.

"Eh! eh!" he was exclaiming in his earnest gentle way. "I wush they spootfush wass back on that sandbank." Then he groaned again in inward agony.

So Mr. Fleg made some suggestions for McBain's relief, and returned to his cabin thoughtfully, and thought for a long time over his paper on the insensibility to pain of the Celtic people. Then he tore the paper into little pieces and threw them from his porthole, and a little puff of wind, errant through the calm, took the scraps and wafted them up to the deck, and they fell all about on McBain, who now was lying asleep, face upward on the deck, like the leaves which the robins spread upon the lost babes in the wood.

McBain went on sleeping and the calm continued, and they hoisted the riding light above the yacht's bow, and all turned in save the man on watch. But for a long while Mr. Fleg did not sleep, for the eagerness of his mind kept him wakeful. Out of the porthole through which he had thrown the scraps of the essay which the "spootfush" had spoiled he had let out a deep line, and even as he lay in his bunk he could lift the lead up and down off the bottom. In his mind's eye he saw it so clearly there, twenty fathoms below—the crosspiece of iron and the lead hanging from the middle of the iron bar. Then, from either end of the bar a bit of twisted gut let hang a hook baited with the shiniest and tastiest bit of herring. Nor was this all that this happy Professor of Anatomy could see—though may be it was all that there was to be seen—for one is not a Professor of Anatomy for nothing. He could see great codfish, huge skates, twenty-pounder lythe, all cruising about upon the sand and seaweed below, examining with hungry eyes—every instant opening ravenous mouths to gobble them—those tempting herring collops. But once or twice he really did think that he felt a fishy grip at the line, and pulled it up a little way, sitting up in his bunk. But no, there was no more tugging, and sadly he let it down again and lay back in his bed.

And then it seemed to the Professor that he dozed, and woke to the reality of a fearful contest. For the line which was around his finger was being pulled with fierce tugs, as though the finger would be torn bodily off, and the line was cutting into the flesh, but he lay there and with the courage and strength of desperation hauled in the line upon his berth. And he took no heed that it was all dripping with the seawater and soaking his blankets, but pulled on and on. And still the tug-tugging went on and on, more and more emphatic as he drew the fish from the depths. At length he heard its splashes as he got it on the surface of the water; but he did not hesitate, and drew it right up to the porthole. But there the crossbar of iron caught and held a moment, at which he gave a stronger pull, and the bar came through with a jerk, and the fish glided through the porthole with it.

And then the man on watch was aroused by fearful cries, and McBain jumped from the deck, forgetful of the "spootfush," and rushed down the companionway, dashing this way and that like a dog that hears its master's whistle, but cannot make out whence it comes. But the cries kept up, and there was no difficulty in placing them—in Mr. Fleg's cabin. So they opened the door with no ceremony upon a curious sight, carrying a suggestion of St. George and the Dragon of Andromeda and the monster of the infant Hercules, and the serpent in his cradle; for there was Mr. Fleg prone upon his berth struggling, with screams of terror, against the multitudinous folds of a huge conger.

The fish still had the hook in its jaw, and had wound about itself the many fathoms of the line as, with head now where its tail was an instant since, it seemed to search its enemy among the blankets. But there was no method in its attack—neither, considering his great knowledge of anatomy, was there so much as might have been expected on the part of Mr. Fleg. For he did but grasp at the conger's tail when that portion of the creature was towards him, but on the instant that the gaping head appeared where but just now was the tail Mr. Fleg ducked beneath the blankets, and the enemy prowled above them searching for him in vain.

McBain said, "Eh! eh! eh!" and his face showed appreciation and oblivion of all his pain and his "spootfush" as he watched the struggle.

And then he drew his knife, and the Celt brandishing the weapon was but an added terror to the poor Professor as he watched the blade flashing along the sea-serpent's coils above him. For McBain bungled over the execution, as if of sly purpose, until the Professor once for all buried his head beneath the clothes with definite resolve not to lift it until the denouement; and McBain with deft movement sliced off the threatened head. Still the body wriggled, and the Professor would not for a while yet be assured. Then McBain bore the conger away, swathed in the twenty fathoms of line, and Mr. Fleg followed, inadequately clad, to view his quarry.

So the sea-serpent was hung up for human food, for there are people who can eat anything, a conger even. And the yacht was at peace and becalmed until dawn. Then a breeze came, and they were in Loch Terridon before midday. And there they had mighty fishing; for, though they did not catch the monstrous lythe of which the bagpiper had told them, they caught whitings and skates and haddocks in tremendous quantity and variety with deep lines from the yacht. Moreover, they caught lythe, "tailing" for them, with an Indian rubber eel and bright spinning tin head, behind the dinghy as they rowed round a rocky island which is there; so that two days later Mr. Fleg returned to the lodge as happy as Odysseus might have been had he come from a less protracted siege of Troy.—Longman's Magazine.

