

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Twilight.

It is the time when tired eyelids softly close  
And memory's pictures misty grow and blur.  
When seen through tears that cloud the eyes  
and fall.  
While half unconsciously we list for some  
unspoken word.  
Then, years which stretch ahead look cold and bleak.  
While time has softened pain in those gone by.  
And touched the dreary spots with heaven's  
own light—  
We then look back, with longing sobbing sigh.  
Then, hands clasp hands which now they  
never touch.  
Then, lips press lips, which were long since  
estranged.  
Then, soul meets soul, as on familiar ground,  
Then, we forget that time and absence  
change.  
Then, shattered dreams, lost aims and buried  
hopes.  
Come trooping forth from graves we thought  
fast sealed;  
We live, with quick drawn breath, the dead  
rises o'er,  
And find the pain still keep, the wounds un-  
healed.  
O brook dreams, in which we, blissful, lived,  
O cherished aims, which seemed within our  
grasp,  
O buried hopes, which have to ashes turned,  
Are all the sweets of life but in the past!  
Our eyes unclosed—the mists have cleared  
away—  
Stern duty coldly meets our pleading look:  
The graves are closed, the path lies straight  
ahead,  
The past remains once more a sealed book.  
—[Mary Flanner.]

### The Boy's Training in Humanity.

One of the most important duties of a mother is to teach her son kindness to animals. No sight in our boasted age of civilization is more painful, and none more disgraceful, than the cruelty practiced by boys and I regret to say by men as well upon the helpless animals in their power. I refrain from repeating the harrowing tales I could tell of torture and abuse unworthy the rudest savage which I have myself seen on the streets of a city priding itself upon its civilization and humanity. Within its boundaries dozens of institutions cherish and minister to not only the afflicted, but the idle and vicious members of the human family; and thousands of mothers give their very lives to this service while their young sons grow up to torment the cat, maltreat the dog, and kill and maim every smaller creature they can get their hands upon. It is a burning and a crying shame upon us as a race in this nineteenth century, and especially upon us as mothers.

No one need say "I can't help it! my boy will do so!" Doubtless he will not obey when she orders him to desist; command, even punishment, will not eradicate that brutal inclination, a survival from the days when every man's hand was against his neighbor. But if the mother goes to work properly she can accomplish even this task.

The boy is a little savage, his tenderness cannot be counted upon, his sympathy is an unknown quantity; but he is a bundle of curiosity, his attention can be roused—and here is the point to attack him. He must be instructed and interested in the lives of the lower orders of creatures. To this end the mother must begin with herself. She must know something of the wonderful facts of natural history, so that when she finds that hopeful son of her's mutilating flies, and teasing the kitten, she can tell him some curious and entertaining facts in the lives of those animals—show him how the fly is developed, the office it performs, and if possible, its marvelous beauty under the microscope.

The world of life below us is brimming with wonders, and the child is fairly hungering for information. He will not throw stones at a bird whose movements he has learned to understand, whose actions he is entertained by, nor will he crush an ant whose strange and remarkable life history he knows something of; he will rather want to see what it will do. His intelligence must be aroused and fed, and as he becomes older his sympathies will grow.

In the days when a man's strength of arm and indifference to the sufferings of others was the only protection to his family, it was thought that hardness of heart and cruelty were manly virtues, but the world has moved a little, and happily we have fallen upon a better time. The example of the Christ-life has not been utterly without fruit, and the nobler men are now waking to the fact that cruelty to animals is not only an outrage upon the animal, but a thousand times worse for the man or boy who practices it.

How a mother professing to model her life upon that meek and gentle One in Judea, near 1900 years ago, can permit her sons to come up like the brutal savages, who have a far different ideal, is a problem I am unable to solve.

Much could be said on the rights of the animal, as fellow-creatures, and co-tenants of the earth; much also could be brought forward to prove their usefulness to mankind, but passing over these points with mere mention, and putting the case upon the most selfish grounds—it is a deadly wrong to the boy to let him indulge in cruelty. Every act of brutality hardens him, and makes him more ready for crimes against his fellow-man. I will not open the question of the value to a boy of being able to maintain his rights among his playfellows by "fighting," which by many is thought to be an essential part of a manly boy's training. This is by no means a settled question, but certainly, whatever may be one's opinion on that point, there is not a shadow of excuse for his being brutal to the unfortunate creatures who are helpless in his hands.

