

# The Chapel Hill Ledger.

JOS. A. HARRIS, EDITOR.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. V.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

NO. 10.

## UNSPOKEN.

I may not keep thee, dear, I long have known  
An hour must come for farewell look and sigh  
A hour wherein love blossoms that have blown  
Around our path, like summer flowers must die  
And I have communed with my wakeful heart,  
And thought of all that I would say to thee,  
Ere hand and lip from hand and lip should part,  
And oceans roll between my love and me,  
But as we stand upon the moor to-day,  
The gorse and purple heather at our feet,  
I have no spirit left in me to say  
The words I meant to be so strong and sweet;  
No eloquence to help me at my need  
No words of fire to thrill my last "G-d-speed!"  
Yet standing 'neath September's sky,  
With solitude around us, God above,  
We feel, with precious moments fleeting by,  
That silent farewell better suiteth love,  
No honey'd phrase can ease the cruel smart,  
Felt with the stroke fate dealt us to-day,  
I read each longing of thy tender heart,  
Thou knowest all I would but cannot say,  
I do not bind thee by a parting vow,  
Thou speakest not of faith's nest to me;  
It is enough to be together now,  
Ere yet between us rolls the morn'g sea,  
S'neath, alone among the moorland flowers,  
I see the last of all our happy hours!

## Major Boots.

Once upon a time a certain gentleman, who lived splendidly and did not pay his debts, owed his shoemaker a large bill, and the shoemaker having been told to call again many times, and having written notes without end asking for a settlement, resolved to disgrace his customer by exposing him to his friends the very next time he gave one of those large dinner parties which so excited the creditors' ire.  
Accordingly, having seen the wagons of the caterer stop before the door, and watched the waiters enter one by one, Mr. Shoemaker, attired himself in his Sunday suit, and with his little bill elegantly written out, awaited the appearance of the carriages and when at last fifty had arrived, set down their burdens and departed, stalked up the doorsteps like a vengeful ghost, and ringing the bell furiously, found it opened for him with startling celerity, and stood face to face with a tall, black waiter, white gloved and stately.  
"Where's Mr. Cheater?" whispered the shoemaker.  
"Gentlemen's dressing room, second floor back," responded the waiter.  
Some one else had arrived, and was treading on his heels. A vision of splendor, in the most wonderful, soft, white wraps floated past him.  
"Ladies, front room, second floor, gentlemen, back," repeated the waiter.  
Mr. Shoemaker was hustled forward, hat in hand, and saw his delinquent debtor in all the elegance of dress-coat button hole downer, and white cravat, bowing to, shaking hands with and smiling upon aristocratic personages innumerable.  
The sight fanned anew the flame of the tradesman's just wrath. He marched forward, planted himself directly before the elegant Mr. Cheater, and stared him in the face.  
But Cheater did not wince. He knew his guest well enough and he understood his purpose; but what he did say, was:  
"Beg pardon; for the moment I've forgotten your name."  
"Have you? Then perhaps you'll remember me when I tell you that I made your boots."  
"Now, if you'll trouble yourself to repeat these last four words rapidly, you will find that you don't say, as you believe you do: 'I made your boots,' but, 'I major boots.'"  
The lucky Cheater detected this fact on the instant.  
"Major Boots!" he cried, demonstratively slapping hands. "Dear, dear; how could I forget you for a moment! Delighted to see you—delighted. Mrs. Chiffins, let me introduce you to my old friend, Major Boots."  
"So glad to know you," responded the old lady thus introduced. "I'm sure I've heard Cousin Cheater speak of you a thousand times. Sit down, dear, and tell me who all these people are. I'm quite a stranger I've isolated myself in Europe so long. Sit down, Major Boots; here is a chair."  
The newly-christened shoemaker hesitated a moment, but it was not possible for him to cry out: "I'm not Major Boots; I'm Clump, the shoemaker, come for my bill." He found he had not the courage. He crammed his hat under the velvet chair to which he was motioned, and subsided into angry silence while the old lady went on:  
"Oh Major, I always feel so privileged when I have the opportunity to talk to a military man. I adore courage. And were you ever wounded? Do tell me all about it."  
The bootmaker, finding it necessary to reply, said "that he never had been wounded."  
And the old lady went on:  
"Never! How charming! Bore a charmed life, and all that sort of thing. Do tell me all about it."  
The shoemaker replied "that there was nothing to tell."  
On which that most gushing of old ladies cried:  
"Now, Major, I won't believe that. It's like the modesty of you celebrated military men. I know you stormed redoubts and led forlorn hopes, and were the only one left of your regiment, and all that. I'm sure I read all about it at the time. Oh, here is Colonel Hobbs, a celebrated English officer, did something awfully brave in India. Colonel let me make you acquainted with Major Boots, one of our bravest military men. He's been telling me all about the wonderful things he did in the army. I mean he wouldn't tell me about them—

