

"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

Moodie shook hands with the old hunter, and assured him that we should always be glad to see him. After this invitation, Brian became a frequent guest. He would sit and listen with delight to Moodie while he described to him elephant-hunting at the Cape; grasping his rifle in a determined manner, and whistling an encouraging air to his dogs. I asked him one evening what made him so fond of hunting.

"The excitement," he said; "it draws me, and I love to be alone. I am sorry for the creatures, too, for they are free and happy; yet I am led by an instinct I cannot restrain to kill them. Sometimes the sight of their dying agonies recalls painful feelings, and then I lay aside the gun, and do not hunt for days. But 'tis fine to be alone with God in the great woods—to watch the sunbeams stealing through the thick branches, the blue sky breaking in upon you in patches, and to know that all is bright and shiny above you, in spite of the gloom that surrounds you."

After a long pause, he continued, with much solemn feeling in his look and tone, "I lived a life of folly for years, for I was respectably born and educated, and had seen something of the world, perhaps more than was good, before I left home for the woods; and from the teaching I had received from kind relatives and parents I should have known how to have conducted myself better. But, madam, if we associate long with the depraved and ignorant, we learn to become even worse than they. I felt deeply my degradation, and I had become the slave to the hateful tyranny of evil passions, I did a very rash and foolish thing. I need not mention the manner in which I transgressed God's holy laws; all the neighbours know it, and must have told you long before now. I could have borne reproof, but they turned my sorrow into indecent jests, and scorned my efforts to atone for my sins. I was unable to bear their coarse ridicule, I made companions of my dogs and gun, and went forth into the wilderness. Hunting became a habit. I could no longer live without it, and it supplies the stimulus which I lost when I renounced the cursed whisky bottle.

"I remember the first hunting excursion I took alone in the forest. How sad and gloomy I felt! I thought that there was no creature in the world so miserable as myself. I was tired and hungry, and I sat down under a fallen tree to rest. All was still as death around me, and I was fast sinking to sleep, when my dog, for I had not a hunter's dog, but a dog of my own, pricked his ears, and instead of answering with a bark of defiance, he crouched down, trembling at my feet. 'What does this mean?' I cried, and I cocked my rifle and sprang upon the log. The sound came nearer upon the wind. It was like the deep baying of a pack of hounds in full cry. Presently a noble deer rushed past me, and fast upon his trail—I see them now, like so many black devils—swept by a pack of ten or fifteen large, fierce wolves, with fiery eyes and bristling hair, and paws that seemed hardly to touch the ground in their eager haste. I thought not of danger, for, with their prey in view, I was safe; but I felt every nerve within me tremble for the fate of the poor deer. The wolves gained upon him at every bound. A close thicket intercepted his path, and, rendered desperate, he turned at bay. His nostrils were dilated, and his eyes seemed to send forth long streams of light. It was wonderful to witness the courage of the beast. How bravely he repelled the attacks of his deadly enemies, how gallantly he tossed them to the right and left, and spurned them from beneath his hoofs; yet all his struggles were useless, and he was quickly overcome and torn to pieces by his ravenous foes. At that moment he seemed more unfortunate even than myself, for I could not see in what manner he had deserved his fate. All this speed and energy, his courage and fortitude, had been exerted in vain. I had tried to destroy myself; but he, with every effort vigorously made for self-preservation, was doomed to meet the fate he dreaded! Is God just to his creatures?"

With this sentence on his lips, he started abruptly from his seat and left the house. One day he found me painting some wild flowers, and was greatly interested in watching the progress I made in the group. Late in the afternoon of the following day he brought me a large bunch of splendid spring flowers. "Draw these," said he; "I have been all the way to the lake plains to find them for you." Little Katie grasping them one by one, with infantile joy, kissed every blossom. "These are God's pictures," said the hunter, "and the child, who is all nature, understands them in a minute. Is it not strange that these beautiful things are hid away in the wilderness, where no eyes but the birds of the air, and the wild beasts of the wood, and the insects that live upon them, ever see them? Does God provide, for the pleasure of such creatures, these flowers? Is His benevolence satisfied by the admiration of animals whom we have been taught to consider as having neither thought nor reflection? When I am alone in the forest, these thoughts puzzle me." Knowing that to argue with Brian was only to call into action the slumbering fires of his fatal malady, I turned the conversation by asking him why he called his favorite dog Chance?

