

TAKE FISH WITH BARE HANDS.

One Way of Making Good Catches in South Carolina.

E. D. Smith, A. H. Gasque, C. and Hugh Hines went fishing near Edingham the other day where a creek runs into Lynche's river. They had the sport and caught 108 of the finest red-breasts in the country.

Fishing down there is done with the hands. All you have to do is to feel under the logs and in the stump holes and pull out the fish. It is characteristic of the red-breast, we are told, not to leave their hiding place. They stick so close to it that one can literally pick them out of the water with the hands. Those gentlemen had fine fish. They caught some ahead, but they were poor, except one, and were put back in the water. One snake was killed.

The only bad thing about fishing this way is the fact that there are some snakes under the logs, and if by chance the fisher gets his hands on a crocodile there is generally something doing. Mr. Johnson, who lives in that section, interviewed a snake the other day in some trash where red-breasts were hiding, and now he has a game finger.—Florence Times.

PRESENTED ATTEMPTS TO ROB.

Diver Turned on Gull Who Sought the Former's Prey.

A Great Northern diver made his appearance at the Cove and spent a part of the winter there, and as he was not disturbed and grew accustomed to the sight of human beings he lost all shyness and fished close to the rocks. One day they saw him with a small fish which he could not swallow.

By and by a black backed gull swam to him and began following him and making snatches at the flounder each time the diver tossed it up. But the diver would not let him have the fish; he simply turned round to get away from the teasing gull, and the gull's way in which he took it only emboldened the other, until he became quite excited and was almost violent in his efforts to get the fish. Then suddenly the diver struck the gull, turned on him and struck him like lightning, driving his sharp powerful beak into his neck or the base of his skull. The gull flapped his wings violently once or twice, then turned over and floated away, belly up, quite dead. Instantly after dealing the blow the diver went down and quickly reappeared with the flounder, and resumed toasting and catching it again, just as if nothing had happened, while the dead gull slowly drifted further and further away.—From W. H. Hudson's "The Land's End."

A Mounted Nurse Corps.

The American navy has been given its female nurse corps by act of the recent congress, but now Great Britain goes one better by proposing for its army a mounted nurse corps. According to the Inter-Ocean there is now in existence a company of young women which has been trained by a veteran officer and will be ready for the test. The 1st Division Drill Brigade Girls' Yeomanry, they are called, and now are five-and-twenty strong and efficient riders. The girls wear the ordinary military rank badges surmounted by a spur and crossed whips. One had the crossed flags of a signaller. The uniforms consist of a red tunic blouse with a blue skirt with white braiding round the bottom; white gaiters, black leggings, and a yellow sash. A red and blue field service cap is worn with a chin-strap. Riding whips are carried.

Potato Dinner at Plaza.

A unique dinner was given at the Plaza hotel the other evening. All the courses consisted of the common garden potatoes, served up in various appetizing forms. There were potatoes a la Raleigh, potato straws cooked in sherry, potato puree, potato cream, potato salad, baked sweet potatoes and so on. There were a dozen different courses, and most of them were so cleverly disguised that the diners were skeptical as to whether they were eating "spuds" or not. One of the guests at this potato "blowout" said he never enjoyed a meal so much in his life.—New York Press.

For Parchment, a Frock.

Amelia Rives, like Edith Wharton, began to write when she was a small girl, the difference being that while the latter was carefully trained to it she to a task, Amelia Rives was more or less repressed by her circle of relatives, who quite despaired of being able to divert her to anything else. Finally, they tried removing from her all traces of paper upon which she might write, and a clever way she found out of it. Carefully smoothing her starched white frock, the young author wrote all that she had to say upon its friendly surface, and the opposition fled.

Safeguarded.

"Do you expect to get on well with your foreign son-in-law?" "Surely," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Neither of us can pronounce the other's name well enough to get on quarrelling terms of intimacy."—Washington Star.

