Still other gardens I should find, And other meadows dewy sweet, And still the summer roads would wind, And still the patient earth would lead-Though I a thousand miles should wend Herself unto my patient feet.

The rivers hide 'neath many a bridge, The better pleased they greet the day: There's guidance o'er the roughest ridge; Ave, though 'tis thousand miles or more To where she sits within the door, There is a path leads all the way.

Oh, blessed land of the dear earth, Betwixt us still, though wide we stray, Thou seem'st to lessen thy great girth In dusk and stillness for my feet; Thy futile hinting yet is sweet; There is a path that leads the way!

And at its end she sits the same, With evening face serenely bright, With lips that sweetly speak my name: While through her look and smile there

Suggestion still of holy ways, That conquer parting, change and night,

## BEFORE THE DUEL.

In society they used to speak of him as "that handsome Signolles." His title was Viscount Gontron -Joseph de Signolies.

Orphan and master of a large fortune. he made a conspicuous figure in the fashionable world. He had a fine apof speech sufficient to gain him the reputation of a wit, some natural grace, mustache and soft eyes-just what women admire.

He was in demand at receptions, s desirable partner in a waltz, and he inspired the men with that sort of smiling confidence enjoyed by men who possess energetic faces. He was suspected of having had some of those amours which are supposed to do credit to a young bachelor. He lived happy, quietly, in the most absolute good morsl standing. It was known that he was a good

wordsman and a better shot.
"When I have to fight," he would ay, 'I choose pistols. With that wean I am sure of killing my man." Now, one evening, after having accompanied to the opera two young married ladies of his acquaintance, with heir husbands, he invited the whole party after the performance to take over on his left side. some ice-cream at Tortont's. They had been there only a few minutes, when he beerved that a gentleman seated at a upon him: heighboring table was staring steadily t one of the ladies in the party. She seemed to feel annoyed, embarrassed, and kept her head down. At last she

said to her husband: "There is a man over there who keeps staring at me. I don't know him at all; do you?"

The husband, who had not noticed anybody; turned to look, and replied; 'No; I don't know him at all. The young woman continued, hal

smiling, half angry: "It is very annoying; that man spoils my ice cream.

The husband shrugged his shoulders. "Nonsense; pay no attention to him. If we had to worry ourselves about all the insolent people we meet, there would kept asking himself:

never be an end of it." But the viscount had suddenly risen. He could not permit that individual to destroy the enjoyment which he had offered. The insult was to him-inasmuch as it was through his invitation the party had entered the cafe. Therefore the affair concerned no one but he. He approached the man, and said to

Sir, you are staring at those ladies m a manner which I cannot tolerate. Will you be good enough to cease this staring at once!" The other replied:

You keep your mouth, will you?" The viscount, setting his teeth, ex "Take care, sir; you may compel me to violate politeness.

The stranger uttered only one wordone fifthy word, that resounded from mous and he was pale—certainly he one end of the cafe, and made every was pale, very pale indeed!

He stood there in front of the mirror. been set in motion by a spring. All who had their backs turned looked round; all the rest raised their heads three waiters simultaneously whirled apon their heels like so many tops; the two women behind the counter started and twisted themselves completely about, as if they were two puppets pulled by one string.

There was a great silence. Then a sudden sound clacked in the air. The viscount had slapped his adversary's face. Everybody jumped up to interfere, Cards were exchanged.

After the viscount returned home that night he began to walk up and down his room with great, quick strides. He was too much excited to think about anything. One solitary idea kept hovering in his mind-a duel-although what he ought to have done; he had behaved just as he ought to have be haved. He would be spoken of, would be approved, would be congratulated. He reseated aloud, speaking as met speak in great me tal trouble:

"What a brute that man is!" Then he sat down and began to think. He would have to procure see ped suddenly, even while his hand was ends in the morning. Whom should he raised to grasp the bell-cord. choose? He thought of all the most celebrated and most dignified men or his acquaintance. Finally he selected the Marquis de la Tour Noire and Col. Bourdin; a great nobleman and a great soldier—that would be just the thing. Their names would have weight in the newspapers. He suddenly discovered that he was thirsty, and he drank three glasses of water, one after another; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt full of energy. By showing himself to be plucky, ready for anything and everything, and by insisting upon rigorous and dangerous couditions - by demanding a serious, very serious, terrible duel, his adversary would be probably seared and make

