

## FISHING with flaring sides. One with a coil of heavy hose, like a great blacksnake, washed down the deck. A Day in Nature's Glories

Catching the Finny Beauties of Lake Erie.

# RARE CURTAINS OF MIST

That Break the Rays of a Morning Sun Into Rainbow Colors.

ONE OF THE LAKE'S QUICK STORMS.

Gathering Shining, Wriggling Masses of Pearl From the Nets.

HOW PITTSBURG'S MARKET IS SUPPLIED

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 CLEVELAND, May 28.



of the great lakes. From their clear blue depths tens of thousands of tons of fish are taken every year and shipped far and wide over the country. Lake whitefish, trout and pike have in their season an established place on the menus of first-class hotels throughout the North and are prime tavorites in the food supply of Pittsburg, while salted lake herring and "pickerel" find a ready sale in a dozen great States, and lake caviare supplies all American demands, and is exported to all parts of Europe.

The gh the smallest of the sweet seas that find i e outlet through the Niagara river, Lake 1.14 is the most productive, surpassing in its yield of fish any other body of fresh water in the world. Herring and blue pike constitute the larger part of the total from Lake Erie. Ninety-five per cent of the catch is taken in either pound or gill

### Wonders of the Pound Net,

nels.

The pound net used is the familiar device of Eastern fishermen and was brought to Lake Eric from Connecticut about 1850. It consists of three parts-pot or bowl, heart or funnel, and leaders. The pot or bowl is the net proper, and is usually about 30 feet square. Into it leads the heart or funnel from the leaders, which are long stretches of netting, with a 3 to 6-inch mesh, extending often for miles into the lake. The fish



swim against the leaders, and, unable to most the obstruction, work slong it till the heart is reached, and thence through the 14foot fonnel into the pot. Once there they rarely escape, and all the fishermen need to

Out Among the Gill Nets. The breeze freshens, but the pilot house with doors and windows closed is filled with the hot greasy breath of the engine. The captain stands at the wheel in his shirt sleeves smoking as philosophically as ever Isaak Walton dreamed of beside an English brook. The fog drives further away. The horizon widens, but the curtains of drabs

Are was for the may be seen in all the western end of the lake. There are usally 60 and rarely the add gill nets in a gang, and as each the mere are usally 60 and rarely the arerage gang of the arerage gang of the arerage gang of the area and put about. The work of setting the setting the set of the taken in, dried, and brought out to-morrow.

properly speaking, oilskins that once were yellow. The buoy with its great stone for an anchor has been drawn aboard, and the work of lifting the nets commences.

Lifting the Freighted Meshes, HERE are The tug is slowed down to two miles an few industries hour or less. The crew takes turns draw-ing in the net, raising it through 40 feet or more of water. When the catch is big in the Central West more inenough to keep the others busy taking the teresting or fish from the nets, two men have to do the lifting, but to-day it is light and three are surpassing in magnitude drawing in over the smooth oak roller. The steady tramp of the men walking backward across the narrow deck lifting the net is the fisheries heard above the long breathing of the en-gine and the occasional creak of the wheel,

as the captain keeps her "head to" along the nets. We creep forward so softly the he nets, we creep forward so solve the novice is scarcely aware of motion at all. From the stern comes the splash of fish as the men cleaning the nets thrust the cruel gaff-hook into them to puncture the air bladders, pull them through the meshes and toss them into the flaring boxes. A



Taking the Fish From the Net.

old tug wheezes by on its way to : little gang of nets farther out. A great silver eel, or "lawyer," as the fishermen have dubbed it because of its thieving propensities, slaps and threshes about on the deck aft, making as much noise in its way as some other lawyers in a bad case. Pres-ently it will be skinned and sold as catfish.

The sun is among broken clouds. With coquettish uncertainty it shines one moment and the water glows with greens and azures and is hidden the next, leaving the lake brooding and grav, with the horizon drawing near on every hand in rising mist. The great gulls circle about us, now rush-ing down to rest for a moment on the surface, again rising with swift, strong strokes to lose themselves in the dim air. Like true spirits of the chameleon lake their brownish backs glow almost ruddy in the sunshine, and breasts and inner wings shine ghastly white in the shadow.

The Fishermen Lead to Poetry. The men see only the fish in the nets be-

fore them, joking in a sardonic way at times over the light catch. In come the slender

the waves. It is one of the quick storms that change the great lakes from mill-ponds to strong seas in a few minutes. The clouds roll up in purple and black mountains, and the rain comes down in large drops, making the nearby waves in rare artistic designs. The chadow schemeling emergence the head meshes, with now a golden perch, now a family of blue pike or a beautiful silver herring, and occasionally a great whitefish tangled in them, all to be coiled in the shadowy shoreline emerges from the horiflaring boxes together until each one is heaped high with nets and fish, when it is removed to the stern and the fish taken from the nets. The yellow river bent on beating to our dock a rival

while the crew was bringing forward boxes out to find new grounds. The water is too with flaring sides. One with a coil of still, the captain explains, for a good run of GOVERNING fish to-day. The slime on the nets tells of the settling to the bottom of the silt born the settling to the bottom of the silt borne down by creek and river and carried far by wind and wave. The settling drives the fish from the bottom for a time, and a light catch results. We have taken but 600 pounds all told to-day. Yesterday it reached 1,500 pounds. A few years ago, the captain tells me, five tons of fish in a gang of nets was not unusual; now one ton is a good catch. Too many in the business, he thinks, is the cause of the trouble.

Rev. George Hodges Would Give Councilmen More Work to Do.