"I found him," he said, "forty miles back in the bush. He was a mere skeleton. At first I took him for a wolf, but the shape of his head deceived me. I opened my wallet, and called him to me. He came slowly, stopping and wagging his tail at every step, and looking me wistfully in the face. I offered him a bit of dried venison, and he soon became friendly, and followed me home, and has never left me since. I called him Chance, after the manner I happened with him; and I would not part with him for twenty dollars."

Alas, for poor Chance! he had, unknown to his master, contracted a private liking for fresh mutton, and one night he killed no less than eight sheep that belonged to Mr. D. on the front road; the culprit, who had been long suspected, was caught in the very act, and this mischance cost him his life. Brian was sad and gloomy for many weeks after his favorite's death. "I would have restored the sheep fourfold," he said, "if he would but have spared the life of my dog." My recollections of Brian seem more particularly to concentrate in the adventures

of one night, when I happened to be left alone, for the first time since my arrival in Canada. I cannot now imagine how I could have been such a fool as to give way for four-and-twenty hours to such childish fears; but so it was, and I will not disguise my weakness from my indulgent reader.

Moodie had bought a very fine cow of a black man, named Mollineux, for which he was to give twenty-seven dollars. The man lived twelve miles back in the woods; and one frosty spring day—(don't smile at the term frosty, thus connected with the genial season of the year; the term is perfectly correct when applied to the Canadian spring, which, until the middle of May, is the most dismal season in the year)—he and John Monaghan took a rope, and the dog, and sallied forth to fetch the cow home. Moodie said that they should be back by six o'clock in the evening, and charged me to have something cooked for supper when they returned, as he doubted their long walk in the sharp air would give them a good appetite. This was during the time that I was without a servant, and living in old Mrs. —'s shanty.

The day was so bright and clear, and Katie was so full of frolic and play, rolling upon the floor, or toddling from chair to chair, that the day passed on without my feeling remarkably lonely. At length the evening drew nigh, and I began to expect my husband's return, and to think of the supper that I was to prepare for his reception. The red heifer that we had bought of Layton came lowing to the door to be milked; but I did not know how to milk in those days, and, besides this, I was terribly afraid of cattle. Yet, as I knew that milk would be required for the tea, I ran across the meadow to Mrs. Joe, and begged that one of her girls would be so kind as to milk for me. My request was greeted with a rude burst of laughter from the whole set. "If you can't milk," said Mrs. Joe, "it's high time you should learn. My girls are above being helped."

"I would not ask you but as a general favour; I am afraid of cows."

"Afr'aid of cows! Lord bless the woman! A farmer's wife and afr'aid of cows!"

Here followed another laugh at my expense; and, indignant at the refusal of my first and last request, when they had all borrowed so much from me, I shut the inhospitable door, and returned home. After many ineffectual attempts, I succeeded at last, and bore my half-pail of milk in triumph to the house. Yes! I felt prouder of that milk than many an author of the best thing he ever wrote, whether in verse or prose; and it was doubly sweet when I considered that I had procured it without being under any obligation to my ill-natured neighbours. I had learned a useful lesson of independence, to which in after-years I had often again to refer. I fed little Katie and boiled the potatoes, and laid the ham, cut in nice slices, in the pan, ready to cook the moment I saw the milk enter the meadow, and arranged the little room with scrupulous care and neatness. A glorious fire was blazing on the hearth, and everything was ready for their supper; and I began to look out anxiously for their arrival.

The night had closed in cold and foggy, and I could no longer distinguish any object at more than a few yards from the door. Bringing in as much wood as I thought would last me for several hours, I closed the door; and for the first time in my life I found myself at night in a house entirely alone. Then I began to ask myself a thousand torturing questions as to the reason of their unusual absence. Had they lost their way in the woods? Could they have fallen in with wolves (one of my early bugbears)? Could any fatal accident have befallen them? I started up, opened the door, and lifted up its voice in loud, hoarse wailing, or mocked, in its babbling to the stones, the sound of human voices. As it became later, my fears increased in proportion. I grew to superstitious and nervous to keep the door open. I not only closed it, but dragged a heavy box in front, for bolt there was none. Several ill-looking men had, during the day, asked their way to Toronto; I felt alarmed lest such rude wanderers should come to-night and demand a lodging, and find me alone and unprotected. Once I thought of running across to Mrs. Joe, and asking her to let one of the girls stay with me until Moodie returned; but the way in which I had been repulsed in the evening prevented me from making a second appeal to their charity.