He took up the man's card which he

Nothing more. He examined the letters of this name, which seemed to him mysterious-full of vague significance. George Lamil? Who was the fellow? What did he do? What did be tare at the woman in that way for? Wasn't it disgusting to think that a stranger, a man nobody knew anything about, could worry a man's life in that way, just by taking a notion to fix his eyes insolently upon a weman's face. And the viscount repeated again aloud:

"What a brute that man is!" Then he remained standing motionless, thinking, keeping his eyes still fixed upon the card. A rage arose within him against that bit of paper a fury of hate mingled with a strange sense of uneasiness. It was a stupid mess, all this affau! He seized an open penknife lying beside him, and jabbed it into the mildle of the printed name. as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he would have to fight! Should he choose swords or pistols—for he considered himself to be the party insulted. With swords he would run less risk; but by choosing pistols, he might be able to frighten his adversary into withdrawing the challenge. It is very seldom that a duel with swords is fatal, as a reciprocal prudence generally prevents the combatants from fencing at such close quarters that the blade can pearance, a good deportment, a facility inflict a very deep thrust. With pistols his life would be seriously endangered, but again, he might be able to extricate and an air of noble reserve, a brave himself from the difficulty with honor, and yet without an actual meeting.

He exclaimed: "I must be firm. He will be afraid!" The sound of his own vo ca made him start, and he looked around him. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, and began to undress in order to go to bed. As soon as he got into bed, he blew

out the light and closed his eyes. He thought: "I have the whole day to-morrow to arrange my affairs. The best thing I can do is to take a good

sleep to settle my nerves." He felt very warm between the sheets; and still he could not sleep. He turned over and over, and remained for five mioutes on his back, then for five minutes on his right side; then he rolled

He felt thirsty sgain. He got up for a drink. Then a new anxiety came

'Is it possible that I would be afraid?' Why did his heart start to beating so wildly at the least little familiar noise in his room? When the clock was about to strike, the click of the little spring rising up caused him a violent start, and he felt such a weight at his hear! for several moments that he had to open his mouth in order te breathe.

He began to reason with himself on the possibility of the thing:

"Am I really afraid?" No, certainly; how could a man be afraid since he was firmly resolved to carry out the affair to the very end. since he was fully decided to fight, and not to tremble. But he felt so profoundly disturbed inwardly that he

"Can a man become afraid in spite of

himseif." And this doubt, this suspicion, this terror grew upon him; suppose that a force more powerful than his will, an irresistible and mastering force should overpower him, what would happen? Of course he would appear on the ground, as he had made up his mind to Yes; but what would happen? do so. What if he should be afraid? What is he should faint? And he began to think of his position, of his reputation, of his

And a strange desire suddenly seized him to get up and look at himself in the glass. He relit his candle. When he saw his visage reflected in the mirror, he could hardly recognize himself; and it seemed as if he had never seen himself before. His eyes looked enor-

He put out his tongue as if to certify the state of his health; and all at once this thought shot through him like a bullet.

"The day after to-morrow, at this very hour, perhaps I shall be dead!" And his heart began to thump again,

furiously. 'The day after to-morrow I shall perhaps, be dead. This person here before me; this 'I' that I see in this glass will be no more. What! here I am. I looked at myself; I felt that I live, and in twenty-four hours I will be lying in that bed-dead, with eyes closed—cold, inanimate, gone from the world of the living."

He turned to look at the bed; and he distinct y saw himself lying there under the very same covers he had just left. the idea itself had not yet awakened His face had the hollowness of a dead any special emotion. He had done just face; his hands had the limpness of

hands that will never move again. Ther he became afraid of his bed: and, in order to escape it, he went into his smoking room. He took a cigar mechanically, lighted it, and began to walk up and down again. He feit cold, he started to ring the bell in order to awaken his valet-de-chamber; but stop-

"That man would see that I am afraid." And he did not ring. He made the fire himself. His hands shook a little. with nervous trembling, whenever they

touched anything. His mind wandered, his thoughts began to fly in confusion, brusque, painful; a sort of drunkenness came upon him, as if he had been swallowing liquor. And over and over again he kept

asking himself: "What shall I do? What is going to become of ma?

