

ARTESIAN WELL FISHING.

Curious Specimens Caught on a Hook in Indiana.

Thomas Mould and Editor E. L. Roys are the heroes of a fishing story beside which the stories of ordinary fishermen sink into insignificance. Both are known as ardent devotees of Izak Walton, and whenever their business permits they are usually found in pursuit of the gamey black bass or the voracious pickerel. On Saturday they visited Glenmore together. The fish were not biting with any enthusiasm, and about 4 o'clock they started for home.

At Howell's condensery they stopped to talk with some workmen who were repairing the pump at the artesian well. It will be remembered by readers of this paper that at the time this well was sunk an account was given of the striking of a subterranean stream at a depth of 300 feet, the volume of which could not be ascertained except that soundings showed it to be of considerable depth. The stream and its probable size were the subjects of discussion among the little group at the well, and somebody wondered if it contained any fish.

A bright idea occurred to Messrs. Mould and Roys. Each had in his basket a long trolling line, and by uniting them a line long enough to reach easily to the bottom of the well was formed. Amid the zood natured "jolly" of the bystanders the lines were rigged and a hook attached. It was baited with a big "night walker" fishworm and lowered 208 feet through the six-inch hole. The distance had been carefully measured off on the line to which a heavy sinker had been attached, and the hook fastened a short distance above to a stout piece of line. Everybody laughed except Mr. Roys as Mr. Mould carefully lowered the line and waited anxiously for the little tug at the bait which brings joy to the heart of the fisherman.

After a few minutes the expression on Tom's face became one of rapt attention. "I believe I've got a bite," he said. A moment later he began to pull in the line rapidly hand over hand. "I've got something," he said, and as everybody began to gather about the well he drew out a fish. It was about half a pound in weight and of the eyeless species which are sometimes found in the waters of caverns. The fish was nearly a foot long, shaped something like a perch, and its struggles as it lay upon the ground showed that it was game to the backbone. Unlike fish which dwell in waters on the earth's surface and which have dark backs and light colored or white bellies, this fish was a uniform color of light gray. It had very small scales, and where the eyes might be expected to exist there were slight indentations as of rudimentary eyes.

When the excitement attending the capture had died away the hook was baited again and the line lowered. Editor Roys took charge this time, and, after waiting for about ten minutes, he drew to the surface another of the fish, a trifle larger than the first one. Five fish were caught altogether, the largest of which weighed a pound and a half. One fish was brought part of the way to the top, but loosened itself from the hook and escaped. Mr. Mould, who had hold of the line at the time, says it was the largest by far of any that fastened themselves on the hook, and he's positive that the reason he was unable to land his fish was that it was too big to pass through the well, which is only six inches in diameter.

The singular appearance of these fish and the remarkable manner in which they were captured made them objects of curiosity to the persons to whom they were shown. Reference to the encyclopedia shows that these fish are remarkable, aside from their appearance, in that they are viviparous, bringing forth their young alive and not depositing eggs, after the manner of most other fish. They have rudiments of eyes, but no optic nerve, and are, therefore, incapable of being affected by the most intense light. Those who tasted them say they are of excellent flavor, but rather too plentifully supplied with bones.—Goshen (Ind.) Republican.

STEAMBOAT IN SECTIONS.

Naval Craft of the French Army in Madagascar.

The capital of Madagascar, Tananarivo, is situated among the mountains of the interior, and is inaccessible, except by footpaths, the government having always prohibited the construction of roads by which artillery could be brought against the city. French armies are, however, not deterred by such trifling difficulties, and a campaign against Tananarivo has been carefully planned. As there are no roads, a river, the Ikopa, which extends from the sea to the foot of the mountains, just below Tananarivo, is to be used as a road. This river is very shallow and obstructed by sand bars, and the problem is to construct vessels capable of navigating it. This problem has been solved, so far as the gunboats are concerned, by building eight compound boats, or rather rafts. Each of these eight boats is divided longitudinally into six compartments, each compartment being watertight and independent, so that it can float alone, while, in case of need, any number of them can be bolted together, side by side. These separate compartments, or shells, are of galvanized steel and very light, so that they can be easily transported overland, thrown into the water, and bolted together as they float. When in place, a deck is put over them, on which is placed, near the front, a small boiler of the locomotive type. To balance the weight of this, the

engine is set near the rear end of the deck, and is connected directly to a light stern wheel, which serves for propulsion. An upper deck, on which are the pilot house, shields of steel plates for riflemen, and a light cannon, covers the whole extent of the lower deck. All the vulnerable parts of the craft are protected from musketry by steel shields. The whole affair, with stores, crew, and armament, draws less than fifteen inches of water. To provide for passing sand bars, a powerful turbine pump is placed at the very front of the vessel, with a suction pipe which can be lowered as required to any distance less than one meter from the surface of the water. On reaching a sand bar this suction pump is run out, and the turbine set at work. The sand, mixed with water, is sucked out with great rapidity from in front of the craft, and thrown by a discharge pipe, to one side, and a passage through the bar is in this way soon made.

