TALE OF TWO ANGLERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

The following story is translated from the French of De Maupassant for the *Strand Magazine*:

Paris was blockaded—famished—at the point of death. Even the sparrows on the housetops were few and far between, and the very sewers were in danger of becoming depopulated. People ate anything they could get.

Monsieur Morisot, watchmaker by trade, was walking early one bright January morning down the boulevards, his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, feeling hungry and depressed, when he unexpectedly ran against a friend. He recognized Monsieur Sauvage, an old-time chum of the riverside.

Every Sunday before the war Morisot used to start at daybreak with his bamboo fishing rod in his hand, his tin bait and tackle box upon his back. He used to take the train at Colombes and to walk from there to the land of Marantha. No sooner had he arrived at the river than he used to begin to fish and continue fishing until evening. Here every Sunday he used to meet M. Sauvage, a linen draper from Paris, but stout and jovial withal, as keen a fisherman, moreover, as he was himself.

Often they would sit side by side, their feet dangling over the water, for half a day at a time and say scarcely a word, yet little by little they became friends. Sometimes they never spoke at all. Occasionally they launched out into conversation, but they understood each other perfectly without its aid, for their tastes and ideas were the same.

On a spring morning in the bright sunshine, when the light and delicate mist hovered over the river and these two mad fishermen enjoyed a foretaste of real summer weather, Morisot would say to his neighbor: "Hein! not bad, eh?"

And Sauvage would reply: "I know nothing to beat it."

This interchange of sentiment was quite enough to engender mutual understanding and esteem.

In autumn, toward evening, when the setting sun reddened the sky and cast shadows of the fleeting clouds over the water; when the whole horizon was lighted up and the figures of the two friends were illuminated as with fire; when the russet-brown of the trees themselves shivered with a wintry shake, Monsieur Sauvage would smile at Monsieur Morisot and say: "What a sight, eh?"

And Monsieur Morisot, without even raising his eyes from his float, would answer, "Better than the boulevards, heind?"

This morning as soon as they recognized each other they shook hands warmly, quite overcome at meeting again under such different circumstances.

Monsieur Sauvage sighed and murmured.

Monsieur Morisot, gloomy and sad, answered: "And what weather! To-day is New Year's day." The sky, in fact, was clear, bright and beautiful.

They began to walk along, sorrowful and pensive. Said Morisot: "And our fishing, eh? What times we used to have!"

Sauvage replied, "When shall we have them again?"

They went into a little "cafe" and had a glass of absinthe, and then started again on their walk.

They stopped at another "cafe" for another glass. When they came out again they were slightly dazed, like people who had fasted long and then partaken too freely.

It was lovely weather; a soft breeze fanned their faces. Monsieur Sauvage, upon whom the fresh air was beginning to take effect, suddenly said: "Suppose we were to go!"

"Go where?"

"Why, fishing!"

"But where?"

"To our island, of course. The French outposts are at Colombes. I know Colonel Dumoulin. He will let us pass through easily enough."

Morisot trembled with delight at the very idea. "All right; I'm your man."

They separated to fetch their rods.

An hour afterward they were walking fast along the high road toward the town commanded by Colonel Dumoulin. He smiled at their request, but granted it, and they went on their way rejoicing in the possession of the pass word.

Soon they crossed the lines, passed through deserted Colombes, and found themselves in the vineyard leading down to the river. It was about 11 o'clock.

Monsieur Sauvage pointed with his finger to the heights above and said: "The Prussians are up there," and a vague sense of uneasiness seized upon the two friends.

The Prussians! They had never set eyes upon them, but for months back they had felt their presence near, encircling their beloved Paris, pillaging, massacring, insatiable, invincible, all-powerful, and as they thought on them a sort of superstitious terror seemed to mingle with the hate they bore towards their unknown conquerors. Morisot murmured, "Suppose we should meet them," and Sauvage replied, with an instinctive gallantry of a Parisian "Well! We should offer them some of our fish for supper."

All the same they hesitated before they ventured into the country, intimidated as they were by the all-pervading silence.

Eventually M. Sauvage plucked up courage. "Come along let's make a start; but we must be cautious."

