

FARM.

The Good Old Farm.

There's got to be a revival
Of good sound sense among men,
Before the days of prosperity
Will dawn upon us again.
The boys must learn that learnin'
Means more than the essence of books,
And the girls must learn that beauty
Consists in more than looks.

Before we can steer clear of failures
And big financial alarms,
The boys have got to quit clerkin'
And get back on the farm.
I know it ain't quite so nothin',
It ain't quite so easy, I know,
As partin' your hair in the middle
An' sittin' up for a show.

But there's more hard dollars in it,
An' more independence, too,
An' more real peace and contentment,
An' health that is ruddy an' true.
I know that it takes hard labour,
But you've got to "hang on" in a store.
Before you can earn a good livin'
An' clothes, with but little more.

An' you steer well clear of temptation
On the good old honest farm,
An' a thousand ways and fashions
That only bring to harm.
There ain't but few that can handle
With safety other men's cash,
An' the fate of many who try it
Prove human nature is rash.

So, when the road to the prison
Lays by the good old farm,
An' a man sees a toilin' brother
Well out of the way of harm.
He mourns that he hadn't stayed there
A tillin' the soil in peace,
Where he'll yet creep back in dishonour,
After a tardy release.

What hosts of 'em go back broken
In health, in mind and in purse,
To die in sight of the clover,
Or linger along, which is worse.
An' how many mourn, when useless,
That they didn't see the charm,
The safety and independence
Of a life on the good old farm.

MAPLE-SUGAR MAKING.

As the making of maple sugar will soon occupy the attention of the farmer, I will give a few suggestions gathered from my own experience and observation, and first I will venture the prophecy that those who make the most sugar will be those who are ready to secure the sap when it is ready to flow. Some seasons the frost leaves the ground very early, and catches half of those who have paying sugar orchards napping. The best run is often lost by not having buckets, pans, kettles and spiles ready to open the "bush" at the right time.

Beyond this first feature there are other matters to be observed, and among them are saving all the sap, having sufficient storage, boiling before the sap sours, keeping implements clean, etc.

Good trees should yield four pounds of nice sugar in a fair season, but allowing buckets to leak or run over, using spiles not properly fitted, had or insufficient storage, will cut this down perhaps one-half. So the importance of proper pre-requisites and close attention to business will readily be seen.

The amount given as a fair yield, namely four pounds, is far below what some farmers produce. I have known one man in a special good year to make over eight hundred pounds from one hundred trees, but he was a thorough going man. He was ready when the season was, and used good spiles and large buckets. Sometimes sap will run all night, and in such a case the large buckets are the ones that save all the sap.

My idea of sugar making is the same as of other work that is considered very laborious—it may be more agreeable than it commonly is by a little outlay of time before the sap-flowing season opens. I like a good shelter, and have it, and think the man foolish who stands boiling all day in storm and smoke. A slab house is good enough for the camp, and it should be large enough to cover the wood, boiling-pans, etc., and a chimney built to carry the smoke from the arch above the roof of the camp house.

Where kettles are used, they can be arched, but not often is that done. They are slow evaporators, and where a farmer can afford more modern utensils he should avail himself of the advantages they possess. Kettles hung by chains across a pole answer a purpose, if large logs are kept at two sides to confine the heat. The cabin, of course can not well cover hung kettles, unless it is very large, but the shelter can be built close up, so that the doorway is near the kettles.

Locate the house so that the prevailing winds will carry the smoke away from the cabin, and all the better will it be if the storage is covered by the same construction. The feeding of both the boilers and the fire can be done without much exposure. It will pay to lay in a stock of fuel cut from dry timber, so as to be able to bring up a fire quickly. My habit has been to haul bits of old rails, broken dry tree-tops, etc., to the camp and put the same into the sugar house, at any time when these substances came in the way of my farm work.

As the sugar product of the world is estimated to be eight millions of tons, the maple sweet does not act a very conspicuous part. The products from cane and beets seem to be about equal.

OVERDOING THE THING.

There is a continuous shifting among many farmers, caused by suspense from market changes. Cows are changed for sheep when wool is up and butter and cheese down, and vice versa; if there is a heavy crop of potatoes this year and markets are low, thousands of acres less are planted the following season, and so it is with grains; in fact the overdoing in every line is altogether too common.

