

### Harvest Prospects in England.

According to the special reports published by the Times with regard to the crops '03 outlook is somewhat discouraging. The most favorable points in the estimates relate to the root and grain crops. The yield of hay will be lighter than for many years past. Cereals, it is stated, do not appear as if they will be able to pull up to an average, whatever the weather may be between now and harvest time, and although wheat has generally improved on the month, there has been more than a corresponding falling off in oats, which were at one period looked upon as likely to be the crop of the year. Barley seems to promise better results, and it is hoped will improve considerably, moving up from 88.6 to 93.8, Sussex making the best return. In Kent and Worcestershire there are signs of mould, but no serious damage is reported. In Scotland there have been gains in barley, oats, potatoes, beans and grass; but losses on peas, wheat and roots. In no case, however, has the change been great, the most important being the advance of grass from a position represented by 94 in June to 101.3 in July. In Wales wheat has improved a little; barley has receded to a very limited extent; oats have gone up a point; an advance has been made in beans and peas; potatoes are reported to be very robust, promising a very heavy crop, while grass has receded 4.5, and roots half a point. As a whole, however, the outlook is not regarded as better than it was 12 months ago, although it is not put down as very much worse when a balance is struck of all the growing crops.

### Wide Tires.

An agricultural engineer writing in the Country Gentleman, makes some suggestions of importance to the farmer in any country in the following: One more thing is needed. This is a law doubling the width of a person using a tire narrower than three inches, and reducing it one-fourth on a four-inch tire is used. This is, of course, on heavy vehicles which cut the roads to pieces when the narrow tires are used. The wide tire is a service to the road, acting as a roller. Unfortunately, this matter is not understood, and there is much error in regard to it. The draft of a wide tire is not increased, but diminished. When a narrow tire sinks into the soft ground, it is equivalent to going up a slope equal to the depth the wheel sinks and the small distance from the lowest point of the wheel to the level of the road. This is more than would be perceived at first sight, and increases the draft fully a fourth or more. Another thing should be well known, viz., that to travel in a rut is destructive to a road, and every driver should avoid following directly in the track of another wagon. By doing this the road may be made like a floor—all the more so if the wide tires are generally used. All this applies to the use of wagons in fields, but more so. I have seen a wagon that cost \$50 to repair, made on a hill field by one rut after another, by one load of hay drawn down a slope, that might have been avoided had the tire been four inches wide. Will the broad tire act as a roller on the dirt road or will it afford an increased surface on which to pick up the dirt that clings to the wheel when the soil is wet to the depth of half an inch? That the tire that is sunk in the soil is continually going up a hill and a very steep hill at that, must be apparent to any man who will measure the angle from the bottom of the rut to the level of the surface. If that hill was apparent and the same angle stretched out a mile in advance, the horses would balk and the driver become utterly discouraged.

### How to Tell the Best Cow.

The Western Farm Journal has lately been looking over the views of two wise men as to the best means of selecting a good milk cow. The Journal says it takes a very few words to tell what Prof. Robertson, of Cornell University, knows on the subject. He is a man of a large and scientific knowledge of cows, and he knows the only way to tell the best cow is by milking her and keeping a record of her milk and butter. He thinks it is impossible for any man to tell by merely looking at her which is the best cow in a herd. The man who can do so ought to be able to tell which is the fattest horse out of a dozen fast breeders by looking at them. Most men think they can do so, and back their opinion with their money, and the very difficulty of doing it furnishes the chief interest in a race course. Nearly any man with any sort of practical knowledge can tell a fairly good cow when he sees her, but to tell which is the best merely by what can be seen, is something, in the professor's opinion, beyond the reach of man's sagacity. Prof. Robertson, the well known Canadian authority, while not pretending to describe, or be able to judge the very best cow, yet points out certain rules which characterize good cows as follows: "A long under lengthwise of her body, and it should be very elastic in quality. The elastic quality means room to make milk. A soft skin, a mellow skin covered with mossy, silky hair. A cow has only one skin—no skin around her body and clear through by way of the stomach. The skin, if coarse or harsh, means sluggish digestion inside, and that means an expensive cow that does not digest her food or thrive well. Then a cow should have a large, round barrel, with broad ribs wide apart, for holding plenty of good, rough, bulky, cheap feed; it should be filled up twice a day. See that the milk veins under the cow's belly are prominent; prominence is a far more important indication than actual size would be. Firm muscles in the abdomen mean good constitution. They are one of the best evidences of endurance and thrift that you can find in a cow, and endurance to stand the strain of giving milk continuously is what you want. A cow should have broad joints with long rump. A rather long, lean neck, with clean-cut and prominent eyes. These points indicate enduring power to stand the strain of a long milking season. If a cow has these five points she will usually have the power of serving a man well. Having given the above Mr. Robertson wisely adds that unfavorable conditions of keeping, either as to stabling or defective feed will neutralize the very best equipment; in other words, the very best cow, in the hands of a poor feeder, or surrounded by conditions not favorable, or in the hands of a man who does not like cows and the care of them, turns out to be a very common and ordinary individual.

