HOUSEHOLD.

The Little Arm-Chair.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair;
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother gazing there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dusk of the long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro.
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate,
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to mate;
But he sees the nod of his father's head,
So proud of the little son,
And she hears the words so often said,
"No fear of our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was here to scold, to kiss and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in the busy years
When the great world caught the man.
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent o'er a pencil and slate.
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small arm-chair stood just in the way,
The centre of everything.

A Dainty Room.

Although almost everyone likes a pretty room, the bedrooms of the average farm-house are bare and unattractive; containing as a general thing, a nice-looking bedstead, dresser and commode, but no unnecessary article of furniture, or decoration.

Knowing, however, that farmers' wives and daughters appreciate nice surroundings, and do not go without them from choice, but because the hard-working farmer has "no money to spare for fixings," I would like to tell them how a room can be made pretty and inviting by a very small outlay.

To begin with, a room should have a predominating color in all its appointments. We will call this the "blue room," and furnish it accordingly.

Unless the woodwork is already white, or cream color, it will not look well with blue, and should be repainted. Do not use ready-mixed paints; they are generally unsatisfactory. A small can of white lead, and half a gallon of linseed oil, will be more than enough for the woodwork in a bedroom of ordinary size. If you wish to paint your room in two colors, and it will be much prettier that way, you will also need a ten-cent tube of blue paint, such as artists use for painting in oil colors.

Take part of the lead into something large enough for stirring it thoroughly, and thin it with oil until it is as thick as cream. Mix a very little of the paint from the tube in about half a cupful of oil and add this to a small part of the first mixture a little at a time until a pale, delicate shade of blue is obtained, and your paints are ready for use.

Use but little of the blue paint. If there are beaded casings in the room paint the center of the beading and the centre of the head blocks, blue; if plain casings with mouldings are used, the mouldings around the casings and at the top of the base-boards will be enough to suggest what the prevailing color of the room is to be, and give a nicer effect than if more of the blue paint is used.

Select paper that will harmonize in color and is suitable for the room. You can get it, pretty and servicable for seven or eight cents a roll.

If the carpet that was in use here will not match in color with the rest of the room, do not put it down, but buy enough blue denim, such as overalls are made of, to cover the floor; sew it with the seam on the right, or darkest side of the cloth, so it can be put down with the lightest side up, and you have a carpet that is both cheap and pretty and one that has the additional virtue of being stylish, at present, in large cities. It will look better, and also be warmer, if put down over an old carpet or heavy paper.

If you have never seen denim used in this way, you may perhaps be prejudiced against it; but it is really very pretty, and, when stretched over an old carpet to give it additional thickness, looks so well that the uninitiated would never guess what material it is.

You, of course, have shades for the windows. Thin curtains should be used over these. White muslin with large dots make very pretty ones; or, if something cheaper is desired, cream-colored cheesecloth should be used. These should be long and full. Do not use rings to fasten the curtains to the poles, but turn a hem about eight inches wide; at the top of the curtain put a second row of stitching just far enough from the first so that the pole can be run in between them, leaving the edge of the hem standing up above it like a ruffle.

The top of the dresser and commode should each have a cover of the white muslin, lined with blue silesia. These should be made a foot longer than the top of the dresser or commode, hemmed on the sides and ruffled across the ends. The ruffle, of course, is not lined, but should be three or three and one-half inches wide, with a row of pale blue feather stitching, or "herring bone," at the top of the hem; there should also be a row of the feather stitching across the ends, and up the sides of the cover. Hem the cover and lining separately, and tack them together at the corners, to save work when it is necessary to wash them.

Make a splasher also of the blue silesia and white muslin, thirty inches long by twenty wide. The muslin should be shirred at the top and bottom, so it will be quite full. It should be the width of the hem wider than the lining, so that the hem will stand up above the shirring like a ruffle when it is done. The ends should be hemmed and feather-stitched with blue to match the cover of the commode. The lining should be plain.

A large square pincushion should also be covered with the muslin and silesia. This can be finished with one wide, or two narrow ruffles of the muslin. Pillow shams may also be made of the silesia and muslin, and are very pretty if some design is worked on them from dot to dot, in the old-fashioned "cross stitch."

