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There are 25,000 workmen engaged in the rubber industry of America. The new syndicate of importers and manufacturers represents a capital of \$35,000,000.

There has been prepared a table of royal salaries yearly paid in Europe, which

The annual product is worth \$100,000-

the reader may do well to keep for reference in case of an offer of one of the positions. Here it is: Emperor of Russia, \$8,500,000; Sultan of Turkey, \$6,000,-000; Emperor of Austria, \$4,000,000; King Prussia, \$3,000,000; King of Italy, \$2,400,000; Queen of England, \$2,200, 000; Queen of Spain, \$1,800,000; King of Belgium, \$500,000.

The	following	are the	populat	ions of
the Un	ited States	for ever	y census	taken:
1790	*********	*******	anna t	1,993,897
1800	*********			5,308,937
1810				7,220,814
1830				2,860,703
1840				7,017,723

1970	***********			8,781,597

The Governments of Sweden and Denmark are considering plans for a railway tunnel under the Sound between Copenhagen, in Denmark, and Malmo, in Sweden. The tunnel, as planned, is to have a total length of seven and a half miles: that is, two miles between Amager and the small islands of Saltholm and five and a half miles between Saltholm and Malmo. The cost of construction is estimated at about \$6,000,000.

Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, the New York Commissioner of Fisheries, has and well-read, and had but one serious been investigating the condition of the oyster, and his report contains much interesting information concerning that swolf in sheep's clothing. bivalve. In 1860 the vast majority of the oysters sold in the markets of this country was from beds of oysters of nat-ural growth, while to-day sixty per cent. short, plump, and rosy-cheked, with curly brown hair, and I have been told often that the dimples round my mouth of the annual product of oysters is from and under my eyes are— But there! What is the use of repeating things?

At that time I had been advised to try land available for oyster growing but 15,586 acres contain oysters of natural always went out every day, had invited growth in sufficient quantities to pay for me to accompany her regularly. To this necticut are practically extinct, and even the great beds of Marsland et al. (1988). the great beds of Maryland and Virginia are being rapidly exhausted.

An Internation Exhibition is to be held at Glasgow during the summer of 1888. The guarantee fund already ex. horse, because when a horse is trotting I ceeds £240,000, and is being increased. The objects of the Exhibition, as stated in the prospectus, are "to promote and did the little wretch know it, and take foster industry, science and art by incit
No words can tell how I hated and the east drive, meeting face to face a did the little wretch know it, and take down the drive. "Walter!" "Marion!" on Vindex (she could ride quite well side-ways on a man's saddle) and walk by her. still further development in arts and manufactures, and to stimulate commercial enterprise by inviting all na- imaginary flies, squat like a rabbit if he tions to exhibit their products, both in saw a bicyc'e, then leap up and scuttle the raw and finished state." Promises of support have also been received from the cievated road, at such times he would America, India, the Canadian, Austra- not go under it, but turning short round lian, Cape and other colonies. The site, and which has been granted by the Glasgow corporation, extends to sixty acres, and the buildings will cover about ten acres

The patent medicine trade is a great and growing one in England. During the year 1886 £179,071 was paid by manufacturers of these articles to the Government in the shape of stamp taxes. In 1865 the sum paid was only £55,333, and in 1875 it was £114,323. The quantity of landing a dozen feet farther medicine placed on the market in the canter away as quietly as before; but ten years 1875-85 did not increase so largely as it did in the ten years from 1865 to 1875. The Pall Mill Gazette says that as the value of the stamp or groom off on an errand, saying that meanabel is one-eighth of the total value of the article stamped, an approximate estimate of the total value of the trade in those goods is possible. On the basis feat satisfied all my ambition in that given the above journal says the expen- line. diture of the people for this cirss of medicine has increased in twenty-one years from £497,997 to £1,611,639.

