June 17, 1887

THE LOVE OF CALIBAN.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

The room of the Lady Lucrece was full of cool shaddows, though it was mid-summer, and the purple-bordered linens at the windows swayed in the hot wind. There were purple-bordered linens, too, on the couch where the Lady Lucrece lay—one can not do much at noontide in Pisa when it is mid-summer. The heavens seemed to hang down near to the languorous earth; a palpitant white heat shimmered on the streets; the lazaroni slept; at the bath-houses the attendants went about in shifts of linen; the shops and the stores were silent; it was too hot even to hate. If one had a vengenance to take he waited till nightfall, when it should be cooler. And the Lady Lucrece, fragrant from her bath, lay on her couch amid the fresh linens, and sprinkled powder on her breasts to keep the moisture from gathering there.

As the long day wasted itself in languid hours the lady smiled, although it was not her wont.

"How many hours till moonlight?" she asked of her maid.

"Six and more, gracious mistress," replied the maid, drowsily; and she wiped her forehead upon her sleeve.

"Ah," sighed the Lady Lucrece, "bring in Massimiliani."

A moment later a queer, halting step was heard on the tiled floor in the hall outside. The curtains at the door were the green which the sea wears in the morning. They parted, and Massimiliani stood between them. Had nature had her way he would have been tall, but some mysterious force had bent him almost double, and his humped shoulders and heavy head hung always toward the earth. He was not merely grotesque, he was hideous. There are men that nature has jested with; Massimiliani she had cursed. He made a salutation with his hands—he could bend no lower.

"I am forever bowing," he said to his mistress. "My grace was so great the first time I had occasion to make a salute to a lady, that I never was allowed to rise."

"Who was the lady?" queried his mistress, shutting her eyes as he stood before her.

"The only woman with whom I shall ever lie—Mother Earth." He looked straight down at Lady Lucrece. She did not cover her bosom—why should she for Massimiliani?—no one counted him a man. He was as free to come and go as the spaniel that lay upon the rugs.

"I do not want gibes this afternoon," said his mistress. Massimiliani spread out his huge dark hands and smiled.

"Then my gracious lady did not send for me?"

"Send for you? Yes, I sent for you?"

"It cannot be. You have forgotten. For what am I but a gibe? It cannot be a question of wisdom, or it would not lie between a woman and a fool. Perhaps it was a matter of grace, and you want me to dance, or a matter of beauty, and you wish me to smile, or a question of sweet sounds, and you wish me to sing."

The Lady Lucrece sat up and put the damp hair back from her brow.

"I had sooner hear a chorus of ravens," she said, but she laughed as she said it. No one minded Massimiliani, and she pulled at the end of his long, hanging sleeve to make him squat upon the floor by her feet, which he did with a mocking gesture.

"Princes have been here before me," said he.

The lady looked haughty, but she was not ill-pleased.

"It does not relate to singing," said she.

Massimiliani leaped to his feet and seized some roses that lay at the foot of the couch.

"The flowers!" he cried, and flung them from the casement.

His mistress stared at him in amazement.

"From the Lord Ascanio," she replied mechanically.

"There was a tarantula among them. Are you so good, madam, that your lovers must send you to heaven?"

"Fool!" cried the lady, angrily, "there was no tarantula among the roses."

Massimiliani sat down again upon the floor.

"Go on with your tale," said he, "I am no greater fool than I was before."

The Lady Lucrece sat pondering, with her elbows on her knees, and her flushed cheek in her hands.

"Fool," said the Lady Lucrece, and her breath came faster, "you have not heard, have you——"

"God gave me straight ears, the saints be thanked," the jester sardonically interrupted.

"——Night after night, since the summer came, a voice below my window? It always comes when the shadow of the balcony hides his figure."

"That he may not see your face, if you lean out, and so lose his inspiration?" interjected the dwarf. The lady struck him on the ear with her jeweled hand. The blow was light, but the dwarf shivered. "The voice," said he, "what was it like?" The lady fell back again into her old attitude. The flowing sleeves dropped from her arms. The loose strings of pearls with which they were wreathed, tumbled down to her elbows. Massimiliani spread himself flat upon the floor, and bracing his heavy head against his hands, watched her as a tiger does his prey.