Now add to the room any little articles of decoration you may have, loop back the window curtain with a bow of pale blue ribbon, and take a survey of the room. I think you will feel well repaid for the expense and trouble.

Dressing-room "Don'ts."

Don't—unless your arms are white and rounded—wear only a little puff over the shoulders in your party dresses. Have your sleeves made in one or two big drooping puffs, to reach almost to the elbow, where they will meet the long gloves of the same shade. You will look quite as stylish and dressy.

Don't—if you have a pale complexion—wear a light gray or tan hat, because it will give you the effect of being sallow. If you must have it a light shade to match your dress, line the inside with dark velvet, which will make your skin look fair. Apropos hats, the rule holds good that an untrimmed brim is trying to all save the most youthful faces, whereas a pleating, or even a fold of velvet, imparts a look of softness.

"Don't—if you are very thin or very stout, or if you even suspect yourself of a tendency either way—be beguiled by your dressmaker into having an Empire gown. It is a style which suits one woman out of ten, and the other nine are simply foils to set off her charms.

Don't—if your feet are short and broad—squeeze them with agony into the shortest shoes you can put on. If you wear a 3B, get a 3½A and see how much slenderer and better shape your feet will look.

Don't—if you are blonde, brunette or medium—be afraid of wearing yellow. There is surely one shade of that color which will suit you and bring out all the pink in your skin; if you are sallow, it would make you look white.

Don't—cover your face with one of the purple veils. Very few colored veils are to be trusted as being becoming, while black and white are always in good style.

Don't—copy everything that you see is the fashion. Suit your own figure and face, and among all the varied designs you will find something that will give you an individuality of your own. Remember that the lovely ladies in fashion plates are all Venuses, which few of us are.

Sanitary Precautions.

The sanitary condition of the household is a subject on which one should never weary of expatiating. At this time more than usual care needs to be exercised, for as the warm days come the disease germs propagate with great rapidity and before long will get the upper hand of the careless housekeeper. Look to the cellar, see that there are no vegetables or fruit in a half-decayed state, clear out odds and ends of all sorts, sweep, scrape, scrub if necessary, brush out, dust all ashes from the heater, that have accumulated during the winter and hang around on the cobwebs, for they are nurseries of disease. Dark spots on the wall should be cleared off and whitewashed. Lime is a great purifier, and copperas-water is invaluable for killing disease-germs. Two or three pounds of copperas dissolved in half a barrel of water and used with a sprinkler around drains and low places where the water settles out-of-doors, may save a doctor's large bill or a break in the family circle. Pour a few pailfuls of copperas-water down the sink and through the pipes, deluge water-closets with it and scatter it in all places where there are bad odors.

Keep a can of potash on the shelf over the kitchen-sink, drop a few crystals into the sink and let the water dissolve it and run away through the pipes, watch all damp corners; if the walls are water-soaked and paper falls off, leaving a colony of well-developed fungus-growths in various shades of blue and black, scrape the walls, get a little Portland cement, mix it with water and put it on with a white-wash brush. Work rapidly, mixing a small quantity at a time, and this will not only give the walls a hard finish but will make them as water-proof as a china cup.

Some day, when we know a great deal more than we do now, all of the plaster on our walls will be made of this sort of material, stuff that water cannot get through; then we will have no further trouble with paper falling off and growing damp and discolored.

More people die from carelessness and stupidity in the world than from any other cause. It is too much trouble to keep things clean, and because the enemy doesn't come with a roaring noise and brandished weapons, nothing is thought about it. A stitch in time saves nine, and a little care early in the season may save doctors' large fees and not unfrequently undertakers' larger bills.

Summer Cookery.

The garden now affords the main part of the three meals and it takes the housewife a large share of her time to gather and prepare the vegetables or the fruit and berries; if she cans or dries the surplus she is the busiest of women.

Green peas too often lose their flavor by the wrong way of cooking them. Mrs. Lincoln says: Wash the pods before shelling, then the peas will require no washing. Put the peas into a colander and sift out the fine particles. Boil the pods ten minutes, skim them out and add the peas. Boil fifteen minutes or until tender; when nearly done add the salt. Let the water boil nearly away and serve without draining. Season with butter, cream, salt and a little sugar. Old peas should be cooked until tender and then rubbed through a sieve and served as a vegetable. Peas are nutritious but they are indigestible unless the hull be broken before they are swallowed.

