

KING OF GAME FISH.

THE NOBLE SALMON OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

He is Going the Way of the Buffalo—Caught by the Thousands in Inhuman Wheels—May Very Soon Be Extinct.

Far out beyond Nebraska's mighty plains—where but late was wont to roam the king of American beasts—lies the Columbia's scenic land, known still to fame as the home of the monarch of our inland waters, the splendidly royal salmon.

Every American sportsman knows, says the Washington Star, something of the keen delights of spearing a chinook or a steelhead, to say nothing of



AN ORIENTAL FISHERMAN.

the pleasures of landing a blueback, even if he doesn't know that their scientific names, the oncorhynchus chonchis and the salmo gairdneri, are nearly as large as themselves.

But few of us seem to realize that the salmon is in the same danger that overtook the buffalo, and that, unless their senseless slaughter be retarded, they will become extinct. Unlike the buffalo, the salmon has no means of protection afforded him by nature, and he can be murdered by machinery, a



THE DALLIES, COLUMBIA RIVER.

thing that was not resorted to on the land.

Fortunately, the salmon's enemies are not as numerous as those of the buffalo, but they are more wanton and less merciful. There is not even the excuse of the savage who shot down half a herd of hoof and horn and found something of brutal satisfaction in the spectacle. The salmon's enemy has no eyes to see the havoc he works in his way, but he has more arms than Briareus to work with. He is a monster of wood and wire, senseless and sordid, and though controlled by man in a measure, once set in operation is no more within man's government than is the guillotine when defectively constructed. And yet from the Dalles to the stately Palisades these insensate monsters go unchecked, staining the queenly Columbia with their victims' mangled flesh and defiling the stately streams in all America with their blood.

It is but just to say that only sportsmen see this shame to its full extent and that commercial considerations



LANDED.

seem to the short-sighted fishermen to be dependent upon their persistence in their use of the inhuman wheels.

Four years ago the writer protested to the general Government only to learn that the protection of the river fisheries of the United States, being dependent upon the ordinary defective laws of the several States, nothing could be done even by Mr. Marshall McDonald, Fish Commissioner of the United States.

It was and is, however, the opinion of the Fish Commission that the use of fish wheels in the taking of salmon ought to be prohibited, as they not only maim hundreds of fish unfit for food, but being operated on the upper reaches of the river near the spawning grounds, they capture thousands of fish who have escaped the nets lower down.

The destruction of one such female fish means the loss of hundreds of eggs. When it is seen that the Government is able to afford but two stations on the west coast for the maintenance of the salmon, the one on the McCloud in California the other on

the Little Clackamas, an Oregon tributary of the Willamette, and that the average number of eggs taken at the Oregon station is only about five million per annum, decadence of the upper Columbia fisheries would seem to be painfully near.

As a matter of fact it has begun. Four years ago splendid fishing existed everywhere along the upper portions of the river. Now it is becoming rare. The fish are thoroughly frightened and even that most patient of anglers, my Chinese friend, Wing, finds the still water sport of the tamoast. In order to understand just how tame my celestial friend found it, he should be seen like the prehistoric "bump on a log" at Rooster Rock, where some superb fifty-pounders have been speared; with a half dozen "sprats" as he calls them, beside him.

Then one should watch the splendid formed Indians from Umatilla and nearby as they stand at "the eels" on their swaying platforms, ready to spear a swift-scending chinook, or lower down stream, with ever-ready balanced dip-net, watching the foam for "a racer." The Indian has the sport as it ought to be—the Chinamen as it soon will become. Following the river down to the cascades, one can see the cause of what our celestial friend feels in effect. It is wonderful to us as we view the effulgent splendor of the scene, that men are not ashamed by so close a communion with the visible forms of nature into a less brutal and unsportsmanlike method of killing God's creatures. But there in their worst form and fashion stand the fish wheels. "Number forty," the very worst on the river, is clean and harmless enough externally, but no more sickening sight to a sportsman could exist than is discovered within. Just about Bonneville and vicinity the fish wheels simply swarm and the writer could but call to mind the cordial hatred of them expressed one day in the terrible blizzard of '88 by the heroic Conductor Lyons of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, on whose train I was trying to travel on to San Francisco by this route. A man who runs a fish wheel and a train wrecker were about alike in Lyons's opinion, and as Lyons's ideas are entitled to the weight of those of a man who saved some forty lives at the peril

