

MY SWEETHEART.

I'm in love with a fair little maiden—
With her eyes, with her lips, with her hands,
With her bosom of dear little dimples—
And although she's a pettie,

A STRANGE STORY.

The Remarkable Resurrection of a Common Sailor.

How a Dead Man Returned to Life to Admonish Commodore Rodgers and His Former Comrades—An Incident of the War of 1813.

Archibald Forbes contributes to Belgravia the curious story found below. He says: Concerning the history of the subjoined curious narrative, the original manuscript of which, written in now faded ink on the rough dingy paper of sixty years ago, was placed in my hands in the course of a recent visit to America, only a few words are necessary.

"Some time in the latter part of December, 1813, a man by the name of William Kemble, aged twenty-three (a seaman on board of the United States frigate President, commanded by Commodore John Rodgers, on a cruise, then near the Western Islands), was brought to me from one of the tops, in which he was stationed, having burst a vessel in his lungs, the blood gushing with great violence from his mouth and nostrils.

"When he finished with the Commodore, his head dropped upon his breast, his eyes closed, and he appeared to have passed through a second death. No pulsation nor the least degree of warmth could be perceived during the time that he was speaking. I ordered him to be laid aside, and left him."

"I retired to bed, deeply reflecting upon the past, unable to sleep, when about nine o'clock p. m., many hours after Kemble had been laid by, I was called out of bed to visit a man taken suddenly ill in his hammock, hanging near Kemble's apartment. It was an hour when all but the watch on deck had turned in; general silence reigned, and all the lights below were out, with the exception of a single lamp in the sick apartment, where lay the remains of Kemble. I had bled the sick man—he was relieved. I entered the sick-room before I retired to replace something, and was turning round to leave it, being alone, when suddenly I was almost petrified upon beholding Kemble sitting up in his berth with his eyes (which had regained their former brilliancy and intelligence) fixed intently upon mine. I became, for a moment, speechless and motionless. Think I to myself, what have I done, or left undone, in this man's case that would cause him thus to stare at me at this late hour, and alone? I waited a long time in painful suspense, dreading some horrid disclosure, when I was relieved by his commanding me to fetch him some water. With what alacrity I obeyed can easily be imagined. I gave him a tin mug containing water, which he put to his mouth, drank off the contents, and returned to me; then he laid himself quietly down for the last time. His situation was precisely the same in every respect as before described. The time was now expired which, he had said, was given him to remain in the body. The next day by noon, all hands attended as usual to hear the funeral service read, and see his remains consigned to a watery grave. It was an unusually solemn period. Seamen are naturally superstitious, and on this occasion their minds had been wrought upon in a singular manner. Decorum is always observed by sailors at such times; but now they were all affected to tears, and when the body was slid from the plank into the sea, every one rushed instinctively to the feet, yet, as if in compliment to their anxiety to see more of him, the body rose perpendicularly from the water breast-high two or three times. This incident added greatly to the astonishment already created in the minds of the men. I beg leave to remark that it was not proper to keep the body longer in the warm latitude we were in."

"I have now given a short and very imperfect sketch of the important events attending the last illness and death of William Kemble. It is submitted to the ladies in this State, begging they will excuse haste and inaccuracy. The change procured upon the crew was for a time remarkable. It appeared as if they would never smile or swear again. The effect wore off by degrees, except when the subject was renewed."

"In olden times drinking-mugs were hooped, to gauge the allowance of guests using one tankard, or, as is written of the custom, 'hoopes on quart pots were invented that every man should take his hoopes and no more.'" Chicago Times.