THAT WOULD GET IN BETTER MEN. One Eane is Mixing National Politics in

Municipal Elections.

CHRISTIAN DUTY IN IMPROVEMENTS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Some good people in the old revival meetings used to go about asking everybody; "Are you a Christian?" Very often that was found a difficult question to answer. Sometimes they would request everybody in the congregation who was a Christian, or who wanted to be a Christian, to stand up. I am afraid that the division that was made in the congregation upon these occasions was not always a perfectly accurate one.

It is not likely that it corresponded ex-actly with that other separation to the right hand and the left that will be made some day in the future. And that was not only on account of certain objectionable traits of human nature that such a summons would bring forth, such as love or approbation on one side and patural obstinacy on the other side, but on account of a certain difficulty

Christian do you mean? Do you mean a conventional Christian or an emotional

Christian, or a real Christian?" A conven-tional Christian is one of whom we know very little more than that he goes to church twice every Sunday and belongs to the Christian society and has never been accused of heresy. Our Lord, when he was here, had very little sympathy with conventional religionists.

#### A Christian Common at Revivals.

way at ten miles an hour. Quickly, dettly the men catch the net from the flaring boxes and pay it out smoothly and steadily. Upon its proper setting to-morrow's eatch depends, and the safety of the net as well An emotional Christian is one who has passed through a certain spiritual experience and is in possession of certain religrerhups. Two others stand by to lift away the empty box and replace it with a full one as occasion requires, the engine slowing down to permit each change. The screw throbs and the tug breathes hoarsely as we ious feelings. Our Lord was quick to repress all false sentimentality. A man came press all false sentimentality. A man came once to Him, saying in an enthusiastic and impulsive manner: "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." And our Lord said to him quietly, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Upon another occasion when He was teaching, a certain woman called dash along and the men pay out the net, the captain himselt taking one side of it. We are headed south. The nets are always run from north to south in order to eatch the fish in their migrations from the deep water at the east end of the lake to the shallower out in this same emotional and enthusiasti manner, exclaiming upon the blessedness of the mother of such a teacher, to which our Lord answered, "Yea, rather blessed are they which hear the word of God and The sun is entirely hidden. A storm is gathering. Behind us as we rush along the sky is a brilliant bluish purple, and the water darkening under it. In 20 minutes

keep it.' The real Christian, however, is one who water darkening under it. In 20 minutes or so, the three miles and a half of nets have been set and we are away for home. It is none too soon. The sky is overcast. The water no longer changes with each shifting cloud. The purple blackens on the horizon ominously. The waves break in white caps of foam under the whip of the strong south wind. We dash forward fear-hestly now herasting a wave and ridinlives as far as he can the kind of life that the Lord Jesus Christ lived when he was here. The trouble with emotional Christianity and conventional Christianity is that so much of it is veneer. It comes off

in the moment of temptation. There has been very little said in the course of sermons which comes to an end to-day, about either conventional or emolessly, now breasting a wave and riding high, now dashing the bow into a great comber and throwing the spray high over the pilot-house. The deck was all a-wash. tional Christians. We have been talking about the only kind of Christians which are worth talking about-the real Christians. The subject to-day is the Christian in the The spray flies angrily against the pilot house windows and clings there till nothing city.

## The Bible Is a City Book.

can be seen through them. On we go at full speed, swinging like a great rocking-chair. The harsh metallic breathing of the engine is almost drowned by the wind, and The Bible is the book of the city. It is true that the first heroes of the Bible story lived in a garden, but there was no city at the throb of the screw lost in the splash of that time for them to live in. It is true, that time for them to live in. It is true, also, that as the story progresses the heroes are found dwelling in tents and wandering about over the vast plains of the East, and going down on visits into Egypt, and mak-ing long journeys hither and thither in the plains of Sinai. But we find that they were always in search of a city; that was their continual ambition; they were forever look-ing forward to the time when they would id have a city, O

ministers to the desires for improvement that are in the hearts of all the citizens. The Christian believes also that his duty toward the putting away of evil from the city is not discharged by the payment of a tax which supports the policemen and the expenses of the county jail. He believes in Which is the policemen and the expenses of the county jail. He believes in expenses of the county jail. He believes in all kinds of influences that can be brought to bear to prevent evil before it happens. He is not of those who think the best use of money is to spend it for ambulances at the foot of a dangerous cliff, but that a far more wise expenditure is for a fence along the top

to keep the people from falling over. Ao cordingly, the Christian citizen is exceed-ingly interested in the moral issues of all Ingry interested in the moral issues of all the questions that are raised in the city. Mr. Stead said the other day to the electors at Newcastle that if there was to be a prop-osition made that on the first day of Janu-ary there should be an altar raised on a hill on one side of the city dedicated to Bacebus and that a reason was chosen from

Bacchus, and that a young man chosen from the youth of the city should be offered as a living sacrifice to that heathen deity, the whole city would be up in arms. And that if upon the first day of July a similar prop-osition should be attempted to be forced upon that city, that a young woman should be offered as a living sacrafice upon an altar to Venus, built upon another hill on the other side of the city, there would be an-

other and still more vehement outcry. I have been cross-examined by one of our most notorious criminal lawyers, and the Mr. Stead's Striking Simile. People would no longer consider what party politics they had or what church they belonged to—all the Christian citizens of good name which I held so dear has been lost in the shuffle. He has left me a reputation which would not have been jack high that city would be up in arms. And then he reminded them that it is not only one here and another there who is offered as a among the 40 thieves. Let me explain the circumstances. The

neighborhood in which I reside has been sacrifice to these unspeakable divinities of the past, but that every day tens and scores side, but on account of a certain difficulty in the definition of the name. For the people of the congregation might naturally have asked "What kind of a ize the prosaic duties that we have every day around us. The Christian citizen more and more realizes that. The Christian citizen recognizes that one of the greatest enemies of Christianity and one of the greatest provocatives to crime is poverty. And he knows exactly how to

measure poverty. Poverty, unless we set a definition to it, is a most evasive word. A man may be poor who has \$100,000 in comparison to another man who has \$5,000,000. We are all of us poor in comparison to some

we are all of us poor in comparison to some other people. But poverty accurately de-fined is the deprivation of the opportunity to enrich one's life. The man who has no chance to better himself, who has no hope in the future of being any higher than he is, who has no opportunity to cultivate his wind one to not may of the backfull place. mind, or to get any of the healthful pleas-ures of life, is poor.