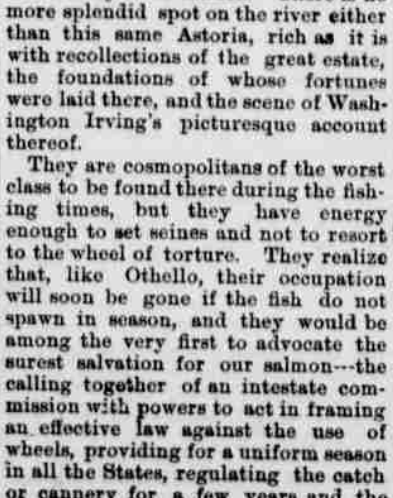
of his own that winter they are cordially shared by brave men everywhere. That the fish wheel is not a necessity for those who follow Simon Peter's profession for a living is shown all along the lower reaches of the river. Both the stake and draw seines are used successfully, while the sportsman with a landing net, in addition to his gaff and rod and line, can enjoy the grandest possible pastime with less to annoy and more to enjoy than in any other American waters. Of course, a sturgeon may be now and then encountered, even in the upper stretches of the river, but this adds to the zest of the sport. A sixty-six-pound salmon is no small game, either. At Kinneys, near Astoria, in Oregon, they frequently catch them this size. Such fish, of course, never leave the lower waters of the river. They are safe from fish wheels and such snares and there is something regal in their abnegation as they lie on the wharves at Astoria, in season, before they are taken away to be canned. There is no more splendid spot on the river either than this same Astoria, rich as it is with recollections of the great estate, the foundations of whose fortunes were laid there, and the scene of Washington Irving's picturesque account thereof.

They are cosmopolitans of the worst class to be found there during the fishing times, but they have energy enough to set seines and not to resort to the wheel of torture. They realize that, like Othello, their occupation will soon be gone if the fish do not spawn in season, and they would be among the very first to advocate the surest salvation for our salmon—the calling together of an interstate commission with powers to act in framing an effective law against the use of wheels, providing for a uniform season in all the States, regulating the catch or cannery for a few years and the

providing for increased propagating facilities both at the McCloud and Clackamas stations.

The United States Commission did some good work in July, 1887, on the grounds above Astoria, but there is room for more.

As the commission has itself said, "protective culture is easier than arti-



A FAST WHEEL.

cial culture." It is cheaper to save our salmon fisheries from destruction than to be obliged to restore them. Such a restoration would require years of toil and millions of money.

In the meantime the cost of salmon as an article for food would far exceed any ordinary means as Scotland could not begin to supply herself. The sportsman would be robbed of his rights and a sport which no less an authority than Earl Dufferin said to the writer he considered only a little less thrilling than hunting the tiger when the tiger is also hunting you, would be gone from our day and generation, and, perhaps, forever.

Even my half-breed Indian guide, Pierre Loti, with whom I have thus fished, "where rolls the Oregon and gives no sound"—would protest against such a possibility did he understand its proximity. We who have noted the experience of Norway must, however, so understand and it is the part of common prudence to act in the defense of ourselves and of posterity, as well as of our right royal king game fish and his Oregon friends.

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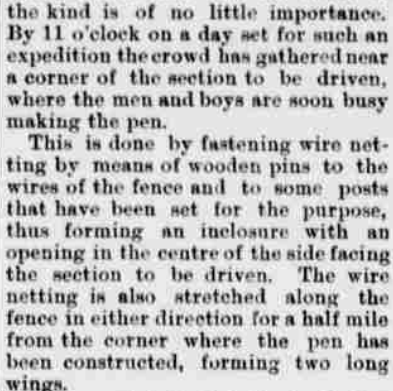
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A Rabbit Drive.

