THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

BY LYDIA M. WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

The London season was over ; the last At-Homes and dances were quickly becoming things of the past ; and the fashionable world was preparing for its usual flight to "fresh fields and pastures new." Already the ranks of youth, wealth, and beauty, which had thronged the Park during the hot June days, had thinned considerably ; blinds were drawn down in a good many mansions ; and a general air of deserted loneliness pervaded the streets as you turned west. In short, Town—that paradise of the wealthy and high-born—was getting positively unbearable. So at least it appeared to Humphrey Standish, as he gazed idly out of the window of his mother's drawing-room in Wilton Street, looking and feeling decidedly bored by the general uninterestingness of everything. He was a tall handsome fellow, of about seven or eight and twenty, possessed of an ordinary supply of brains, and enough money to enable him to live very comfortably without the least exertion on his part—a fact which his relations were wont to deplore, being old-fashioned enough to prefer a young man with some object in life. Object, so far, he had none, except to make himself generally agreeable, and occasionally "dabbling" in a dilettante fashion in Art. On these occasions he invariably assumed a velveteen coat of extraordinary cut, and ruffled his hair till it stood on end like a furze-bush, as is the wont of amateurs of a certain class.

To-day, however, the garb of Art had been laid aside, probably on account of the heat ; and he looked a very modern young man indeed, as he stood there in the bright sunshine, his brow somewhat puckered up, as if he were endeavouring to solve some hard problem. And so he was—the problem of where to go for the month of August. His mother, a gentle sweet-faced woman, who loved and trusted her tall son entirely, knowing more than others did of the sterling qualities which underlay his apparent indolent good-nature, had left it to him to decide their destination ; and the decision was a difficult one. Of course there was always the shooting to fall back on ; but he did not particularly care for that just then ; besides, he preferred going by himself in September. His mother had suggested a trip abroad ; but that was slow. They had been so often ; and it required such a fearful amount of exertion to speak those abominable jargons. No, no ; France for the French, and England for the English, was his motto.

Suddenly a light broke across his face, and turning to his mother, who was reading on the sofa, he cried joyously : "I know what we will do, mother ! I've just thought of it."

Mrs. Standish laid down her book and looked up inquiringly. "Have you, dear?" she said. "What is it, then?"

"Why, you remember that little village Sanfield was talking about the other day, on the north coast somewhere, you know—well, it's just struck me that that would be the very place for us—nice and quiet, and lots of fishing and boating, to say nothing of sketching.—What do you think? Shall we go there?"

"It would be the very place, if you don't think you would find it dull without any companions but your stupid old mother. Nay"—laughingly, as Humphrey was about to speak—"I know what you would say; but all the same, I know that I, or indeed any elderly woman, would not be very lively company for a young man like you. However, of course, if you don't think you will find it stupid, I shall be only too glad to go there, instead of to Scarborough or Spa or any of those dreadfully crowded places. And perhaps, after all, we may meet some very nice people there ; one can never tell."

And so the great problem was settled ; and the next week saw the little house in Wilton Street shrouded in a death-like stillness, like its neighbours ; and the few people who still remained in town told each other, not without secret feelings of envy, that "the Standishes had gone off to bury themselves in some nameless out-of-the-way little fishing village," instead of following the tide of fashionable folks who were bent on repeating in a different way the various successes and struggles after Pleasure which they had been straining during the past season.

But Mark's Cove—in appearance, at least amply compensated for any longing they might privately have had after more civilized society. Situated as it was on one of the wildest parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, surrounded on three sides by ranges of hills, backed by distant rims of purple mountains, and on the fourth lying exposed to the restless expanse of open sea with its ever-varying features of storm and sun—the little town, with its quaint ruggedly-built houses and straggling by-streets, was indeed a gem from an artistic point of view, and both Humphrey and his mother were delighted.

"That fellow Sanfield knows what's what," the former would cry enthusiastically as he rowed his mother gently up and down the bay in the bright afternoon sun, "or he would never have recommended this place. The only wonder is more people don't find out about it and come."

But no one seemed to know about it, or else considered it beneath their notice, for their landlady said that "gentlefolks wasna just very plentiful thereabouts, at least they hadna been in her time ;" and it certainly seemed true, for they had been there over a fortnight without seeing any one of their own class, except an occasional tourist who passed through on his way farther north.