### The City Is a Big Family.

And because the city is all one family, we cannot afford to have any poor people in the city. We cannot afford to have any of the city. We cannot allord to have any of our brothers and sisters lacking in those op-portunities that belong by right to every child of God under the wide sky. And although the Christian may not know exactly what to do, he sets his face against poverty, and he wants the Christianity of the aity to do averathing it can in the min. the city to do everything it can in the min-istration of opportunity to the people who lack opportunity. He wants clean streets in front of all the tenement houses. He

wants the observation of sanitary law to the utmost.

The Christian, realizing his civic responsibilities, realizes also that there is need of good officials in the city government to help him, to represent him; nad, accordingly,

whether they belong to one political party or the other. The bane of municipal administration in this country is the admix-ture of national politics. The only requisite of an official in a city is efficiency. It makes no difference whether he is a Repub-

owns, where all the interests are petty, who

public parks, and with the management o libraries for the people and with the care o

themselves actually the servants of the city. That is not realized by the half of the offi-

share of our money. The people say some-times: "Well, the Democrats have had the

Getting Eminent Men in Councils,

But the whole purpose of office ought to

cient servant. The more there is to do, the

TRIAL OF A WITNESS. Because of my lab or in this field I was be ginning to be regarded as a man unduly familiar with crime. It was currently re-ported that the shoe blacking story was an invention of a palsied imagination. It was said that in reality I had been polishing my It was HIS EXAMINATION IN COURT. Had a Good Reputation Before, but Now Gets the Finger of Scorn.

Under these cheerful auspices I left my home and went directly to that palace of home and went directly to that parace of justice which cost so much more than any-body was ever able to account for. The court room was crowded with people and full of that odor which always attaches itself to the abode of the law, and which has to the abode of the law, and which has to the abode of the law, and which has to the abode of the law, and which has to the abode of the law, and which has that ridge was first made by the swing of a the source day not many nothing in its favor except its appropriate-Dess.

scribed. Then came the opening for the prosecution, after which the policeman on our beat told how he had arrested Fielding on the scene of the assault. He described my appearance and behavior, and admitted that I had made no attempt to escape. Afterward, in response to nrgent questions by the Assistant District Attorney, he conlessed that he had also arrested Mr. Swag-ley. Cross-questioned by Mr. Mucker, he said that Fielding had been greatly dis-turbed, while Mr. Swagley had been calm. He knew nothing about the assault.

The prosecution then desired to call the victim of the assault, but it appeared that he had gone to take up his residence ih a small town on the northern frontier of Zusmall town on the northern frontier of Zu-luland, and would not come back unless sent for. The defense offered to wait until he could be brought back, which would probably take about four years if he agreed to come, and longer if he resisted. The trial then proceeded. I was placed upon the witness stand. It was a nervous time for me. I expected to get through the direct examination all right, but when Mr. Mucker got atter me I knew there would be trouble.

knew there would be trouble

## Under the Cross-Examiner's Fire.

Mr. Mucker is an able cross-examiner; he knows how to make a witness angry and lead him into rash statements. Mr. Mucker is admirably calculated to make any Chris-tian angry. His mere existence is a peren-nial spring of righteous indignation. To carry on a conversation with Mr. Mucker is to go beyond the cleansing power of con-fession, absolution and a Turkish bath. That he should be allowed to come into court and make finger marks on the robe of Justice is an incredible disgrace to all concerned.

the read Mr. Mucker, but I aid not under-stand him. I supposed that he would be-wilder me with questions, and enrage me to the point of self-contradiction, but he took another tack. After I had told my story in my weak and stammering way in the direct examination, Mr. Mucker began. I had always believed that the object of a cross-

have spoken of him myself more than once. Among his public services was the carrying of his ward in the hotly contested election of '85. A great part of the opposition votes was cast in a single precinct, where the polling place was a fire engine house. Just before the close of the polls Swagley knocked down the stove in his saloon near by and pulled in an alarm. In the confusion, the ballot box was run out of the poll-

> Mr. Mucker's Style of Examination "Fielding, on that quiet, pesceful Sabbath morning, when the church bells were ring-ing, when the steps of all good citizens were turned toward the house of worship, and you, with your besotted head bent over

a bar were-

Mucker.

f them?

"Certainly."

ands, I suppose.

"Certainly not."

anged in Obio in 1849?"

