

MENTONE.

A Sketch of this Charming Resort.

Mentone, a place until lately alluded to only as a *pis-aller* for consumptives, has this year apparently put on a new feature, and appeared in the light of an attractive watering-place, its attractions being its simplicity and Eden-like paradise of orange, lemon and olive groves. More than twenty years ago it was known to a few English, who could relish its natural beauties without the aid of a town band, a circle and other French amusements, and since then it has become known to the *hoi polloi* of England by the residence of the Princess Louise there for a short time, and later on the Queen herself. The coming of the Queen, however, so turned the heads of the numerous landlords of villas, apartments and hotels that prices rushed rapidly up, to be as soon dropped and lost altogether when the cholera appeared for a time in the south of France and the north of Italy; yet, extraordinary to say, the cholera not once came into the little town itself, and the people, who have in their annals the usual traditions of the fearful Black Death of centuries past, marvelously escaped this last terrible scourge.

Like most coast towns Mentone consists of an old and a new part; the old occupying a hill and a promontory running into the sea, and dividing a large bay into two smaller ones, and the new parts lying along the shore on either side to east and west. Behind the town rises a high range of hills and mountains, often during the winter time capped for a few days with snow, which in the brilliant sunshine, and with the deep blue of the sky and sea, produces a beautiful effect. Beyond to the east stretches Italy, and in the bright, clear light before sunset the white houses of Ventimiglia and Bordighera shine out brilliantly, tinged with the pink reflection of the dying sun.

The old town of Mentone must have had an interesting history in the ages which have passed. It is just the spot on which to build a fortress overlooking the sea, and commanding the whole bay from Cap St. Martin to the Red Rocks, and even on to the point where Bordighera runs into the sea on the shores of Italy. Alas, those Red Rocks are now no longer red but blasted by the mercenary hand of man, appearing the usual muddy white color like all the low-lying rocks near there. And so there was a fortress, an old, very old fortress, built probably a thousand years ago, and possibly on the foundations of others hundreds of years older; but now where once this old tower of war stood, now rests a cemetery; graves of peace lying on the graves of war and bloodshed; and where once the highest tower overlooked the sea, now Catholic graves and private chapels tell of a death more peaceful and a hope perhaps more secure. From these walls and cypress trees we look down on the roofs of houses and churches, the usual cathedral, and the high narrow streets of an old Italian town, abounding in narrow passages apparent, leading into stables or darkness, but at length emerging into another narrow street, brightened perhaps by a red petticoat or a blue and orange dress placed out of a window or hung on the short wooden beams which, in the narrower streets, stretch from one house to another, near the top, and support the high buildings from falling into each other. And beyond these streets, right down to the sea, stretches this dirty old town, with ever a charm in its dirtiness, its narrow, worn and slippery stone paved steps and paths, and its venerable, quiet, mournful appearance. At the end of the houses near the sea there is a promontory of a few hundred yards of land terminating in an old square tower, very curious in shape and wonderfully suiting the quaint appearance of the land and shore. At least at one time it was so terminated, but now improvements designed by the mercenary native factotums have caused the addition of a breakwater of high stones, running at right angles to the promontory and nearly parallel to the land, between which shelters now appear numerous masts from small provender vessels and private yachts, surrounded with diminutive steam launches and numerous pleasure boats for hire. This has naturally broken the calm, ancient beauty of the little place; but they cannot alter the sea, the blue Mediterranean, curving in and out along the coast quietly into little bays and out, stretching out far to the horizon one sheet of brightest blue. But leaving the town slowly behind us, we will ascend one of the hills near, rising between the Cabriolle and Surin valleys, and crowned at its summit by a monastery, the Annunziata, belonging to the Carmelites. At the lower end of the hill is a small red villa, built in the shape of a little square tower, and surrounded with bare vine-terraces, now overlooking large villas and hotels, where once grew luxuriantly masses of vetching several feet high. It is summer, and here the warm breeze blows over the sea to us as we sit and watch it sparkling in the sun, and breathe in the scent of orange and lemon trees below us bright with their green in-laid with golden fruit; and beyond we see a hill covered with pine trees and one running down into the sea, a long, low promontory covered with fur trees, the Cap St. Martin, and as we look at it and watch the waves breaking gently against the rocks at the end of it, we can just see little lines of foam raised here and there and almost hear the gentle splash of the waters as they ripple against the rocks. Beyond to the west and east and behind us, high above all, rise other hills, other mountains, blue, deep indigo blue, in the distance, and yet appearing so near, so easy to reach, in that clear, bright air. And then when we again descend the hill as the sun is setting, from under the grove of gnarled olive trees near us breath of air comes laden with the scents of sweet violets, hiding their modest heads away beneath the peaceful olive trees.