just like all you great men—won't trouble himself to fight his battles over for an old woman."  
"Aw—awfully charmed, I'm sure," responded the gallant Colonel. "Awfully, aw. Must introduce you to my brother, Captain Hobbs in the same regiment with myself."  
The shoemaker had arisen and was looking down on his business suit.  
"I didn't intend to—that is, I didn't expect to be at such a swell affair as this," he stammered, "or I—I should have word my dress-suit."  
"Oh, my dear fellow, we always expect you American officers to be wrough and weedy. We'd be disappointed if you were not. The ladies, you know, adore wrough and weedy men. It's the particular charm of Americans."  
Away he led the bootmaker, who really began to feel that he must have been, at some period of his life, a military man. And after being introduced to Captain Hobbs as Major de Boots, who was "delighted," found himself *tele-a-tele* with a very lovely young French lady, who addressed him as "General de Buta," and whom, at the request of his hostess, whom he had never seen before, and who had no idea who he was, he took down to supper.  
Somehow this stranger in his mixed suit, and with his sulky air, had been set down as a most eccentric and distinguished military man by everybody. He was regarded with attention, listened to with reverence when he condescended to say a few words. The French lady introduced him voluminously as General de Buta; and thus was he addressed thereafter. The waiters offered him champagne frequently, and the bootmaker gradually grew exhilarated. Never had he been present at such elegant festivities. Never had he partaken of such viands—been so overwhelmed with festivities. Never had so lovely a creature leaned on his arm. Never had he tasted such wine. At first it exhilarated him, then it mounted to his head, and suddenly it appeared to him that his host was a glorious fellow, and that he was under infinite obligations to him.  
"Doubling his fist, he brought it down upon the table with a crash that made the glasses ring again.  
"Better man than Cheater don't live!" cried he.  
"I agree with you," replied his neighbor, politely.  
"Ah! I adore such enthusiastic friendship, such lof like Damon and Pythias in ze play," ejaculated the French lady.  
"How original! How delightfully eccentric! A perfect military man," whispered others.  
Meanwhile the bootmaker, staggering to his feet, made his way, as best he might, toward his host.  
"Cheater," he cried, look here! I came—here he reeled and caught at a table—"I came to give you this—before every (hic) everybody."  
And he held out his folded bill, which Mr. Cheater instantly took.  
"Now I—I wouldn't (hic) do it—for—for—"  
Mr. Cheater beckoned two waiters.  
"My dear old friend," he said, "you're not quite well. Let these men put you in a carriage, and go home. I'll call on you to-morrow. So glad to have seen you. As for this—pooh! pooh!"  
The waiters led the bootmaker from the room, after their host had whispered a direction to be given the driver.  
And Mr. Cheater thus addressed his friends:  
"You must not think ill of my old friend, for this little lapse of his. After the trials of military life it is only to be expected that his habits should not be those of quiet civilians, and 'tis his only weakness."  
"One forgives everything in a soldier," remarked a lady.  
"A very ordinary failing for a military man," responded a gentleman.  
"And I think the honest creature should have remembered so slight an indebtedness as this, and been so anxious about it," sighed Mr. Cheater, as he put the shoemaker's receipted bill into his pocket.