Hour after hour wore away, and the crowing of the cocks proclaimed midnight, and yet they came not. I had burnt out all my wood, and I dared not open the door to fetch in more. The candle was expiring in the socket, and I had not courage to go up into the loft and procure another before it went finally out. Cold, heart-weary, and faint, I sat and cried. Every now and then the furious barking of the dogs at the neighbouring farms, and the loud cackling of the geese upon our own, made me hope that they were coming; and then I listened till the beating of my own heart excluded all other sounds. Oh, that unwearied wailing, how it sobbed and moaned like a fretful child;—what unreal terrors and fanciful illusions my too active mind conjured up, whilst listening to its mysterious tones of woe! Just as the moon rose, the howling of a pack of wolves, from the great swamp in our rear, filled the whole air. Their yells were answered by the barking of all the dogs in the vicinity, and the geese, unwilling to be behind-hand in the general confusion, set up the most discordant screams I had often heard, and even been amazed, during the winter, particularly on these frost-nights, with hearing the howls of these formidable wild beasts, but I had never before heard them alone, and when one dear to me was abroad amid their haunts. They were directly in the track that Moodie and Monaghan must have taken; and I now made no doubt that they had been attacked and killed on their return through the woods killed with the cow, and I wept and sobbed until the old grey dawn peered in upon me through the small dim window. I have passed many a long cheerless night, when my dear husband was away from me during the rebellion, and I was left in my room with five little children, and only an old Irish woman to draw and cut wood for my fire, and attend to the wants of the family; but that was the saddest and longest night I ever remember.

Just as the day broke my friends the waiter set up a passing benediction, to load, and wild, and near to the house, that I was afraid lest they should break through the frail window, or come down the low, wide chimney, and rob me of my child. But their detestable howls died away in the distance, and the bright sun rose up and dispersed the wild horrors of the night, and I looked once more timidly around me. The sight of the table spread, and the unladen supper, renewed my grief, for I could not divert myself of the idea that Moodie was dead. I opened the door, and stepped fourth into the pure air of the early day. A solemn and beautiful repose still hung like a veil over the face of Nature. The mist of night still rested upon the majestic woods, and not a sound but the flowing of the waters went up in the vast stillness. The earth had not yet raised her matin hymn to the throne of the Creator. Sad at heart, and weary and worn in spirit, I went down to the spring and washed my face and head, and drank a deep draught of its icy waters. On returning to the house, I met near the door, old Brian the hunter, with a large fox dangling across his shoulder, and the dogs following at his heels.

"Why! Mrs. Moodie, what is the matter? You are early abroad this morning, and look dreadful ill. Is anything wrong at home? Is the baby or your husband sick?"

"Oh! I cried, bursting into tears, 'I fear he is killed by the wolves.' The man stared at me, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses, and well he might; but this one idea had taken such strong possession of my mind that I could admit no other. I then told him, as well as I could find words, the cause of my alarm, to which he listened very quietly and patiently.

"Set your heart at rest; your husband is safe. It is a long journey on foot to Mollineux, to one unacquainted with a blazed path in a bush road. They have staid all night at the black man's shanty, and you will see them back at noon."

I shook my head, and continued to weep. "Well, now, in order to satisfy you, I will saddle my mare, and ride over to the nigger's, and bring you word as fast as I can."

I thanked him sincerely for his kindness, and returned, in somewhat better spirits, to the house. At ten o'clock my good messenger returned with the glad tidings that all was well. The day before, when half the journey had been accomplished, John Monaghan let go the rope by which he led the cow, and she had broken away through the woods, and returned to her old master; and when they again reached his place, night had set in, and they were obliged to wait until the return of day. Moodie laughed heartily at my fears; but indeed I found them no joke. Brian's eldest son, a lad of fourteen, was not exactly an idiot, but what, in the old country, is very expressively termed by the poor people a "natural." He could feed and assist himself, had been taught imperfectly to read and write, and could go to and from the town on errands, and carry a message from one farm house to another; but he was a strange, wayward creature, and evidently inherited, in no small degree, his father's malady.