If wool should take a sudden upward turn at this time there would be a headlong plunge for sheep, and prices would run high; every available ewe would be put to breeding, and the consequence would be an over production and a decline again. The dairy business cannot be so quickly overdone, for it takes several years to produce milkers. With sheep, either sex furnishes the desired staple, and only one year is required to make the increase.

POULTRY ON THE FARM.

Poultry on a farm are as much a necessity as cows or hogs. What would many of the dishes which farmers' wives and daughters prepare for the family be if it were not for the hen fruit they contain? But poultry to be profitable should run at large. They are good foragers, will destroy vast numbers of injurious insects, and at certain seasons of the year should be allowed free to every part of the farm, including the garden. No better place can be found for a hen and chickens in the spring of the year than the garden. As soon as the chicks are able to run about confine the hen in the coop in the garden, sufficiently open to allow the chicks to run in and out, chang-

ing the same to a fresh place daily, and the chicks will then live principally on insects. The benefits to be derived from so doing are a great saving of food, a healthier and more rapid growth of chicks, the garden kept clear of insects, and better fruit and vegetables the result.

That there is a difference in the various families of fowls none will dispute, and the question then is, which is the best for the farmer to keep—that is, which are the easiest to raise and return the most profit? Among the different breeds of fowls some persons prefer one and some another. The Black-Breasted Red Game is good.

MANURE AND CROP ROTATION.

Very much depends on the amount of manure made on the premises, as it regards the kind to use. For instance, a farm that cropped every year and the product hauled off and sold, and where but little live stock is kept, such a farm will be impoverished sooner and require fertilizers to be bought, than the farm where live stock of different kinds are kept, enough to consume the product of the soil and sell said stock.

There is no doubt in a series of years together on the most of farms the stock farm will pay the best. I have noticed straw stacks to stand ore, two and three years in some localities, and in time wearing away by wind and weather, whereas if said straw had been fed to stock it would have made a large amount of manure, besides the advantages given to the stock. On heavy clay land I prefer coarse manure plowed under; and a rotation of crops is the best.

After land has laid to grass several years, scatter it an inch thick and harrow in with the wheat or haul out through the winter and scatter over the wheat. By pursuing the above course, land need never be worn out. Where many vegetable and root crops are raised a little different course may be pursued.

GUILLOTINING A WOMAN.

The First Scene of the Kind in Merry France in Fifteen Years.

A woman has been guillotined in France, for the first time in fifteen years. The circumstances attending the execution were horribly revolting, as were also the circumstances attending the crime. The woman had murdered her old mother, whom she considered a burden on her. She took every precaution to insure the success of the murder. She first saturated the old woman's clothing with oil, then set fire to her, and held her down with a long stick while the decrepit old creature was roasting to death. The old woman cried piteously, but the heartless daughter held her down till she was burned to a crisp. And then, to crown murder with blasphemy, she placed a lighted candle before the statue of the Virgin, as an act of thanksgiving, for the successful issue of the murder of her mother. The inhabitants of the town, Ramartin, in which the crime took place were thrown into a state of unspeakable excitement. The authorities had much difficulty to prevent the people from mobbing the prison and lynching the prisoner. A speedy trial—and trials in France are always speedy—alone satisfied the populace. The woman was promptly condemned to death.

The French, as is known, are repugnant to the death sentence, and French jurists come in for much ridicule, apropos of "extenuating circumstances." But, in this case, the trial was over before other trials would have begun. Filial love in France is one of the strongest characteristics of the peasantry, and any one who abuses a parent is relentlessly tabooed from society.

In the present instance the repugnance of the people in regard to the execution of a woman was overcome by the atrocity of the crime, and President Grevy, who is opposed to capital punishment on principle, and who sends nine out of ten murderers to New Caledonia instead of to M. Deibler's machine, signed the death warrant without question.

When the arrival of M. Deibler became known to the people of the town, the evening before the execution, there was general rejoicing. The people remained up all night to witness the execution in the morning. Most of them were on the ground outside the prison as early as midnight. When, about 5 o'clock in the morning, the tumbrel or cart appeared bearing the murdereress to the place of execution the assembled multitude sent up a joyous shout. The distance from the jail to the execution ground was long, but the entire populace of the town followed the death-cortege. All along the way the people hooted and jeered, the women especially, and pressed at times so threateningly around the vehicle that the gendarmes had to draw their weapons.