New York's aqueduct, which will probably be completed this year, is regarded as one of the greates triumphs of mod-ern engineering. A w general figures, says the New York Sun, will give a better conception of this work than now obtains. The aqueduct is in reality a continuous tunnel, thirty miles in extent, with a sectional area of 1554 feet, or sufficiently large to accommodate an ordinary train of cars. It traverses a broken country, now beneath lofty hills, again crossing deep valleys; diving at times under broad rivers; most of the way cut in solid rock, its average depth beneath the surface being about 150 feet. Excepting where it is carried under water courses, it maintains a perfectly regular though slightly descending grade, and yet will deliver its vast river of water at the highest elevation on Manhattan Island, thus giving a head for distribution which will carry it to the tops of the loftiest buildings. The present aqueduct has a sectional area of but 531 feet, or but a trifle more than one-third of the new. Thus the new will be capable of furnishing the city three times the volume of water which the old aqueduct could onvey even when pressed to its utmost capacity, as it has been for several years

past, to the great unxiety of the engi-

neers and others concerned.

PARABLES Earth sings her parables of loss and gain In holdest speech. Yet heights sublime which spirits shall attain She cannot reach. Aerial whispers float o'er land and sea, It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Her royal purples and her crowns of gold, Her white attire, The sceptred lilies which her summers hold, With flames afire-

All fail to show the glory we shall see-It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Who from unsightly bulb or slender root Could guess aright The glory of the flower, the fern, the fruit,

In summer's beight ! Through tremulous shadows voices call to me It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Triumphant guesses from the sper and sage Through shadows dart, And tender meanings on the poet's page

Console the heart, O songs prophetic! though so sweet are ye, 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be,"

QUATREFOIL.

Some two or three years ago any one passing through Fifty-ninth street about aine o'clock on pleasant mornings might have seen two girls on horseback, at-tended by a staid elderly groom, enter the Eighth Avenue gate of Central Park, and presently disappear under the leafy srchway which forms the entrance to the Bridle Road.

These two girls were my cousin Leslie Effingham and myself, Louise Marie Arbuthnot, usually known to all my intimates as Lou Arbuthnot. Leslie was a tall, slender girl with straight classical features, marble white complexion, and a perfect rope of hair, "yellow like ripe forn." On horseback, in her perfectly-fitting habit, absolutely moulded to her she was one continued sinuous, graceful outline from head to foot. Moreover, she was very clever, studious,

In this respect, as in most others, I was a perfect contrast to Leslie, as I was riding for my health, and Leslie, who

Although by dint of instruction I learned to ride well enough on a quiet horse, and even to sit a plunge or two, I was afraid all the time, and if the animal is at all positive about having his own way he is sure to get in with me. To this day I prefer to ride a trotting

am sure he is not running away. quietly enough, the fourth he would shy away in the same fat fashion. still, though he had absolutely no fear of and rising placidly on his hind legs, would give me the option of getting off over his tail or surrendering at discretion.

In vain did Leslie urge, scold, coax, and ridicule me; the result was always the same: her groom had to come up and

lead Sprite. Leslie, who in the saddle knew no fear. could not realize my timidity. Her own horse, a powerful bay thorough-bred, me a perfect terror, liable as he was at any moment to jump an un-known number of feet off the ground, lash out viciously while in the air, then

Leslie liked nothing better. One morning late in April we rode up to the end of Tenth avenue, and turned into a field to jump, while Leslie sent her practice over a stone wall. I jumped Sprite over the low rail-fence that divided the field from the road, and this

Leslie put Roushan Bey at the highest part of the stone wall, which he cleared grandly, but broke away on landing, and Les could not at once pull him in. Sprite, thinking himself deserted, rushed at the wall, stopped short, then, rising on his hind-legs, planted his forefeet on the top stone, and stood, calmly but firmly re fusing to move. I screamed to Leslie to back quick, while Sprite only whisked his little docked tail, cocked his ears, and actually wriggled with enjoyment of my dilemma.

At my call Leslie turned her horse round to come to my assistance, but Roushan Bey, alarmed at the curious spectaangrily at each attempt Leslie made to

force him up.