During the summer months he lived entirely in the woods, near his father's dwelling, only returning to obtain food, which was generally left for him in an outhouse. In the winter, driven home by the severity of the weather, he would sit for days together moping in the chimney corner, without taking the least notice of what was passing around him. Brian never mentioned this boy—who had a strong, active figure, a handsome, but very inexpressive face—without a deep sigh; and I feel certain that half his own dejection was occasioned by his mental aberration of his child.

One day he sent the lad with a note to our house, to know if Moodie would purchase the half of an ox that he was going to kill. There happened to stand in the corner of the room an open wood box, into which several bushels of fine apples had been thrown; and, while Moodie was writing an answer to the note, the eyes of the idiot were fastened, as if by some magnetic influence, upon the apples. Knowing that Brian had a very fine orchard, I did not offer the boy any of the fruit. When the note was finished, I handed it to him. The lad grasped it mechanically, without removing his fixed gaze from the apples.

"Give that to your father, Tom." The boy answered not—he cared, his eyes, his whole soul, were concentrated in the apples. Ten minutes elapsed, but he stood motionless, like a pointer at a dead set. "My good boy, you can go." He did not stir. "Is there anything you want?" "I want," said the lad, without moving his eyes from the objects of his intense desire, and speaking in a slow, pointed manner, which ought to have been heard to be fully appreciated, "I want apples!" "Oh, if that's all, take what you like."

The permission once obtained, the boy flung himself upon the box with the rapacity of a hawk upon its prey, after being long poised in the air to fix its certain aim; thrusting his hands to the right and left, in order to secure the finest specimens of the coveted fruit, scarcely allowing himself time to breathe until he had filled his old straw hat and all his pockets with apples. To help laughing was impossible; while this new Tom o' Bedlam darted from the house, and scampered across the field for dear life, as if afraid that we should pursue him to rob him of his prize.

It was during this winter that our friend Brian was left a fortune of three hundred pounds per annum; but it was necessary for him to return to his native country, in order to take possession of the property. This he positively refused to do; and when we remonstrated with him on the apparent imbecility of this resolution, he declared that he would not risk his life, in crossing the Atlantic twice, for twenty times that sum. What strange inconsistency was this, in a being who had three times attempted to take away that which he dreaded so much to lose accidentally!

I was much amused with an account which he gave me, in his quaint way, of an excursion he went upon with a botanist, to collect specimens of the plants and flowers of Upper Canada. "It was a fine spring day, some ten years ago, and I was yoking my oxen to drag in some oats I had just sown, when a little, fat, punchy man, with a broad, red, good-natured face, and carrying a small black leather wallet across his shoulder, called to me over the fence, and asked me if my name was Brian B.—? I said 'Yes,' what of that?" "Only you are the man I want to see. They tell me that you are better acquainted

with the woods than any person in these parts; and I will pay you anything in reason if you will be my guide for a few days."

"Where do you want to go?" said I. "Nowhere particular," says he. "I want to go here and there, in all directions, to collect plants and flowers."

"That is still hunting with a vengeance," thought I. "To-day I must drag in my oats. If to-morrow will suit, we will be off."

"And your charge?" said he. "I like to be certain of that." "A dollar a day. My time and labour upon my farm, at this busy season, is worth more than that."

"True," said he. "Well, I'll give you what you ask. At what time will you be ready to start?" "By daybreak, if you wish it."

"Away he went; and by daylight next morning he was at my door, mounted upon a stout French pony. 'What are you going to do with that beast?' said I. 'Horses are of no use on the road that you and I are to travel. You had better leave him in my stable.'

"I want him to carry my traps," said he; it may be some days that we shall be absent."

"I assured him that he must be his own beast of burthen, and carry his axe, and blanket, and wallet of food upon his own back. The little body did not much relish his arrangement; but as there was no help for it, he very good-naturedly complied. Off we set, and soon climbed the steep at the back of your farm, and got upon—lake plains. The woods were flush with flowers, and the little man grew into such an ecstasy, that at every fresh specimen he uttered a yell of joy, out a caper in the air, and flung himself down upon them, as if he was drunk with delight. 'Oh, what treasures! what treasures!' he cried. 'I shall make my fortune!'