"Ah, fool! I think you know I never loved. Men are so little, I could rule them all; I do not want a man that I can rule. But his voice—it sings of war, of great deeds, terrible and grand. And yet, Massimiliani, it sings of love—of love which counts power, and money, and name as nothing. It does not sue for love; it demands it as a right. The verses which he sings are no other man's; they are his own, and he weaves them as he sings. He does not mind that I am great, he loves me for my soul, he loves me for my pride, for my will, for my scorn of pretty things. He knows me as I am. He is the first living creature who has ever done so. It mounts—this voice—up to my lattice like a vine. It runs through gay melodies like rippling water. It grows as sad as the voice of the night-bird. I weep when it sings of death; I throw up my arms and walk the room, strong as a giant, when it sings of war, and when it sings of love, fool, I bury my face in my arms and blush. All day I lie and dream of it, and in my sleeping dreams at night I hear naught but it. I dream how we shall meet and where. I am sure he must be beautiful."

A sound from the man at her feet caused her to stop. The fool had rolled on his back in a convulsion of laughter, and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Fool!" cried the lady, springing from the couch in anger.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed the dwarf. "Will the eternal snows melt and desert the blossom? Will the tower fall? Shall I be straight? Will God take pity? Will my lady love?" He threw his jangling punchinello at her feet, and tore his cap from his head. "Wear them," he cried, "my bauble and my cap! I never cracked so excellent a jest."

"Slave!" The lady grew pale with rage. "To-morrow, you shall see, for I shall find which of my courtiers it is that sings thus, and I will marry him and none but him."

"None but him, gracious lady? And all these perfumed knights that have been praying to you while moons grew great and faded into sheaths again and waned to darkness, and these that hold a courtly contest for your hand?"

"I will marry him alone who knows my soul, and shows it to me in song. I sent for you that you might search him out, I thought you might do me some service."

"Aye, for the scorn of fifteen years, which you have given me?"

"Have you not given me back scorn for scorn?"

"At least to-day I have made you forget we are not equals. You are defending yourself against me, mistress, against your slave!"

"Leave me! To-morrow mind, at night when my friends are with me, I shall find who sang those songs, and I will be his wife, and none but wife. You think I cannot love, I have known none but fools though they were not all as ugly as devils. Out of my sight. I do not need your aid." The fool, with his bestial head hanging, and his hot eyes rolling threw up his hands with a frantic gesture and rushed from the room.

The day passed. Evening came, and, later, the moon-light. Under the balcony the shadows were dark. The Lady Lucrece walked in the chamber where the candles stood dark in their silver sconces, and only the moon lit the white marble which her garments swept. She waited long the voice did not come. The moon reached the west, and still the lady paced the floor. At length the longed-for melody, pure, vaulting, triumphant, burst into a song of victory and love; but ere it had sung a score of words it was choked into silence. A sound arose to the lady's ears of passionate weeping; there was a discordant jangle of the lute as though a disregardful hand had brushed it heavily and the night wore on in silence. The next day no one saw the jester Massimiliani nor the Lady Lucrece till it was night—a festal night—and the stately apartments were ablazed with light. Never had Pisa known such a festival. Liberty reigned in hall and hovel, and the Lady Lucrece was the central figure of the festival. She sat at the end of a hall on a dais. Robes of azure silk fell all about her; jewels looped up her hair, glittered on her arms, clasped her white neck, and shone in the fastening of her slippers. About her were flowers, perfume, light, music, men who were courtly, women who were beautiful. There were marbles, carvings, tapestries, statues, and fountains. But the deep fire in the eyes of the Lady Lucrece did not catch its inspiration from any of these things. It was midnight when she ordered the music to stop. She had been dancing and all the sensuous rhythm of the motion seemed impersonated in her. She went back to the dais and stood there, young and fair, in the shadow of the ancient carvings. A look of maidenliness, unwonted in her, spread itself over her face. The came of tyrants, and the blood of the tyrant was in her; but now she looked as gentle as any maid that ever begged her lover for another kiss.

"I have sworn an oath," said she, "and to-night I must keep it. The people of Pisa have long wished me to take a lord, but I have found none whom I desired. But, for many nights, some one has sung beneath my window. I do not know the man, but my soul is wedded to the voice, and I will marry him alone who can prove to me to-night that it is his." Her hauteur had returned. She was again the daughter of a line of dukes; she was commanding and not seeing. No one replied or moved. The lady spoke again.

"Surely he need not fear; he may trust me." She waited still; a woman's tremors came back to her. "He must have loved me," she cried, "it was the voice of love. Let me but look on him who sang those songs to me." She held out her arms. The jewels on her bosom rose and fell. She seemed half sinking beneath the tremulous agitation. Suddenly from behind the back of that great chair upon the dais there sprang Massimiliani, the hideous jester.