At this moment I saw a horseman coming rapidly toward us, evidently intend-ing to jump. At my shriek he checked his horse, just glanced at Leslie, but see-ing that she needed no assistance, he dismounted, threw the reins on the neck of his horse, and came toward me. I called to him to "run, please," but he was too good a horseman for that. Advancing quickly, he made a slight detour, swing ing himself lightly over the wall, and ning quietly up to me, slipped one arm the pony's bridle, and passing the other round my waist, lifted me from the saddle, and placed me gently on the

The next moment Master Sprite found himself on his four feet, with a man firmly seated on his back. Not liking the change, the pony made a sudden at-tempt to kick the new rider off; that failing, tried to get rid of him by turning short round and plunging sideways, pian which proved equally unsuccessful, Sprite was a pony of much sugacity, and always, if he could, avoided any personal discomfort. He therefore appeared to as the beast was called.

submit, and even jumped the wall at the signal, though the vicious kicks he gave me good to see, and when at length he was allowed a pause to recover breath and spirits, a meeker, sadder, more injured-looking pony it would have been hard to

I had long since recognized my champion as Mr. Walter Devereux, a class-mate of my elder brother Clarence, though I had not seen him since class day, when he beguiled me out of five dances. I thanked him warmly, and Leslie quietly, for his assistance, though I was still thoroughly scared at the ride

before me. As Mr. Devereux talked he kept Sprite moving up and down, and seemed to be adjusting the saddle. Suddenly he lifted it off the pony, and before I realized what was going on he had his own saddle on Sprite, and was buckling mine on his

"What are you going to do?" I asked, hastily.
"With your permission, Miss Arbuth-

not, I am going to put you on my mare, and ride your pony back myself," was the answer. "Pet Marjorie is a perfectly trained and steady animal, and just now you are not in a condition to contend with that wilful little pony of yours." Lestie looked very much as if she would have liked to object, but did not well know how to do so. Nothing could be urged against Mr. Devereux except her general aversion to men, and she was, besides, I think, a good deal mortified at having failed to get Roushan Bey up in

Mr. Devereux was therefore permitted to join us on our homeword ride. Sprite was a marvel of propriety, though an occasional shy or swerve made me glad I was not on his back.

Somehow after that it came about that Mr. Devereux often accompanied us on our rides. I was more timid than ever, and Mr. Devereux undertook to give Sprite some much needed lessons in submission to his lot, begging me meantime to keep Pet Marjorie exercised, as he his sister to ride her later on Once or twice Clarence went with us, but he and Leslie never got on well together. Les did not like chaff, and had no smalltalk: indeed, I am afmid she was often bored by the incessant banter that Mr Devereux and I kept up; but then she could always abstract herself, and find sufficient company in Rousham Bey.

It was not long before I knew that Walter Devereux was over head ears in love with me, while I-well, I did not want to define to myself what I thought about him. For the first time in my life I was curiously, strangely shy with a man. I did not want him to go away, still less did I want to be forced to any decision, for life was so bright and happy just then I dreaded any change. Though we met often elsewhere, the rides were best of all—trees, birds and squirrels tell no tales.

One morning after a brisk canter up the west tide of the reservoir, we pulled No words can tell how I hated and up at the north end, and turned out on and let the groom ride on and lead my black pany Sprite and well the east drive, meeting face to face a Quasimodo back to his stable. Marion Walter Devereux asked permission to introduce his brother Marion.

Leslie, I could see, was utterly disconcerted, and instantly relapsed into one of -an infirmity which had been gradually disappearing under the influence of Walter Devereux's sunny, cordial manners and bright boyish ways. Neverthe-less she did her best, and after a few words had passed we all continued up the east drive, Leslie leading with Walter. This arrangement did not altogether Though Marion Devereux made himself very agreeable, his big gray horse, Vindex, was too frisky to suit me as a neighbor. As we were turning around the north end of the park, Pet Marjorie did something or other that caused me to give a slight scream and excited Leslie's admiration, while the abominable capers that Roushan Bey immediately proceeded to execute as evidently filled Marion Devereux with re-

spect and approval.

Walter found that Pet Marjorie's girths needed tightening, and I took the opportunity to adjust my hair. Perhaps Walter need not have spent so much time butoning my gloves and arranging my skirt, but men are silly creatures, the

wisest of them. When we overtook Leslie and Marion they were half-way up Seventh avenue, walking their horses slowly forward and chatting like old friends; and next morning, when Walter and Marion apeared together, there were no black books or freezing glances from Leslie— Once get a shy girl quite the reverse. started, and what a pace she will go! In less than a fortnight Les and Marion had neither eyes, cars, nor tongue for any one but themselves. Shakespeare says something about making a pair of stairs to love (at least Mary Anderson says it, if Shakespeare didn't), but what these two made was a toboggan slide. If I had acted so!