## Curious Lakes.

On the top of Mealfourvonele, a hill in Invernesshire, Scotland, is a lake one hundred and eight feet long and eighteen broad, which never freezes, and is always full, without the appearance of any regular supply. This lake has been said to be unfathomable, but the contrary is now ascertained. About seventeen miles from this lake is another, called Loch Wair, which is also covered with ice all the year around. On the top of a ridge of mountains in Portugal, called Estrella, there are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially one of them, which is said to be unfathomable. What is most remarkable in them is, that they are calm when the sea is so, and rough when that is stormy, which makes it probable that they have subterraneous communication with the ocean; and this seems to be confirmed by the pieces of the vessels that were occasionally cast up, though almost forty miles from the sea. There is also another very curious lake in this country, which, before a storm, makes a frightful rumbling noise that may be heard at the distance of several miles. And there is a pool or fountain called Fervancas, about twenty-four miles from Coimbra, that absorbs all its own wood, but even the lightest body thrown into it, such as cork, feathers, straw, etc., which sink to the bottom, and are seen no more. To these may be added a remarkable spring near Eremos which petrifies wood, or rather incrusts it with a case of stone; but the most surprising circumstances is that it throws up water enough in summer to turn several mills, whereas in winter it is perfectly dry.

## HAVANA BUTTER.

One and a half cupsful white sugar, whites of three eggs, yolk of one; grated rind and juice of a lemon and a half, or two small ones. Cook over a slow fire twenty minutes, stirring all the while. Very nice as tarts or to be eaten as preserves.

## Traveling on a Hymn.

Soon after Circuit Court Commissioner Randall had got seated in his office in Detroit one day recently, there came a steady tramp! tramp! down the hall, and a solid, hearty voice led off with:  
"There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we shall see it afar,  
For our Father we've over the way,  
To prepare us—"  
"Good morning, sir, I am getting on to Nebraska."  
"This isn't the route," replied the Commissioner, as he looked up.  
"I know it, sir, but I'm doing a little singing and collecting a little money to help pay my way."  
"What do you sing?"  
"The Sweet Bye and Bye." That's my gut, and it has taken well so far.  
"We shall sing on that beautiful shore,  
The melody o' songs—"  
"Been traveling on that hymn 'em from Providence, and it has struck 'em every time."  
"We don't think much of it out West here," remarked the Commissioner.  
"You don't? Why, there's nothing like it! If I had a brother, and he was a blamed heathen, and that hymn didn't melt him right down and make him confess to every mean act of his life; I'd disown him! Can Michigan people be worse than heathens!"  
"And our spirits shall s' row no more,  
Not a sigh—"  
"I don't believe they are."  
"I think you'll find that our people prefer something lively, instead of melting. We are not much on the melt, except in hot weather."  
"I will now sing the 'Sweet Bye and Bye,'" said the man as he put his hat on the desk.  
"Don't."  
"But I will. You've never heard it sung as it should be. Why, man, I cut across a corner of Connecticut in March, and hardened old sinners followed me for miles and cried like children! In one case I went twenty miles to sing it to a backslider on his 'ying bed."  
"Did it finish him?"  
"No, sir! He got well. Why, when I got into Canada they turned out as if I had been a circus."  
"We shall sing on that beautiful shore,  
The melody—"  
"Say, what do you charge not to sing it?" interrupted the Commissioner. "As I told you before, we want something out this way more on the order of 'Old Dan Tucker,' with a piccolo accompaniment."  
"I don't know nothing about the Tacker family, nor nothing about piccolos. I'm square up and down on the 'Sweet Bye and Bye.' It fits me. We sing right up together like twins. I'll sing it and collect ten cents. Ready; now—"  
"Here's a quarter not to sing it."  
"Say," said the man after a long pause, "I won't take it! No, sir, I'm traveling on a gut of my own. My particular line is 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,' as I may have incidentally mentioned before. I've got the right down fine, and I can knock the socks off any church choir in America on the chorus. Good day, sir! I might sell my vote on a pinch, but I can't be bribed to give my hymn the cold shake."  
"In the sweet-bye and bye,  
In the sweet—in the sweet,  
We shall sing—"  
And he never halted nor looked around, although the Commissioner hit him in the back with a quarter.