Right Back at Her.

"You don't seem to know how to manage a husband," said the widow who was wearing weeds for the fifth time in 12 years. "No, I suppose not," replied Mrs. Osewood. "About all I know is how to keep one alive."

NEEDED AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE.

James R. Keene's Advice to Would-Be Wall Street Speculator.

James R. Keene, the daring speculator and financial magnate, was sitting one day in his Wall Street office when a lank Yankee, who in accent and appearance gave every indication of having come from the rural districts, was ushered in. "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Keene, genially. The man gave his name and address, the latter being a small village in Massachusetts, and announced that he had come to New York to go into speculation, and wanted Mr. Keene's advice.

"H'm-m-m," reflectively murmured the old-time antagonist of Jay Gould. "May I ask you how much money you are prepared to invest?" It developed that the Yankee's capital was exactly \$10. "Go back to Massachusetts," counseled Mr. Keene, solemnly, "and don't come here again until you have amassed at least \$25. Twenty-five dollars is positively the smallest sum on which a man can begin and hope to be a success in the street."

The man who overheard the conversation is still wondering whether Keene was joking or in earnest. In view of Keene's wizardry it is quite likely that he himself would be able to do things in Wall Street with a sum no higher than \$25.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

DIFFER AS TO ELECTRICITY.

Experts Disagree Concerning Its Effects on Human Beings.

Dr. McConnell recently told the mothers of New York that men and women were nothing else but electrical machines, which (or who) when out of order could be put together again like ordinary electrical apparatus. The idea is bright, and the great Fournier, in his "Theory of Electrons," suggests something of the same kind. Dr. Milener of Buffalo would, however, appear to disagree with the idea. He placed under observation 19 of the employes in the Niagara Electric works, and drew the following conclusions from his observations:

When the men were brought into close proximity with the electrical dynamos they experienced organic disorders of the stomach, loss of appetite, faulty digestion and became as pale as limekiln laborers. The doctor attributes these phenomena to the chemical influence of the electrical radiations, or of radiations of a nature as yet unknown.

The late Sir Henry Thomson, the London surgeon, was of opinion that an abuse of electricity in the home led to baldness, bad eyesight, wrinkled skin and rarely failed to disturb the normal circulation of the blood.

School Edits Newspaper.

"Newspaper day" has become a popular institution in the Australian primary schools. On that day of the week the ordinary text books are put aside, and each child in the upper classes concentrates on that morning's Journal. Shipping intelligence naturally suggests geographical queries; the casualty column leads to instruction in first aid to the injured, and "Situations Vacant" affords an opportunity for practice in commercial letter writing. It is claimed for the innovation that children are thus led to understand and appreciate "what a vast amount of useful and practical information can be acquired by an intelligent study of the events of a single day." And don't we remember that a great journalist once wrote an article, "Nothing in the Paper"—and found it full!

"Boston's Stump."

"Boston's stump" is the local name of the tower of the parish church of St. Botolph, in Boston, England, which was damaged by lightning not long ago. The church dates from the fourteenth century, and its tower, 272 feet high, is the tallest but one among the parish churches of England. It has 365 steps, one for each day of the year, and the church has seven doors, 62 windows and 12 pillars, for the days in the week and the weeks and months in the year. For the 24 hours in the day there are 24 steps in the porch by which the library is reached. Two flights of 60 steps lead to the roof, one for the seconds, the other for the minutes; and the tower is in four stories, for the four seasons. Thus does time stand still in Boston.—Springfield Republican.

New Way of Toughening.

In a novel method of toughening lately brought out, the metal treated is placed in a closed retort with a small quantity of mercury, the retort is subjected to pressure, and as it is heated to a point below melting temperature a current of electricity is passed through the metal. Besides increased toughness, greater resistance is given to corrosion by sea water and other agents. The hardening is especially adapted for iron and steel, but is claimed to be useful for other metals.

Limited.

