

TONS OF FISH BAIT.

CATCHING MENHADEN OFF THE COAST OF NEW ENGLAND.

How Schools of Fish Are Pursued, Captured and Stowed Aboard—An Accommodating Member of the Finny Tribe Which Can Be Used in Many Ways.

Pitching his voice high the lookout at the masthead of the menhaden steamer shouts out gleefully: "A school! A school!" and immediately all is bustle and excitement on board.

"As this is a new experience to you, sir, you shall have a seat with me in my boat."

"Thank you, captain: I am only too eager to see the fun."

The crews now take their places in the seine boats, while two of the party, known as drivers, go out in advance in little thirteen foot boats to learn the direction in which the school is moving, and to mark out its size. The jolly captain—a true type of the traditional Cape Codder, square built, sturdy, genial, his face bronzed by years of exposure to sunshine and sea breezes and very intelligent withal—takes his place at the inside bow oar in one of the seine boats, and the mate a corresponding position in the other, and by the time they reach the school the drivers describe the movements of the fish.

They now begin throwing out the seine, each boat going in an opposite direction around the school, the drivers in the meantime splashing the water to keep the fish from escaping. Soon the boats meet, and all hands now pull at the purse line, the net and cork line. The steamer is brought alongside, and after the fish are driven well together the net is fastened to the steamer's side and they are baled into the hold by means of a large dip net run by a donkey engine.

The next thing on the programme is to prepare the menhaden for salting, to be used as bait—for which there is great demand. This is a simple process, but to me its novelty invests it with particular interest. The head of the fish is taken in the left hand of the workman, and with a peculiarly shaped knife held in the right hand he cuts a slice, longitudinally, from each side of the body, leaving the head and vertebrae to be thrown away or occasionally to be pressed for oil. The slivers are salted and packed in barrels.

This opening act of the day's drama ended, Captain Williams invites me to accompany him into the cabin, and the jolly skipper there entertains me with some interesting points about the fishery.

"It's queer how many different names the menhaden is known by," observes the skipper. "Fact is, it has more nicknames than a veteran criminal—more nicknames than there were colors to Joseph's coat. Besides the more common name of menhaden it is known as pogy, bonny-fish, mossbunker, hardhead, whitefish, bunker, oldwife, bugfish, cheboy, all-wife, alewife, fatback, greentail, wife and yellowtail shad. It's about as long as the common sea herring, but is deeper and more robust looking. Its average length is from twelve to fifteen inches. I hardly need tell you that it is valuable as a bait fish, it excelling all others as such; that as a food resource it is thought to have great quantities; that its chief value is as a fertilizer and that it is also valuable for the oil and scrap produced by cooking and pressing them."

"For illustration, here are some minutes I made in my memorandum book in regard to what was done in the year 1880, which was a fair representative season. That year the total weight of the catch was 575,000 pounds—equivalent to about 700,000,000 menhaden in number. Pretty big army, eh? Quantity of oil produced, 2,066,396 gallons, and of guano 66,904 tons, having a total value of \$2,034,641. Capital invested in steamers, etc., and their outfit and in factories, \$2,362,841. As compared with previous years, however, the yield of oil was small."

"About how long, captain, does the catching season last?"

"Well, you see, as soon as the menhaden make their appearance in the spring, vessels start in pursuit of 'em, and continue capturing 'em till they disappear in the fall. From the menhaden oil and guano factories along the southern coast of New England, New York and New Jersey shores, the fleets of steam and sail vessels begin their cruises early in May, chasing the fish along the shores and in the sounds, wherever they can be found. The vessels seldom cruise more'n ten or fifteen miles from land. The total area of the ground is estimated at 5,350 square geographical miles."

"The average steamer is about the size of this one. That is to say, some 70 tons measurement, 90 feet long, 17 feet beam, 7½ feet depth of hold and seven feet draft aft. It costs \$16,000. It costs not far from \$1,000 a month for wages, fuel and provisions to run it. Like this boat, they are screw steamers and are rigged with one mast forward, which is fitted with a crane for taking in the catch. The men's quarters are in the fore-castle. The fish are stored in bulk in the hold. The engine house, as you see, is astern the main hatch, with coal bunkers opening on deck each side. All of 'em have fitted to the bulwarks on either side, near the stern, cranes for the boats, and towing chocks are set in the deck on either quarter aft. The hold or tank for storing the fish is water tight. There are some steamers engaged in the fishery which are more'n 150 feet long, carrying from twenty-seven to thirty men, and cost \$30,000 and upward. Most of the steamers carry four seine boats."