And now we will wander along the Corniche road in the direction of the Cap Martin. Again it is a lovely afternoon, but a little earlier in the year. The roads are rather dusty, covered as it were with a fine white powder, which completely obliterates the colour of our boots. There are houses on either side here and there for some way along the road, and further on there are olive trees, under whose shade our road now leads us, and then ascending the slight slope we get on to the Cap Martin and continue through its fir trees, down the other side, to some quiet nook where we sit and watch the sea below us and beyond, sparkling in

a varying surface of pale and deep green and blue, and the peninsula of Monaco in front of us and Monte Carlo to our right lying in a bay, and above both the high mountain of Turbia, over which runs the Corniche road, traversed in ages past by Caesar and centuries after by Napoleon. The air, too, is fragrant with the odour of pungent herbs on which we are sitting, and which warmed by the hot sun and coupled with the scent of the fir trees yield an almost tropical fragrance to the heavy baking air. We are in an atmosphere of brilliant glory; there is a dazzling brightness over everything, and especially over the blue sea in front of us, appearing beneath the bending bough of a small pine tree, whose dark green foliage above acts as a sort of shade to the intense light. Over our heads protecting us directly from the sun are the boughs of other pines, and all round us grow the bluish myrtles, mingled with juniper, and the bright pale green and poisonous cuphorbia; there plants with vivid yellow leaves and there, out of all this verdure, rough earth-red and grey rocks jutting up in scattered places. Not a sound of singing birds; occasionally a sparrow or a small bird rests on a branch near with a sharp chirp, but even that only occurs once in a way, and we are again left to enjoy the warm scene alone, as, basking on the shores of the Mediterranean, we half close our eyes and in those exquisite lines of such sweet melancholy, wonder, "Where is that better land?" But at length it is time to return; the sun is nearly ready to set and we get up, and walking along paths through bushes and fir trees, and then along terraces of olives, we get on to a rough, red-earth narrow cart-road, and continue along it as if going from Mentone, till at length it reaches up to the Corniche road, near to where the downward road to Monaco branches off; and here we stand, with the Corniche road rising up on our right and passing under Rocquebrune and away over the Turbia, and in front of us the other road descending rapidly to Monte Carlo. The lights in that garden of delights and sins are just beginning to twinkle, and we can almost imagine we see all the life of the place, in the Casino, the hotels, the gardens and the concert hall, as the lights seem to move about and come out one by one, and the evening zephyr bears to our ears the distant sounds of the band. To our left there are gorgeous coloured clouds over the sea, which has grown a dark hue; crimson and yellow and violet, crimson and pink are those rolling clouds with smaller dashes and streaks of feathery crimson clouds above and to the south. The other side of the bay in front of us, right above the peninsula of Monaco with its old palace, rises sternly and gloomily the Tete de Chien, the square outline of a high rock, supposed to have the shape of a dog's round head; this vast structure towering above Monaco rises up behind into the Turbia Mountain, now a deep indigo black, but looking all the more terrible with a vast canopy of black cloud descending down one side, and spreading out over, not the fortifications and peninsula of Monaco, but the pleasure gardens and hell of Monte Carlo. Yes, extending right over these houses and grounds with their twinkling, sparkling lights, their band and pleasures, their delicious gardens and paths reaching right down to the sea, abounding with all the most exquisitely arranged pleasures that could be invented for depraved human nature, over all this stretched a heavy canopy of cloud from the mountain to the sea and from one end of Monte Carlo as far as the Tete de Chien, black and gloomy, ready to descend and overwhelm in a moment those gardens of wickedness and enjoyment. On the left hand, brilliant crimson flaring over the leaden-hued sea, on the other an awful blackness hanging over Monte Carlo; the contrast is appalling, and we expect every moment to see a flash of avenging lightning come out of the cloud and consume the luxurious and hellish paradise beneath and fiercely destroy all there, men and women, old and young. How little the people there amongst those shining lights in gardens and saloons thought of what was above them, or knew how the whole scene appeared from a distance at the place on the Corniche road where we stood.