caped from his lips. The oldest men were in tears, not a dry eye was to be seen, or a whisper heard; all was as solemn as the grave. His whole body was cold as death could make it. There was no pulsation in the wrists, the temples or the chest perceptible. His voice was clear and powerful, his eyes uncommonly brilliant and animated. After a short and pertinent address to the medical gentlemen, he told me in a peremptory manner to bring Commodore Rodgers to him, as he had something to say to him before he finally left us. The Commodore consented to go with me, when a scene was presented truly novel and indescribable, and calculated to fill with awe the stoutest heart. The sick bay (or berth) in which he lay is entirely set apart to the use of those who are confined to their beds by illness. Supported by the surgeons, surrounded by his weeping and astonished comrades, a crowd of spectators looking through the lattice-work which inclosed the room, a common jappaned lamp throwing out a sickly light, and a candle held opposite his face by an attendant, was the situation of things when our worthy commander made his appearance; and well does he remember the effect produced by so uncommon a spectacle, especially when followed by the utterance of these words from the mouth of one long supposed to have been dead: "Commodore Rodgers, I have sent for you, s. r. being commissioned by a higher power to address you for a short time, and to deliver the message intrusted to me when I was permitted to revisit the earth. Once I trembled in your presence, and was eager to obey your commands; but now I am your superior, being no longer an inhabitant of the earth. I have seen the glories of the world of spirits. I am not permitted to make known what I have beheld; indeed, were I not forbidden, language would be inadequate to the task; 'tis enough for you and the crew to know that I have been sent back to earth to reanimate for a few hours my lifeless body, commissioned by God to perform the work I am now engaged in. He then, in language so chaste and appropriate that it would not have disgraced the lips or the pen of a divine, took a hasty view of the moral and religious duties incumbent on the commander of a ship of war. He reviewed the vices prevalent on shipboard, pointed out the relative duties of officers and men, and concluded by urging the necessity of reformation and repentance. He did not, as was feared by our brave commander, attempt to prove the sinfulness of fighting and wars; but, on the contrary, warmly recommended to the men the performance of their duty to their country with courage and fidelity. His speeches occupied about three-quarters of an hour, and if the whole could have been taken down at the time, they would have made a considerable pamphlet, which would no doubt have been in great demand. Dr. Birchmore, now at Boston, heard all the addresses. I only the last."

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MRS. CARTER'S EXPERIMENT.

A Mother's Mistake in Wasting Her Strength in Preparation for Illness. "Yes, I always save all the old linen. It's so handy in sickness," remarked Mrs. Carter, carefully removing the buttons from a garment and cutting it into convenient sizes.

Mrs. Carter was a diligent woman and a devoted mother. She was continually planning for illness in the family, and kept on hand a stock of simple remedies and appliances ready for use at a moment's notice. She gave herself with as much zeal to this department of her household economy as to stocking the cellar closet with a generous supply of jellies and preserves.

Perhaps it is not strange, in a home with several children an aged father and a feeble sister-in-law, that somebody was always ailing at the Carters'. But, singularly enough, Mrs. Carter, who looked out so religiously for a supply of all needful articles to meet just such emergency, was never able to give anything in the line of personal services without paying a severe penalty. It was a source of real distress to her that if Eddie had the croup or Susie the mumps, an hour's attendance upon them, or the loss of sleep for a single night, would so react upon her system that she would be compelled to go to bed herself and let hired hands give all the sweat and tender ministrations in the sick-room, so precious to a loving heart to render.

"Oh, if only I could wait upon my children myself," she moaned one day, as she sat by her bed, pitying her sufferings from a neuralgic headache. "You may get it if you choose," was the thought which did not express in words till some days later as we sat together and she was engaged in cutting up the aforesaid garment. Then I took an opportunity to remark: "Mrs. Carter, your medicine closet lacks one essential."