"It is seldom I laugh," quoth Brian, "but I could not help laughing at this odd little man; for it was not the beautiful blossoms, such as you delight to paint, that drew forth these exclamations, but the queer little plants which he had rummaged for at the roots of old trees, among the moss and long grass. He sat upon a decayed trunk, which lay in our path, I do believe for a long hour, making an oration over some greyish things, spotted with red, that grew upon it, which looked more like mould than plants, declaring himself repaid for all the trouble and expense he had been at, if it were only to obtain a sight of them. I gathered him a beautiful blossom of the lady's slipper; but he pushed it back when I presented it to him, saying, 'Yes, yes, 'tis very fine. I have seen that often before; but these Lichens are splendid!'

"The man had so little taste that I thought him a fool, and so I left him to talk to his dear plants, while I shot partridges for our supper. We spent six days in the woods, and the little man filled his tin case with all sorts of rubbish, as if he wilfully shut his eyes to the beautiful flowers, and chose only to admire ugly, insignificant plants that everybody else passes by without noticing, and which, often as I had been in the woods, I never had observed before. I never pursued a deer with such earnestness as he continued his hunt for what he called 'specimens.'

"When we came to the Cold Creek, which is pretty deep in places, he was in such a hurry to get at some plants that grew under the water, that in reaching after them he lost his balance, and fell head over heels into the stream. He got a thorough ducking, and was in a terrible fright; but he held on to the flowers, which had caused the trouble, and thanked his stars that he had saved them, as well as his life. Well, he was an innocent man," continued Brian; "a very little made him happy, and at night he would sing and amuse himself like a child. He gave me ten dollars for my trouble, and I never saw him again; but I often think of him, when hunting in the woods that we wandered through together, and I pluck the wee plants that he used to admire, and wonder why he preferred them to the fine flowers."

When our resolution was formed to sell our farm, and take up our grant of land in the backwoods, no one was so earnest in trying to persuade us to give up this ruinous scheme as our friend Brian B.—, who became quite eloquent in his description of the trials and sorrows that awaited us. During the last week of our stay in the township of H.—, he visited us every evening, and never bade us good-night without a tear moistening his cheek. We parted with the hunter as with an old friend; and we never met again. His fate was a sad one. After we left that part of the country, he fell into a moping melancholy, which ended in self-destruction. But a kinder or warmer-hearted man, while he enjoyed the light of reason, has seldom crossed our path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Oddities of Expression.
Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who made a call in the country and was about to be introduced to the family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zin I would before, if you please, vish to purify mine 'ands, and to sweep mine hair."

A Scotch pabbion was complaining of his servant-maid. He said that she could never be found when wanted. "She'll gang out o' the house," he said, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

A countryman went to a menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orang-outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea, and striding up to the gentlemen expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! he's no more of the human species than I be."

"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy, on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

Over a bridge in Georgia is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk shall, if a white man, be fined \$5, and if a negro receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

A shop exhibits a card, warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." The shopman does not quite say what he means, any more than the proprietor of an eating-house near the docks, on the door of which may be read the following announcement, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant but frequent patrons: "Sailors! think of this!"

OVERBOARD IN THE RAPIDS.

Charles A. Percy Goes Through The Niagara Whirlpool.

Charles A. Percy came very near making a failure the other afternoon of his trip from the Mid of the Mist landing to Toronto by way of the whirlpool and the Niagara rapids. Percy got only as far Lewiston, and had an unexpected experience which nearly cost him his life. At 4.15 George Cheshire, H. G. Richardson, and William Lashby shoved the boat out into the river. It contained 800 pounds of ballast, and a 70 pound iron weight was used as a drag. Percy rowed to the centre of the stream, and at 4.30 fastened his oars and crawled into a hammock in the rear compartment of the boat. At 4.28 the craft passed under the cantilever and railway suspension bridge, going very rapidly and turning around in the eddies in a dizzy way. A few seconds later it struck the first great wave of the rapids. A cry of horror went up from the spectators on the lower bank when the craft spun around the waves and continued submerged. When it came to the surface it floated keel up, and for quite a distance. After a terrible toiling, which lasted four minutes, the boat was tossed into the big maelstrom and floated easily around. The water was several feet lower than usual, and the boat grazed the rocks dangerously near, threatening every second to dash it to pieces, and end Percy's career.

