FISH TRADE TRICKS.

HOW THE PROFESSIONALS LOCATE A "BITING" GROUND.

The Secret of Successful Fishing Off the New Jersey Coast—Marking the Good Spots For Future Catches and Dodging Rivals.

"Got the range, Will?"

"Looks like it, Si."

"See the walnut tree on the hill?"

"Yes; stands about west-northwest."

"And the church steeple sou-sou-west?"

"To the dot. No mistake about that."

"How beads Ladomus' cottage?"

"About due west."

"We ought to be nearly over it now, Will. Stand by to let go when I sing out. Steady, now; steady! Let her rip. Now! Now! Bully boy! Right over the middle of it."

That is how the professional fisherman along the Jersey coast finds his favorite "biting" ground. The latter may be 20 or more fathoms deep, and a dozen or more miles offshore; but, with the aid of such landmarks as trees, steeples and beach cottages, lying in various directions along the strand, these crack surfmen seldom make a mistake in "picking up" the ground sought offshore. It's no easy job this finding of some particularly good fishing ground that has no mark on the chart and is only fixed in the mind of fishermen by study of distances from the shore.

It is a well known fact that fish must be sought. They will not, as a rule, come to the fisherman, be the latter professional or amateur. Sea fish, as well as lake fish, like rocky bottom, and it is over this kind of bottom that the best catches are made. It is no easy task to locate a rocky bed along the Jersey coast, and even with ranges or landmarks one is not always certain to find it on another day's fishing trip. The ranges are manipulated this way:

In an ordinary surfboat, such as the majority of the Jersey fishermen use, the beach line that looks so white and extensive close inshore resembles a white thread at a distance of, say, 15 miles from the land. When the fishermen discover a new ground at or about that distance offshore, they generally pick three marks on land—one north, one south and the third directly to the westward. By bringing these three marks to a convergence the happy hunting ground is located.

As a rule these fishermen are a bit selfish when new grounds are discovered. They conceal the fact as long as possible from one another, for business reasons principally, for there is a ripe competition among these beach combers, and it is only by playing possum and keeping a weather eye open that one learns what his rival sometimes knows.

One day last season a reporter was in one of these surfboats 18 miles offshore from Barnegat. The fisherman in charge of the tiny craft was heading for a rocky bottom as far offshore as he dared to go without compass and provisions. When within a mile or so of the ground, another fisherman and his helper were seen at anchor. They were hauling up whacking big bass as fast as they could throw out, and altogether they seemed to be having a glorious time. After the two boats had separated sufficiently to permit a private conversation the professional in charge of the first mentioned craft said to his shipmate:

"Did you mark it?"

"Yes," answered the other. "The pier's to the westward, the life saving station is to the northward and the cottage of that old crank is to the southward."

"That's the way I made it," replied the first speaker. All this seemed like so much Greek to one of the amateurs in the boat who began to ask questions.

"That's a new ground," said the fisherman. "We didn't know that it existed. Yes, they are catching lots of fish. Why don't I go back and try it? Well, I do not like to imitate people—at least I do not care to let them see me copy them. I'll try it some other day."

It may have been professional pride or etiquette, this sharp bit of practice, but in other walks of life it would be called a trick of the trade. It's done all along the beach. Here's another trick of the trade that a surfman at Belmar taught this landlubberly reporter. There's a schooner that takes city folk from Asbury Park offshore to fish. She was anchored ten miles offshore this particular morning over a newly found ground, and there were half a dozen or more surfboats clustered about her. The biting was first class, but presently one of the big fishing steamboats from the Battery was sighted heading down the beach. There was an interchange of conversation on the part of the professional fishermen, but they suddenly pulled up anchors as if one man and began rowing around.

The schooner weighed her bower also and under her headsails and mainsail reached offshore. Naturally the amateurs wanted to know why a shift should be made, especially as the strikes were unusually lively. "That's the Hal Corster coming down," said one of the fishermen in a half whisper, as if those on the steamboat could hear him, although she was fully two miles away. "We have a good ground here, and we don't want her pilots to find the ranges. She'll keep to the southward, and we'll circle around until she gets out of the way. That's how we save our bacon."

