MRS. MERRYDEW'S RESIGNATION.

T'S just what I always predicted," groaned Mrs. Merrydew; "I knew this sort of thing," with a glance around her cool, airy kitchen, where the ball-fringed curtains flutter-

in the breeze and the tall clock told the seconds with leisurely deliberation, "was a deal too good to last! I dreamed last night that I saw Sam in a winding sheet, and this morning when the letter came I knew what was in it, word for word, before ever I broke the seal!"

"What has happened?" eagerly questioned Hitty Johnson, the village gossip, who had stopped on her way to the store where she was engaged for a day's work at dressmaking to ask how Mrs. Merrydew's rheumatism was. "He ain't—dead?"

"Dead!" croaked the old lady, "what start you do give one, to be sure! Dead—of course he ain't dead! He's only—married!"

"Well, I declare," said Hitty, "if that don't beat all! Your Sam married!"

"Married last week," said Mrs. Merrydew, "and going to bring his bride to see me to-day. What am I going to do, I'd like to know, with a daintily fine lady from the city, who don't know a spinning wheel from a clothes press, and never put her hands into a pan of good scalding dishwater in her life?"

"Well, but," said Hitty Johnson, "it seems to me as if that was borrerin' trouble afore it's due! How do you know but what you'll like her?"

"Did you ever know one of these city girls that was worth her salt?" contemptuously demanded Mrs. Merrydew. "Not everybody knows what my luck has been, all my life long. If there was a bad egg in the bilin' I was always certain sure to get it; if I bought ticket No. 7 in the raffle at a church fair, No. 8 was always the ticket to draw the prize. I didn't expect anything better, and I'm resigned to the Lord's will! Oh, dear, dear, this is a hard world to live in!"

"A queer kind of resignation," thought Miss Hitty, as she hastened on, leaving Mrs. Merrydew wiping her eyes with a yellow silk pocket handkerchief and sighing like any furnace. "And if Sam Merrydew really has got married, I hope to goodness he's got a woman who won't take the world quite so hard as his mother does!"

"Yes, I'm resigned," said Mrs. Merrydew, as she cut the white, crisp fall apples into juicy slices for a tart, and mournfully filled the stove with fresh wood. "Though I don't s'pose Sam's wife will keep the old china and the silver candlesticks and the Boughten carpets as I've done; no, and she won't set no store by the old furniture that has been in the Merrydew family for a generation and a half. She'll set and scold her hands, and let everything go to wrack and ruin—but I'm resigned. And Sam, he'll be neglected, and his shirts will be destroyed, and his stockings won't be mended—who ever heard of a city lady taking the trouble to mend stockings? But I ain't one to grumble, and I always did say that, whatever happened, I would try to be resigned!"

The baking was all done—the table was set for tea, and the firelight gleaming through the cracks of the stove danced merrily up and down on the yellow-washed walls, and Mrs. Merrydew was alternately dozing over her knitting and wiping surreptitious tears from her spectacle glasses, when there came a loud, insistent knocking at the door, and in walked a tall, untidy young woman in a cheap blue silk dress, whose mangy train drew itself over the floor, and a black lace hat overloaded with ragged artificial flowers.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Merrydew, only half awake, "who are you?"

"I'm Sam's wife," said the young woman, looking around her with insolent interest. "And I s'pose you're my mother-in-law?"

"You?" gasped the poor old lady, scarcely able, at first, to realize the meaning of the handsome slattern's words. "You Sam's wife! It can't be possible!"

The young woman untied the strings of her bonnet with a laugh, and flung it carelessly on the table.

"I guess I ain't good enough for you," said she. "Sam said his folks wouldn't just fancy me at first, but we're tight married and there's no help for it; so you'll just have to make the best of things."

"You—you are from the city?" hesitated poor Mrs. Merrydew, not knowing what else to say.

"I waited in a restaurant," said Sam's wife. "That's where he first saw me, down New York."

"He never told me that," said Mrs. Merrydew, faintly.

"I s'pose it's dreadful dull and poky out here," said the young woman, with a shrug of her pretty tawdry shoulders. "Do the crickets always keep on cheep cheeping, like this? And don't the wind ever stop moaning through the trees? Dear me, what a crazy looking old clock! Why don't you change it off for something modern? Tea? No, I don't care for tea. I'd a deal rather have a glass of beer. Beer always sets me up when I feel faint. Or p'raps you might put just a drop of gin or spirits in the tea?"