The inhumanity of our race is something frightful to think of when one stops to consider it. The heart of anyone possessing common sensibility, is wrung when he looks into the faces of the patient horses on the streets, servants to our pleasure, and treated as if they were machines of wood and iron for the rough usage of men. Verily, if we have not some day to atone for our unmerciful treatment of the horse, there can be no justice anywhere.

And the dog—man's humble slave! One's blood boils at the memory of the outrages perpetrated upon that faithful being. Of the wrongs of the cat at the hands of the self-styled lord of creation, "little lower than the angels," as he claims to be, I dare not trust myself to speak. All this it is in the power of mothers to alter. It will be the work of a generation; not one, nor one thousand mothers can do it—but each one can help, and every boy that comes to manhood just and humane, will forward the good work.

As to the civilizing and humane tendency of kindness to animals, some curious and

significant statistics have been collected. It has been discovered by search among the criminal classes, inmates of prisons and penitentiaries, that a man who in boyhood owns and cares for animals, very rarely becomes a criminal.

### Seasonable Puddings.

**COTTAGE PUDDING.**—Rub together four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cup of white sugar, two even cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda; then add one cup of sweet milk and one egg. Bake in a round pan; when done place upon a plate ready for the table and steam until soft. Serve with sauce.

**SAUCE.**—One egg, one teacup of sugar beaten together; add a cup and a half of boiling water. Flavor to taste.

**BATTER PUDDING.**—Mix a heaping cup of sugar with two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, beat this well into six eggs; add one quart of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one teaspoonful of lemon extract, bake 15 minutes. Serve with cream.

**PLAIN RICE PUDDING.**—One quart of milk, one-half cup of rice, one-half cup of sugar, a little salt. Bake in a slow oven, stirring occasionally, until you wish a crust to form. Flavor with nutmeg.

**HALF HOUR DUMPLINGS.**—Make cream of tartar biscuits and steam them one half hour. Add water and sugar to canned berries; heat it to boiling and serve it as sauce; quickly made and very good.

**EMPRESS PUDDING.**—Boil a cup of rice in milk until it is very soft, then add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and boil a few minutes longer. Set aside to cool. Beat three eggs and stir in when the rice is moderately cool. Line a dish with puff paste, and then put in first a layer of rice then a layer of jam or fruit, then another layer of rice until the dish is full. Bake in a moderate oven about three-quarters of an hour. Serve either hot or cold, but if cold pour a boiled custard over it.

**DUNDEE PUDDING.**—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mix well and steam three hours. Serve with hot sauce. It may be steamed in a pretty tin mould.

**RHUBARB PIE.**—One cup of rhubarb chopped fine, one egg, one cup of sugar. Mix and bake in one or two crusts as preferred. A little powdered cracker may be added if it is to be baked like a tart, and the white of the egg may be spread on top.

**APPLE AND LEMON PIE.**—Two lemons, juice and grated rind, six medium-size apples peeled and grated three small cups of sugar, four eggs. Bake with under crust only.

### Europe at Peace.

A general survey of Europe at the present time reveals on that continent rather a peaceful aspect than one foreshadowing the near approach of the great war which has been so often predicted. The indications are that war will not break out, at least during the year 1892, and that the summer and autumn will pass without the so long dreaded clash of arms.

The vast armaments, the steady warlike preparations, the constant attention given by the various powers to military affairs, of course show the mutual fears and jealousies which exist, and remind us that the vague danger of a great war is always present in Europe.

On the other hand, these very armaments, burdensome and injurious to the prosperity of nations as they are, may be regarded in one light as a safeguard of peace, since they keep each nation in wholesome fear of the prowess of its rivals.

Everywhere in Europe the sovereigns and statesmen are proclaiming their devotion to peace, and their resolution to maintain it. The recent meeting of the Russian Czar and the German Emperor at Kiel, and the national festivities which took place at Nancy on the occasion of the visit there of the French President, Carnot, are both regarded as incidents tending to European tranquility.