They went through the vineyard, bent double, crawling along from bush to bush, ears and eyes upon the alert.

Only one strip of ground lay between them and the river. They began to run, and when they reached the bank they crouched down among the dry reeds for shelter.

Morisot laid his ear to the ground to listen for the sound of footsteps, but he could hear nothing. They were alone, quite alone. Gradually they felt reassured and began to fish.

The deserted island of Marantha hid them from the opposite shore. The little restaurant was closed and locked as if it had been neglected for years.

M. Sauvage caught the first gudgeon, M. Morisot the second. And every minute they pulled up their lines with a little silver object dangling and struggling on the hook. Truly, a miraculous draught of fishes. As the fish were caught they were put in a net which floated in the water at their feet. They positively reveled in enjoyment of a long-forbidden sport. The sun shone warm upon their backs. They heard nothing, they thought of nothing, the rest of the world was as nothing to them; they simply fished.

Suddenly a smothered sound, as it were underground, made the earth tremble. The guns had recommenced firing. Morisot turned his head and saw above the bank, far away to the left, the vast shadow of Mount Valerien, and over it the white wreath of smoke from the gun which had just been fired. Then a jet of flame burst forth from the fortress in answer, a moment later followed by another explosion; then others, till every second as it seemed the mountain breathed out death and the white smoke formed a funeral pall above it.

M. Sauvage shrugged his shoulders. "They are beginning again," he said.

M. Morisot, anxiously watching his float bob up and down, was suddenly seized with rage against the belligerents and growled out: "How idiotic to kill one another like that!"

M. Sauvage: "It's worse than the brute beasts."

M. Morisot, who had just hooked a bleak, said: "And to think that it will always be thus as long as there are such things as governments."

M. Sauvage stopped him. "The republic would not have declared war."

M. Morisot in his turn: "With kings we have foreign wars; with the republic we have civil wars."

Then in a friendly way they began to discuss politics with the calm common sense of reasonable and peace-loving men, agreeing on the one point that no one would ever be free. And Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly, demolishing with its cannon balls French homes, crushing out French lives, ruining many a dream, many a joy, many a hope deferred, wrecking much happiness and bringing to the hearts of women, girls and mothers in France and elsewhere sorrow and suffering which would never have an end.

"It's life," said M. Morisot.

"Say rather that it's death," said M. Sauvage.

They started, scared out of their lives, as they felt that some one was walking close behind them. Turning round, they saw four men, four tall, bearded men, dressed as servants in livery and wearing flat caps upon their heads. These men were covering the two fishermen with rifles.

The rods dropped from their frightened hands and floated aimlessly down the river. In an instant the Frenchmen were seized, bound, thrown into a boat and ferried over to the island.

Behind the house they had thought uninhabited was a picket of Prussian soldiers. A hairy giant, who was sitting astride a chair and smoking a porcelain pipe, asked them in excellent French if they had had good sport.

A soldier placed at the feet of the officer the net full of fish, which he had brought with him.

"Not bad, I see, but we have other fish to fry. Listen, and don't alarm yourselves. You are a couple of French spies sent out to watch my movements, disguised as fishermen. I take you as prisoners, and I order you to be shot. You have fallen into my hands, so much the worse for you. Inasmuch, however, as you came through the lines you are certainly in possession of the password. Otherwise you could not get back again. Give me the word and I will let you go."

The two friends, pallid with fear, stood side by side their hands nervously twitching, but they answered not a word.

The officer continued: "No one need ever know it. You will go home quietly, and your secret will go with you. If you refuse, it is death for you both, and that instantly. Take your choice."

They neither spoke nor moved.

The Prussian calmly pointed to the river, and said: "Reflect, in five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. I suppose you have families."

Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly.

The two Frenchmen stood perfectly still and silent.

The officer gave an order in German. Then he moved his chair farther away from the prisoners, and a dozen soldiers drew up in line not twenty paces off.

"I will give you one minute," he said, "not one second more."

He got up leisurely and approached the two Frenchmen. He took Morisot by the arm and said in an undertone: "Quick! Give me the word. Your friend will know nothing. I will appear to give way."

