

ON THE GRAND BANKS.

How and Cod and Halibut Are Taken by the Small Vessels.

Gustav Kobb writes an article entitled "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobb says:

The trawlers are generally found on the Grand Banks, the hand-liners on the Western Bank and Quirio. These hand-liners are smaller vessels with fewer dories, and the men fish with hand-lines, one man and two lines to a dory. The hand-liner sits in the middle of his dory, with a compartment in its stern, another in its bow, for his catch. When you see the bow sticking far up in the air, you know the fisherman has his stern-load. Then, as fish after fish flashes into the other compartment, the bow settles, and when the dory is on an even keel the hand-liner pulls back to the vessel.

The trawlers bait with fresh herring, mackerel, and squid; the hand-liners with salt clams. The catch of both is split and salted, and the vessel has a full "fare," or catch, when she has "wet her salt," that is, used up all her salt—and is full of fish. A trawler's voyage lasts about eight weeks; a hand-liner's, eleven.

A trawler's crew receives no wages, but fishes on shares. First, the captain gets a percentage; of the remainder one-half goes to the vessel, which "finds," that is, supplies the gear, stores, salt, and half the bait; and the other half to the captain and crew in equal shares, which run from \$10 to \$150, and even to \$250.

But among the hand-liners each man is paid according to what he catches, the "fare" from each dory being weighed as it is taken aboard. This stimulates competition. There is judgment in knowing where to fish, or how long to stay over a certain spot; and even the quickness with which a line is hauled in will make a perceptible difference at the end of a day's fishing. It means something to be "high line," as they call the best fisherman, at the end of a voyage, and those who win this distinction time and again, as some do, become known as "killers" and "big fishermen."

The main catch on the Banks is cod and halibut. There is also a fleet of small American vessels which pursue the merry swordfish. Swordfishing is good sport—whaling on a small scale. A man, dart in hand, stands in the vessel's bow, supported by a semi-circular iron brace. When near enough to the fish, he lets fly the dart. A swordfish may weigh 350 pounds. One can tow a dory a mile, and a piece of the sword has been found driven through the bottom of a pilot boat.

Put to Many Uses.

Sharks furnish a number of valuable products. The liver of the shark contains an oil that possesses medicinal qualities equal to those of cod-liver oil. The skin after being dried takes the polish and hardness of mother-of-pearl. The fins are always highly prized by the Chinese, who pickle them and serve them at dinner as a most delicate dish. The Europeans, who do not appreciate the fins as a food, convert them into a fish-glue. As for the flesh of the shark—that, despite its oily taste, is eaten in certain countries. The Icelanders, who do a large business in sharks' oil, send out annually a fleet of a hundred vessels for the capture of the great fish.

Spitzbergen Hotel.

The hotel recently erected in Spitzbergen is thus described: Built in Norwegian style, it has a large hall, and a quantity of smaller rooms, with thirty beds. It is also provided with a book for visitors' names, among which may now be seen those of Sverdrup, Fulda, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, E. Vely, and others. The climate of Spitzbergen is said to have the most favorable influence on persons suffering from chest diseases.

When it takes a young man fifteen minutes to assist a girl to don her jacket she is neither his sister by birth nor refusal.

Look out for colds

At this season. Keep Your blood pure and Rich and your system Toned up by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then You will be able to Resist exposure to which A debilitated system Would quickly yield.

Bad Digestion, Bad Heart.
Poor digestion often causes irregularity of the heart's action. This irregularity may be mistaken for real, organic heart disease. The symptoms are much the same. There is, however, a very difference between the true organic heart disease, which is often incurable; apparent heart disease is curable if good digestion be restored.

A case in point is quoted from the *New Era*, of Greensburg, Ind. Mrs. Ellen Colson, Newpoint, Ind., a woman forty-three years old, had suffered for four years with distressing stomach trouble. The gases generated by the indigestion pressed on the heart and caused an irregularity of its action. She had much pain in her stomach and heart, and was subject to frequent and severe choking spells, which were most severe at night. Doctors were tried in vain; the patient became worse, despondent, and feared impending death.



A CASE OF HEART FAILURE.

