WHERE TIME SLEEPS.

CHARACTER STUDIES ON AN ISLAND.

Full of Tradition and the Romance of the Old Smuggler Days--It Lies Off the Virginia Coast and Has Maintained All Its Old-Time Primitiveness.

In the year 1645 a ship loaded with blooded horses was sent from England by the London Company to the colonists at Jamestown. While making for the mouth of Chesapeake Bay this ship was wrecked on Assateague Shoals. The Indians who then inhabited Assateague and its sister island, Chincoteague, piloted the survivors of the crew and cargo across the bay to the mainland, and as a reward were presented with a number of horses, which they took with them to their island homes. These horses outlived their savage masters, and long after the Indian tribe had become extinct they roamed over the island, subsisting upon the sparse pastures which the place afforded. Under the hardship and exposure to which they were subjected they deteriorated rapidly and became the diminutive, sturdy ponies that they are to-day.

It was these herds of wild ponies that first attracted settlers to Assateague Island. A small settlement sprang up about eighty years ago, one-half of which looked after the ponies, while the others devoted themselves to fishing and hunting. These people to-day are in many respects as primitive as their ancestors were. They are a rough lot, utterly heedless of the laws of the State, but very hospitable and good-hearted and possessing more religion than you would find among the same number of people in a much more civilized community.

Before crossing to Assateague Island I spent a few days at Chincoteague. One evening I asked Capt. Matthews, the hotel-keeper, what there was to be found on Assateague.

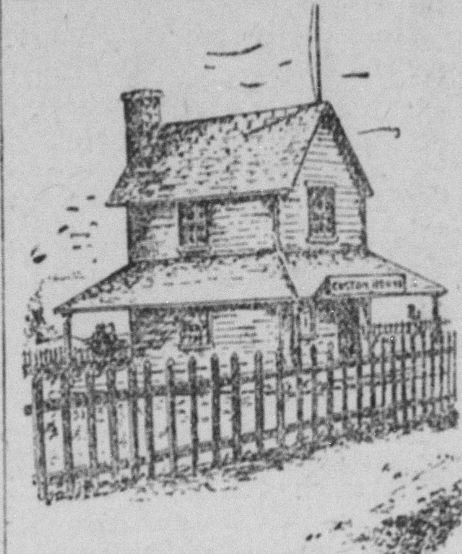
"Well, suh," he answered, "t'aint much of a place. Tha' hain't mo'n a hundred head o' people here. (They speak of people as they do of cattle down here.) Tha's some good huntin' tha' and fishin', and maybe ye c'n pick up a few t'ahpin, but ye won't have much of a good time. That's the lighthouse—ef that'll int'rest ye—an' the life-savin' sta-tion, and the wild ponies. Oh, yes—ye don't want t' fail t' see old Ken Jester. He's the oldest pussun 'round heah, an' he's great on raisin' wild ponies. Ef ye catch 'im in the right spirit he'll tell ye some stories about the smugglers. He used t' be one o' them, they say, but I can't tell as t' that, it being befo' my time. Anyway, ye'll find Uncle Ken a mighty interestin' chap."

As I prepared to start he said to me:

"Tha's one thing I fo'got t' tell ye. Take care an' don't get any sand in yo' shoes. Tha's an old sayin' 'round heah that ef ye once get sand in yo' shoes ye'll never leave the place. Either ye settle down an' stay heah all yo' life, o' some-thin' happens 't ye. I'm not a superstitious man, but ef ye take my advice, suh, ye'll be ca'hful not t' get 'ny sand in yo' shoes."

From the standpoint of a sportsman or a gourmand, Assateague Island is little short of paradise. Heine once said that heaven, according to the gourmand's idea, is a place where roast ducks fly about in great numbers with a dish of excellent gravy in their bill. Although the ducks insist upon flying about in their natural state, there are enough of them to make a gourmand's heart leap with delight and give a sportsman happy dreams for the rest of his life.

In their proper season, wild ducks of all varieties, plover, snipe, brant, willet, yellow-legs and curfew almost fly into your face in their eagerness to be caught; bluefish, halibut, weakfish, black perch, drum and flounders dart past one another in their anxiety to seize the hook, and terrapin—luscious, $40-a-dozen diamond-back terrapin—crawl out of the water (so Capt. Matthews said) and clung to your trouser legs, entreating most pitifully with their eyes to be cooked a la Trenton and eaten.