The Consumption Serum.

The Chicago Tribune publishes the formula for the preparation of Dr. Paul Paquin's tuberculosis serum, a remedy which has attracted the attention of the medical profession throughout the world, and which the director of the Chicago Pasteur Institute is about to employ in the treatment of patients afflicted with consumption. According to the Tribune, a culture of the bacilli tuberculosis or consumption is made in veal or beef bouillon. The bacilli are obtained from the sputum of patients and in the bouillon multiply with extreme rapidity. The product is a concentrated fluid highly tonic in its character. This is injected hypodermically into the blood of a perfectly healthy horse. The animal is immediately thrown into a fever thereby and the injection is repeated day after day until the fever abates and the injections no longer have any effect. The animal is then said to be "immunized."

This process requires from one to three months time, the length depending on the animal's resistance to the treatment, when immunized blood is drawn from the horse's neck, placed in a sterilized bottle and kept at a temperature of 40 degrees. In the course of a month the constituents of the blood separate so that the blood can be decanted. The treatment is the hypodermic injection of a few drops of the serum daily into the muscles of the patient's back.

To Be in Good Society.

High moral character and education, whether it be of book lore or that of observation and good example, polish of manner and good habits, are the requisites of good society. One whose ideas of social equality were rather democratic than exclusive was heard to remark: "One man is born just as good as another and a great deal better than some." Unless the son of a gentleman be a gentleman he is no more entitled to the name suggesting refinement than a man is entitled to the name of General whose father before him was a General. One must win his own laurels or go uncrowned.

Birth to a marked degree is an accident, and those who are considered to be well born are oftentimes the most objectionable elements of society and the most dangerous associates. One need but watch closely the daily record of those on both sides of the Atlantic, whose birth gives them prestige in society, to prove that education and cultivation of high morals and manners go further toward making refined society than all the good or blue blood that ever flowed through the veins of royalty and the nobility. Of course, it would be the height of absurdity to argue that all men are born equal and would be as illogical to argue against the superiority of blooded animals of the race course over the ordinary draft horse. However, the nobility of culture and refinement should have precedence over the nobility of birth and rank.

A Physician's Last Resort.

"My doctor is a real joker," said a Lewiston lady. "I didn't know that my talking bothered him when he was writing prescriptions until yesterday. He never mentioned it, and I always asked him all sorts of questions while he was writing them out. Yesterday he examined me and sat down to write something. I kept talking. Suddenly he looked up and said: 'How has your system been? Hold out your tongue.' I put out that member and he began to write. He wrote and I held out my tongue, and when he got through he said: 'That will do.' 'But,' said I, 'you haven't looked at it.' 'No,' said he, 'I didn't care to. I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote the prescription.'"

Bees in a Railway Car.

A singular and exciting incident took place at Stone Railway station, Staffordshire, England, recently. It appears that two hives of bees had been consigned to a station beyond Stafford. The porter, in placing the two hives in the guard's van, accidentally knocked the tin bottom from the hive. The bees filled the guard's van, making the guard beat a hasty retreat, while the porters and others who were in the immediate vicinity also took to their heels and ran. Several people were stung, particularly one gentleman who had journeyed across from the opposite side of the platform to get a better view. The train was delayed, and ultimately had to proceed on its journey without the guard's van.

HORSES DAINTY AT DINNER.

Discard All Foreign Substances in Their Oats or Hay.

Did you ever watch a horse grazing? If you never did you have missed one of the prettiest sights nature affords her lovers. It is something to watch the animal enjoying a good meal of hay, shutting its eyes and burying its head to the ears in the fragrant grasses in the manger, or to note the unerring accuracy with which it picks up a mouthful of grain from the box and rejects, without ever seeming to see, the bit of stone or dirt that has got mixed in with it.

I have known a horse to eat a measure of oats "sleek and clean," and leave in the manger the medicated powder that had been mixed with it. Even an elephant's proboscis is not more keenly alive to the presence of a foreign substance in the creature's food than is the long, flexible, sensitive upper lip of the horse, which serves him as unerringly, as a finger does a human being. His cousin, the rhinoceros, and his brother, the tapir, have this prehensile upper lip even more markedly than he, changes in the manner in which he obtains his food, having somewhat modified his use of this organ, but not sufficiently but that we may trace some very interesting reminiscences of his origin therein.