She was much frightened, but noticed that in intervals in which her stomach did not annoy her, her heart's action became normal. Reasoning correctly that her digestion was alone at fault, she procured the proper medicine to treat that trouble, and with immediate good results. Her appetite came back, the choking spells became less frequent and finally ceased. Her weight, which had been greatly reduced, was restored, and she now weighs more than for years. Her blood soon became pure and her cheeks rosy.

The case is of general interest because the disease is a very common one. That she may know the means of cure we give her the name of the medicine used—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,) ss.

LUCAS COUNTY,)
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of Frank J. Cheney & Son, manufacturers of the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Swearn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
HALL'S Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE OPERATOR'S STORY.

One About the Yellow Fever—Hard to Believe.

It was at a smoker and foamer of the telegraph operators that the dean of the key jugglers told this one, says the Detroit Free Press:

"What brings it to mind is the yellow fever reports from the south. All that you read can give you no proper conception of the reign of terror prevailing down there during the epidemic. When they first ran a railroad into one of the richest mining districts of Alabama I was made operator of a little cross-roads station. It took a long time to convince the natives that I could talk to all parts of the world with that little 'click-n' machine of mine. I finally was able to convince them. The wife of one of their number had gone to Mobile to attend a sick daughter who had been the beauty of the neighborhood and had immortalized her memory by being taken to some other part of the world by a rich husband. Through an arrangement with the mobile operator the old couple carried on a conversation of such a personal nature that neither could doubt the identity of the other. Then the common superstition of the people intervened and they concluded that the instrument was an invention of the devil.

"While they were in this frame of mind there came the news of the yellow fever. Force was the most natural way of resisting all kinds of evils down there and for days the depot was occupied by armed men. Never was a more efficient quarantine established. No one could get on or off the cars at that point. Even conductors, brakemen, engineers and firemen had to stick to their posts. One day I received a telegram from New Orleans for a gentleman who was held by the quarantine. It announced that his son was better and would survive. Foolishly I read it to the grim guard in the depot. They snatched the message from me with a howl, all the more savage because the paper was yellow. They burned it, wrecked the instrument, cut the wires and came mighty near lynching me for exposing them to yellow fever."

It is a waste of time to make love to a cold, unsympathetic girl. About the best you can expect from her is the Chikoot pass.

Children's Column



The Broken Toy Soldier.

No pension-bureau offers us reward for service done:
We wear no medals on our breast for gallant battles won.
Yet no one of Napoleon's, nor one of Caesar's host
Has made himself a record such as even I can boast.

They work toy soldiers harder than real soldier men, you see;
A march of fifty thousand miles is nothing much to me.

I lost a leg at Marathon, an arm at Monterey,
Was left for dead at Gettysburg—all on the self-same day.

And as I lie forgotten now, no longer fit to roam,
I wish some millionaire would found a poor Toy Soldiers Home.

Marguerite Tracy in St. Nicholas.

The Leaf Insect.

The leaf insect is an inhabitant of South America. Not only does it resemble a leaf in shape, but even in color, and its legs may be easily mistaken for dry twigs. Even the ramified veins of the leaf are preserved on its wings. It is singular that while some insects closely resemble vegetables, some vegetables, as the Orchidaceae, should as closely resemble insects. Nearly connected with this insect is the Praying Mantis, so called from the curious manner in which it holds its forelegs. It is very voracious and exceedingly quarrelsome, fighting with the fore legs, which it uses like a sword. In China the inhabitants keep them in cages and set them to fight, as in other countries certain barbarians keep cocks for the same purpose.

Birds Have Favorite Plants.

Like man, birds have their favorite plants and flowers. It has been discovered that the goldfinch is passionately fond of apple blossoms; this may be because its favorite building site is in the lichen-covered forks of apple trees, but apart from such attachment the bright little bird frequently spends hours tearing the petals into tiny fragments. Though the nightingale never builds in the thorn bushes, it loves to sing on many laden branches, often in the very midst of the fragrant blossoms. It is somewhat peculiar that most birds avoid the cow-parsnip, owing, no doubt, to the unpleasant greenish smell emitted by these umbelliferous plants. Small birds very often build in less secure places, but the parsnip, gigantic and strong as it is, left severely alone. —Detroit Free Press.