Senator John B. Jones, of Nevado

same disheartening face of hard gray "or-

phyry. They groped in all directions on

Jones Had Unlimited Faith.

tendent, John P. Jones. He had come to

the great mining camp on the Virginia

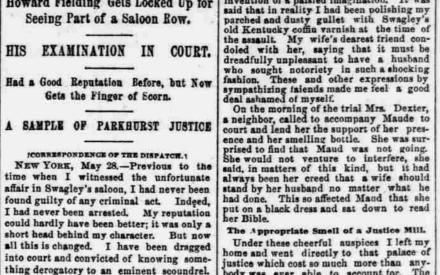
Range three years before alter a political

campaign in California in a run for the

lieutenant governorship. He lost his stake

Sierras and seek a change of luck in the

All the unlucky stockholders in the



The selection of a jury I have already de-

risky to bet that he cannot do it to-day. His arm is still strong and his eye is as clean as ever. The story of his sick child and its bearing on the Crown Point Mine has never been told in print. It was in 1870 that the shares had reached their lowest ebb. You could buy them for \$2. This meant \$24,000 for the mine, plant and all, though its nominal assets were \$114,000 and

four times that amount had been sunk in it. Wherever the weary miners turned with their drills and their picks there was the

SICK

The Part It Played in the Senator's

Bonanza Strike of '71.

HIS REMARKABLE PERSISTENCY.

Fought Against Hope and the Advice of

the Wiseacre Miners.

A RISE IN SHARES FROM \$2 TO \$340

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Senator John P. Jones' recent purchase of

mining property out West sets the gossips

to work on stories of his remarkable careers

He is a stockily built, deep chested man,

with a trunk nearly as round as a barrel.

His thick moustache and chin beard and

hair are grizzled white, and his face is ruddy

with healthy blood. What a vitality and

staying power are in that sturdy frame!

pick in a mine. There was a day, not many

years ago, when he could split a fly on the

wall with the point of a pick. It would be

JONES'

CHILD.

I teared Mr. Mucker, but I did not under-

the lowest levels they had reached, but their search was vain. examination was to get the truth out of a witness; I quickly perceived that its object is to get lies out of a lawyer. My answers were of no account what-Crown Point mine now lost heart completely except the plucky and stiff-necked superin-

ever. Most of the questions were not in-tended to be answered; it was the question itself which was supposed to influence the jurors. I kept tally on Mr. Mucker. He asked me 300 questions, of which 298 were simply interrogative insults, and had no other object. The Judge ruled out 279 of them, and would have ruled out the others if he had considered them to be of any im-portance. This is a sample:

and the prize, but the loss was the turning point in his fortune. He did not lose heart, but the defeat determined him to cross the silver fields of Nevada. His pluck and ability commended him to the directors of the Crown Point Mining Company and shortly after he reached the camp he was

made a superintendent of their mine. When the last great cross-cut had been tried in vain, Jones began again to drift tried in vain, Jones began again to drift southerly along the line of the lode, start-

he does his share in their selection and election. He wants men who will actually represent him, and not some ring or corpora-tion. If he finds that a Councilman represents such hidden influence, he votes next time for some other man. The Christian citizen in electing the offi-cers of the Christian city, has no regard to

lican or a Democrat, any more than it makes a difference whether he is a Presbyterian or a difference whether he is a Fresoyterian or an Episcopalian. We care no more for his opinion in regard to the tariff, than we care for his opinion in regard to the Westmin-ster Confession of Faith.

Bunning a City on Business Lines.

ing place with the fire engine, and was the only total and uninsured loss occasioned by the conflagration. We did not welcome Swagley among us. We did not welcome Swagley among us. We did not need him. Most of my neigh-bors walked a couple of blocks to Billy Blood's place when they wanted a drink; and they didn't mind the exercise so long

ing forward to the time when they would have a city. And by and by, when they did have a city, O how proud they were of a larger office-building in which the honses lived near Billy Blood's were not nice a bit. ed near Bil a larger office-building in which the houses As for me, a glass of soda water-and served in the main room, if you please, is the limit of my indulgence. There take the place of rooms and the streets take the place of the halls. There is no reason why a city should not be run as well as an office-building. And the city is only an-other kind of a club, to which we all be-long, and in which we ought to be served with the common conveniences utterly re-gardless of our income, as men are served in their clubs. The city ourbut to be conwas talk of an organized effort against Swagley, but we hesitated to act. S my neighbors did not wish to leave their families unprovided for, and, as for me, I am too young to die. It was mere accident which thrust me forward in this affair. The Dury and shed their tears. Our Lord when he came was born, it is true, in a village, and was nurtured in a true, in a village, and was nurtured in a good religion. That does not mean there only reliable shoe blacking stand near my home is established beside Swagley's "family entrance." Gets Arrested as a Witne chamber before every session; but it does mean that those who have the rule in the I was sitting in the chair about 11 o'clock on a peaceful Sunday forenoon. The artist had just blacked the lower portions of city, and the rest of us who give them rule, my spring pantaloons, and was about to begin on my shoes, when the noise of an ought to desire simple efficiency in all mu-nicipal administration. argument in Swagley's resort caused me to The Christian citizen recognizes the diffiturn my head. A wan was just coming out: and, being in a hurry, he had taken a large portion of the side door with him. I think culty of getting the right men, and he realizes that there is still another way of realizes that there is still another way of getting good government beside the absolute of the ideal men, and that is the giving of the city officials a great deal to do. It is the people who live in the little country the door was hanging around his neck when

eminently respectable, even before J moved in. There one might have seen a little lawshiding community surrounded by the remainder of the Tenderloin Precinct. Except the monthly visits of our landlords' agents, few robberies were committed among us; and the crimes of violence were, for the

most part, confined to the same periods. We had that guarded and cautious respect for one another, which is the highest form of neighborly cordiality in New York.