The relations between Germany and Russia have not been very cordial of late, and this has been looked on as one of the most serious menaces to European peace; but the meeting of the sovereigns has tended to allay the fears which have been entertained of a collision between these two powers.

At Nancy, which is the chief town of that part of Lorraine, which remained to France after the Franco-German War, the demonstrations were not hostile to Germany, and all semblance of offence to that country was carefully avoided. At the same time, the presence at Nancy of a brother of the Czar of Russia seemed to be an assurance to France of the continuance of the friendly feeling of the Russians toward that republic.

The marriages of princes do not affect European politics to the extent that they did in former times, but the betrothal of the crown Prince of Roumania to the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh is one which, as far as it is likely to have any effect at all, tends to promote peaceful results.

Roumania has shown a spirit of jealous independence and almost one of hostility to Russia. This feeling is likely to be somewhat softened by the marriage of Roumania's future sovereign to the Czar's niece.

The relations, moreover, between Russia and Turkey appear to have become less strained. No irritating question, threatening an armed collision, is being agitated between them. In southeastern Europe Bulgaria, Greece and Serbia are pursuing their domestic affairs as if they had, for a while at least, laid aside those restless ambitions which have so often threatened the peace of Europe.

The Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy is evidently as strongly knit as ever, in spite of the fact that the financial burdens of the armaments necessary to give the alliance reality and force bear severely at least upon Austria-Hungary and Italy, and even threaten the latter power with fiscal disaster.

The interesting features of the situation in Europe, in short, consist just now rather in the domestic problems which are being considered in the different states than in warlike prospects.

The general election in England, the solution of the difficulties between Norway and Sweden, the adjustment of Italian finances, the revision of the constitution in Belgium, the new administration in Greece, the fate of the new ministry in France, the hostility between the German Emperor and Bismarck—these are the subjects which at present overshadow that of the relations between the full-armed powers.

## ETNA'S SUMMIT.

**Famous Ascents of the Great Sicilian Volcano Which is Now in Eruption.**

The story of the ascent of the mountain from whose summit Plato, in his serene and thoughtful time and 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, through the seven botanical 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 crust that spreads for three square miles between the awful depth of unquenchable fire and the blue heaven that suddenly seems to be brought near, the traveller 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 thence begins the journey, 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 used his pocket spectroscope. Around the district of lava and ashes lie 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 placed near the open door of the house did 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 Spalfanzoni 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 shone like a path of fire, 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 Brydome, beholding this same wondrous spectacle of "awful 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 Empedocles 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 they might have discovered some of his satellites with 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 Inglese, 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 1.30 A. M., with the temperature at 4 degrees (Fahrenheit), Mr. Rodwell reached the welcome shelter of the Casa Inglese, 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 Brydome calls "the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature." There was no strong wind; the traveller did not suffer from the sickness of which travellers constantly complain in the rarefied air of the summit. He reached the highest point at 4.40, and, cautiously choosing a coolish place among the cinders, sat down 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 mountains of Calabria."

So simply does Mr. Rodwell record the gerdon 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 Brydome implies when he dwells upon "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, precipitous 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 craters 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.

### "Tired of Mother."

A visitor inspecting the charities of a manufacturing town in New England came at last to the Home for Old Ladies. Being young and kindly he thought that if he were to build such an inn for tired souls while they waited the coming of the Shadow, it should be set in the midst of quiet woods or gay and friendly flowers. This Home looked out on dusty streets and brick-yards.

Within the managers had fulfilled their duty. Each inmate had half of a clean, bare chamber, a bed, a chest of drawers and a chair. She was given so many ounces of meat and bread for breakfast, of meat and potatoes for dinner, of bread and applesauce for tea. The food never varied throughout the year.

The house was kept spotlessly clean yet there was in it a flavor of decay and hopeless sadness. The withered old women sat silent, or talked feebly of yesterday's wind or to-day's rain. No other changes came to them. They had no home nor place nor work in the world. Nothing but this bare space in which to sit and wait for death.

"Do you know anything of them?" the stranger asked the matron. "That tall old woman, now? She has a strong, noble face. Who is she?"

"That is Ann Miller," she said. "I happen to know her story. Her husband died, leaving her penniless with three children. She opened a little school for small children. She died tailoring at night. The baby, a girl, was sickly. For years this woman sat stitching by the cradle until midnight or early morning.

