

Advices from abroad are to the effect that "Scotland yearns for Home Rule almost as earnestly as Ireland."

The Baltimore American says that railroad officials are the most unpopular officials before the American public.

Of 181 persons in France claiming to be over 100 years old, a committee threw out 181 after investigation, and the other three were considered doubtful.

An English medical journal has an article in the last number favoring the use of whales as food. It says that they were once used and parts highly esteemed in England. The tongue, nerves and tail are particularly recommended.

In thirteen years, or since 1876, we have exported from this country over 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat and 9,000,000 barrels of flour, the aggregate value of the two being \$1,797,267,367; while for the preceding fifty-five years we exported 515,117,058 bushels wheat and 113,963,000 barrels of flour, the aggregate value being \$1,412,030,000.

The "horn" gentleman will have to keep a sharp lookout that his title is not taken away from him. Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer, declares that the most perfect gentlemen he ever saw was a servant. In a recent article in the North American Review General Sherman corroborates Mr. Stevenson's statement. The "horn" gentleman must assert himself.

Mr. James Payn has mentioned the work of self-denial by the soldiers of the Salvation Army to secure funds for mission work. A good deal has been raised, but no self-denial will evoke a quicker recognition, says the New York Independent, than that by which one soldier saved one and sixpence for the fund by going without gas when he had a tooth extracted. He was in earnest.

At the great London Mission Conference it was said that all countries are now practically open to missionaries, with more or less of liberty to introduce Christianity, except Tibet. This country, with 10,000,000 of people, is largely against entrance; but the British and Foreign Bible Society has translated the Scriptures into Tibetan language, and now has a warehouse filled with Bibles printed in that tongue.

Just before the revolution in Hawaii, last year, Akia, a Chinese merchant gave King Kalakaua \$71,000 as a bribe to secure a valuable license to import and sell opium of the Sandwich Islands. Kalakaua, after receiving the money, which was paid in coin, gave the opium monopoly to another merchant. Akia returned this duplicity, and aided in overturning the old Minister. He has since died, and his Chinese executors brought suit against the trustees of the King's estate to recover this money. The Supreme Court of the Sandwich Islands gave judgment for the full amount of the claim with interest.

According to the Atlanta Constitution, the pronunciation match promises to be one of the diversions of the winter. It is even more exciting than the spelling match and rather more destructive to the peace of combatants. A match held in a city of learning was taken part in by professors, students, teachers and journalists, none of whom were able to pronounce more than three words correctly. The majority went down with decided rapidity. It seemed that the simplest words were the most difficult to pronounce, and such words as "greenish," "obolete," "luxury," "luxurious" and "allopathy" found ready victims.

A writer in the British Medical Journal seeks to explain the causes of longevity. He points out that it is very desirable to have what quietness is possible during brain-work, and the necessity for proper ventilation as a means of maintaining mental energy is well known. It might lessen brain-wear in many offices if electric lighting was substituted for gas illumination. Good digestion is essential to continued work with good lasting power. Late rising and a hurried breakfast, a still more hurried luncheon and rush back to work, followed, at the conclusion of the day, by a heavy meal when the man is wearied, often tend to exhaustion, as much as the unavoidable pressure of the business. A more rational refreshment after heavy brain-work is to partake of light refreshment and then rest half an hour before dinner, thus the power of digestion and social enjoyment are restored to the man. Probably the chief means of preparing a man to withstand the wear of business life is by a careful training, both physical and mental, before he enters upon the struggle and wear of business. One means of increasing the chances of longevity is by training the child wisely. Many a premature breakdown of health is due to that want of preliminary exercise, which would not be neglected by the athlete without disaster.

A CORNER IN WHEAT.

An old man sat in a dingy room, And a queer old man he was; He was angle and point from his elbow joint To the cap of his awkward knee. His legs were long and his face was long, And as sad as a face could be, But his eyes were bright with a dangerous light. As he hummed with ghoulish glee: "Only a penny a loaf, Only a penny a loaf, 'Tis only a penny a loaf to the poor, But 'tis millions of dollars to me!" He bought all the bread in the town one day, And the poor man cursed again; But little he cared how the eaters fared— He was not in a caring vein. For the golden wheat that was made to eat To him was a thing for gain, So his features then wore a ghastly grin As he hummed this merry strain: "Only a penny a loaf, Only a penny a loaf, 'Tis only a penny a loaf to the poor, But 'tis millions of dollars to me!" The poor man sat at his meager board, With his wife and children near; Oh, they saw not, I wain, the phantom lean That gazed on their feast with a leer; And they never thought that a guest unsung was there. The wealth of an old man queer, Stood silent and grim in a corner dim, And whispered this chorus drear: "Only a penny a loaf, Only a penny a loaf, 'Tis only a penny to you, my dears, And 'tis millions of dollars to me!" —George Horlow, in Curcio, a Herald.