On arriving at the fatal spot a dead silence fell on the multitude. The woman was ordered to descend from the vehicle, but she did not respond to the summons. She had fainted. The officers removed her and carried her to the guillotine, which was grimly standing in the morning light. On her way she recovered her senses and screamed and resisted. She was promptly placed on the fatal instrument, with her head thrust through the *basculin*. Her screams were drowned by the shouts of the assembled people. They crushed around the instrument despite the efforts of the gendarmes to keep them back. Mothers held up their babies and men held up their little boys at arms' length to let them witness the execution of the murdereress, that they might remember the lesson for life.

M. Deibler, who is a humane man, as far as such may be said of an executioner, did not prolong the scene. He touched the "button" while the culprit was screaming and the assembled people shouting. The head dropped into the basket; the body was thrown, with the dis severed head, into a wagon, and hurried off to the cemetery. The attendants of M. Deibler washed the blood from the flags and machine with their sponges, and the immense crowd returned home satisfied that justice had been meted out to the unnatural daughter who had so cruelly murdered her aged mother. It is seldom such a ghastly scene is witnessed in France.

Next year the Mikado will order English to be adopted as the second language in Japan, Chinese having been abandoned. Anglomania among the higher classes is now the craze.

HOUSEHOLD.

WASHING DISHES AND COOKING UTENSILS.

The following paper contributed by an experienced housekeeper is one of several accepted for the benefit of beginners in that important art, housekeeping:

A very common complaint among housekeepers is in the impossibility of keeping their pretty tea and dinner sets intact; no matter how careful they are personally, no matter how much they instruct their "help," the dishes will get cracked and nicked, the cups will lose their handles. Much of this breakage is due to imperfect methods of dish washing, involving careless handling and jostling of the china.

I have seen a young housekeeper pile all the dishes, cups, saucers, knives, forks and spoons in a dish pan at once, turn on the hot water, throw in a cake of soap and then begin the process of dish washing, and wonder when the cup handles dropped off in the course of simply drying them why such a thing should happen. The proper *modus operandi*, at least a most excellent one, is to proceed as follows, assuming first, however, that the pots and saucepans in which the dinner has been cooked have been set aside as soon as emptied, and filled with cool water to soak. For proper dish and utensil washing there will be necessary nice fine dish cloths, coarse crash dish cloths and an iron cloth—that is, a cloth composed of a network of iron rings—glass and china towels and some crash towels. Also a soap shaker, a plate rack, a large tray, two dish-pans, soap, and clean hot water. Nearly fill the two dish-pans standing side by side with very hot water, in one move around the soap shaker, which, by the way, is so useful for the saving and utilizing of small odds and ends of soap, or else shake in some "pearline" or soap powder.

Begin by washing the silver, spoon by spoon, fork by fork, in the soapy hot water, and dip them one by one in the clear hot water as you proceed; then dry at once. Next wash the glass in the clear hot water in which the silver has been rinsed, then dry on glass towels immediately. The cups must next go through the same process as the silver, then the saucers, with the exception that they may be turned upside down to drain. After the cups and saucers the smaller plates then the larger ones, and finally the vegetable and meat dishes, all the plates, small and large, being arranged in plate racks to drain off the rinsing water. The china may now all be dried and set away.

Meantime, the substances that have clung to the sides and bottoms of the pots and pans used in cooking have been softened by the water, and may now be readily scraped from them with an iron spoon and the utensils be washed. One should have on hand always mineral soap. First rub around the interior of the pots and pans the iron dish cloth to scrape and loosen the particles of vegetables, meat, or paste still clinging there; then take plenty of hot water, a coarse crash cloth well soaped with mineral or other soap and scour the inside and outside of the pot; then pour off this darkened water, and with an extra cloth and hot water wipe outside and inside and set the utensil on the back of the range to dry.