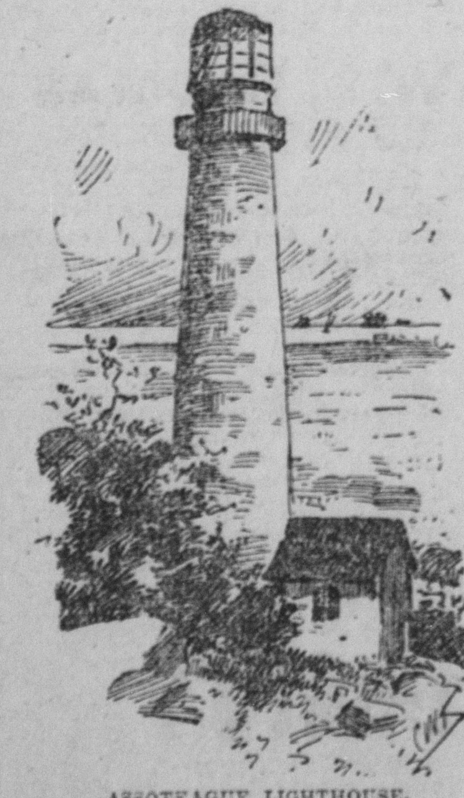
CHINCOTEAGUE CUSTOM HOUSE.

The next day I saw Ken Jester. Picture to yourself a man of 85 years, of stout build, with a round, weather-beaten countenance, hair encircled by a bushy fringe of thick, gray hair, blue eyes, undimmed by age and a frank, hearty smile that made you like the man at first sight—and there you have Ken Jester. I found him in his cottage, a small, one-story affair, that boasted of only two rooms. His wife, who is in her 70th year, was spinning wool at an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. There were two fishermen in the room when I entered, and, with the exception of a pleasant "Good day, sir," they did not utter a word.

THE WILD PONIES ON ASSOTEAGUE ISLAND.

Following Capt. Matthews' advice, I began by asking Uncle Ken about the wild ponies, of which he owns more than any other man on the island. He answered very freely and soon warmed up to the subject, telling me many interesting things connected with the breeding of these ponies. In this way we began conversation, and pretty soon Uncle Ken was in a quite loquacious mood.

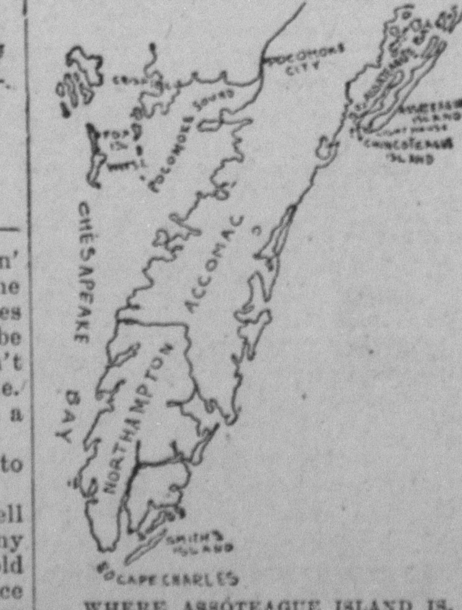
"Finally she went into the woods, thinking that perhaps Tom had fallen asleep somewhere. Just as she reached the hill where the lighthouse now stands she saw him walking across the open with his arm around another girl. She walked right up to him and slapped his face, and then, without saying a word, turned on her heels and went back home. Tom knew there was going to be trouble, but he wasn't quite sure how it was going to come.



ASSOTEAGUE LIGHTHOUSE.

"He took the other girl home, and then joined the fellows in the boats. When they all came back from the ship Sarah was standing on the shore as if nothing had happened.

"The next day Sarah wrote a letter to Washington telling all about the West India man and the smuggling of the night before. Nobody knew anything about this until three weeks later, when two revenue chaps came to Assateague and went straight to old man Field's house. When they came out Sarah was with them. She took them down the road to Thornton's house, where Tom was sitting in the sand, whittling. I remember that part of it very well, for I was sitting beside Tom. When Sarah saw him her face became as white as a sheet of paper.



