

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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## An Autumn Fairy.

BY KATHARINE LUDLOW.

One calm, clear night when children all  
Were wrapped in slumber deep,  
And when the golden autumn moon  
Kept watch above their sleep,  
A little boy you know quite well,  
Back from a long, long trip,  
Came sliding down a moonbeam bright,  
With many a hop and skip.

The forest trees he crept among,  
And shook the nuts from each;  
He knew that they were hanging high,  
Above the children's reach.  
He found no house on all his way,  
Too small for him to pass,  
Till fairy halls and castles white  
Adorned each pane of glass.

When all his work was finished quite,  
Before the break of day,  
This roguish little boy of ours  
Crept quietly away.

the boat in two, would dash away or  
dive beneath the waves.

When forced to the surface again for  
the necessity of breathing (for whales  
are warm-blooded animals like the seal  
and must have air), the boatman would,  
if possible, hurl another harpoon into  
his body. Sometimes after hours of  
fatiguing chase the whale would get  
away after all. The line attached to  
the harpoon was kept coiled up in tubs  
at the bow of the boat, and often, so  
great was the speed with which the  
whale darted away with the harpoon,  
that the friction of the rope on the edge  
of the tub would kindle it to a flame if  
it were not kept wet. There was dan-  
ger, too, of the arms or legs of the har-  
pooner becoming entangled with the rope,  
when it was in danger of cutting the  
limbs in two or breaking a bone.

These dangers have now been done  
away with by the use of a gun, as shown  
in the picture. Sometimes, too, ex-  
plosive bombs are used, which kill the

mal organisms on which this huge mon-  
ster lives, were screened.

Formerly whale voyages lasted from  
three to five years. The whaler took  
immense quantities of "hard tack," that  
is, very hard crackers, in the puncheons  
which afterwards held the oil. Now the  
voyage is very much shortened and its  
hardships greatly lessened.

## IN A GLASS CASE.

Two or three young men who were  
visiting in Washington City recently  
went into the National Museum. Pass-  
ing a cabinet, they glanced at the label  
on it, on which were the words, "Body  
of a man weighing one hundred and  
fifty-four pounds."

"Where is the man?" asked one of  
the young men.

No one answered him. In the cabinet  
were arranged an odd assemblage of  
heterogeneous articles. Among them

one of them said. That is all that  
goes to make me?"

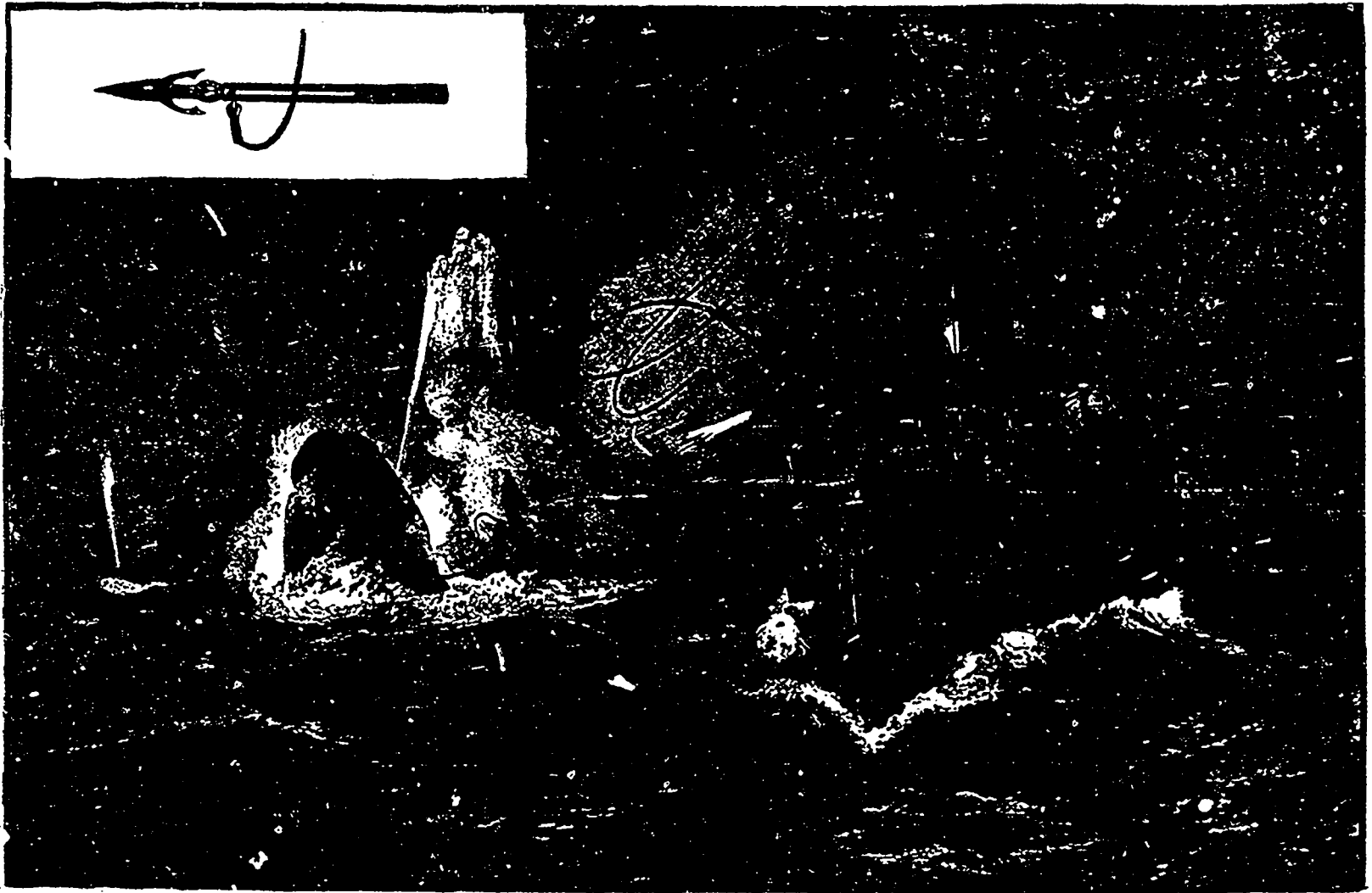
"That is all," said a bystander, smil-  
ing, and walked on.