The iron cloth is also very useful for cleansing coffee pots, cocoa pots and tea pots, rub them vigorously inside around and around with the iron dishcloth free, the strainers from grounds or tea leaves, clean outside around the spout and handle, then rinse the pots, using a nice crash cloth first and then rinsing twice more; invert and drain, or stand on back of the stove to dry. A nice polish may be obtained on these vessels by rubbing them with soft old paper.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

RICE PUDDING.—A teacupful of cold boiled rice, one heaped tablespoonful of corn starch, one egg and one quart of sweet milk, on e-half teacupful of sugar and the juice of one lemon. Salt a trifle. The corn starch must be mixed thoroughly in cold milk and stirred into hot milk evenly before adding rice or eggs.

SAGO PUDDING.—One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sago, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, four eggs. Soak the sago in water two hours, then put the milk on the stove and stir the sago in; add the butter and sugar after it is cold; stir in the whites and yolks of the eggs beaten separately. Bake.

LEMON PUDDING.—Bake three jelly cake tins full of sponge cake. Cut them in halves for convenience in serving. Make a custard to put between these layers thus: One pint of milk, three eggs, half a tablespoonful of corn starch, the juice and rinds of two lemons, quarter of a pound of butter and a cup of sugar. Serve cold.

GINGER SNAPS.—Mix one pound of flour and three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Rub into it half a pound of butter, two eggs well beaten, and an ounce of ginger ground fine. Beat all well together, roll out the dough to the third of an inch thick, cut out the cakes and bake them. These are far superior to ordinary ginger snaps.

APPLE CUSTARD. (to be eaten hot or cold)—Peel and core one pound of good cooking apples, and boil them to a smooth marmalade with pounded sugar to taste. When quite hot mix the yolks of five eggs well beaten up, two ounces of butter, warmed sufficiently to beat up, the grated peel of one lemon and the strained juice, adding a spoonful of flour. Bake half an hour.

CORN STARCH CUSTARD.—Six tablespoonfuls of corn starch boiled in one quart of milk, sugar to taste, peel of two lemons grated and the juice of one. When thick, pour into a wetted dish. Beat one cup of sugar with the whites of five eggs and pour over the corn starch, set in the oven until slightly brown. Serve hot or cold with a custard made of the yolks of the eggs.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Take a quarter of a pound of puff-paste and a quarter of an ounce of parmeson cheese (or any other good cheese) grated very fine, a little salt and cayenne pepper mixed; sprinkle the cheese, salt and pepper over the paste and roll it two or three times; cut it into narrow strips about five inches long; bake them in a slow oven and send them up very hot.

PEA SOUP.—Put one quart of split peas to soak over night in soft water and in the morning boil them in the water till they are tender enough to pulp; then add two pounds shin of beef, a slice of bacon, two large carrots, sliced, two turnips, three onions, one head of celery, seasoning to taste and two quarts of stock. Simmer for two hours, stirring it occasionally; pass the whole through a sieve. Skim well, season, and serve with toasted bread cut in dice.

SPONGE CAKE PUDDING.—Butter a pud-

ding mold; fill the mold with small sponge cakes or slices of stale plain cake that have been soaked in a liquid made by dissolving one-half pint of jelly in a pint of hot water. This will be of as fine a flavor and much better for all than if the cake had been soaked in wine. Make a sufficient quantity of custard to fill the mold, and leave as much more to be boiled in a dish by itself. Set the mold, after being tightly covered, into a kettle and boil one hour. Turn out of the mold and serve with some of the other custard poured over it.

FIG PUDDING.—The Editor wishes to call especial attention to this recipe for a fig pudding, furnished by a young married lady who is an excellent cook and housekeeper. The Editor knows from experience that this pudding, made properly, is both wholesome and delicious. The ingredients and proportions are one pound of nice clean figs, chopped fine; one pound of fresh suit chopped fine; one pound of sugar, one pound of bread crumbs, six eggs, the juice of four lemons, the rinds of two lemons, grated fine all mixed together thoroughly, and boiled five hours in a tightly-covered tin mould. Fig pudding must be served hot, with a sauce made of one-half cupful of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, and one cupful of sherry wine, boiled for ten minutes. Another recipe from the same source is excellent for the utilizing of any dry cakes left over in the cake-box. Sponge or pound-cake or cakes of a similar character, may be used with the following sauce poured over them namely: Six eggs beaten well, and added to one quart of milk, half a cup of sugar, and boil to the consistency of custard; set it aside to cool; then slice the cake downward but do not separate the pieces entirely, and pour over it the above, flavored according to taste, either with vanilla, lemon, or bitter almond. Next make a meringue out of whites of four eggs, to which add sugar to stiffen, and put over the whole top of the pudding.