OUT IN THE DARK.

Oh, up the brae and up and up, beyont the fairy thorn,
It's there they hae my baby laid, that died when he was born.
Afore the priest could christen him to save his soul, he died;
It never lived at all, they said—'was livin' in my side.
For many a day an' many a night, an' weary night and day.
I kept him livin' at my heart, I care na what they say.
For many a day an' many a night I wearied o' unrest,
But now I'm sore to hae my wean back hidden in my breast.
He'll sure be thinkin' long for me, an' wearyin' his lone
Up in thon corner by the whins wi' neither cross nor stone;
Aye, tho' I died wi' him itself, they wouldna let us be—
The corner o' the field for him, the holy ground for me;
The poor, wee, helpless, Christless wean—Och Mary, Mother mild,
Sure, ye were unbaptized yourself', have pity on a child.
Th'are many a wean that lies wi' him, and none that got a name;
Th'are many a wife, hard put till it, was glad that dead they came.
Aye, many a man that scarcely minds a child o' his lies there;
But, och! it's cruel hard to quit the first you'd ever bear,
The graves are all that tiny that they'd hardly raise a mound,
And couples o'a Sunday to be coortin' on thon ground,
An' 'th'are none that thinks upon them, but my heart'll be there still,
On the sod among the bracken an' the whins upon the hill.
I'd be feared to come o' nights there, for the hill is fairy ground.
But th'are, maybe, more nor fairies dancin' in the fairy round—
Och, an' if I only thought it! sure I'd let them do their worst.
An' I'd go to see my baby, tho' I go to be accursed.
But I'll never reach my wean now, neither here nor in the sod,
An' I'm betther wi' the Christians an' the souls that's saved for God;
Och, to feel his fingers on me an' to clasp him when he smiled!
Sure ye'd think there'd be one heaven for the mother an' the child.

—London Spectator.

Do You See the testimonials written by people who have been cured of various diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla? They point the way for you if you need a good medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, relieve constipation and assist digestion. 25c.

Kerosene simplifies laundry work.

THE CROP OF NOVELS.

Works of Fiction Form the Majority of Manuscripts Sent to Publishers.

Novels form the largest part of the book manuscripts received by publishing houses. Out of 100 manuscripts received during a recent fortnight by a prominent publishing firm sixty-two were novels. In another case fifty-one out of one hundred manuscripts submitted during three weeks were novels. This same publisher told me that sometimes the percentage of novels would reach 75 per cent. This tendency for novel writing is undoubtedly due to the fact that the greatest "hits" in the literary world are made with novels, and this stimulates the average writer to work in this field.

Of all these novels it is plain to be seen from the figures given in the preceding paragraph that scores must be written before one is accepted. And even if a writer has a novel accepted, the percentage of success is decidedly against him. During this investigation process I selected fifteen recently published novels issued by six different houses, and I learned that the entire number printed of these fifteen novels was 41,000 copies, or about 2,700 copies of each. And in this fifteen 9,000 copies were printed of one novel—really the only successful novel of the lot. It is safe to say that of these fifteen novels the average sale of each will not reach 1,000 copies. But giving that number to each, the novel selling at $1, the author would receive less than $100 for his manuscript, deducting for mutilated copies and those sent to the newspapers, etc. I know case after case where authors did not receive $50, all told, as a return for a novel, and sometimes very much less than that.—Philadelphia Times.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

A LOVE SONG.

Gaylie bedight a gallant knight
Rode through a forest singing;
His song was of his ladye love,
And earth and trees and skye above
(So glad was he) all merrilie,
And tunefullie seemid ringing.

"My ladye dear is fair to see
The fairest in the land," sang he;
"Her eyes are like the violets blue;
Her face is of the lilies' hue;
Her hair, like burnished gold, shines bright
And glimmers in the sunbeam's light,
For there the sun's rays love to meet,
And sunbeams play at hide-and-seek.

"And, best of all, her love for me
Is deep and boundless as the sea.
And I, my heart's best blood would give
And all I have that she might live;
For her I'd die without a sigh,
So dear to me my ladye!"

Gaylie bedight this gallant knight
Rode on his way, still singing;
And this his song the whole day long,
Though lovelie was that bright spring morn;
His thoughts were all of her he loved,
Of her his song was ringing.

ABBIE GERRISH-GENUNG.

Sacramento, June 4, 1895.

The Danger of It.