But the young men did not smile. The  
cabinets had set before each of them,  
for the first time probably, the awful  
problem of his own being

"If that is all that is needed," said  
one, "so much gas, so much lime, so  
much iron, we should all be exactly  
alike. There is something more, which  
they cannot put into cabinets."

"Yes," said another under his breath,  
"that added by the unseen Power, who  
puts into these senseless elements that  
which makes man a living soul."

They stood a moment and then passed  
on in silence. To each of them his  
own soul and his God had suddenly be-  
come real, before these cabinets filled  
with all the essentials for the mak-  
ing of a man—but one.—Our Young  
Folks.



WHALE HUNTING.

And when the children woke and looked  
Upon each window pane,  
They jumped and laughed and shouted  
loud:  
"Jack Frost is here again!"

## WHALE HUNTING.

This is one of the most exciting occu-  
pations in which any one can engage.  
The whale is by far the largest game  
which man can hunt. Some of them  
will reach seventy or eighty feet in  
length and weigh many tons. The use  
of cannon and explosive bombs has al-  
most revolutionized the whale fishery.  
Formerly the whalers used to leave their  
ship in open boats, and when a whale  
was seen "blowing," that is, spouting  
water, at a distance, they would ap-  
proach as near as possible and the har-  
pooner in the bow would hurl his har-  
poon with all the force that he could.  
At the word "stern all" the boat would  
instantly back and the whale, lashing  
the sea with his tail, sometimes cutting

whale instantly. Great care has to be  
exercised that the rope is strong, or the  
whale may sink to the bottom. When a  
whale is caught, he is towed alongside  
of the ship. Some of the sailors leap  
on his back and with sharp spades begin  
cutting the tough skin or blubber. This  
is attached to the tackle of the ship and  
is hoisted on board, the whale being  
turned over and over in the water as this  
fatty envelope, sometimes two feet in  
thickness, is removed from his body. It  
is then cut into pieces and "tried out"  
in open furnaces on the deck, built in  
with brickwork. The oil is stowed  
away in barrels. Its spermaceti, a  
superior kind of oil taken from the head,  
of which candles are made, and the  
whalebone, which was formerly more  
valuable than it is now, are also saved.  
Whalebone was extensively used for mak-  
ing ribs of umbrellas and dressmakers'  
trimmings, but light steel is now substi-  
tuted. This whalebone has a fringe of  
finer fibre attached to its edges by means  
of which the small fish and minute ani-

were two large jars of water, also, jars  
containing different kinds of fats, other  
jars in which were phosphate of lime,  
carbonate of lime, a few ounces each of  
sugar, potassium, sodium, gelatine, and  
other chemicals. Another section held  
a row of clear glass jars filled with gases  
—hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen; a  
square lump of coal, and more bottles  
separately labelled phosphorus, calcium,  
magnesium, and potassium. In a little  
jar was a fraction of an ounce of iron,  
and near by was a lump of ill-smelling  
brimstone. The materials in these  
cabinets are given in exact proportions  
as combined in an ordinary man.

"It is very curious and interesting as  
far as it goes, said one of the young  
men; "but where are the retorts and  
tubes, and the fire, and the chemist?"

The young men stood silent, staring at  
what seemed to them a gruesome assort-  
ment of carbon, and sugar, and gas, and  
iron, with a certain awe and disgust.

"And that is what I am made of?"

## A MONKEY HERO.

A nobleman had a favourite monkey,  
a large orang-outang. The monkey  
was very much attached to his master,  
and to the baby boy who was the pet of  
the whole family.

One day, a fire suddenly broke out in  
the house, and everybody was running  
here and there to put it out, while the  
little boy in the nursery was almost for-  
gotten, and when at length they thought  
of him, the staircase was all in flames.  
What could be done?

As they were looking up and wonder-  
ing, a large hairy hand and arm opened  
the window, and presently the monkey  
appeared with the baby in his arms and  
carefully climbed down over the porch,  
and brought the child safely to his nurse.  
Nobody else could have done it; for a  
man cannot climb like a monkey, and  
is not near so strong.

You may imagine how the faithful  
creature was praised and petted after  
that. This is a true story, and the lit-  
tle child who was saved was the young  
Marquis of Kildare.