Monkeys at Football.

Travelers in South America have noted the fact that where monkeys congregate in large numbers they also indulge in games of a certain kind. Two of these games seem to resemble cricket and football.

The cricket is of a primitive order. About a dozen monkeys stand in a circle or whatever is akin to the simian idea of a circle. Two of them advance from different extremities of the circle and stop about 15 yards apart, facing each other. The monkey at the southern end of the circle has a cocoanut in his hand. He is the bowler.

The monkey at the other end does not, as you might suppose, wield a full cane bat. His business is to dodge the cocoanut which the bowler aims at his head. The delivery of the ball is tremendously fast, full pitched and fraught with dire results if it touches the spot.

When it does happen to touch the spot—that is, any part of the monkey's body—that monkey is very much out and doesn't even stop to dispute the question.

Another monkey takes his place until he, too, receives his dismissal. It was presumed by the travelers that the game was finished when a majority of monkeys lay nursing their wounds under the friendly shade of a neighboring palm.

The football is of a more advanced type. It is also played with a cocoanut. The game, if anything, is undoubtedly the "soccer" game and is played with the feet. Of course there is no goal or any tactics to speak of, the object of each animal being to keep the ball to himself as much as possible.

Still, the competition to get the ball makes it resemble a real game of "footer," and the dexterity exhibited by these peculiar amateurs is surprising and wonderful.

In an evil moment some ambitious monkey may elect to play the Rugby game by snatching up the ball and making off, but the game then develops into war in which life is sometimes the prize.

No mention is made of a referee, but if there is one about like a wise and provident monkey, he is probably up a tree.

Play in the Arctic.

"The Christmas Ship," by H. H. Bennett, in St. Nicholas, is a story about two little girls who were on board ice-bound whaling vessels, near Herald Island, in the Arctic ocean. Mr. Bennett says:

Dolly and Jessie found plenty of ways to play when the mercury did not drop down to forty degrees below

zero, as it did frequently, for days together. Sometimes the sailors bundled them up on Eskimo sledges, and hauled them for miles over the ice; at other times they went fishing, dropping their lines into holes which the sailors cut through thin places in the ice, where it was not more than three or four feet thick. There were Eskimo dogs on the ships, and the sailors trained them to act as pack-mules, two bags were hung on each dog, one on each side, and the fish which were caught were put in these bags; then the dogs trotted along very carefully so as not to drop the fish. When they got tired they would lay down on the ice to rest, and would get up and trot off without losing a fish. Sometimes the dogs were hitched to sledges, and the girls were whirled over the ice so that they clung to the sides of the sledge to keep from falling off.

When Dolly went outside the ship she looked more like a little Eskimo than like the girls at home. She wore the heaviest of woolen clothes in the cabin, but these were not enough to keep her warm when she and Jessie went on the sledges or went fishing. At such times she put on a coat of deerskin, which went to her feet, it was lined with flannel, and trimmed with fur, and had a hood which could be pulled over her head and face; the hood was lined with wool and trimmed with the fur of the Wolverine. Woolen stockings and gloves covered her feet and hands, and on top of these she wore Eskimo boots of fur, and deerskin mittens lined with wool. Jessie dressed in the same way, but her coat was trimmed with mink, and her boots were of sealskin.

Out on one of the ice-hills, old Tom Barks, the boatswain of the Blackbird, who made it his special duty to look after Dolly and Jessie, made them a toboggan slide, down which their sledges would rush, to sweep far out on the ice-plain; then some of the sailors would haul them back to the top again, for another swift, breathless dash down the glassy slope. In the mornings there were lessons to be learned and recited, for Dolly's aunt didn't believe in "all play and no work," so Dolly and Jessie, too, had geography and spelling, arithmetic and reading, just as though they were not hundreds of miles away from any school. Dolly studied French, also, and both of them were learning to play on the mandolin and guitar, for several of the captain's wives had their instruments with them and were accomplished musicians.