And they did save it too. The steamboat kept to the southward for some little distance and finally, being unable to get the ranges or whatever ground her pilots had in view, came about again and stood to the northward, finally anchoring off Long Branch. She had no sooner done so when the fishing schooner and surfboats, after a mental and ocular struggle with ranges, were back in their original positions, with their amateurs fishing like mischief.—New York Mail and Express.

Domestic Repartee.

She had put on her hat and gloves and was moving toward the door, when he looked up from his newspaper and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"A husband with good sense never asks his wife where she is going."

"But I suppose a woman with good sense has the right to ask her husband where he is going?"

"A woman with good sense never does anything of the kind, because if she has good sense she never marries, so she has no husband. Ta, ta!"

And it never dawned on her that she had called herself an idiot.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Enviable Lot.

Mr. Pitt—Since your friend Blinkins married Miss Bonds he has been leading the life of a dog.

Mr. Penn—I'm sorry for him.

"I'm not."

"Don't you sympathize with him?"

"Not at all. He has nothing to do but eat, sleep and amuse himself. It's the life of a pet pug dog he leads."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Once Too Often.

"What's all this excitement about?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. Jones got knocked down."

"Accident?"

"Not exactly. One of these men who always catch hold of you and push you out of their way when you happen to meet them at a crowded corner grabbed the wrong man just now. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

The Suspicious Mother.

Admire a baby and the mother always looks pleased. Admire her dog and she glares at you. Maybe the reason for this is that she is quite sure you do not wish to steal the baby, but isn't altogether certain regarding your attentions where the dog is concerned.—Exchange.

A SILLY TRAGEDY.

The Duel Between Tom Porter and Sir Henry Bellasis.

Some of the Royalists who were forced to endure the English commonwealth seemed to console themselves for the dullness of life under a Puritan government by fighting as many duels as they could compass, so that ignoble squabbles and foolish plots make up the history of their days.

Tom Porter was of a family which had zealously served the king. Under the new government his occupation was gone, and he descended to a triviality of life which finally involved him in a most pathetic event. This was a duel which he fought with his friend, Sir Henry Bellasis, and which, says Pepys in his "Diary," is worth remembering for "the silliness of the quarrel * * * a kind of emblem of the general complexion of the whole kingdom."

But silly as the quarrel undoubtedly was it carried in it an element of heartbreak.

The two young men involved were intimate friends and companions, but one day, "being merry in company," Tom Porter said he should like to see the man in England who would dare give him a blow. With that Sir Henry Bellasis struck him a box on the ear. The inevitable duel followed, wherein each was wounded. Sir Henry proved to be seriously hurt, so he called Porter, kissed him and bade him fly.

"For," said he, "Tom, thou hast hurt me. But I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayst withdraw, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done."

Porter profited by his friend's generosity and escaped to France. Sir Henry died a few days later, and Pepys concludes, "It is pretty to see how the world do talk of them as a couple of fools that killed one another out of love."

SHOPPING IN ITALY.

Outlandish Methods That Make It a Most Tiresome Task.

A source of trial is what appears to us the outlandish method of having things that apparently belong together sold in different establishments. Silks are found in one shop, woolens in another and ribbons in a third. At none of these can one buy needles and thread. If a woman wishes to hang a pair of curtains, she purchases the materials at one shop, the rod and rings at a different place, the iron fixtures at a third and has to go to a fourth to find an upholsterer to put them up. She must visit a tobacco shop for salt and cannot find, as with us, vegetables, fruit or bread at a grocer's. It may thus readily be seen that one must travel a good deal to do her marketing or shopping.

Add to all this the confusion incident to the fact that the standards of measure and weight are different from ours, a meter exceeding a yard and a pound containing but 12 ounces, and a faint idea may be formed of the mental complications of the traveler.

There is also a certain amount of beating down to be done in nearly every shop, and even after half an hour's bargaining the purchaser cherishes awful doubts lest she might not have bought the thing cheaper. Shopping is really almost equal to the contemplation of faded frescoes for lowering the mental tone, and it is hard to say which has the more to answer for in the exhausted state in which most travelers leave Italy.—Harper's Bazar.

Herr Strauss' Eccentricities.