### Iron-clad Apples.

Dr. Hoskins, the noted Vermont pomologist, writes to the "Agricultural Cultivator" that by selection and growth of seedlings, certain apples that will thrive successfully

### HOOPS AGAINST CLAWS.

A battle to the death between a Norman stallion and a grizzly bear.

A battle between a powerful stallion and a grizzly bear was witnessed by the employees of James Murree at the latter's mountain ranch in Idaho on Monday last. Old Ursus Horribilis proved himself to be the better fighter, and although he was terribly injured by his iron-hoofed antagonist, he might have recovered from his wounds had not Jim Maxwell, a vaquero, sent a slug from a Sharp's rifle through his body. Before the grizzly died, however, he played even with his human foe.

The battle royal between the two beasts commenced at about 4.30 in the morning, and lasted about an hour. The ranch hands saw the melee from its commencement, but so confident were they that the stallion would prove a victor, they did not attempt to interfere until it was too late. Time and again old Grey Rex, as the big Norman horse was called, had in short order killed black bears of a considerable size, and the men thought his early morning antagonist was nothing more than an unusually big black bear which had come to the ranch in search of a juicy shoot. They observed that the shaggy animal's method of fighting was quite unusual, but they were too anxious to enjoy a little sport to give the matter a second thought.

Old Grey Rex had been sleeping in his shed the previous night, and when he heard the men moving about he pranced out, neighing for his maternal feast of grain. As he rounded the corner the men saw forward and his mane and ears slanted as he eagerly sniffed the air. He heard the grizzly's snarl and the grizzly's snarl, and he glanced over his shoulder, but did not quicken his shuffling gait. He had seen horses before. "By George, boys, there's goin' to be some fun," cried Cowboy Jack Spire, and the men clamored to the roof of a shed the better to see the battle.

### Milk in Hot Weather.

Hot, suffocating weather is depressing on dairy interests in many ways, and a hot wave is especially dreaded by manufacturers. On the farm the cows give less milk, for they are lolling in the shade instead of grazing, and it requires the utmost vigilance and care to keep the milk sweet and untainted for twelve hours. The advantage of shade trees and plenty of pure water in the pastures becomes very great in hot weather, for the comfort of the animals and the perpetuation of a normal quality and quantity of milk. By the way, in speaking of thinking of milk, dairymen should always put quality before quantity. We are sorry that this is not the rule on many dairy farms, and the fact accounts for a great deal of non-success in milk production. Do not try to preserve a large quantity of milk in bulk unless you have abundant facilities for doing so; the risk is too great. In both cream-raising for butter-making and in preserving milk for cheese making we firmly believe in the setting and storing of milk in small quantities. Not only do we get a better quality of milk, butter and cheese, but the labor and responsibility of caring for the product is lessened. In our experience as a manufacturer one of the greatest difficulties that we have encountered is the ignoring of this fact by many dairymen. A certain class of milk producers are perpetually attempting to keep the product of their cows pure and sweet by massing it in large bulk. In hot weather, of course, they are constantly falling in the attempt, and at the same time bringing trouble on their own heads, and being a source of exasperation to manufacturers.