The long, tapering upper lip is a characteristic mark of a well bred horse. A blunt, square nose is an indication of coarse blood, even when it accompanies an otherwise well formed head.

I have said that a horse grazing is one of the prettiest sights in nature, and I think those who have watched the process will agree with me. Just outside my window, as I write, a pretty mare is feeding upon the short, thick alfalfa. The ground is strewn with eucalyptus leaves and twigs and all the wind blown debris of the recent storm. In with the alfalfa bur clover is growing, which horses never eat in its green state, and a few weeds, but not a stray leaf or twig, not a sprig of clover nor a stalk of any weed finds its way into madam's mouth.

She has just eaten every spear of a tuft of alfalfa, in the midst of which a meadow mushroom is growing—and left the mushroom intact. Weeds are bent back, leaves turned over, clover brushed aside and twigs tossed away in the most unconscious manner by the busy upper lip, while all the while the even white teeth are nipping off leaf after leaf of just the pasturage sought for, never by any chance getting a bite of anything else. It is quite wonderful to watch her.

There is no other animal quite so well equipped in the dental line as is the horse. That is to say, of course, for his own particular needs. His dentition is peculiar, and shows clearly the modifying influence of his sojourn with man.

Ate His Dinner Twice.

An absent minded Roxborough citizen was sent to the city yesterday, says the Philadelphia Record, to make a few purchases for his better half. On prior occasions he had returned home complaining of a headache, caused by missing his noon-time meal. To make sure he would not forget any of the articles wanted, his wife prepared a memorandum. At the head of the list was: "Don't forget your dinner," and to make doubly sure she finished with the same admonition. Arriving in the city the paper was pulled from his pocket. Seeing the dinner notice he dropped it in a restaurant and filled up. Each article was marked off the list as purchased, until he reached the bottom, when "Get your dinner" again appeared. He dropped into the nearest eating house and gave an elaborate order. It happened to be the same place visited an hour or so before, and his appetite was a revelation to the waiter, who was the same man who served the first dinner.

Fooled the Ameer.

It seems that young Mr. Curzon, who married Miss Leiter, is not above a joke. A short time ago, when he was in Afghanistan, he was so desirous of making an impression on the Ameer that he rigged himself up in the regimental of a general. The trick worked to a charm, and the Ameer, seeing the glittering and imposing uniform, supposed that the young man was a distinguished warrior. The result was that Mr. Curzon received the most marked homage, which he graciously accepted, fortunately getting out of the country before the imposition was discovered.

A Blind Catfish.

Ernie Russell, aged 13, caught a catfish weighing forty pounds on his trout line, at Buena Vista. The fish had been on a hook years ago, and half the lower jawbone and all the upper one is gone. But the strange thing about the fish is that it is totally blind in both eyes. The eyeballs have run out, and little holes exist where the eyes were. The fish, though presumably blind for years, was fat and in good condition.

Ocean Telephone.

Practical experiments have now satisfied some of our best electricians that telephony from the new to the old world is practical with mass wires for service, to separate cities at one and the same time. Wires adjusted to this purpose have already been tested, and are being drawn for 30,000 miles of service.

MODEL SUBURBAN HOME

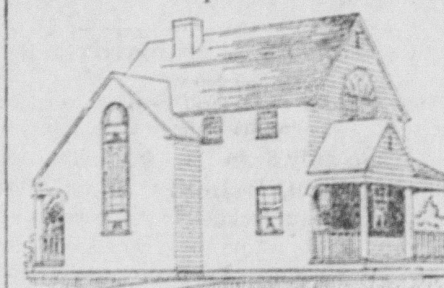
For \$1,000—Labor-Saving Machines Responsible for Cheap Building.

[Copyright 1895 by the Co-operative Building Association, N. Y.]

During the last few years the proportion of families who own their own homes has been increased, owing to the multiplication of building and loan associations. It is no longer necessary that a man should be possessed of a snug capital before he can transform himself from a tenant into a householder.

There is a mistaken idea very prevalent that a small house that shall be attractive enough for a man of taste cannot be built for less than \$2,000 or \$3,000. Less than half that sum is sufficient if it be judiciously expended. Any amount of money can be squandered in non-essentials and in decorations that are as useless as inartistic. In the main we only require from a house, as from a man, that it perform its duty well and do the things it was intended to in the best way and be pleasing and graceful in doing it.

A model home, if it be skillfully planned, can be erected for a surprisingly small sum in these days. The inventiveness of Americans, which has devised all sorts of machines for joining and carpentering to replace the expensive hand work, has made this possible.