Writing of the eccentricities of Herr Strauss, the dance music composer, a Vienna writer says he is as nervous as a composer as he is a director. Clad in a velvet costume, with patent leather boots reaching to his knees, his eyes aflame and in a fit of inspiration, he goes striding through the house like a maniac. If inspiration does not come to him in the salon, he clutches his papers and goes to his bedroom or to his wife's boudoir. Sometimes the waltz begun in the parlor is finished in the kitchen. Mme. Strauss, who appreciates and understands her husband's habits, has half a dozen pianos scattered through the house, and in each room a table with writing materials, so that in whatever nook her husband finds himself he is quite at home. Mme. Strauss was once a favorite actress on the Vienna stage.

Stonewall Jackson at Chapultepec.

The infantry suffered terribly. It was impossible to advance along the narrow track, and when the guns were ordered up the situation was in no way bettered. Nearly every horse was killed or wounded. A deep ditch, cut across the road, hindered effective action, and the only position where reply to the enemy's fire was possible lay beyond this obstacle. Despite the losses of his command, Jackson managed to lift one gun across by hand, but his men became demoralized. They left their posts.

The example of their lieutenant, walking up and down on the shot swept road and exclaiming calmly: "There is no danger, see? I am not hit," failed to inspire them with confidence. Many had already fallen. The infantry, with the exception of a small escort, which held its ground with difficulty, had disappeared, and General Worth, observing Jackson's perilous situation, sent him orders to retire. He replied it was more dangerous to withdraw than to stand fast, and if they would give him 50 veterans he would rather attempt the capture of the breastwork.—Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson and the Civil War."

Telegraph Blunders.

Two funny telegraph stories are printed by the Pittsburg Dispatch on the authority of a former employee of the Western Union company.

He was receiving a dispatch from Albany, in which the sender was not overcareful in the matter of spacing his letters. Lawton took the address as follows: "Dr. A Wing, room car agent, Central depot, New York."

The dispatch came back with the marginal report that there was no such person at the address named. The operator at Albany was called up, and explanations followed, in consequence of which the address was changed to "drawing room car agent, Central depot."

A still more absurd mistake was once made in the same offices when a telegram was received for "James W. Giles, pie clerk, Brooklyn nasty yard." This was afterward amended to read, "James W. Gillespie, clerk, Brooklyn navy yard."

Spurgeon's Blunt Critic.

When Mr. Spurgeon first began his ministry, an anonymous critic used to write to him constantly about his mistakes in grammar and pronunciation. Mr. Spurgeon at first resented these criticisms, but he soon learned to profit by them. "After awhile," he said in telling the story, "I looked for his weekly memoranda with much interest. If I repeated a sentence which I had used two or three Sundays before, he would write, 'See the same expression in such and such a sermon.'"

Mr. Spurgeon, like everybody else, had his pet quotation, and he used this line, "Nothing in my hand to bring," rather frequently. So his commentator wrote him, "We are sufficiently informed of the vacuity of your hand."

Some years ago, according to the London Ladies' Kennel Journal, Sir Henry Irving had a dog he called Midsummer Night's Dream. He thought it was a bull terrier and made a present of it to G. W. Childs. The animal was exhibited in a Philadelphia exhibition, where it attracted considerable attention. This roused the ire of the other exhibitors, and they declared that Midsummer Night's Dream was not a bull terrier, but a half bred bulldog. One of them wrote on a piece of paper, which was attached to the dog's kennel, "Henry Irving may know a great deal about Shakespeare, but he knows nothing about bull terriers."

GEN. SHAFTER'S LESSON.

It Was on This Occasion That He Learned to Decide For Himself.

Here is a story that the Cleveland Leader proffers about General Shafter. It centers about his salient trait of being pugnacious, just as all current and well invented anecdotes of "Fighting Bob" Evans revolve around some incandescent bit of profanity. But the story runs thus, as the general is made to tell it:

"Once, when I was a boy at school—I wasn't more than 10 or 11 years old at the time—our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head of the row and going down toward the foot, until some one could give the correct answer. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy who was three years older and considerably ahead of me in the various studies that we had.

"'How much are 13 and 9 and 8?' the teacher asked.

"While one after another of the boys and girls ahead of me guessed and failed to get it right I figured out what I thought the answer ought to be. The question had almost got to me when I heard the big boy just below me whispering, apparently to himself, but loud enough for me to hear, '29, 29, 29.'

"Finally the pupil above me failed to answer correctly, and then it was my turn.