One day late in June we all met at the we meant should be a long one, but the day was very unpromising. It had rained the whole night through, the roads were very moddy, and the sky anything but clear. Nevertheless, after much discussion, and sitting around the parlors, and going to the door to look at the weather, "out" was the word, and the horses, which had been saddled and turned round since nine o'clock,

were ordered down. A new delay! Roushan Bey had rub-bed the buckle of his halter into his eye during the night, and could not be rid-

Leslie, always prompt, at once sent for have been the case had not their an old steeple-chaser belonging to her uncle, Mr. Chiswick, which was kept at a stable just across the street. He had of the lake, came to the result as table just across the street. He had out to them, and when they had taken never been ridden by a lady, but this was out to them, and when they had taken never been ridden by a lady, but this was out to them, and when they had taken never been ridden by a lady, but the street but the project pony. The after one look at the white gleam in his to shore, a tired but heroic pony. eye, I would have ordered a coffin and a animal is inclined to be balky, and he shroud sooner than mounted Quasimodo, never would pull anything but a light

In no wise daunted by the fact that the horse kicked at her the moment he saw signed to the groom to put his hand over Quasimodo's near eye, stole quietly up to the horse's shoulder, and barely me good to see, and when Drawing the reins gently through her fingers, she ordered the groom to back the horse out into the street without letting go his head. On the way to the Park Quasimodo behaved well enough, but the moment he felt the dirt road beneath his feet he lashed with a violence that made me turn faint, made a couple of awful back jumps, and went up the West Drive in a succession of mad plunges, snatching angrily at the bridle and taking every bit of rein. I saw Leslie's light figure braced well back, yielding just crough at each plunge to ease the jar of landing, I heard her clear voice ring out: "Steady, boy! steady, sir!" and Marion Devereux's "Well done! well ridden!" when Walter, laying a hand gently on my rein, checked Pet Majerie's

"Your cousin is all right," he said. "Do not follow her too closely; it would only upset Pet Majorie and spoil Miss

Leslie's pleasure by anxiety for you."

In fact, some twenty minutes later, when we came up with the other two, Quasimodo and Vindex were calmly walking side by side, rubbing noses, and doubtless discussing the quantity of oats and quality of hay as carnestly as their riders were arguing the often-mooted question as to whether Omar Khayyam were Omar Khayyam, or if Omar Khayyam were not Omar Khayyam, then who Omar Khayyam could be,

No further pranks on the part of the quadrupeds marred our long and delightful ride, until, as we were returning, some one proposed that we should take the hurdle four abreast. This was most successfully accomplished, and after jumping we halted under the bridge just below to let Marion Devereux dismount and take a stone out, of his horse's foot.

He was bending down, thus engaged when Walter cried out: "Take care, Miss Effigham!" But in a second, be fore Leslie could gather up her reins or use her whip Quasimodo calmly lay down on his left side, thereby allowing Les time to twist herself from under be fore he rolled over and over in the wettest place he could find, smashing the saddle to bits, and covering himself with mud rom head to foot.

Stately Les was a spectacle as she rose from her undignified roll. Her shining yellow hair was plastered with black mud; hat, habit, and boots were one mass of sticky wet clay, but her goodhumor was unruffled, and she joined heartily in the shouts of laughter which greeted her as she rose

Needless to say, Walter and Marion both sprang at once to her assistance, but yond wringing out her hair and wiping off the worst of the soft mud, little could be done. Such incidents as this never troubled Leslie; but when the saddle was found to be a hopeless wreck, the question was how to get home. Leslie refused point-blank to go up the foot-path and get on an Eighth avenue car, saying would walk to the entrance of the pr reux simultaneously, as the two men
Clasped hands. Then, turning to us, this plan, nor when Walter suggested that he and I should ride forward and send a carriage and wraps to meet her at the

gate did Les raise any objection. As it turned out, that carriage must her most desperate fits of dumb shyness have waited a long time. Perhaps Leslie and Marion took the "long path" our Autocrat tells of-the path that it takes a lifetime to follow to the end. Certain it is that hours passed before Leslie reached home, and it was not lone before the columns of the Gotham Chit Chat published as a social happening the engagement of Miss Leslie Effingham to