Wise men who look to the future are gradually availing themselves of the present conditions. The nearby suburbs of all cities are being built up with inexpensive homes, and the effect will soon be felt in the problem of municipal reform. The assertion does not need proof that the householder is a better citizen, in that he is more keenly alive to the administration of affairs, than the dweller in a rented house. He feels that it is not a mere privilege, but a duty as well, to exercise the franchise and to give keen scrutiny to the acts of public servants; he has a personal interest in the affairs of State—he is a householder and a taxpayer; when he speaks of home—a veritable "home" as distinguished from the rented house—in his eye he has pictured a pretty cottage something like the one below.

SANTA ANNA'S ONE LEG.

Ex-Congressman Cummings, of New York, tells this good crowd story in the Washington Pathfinder:

"It was in Florida. Tom Murrey and I had made a camp a little back from the shore—object, fish. Among other things we used to immolate a turtle every morning. The sea turtle does not lay its eggs under what you might call the Australian system. Whole herds come out of the sea together, and the way they mix up their eggs must make it a tangle when one of them tries to call its family together. You know Murrey, great cook and all that! Well, Murrey claimed to know all of these turtles by their given names, and used to stroll about among 'em and look in their faces, and pick out one to kill. Murrey claimed that you should pick out a turtle for food by his head.

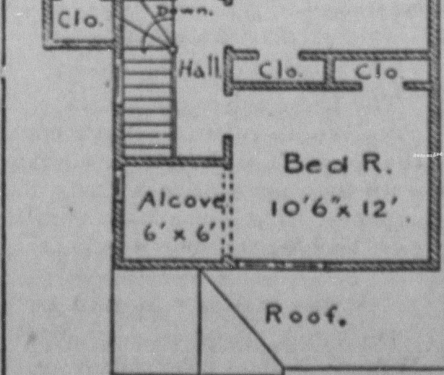
"If he has a broad, flat head, wide at the jaws, like an adder," says Murrey, "don't touch him. He is a turtle with a savage temper. He fights other turtles and gets into fits of rage and spoils his flesh. Pick out a turtle with a round, kindly face; one that you would not hesitate to accept for a guide, philosopher, and friend; that's the turtle to eat."

"But about the crows. They used to flock about camp by the thousands to peck at the shells of the turtles that Murrey had slain and to grab off biscuit crumbs and scraps. One of these, I noticed, was a one-legged crow. Somewhere in the game of life he'd lost one of his pins, and was pegging around making a living on the other. I felt sorry for him. My fat is crippled, and so I ran a deadline around the camp and wouldn't let the other crows come inside. We just gave Santa Anna the run of the camp—that's what we called the one-legged crow, Santa Anna—and he was welcome to the biscuit, the baking powder, and anything we had. Santa Anna became quite tame, and would let us pick him up at times. As he ransacked the camp and filled up on the delicacies, the other crows perched about on the scrubby trees glowered at Santa Anna, and loathed him, and wondered where he got his push.

"But one day we missed Santa Anna. He came not. The next day on the next were vacant of Santa Anna. Murrey and I felt lonely. The other crows stood about in the trees and gloated over us. By the look of green and Satanic exultation in their eyes we could see that they had murdered Santa Anna.

"On the third day after our pet's disappearance, however, we were delighted by his sudden coming back. There he was pegging about on one leg and standing in on the sugar and the dried currants as of yore. Tom and I were tickled to death. It was as if a stone had been rolled from our hearts. What grew to be wonderful, too, was the appetite Santa Anna had brought with him. He ate from morning until night. He was at it all the time. Murrey is superstitious, and I knew that a crow that ate through twelve straight hours and never let up was due to break up our camp.

"I concluded to catch Santa Anna and see if I could solve the mystery of all this grub he'd been stowing away. I'd got to be careful, for another peculiarity which Santa Anna had developed during his three days' vacation was as profound shyness. It pained Murrey to the heart, after all he had done for him. I approached Santa Anna with great caution and suddenly reached for him. I missed him, but in his hurry dodging away, Santa Anna stuck out a second leg, which he'd carried hid away in his bosom feathers. At this the other crows, which were sitting in the trees watching, screamed rudely and flew away. The secret was out. They had killed the real Santa Anna, and now, one by one, they would hide a leg in their feathers and hop into camp and work me and Tom."



Second Floor

The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Cellar under parlor and hall. Loft floored for storage. Open fireplace in dining room. Double folding doors connect parlor with

hall and dining room. Another chimney may be introduced in parlor. The alcove off front bedroom may be partitioned off for a hall bedroom with entrance directly from the hall. A bathroom with a full or partial set of plumbing may be introduced in the second story. The price (\$1,050) is based on New York prices for materials and labor, and in many sections of the country the cost should be less. Mantels, ranges and heaters are not included in the estimate, being left for the individual builder to select.