Huckleberry Pudding.—Beat two eggs without separating, add to them one half pint of milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter, one and a half cups of flour; beat thoroughly. Have one pint of huckleberries washed and dried, dust them well with flour; add them with one teaspoonful of baking powder to the pudding, mix quickly, turn into a greased mould and steam one hour.

Lemon Custard.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until light with one cup of granulated sugar; add the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour, smooth with a little cold water, then add one-half of a cup of hot water and stir until perfectly smooth. Add this carefully to the eggs and sugar. Line a pie plate with paste and bake. Fill with the custard and bake in a moderately quick oven until done. When done and cool, cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and sugar or if the whites of the eggs are preferred in the pie, beat them with the yolks.

Orange Layer Cake.—Two cups sugar; two cups flour; one-half cup water; yolks of five eggs, whites of three beaten to a stiff froth; one teaspoonful of baking-powder; juice and grated rind of one orange. Bake in two tins. For filling, use: Whites of two eggs, one cup sugar, juice and grated rind of one orange.

Currant Drop Cakes.—Cream one cup of sugar, and one-half cup of butter together, add one egg beaten, and a level teaspoon of soda dissolved in two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream, butter well mixed with two and a half cups of sifted flour, one-half teaspoon of flavoring. Drop the batter in spoonfuls on pans and press a few currants on the top of each cake. Bake in a quick oven.

Velvet Lemon Cream.—Boil a pint and a half of milk with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the thin rind of a lemon, and, if liked an inch of cinnamon stick. Beat four fresh eggs, mix them very smoothly with two dessert-spoonfuls of corn-starch, stirring them all the time: pour the boiling milk over the mixture into a pan, add to it one-half a package of gelatine that has soaked in one-half pint of cold water: stir all over a slow fire till it thickens, then pour it into a mould.

Maryland Biscuit.—Add one teaspoonful of salt to one quart of sifted flour then rub two tablespoonfuls of lard thoroughly into it with the hands. Mix with one cup of cold water to a very stiff dough, adding the water gradually while stirring and kneading all the time. Knead ten minutes, then beat hard with a biscuit beater or heavy rolling pin for full twenty minutes. When finished the dough should be light and puffy, and have begun to blister. Now form into small round biscuits by pulling off pieces of dough suddenly as with a snap and pinching quickly into shape. Be sure and not place them close together in the pan as each biscuit must be distinct. Prick lightly with a fork and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. When done the tops and bottoms only should be a most delicate brown. The biscuit should be of fine, even grain and have a slight crack around the sides.

Drawn Butter.—This old-fashioned sauce is excellent with many dishes and should be made about 15 minutes before dinner time. Put a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, into a sauce-pan and stir them until they bubble; then gradually stir in a pint of boiling water a saltspoonful of salt and quarter of a saltspoonful of white pepper and stir the sauce until it is at the boiling point. when the sauce boils draw the saucepan to the side of the fire where its contents will keep hot without boiling, and stir into it, one at a time, three tablespoonsfuls of butter, cut in small pieces, taking care that each one is entirely mixed with the sauce before adding another. As soon as the butter is stirred in, serve the sauce in a hot sauce-boat.

CHOSE THE BIGGEST FORTUNE.

He Found no Difficulty in Transferring His Affections.

Apropos of international marriages wherein the "dot" is the first consideration, the girl herself being merely a necessary adjunct and her own personality quite immaterial, the following story printed by the New York *Tribune* as coming from Russia may well point a moral and adorn a tale: A very rich western family went abroad not long ago, accompanied by two daughters and a friend whose plain and perhaps insignificant exterior gave no evidence of her golden worth—for she had a large fortune in her own right. Having been left an orphan the year before at the age of 30, and being of a meek and quiet disposition, she had attached herself to this particular family, who were old friends of her parents, and more through force of circumstances than anything else she had accompanied them abroad; where to the outside world she enacted the role of an