"Dear me! what is it? A new water-bag? I thought ours leaked the last time Norah bled it." "No," I replied, "but it wants a good, full supply of vital force." Evidently shed it not comprehend my meaning, and I continued: "As a wise and provident mother you have a splendid equipment for illness in everything except your own physical condition. I've been under a dozen times within the last six months in the vain endeavor to lure you out into the open air, but invariably you are occupied in getting ready for somebody to get sick. You expend as much time and nervous energy in the preparation for this as would be sufficient, if properly husbanded, for you to carry every one of the children through an ordinary attack of mumps or measles. As it is, however, you furnish the tools and let somebody else do the work which your mother love craves to do. Now suppose you reverse the order of things. Hire some one to come in and cut up the bandages and do the week's mending, and see that the medicine closet is kept replenished, while you devote yourself in laying up a stock of vitality which will enable you to substitute your own loving ministrations, when members of the family are ailing, for hired service. For a prudent woman you are a fearfully extravagant one! You use up every day a little more vital and nervous power than you manufacture. Nature dishonors your draft when you present it for surplus funds of strength. Now, it is perfectly possible for you to lay up a reserve of force. There is no romance or medicine about it. You need not take a trip to Europe, nor spend months in a nervous asylum. I know that Americans, as a rule, do not believe in a condition of sustenance endurance. The highest ideal of health is to run along smoothly for awhile, then break down for a season, be patched up and begin again. A man or woman who can keep up continuous work of any kind, with in the house or out of it, is looked upon as an anomaly. They take the recreation on a lump, in a summer vacation, always expensive and often disappointing, instead of sprinkling it along all through the day and to bed. Now I claim that you can so sublimize the forces of nature, wrapped up in pure air and water, simple diet, abundant sleep and proper exercise and recreation as to make yourself an infinitely greater blessing to your family than you now are. Pardon my plain speech, but you are giving them things and they want you self."

For six months Mrs. Carter tried the experiment of living hygienically, naturally and simply. With how much success I leave the reader to judge when I say that she carried Susie through an attack of scarlet fever without the aid of a hired nurse, and no war or was ever prouder of a brilliant military achievement.

Are there not other mother's who think the experiment worth trying?—Frances J. Dyer, in Philadelphia Press.

SCENES AT HONOLULU.

A Noted Correspondent's Impressions of the Life and Scenery in the Hawaiian Capital. King Kalakaua, after signifying his gracious acceptance of the gifts which I had brought him, and making many kind inquiries touching the health of the Baroness, of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and of his many friends in Europe, dismissed me with fair words, and I went on my way rejoicing, to fall speedily into the hands of my friends in the wagonette who straightway took me into custody again, and proceeded to drive me out of my mind—figuratively speaking—at the fastest pace at which the two spirited horses could go at a tearing gallop along magnificent roads. I should have dearly longed to have had a quiet saunter—an observant stroll—through the leafy lanes which form the streets of Honolulu; but my generally imperious friends of the wagonette would not hear of anything of that kind. I must ride. I must be driven by the tall, full-bearded Jehu of trans-Atlantic aspect. The consequence was that I saw Honolulu not as in a glass darkly, but under what I may term kaleidoscopic circumstanced. It was a splendid day, and the sun was shining gloriously, although far away in the valley we could see the purple

clouds pouring down huge sheets of rain. On the right there was the blue sea—calm to day, majestic, imperturbable; but in the foreground on the left side it was one almost maddening succession of kaleidoscope panoramas. Now whole groves of the coconut palm, now leafy thickets blazing with the almost indescribably superb scarlet bougainvillea; then groves of caeti and prickly pear; then bristling forth in brilliant flowers; then trim market gardens, delightful in their greenery, laid out by Chinese gardeners. Then came a vision of the Flower Land itself, a dream of the dear old willow pattern plate—no longer uniform blue and white; but translated into all manner of radiant hues. There was a little streamlet, crossed by a little elliptical bridge, and upon my word, there were three pig-tailed Chinamen crossing that bridge, looking for all the world like the celebrated brothers of the willow pattern plate, and there were the willows themselves, and a boat and a pagoda painted bright red, with little bells pendant from the eaves, and birds of rare plumage were circling in the sky. The place they told me contained a Chinese temple, with a tea-house and the residence of a wealthy Chinese merchant. John Chinaman does well at Honolulu. A large consignment of Japanese had just arrived the day prior to our landing. The "Japs" were under engagement to labor in the sugar plantation. They had been inspected by the King, and assured by his Majesty of considerable and equitable treatment. But speedily more kaleo copie fragments of pictures fitted across my field of vision. A group of Catholic Sisters of Charity in their wide-sleeved robes and white wimples and pinners beneath their snowy veils, and with their sweet, smiling, rosy faces. Yes; rosy, even beneath the torrid sun. Then knots groups of native children their complexions apparently heightened either with Cadbury's essence or with Epp's cocoa—black-pollied, black shining, head-like-eyed urchins, male and female, with little bare brown legs and feet all clad uniformly in a single garment—a bedgown of white and colored calico and nothing else. A most sensible and suitable garment for this climate—as "mighty convenient" as were Mr. Brian O'Neil's netter garments of she-walrus, of which he turned the woolly side outward in summer, and inward in winter. The Russian moujik, as you well know, act in precisely the same manner with his sheepskin gaberdeno, or toulouk.