His whole body shuddered with spasmodic quiverings; he rose, and going to the window, drew aside the curtains, The dawn was breaking—a summer dawn. The rosy sky made rosy the city, the roofs and the walls. A great

had drawn out of his pocket as he en | glow of soft light enveloped the awak- to foot, so that the barrel of the pistol tered, and had flung on the table; and ening city, like the cares of the sunhe read it over and over again, as he rise; and with its coming there passed had already read it in the cafe; with a into the viscount's heart a ray of hope, glance-and as he had read it in the merry, quick, brutai! What a fool he carriage by every passing gaslight, was to have thus allowed himself to be "Georges Lamin, 51 Rue Moncey." worried by fear before anything at all had even been decided -- before his seconds had seen those of Ge rge Lamilbefore he so much as knew whether he would have to fight at all.

He made his toilet, dressed and walked out with a firm step. As he went along, he kept repeating

to himself: "I must be energetic, very energetic. must prove that I am not a bit afraid." His witnesses, the marquis and the colonel, put themselves at his disposal; and after a hearty shake-hands, they

began to discuss the conditions. The colonel asked: "Do you insist upon a serious duel? The viscount replied:

V ry serious." The marquis asked; "You wish pistols?"

"Well, we leave you free to regulate the rest." The viscount articulated, in a dry,

jerky voice: "Twenty paces-to fire at the worlto fire on the rise, justead of on the fall, Balls to be exchanged until one or the other be serious y wounded." The colonel exclumed in a tone of

satisfaction: 'Those are excellent conditios. You shoot well; and all the chances are in

And they departed on their errand. The viscount returned home to wait for underneath the words: their return. His excitement, temporarily appeased, now began to increase every minute. He felt all along his legs and arms, in his chest, a sort of shaking, a continual quivering; he found himself utterly unable to remain quiet in any one place, whether sitting or standing. His mouth felt as dry as if wholly devoid of sativa; and he project for a columnar tower of masonclacked his tongue loud'y every once in ry 984 feet in height, in which to estaba while, as if trying to unfasten it from his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then the idea came to him to roof, forming a promenade, and capatake a drink, in order to give himself courage; and he ordered a decanter of The central one, 60 feet in diameter, is rum brought in, from which he helped himself to six small glasses, after one another.

A heat, as of a burn, passed through him, tollowed almost immediately by a sort of mental numbness. He thought: Here's the remedy. Now I am all y-know."

emptied the decanter; and his excitement become intolerable. He felt a mad wish to roll on the floor, to scream, to bite. Evening came,

A sudden pull at the door bell gave him such a sense of sudocation that he | Side nairdresser as he bowed and scraped could not find strength to rise to re- a stylishly dressed woman out of the seive his seconds. He did not even dare to speak to

or anything else through fear that they | Strange, too, that this mania should might discover everything from the become so virulent fust as winter is alteration of his voic.

The colonel said: "Everything has been arranged acording to the conditions you stipulated. Your adversary at fir-t claimed, as the insulted party, his right to the choice of weapons, but he almost immediately after waived his claim, and accepted everything as you wished it. His seconds are two military men."

The viscount said: Thanks.

The marquis exclaimed: "You must excuse us for only coming and going out again; but we have still a thousand things to do. We must secure a good surgeon, since the duel is to end only upon the serious wounding of one of the principals; and you know bullets are not things to joke about. Then we must settle upon a good place, near some house or other, to which we can carry the wounded party if necessary; and all that sort of thing. In short we've got two or three hours' work before us."

The viscount a second time articu-"Thanks."

The colonel asked: "Well, you feel all right! you are "Yes, very cool, thank you."

The two men retired, When he found himself all alone again, he felt as if he were going mad. When his servant had lighted the lamps, he sat down at his table to write some letters. After having traced, at the head of a blank sheet of notepaper the words "This is my last will and testament," he rose to his feet with a sudden start and walked away, feeling incapable of putting two ideas together,

of making any resolution, or deciding

about anything whatsoever. So, he was going to fight! There was no getting out of it now! What was the matter with him? He wished to fight; he had the firm intention of fighting; he had resolved upon it; and nevertheless he clearly felt, in spite of his utmost determination, in spite of the utmost tension of his will, that he could not possibly find the force necessary to enable him to go as far as the place of meeting. He tried to picture the scene in his mind—his own attitude and the deportment of his adversary.