"It was I!" he cried, "It was I!"

A murmur, half wrathful half jeering, a bubble of laughter, surged up from the company.

"Fool!" cried the lady, "this is no time for jests."

"It was I!" he cried, "It was I!"

"Let us hear your voice, knave!" cried a saucy little fellow of sixteen. He flung a coin toward the fool. Massimiliani seized the coin and flung it in the young noble's face. The bent back that had never straightened seemed almost to straighten now, and a voice full of passionate sadness, yet melodious and thrilling, came out of a form which seemed to be the covering for only unclean things. It was an existent paradox; an astounding; incongruity; the antithesis of facts. And as he sang, a hope leaped into his eyes and a triumph into his voice. Desire belongs not alone to Adonis; even a Caliban may love. The lady's head was bowed upon her breast. The song he had chosen was the unfinished one she listened to the night before. The humpback bent forward in hideous importunity, but the lady's face was shaded with her silken scarf. He grew mad with a tumult of wild surmises as to what her mode might be. At length she raised her face and he saw. It was the tyrannical disdain of her race—the unspeakable contempt of a ruler for a presumptuous and menial knave—the mad mortification of an outraged woman and the chaste pipue of a maiden. He saw and comprehended at a glance. He knew it was all over. The song died upon his lips. The swords of the nobles, which amazement had kept in their sheaths, were out. Massimiliani leaped toward his mistress, caught her in his arms, kissed her where the jewels were lost in her bosom, and as the fierce Italians surged up to him he buried his stiletto in his breast.

So died the last jester of Pisa.—Ella W. Peattie.

Changes in Western Climate.

"When I came here in 1872," sai President David B. Perry of Deane college, Crete, Neb., to a correspondent recently, "many people were incredulous of the growth of this state. The atmosphere was excessively dry and it was doubtful whether corn or tame grass or fruittrees would grow. The sod was tough and stubborn, and shed the little rain that fell quickly. We had interminable wind storms. It would blow, blow, blow, day after day, till the din was unbearable. I have seen people fairly worn out with the incessant, strenuous, wearisome blasts that so relentlessly kept a whirl and racket about them. And there used to come, in summer, occasional hot blasts from the south that would wilt our grain, especially our corn. But there has come a most remarkable change. The atmosphere is not nearly so dry. Ladies have to guard within doors, against mildew occasioned by dampness much as they do at the east. We have much more rain, and it is much more evenly distributed over the year than it used to be. We have fewer and fewer wind storms, and the heated winds that did such mischief do not trouble us at ail. See for yourself the crops we raise! Look at that corn-field. There are 200 solid acres as fine as any in the world."

"Well, but what has induced so great a change? Are you sure it is permanent?" "I am sure it is permanent because I know what has caused it. Hundred of thousands of acres, year after year, were plowed up and the soil rendered porous. You know we are the great soldier state. There was a vast army of men at the close of the war, who went home to find their old places occupied and their occupation gone. They came out here. They put in their homestead and timber claims for government land and went vigorously to work at farming. The people at Beatrice have a Grand Army reunion shortly and they count on 60,000 of the boys being there. Such wide spread tillage of wholly new land has prepared the surface soil to receive and retain moisture. The corn itself, by its shade, prevents rapid evaporation. So do our countless groves. Arbor day is a great institution out here, as you can anywhere and everywhere see."

"And you think the moisture in the earth increases the rain-fall?" "Most certainly. The influence of the clouds and soil becomes reciprocal."

"But what should effect the winds so remarkably?" "This same circumstance of a more moist atmosphere. The air is heavier, less volatile. Besides the groves are very important in their influence in breaking the force of the wind. It cannot now sweep across the state as if it were a sheet of water. The groves constantly interrupt and break its force."

"It seems almost incredible that so radical a change should have occurred so soon." "Yes, I would not believe it if I had not seen it and felt it. You can judge for yourself whether we are troubled to raise crops. We have had five successive years of them. Last year the railroads themselves were dismayed at the corn to be moved. Away out, 150 miles to the west of here, in Phelps county and Gasper, and Lincoln, the cultivation is going on—so it is north of the Platte, and also south of us in Kansas."

A Signal for War.

"Hey, Rube!" called out a ground and lofty tumbler from the stoop of a Union square dramatic agency, says the New York Herald, and at the cry some half-dozen gentlemen who had graduated from the sawdust turned around, clenched their fists, and tried to look savage.

The tumbler laughed.

"You don't understand that hail, do you?" he asked a reporter who was with him.