It was therefore with no small surprise and excitement that one evening, as they were sitting down to supper, they saw a cab laden with luggage draw up in front of a small house on the opposite side of the way. Regardless of *les convenances*, Humphrey jumped up and went to the window just in time to see two figures—one an elderly lady, well muffled up, and the other a young girl, in a long grey cloak and close-fitting little cap—enter the house-door. They were followed by a third, evidently a maid, who was superintending the disposal of the luggage.

"I declare I'm not sorry some one has come to share our solitude!" he cried as he returned to the tea-table. "I only hope they are nice. The girl looked rather jolly, as much of her as I could see in the uncertain light ; but the old lady seemed rather forbidding."

"Well, we are sure to see them soon to speak to, and then you can judge more correctly ;" and Mrs. Standish drew back the curtain as she spoke and looked in her turn across the dusky street. But all was still again. The cab had turned away round the corner, the green door of the house opposite was closed as firmly as ever, and save for a fresh light in the front window, everything looked as before.

The next morning Humphrey was up betimes. He had arranged to go out fishing that morning with his landlord's son ; and the two swallowed a hasty breakfast and were away on the calm sunlit water long before the blinds in the opposite house were drawn up. It was a splendid morning ; and the little craft, rowed by the four stout arms, danced along as if she had been alive ; and it was not long before they reached their accustomed fishing ground where, dropping their anchor, they let down their lines. Fishing, as all who have tried it know, is terribly engrossing work, especially when you make anything like a good catch ; and it was eleven o'clock before either of the young men thought of turning. Then Humphrey, looking at his watch, suddenly recollected that he had promised to take his mother out for a short row that morning ; and hastily pulling in their tackle, he and his companion made swiftly for the shore.

There, on the narrow strip of shingly beach upon which the boats were moored, sat his mother, and by her side the elderly lady whose advent the previous evening had caused such excitement. The girl was standing some little way off with her back towards them. As he leaped out of the boat, tossing the fish into a shining heap upon the beach out of reach of the waves, Mrs. Standish called to him. "Humphrey, come here ; I want to introduce you to a very old friend. This is Miss Marchmont, who used to be a school-fellow of mine.—Amelia, this is my son Humphrey."

The young man bowed politely, apologising as he did so for not shaking hands. "That fishing is such awfully dirty work, you know," he said, smiling.

He was just turning away, when Miss Marchmont said kindly : "Allow me to introduce you to my niece.—Avice, dear, this is another acquaintance for you."

The girl thus suddenly addressed turned sharply round, showing one of the most lovely faces Humphrey had ever seen, crowned by masses of wavy hair of the itensest black. Her complexion was perfectly dark, like that of a Spaniard, and the eyes which glanced up at him with a smile of greeting were half hidden by their thick veil of curly dark lashes. The eyes themselves, strange to say, were of a dark blue.

"I am very glad to make another acquaintance," she said, as she extended a dainty little hand, which Humphrey had much difficulty in refraining from accepting, "for I certainly thought we were the only people here, until we met your mother." Then catching sight of the silvery pile of fish at her feet, she cried joyously : "Oh, how delicious! You fish, do you?—Oh auntie, *do* let me go too. I *love* fishing."

"Really, my dear," expostulated Miss Marchmont with a comical sigh, "you would get so excited. Supposing Mr. Standish did not wish to take you, what a very awkward position you would place him in!"

A slight flush tinged the pure olive cheek, and she was looking up with an expression of penitence, when something in the intense amusement depicted on Humphrey's face struck her, and instead she went off into peals of light girlish laughter.

The young man laughed too, and murmuring something about being "most happy," disappeared up the beach.

Thenceforward the days passed very quickly, and the new-comers had been at Mark's Cove a whole week before they had half realized that they had been there two days. It was now the second week in August, the Standishes had left town the third week in July, and the weather was perfectly glorious.

"I never knew such weather before," said Humphrey one day as he and Avice sat sketching and chatting on the top of one of the braes. "You must have brought it with you ; for I'm sure it was not half so fine before you came.