JOHN GRANT'S WARD.

BY FRANK H. STAUBER. John Grant was in love with his ward. He regarded his condition as a hopeless one. He had been led to think so because he was forty while she was but twenty, and because of the difference in their tastes, temperaments and pursuits. He was selfish, reserved, reticent, wrapped up in his books. She was confident, communicative, vivacious, fond of out-door life, rebellious under restraint and restless and mental discipline. He was tall, spare, careworn, misanthropic, his face homely in its seldateness, his step slow, his gestures tardy, his utterance heavy. She was little, agile, graceful, bright-faced, charming in her outbursts of girlishness, serene in the consciousness of womanhood, her voice low, sweet, emotional. He had been selected as her guardian when she was five years old, and for the remaining fifteen years, save when at boarding school, she had been almost constantly under his eyes. He had directed her associations, molded her opinions, corrected her faults, anticipated her needs. He had noted her development from a shy, awkward, impulsive child into a lovely, self-possessed, graceful woman. He was not over susceptible—in fact, he was not sufficiently so; yet, thrown so much into the society of his ward, and enjoying so much of her esteem and confidence, it was not strange that he imbibed an affection for her which grew into a passion—a passion which was consuming him because he so sedulously concealed it. He had never been made so aware of the extent of his love for her and the consciousness that she could never be his, as the bright spring morning when he stood watching her from the library window. She was strolling up and down the wide walks in the cheerful sunlight and under the blossom of trees, listening to Vincent Delisle's pretty speeches, or answering them with saucy, incredulous retorts. Her rich dress glistened in the sunshine, and set off its folds with every movement of her lithe, graceful figure. The young people seemed made for each other. He was rich, intelligent, attractive in face, handsome in figure, genial in manner, faultless in attire, kind in heart, appreciative in spirit. John Grant turned away from the window with a sigh, the troubled look upon his face slowly giving place to a look of resignation. He was soon absorbed in his writing and researches, for he was preparing the second volume of a text book, the first volume of which had been received with great favor. In a little while he detected a sweet, subtle odor; next he heard the noise of a dress; then he knew that his pretty ward was beside his desk. "Oh, for goodness sake stop poring over these books!" she cried, more earnestly than flippantly. "They are sapping the life out of you. I am beginning to hate them simply because you love them." She leaned over his shoulder, her curls touching his cheek, the contact of her dress making his pulses beat faster. "Astrology became the stepping stone to astronomy, she said, reading aloud from his manuscript. "Alchemy led to chemistry. Thus the dreams of one century became the science of the next." All that sounds very—very stilted, and it is a question whether it is true. Pray, come down from the stars, and out of your laboratory and your alchemist's dream." He made no reply to her rapid comment. He was accustomed to such instructions and such criticism—and rather liked them. "Has Mr. Delisle gone?" he asked, looking up, no traces of his previous struggle perceptible in his face or tone. "Yes," she said. "Why so soon?" her guardian asked. "Well, I sort of dismissed him," she replied, with a little laugh. "He tired me. He is altogether too—too—worshipful." "Ah," ejaculated John Grant, trying to catch her meaning. "I didn't think a lover could be too worshipful, though I can understand how he might be too impetuous. You are in a queer mood this morning, Valeria." "It is breaking away, then," she said, softly laughing again. "Mr. Delisle, too, charged me with moodiness. I am certain I did not yawn. But I am not moody when I am with you, gaudy. At least, I don't want to be. Can't you leave this work for a little while? There is still time for you to become famous. Get out the ponies and drive me over to the deserted fort. I want to gather some mosses, and the change will do you good." "I saw Mr. Delisle's team among the trees," remarked John Grant.