INSIGNIFICANT FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

The two other girls, had very decided social aspirations, and as they were very pretty and had the reputation of being considerable heiresses they were surrounded by impecunious young noblemen in plenty. At St. Petersburg they even succeeded in capturing a young Russian prince, who, after remaining in undecided allegiance to them both for several weeks, finally fixed his affection upon the older and handsomer of the two sisters. Thereupon the youngest, whose fancy had been more or less captivated by the handsome person and equally attractive title of the young Muscovite, but who had wit enough to see that his attentions were anything but disinterested, took occasion to mention in the hearing of the young man that their friend, Miss S., had

A MUCH LARGER FORTUNE

than either she or her sister could ever hope to possess, and that it was, moreover, entirely at her own disposal. The prince heard, but gave no sign for several days; then his attentions to the older sister grew noticeably fewer, and poor shy little Miss S. looked up in pleased surprise as the handsome young man began to honor her with his notice. Miss Marplot was just beginning to wonder whether she ought not to confess her share in the performances to the parties interested, when one day at luncheon Miss S.'s own maid brought in a letter from her mistress saying that the latter had been married that morning to Prince M. at the American legation, and that under the circumstances it would be best that the other legal formalities should be completed at the Hotel——, where she had engaged rooms. Of course, as she was an independent woman of 30 there was nothing to be said. "Who could have fancied she was so sly?" sighed the would-be mother-in-law of a prince.

A Marvellous Child.

The marvellous child mentioned in the Chinese classics, who, at four years old, was able to recite the 360 verses of the T'ang poetry, as well as the Ancient Book of Odes, has been eclipsed by an infant prodigy of the same age who has presented himself at the recent Licentiate Examinations in Hong Kong as a candidate for literary honours. The P'anyu Chehsien personally examined this tiny candidate, and found that the child could write a concise essay on the subject that had been given him, although, of course, in an infantile scrawl. It is observed by a local commentator that it now remains only for the Literary Chancellor to "pass" the prodigy ere he can be styled as "having entered the portals of the Dragon's gates," that is, obtained the degree of Siu-ts'ai, or Licentiate.

Sub Rosa.

Smith—"May I make a confident of you?"

Jones—"Why, certainly."

Smith—"Well, I'm hard up and want $50."

Jones—"You can trust me; I am as silent as the grave. I have heard nothing."

CROSSING AT THE CAPE.

A Winter Experience in the Straits of Northumberland.

"What capes?"

"Why, Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick and Cape Traverse in Prince Edward Island, to be sure."

These capes stretch out to within nine miles of meeting each other, and the waters of the Straits of Northumberland flow between.

"Well, it is an easy matter to cross over that nine miles of water," you say.

That depends, gentle reader. If it is summer time you can engage a couple of sturdy boatmen to row you across, or if you know how to handle a boat yourself you can set your sail and be over in an hour or so. But if the time be midwinter, how will you get across then? There's the rub. Navigation in the straits is then stopped. The weather is cold, and instead of the gentle summer breeze the northern blasts sweep by; and where your little craft gently glide in summer you now see ice piled up in mountains ice carved into fantastic shapes and hewn into caverns and jagged precipices; ice spread out into plains or ground up into lolly.

How will you cross now? Rowboat, sailboat, ship, steamer, will avail you nothing. What will you do? "Walk over or skate over," you say. You cannot do either. All the ordinary modes of locomotion fail. Shall I tell you how I got over?

It was the last week in January. I arrived at Cape Traverse by rail late Monday evening. On Tuesday and Wednesday the weather was so very cold and stormy that it was considered altogether unsafe to attempt to cross. Thursday morning was finer, and the word was given to make a start. A number of passengers had gathered at the only hotel at the Cape awaiting an opportunity to go over. There is a great bustle about eight o'clock. Drivers, passengers, boatmen—all are astir. The baggage is piled up on the freight sleds, and the passengers in all varieties and styles of wrapping—fur coats, blanket coats, long coats and short jackets—are crowded into the sleighs. The whips crack, and with bells a-jingle, off the horses gallop, a mile and a half straight out on the broad (stationary) ice. We reach the edge of the moving ice. Whoa! What a swirl and crashing and grinding of ice, snow and water away ahead as far as the eye can reach. Surely it would be a tempting of Providence to trust one's self in the treacherous mass.