For those who have never lived in the country where rabbits are plentiful and whose knowledge of these little gray balls of fur is confined to a pair of pets in a pen in the garden, it will be hard to realize what a sight hundreds of them in a drove would be. They make raids on the farmer's wheat field, orchard and vegetable garden and do a great deal of damage with their sharp teeth.

The means by which the country is partially rid of these little pests is known as a rabbit drive, in which all

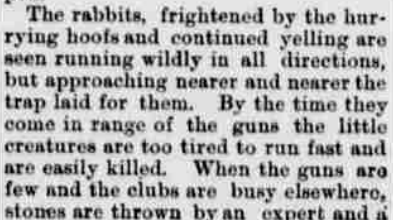


BEGINNING THE DRIVE.

the neighborhood assists; the men and boys attending to help, and their wives and sisters to look on. An event of the kind is of no little importance. By 11 o'clock on a day set for such an expedition the crowd has gathered near a corner of the section to be driven, where the men and boys are soon busy making the pen.

This is done by fastening wire netting by means of wooden pins to the wires of the fence and to some posts that have been set for the purpose, thus forming an inclosure with an opening in the center of the side facing the section to be driven. The wire netting is also stretched along the fence in either direction for a half mile from the corner where the pen has been constructed, forming two long wings.

Now a captain is elected, who divides the company of perhaps thirty horsemen, sending half down each wing, and also stations men with guns and clubs at intervals along the line. Each band of horsemen has a leader, who places his men at intervals over the



THE JACK RABBIT.

allotted scope of country. When these two leaders meet a yell is given, which is echoed along the line as a signal to begin to close in toward the pen.

The rabbits, frightened by the hurrying hoofs and continued yelling are seen running wildly in all directions, but approaching nearer and nearer the trap laid for them. By the time they come in range of the guns the little creatures are too tired to run fast and are easily killed. When the guns are few and the clubs are busy elsewhere, stones are thrown by an expert and a rabbit falls, hit in the head. Some run against the netting in their fright and their eyes are put out. All this time there are many in the pen, 300 or more, if the drive is a good one running wildly about, trying hard to avoid the seemingly cruel blows from the clubs of their enemies. Perhaps the pen will break, but that does not often happen, and the ground will soon be strewn with the slain rabbits.

Withal, it is very exciting, but the timid and tender hearted shudder. As an amusement, slaughter in this wholesale manner would not be tolerated, but since the sturdy farmers are thus defending their crops, it may be sanctioned.

Some one will say, "Why do not the rabbits run in their holes?" So here we call attention to the marked difference between the rabbit and what is properly termed the hare. It is the former that burrows in the ground, and to which species our pets belong. The latter, with which this sketch has to do, are much larger, are mule-eared and seek safety in their fleetness; better known, perhaps, as the jack rabbit.—St. Louis Republic.



—Worthinton's Magazine.

A Kansas Woman Mayor. The town of Pleasanton, Kan., has come into prominence by having elected a woman Mayor. It is a much larger place than either of the two other villages which in the past four years have distinguished themselves by choosing a woman for a chief executive, and probably outside of the State of Kansas such an unusual idea as selecting a woman for city marshal has never occurred to the voters.



MRS. ANNIE S. AUSTIN, MAYOR OF PLEASANTON, KAN.

At a special election held in Pleasanton on January 16, Mrs. Annie S. Austin was elected Mayor over J. W. Primmer, a merchant of the town. Her election was a signal victory for prohibition and woman suffrage, and the campaign was an animated one. She received a majority of twelve votes in the town of 1500 inhabitants, notwithstanding the fact that her opponent was a representative of the business men and was nominated on a "business men's" ticket. She headed the "citizen's" ticket, and asked only for the support of those who sympathized with her reforms—who were opposed to saloons commonly known as "joints" and gambling rooms. Her election is regarded as significant of the result of the vote on the question of equal suffrage, which will be submitted to the voters of the State next fall, and congratulations have been pouring in on her from all the eminent female suffragists of the Nation.