Ours is a climate of extremes of heat and cold, wet and dry, and modern dairying to be successful, must maintain an equable standard through it all. Man must therefore do what nature does not, in the dairy line—produce certain artificial conditions of climate, and take care of the milk quality can practically take care of itself, for a certain length of time in cool weather proper facilities should always be at hand for its necessary preservation when the temperature runs high. It is almost impossible to take too good care of milk, but it is quite possible and common to neglect it to its detriment. The microscope has revealed to us the changes in milk as in other organic substances are produced by bacteria, or minute animal organisms. Most people, however, have but a faint idea of the inconceivable rapidity with which, under favorable conditions, destructive bacteria multiply in milk. A small amount of foreign matter in the seam of a can, pail, or any milk receptacle, will, in hot weather, contain millions of germs which multiply with almost spontaneous quickness in the milk, producing sourness or taint. Through initial washing of utensils, with always an after scalding of boiling water, is one of the main preservatives. Rigid cleanliness is the law, and it is almost impossible to be too thorough. Get a good idea of the subject of bacteric multiplication, and you can never after fail to regard this subject with proper significance.

### A Curious Burial Place.

Riding or walking down Oxford Street, London, one can hardly fail to notice a curious object on the top of a very handsome residence a few hundred yards to the right after passing the Marble Arch. As seen from the street it appears to be a framework of glass, some twelve feet long by six and four high. Through the glass can be plainly seen a large, oblong box, very suggestive of a coffin in color, shape, and size. The story goes that the last tenant of this palatial residence, who was also owner of the property, was an eccentric and very wealthy old gentleman. When he died, away back in the sixties, he left a provision in his will that his remains should not be buried in the ground in the ordinary way, but should be placed in a coffin inside the glass structure referred to above, which he had built for that purpose during his lifetime. Agents for the property have tried to disprove this story, but the fact remains that every Londoner in the vicinity of the Marble Arch firmly believes that the remains of the old man lay, or rather stand, in the hands of a poor feeder, or surrounded by conditions not favorable, or in the hands of a man who does not like cows and the care of them, turns out to be a very common and ordinary individual.

### HALF-BUFFALO, HALF HORSE.

A remarkably equine freak captured on the Plains by six cowboys.

Five years ago six venturesome cow-boys, tired of the monotony of driving cattle to Kansas City, formed a partnership to hunt buffalo on the plains. The lads signed a contract to work for a year, when the cash derived from the sale of the skins was to be divided and the firm dissolved.

The boys operated in Arizona, Wyoming and Manitoba, with a view of supplying hides for the Northwestern Canadian markets which were at that time scantily stocked. The hunters had had luck for the first few months and were about to abandon the venture, when one morning they ran across a large herd of wild buffaloes.

The animals were in especially good condition and more swift of foot than the average buffalo. At a signal from the leader of the herd, the others scampered behind him at a rapid gait. After a day's manuevering the cowboys were able to make a close inspection, and at once detected that the leader had more of the characteristics of the horse than of the buffalo. They determined to lasso the leader first.

It took four days to separate him from his companions, and while he appeared to be subdued from fear, he made a fierce fight for liberty. As soon as he was tripped off his feet, he raised himself on his hind legs, plunged in the air and turned on his captors. The animal was found to have all the symmetry of a perfectly formed yearling colt. The head, ears, nose, shoulders, haunches, and legs were those of a horse. The dull sleepy eyes, the shaggy coat and thin tail, covered with tufts, and the hoofs belonged to the buffalo species.

The cowboys realized that they had secured a prize and went to work to tame him before an introduction to civilization. It was a more difficult task than they counted on, and five of the owners finally sold out to the other. For three years this boy labored with his prize, but the best he was able to do was to get the animal to respond to a powerful twitch tie around the nose and the head. The animal was named "Imperial Prince, as the half-buffalo, half-horse is named, recently arrived in Utica, but has not yet been shown in public. Large royalties have already been offered for the right to exhibit Imperial Prince throughout the country, as it is believed he is the only specimen that has ever been captured. He is now trained to the saddle and can be ridden by a child. The gait is more of a lope and he is inclined to amble rather than to walk. He is six years old, weighs 1130 lbs., and stands 15 hands 5 inches.

### Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—God's temple crowns the holy mount. The Lord here condescends to dwell; His Son's gates, in his account, Our Israel's fairest tents excel; Ye, glorious things of these we sing, O City of the Almighty King!

Of honour'd things we aver, Illustrious throngs from her proceed; The Almighty shall establish her, And she shall stand as a rock; Ye, for his people he shall count, The children of his favour'd mount.