Marion Devereux. When, where and how Walter and I arrived at a life understanding must ever remain between ourselves. Suffice it to say that this conclusion was not reached until Walter had acknowledged that the asking me to exercise Pet Marjorie was a drop my whip. This brought Walter mere device, that ever since Class Day back at once, and caused Vindex to he had wished to meet me again, and that Walter mere device, that ever since Class Day dance and prance in a way that at once he had only deferred speaking so long the from the fear of losing the happiness of seeing me every day.

Leslie's ring was a sapphire set in a gold four leaved clover, and mine a soltaire set in the same way. We had a gouble wedding, which many still remem ber, but by those in the secret it was always called "the quatrefoil wedding." -Harper's Bazar.

Doing Injustice to the Hen. This little story Major Ben Butter worth had from a worthy Scot; visited our agricultural fair," said "and I was disappointed to find that the premiums affered for the best horses were so large as compared with the poul try premiums. Well, I was called on for a speech, you know, and I took advantage of it to call attention to the matter. I said: 'Gentlemen, it seems to me that your committee has made a mistake and horse is a noble animal and is worthy of any encouragement you feel able to give him in the way of a premium. gentlemen, you ought not to forget that our exports of the products of the heneggs-exceed in value the exports of horses. Besides, gentlemen, your horses, riding school for the last time before once exported, are gone. Not so with separating for the summer. This ride the ben. She remains at home and keeps right on doing business at the same old made such an impression that the mittee determined to give the hen a better show hereafter."-New York Tribune

A Child's Life Saved By a Horse,

At Higgins's Lake, Roscommon Cour ty, Mich., recently Mrs. Charles H. Pet-tit and her little daughter, aged three years, were boating when the child fell into the water. The mother, in her anx iety and fright, upset the boat, and, as they were alone, the chances were they would both be drowned. Such would an intelligent French pony, which had been turned loose to graze on the shore load, but he is a prime favorite now.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Whin Cream Cream should be thirty-six hours old in cold weather, twenty-four in summer, and it should be thoroughly chilled be-fore it is whipped. In hot weather the bowl should be set in ice while it is whipped. Under these conditions cream will beat as solid as white of eggs, without any milky remainder. move the froth as it rises, but beat steady for fifteen minutes, or thereabouts. You will find then your cream is solid.

"Baby Powder." In place or any preparation sold under the name of "baby powder" use some fine starch! Put a few lumps in a cup and pour over it enough cold water to dissolve it. After you are sure it is dissolved let it stand until the starch is settled and the water is clear, then turn the water off. Let the starch dry and then powder it and put it in a soft muslin bag, through which it will sift out. This is very healing and answers admirably any purpose the powder is supposed to serve. It may be perfumed with a few drops of any good extract put into the water in which it is

Economical Meat Hints. The members of my family are very fond of sweet-breads, but as that is an expensive dish and one not always to be had, I have found an excellent substitute in the form of calves' brains. Blanch and cook the same as you would sweet-

The bones and trimmings from roasts and steaks (I use the tough end of the steaks too) furnish the material for our soups and stews.

I prefer a flat-bone sirloin steak to a porter-house, A porter-house steak is always an expensive cut, for aside from the small portion known as the filet, it is usually not as tender as the flat-bone sir-loin, and the end, which weighs almost if not quite as much as the broad part, is absolutely worthless in the shape of steak.

Do you fry your steak? If so, try broiling it for the next half dozen times you cook it. If you then prefer fried to broiled steak, I shall be disappointed. I use a wire broiler and make very little smoke by putting the broiler through the narrow drop door at the side of the range.

—Mrs. Economy, in the American.