Stella—Can you dress within your income? Belle—Yes; but it is like dressing within a berth in the sleeping car.—Harper's Bazar.

An Uneasy Seat.

A western scientist asserts that the stomach is the seat of life. It is quite certain that there is no form of upholstery that requires so much stuffing.

CHURCH MUSIC HELD SENSUOUS.

Bad as the Worst Concert Hall Production, Says Pastor.

St. Louis—"Half the music played and sung in the churches is sensuous and weakens passion in those who hear it. It does harm and not good."

So says Rev. Charles H. Bohn, rector of the Episcopal Church of New York, Mo., and secretary and treasurer of the Missouri State Music Teachers' association, which recently held its annual convention in the Church of the Messiah. "You take your sweetheart to church expecting a spiritual uplift, but instead your sensuous emotions are kindled by the music you hear. Some of our church music is as bad in its effects as the worst music you could hear in the worst concert hall."

"Comic opera music is sensuous, too. It does positive harm to those who hear it, but not more than much of our church music."

Oscar H. Hawley of Macon, president of the association, declares that grand opera is "rotten" and "stilly," and that a professional musician who plays a musical instrument for a living knows as much about music as a load knows about the higher criticism. "Grand opera is just a heterogeneous mass of howling," he says. "It is neither real, ideal nor poetic. Did you ever know a lover to propose marriage by yowling at his sweetheart? Did you ever know of a couple's making love by bawling at each other? That is what they do in grand opera. I know every opera that was ever written, and of them all Wagner's are the worst."

CURED IN STRANGE WAY.

Nebraska Woman Believes Dog Took Rheumatism From Her.

Central City, Neb.—Mrs. O. S. Nelson of this city was cured of a very severe case of rheumatism recently in a very peculiar manner. "She had been so badly afflicted with this ailment in one of her arms that she could not sleep nights, and was greatly distressed. After trying various remedies and applying various liniments she had about given up hope of being cured when relief came to her in an unexpected manner."

She had a little dog which sometimes slept by her side on the bed, and she found that the pain was greatly lessened by resting her arm against the dog's body. She persisted in this, and noticed that the pain grew constantly less. Eventually the rheumatism left her arm completely and appeared to go into the body of the dog, as it became ill and seemed to suffer great pain, and was finally killed to relieve it of its misery. Mrs. Nelson believes that the rheumatism went from her arm to the dog, and gives the little animal credit for curing her of her ailment.

CUPID'S GIFTS FOR KEEPS.

Court Declares That Lovers Cannot Be Indian Givers.

Altoona, Pa.—According to the interpretation of the law by Judge James Shull of Perry county, specially presiding in Blair county, when a lover gives a present to his sweetheart it is hers for all time. James Polke gave Miss Lucy Deffey of Juniata a set of furs while he was courting her, and the weather was frigid; but later he fell in love with another girl, sent all Miss Deffey's presents back, and demanded the reasonable fur. She told him to come and get them. He came, and she showed him the present, which he appropriated.

The girl says he choked her twice when she tried to get them from him. Suits for larceny and for assault and battery followed. They were tried the other day. Judge Shull eliminated the larceny charge and returned the furs, in this hot weather, to Miss Deffey, and the jury divided the costs in the other case.

FELT LIKE GIANT'S WHIP.

Man Who Survived 13,000 Volts Tells of His Thrills.

Newark, N. J.—James Gillies, who received a shock of 13,000 volts of electricity at the River street power house of the public service corporation the other day, was sufficiently recovered next day to relate his sensations. The current passed down through his body, the circuit being completed at his left foot, on which he was poised at the moment on a raised platform.

"The last thing I remember," said Gillies, "was when I put out my left hand to steady myself and touched the heavy service wire. The sensation was as though some giant had used me for the snapper of a whip. Every muscle in my body seemed to give a violent jerk, and every bone in my body seemed to crack."

Diamond in the Cake.