M. Morisot did not answer.

The Prussian took M. Sauvage aside and said the same thing to him.

M. Sauvage did not answer.

They found themselves once more side by side.

The officer gave another order, the soldiers raised their guns.

By accident Morisot's glance fell upon the net full of fish on the ground a few steps off. A ray of sunshine lit up their glittering bodies, and a sudden weakness came over him. "Good bye, M. Sauvage," he whispered.

"Good bye, M. Morisot," replied M. Sauvage. They pressed each other's hands, trembling from head to foot.

"Fire!" said the officer.

M. Sauvage fell dead on his face. M. Morisot, of stronger build, staggered, stumbled, and then fell right across the body of his friend, with his face turned to the sky, his breast riddled with balls.

The Prussian gave another order. His men dispersed for a moment, returning with cords and stones. They tied the stones to the feet of the dead Frenchmen and carried them down to the river.

Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly.

Two soldiers took Morisot by the head and feet. Two others did the same to Sauvage. The bodies swung to and fro, were launched into space, described a curve, and plunged feet first into the river.

The water bubbled, boiled, then calmed down and the little wavelets tinged with red circled gently toward the bank.

The officer, impassive as ever, said: "It is the fishes' turn now."

His eye fell upon the gudgeon lying on the grass. He picked it up and called out, "Wilhelm!" A soldier in a white cap appeared. He threw the fish toward him.

"Fry those little animals for me at once, while they are still alive and kicking. They will be delicious."

Then he began smoking again.

A major general or rear admiral of the United States gets a salute of thirteen guns.

Consuls general accredited to the United States are received with a salute of nine guns.

A lieutenant general or vice admiral of the United States receives a salute of fifteen guns.

Ministers resident, accredited to the United States, are greeted with a salute of thirteen guns.

A committee of congress officially visiting a military post or station is saluted with seventeen guns.

The general in chief, field marshal or admiral of the United States receives a salute of seventeen guns.

The viceroy, governor general or governors of provinces belonging to foreign states receive a salute of seventeen guns.

DAIRY AND CREAMERY.

GOOD OPENING FOR DAIRY SKILL AT NEW ORLEANS.

Northern Dairy Farming Unknown in Louisiana—Still There Might Be a Thoroughly Profitable Southern Dairy Farming—Forty Cents a Gallon.

Dairy farming, as it is known in the north, is hardly practiced at all in this locality, owing mainly to the difficulty of cultivating the grasses upon which the northern dairyman and stockgrower has learned to rely as the basis of his industry. Hay is an expensive luxury, and is sparingly used in feeding. Concentrated foods, which are not so expensive to ship and handle as those of larger bulk, are used as much as possible, and cotton seed hulls form the chief substitute for hay. Of the latter, good timothy is worth twenty-two dollars per ton. Bran sells at just the same price, prairie hay at ten dollars, and cotton seed hulls (at the mill) at three dollars. The latter has a greater nutritive value, according to the selling price, than any of the other foods, and is valued particularly in the dairy because of its absorbent properties. It will take up a great amount of water (many times its own weight), and thus the cows are induced to take much more water than they would ordinarily drink.

Notwithstanding the high price of feeding stuffs, dairying here, as well as elsewhere in the south, should be a very profitable industry when pursued with judgment and economy. In the first place, cows can be purchased very cheap, thus not requiring a great outlay of capital, while the price obtained for milk (uniformly forty cents per gallon throughout the year) is one that the northerner would consider enough to justify the most elaborate outlay in the way of high feeding. One drawback to the present system is that the manurial product is not a source of revenue, but often of loss. When it cannot be given away cartmen are paid twenty-five cents per load for hauling it to the most convenient dumping ground. If the dairies could be removed to the open country, fields of such grasses as are best adapted to the south put into cultivation, the manure applied to the production of garden crops for market or of roots for feeding, and, more than all, if better cattle were introduced, the business might easily take on elements of profit now undreamed of.

The high two wheeled carts in which milk is peddled about the city are very peculiar, and are all alike. They are plainly and strongly built, the shaft fastened to the harness so as to raise the front of the cart higher than the rear, and two cans strapped solidly in the front. The driver stands behind his cans, and whips over the illy paved streets at a pace that threatens the annihilation of the entire outfit. But horse, cart and driver are used to rough work, and so they never pause though pavements be broken and streets full of pitfalls.—Cor. American Agriculturist.

How to Fill the Silo.

The usual practice in filling the silo to avoid acid fermentation is to put in but two and one-half, or three feet in depth of the fodder in a single day, and this is allowed to heat until a temperature of about 125 degs. is secured. Another similar layer is then added and left to heat in the same manner, and this process is repeated until the silo is full. From one to three days, or even more, may intervene between the filling in of any two contiguous layers, according to the condition of the fodder and the progress of the heating process. Each layer is carefully packed at the edges and corners to completely fill all the space, but any tramping beyond what is required for this purpose is avoided.

When there are two or more silos the filling may alternate from one to the other, a layer of fodder being put into one while the others are heating, and with a single long silo, without a partition, the two ends may be treated as separate silos and alternately filled in the same way.

As the heat developed in the silage may be lost by conduction and radiation, it is found that a temperature of from 122 to 125 degs. is not so readily obtained at the bottom and corners of silo and along the walls, especially if they are of masonry or concrete.

This difficulty is obviated to some extent by care in the management of the fodder as the silo is filled.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Use a Creamer.

C. L. Ames, of Iowa, writes as follows in The Dairy World concerning the economy of a suitable creamer for the making of farm butter:

Many a farmer's wife is today caring for the milk of a herd of cows, and setting it in heavy stone crocks or pots. Twice every day these pots have to be lifted to be washed, scalded and aired, filled with milk and set away. The amount of human strength, of woman strength, required to do this work, if put into easily understood figures would astonish any one who has not given the subject much thought. The injury to a woman's (a mother's) health caused by this laborious work cannot be put into figures, but the work can, and no doubt often puts the woman herself upon a bed of sickness or in the grave long before the time when from natural causes she would go there.

So, still using the dollar standard of value, the doctor's bill alone—if that should be the worst expense—would often more than pay for a first class portable creamer.

White Specks in Butter.

From my experience I will say that the trouble in every case can be traced to one of two causes—bringing the milk to too high a temperature or skimming too close, letting it churn in the machine.

I try to keep my milk at 80 degs. and the cream is cooled down to 60 degs., as it leaves the machine by running over a cooler, and so long as I see that my milk is not warmed too high nor too close skimming, I have no fear of white specks.—Irwin Paul in Creamery Journal.

There is comfort in the fact that within the last twenty years there has been a decided change for the better in that the evening meal, be it dinner or supper, is made a leisurely and attractive one.

Remember, playing [illegible] thing always makes it easier for a child to accomplish. Avoid coming to an issue with your little ones, but if the issue comes remember you must conquer.

THE MARRIAGEABLE AGE.

In Italy the legal marriageable age is eighteen for men and sixteen for women.

According to Rumanian laws the ages are eighteen for males and fifteen for females.

England's laws provide that no female can marry who has not passed her twelfth year, and the male must be at least fourteen.

In chilly Finland, if a couple desire to be married before the man has reached twenty-one and the woman fifteen they must obtain an imperial decree.

Swedish youths aged twenty-one may take as life partners maidens of fifteen, and in the Netherlands they must be eighteen and sixteen respectively.

An Austrian bride and groom must each have reached the age of fourteen, but the parents' consent is absolutely necessary until they have attained their twenty-first year.

Lapland's marriage code makes mention only of the age limit for the masculine gender, which must be seventeen, while in Norway and Turkey there is no fixed period for either sex.

At the age of fifteen the girls of Belgium may take unto themselves husbands, while those of the opposite sex transgress the law if they marry prior to reaching their eighteenth year.

In Arabia, British India, Persia, Siam and Burmah, girls are allowed to wed at the age of ten or even nine years, and in many instances their husbands are not many months older.

In Saxe-Coburg Gotha the marriageable age for men is twenty-one years, but if female residents of that duchy have been confirmed they are permitted to wed at the early age of fourteen.

Danish males and females must be, respectively, twenty and sixteen years before they can become man and wife, while in France the minimum age for the former is eighteen and fourteen for the latter.

The laws of Baden allow a male to marry at eighteen and a female at fifteen, but up to the time the former becomes twenty-five and the latter twenty-one the consent of the parents or guardians is required.

In Spain, Portugal and Greece the limits are the same—fourteen and twelve—and in Switzerland national laws are such that the ages vary from fourteen to twenty for males and twelve to eighteen for the gentler sex.

When a Bavarian female is between the ages of twelve and fifteen she can marry, but the males cannot legally do so until they are from fourteen to eighteen years old, the variation depending upon the districts in which they live.

In Hungary the male is permitted to assume the responsibilities of marriage when fourteen, while his bride may be two years younger. The latter's consent is absolutely necessary, without which the union is considered null and void.

Russia has a law making eighteen and sixteen the legal ages at which the sexes may be joined in wedlock. The natives of the Caucasus are exempted from the provisions of this law, fifteen for the males and thirteen for the females being the ages fixed for their benefit.

FEMININE FANCIES.

Miss J. T. Draper, the song writer, is slender, pale and delicate looking, and always dresses in black.

Mrs. George W. Childs, wife of the Philadelphia journalist, sailed recently on the City of New York to seek health in foreign lands.

Miss Brickman has been appointed "English master" in the Collegiate institute, London, Ont., receiving the same salary a man would have filling the post.

Miss Lizzie Rogan, who was last week made a member of a fire engine company in Birmingham, Conn., is the first woman to join a fire department in that state.

Mrs. Annie Besant is not, as commonly supposed, a sister of Walter Besant, but his sister in law, having married a brother of his in 1867, when she was twenty years old.

Grace Greenwood is nearly blind, owing to cataracts on her eyes, and will soon become entirely so for a time, and permanently should an operation fail to remove them.

Constantine Constantinovitch, a Russian grand duchess, has been compelled to leave Russia with her two children because she resisted persecutions instituted to force her to join the Greek church.

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is tall and slender, with pretty blonde hair, and she is said by her friends to have a heart of gold. The greater part of her life is spent in doing good so quietly that the outside world knows little about it.

Mrs. Catharine Sharp, of Philadelphia, is now in her one hundred and fourteenth year, and has a daughter seventy-three years of age. The old lady is in good health and expects to live several years yet. She attributes her longevity to the fact that she "never worried about anything."

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is said to be a liberal purchaser of rare books. She has a passion for unique bindings, and knows a genuine article from an imitation. She has a very finely bound and complete collection of Spanish authors, and a facsimile edition (1605) of Cervantes is included among it. It is the only one of this edition in the United States.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

The famous Madison Square theater in New York is to be torn down at the end of a year to make room for a hotel annex.

More than $1,800 was realized at the recent benefit performance given in aid of the mother of the late comedian John A. Mackay.

Augustin Daly is negotiating for a theater in London, where his New York stock company is to perform for a considerable part of every season.

Mme. Modjeska has recently completed her memoirs in two languages—Polish and English. Her professional tour in Poland has been very successful.

Colonel Edward M. Alfriend is the author of the new play which Robert Mantell will bring out next season. It will be called "The Louisianian."

Joseph Jefferson's spring suit is of the "pepper and salt" order, with a cutaway coat. He tops it with a silk hat whose gloss has long since departed.

The past season is said to have been the most disastrous for small companies of any in many years. Big enterprises, on the contrary, have generally made money.

Edwin Forrest enjoined the trustees of the Forrest home in his will to give a performance each year on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. The injunction was recently carried out for this year, Francis Wilson, Marguerite Mather and Marie Jansen participating.

Sweet Cream for Consumption.

As an antidote for a consumptive tendency, cream acts like a charm; to be used instead of codliver oil. Also aged people, invalids and those who have weak digestion, or suffer from biliousness, as well as growing children, will be greatly benefited by taking sweet cream in liberal quantities.—Grain Review.

It is most common to put braid on by hand; hem it down, because then it will not curl up at the edges. Do not put it on very tight, as it draws and looks very ugly.

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W. H. HEMMING.

(As he appeared before the operation.)

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MR. HEMMING.

(After the operation.)

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