"I can't give you anything to eat on the premises," said the hatchet-faced woman to the tramp at the kitchen door, "but I'll give you a pie if you will put it under your coat and carry it away with you."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," replied the tramp, "but I can't accept."

"Why not?" she snapped so sharply that it frightened him.

"I mean those conditions, ma'am," he explained.

"What's the matter with the conditions?"

"I'm afraid, ma'am, I'd be arrested for carrying concealed weapons," and the way he disappeared without the pie was astonishing to a casual observer.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR many years the Government has given its orders for Royal Baking Powder in preference to all others, it being found by the official examination superior to the others in strength and purity, and the only Baking Powder that will keep and retain its strength in the climates of the various countries to which it is sent by the Departments.

His Queer Prayer.

A Georgia exchange says that at a prayer meeting held in a new church over in Butts County, a good man prayed thusly:

"Oh, Lord, thou knowest that we are thankful to Thee that our souls are safe from the fire that quencheth not. If a man lose his horse Thou knowest he can buy another; if he lose his house Thou knowest that he can build another; if he lose his wife Thou knowest that he can get another, but if he lose his soul—good-by John."—Atlanta Constitution.

COTTOLENE.

A SHORT STORY. COTTOLENE is the best shortening for all cooking purposes.

A TRUE STORY. COTTOLENE is the only healthful shortening made. Physicians endorse it.

An OLD STORY. that uncomfortable feeling of "too much richness" from food cooked in lard.

A NEW STORY. Food cooked in COTTOLENE is delicate, delicious, healthful, comforting.

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Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

It Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. Relief instant.

It Cures TORN, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises.

It Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

It Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.

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Better check it at once. There's no telling what a sore throat will do if you give it right of way. Uncertain remedies often cause dangerous delay. You had better make the cure sure with

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Known for half a century as a specific for sore throat, croup, coughs and all kindred troubles. Keep it by you for an emergency. It never fails. Sold everywhere. The quantity has been doubled, but the price remains the same.

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All over the house you need Pearline. And more than ever in house-cleaning. Just look over the list of things that you might use—soaps and powders and fluids and what not. Some of them don't pretend to help you as much as Pearline; some will injure paint, or surfaces, or fabrics; some are only meant to wash or clean certain things.

But with Pearline, you will save time and labor in cleaning anything that pure water won't hurt. Not only can it do no harm, but it saves useless and harmful rubbing. 462

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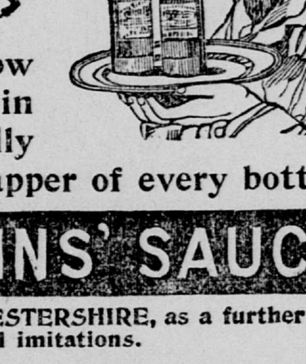

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RECEIVER'S SALE.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A DEcree of foreclosure, and order of sale issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, dated May 22, A. D., 1895, in an action therein pending, wherein P. F. SCOTT is plaintiff and O. E. HOTCHKISS and others are defendants, the undersigned was appointed Receiver in said action, and was commanded and directed to sell the real estate described in the said decree and described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain real property situate in the County of Sacramento, State of California, known and designated and described upon a plot of the southern portion of the Rancho Rio de Los Americanos, made by T. J. Arnold and filed for record in said county as subdivision "James Lord, 253,95 A," containing 253.95 acres, commencing at a point from which the southeast corner of the house of one Shaver bears north 33¾° west, and from which the southwest corner of the house of one Campbell bears south 70¾° east, and from which the southeast corner of the house of one Patten bears south 78¾° west, and from which the southeast corner of Lord's house bears north 33½° east; running thence north 83°, east 45 chains; thence north 46°, east 55 chains; thence north 82½°, west 22.32 chains; thence north, 89¼°, west 56.88 chains; thence south 6½°, west 45.32 chains to the place of beginning, being the same tract of land conveyed to M. C. Tilden by Cornelius W. Morrison by deed, dated November 30, 1868, together with all the improvement thereon, and the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 17th day of June, A. D., 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, in front of the Courthouse door of said court, in the City of Sacramento, in said County of Sacramento, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin, the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said decree.

FRANK HICKMAN, Receiver.
HOLL & DUNN, Attorneys for Receiver.
my25-4t8

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THE OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN THE city, corner Fifth and J streets, Sacramento. Guaranteed capital, $500,000; paid up capital, gold coin, $400,000. Reserve fund, $50,052. Term and ordinary deposits, $3,266,486 60. Loans on real estate January 1, 1895, $3,142,375 21. Term and ordinary deposits received. Dividends paid in January and July. Money loaned upon real estate only. Information furnished upon application to W. P. COLEMAN, President.
ED. R. HAMILTON, Cashier.

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