

# THE LAFAYETTE ADVERTISER

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA.

More railroad building is being done in the South than anywhere else in the country.

Capital is taking hold of a scheme to creosote the soft timber of the South, now useless, and ship it abroad.

The *Mexican Financier* states that the English investments of capital in Mexico reach the sum of \$165,000,000.

South America is filling up with English, French and Germans, who are trying to carry their trades and industries with them.

The late Sydney Bartlett, of Boston, during his active career at the bar saw the Supreme Court of the United States twice entirely renewed.

Georgia's Capitol was to cost \$1,000,000; it did cost \$999,981.57, the commissioners appointed to superintend its building having \$18.43 to the State Treasury.

Some one has discovered that women never reckon time by calendar years, but always say so many years ago instead of in the year 1888, or whatever year may be meant.

About three thousand brakes have been invented and patented. One of the latest is described as beautifully simple in its working. Push a button and the brakes are set on the entire train.

According to the statistics published by the Washington and Lee University, that institution has graduated a larger proportion of distinguished political leaders than almost any other college in the country.

There have been some lugubrious tales lately about the failures of exhibitions held in Europe, but the one at Melbourne, Australia, is the most disastrous that has ever been held, as the deficit amounts to nearly \$1,500,000.

Good authorities say the Mexican horse is a serviceable animal, good for long journeys, easy in a canter, intelligent, full of fun at times, but rarely vicious, and could be domesticated in the United States would be very popular.

Installment dealers are aghast at a recent decision of a Louisiana judge that in that State title to any goods passes upon the payment of the first installment, and that after that is made the purchaser may do what he pleases with the goods.

According to a denominational paper it cost this Government \$1,848,000 to support 2200 Dakota Indians for seven years while they were savages. After they were Christianized it cost \$120,000 to care for the same number for the same time, a saving of \$1,728,000.

The largest brick yard in the United States is being built at Chicago, and the bricks will be as hard as granite and as heavy. This new brick yard is creating quite a sensation in architectural and building trade circles. They bear a crushing strain of 35,000,000 pounds per square inch. The works will cost \$250,000.

An employment which would seem perfectly delightful to small boys is tasting molasses. The molasses taster frequently has twenty or thirty samples to experiment upon, taking care to swallow as little as possible. It is said that only a man with a sweet tooth and a clear head can bear up under the strain of the occupation.

Li Hung Chang, the famous Viceroy of China, said recently: "Before half a century has passed China will be covered with railways as with a net. Its immense mineral resources will be developed. It will have rolling mills and furnaces in many parts of the country, and it is not impossible that it may do the manufacturing for the world."

Says the *American Standard*: "The fundamental chord which binds and preserves American liberties is the common school system. It is only by educating the masses of the people to a full understanding of the responsibilities of citizenship that we can hope for a conservation of American ideas and a continuation of American liberty."

From a native paper it is learned that some of the employes of the Japanese Naval Department are to be fed with a new and delectable delicacy—blubber. The heads of the Department have decided that whale flesh is tolerably nutritious, and therefore it is to be supplied for food from time to time at Yokosuka and Uraga barracks. The War Department propose to adopt whale flesh as an article of diet for the soldiers.

The insurance business seems to be undergoing a transformation under the competition of the mutual system, observes the *Chicago Sun*. Last year's report of the factory mutual insurance companies, numbering nineteen, just published, shows that the amount of risks written for the year were \$491,366,988, on which premiums paid amount to \$4,462,059, and dividends declared, \$3,062,308. Losses, \$848,068, or less than five per cent.

We are not apt to look to South America for evidence of the great progress in science or art, and yet it is said that the sewerage system which is now being constructed in Buenos Ayres is the most perfect in the world. Measures have been taken which will result in putting every house in the city in perfect sanitary condition within three years. Sanitarians will watch this stupendous undertaking with great interest, and will be able to deduce from it many valuable practical lessons.

The most picturesque figure in the recent great chess tournament in New York city, thinks the *Sun*, was Master McLeod. It is possible that this youth may answer the ever-recurring question in chess circles: "Will there ever arise another Morphy?" Master McLeod is a Canadian boy, eighteen years of age. His play in the tournament proved his rank to be high among the masters of the game. His victory over New York's champion, Eugene Delmar, was not only interesting of itself, but was made doubly so by the brilliant and original management of the contest. The Canadian had not yet demonstrated that he possesses the unique genius of Morphy, but the game is so much better understood now, than it was in his day, that perhaps such surprises as he treated the experts to are no longer possible. People will watch McLeod's play with a special interest. The boy is doing some very hard thinking; let us hope he won't hurt his young brains. Morphy fame was dearly bought by Morphy's insanity.