London Thieves.

London thieves have the reputation of being very clever in their profession. Their coolness while engaged in stealing, and the tact with which they get out of a surprise, are illustrated by many anecdotes. The landlord of a hotel in Belgrave Square met, as he started to go up his own stairs, a man coming down backward with a feather-bed on his shoulders. "What have you got there, my man?" asked the landlord. "A bed for you, sir," answered the man. "Nonsense, it is not for me! I have not ordered any bed." "No, 22, Belgrave Square, sir." "Ah, I thought so. It's next door." The man turned, and bore the bed off, before the landlord's eyes, who did not discover his loss until too late.

A Mr. Wagstaff, who kept the Waterloo Hotel, was robbed one day in the most barefaced way. A man with a paper cap on his head and a white apron around his body, made his appearance in the coffee-room, where many guests were lunching. Looking intently at the clock which hung over the mantle-piece, he said, as if speaking to himself, but so as to be heard by the waiter: "I have had more trouble with that clock than I ever had with one before." Then turning to the waiter, he went on: "Send 'boots' here with the steps that I may take it down, and I will try once more to put it right."

The unsuspecting waiter told "boots," who brought the steps and placed them in position. The man mounted, removed the clock, came down, and said to the waiter: "Tell Mr. Wagstaff I am busy, and that he must not expect to see his clock back very soon."

When the landlord came in,—the thief had appeared when he knew Mr. Wagstaff to be absent,—the message was given to him.

"You are an idiot! What made you let the clock go? You'll never see it again," exclaimed the angry landlord.

But his dealings with the smart London thieves were continued the next day. He had his private house as well as his hotel. A respectable-looking man rang at the front door. The servant opened the door, and was addressed as follows:

"Mr. Wagstaff has fallen off one of the barges into the river, and wants a change of clothes; but don't tell Mrs. Wagstaff, as it may frighten her."

The lady, however, was listening, and coming forward, asked the man if he was sure her husband was not hurt.

"Not a bit, ma'am."

The story was plausible, for her husband, being a coal merchant, had business on the barges. She went upstairs, brought down dry clothes, and gave them to the man.

"Don't you think, ma'am," said he, looking her straight in the face, "they would look better if you tied them up in a silk handkerchief?"

She did so, and fetched him a nice one. When her husband came home, Mrs. Wagstaff discovered that she had been duped by a smart London thief.

The Lord Mayor, a few years ago, was trying a case at the Mansion House. Not satisfied with the testimony of a witness, he cautioned him to be careful, saying: "You must be very careful in your statements, for I could have sworn that when I arose this morning I put my watch into my pocket, and I have only just missed it; and now recollect that I left it on my dressing-table."

On his return home, the Lady Mayoress asked what had caused him to send so many messengers in such quick succession for his watch and chain, as but one could take it to him. His lordship then saw his indiscretion. Several professional thieves had started immediately for that watch, and the first one had obtained it.

Another Enoch Arden.

Another Enoch Arden case has come to light in the Province of Quebec. About fifteen years ago a man named Berthiaume, residing with his wife at Torreboune, left his home for the States to procure work. He had been away three years, when Mrs. Berthiaume received a letter from the States informing her of her husband's death. Some time after she was married to a rich gentleman at Torreboune named Thomas Lapointe, and the couple lived happily together. On Thursdaylast, as the former Mrs. Berthiaume was seated in her residence, her supposed dead husband entered. His arrival was like the falling of a thunderbolt, and the poor woman received such a scare that she went into hysterics. Finally matters were righted and the affair explained. It appears the letter was intended for another Mrs. Berthiaume, whose husband had died in the States, and it was delivered to the wrong person. How the case between the two husbands will be settled is unknown.

"THIS IS HORRIBLE."

Six Boys Run Down by a Train.

Six boys were ground to death on the Lehigh Valley railroad near Easton the other afternoon. It was one of the most horrible accidents that ever took place on the railroad. The victims are:

Walter Heath, John Gregg, Walter Moore, Charles Bunstein, Manning Garris, William Pierce.