"No; what is it?"

"That's circus lingo," said he, "'Hey, Rube!' is a sort of grand hailing sign of distress among the profesh on the road. How it came into use I don't know. I suppose it was started in some old-fashioned row under the canvas, and has lasted up to this. Anyway, I've heard it in my life pretty often, and every time there was blood on the face of the moon."

"What does it mean?"

"Well, it signifies to a circus company, from the star rider down to the caravan driver, that he must hustle around, get a bale stick or something, and then use it for all he's worth. It is not easy for a person in New York to understand the trouble circus men meet with in country districts. Sometimes they bring it on themselves, I admit, by cutting up too much with the country folks, and causing bad blood that way. But, as a general thing, you'll find that the hay-seed roughs and the game birds of the factory towns will try to pick a quarrel with the circus hands, and then there is no end of rows between them. One would think in the old days that a circus company was made up of your later-day pugilists, and was going around for the express purpose of fighting the best men at every stand they had. It those times it was customary for the country fellows to get together and beat the admission, carry the entrance with a crush, and do what they felt like inside. Well, sometimes they succeeded and got in all right. Then a new responsibility fell on the ringmaster or whoever was master of ceremonies. He had to put all the hands on their guard and prepare them for action. A little coolness and some deception were necessary. He never stopped the performance. That would have given the intruders a cue for raising mischief. The exercises kept right on, but when the ring master was ready he just went out in the sawdust, where he could be heard, and shouted, as though he wanted one of the boys: 'Hey, Rube! Every one knew what that meant, and in a twinkling every soul who could bear arms, so to speak, was equipped and ready for the fray. Then, if there was occasion for it, a 'bouncing act' was performed that knocked your metropolitan shows of that kind into the shade. Sometimes they were downright pitched battles fought in the tent. But generally the circus people came off all right. The cry of 'Hey, Rube!' put them on the alert, and were never caught napping. That's why all the old timers on the road are stirred up when they hear that cry."

THE SELKIRK PASS.

The Indebtedness of the Canadian Pacific to a Minnesotian for the Discovery of the Pass.

Prof. G. M. Grant of the Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, gives an interesting account in the Century, of his trip over the Canadian Pacific Railroad from Montreal to Puget Sound, and of the desperate search in former years for a feasible pass over the Selkirk Mountains, and how after all other engineers had failed, the pass was finally discovered in 1881 by Major Rogers, an American engineer, a Minnesotian, and brother of Hon. R. E. Rogers, of Waterville, Waseca county. It is a thrilling narrative of nerve, endurance and final success. The following is quoted from Prof. Grant's article: "In February, 1881, the syndicate appointed an American, Maj. A. B. Rogers, C. E., engineer of the Mountain Division of the Canada Pacific Railway. He seemed to be about as unlikely a man for the work of ascertaining whether the Selkirks problem was soluble as could have been chosen. He knew little or nothing of mountains; his previous experience had been in states where there is no counterpart to the characteristic scenery and difficulties of British Columbia. But Maj. Rogers, like a true descendent of the Pilgrim or Puritan fathers, is a man who goes to the particular wilderness to which he may be appointed, asking no questions. Naturally intense, self-reliant, and scornful of appearances, the opposite schooling of the old-fashioned Down-East training, the rough experience of engineer and frontier life have made him so downright that he is apt to be appalling to ordinary mortals. Though between 50 and 60 years of age, hair and beard now white, no youngster in his party will plunge into the grimmest mountain ranges with as little thought of commissariat or as complete a contempt of danger, and no Indian will encounter fatigue or famine as stoically.

The major and his nephew, Mr. Albert Rogers, hring at Kamloops ten Shuswap Indians from the Roman Catholic mission to carry their packs, started in April to force their way to the east. They succeeded in reaching the core of the Selkirk range, by following the east fork of the Ille-Cille-Waet; but, like Moberly on the north fork, they got only to a cul de sac, and their packs having become ominously light, they—heavy with the consciousness of failure—came to the conclusion that retreat was inevitable. Before retracing their steps, however, they climbed the divide to see if any break could be detected in the range. Yes; a valley appeared in the direction of an unexplored little affluent or the Ille-Cille-Waet, and, apparently connected with it, a depression extending to the east. Everywhere else, all around to the horizon, nothing but "snowclad desolation." The result of five or six weeks' endurance of almost intolerable misery was this gleam of hope.