Metuchen, N. J.—Diamonds for luncheon at bridge parties is the latest innovation by Mary Wilkins Freeman, the novelist. It was involuntary, though, for when Mrs. Freeman baked a big cake to regale 26 New York friends, she forgot she had a big solitaire.

The cake was a success. It was eaten to the last crumb, and to-day Mrs. Freeman is busily inditing notes to her friends asking: "Did you eat my diamond? If so, please return." Answers thus far received only praise for the cake.

SAVE WIDOWERS FROM SNARES.

Elderly Colonel Advocates Passage of Most Stringent Law.

The crash of cannon turned the old colonel's thoughts toward death. "I know of three millionaire septuagenarian widowers," he said, gloomily, "whose sons killed them because they were about to marry young girls of 20 or so. It is a very dangerous thing for a rich old man to marry a young girl."

"Were I a legislator, I'd propose a new law, a law to protect Gobsa Goide or Potter Roke, with their 75 years, their millions and their vigilant, middle-aged, grasping sons and daughters, from the peril of wedding some beautiful creature of 18 or 19 summers."

"This law should say simply that no man over 65, if he married a woman more than 15 years younger than himself, could leave his wife a cent of his property nor could he—in his lifetime make transfers to her—handle after his marriage any part of his estate save only the income."

COMMON LOT OF ALL MANKIND.

Who is There Among Us Who Can Escape From Worry?

Calmness and serenity are recommended for almost everything in these days. Horace Fletcher considers these qualities even more important than chewing. In the attainment of health, the beauty doctors say that no cosmetics will avail to prevent wrinkles and preserve youth without calmness and serenity, and they are said to be the most potent of all charms in her who would be pleasing to the opposite sex. "Be serene, sweet maid," says the authorities; "let who will be vicious."

It all sounds very simple, but in order to follow such advice it would be necessary to be a hermit, and then what would be the use of being well or beautiful or attractive? How can anyone be serene who plays golf, or has cantankerous relatives, who wants to argue about woman suffrage or religion, or who has not a sure and certain and adequate income? Man that is born of woman is born to worry, as the sparks fly upward, and it is only adding irritation to his other woes to tell him that all good things may be his if he will only be serene.

Retribution.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix—with perfect diffusion and interpretation of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him, and fear in me.—Emerson.

The Necessity of Work.

I cannot regard work as the highest necessity of man. The noble man is he who is idle, who cherishes, nourishes and develops himself; thus do the gods live, and man is the god of creation. Tals is my heresy. I have confessed it. But in the chair of confession there sits another being, and he is really right when he says: Well, my child, to do nothing, merely to be here—that would be the worst and the sublimest. Very fine! But as no man can be here without another working for him—come here, stand on this point—then each must also work. None is here merely for the sake of being, nor others merely for the sake of working.—Auerbach.

Sam's Only Enjoyment.

The colored people of the seacoast of the Carolinas, like all superstitious classes, take a fearsome and hysterical pleasure in a funeral, and regard it as an enjoyable affair. They are often heard, when about to attend a funeral, to wish each other a pleasant time. The gardener of a family in the town of G— once went to Charleston on a visit of a week. Upon his return home the lady for whom he worked said: "Sam, did you have a pleasant time in Charleston?" "No, ma'am," replied Sam, "a very poor one. And if one of my friends had not died while I was there I would not have enjoyed myself at all."

Needed a Change of Air.

John Talbot Smith says that on one occasion a well known and esteemed priest called upon Archbishop Ryan to ask for a vacation on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absence from his parish, the archbishop could not forego the opportunity of a good natured dig: "The physicians say that you need a change of air, father?" "They do, your grace."

Modesty.

"Ah, my love," sighed the ardent lover, "if you only knew how beautiful you are!" "You mustn't speak of it," protested the modest girl; "I don't want to know."

Why not?

"Because," she said, "it would make me too conceited."