One day Captain Ferry had killed a great white bear, and Dolly and Jessie had watched the hunt from the top of the deckhouse, and had been so excited that they nearly fell off. The bear had been prowling around the ship all the night before, and Captain Ferry said he was going after it because it was a dangerous animal to be in the neighborhood of the ship. So in the morning he started off, going in a boat part of the way, for the wind had caused a wide crevasse to open in the ice not far from the ship. The bear was lying down behind a hummock of ice when the captain shot it; it did not seem to mind the bullet, but got up and started after the captain, who ran as hard as he could toward the boat, into which he jumped and the sailors pushed off. The angry bear did not stop at the water, but plunged in and began to swim after the boat. The sailors had not got a good start and the bear swam so fast that it got one paw on the boat before the captain could shoot it.

Dogs as Draft Animals.

Some time ago the United States supreme court rendered a decision to the effect that no property value in law can be placed upon the domestic dog, mainly for the reason that he cannot be classed as a beast of burden. But it appears, according to United States consular reports, that in some European countries dogs are used for draft purposes to a considerable extent. Letters of inquiry in regard to the subject have been forwarded to our consuls by the state department, and a number of replies have been received.

In the Netherlands, where the people have learned by thrift and industry to win living in face of discouraging circumstances, where the sea encroaches on the land and dense population fills a small area, experience has taught the peasant not to despise the smallest detail that may contribute to success. It was only a matter of course, then, that in place of keeping horses, for which there is little pasture and small means for obtaining proper provender, the peasants utilized hounds as their beasts of burden.

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Wild Geese Came Aboard.

On her down trip on Green river, recently, near Cromwell, the steamer Gayoso ran into a flock of wild geese, and the electric light so dazed them that they flew toward the boat, striking the forecastle and chimneys, and getting tangled in the guy ropes. There was great excitement among the passengers and crew, each trying his best to "catch a goose." In the exciting struggle, which lasted but a few moments, they succeeded in capturing three out of the number. They were placed in a coop and the next day the passengers were treated to a sumptuous wild goose dinner.—Louisville Post.

HENRY'S DIPLOMACY.

It Tickled the Old Man and Saved Henry His Job.

Henry was not a pretty boy, and there are good reasons for believing that he is glad of it. He has freckles, a prominent nose, long ears and straight hair. If the truth must be told, Henry in addition to being a rather plain-looking boy, chews tobacco and occasionally uses harsh language.

The other day, Henry's employer who has an office in the Society for Savings Building, sent him out on an errand. Henry was gone two hours, when he might have accomplished his mission in fifteen minutes. Upon his return the office boy was intercepted by one of the clerks, who told him that the "old man" was furious, and had decided to discharge him.

For a moment Henry was speechless and a pathetic look overspread his countenance, but he braced up before long, having apparently decided to go down with colors flying.

After luncheon Henry was summoned to the private office, but he tossed a careless wink at the typewriter as he went in.

"Henry," said "the boss," "you have been here now for a little more than six months. When you started in I had great hopes for you, and expected you to give a good account of yourself. Recently, however, you seem to have . . ."

"Say," Henry interrupted, "I guess you better look around for another office boy. I'm tired of this job, and made up my mind yesterday to quit."

Henry's employer looked at him in amazement for a moment, and then asked:

"How was it that you didn't come to me at once and offer your resignation?"

"Well," said Henry, "I didn't like to break it to you so sudden. I wanted to kind of let you down easy. I thought I'd work it so you'd be kind of mad, and then you wouldn't feel so disappointed when I come and told you I quit."

"The boss" did not reply immediately. He sat and gazed at Henry and studied his face. At last a twinkle appeared in his eyes, and he said:

"Henry, don't you quit. I still believe you have something in you that is worth developing."

Henry reluctantly consented to remain, and as he passed the smiling typewriter he whispered:

"You ought 'a' seen me throw it into 'im."—Cleveland Leader.

Glasgow Proprietary.

In a block of houses recently built in a village not far from Glasgow it was found impossible to let houses of two rooms except to people who meant to take lodgers, and this although the rents were moderate. The proprietor reluctantly rearranged them as single-room houses, but provided only one bed in each. Still they did not let.

The proprietor at length asked a man who had looked at the houses, hesitated, and at last refused to take one, what was the objection. The man admitted that they were well built, and convenient; that they had an advantage over many as high-rented in having as out-buildings laundry with a good boiler, locked coal-cellars, decent and sanitary closets; that