How Swagley Carried an Election. Then for our sins, came Swagley upon us and established a saloon on the corner.

is to lift the bowl or pot sufficiently dip out the fish with scoop nets. It is admirably adapted for shallow water but is rarely set where the depth exceeds 40 feet. Thirty years ago almost fabulous catches were made with these nets in the western golden too, and one might almost imagin end of Lake Erie and particularly in the icinity of the Bass Islands, where hundreds of milles of them are now in use every season. Four tons of whitefish were taken in a single pound, and berring in the early days of the war were often so plentiful that they could be bought at the islands for 25 cents per hundred weig d. Even yet these nets are very successful and much more than half the catch of Erie is taken in them. In 1885 11 tons of herring were caught in seven nets, and last fall in a single week over 1,500 tons of fish were marketed in Sandusky, (), which handles more tresh fish annual han New York City or Gloucester, Mass. and proudly claims to be the createst fish mart in America, if not in the world.

### Catching Fish by Their Gills.

In the pound net the fish are rarely caucht the meshes, while in the gill net the design is, as the name suggests, to take them by the gills. The meshes permit entrance as far as the gills, and thus hold the victim prisoner. If the net is not lifted within a few hours the fish are likely to drown and become worthless. The ponnd, however, permits the fish to be taken as uninjured, ually, as if captured in a seine. For this reason pound-caught fish usually command a slightly better price than those taken in gill nets. The gill net is used in deep water. The lives of the lake fishermen are not easy ones, though the hardships grow less as steam tugs supersede the old sail boats or visiting the nets. Oilskins sheeted with ice, numb fingers cut and bleeding from drawing in the freezing nets, and faces frost-bitten by icy spray, are common experionees, while often the gales drive the nets far out of position and not infrequently tangle them with others almost inextricable One storm last fall destroyed \$20,000 worth of nets for the Erie, Pa. fishermen in this Yet 10,000 hardy men earn a liveli-WRY. hood along the lakes by this means every year, and rarely is a life lost. Nearly a score of steam tugs now do business from this port, over 30 from Erie, Pa., and many from Sandusky, where a few years ago ther were scarcely more than a score on the whole lake, sail boats being used. Everywhere down the lakes the same change i going on.

ders.

market as "salmon."

## A Day on a Fishing Boat.

It was 6:30 on a foggy May morning when we started. The steam fog-horn was bel lowing in half-minute intervals. The sky was clearing, and as we steamed briskly down the river the soft sound wind gave promise of a warm and pleasant day. The fog was beginning to shift and scatter, but once on the lake it still shut the horizon down close about us by many colored curtains. Eastward under the rays of the sur it hung the air with vells of silvery gossa mer, or fled along the surface like th moist breath of a living creature, while in the west, near at hand, a bank of slates and grays lay impenetrably dense upon foun tions of violet and rose. Against that back

ground circled the silver wings of gulls. The wind drove the column of black moke that belched from the stack of the tug over the port bow and spread it fanshaped mingling with the drab of fog and cloud, Beneath that black canopy the blue water rippled in wakes of green and black and rose, as the smoke in varying de grees refracted the sunlight. The sunshine rightened, and from the east a great reach of silver looked up into the eyes of the be-holder, and dazzled and bewitched, while blushes of lavender, rose, and violet crept up from the water into the dissolving bank of for in the west.

captain was studying a tug that far ahead threw a banner of steam across our course, but paused as we passed a slender cane lifting an abbreviated banner six or eight feet above a small cedar buoy, to point to it as marking the first gang of gill nets, four miles out of Cleveland. Mean-

scales of the perch shine like gold of dif-foring degrees of fineness in the sunlight, tug that entered the harbor just behind us. SAMUEL G. MCCLURE. the darker marking of back and sides coming out in fine relief. Fins and tail grow

the waves.

## GENERAL GRANT'S PHOTOGRAPH. An Incident That Happened at the Close of

Paying Out the Fresh Nets

nets begins. First is dropped overboard the stone for anchors and the buoy with its cane

standard and soiled little pennant. Then from the stern two men pay out the nets, the cedar bobs in a line at one side, the lead sinkers at the other, to bring it into an up-right position on the bottom. The tug steams

stretches westward, and back again.

One of Old Erie's Quick Storms

so gaudy a fish to be self-conscious. Here is a whitefish that has threshed in the toil the Vicksburg Campaign. in agony tor hours. The pearl-like opaque fins and tail shine red with the blood that

Prof. M. B. Brady said in a recent con has been driven into them by mad efforts to escape. That other is as bright as if just versation with a correspondent: "I was the first man to make General Grant known to from a bath of silver. He has not known the meshes long. The spring catch of whitefish is usually not large. In July and the people. I photographed him when he came East at the close of the Vicksburg campaign. I caught him at the depot, and August considerable numbers are taken in he came to my gallery at 4:30 one afternoon deep water at the eastern end of the lake, but the bulk of the catch off this port and with Secretary Stanton. Stanton came in west of here is in November, when the whitefish [Coregonus clupeiformis] seek the first and told me that Grant was ready to have his picture taken, and I told him to spawning grounds about the Bass Islands. No sturgeon (Acipense rubicundus) are come right in. A moment later General Grant was standing in my gallery with a taken in gill-nets, too small a mesh being

