

The Rockwood Review.

for me, accompanied by his wife.

"Only pleasantly cool," I made answer, as I threw on my robe to go home with them.

"Ah," said the wife, "it is not good to go out there on the night of the 'Bon'!"

"I did not go far," I replied. "I only wanted to look at the lanterns."

"Even a Kappa gets drowned sometime," protested Otokichi. "There was a man of this village who swam home a distance of seven 'ri,' in bad weather, after his foot had been broken. But he was drowned afterward."

"Seven 'ri' means a trifle less than eighteen miles. I asked if any of the young men now in the settlement could do as much.

"Probably some might," the old man replied. "There are many strong swimmers. All swim here—even the little children. But when fisherfolk swim like that it is only to save their lives."

"Or to make love," the wife added, "like the Hashima girl." "Who?" queried I.

"A fisherman's daughter," said Otokichi. "She had a lover in Ajiro, several 'ri' distant, and she used to swim to him at night, and swim back in the morning. He kept a light burning to guide her. But one dark night the light was neglected—or blown out—and she lost her way and was drowned * * * * The story is famous in Idzu."

A HAPPY ISSUE.—At a recent dinner given by a prominent club man who is unusually young for the prominence he has won in his chosen field rose to respond for the first time in this city to a toast. His beardless face was flushed and his manner embarrassed. In hesitating tones he began: "Gentlemen: Before I entered this room I had an excellent speech prepared. Only God and myself knew what I was going to say. Now God alone knows." And he sat down.

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS

"I left my husband's death notice here this morning," said the widow. "Yes," said the bright clerk in the publication office of the Daily Squib. "Now," continued the widow. "I want you to add to the notice 'Gone to Rest' in an appropriate place." "Yes, madam," replied the bright clerk, and the next morning she read: "Gone to rest in an appropriate place."

A QUIET RETORT.—To a young man who stood on the street corner in Chicago, peaceably smoking a cigar, approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend. "How many cigars a day do you smoke?" inquired the meddler in other people's affairs. "Three," patiently replied the youth. "How much do you pay for them?" continued the inquisitor. "Ten cents each," confessed the youthful sinner. "Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would stop smoking and save up that money, by the time you are as old as I am you might own that big building on the corner?" "Do you own it?" answered the smoker. "No, I don't," replied the old man. "Well, I do," said the young man.

AN IRISH OFFICER, addressing his men, who had just returned from a somewhat fruitless expedition said: "You were no doubt disappointed because this campaign gave you no opportunity to fight; but if there had been any fighting there would have been many absent faces here to-day."