"It has certainly been splendid," she replied throwing down her paint-brush in despair of ever catching the peculiar tints of sea and sky—"too splendid to last, I'm afraid. And then we've been having such a delicious time of it, boating and fishing and all that, and do you know it makes me half uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable!" echoed Humphrey, bending his head critically to one side, as if to scrutinise his own drawing, but in reality to catch a glimpse of his companion's—"uncomfortable! Why?"

"Well, I don't quite know," Avice returned, have shyly, "except that when one has been having an extra good time of it, it always seems as if some misfortune were sure to follow it—by way of balance, as it were.—Don't you ever think that?"

"The only evil which I see imminently impending," said Humphrey, "is the danger of your rolling neatly over the top of the cliff into the water below ; and to avoid that catastrophe I should advise you to come a little more inland. It will be safer at least, if less romantic."

But this warning came too late. Turning round sharply at his words, Avice insensibly advanced nearer the edge, and the next instant she was over.

"My God!" burst involuntarily from Humphrey's white lips as he rushed forward to the spot where she had disappeared—"How shall I save her?" As he attered these words, he looked down the dizzy height, and saw the girl's slight form hanging as it were betwixt sea and sky, her progress arrested, for the time at least, by a bush of yellow furze.

"Avice!" he cried, steadying his voice with difficulty for fear of alarming her, "do you think you can hold till I come?" But there was no reply, only the murmuring splash of the cruel waves below as they lashed themselves angrily upon the rocks and beat high against the foot of the cliff, as if hungering for their prey.

Humphrey set his teeth firmly together and prepared to descend the steep side of the cliff. A sickening dread seized his heart as he did so. Suppose he was too late—suppose she were dead? He dared not stop to think ; but began slowly, carefully descending, catching for support at anything which came in his way, and knowing well that one false step would hurl him down, too, on to that terrible mass of wave-worn rocks below. At last, after minutes of wary clambering, which in point of extent seemed to him like years, he reached the bush with its precious burden. Steadying himself carefully with one foot on a firm ledge of grass-grown rock, and the other leg bent into a kneeling position, he leant forward and endeavoured to raise her. Slowly, painfully, for she hung like a leaden weight in his arms, he managed at last to get hold of her, and then commenced the return journey. If the descent had been dangerous, the ascent was still more so, especially to one laden as he was with a human burden, and every moment he seemed to feel his foot slipping backwards, and terrible visions of their joint fate in such a case rose before his mind.

How he managed the climb he never could remember ; but at last he stood once more on the breezy hill-top, the scent of the salt water mingled with the fainter one of wild thyme blowing round him, and the bright August sunlight gleaming over the white unconscious form at his feet.

That she was merely unconscious, and not dead, he had perceived when he first touched her as she hung from the golden thorn-bush ; and now kneeling down by her side he chafed her cold hands in his strong warm ones and sprinkled the water in her little tin painting-can over her white face, until at last the heavy lashes were raised and the eyes below gazed wonderingly up into his face.

"What is it?" she murmured, half raising herself on her elbow. "Why do you look so frightened, and why does my head feel so queer?"

"You have had a bad fall, Miss Marchmont, and must keep quiet," replied Humphrey. "Thank Heaven! it is nothing more," he added in a lower tone, thinking again of the awful sight he had witnessed.

"Let me see. I fell, didn't I?" she inquired, looking up into his face. "Oh yes ; I remember now. I went down, down, ever so far, until at last all became dark, and I remember nothing more until I saw you standing by me and felt all the water trickling down my neck." And sitting up, she tried to dry her face and neck with her handkerchief.

Thankful to find her so little the worse for her adventure, Humphrey helped her as best he could ; and then, rolling his coat up in the form of a bolster, bade her lie still while he collected their joint materials and made them ready to take home.

"It is very funny, you know, that I should just have happened to roll off the cliff at the time when I was prophesying some misfortune," remarked Avice, as at length they turned their steps homeward again. "I little thought my words would have such a swift fulfilment."

"The moral thereof is, don't prophesy evil, and especially not on the edge of a cliff. At anyrate, please don't do so in my company. You don't know what a fright you gave me."

Miss Marchmont was naturally a good deal alarmed by the account of what had happened, and surveyed Avice critically from head to foot through her gold-rimmed spectacles to make sure that no bones had been broken.

