

THE OLD FASHIONED ROCKER

She sat by the old fashioned rocker And smiled as she sang to her boy. No mother was ever so happy, No mother so modest and coy...

GRACIOUS!

BY A. S. CODY.

R. FARLOW was a compact business man, a bright, shrewd, and kind. He had seen a good deal of life in his day, and it was not commonplace life, either...

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

His Passing Strange—Clairvoyance—His Standard—Another Way—Might "Catch On"—Their Ancestors, Etc.

A chemical change to some seems strange, But 'tis not strange to me. For turns my thought to changes wrought More wonderful to see...

CLAIRVOYANCE. "He married a clairvoyant, I believe?" "Yes. It was a case of love at second sight."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS STANDARD. Philanthropist—"Take whichever you like—the drum or the whistle." Small Boy—"Which makes the most noise."—Puck.

ANOTHER WAY. Tomson (who has just sung)—"Does your friend Wilson sing, Mr. Johnson?" Johnson—"No, he makes himself disagreeable in some other way."—Yankee Blade.

THEIR ANCESTORS. "My ancestors are away above par," announced Mr. Oldfarm proudly. "And mine," said Mrs. O., conclusively, "are away above grand par."—Detroit Free Press.

A LARGE CIRCULATION. Friend—"Is your book of poems having a large circulation?" Poet—"Yes, very. You are the tenth person who has borrowed my copy within a month."—Yankee Blade.

HOLDS A MORTGAGE ON THEM. "Jones seems to take a great interest in your family affairs." "He thinks he has a right to." "Why?" "I owe him \$7."—New York Press.

MIGHT "CATCH ON." Hanks—"Never mind; your son Harry will catch the incentive one of these days." Closest—"Mebby, but he's had about all these diseases."—New York Herald.

HE KEPT STILL. Mother—"How did your face get that strained, agonized look in your photograph? Did the light hurt your eyes?" Small Son—"No, ma'm. The man told me to try to keep still, an' I did."—Good News.

MUCH TOO LONG. Dimling—"The duel has had its hour." Tatling—"That is too long." Dimling—"What do you mean?" Tatling—"A duel requires only two seconds."—Judge.

TOO PRECIPITATE. In practice the new cavalry recruit is lung over his horse's head. "Donnerwetter! Volunteer Purzell," cries the drill sergeant, "can't you wait till I give the order 'Dismount!'"—Hiegende Blaetter.

SOULFUL NEIGHBORS. Mr. Moveoff—"Well, my dear, how do you find the neighbors here—social?" Mrs. Moveoff—"Very. Three or four of them have sent in to ask if I would allow their children to use our piano to practise on."—New York Weekly.

A SENSITIVE MAN. Justice—"Why did you assault this man?" Culprit—"He called me an Irishman." Justice—"What did he say?" Culprit—"He hung out, 'What's the time, O'Day?' and then I soaked him."—New York Herald.

AT SEA. Small Girl—"Aren't you awfully glad to be on land sometimes?" Uncle—"Why, what do you mean? I flatter myself I am on land most of the time." Small Girl—"Why, papa says that whenever he sees you, you are about half seas over."—Judge.

A CHANGE OF OPINION. Art Critic—"What do you think of Alma Tadema's painting?" Artist—"Oh, I think it is superb." Art Critic—"I'm surprised to hear you say that. He says just the reverse of yours." Artist—"Ah, well; perhaps we're both mistaken."—Judge.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT. Mrs. Redrivers—"And that, Mrs. Clum, is the whole story of the affair from beginning to end." Mrs. Clum (eagerly)—"And is it a secret?" Mrs. Redrivers—"Oh, no; not at all." Mrs. Clum—"I'm so sorry! I did want to tell Mrs. Longjaw."—Judge.

HOPE DISPELLED. "Your vote in favor of granting us this franchise," said the promoter of the scheme, "would be worth to us—" "Yes," broke in the listener, becoming instantly attentive, "would be worth to you—" "More than a dozen speeches in its favor; on account of the moral effect it would have." "Um—yes," rejoined the Alderman from the Seventh Ward, relapsing at once into his former apathy.—Chicago Tribune.

NOT AMBITIOUS. She (triumphantly)—"Some of the greatest women of the world, Harriet Martineau, Sarah Martin, Florence Nightingale, the Cary Sisters, Abby May, Frances Power Cobbe, Harriet Hosmer and others, never married. What do you think of that?" He—"I think it not unlikely that a woman who wishes to become famous will succeed better without a husband than with one. If you have that ambition, I will—er—release—" She (hastily)—"Oh, no, no, indeed. I—I hate fame."—New York Weekly.

CELT AND SAXON. One of Sheridan's tales is of an Irishman who met a Briton, of the true John Bull pattern, standing with folded arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island.

"Allow me to differ with ye!" exclaimed the Celt. "But I have said nothing, sir," replied John Bull.

"And a man may think a lie as well as publish it," persisted the pugnacious Hibernian.

"Perhaps you are looking for fight?" queried the Briton.

"Allow me to compliment you on the quickness of your perception," said Patrick, throwing down his coat, and then they pitched in.—Washington Post.