The craft eddied in the whirlpool until 6.30, and then Dan Elheim and William Adams got it in comparatively still water, and towed it around the point into a current that would carry it to the Devil's Rapids. They narrowly escaped going along. Percy's boat grazed rock after rock, and was capsized repeatedly. He had gone but a little distance when the manhole cover was dashed to pieces by coming in contact with a rock, and the air chamber filled with water. Percy crawled out and clung to the craft for dear life. When near the Devil's Hole he became partly exhausted, and could no longer hold on, as the waves threw the boat about. Then he let go of the boat, and swam three miles further down stream, where at 7.30 that night Fisherman John Gillett picked him up more dead than alive. He was rowed rapidly to Waggoner's Hotel at Lewiston, and was with difficulty revived. When able to speak he told the story of his battle for life. In the upper rapids he was terribly tossed about, but the lower ones, he said, were still more terrible. Most of the trip was made in the dark.

"I seemed to be in a grave of foam," said Percy, "and I can't tell how I escaped with my life. It would have been bad enough if my boat had not been wrecked in the breakers, but that swim in the dark was terrible."

Soon afterward Percy said to a correspondent: "I made this trip for the purpose of advertising my boat. I thought it would carry me through safely. I didn't expect it to show that the rapids were not dangerous, because I knew they were, but I had no notion that they were so bad as they are. The waves just knock you around until they almost pound the breath out of you, and then drop you into a watery well filled with a suffocating spray. I thanked God when I got to fairly clear water and the fisherman reached me when I was hardly able to swim another stroke. The water was low, and it's a wonder I didn't get dashed to death on the rocks. I can't tell you the trip in detail, for I was so busy trying to help myself that I couldn't think of much else."

No bones are broken, but Percy's body is badly racked. His boat was lost, and will hardly be recovered.

Parrot Chorus.

The traditional "fish story" has many varieties, to which it seems only fair to add the following, even though the fish in this case was a parrot. Doubtless its narrator, an American artist, designed it to be "taken for what it is worth."

He was very fond of knocking about in out-of-the-way quarters of the world, and once left ship with a party of comrades, in order to explore a Central American wilderness. During the cruise of several months, the entire ship's company had devoted their leisure hours to singing to a parrot. The sailors had also lost no opportunity of teaching the bird all the nautical phrases they knew.

When the artist and his comrades had bidden the bird and the sailors good-bye, they plunged into the heart of the tropical forest, and after great exertion in accomplishing twenty-eight miles, they reached their camping-place for the night. Just as the sun was going down, they were startled to hear, in the primeval silence, a familiar voice from the top of a tall palm:

"Avast there! Yo, heave, ho!" It was the ship's parrot. Before they could quite believe in its presence, the faithful bird fluttered down to a dead stump near by, and, with a shrill cry, summoned the little green parquets of the country. About ten thousand of them circled round the great gray African oracle on the stump, and finally took their places, in good order, on the ground. The explorers looked on in dumb amazement.

When the feathered assemblage became quiet, the ship's parrot broke into the familiar words of "Nancy Lee" and, to the inextinguishable amusement of the travellers, the surprise of the tropical world, and the delight of the feathered conductor, those ten thousand paroquets, with one mighty burst of song, executed "Nancy Lee."

Type-Setting in Japan.

The Japanese printer is very much hampered by our present methods of work, and I do not see how we are going to change them. The Japanese alphabet contains about eight thousand characters, and each character occupies a different box in the case. The composing-room has only one case, which is placed against the wall, the boxes being arranged as high and as low as a man can well reach, and all the compositors use this one case. On this account the printers are compelled to walk about 20 miles in a day, and when hurried go rushing about from one box to another, tumbling over each other in the most confusing manner. This causes the work to take much more time and labor than in most other countries.

Descriptive. He—"Who is that pretty girl over there?" She—"Jessie Jones." And who is she?" "My most intimate enemy."