Our journey enabled us to understand what they must have suffered. The underbrush is of the densest, owing to the ceaseless rain. Black flies or mosquitoes do their part unweariedly. What with fallen timber of enormous size, precipices, prickly thorns, beaver dams, marshes full of fetid water to be waded through, alder swamps, lakelets surrounded by bluffs so steep that it would almost puzzle a chamois to get over or around them, we had all we wanted of the Ille-Cille-Waet and the Eagle Pass. But they had started too early in the season. The snow was not only deep, but it was melting and rotting under spring suns and rains, and therefore would not bear their weight. Down they sunk at every step, and often in the worst kind of pitfalls. At first their loads were so heavy that they had to leave part behind, and then, after camping early, return wearily on their tracks for the second load. The Indians would have deserted them a dozen times over, but the Major had arranged with the mission that if they returned without a certificate they were to get a whipping instead of good pay. Nothing but pluck kept them pegging away; but in spite of all they failed that year. The following May the Major made his attack from the other side of the range, and again he was unsuccessful. Swollen torrents and scarcity of supplies forced him back to his base, at the point where the Kicking Horse River joins the Columbia. On this occasion, had it not been for the discovery of a canoe, he and his party would have starved. Sorely against their will he had put them on half rations, but he gladdened their hearts one morning by announcing that it was his birthday, and producing a little sugar to sweeten their tea.

Nothing daunted, he started again the same summer, in the mouth of July, from the same base, and succeeded. Proceeding up the valley of the Beaver, a large stream that enters the Columbia through an open canon, and then following the course of one of its tributaries appropriately called Bear Creek, he at length found the long-sought-for pass. He saw the mountain from the summit of which the year before he and his nephew had noticed the depression extending to the east. Not content while anything remained undone, he made for the north fork, ascended it too, to ascertain if its headwaters would connect with a tributary of the Beaver, and so perhaps afford something better; but nothing better, or rather nothing at all, was found. The Selkirks have only one pass, but it is better than the western slope of the main chain by the Kicking Horse. And an American has had the honor of finding that one on behalf of Canada! All honor to him!

The Pilgrims of the Mayflower.

The following is a list of male passengers—our forefathers—who landed at Plymouth just 265 years ago. The names have not been published for many years, and will be new to this generation: Mr. Isaac Allerton, John Alden, John Allerton, William Bradford, William Brewster, John Billington, Peter Brown, Richard Britterage, Mr. John Carver, Francis Cook, James Chilton, John Crackston, Richard Clarke, Edward Doty, Francis Eaton, Thomas English, Mr. Samuel Fuller, Edward Fuller, Moses Gletcher, John Goodman, Richard Gardiner. John Howland, Stephen Hopkins, Edward Leister, Christopher Martin, William Mullins, Edmund Margeson, Degony Priest, Thomas Rogers, John Rigdale, Captain Miles Standish, George Soule, Edward Tilly, John Tilley, Thomas Tinker, John Turner, Edward Winslow, Mr. William White, Richard Warren, Thomas Williams, Gilbert Winslow, and 15 servants.

Knocking a Hole in a River's Bed

About fifteen miles north of Kingwood, West Va., along the Cheat river, can be seen some of the most rugged and inspiring scenery to be found anywhere in West Virginia, if not anywhere in North America, east of the Rocky mountains. On either side of the river, for probably half a mile, there is a perpendicular wall of solid limestone about 350 feet in height. From the top of these walls, or cliffs, on the east side of the river, the craggy and timbered mountain, with a slope of about 60 deg. looms up more than 2,000 feet. Near the top of this mountain has stood for unknown ages a great rock, measuring twenty feet from the top to bottom, and averaging about eighteen feet in thickness. It contained about 9,480 cubic feet of hard, flint-like limestone, and allowing 100 pounds to each cubic foot, the weight of the monster was 648,000 pounds or 324 tons. It was determined by the people in the neighborhood to give this rock a start down the mountain. A tree was cut down that stood against the stone, and the earth dug away. A correspondent says: I was up the mountain probably twenty yards from the rock to get a good view of its course from the river, and was watching closely for the start.

"Now she goes!" came to my ears, and I could see the top of the great rock going out from the mountain—now slow, now faster, now a crash, and then crashes upon crashes. The scene presented by that rock tearing and thundering down the mountain can be imagined, but it cannot be described. It had a tendency to confound the sense and bewilder the reason. Great trees were torn from the earth and hurled into the air like twigs in a whirlwind, and the trunks of mammoth oaks were torn and slivered in quick succession. On and on it went, making a clean cut road from the start. The monntain trembled, and the spectators stood spellbound. The rock gained in speed as it neared the river, which was in view at the lower end of the great limestone walls. It now struck the last precipice, and, after going outward and downward more than 200 feet it fell into the river with a roaring sound.