BANKS' TREASURES IN HOTEL.

When Moneyed Men of Maine Fearsed for Their Gold.

For two years, from 1812 to 1814 the treasure of all the banks of the Forest City lay in the parlor of the Marrett house in Standish village, and as evidence of the fact to-day upon the parlor door can be seen the huge lock which was placed there nearly a century ago to add safeguard to the treasure.

During the war of 1812 the bankers of Portland thought their treasure was in danger of being looted by the British forces, and in casting about for a safe place their choice fell upon the town of Standish and the Marrett house as a depository for the treasure. Loaded upon a six-oar cart and guarded closely, the money, thousands of dollars of it, was transported 16 miles and deposited in the place of safety, where it remained for two years with a guard of but one man to watch it.

The door of the parlor in which the money was placed was re-enforced by a heavy lock having a brass handle, and extra supports were placed under the floor of the room to sustain the enormous weight of wealth. The house is still owned by descendants of Rev. Mr. Marrett and is one of the oldest of the town.—Lewiston Journal.

UNABLE TO SEE THE FUTURE.

Short-Sighted English Statesman Denounced Penny Postage.

"Of all the wild and visionary schemes of which I have ever heard or read it is the most extraordinary." That was the official comment made by Lord Lichfield, postmaster general of England, on Rowland Hill's proposal to establish a uniform postal rate of a penny throughout the United Kingdom. And that was at a time within the memory of some men still living, only 71 years ago. Despite Lord Lichfield's condemnation of it, the scheme was within three years an established fact. And men who in their childhood might have seen and read the first letters ever sent from one part of England to another for a penny may this year see and read letters sent around the globe and practically to every part of the English-speaking world for the same small fee. The achievement will be not only the most impressive rebuke of the short-sighted and timorous administrator of two generations ago, but also an equally impressive demonstration of the constantly accelerating progress of civilization.

Love.

Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and evening star. It shines on the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art; inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart; builder of every home; kinder of every fire on the hearth; it fills the world with melody; for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchantment that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal queens and kings of common clay. It is the perfume of that wonderful flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine aroma, we are less than beasts; but with it—earth is heaven and we are gods.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Duty.

The greatest thing in the world, the inspiration of life, the holiest and noblest of all words, is Duty. It is obedience, glad and eager, to the highest law that makes man godlike. Is it cold and austere? Then a mother's love is wintry and forbidding. Is it timid and inactive? Then the soldier dying on the battlefield is a recreant and a coward. The fire fighter, perishing in the flames, falls in the cause of duty. The curse of lepers, the helper of outcasts, the martyr falling that men may rise, dying that many may live, give up the precious light of day for duty's sake.—Rabbi Leon Harrison.

Internal Revenue.

The term "internal revenue" has been restricted in its meaning to such revenues only as are collected under the internal revenue bureau connected with the treasury department, and does not include all revenues that are, properly speaking, from internal sources; that is, from sources other than duties levied at the frontiers upon foreign commodities. Thus, moneys arising from the sale of public lands, from patent fees, or the revenues of the postal service, are not generally known as "internal revenues."

When Men Wore Wigs.

When they begin to talk about tariff it is interesting to look back over the pages of history and see what things were at one time considered necessities. In the time of Sir William Pitt it was considered highly improper for a man to appear without his hair powdered, so Pitt put a tax on the powder, the guinea pig tax as it was called. In consequence, the Whigs cut off their queues and only men servants were allowed hair powder. It was finally so unremunerative that the tax was removed.

His Last Words.

"Are you quite sure your shooting was accidental?" asked the hospital surgeon. "Oh, yes," gasped the dying victim. "Jiggias—was—fooling—with—a gun and—pointed—"

Suspicious.

"Dad," began Tommy, "haven't I been real good since I've been going to Sunday school?" "Yes," answered dad. "And you trust me now, don't you?" "Yes," said dad. "Then," demanded Tommy, "what makes you keep your box of cigars hid the same as ever?"