He'll stion find with numbers fill'd; Who celebrate his matchless praise; Who, in his almighty skills, In heaven their harps and hymns shall raise; O Zion, seat of Israel's King, Be mine to drink thy living spring! —(Anon.)

Tuesday—Yon'think you're a boy, seize the reins, and jehus headlong on the dark; passion and prodigality blaze in the front, and bewilder the coachman and dazzle the passengers; wisdom, prudence, and virtue are overset and maimed or murdered; and at last repentance, like the footman's flambeau, lights us to dangers when they are past all remedy.—[T. Holcroft.]

Wednesday—Come Holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who almighty art, Now rule us every day, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power, To thee, great one in Thee, The highest praises be, Hence evermore: Thy sovereign majesty, Thy love, Thy grace, Thy love, Thy love. —[C. Wesley]

Thursday—The first gift of God to his infant church was the gift of tongues of fire. The tongues were fiery because the heart was on fire. One can see even now the lambent flame in the words of St. Paul in the sermon on Mars Hill or the letters to Ephesus and Galatia. Eighteen centuries have not cooled them. How they still glow! What impassioned fervor is in them!

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! who can fathom where is thy victory?" "Now unto him that is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

These embers, picked up at random from Paul's Epistles, will glow as when they first were kindled.—[Lyan Abbott.]

Saturday—Language is an outward sign of an inward character. It would be interesting, and not impossible, to trace the different National characteristics in the different languages. Greek, Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, French, German, Anglo-Saxon—all these and other tongues and dialects have their reason in some quality, some temperament, in the respective people who speak their diverse languages. The Frenchman and the German live near neighbors on opposite sides of an invisible boundary line. But the difference between them is as great as between the languages they speak.—[Christian Union.]

A girl will cry with a loud howling noise until she is ten years old, when she begins to cultivate the art of weeping.

### A "SCHIPPE DOGGE."

Modern instance of one of them noted in a recent wreck.

A curious incident occurred quite recently in connection with a collision which resulted in the sinking of a coasting schooner. The colliding steamer stood by after running into the smaller vessel, and seeing she was evidently settling down, launched a boat to rescue the crew. The night was dark and the sea rough, and though the shore was but some four or five hundred yards away, the situation was a dangerous one.

One of the crew of the coaster when about to jump into the steamer's boat said animal was a large one, of the Newfoundland type, and his deep bark had never ceased since the first impact of the collision. When the owner of the dog returned, the rescued crew were soon on board the sailing vessel's deck. Nothing more was thought of the dog incident until his frantic appeals for help made it patent to all that he was still on board the sinking vessel. When remonstrated with for not bringing him on the owner stated that he had secretly fastened a lead to his collar so that he could not be washed away either dead or alive.

The boat was again hurriedly lowered, but the schooner had drifted away, and by the time she was reached the dog's struggles were over, for she had settled down, and only the top of her mainmast was visible. When the wreck was raised the body of the dog was discovered secured in such a manner as to render it impossible for him to be separated either in life or death from the wreck. In the early days of our merchant shipping, the "schippe dogge" was a necessary part of the equipment of every vessel.

All wrecks in ancient times were deemed the property of the crown, but by a statute of Henry I. the harsh consequences of this law were avoided when any person, male or female, escaped. A still more humane enactment of Henry II. extended the property-saving clauses of the statute so as to include man or beast. Hence the custom that still lingers of having a "ship dog" on board. It must be remembered, too, in connection with the above incident, that the dog was derived in the main from old-fashioned fishing villages and secluded coast towns, where Old World traditions die hard.

It was some vague and shadowy idea that by the possible sacrifice of the dog the vessel might be secured to her owner in spite of her being wrecked, that led to the animal being abandoned without being allowed a chance to escape from a watery death.

