SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"I don't imagine it. How could I? One an scarcely feel sorrow or pity for a person whom one openly professes to 'hate' and 'despise,'" markedly, while searching her face anxiously with his eyes.

Miss Chesney pauses. A short but sharp battle takes place within her breast. Then she raises her face and meets his eyes, while a faint sweet smile grows within her own: impelled half by a feeling of coquetry, half by a desire to atone, she lets the fingers he has still imprisoned close with the daintiest pressure upon his.

"Perhaps," she whispers, leaning a little towards him, and raising her lips very close to his cheek as though afraid of being heard by the intrusive wind, "perhaps I did not quite mean that either."

Then, seeing how his whole expression changes and brightens, she half regrets her tender speech, and says instantly, in her most unsentimental fashion,—

"Pray, Sir Guy, are you going to make your horse walk all the way home? Can you not pity the sorrows of a poor little ward? I am absolutely frozen: do stir him up, lazy fellow, or I shall get out and run. Surely it is too late in the year for nocturnal rambles."

"If my life depended upon it, I don't believe I could make him go a bit faster," returns he, telling his lie unblushingly.

"I forgot you were disabled," says Miss Chesney, demurely, letting her long lashes droop until they partially (but only partially) conceal her eyes from her guardian. "How remiss I am! When one has only got the use of one hand, one can do so little; perhaps"—preparing to withdraw her fingers slowly, lingeringly from his—"If I were to restore you both yours, you might be able to persuade that horse to take us home before morning."

"I beg you will give yourself no trouble on my account," says Guy, hastily: "I don't want anything restored. And if you are really anxious to get 'home'—with a pleased and grateful smile, I feel sure I shall be able to manage this slow brute single-handed."

So saying, he touches up the good animal in question rather smartly, which so astonishes the willing creature that he takes to his heels, and never draws breath until he pulls up before the hall door at Chetwoode.

"Parkins, get us some supper in the library," says Sir Guy, addressing the ancient butler as he enters: "the drive has given Miss Chesney and me an appetite."

"Yes, Sir Guy, directly," says Parkins, and, going downstairs to the other servants, gives it as his opinion that "Sir Guy and Miss Chesney are going to make a match of it. For when two couples," says Mr. Parkins, who is at all times rather dim about an exact meaning of his sentences "when two couples takes to eating *teet-a-teet*, it is all up with 'em."

Whereupon cook says "Lor!" which is her usual expletive and means anything and everything; and Jane, the upper housemaid, who has a weakness for old Parkins's sayings, tells him with a flattering smile that he is "dreadful knowin'."

Meantime, Sir Guy having ascertained that Miss Beauchamp has gone to her room and that his mother is better, and asleep, he and Lilian repair to the library, where a cosy supper is awaiting them, and a cheerful fire burning.

Now that they are again in-doors, out of the friendly darkness, with the full light of several lamps upon them, a second edition of their early restraint—milder, perhaps, but still oppressive—most unaccountably falls between them.

Silently, and very gently, but somewhat distantly, he unfolds the plaid from round her slight figure, and, drawing a chair for her to the table, seats himself at a decided distance. Then he asks her with exemplary politeness what she will have, and she answers him; then he helps her, and then he helps himself; and then they both wonder secretly what the other is going to say next.

But Lilian, who is fighting with a wild desire for laughter, and who is in her airiest mood, through having been compelled, by pride, to suppress all day her usual good spirits, decides on making a final effort at breaking down the barrier between them.

Raising the glass of wine beside her she touches it lightly with her lips, and says, gayly,—

"Come, fill, and pledge me, Sir Guy. But stay; first let me give you a little quotation that I hope will fall as a drop of nectar into your cup and chase that nasty little frown from your brow. Have I your leave to speak? with a suspicion of coquetry in her manner.

Chetwood's handsome lips part in a pleased smile: he turns his face gladly, willingly, to hers.

"Why do you ask permission of your slave, O Queen of Hearts?" he answers, softly, catching the infection of her gayety. He gazed at her with unchecked and growing admiration, his whole heart in his eyes; telling himself, as he has told himself a thousand times before, that to-night she is looking her fairest.

Her cheeks are flushed from her late drive, one or two glit[illegible] golden love-locks have been driven by the rough wind from their natural resting-place, and now lie in gracious disorder on her white forehead; her lustrous sapphire eyes are gleaming upon him, full of unsubdued laughter; her lips are parted, showing all the small even teeth within.