WHERE ASSOTEAGUE ISLAND IS.

"'There he is,' she said. 'That's Tom Thornton.'

"Tom jumped up, pale in the face. 'What's wanted?' he asked.

"'You'll have to come along with us,' one of the revenue chaps said. 'You're wanted for smuggling.' Tom opened his mouth as though he were going to say something, but instead he turned to me and whispered: 'Tell the boys it's all right. I'll keep my mouth shut.' Then he gave Sarah Field a look which I shall never forget, even if I live to be 100 years old.

"The revenue men had come from the mainland in their own boat, and they took Tom Thornton back with them. That was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. That night Sarah Field went into the woods to the same hill where she had caught Tom and sat down to think the matter over. I guess she felt pretty sorry for what she had done, but nobody ever knew, for Sarah Field was never seen alive again. Late that night her father and her brothers went out to look for her with lanterns and dogs. When they came to the woods the dogs began to bark. A few minutes later they found her. She was lying on the ground with her throat cut from ear to ear.

"The next day the revenue officers came again. Tom Thornton had escaped and had stolen one of their boats. They found the boat the next day drifting down the bay, but no one ever heard of Tom Thornton again."—[Rudolph E. Block, in the N. Y. Recorder.

He Raises Owls.

D. B. Dickinson, a naturalist and taxidermist, who lives on the banks of the Passaic River, near Chatham, N. J., has for years been engaged in the cultivation of owls. He has what may be termed an "owlery." He used to raise owls by inducing old birds to nest upon his place. The inducements he offered were in attractive sections of hollow logs, closed at the ends and provided with convenient holes. Owls like that sort of thing, and, as a result, Mr. Dickinson kept his "owlery" well stocked with tame specimens, which he took as fledglings from the nests and raised by hand. He has made a neat sum out of the business, because there is always a good and profitable market for stuffed owls. Now Mr. Dickinson is obtaining his owls in a different way.

A few years ago the Chatham Fish and Game Protective Association began to pay liberal bounties for the capture and slaughter of hawks and owls, and the boys of the neighborhood took advantage of the offer to make some pocket money. Knowing the habits of hawks and owls, they began to trap them in the easiest manner possible, by placing a small steel trap upon a stake or pole set up in a meadow or open field. The traps are fastened to the poles with a light chain and require no baiting. At night they capture owls and in day time hawks. Mr. Dickinson says that these devices perceptibly decreased the number of hawks and owls of all kinds. They never catch crows, however, because these wise birds know too much to alight upon the poles.

Some time ago the secretary of the Society got tired of this task, and delegated Mr. Dickinson to do the work for the privilege of keeping the trapped birds, the society refunding to him all he paid out in bounties. Since then Mr. Dickinson has secured many specimens which were difficult to procure in any other way, and among them several monkey faced owls, which are quite rare in this latitude. The trapped birds are seldom injured, and are much better for the taxidermist's purpose than specimens which have been shot.—[New York Advertiser.

How to Squeeze a Lemon.

There are lemon squeezers and lemon squeezers, but I wouldn't use one of them, writes a correspondent. The acid on metal makes the juice taste metallic, and the wooden ones are apt to leave a bad taste. Besides that, if you use a lemon squeezer you are sure to get a lot of the essential oil of the rind of the lemon, and that is rank poison to the stomach. The best way to get the juice from a lemon is to roll it till it is soft, then cut off the end and insert a silver knife and scrape the pulp out into the dish. That way you get all the good of the lemon and none of the bad. Roll it under your hand on a hard table or put the lemon down on the floor and roll it lightly under your feet. Then wipe it off before squeezing. Never leave the seeds of a lemon in the pulp that you take out. The seeds will make the juice very bitter in half an hour after taken from the lemon.—[New York World.

An Enemy of the Pines.

The Pascagoula Democrat-Star tells about some mysterious worm, which, it says, bears a strong resemblance to the army worm, and has attacked the pine forests near Vancleave, Miss. The worm made its appearance but a few days ago, and has already stripped the leaves clean from large sections of trees. It is said that the worms are so numerous in some places that the limbs of the smaller trees bend beneath their weight. So far their attacks have been confined to the pine trees, and the land owners and mill men are very apprehensive as to what the effect of their ravages will be on the trees. It is a matter that ought to have the prompt attention of the authorities of the Agricultural Department. So large a part of the wealth of Southern Mississippi is its pine industries that any serious injury to the pine woods would be a serious blow to the prosperity of the State.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Hungary will soon celebrate its one thousandth anniversary.