"She had great ambition for her children. She worked and starved herself to keep them at school, to make their lives happy and full. One is now a merchant; the other edits a newspaper in the West. The girl married a wealthy farmer."

"And their mother is—here?" said the stranger, amazed.

"Yes," said the matron. "Her children took her to live with them in turn. But she was not pleasant to look at, and her manners were out of date. The grandchildren, striving to be fashionable, found her in the way. Grandmother's seat at the table and her chamber were needed for more stylish guests.

"Her sons and daughter tired of her old stories, of her love and of her. They paid the sum necessary to place her here, and they never come near her.

The visitor went to her and talked cheerfully for a few moments. He happened to mention his home.

Her withered face flushed and trembled. "Are you from A—?" she cried. "My son John lives there! I am expecting a visit from him. He has not been here for more than a year. But John is so busy, you know!

"Did you ever see his little boys? I was so fond of them? I dream about them every night almost. They loved me so. They would climb on my knees and beg for stories, and hug and kiss me.

"Their mother disapproved of it. She said an old person's breath was unhealthy. It may be so. But if I could only see them once!" she said, rising in her excitement.

"Tell her I will only look at them. I will not touch nor kiss them. My children have outgrown me. But the little boys loved me. Tell John it is near the end. Oh, I'm comfortable enough! But I want my own! And I am so lonely! Beg him to come—to bring them once before I go!"

When they had left her the stranger said, "Surely you have no other such case? The children who could so abandon a mother are monsters!"

"You are mistaken. Many ambitious men and women, pushing into society, find 'mother' a weight. They put her out of sight in a Home, and forget her."

The stranger, looking back, saw Ann's hungry eyes following him. "But God," he said to himself, "God does not forget the cruelty of the one or the loneliness of the other."

### How Mineral Veins Are Formed.

The processes by which nature forms such accumulations of silver are very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These chemical solutions take up small precious metal which they find scattered here and there. Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set a-boiling by the eternal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally heat assists in the performance of this operation. Now and then the streams thus formed perpetually flowing hither and thither below ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time, perhaps thousands of years, until the fissure or pocket is filled up. Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the metal, or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it, as if a myriad hands were fetching the treasure from all sides and hiding away a future bonanza for some lucky prospector to discover in another age.

### A Medical Student's Love Affair.

The Daily Telegraph's Paris correspondent writes:—Just outside the gates of the little garden of the Cluny Museum in the Latin quarter, there has occurred one of those tragedies which are sometimes enacted between students and the up-to-date types of the grisette. An elegantly-dressed young woman was seen to stop suddenly last night on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, close to the Museum, and to aim a revolver at a passing pedestrian. Immediately two shots were heard in quick succession, but strange to say it was the damsel who fired them that fell to the ground, and not her human target. Nobody was injured. The damsel had fallen in a violent fit of hysterics, and was on the ground wildly waving her hands and kicking the air. She was brought round by degrees through the joint action of a policeman and a chemist, and then stated to the former that she had intended to shoot a young medical student who had given her up. The student, who is the son of a Parliamentary magnate, was afterwards referred to, but as he manifested an unwillingness to prosecute, the young woman was discharged from custody.

## HAWAII'S DEMON TREE.

**The Strange Story of a Wonderful Man-Eating Vegetable.**

**GHASTLY RELICS IN THE FORM OF HUMAN BONES SURROUND IT.**

In the latter part of the year 1867, says E. Ellsworth Carey, in the Honolulu Advertiser, I was commissioned by the Belgian Government to find a certain rare wandering plant that was believed to grow on the higher slopes of Mauna Kea, a large extinct volcano situated on the northern part of Hawaii. I had a station built on one of the wooded slopes of the mountain, far away from any other habitation. My only companion was a native who had lived all his life on this part of the island. About twice a month he would visit the seacoast to obtain needful supplies for our camp. This native, who said that his ancestors were "big chiefs," whose bones lay secretly buried in caves on the mountain side, was very old, although he could climb canyons and scale lava-cliffs with wonderful agility.