Mrs. Merrydrew grew sick at heart—she leaned up against the wall and closed her eyes.

"Is this my only son's wife?" she asked herself. "This coarse, untidy, half-educated creature? Oh, what have I done to be punished like this? Sam's wife! In all the pictures of her that I painted to myself there was never one like this. No, never!"

And the picture of her boy's blighted life, her own desolate future, rose darkly up before her mind's eye with sickening distinctness.

"I can't be resigned to this!" she uttered aloud.

Sam's wife eyed her with lazy indifference, mingled with rising dislike and prejudice.

"Humph!" said she, "I don't see how you're going to help yourself, mother-in-law. What's done can't be undone. Sam's sick of his bargain, and you're sick of yourn, but I ain't tired of mine!" with a sinister chuckle. "It may be dull and stupid here, but it's a peg higher up than waiting in a fifteen-cent restaurant, anyhow."

"Where's Sam?" Mrs. Merrydew asked abruptly.

"Ain't he here?" said the young wife, opening her china-blue eyes. "Why, he came yesterday!"

"Sam?"

"Yes, Sam. Sampson Parley Parkins, Esquire!" with an insolence which was heightened by a defiant toss of the head, "if you want the full name and all particulars, old lady!"

"There's some mistake," said Mrs. Merrydew, with a sudden sensation of grateful relief at her heart. "My son's name is not Sampson Parley Parkins, although I believe there is a young man of that name living at the grist mill, four miles up the road. My son is called Samuel Merrydew."

"Good gracious!" cried the bride, starting to her feet in a scrambling, terrified sort of way, and making a vague clutch at the shabby bonnet. "Then I've made a mistake and come to the wrong place! They told me it was a red house, back of four big willows!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Merrydrew, "it is a red house behind four large willow trees, but there" (with conscious pride) "the likeness ends. Perkins' Mill House is not by any means such a place as this!"

At the same moment an open wagon, well besplashed with liquid mud, clattered up to the door, and a shrill voice was heard crying out:

"Evenin', Mis' Merrydew! Seen anything of a young 'oman in a blue gown and red shawl hereabouts? I've somehow missed my wife at the depot, and—why, there she is now! How on earth come you here, Louisa Jeannetta? You might ha' knew I'd a-come arter you, if you could ha' waited a spell."

And Mr. Sampson Parley Parkins, a long-limbed Yankee, in a blue checked shirt and a suit of pepper-and-salt cloth, helped his wife into the vacant seat of the muddy wagon and rattled away, leaving Mrs. Merrydew standing staring on the door step.

"I am resigned now!" said that matron aloud, apparently addressing herself to the crows and the crickets. "Good land o' liberty, it was just exactly like a bad dream!"

But Mrs. Merrydew had hardly returned to the cozy sitting room again, when a second sound of wheels broke upon the fragrant stillness of the October evening, the door was flung open and a cheerful voice exclaimed:

"How d'ye do, mother, dear? Here's my wife! Give her a kiss, for she is prepared to love you dearly!"

And a sweet, child-like young face, framed in by smooth bands of shining hair, was lifted to hers, while a soft voice whispered:

"Dear mother, do try and like me a little, for Sam's sake."

"My dear," said the old woman, with tears in her eyes, "do you think you can get along in this old-fashioned place with only me for a companion?"

And Sam's wife answered: "Oh, mother, it is so beautiful and quaint and quiet here, and during all those years that I taught in the city I have so longed for a home—a real home, like this!"

Hitty Johnson looked in the next morning, "just for a minute" again, as she trudged by.

"Feel any more resigned, Mrs. Merrydew?" she asked, in a voice of carefully attuned sympathy. "Of course, it's a dreffal trial, but——"

Mrs. Merrydrew smiled broadly.

"Resigned!" said she. "I never was so resigned in my life. Lily is a gem of the purest water. Sam is the luckiest fellow in the world, and I—well, I couldn't have suited myself better if I'd looked all creation over for a daughter-in-law! Don't talk to me about resignation! Folks don't need to be resigned when a golden streak of good fortune comes to 'em!"

"Do tell!" said Hetty Johnson. "Well, I never did!"—New York Ledger.

Some people are like one-legged milk-stools—no good unless sat upon.

RENEWED OLD TREES.

How Beloved Old Landmarks May Be Preserved to Us.