Mrs. Austin is a native of Illinois. She was reared in Peoria, Ill., but left there twelve years ago. She is a buxom woman of 200 pounds, and quite intelligent, though her general appearance may not be expressive of the latter fact. The Kansas Good Templars, of which order she is grand superintendent of the juvenile temple, sent her as a delegate to the National convention at Detroit last year, and she became prominent in the councils of that organization by her activity and adaptability to its work. Her husband is a railroad man, and she is the mother of three children, all in their teens. She is prominent in church work, and is sufficiently familiar with most of her townsmen to address them by their first names and talk politics or religion with freedom. She was the leading speaker of the campaign, but was elected by her personal election eering.—Chicago Herald.

Growth of Plants in Odd Places.

In the city of Norwich, England, the church of St. Benedict is provided with a round tower having a series of windows at the top. From one of these issues a tree that rises several yards above the platform of the tower, and which is growing very vigorously. At Bicknoller, in Somersetshire, upon the tower of the church, there grows an evergreen oak which has already reached a height of five feet. It is well known and is much wondered at by tourists who visit the west of England. There may be observed, too, a sycamore which has been growing for more than half a century upon the



TREE ON NORWICH TOWER.

tower of the little parochial church of Saint Petrochius, at Clanborough, in North Devon. It has inserted its roots so deeply into the masonry as to threaten the solidity of the building. A few years ago the city of Stony Stratford possessed a plant curiosity of the same nature. In the wake of a great fire in 1742, one of the few structures that remained standing was the tower of the Saint Mary Magdalen church. A bird doubtless carried a seed to the summit of this, and there soon appeared a tree that buried its roots so deeply that it had to be pulled up in order to save the tower from falling in.

The population of what is known technically as the "city" of London, reaches 301,384 by day, but drops to 37,896 at night. The population of "Greater" London is 5,633,806.

Deer have been unusually plentiful in Maine this year.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

THE SHARPSHOOTER.

FRANK H. SWERT. Strange, fearful man, as shadow-like and keen. Master of all that comes within his sight. With eyes that seem to pierce the very night. Watching the world about, himself unseen. Perched in some lofty tree, among the green. And silent branches, and at such height As seems to suit the eagle's lonely flight; Or else, perchance in some deep hole, between Gray rocks, or where some beast has made its den. Beneath a bank, where sunlight never came. Silent and watching waiting for the men, Whoever they might be—to him the same— And patient until his aim is sure, and then Shooting them as the hunter shoots his game. —Blue and Gray.

UNDER ARREST.

One of Smith's Guerrillas "Jollies" Gau Mower With Satisfactory Results. It was well along in the afternoon one day on the return march from the Tupelo expedition, about the 18th of July, 1864, I was then doing my own account or that of my company mess as we had met supply trains and were therefore sufficiently supplied with rations, but was marching on the flank of the column to overtake the company, after having procured a supply of fresh water, when I came across a soldier of some other regiment who was maneuvering to get a sure shot at a porker some 50 or 60 yards from the road, and who, lacking confidence in his own skill with the rifle, asked me to bring down the game for him, with which request I readily complied and then remained a few minutes to talk with him while he proceeded to dress his meat.

While thus employed a field officer of a green regiment then passing rode up to us and inquired who shot the hog, to which we made no answer. "I shall have to arrest you both if you do not tell me," said the officer, who was not interrupted in taking care of his pork. I answered that I shot it.

"Then," said the officer, "you will have to come along with me." And he turned me over to the officer of the rear guard of his regiment, who ordered me to march with his company after which I was honored with no further attention. But I had been arrested by a "sucker" in conformity with the letter of Gen. Smith's terrible field orders and was a little curious to know what would become of the "white elephant." So, sticking by the company as ordered, until they got into camp, I was sent in charge of a Sergeant, to Gen. Smith's Headquarters, and reported as under arrest for firing my gun. After reporting to the Sergeant returned to his quarters, leaving me standing, weak knee and trembling in the dread expectancy of the justly merited death penalty for my terrible crime. Gen. Smith and Mower, seated on a bench in front of a house where they had taken up their quarters for the night, seemed much absorbed in conversing upon some matters not relating to the writer's case. Finally Gen. Mower seemed suddenly to become cognizant of my existence and looking up asked what I was arrested for? I answered that I was arrested for firing my gun in violation of general field orders, No. XOL. Fact is, I was not then familiar with legal technicalities, and did not know that I was exempt from self-crimination. The General then asked me if I fired at anything? To which I answered that I fired at a hog.