Native women too their headgear huge cabbage-tree hats, passed us on horseback, they riding astride as the Turkish and Egyptian women do; and then more children, scampering out of school and chattering very harmoniously in a language which to my ears seemed to be nearly all vowels, with just a consonant here and there to keep the weaker vessels of sound in order. And so we came at last to a beautiful bungalow—a fishing villa. I was told, with a landing stage jutting out into the blue sea. And here we found ladies and gentlemen, an elegant collation, Heidsieck's Dry Monopole—or was it Pommery and Greno—in "spuming chalice."

There, too, we found not only a hearty welcome but polite conversation—the society small talk of London and Paris, of New York and Washington and San Francisco. The Lady's Gazette of Fashion was lying on one table, the Girl's Own Paper on another. I rubbed, for a moment, the eyes of my mind and wondered for a moment where I was. Have you not occasionally fallen into a similar condition of temporary uncertainty, wandering on the face of the earth? "Society," the whole world over has grown to be so much alike. Rub the eyes of your mind. Where the deuce are you? Sometimes you see in a splendid sa'oon a swarthy gentleman in a black surtout buttoned to the throat, and with a scarlet fez worn at the back of his head. You are in "society" at Pera of Constantinople. Again, your neighbor at dinner is a charming lady, who speaks French with much more purity than many Parisiennes do, and who is talking enthusiastically about Patti and Nilsson, Sardon and Sarah Bernhardt. But the gentlemen present are mainly in military uniform, and wear large epaulettes of loose bullion. You are dining out in society at St. Petersburg. Again you are at dinner. The ices and the coffee are of exquisite quality. You are at Vienna. Somebody is smoking a papalito between the courses. You are at Madrid. As you pass the dining room to the drawing-room, you spy a shovel-hat or so on the table in the vestibule, and among the male guests there may be some old gentlemen in red stockings and some younger gentlemen in purple hose. You are at Rome. As I continue to rub the eyes of my mind in the great drawing-room of the bungalow far away, my eye suddenly lights on the oddest lady's boudoir that I have ever yet beheld. It is a room within a room—a dainty little boudoir containing a cabinet piano, a rocking chair, a work table, a plenteous of shrubs and flowers and pretty brie-a-brac; but the walls and the ceilings of this room within a room are seemingly of the finest wire gauze. The dainty boudoir reminds me for an instant of a kind of glorified meat-safe. But then I remember that the translucent walls and ceiling of the dainty boudoir are intended to keep out the mosquitoes, and that I am at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands. Aloha.—G. A. Sala, in London Telegraph.

The oyster beds on the Hudson, which extend from New York to Sing Sing, and which have been productive ever since this country was settled, are likely to be soon annihilated. Increasing population is so polluting the waters of the river that the lower portions of the beds have already been destroyed. From those that remain the young oysters are removed to purer waters, where they can develop their natural size and flavor.—Troy Times.

It would require the united efforts of all or the generality of womankind, to make a radical change in dress, for few women have the moral courage to face ridicule; both men and women fear it. But when a dress that is graceful and convenient shall be adopted, there will be no occasion for ridicule; that is more applicable to the present dress.—Boston Herald (Conn.) Times.