"'Well, Willie,' said the teacher, 'let's see if you know the answer. Come, now, be prompt.'

"I cocked my head up proudly on one side, cast a triumphant look at those who had 'fallen down' on the problem and said, so that everybody in the schoolroom could hear me:

"'Twenty-nine!'

"'Next. How many are 13 and 9 and 8?'

"'Aw!' said the big boy below me, with a look of supreme contempt at the rest of us, '30!'

"That was what I had figured it to be myself, and when the teacher said 'correct' I wanted to fight.

"I didn't assault him, but I made up my mind right there and then to depend on my own judgment in the future, and ever since then when I have had anything to do and had figured out what I considered the best way to do it I have gone ahead, remembering, when people criticised or tried to throw me off the track, how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class."

SETTLED THE BORE.

An Abrupt Termination to a Restaurant Conversation.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, when on his first visit to this country several years ago, was taking a chop and a glass of ale in a Washington restaurant one afternoon, and a man around town who is somewhat noted for his forwardness, not to say his freshness, was dining in the same room, and he recognized the English parliamentarian. He walked over to Chamberlain's table, and, quite uninvited, took the opposite seat. Within the space of five minutes he was telling Chamberlain what a third rate outfit he considered England to be. The man's talk, needless to say, was in very rank taste. Chamberlain adjusted his monocle firmly and looked at the obtrusive chap amusedly.

"Now, we'll take England in the matter of great men," said Chamberlain's uninvited table mate. "Where does England cut in in the matter of great men nowadays, anyhow? England has got Gladstone, of course, but he was born about 110 years ago, and he's a back number. I'll just ask you, Mr. Chamberlain, a fair question. What really great man, what noted character, has England produced, say, within the past 50 years? Answer me that, sir!"

"With pleasure," said Chamberlain, permitting his monocle to fall into his lap and taking his hat and cane from the rack. "Great man, me. Noted character, Jack the Ripper. I bid you good afternoon."—Washington Post.

Lancing a Felon.

Dr. Stivers of New York had a large dispensary clinic, and rarely a day passed that one or more cases of felon did not appear. "It won't hurt," was always his comforting assurance to the patient if the latter made any outcry. "Put your finger down there," indicating the edge of the table, "and keep still!" he commanded, and patients, as a rule, made little fuss. Dr. Stivers once had a felon on his left forefinger. He poulticed it for about a week, and walked the floor with pain at night. At last he went to his assistant surgeon, who said gravely, "That ought to have been lanced before."

"Possibly—but"— said Dr. Stivers, and then, with a long breath—"perhaps you'd better lance it now."

"Certainly," said the assistant surgeon. "Put your finger on the table."

Dr. Stivers complied, and with a face as white as paper watched the knife. "Be gentle," he cautioned. "That's an awful sore finger!"

"It won't hurt," remarked the assistant surgeon, and the sharp steel descended. There was a howl of agony from Dr. Stivers, and with his finger in his other hand he danced about the room crying, "Oh, oh, oh!"

"Why," remarked the assistant surgeon, "I have heard you tell patients hundreds of times that it didn't hurt to lance a felon."

"No doubt, no doubt you have," groaned Dr. Stivers, "but that depends on which end of the knife a man is at."—Exchange.

A Souvenir Fan.

Among the many souvenirs of the war is a set of unusually attractive fans manufactured by a Boston woman, Miss Mabel Hay Barrows. She conceived the idea of making fans in the semblance of our soldiers. When the fan is closed, it presents the figure of a stalwart young fellow in uniform. When opened slowly, his twin brother promptly steps up beside him. A little wider and there comes a third; then others follow in rapid succession until ten brave fellows stand abreast. There are four of these small detachments, the sailor lads, the sentinels, the naval commanders and the rough riders. The original sketches were made by Miss Helen Nicolay of Washington.

Praise For an American Girl.

"Miss Yaw, the American vocalist, who is now singing at the promenade concerts, can boast of possessing the highest voice ever known. Miss Sibyl Sanderson's 'Eiffel tower' note, introduced with such effect in 'Esclarmonde,' is now surpassed by nearly five full notes. This phenomenal upper register is, according to medical research, due to an abnormal arrangement of the vocal chords. The list of singers who can sing Mozart's 'Angui d'Inferno' and 'Non Sei Capace,' which introduce again and again the F in alt, is a short one, and this note is nearly an octave lower than Miss Yaw's E in altissimo."—London Chronicle.