THE POPULAR OYSTER.

A FAVORITE ARTICLE OF FOOD FOR AGES.

Americans Eat More Than Any Other People--How the Bivalve is Cultivated.

The oyster is not a discovery of modern times. It has been known as a table delicacy since the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans, who highly esteemed it as an article of food, preferring for their use the oyster of the Hellespont, Venice, and other parts of Italy, and of Richborough in England. Their select oysters were those in which the edges of the shell were a deep brown, almost black, and these they considered the finest in the world.

Modern science divides the oyster into three classes—but a more natural division is two—the northern and the southern. The southern oyster is soft, and has not the delicious flavor of those grown in the colder waters. Yet it is said that if they are transplanted to the north they become firm, but will not maintain themselves more than a year. The difference in location gives them a distinct flavor. Often, too, oyster beds which lie but a short distance from each other, grow quite unevenly. If the one has the benefit of a fresh-water stream flowing near by, which mixes with the sea-water, the oysters will be very large and fat, while their neighbors solely washed by the ocean will be much smaller.

Oysters are exported in two ways—either in their shells or in bulk, by means of barrels, kegs or tubs. The shelled oysters are sold by the hundred or thousand, while the others are disposed of by the gallon. Those brought from New York, however, are all bought by count. Besides the Blue Points, the other oysters exported in the shell are the Shrewsbury, Mill Pond and East River. New Orleans and Mobile export most of the Southern oysters. California, until lately, had poor success in this industry, the native oyster being small and poor. She now uses the oyster seed obtained from our Eastern coast, and is having better success.

The industry of raising oysters affords employment to thousands of fishermen along the eastern coast. The shores are rented from the government, if upon government ground, or from the owners of property to companies, and those interested in the business. The beds are planted several miles from shore, usually in water from two to six fathoms deep. The greatest difficulty in the culture is that one man does what is equivalent to the sowing, while any one else can do the reaping. Often thousands of dollars are spent upon oyster-beds by men who never obtain one-tenth of the expenditure, the oyster being captured by some one else. It has been decided by law that there is no property right in an oyster-bed, and that practically any one can dredge where he wishes. If this poaching could be stopped the business would be more successful. As the oyster never travels, and has no power of motion, save that it can turn if placed upside down, the beds remain where they are located.

One-eighth of a mile from Rockaway, L. I., is a sleepy little town called Inwood. This place is a typical oyster village. The inhabitants are nearly all interested in this industry. The men own scows or boats, upon which the oysters are sent to the New York market. These sturdy seafaring men, always honored by the title of captain, own an island a short distance from the mainland. Here are situated numerous shanties, several of which are portable oyster crafts with dwelling-houses attached for the use of the men's families when it is necessary for them to accompany the husband and father.

The interior of the scow is a living room, and a cellar into which water is turned off and on by flood-gates. Into this cellar, which has the capacity of 400 bushels, the oysters are stored. The men start from the island for their oyster-beds, which are recognized by stakes having their counterparts on shore. These stakes are not only distinguished by their location, but also by peculiar marks, no two of which are alike. Each member of a family are allowed three acres of oyster ground, and these farms are of sufficient size to yield a good crop. As the men row away from the island they steer directly for the scene of their possessions and either begin to plant or tong the oyster. The seed is found in quantities clinging to the rocks or fastened tightly upon the inside of the numerous mussel shells. This seed is then planted by standing upright in the boat, scooping the seed from the bottom of the craft with a shovel and scattering it broadcast over the waters with a backward movement of the shovel, as farmers sow grain. This requires skill, and oystermen declare it takes five years to learn the business. After the oysters have laid two or three weeks a few are taken up to see if they are growing. If not they are planted in another place. This process is known as transplanting and is necessary if the oysters have been sown too thickly. The seed must therefore be thinned or the germ of life will become extinct.

When the oysters are transplanted the men usually own other grounds that have been tested. If not new ground is used, which will usually produce a better crop than the old. Sometimes oyster-beds wear out in ten years, but may last for half a century. Most of the seed used for transplanting comes from Connecticut, and the best season for sewing it is from March to the middle of April.