### In the Lions' Den.

A distinguished explorer, who has spent much of his life in the jungles of Africa, had gone out in search of a magnificent bull buffalo which he had shot the day before, but which two lions had seized and carried off in the night. Following their trail he found himself at the entrance of a tunnel three and one-half or four feet high. "With two of my Tokroors following with spare rifles," says he, "I crept upon hands and knees into the dark tunnel, following the trace of the dragged buffalo. A light double-barreled rifle was my companion. "After a few yards the tunnel narrowed greatly and was little more than three feet in height. The evergreen bush which lined it was so dense that the place was very dark, and I could no longer see any tracks of lions upon the ground over which I crept, advancing in the most cautious manner, with both barrels upon full cock. "About seventy yards had been passed in this manner when I discovered signs that the buffalo was near at hand. I looked behind me, and my two men were keeping well together. The carcass of the buffalo could not be far off, and it was highly probable that the lions would be found in forcible possession. "Presto tly I heard the cracking of a bone, and there could be no doubt that the lions were close at hand. Once more I looked round to see if my men were coming on, they were both close up. We crept noiselessly forward for a few yards, and suddenly a dark object appeared to block the tunnel. "In another moment I distinguished the grand head and dark mane of a noble lion on the other side of a black object which proved to be the body of the buffalo. Another head, of a lioness, arose upon the right. "At that instant a tremendous roar deafened us, and the scene changed before I had time to fire. We were alone, and actually in possession of the buffalo, having driven the lions from their prey simply by our cautious advance, without a shot. It required some time and trouble to secure the head of that buffalo in the narrow limits of the lions' den, but it hangs upon my wall now as a trophy."

### Remarkable Little Things.

The smallest representatives of the sheep species are the tiny "Bretons," natives of France. When full grown they are not much larger than a rabbit. It is said that a ram of four years could be entirely hidden in a common wooden water bucket, but for the horns. One has never been known to exceed twenty-one pounds in weight when dressed for mutton. An interesting piece of mechanism is now on exhibition in a jeweler's window in Paris. It is a miniature working model of the great Crozet hammer—the largest in the world. It works in a glass case only two inches in height, a liliputian clock furnishing the motive power. The original hammer weighs 100 tons; this model, which is of pure gold, nine grains.

A Manchester cutter, who must be a light-fingered mechanic of high order, has made a wonderful little pen-knife. It weighs but one penny-weight. Notwithstanding its extreme minuteness, however it is provided with sixteen very useful articles, viz.: Three blades, a button hook, saw, punch, screw driver, cork-screw, hook, gimlet, two pliers, picker, tweezers, and two lancets. The total length of the knife is but eleven-sixteenths of an inch.

The microscope exhibits over 4000 muscles in a common caterpillar; a thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone bee, and proves that the big "eye" of the "devil's darning needle" is a grand aggregation of more than 28,000 perfect eyes, each with separate, polished lenses.

Flies don't bother the busy man. There is one fortunate thing about being a dude—you need never fear brain fever. Every man expects in his own case to have ample time to get his worldly affairs in good shape before he dies, but no man ever has. Men hope to leave enough to keep their wives, but they leave it in such shape that the women lose half the threads in trying to get affairs untangled.

### ETNA'S SUMMIT.

Famous ascents of the Great Helicon (as it was called) which is now in eruption.

The story of the ascent of the summit from whose summit Plato, in his serene and thoughtful time, Mr. Gladstone, in our troublous days, have, among many great men, in great wonder, watched the sunrise has a strong fascination, because of its wide contrast, its stern exaction of strength and endurance, and its supreme awe-inspiring reward, the realization of that which inspired the ancients and the poets of the Middle Ages. From the banana and the orange groves, from the vineyards and the palms, sprang the seven mountainous regions into which the botanists have divided the realm protected of Persephone—because "among the billowy cornfields of her mother, Demeter, and the meadow-flowers she loved in girlhood are ever found sulphurous ravines and chasms breathing vapor from the pit of Hades"—to the snow capped crest that spreads for ten square miles between the awful depth of unquenchable fire and the blue heaven that suddenly seems to be brought near, the traveler mounts, with an ever-increasing sense of the vastness beyond and around him.