Smarter Than He Looked.

A Boston broker boasts of rather a bright office boy. One of his friends dropping in at the office dispatched the lad for some cigars, giving him a $1 bill to pay for them. The boy returned with four cigars. The caller commended him for purchasing such good ones, and passed them around. Shortly after the broker was left alone in the office, when the shrewd urchin handed him six cigars with the remark, "'Ere's the rest of them cigars, Mr. Margin."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Horticulture at Home.

Expectant Father—Well, is it a little peach?

Excited Nurse—No, sir. It's a little pair.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "makes yer fink ob a circus hoss. Dey gallops tell dey's out ob bref, but dey nebber gits nowhar."—Washington Star.

PARTY LEADERS FOR HARMONY.

Philadelphia Leads Off in Wiping Out All Republican Factional Lines.

MARTIN AS A STALWART.

He Declines to Join the Wanamaker-Gordon-Graham Combine and Stands by His Party—McClure Scores Judge Gordon—The Quay Case.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Dec. 6.—The Quaker City is experiencing a remarkable change in political conditions in the contest for the Republican nomination for mayor, which is now under way. Though the convention will not be held until the 28th inst., the result is already foreshadowed in the combination of forces back of the candidacy of Samuel H. Ashbridge, who at last month's election was chosen to succeed himself as coroner. Ashbridge is popular with the rank and file of the Republican party, and, with a positive strength of his own, and with friendly relations with all the leaders, he was the logical candidate for them to unite upon. This was done after an agreement among themselves that factional hostilities must cease. After several years of the most bitter and expensive contests ever waged within any political organization it is a source of satisfaction to all that combiners and anti-combiners, leaders' leagues and other factionists shall cease to exist as such, and that all elements can support an acceptable candidate. To the masterly leadership of Senator Quay may be attributed this happy solution of a problem which has been the occasion of so much concern to those who have the welfare of the Republican party at heart. Senator Quay had nothing to do with the selection of a candidate; his work was to bring about harmony among the leaders. The senior senator and David Martin are now on very friendly terms. They have had frequent conferences of late and evidently understand each other thoroughly. David H. Lane, whom Colonel Quay designated as chief harmonizer, meets Senator Martin almost daily, and he also has quiet chats with Senator Durham nearly every afternoon. It is predicted that when the mayoralty convention gets together there will be but one candidate placed in nomination, Coroner Ashbridge. His election by an immense majority is assured.

MARTIN A STALWART.

These harmonious relations are not merely confined to local politics, but they cover state politics as well. Senator Martin gave his word to stand by Colonel Stone, and despite the entreaties of the Wanamaker-Gordon-Graham combine to turn in for Jenks he loyally supported the whole Republican ticket, and the 85,000 plurality for Colonel Stone was the result. The same influences are now working to get Senator Martin to join in the fusion movement to keep Republican members of the legislature out of the Republican caucus for speaker of the house, but he replies, like Senator Magee, of Allegheny, that he is "a Republican." It is Martin's proud boast that he never cut a candidate on any Republican ticket. He has time and time again emphasized his stalwart Republicanism, and every one of his followers in the legislature will be found in the Republican caucus and standing by the choice of the majority for speaker and United States senator.

Interest naturally centers in the trial of Senator Quay, which comes up in court on the 12th inst. Not even those who are pushing this prosecution have any idea that there will be a conviction of any of the defendants. The political conspirators back of this most desperate and contemptible case, however, vainly hope that they may in some manner injure Senator Quay so as to affect him in his canvass for re-election to the United States senate. The combined energies and resources of Wanamaker, Gordon and Graham thrown into this case have failed signally to prejudice the public mind against Senator Quay. It is everywhere regarded as the most infamous case of political persecution ever attempted in this county. It is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that even with the Quay interests having no opportunity to be represented by counsel before the grand jury, as defendants are never heard there, the grand jury came within one vote of dismissing all the indictments in the case. And this happened, too, after George S. Graham, with all the power of the district attorney's office at his back, had spoken for more than two hours, presenting the case with all the coloring which a master in this line could paint against the defendants. The vote was 9 to 12 in favor of letting the case go to trial. Under the law Graham had to have 12 votes or his case would have fallen then and there. The proceedings since have been in line with what usually happens under similar circumstances. As was expected, Judge Finletter, whose son is employed as an assistant to District Attorney Graham, and who took part in the argument, dismissed the demurrers of Senator Quay's counsel, and the case goes to the jury. With anything like an impartial trial acquittal of the accused is bound to follow. Many leading citizens have publicly expressed themselves in declaring that neither Senator Quay nor his son Richard, in their transactions with the People's bank, did anything more than business men do every day in borrowing money, for which they give collateral, and upon which they pay the usual rate of interest.