They ranged in age from 14 to 17 years, and belonged to prominent families of Easton. They left home early in the morning for Chain Dam to shoot muskrats. Toward noon they started on their way home, each one with a lot of muskrats thrown across his shoulders. They walked on the west-bound track of the Lehigh Valley railroad. A coal train came along, and they stepped out of its way on the other track on which a passenger train came thundering along. It crashed into the crowd of boys, scattering them in every direction. They were hurled right and left, and five of the party were instantly killed. The sixth died before he had reached the station on a stretcher. Arms and legs were cut off, and the bodies mangled in a horrible manner. Not one escaped, as there were but six in the party. It was a sickening spectacle as the remains were gathered together for a distance of half a mile. One of the boys was cut in half, and his entrails protruded. Another had his head severed and his legs cut off. A third had his skull fractured and his chest crushed in. The others were cut up in a shocking manner.

Engineer Monroe Music, who was running the passenger train, said: "I left Bethlehem seven minutes late and was running at a reduced speed on account of the blinding snow-storm which prevented me from seeing anything on the track. I knew nothing about the accident until my fireman called to me to stop, that I had just struck a lot of men, he supposing that they were men employed on the track. Oh, this is horrible."

An inquest was held, and the employees of the railroad company were exonerated from all blame. The accident occurred on a sharp curve in a blinding storm which prevented the engineer from seeing the boys and the boys from seeing the train, while the roar of the freight train prevented them from hearing the other engine.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

You must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin.

The art of living easily with regard to money is to pitch your scale of living at least one degree below their means.

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" unless he shares with the less fortunate and tries to make others happy. Only thus can he make his abundance a blessing even to himself.

Adversity has often developed strength, energy, fortitude, and persistence that prosperity could never have produced. The dignity of self-support and self-respect often has been gained when an external prop has been removed.

A man who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities, can control his heart, its love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hand, who defies fate, and, if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero.

Men talk much of the right of free speech and condemn all attempts to fetter it. They should also respect the right of free silence, and visit with equal censure all attempts to violate it by inconsiderate and unbecomingly prompted by curiosity.

Do your best, and wait calmly the result. It is anxiety, not work, which kills; it is work, not anxiety, which commands success. There is a Hindoo saying that the fortune of a man who sits sits also; it sleeps when he sleeps, moves when he moves, and rises when he rises.

Beauty is not confined to youthfulness; neither is it the exclusive monopoly of those who are upon the hither side of middle age. There is a slow but steadily growing beauty which can come to maturity only in old age. It is the fruit of noble hopes and purposes; it is the result of having something to do, something to live for, something worthy of humanity.

Many people of fine sensibilities, when appealed to on behalf of the victims of some odious form of cruelty or oppression, stop their ears and exclaim that they really cannot endure to listen to such harrowing details. This is only another way of saying that their imagination is outraged by the recital, while their hearts are callous to the reality.

Men and women are not like leaves blown about by the wind, or like clay, receiving and retaining whatever impress is made upon them. They have an inward force, enabling them to control to a large extent the influences that bear upon them—to welcome, some to resist others, and not only passively to receive, but actively to digest and to assimilate that which they receive, so that it becomes a very part of themselves.

A GERMAN HERCULES.

Who Never Learned to Box Because he Feared He Might Hit Somebody.

Naucke, the German champion wrestler, measures 67 inches round the chest and 65 inches round the waist. He stands 5 feet 11 inches and weighs 441 pounds. His arm is as big around as a Westphalia ham, and his thigh is like unto a flour barrel for circumference. One of Naucke's little tricks is to lift 100 pounds with each little finger up to the level of his shoulder and then thrust the arms out to their full length at right angles with the perpendicular line of his body. Another is to put up a 250-pound dumbbell from the shoulder seven times. You may harness your horse to his right arm and he will pull against the animal for a wager. He hangs 1,700 pounds of iron about his waist and waits about the platform. One of his performances which attracted great praise in army-beridden Germany was to go through all the musket exercises with an exaggerated weapon weighing 192 pounds and then firing it off with a load of corresponding bulk. Naucke never learned to box, because, as he used frankly to say, he was afraid he might hit somebody.