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE OYSTER.

James Russell Lowell Was Prepared to Add a Few "Facts."

One of the most profound remarks ever made by that profound philosopher, Thackeray, was when he passed two tubs of oysters side by side and he saw one was labeled "Is a dozen" and the other "Is 24 x 60000." He exclaimed: "How those oysters must hate each other!"

Well, "even an oyster may be crossed in love," and William Dean Howells has another tale to tell about the psychology of the oyster. At one of the little suppers that the poet Longfellow gave to the brilliant Cambridge critic James Russell Lowell passed with the pepper box poised above his plate of oysters to eat whimsically: "It's astonishing how these fellows love pepper."

"Dear me! You don't say so!" ejaculated a nice, prosy old gentleman who used to sleep through the suppers. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and Lowell was fairly launched into an account of how a red pepper, accidentally dropped into a basket of oysters, had been drawn out with half a dozen of the bivalves clinging to it, when the ever gentle Longfellow interposed to save his matter-of-fact old friend.—Woman's Home Companion.

FRESH AIR FIRST REQUISITE.

Without It, Perfect Condition of Health is Impossible.

If people only knew what good health and good spirits attend sleeping with one's head under a window seat, one and all would do it, says a bulletin of the Indiana health department. Coughs, colds, pneumonia, consumption and all other diseases of the air passages are principally induced by breathing foul air. The window seat supplies fresh outdoor air to breathe and at the same time permits the body to be in a warm room. The head is accustomed to the cold, and in very cold weather an ordinary woman's knit hood may be worn to protect the ears and cheeks. During the night and when asleep the tissues are repaired and the brain and nerve cells are recharged with energy. Pure air is the great factor in repair work. Consumption and catarrh in their early stages can be cured by breathing fresh air night and day.

A Fast Record.

At a political convention, held in Illinois the importance of nominating a popular man for a certain close district was thoroughly recognized. A speaker had just renominated a personal friend for the position, and in an elaborate eulogy had presented in glowing terms his manifold merits, especially emphasizing his great services on the field of battle as well as in the pursuits of peace.

After he had finished a voice was heard in the rear of the room. "What we want is the man that will run the boat." In an instant the orator was again on his feet. "If you think," he yelled, "that this convention can find anybody that can run better than the gentleman I have nominated, I point once more to his well-known war record."—Lippincott's.

A Wireless Electrocutation.

A man came to me with a "15" which he declared could speed a ball "more an' faster" than anything ever heard of in the gun category. He was asked to produce the evidence. It was a small affair, about as big as a Stebbins 500-shot airgun. "Fire at that live wire," I demanded. "It's dangerous, but I'll chance it," he replied, taking quick aim and pulling the trigger. The bullet struck the wire, and when I looked at the man he was dead. The electric current had passed through the hole in the air made by the bullet, reached the muzzle of the gun, and given the death stroke. It was as a lightning bolt from a clear sky.—N. Y. Press.

Power of Sacred Song.

The power of song to away the feelings of man was illustrated the other night, amid the garish surroundings of a Summit street barroom. About 11 o'clock about a dozen of Uncle Sam's tars from the Wolverines entered the bar. Fully a hundred men were seated at the tables drinking. One of the sailors stepped over to the piano. A whispered word to the pianist, and the prelude to the "Holy City" was played. As the sailor began singing a man near the center of the room rose to his feet and bared his head, and in an instant every man in the room had followed.—Toledo Blade.

Cheering a Disease.

An Aitchison woman who attended medical college tells this story. In lecturing, the professor would usually wind up his remarks by saying, "This disease is peculiar to women." Finally, he told about Bright's disease. "This disease," he said, "is peculiar to men." Whereupon a woman student in the back of the lecture hall arose and said: "There are seven women present. I propose that there is one disease not peculiar to women."—Aitchison Globe.

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