She stoops towards him, and, clinking her glass against his with the prettiest show of *bonne camaraderie*, whispers, softly.—

"Come let us be happy together."

"Together!" repeats Guy, unsteadily, losing his head, and rising abruptly from his seat as though to go to her. She half rises also, seriously frightened at the unexpected effect of her mad words. What is he going to say to her? What folly urged her on to repeat that ridiculous line? The idea of flight has just time to cross her mind, but not time to be acted upon, when the door is thrown open suddenly, and Cyril,—who has at this moment returned from his dinner-party,—entering noisily, comes to her rescue.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I have some naked thoughts that roam about
And loudly knock to have their passage out."
—[Milton.

It goes without telling that Lilian gains no day, Guy's one solitary attempt at mastery having failed ignominiously. She persists in her allegiance to her friend, and visits the Cottage regularly as ever, being even more tender that usual in her manner towards Cecilia, as she recollects the narrowness of him who could (as she believes) without cause condemn her. And Sir Guy, though resenting her defiance of his wishes, and smarting under the knowledge of it, accepts defeat humbly, and never again refers to the subject of the widow, which henceforth is a tabooed one between them.

Soon after this, indeed, an event occurs that puts an end to all reason why Lilian should not be as friendly with Mrs. Arlington as she may choose. One afternoon, most unexpectedly, Colonel Trant, coming to Chetwoode, demands a private interview with Sir Guy. Some faint breaths of the scandal that so closely and dishonorably connects his name with Cecilia's have reached his ears, and, knowing of her engagement with Cyril, he has hastened to Chetwoode to clear her in the eyes of its world.

Without apology, he treats Guy to a succinct and studied account of Cecilia's history,—tells of all her sorrows, and gentle forbearance, and innocence so falsely betrayed, nor even conceals from him his own deep love for her, and his two rejections, but makes no mention of Cyril throughout the interview.

Guy, as he listens, grows remorseful, and full of self-reproach,—more, perhaps, for the injustice done to his friend in his thoughts, than for all the harsh words used towards Mrs. Arlington, though he is too clean-bred not to regret that also.

He still shrinks from all idea of Cecila as a wife for Cyril. The daughter of a man who, though of good birth, was too sharp in his dealings for decent society, and the wife of a man who, though rich in worldly goods, had no pretensions to be a gentleman at all, could certainly be no mate for a Chetwoode. A woman of no social standing whatsoever, with presumably only a pretty face for a dowry,—Cyril must be mad to dream of her! For him, Guy, want of fortune need not signify; but for Cyril, with his expensive habits, to think of settling down with a wife on nine hundred a year is simply folly.

And then Cyril's brother thinks with regret of a certain Lady Fanny Stapleton, who, it is a notorious fact, might be had by Cyril for the asking. Guy himself, it may be remarked, would not have Lady Fanny at any price, she being rather wanting in the matter of nose and neck; but younger brothers have no right to cultivate fastidious tastes, and her snubby ladyship has a great admiration for Cyril, and a fabulous fortune.

All the time Trant is singing Cecilia's praises, Guy is secretly sighing over Lady Fannie and her comfortable thousands, and is wishing the cottage had been knocked into fine dust before Mrs. Arlington had expressed a desire to reside there.

Nevertheless he is very gentle in his manner towards his former colonel all the day, spending with him every minute he stays, and going with him to the railway-station when at night he decides on returning to town. Inwardly he knows he would like to ask his forgiveness for the wrong he has done him in his thoughts, but hardly thinks it wisdom to let him know how guilty towards him he has been. Cyril, he is fully persuaded, will never betray him; and he shrinks from confessing what would probably only cause pain and create an eternal breach between them.

However, his conscience so far smites him that he does still further penance towards the close of the evening.

Meeting Cyril on his way to dress just before dinner, he stops him.

"If you will accept an apology from me so late in the day," he says, "I will now offer you one for what I said of Mrs. Arlington some time since. Trant has told me all the truth. I wronged her grossly, although"—with a faint touch of bitterness—"when I lied about her, I did so unconsciously."