"Since steamers have come into vogue the factories have greatly increased their facilities for handling large catches. The first factory could work up only a few hundred barrels a day, while now the big factories take from 3,000 to 5,000 barrels daily."—New York Herald.

The paper for Bank of England notes is made from new cuttings of white lins, never from linen that has been worn or soiled.

A Too Enterprising Collector.

There used to be a book collector in this city who was the terror of all who knew him. He was well to do and a very learned man. He was a great buyer of books and owned a fine library, but nobody else's library was safe if it contained a book he coveted. For a long time his victims did not suspect him. He would call, spend an hour or two among their books and go away. Finally one bibliomaniac, who had suffered most severely, had his suspicions aroused. Even then he dared not utter them, so he went to his lawyer about it.

The lawyer had him make out a list of the volumes lost. They were all of extreme rarity and great value. Armed with this list the lawyer called on the suspected man and introduced himself as a collector from the west. He had heard of the gentleman as a bibliophile of authority and wished to consult him about some books which had been offered him before he concluded upon their purchase or rejection.

"What were the books?" his host asked.

He ran off the titles of several of the stolen volumes.

"Nonsense!" said his host. "Nobody can sell you them. I own the only copies in the country."

Next day the lawyer wrote a letter which resulted in the restoration of the spoil to its rightful owner. How many rare books belonging to other collectors remain in the collection—for it has never been sold for obvious reasons—no one can say.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Blue Law Sabbath.

"I was born in Massachusetts," said he, "and reared in a strict Puritan family. The Sabbath commenced on Saturday night, when we children were required to study the Scriptural lesson for the next day. After an early breakfast next morning we went at our lesson again until church time. The morning service was from 10 to 12 o'clock, composed chiefly of a long winded sermon, during which we were required to keep awake, pay strict attention and behave ourselves. This was followed by Sunday school, where we recited our lessons correctly or suffered severe consequences."

"After a cold lunch at home, for nothing was cooked on Sunday, we attended church again from 2 until 4 p. m. The interval between this time and 7 o'clock prayer meeting was occupied with religious reading or reflection, no frivolous games or diversions being permitted on this solemn day. As a special dispensation we were given hot tea for supper. Prayer meeting was out at 9 o'clock, and from that hour until bed time we sat quietly at home reading such thrilling and interesting works, especially to children, as Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' I used to sympathize with those martyrs, and compare their miserable state with mine."—Washington Post.

How Men Carry Their Hands.

"A sure indication of character is found in the way in which a man carries his hands," said C. G. Clarke, of Boston. "You notice men on the streets. See the young man with swinging arms and palms which are displayed to all who take the trouble to look. He is one of that class whose heart is as open as his hands. He is frank, unsuspecting, a free spender and a believer in the honesty of his fellows. Notice the business man more advanced in years. His hands are always closed so tightly that he gives you the impression he is ever expecting an attack. This is the attitude of men bent upon a certain object. It is an attitude which displays the qualities of determination and fight."

"In debate you will observe some of our lawmakers emphasize a statement by hammering the desk before them with their knuckles, while others, apparently equally impassioned, are satisfied with the use of the palm. You may rest assured that if sheer determination will succeed, the man who applies his knuckles will win before his colleague who uses his palm."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Notions About Sleep.

One of the rudest acts in the eyes of a native of the Philippine islands is to step over a person asleep on the floor.

Sleeping is with them a very solemn matter. They are strongly averse to waking any one, the idea being that during sleep the soul is absent from the body, and may not have time to return if slumber is suddenly broken.

If you call upon a native and are told "He is asleep," you may as well depart. To get a servant to rouse you, you must give him the strictest of orders. Then at the time appointed he will stand by your side and call, "Senor! senor!" repeatedly, each time more loudly than before, until you are half awake; then he will return to the low note, and again raise his voice gradually until you are fully conscious.—Exchange.

Respecting the Dead.

Mrs. Granpere—Why, Bridget, I heard of the death of poor Tim, your husband, and that you were married again; and now, poor girl is it possible—your second husband too?

Bridget (in deep mourning)—Oh, no, mum. He's all right. But I always promised meself, whiniver I could afford it, I wud put on mornin for poor dear Tim, and it's very well off I am mum, since I'm married this time, mum.—Harper's Bazar.