## Death in a Palace.

Eye-witnesses say that the scene presented during the last moments of Menecae Queen of Spain, was imposing in the extreme. A magnificent altar had been set up in the apartment facing the widely open doors. It was profusely illuminated and lighted, and covered with flowers and tall wax candles. The Patriarch of the Indies, the Archbishops, Cardinals, the clergy of the Royal Chapel and other church dignitaries, were grouped before it, reciting the prayers that went up without ceasing to the throne of the Almighty, imploring clemency for the living and the dying. The Crown Ministers, the Presidents of the Senate and the Cortes, the King's gentleman-in-waiting, and the ladies-in-waiting of the Queen and Princess were all on their knees reciting the responses. The King sat at the right of the bedside, with the dying Queen's hand in his, and at the left was the Princess steadily pressing a handkerchief from time to time, to the damp-brow already cold. At the foot of the bed, transfixed with grief, stood the Duke and the Duchess, and at a little distance the lovely group, the three Infantas and Cristina, the Queen's youngest sister, all in white, and with their heads bowed in prayer. No sound was heard in or near the death chamber beside the low chanting of the clergy, the murmured responses, and the sobs of the King, who wept continually as though his heart would break. His attendants had given up pressing him to leave the bedside, for he had energetically declared that he would only leave the Queen when life left her. All wept; all bowed in prayer; but the decree of the Most High had gone forth and precisely at a quarter past 12 o'clock the Marquis of Gregorio pronounced the fatal words: "La Majestad, la Reina de Espana ha muerto." "Dead, your Majesty. Dead, your Lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverend." The fatal words pronounced by the court physician-in-chief followed from the chamber like a dark, swelled forth, and surged through the lofty cold wave, and surged through the lofty palace galleries swiftly and softly, reaching the immense expectant multitude assembled in the streets around the palace almost instantly; and so rolling on, black and sullen, and with mysterious extremities almost reached the uttermost extremities of Madrid, when the passing bells began to toll, and the minute gun announced that the unfortunate young Queen had ceased to exist.

Uninvited guests sit on thorns.

## "She's Gone on You."

Mr. Coville's niece, an estimable as well as a pretty young lady, has been visiting him for some time. Shortly after her coming a clerk in one of Danbury's leading stores made her acquaintance, and became at once her devoted attendant, very much to the delight of young Coville. The clerk is very fond of good tobacco and smokes an admirable cigar. The portion of it that is not consumed when he reaches the house he leaves on the porch until he comes out again. The third or fourth time he did this young Coville detected the move, and lost no time in possessing himself of the luxury, with which he retired to an out-of-the-way place. When this had been done several times, and several times the clerk had secretly felt for and missed his cigar, he began to grow suspicious and uneasy. Perceiving this, young Coville awoke to the fact that something must be speedily done to counteract the smoker's discretion, and the best way to do it was to so completely involve him in the meshes of love as to make the loss of an unfinished cigar a matter of no account whatever. With this view he put himself in the young man's way at the store. The bait took.  
"How's Minnie?" said the clerk anxiously.  
"She's not very well," said young Coville.  
"Why, what's the matter?"  
"I don't know. I guess you know that better'n I do," answered the youth with a facetious wink.  
"I know?"  
"I guess so. Oh, she's gone on you."  
"Sh!" cautioned the clerk, looking around to see if they were unobserved.  
"What do you mean, Billy?" and he blushed and looked pleased.  
"Why you see, she's as chirp as can be when you're there, but when you ain't she's all down the mouth. She don't fix her hair, an' she won't see anybody, an' she goes around the house sighing, an' hour without sayin' a blamed word to nobody, but just looking at the wall. Then there's another thing," added the young man impressively, she don't put cologne on her handkerchief only when you're coming. Oh, I know a thing or two, you bet." And he winked again.  
To say that the clerk was too pleased and rejoiced for anything is but feebly expressing the frame of his mind. In the excitement of emotion he gave young Coville a quarter. That diplomat hastened home and immediately sought his cousin.  
"Minnie," he said, "I have been up to Charlie's store."  
"Have you?" she said, trying to look very much unconcerned.  
"Yes, and I tell you, Minnie, he's just a prime fellow—way up. But he's gone on you."  
"What do you mean, Willie?" asked the flushed and agitated girl.  
"I mean just what I say. He's gone sure. He got me off in one corner and he just pelted the questions into me about you. By gracious, Minnie, it's awful to see how he is gone on you. He wanted to know what you're goin', an' if you were enjoying yourself, an' if you were careful about your health. He'd better be looking out for his own, I'm thinkin'."  
The girl was pleased by these marks of devotion from the handsome clerk, but her heart faltered her at the last observation.  
"Why, what do you mean, Willie?" she asked in considerable apprehension.  
"Oh, nothing, only if he keeps agoin' down as he is of late, it won't be many months before he is salted down for good," said the young man gloomily. "He told me that the things of this world wasn't long for him."  
And young Coville solemnly shook his head and withdrew to invest the quarter.  
A great happiness has come upon Charlie and Minnie now. Four times a week he visits her, and four times a week young Coville pensively sits back of the fence, smoking a cigar and speculating on the joyful future opening before his cousin and her lover.