PROOF AGAINST LITTLE SURPRISES. "Why did not you have me called at 6 o'clock?" roared the commercial traveler, as he faced the dazzling hotel clerk and banged his fist on the register.

"I did!" retorted the unabashed dazler. "You did not, sir!" "I tell you I did!" "You did not, sir, and I can prove it!"

"No, you can't prove it!" "Yes, I can!" "Prove it then!" "Well, you did not have me called at 6 o'clock, because I did not leave word to be called at all and the commercial traveler grinned and looked for the hotel clerk to blush and apologize.

HE COULD NOT OBEY BOTH NOTICES. A Tribune reporter recently witnessed an amusing incident at a railroad station in New Jersey. A waiting passenger stepped over to the counter where newspapers, knickknacks and tobacco were sold and bought a cigar.

Russian Nobility. The Russian nobility is constitutionally not an exclusive caste. There is a constant fluctuation in its numbers; Persons of the lower classes are often raised to nobility if they make themselves deserving in the Government service, and nobles are degraded if for the commission of crime the courts deprive them of their titles and preferences.

ALIVE WITH FISH.

REMARKABLE CONDITION OF BRITISH COLUMBIAN WATERS.

Ocean, Rivers and Gulfs Teem With Finny Inhabitants—The Salmon-Canning Industry—The Candle Fish.

Already the value of the fish caught in the British Columbian waters is estimated at five million dollars a year, and writes Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine, the industry is rather at its birth than in its infancy.

The principal varieties of fish are the salmon, cod, shad, whitefish, bass, flounder, skate, sole, halibut, sturgeon, coho, herring, trout, haddock, smelt, anchovies, dog-fish, perch, sardines, oysters, crayfish, shrimps, crabs, and mussels.

The main salmon rivers are the Fraser, Skeena and Nasse Rivers, but the fish also swarm in the inlets which flow into smaller streams empty. The Nimkish, on Vancouver Island, is also a salmon stream.

Setting aside the stories of a water so thick with salmon that a man might walk upon their backs, as well as that tale of the stage-coach which was upset by salmon banking themselves against it when it was crossing a fording-place, there still exist absolutely trustworthy accounts of swarms which at their height cause the largest rivers to seem alive with these fish.

In some cases the ripple of their backs flutters the entire surface of the stream. I have seen photographs that show the fish in incredible numbers, side by side, like logs in a raft, and I have the word of a responsible man for the statement that he has gotten all the salmon needed for a small camp, day after day, by walking to the edge of a river and jerking the fish out with a common poker.

There are about sixteen canneries on the Fraser, six on the Skeena, three on the Nasse, and three scattered in other waters—Rivers, Inlets and Alert Bay. The total catching in 1889 was 414,294 cases, each of 48 one-pound tins.

The fish are sold to Europe, Australia, and eastern Canada. The American market takes the Columbia River Salmon. A round million of dollars is invested in the vessels, nets, trawls, canneries, oil factories, and freezing and salting stations used in this industry in British Columbia and about 5500 men are employed.

"There is no difficulty in catching the fish," says a local historian, "for in some streams they are so crowded that they can readily be picked out of the water by hand." However, gill-nets are found to be preferable, and the fish are caught in these, which are stretched across the streams, and hauled by the men in flat-bottomed boats.

The fish are loaded into scows and transported to the canneries, usually frame structures built upon piles close to the shores of the rivers. In the canneries the tins are made, and as a rule, saw-mills near by produce the wood for the manufacture of the packing cases.

The fish are cleaned, rid of their heads and tails, and then chopped up and loaded into the tins by Chinamen and Indian women. The tins are then boiled, soldered, tested, packed, and shipped away.

The industry is rapidly extending, and fresh salmon are now being shipped, frozen, to the markets of eastern America and England. The coast is made ragged by inlets, and into nearly every one a watercourse empties.

All the larger streams are the haven of salmon in the spawning season, and in time the principal ones will be the bases of canning operations.

The coalfish, or candle-fish, is a valuable product of these waters, chiefly of the Fraser and Nasse Rivers. They are said to be delicious when fresh, smoked or salted, and I have it on the authority of the little pamphlet "British Columbia," handed me by a Government official, that "their oil is considered superior to cod liver oil, or any other fish oil known."

It is said that this oil is whitish, and of the consistency of thin lard. It is used as food by the natives, and is an article of barter between the coast Indians and the tribes of the interior.

There is so much of it in a candle-fish of ordinary size that when one of them is dried it will burn like a candle. It is the custom of the natives on the coast to catch the fish in immense numbers in purse-nets. They then boil them in iron-bottomed bins, straining the product in willow baskets, and running the oil into cedar boxes holding fifteen gallons each.

The Nasse River candle-fish are the best. They begin running in March, and continue to come by the million for a period of several weeks.

Codfish are supposed to be very plentiful, and to frequent extensive banks at sea, but these shoals have not been explored or chartered by the Government, and private enterprise will not attempt the work.

Similar banks off the Alaska coast are already the resorts of California fishermen, who drive a prosperous trade in salting large catches there. The skil, or black cod, formerly known as the "coal-fish," is a splendid deep-water product. These cod weigh from eight to twenty pounds, and used to be caught by the Indians with hook and line.

