A Dream of Autumn.

Mellow hazes lowly trailing O'er the wood and meadow, veiling Sombre skies, with swallows sailing, Sailor-like, to foreign lands; And the north wind overleaping Summer's brink, and flood-like sweeping

Wrecks of roses where the weeping Willows swing their helpless hands.

Flaunted high, like torches flinging Flakes of flame and embers, springing From the vale the trees stand swinging In the moaning atmosphere ; While in dead'ning lands the lowing Of the cattle, sadder growing,

Fills the sense to overflowing With the sorrow of the year.

Fields of ragged stubble, tangled With rank weeds, and shocks of jangled Corn, with crests like wet plumes dangled O'er the harvest's battle plain ;

And the sudden whirr and whistle Of the quail that, like a missile, Whizzes over thorn and thistle, And, a missile, drops again.

Muffled voices hid in thickets Where the redbird stops to stick its Ruddy beak between the pickets Of the truant's rustic trap; And a sound of laughter ringing Where, within the wild vine swinging, Climb Bacchante's schoolmates flinging Purple clusters in her lap.

Rich as wine the sunset flashes Round the tilted world, and dashes Up the sloping west and splashes Its red foam against the sky, Till my dream of autumn, paling In the splendor all-prevailing, Like a sallow leaf goes sailing Down the silence solemnly. JAMES W. RILEY.

THE RIVALS.

(CONTINUED.)

A ROMANCE OF ILFRACOMBE.

"For some years, Mr. Mayfield ? Do you mean it ?" "Yes, Mrs. Gossett. I have been restless

and unsettled here for some months, so I am going to open a branch of our business out there. Some one must go; and I am glad to be the one."

"Is Mrs. Mayfield here? Of course she

goes with you ?" "Mrs. Mayfield ! Do you think I am married, Maud ?"

She did not notice the Christian name. "Are you not ?" "Married! I married! Who can have told you such a monstrous thing?"

For a full minute Maud did not answer.

She was looking down into her plate, and the colour had all died out of her face. "I heard it mentioned," she said. "Cer-tainly some one said so. I suppose it was a mistake. There was nothing monstrous in

"It would be monstrous to me," Gerald said. "Believe me, Mrs. Gossett, whoever may henceforth tell you that Gerald Mayfield is married, you can tell them it is not

so. I shall never marry-never." For a time no further word was spoken. The colour did not return to her cheek. Pre-

sently she said, "I am going to ask you a strange question. one I should not ask were it not that you are one 1 should not ask were if not that you are going away, and that, perhaps—perhaps we shall not meet again. It is as well to clear up misunderstandings. Why did you leave Ilfracombe so suddenly without even saying good-bye ?"

" May I tell you the truth ?"

Mrs. Gossett bowed her head.

'Because I heard—of course there's no secret now-because I heard from Gossett that you were engaged to him-that you had been engaged to him for months; and I loved you so I could not trust myself to see you again.

Again she sat silent, and without a vestige of colour in her face. There was a slight noise at the head of the table, and a sudden flush leaped into her cheek.

"God help me !" she said, " and I am mar-ried to this man !" And without another word she went out and left him.

Gerald Mayfield was sitting in his office at Melbourne, two years after his arrival in Australia, when he heard the shouting of the newsboys outside, "Great fraud in England ! Second edition of the Argus!" In another minute a clerk came in.

"Here is the Argus, Sir. Another great banking swindle at home, When Gerald was alone, he opened the

paper and read, in large letters : "GREAT FRAUD AND EMBEZZLEMENT. The

Metropolitan and Suburban Bank has been robbed of upward of $\pounds 100,000$ by its manager, Paul Gossett. The frauds have been going on for years. Money lost in stock exchange gambling. Gossett still at large. Police on his track. All outward bound vessels watched."

For a long time Gerald Mayfied sat without moving. "Poor girl!" he said at last, as he put down the paper. "I never thought the fellow looked honest. I put it down to prejudice, but 1 was right, after all. I wonder what she will do? I saw that her mother died just after I came out. I suppose her fortune's safe.' Two days later came another telegram :

"Gossett still at large. His wife has hand ed over her own fortune of \$25,000 to bank. Then Gerald Mayfield sent a telegram to his partner :

Find out address of Gossett the defaulter's wife. Place £50 to her credit at a bank; advise her anonymously that an equal sum will be paid in quarterly. Be sure it is done so as to be untraceable. You re-member our conversation when I first proposed coming out here."