They are the largest of lake fish and halt dozed cameras bearing upon him to take him from all sides. It was so late in the afternoon and the light was so weak that we feared to lose him, and we pro-posed to use every means possible to get a are taken in the greatest numbers at the eastern end of the lake, their favorite spawning grounds being rocky ledges near the shore. Thirty years ago this fish was held in small esteem; now smoked sturgeon finds a good sale in all the principal markets good likness. "I then sent one of my assistants up to

of the country. It is not unusual for 1,000 the roof to pull back the skylight to its full length. The man appreciated our anxiety to get the picture. He was very nervous in the presence of General Grant, and was tons of sturgeon to be handled at Sandusky in a single year, while the roes, which sometimes weigh as much as 60 pounds, are spiced and pickled there in great quantities, so excited with the fear that we would lose the sitting that he stumbled on the skylight and fell full length, knocking an immense pane out of the plate glass, which fell down at the feet of Grant. Had it struck him it a large part of the caviare being exported. A considerable quantity of isinglass is also manufactured annually from the air blad-

ould certainly have killed him, and when it fell everybody started up with exclama-The annual catch of Lake Erie approx tions. I shall never forget the action of Grant. He never moved and not a mates 25,000 tons, about three-fifths of which is sold in a fresh condition, being feature of his face changed, saving a slight satirical curl which appeared upon his lip. shipped on ice to the principal cities of the country. Five thousand tons are salted I can see him now as he stood there looking 4,000 frozen and fully 1,500 tons smoked, at the plate glass at his feet. However, while some herring is canned and put on the got a very fair picture of him, and I took him a number of times afterward."

## LONG-DISTANCE PHOTOGRAPHY.

A Camera That Works Successfully at a Distance of Two Miles.

New Orleans Picayune.] Photographers, especially the abused

more colors in air and sky than painter would ever dare to put into a picture, even if with amateurs, will be interested in the new teletranscendant genius he were able to catch scopic camera invented by a German artist. them all. They shift like the turnings of a Dr. Adolph Meethe. Excellent photographs kaleidoscope; a blue that is almost intense enough for a black hangs under yon dark have been made with it at a distance of two miles. With this instrument no one will

cloud-island; the yellow of beaten gold floats and glows beyond; to the left are rose and be secure against the snap-shooter. violet deepening to tints of Tyrian purple and waxing and waning in intensity in a The objective consists of a convex lens of considerable length of focus and a concave lens of short focus. These are placed a cer-tain distance apart, depending upon the dif-ference of the two foci. By the laws of wonderful way; to the right silver, with patches of rare shades of shifting evanescent intangible greens, such lights as glow and

### die away in the eyes of a great cat. Catching a School of Pike.

Treasures of the Blue Waters.

The sun is a veritable magician to-day

and the wind works the cloud curtains for

him to perfection. Where in all nature can

such rare surprises in color be found as on

the water, when conditions are at their best?

The varying densities of mist and cloud to-day produce wonderful effects. There are

from the lenses. The size of the object is greater the nearer the lenses are together, Further and further from the land we go, frift I had almost said, for it seems like drifting. The nets still come up; tramp, tramp echoes the dull tread of the men on and the greater the difference between the foci. To obtain good images, the lenses are the water soaked deck. The tug rocks gently as she pushes along. The wash of the water comes faintly from her sides. The net brings up a score of fine blue pike, of special form and achromatic. The whole By substituting an ordinary opera glass for the objective on the camera and drawing it 15 and 20 inches long, all caught within a dozen feet. A school of them had run their out, a fairly good picture will be obtained on the ground glass of the camera. unsuspecting noses into the subtle deadly meshes together, and their frolics are over. Their color is the blue of fine blued steel the sides darkening into black above. Tai and fins are of the same beautiful metallic blue. In certain positions, the scales show green as well, intensitying the beauty of the fish tresh from their native depths. I exclaim in admiration and point out the and sand to unite. The bricks are perfectly magic changes of sky and water to the Cap-

tain. He looks blankly at them: "One person sees lots o' things another feller'd never notice," he observes senten-tiously, and turns to watch through his plasses the smoke column that marks the

ake.

passage of a big treight steamer down the The net is all in, and we steam farther

it, and how much they loved it, and how loyal they were to it! They used to say their prayers in their days of exile with their faces toward the ruins of this city. Even to-day the descendants of that Old Testament people still make pilgrimages to that dismantled city, held as it is by the in-tidel, and beside its walls they say their prayers and shed their tears.

true, in a village, and was nurtured in a village—that is a good place for a young man to be born and to be brought up. But when the time came for Him to begin the real work of His life, He did exactly what thousands of young men are doing to-day-He came into the city. And instead of choosing Jerusalem, He chose a city that was more of a city than that. He chose Capernaum, which was a brisk town of business. By and by, when the apostles began their work, they centered their min sions in the city.

### The Significance of Names.

Presently so strong was the hold of Christianity on the cities, that the name of "pagan," or villager, and "heathen," or hearth-dweller, came to have their modern meanings. Christianity began its work in a city. In the last book of the Bible, when the apostle St. John sees his vision of the future, He beholds the ideal condition of things, the Golden Age, not under the simile of a holy garden, or of a holy farm of a holy village, nor even a holy temple; He sees a holy city coming down from God out of heaven. If there is any place where the Christian ought to feel at home it is in the city. And if there is any place in the world to-day that needs Christians it is in the city. The Christian in the city will realize that

he has civic responsibilities. The heathen, the savage, in the city, although he may wear Christian garments and live in a Christian habitation, will show his lack of Christianity by his selfishness. He will be aware of no responsibilities spart from those involved in his own money getting and his own comfort and his own happiness

### The City Christian is Progressive.

The Christian's duty in the city, set forth comprehensively, is part positive and part negative. It is the Christian's duty to cials or the tenth part of the people. The idea in many cases seems to be that one great purpose of holding office is toget some be on the side of everything that is toward the uplifting of the city, and to be set against everything which seems to be a him drance to the well-being of all the citizens of the city. offices a good while, and now we ought to turn them over to the Republicans."