Already white men are driving the Indians out by superior methods. Trawls of three hundred hooks are used, and the fish are found to be plentiful, especially off the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

A movement is on foot to consolidate the three provinces of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The output of petroleum in this country for October was nearly 5,000,000 barrels.

The Tiger Shark.

The tiger shark is considered equally as fierce, powerful, and as voracious as the leopard species, and is carefully avoided by the crews of sponging, turtling and fishing vessels.

It is not nearly so handsome in outline as the leopard shark, and looks as rough as if it had been forged into shape under the blows of a steam trip-hammer. The size of its mouth and roughness of its form are the first features about it to attract the attention of strangers.

But those who know something concerning it are chiefly attracted by the tiger-like stripes, which have given it the name it bears, and the indications of extraordinary strength in its deep, full body, powerful tail, and heavy fins.

It is in all probability the strongest member of its genus in Florida waters, and is swift enough to overtake a dolphin; yet it has the habit of lying in wait near beaches and swallowing thousands of little turtles, not larger than silver dollars.

It is reported to attain a length varying from twenty-five to thirty feet, but the largest I ever saw measured only sixteen feet. It is rarely seen in the shallow bays on the western coast, preferring to keep to the open waters of the Gulf of Mexico, where an abundance of food is always to be found.

A tiger shark, captured on a hook on one of the Bahama Islands, actually pulled out by the roots a large cedar tree to which the hook was fastened by an inch rope, and dragged it about for an hour.

The captors knowing that it could not pull the heavy load, which floated at right angles with the line of flight, for any great length of time, remained ashore and watched the infuriated sea tiger rush hither and thither and make frantic efforts to get rid of it.

They acted like a maniac, biting at everything it met, from a bunch of seaweed to the tree itself. At the end of an hour it showed signs of extreme exhaustion, and the men, thinking that an opportune time for capturing it, seized the rope and hauled the captive high up on the beach without much trouble.—New York Post.

A Queer Little Crab.

A curious Japanese crab is the little Dorippe, which comes from the Inland Sea of Japan, and has a perfect human face modeled on the back of his little inch-long shell.

The Dorippe's eyes, and the uneven edge of the shell between them, look like tufts of hair at the top of a narrow forehead. There are lumps resembling eyelids, which slant upward as do those of the Japanese, and other parts of the shell look like full and high cheek-bones.

Below a ridge which might be called the nose two claws spread out at either side, and may be likened to the fierce, bristling mustaches which are fastened to the helmet of Japanese armor.

This plainly marked face on the crab's shell naturally gave rise to many stories and legends. At certain times of the year the Dorippes come up on the beach and the rocks by thousands. Then the fishermen and villagers say with fear, "The Samurai have come again. They believe that the souls of the dead warriors, or Samurai, live in the Dorippes, and that they gather in great numbers at the scene of their defeat whenever the same day comes round in later years.

The face on the Dorippe's back is like a swollen and mottled one. The eyelids seem closed, as if in a sleep or stupor, while his mouth quite carries out the other common story, that all the old toppers are turned into these crabs and must keep that form as a punishment for some long time. The swollen heavy faces may quite as well be those of bleary old toppers as of warriors who met death by drowning; so that one who notices the resemblance of the shell to a queer Japanese face may think there is good reason for either story as to why the Dorippe's shell is so strangely marked.—St. Nicholas.

Perils of Divers for Sea Pearls.

One of the greatest foes of the savages who dive off the coast of Zanzibar for sea pearls is the man-eating shark, which there grows greater than in any other sea, said Colonel F. H. Wind, of the British Army, who was at the Tremont House. "The water fairly swarms with these monsters, yet the stalwart savage who is a diver seems to have no fear of them, because the stone quickly drags him down and his movement is so rapid that before a shark can awaken to the knowledge that food is in reach, the man has sunk far below. He is in no danger when at work gathering the oysters, for the sharks are not ground feeders, and even if they follow a man to the bottom they simply nose him as something strange. The real danger comes when the diver rises to the surface, the shark hovering overhead. Then it becomes a combat between the man and the beast.

The diver gains the surface for a single gulp of air and then attacks his enemy. These savage divers are as much in their own element in the water as the sharks. Well, the man dives and dodges, keeping always close to the hungry shark, waiting for a chance to sneathe his knife behind the pectoral fin. Once he has plunged his knife into the beast the diver dodges and dives again to avoid the death thrashing of the shark. Hundreds of sharks are killed in this way every year by this pearl divers, and it is said that sometimes years elapse without a diver being caught by the sharks."—Chicago Herald.

Growing Cotton in Africa.

The first cotton grown in the German East African possessions was sown last year, near Tanga, but owing to the fact that suitable machinery was not to be had the product was not ginned. The company has lately planted twenty-five acres of land with Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, besides supplying a considerable quantity of seed to the natives, who pledge themselves to sell their product to the company.

The German plantation has been placed in shape to handle any size crop, having a fully equipped plant, with cotton-ginning machines and a cotton press.—Philadelphia Record.