"Yes," assented she. "Didn't he ask you to take a drive?" "Oh, yes. He is very thoughtful!" "And you declined?" "Yes, gaudy." "But—why?" "Out of pure contrariness, maybe. Perhaps I preferred to go with you. Please, don't question me so persistently." The color came and went in her face, and a girlish pout hung to her red lips for a moment. "All right," John Grant said as he put aside his books. "I appreciate the preference." The reply would have delighted her had his tone been less even and his air less serene. The drive was a pleasant one, and the ramble about the old fort and its environs more pleasant still. She charmed him with her smiles, her gurgling laughter, her sallies of wit, her confessions of ignorance, her thorough abandonment to the enjoyment of the hour. He said to himself, as he sat alone in his room that evening: "I live in two atmospheres. One is evolved from my books, musty, abstruse, circumscribing, yet satisfactory and restful. The other comes from the companionship of my ward, is bright, healthful, sympathetic, yet leaves me dissatisfied, unsatisfied, yet happy. Ah—it is because the books are mine, while she is not." A year went by. Valeria grew more lovely, Mr. Delisle grew more persistent, John Grant grew more morose. "Valeria, you are of age to-day," the latter said. He had asked for a business interview and she was seated opposite his desk. She absorbed business details, but she knew that the occasion demanded her attention. The afternoon was dying away. The red sunset shone against the windows. Some of the rays fell upon Valeria, highlighting the sheen of her dress, revealing the transparency of her complexion and adding a shade of burnt gold to her beautiful hair. "My stewardship is closed," John Grant continued, a faint regretfulness in his tone. "The court has approved my accounts. You are in sole possession of this vast estate. Wildermark is yours." She watched him covertly, her hands folded in her lap, her face strangely sober. "I tried my best to discharge my duty faithfully," he added. "Yes," answered she, with a little gasp. "You found me selfish and willful." "No, Valeria," promptly protested he. "Rarely willful, and never selfish." A painful silence ensued. Her eyes were bent to the floor in intense, half-pained thoughtfulness. She was reviewing the past—she was thinking of the future. "You will leave Wildermark?" she faintly asked. "Why, yes," he said, passing his hand over his mouth to hide its twitching muscles. "My work here is done, I must seek new fields, a new home. I am not apprehensive." "It seems not," she said, a little distractedly. "Neither about yourself nor about me. But I am not competent to manage the estate, nor have I the inclination. The responsibility is too great. Care is irksome to me. Mr. Grant, why can you not stay? Why can you not continue to manage? Whatever compensation—"

"No, Valeria," he interrupted, almost with sternness. "Oh, since it isn't agreeable to you I will not insist," she said in a strident tone, a look of vexation on her face. "Valeria, that wasn't kind in you," he reproachfully said. "It has been agreeable to me, and it still would be. But, for reasons best known to myself, I must decline to oblige you." "Always remember," she rejoined, her tears very near, "that I have been grateful for all you ever did for me." "Why, to be sure, child," he said. The word "child" brought an angry sparkle to her eyes. He saw it, but failed to divine the cause. "I merely did my duty," John Grant resumed. "The court fixed the compensation and I thought it sufficient. Mr. Delisle will help you to manage the farm, for no doubt you will shortly be married to him. You are pretty, intelligent, wealthy—"