## Summer Diet.

There is a great deal said in praise of French cookery, but the demands of the intense life Americans lead cannot be met by mere flavors and simulated dishes. Our palate may be cheated by the *coquinier*, but he cannot cheat our stomachs. Food we must have—food that on analysis gives fibrin and gluten and albumen and puts such rest on our muscles and our brains that we cannot choose but work and think. The hearty worker is invariably the hearty feeder. While it is right and proper to utilize everything edible, and wrong to waste what may serve a useful purpose, there is no economy so unwise as that which leads us to defraud our blood by filling the stomach with what seems to be food, but is lacking in the essential elements of food. In the summer time, fruits and vegetables naturally form a large part of our diet. When neither under-ripe nor over-ripe, nothing can be more wholesome than fruit. But there are no articles of food more degrading to the system than unripe fruit, or that verging on decay, in which the fermentations of decomposition have begun. So far as possible, fruit should be eaten without sugar. Sugar is carbon in a saccharine garb, carbon is heat. Curds are very delightful articles of food. For breakfast on a very sultry morning in July or August nothing can exceed a cream cheese for delicacy and satisfaction. The habit once formed of eating cold dishes in summer, and the American idea that every meal must taste of the fire, being discarded, the large comfort ensues to the cook and the eater no less. Cold tea and cold coffee, if eaten no less and cooled, are as refreshing and stimulating as the same beverages at 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Cold meats are as nutritious as warm meats, and many vegetables are as palatable when they have been a half a day from the fire as when first cooked. Salads of all kinds are especially grateful in warm weather, and should form part of every dinner.