"Did you hit the hog?" asked the general? "I felt somewhat hurt at the intimation of impossibility apparent in the General's question, and answered that I was not in the habit of missing my mark at this stage of the game. "But General, just put yourself in our place. I mean, General, imagine yourself in a strange land, with dense woods and leafy, tangled brush all around you. In fact in the midst of a wild and lonely forest, with ravenous beasts roaming at large, seeking what or whom they may devour, and suppose one of these terrible, ferocious beasts should be coming toward you as if intending to devour you, when you are very hungry and naturally feel a great desire to devour that particular beast instead of miserably allowing yourself to be devoured (by hunger). Now, after coolly and impartially weighing all the circumstances of the case, General, wouldn't you fire off your gun?"

Well, to make a long story short, Gen. Mower called an orderly and told him to report me to Col. Lyon then in command of the fragments of the Second Brigade in connection with his own regiment. On arriving at the Colonel's quarters the orderly reported that he was ordered to report me for firing my gun. "But," says he, "I believe all they know about it is that they found him dressing a hog." "Oh," says Col. Lyon, "that alters the case. You go to your quarters." I did not very distinctly see in what manner or to what extent that altered the case, but of course was satisfied that it did very materially or Col. (later Chief Justice) Lyon would not say so. Besides I was tired just then and did not stop to argue the case. —S. C. Mraz in National Tribune.

The Final Salute at Appomattox. There occurred a curious incident of which no mention is made in the books which have treated of the closing scenes at Appomattox. The muskets of the Confederates were allowed to remain stacked on the field. The grass caught fire in some way and was allowed to burn. So suddenly did the fighting cease on the morning of the 9th that thousands of the pieces were left loaded. As the flames of the grass swept along the line of stacked muskets the guns were heated to firing heat and soon there was incessant popping. The balls went up into the air almost straight, until the force of the discharge was spent and then dropped down. To this day the field of surrender is strewn with these bullets and so little has Appomattox been visited that the fallers scarcely found. This firing of the muskets by the burning grass was the only salute that accompanied the surrender. When Lee had received Grant's terms and accepted them the firing of 100 guns is taken of victory was begun, but Grant quickly stopped it.

Japanese Dinner Invitations. An invitation to dinner in Japan commences as follows: "I beg pardon for thus insulting you in begging your company at my house to dinner. Your house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and yet I hope that you will condescend to be present with us at 6 o'clock on December 6."

There is no such thing as being right with God while you are wrong with your brother.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS.

THE STATE'S FINANCES.

WHAT STATE TREASURER MORRISON'S ANNUAL REPORT SHOWS. HARRISBURG—State Treasurer Morrison's annual report is now in the hands of the state printer. He shows that the balance in the treasury December 1, 1893, was \$6,830,308.07. His estimate for this year is \$11,377,390.50 receipts and \$12,976,700 expenses. The total interest bearing debt December 1, 1893, was \$8,158,580. The total payments last year were \$13,423,064.77 and the receipts \$13,252,727.83. The assets of the sinking fund held for payment of the public debt are \$5,883,064.81, leaving the net debt of the state at present \$2,494,936.67. Next August the 4 per cent loan of April 1, 1879 will become due. A portion of this loan, amounting to \$78,100 was purchased during the year at figures above market value for the commonwealth, but there will remain due in August \$1,471,700. Mr. Morrison calls the attention of the legislature to the estimates for this year, and remarks that owing to the depression in business affecting all the corporations and manufacturing companies the revenues will be greatly diminished. He says if the present system of expenditures is maintained it requires no prophet to foretell what the result will be to the treasury.