It was with difficulty that they could persuade her not to put an entire veto on all rambles of any sort from that day forward ; and before Humphrey retired across the road, she had succeeded in impressing him very strongly with a sense of his utter unworthiness—in her eyes at least—to escort Avice into dangerous places.

One thing more that day's work had done for Humphrey Standish—it had revealed to him the state of his feelings towards Avice Sacharty. Hitherto, he had not thought of her otherwise than as a friend—a very dear one, but still merely a friend, a girl with whom he had associated on much the same terms as he did with the other girls with whom he was thrown in contact. Henceforth, he must regard her as the woman of his choice, a woman to be wooed earnestly and won at any cost, one whose slightest wish was more to him than any law yet framed—in short, Humphrey Standish was in love. The feeling was a novel one, for he was not one of those youths who have a fresh amour every month. He had never cared much for the girls he had met in society. They were all very well to talk to, very bright and lively, some of them—clever even, often enough ; but there was a something lacking about them—a want of that which goes to make up true conjugal happiness—an unreality and sham which were totally foreign to his nature, and from which he instinctively recoiled.

Avice Sacharty had none of this. Living as she had done almost all her life in the seclusion of the country, mixing only in moderation in the county society, there was a freshness and true enthusiasm abou her which, unfortunately, seem now to be becoming rarer every day. And then, thrown as she and Humphrey had been so entirely on one another's society, their nature had gone out towards each other as they could never have done under any other circumstances ; so that it was small wonder that, insensibly and, as it were, in spite of himself, the young man should have grown to regard his companion with feelings warmer than those of mere friendship or admiration.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Osprey Catching Fish.

There is no more interesting sight on the Jersey coast than to see an osprey dart upon a fish. If he is high in air and has long been slowly and gracefully sailing above the water, you will know the instant that he sees a fish. It will be apparent that he seen it, because he will cease his forward flights pause, and watch the water intently. A few strong strokes of his powerful wings bring him to the point from which he means to descend. He does not, it is said, poise his body above the fish, but at a distance to one side or another of a vertical line above it, so that his descent is made at an angle. Contracting his wings and lowering his head, he allows his body to drop, not heavily, but with that control which a sailor would call "steerage way." Just before he reaches the surface he closes his wings and strikes the water heavily, with a splash and sputter that would accompany the impact of a stone upon it.

In most cases the bird has hit the fish fairly and has gripped its body in his long talons. In such an event the spectator has but just seen the splash when he sees the bird's great wings unfolded and its body rising directly with the struggling fish at legs, length below it. Naturalists declare that the larger ospreys can lift and fly with a five-pound fish.

Last month, in the harbour of Arica, the Chilian cruiser Condell, mistaking the steam launch of the United States warship Pensacola for a rebel vessel, blew her up, killing five men.

A GREAT ANNIVERSARY.

The Atlantic Cable's Victory—A Quarter of a Century's Triumphs.

Twenty-five years ago a great event in the history of civilization occurred. On that date the reconstructed Atlantic cable carried messages from this country to the Old World, and, after years of effort, Cyrus W. Field found the enterprise to which he had devoted so much energy and patience placed on a permanent basis. Some years before this, as you remember, the cable had been successfully laid, but, after working satisfactorily for three weeks it had suddenly become dumb. Then followed the civil war and cable projects languished. But Cryus W. Field never lost faith in the practicability of the scheme.

From 1860 to 1864 he was constantly crossing the Atlantic and urging by public speaking and private intercession further effort in the matter. In 1865 the Great Eastern sailed, under the command of Capt. James Anderson, to lay another electric conductor in the ocean's bed. Success accompanied the marine giant for 1,200 miles, when the cable snapped and again the deriders of the enterprise were given an opportunity to chuckle sarcastically. But their triumph was short-lived. In 1866 a cable was laid beneath the waves, and on July 27 of that year messages were sent from this country to Lord Stanley. More than that, the Great Eastern returned to mid-ocean, found the lost cable and thereby succeeded in furnishing two conductors for telegraphic communication between the United States and Great Britain.

Such, very briefly, are the facts that make the occasion worthy of note. For twenty-five years there has been no serious break in communication between the two continents. Not only that, but there has been during that period a constant improvement in the cable service and a steady reduction in cable rates. The newspapers of this country to-day print an amount of fresh foreign news that would have amazed the newspaper readers of a score of years ago. In fact, we often read of European events here before they have, according to our time, taken place in the Old World.