STREET HUCKSTERS.

How the Legitimate Members of the Profession Are Understood. "There are honest and trustworthy street hucksters as well as dishonest ones," said a member of the profession last week, "and with most of us huckstering is as much of a regular business as storekeeping or any other occupation, and we have to preserve our reputations and keep the good opinion of our customers the same as all kinds of tradespeople. There is great rivalry, too, among regular street hucksters, and I know I have to keep my eye skinned and my wits about me to prevent being double-banked by snidies who go over my route and try to undersell me and make the housekeepers think I am selling them stale truck at big prices."

"The regular hucksters go down to the wharf at a very early hour in the morning and purchase from the produce commission merchants the best and freshest truck they have and pay a good price for it and immediately go on their daily routes. The other fellows go later in the day and buy up the leavings and hawk it about the streets and at back gates as fresh truck. They can sell for less than we can, but their purchasers always get fooled."

"There has been a regular business for many years of hiring out huckster wagons. There are a number of 'boss hucksters,' and some of them keep twenty-five or thirty wagons. When a man wants to try his fist at huckstering he goes to one of the bosses and hires a horse and wagon. He pays from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per day. Sometimes they can hire a wagon that has truck to sell in it, and in that case he has to pay down the value of the truck."

"A huckster's license costs ten dollars a year for one-horse wagons, and fifteen dollars a year for two-horse wagons. Whenever a boss huckster hires out a horse and wagon he makes the man who hires it pay twenty-five cents every day to go towards the license, which the boss is supposed to pay himself. The men who hire the wagons do not in reality pay any license for them, for they get the full or more than the full amount from the men who do the work. There are some twelve or fifteen boss hucksters in the city and they own from eight to thirty wagons each. They make considerable money and many of them are well off and own property."

"How much can a regular street huckster make a day?" "In the summer time, if he attends to business and has a fair run of custom, all the way from two to four dollars. Hucksters do not make that much in winter time, when fruit, berries and some kinds of vegetables are out of season. Hucksters work only five days a week. Monday is the hucksters' holiday and has been for years. No fresh truck can be obtained on Monday mornings, and housekeepers generally lay in provisions enough on Saturday to last over Sunday and Monday."

"Nearly all the truck is bought of commission men, for a regular huckster knows he can always get fresh truck from them and the right kind of measure. The farmers in the market who sell truck wholesale are generally looked upon with suspicion by hucksters. The farmers do not sell by weight, but by measure, and a huckster often finds that the measure is short. There is plenty of skinning going on all around in the huckstering business, and the regular huckster has got to look out or he will find himself scathed very often."

"Summer time is the huckster's best season and I think I sell more tomatoes than anything else and they last all summer. When they are in season watermelons, cantaloupes, peaches and berries of all kinds sell very rapidly. The smallest sales are among crab-apples, grapes, pears and plums. Next to tomatoes I think I sell more corn in summer than anything else."

"How about winter?" "Nothing sells more rapidly in winter time than apples. I sell them right along, and also oranges, lemons, bananas and pineapples."

"A huckster is generally hard at work from two o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon and when that time comes my voice is husky and my throat sore from continuous yelling in streets and alleys. I commence to holler at about six o'clock in the morning and keep it up until three or four o'clock, when I am usually pretty well worn out. I never heard that there was any particular throat disease among street hucksters. My voice is always ready for the following day."—Philadelphia Times.

GEOLOGIST BILL NYE.

His Paper Read at the Science Congress on the Thickness of the Earth's Crust. (New York Mercury.) Geology is that branch of natural science which treats of the structure of the earth's crust and the mode of formation of its rocks. It is a pleasant and profitable study, and to the man who has married rich and does not need to work the amusement of huckstering geology with the Bible, or busting the Bible with geology, is indeed a great boon. Geology goes hand in hand with zoology, botany, physical geography and other kindred sciences. Taxidermy, chiropody and theology are not kindred sciences. Geologists ascertain the age of the earth by looking at its teeth and counting the wrinkles on its horns. They have learned that the earth is not only of great age, but that it is still adding to its age from year to year.