During one of my botanizing excursions I passed by the mouth of a narrow canyon or gorge, and I asked Pili, the old native, if he had ever explored the same. Pili suddenly became interested in his pipe, and didn't know anything about the gulch and did not understand what I said. This was rather strange in Pili, for natives generally know every rock and tree in the section where they live, and I knew Pili was lying when he said he did not understand me.

So, naturally, I determined to examine into the mysterious ravine. Some time after this, I was walking with Pili down a gentle slope, when I saw a number of bones. Pili stopped. He walked back a few rods and sat down on a stump. Not a word would he say. I began examining the bones and for two hours or more puzzled my brain over a problem as I had never done before. What I found was this: A circular area of about 100 yards in diameter thickly covered with the bleached remains of birds, animals and human beings. These ghastly relics were scattered among the shrubs and grass. The larger bones were near the center; in fact, I found that the bones became gradually smaller as I approached the periphery of this circular bone-yard. In the center of the circle was a well-like opening in the ground, from which emanated a sickening odor. No vegetation grew within fifty feet of this cavity. How came this hole with its horrible stench? How came these bones here? How came they to be arranged about the central opening? These questions continually presented themselves, but they remained unanswerable. A deep mystery seemed to hang over the spot. It was growing dark. I heard Pili calling and hurried to him. He pointed in terror to the center of the bone-covered area. A shadow was thrown on the scene by a rising bank of clouds. But I declare that I saw rising from the pit a visible vapor, a column of visible fog or smoke or gas that was luminous. Spell bound, I gazed at the spectral column. Near the ground it had the appearance of a phosphorescent flame and gradually became fainter as it ascended. Your imagination will have to picture the unearthly phenomenon. Pili pulled at my arm and in silence we left the spot, and we did not loiter by the wayside.

As I was looking for a simple plant, and not blood-curdling manifestations, I was inclined to break camp and leave. But by morning my nerves were in better order and I went back to the scene of the evening adventure. I could find no clue to the mystery, and the matter gradually went out of mind as I prosecuted my labors.

But I had occasion after a time to visit a spot near which I had seen the canyon about which Pili was so apparently ignorant. One evening I made known my intention to Pili to return to the place and to explore the gorge.

"When?" said Pili.

"In the morning," I replied.

Without a word the old native arose from his mat on the floor and departed. He was gone all night. He returned by sunrise, bearing on his shoulders a bundle. When we reached the canyon he stopped and unpacked his load. I saw a stone idol, curious in shape; he placed it on the ground, and then took a small pig from his bundle. Making a fire, he sprinkled something in the flames, muttered strange sounds and made symbols in the air with his fingers. The animal offering was placed before the idol. After he completed his strange rites he said that I might never come back, but he had done what he could to preserve my life. He would wait until the going down of the sun, and then, if I did not come back, he would wait for me as did his fathers long, long ago, when a son fell in battle. Then he sat down, covered up his head and was silent.

All this made me feel uncomfortable. The natives of the Hawaiian Islands are supposed to be Christianized, but in time of danger or trouble many often turn to the discarded gods of their fathers. I knew Pili believed that great danger awaited any one who ascended the ravine. But I went. I had gone about a mile, when over the tops of tree ferns I saw a waving mass of sea green foliage undulating in the wind. The object looked like a large bunch of thick-leaved seaweed, and the peculiar motion of the same attracted my attention. I was over three hundred feet away from the curious object, and hurried to obtain a closer view. A wall of fern-covered lava about ten feet high stopped my course. Climbing up so that I could just see over the edge, I saw an object such as the eyes of civilized man never before beheld. Imagine a bunch of seaweed about twelve feet high; the edge of each piece lined with fine streamers which radiated in all directions and trembled like fine wire spirals; the whole object moving like the fringes of a sea anemone.

I was wearing a heavy felt hat with a wide brim, and I pushed it back from my forehead to get a better view. As I moved my arm the strange object ceased quivering, and every vibrating antenna or streamer pointed directly at me. Just then my foot slipped from a jutting rock on which I was standing and I fell, and knew no more for a time. I regained consciousness after a short time, and lay in a partial stupor. The wall above me was stripped of its verdure, and I saw a long sinewy, snake-like object writhing, twisting and curling on the rocks. It had missed its prey, and a low angry hum filled the air.

Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth.