

## A PREHISTORIC LEGEND.

BY FERTINAX.

Upon this plain, where rich Chicago stands And rears aloft her palaces of trade, The unbreeched savage ruled the virgin land, Hunted the deer and wood the dusky maid, Then Wahnamee was Chief of all the bands That wandered on the hillside and the glade. A mighty people were the Illinois then; Wahnamee was Chief of fifty thousand men.

He reared his lodge down by the mighty lake, Whose placid waters change not with the years. The young men of his tribe he oft would take And school them how to hide their hopes and fears.

And he loved glory, not for glory's sake, But that it sounded well in other ears That he had led his tribe against the Sioux, Surprised these wily foes, and whipped them, too.

Wahnakee, on many a field had shown his might, Well was he skilled in Indian ways.

To the southward and then as boldly fight, No one was like him in those early days, Whether in council, passions to incite, Or upon Augur's omens he did gaze.

He was a Chief, the mightiest in the land, Born to the purple, and bred to command.

He lived his time, and then Wahnakee died, The chieftain grand, the grandest of his race. His warriors grieved, his wife and children cried,

Then with the earth they covered up his face. To happy hunting grounds Wahnakee died, And a new Chief was chosen in his place. The entire tribe has passed away from earth. And left no record of its death or birth.

## LUCIA'S DUTY.

BY CATHARINE CHILDAK.

"You do not love me, Lucia!"

The speaker was a tall, good-looking young fellow, dressed in the picturesque costume of the shepherds of the Albano Mountains, but his handsome features were spoilt by an expression of petulant ill-humor.

The girl whom he addressed as Lucia sighed deeply, but she did not raise her eyes nor make any answer.

"Is this your last word?" continued the young man. "You mean to say you prefer that wretched foundling—that miserable, nameless cripple, to me?"

"See here, Enrico: what you ask me is impossible! How can I turn out of doors a helpless child of six years old? Who is to feed him? Who is to take care of him?"

"But we are poor people. Why are we to keep a stranger's child?"

Lucia lifted her head eagerly; the "we" sounded encouraging.

"Dear Enrico, you shall have no expense. He shall not cost you a farthing. The English signora who taught me to knit has promised to buy all I do. I shall earn a good deal, I am sure. See, I have already begun a stocking, and the work goes on—goes on; whether I watch the goats, or the sheep upon the fire, I knit and knit. Look, how fast it goes!" and Lucia made the steel needles glitter in the sunlight.

"Bah! That is nonsense, and the English lady will very likely never come again. Those foreigners are not to be relied on. Besides, when we are married you will have more to do. There will be my clothes to see to, and why are you to be saddled with a foundling? He is no relation of yours."

"True, but he is almost like a brother. Did not my dear mother find him lost among the hills four years ago? Did she not take care of him as if he were her own? Has he not always shared our food and our home? And now that she is dead—she that was his best friend, always patient when I was angry, always gentle when I was severe—now, before she has lain a month in her cold grave, I am to turn out the poor child she rescued from death? No, Enrico mio, such a thing is not possible. As for loving you, ah! you know—" Here the poor girl's voice broke, and she said no more.

But Enrico did not seem convinced either by her glowing words or her silent tears. He made no attempt to console her; he stood there frowning, and kicking the loose stones of the road, looking just what he was, a bad-tempered, selfish fellow. He had been brought up with Lucia, and had loved her after his own fashion ever since they were children—that is to say, he had tyrannized over her himself, but had fought her battles with others—and Lucia had repaid his championship with the deepest love and admiration of her little heart.

Enrico had taken to spending his winters in Rome, picking up what he could get as a model, and returning to his native mountains during the summer months. His affection for Lucia had become a habit, though, as she was poor, he looked upon himself as a very magnanimous young fellow for offering to marry her, considering how many girls were fascinated by his person and manners. But as to the cripple, the little orphan that Lucia's mother had been silly enough to adopt, that was quite another matter. He wasn't going to be saddled with him, a useless creature, that could never be turned to account.

Just then the poor child who was the cause of the lovers' estrangement came hopping and wriggling toward them. One leg dangled, perfectly useless, but he had a crutch, and by means of this and his uninjured leg he managed to get over the ground tolerably fast. Enrico saw the child coming, but took no notice; he only kicked the stones more viciously than before.

"Take care, Enrico!" cried Lucia anxiously; "you very nearly hit his head."

She spoke too late. Enrico had sent a sharp flint full into the little cripple's face. It struck his lip and made him cry. Without a word of regret or farewell, Enrico turned on his heels and strode quickly away.

The two creatures he had wounded so cruelly wept in each other's arms. Little Pipino's face was cut, and the smart was hard to bear, but what was that compared to the pain in the true and loyal heart of Lucia?

"Do not cry," whispered Pipino, forgetful of his own hurt, and stroking Lucia's face with his small, thin hands, "do not cry. He is a bad man. When I grow big and strong I will kill him!"

"No, dear little one, you must not say such things. It is very wicked to be revengeful. Enrico did not mean to hurt you."

"Yes, he did. He told me yesterday he should like to wring my neck. He would have boxed my ears too, if Nicolo Prato had not come up just in time. Enrico is a coward; he ran away when he saw Nicolo."

"Hush, Pipino!" said Lucia, angrily. "Little boys know nothing about men. Nicolo Prato can box people's ears too, I dare say."

"Ah, but not ours," said Pipino, with such a comic expression that Lucia could not help smiling and blushing. She knew very well why big, rough Nicolo Prato was so kind to the little cripple, but she tried to pretend ignorance.

"Come, come," she said, when she had washed Pipino's face and dressed his

wound, "a plate of soup, and then off to bed."

"I don't want any soup. Nicolo gave me some, and I took it all, because I knew there would be more for you."

"That was very naughty of you! You are never to do so again—do you year?"

The child made no answer. He took his reproof with an air of tolerant superiority, and walked off to his primitive couch.

He was soon asleep, but Lucia lay awake all night. Her love for Enrico was deep and sincere, and now an end had come—an end to all her fond hopes and bright plans for the future.

Enrico had never been a model character by any means, but his winter in Rome had made him worse. He had come back more idle, more selfish, more careless than ever; before that he had never talked of turning poor Pipino adrift. It was a night of sorrow and tears for Lucia, but she adored firmly to her purpose. It was a cruel, unjust thing that Enrico wished her to do, and great as was her love for him, she dared not yield.

The autumn days drew on. Visitors were flocking to Italy. Without a word of farewell to Lucia, Enrico left Genzano and went down to Rome.

It was a long dreary winter. People never remembered so much snow. There was much distress about, and Lucia, in spite of her hard work and her constant knitting, began to despair. The English lady had never come back, and it was difficult to find food for herself and Pipino. But Nicolo Prato never forsook them. He was always bringing small presents, ostensibly for Pipino, and Lucia could not be ungracious to the child's benefactor. She recollects with shame and regret how often she had laughed at the big, rough peasant—how she had encouraged Enrico to make fun of his awkward ways, and how she had mimicked his bashful speech. And now he was the only friend who stood between her and starvation.

News sometimes came from Enrico. It was a cold winter, and Rome was crowded with strangers; the models were "coining money;" so Enrico sent word. But never a message for her; she was nothing to him now. She had only the tiny, clinging hands of the cripple to caress her, and his baby talk to give comfort for the future. And while she sat and grieved in silence, Nicolo, the warm-hearted, awkward peasant, stood timidly aloof, longing, but not daring, to cast his love and devotion at her feet.

And so Lucia's life went on, passed in tranquil happiness. The love she had accepted was honest and sincere, not full of stormy gusts, like the passion of Enrico, but patient and unselfish, filling every day's commonplace duties with sweet and thoughtful attentions. With her husband at her side, Pipino growing up, and baby voices calling her mother, Lucia has reason to bless the day she took the name of Prato.

Suddenly a firm, heavy tread was heard, and Nicolo stood in the doorway.

"What is it?" cried Lucia. "Where is the child?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Nicolo, standing awkwardly on the doorstep, uncertain whether to retreat or advance. "He is at my house—"

"Your house? Why? Has anything happened?"

"It is nothing serious. His crutch slipped upon a stone; I carried him home."

"But why did you not bring him here?"

It was too dark for her to see the flush of embarrassment which spread over the honest fellow's face as he stammered his reply:

"It was so much farther—my house is bigger—he thought—I thought—"

"Whatever you thought, it was foolish," cried Lucia, stamping her foot impatiently.

"If the child is in your house, how can I go and nurse him?"

"Ah, Signorina Lucia!" sighed Nicolo, and then he was silent. Lucia grew embarrassed in her turn—neither spoke for a few seconds.

"This is folly," exclaimed Lucia. "Why are we wasting time while the child is suffering? I must go and fetch him here."

Nicolo felt it was now or never. He stepped further into the room and seized her two hands eagerly. Lucia was too amazed to utter a word.

"Yes, Lucia," he said, "let us go; but if you come to my house, you must never leave it again. I want you there—to stay with me always—so does Pipino. I will work for you both. I am strong. I can earn enough for us all. You will not mind my mother living with us. She loves you already, and she is not old; she is no trouble. You can mind the house together."

Lucia was so bewildered by this avalanche of words that she could not speak. The shy, bashful Nicolo, emboldened by her silence and the semi-darkness, came closer still, and put one arm around her, holding fast her other hand.

"Come!" he said gently, drawing her to him—"Pipino wants you."

"Ah, no!" she said, suddenly rousing herself with a cry, and pushing Nicolo violently away. "How can you say such things to me? It is only a few months since—since—"

"You were betrothed to Enrico. I know; do not think I forgot it. I know, too, I am a poor, rough, ugly fellow by the side of him, but I will take care of the child."

Lucia sank panting into a chair. Her love for Enrico, her affection for Pipino, her gratitude to Nicolo, all fought and struggled in her heart. Then she started up again.

"Why do you keep me talking here and the child is suffering? Is it a bad accident?"

"It is not dangerous, and my mother is with him. Give me an answer, Lucia. I love you with my whole heart; will you marry me?"

The girl burst into a passion of tears. She knew what Nicolo said was true. Even when she had laughed and scoffed at him the most she had always known he loved her. And yet—and yet her foolish heart clung to Enrico.

"Nicolo," she cried, and at the sound of his name the honest fellow thrilled all over—"Nicolo, forgive me. I can not forget Enrico."

"Ah!" came like a gasp from the breast of Nicolo; then he was silent, and nothing was audible but Lucia's sobs.

"I know," she said pleadingly—"I know I am foolish. He is perhaps careless and idle; but if he were to return and say to me, Lucia mia, forgive me and marry me, why, then, Nicolo—"

"He will never say so," interrupted Nicolo harshly. "Yesterday he married Maddalena."

"Maddalena!" panted Lucia, a hot flush tingling her whole body. It was the name of the worst girl in Genzano, who had gone to Rome that winter.

"Tell me that again," she said quietly—

"Enrico has married Maddalena?"

"Yes," answered Nicolo, very quietly also.

A wave of outraged love and indignation swept over Lucia, and overwhelmed her in its depths the memory of Enrico.

"I did not speak before," said Nicolo, in a broken voice. "I was afraid I should have no chance, but I have loved you as

long as Enrico. I have toiled and slaved to get a home for you, and I will work for you all my life. Come—Pipino wants you."

She rose with an hysterical laugh, wrapped a shawl round her, and went out with Nicolo into the twilight.

It was a grave and solemn walk; both realized what was implied in it.

Nicolo's mother met them at the door, and welcomed Lucia with a silent embrace; the two young people went on to where Pipino lay upon the bed.

He greeted them with a shout of rapture.

"I told you so," he said. "I knew she would come if Pipino wanted her."

He threw an arm round each of the necks, and drew their faces down to his and kissed them. Then he said, half roguishly, half gravely:

"Now kiss each other."

But Lucia rebelled, and rising from his hold with flushed cheeks, began to reproach him.

"How is this, Pipino? Is it a trick you have played upon me?"

"No, no," cried the child eagerly. "The doctor says I have hurt my leg badly; but I don't care if it makes Nicolo happy."

And so the little orphan, who had severed one love-match, cemented another, and Lucia became the wife of Nicolo Prato.