It is hard to say very much of a great science in so short an article, and that is one great obstacle which I am constantly running against as a scientist. I once prepared a paper in astronomy entitled "The Chronological History and Habits of the Spheres." It was very exhaustive, and weighed four pounds. I sent it to a scientific publication that was supposed to be working for the advancement of our race. The editor did not print it, but wrote me a crisp and sassy postal card, requesting me to call with a dray and remove my stuff before the board of health got after it. In five short years from that time he was a corpse. As I write these lines, I learn with ill-concealed pleasure that he is still a corpse. An awful dispensation of Providence, in the shape of a large, wilted cucumber, laid hold upon his vitals and cured him with an inward pain.



A wilted cucumber laid hold upon him. He has since had the opportunity by actual personal observation to see whether the statements made by me relative to astronomy were true. His last words were: "Friends, Romans and countrymen, beware of the cucumber. It will w up." It was not original, but it was good.

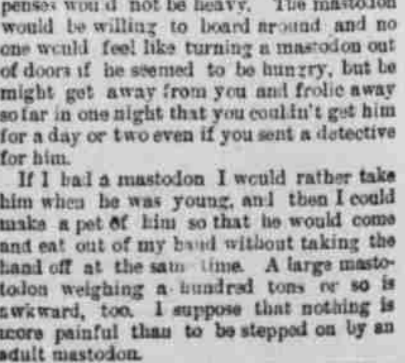
The four great primary periods of the earth's history are as follows, viz, to wit: 1. The Eozoic or Iam of life. 2. The Paleozoic or period of ancient life. 3. The Mesozoic or middle period of life. 4. The Neozoic or recent period of life. These are all subdivided again, and other words more difficult to spell are introduced into science, thus crowding out the vulgar herd who cannot afford to use high-priced terms in constant conversation.

Old timers state that the primitive condition of the earth was extremely damp. With the onward march of time, and after the lapse of millions of years, men found that they could get along with less and less water, until at last we see the pleasant, blissful state of things. Aside from the use of water at our summer resorts that fluid is getting to be less and less popular. And even here with these resorts it is generally flavored with some foreign substance.

The earth's crust is variously estimated in the matter of thickness. Some think it is 2,500 miles thick, which would make it safe to run heavy trains across the earth anywhere on top of a second mortgage, while other scientists say that if we go down one-tenth of that distance we will reach a place where the worm dieth not. I do not wish to express an opinion as to the actual depth or thickness of the earth's crust, but I believe that it is none too thick to suit me.

Thickness in the earth's crust is a mighty good fault. We estimate the age of certain strata of the earth's formation by means of a union of our knowledge of plant and animal life, coupled with our geological research and a good memory. The older scientists in the field of geology do not rely solely upon the tracks of the hadrosaurus or the cornucopia for their data. They simply use those things to refresh their memory.

I wish that I had time and space to describe some of the beautiful bacteria and gigantic worms that formerly inhabited the earth. Such an aggregation of actual, living silicon monsters, any one of which would make a man a fortune to-day, if it could be kept on ice and exhibited for one season only. You could take a full grown mastodon to-day, and with no calliope, no lithographs, no bearded lady, no clown with four pillows in his pantaloons, and no iron-faced woman, you could go across this continent and successfully compete with the skatia, rint.



A full grown mastodon. There would be one difficulty. Your expenses would not be heavy. The mastodon would be willing to board around and no one would feel like turning a mastodon out of doors if he seemed to be hungry, but he might get a way from you and frolic away so far in one night that you couldn't get him for a day or two even if you sent a detective for him. If I had a mastodon I would rather take him when he was young, and then I could make a pet of him so that he would come and eat out of my hand without taking the hand off at the same time. A large mastodon weighing a hundred tons or so is awkward, too. I suppose that nothing is more painful than to be stepped on by an adult mastodon.