## The Man Who Got High.

A citizen of repute has for some time past been greatly annoyed at the slow progress made by the carpenters in building for him a horse-barn, and the said carpenters have been highly incensed over his impatience. They left him, the other night on a scaffold under the eaves at one end, to which spot he had climbed, to see if the cornice wasn't on bottom side up and when he wanted to come down the ladder was gone moved around on the side. The citizen looked down upon the cobble-stone alley, up at the sky, and found himself left. He could have alarmed the neighborhood by one yell, but he didn't care to make a meager of himself. He watched the street forty feet away, and finally attracted the attention of a boy. The boy had the situation explained to him, but he couldn't handle the ladder. When he found he couldn't, he sat down on a bunch of shingles and folded his arms, saying:  
"Well, I might as well stop around and see this episode closed out at reduced figures."  
"Boy, won't you go and get a man to move the ladder for me?" softly asked the citizen as the distance to the ground began to increase in his estimation.  
"Not much, you might fall while I was gone," was the cheering reply.  
In the dusk an old lady stopped at the entrance of the alley to read the number of the house, and not being able to make it out she called to the boy. He beckoned her to come down there with one hand while the other was elevated toward the man on the scaffold.  
"Man up there—highly dangerous—ragged ahead!" he remarked as she advanced.  
"Yes, he's right up there," she replied as she stretched her neck to view him.  
"Madam, can't you and the boy lift that ladder around here?" anxiously inquired the citizen as he felt his knees going back on a solemn agreement to stand firm under him.  
"I am no madam, sir!" she retorted very promptly. "I'm almost a stranger in the city! Don't be quite so sassy in your remarks, sir!"  
"I asked you if you and the boy couldn't move the ladder around here?" he blandly said.  
"Lifting a ladder is mighty hard on the system!" said the boy.  
"What do I know about moving your city ladders?" she called out, "and what on earth makes you so anxious to come down here all of a sudden?"  
"I will give each of you half a dollar," he suggested.  
"It don't seem to me that you ought to use such freedom with a stranger!" she shouted.  
"I don't feel holden to do anything in this case, being as I don't even know your name. What earthly object have you got in coming down here, anyway?"  
"Madam, I want to go home," he answered.  
"Madam, again! I want you to understand that my name is Thomas, sir! If you can't address me as a gentleman should I'll see about it—see about it, sir!"  
"Name's Thomas, and I'll affidavit the fact!" shouted the boy. "If T-o-m-u-s don't spell Thomas, then I want to see this government Mexicanized!"  
The citizen kept his eye on the mouth of the alley, and after a long minute the woman inquired:  
"Any more sass from up there?"  
"If so, we'll stop the press to announce the same," added the boy.  
Receiving no reply the woman walked away, but the boy stuck to the bunch of shingles like a bumble-bee to a Smyrna fig.  
"Boy, I'll give you a dollar to call a man," said the cherub aloft.  
"Make more than that as foreman of the coroner's jury," was the lonesome reply.  
"I'll lick you out of your hide if I ever do get down!" exclaimed the now indignant citizen.  
Ten minutes brought no change, but eleven minutes did. A private carriage came down the alley, and the driver was known to the man on the scaffold.  
"James!" he called out. "James, jump out and shake that boy there out of his jacket, and then swing that ladder around to me!"  
"My client files his objections and demands a chance of venue!" observed the boy, and he skipped before James had touched the ground.  
The ladder was swung around, the man descended, and he was rubbing his head to get the "swim" out of it, when a lonesome voice came to him through the darkness calling:  
"Never mind; you'll probably be run over by an omnibus to-morrow! Justice is slow, but she allus gets thar!"

## False Teeth and Crutches.

Among the passengers who boarded the east-bound train at Holly, Michigan, the other day were a bride and groom, the regular holly-hock order. Although the car was full of passengers the pair began to squeeze hands and hug as soon as they were seated. This of course attracted attention, and pretty soon everybody was nodding and winking, and several persons so far forgot themselves as to laugh out loud. By and by the broad-shouldered and red-handed groom became aware of the fact that he was being ridiculed, and he unlinked himself to the height of six feet, looked up and down the aisle and said:  
"There seems to be considerable nodding and winking around here because I'm hugging the girl who was married to me at 7 o'clock this morning. If the rules of this railroad forbid a man from hugging his wife after he's paid full fare then I'm going to quit, but if the rules don't, then this winking and blinking isn't bitten short off when we pass the next mile-post, I'm going to begin on the front seats and create a rising market for false teeth and crutches!" It there were any more winks and blinks in that car the groom didn't catch 'em at it.