"Don't say another word, old man," says Cyril, heartily, and much gratified, laying his hand lightly upon his shoulder: "I knew you would discover your mistake in time. I confess at the moment it vexed me you should lend yourself to the spreading of such an absurd report."

"Yes, I was wrong." Then, with some hesitation, "Still there was an excuse for me. We knew nothing of her. We know nothing still that we can care to know."

"How you worry yourself!" says Cyril, with a careless shrug, letting his hand, however, drop from his brother's shoulder, as he fully understands the drift of his conversation. "Why can't you let things slide as I do? It is no end a better plan."

"I am only thinking of a remark you made a long time ago," replies Guy, with a laugh, partially deceived by Cyril's indifferent manner: "shall I remind you of it? 'Samivel, Samivel, my son, never marry a widder.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

"*Hel.*—How happy some, o'er other some can be!"
—[Midsummer Night's Dream.

It is very close on Christmas; another week will bring in the twenty-fifth of December, with all its absurd affectation of merriment and light-heartedness.

Is any one, except a child, ever really happy at Christmas, I wonder? Is it then one who choose to forget the loved and lost? to thrust out of sight the regrets that goad and burn? Nay, rather, is not then our hearts bleed most freely, while our eyes grow dim with useless tears, and great sorrow that touches on despair falls upon us as we look upon the vacant seat and grow sick with longing for the "days that are no more"?

Surely it is then we learn how vain is our determination to forget those unobstrusive ones, who cannot by voice or touch demand attention. The haunting face, that once full of youth and beauty was all the world to us, rises from its chill shroud and dares us to be happy. The poor eyes, once, so sweet, so full of gayest laughter, now closed and mute forever, gleam upon us, perchance across the flowers and fruit, and, checking the living smile upon our lips, ask us reproachfully how is it with us, that we can so quickly shut from them the doors of our hearts, after all our passionate protests, our vows ever to remember.

Oh, how soon, how soon, do we cease our lamentations for our silent dead!

When all is told, old Father Christmas is a mighty humbug; so I say and think, but I would not have you agree with me. Forgive me this unorthodox sentiment, and let us return to our—lamb!

Archibald has returned to Chetwoode; so has Taffy. The latter is looking bigger, fuller, and, as Mrs. Tipping says, examining him through her spectacles with a criticising air, "more the man," to his intense disgust. He embraces Lilian and Lady Chetwoode, [and very nearly Miss Beauchamp, on his arrival, in the exuberance of his joy at finding himself once more within their doors, and is welcomed with effusion by every individual member of the household.

Archibald, on the contrary, appears rather done up, and faded, and, though evidently happy at being again in his old quarters, still seems sad at heart, and discontented.

He follows Lilian's movements in a very melancholy fashion, and herself also, until it becomes apparent to every one that his depression arises from his increasing infatuation for her; while she, to do her justice, hardly pretends to encourage him at all. He lives in contemplation of her beauty and her saucy ways, and is unmistakably distrait when circumstances call her from his sight.

In his case "absence" has indeed made the heart grow fonder, as he is, if possible, more imbecile about her now than when he left, and, after struggling with his feelings for a few days, finally makes up his mind to tempt fortune again, and lay himself and possessions at his idol's feet.

* * * * *

It is the wettest of wet days; against the window-pane the angry rain-drops are flinging themselves madly, as though desirous of entering and rendering more dismal the room within which happens to be the library.

Sir Guy is standing at the bow-window, gazing disconsolately upon the burred scene outside. Cyril is lounging in an easy-chair with a magazine before him making a very creditable attempt at reading. Archibald and Taffy are indulging in a mild bet as to which occupant of the room will make the first remark.

Lady Chetwoode is knitting her one hundred and twenty-fourth sock for the year. Lilian is dreaming with her eyes fixed upon the fire. The inestimable Florence (need I say it?) is smothered in crewel wools, and is putting a rose colored eye into her already quite too fearful parrot.

"I wonder what we shall do all day," says Guy, suddenly, in tones of the deepest melancholy. Whereupon Taffy, who has been betting on Cyril, and Chesney, who has been laying on Lilian, are naturally, though secretly, indignant.

"Just what we have been doing all the rest of the day,—nothing!" replies Lilian, lazily: "could anything be more desirable?"

"I hope it will be fine to-morrow," says Mr. Musgrave, in an aggrieved voice. "But it won't, I shouldn't wonder, just because the meet is to be at Bellairs, and one always puts in such a good day there."