Old trees are among the most cherished treasures of rural and suburban homes. They are the most costly, too, as every finished product is costly into which has entered those transforming and creative processes which only long reaches of time can furnish. An old house may fall down or be destroyed by fire, and while we mourn the loss of the visible sign of old associations, a better and more beautiful structure can be made to take its place. But when an old tree that has been the guardian of the home for generations, and stood there before the home was founded, surrenders to the blast, the loss is beyond repair, for a long time, at least. As there is no immediate remedy possible, the need of precaution becomes all the greater.

When one of these old sentinels begins to show signs of disease and decay, and year by year grows more attenuated in its branches and weaker in leaf growth and power, we watch it as we watch a friend attacked by a slow but incurable malady. But remedies are now being discovered for almost every ill of the body, and successful tree surgery is or may be as common as the higher form of that science. A recent number of Garden and Forest discusses the rejuvenescence of old trees, and gives practical directions for effecting it. Directly to the point are two illustrations of the same tree, a venerable oak in the Arnold Arboretum. The first is of a tree with far-reaching branches, but marked by infallible signs of decrepitude, the leafage scanty and the general prospect of life discouraging.

The second illustration shows the same tree twelve years later, shorter of limb, it is true, but displaying every characteristic of youth and strength and hopeful promise of longevity. No miracle, not even one of nature's has been performed. The result is simply one of skillful tree surgery, of intelligent pruning according to the De Car system, which, instead of sending the tree blood long distances through collapsed and withered arteries, contracts the area and applies the nourishing forces in such a way that they can be assimilated and made to promote the growth of all the members.

The process is one which almost any intelligent farmer or tree owner should be able to apply. "Vigor can be restored to a tree in this condition by shortening all its branches by one-third or one-half their entire length. The only care needed in this operation is to cut back each main branch to a healthy lateral branch, which will serve to attract and elaborate by means of its leaves a sufficient flow of sap to insure the growth of the branch." These directions must be carefully observed to prevent further decay, and care must also be taken to leave the lowest limbs the longest, so that the greatest possible leaf surface shall be exposed to the light. So if some old tree, near roadside, or dwelling, that has been the landmark of a century, shows alarming symptoms, the owner should not despair before he has treated it according to the general plan here laid down.—Boston Transcript.

A GOOD INDIAN.

Grave of a Chief Who Signed th Treaty of William Penn.

A short time ago near Sunbury, Pa., the remains of one of the Indian chiefs, who participated in the signing of the treaty, through which William Penn came into possession of Pennsylvania, were unearthed. The remains are those of Chief Shikellimy, grand sachem of the Lenni-Lenapes and the deputy governor appointed by the Iroquois upon their conquest of the Susquehanna Indians. He lived in the Indian village of Shomoko, on the present site of Sunbury and Northumberland, and went thence to sign the treaty under the elm tree.

Chief Shikellimy was a good Indian, a true representative of everything that was grand in the Indian character; who never proved untrue to his word, betrayed a white man nor condoned a crime. On account of his ability to govern and his nobleness of character, he was selected by the chief of the Six Nations to rule the Indians along the Ot-zin-ach-son, as the beautiful Susquehanna River was called. When the Iroquois, the so-called Six Nations, made war upon the original owners of the Susquehanna Valley, the Lenni-Lenapes, they succeeded in subduing them after a bitter struggle and sent a deputy governor, Chief Shikellimy, to rule over them.

Under his leadership the Lenni-Lenapes never tried to throw off the burden of their conquerors.

Up to this time very little is known of the chief. He was an Oneida Indian and was born in Canada or in the northern part of New York State, near the border. After he settled in Shomoko the Moravian missionaries found him there and converted him. They also established a mission under his protection. At the signing of the Penn treaty Chief Shikellimy represented the Oneida Indians and the Lenni-Lenapes.

In 1748 Shikellimy died and was buried by the missionaries who had converted him. In his grave were placed many trinkets which had been his share of the purchase of the price of Pennsylvania and many of these were found intact when his remains were recently discovered.

Female Desperado.

Cora Hubbard, the Pineville (Ark.) bank robber, is 25, and was born in Ohio. She inherits from her father a slight admixture of Indian blood. She is fairly well educated, and her favorite book in childhood was the "Life of the James Boys." Cora doesn't drink, but is an inveterate smoker, and swears like a trooper. Her chief complaint against her captors is that they didn't allow her to put on her best togs, but carried her off in a Mother Hubbard.

Paris Detectives Struck.