The report of the President and Treasurer of the Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States for the past year, made to the Commissioner of Agriculture, has been printed. The Government appropriates for this association \$5000 annually to foster and encourage the development of the silk growing industry. Mrs. John Lucas, the President, says: "To the intelligent observer the rapid progress of this industry is impossible. Orchards of mulberry trees or hedges must be grown to a perfection that will admit liberal picking of leaves before the first real start can begin to the industry. During the past few years much of the work has been of a desultory character, yet leading to good results, inasmuch that even with few trees the people have been learning to raise cocoons and tree planting is becoming a systematized part of the effort. Until this is general no increase of the product can occur. The United States could in a very short time raise not only its own silk but very much more, and this accomplished, at least \$50,000,000 per annum would be gained. Yet the protection of the few raises a hue and cry against this new industry, though there is no reason—climatic, mechanical or otherwise—why it could not be successfully planted."

In the White Book published at Berlin, respecting Samoan matters, Prince Bismarck refers to the arrest of Gallien, the Englishman, by the German Consul at Apia for suggesting that Mataafa should write to Sir George Grey, ex-Governor of New Zealand, as to the course Samoans should pursue. Ex-Governor Grey, who is held in great esteem by the colonies, when asked respecting his views by the *Auckland Herald* as to Samoa, said: "It would be far preferable to leave each of these island groups with independent governments, settling all disputes among themselves by arbitration, and guided, if possible, by a commission of foreign Powers. It is clear that America is aiming at this line of policy, annexing none of the islands herself and doing her utmost to preserve the peace of the Pacific. This also is said to be the policy of all the English possessions in this part of the world. America will eventually become leader of the Anglo-Saxon race, and will displace England from the position she now holds. Many eyes in this part of the world are already being turned toward America as the Power that is likely to preserve the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Pacific, without herself annexing anything or allowing foreigners to do so. It is clear that the centre of power among the Anglo-Saxon race is shifting to America, as the centre of population has already done. It is therefore unwise of England to neglect her interests in such a time of emergency. The United States does not require a standing army, and consequently the whole resources of the people so circumstanced could be devoted solely to the maintenance of a navy which would make the Anglo-Saxon race absolute masters of the world."

**A MESSAGE.**  
O'er the great gray breast of the restless sea  
A breeze is sighing;  
Not the breeze should sigh, for the breeze is  
Free—  
Free o'er the ocean flying.  
'Tis I should sigh by the great gray sea  
While the day's a-waning.  
Will the breeze not carry a sigh for me  
Soft as it goes complaining?  
If a breath crept close and then kissed your  
face  
As with tender greeting,  
Would you guess and know through the wide  
fresh space  
Whence came the voice entreating?  
Would you hear over there by your great gray  
sea  
What the wind was saying,  
Understand the tale in that whisp'ring plea,  
Know what the prayer was praying?  
Ah, the breeze comes back with the fair gray  
dawn  
O'er gray sea stealing.  
And the sun greets sea with a fire new born  
Strong for my faint heart's healing.  
And I know you said some word to the breeze,  
Some word love-meaning,  
For it kissed me a kiss from the cool soft seas  
Sweet as their tender sheening.  
—Alice Comyns Carr.

## WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY DINAH STURGIS.  
"A very foolish piece of business," the neighbors said it was, when it became noised about that Belle Outhet was going to Boston.  
The Outhets lived on what is known the country round as the Back Road, but which is entitled to be called North Kings-ton. It lies along the foot of the North mountain, in the beautiful Annapolis valley, a mile or so back of the post road, over which the coaches rumbled along with their mail-bags and passengers before the day of railroads. Belle's great-grandfather was an English squire, who in his day owned half the country round about, but much of the land had never been improved, and the estate had dwindled in value, until, in Belle's time, only the Outhet pride and a good-for-little farm remained to the family.  
At Acadia Seminary, where Belle was sent to school when she was old enough to go away from home, she was in the midst of the poetic Evangeline land. It would have seemed natural enough if she had fallen to dreaming under the spirit of quiet that pervades the place, or had taken to versifying or to weaving stories out of the legends with which the country teems. But she did none of these. It was not, however, until after graduation day, with its showers of congratulations—showers that never dampen the spirits of graduates or guests—had come and gone and Belle was at home again, that the plans that she had been brewing for the future came to light. They were far from being dream-like or legendary in character.  
"I hear the squire's daughter's goin' to Boston to study at th' Instoot of Technology, whatever that is," said Farmer Harris to his wife, shortly afterward. This was more than equivalent to putting it in the *Weekly Gossip*, because Mrs. Harris made seven visits to the *Gossip*'s one.  
The gossips said: "It does beat all how people that hev'n't an extra sheep in their fields kin spend so much on education, now don't it?" And they confessed to each other that they 'shud think Belle Outhet 'd been to school long 'nough."  
The squire was perhaps no less astonished than some of the wives and maidens in the village when his daughter made known her desire to go on studying, with a view to fitting herself to take up some one of the sciences professionally. He was surely a good deal more perplexed. At first there seemed nothing but objections to the scheme. For one thing, he did not see his way clear to affording the cost of lessons and living in a big city, and even if he could, what good would scientific studies do Belle, he reasoned. Perhaps good, old Doctor Pierce, Belle's godfather, and the squire's counselor upon every occasion, talked him over. At any rate, the doctor thought Belle's idea a brilliant one, and said if she could make herself proficient in sanitary science, for example, she could revolutionize the country. And very likely the squire's naturally generous heart prompted him to make an extra effort; at least, it was soon settled that Belle was to go to Boston, to study for something—nobody seemed to know just what, but something wonderful, no doubt, as she was going to that remarkable place.  
The day came when she had to say good-by to father and mother, to her brothers Ernest and Tremaine, who were still mere children, to friends and to the dear, old home, to the valley and to the mountains. The good wishes of the crowd, gathered about the ugly, wooden box that did duty as a station, followed her as the cars moved off, and Widow Mills nearly lost her bonnet through the car window in saying: "The Lord love you, Miss Belle, and don't you learn so much you'll forget your ole friends, now will you, dearie?"  
Through letters to the Woman's Exchange, the squire had secured a home for Belle, and a bachelor uncle in New York had promised to meet her when she got to Boston, to see her safely settled, and to visit her from time to time. But the best laid plans "gang aft agley," in all truth. Illness kept Uncle Outhet in New York, and when Belle arrived at her journey's end there was no one to meet her. To make matters worse, the steamer, in which the last part of the voyage had been made, was late in getting into the harbor, and when the passengers were set on shore it was after dark, in a driving rain storm. The voyage had been a rough one, and sea-sickness had reduced Belle to a state of utter wretchedness, and to find herself friendless in a strange land was not calculated to raise her spirits. But the mere act of stepping off the tilting ship upon mother earth was a joy in itself, and her natural presence of mind stood her in good stead now.  
In writing home about the experiences of that first night, she said she came to