For the well-being of the city depende not alone upon appliances for making money, but upon appliances for making char-acter. The Christian in the city, with his money, with his influence, with his inter-est-if he has nothing more than that-sets himself distinctly upon the side of progress in the upward direction. He wants to have optics, this arrangement projects an in-verted image of an object at a long distance good schools in the city. And he is proud of the good schools that the city has. He has an admiration for work that is done in the city, and when that work is simply equal to work done outside the city in any the good citizen puts the city's workmen amera looks very like a Galilean telescope. first. There are a great many people who have the idea of the small boy who believed have the idea of the small boy who believed that if you wanted to catch very large fish you must go to some very distant pool. There are people who can see beauty in pic-tures that are painted outside the city, and

Glass Bricks in Favor for Building. in music that is painted outside the city, and in music that is sung or played by people outside, but are somehow blind and deat to real merit at home. The Christian desires that the city shall be a good place to live in Bricks made out of plate glass are of very superior quality. A sand of iron and glass is forced into a mold under a pressure for everybody who has any kind of ability, and with all his interest and influence he of several thousand pounds per inch. Then the bricks are subjected to a temperature of 2,700° Fahrenheit, which causes the glass ncourages that ability wherever he finds it.

### Beileves in Public Enterprises.

white, and will stand both frost and acid. The Christian is glad of such a Christian nstitution as a free library in the city, and No safer remedy can be had for coughs and olds, or any trouble of the throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in uch another Christian institution as a con. servatory of beautiful flowers. He believes

in public expositions that give an opportu-nity to all the citizens to see what the city is accomplishing, and in everything that brings out the ability that is in the city and ONYX AWNINGS-Entirely new and fast in colors and exquisite in designs, at Mamaux & Son's, 539 Penn avenue. Tel. 1972. Theu



He Came Out Hurriedly.

Swagley is a man of national reputation. I

## Mr. Mucker Cross-Exo

all the great monopolistic interests of the city, to be run in the interest of all the I saw him, but as I have since been shown citizens; the more they have to do directly with the life of the city in its sanitary legisin open court to be entirely untrustworthy lation, the more great burdens are laid upon them, so much more will they come to feel

I shall not insist upon these details. However, I obtained a good view of the debate, and distinctly saw Swagley con-vince his opponent so thoroughly that an ambulance subsequently removed this un-successful disputant, not to the hospital from which a surgeon had been sent, but to Bellevue, where the death rate doesn't so much matter. I was arrested as a witness on the theory that having been outside the saloon, I couldn't have observed the occurrence. The policeman forgot the broken door. Several other outsiders shared my door. Beveral other outsiders shared my fate; and, with Swagley, we were taken to the police station where Swagley secured a magistrate and bail, while we others were locked up. he the service of the people. The desire of the man in the office should be to serve the people to the utmost, and the desire of the

for a month in Bloomingdale Asylum. It's a beautiful place. Just let me be a witness people should be to get a steady and effi-I do not propose to dwell upon this episode. It is well known that in many against a dive-keeper once more and I'li go there myself. HOWARD FIELDING. parts of this broad land one would better be the assailant, or even the victim, than a witness. I shall pass at once to the trial, witness. I shall pass at once to the trial, which was held with remarkable prompti-tude, refuting the criticisms of those who say that influence will secure delay. Swagley was impatient to face his accusers. The nature of the other man's injuries was such, that, while he was able to be up and within the past ten years. Since the city about within a fortnight, he was always liable to drop dead. I mention this, not for became the capital of United Italy thouits bearing on the case, but because it may interest the medical fraternity.

Collecting Evidence a la Parkhurst. Swagley was defended by two eminent counselors, Mr. Slyme and Mr. Mucker. counselors, Mr. Slyme and Mr. Mucker. They exercised great care in the selection of the jury, rejecting all men who had an inherited or acquired prejudice against as-sault and battery. A preference was given to those who generally went to Coney Island on Sunday, but objected to the jour-ney. The judge was strictly impartial, but he had a little less authority than a base-ball umpire in Chicago. I had made strong effort to collect evi-dence against Swagley, believing that I

dence against Swagley, believing that I Stedman & Friedman, druggists, Minne-was acting in the interests of my neighbors. sota Lake, Minn. wau

"I object," said the Assistant District At-"Objection sustained," said the Court.

"No, nor you, either," said I, hotly, be

fore the prosecutor could interpose. "Will you swear that one of your rela-

ives was not hanged?" persisted Mr.

"Fielding, how many relatives have you in both branches of your family?" "Heaven knows," said L. "Several thou-

"Are you personally acquainted with all

"Will you name all your first and second ousins, and tell me what each one died of?"

"I can't; it's preposterous." "Then you cannot swear that one of them

ras not hanged, as the records show." But here the prosecutor who had been

objecting till his tongue was fairly cramped with weariness, succeeded in making him-

self heard; and the judge ruled out all these questions. But I could see the jurors

eyeing me with morbid curiosity as a man whose first cousin had been hanged.

He Fared Just as Parkhurst Did,

If, however, he had confined himself to

every hand. He accused me of everything of which he himself had been guilty; and

gentleman like Swagley. And about half of them took his advice; that is, they

Rome's Good Progress.

The population of the city of Rome,

which by the census of 1881 was 273,000, is

now over 500,000, having nearly doubled

- -----

filled in.

ing from a point 360 feet east from the shaft. It was a wild goose hunt in the eyes "Fielding," continued Mr. Mucker, "are you aware that one of your relatives was of the Stock Exchange and almost everybody except himself.