"I haven't got enough pluck to think of to-morrow," says Guy, still melancholy; "to-day engrosses all my thoughts. What is to become of us?"

"Let us get up a spelling-bee," says Miss Beauchamp, with cheerful alacrity; "they are so amusing."

"Oh, don't! please, Miss Beauchamp, don't," entreats Taffy, tearfully,—"unless you want to disgrace me enternally. I can't spell anything; and even if I could, the very fact of having a word hurled at my head would make me forget all about it, even were it an old acquaintance."

"But my dear fellow," says Cyril, laying down his "Temple Bar," with the air of a man prepared to argue until he and his adversary are black in the face, "that is the fun of the whole matter. If you spelled well you should be looked upon as a swindler. The greater mistakes you make, the more delighted we shall be; and if you could only succeed like that man in 'Caste' in spelling character with a K, we should give you two or three rounds of applause. People never get up spelling bees to hear good spelling: the discomfiture of their neighbors is what amuses them most. Have I relieved your mind?"

"Tremendously. Nevertheless, I fling myself upon your tender mercies, Miss Beauchamp, and don't let us go in for spelling."

"Then let us have a historical bee," substitutes Florence, amiably; she is always tender where Taffy is concerned.

"The very thing declares Cyril, getting up an expression of the strongest hope. Perhaps, if you do, I shall get answers to two or three important questions that have been tormenting me for years. For instance, I want to know whether the 'gossips bowl' we read of was made of Wedgewood or Worcester, and why our ancestors were so uncomfortable as to take their tea out of 'dishes.' It must have got very cold, don't you think? to say nothing at all of the inconvenience of being obliged to lift it to one's lips with both hands."

"It didn't mean an actual 'dish,'" replies Florence, forgetting the parrot's rosy optic for a moment, in her desire to correct his ignorance: "it was merely a term for what we now call cup."

"No, was it?" says Cyril, with an affectation of intense astonishment; whereupon they all laugh.

"Talking of tea," says Lady Chetwoode, "I wonder where it is. Taffy, my dear, will you ring the bell?"

Tea is brought, tea is consumed; but still the rain rains on, and their spirits are at zero.

"I shall go out, 'hail, rain, or shine,' says Cyril, springing to his feet with sudden desperation.

"So shall I," declares Guy, "to the stables. Taffy, will you come with me?"

"As nobody wants me," says Lilian: "I shall make a point of wanting somebody. Archie, come and have a game of billiards with me before dinner."

"My dear Guy, does it not still rain very hard?" protests Florence, anxiously.

"Very," laughing.

"You will get wet," with increasing anxiety, and a tender glance cleverly directed.

"Wet! he will get drenched," exclaims Cyril; "he will probably get his death of cold, and die of inflammation of the lungs. It is horrible to think of it! Guy, be warned; accept Florence's invitation to stay here with her, and be happy and dry. As sure as you go out to-day, you may prepare to shed this mortal coil."

"Forgive me, Florence, I must go or suffocate," says Guy, refusing to be warned, or to accept Miss Beauchamp's delicate hint: and together he and Musgrave sally forth to inspect the stables, while Lilian and Archibald retire to the billiard room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

These are Times of Peace.