Another afternoon finds us wandering up a hill to a place called Le Foret, not much of a forest, however, where we rest, though there is fir down a valley behind us as we turn and face toward the sea coast; but on our right above us there is a fine rock ending in sharp points, and in front of us, descending to the sea, the low sloping hills up which we have come. When we have had our lunch we descend along the rough mule path amongst small fir trees and an occasional straggling umbrella pine, but soon branching off from the way we came up, we at length descend on Rocquebrune, the old castle and village to which we were so near the other day when on the Corniche road. We ascend the old castle, and have to pay half a franc to an old woman lately instituted to keep the gate to the small stone bridge, where once must have stood a draw bridge, leading to the castle itself, whose foundations and secret chambers no doubt descend far into and around the rock upon which it is built. It is a ruin and surrounded with its ruins, and must have been a place of some size in the centuries past. It is very high above the village and contains, as it is, three floors up to which we must mount by means of narrow straight flights of stone steps. Parts of the walls are still battlemented. One side looks straight down the perpendicular rock nearly a hundred feet to the roofs of houses built against it; it is not pleasant work looking over a low parapet, crumbling in parts and very ancient, to the slate roofs of houses at such a depth below, but from another part of the building we can enjoy a magnificent view of the sea and Monaco. Amongst other things worth noticing about the castle there is in the middle of the lower room a litter of straw and hay, and on approaching nearer we find boards and underneath them a hole some three feet square opening into a deep and dark vault sunk down into the rock, and containing water, the old reservoir of the castle. This is the old castle of which Lord Lorne wrote in his poem of "Guido and Lita":

"No warrior's tread is echoed by these halls;
No warder's challenge on the silence falls;
Around the thrifty peasants pile their toil,
And pluck in orange groves the scented spoil
From trees that have for purple mountains made
A vestment bright of green and gold in-laid."

But, to return to Mentone, in the early mornings just before sunrise, we shall often observe far south over the sea the dark low outlines of three or four undulating hills, which are the mountains of Corsica, and as the golden sunrise with orange streaks spreads along the horizon, the dark low island is gradually absorbed in the coming

light of day. In the evening, if Corsica appears it is a sign of bad weather, but usually foretells a fine day when it appears in the morning. During the winter, from the top of the Berceau, or any of the high mountains near, Corsica can always be seen to advantage throughout the whole day, and with the aid of glasses the snow can be clearly seen on the summit of its mountains. The plateau near the village of Ste. Agnes, on the way to the ruin of the castle just above, is a very good place to have a picnic and enjoy a view of the sea and Corsica in the distance. Ah! that Mediterranean sea! How beautiful it is! I have seen it after the storm is over rolling up great masses of blue and green curving waves, wonderfully green and clear, and tipped as they break with a thin border of pure white foam; high waves rolling and breaking in great blue curves. Few artists attempt the brilliant colouring of these waves, as to those who have never seen them the effect is unnatural; but I have seen a few sketches introducing them as they are, and I particularly remember one, a beautiful work by Mr. Robert Lightbody, who for many years has studied the scenery of Italy and that coast with success, which gave the most striking and yet perfectly natural effect, even to the uneducated eye. It represented a portion of rocky coast with pine trees and the breaking of these wonderful blue waves. Curiously enough I had seen the sea myself two days before, on the day on which he had sketched it, without knowing that what I saw was being reduced to paper, truly and accurately, by another who could not have been far off from me at the time.

Before excessive rough weather we often see shoals of porpoises disporting themselves in the bay. I remember one time a large shoal coming in for some days, and the storm already begun increased tremendously. While it lasted I saw three waterspouts in the distance at one time, perfect in form and very high, like columns between the sea and the clouds. On calm days the sea is very beautiful, and behind the red rocks curves into a little bay whose crystal water is a delicate emerald green, which looks clear and refreshing as it sparkles in the sun. Above this little bay there is a small Roman bridge, built entirely of unshaped stones, without a keystone, its perfect arch being only held together by the strength of the old Roman cement. A narrow path passes over it, parallel with the Corniche road above, into which it runs when the latter reaches the level of the shore. Once on that shore grew aloes, the yellow horned poppy and bushes of other plants which were able to bear the sand and large stones by the sea; now they have been torn up to make room for foot-paths on either side of the Corniche road.