It was nearly three months after this that Gerald Mayfield was breakfasting at his club, chatting with the head of the Police. Presently a boy came in with a note for the latter.

"Ah," he said, glancing over it, "the Taunton Castle is cff the Head; I have been expecting her for some days. By what we hear, it is possible that Gossett, that fellow who swindled the bank in London, in on board, and we shall put our hand on him as he lands. I can't go myself, for I have a very important case in court; but we shall

""Why do you think he is on board ?" "Of course, we can't be sure, and in fact they are doubtful at home. All they say is, that there is a passenger on board who seems to have given no address, and to have had tion of his height and appearance tallies pretty accurately with that of Gossett. Still, that is not much to go upon, and we shall have to be very careful."

"What time do you think the Taunton Castle will be in? I am going down to meet her, as I have an old friend on board, and I shall look out to see if your men succeed in their capture.'

She ought to be in by eleven. Gerald sat some little time over his break.

fast after the chief of the constabulary had left. "I must save him if possible, for her sake," he said to himself at last. "He is a swindler and, I fear, a bad lot altogether; but she loves him, and that is enough for me. Even if she did not love him I would

spare her the disgrace of his trial and punishment.' At eleven o'clock Gerald stood on the wharf watching the Taunton Castle coming alongside. Near him stood a couple of con-stables. He knew them, as both had been engaged in hunting up more than one frau-

dulent debtor to the firm. "I hear from Captain Peters that you are

on the look-out for a passenger." "Yes, sir. We hope so, but there doesn't seem much certainty about it."

As the ship came alongside Gerald was one of the first to leap on board. He looked hastily round, and among the passengers he at once saw the man he was searching for. Paul Gossett was looking ill, and had grown a beard, but there was no other change about

him. "What is that gentleman's name?" asked a lad who was standing near.

"Hopkins," the boy said. The Gerald went up to him with out-tretched hand. Gossett gave a start; but

his astonishment at being seized and locked up. If he had not had any one to identify him, and you had detained him for a couple of months, till some one came out from Eng-land to swear to him, he would have grounds

for an action, and would have got swingeing damages against all your people." Twice in the course of the evening Gerald

called at the Royal, but each time he was told that Hopkins was out. He was relieved to find that the man had guessed that, al-though he was bound to call in order to 'keep up the story of their acquaintanceship, yet that he would far rather that they did not meet. Next morning when he called at the hotel he was told Mr. Hopkins had gone up country, but that he had left a note for him.

Its contents were brief : You are a grand fellow, Gerald Mayfield. You have saved me twice, and have returned good for evil. If I could undo the past, heaven knows that I would. I am going up the country to get work of some sort; I only got off with enough to pay my passage out

Ten months later Gerald received from the doctor of a hospital at Ballarat the certificate of the death of Paul Gossett, mortally injured by a fall of the roof in one of the mines He had lived a few days, had said there, who he was, and had written to his wife. He had ordered that the certificate of his death and his letter to his wife might be forwarded to Mr. Mayfield, who would, he was sure, see that they were sent to his widow.

For another ten months Gerald Mayfield worked on at Melbourne, and then, having been relieved by his junior partner, he sailed for England. Maud was, he knew, living at Brighton, where she was supporting herself by giving music lessons, having firmly de clined to touch the money anonymously paid to her account.

Then he went down and peremptorily took possession of her. Maud had determined upon resistance, for she had schooled herself to believe that it would be wrong for her to marry again. She acknowledged freely to herself that she loved Gerald Mavfield. She had heard from her husband how Gerald had saved him from arrest ; she felt sure that it was Gerald who would have provided for her; she never doubted that he would come back and claim her; but she had assured herself, over and over again, that she would never allow the stigma of her name to attach to him, hard though it might be to refuse him. But when he came in, and straightway took her in his arms and held her there; when he stopped her lips as she tried to speak about disgrace, and wiped away her tears as they fell, there was nothing for her to do but to yield, and even to allow him, in his masterful way, to settle that, as the mar-riage would be perfectly quiet, there was no reason in the world why it should be delayed