After the dust and leaves and flying pieces of limbs had settled we could see a peculiar action of the water, but we were too far off to discover the cause, A walk of more than a mile around, as it was next to impossible to go straight down the mountain from where we were, brought us to the river, but instead of seeing the rock we saw the water rushing from every direction down into a huge hole probably thirty feet square. During the half hour we were there not less than ten saw logs were drawn into the whirl and disappeared.

It is supposed that the cave extends under the river, and that the weight of the immense rock coming down with such force and rapidity caused the roof to give way. Whether or not the water will soon fill the hole up and the river flow on as before will depend upon the extent of the cavern and the existence of an outlet to carry the water from the cavern to some other stream, or to some other part of the country.

When I left that district the water was still rushing down the hole, carrying saw logs and every other floating substance.

An Expert Opinion.

Hartford Courant.

General Sherman has just returned from his visit to Washington and professes himself in the position of the Lancastrian lover to the York maiden. He has fallen in love with that well mannered and gifted young lady, Mrs. Grover Cleveland. He met her for the first time in Washington the other day at a cabinet dinner, and sat by her side.

"She is a very remarkable girl," he said, in describing the interview; "perfectly quiet and self-possessed, and absolutely without affectation, accepting the dignity of her position with almost a queenly graciousness. I thought her very like the princess of Wales, and I told her so, and she was very much pleased. Mr. Bancroft, who is very fond of her, remarked to me that it seems impossible for any bachelor or widower president to be elected a second term, and we both decided we'd hate to have this pretty creature turned out. She has not shown the slightest preference in her friendships to her husband's political supporters, and some of her most ardent admirers are the wives of men who are themselves prominently before the public as candidates for the presidency. Mrs. John Sherman is one of her stanchest friends."

After spending an hour and a half with her, tete-a-tete, the next day, he was still able to tell her at parting that he had seen a great many of the ladies of the White House, and not one of them was more his idea of what an American president's wife should be than is this young and lovely woman.

What Oysters Eat to Make Them so Palatable.

The only condition requisite in any organic body to fit it for food for the oyster seems, says J. A. Ryder, to be that it shall be small enough to be passed through the wide but vertically-constructed mouth and throat. The great bulk of its food, however, probably consists of the minute larvæ of marine animals, of infusoria and of the microscopic one-celled plants known as diatoms. The vegetable, living part of these diatoms is enclosed in a siliceous case, and the empty cases are found in great numbers among the matters contained in the intestine and stomach of the animal.

The extent of the reproductive organs of an oyster at the spawning season is quite large, but they diminish greatly in bulk or disappear altogether after the season is over. The mature ova of the American and Portuguese species measure about one-five hundreth part of an inch in diameter, and a large American female oyster may contain more than 100,000,000 ova. They begin spawning at one year old. The generative tissue is distributed over the surface of the body mass in this spawning season of a thick, creamy, white, superficial layer, consisting of a number of little sacs embedded in the connective tissue. These sacs pour their contents into nucats, which finally empty into an oviduct opening into the water space above the gills, so that the ova escape by way of the cloaca.

Runaways.

A well-to-do farmer in one of the best counties of Middle Tennessee owned a large number of slaves, and among them a negro about his own age. The latter was one of the "old family negroes" brought from Virginia. His name was Sam, and he was a faithful, docile creature, a great favorite of his master, and rather a privileged character on the plantation.

He was very industrious, and exemplary in his behavior excepting during that period dating from the time when roasting ears began to ripen, and the first appearance of frost. At this period Sam was always seized with an uncontrollable desire to "run away." It recurred as regularly as a fit of "hay fever," was as incurable, and, like that disorder, could only be treated by change of air and locality. Sam declared that he "jess couldn't help hisself," and it became a settled and understood arrangement that he should go, and that the neighborhood should condone his raids on corn-fields and potato-patches. After many such escapades, his old master asked him on one occasion, when the matter was under discussion:

"Sam, do you really enjoy running away?"

"Deed, Marse John," said Sam, "I does. Hit's de moas' fun in de wurl'. Coon-huntin' aint nowhars to hit."

"Well, then," said Marse John, "just let me know the next time you take a notion to start, and I'll go with you, and try it awhile myself."