The spring days came, and all things seemed to prosper. The English signora took up her abode again in Albano, and often visited the young wife and little Pipino, who had not only recovered from his accident, but was getting less lame under the skillful treatment of the kind doctor. The boy was very clever, too. People began to shake their heads wisely, and prophesy that he would do great things some day.

"Ah!" they said, "it was a lucky hour for Lucia when she took that child. He will turn out a genius."

Sad accounts came from Rome—sad stories of the life led by Enrico and Maddalena, but they never reached Lucia's ears. Nicolo guarded against that. To him, also, the mere mention of the names brought bitter memories, and no allusion to them ever crossed his lips.

And so Lucia's life went on, passed in tranquill happiness. The love she had accepted was honest and sincere, not full of stormy gusts, like the passion of Enrico, but patient and unselfish, filling every day's commonplace duties with sweet and thoughtful attentions. With her husband at her side, Pipino growing up, and baby voices calling her mother, Lucia has reason to bless the day she took the name of Prato.

**CAUSE AND NATURE OF METEORS.**

It is now known that meteors can not originate on the moon, or within the regions of the earth's atmosphere. It is also universally conceded by all observers of natural phenomena that innumerable minute bodies fill celestial spaces, moving around the sun in every possible kind of orbit. Of the exact

nature of these small bodies comparatively little can be known, but it is certain that our earth is continually encountering them in its passage through its orbit. They are burned in passing through the upper regions of our atmosphere, and the shooting-star is simply the light of that burning. The question how they can be burned so quickly and with so intense a light puzzled astronomers until it was seen that these phenomena could be fully accounted for by the mechanical theory of heat. It is now established that heat is only a certain form of motion; that hot air differs from cold air only in a more rapid vibration of its molecules, and that it communicates its heat to other bodies simply by striking them with its molecules, and thus setting their molecules in vibration. An exact measure has been found for this increase of heat, a velocity of 125 feet per second being shown to increase the temperature one degree, and higher velocities increasing temperature in proportion to the square of the velocity, as 4 degrees with a velocity of 250 feet, 16 degrees with one of 500 feet second, and so on. To find the heat to which a meteor is exposed in moving through our atmosphere we divide its velocity in feet per second by 125; the square of the quotient will give the temperature in degrees. Now, the earth moves in its orbit at the rate of 98,000 feet per second, and if it met a meteor at rest this velocity would create a rise in temperature corresponding to about 600,000 degrees, which largely exceeds any temperature that can be created on the earth, even by artificial means. If, as is commonly the case, the meteor is also moving to meet the earth, the increase of temperature will be even greater. It can not be said that the meteors are actually heated up to this temperature, but the air acts upon them as if it were heated to this point; that is, it burns them instantaneously with an enormous evolution of light and that, just as a furnace would be heated to a temperature of several thousand degrees. Nor are the light and heat of ordinary burning even mentionable in comparison with the fusing temperature, the intense blaze which such heat would create in the hardest, most non-combustible substance in nature. Now, if the meteor is so small and fusible that the heat can act upon it instantaneously, it is all dissipated in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and we have simply a shooting star or brilliant meteor. But sometimes these bodies are so large and firm that the heat has not time to penetrate into their interior, but spends itself melting and volatilizing the outer portions; the body then passes through the atmosphere and falls upon the earth as an aerolite, or meteoric stone. Sometimes when the body strikes the denser part of our atmosphere, the resistance is so great that the aerolite is broken to pieces with great violence, causing a tremendous detonation. This is usually spoken of as an explosion, but there is a good reason to believe that the loud sound and bursting of the stone are both due to its striking the rapidly moving air with an enormous velocity of its own.—*Inter Ocean.*

## PISCATORIAL STATISTICS.

Universal Fish Culture Necessary to Supply the Harvest of the Sea.

From Turf, Field, and Farm.

If Mulhall's statistics are reliable, says an angling journal, there are not far short of 160,000 vessels engaged in Europe and North America in fishing.

Between 600,000 and 700,000 men are employed in this industry, and the total annual product of fish is not far

short of 1,500,000 tons. Few people realize the meaning of these latter figures.

A ton of fish is equal