In the meantime the ice boats have been run out. And such boats! each one about sixteen feet long, four wide, two deep and without keel, but having instead a pair of iron runners or skates four feet in length fastened on the bottom. Her majesty's mail and the baggage are stowed away carefully down under the thwarts. The passengers are distributed among the boats. Our boat has six, besides the four boatmen.

A little opening of clear water shows itself for a few minutes; our frail craft is launched and we are aboard. After a row of twenty or thirty yards a huge clump of ice is encountered. We all clump upon it and the boat is dragged up. The passengers are then placed three on each side of the boat with two boatmen at the bow and two at the stern. Now every one of the company puts over his head the looped end of a strong leathern strap so that it will bear on his outer shoulder, the other end of the strap being fastened securely to the boat. Off we go—every one pulling. The ice is very rough, but up we are going over a huge mound; now we are descending on the other side. In a few minutes we reach a long stretch—about a mile—of smooth ice. This is the chance for a fast spurt, for we must remember that we are running for life. All this time the ice that bears us is moving rapidly with the current toward the wide part of the straits—out to sea. If we get carried out there our chances of reaching land alive are very slight indeed, and we all know that. Away then we run over the glassy surface, someone every now and then tumbling down and getting pulled up again. Run, run, my lads. Now is the time to show the mettle of your pastures.

"We are going too fast," one traveller gasps out.

"There is no time to lose," answers the head boatman; "the current is very strong, and we are gaining but slowly."

One of our passengers is a great, stout sea captain. Before we started he seemed inclined to boss everybody. But now since we began running he has become quite silent. All at once he exclaims: "By Jupiter, I can stand this no longer," and throws himself down on the ice quite blown and exhausted. He protests that he cannot walk another step, and is puffing like a porpoise. We are now at a full stop, and what are we to do? No words of encouragement or threat will avail, and we are obliged to put the two hundred and seventy pounds avoirdupois weight of the brave captain into the boat and start again on the run with our additional freight.

The smooth ice is crossed, and we are again in the clumps—pull—drag up—slide down—steady. Now keeping our boat from oversetting, now throwing off the straps from our shoulders and launching our craft into the waters and pulling it out again perhaps two hundred times: now one passenger suddenly breaks through the ice and goes down in the water up to his knees, until brought up with his strap or by catching the side of the boat; now another gets up to the waist. Now we are in the lolly—broken ice and snow all mixed, slightly frozen over—too weak to carry but very stiff to break and force the boat through. One, two, three, four, five hours have passed since we started and still some distance from land. Every now and then the boatmen ascend some high peak of ice that they might better see what opening it is best to take. We are all wet and cold, and two of our number have their faces and noses frostbitten. The wind is blowing hard from the north-west. Oh, how cold!

At last we reach the broad ice, a mile from the Cape Tormentine shore. There are sleighs with warm fur robes out to meet us; and there are warm fires and a warm dinner awaiting us at the little hotel. What an appetite everyone has and what cheery conversation at the table! The events of the day are recounted with many a laugh and joke over the mishaps, the tumbles, the duckings, the ups and downs that befell us on our journey.

On occasion it takes ten or twelve hours to get over, but generally from two to five hours. And the boatmen—what fine, stalwart men they are; cool of head, strong of limb and stout of heart! They know all about the currents, winds and tides and weather probabilities of the region. They absolutely refuse to go out except these are favorable, and the trips are generally made without disaster. Many years ago a boat left Cape Tormentine, and had proceeded to within a half a mile of the shore when a violent snowstorm arose. The men turned up the boat on the ice for shelter, and were carried out into the strait. Their only food for several days was the flesh and blood of a dog they had with them. Among the passengers were two medical students returning home from Harvard. One of them died at the close of the third day and the other was dreadfully frozen. Land was made on the Nova Scotia coast on the fourth day. Most of the survivors lost their fingers, toes, hands or feet.