beyond a month at the outside. "You foolish Gerald," she said to him, later on in the evening, "you are always in extremes: you lost me five years ago because you were so timid you would not stand up for workeaft. for yourself; and now you have become perfect tyrant, and won't allow me to have ever so little a bit of my own way." "You shall have all your own way,

darling; when you are once my wife," he said; "but till then I mean to be master; so your best plan is to hurry on your pre-parations as fast as you can in order to free yourself from my tyranny. And there is one thing, Maud, if you don't object: I should like to spend part, at least, of our honey-moon at Ilfracombe. Another year you shall travel all over the Continent, if you like; but, if it is not painful to you, I should like Ulfracombe now. Of course we will not go Ilfracombe now. Of course we will not go to the hotel, but get in some quiet lodging, and ramble on the rocks as we used to do." "Yes, I shouldlike it," Maud said ; "and

we will agree to believe that we were only there a few weeks ago, and that this five years has been a bad dream, never to be talked about or thought of willingly again."

Selling His Wife.

(From the London Telegraph.)

Not so very many years ago, French novelists and feuilletonists, among other many "fixed ideas" they were pleased to eutertain with respect to English manners and customs, fondly clung to one in particular, their faith in which was not to be shaken by any denial or protest reaching them from our side of the Channel. This article of their belief was to the effect that the British husband, if dissatisfied with the partner of his joys and sorrows, might legally encircle her loys and stribus, high regary encircle her neck with a rope, conduct her to Smithfield Market, and there sell her by public auction to the highest bidder. Frenchmen, we trust, no longer labour under the impression that transactions of this description are every day occurrences in our metropolis. authentic records of contemporary wife-sales they should turn their attention to the so-called "frontier lands" of the Austro-Hungarian Empire ; in particular, to the Servian Banat, where the commercial instincts of a farmer, named Nicholas Sekulich, recently prompted him, on discovering his consort's infidelity to him, to make her over to her lover, one Paul Begovich, for a consideration. The price set upon the fair but frail Juliska Sekulich by her lawful spouse consisted of 40 florins in cash and a fatted hog. A contract to this effect was drawn up and ally signed. Begovich paid the money, handed over the hog, and took possistion of the purchased lady, to whom he was sub-sequently united in the bonds of holy matrimony by a priest whom he bribed to cele-brate the marriage rites. These proceedings were not altogether devoid of a certain rough humorousness; but the District Tribunal of Peterinje, which does not seem to have a keen relish for jokes of this sort, has sent all the parties concerned in it to prison?for four months, with hard labour. THE Earl of Rosslyn is president, and the Duke of Westminister and the Earl of Shaftesbury are vice-presidents, of a society to direct attention to the use of the goat as a source of milk supply.

A Florida Typhoon.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A HURRICANE NEAR MOSQUITC INLET.

Fiorida summers are passably cool. The thermometer rests between 80 and 90 degrees, with occasional spurts to 100 degrees. At night the heat is frequently intense. Without a close sand-fly bar there is no rest, and with one no air. Grateful dews cool the air before daylight, but a coppery sun soon reappears, and up to 9 a.m. the at-mosphere is like that of a furnace. Then a refreshing trade wind sets in from the southeast, end blows stesdily until sundown. This trade wind lasts three months, say from the middle of June to about the same time in September. Without it, life on the east-ern coast would be insupportable. There are days in which the air becomes mucky and sticky. A dead land breeze covers the earth. Sands and marshes throw out a tremulous heat, blinding to the eye; the leaves of the oleanders and tig trees shrink under the burning rays of the sun ; the sky seems rooled by a brazen dome, and gardens

and groves fairly pant for breath. On the approach of autumn the Floridian quakes with apprehension. It is the dread season of hurricancs. Tearing through the West Indies, they often strike the coast with deadly effect. With scarcely a note of warning, houses are overthrown, sailboats blown from the water, the orange groves swept bare of leaves and fruit. Some of the old settlers say that they can detect Some of signs of the storm a day before it breaks

upon them. "You feel it in the air long before it comes," says one. This is, however, an in-definite sign. The devastation lining the track certainly proves "that you feel it in the air after it comes." One of these ty-phoons visits the coast every year. The day may be bright and beautiful, and the flowers heavy with bees and humming birds. Shimmering mosquito hawks quiver in the air, and the scarlet cardinals twitter in the acacias. A cooling breeze plays through the leaves of the trees and gently swings the unripe oranges. Clouds of gulls scar above the dark green mangrove bushes, and the sand bars, at low tide, are covered with pensive curlews and wiless. The drowsy roar of the surf is heard, and the gentle swell of the ocean is rippled with golden sheen.