"Mr. Delisle has no designs upon my wealth," she interrupted. "Why, of course not," John Grant replied, the color mounting to his cheeks. "Believe him to be the soul of honor. I never know you to misinterpret my words with such persistence." "Have you anything more to say to me, Mr. Grant?" she asked, after a pause. The voice did not sound like hers. He was used to her abrupt ways, and yet he found himself keenly scanning her. He had thought, at times, that she lacked womanly dignity, but he did not think so then. In spite of her young face and innocent girlish ways there was an unmistakable atmosphere of high breeding about her, and a certain royalty of look and attitude. "I believe that I have nothing more to say at present," he slowly replied. "Tomorrow I can explain the accounts, especially those which refer to uncompleted operations." She rose to her feet, and their eyes met. There was a yearning, wistful look in hers that he had never seen there before. "He cares little for Wildermark, and less for me," she thought as she left the library, her lips quivering, a throb of pain at the heart. Ah, she didn't know! It was hard to John Grant to leave Wildermark, with its extensive grounds, its lordly mansion, and its luxuriantly furnished rooms, and it was harder still to leave the sweet, bright young girl whom he loved with a fervor that had something of idolatry in it. "I offended her in some way," he thought, his brows knit, the lines around his mouth growing stern. "She does not seem very exuberant, now that she is in possession of Wildermark. The sense of proprietorship does not overwhelm her. I never saw such a dissatisfied look on her face. I don't understand her, and I'm afraid Mr. Delisle doesn't. She tempted me fearfully, but I cannot stay! No, I cannot stay! I must go where I can forget!" That night he was awakened by the sound of wheels upon the drive. He looked out of his bedroom window. It was moonlight, and he saw, with his astonishment, the family carriage standing under the trees. The horses were pawing restlessly, the stableman was talking to them now and then in an undertone, while another male servant staggered into sight with a large trunk which John Grant recognized as his ward's. "Why, what does this mean?" he asked himself, puzzled and alarmed, and hurriedly dressing himself. As he stepped into the wide hall he saw the dim outline of a shrieking form, and heard repressed breathing. "Is that you, Valeria?" he demanded, in an authoritative tone. "Yes," she answered in a dim way, her voice scarcely louder than a whisper. John Grant struck a match and lit the chandelier. There stood his ward equipped for travel, furred in her manner, her face expressing vexation and chagrin. "This is a strange proceeding," John Grant said, fixedly regarding her. "Goodness, you were not going to run away with Mr. Delisle?" "No," she simply said, a swift pallor crossing her face. "Nor can you possibly be running from him?" "No," she said, with an appealing gesture, one hand pressed against her heart. "I am running away from my self. I am running away from you, John Grant. That is the truth, however much it humiliates me to say it." She shrank closer to the wall. Her lips were tightly drawn. Her hands were clenched in a spasm. There was a movement in her throat like the struggle of imprisoned words. A gleam of intense yearning shone in her eyes, and then the lids fell modestly over them. John Grant was dazed. He rubbed his temples, as if to aid himself to think with clearness. The light that broke across his face was like the play of light upon a dusky cloud. He took her hand and led her to one of the easy chairs in the hall. "Valeria," he chokingly said, as he stood over her, his gaunt frame trembling, "do your words admit of more than one interpretation?" For reply she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. "Don't, dear," he gently said. "It distresses me very much. Can it be possible that I have been so blind? Valeria, I have loved you for years—devotedly, passionately, wildly. I was afraid to tell you—afraid even to have you suspect it. I supposed the knowledge would have made you miserable, you are so sympathetic in your nature. The difference in our years, your wealth, and all that, sealed my lips. And now that I know that my love is returned, my joy robs my speech of its fluency. I blurt out just what comes first to my mind. And are you not fond of Mr. Delisle?" "Mr. Delisle!" she repeated between her sobs. "Fond of him, Mr. Grant, I love you a thousand times more than I do him! You never would have known it only you—you—drove me into admitting it." He could not tell whether she was laughing or crying. He smoothed her hair, and impressed a kiss of betrothal on her cheek. "I'll tell Amos to bring in your trunk," he said. "Yes, please." "And I'll stay to manage Wildermark." "And me," added Valeria, her face suffused with blushes, her eyes radiant. "Yes, my precious," he said, "or no, if you like that better." —Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Sweet Apples for Baking. Most kinds of sweet apples do not easily bake soft as the best cooking varieties do. They have, besides, too little acid to fit them for pies, though where no other fruit can be had than sweet apples the demand for pie may be met by mixing them with vinegar. But they need no addition for baking by themselves. The sweet apple thus prepared is excellent and healthful and being free from crust with its mixture of flour and lard they are easily digested by even the most delicate stomach. There ought to be a much larger demand for sweet apples than there is. There will be when people learn how good they are. —American Cultivator.

Perfect Chocolate.

A notion exists in the minds of some culinary writers that a perfect cup of chocolate is a difficult thing to prepare. Some of them therefore recommend preparing it the night before; others advise hours of constant boiling; both are radically wrong. Chocolate so prepared produces flatulency in the consumer. The chocolate so prepared looks like a dark brown muddy paste, and is anything but inviting. When well made it is a delightful breakfast beverage. Break three ounces of sweet chocolate into small pieces, put it into a copper, tin lined vessel, with a gill of milk. Place this over a brisk fire, stir the ingredients rapidly, and when dissolved add half a pint more of milk. Continue stirring, but not over three minutes, and serve. This will make two teacupful. The secret is in the stirring constantly while it is being prepared. —New York Sun.