From time to time his teeth chattered with a little dry noise. He wanted to read, and took up Chateauvillard's Code du Duel. Then he asked himself: "Does my adversary frequent the shooting galleries? Is he known? Is name published anywhere? How

can I find out?" He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on the expert pistol shots, and he went through it from one end to the other. Georges Lamil's name was not mentioned in it. But still if that man was not a good sho, he would never have b en so prompt to accept a duel under such fatal conditions, with so

dangerous a weapon, As he walked up and down he stoppad before a little round table on which lay one of Gustinne Renette's wellknow pistol cases. He took out one of the pistols, placed himself in the posi-tion of a man about to fire, and raised his arm. But he trembled from head gaivered and pointed in all directions,

Then he said to himself: It is simply impossible, I shall never be able to fight as I am now." He looked down the muzzle of the barrel, into the little deep black hole which spits out death; he thought of dishonor, of whisperings in the salons. of laughter at the clubs, of the contempt that women can show, of allustons in newspapers, of the open insuits

he would receive from cowards. Still he stare ! at the weapon, and, pulling back the hammer, he suldenly observed a cap shining under it, like a tiny red flame. The pistol had remained loaded, by some chance, some forgetfulness. And the discovery filled him with a confused and inexplicable

joy.

If he could not maintain before the other man, the cool and dignified deportment which behooves him, then he would be ruined forever. He would be stained, branded with the stamp of infamy, driven out of society! And that calm, fearless attitude he would not be able to have; he knew it; he felt certain of it. Yet he was brave enough since he wanted to fight! He was brave since - But the half-shaped thought never completed itself in his mind; for, suddealy opening his mouth as wide as he could, he thrust the muzzle of the pistol in, back to his very throat, and pulled the trigger.

When the valet-de-chambre, startled by the report of the pistol, ran in, he found his master lying on his back, dead. A gush of blood had spittered over the white paper on the table, and formed a great red blot immediately

"This is my last will and testament." Besides the gigantic tower which M. Eiffel proposes to erect for the Paris Exposition of 18-9, it seems the French cap tal is to have another great tower. M. J. Bourdais has presented to the French Society of Civil Engineers a lish a permanent museum of electricity as far up as 216 feet, and above this a six storied column surrounded by a ble of accom dating 2,000 persons.

framework faced with copper. "AND so you are really 21 years old, Mr. De Cook?" she asked.

is to be surrounded by an ornamental

"Yas," responded that young man. "I reached my majority to-day, Yes, you got there by quite a small But at the end of an hour, he had majority," was the way she sustained

the conversation Short hair a terry Cut.

"Queer craze tois," mused a South

big front door of his establishment. "Time was when women gloried in her they could pile on without disgusting the men folks about the Louse. But it pockets. Now, let me think a moment Yes, it was Ellen Terry who started the craze. Rose Cleveland, the President's sister, was probably the first to catch the fever, and from this lady the contagion has spread until now near v every city and town in the country has a large number of well developed cases. Neither the young nor the old is spared. Why, last week a woman about 49 years old came here and threw herse f into one of the chairs like a three-times-aweek shaver. Did she want her hair cut? Well, I should hurry to reply she did. I run the shears around and up and down the back of her cranium until I found some wrinkles back of her ears, and then I stopped. In a modest sort of way I told her of my discovery and recommended a mixture I have for removing the furrows of time. Why, sir, that woman was so humiliated that she left orders to have her tresses made into a wig and switch, and only yesterday I saw this lady promenading on

State street with her hair fastened on with pins, nets, and strings. "Oh, this epidemic is just grand. Let me tell you of another funny case over on the West Side. The wife of a wealthy man came home one night with her raven locks wrapped up in a newspaper which she carried under her arm. At the table the servant girl 'piped off' ber mistress, and was stricken with the malady. Next day the girl climbed into a barber's chair and paid forty cents for a Tamany Hall bair cut. Then she was proud. She waltzed into her basement dinner with a masculine dash. When she flew into a jealous passion, and, just to wound the poor girl's heart, donned her bureau-drawer switches and pompadours, and in this head gear she may be seen almost any day looking dagge s

girl catches the fever. This young lady is all right with long sunset tresses; but with them off the back of her head looks like a brindle door step rug. Then, besides, if freckles have been hiding around her neck and ears they are bound to come out and cause com