M'CLURE SCORES GORDON.

Probably the most amusing of the many exciting episodes of this campaign against Senator Quay occurred this week, following Judge Gordon's sensational retirement from the bench on the morning that the Quay case was to come up in his court. If Judge Gordon had deliberately determined to further impress that idea upon the minds of those who believe his retirement from the judiciary was due to his fear of the impeachment proceedings contemplated by Senator Quay's friends he could not have made a move more calculated to do so than that which he did this week. Colonel A. K. McClure, of The Times, has been one of the most outspoken of those who have criticized Judge Gordon's operations in politics while sitting on the bench. Gordon, stinging under these sharp comments, came out in a three column letter with a fierce attack on McClure. He accused him of attacking many judges because they would not do as he wished, of being at the head of a band of legislators in his earlier days who exacted tribute for all legislation passed at Harrisburg, and also declared that he was still indebted to the People's bank in a large amount of money. McClure, with characteristic boldness, printed Gordon's letter in full in his own paper, and informed the editors of the Philadelphia papers that he had no objection to their publishing it. In his own paper, The Times, he gave the letter under this heading, "The Compliments of a Forcibly Disrobed Judge to the Man Who Unmasked Him." In an editorial reply The Times said:

"Whether Judge Gordon is to be pitied, as a harmless lunatic, wholly irresponsible for his utterances, or whether he is to be criticized as an intelligent citizen who appreciates the malicious falsity of his statements accusing men who have thwarted his mean ambition and finally compelled him to resign the judicial position which he so conspicuously dishonored, is a question we leave to the considerate judgment of the people." Then after taking up seriatum and denying each of the charges made in Judge Gordon's letter, the editorial concludes as follows:

"It has been the pride of A. K. McClure that he has always been able, in his public and private efforts, to provoke and defy the vindictive hatred and defamation of every public jobber, of every public thief, every official perjurer and every forcibly disrobed judge, and in charitable pity he accepts Judge Gordon's highest compliment ever given him from the criminal classes of the state."

There are too many firecrackers who imagine they are 13 inch guns in society.—Atchison Globe.

Columbus discovered America—but I have discovered BATTLE AX!

There is a satisfied—glad I've got it—expression on the faces of all who discover the rich quality of

BattleAx PLUG

It is an admirable chew fit for an Admiral.

In no other way can you get as large a piece of as good tobacco—for 10 cents.

Remember the name when you buy again.

The Ghosts of the "Maine."

Minna Irving, a writer in Frank Leslie's monthly for December, gives the story of the diver, Charles Morgan, who explored the wreck of the battleship "Maine" at the bottom of Havana harbor. The article is fascinating in its ghastly interest, and part of it is here quoted:

"Probably the most thrilling experience ever met with by any diver was Charles Morgan's, in the wreck of the battleship "Maine" at Havana. Mr. Morgan, who commands the guns of the U. S. S. New York, is small and slender, and one of the most interesting men I ever met, very bright, very active, with brilliant black eyes and a skin bronzed with southern seas and suns. For nearly two weeks he remained under water in the Maine, among the bodies of the dead, for seven hours a day—a wonderful record of endurance and nerve, considering the fact that four hours are supposed to be a diver's day. The waters of Havana harbor are also very deep, and so black that he was obliged to use electric lamps, and then could see but a foot ahead of him in the grave gloom of the wrecked vessel. It is best to give the story of his descent into the dark charnel ship in his own dramatic words, as he told it to me after his return to Sampson's fleet. It is more interesting because this is the first time he has imparted to anyone his experience in the wreck.