Sure enough, in due season, Sam came up, saying,—"Old Marse, de time's mighty nigh when I'bleeged to lite out. Ef you gwine wid me, you better begittin' reddy, for when de times comes I got to go quick."

Old Marse kept a bright lookout, and when Sam started he was on hand.

They had a delightful time. They fished occasionally, caught possums, picked blackberries for recreation, and haunted the greenest and shadiest nooks of the forest, all of which Sam knew well. "Old Marse" had never enjoyed a summer so much. In fact he was so much pleased that regularly afterward he accompanied Sam when he went into annual retreat. At length Sam died. The old Master grieved for him sincerely. He was sad also over the reflection that his summer pastime would in future be denied him. But, to the amazement of all his friends, and not less his own, when roasting-ear time came again, the fit of restlessness seized him as strong as ever, and he ran away by himself.

Young Men And Single Life.

Brooklyn Magazine.

It is undoubtedly true that a single life is not without its advantages for some. There are hundreds of young men, as there are a like number of young women, to whom a married life would be unsuitable and unwise. It is an inexcusable sin for any young man of hereditary ill-health or deformity to assume marriage, and to such a one single life has advantages, even though it holds out few pleasures. But that young man who is possessed of every bodily and mental equipment, and marries not, fails in one of the most-palpable duties of life. He deprives himself of life's most refined an exalted pleasures, of some of its strongest incentives to virtue and activity, and sets an example unworthy of imitation. Nothing has, or should have, a greater refining or moralizing influence to a young man than marriage. If he remains unmarried, he lays himself open to alluring vices that have no place in his eye or mind when his attentions or affections are centered upon a devoted wife. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings, and gives him a center for his thoughts, his affections and his acts. It renders him more virtuous, more wise, and is an incentive to put forth his best exertions to attain position in commercial and social circles. It is conceded that marriage will increase the cares of a young man which he would not encounter if he remained single, but it must be granted, on the other hand, that it heightens the pleasures of life. If marriage, in some instances within our knowledge, has seemed to be but a hinderance to certain success, the countless instances must not be forgotten where it has proved to be the incentive which has called forth the best part of man's nature, roused him from selfish apathy and inspired in him those generous principles and high resolves which have helped to develop him into a character known, loved, and honored by all within the sphere of its influence. Matrimony, it is true, is chargeable with numberless solicitudes and responsibilities, and this all young men should fully understand before entering upon it, but it is also full of joy and happiness that is unknown to the bachelor.

A Lucky Prospector.

A Carson, Nevada, correspondent writes to The Sacramento Bee as follows: Last winter and spring there resided in Carson a prospector named T. J. Bradley. When he came here he had some money, and he spent it lavishly. He owned a mine near Hawthorne, Esmeralda county, and when his money was gone he went out to do his annual assessment work. He gave to Messrs. Knapp & Laws and Jonn Forbes, of Hawthorne, 500 feet of the 1,500 feet which constituted the mine, for a "grub stake." In a short time he uncovered a very rich ledge. H. M. Yerington, superintendent of the Virginia and Truckee and Carson and Colorado, visited the mine and gave him $10,000 for 500 feet, and the next day Archie Farington, the principal owner of the rich and productive mines of Garfield, gave him $25,000 for the remaining 500 feet. Several experts have visited the property, and they all pronounce it the richest gold discovery ever made in Navada.

An old resident of Esmeralda county tells me that in a little more than six years Bradley has sold mines in that county for various sums aggregating $95,000. He is really one of the luckiest prospectors in the world. All that he has to do, apparently, when he gets broke is to go out into his hills and strike a mine that brings him from $2,000 to $35,000. According to his information, he differs somewhat from the general run of prospectors, in that he possesses a little bit of frugality. It is said that whenever he sells a mine he sends the bulk of his money to his mother in Ireland, holding out a thousand or so for a big time with the boys. He paints everything in his sight red until his purse is empty, and then runs in debt for as much more as he pleases. When he thinks it is time to brace up he shoulders his prospecting tools and starts out in the mountains, and nothing more is heard of him until he has a valuable mine.

A Carpet Story.

Without entering upon any abstruse speculations as to the relative merits of reason and intuition—that is to say, as to the manners of men and the ways of women—one practical illustration of the methods pursued respectively by the sons of Adam and Eve's daughters will be sufficient to prove to all unprejudiced readers that not only, as the immortal Sam Patch observed, some things can be done as well as others, but that the same thing can be done in different ways and the result be as satisfactory if reached in one way as by another.

So much for preface; now for the illustration.