When twelve miles of the ascent from Catania have been accomplished, the summit looks as far off as ever. When Mr. Rodwell made the ascent in August, 1877, no rain had fallen in Sicily for three months, and along the eastern seaboard of the mountains the mean temperature was 82 degrees Fahrenheit. His starting point was Catania; his first halt at Nicolosi, a little town, consisting of one long street, bordered by one-story cottages of lava. Nicolosi has more than once been shaken to the ground by earthquakes. From Nicolosi, a mule track, on mule back, by no definite path, over a vast tract covered with lava and ashes, with here and there patches of broom. The mules know all about it, and wise travellers trust them as they deserve. While his mule bore him unguided up the steep slope of the trackless waste Mr. Rodwell wrote his notes, and at the time of the setting sun, the district of lava and ashes like forests of small trees, and at a height of 4,216 feet is the Casa del Bosco, where men in charge of the woods live and whence the start for quite the upper regions of the mountain—where cold surpassing that of the higher Alps has to be encountered—is made. There, Mr. Rodwell records, "the air was so extraordinary still that the flame of a candle would not flicker." At 6,300 feet the Regione Deserta is entered. Lifelessness is all around. Silence broods over the waste of black sand, ashes and lava; ants are the only living creatures in the crater region. A little lower down Spalfanzani found jays, thrushes, ravens, kites and a few partridges. There was no moon on the night on which Mr. Rodwell made the ascent; but as the desolation deepened, and the earth became more arid, and more void and mute, the heavens "took up the wondrous tale." "The stars," he says, "shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and sparkled like particles of white-hot steel. I have never before seen the heavens studded with such myriads of stars. The Milky Way, as some call it, was very bright, and meteors flashed across the sky in such numbers that I soon gave up any attempt to count them. The vault of heaven seemed to be much nearer than when seen from the earth, and more flat, as if only a short distance above our heads, and some of the brighter stars appeared to be hanging down from the sky."

A hundred years ago Brydons, "the best of the earth," discovered some of his satellite, and he was so dazzled by "a wondrous majesty and splendor," records how he and his companion were "more struck with veneration than below;" how they exclaimed together, "What a glorious situation for an observatory! had Epimetheus had the eye of Galileo what discoveries must he not have made!" and how they regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as he was persuaded that might have discovered some of his satellites by the naked eye, or at least with a small glass which he had in his pocket. There is every probability that next year will see an observatory at the Casa Ingles, a small lava house near the base of the cone of the great crater, built by the English officers stationed in Sicily in 1811.

At 1,300 A. M., with the temperature at 4 degrees (Fahrenheit), Mr. Rodwell reached the welcome shelter of the Casa Ingles, and rested there until 3 A. M., when the brighter stars having disappeared, he started for the summit of the great crater, 1,200 feet above him in order to witness what Brydons calls "the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature." There was no strong wind; the traveller did not suffer from the sickness of the ascent, and he was very comfortable in the highest point at 4,400, and, cautiously choosing a coolish place among the cinders, set up on the ground, whence steam and sulphurous acid gas were issuing, to wait for the sunrise: "Above the place where the sun would presently appear there was a brilliant red, shading off in the direction of the zenith to orange, and yellow; this was succeeded by pale green, then a long stretch of pale blue, darker blue, dark gray, ending opposite the rising sun with black. This effect was quite distinct; it lasted some minutes, and was very remarkable. This was succeeded by the usual rayed appearance, and at ten minutes to 5 the upper limb of the sun was seen over the mountain of Calabria."

So simply does Mr. Rodwell record the garden of his toil, for, as he says truly, no one would have the hardihood to attempt to describe the impressions which are made upon the mind while the eyes are beholding the sunrise from the summit of Etna. How greatly the isolation of the awful mountain adds to the incommunicable effect of the scene on this occasion. "The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn, as it were, to a single point, without any neighboring mountains for the senses and imagination to rest upon and recover from their astonishment, in their way down to the world." It must be a wonderful experience to turn from such a contemplation to gaze into the vast, perceptible abyss of the great crater, even when it is quiet, as on this occasion. In 1838, when Mr. Gladstone made the ascent, the fire forces were in activity, and he witnessed a "slight" emotion, involving such trifles as lava masses 200 pounds in weight being thrown a distance of a mile and a half, and a black column of ashes being shot from time to time out of the uttermost depths of the crater far above its edge.

The minor craterers look small in comparison with the great mass of the mountain, but in reality some of them are of great size—as, for instance, the double mountain, called "Monti Rossi," from the red cinders that composed it—and are richly covered with vegetation.

Every man defines cowardice in his own case as discretion. The girls of sixteen who consider their selves young ladies should not consider the ugly looking boys of the same age. When the girls are twenty-two and a trifle shift-worn the boys will be young men and may remember the snubs. It pays to be polite all the time.

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