Economy in Rapid Freight Trains.

A German engineer concludes that if the speed instead of the load of freight trains be increased from fourteen to twenty-eight miles per hour the expenses per car mile at the higher speed would be one-fourth less for repairs and only one-fifth more for fuel.—New York Times.

The value of the product of the factories and mills west of the Mississippi during the year 1891 is computed at \$123,068,896, and the product of the states west of the Missouri alone is computed at \$198,722,033.

About Salad Dressing.

Every one in New York who eats salad thinks that there are a few people in town who can make a fairly good salad dressing, but that none of them can come up to the dressings made by him (the thinker).

"I tell you, sir," said Boggs, the gourmand, as he delegates the lettuce with grease, "that fellow Snoggs thinks he knows how to do this, but he doesn't have any more idea of it than a cow. Think of it, he puts in more vinegar than oil!"

At the same moment Snoggs is mixing a dressing in another part of town and sneaking to himself as he remarks: "I was very much amused the other night at the way Boggs did this. He actually made a dressing without vinegar! Ha! Ha!" and every one laughed.

Then there is Juggins, of West Thirty-fourth street, who also has his peculiar views. "Any man," he declares, "who puts mustard in a salad shows his ignorance."

Muggins, of East Sixty-seventh street, also has decided convictions. "What do you think," he roars out; "I saw Juggins putting mustard in a salad dressing." Then some put in sugar. Others think this an awful absurdity. A few use a dab of Worcestershire sauce. Others would rather be lynched than follow their example.

The funny thing is that there is only one way to make a salad dressing. That is the way known to the reader of this article.

But the funniest thing is that the same diner out will devour the dressing made by Boggs and join in with his jokes at the expense of the dressings made by Snoggs, Muggins and Juggins. Then the same man will eat at the table of Muggins and apparently sneer with that person at the efforts of Snoggs, Boggs and Juggins.

There's a lot of conceit and deceit about salad dressings.—New York Herald.

STATE SENATORIAL QUESTION

What the Indiana Papers Say of Capt. James G. Mitchell.

A welcome visitor to our town last week was Capt. James G. Mitchell, of Perryville, Jefferson county. He is an extremely companionable, gentleman and a thorough business man. Although he was not here "fence building" yet it is known that the Captain is a candidate for State Senate in this district. He is competent for the honorable position—and without disparagement to the aspirations of candidates presented for the place by Indiana county—we may freely say that if Mr. Mitchell secures the nomination, this county will give him an old fashioned popular majority. He has kept himself from the contentions that have invoked a degree of hostility between the working forces in the several counties of the district.—Indiana Progress, March 16, '92.

Captain J.G. Mitchell, of Perryville, Jefferson county, while returning from a business trip to the east, stopped off here a day or two. The Captain is a candidate for Senator in Jefferson county, Indiana county will urge the selection of the candidate who secures the nomination in this county on the 9th of April; but should Captain Mitchell secure the endorsement of his own county and the district nomination, he will doubtless get the solid Republican vote of this county. He has been fortunate in keeping out of the Senatorial complications and would not be handicapped, besides he is a clever fellow and would make an efficient Senator.—Indiana Messenger, March 16, '92.

"Jim" Mitchell, of Perryville, a prominent merchant and a candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator in Jefferson county, and a whole-souled, genial gentleman besides, was here on Saturday and remained over Sunday. If we must have a Republican Senator give us Mitchell, and plenty of him too.—Indiana Democrat, March 9, 1892.

The Convention of the miners' and farmers' organizations which was held in Reynoldsville on the 4th of March, 1892, unanimously endorsed Mr. Mitchell.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF WINSTON TOWNSHIP SCHOOL DISTRICT, OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, PA., FOR YEAR ENDING JUNE 1st, 1892.