The oystermen ship their product to market from September 1 to December, and then cease their weekly trips to New York until March.

By tonging oysters, as oystermen call the process, is meant the gathering in of the crop. Standing upright in the boat as for punting, he inserts the tongs in the water, leans on them heavily for a moment, then lifts up or hauls in the load, and deposits it in the boat and at once begins to cull or separate the oysters for market.

After the oysters are culled they are thrown into a float, where they remain from ten to twenty days before they are taken to market.—[Detroit Free Press.

Utility of an Art.

A New York paper relates that a growing fad among families of men who have means and leisure is the formation of family orchestras. And it further alleges that in such families outbreaks of scandalous quarrels, of disagreements or of unpleasantness of any sort are notably absent. The evenings of home-made music seem to constitute a link of union among the members of the circle.

And the paper goes on to tell of prominent men who either play some instrument themselves or wield a baton, while their wives, sons, daughters and other relatives discourse in concert violin and flute, 'cello and piano. It is in this way, it seems, that John D. Rockefeller passes some agreeable evenings; Dr. Depew's family also gives private concerts, and so do one of the Vanderbilt families and various others.

Wherefore, let the family orchestra be favored and held up to commendation. There is reason in the practice. The members of an orchestra are bound in many ways (this is no mere pun either) to work in harmony. They must keep together, one supporting and following the other, and all obedient to a simple purpose. People who are earnestly working together to achieve a single result can't afford to quarrel. They haven't time to harbor jealousies, and they're bound to be kept out of mischief. An orchestra—while at work—is an exemplification of the purest socialism known. The bass drummer is as worthy and necessary as the first violinist. The only "captain of industry" is the leader, and, in the present case, he is bound by ties of consanguinity to be merciful.

The family orchestra idea is a good one. To be sure the neighbors may not look at it in this way. But up to the present who is altruist enough to live for his neighbors?—[Chicago Record.

Luncheon on Wheels.

It is a matter for surprise that the night lunch wagon, so frequent an institution in New England, is in the City of New York so little seen. Only six of these restaurants on wheels are to be found in the city, of which the one in Herald Square is the best known. In Chicago and other Western cities they have also learned to use them, but the first one opened in the country was at Worcester, Mass., where the number now in business is nineteen.

Boston boasts of no less than seventy-two, all doing a rushing trade. Providence has seventeen; there is but one at Hartford, Conn., but at Springfield, Mass., there are nine, said to be the most spacious and best appointed of any yet built. The New England folk have a knack of keeping them particularly clean, and there's a balm to thrift and order in the customer's being able to peer overhead and see just how his coffee is made and how his sandwich is buttered.

One more has been added to New York's list within the past ten days. The expenses of running these things are nominal. A license has to be procured and paid for annually. The amount for this one has not yet been fixed, but $10 a year is the sum anticipated. For smaller prospects men pay big rents in the city stores without the facility of being able to carry themselves and their stock to any new location they choose at a moment's notice. That's the prime attraction of having your shop on wheels.

All the cooking is done on a kerosene stove, but you're not supposed to get hot food from a lunch wagon beyond your cup of coffee. The only outlay is in the beginning. A wagon costs about $250, and this covers rent for all time.—[New York Herald.

Dead Sea of the Northwest.

Medical Lake, so called on account of the remedial virtues of its waters, situated on the great Columbian plateau, in Southern Washington, at an altitude of 2,300 feet above the level of the Pacific, is the Dead Sea of America. It is about a mile long and from a half to three-fourths of a mile in width, and with a maximum depth of about sixty feet. The composition of the waters of this Alpine lake is almost identical with that of the Dead Sea of Palestine, and, like its oriental counterpart, no plant has yet been found growing in or near its edges. It is all but devoid of animal life, a species of large "boat bug," a queer little terrapin, and the famous "walking fish" being its only inhabitants. This walking fish is an oddity really deserving of special note. It is from eight to nine inches long and has a finny membrane extending from head to head, even around both the upper and lower surface of the tail. It is provided with four legs, those before having four toes, the hinder five.—[St. Louis Republic.

A single plant of spleenwort, it is claimed, will produce over a million seeds.

THE GREENLAND KAYAK.

Frail Craft and What Can Be Done with Them.