"I predict a great and immediate craze for hair jewelry, wigs, and switches. When the mercury gets down ten or twenty degrees below zero you will see these young women coming around here for hirsute blankets and the like. I overheard two doctors talking with an undertaker the other day. One of the medicine men said that he was confident that the short-hair craze would result in a large increase in ca-tarrhal affections, and the undertaker bowed low and divided an apple with

In both houses o' the Indiana Legislature the conference report of the World's Fair bill was agreed to making an appropriation of \$100,000. SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Lignum vitæ has iong been used on the stern tubes of steam vessels and for other bearings exposed to considerable pressure. A Leipsic inventor, however, has recently brought forward a process for treating soft wood so as to render it effective for the various purposes for which lignum vitæ has hitherto been so exclusively em- lost, ployed. The soft wood is first impregnated with oil, after which it is subjected to a great pressure, increasing post. the density of the material to a very great degree.

Steam fitters and engineers appear now to realize the valuable properties of gaphite in making up joints. Indestructible under all changes of temperature, a perfect lubricant, and an antiincrustator, any joint can be made up perfectly tight with it, and can be taken apart years after as easily as it was to self. put together. Rubber or metal gaskets, when previously smeared with it, will last almost any length of time. and will leave the surface clean and bright. Few engineers put to sea without a good supply of this valuable mineral, and it is equally useful

The superb black paint which is now seen in the treatment of brass work for optical and some other instruments is said to be produced by a new formula, in carrying out which two grains of lampblack are placed in a smooth, shallow dish, a small quantity of gold size is added, and the two are thoroughly mixed together. Just a sufficient amount of gold size is used to hold the lampblack together. After the lampblack and size are thoroughly mixed and worked, twenty-four drops of turpentine are added, and the composition is again well mixed and worked. The compound formed in this manner is found to possess very decided advantages over the dead b. ick mixtures that have commonly beer employed for the purpose named.

A method is described in La Samains des Constructeurs for preserving cast iron from liability to rust, at the same time insuring a pleasing surface. In accomplishing this, the casting is first thoroughly cleaned, washed in then you will not s, eak it. dilute acid, and, when dry, the surface is well rubbed with a metallic brush or a file, and then painted several coats with raw petroleum, care being taken that each coat be thoroughly dried before the next is applied. On the last coat becoming dry, it is to be well rubbed with a stiff hair brush, the result being an attractive dull polish, capable of resisting a high degree of heat and not susceptible to any attack by rust. This condition may be indefinitely preserved and improved by the occasional application of a single them, not even to say "Good evening," tresses but she doesn't glory any more. | coat of petroleum, followed by brush-

ing. - The great elevator built on the most women used to want all the hair quay at Lulea, by the Swedish-Norwegian Railway Company, for loading iron ore direct into ships, has now been is the style, and I don't see why us finished, and its operation is reported he reis, dressers hould grumble, for every cus- to be a success, the elevator raising tomer means seventy-five cents in our three trucks simultaneously in two minutes, the same being then moved along the rails to shoots leading into the hold of the ship, and emptied. The whole arrangement is said to be turn. so perfect that a ship of some twentyfive hundred tons may be loaded in a day. In the engine room are two en- thorn. gines of sixty horse power each, steam being supplied by three boilers. The engines pump water into two accumulators, whence it flows through underground pipes to the elevator, which it will raise with a load of 120 tons on it -the hydraulic pressure being equal to twenty atmospheres, or at the rate of 300 pounds per square inch. In a recent letter on the subject of

continuous car heating, Prof. Lanza makes the statement that, according to experiments thus far, only a small percentage of the steam generated by a locomotive is required for heating pur- | 11. poses in this line. The pipe supplying the steam from the engine should not, he says, be less than one and one-half at. inches in diameter, while that of the radiating pipes in the cars should inches; the conbe two nections between the cars should be rubber, as all metal joints will leak in course of time, however careful the original workmanship may have been. Again, direct steam must be used. all plans for effectively employing the exhaust in this way having failed. The principal difficulty met with on abode with a reckless hurrah, and got introducing this system, was to get rid of the water formed by condensation, the mistress beheld her clipped servant but satisfactory traps are now supplied.