One hundred Paris detectives went on strike recently. They objected to one of the inspectors, and to being obliged to keep the run of travelers when they leave hotels and boarding houses, as they had all they could do to watch them on their arrival.

An insurance policy often makes a man more valuable after death than during his life.

Don't think because a man is always harping on one idea that he is a born musician.

HUNTING THE WHALE

DECAY OF A ONCE PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

The Old Ships, Crews, and Implements Employed in the Industry that Formerly Enriched the New England Coast Towns—Perils of Whaling.

An Almost Forgotten Fish.

The city of New Bedford, Mass., recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary as a municipality. It is a typical New England city, whose people, with Yankee adaptiveness, have replaced the whaling industry—once its principal reliance—with many more modern business enterprises.

The whaler, like the Indian, the cowboy and the logger, is a vanishing type of America. A century finds him relegated from among the foremost features of the New England seaboard to be an almost forgotten figure. The famous fortunes "down East" were built on a foundation of cetaceous blubber, and the wheels of prosperity were lubricated with spermaceti, but when the rock farms of Pennsylvania began, geyserlike, to spout petroleum, the hollow roar sounded the death knell of the whaling industry. The keen Yankee, however, was equal to the emergency, and the millions that had accumulated through sperm oil were invested in manufacturing. The rusting harpoons were transformed to shining spindles, the tempest-tossed timbers of abandoned ships fed the glowing grates of new enterprise, romance of the sea fled away as the electric shadowed the astral lamp, but thrifty profit cheerily nestled in the embrasure of the old New England mantle trees, smiling at the ghostly memories and heroics of long ago.

Rare Old New Bedford.

What of the fleet of 400 whaling ships once registered from New Bedford, Nantucket, Gloucester and Provincetown? One would find only a few remnants of this glory to-day. New Bedford, indeed, is one of the largest manufacturing centers of the East, but Nantucket is merely an exhibition stand for tourists after a "dip" or in search of colonial curios, while Provincetown is a sleepy point at land's end. Down at the moss-grown wharves of New Bedford there is an aggregation of queer old ships, floating monuments of the ancient fleet. There they lie, in their quiet reservations, hoary in age, linked in pairs, as though to keep up the old form of "gam" (whaler's gossip) and look in mild rebuke at the wheezy, impudent little tugs that bustle about the harbor aggressively attached to large and lazy ships that are coming from or going to foreign shores. These old heroes, that were once the pride and glory of American seamen when our flag floated in every port on the globe, are freighted with rare romance and curious in contrast with the craft of to-day. The largest of them did not measure over 125 feet, or exceed 500 gross tonnage. Take the old Commodore Morris as a type. She was built in 1841; tonnage, 338.21; length, 107; beam, 27; depth, 17. The quaint old figurehead is battered almost beyond recognition, but may take pride in the fact that it cleared $200,000 for owners in a brief commission.

The Whaleship Structurally.

Their bows, broad, round, are heavily timbered, ornate with curious carving, and their sterns are straight and square, giving an ungainly look; yet these old ships have boldly battered arctic ice and scorched under the "line." They have sailed in every sea, roving in unending commission, until their water casks were filled with oil. Notwithstanding the Standard Oil Co., venturesome whalers still sail into New Bedford, and unload their cargoes on the ancient wharves, where barrels and barrels are waiting a favorable market, protected from the weather by masses of dried seaweed packed about them. Sperm oil is now 38 cents per gallon; it used to command from $1 to $1.50.

Two old whaleships came sailing into New Bedford recently—the Rising Sun, odoriferous with oil, after a three-months cruise, and the Dolphin, packed with whalebone, after a cruise of thirty-three months around Cape Horn. The Rising Sun will serve as a type. The distinctive architectural feature of her deck forward was the big brick furnaces inclosing the oil try pots. A fire inspector might call it a "target," but whalers, soaked as they are with oil, and, when trying out blubber, the roll of the ship seeming to send flames up to the masthead, seldom burn—a fact due only to the most extraordinary caution, the wooden water backing about the furnaces being kept constantly filled. The cook's galley was no larger than a doghouse, and did not admit of that functionary standing up while at his labors.

The master, Captain Taylor, extended an invitation to go into the cabin. The steps inclined at 90 degrees and were very slippery; so we descended on the air line, so to speak. The little room was about seven by eight feet, with three open berths on a side and a small folding table in the center. Things were neat enough, and lockers all about the sides and under the berths showed where things not in use were preserved. A trap door in the floor opened into the lazarette, where the table delicacies were stored.