Recipes. ---GREEN PEA SOUP .- Boil two quarts of green peas in two quarts of salted water for a half hour, mash and add eight small, new potatoes which have been peeled and soaked in water for an hour. When all are thoroughly soft add a large cupful of milk or half as much cream, boil up again, and serve with small cubes

TOMATOES AND GREEN CORN.-Stew the tomatoes as usual, for thirty minutes, then add an equal quantity of corn cut or scraped from the cobs, and cook thirty minutes longer, with frequent stirrings. Season with salt and teaspoonful of butter, or with half cupful of rich milk or sweet cream. preferred it can be baked in an oiled pudding dish forty minutes.

BARLEY BROTH.-To four even table spoonfuls of barley steeped over night add one small minced onion and two confuls of salt, and boil in two quarts of water until soft. Make a paste of a large tablespoonful of butter and half a teacupful of Indian meal heated in a saucepan, moisten and thin it with the broth till thin enough to stir into the remainder; mix well, add a little chopped

celery or celery seed, and serve. Brox Sorr.—Soak a pint of beans, either black or navy, over night. Turn off the water in the morning, and let them come to a boil in two quarts of fresh water in which a half teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved; strain through a colander, add two quarts of water and simmer until soft, adding boiling water from time to time as it evaporates. beans, rub through a coarse strainer and add a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter cooked together for thickening, with a tablespoonful of salt and a pinch Serve with cubes of toaster of cavenne. bread .- Good Housekeeping.

A Landscape on the Moon. The Sea of Showers is a very interest-

ing region, not only in itself, but on ac-

count of its surroundings. Its level is very much broken by low, winding idges, and it is variegated by numerou light streaks. At its western end it blends into the Marsh of Mists and the Marsh of Putrefaction. On its northeast border is the celebrated Sinus Iridum, or Bay of Rainbows, upon which seleno graphers have exhausted the adjectives of admiration. The bay is semi-circular in miles broad. Its surface is dark and level. At either end a splendid cape extends into the Sea of Showers eastern one being called Cape Heraclides, and the western Cape Laplace. are both crowned by high peaks. Alon the whole shore of the bay runs a chain of gigantic mountains, forming the southern rder of a wild and lofty plateau, called the Sinus Iridum Highlands. Of course a telescope is required to see the details of ost magnificent of all lunar land scapes," and yet much can be done with a good field-glass. With such an instru nent I have seen the capes at the ends of the bay projecting boldly into the dark level expanse surrounding them, and the high lights of the bordering mountains, sharply contrasted with the dusky semi-circle at their feet, and have been able to detect the presence of the low ridges that cross the front of the bay like shoals, separating it from the "sea" out-side. Two or three days after first quarter the shadows of the peaks about the Bay of Rainbows may be seen. of Dew, above the Bay of Rainbows, and the Sea of Cold are the northernmos of the dark levels visibie. cceping with the supposed character o this region of the moon that Riccial named two portions of it the Land of Hoar Frost and the Land of Drought. Popular Science Monthly.

The Right Kind of a Keepsake.

"You want a keepsake that will al ways remind you of me?" she said.
"I do, darling," he said, tenderly.
"What's the matter with myself?"

whispered. There will be a wedding shortly.

A FISH WHICH IS TURNED INTO

THE MENHADEN INDUSTRY

How Whole Schools of Menhade Are Entrapped and Made Into Product For Farmer's Use.

Fatback, menhaden or mossbunker none of them particularly pretty names nevertheless represent a fish of consider able value in other ways than for food. All along the Atlantic coast, from Nev England to Cape Fear, roam immens schools of menhaden, and much capita is employed and many a man makes hi bread and meat in the capture and sub

equent treatment of these fish Not estimated for food, the fatback i valuable in his proper sphere and his chief use is to replenish the earth and cause it to multiply. To do this he has first to be caught and then made into a

Up Core Sound, just above Cart Island, stands several factories devoted entirely to the manufacture of fish scrap and oil, and here we find the whole pro cess going on. .