Almost imperceptibly the wind dies away. Cries of terns and water birds fall upon the ear with painful distinctness. The mud hens of the marshes pipe an alarm. Not a blade of salt grass moves. The blue sky grows hazy and the eastern horizon is milky white. Fitful gusts begin to ripple the water and handle the green leaves. A low moan comes from the ocean. Smoky clouds roll into the sky from the southeast, and a strong wind whitens the ruffled water. Every minute it increases in fury. An ominous yellow light tinges the atmosphere. The sun is gone, and great drops of rain are hurled to the ground. In 15 minutes there is a gale, and soon the full force of the hur-ricane is felt. Great eagles and pelicans are swept through the heavens utterly powerless. Sparrows and other small birds are lashed to death by leafless twigs, and the torn bodies of snowy herons and wild turkeys lodge in the branches of the wild oak and cypress trees.

All living things disappear. Tall pines are twisted asunder. The lithe limbs of willows and oleanders snap like cow whips. Lofty palmettoes bend their heads to the ground, their great fans turned inside out like the ribs of an umbrella. The force of the wind keeps the trees down until every green fan pops like a pistol-shot. Orange groves are ripped into shoe strings. The leaves of the scraggy scrub on the beach are wiped out, and their stems whipped into little brushes. The tough saw palmetto is blown as flat as a northern wheat field, and the dead grass of the savannas lashed into fine dust. Boards in the surf are struck by the wind and sent spinning hundreds of feet into the air. The sand dunes are caught up bodily and sifted through the tops of pine trees miles away. The foam of the sea is blown beneath the houses on the main land and comes up between the cracks of the floor

rs of sail hoats and houses. At Lake Worth, the Cruiser, a heavy round-bottomed sail boat, 32 feet long, owned by Capt. Chas. Moore, was picked up from her ways, rigging and all, and carried across the lake, a mile away, without touching the water. A boat own-ed by Dr. Wallace of Castle Windy, was torn from her moorings, lifted from the water, and dropped into a salt-water marsh fringing Mosquito Lagoon, 800 yards from the castle. In the fall of 1876, the Ida Smith, a large schooner running between New Smyrna and Jacksonville, was torn from her anchors and stranded on a marsh 500 yards from the ship channel. The coast survey steamer, in a good harkor, sheltered by sand banks, threw out three anchors, and kept her wheels working against the wind under a full head of steam. She dragged her anchors several hundred yards, and barely escaped destruction. These hurricanes last from seven to eight hours, even longer. During the lull rain falls in torrents. The tide rises to a great height, carrying away wharves and boathouses, and flooding the country for miles The ocean leaps the sandy barriers of the coast and floods the Indian and other salt water rivers, involving great damage. After the storm, centre-boards and jib-stays are found in spruce pines, oleanders are loaded with cordage, and dead-eyes and peak-blocks drop from leafless orange trees. Gardens are destroyed, fences swept away, and the tormented Floridian has three months' work and no pay to repair damages. Vessels are driven ashore and sometimes many lives lost. The Ladona, a New York steamship, went ashore twelve miles north of Canaveral in the great gale of August 23, 1871. All on board perished. Since then many vessels have been wrecked.

CHAT BY THE WAY.

A youth, just launching out in trade, Unto a wealthy merchant said : "Pray, tell me, sir, what you profess, To call the secret of success ! The nabob's eyes with pleasure shone As he replied, in earnest tone, 'The secret simple is-I think You'll find it, sir, in printer's ink."

You can't make your child love you by scolding and fretting all the time any more than you can catch a bird by flinging your hat at it.

"WHO was it that said it is not good for a man to be alone ?" asked a Sunday school teacher of his class. A bright boy answered, Daniel, sir, when he was in the lion's den.'

THE hardest thing for any man to do is to practically encourage one who wishes to reform. Once down, let him stay there is the general motto. When a man falls, says the proverb, everybody tries to run over him.

EVERY man who expects to get a fortune without earning it grumbles at the bad luck which persistently follows some people, while the man who works hard and saves a little every year makes his own good luck and enjoys it.