Additional signs of reviving trade and encouraging evidences of improvement are seen in all directions. Since Jan. 1, 1895, up to the present time, the increase in real estate sales in the vicinity of New York was 40 per cent., and in building permits 70 per cent. In Chicago the increase in real estate sales was 25 per cent., and their increase in building permits 40 per cent., a greater increase than there has been for the same period of time for the last five years.

Figures in the last census present a striking picture of the home conditions under which the mass of wage-workers in this country live. One of the recent bulletins shows that out of every 100 families in the United States 52 hire their homes or farms, 35 own them without incumbrances, leaving 13 in every one hundred who own them with incumbrances. The proportion of the dwellers in the cities who own their homes is, of course, smaller than this. In 420 cities and towns, having a population of from 8,000 to 100,000, 64 in every 100 families hire their homes, 12 own them with incumbrances and 25 without incumbrances. It may be predicted with confidence that the next census will show even a better record than this.

Decay Kept at Bay.

Moderate eating through life does much to retard old age. A diet containing a minimum amount of earthy particles preserves the system from functional blockages. Ossific matter deposited in the body through long years of unthinking diet must be dissolved as far as practicable. Attention must be given to the drinking water; much of it contains lime in excessive proportion, or other mineral elements. Distilled water and acid fruits are efficacious and the least harmful. Their chemical action retards the stiffening of the joints, rheumatism and, in fact, old age. The daily use of distilled water is, after middle life, one of the most important means of preventing secretions and the derangement of health. This rule observed, and taking plenty of fruit, especially juicy uncooked apples, avoiding all foods rich in earthy salts, physical decay or deterioration will be kept at bay.

No man's religion ever appears a success to those to whom he owes money.

Nobody can help notice the shortcoming of the man who is always behind time.

Every Mother Should Always Have a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Nothing so good for pain, weakness, colds and sleeplessness.

Wisdom counsels temperance in all things.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation Free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

The saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-third of its weight.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. BATTERSON, INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 5, 1894.

No woman should ever worry over the loss of a man who had the courage to ask for her.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggist sold at the per bottle.

After a thing is started, it always goes slower than was expected.

Always Tired

Describes a dangerous condition, because it means that the vitality is becoming exhausted by reason of impoverished blood. Give new life to the vital fluid and the nerves and muscles will grow stronger. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength, because it makes pure, rich blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1.50 per bottle.

Hood's Pills

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

THANK THE LOVELLS!

To Them More Than to Others Is Due the Fair Play Accorded to Wheelmen.

From the beginning of cycling in this country the makers have been its strongest bulwarks, and to them, due the credit for the proud position riders of the bicycle hold. To the members of the trade, therefore, we owe much, as it was their pluck and their money that have made for us our position.



COL. BEN. S. LOVELL.

Among the men who early felt the benefits of cycling, and did not hesitate to expend money, is Colonel Ben. S. Lovell, of Boston, Treasurer of the John F. Lovell Arms Company, of that city. Their firm name has been a familiar one for over fifty years, having been established in 1840, doing a sporting goods and gun business. Being in a kindred trade, it was but natural that they should engage in the making and selling of bicycles. Their success has been unbounded, as they have made a name for the Lovell Diamond Cycles that is a familiar household one in every hamlet in the land. It is not possible to have done that without cost, and a considerable one, too, as readers of current literature will admit, for have not all of us encountered the cynical words "Lovell Diamonds?" To estimate the gross amount that has been expended for advertising would be a difficult task, but it is said that considerably over \$100,000 was spent by them during 1894. All the big Eastern dailies had entire pages, which cost lots of money, and the magazines filled many pages exploiting Lovell Diamond Cycles.

Can it be wondered at, then, that cycling has become popular, when men like Colonel Lovell spend such sums to make it so? Colonel Lovell is Treasurer of the John F. Lovell Arms Company, and is a man of rare business attainments, acquired by long experience and an aptitude possessed by few. In private life he has won the respect and esteem of every one he has brought in contact with, while his public record is equally good, on five different occasions representing his town in the Legislature, serving in both branches. He served on the staff of Governor Long for three consecutive years, and is now a member of Governor Greenhalge's staff. He has been a delegate to four National conventions, and there is not an office in the gift of his townsmen which would not be at his disposal were it not for his great business responsibilities. There is no man in the bicycle business more respected than Colonel Ben. S. Lovell, and no better cycle is made in the world than the Lovell Diamond.

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