the conclusion there was no need of being nervous, for there were officials in uniform standing about on every hand with apparently nothing to do in the world but answer questions for just such novices as she was. She knew where she wanted to go, and they could tell her how to get there. The good-natured custom-house officer examined her luggage in what he called quick metre, and an obliging policeman picked out a hackman, whom he knew to be an honest fellow, for her. And that was all. Belle said it was not much of an emergency, after all, when one had eyes and ears and a tongue, and knew enough not to ask questions of anybody who did not wear some kind of a badge to show who he was.  
Mrs. Outhet groaned in spirit when she got this letter, at the idea of a girl driving about a strange city after dark, quite unprotected, but the doctor said: "Trust to Belle's common-sense, my dear Mrs. Outhet. A bright, level-headed girl like she is can take care of herself."  
The excitement of getting established at home and at school occupied the first few days, without leaving a loop-hole for homesickness to creep in. Belle had argued with herself that she could not afford to indulge in it at any time, and if it laid pretty desperate siege to her peace of mind during the next winter, she never confessed it in her letters home, though, if the truth must be told, it sometimes needed a deal of courage to keep from capitulating.  
Matters did not always go smoothly. In what walk in life do they, pray? But there was the pure delight of study that nothing could lessen. To offset minor perplexities that one never gets wholly away from, there were the agreeable courtesies shown her by new friends. To one particular circle of people Belle always felt especially grateful. This was a club of musicians who held fortnightly "at homes," to which they made a point of inviting students who were strangers or alone in the city. To these delightful musical evenings Belle owed many agreeable hours and pleasant friendships.  
With various long-goings and short-comings the school years wore away. The first summer vacation Belle spent at home; the second year she worked right on through the summer, devoting the vacation season to additional studies.  
Commencement came at last, and, as might be surmised, when obstacles had been encountered as a matter of course and had never been turned into huggars, Belle had good reason to be happy over her years of hard work. The ink on her thesis was barely dry when a request from the college at Halifax to the Institute of Technology to recommend a teacher of sanitary science to them, was formally presented to Miss Outhet.  
Surely, steamer never sailed so slowly as the one that bore her home, but then it was heavily freighted with hopes and ambitions. The chance to at once step into useful and remunerative professional work was held a precious secret until she reached home. The pride she felt in it was surely of an honest sort, for was it not a proof that she had not been mistaken in thinking she could be of some use in the world? But there was no commendation of school and college that compared in value with the pride in Squire Outhet's "to think of this being my Belle?"  
With a long summer vacation on her hands, the active little woman cast about for something to do that would be relaxation from study and still keep her out of mischief. There it was, acres of it, spread out on every side, and Belle quite took her father's breath away by suggesting that they should go to work, he and her, to improve the estate. No wonder the squire was dumfounded at the idea of a young woman attempting to do what generations of men had undone, but Belle was very much in earnest, and turn the matter over as he would, he could see no good reason for refusing to let her try the experiment.  
Before long the neighbors were greatly exercised over the spectacle of the squire and his daughter "trampin' up an' down the mountain, across back lots an' low lands, a surveyin' an' goin' on a great rate."  
The women said they "sud think she'd better be a spinnin' or doin' somethin' useful," but the men said: "Let her alone an' see what she kin do. There's no better place in th' country than th' squire's, if 'twuz only looked after, but he don't know anything about farmin'; wuz always in politics, same's all his family when he wuz younger. An' now he won't sell a foot of his land; won't do nothin' with't himself, ner let any one hev it that could."  
Soon after this fences began to go up on the Outhet place, and then it was reported through the village that the squire had "actually got a stumpin' machine." This, in face of his prejudice against "new fangled notions," was certainly remarkable. But the new machine was nothing more nor less than a home made contrivance, the product of circumstances—and a little wood and iron. The men on the place had said they could "do nothin' with them fields west o' th' old orchard s'long th' ther's nothin' to root out th' stumps with," and Belle had said: "Well, we will have something to root them out with." Simple laws of physics furnished the plan; Belle explained the principles to Jim and Dana—men who had grown up in the squire's family and knew less about managing affairs on an estate than the squire himself, "which was needless," as the gossips were fond of saying—and in the end, the stump problem was solved. Belle soon found out that the dilapidated state of affairs was due to the habit of letting everything drift from an indifferent state to bad, from bad to worse. Merely locating the trouble helped to root it. It was not long before the squire could see that science was useful in other places than schools. It did not stop with making stump machines. It helped to make dressing for the stumpless fields, it shed light upon the economy of keeping the live stock warmly housed and clean through cold weather, it traced Tremaine's illness to the old well between the stable and the house, closed it up, and brought water to the house in pipes from the living spring, east of the

garden. Its power, at least with so able an exponent as Belle proved to be, seemed limitless. It showed how easily they might have ice through the summer by utilizing the pond that hitherto had been given to the ducks and to the skaters by turn, and a little ice-house on the north side of the hollow went up almost by magic. The squire's latent vigor began to show itself. He wondered no one had ever thought of turning the lowland below the road into a cranberry bog until Belle suggested it, and then he astonished himself by deciding there was nothing to prevent two young orchards being set out.  
The neighbors said they "never see the beat uv it," and Belle was even a good deal surprised herself to see what knowledge could do in the place of heedlessness and ignorance. The spell of decay once broken, its power was gone. The evil work of years was not undone in a summer or in two, but it was effaced as it had grown, in time, that cures all ills.  
Last summer Hester Pierce, a former classmate, who has succeeded to her uncle's practice in Kingston and Upper Aylesford, asked me to visit her. While I was there I had the pleasure of meeting the squire and Mrs. Outhet, and of going all over the fine, old Outhet estate. There is nothing like it, it is said, in this country, and it is not hard to believe that this is so. Art and nature together have combined to produce results that seemed little short of marvelous in some places. Hester had already told me some of the story of the place, and the squire told me much more that there is not time to set down here. He pointed with especial pride to the immense cranberry bog that we could see just beyond the old French burying ground, and told me it had paid the expenses of both his boys through college, and that his daughter had established a cranberry fund, as she called it, now, so the proceeds yearly shall go to help some poor student. I was sorry not to meet the accomplished daughter of the good squire and his lady, as I had hoped to do, but she was away from home, lecturing. Dr. Hester said it was astonishing to see what improvements sanitary science had brought about through the dominion, and all primarily due to the pioneer teaching and writing and lecturing of Professor Outhet, as Belle is called. The oldest son is associated with his sister now, and the second boy is proud to call himself a scientific farmer.—*Ladies' Home Companion*.