But before examining into the deta'b of manufacture we want to see how the fish are caught. Off in the channel are lying several sloops and small schooners, some just leaving their anchorage and the others waiting, with their sails set, for a little more wind and the turn of the tide. In the dock, with steam up, is one of the steamers employed in the business, and we jump aboard just as the lines are cast off and she heads down the sound. Astern tow the two boats tied together, and each containing one-half of the purse

seine, of which more hereafter. The first school is sighted soon after the bar is crossed and we steam as near as is prudent, anchor and prepare to take them in. The fish seem mostly to swim near enough the surface of the water to be readily discernible at a considerable distance, but do not jump like bluefish, mullet and Spanish mackerel. This school, we are told, is only of

ordinary size, although it appears to us to cover at least a couple of acres. The boats are hauled up and the men tumble in and paddle off to where the thousands of menhaden are lying almost motionless on the surface. Going quietly, so as not to disturb the fish, they reach the outskirts of the school and start off in different directions, the seine sliding overboard over the stern of each as they move apart. The net is not long enough to take them all in, but when the boats meet in their circle round, a goodly portion of the school is inclosed within the meshes. The ends are overlapped, the net pursed together at the bottom and the crews proceed to scoop up the captives with capacious dip nets. From the boats they are transfer-red to the steamer and dumped into her She is fitted with mast and yard for hoisting, thus economizing time and labor in the transfer. We did not count the number of fish hoided aboard from that one haul, but it was many a thous

Several more schools are sighted, and in nearly every case a large number are captured and go to swell the glistening

aps in the steamer's hold. Finally the captain gives orders to cease fishing for the day, the boats are made fast astern and our prow is turned for the channel across the bar. A flag is the inlet as a signal to the people ashore that we are well loaded, and soon we bring up in the dock adjoining the Here we find that our flag has been observed and all hands are ready to go to work on the cargo. The hoisting engine is soon boy running the fish up to the top of the building, this being done to facilitate all future handling of the material, each succeeding process occupying the same floor with, below the preceding one, and thus, after the fish are once in the factory, their course is always down - never up.

The big cooking tanks receive them thoroughly cooked and softened, so that when they reach the hydraulic presses the extraction of the oil will be easy. On leaving the latter, the scrap, now free from the oil, is pulled to pieces and transferred to the drying board, which covers several acres of ground, and when the sun and air have done their duty in drying it is in the condition in which it appears on the market.

from the abundance of its ammonia it is considered a valuable fertilizer and has a ready sale, a great portion of the product being shipped to the North. The capacity of each of these factories

is from 500 to 600 barrels of fish per day so it will be seen that many a fatback has to give up the ghost to keep them running at their full cappeity. Besides the catch of their own vessels they buy large quanties from the fishermen of the sound, but, in spite of the numbers annually used here, no diminution is perceptible in the quantity that each year

visit the coast.

The menhaden belongs to the herring and shad family and is very similar in appearance to the well-known herring or

wife, but is somewhat larger. The course of these fish seems to be in variably from the North when they ar rive and they return in the same directio when their Southern tour is over. Al-though the run is variable in its extent they never fail to come in considerable quantities some time from June to De cember. Occasionally they appear in such numbers that the factories cannot handle their catch and another year they may not be able to get enough keep them running more than half time, but altogether the industry is a flourish ing one. - Detroit Free Press.

Cornish Fisher Folk. The Cornish fishermen are a splendid

race; sober, industrious and God-fear ing. The Sunday is invariably kept with decorum and solemnity. During my week's sojourn among them I neither saw a tipsy person nor heard an oath. There is no "larking," no horse-play, no music-hall songs. The whole nature of the people seems to be chastened and subdued by their uncertain, hazardous and laborious calling, and the ever-abiding presence of the great wide sea. For hours and hours they will stand in little groups on the quay or beach, talking gravely, in undertones, or gazing intently on the scene before them, speculating on the various craft that glide past as in the silence of a dream. - Chambers's

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one invertion...... 1 of One Square, one inch, one month. # 00

Marriage and death notices gratia.

All bills for yearly advertisements collegely. Temporary advertisements must be dvance. Job work-oash on delivers

BE TRUE.

Oh, rear no costly marbled stone Above my lowly lying head When I am dead. But let me rest in peace alone-With wild flowers o'er my up-turned face, To mark the place.