"It was horrible!" he said. "As I descended into the death-ship the dead rose up to meet me. They floated toward me with outstretched arms, as if to welcome their shipmate. Their faces were for the most part bloated with decay or burned beyond recognition, but here and there the light of my lamp flashed upon a stony face I knew, which when I last saw it had smiled a merry greeting, but now returned my gaze with staring eyes and fallen jaw. The dead choked the hatchways and blocked my passage from stateroom to cabin. I had to elbow my way through them, as you do in a crowd. While I examined twisted iron and broken timbers they brushed against my helmet and touched my shoulders with rigid hands, as if they sought to tell me the tale of the disaster. I often had to push them aside to make my examinations of the interior of the wreck. I felt like a live man in command of the dead. From every part of the ship came sighs and whispers and groans. I knew it was the gurgling of the water through the shattered beams and battered sides of the vessel, but it made me shudder; it sounded so much like echoes of that awful February night of death. The water swayed the bodies to and fro, and kept them constantly moving with a hideous semblance of life. Turn which way I would, I was confronted by a corpse."

"Three Insults"

From the New York Sun.

The three "insults" hurled at unhappy Spain by the United States government and people within five days are affording a solemn sort of satisfaction to the Spanish press. These repeated "insults" convince the journalists of Madrid that whatever qualities this nation may have manifested unexpectedly during the past eight months, the bad opinion of our manners, taste and tact expressed in the earlier writings and later private correspondence of the lamented Dupuy de Lome was generally accurate. Here is the catalogue:

1. The prayer for the health and prosperity of the Queen Regent of Spain, offered publicly the other day by the chaplain of the United States Senate.

2. The historical reference to the destruction of the battleship Maine, contained in the President's annual message to Congress.

3. The friendly application of certain of the clerks and subordinates of the American Peace Commissioners to the Spanish Commissioners for souvenirs of the signing of the treaty.

No humane Yankee will grudge to the Spanish editors the melancholy satisfaction which they derive from the infliction of these successive outrages. Which was the greatest insult of the three insults we leave to Castilian punctiliousness and Estremaduran perceptiveness to determine.

Senate Will Ratify It.

The President and the Republican leaders in the Senate are not worried over the threats of the opposition to the Peace Treaty. A poll of the Senate has been taken by the administration, and the President believes that the prompt ratification of the treaty will be had, and that it will be ratified before March, so that there will be no necessity for an extra session on this account. Word comes from Maine that the constituents of Senator Hale are very much opposed to his attitude on expansion, and that if he continues to oppose the President's policy there may be an open revolt against his re-election by the legislature. So grave has become the situation that Senator Hale has decided to go to Augusta, and be present at the meeting of the Republican caucus on January 4th. This, it is said, is in answer to a demand from the Republican members of the legislature that Senator Hale come to Augusta and explain his position before the Republican caucus. If his explanation is not satisfactory the Republicans may bring out Congressman Dingley or ex-Governor Cleaves as a candidate and defeat Senator Hale.

Birds That Don't Sing.

Singing is applied to birds in the same sense that it is to human beings—the utterance of musical notes. The eagle screams, the owl hoots, the crow caws, but none of these discordant sounds can be called singing.

Many of our most musical singers are silent during the whole year, except in early spring; at least, they utter only low chirpings.

Apart from these properly classed as song birds, there are many species that never pretend to sing; in fact, these far outnumber the musicians. They include the water-birds of every kind, both swimmers and waders; all the birds of prey, eagles, hawks, owls and vultures; and all the gallinaceous tribes, comprising pheasants, partridges, turkeys and chickens. The gobble of the turkey-cock, the defiant crow of the common cock, are none of them true singing, yet it is quite probable that all of these sounds are uttered with precisely the same motives as those that inspire the sweet warbling of the song-sparrow, the clear whistle of the robin, or the thrilling music of the wood-thrush.

Ordinary household accidents have no terrors when there's a bottle of Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the medicine chest. Heals burns, cuts, bruises, sprains. Instant relief.

In an address at Harvard the other night Dr Edward Everett Hale told the story of James Russell Lowell's first client as Lowell had told it to him. He had hardly opened his law office when a stranger appeared. Lowell deferentially offered the visitor a chair, took out his notebook, talked of the weather, and when he finally came to business found that the stranger was a bill collector.