In the Captain's Cabin.

The captain's wife, a delicate and refined little woman, had made a number of voyages with him, and found this cabin quite comfortable. The apartment was roomy and distinctly "swell" compared to the forecastle, up in the bow, where the sailors smoked and slept and spun their yarns. They were packed in like sardines. Only a limited supply of light and air can get through the little hatch, which is sealed up in rough weather. How over a score of men can live and keep healthy and happy in this dark and fearsome hole for months or years is a mystery.

A whaler's crew usually enlists from twenty-four to thirty men, each man on his "lay," for they all share in a percentage of the profit—the first mate, 1 in 24; the second mate, 1 in 30; the others sharing down, according to rank, the figures varying with the market and the size of the ship. There are four mates, a steward, a cook, a cooper, ordinary seamen and green hands—the last getting the drudgery and the light "lay." The latter are out for "experience," and they generally get it in large, unvarnished quantity.

It is estimated that it requires $30,000 to fit for a long voyage, as every emergency must be anticipated and provided for—say a period of three years. Into the hold are packed 150 barrels of salt beef, seventy-five barrels of salt pork, thirty barrels of ship biscuit, thirty or forty barrels of flour, 300 gallons of molasses, 200 pounds of coffee, 200 pounds of tea, 500 pounds of sugar, equal quantities of rice, meal, beans, dried apples, hams, butter, raisins, cheese, canned goods, vinegar, and food staples. The new oil casks are filled with fresh water, and there are quantities of oak and pine staves, headings and iron hoops, with a thousand and one things, from paint and tar to pills and gunpowder, in the spare supplies.

The Whaleboat.

The conspicuous equipment of the whaler is the sharp, double-prowed boats that hang from awkward looking wooden davits, one on the larboard and two or three on the starboard side. The Yankees that devised this craft built for speed, stability and buoyancy. These twenty-four-foot boats, stepped for a mast, and arranged for six oarsmen, with platforms at each end for lancer and steersman, have brought more wealth from the nether world of the deep than can be computed. Aside from their complete equipment their distinctive furnishing is a tub, where spirally coiled in concentric layers, or sheaves, is the whale line. This line is a manila rope, two-thirds of an inch in thickness, and measures something over 200 fathoms. This line is attached to the harpoon, and the other end is unattached, first, as a matter of safety; second, for fastening to a second line should the whale "sound" so deep as to take up the entire length of line. (Scoresby records an instance where the quantity of line withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture of one whale amounted to 10,400 yards, or nearly six English miles.) The upper end of the line is taken aft from the tub, and, after passing around a loggerhead, is carried forward the length of the boat, resting upon the handle of every man's oar, so that it jogs against his wrist in rowing; passing between the men as they alternately sit at the opposite gunwales, to the grooves in the extreme prow, where a little wooden pin prevents its slipping out. The whale line thus enfolds the boat in its complication, and all its crew in its contortions; when it whirls out fast to a frightened and frenzied whale it fairly smokes, and keeping the line free is essential to the safety of all concerned. The harpooning is done by the man who handles the steering oar; this merely gets the boat fast to the fish; the officer in the bow does the lancing, which is to give the whale the quietus. In modern whaling bomb lances are fired at the harpooned whale from a short gun that kicks like a mule. Even with these powerful aids, a whale is not always easy game.

Bomb Lances

A whaling captain recently told the writer that it took no less than seven modern lance bombs to finish a big whale on his last voyage. The modern German whalers (steam ships) attack the whales directly, without the aid of small boats, the harpoon and bomb lances being fired from a big swivel gun in the bow. This was the way Emperor William captured a whale two years ago, in the North Sea.

It may appear uncanny that man should feed upon the creature that feeds his lamp; but others than the not over-fastidious Eskimo have so feasted, without the odoriferous vintage of train-oil. It is recorded that three centuries ago the tongue of the right whale was esteemed a rare delicacy in France, and in the time of Henry VIII. a certain court chef won royal recognition for concocting a sauce to be served with barbecued porpoise, a species of whale. The monks of Dunfermline had a great porpoise grant from the crown, serving and seasoning the meat like veal balls. Zogoranda, an old-time doctor, recommended strips of blubber for infants as very juicy and nutritious. In the case of a small sperm whale the brains are accounted a fine dish by epicures. The scraps of blubber are called "fritters" and taste like pork cracklings; on the whalers, however, they are used for feeding the flames that try out the oil. Whalers wrecked in Greenland have been known to subsist upon moldy scraps of blubber that had been left ashore, which is a tribute to their nourishing quality, in a pinch.