It is interesting to remark at this moment that the man to whose untiring loyalty to a seemingly hopeless project the Atlantic cable owes its existence is alive and well, able to rejoice with the people of the world in this wonderful annihilation of time and space. Cyrus West Field will be 73 years of age on Nov. 30.

He was born at Stockbridge, Mass., and is one of a family that has made a marked impression on the progress of the country. Perhaps there have never been four brothers who, in their several ways, have gained such prominence as Cyrus W. Field, David Dudley Field, Justice Field and Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of the *Evangelist*. They are all of them well on in life, but their physical and mental vigor still remains unimpaired.

Speaking of Dr. Henry M. Field reminds me that he recently gave the writer a very interesting account of the recovery of the lost cable of 1865 by the Great Eastern. Said Dr. Field :

"At a distance could be discerned the black hulls of the attendant ships, the Albany and the Medway. But why are they thus silent and motionless in the midst of the sea? Some mysterious mission brings them here, and as their boats approach with measured sweep, at this midnight hour, it seems as if they came with muffled oars to an ocean burial. It was still calm, but the sea began to moan with unrest, as if troubled in its sleep. As midnight drew on the interest gathered about the bows of the Great Eastern. The bulwarks were crowded with anxious watchers, peering into the darkness below. Still not a word was spoken. Not a voice was heard save that of Capt. Anderson, or Mr. Halpin, or Mr. Canning, giving orders. As it approached the surface two men, who were tried cable hands, were lashed with ropes and lowered over the bows to make fast to the cable when it should appear. This was a perilous service, and the boats were there to pick up these brave fellows if they should drop into the water. As soon as it shows itself they dive upon it and, seizing it with their hands, fasten it with large hempen stoppers, which are quickly attached to five-inch ropes. 'It was then found,' says Deane, 'that the bight was so firmly caught in the springs ot the grapnel that one of the brave hands who put on the stoppers was sent lower down to the grapnel, and with hammer and marlinspike the rope was untimately freed from the tenacious grip of the flukes. The signal being given to haul up, the western end of the bight was cut with a saw, and grandly and majestically the cable rose up the frowning bows of the Great Eastern, slowly passing round the sheave at the bow, and then over the wheels on to the fore part of the deck. The greatest possible care had to be taken by Mr. Canning and his assistants to secure the cable by putting on stoppers and to watch the progress of the grapnel, rope and shackles round the drum before it received the cable itself.'

"When once it was made fast all took a long breath. The cable was recovered. They had the sea-serpent at last. There the monster lay, its neck firmly in their grip, and its black head lying on the deck. But even then there was no cheering, as when they caught it two weeks before. Men are sometimes stunned by a sudden success and hardly know if it be not all a dream. So now they looked at the cable with eager eyes, but without a word, and some crept toward it take it in their hands, to be sure that they were not deceived. Yes—it is the same that they paid out into the sea thirteen months before!"

Feminine Tact.

In a little episode of village life we had lately another interesting instance of feminine tact. Upon the conclusion of a marriage in a village church the bridegroom signed his register with his x mark. The pretty young bride did the same, and then, turning to a young lady who had known her as the best scholar in school, whispered to her, while love and admiration shone in her eyes : "He is a dear fellow, but he can not write. He is going to learn from me, and I would not shame him for the world."

To be able to say the right thing at the right moment is a great art, and said only to be acquired by those who have a natural talent that way. When a careless talker, who was criticising a young lady's father severely paused a moment to say : "I hope he is no relation of yours, Miss B," quick as thought she replied with the utmost nonchalance : "Only a connection of mother's by marriage."

LOCUST VISITATIONS.

Awful Devastation Caused by These Pests on this Continent.

During the past three or four years the French government has been making strenuous exertions to beat down the armies of locusts coming from the south on to the fertile lands of Algeria, and during the present year they are also having a similar fight with these pests on the southern borders of Tunis. The cheap Arab labor obtainable for this purpose has made it possible to employ in the work a veritable army of men, the government ordering the tribes to form encampments along the line on which it is proposed to fight the oncoming army of locusts, and, in this way, the crops have been in a great measure protected from the ravages of this plague, although no permanent relief has been obtained.