The great naval review in New York harbor has caused the Montreal Star to moralize a little on the effect this event will have on the peace of the nations. The Star thinks that the spectacle of the warships of Europe fraternizing under the flag of a nation whose boast it is that it needs no large armament, is a curious bit of evidence tending to show how fully the world is at peace. A war scare is an unfailing source of emolument to the special correspondents of the old world capitals, but the genuine indications of the trend of the times point with greater unanimity than may be thought toward continued peace. There is always the possibility that a stray spark may drop into some odd corner of the many powder magazines of the world, but this will be an accident and not the result—as it has been so often in the past—of deliberate purpose. Statesmen, of course, do not drill, support and equip armies to grow cabbages. They are intended to fight, if there is any fighting to be done. But there are no signs to be seen at present of any European war lord endeavoring to force a quarrel upon another people. Nor is there any reason for charging that this is but "idle seeming." One need not go very far back in the history of the world to find cases in which governments have deliberately and with malice aforethought compelled others to go to war. A nation may become obviously aggressive and even insolent; and in so doing presents a spectacle very different from that which the observer will now find in Europe. Russia, with a deadly famine in her vitals and an empty war chest, is not moving down upon the Balkans or threatening "the roof of the world" in Pamir. It has been a long time since Russia has been so quiet; and if the speech of the young Czarowitz the other day means anything, the Bear is becoming doubtful of the wisdom of his alliance with France against the Dreibund, and is inclined to get on friendlier terms with Germany. Should this prove to be the object of the address in question, it will mark a long step toward permanent peace. The Dreibund, with Russia as a friendly ally, would be too strong for France to venture upon an attempt to wrest "the lost provinces" from its leading member, while Russia would be restrained from running any risk of war with England by her new friends of the Tripple Alliance, who would be very loth, indeed, to drive Britain and France into an alliance. Apart from this, however, the clouds are fast breaking over the dangerous storm centre in Europe—Alsace and Lorraine. Both France and Germany have other things to think of. The Panama scandals and the peril that they carried so near to the feet of many public men—besides those they have engulfed—have kept the French leaders too busy saving the Republic and themselves for many thoughts of revenge to disturb them. Then in Germany the bill to increase the army in spite of the anxious support given it by the Emperor and the powerful influence of the Chancellor, is now practically certain to be rejected by the voice of the people. The peasantry are beginning to understand that war is a game in which they supply the men and the money while others get the glory; hence their disposition to call "time." Italy is wearing her life out trying to sustain an army several sizes too large for her, and she must soon give up the task. Then the meeting of the Behring Sea arbitration in Paris is not without significance. There lies in this dispute tinder enough to have started a dozen wars in the old days; and yet these two great English-speaking nations have referred the matter to a court, just as two disagreeing citizens would engage counsel and go before a judge. All these phases of the situation are favorable to peace; and the gathering of the ironclads in New York harbor may fairly be regarded by optimists as a straw floating with the wind of events.

Women in Germany.

Germany, the land of scholars, the home of the university, is slowly, and indeed unwillingly, awakening to the fact that women have some capabilities and aspirations beyond those exercised in the economy of rearing German soldiers for the Kaiser and superintending the cooking for his subjects. The concurrence of opinion is still that women should have no ambition beyond this destiny appointed by fate and honored by tradition. A German wife said that the German lover will die for you before marriage. After the knot is tied he will have you clean his boots for him if he is poor. If he is rich he expects you to do the same mentally, and education beyond that which enables you to be his servant lessens your value as a wife. But, despite popular sentiment, there is to be established this year the first girls' university college in the country, where girls may prepare for university work as the boys are prepared in their colleges. The success of this institution, which is under the charge of a society known as the "Frauenbildunge Reform Verein," is of special interest to American students, for one of the strongest arguments urged against opening the German universities to women has ever been that women were not prepared for the university and could not pass the examinations for admittance. According to German law, beween the ages of 12 and 17 mixed classes could not be established, and, as the girls had no preparatory schools of their own, and might not enter those for boys, the universities seemed safe from innovation through all time. But this association of women, whose one great aim is the opening of universities to women, are clever enough to outwit even the learned obstinate directors in the university, and are determined that the daughters of the fatherland shall enjoy their inheritance of the intellectual wealth for which the German Empire is renowned.

Gold can be beaten 1,500 times thinner than ordinary printing paper; one ounce can be made to cover 1,460 square feet.

The sponge is an animal. It will shrink from the hand which tries to seize it, and if viewed under a lens may be seen constantly drawing in water through the innumerable canals which form its digestive organs, and having consumed the minute animalculæ in the fluid, ejecting it again through some other channel.

BIGGEST GOLD MINE IN THE WORLD

Has Produced $33,000,000 Worth that Might Have been Mined for $3,000,000.

George E. Webber, Jr., for the past seven years superintendent of the El Callado gold mine, situated some 400 miles above the mouth of the Orinoco River in southeastern Venezuela and thirty miles inland, arrived in San Francisco a few days ago, and next week departs for the South African gold fields as an expert for the Rothschilds of London to examine into and report upon the prospects in the Transvaal.