## Snakes Eating Fish.

For a number of years past it has been our custom, because unable to find any better way to dispose of the summer leisure, to do a good deal of fishing in the Potomac river, sometimes in the immediate front of the Capitol sometimes at the Little and Big Falls above, and sometimes at the Four Mile Run below. We have generally used live-bait, there being minnows in any quantity along the edges of the river. Three summers ago we went to catch minnows at the mouth of a small run called Gravelly creek, situated on the west bank of the river, just at the foot of the Arlington estate. A short distance north of the run is the once quite celebrated Arlington springs, which is still a place of resort for large numbers of Sunday visitors from the city. To reach the springs, except by boat it is necessary to cross Gravelly creek near its mouth, or go quite a long distance around the creek. To enable parties to cross the creek at the mouth, a passageway has been made by a kind of loose dam of stones. At low water the creek here is some forty feet wide, but at full tide it is fully sixty feet and four or five feet deep. These loose stones form quite an impediment to the tide, so that, when the tide is rising, the water on the river side of the dam is several inches higher than the water on the other side, and flows through and over the loose stones quite rapidly, and the reverse is the case when the tide is falling. Vast numbers of minnows are to be found at all times in the marsh along the river banks, and as the tide rises they seek the runs to be found here and there to avoid the white and yellow perch which prey upon them, and it is while they are making up the creek that we catch the quantity wanted. One day, while catching minnows as usual, we noticed a number of snakes, the common water-moccasin, approaching the dam or footway of stone. The water yet lacked several inches of reaching the top of the stoneway, although it was rushing in quite rapidly and carrying with it many bull-minnows and small white perch that were unable to resist it. Watching the snakes we saw one after another reach the dam and take their station upon it, submerging themselves all but their heads, which were raised about an inch above the water and pointed in the direction of the incoming tide. In this position a counted seventeen snakes, arranged at uneven intervals, in a space of less than sixty feet. We came to the conclusion at once they were fishing, and watching them with a good deal of interest. Pretty soon one head danted forward, going under the water, reappearing in a moment with a very large minnow in its mouth. The snake immediately loosened its hold upon the rocks and swam for the shore, reaching which it disappeared in the bushes; and this was repeated at intervals by each of the seventeen snakes. When they returned from the bushes; having made short work of their "catch," each snake sought his own particular location on the rocks, there being no clashing of interests there.

## How Things go Wrong.

There are certain times in each man's life when everything goes wrong. By a kind of total depravity, which extends to things material, whatever happens seems to become a new wild animal in the menagerie, and one's life for the time being, is a fearful snarl. A friend of ours calls these seasons not inappropriately "devil's days." For instance, you hunt all over the room for a pencil, which you are sure you have seen within five minutes, and, having lost both patience and temper, find it at last behind your ear. You are in a hurry and want a penknife. You always keep it in one place, because you know that some time you will get befogged, just as you are now; but when you put your hand out to take it, it is not there. Then you fret and scold and vow that somebody has surreptitiously entered the room and purloined it. After you have fumed yourself in a fever you look again, and there it is, lying in its accustomed place, just as serenely as a child in its cradle. You were looking straight at it and didn't see it. Then the whole household, which you have sent to hunting it up, and each individual member of which you have accused of having it in his pocket, rushes in and asks you where you found it, and makes you feel like an idiot when you confess that it was just where they all told you it was. Things like these happen upon these ill-starred days and emphasizes the advice to always keep calm yourself.

## Dogs and Weather.

Dogs are not without their weather-lore. Thus, when they eat grass, it is a sign of rain; if they roll on the ground and scratch, or become drowsy and stupid, a change in the weather may be expected. As, indeed, in the case of the cat, most of their turnings and twistings are supposed prognostications of something. There are numerous other items of folk-lore connected with the dog, to which we can only incidentally allude. Thus in Ireland it is considered unlucky to meet a barking dog early in the morning, and, on the other hand, just as fortunate for one to enter a house the first thing in the day. They are commonly said to possess a wonderful instinct for discerning character, generally avoiding ill-tempered persons, and making friends with any stranger who happens to be of a kind and cheerful disposition. The life of a dog is sometimes said to be bound up with that of his master or mistress. When either dies, the other cannot live. It is curious that this faithful companion of man should have become a term of reproach, and be used by most of our old writers. Thus we find various phrases such as "dog-bolt," "dog's face," "dog's leach," "dog-trick," etc., all of which were intended to convey the idea of contempt. In days gone by it was a common practice in the country house for the dog to turn the spit at the kitchen fire, a custom which is described by Dr. Caius, founder of the college of Cambridge, which bears his name.