State appropriation.....	\$1 217 04
County Treasurer.....	184 15
From fines.....	15 00
From other township.....	6 57
Collector.....	4 236 36
Glass.....	13
Other sources.....	2 50
Due W. T. CATHERS, Dr.	\$5 032 15
W. T. CATHERS, Cr.	887 95
Credit by vouchers.....	\$6 371 72
Percentage.....	128 27
Interest.....	12 60
Auditing.....	4 00
Secretary.....	22 11
On doc fund.....	\$6 540 10
Credit by vouchers.....	\$ 142 30
Per cent.....	1 54 78 54
To balance.....	963 70
Audited on the 6th of June, 1892.	
W. J. HILLS, THOS. HUTCHISON, Auditors.	
W. R. GARVIN,	



THERE IS A MEDICINE

Composed of the essential virtues of nature's remedies, roots, herbs, and possessing marvelous curative powers over all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood. This medicine, known as Dr. Burgoon's System Renovator, has proved so successful in curing dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, bad blood, that the Doctor now guarantees it. Then why suffer when you can use a remedy that has cured so many others. It has also proven wonderfully successful in curing female diseases. \$1 a bottle, or \$ for \$3.00 at your druggists, or address 41 Ohio street, Allegheny City, Pa. P. S.—The Doctor is a specialist in cure of tape worms, cancer and all chronic diseases. Write for circular and testimonials. Sold by H. Alex. Stokes, Reynoldsville, Pa.

THIS SLICE OF NEWS WILL

Certainly Create Excitement.

Tricks that have proved fruitless; Efforts to deceive the people exposed by

HONORABLE COMPETITION.

Notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of (our would-be rivals) to practice hypocrisy and hoodwink the public with humbugging advertisements and featherweight arguments, this introduction will be a

Bitter Pill for them to Swallow

And will forever settle the question as to who is the legitimate dealer in Clothing of Reynoldsville, Jefferson county.

THIS SALE INTRODUCED IS

NO MOCK AUCTION SALE

But a square honorable effort to multiply and cultivate your custom by sacrificing 10 per cent. on every dollar spent in our store. This means money in your pocket. We will not quote prices but ask you most respectfully to visit our establishment ere our removal to our new store room in the

Gordon Block. Bolger Bros.

ARE ACTUALLY DESERVING OF YOUR CUSTOM,

NO MOULDY

Chestnuts Placed on Fishing Hooks as Bait for "Suckers"

But strictly honorable methods to dispose of our handsome stock of Ready Made Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

Specialties -

Fine DRESS GOODS, WRAPS AND CLOTHING.

OUR MOTTO

Good Goods

AT LOWEST PRICES.

N. HANAU

DEALER IN

Dry Goods,

Notions AND

Underwear,

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

WRAPS.

Clothing! Clothing!

HATS AND MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Fine Shoes.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

Shoe Department

We carry only reliable makes, and we could fill the one side of this issue with testimonials in regard to the wearing qualities of our shoes. What is termed among shoe dealers as cheap shoes, "for instance," shoes that sell for one dollar a pair, we do not handle, for the simple reason that goods of that kind will not build up our shoe department. We buy no shoes from what is called "Jobbers," but place our orders three and four months in advance, with the best shoe manufacturers in the country.

Our dry goods department is full of spring fabrics, at prices lower than the lowest, and all we ask is that you give us a call and Compare Prices and Quality, don't forget the quality, as that goes a long ways as regards price. Quality first, price second.

J. B. ARNOLD.

Grocery Boomers,

BUY WHERE YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT.

FLOUR, Salt Meats, Smoked Meats, CANNED GOODS, TEAS, COFFEES AND ALL KINDS OF—

Country Produce FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, TOBACCO, AND CIGARS.

Everything in the line of Fresh Groceries, Feed, Etc.

Goods delivered free any place in town. Call on us and get prices.

W. C. Schultz & Son.

J. S. MORROW,

DEALER IN—

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, and Shoes, Fresh Groceries Flour and Feed.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, Reynoldsville, Pa.

McKee & Warnick

HEADQUARTERS FOR

fancy and Staple GROCERIES, Oil, Flour and Feed.

PICKLES An elegant line consisting of sour, sweet and mixed pickles. Onions, chow chow, olives, cauliflowers and others too numerous to mention.

CAKES and CRACKERS An endless variety on hand; always fresh. Try our fruit and chocolate cakes.

FLOUR "Washburne's Best" leads the list; it's a dandy. Try it. We have in stock, "Our Best," "Straight," "Imperial," "N. W. Patent," "Pilgrim" and others.

OIL We have no oil wagon on the road but we deliver you a 5 gal. best 150° oil for 50 cents. Get our rates on oil by the barrel.

A FULL STOCK of goods in our line always on hand. Highest market price paid for country produce.

GOODS RECEIVED DAILY.

NO OLD GOODS FOR SALE.

McKee & Warnick, The Grocers, Cor. 5th and Main St., Reynoldsville, Penna.