In the order of leviathans, the sperm whale and the right whale are the most important, as the only ones regularly hunted for by men. The external difference between them is mainly marked in their heads, the sperm species having a symmetry that is lacking in the right, whose chief treasure is whalebone. Cant over the sperm whale's head that it may lie bottom up, and have a peep down the mouth. What a really beautiful mouth! From floor to ceiling, papered with a glistening, white membrane, glossy as bridal satins. Pry up the lower jaw and expose its rows of great ivory teeth, it seems a terrific portcullis, and such, alas! it proves to many a poor wight in the fishery, upon whom its spikes fall with impaling force. But far more terrible is it to behold, when fathoms down in the sea you see some sulky, harpooned whale, floating there suspended with his prodigious jaw, some fifteen feet long, hanging straight down at right angles with his body, for all the world like a ship's jibboom.

The Powerful Lower Jaw.

The lower jaw can be unringed by a practical artist and hoisted on deck for the purpose of extracting the ivory teeth that the sailors decorate with India ink designs, and the hard, white whalebone that they fashion into canes and whip handles during their long days of inactivity. There are forty-two teeth, those in old whales much worn down, but never decayed.

One of the darkest tragedies of the ocean resulted from a whale sinking the whaleship Essex, Nov. 16, 1819. The infuriated monster first struck the ship just forward the forechains, with a tremendous shock that started her butts. The fated ship was settling when the whale deals out death in a stroke when viciously aiming at a whaleboat (hurling boats with their entire crews into the air as a juggler tosses up a ball).

When a whale has succumbed to lancing and dyed the sea with spouting blood the huge body is towed to the ship and large chains are put about the head and nukes to hold the body fast. Enormous tackles are swayed up to the main top, and firmly lashed to the lower mast head, the strongest point above the ship's deck, to the end of a hawser-like rope. Winding through the intricacies is the blubber hook, weighing a hundred pounds. The blubber envelopes a whale like a rind does an orange, and as the ship careens to the strain of the tackle fixed to the heaving windlass, the hook takes hold and following the line scarf made by the keen cutting spades, the great body rolls over as strip after strip of the blood-dripping blubber is pulled aloft and lowered through the mainhatch to the blubber room. There it is cut up by double-handed knives, and passed up to the deck to be tried out in the smoking brick furnaces, with wooded water backs about their base.

The whaling spade, like all the lancing and cutting equipment, is of the best steel, is kept as sharp as possible and is honed like a razor. This spade is about as large as a man's spread hand, and has a socket in which is a pole handle twenty feet long. These edge tools are kept in canvas pockets, lined with wool.