Not long ago Fogg bought a new carpet, and thinking to save the expense of laying it, he told Mrs. Fogg he would do the work himself.

Fogg and the carpet arrived home early in the afternoon. Fogg got out of his good clothes and into the old suit that had been feeding the moths through the winter. He armed himself with tacks and hammer, with a yardstick, two-foot rule, a carpenter's square, a ten-foot pole, and a tape measure. First he unrolled the carpet, spread it out to cover the floor, walked over it two or three times, pulled it here and twitched it there, puckered his mouth, corrugated his forehead, and was half a dozen times on the point of asking Mrs. Fogg's advice, and would have done it, only he knew it would please her too well.

"Of course," he suddenly exclaimed, as one who recognizes the force of a new inspiration. Then he took his measuring impediments, one after the other, and then all together, and proceeded to get the exact dimensions of the room, with all its angles, recesses, projections and catti-corners. Next he sat down and drew an elaborate diagram of the premises.

"Now," said he, jumping up briskly, "I can go to work in business-like way."

Taking his diagram, he proceeded to the scene of action. He measured here and yard-stacked there and tenpoled in every direction. He labored long and well; he ripped the carpet, unraveled the edges, pounded his nails quite as liberally as the tacks, and uttered language quite shocking, and when he got through—we have Mrs. Fogg's word for it—"that carpet was all askew." It was, as the same authority expressed it, "a sight to behold."

Fogg himself remarked that he never saw such a carpet in all his life. There wasn't any shape to it. He was all right; of course it was all the carpet's fault in cases of this kind.

Mrs. F. said nothing futher than "Well, I wouldn't bother about it any more to-night, Daniel. You are all tired out and had better go to bed."

Next morning Mrs. Fogg, without stopping to change her apparel, went to work to see what she could do. She began at the beginning by undoing all that her lord and master had done. Then she took a string, measured the room, and down its length, soliloquising meanwhile about "so much and half a finger," "three times and two fingers," "once and a little bit over," with various other equally unintelligible remarks.

Then she got down on her knees, and with hammer and tacks she had that carpet down quicker than scat, and as smooth as her own placid brow, and she got up from her work with spirit unruffled and clothing unsoiled.

When Fogg came home and saw the room all put to rights, with the carpet fitting as though it were painted on the floor, he felt proud of his wife; yes, actually proud of her. Of course he didn't say anything further than to remark that it was easy enough to put down a carpet by daylight; anybody could do that.

But Mrs. Fogg doesn't care. She knows that Fogg thinks she is worth her weight in gold, but that he thinks that women, like children, are not to be praised for fear of spoiling them.

But when anybody tells you that a woman is illogical and unmethodical, mention this little story about putting down a carpet.

"Out of Work."

Boston Globe.

There is more pathos and unadulterated misery in these three words than could be expressed in all the volumes of Plato. Wherever you hear them you are sure to find trouble not far behind. The young man who married in haste without any secure means of support curses himself for a fool when he sees the result of his action in the pale face of a worried wife and a sickly child. Premature and careless marriages multiply as rapidly as divorce cases, and it seems impossible to do anything to check them.

"Out of work" means out of fuel, food, light, shelter, and everything which tends to make life desirable. With men discouragement and misfortune often lead to suicide; among women, the heart sickness, the persistent struggle and the vain daily search for employment become settled melancholy or degradation.

A keen observer tells us that "men more frequently weep than women when they are seeking employment, the men breaking down utterly, while the women take a refusal with white lips and pass on." "I have been out of work six months," said a man to a friend who called to see his suffering child, "and she is all broke up, looking after the children who are sick, because we cannot get suitable nourishing food. I would rather die than beg, but I have asked for work until I am discouraged."

He is one of many. "I do not care what the work is, if it is only work, and means honest bread," said a woman whose fortune through no fault of hers had been swept away. The gentle woman out of work is the saddest sight of all. She has seen better days, has dispensed charity, has herself clothed the needy and fed the hungry, and now, when her eyes are growing dim and the elasticity of youth is leaving her, she must seek for work.

Blessed are they who furnish it, for here in our well-ordered city, with its beautiful homes and princely warehouses, the cry of such is continually heard. The men who treat this cry with coldness or rudeness are not the men whose gold will bring them blessings. A kind refusal costs nothing, and a word of sympathy weighs less than gold, but travels faster. There was a touch of true nobility in the reply of a Boston merchant thus appealed to when he said: "No, my friend, I have no place for you, every position is filled, but you will be better able to ask for work somewhere else if you will go with me and get a good dinner."

Defective Page