Lieut. Hobson

The Hero of the "Merrimac,"

will tell his wonderful story in three numbers of

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

This will be a full account of the sinking of the "Merrimac" at Santiago, and the experiences of the writer and his men in Spanish prisons. It will be read by every American in the land. This is only one of many richly illustrated personal narratives in THE CENTURY'S new Spanish War Series. Their own will not be had in no other magazine. In the November CENTURY begins

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Of the Destruction of the "MAINE,"

the arrival in Havana harbor, the insults to her captain, the explosion and wreck. The whole story of the destruction of Cervera's fleet will be told by Admirals Sampson and Schley, Captain "Bob" Evans, Captain Taylor, and others.

If you do not take THE CENTURY in 1899, you will miss the greatest reading of the year. The November number begins the volume and has the opening chapters of a splendidly illustrated life of Alexander the Great, and of Marion Crawford's great historical novel of the Crusades. Lieut. Hobson's articles begin in the December number. $4.00 a year.

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THE INDEPENDENT, 130 Fulton St., N. Y.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
Cook & Beerits,
Wednesday, Dec. 14, 1898

Apples	per bu	50-75c
	dried, lb	4c
	evaporated lb	13c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per lb	15c
	fresh keg, per lb	15
	creamery, per lb	28
Beeswax, per lb		2?
Bacon	country ham, per lb	10 to 12
	sugar cured ham, per lb	11½
	side, per lb	6 to 8
	shoulder, per lb	10 to 8
Beans	white navy, per bus	1.0
	Lima, per lb	5
Coffee	green, per lb	15
	roasted, per lb	10
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.00 to 1.2
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.0
Cornmeal, per lb		1½
Eggs, per doz		2?
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl per 70 lb	$2.7
	¼ bbl per 30 lb	$1.3
Honey, white clover, per lb		15-18c
Lard, per lb		7 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60c
Onions, per bus		75 to $1.00
Potatoes, per bus		30-40c
Peaches, evaporated, per lb		8 to 10c
Prunes, per lb		8 to 10c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.15
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.00
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	20c
	" ¾ bus sacks	50c
	" ½ bus sacks	$2.25
	ground alum, 180 lb sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per lb	8 to 8c
	imported yellow, per lb	5c
	white, A, per lb	5¼c
	granulated, per lb	6¼c
	Cube, or pulverized, per lb	8c
Syrup	per gal	35c
	maple, per gal	60 to 70c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Tallow, per lb		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	$1.40-$1.60
	clover, per bus	$3.50 to 4.00
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	6.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain & Feed	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	50c
	corn shelled, per bus	40 to 45c
	oats, per bus	30 to 35c
	rye, per bus	50c
	wheat, per bus	60
	bran, per 100 lbs	85c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 lbs	90c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	3.80
	" spring patent and fancy high grade	$4.50-$4.75
	flour, lower grade per 100 lbs	$1.35-$1.40
Middlings	white, per 100 lbs	85c
	red, per 100 lbs	85c

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:10 a. m., Somerset 11:34, Stoyestown 12:02, Hooversville 1:06, Johnstown 1:50 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:15 p. m., Somerset 5:39 Stoyestown 6:07, Hooversville 6:18, Johnstown 7:05

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a.m., Hooversville 9:19 Stoyestown 9:33, Somerset 10:2 Rockwood 10:20.

Express.—Johnstown 2:20 p. m., Hooversville 3:09, Stoyestown 3:23, Somerset 3:52, Rockwood 4:15.

*Daily.

D. B. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

IN EFFECT JUNE 27, 1898.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTWARD.

Western Express	4:53	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:58	"
Johnstown Accommodation	8:52	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:50	p. m.
Pittsburg Express	4:33	"
Mail	5:41	"
Fast Line	5:41	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:35	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	4:48	a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:26	"
Day Express	8:40	"
Main Line Express	10:15	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:02	p. m.
Mail Express	4:13	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:50	"
Philadelphia Express	7:11	"
Fast Line	10:30	"

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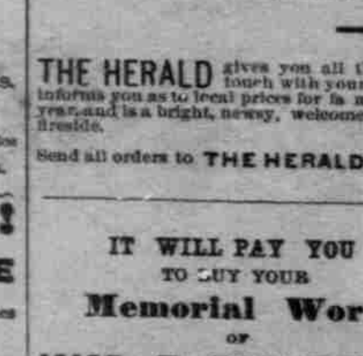

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