Domestic Uses of Lime Water.

There are few grown people—to say nothing of babies—who can drink milk with comfort unless it has a mixture of lime-water. Those who commonly say milk "does not agree with them" can usually make it agree by adding one or two tablespoonfuls of lime-water to the goblet or full half-pint of milk. It is well worth trying by those who complain of indigestion or biliousness, in drinking it by the physician's prescription. Lime-water by the gallon may be made with a few cents worth of lime and pure water. The water will not take up any more than it can hold in suspension, so you can pour off the clear liquid from one bottle and add more water to your remaining lime in your quart bottles. In Boston they are quoting a dentist who advises his clients to rinse the mouth and teeth several times a day freely with lime-water, to "harden the enamel and arrest decay." Perhaps some Philadelphia dentist will explain if this is really of service, as the teeth are supposed to be nourished by the blood, and not from the outside. However, one of the distinguished fraternities here has recommended exercise, that is, the deliberate chewing of hard substances, such as crusts of bread, to strengthen the teeth. So the lime-water bathing of them and correcting acid deposits, may not be as much outside the question as it appears. —New York Witness.

Poultices and Their Application.

The use of poultices is to promote warmth and moisture, hence those which keep warm and moist the longest are the best. In making them the attendant should have them smooth, light and as hot as they can be made without burning in their application. Cold light wheat bread soaked in sweet milk makes good ones. A best fresh from the garden and pounded fine makes an excellent poultice. Linseed Meal: In preparing this the basin should be scalded in which it is made; pour in boiling water, according to size of poultice required; add gradually sufficient linseed meal to form a thick paste, stirring it one way until of the proper consistency and smoothness; then spread it on linen or muslin and apply. Charcoal: Take two ounces of bread crumbs; soak for ten minutes in boiling water, say ten ounces; mix and add gradually half an ounce of pulverized charcoal and half an ounce of linseed meal well stirred together; mix as above. Chlorinated Soda consists of two parts of linseed meal to one of chlorinated soda, mixed with boiling water. Yeast: This poultice is made by mixing a pound of flour or linseed meal with half a pint of yeast; heat it and stir carefully. All poultices are made with boiling water, except yeast, and with this the temperature should not be over 100 degrees. Mustard: Take a sufficient quantity of powdered mustard to make a thin paste of the required size. It should be mixed with boiling water, with a little vinegar added if a very strong poultice is required; spread it on brown paper or linen, with a piece of thin muslin over it. It should be kept on from ten to twenty minutes. If the skin is very irritable afterward it may be sprinkled over it. By mixing the mustard with the white of an egg it will not cause a blister. Mustard and Linseed: These poultices are often mixed with linseed meal when a milder form is required than of mustard alone. After the use of any kind of mustard poultice the skin should be wiped with something very soft, so that no mustard be left behind. —Detroit Free Press.

Dead Cows Raise a Snaken Ship.

A somewhat remarkable thing lately took place in the river just below Evansville, Ind. A few days since the steamer Robert B. Carson sunk in forty feet of water, together with thirty head of cattle confined in the lower deck. For two or three days a number of hands did all in their power to raise the sunken boat, but without avail, and the project was abandoned. Early one morning, however, to the surprise of one of the harbor boats, the pilot house and hurricane deck of the Carson suddenly appeared above the water. When a crew was sent down the steamer was floating along sustained and upheld by some mysterious agency. This was subsequently traced to the cattle themselves, which had become inflated by gases generated from the carcasses, and the combined buoyancy of these dead bodies had actually lifted the steamer to the surface. The boat sank again when they were lost. Old steamboat men declare it the strangest occurrence in all their experience. —New York Sun.

Superstition Gave Him a Grand View.

The Japan Mail says that the calm and wholly undisturbed view of late volcanic eruption of Bandai-Asan attained by a human being was due to a fox. The Japanese believe that bewitch good folks and cause them to see all sorts of appalling unreason. This was quite understood by a resident of the neighborhood who happened ascending a hill opposite Bandai-Asan the moment of the eruption. It appears to him a much more probable and rational event that he should be bewitched by a fox than that a hitherto mountain should belch forth molten fire. Accordingly, when the first eruption took place, he instantly recalled that he had seen a fox a little time previously, and concluded that all the motion was a hallucination perpetrated by his annoyance by it. Determined not to be overcome by such an unwelcome mischief, he quietly ascended and watched the whole outbreak, convinced that what he saw was as palpable, intangible picture. It was when he descended from his perch in the valley that he found what had happened.