The story told by Mr. Webber about the discovery of El Callado and its extraordinary gold output would seem like a page from the "Arabian Nights" if it had not been fortified by facts. In 1868 some Jamaica negroes hearing some stories about gold to be found on the big river on the South American coast sailed over to the Orinoco, ascended it, and stopped near where some natives and Americans were "placering." They worked inland and soon acquired as much information about placer diggings as the rest of the miners, and gradually, when it became known to them that the formation was quartz, cut their way with machetes through the mesquite and chapparal until they found the croppings of a ledge prolific in gold. It was not more than forty feet long and from eighteen to twenty-four inches wide, but was so rich in sparkling gold that it assayed $2 dollars to the pound. Much of this ore on the surface went up into the thousands, but was worked in a rude and imperfect way. The Jamaicans divided the territory among themselves into numerous little companies, and when the extraordinary yield of their work went down to the traders on the river they called the source from which it came El Callado—the mysterious. In that way the camp became known to the rest of the world.

The unexampled prosperity of the negroes brought trouble not only on themselves but on the authorities, and the Prefect of the district finally compelled them to sell out their claims to a number of Corsican traders several hundred miles on the river below. The Corsicans were men of superior intelligence, but knew nothing about the mining business, and it cost them when they took charge of the mines $200 a ton to extract and work ore, which in California or on the Comstock would not cost more than $6 a ton. Notwithstanding this and the fact that in 1860-62 all of the machinery to work the mines came from Mexico, operated by arastras, the rough method—which literally means "dragged around in misery"—the mines yielded enormously and up to 1870 produced $15,000,000, the great bulk of which was pure profit.

The phenomenal yield of the mine in 1876 attracted the attention of the Rothschilds. The great financiers sent the California expert, Hamilton Smith, who from 1868 to 1876 had been superintendent of the North Bloomfield, to negotiate for the purchase of the mine.

Mr. Smith offered, on behalf of the Rothschilds, $2,000,000 for the mine. The offer was refused, because the owners believed they could find another bonanza lower down. The same year the offer was refused the mine turned out $3,000,000 in gold In 1878 Mr. Smith, after a trip to London, came back and offered $3,000,000 for it, which was again refused, and that year the mine turned out $5,000,000, one half of which was profit.

It is said by gentlemen familiar with mining operations that Mr. Smith made a report after that to the effect that the mine was petering out, and no further negotiations for the sale of the mine were attempted, but certainly Mr. Smith made a third and successful attempt to purchase the property in 1883, paying for it a round $5,000,000. The mine up to that time had produced $18,000,000. The Rothschilds incorporated the institution at $2,000,000, and the stock was placed exclusively on the London Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse. In the intervening ten years the mine has produced $7,000,000. How much of that yield has been profit it is difficult to ascertain, but considering the fact that much improvement was made on the old style of operating the mine and the accessibility to the ore, there necessarily accrued a large profit to the owners. It was not like delving below the earth's surface 2,500 or 3,000 feet like on the Comstock.

Democracy and Education.

Many people have maintained that democracy has been the result of education. But, if the word is used in its ordinary sense, these people are wrong. Education ordinarily is used to mean general knowledge and cultivation, with sharpened powers of reasoning, and increased capacity for entertaining and being moved by ideas. But when we speak of political knowledge in this connection, we mean knowledge in an extremely limited sense, having nothing to do with ideas, and little with elaborate reasoning. We mean merely knowledge of contemporary public events; and if the daily diffusion of this deserves the name of education, education has done more not less than its apostles are accustomed to claim for it. Whereas steam made democracy a possibility, the newspaper made it a necessity. Any human being in possession of his senses inevitably thinks about anything that is brought immediately under his notice. He thinks about a mouse if it runs under his eyes across his breakfast-table. In the same way, when the people of this country began to have the events of each day not only offered to their notice, but actually thrust upon it, they naturally began to think about them, whether they wished to do so or not; it was impossible to think about them without forming opinions, and it was impossible to form opinions without discussing them. In this way was generated what is now called public opinion, and public opinion is democracy in its nebular stage. Of course, whether public opinion is sound or not, may depend on the amount of education which the public happen to possess; but it was not education that gave rise to it. It arose simply from the natural, the inevitable workings of the common human faculties; and the masses began to interest themselves in the government of the country, not because they recognized they had any glorious right to do so, but for the plain and homely reason that they could not help doing so.

The shark can not seize its prey without turning on its back

In Northern Siberia the ground is frozen to a depth of 600 feet.