A government steamer plies at irregular intervals during the winter between Pictou, N.S., and Georgetown, P.E.I., a distance of about forty miles. This craft was built of iron expressly for the purpose, after a Swedish model, and is an excellent boat. Sometimes she is a week or more on the passage, being carried hither and thither by the drifted ice. Of course this occurs but seldom, and the round trip is sometimes made in a day.

It is in contemplation to construct a tunnel between the capes under the waters of the straits. In fact, borings were begun last summer. The Canadian Government has engaged Sir Douglas Fox, the eminent English engineer, to report on the feasibility of the proposed enterprise.—[J. F. Mellish, in N. Y. Independent.

Developing Electrical Inventions.

The industry of the world, whether mechanical, electrical or chemical, is based on the invention of some inventor, and may be very old or very young, as the case may be, but the great fact is nevertheless the same. The extraordinary developments that have within very few years taken place in electricity have shown the world what an inventor can do when his genius is used in the right direction and backed up with a good technical education. There is hardly any one that requires such a thorough scientific training as our electrical engineer of to-day, and this fact is recognized more and more as time advances. It is a young industry, and, like the men that work in it, young, vigorous and pushing. Capital to the extent of many hundred millions has been invested and is continually going in for new and various applications of the science.

Nothing is too good or sacred here, and a thing that a year ago was considered perfect has to-day to give way for something still better. One would naturally think that it would be a very risky business to engage in, but this does not seem to be the case, judging from the ease with which capital can be secured for it. This is a fact, because every electrical concern keeps up with the times and does not stand still. Problems relating to measuring, transforming, transmitting, heating, etc., have been presented and quickly solved in many different ways and so far very satisfactorily. Once, now and then, the inventor comes across a stubborn and intricate question, and it looks as if all the skill and patience bestowed upon it were thrown away for nothing. They have to be solved, nevertheless, it being too important to let rest, as every new departure means honor and increased business to those who are working on it.

In this category we have to class production of electricity direct; an economical way of storing it, which probably will be radically different from the present way, electric traction without any overhead construction, and a more reliable lamp, with the same or higher efficiency than the present makes for out of door illumination. They are very hard to solve, some of these problems, and they require both capital and intelligent labor if anything good shall be accomplished. There are capitalists willing to invest money in just those things, but how shall the inventor know where they are? That is another problem, and sometimes almost as hard to solve as a difficult electrical one. This obstacle ought to be done away with in some way. An engineer is very seldom also a business man; he has in fact no time to think about money matters, and must consequently be associated with some one who understands that part of the business, which indeed is very essential, if eventually the problem is successfully solved.

It seems to me, nevertheless, that an institution of high rank, like the Franklin Institute, or the electrical press of the country, could fill that part, if a popular inclination were directed in that direction. These institutions come in contact with men of just those classes in question, and the great benefit that would be a result (if carried out) is too obvious to need any arguing. An inventor would then know exactly where to turn when he has anything new in the departments mentioned. I think in any case that it would be to advantage to have the question ventilated in the electrical press, when undoubtedly several new points would come up, throwing further light on the subject.—[G. Emil Hesse, in the Electrical Age.

Drunken Oysters.

"I do believe," said an oyster-grower to a reporter, "that whisky will make anything drunk. The latest experience I have had in that line was with an oyster bed that I have down in the bay. I have seen cats spoiled in their growth by whisky, and dogs kept small, I have seen talkative poll parrots bowled up until they fell off their perch, and lay squeaking and ha-haing at the bottom of the cage in the most delirious manner; but I never saw an oyster bowl up except in restaurants, and even then the oyster didn't know it. I resolved to see what effect whisky would have on a small bed that I had for my own personal use. I got some malt whisky one morning, and went down to the bed. I let in fresh water, and then poured in a little whisky. Next day I did the same thing, only I used more whisky. The whisky told on those oysters in a minute; it was too much for their nervous system. Whenever you touch an oyster's shell, it closes up mighty quick and tight. I saw one lolling partly open, and put my finger down to touch it. It feebly closed up and then opened again. I tried it several times, with the same effect. The oyster was not dead, it was simply too drunk to know there was anything dangerous in this world. This condition of things lasted several hours, when the oysters would regain their wisdom, and close up tight at the slightest disturbance of the water."