But I must close these lines with regret that space will not allow me to enter more fully into a description of the dirty old marble palace of the Grimaldis, Princes of Monaco, in the old town of Mentone, or of the quaint old olive mills; or of how the peasant women in their picturesque dress help to pull in the sardine nets. All this and much more the reader may one day verify for himself, but let him remember that however beautiful it is now, however many anemones grow in red masses under the lemon trees, or the white Star of Bethlehem that appears in April, however many varieties of orchids and trap door spiders there may still remain many beautiful tulips, narcissus and maiden-hair, yet Mentone is not what it used to be, and is fast losing its old beauty under the mercenary hand of man, ready to wreck all nature, so inimitable in beauty, in order for a time to put a little more gold into his pocket. But, the Eumenides be praised, in this case he is killing the goose which laid the golden eggs, destroying that which first brought people there and raised him to be the fortunate owner of orange terraces, almond trees and olives, of bright and smiling valleys, where grow the lemon, mingled, perhaps, in a few choice spots with that curious production the forbidden fruit, and in sunny places the dark-stained blood orange.

Well was it once called the Garden of Eden; bright and fair, sweet and fresh, lying green and gold beneath the high mountains and the snow, sheltered by the blue sky as it lay reposing peacefully on the rippling shores of the calm and dazzling waters of the bright blue Mediterranean.

A Clever Empress.

It is well known that the Empress of Austria possesses the most magnificent jewelry of any crowned head in Europe, which, however, she scarcely ever wears, and whenever she does her jewels are invariably made either in the form of a jockey's hat or a horseshoe. There is an amusing story told of one of the little Archduchesses of Austria, who was taken to a circus. Nothing amused her and very little pleased her. On her return home the Emperor asked how she had enjoyed the performance. "O, very well," the young lady replied, "only mamma does everything the circus woman did a great deal better. Why I have seen her jump through six hoops." It appears that this is really true, and that the Empress has on more than one occasion given a strictly private entertainment to her intimates, in which she has surprised them with feats rivaling those of the most skilled circus riders. Her Majesty started in life with a double intention, first of proving that she was not only the most beautiful woman in Europe, but the most eccentric; and secondly, that she was the finest horse-woman the world has ever seen. The Emperor adores the Empress, but she scarcely ever allows him to be in her company, and goes her own way, rejoicing.

Alaska's Wealth.

The steamer Olympian has returned to Tacoma, W. T., from a trip to Alaska, bearing back several American Senators, Governor Swinford, of Alaska, and many others of distinction from all parts of the country and England. They say the scenery was something wonderful. The gold mountains of Douglas Island were particularly astonishing. Alaska Indians they found far advanced in civilization and Christianity. Liberal contributions were made by the excursionists for the Indian schools, and the Senators promised co-operations in still further enlarging them. The party witnessed the departure of an Indian fleet of six sail boats from Met-Lac Lake, B. U., for Port Chester, Alaska, being an advance division of a thousand Indians who seek better homes in our country.

Mme. Carlotta Patti has just published a new book called "Le Style," a series of special operatic exercises for the voice.

HOUSEHOLD.

CANNING AND PRESERVING FRUIT.

The use of self-sealing cans has become so general, there is much less preserving of fruit done than formerly. Preserving is a much more tedious and expensive process requiring as it does, a much larger proportion of sugar. Canned fruits are also free from the objections brought against preserves on the score of hygiene, but may be eaten as freely as fresh fruit, both by adults and children, and in fact will be a great benefit to be used more freely than is usually the case. An abundance of canned fruit in the store closet makes unnecessary much of the baking that is done in many families. Good bread and butter and sauce is more healthful for children, and adults as well, than pies and cakes. Canned huckleberries or blackberries make as good steamed puddings as the fresh fruit.

Before preparing to can fruit, it is best to see that everything is in readiness, as the work can then proceed without delay, and the canning of fruit need occupy but a short time. If the self-sealing jars are used, see the rubber rings are all in perfect order. It is well to provide two or three extra rings, as the expense is little and a defective rubber will cause the loss of the entire can. Use only the best sugar and the best fruit, in the proportion of one-half pound of the former to one of the latter. Make the syrup first, and add the fruit, only cooking it sufficiently to heat thoroughly, as the natural flavor is more perfectly preserved in this way. A correspondent writes she finds the surest way to prevent the breakage of jars is to wring a towel from cold water, fold and wrap closely round and under the can, put cold silver spoon inside and fill. When the cans are filled to overflowing, put on the top and screw down closely. As they cool, turn down until perfectly air-tight.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TO GET RID OF BLACK ANTS.—Black ants will leave their nests and disappear if they are well sprinkled with a mixture of one quart of kerosene oil, and a gallon of strong soft soap suds.