The manner of fighting the locusts adopted in Algiers and Tunis has been to construct a ditch, or a ditch with a fence at one side, across the line of march of the insects, which come in such vast numbers that the ditch quickly becomes filled up, when the natives jump in and trample them to death at the same time thrashing the living mass with a heavy stick or log of wood. The fence at the side of the trench consists of long bands of cotton cloth or calico supported on sticks, such fences extending in some places across a mile or more of country, the material at the top having a slippery waxed border about four inches wide, kept moist by daily oiling. The insects cannot keep their hold on this waxed border, and inevitably drop back into the trench beneath, which is from three to four feet deep. When the insects have attained an age where all or a portion of them have wings, they are fought by a line of natives with long palm switches, a method of stopping their progress which, to be effectual, presupposes the simultaneous exertions of great numbers of the Arab palm wielders.

Prof. C. V. Riley, the entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington has made a most thorough study of the locust as it occurs in several different varieties in the United States, with the best means of destroying them, and his widely published researches on the subject have undoubtedly been of great advantage to the farmers.

The locust, as is generally known, is of the family of grasshoppers and crickets, but differs from them in having shorter horns and feelers and a more robust body and limbs. The Rocky Mountain locust, which has been the most destructive pest that has appeared in this country, breeds every year in a large section, embracing most of Montana and Wyoming, western Dakota, and a part of Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Oregon. In a country directly to the east of this section is a considerable region where the locust is liable to breed for some years, multiplying in excessive numbers, but from which it in time disappears. Through a very much larger section, extending almost to the Mississippi and the Gulf on the east and south, and to the Pacific on the west, the locusts migrate in years of excessive abundance, and it is in such migrations that they are most destructive, although in these regions they seldom breed, and generally disappear within a year. The most disastrous invasion of this kind was in 1874, when Colorado, Nebraska and Kansas were overrun, and parts of Wyoming, Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, New Mexico and Texas were ravaged, vast swarms of locusts from Montana and British America sweeping over these sections in that year. In 1875-76-77, considerable damage was done by the locusts, but the boundaries of its depredations were narrowed each year, and they have not since visited any considerable area beyond the limits of their known permanent habitat.

Had To Travel in Neglige.

During a very hot night three Austrian cavalry officers were on a train which sped from Pesth to Vienna. As they had a compartment for themselves they sought to travel ascomfortably as possible. First coats and vests disappeared, then collars and cuffs and so on until nothing remained on their bodies except night clothing. It was so sultry they remained awake all night. When the train stopped at one station one of the party remarked that it would be a good idea to have something to drink, and he hastily threw an overcoat over his body and ran to the bar of the station house. Whether the bar-tender was too sleepy or the officer too slow, to the despair of the latter and his comrades the train set in motion when he was at the door of the restaurant. The two other officers had first a hearty laugh and then pitied him for the condition he was in. But their comrade was not of the anxious kind. As soon as he discovered that the train was in motion he ran quickly after it and was lucky enough to reach the steps of the last car, on which he remained until the next station was reached. When he made his appearance among his comrades they were much astonished, and one of them said : "Why, when we saw you left behind we threw your garments out of the window in the hope that you would get them!" Nothing could be done but telegraph to the other station to have some one pick up the garments and foward them by the next train.

Fish on Dry Land.

In some foreign countries walking fish are quite common. This singular creature is one of a group in which the carpers form arms that support the pectoral fins, and thus enable the fish to walk along the ground almost like a quadruped. On the rocks of Ceylon, washed by the surf, there are other little walking fish which run up the wet stones with the utmost ease and rapidity. By the aid of the pectoral and ventral fins and gill cases they move over the damp sands, ascend the roots of the mangroves, and climb up the smooth face of the rocks in search of flies. Many of the fresh-water fish of the same island possess the same power of leaving their native element and returning to it again after long pilgrimages on dry land. When the pools they inhabit get low in the summer season they start off, led by an unexplained instinct, to the nearest considerable body of water. The fish most often seen on shore excursions is a species of perch. It grows to about six inches in length. Aided by an admirable apparatus with which Nature has gifted its head, the little creature issues boldly from its native haunts, and proceeds on a toilsome march to its new habitation. The expedition is made at night or early in the morning, while the grass is wet with dew. In its distress, however, it is sometimes compelled to move by day.