**Balloon Adventures in the Clouds.**  
To some extent rain retards upward progress, but, says Professor S. A. King, in the *Nashville (Tenn.) American*, I have made a number of ascensions in the face of storms. Snow, however, is much more of an obstacle, and in a short time will accumulate upon the top of the balloon sufficiently to drive it to the earth.  
The clouds are sometimes as much as 3000 feet from top to bottom when the sky is entirely overcast. Often even above such a body of cloud may be seen smaller clouds with clear spaces in between. When within one of these spaces the sensation is that of being in a vault. With the solid snowy clouds below you and the smaller clouds around you being by perspective brought close around, it appears as if you were in a cavern.  
I have been above the clouds during a snowstorm, and the light of the moon shining so brightly through the rarified air produced an illumination rather supernatural. I have very frequently passed through frozen clouds. This is where vapor has fallen below the freezing point and been congealed into a substance resembling flour in appearance. This falls, and in doing so reaches a higher temperature, where the small particles are aggregated into flakes of snow.  
Some clouds, however, present very much the appearance of a veil, and objects on the earth can be distinctly discerned from a position above them.  
I have never known of an instance in which a balloon was hit by lightning. The thunder does not make a perceptibly greater noise than when you are on the ground. The sound proceeds from the upper layers of clouds, as does also the rain; and in many cases, when the lower strata appear very violent, perfect quiet reigns except for such motion as is produced by the rain falling through from above. The upper currents are most active, and a cyclone or a wild storm is perhaps produced according as those upper currents descend to or remain above the earth.

**Samoan Gunboats.**  
Samoan gunboats are built in the most primitive style. Two long war canoes are lashed firmly together, side by side, and cross pieces of heavy timber are placed over the top as a foundation for the "cabin," which is situated amidships. This cabin also serves as a magazine, storeroom, and all of the other useful compartments in a ship combined. Its slanting roof is covered with mats and grass, and the whole structure is of the most inflammable nature. These boats are built for Mataafa by the Monono people—the nautical tribe of the Samoans. They are armed with a superannated cannon, which is liable to be as disastrous in its effects when discharged, upon the gunners who handle it, as upon the enemy against whom it is directed. The small arms of the natives are, however, good, being generally of recent design and manufacture. Most Samoans are good marksmen, as was illustrated in their recent collision with the Germans. The gunboats have been seldom brought into action during the war. While Tamasese was besieged so closely in his fort and all efforts made to dislodge him seemed abortive, Mataafa assailed him from the water with a fleet of more than a hundred war canoes and four of these "gunboats." Some of them were passed fully two miles to seaward of the fort, harmlessly blazing away, their shots falling about midway the desired distance, while the fort kept up a desultory answering fire with about the same effect. For war purposes they are, of course, almost useless, unless in close contact with the enemy when the small arms could be made effective.—*Washington Star*.

**AT SET OF DAY.**  
I sit alone and look back to the past—  
Those golden days whose shifting sands  
Have run,  
And left a present barren of the sun—  
As one who noble gains had proudly  
Amassed  
To find them melt like fairy gold at last,  
Who fingers dispossessed, despoiled, undone,  
Deplored the dear wealth so dearly won,  
So lavishly upon the waters cast.  
I who was rich, am now bereft of all,  
I who had hope an' thrall now to despair;  
Youth's happy prophecies Time has dis-  
proved;  
Dumb are the voices that were wont to call  
In days when love was good, and life was  
fair—  
Yet it is something to have lived and  
loved.  
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