CURIOUS FACTS.

James I., of England, died of indigestion. An inventor has patented a cow-milking machine. Indian summer never comes until after the first snowflakes. There are twenty-two different kinds of Daniel Boone in print. The French ascribe the invention of billiards to Henrique Devigne, an artist about 1571. Early firearms were very rudely constructed and were first discharged by lighted match. William, the Conqueror, died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions. General Grant started on his march around the world May 15, 1877. He was gone two years and seven months. There is a dog at Seymour, Ind., which will look at a clock and then put its paw on the exact hour as marked on card, but that's all her good for. Kentucky has raised a tomato this year which just fits into a four-quart measure while Missouri produces a pumpkin which wouldn't go into a washtub. The Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, makes the curious calculation that Heaven contains 5,774,750,000 rooms, each nineteen by sixteen feet. Noah Flynn, an eccentric chap in Chicago, will not permit anyone to enter his door until they have removed their shoes and repeated the Lord's Prayer. M. Griener, of Paris, a wealthy banker, has just died. He was a fanatic worshipper of grand opera, and attended in his life, something over six thousand performances. The name of the White House is derived from the fact of the Virginia Indians of which it is built, being painted white to conceal the discoloration that smoke and weather. Plays were represented by Livianus, a droncus, who, abandoning satire, now plays with a regular and connected plot and who gave singing and dancing different performers, about 240 B. C. A Michigan man who was traveling in Wisconsin but that twenty out of next twenty-nine Swedes he met was named Ole Johnson, and he was got twenty-three out of the twenty-nine. Mrs. Crane Washington, a colored woman living near Charleston, S. C., has given birth to five children during the last year. Last January she bore the mother of triplets and a short time ago of twins. Anchors are said to have been invented by the Tuscans. The second anchor is said to have been added. Anacharsis the Scythian, 500 B. C. Anchors are said to have been forged by England A. D. 578. During a sermon in one of the churches in Charleston, N. C., several years ago a young man thoughtfully struck a young man thoughtfully struck the worshippers. This act cost a young man more than \$500 before he got through with it. James Curran, of Brooklyn, N. Y., made a big catch of eels while fishing the foot of Pearl street. The largest eel weighed seven pounds, and was six inches in length. Mr. Curran has the skin of this monster on exhibition at his residence. While a circus train was standing the track at Chestertown, Md., a motive halted opposite the car in which the elephants were confined. Six elephants thereupon thrust their heads into the water tank on the locomotive tender, and in a few minutes had disappeared. Brief Snake Stories. Frie Bywood, of Smithville, Va., found a vicious little rattler in a cabbage leaf was cutting. At Greenwood, Ga., Coke Tamm, a train hand, killed a rattlesnake six feet long with ten rattles. Miss Sue Blakely, of Warren county, Penn., killed two rattlesnakes on a wedding day just for luck, and her friend, Mrs. Wesley Cameron, of Union county, killed last summer two rattlesnakes, five copperheads and three black snakes. Joe Thompson, of Orlando, Fla., of a coach whip snake that danced and forth before him to get a good position in which to strike, but which shot and killed before it had the chance. He says it measured thirteen feet in length, and was four inches across the head. A \$2500 horse belonging to E. Blake, of Blount county, Ala., was dandruff, was bitten in the nose by a rattler. The animal jumped, threw the snake, and instead of running attacked the reptile. Before it could reach the head it was bitten five times. The snake was nine feet long, and had ten rattles. It was the largest ever in that region. The horse died. Superstition Gave Him a Grand View. The Japan Mail says that the calm and wholly undisturbed view of late volcanic eruption of Bandai-Asan attained by a human being was due to a fox. The Japanese believe that bewitch good folks and cause them to see all sorts of appalling unreason. This was quite understood by a resident of the neighborhood who happened ascending a hill opposite Bandai-Asan the moment of the eruption. It appears to him a much more probable and rational event that he should be bewitched by a fox than that a hitherto mountain should belch forth molten fire. 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