The difference in the yield of leather characterizing various hides, as stated by a recent writer on the subject, is at the humble barber shop across the street.

"It's sad, though, when a red-headed "It's sad, though, when a red-headed "It's sad, though, when a red-headed so per cent. of leather, foot measurement. Plump hides have little spread, but give a good split, spready hides being the reverse of this. Green salted sole leather hides from the stock yards yield at least 70 per cent. dry salable leather for each 100 pounds of hide. Texas and native steers, in short-haired, plump, summer condition, give from 75 to 80 per cent, in acid sole, and about 60 per cent. for non-acid; but the Colorado hides, being more spready, do not turn out quite so well as the Texas. Dry hides, if plump and not weighted with long trim, should yield 150 per cent. acid sole leather to each 100 pounds of dry hide, some tanners reaching 160 pounds.

> One of the sadiest conditions in life is to have nothing good to live for.
>
> The ran who looks at everything through money cannot see very far. It is a great misfortune to te born so that all the laugh has to stay inside of

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Igrorance stands s 111.

Stand behind the truth. No man lives higher than be looks. Too many sailors will sink a ship. He bears misery best that hides it

With broken rudder the vessel is soon

Error only moves to run against a

The good that people do lives after No Christian can live any higher than he lo ks.

No circumstances can repair a defect of charac er.

Luman improvement is from within outwards.

Whenever you find a cross, die on it Contentment is a full brother to hap-

piness. Be a wor er! A loafer is never hap-

ny anywhere. It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Small temptations are extra danger-Love is always the gainer by being

tested. Failure is always next door neighbor to su cess.

If you look wrong you will be sure to step wrong. In morigages there is prosperity -for

the other fellow. Helping the unworthy is throwing water in the sea.

Customs are like grease-they make anything s ip easy. The screst way to a man's pocket is

through his heart. The days are always too short for the man who loves his work. To have a big head and a small heart

is a very great misfortune. Pray that you may not think evil, and I dimly guess, from blessings known,

of greater out of sight. Love never has to be watched to see

that it d as a full days' work. The time to be most careful is when we have a hand full of trumps. The next best thing to owning some-

thing is to be willing to do without it. A happy home is one of the strongest castles Satan ever turns his gun against. No man can be trill brave who is

only trying to be truly good. A good many people would say more if they di in't talk so much. The time when we most need faith is

when things look black all around us. There are not many poor men who would do a rich man's work for the pay

The time to be pleasant and make it count, is when everybody ele is unpleasant.

Economy is a savings bank, into which men drop pennies and get dollars in re-It is ea ier to pick a thorn up by its

rose than it is to pick a rose up by its A fool seems to be a person who has

more will than judgement and more vanity than eather. Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are

ta king a out. The moon looks down at night upon the vices of the world, and yet remains as chaste as ever.

When a man is convinced that he owes anything to himself, he is always very anxious to pay it. If it wasn't for its light nobody would ever find out that the sun has spots on

A discouraged man is one of the saddes sights that angels ever have to look

A great many people are glomy because they beleive all tueir joys are behand them.

The man who can not repect himself has only one more step to take to fall into the pit. The reason some people do not have

more power is because they do not have enough weakness. The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew it would

never be found out. If some people cou'd look themselves q arely in the face, they would want

to have their head cut off Nobody wants to keep a runaway hore, but a good many keep runaway

tempers and think nothing of it. Sweetness that never sours will do more to smooth your pathway through this vale of tears than considerable

money To have to hoe the same row over and over every day takes all the poetry

out of life, and kills the good angel in many people Many of us live so low that we can't see very high, or we wouldn't go about with long faces whenever things don't

go to suit us. Every time the sold er handles his musket in droll it has something to de with the way he will handle it in hat-

There are people who would a good deal rather be the whistle or the bell on a steam engine than to be one of the driving wheel .

It will probatly be a long time before you meet a man who is an l y of a fault nat you have not committed in heart, it not in practice.

Boys have been rulied because they had to stay home and turn the grindstone, when they should have been alwed to go a fishing.