COKE TRADE BETTER. UNIONTOWN—The coke trade is looming up much stronger this week, owing to the increased demand. The ovens in blast are not sufficient to meet the wants of the trade and the plants are rapidly firing new ovens. The Frick company will fire the Youngstown plant this week. It has been idle for over a year. The are 24 ovens in the plant and 250 men will be given work. Leasing No. 3, with 400 ovens, is now running full and many more works are firing up.

EATING DOGS AND CATS. NEW CASTLE.—Italians in the settlements near Ellwood City are said to be starving. Dogs and cats are being eaten and the fences are being torn down for fuel. They are now endeavoring to get help from the poor authorities but are meeting with little success, as treasuries have been emptied for the relief of American citizens.

In the past year State Dairy and Food Commissioner Reeder instituted 101 suits for the violation of the oleomargarine law. Fifty per cent, of the samples of suspicious butter examined proved to be oleomargarine.

There has been brought by the Continental construction company, of Philadelphia, against the city of Altoona, Pa., for \$18,500 damages for failure to award the city a contract to construct a reservoir there.

The Bethlehem Iron Company stockholders voted to increase their capital stock from \$3,000,000 to \$10,000,000 to make improvements. The company's steel mill, which is now idle, will be rebuilt.

In the past year \$59,002.94 were expended in construction at the Huntingdon reformatory. The total expenditures were \$173,114.47. The number of inmates received was 276.

Two unknown Polanders were found lying dead beside the Pennsylvania railroad track near New Boston, Schuylkill county. They had been struck by a train.

MICHAEL MAYOCK's general store and John Barrett's dwelling house at Miners Mills were destroyed by fire. Mayock's loss is \$12,000; Barrett's \$3,000.

The grand jury in session at Irwin found true bills for embezzlement against P. S. Pool and son of the defunct Farmers and Miners bank.

BERN CROWAN'S home near Bloomsburg, Columbia county, was destroyed by fire. His two little children perished in the flames.

The Muncie novelty company of Muncie, Lycoming county, is in the sheriff's hands on judgments aggregating \$54,000.

The city council of New Castle, has adopted resolutions against giving foreigners employment on public improvements.

WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN and his son, George were fatally burned in a mine explosion near Wilkesbarre.

THOMAS CERRONS, the ex-convict who led the jail delivery at Erie Saturday was run down in Buffalo.

WILLIAM DOUGAN, a West Penn railroad brakeman, was killed on that road near Harkersville.

WAGES of employees of the Hussey-Binns shovel works, Charleroi, have been reduced 10 per cent.

The bar mill of the Susquehanna Rolling Mill Company, at Columbia, has shut down.

An epidemic of scarlet fever prevails at Johnstown and many deaths have occurred.

Signal Whistles. The inhabitants of Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, have evolved a whistling code by which they converse with each other at a distance. Each syllable has its own appropriate tone. The whistler uses both fingers and lips, and it is asserted that communication can be kept up at a mile's distance. Whistling is confined to Gomera Island and is quite unknown to the rest of the group.

The adoption of this mode of carrying on conversation is due to the geological formation of the island, as it is intersected by numerous gullies and ravines. As there are no bridges across these, intercourse between neighbors is often rendered difficult. A man living within a stone's throw of another may have to go many miles round to make a call upon his neighbor, and the inconvenience of this led the people to cultivate this manner of communicating with each other.

Relics of Past Ages. Everywhere about the valleys of New Mexico, invariably upon eminences, and usually upon high flat-topped mesas on table hills, are the ruins of houses of the ancient semi-civilized Indian population that lived here and tilled the soil before the coming of the Spaniards, four centuries ago. The numbers of this old population can be only vaguely inferred by the numerous cobblestone foundations of their houses, still well defined above the surface of the ground, and by the debris of the fallen walls which constitute hillocks, grass-grown and intermixed with occasional old stone utensils and countless fragments of pottery. This pottery when turned up by the spade is found to be handsome and varied in color, and as fresh of tint as it could have been when the village was destroyed or abandoned and every tradition of its existence lost in the prehistoric past.