## Worked Till His Hair Turned Gray.

The miners under him fought eight-hour rounds in three relays daily, and welcomed the relief that gave them rest. For the superintendent alone there was no shift and no relief. He snatched sleep when he could. He bore the strain without flinching, but his hair grew white. How much longer could he keep up the fight with the pitiless rock? At the end of the darkest day, for every

day was darker than the days that had gone before it, a slight change was sighted with a thrill of exultation by the anxious supera tarihi of chattantia by 239 feet from the opening of the drift a sheet of clay covered the face of the rock. When this was pierced by the miners a body of soft, whitish quarts by the miners a body of soft, whitish quarts was disclosed with scattering pockets of ore. It was the first discovery of the kind in all these weary months of search. Was it a mere freak of deposition or the fringe of a bonanza? On the answer to this enigma the future, of the Crown Point mine and the whole Comstock Lode and its owners hung. As was natural, Jones' faith overcrowned

all doubts. His supreme confidence persuaded some moneyed men in San Francisco remote accusations such as this, I would have cared little; but he attacked me on to venture the carrying of some blocks of stock for him on his agreement to halve the profits and bear all losses. What his agreement would have been worth in the event after thus exhausting all the possibilities of degradation he sat down, and I escaped. of a collapse, except as an acknowledgment of debt, was not apparent, but his friends relied on the inside information which Mr. Slyme made the closing argument. He treated all the questions which had been ruled out as if they had been unassailably would probably enable them to drop their blocks before the crash came. proven against me. He urged the jury not to regard the word of a perjured, rum-soaked wretch like me, against that of a

## The Message From the Sick Child.

For some weeks in the spring of 1871 the outlook was clouded. The ore pockets panned out insignificant bunches and the of them took his advice; that is, they disagreed. Since then I have felt that the finger of scorn points at me wherever I go. I have received letters from various old friends, some of whom naturally labor under the de-lusion that I have been tried, and so con-gratulate me on the verdict; while others venture to warn me that intimate associa-tion with a man like Swagley might have been expected to lead me to the depth to which they regret to learn that I have fallen. You, my out-of-town reader, may regard this picture as overdrawn. Bat come here and in-vestigate. I wish you could have been here while Dr. Parkhurst was being tried for every crime on the calendar, on an indictoonanza was still in the eye of the superin-

could not ask them to carry the risk for his account. The change in the mine had quickened the market demand for stock and it was possible to dispose of the holdings without loss. So his partners sold off the stock discreetly and closed the deal. But they took no stock in the stek child story which seemed to them mere flim-flam to cover a confession of mor-tifying isilure of judgment on the part of the disappointed Jones. They set down the Grown Point mine as a fizie and congratu-iated themselves on getting out of the hole in the lote. every crime on the calendar, on an indictment against somebody else. But come anyway, aud if in a week's time you don't have more respect for my veracity than the Swagley jury did, I'll pay your board

### The Turning Point at Last.

Meanwhile Jones returned to the mine and pressed the work as before. Reassuring telegrams came from the East in regard to his child and with them came the opening up of an ore body that grew in volume with every stroke of the pick. It looked like the long sought bonanza. Jones wired to agents sands of new edifices have been built, and it has been greatly changed otherwise. The Seven Hills themselves are undergoing a was the talk of the street and the bonanza en Hills themselves are undergoing a tess of leveling and the valleys are being d in. It is Good. It is Good. It is Good. It is couple the street, and the keeness kind of a contest was on foot for the control of the mine. Crown Point, which six months before was a drug at \$2 a share, touched the boom mark of \$340 per share. touched the boom mark of \$340 per share. touched the is took and the good of the boom, and their stocks shot up to double protes

boom, and their stocks shot up to doubte prices. Every bull in the market was made a rich man, the great mining center was lifted out of its slough of despond and the tottering Bank of California was saved. The only blue faces on the street were the faces of men who took no stock in the invalid story. Jones' fortune was made. It has been un-made since and remade indefatigably, but its foundation was the "sick child" of the its foundation was the "sick chill Comstock Lode. EL10

wider the responsibilities, so much the more will the eminent men, the men of position and standing in the community, come for-ward. The cities of Glasgow and Manchester and Birmingham and Berlin and London have in their councils the most eminent of all their citizens. That was a singular dialogue that took place between Abraham and God regarding the destruction of Sodom. Abraham said: "Suppose there are 50 righteous men within all their citizens. "Suppose there are 50 righteous men within the city, would you not spare the city for 50 men?" God said "Yes." Then said Abra-ham: "Suppose there should lack 5 of the 50, will you destroy the city for lack of five?" God said "No." "But should there be but 40 or 30 or 20, or only 10?" And God said: "If there be but 10 righteous men in Sodom I will spare the city." That was a fair bargain. Because God knew that 10 cood, zealous, carnest, righteous citizens.

10 good, zealous, earnest, righteous citizens, examples of good manners, and missionaries of true religion, would save the wickedest cities. GEORGE HODGES.

STRING time is here. The burs will soon begin to crawl. Kill them all before they multiply. Bugine will do it instantly. 25 cents.

tall into miserable gossip and live narrow lives. It is the little sleepy country parish that has all manuer of parochial fights going on from one end of the year to the other. Making the Councilmen Work. It is in the body of men who have obscure and insignificant duties that you will find the obscure and insignificant men. said that the great trouble with the Prince of Wales is that he is not given enough to do; the great trouble with municipal administration, in the opinion of a good many people, is that there is not enough to do that is worth doing. And accordingly, they are going on the principle on the other side

of the water, where are to be found the best governed cities on this planet, of giving a reat deal into the hands of the Councilme The more they have to do with the great