THAT London Cockney was pretty sure to hit the truth somewhere when he said. "I say now, nothing is better than roast veal," and then added, in order to do full justice to the subject, "I say now, roast veal is better than nothing."

A LONG purse is a good bait with which to catch a wife. "I have the honour to ask for your hand, Miss," said a lover to a maiden. "Have I, then, no interest for you?" he sked. "Interest is nothing," she answered sked. bluntly, "It is capital I want."

A GENEROUS impulse does a man good, but it is sometimes so checked by adverse circumstances that, like a frost-nipped bud, it refuses to blossom. A gentleman, who had grown tired of a suit of clothes, said to his valet; "John, I have a great mind to give you this suit; suppose you try it on, and see if it will fit." John replied in language not propitious to the further ex-hibition of generous impulses, "I am sure it will fit me, sir; for I tried it on the other night and wore it to the circus."

An honest opinion is oftenest given when the speaker is a bit angry. In your placid mood it may be a little difficult to say a disagreeable thing, but when you are suddisagreeable thing, but when you are sud-denly roused by a piece of impertinence the disagreeable thing jerks itself out and is said before you know it. That was a very point-ed and possibly a very wholesome bit of sarcasm when a gentlemen turned suddenly on a coxcomb who had been making himself offensive, and said, "Sir, you ought to be the happiest man in the world; you are in love with yourself, and you have no rival.

THERE is no one in the world who has such a genius for telling the truth at the wrong time as a precocious child. Such a child seems to be all eyes, for nothing escapes its notice ; and all tongue, for there is

nothing which it is not ready and willing tell. "Now, Nina," said a fond mother her darling daughter, who knew altogeties. too much for her years, and who could draw an inference as well as a philosopher; "Now, Nina, be good and give the governess a kiss before you go to bed." The infant terrible pouted a little and then said, "What! give her a kiss and let her box my ears for it, just as she did papa's last night? No, I thank you, mamma.

PEOPLE forget that there are just as many sins of omission as of commission. Some will be judged by what they do, and others by what they have left undone. It may also be said that the events which do not happen are just as truly misfortunes as those which do happen. "Hans," said one German to another in the streets of Frank. fort, "what are you crying about ?" . I'm · I'm roring because the great Rothschild is dead," was the reply. "And why should you cry about that?" wrs the further query. "He was no relation of yours, was he?" "No," was the answer, half smothered in sobs, "no relation at all, and that's just what I'm crying for." what I'm crying for."

like steam.

Don't come "We are going," she said. "Don't come up stairs-don't see me again before you go. Have I your promise ?'

"You have," he said. "Then God bless you, Gerald, and make you happy. Say anything you like to me —it is for the last time. It cannot be very

wrong." "God bless you, my darling, my own lost

love! May you be happy!" As she spoke she rose, gave him her hand, looked full in his face with a wan look of sorrow and love, and was gone. When she returned to her home, she went

straight into the library, at which her hus-band was still busied with books and papers.

He looked up. "Bless us, Maud, what is the matter ? You

"I have seen Gerald Mayfield," she said, "and I know that you lied to us both. You told him we were engaged ; you told me he was married. What have you to

say ?" "Gossett said, with a light laugh, "Say ?" Gossett said, with a light laugh "Nothing. Everything is fair in love and war. If we were not engaged, I knew we should be soon ; so I was only anticipating the thing a little."

"Paul Gossett," his wife said, " when you asked me to marry you, I told you that I did not love you as a woman should love a man she was going to marry, but that I would give you what love I could, and would do my best to make you a good wife. You were content with the terms, and said that you hoped and believed the love would come. hoped so too. We have not been married long, but long enough for me to see that your love is no truer than mine. I should have no right to complain that you gave no more than I, and could have gone on with liking and respect. That is over forever. I find you won me by a lie—that you have neither honour nor generosity. I will not bring scandal upon our names, but at present I cannot live with you. To morrow I shall go home to my mother; she is ill, and it will appear natural for me to wish to be with her. After a time I may get over the horror I feel, and then I will come back and try to do my duty."

"And how about Mr. Gerald Mayfield ?"

Paul Gossett asked, with an evil smile. Maud stepped back a pace, as if she had been struck, and put her hand to her heart.

a gesture commanding caution on the part of Gerald caused him to repress it.