When the burners of kerosene lamps become clogged, put them in a basin of hot water, containing washing soda, and let them boil for a few minutes. This will make them perfectly clean, and almost as bright as new.

When there is a rat hole through plastering, or between the stones of the cellar wall, the most effectual way to stop it is to fill it with plaster of Paris mixed with broken glass. Holes in wood are best stopped by nailing tin over them.—Orchard and Garden.

MIXED PLUM JAM.—Take apricots and green gages or any kind or kinds of plums, divide them, take out the stones and simmer over the fire for half an hour, using just as little water as will keep them from burning. Add half the weight of the fruit in sugar and boil twenty minutes longer.

TO MAKE LABELS ADHERE TO TIN.—Take of flour six ounces, of molasses one-half a pint, and of water one pint and a half, and boil as usual for flour paste.

Or, dissolve two ounces of resin in one pint of alcohol. After the tin has been coated with the solution, allow nearly all of the alcohol to evaporate before applying the label.

CRAB APPLES PRESERVED.—To one pound of the apples take one pound of sugar, the juice of a lemon, and a little syrup made from common apples. Boil the sugar in the syrup and skim clear; prick the crab apples and put them in this syrup, boil until a straw will run through them and seal up, being careful to cover the fruit in the jars with the syrup.

GREEN GAGE JAM.—Peel the fruit and divide; take out the stones and blanch the kernels if you wish them added to the jam. Boil the broken stones and parings in a little water until the water is reduced one-half, then strain it and put it in the preserving kettle with the fruit. Simmer until the fruit is tender; add an equal weight of sugar, boil twenty minutes, skimming meanwhile.

APRICOTS PRESERVED WHOLE.—Take ripe apricots, slit them at the top, and with a small stick force out the stones, then peel them simmer gently in water till tender, but not so much as to break them. Put them, in cold water and the next day drain them for several hours on a sieve, then proceed as with the green gages. Always use the water in which the fruit was boiled to make the syrup, or at least use as much of it as may be necessary.

The cleanest and most perfectly polished floors have no water used on them. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is soaked in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Take the cloth, and with a rubbing brush or stubby broom go rapidly up and down the planks (not across them). After a few rubbings the floor will assume a polished appearance that is not easily defaced.—Scientific American.

MOSQUITO REMEDY.—The great annoyance that comes from the presence of these annoying insects is the excuse for offering the following remedy which is said to be effectual in clearing a sleeping-room.

Roll a piece of paper round a lead pencil, so as to form a case; fill this with very dry Pyrethrum powder, putting in a little at a time and pressing down with the lead pencil. Set in a cup of dry sand or something to hold it erect and an hour before going to bed close the room and burn one of these cartridges. A single one will be sufficient for a small room; a large one would require two.

PRESERVED GREEN GAGES.—This is a very handsome preserve and is worth the trouble if you have the time. Select green gages full grown, but not fully ripe; prick them with a fork two or three times, dropping them in a pan of cold water, until you have a sufficient quantity ready. Put them over the fire in cold water, letting them simmer slowly, so as to make them tender without breaking. Try with a fork, when tender to the stone put them again in cold water, and as some will get tender before others, they must be carefully watched. Let them lie in water a day and night; strain them, and when well drained put them in an earthen pan and pour over them sufficient boiling hot clarified sugar to well cover them. To make this clarified sugar use a pound of sugar for every half pint of water, and boil for ten minutes, skimming until clear. The juice of the fruit of course weakens this syrup, and the next day pour it off and boil for ten minutes; pour it over the fruit and again set away. Boil the syrup every day until it is of the consistency of thick cream

(about five or six times.) If the syrup shrinks so as not to keep the fruit well covered, add a fresh supply. While boiling the fruit the third time, put in the plums and let them simmer for ten minutes, and the last time of boiling the syrup, simmer again for ten minutes. Green apricots may be prepared in the same way.

A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands with, and that water just luke warm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding clean; but glycerine makes some skin harsh and red. These people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed. The best preparation for the hands is the white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it "Roman toilet paste" is merely the white of egg, barley flour and honey. They say it was used by the Romans in the olden time; any way it is a first-rate thing, but it is a mean, sticky stuff to use, and does not do the work any better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time by doctoring them a little at bedtime; all the tools you need are a nail brush, a bottle ammonia, a box powdered borax and a little fine white sand to rub the stain off, or a cut of lemon, which will do even better, for acid of the lemon will clean anything. Manicures use acids in the shop, but the lemon is quite as good and isn't poisonous, while the acids are.

Adventures With the Grizzly Bear.

Few persons believe that a grizzly will attack a man before he is himself attacked. I was one of these doubting Thomases until two years ago, when I was thoroughly convinced by ocular demonstration that some grizzlies, at least, will attempt to make a meal of a man even though he may not have harmed them previously. We were hunting in the Shoshone Mountains, in Northern Wyoming. I had killed a large elk in the morning, and on going back to the carcass in the afternoon to skin it we saw that Bruin had been there ahead of us, but had fled on our approach. Without the least apprehension of his return, we leaned our rifles against a tree about fifty feet away, and commenced work. There were three of us, but only two rifles, Mr. Huffman, the photographer, having left his in camp. He had finished taking views of the carcass, and we were all busily engaged skinning, when, hearing a crashing in the bush, and a series of savage roars and growls, we looked up the hill, and were horrified to see three grizzly bears—an old female and two cubs about two-thirds grown—charging upon us with all the savage fury of a pack of starving wolves upon a sheepfold.

They were between us and our rifles when we first saw them, and we sprang to our horses, which were picketed a few yards below, supposing, of course, that when the bears reached the elk carcass they would proceed to eat it, and pay no further attention to us. Strange to say, it was the carcass to which they paid no attention. They still came after us; we had no time for flight, and could not even release and mount our terror-stricken horses. Our only chance was to fight for our lives, and with one accord we all three grasped our hunting knives and dashed at them. We threw our hats and yelled like Comanches, and the savage brutes, seeing themselves thus boldly confronted by equal numbers, stopped, rose on their haunches, growled, snapped their jaws for a few moments, and then walked slowly back up the hill into the brush. This gave us an opportunity to get hold of our rifles, and then it was our turn to charge. To make a long story short, we killed the old female and one cub; the other escaped into the jungle before we could get a shot at him. The resolute front we put on alone saved our lives.

The grizzly is partially nocturnal in his habits, and apparently divides his labor of obtaining food and his travelling about equally between day and night. It is not definitely known to what age he lives in his wild state, but he is supposed to attain to twenty-five or thirty years.

Notwithstanding the great courage and ferocity of this formidable beast, he will utter the most pitiable groans and howls when seriously or mortally wounded.

Another instance of a grizzly making an unprovoked attack upon a man was vouched for by a man whom I know to be strictly truthful. Two brothers were prospecting in a range of mountains near the headwaters of the Stinking Water river. The younger of the two, though an able-bodied man, and capable of doing a good day's work with a pick or shovel, was weak-minded, and the elder brother never allowed him to go any distance away from camp or their work alone. He, however, sent him one evening to the spring, a few rods off, to bring a kettleful of water. The spring was in a deep gorge, and the trail to it wound through some fissures in the rock. As the young man passed under a shelving rock, an immense old female grizzly, that had taken up temporary quarters there, reached out and struck a powerful blow at his head, but fortunately could not reach far enough to do him any serious harm. The blow knocked his hat off, and her claws caught his scalp, and laid it open clear across the top of his head in several ugly gashes. The force of the blow sent him spinning around, and not knowing enough to be frightened, he attacked her savagely with the only weapon he had at hand—the camp kettle. The elder brother heard the racket, and hastily catching up his rifle, found his brother vigorously laboring the bear over the head with a camp kettle, and the bear striking at him savage blows, any one of which, if she could have reached him, would have torn his head from his shoulders. Three bullets from the rifle, fired in rapid succession, loosened her hold upon the rocks, and she tumbled lifelessly into the trail. The poor idiotic boy could not even then realize the danger through which he had passed, and could only appease his anger by continuing to maul the bear over the head with the camp kettle for several minutes after she was dead.

The human brain reaches its greatest weight between the ages of fourteen and twenty in both sexes; after that it grows continually smaller through life. "While intelligence is rapidly increasing from twenty to sixty years of age, the brain is diminishing. The time that a man knows most is from seventy to eighty; but then his brain is smaller than when he was a boy between seven and fourteen, the age when he thought he knew the most."