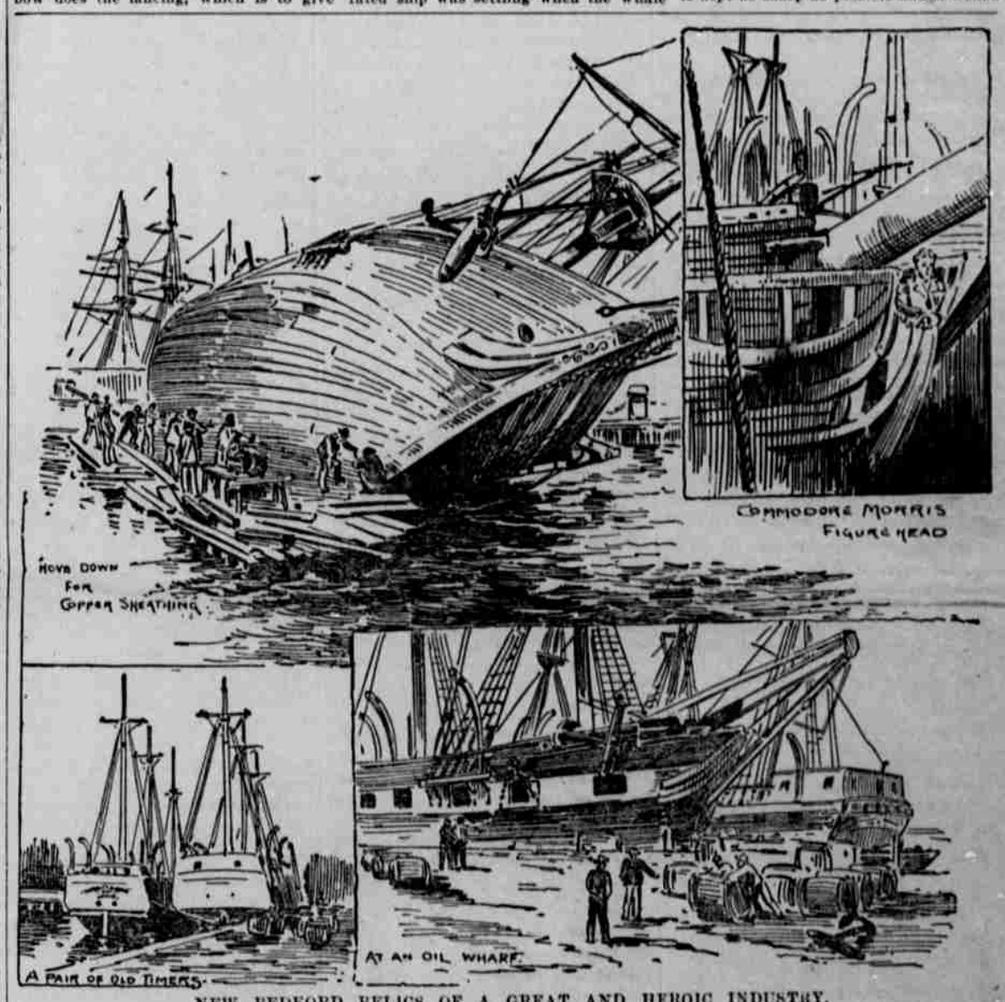
One of the most profitable and curious products derived from the sperm whale is ambergris (gray amber), a morbid secretion of the liver or intestines. It is a solid opaque inflammable substance, lighter than water, having the consistency of wax, and having when heated a fragrant odor. It is highly soluble in alcohol, and is used particularly as the holding base of perfume, and was once considered as having great medicinal properties as an aphrodisiac, and for spicing wines. It is sometimes obtained from post-mortems on diseased whales, or found floating on the water in the neighborhood of the Bahamas in masses of from sixty to 225 pounds. Ambergris of the best grade is now quoted at $27 per ounce.—Chas. E. Nixon, in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sperm Whale's Characteristics.

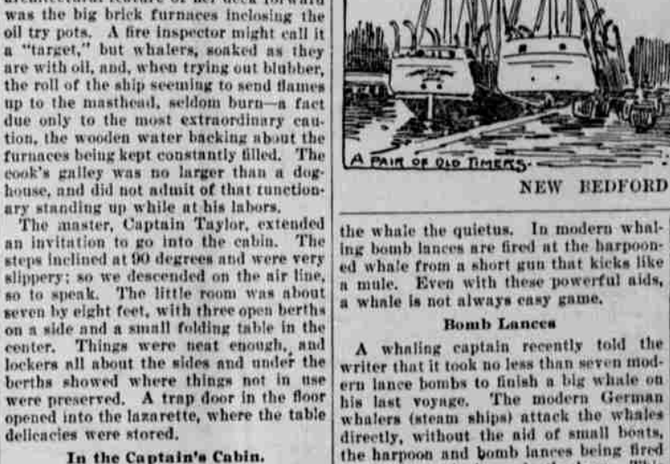
The sperm whale, like other leviathans but unlike other fish, breeds indifferently at all seasons. Again it is warm-blooded and requires air to fill the lungs. The inhaling is done through the spiracle or hole in the top of his head; not through his mouth, which is eight feet below the surface when the big fish comes up to "blow" and inhale; something like an hourly process.

Aside from the wide expanding and massive jaw of the sperm whale his tail is his powerful arm of defense. To begin with, at that point where it tapers to the girth of a man, it comprises on its upper surface an area of fifty square feet; the compact body of its root expanding into two broad flukes, shoaling away to less than an inch in thickness. The entire member is a webbed bed of wedded sinews, with subtle elasticity and amazing strength, that sends the owner through the sea like a flash, flourishes gloriously graceful in the sunshine as he dives, or

LANCING A WHALE.



NEW BEDFORD RELICS OF A GREAT AND HEROIC INDUSTRY.



PERILS OF THE CHASE.

FAST TO A FISH.