## PITH AND POINT.

Always worn out—Hats.  
Universal profession—That of gold  
chaser.  
Ground rents—The effects of an earth-  
quake.  
The tears shed on the stage are all vol-  
unteers.  
A dead reckoning—Calculating one's  
funeral expenses.  
Too much pie is apt to make one more  
rusty than pious.  
Offensive partisanship—An old maid's  
acrimonious tirade against matrimony.  
The absent-minded pickpocket admitted  
that he had many moments of abstraction.—*Hotel Mail*.  
A young man in town says the best  
kind of meter to save gas is "meet her by  
moonlight alone."—*Norristown Herald*.  
If speech were really silver, as the  
poet's fancy pictures it, what an increase  
of millionaires there would be.—*Tenors*  
*Weekly*.  
"You are now like a book," said the  
black Sultan to a chained prisoner, "be-  
cause you are bound in Morocco."—*New*  
*York Journal*.  
One great trouble with those who go to  
the bad is that they do not think to pro-  
vide themselves with a return ticket.—  
*New York News*.  
"Fine dog that of mine, Doc." "Ye-es,  
but isn't he consumptive?" "Consumptive?"  
"Yes—he's Spitz blood, you  
know."—*Hotel Mail*.  
"We may get whipped, but we have  
some fighting chants," sighed the Samoan  
soldiers as they whooped up their war  
songs.—*New York Journal*.  
It is all well enough to say there is  
nothing in a name; but suppose a man  
named Slaughter should start a summer  
hotel and call it the Slaughter House.  
A man who doesn't like music says  
that the most pleasing artiste he ever  
heard was a young woman who was asked  
to sing and refused.—*New York News*.  
Mr. Findout—"Sad about Mrs. S.—  
died this morning while trying on a new  
dress." Mrs. Findout—"No, you don't  
say so; what was it trimmed with?"—  
*Munsey's Weekly*.  
A Baltimore Justice has decided that  
umbrellas are private property. Now, if  
he can persuade the rest of the world to  
agree with him, his decision may be of  
some value.—*Norristown Herald*.  
Elderly Gent—"I am eighty years old,  
young man, and I don't recollect ever  
telling a lie." The Young Man—"Well,  
you can't expect your memory to be re-  
liable at that age."—*New York Sun*.  
"But, doctor, you said last week that  
the patient would certainly die, and now  
he is perfectly well." "Madam, the  
confirmation of my prognosis is only a  
question of time."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.  
"Why is it, Jones, that boys are  
wilder than girls?" asked Smith. "I  
guess," answered Jones, as he gazed after  
a wasp-waisted girl who passed down the  
street, "it is because girls are more  
stayed."—*Boston Courier*.  
Benevolent Pedestrian (to gamin, who  
is crying)—"What's the matter, my boy?"  
Gamin—"Boo, hoo! I've lost a dime,  
sir." B. P.—"Here's another," giving it.  
"What are you crying for now?"  
Gamin—"Because I didn't say a quarter."  
*Philadelphia News*.  
Little Lucie went with her father to  
take a walk in the park. After awhile  
they became separated, when the child  
began to address the following question  
to all the persons she met: "Please,  
haven't you seen a gentleman without a  
little girl?"—*Courier des Theatres*.  
Professor—"Microscopical investiga-  
tions lead us to believe that there are  
colors too delicate to be discerned by the  
human eye—invisible colors, we may call  
them." Student—"I know the name of  
one of them, sir." Professor—(surprised)—  
"Indeed! What is it?" Student—  
"Blind man's buff."—*Harper's Bazar*.

**Spearing Flounders.**  
Have you ever seen the fisherman across  
the lake spearing flounders? The Cana-  
dian Indians take salmon in the same way.  
I was once visiting a friend on the coast,  
and one beautiful moonlight night we  
walked out on one of the piers and saw  
this mode of fishing. It requires a sharp  
eye and steady hand. The upper surface  
of the flounder so nearly resembles the  
color of the ground on which they lie  
that it is not so easy to see them. They  
are destitute of the air bladder, and so lie  
at the bottom of the sea or bay. The  
flattened shape of their bodies, the ar-  
rangement of the fins and the position of  
their eyes on the upper side, fit them to  
move along the bottom and in shallows.  
While nature has adapted them perfectly  
to their place, she has not bestowed  
beauty on them, and they are grotesque  
and even repulsive in appearance. Their  
flat, thin bodies have become proverbial,  
so that we say of anything in that shape:  
"As flat as a flounder;" and their awk-  
ward, wriggling, wallowing movements  
have suggested the word "floundering"  
as a description of ungainly motion. The  
fishermen use torches to look for the fish,  
and when discovered thrust their sharp  
spears into them and bring them up im-  
paled, dropping them from the points  
into their boats.—*Times-Democrat*.