Oh, do not come to mourn for me, Nor shed one sad, regretful tear-I cannot hear words you speak-I cannot see You bend o'er my low-lying head,

When I am dead. But while I live remember this: Be true—as God's great shining stars, My prison bars

You may not break, my lips to kiss When, by and by, the grasses wave Upon my grave. -Isabel Hotchkias, in the Current

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sound advice-Preaching through a

The shine of a cheap summer hotel oot-black admits of no reflections .-

Hotel Mail. The young man who is to be married is not the only one who has "pressing" engagements. The tailor has them also

-Merchant Traveler. Men differ very much from guns, As all experience teaches, Men kick when kicking, with their boots, But guns kick with their breeches.

"Hanging is too good for you," said a udge to a condemned man. "I know it replied the prisoner frankly; "and you can suggest anything else, judge, you can't do it too quick."-Drake's Man

There is a sweet maid at dear Vassar,
The fellows all stare as they passer;
She knows each Greek root,
All slang phrases, to boot,
And at chewing gum none can surpasser,
—Goodall's Sun.

"Johnny," inquired his aunt, "what do you like best of all? "Candy," replied Johnny. "And wa' after that?" inquired his aunt. "More candy," replied Johnny, after a moment's deliberation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Swim? Not a bit, stranger, but I ye'd drap me down in the middle of this hyar river, I'd reach land 'thout much diffikelty." "Why, how 'thout much diffikelty." "Why, how so?" "Waal, I carcalate I'd go right to to the bottom."-Harper's Bazar.

AT A SUMMER RESORT. Little bits of gossip,
Very little work,
And a little flirting
Please the hotel clerk.
—Hotel Mail.

A learned professor, after writing a long article, published in a leading newspaper, says: "I confess that I do not know what produces laughter or why we laugh." The professor has doubtless been reading some of the humorous papers. - Arkansase Traveler.

It is announced that a new paving stone called quartzite granite has been found in Dakota. It is supposed some-body has struck a batch of doughnuts baked by a young lady graduate of a cooking school, and dumped over the back fence by her mother.—Norristown

A bachelor one day set the choic in his tonely about with pintes for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as often as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He is still a bachelor. - Picneer Press.

Sea Lion Against Shark.

As a number of fishermen were engaged in netting for salmon and sea bass on the bay between Alcatraz and Sausa-lito, near San Francisco, their attention was directed to a terrible commotion under the surface, and in close proximity to their nets. The occupants of one of the boats immediately pulled up along-side of the naval combatants. At first it was thought that two of the Chiff House pets had disagreed over the roy-alty of a fresh run of salmon, and were waging war for supremacy; but, on closer inspection, it was found that the battle centered between a twelve-foot man-eating shark and one of the valiant sea lions of the Cliff. The water around where the naval battle was contested was stained with the sea lion's blood. The fishermen state that the lion would on every opportunity offered sink his teeth deep into the back of the shark; the latter would then execute a rotary movement which would release him lion's hold. The monarch of the Cliff finally detecting that it was a useless attempt on his part to conquer the hyena of the ocean, made a rather feeble effort The shark, true to his yoracious nature, would not relinquish the attack, and, making a final dash at his ad versary, the two monsters struggled until they got entangled in the nets. It was with much difficulty the fishermen landed their big game. When on land the shark was full of life, and the boatmen found it no small matter to dispatch it. sea lion was dead when taken from the net. The shark, a genuine man-eater, was twelve feet long and weighed in the vicinity of 1,200 pounds.

When He Would Pay.

"Did you see Time & Tide about that "Yes sir." "Did you tell them we couldn't and wouldn't wait a day longer about it?" "Yes sir." "Who did you see and what did they say?" "Oh, it's all right; it's all right. I saw Fime." "Did he say he would pay "Yes sir; he didn't question the bill at all; he was perfectly satisfied and said right away that they would pay it."
"H'm: I was afraid they'd kick like
steers. When will be pay, did he say!" Collector looks through his memorandum book carefully. "I've get it down here somewhere; "oh yes, here it is; when he 'gets mighty good ready.'

Accounted For.

"I don't see what becomes of all my circulars," growled a summer-resort Bon-iface. "I had 300,000 on hand when the season opened, but there's only a few "I know where they've gone to," piped

a bell-boy. "Well, where?" "Miss Antique used 'em all up for curl papers, sir."—Hotel Mail.