The Greenland kayak is certainly one of the most marvellous adaptations of natural forces to human use which have ever been made. It is a logical but most ingenious evolution from the birch-bark canoe of the northern Indian tribes of America. The various stages of development, from the light and open canoe of the northwestern tribes to the closed and water-tight shell of the complete kayak of Greenland, can readily be traced around the shores of Alaska and British America.

The kayak consists of a frame of wood or bone, fifteen or twenty feet long, pointed at both ends, and about two and a half feet wide and deep in the middle—all so light that a boy of twelve can take it under his arm and carry it without effort. Over the frame there is tightly stretched and closely sewed a covering of tanned sealskin which is impervious to water. In the middle of the top there is a hole just large enough to permit the owner to insert his body so that he can sit on the bottom and stretch his legs out in front of him. A sealskin coat with a hood for the head and a rim for a close-fitting attachment to a corresponding rim round the aperture into the kayak, complete the protection from water. Sitting bolt upright in this position, with a double paddle, flaring at both ends, the native who is "to the manner born" can defy the winds and waves which swamp an ordinary boat.

The first sight of a kayak in its native waters is exciting in the extreme. It is likely to be as with us two weeks ago, when lying off an unknown harbor waiting for a pilot. The whistle has been blown long and loud, the cannon has been fired, and the rocket discharged, and still no response from shore. At length, when patience is almost exhausted, there appear three or four black specks on the top of the swells of the ocean, how distant we were little prepared to estimate, because of the excessive clearness of the atmosphere. As they get nearer, we begin to see a curious motion, somewhat resembling the arms of a windmill. These are the kayaks with their several occupants striving to outstrip each other in a race for the coveted job of piloting the ship to harbor. Already they are far ahead of the larger boat which comes lagging along in the distance. On reaching the ship, the most fortunate kayaker unloosens his coat from the rim of his vessel, of which he seems to form a part, with much difficulty wriggles himself clear from its entanglement, and is brought aboard. Those who fell behind in the race, some of them, rest quietly like ducks upon the water around the ship, only occasionally dipping one end or other of their curious shaped paddles to resist the force of an unusual wave, while others display their own skill and the capacity of their kayaks by various manœuvres, which never fail to astonish spectators. Now one will perform a somersault, or a series of somersaults, with his kayak, or again one will dart forward like lightning at right angles to another and jump completely over the bow of it. But unfortunate indeed is the European who attempts any antics in or even venture into a kayak. To the native the motions necessary to preserve equilibrium are a second nature, which have been instinctive from childhood. The adult who has not already learned its management had better not attempt to learn.

The kayak is equipped with various ingenious implements of the chase. First there is the bird spear, consisting of a short bone spear-head and a circle of barbed bone lance-heads designed to give a whirling motion to the missile, and to insure the entanglement of the object at which it is thrown. Then there is the harpoon for the seal, which is so arranged with a joint that after the spear-head has penetrated the animal it becomes detached from the shaft and is connected with a thong in the hands of the hunter. This thong is also attached to a float, consisting of the skin of some large animal sewed together so as to be air tighs and inflated. This will float on the water and prevent the escape or sinking of the wounded animal. Various kinds of fishing-tackle are also natural attachments to the kayak, when fully equipped. In the settlement where we were all these implements were of native manufacture.—[New York Post.

Frozen Food Their Delight.

In nearly all parts of the Arctic regions food is frozen, not only for the purpose of preservation but also to increase as the natives believe, its nutritive properties. In Greenland, Siberia and the Arctic Islands fish and seal fish are frozen and eaten in thin slices, cut off by ax or knife. Mikiak, or seal fish half decomposed and then frozen, is one of the Esquimaux's greatest delicacies. Walrus liver, too, when frozen is held to be possessed of far more sustaining power than pemmican, and it is also considered that cooking deprives it of its delicacy of flavor. The natives of the Titicaca Basin, in Peru, who inhabit a district 12,000 feet above the sea, prepare their potatoes by soaking them in water, then freezing them, then steeping them in water and mashing them to remove the soluble matter. After this they are dried and become an article of food called chunus. After this process they will keep any length of time, and are extremely convenient for carrying on long journeys. The Oka, another vegetable of the district, is prepared in the same way.—[New York Dispatch.