"How are you, Hopkins? What a time it is since we met-ages almost ! How are you ?'

He spoke in loud tones, in order that the constables, who were close by, might hear. "Well, what sort of a voyage have you

had? and bow did you leave every one at

Paul Gossett had prepared himself for arrest at the moment of landing. He knew that if any suspicion had been excited that Paul Gossett and James Hopkins were one and the same person, that the constables would be on the quay to arrest him as he landed. He was therefore prepared to meet whatever came; and after the first slight start he recognized by the action and tone of voice, that Gerald was trying to save him, and fell into the lead. A man who has for months and years been running a great risk must necessarily have his nerves well under control, and the constables, who stood a short distance off listening to the conversation, did not for a moment suspect that it was forced.

For a few minutes they talked so, and then Geralo said .

"You know I am only in bachelor's lodgings, but I have taken a room for you at the Royal. I shall see you later in the day. I must go off to my office now. Well, officers," he said to the constables, as he turned from Gossett, "have you got your man? Which is he?

"We haven't got him, and we ain't agoing to. The chap that we were put on was the very gent as you've been talking with

"What, my friend Hopkins? That is a joke,

"Can't be no mistake, I suppose, sir ?" "Mistake, man. Why, I have known him for years. We have been down at the sea-side together. In fact, I saved his life once.

"That's good enough, sir. It's quite clear the people at home have goue after a wrong scent altogether; very likely put on it so as to render it more easy for him to slip off in

some other direction." "Likely enough," Gerald said carelessly. "At any rate, it is as well for Mr. Hopkins that I happened to meet him here. Imagine

AN express train when near Canboro' the other day struck a dog and threw him with such force against a mile post that it was broken off. The post was sound, and eight or nine inches thick.

THAT there is nothing new under the sun is freshly exemplified by an old painting of Albert Durer's, in which, among the articles surrounding a female figure, are the nu-merals 1 to 16 so arranged that the lines, in whatever direction added, make the number 34, and so anticipate the 15 puzzle.

THE Esquimaux of Little Whale River, of Hudson Bay, have a new church. It is an iron building, twenty feet by forty, and was sent from London in sections ready to be put up. It was nearly two years on the way, but on arrival was put together in a couple of weeks. Eight Esquimaux mem-bers have been added to this church by baptism, and thirty more are under instruction with a view to admission. Baptism by immersion is not greatly in vogue among the Esquimaux.

Some British Allies.

[From the Saturday Review.]

The Basutos showed themselves brave, active, and intelligent. At the same time they were equally distinguished by their cold-blooded cruelty, and it was their practice to make no prisoners while following up the enemy in retreat. A Basuto shot a fly-ing Zulu through the legs and stopped the Sitting down by his captive, he man. Steing down by his captive, he lunched calmly, beguiling the time with cheerful talk, in which ho persuaded the crippled Zulu to join. Then, having finish-ed his meal, he closed the conversation with a friendly nod, and, casually remarking that he had serious business on hand, took up his carbine and finished the Zulu. It is not creditable to a civilized country to have to seek or accept the aid of such allies.

An Old Infant.

On Howard street, the other day-"Where are you going, my pretty maid ?" asked a benevolent old gentleman as he chucked under the chin a little tot of a sixyear-old, who was walking gravely along with a basket on her arm. "Give thee year-old, who was walking gravely along with a basket on her arm, "Give thee good day, greybeard," replied the midget, simply. "My father bade me to the sham-bles hie, for a fat haunch." "W-w-what?" ejaculated the old party. "Haply thou knewst him, the good man Skidmore?" in-quired the tiny dame. "No-o," said the gentleman, much puzzled at the evident ear-nestness of the child. "You are a quaint little thing. Come with me, and I'll buy you some candy." "Alack! I am forbid to tarry, gentle sir. I need be blythe. Their patience stays upon my coming." "Good-by," said the old gentleman. "Rest you, merry, master," and dipping a chubby little courte-sy the mite trotted off. "Bless my soul ! what an extraordinary child !" said the gentleman to a neighbour who had been looking on. "Oh ! that's nothing," replied the other. "You see she's the daughter of Bilson, the heavy man at the theatre, and I suppose they talk so much of that kind of lingo in the family that it comes natural to her. Doesn't hear anything else, you see."-San Francisco Post.