

The Rockwood Review.

feet in depth. A harness of canvas was now made, with long traces, and, after many attempts, slipped over the head of a fish, the traces being made fast to a light boat. At first the sturgeon made frantic efforts to escape, rushing about the lake in a vain endeavor to find an outlet, almost tipping the boat over; but finally it became quiet and swam along in leisurely fashion, towing the boat and owner about as fast as it would have moved under the influence of a pair of oars. The harness was a loop which fitted over the head, and was finally replaced by bands which were buckled over the fish's back with a loop extending upward, which was hooked up with a boat-hook whenever a ride was desired and fastened to the traces, whereupon the sturgeon would move away at a moderate speed. For some time it was a source of wonder and entertainment to visitors, being in every sense a pet.—THE OUTLOOK.

A PLUM-PUDDING COINCIDENCE.

(From the London Spectator.)

In the French weekly paper, "Les Annales Politique et Litteraire" of March 26, M. Camille Flammarion in one of a series of articles on psychical problems gives this story of coincidences: "The poet Emile Deschamps tells that when he was at school at Orleans he happened one day to dine with a M. De Fontgibu, a refugee who had lately returned from England, and he there tested some plum pudding, then an almost unknown dish in France. The memory of this was gradually fading when one day, ten years after, passing a restaurant on the Boulevard Poissonniere, he caught sight of a delicious looking plum-pudding. He went in and asked for some, but was told that it had just been sold. The shopwoman saw that he looked disappointed, and said: "M. De Fontgibu, would you be so very kind as to let this gentleman have part of your plum pudding?" He then recognized M. De Fontgibu

in the middle-aged man in a colonel's uniform, who was sitting eating at a table near, and who courteously offered him some pudding.

"Many years passed without his coming across either a plum pudding or M. De Fontgibu, when one day Deschamps was invited to a dinner party to eat a real English plum pudding. He accepted, and laughingly told his hostess that M. De Fontgibu would certainly be of the party, telling her his reason for saying this. The day came. Ten guests filled the ten places laid for them, and there was a magnificent plum pudding on the table. They were beginning to laugh at his M. De Fontgibu when the door was opened and the servant announced 'M. De Fontgibu,' and an old man came in, walking with difficulty and helped by a servant. He walked slowly round the table, evidently looking for some one! and seemed quite bewildered. Was this an apparition or a joke? It was the time of the carnival, and Deschamps thought that at first it was a hoax, but when the old man came up to him he saw that it certainly was M. De Fontgibu. His hair stood on end. Don Juan in Mozart's masterpiece could not have been more terrified by the guest of stone. It was all explained, however. M. De Fontgibu was dining with some people in the same house, and had mistaken the door. This series of coincidences is so surprising that one can understand Deschamps saying, when he told this startling story: "Plum pudding has come into my life three times, and so has M. De Fontgibu! Why is this? If it happened a fourth time I should be capable of anything or nothing."
