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OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTER.

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The pineapple ranks far above the banana or fig and not much below the lemon in value as a domestic crop. More than two thousand acres are devoted to its cultivation in Florida, and the estimates of the new crop from that State fix it at 50,000 crates. The value of last year's crop was \$500,000, and an equal amount was imported.

At Ryde, on the Isle of Wight, there is a small poster on the door of the parish church which invites those who wish to see "the finest views in Ryde" to ascend the tower, "at a charge of sixpence per head or three for twenty-five cents. London Truth says in commenting on this, "Here is a hint for distressed parsons. If they cannot get a living out of the church perhaps they can out of the steeple."

Dr. Good, a missionary in the interior of Africa, says that the poverty of the native languages is a serious hindrance to missionary effort. In the Bule language, for instance, there is no word for "thanks" or "thanksgiving." "To believe," "to trust," "to have faith," are all expressed by one verb to which there is no corresponding noun. There is no word for "spirit." The Bule have always believed in an invisible god, but they have never given such a being a name. With the Bule a living man has a body and a shadow—the literal shape cast by the living person—which at death leaves the body and becomes a disembodied spirit with a new name which cannot be used to apply to God and the angels. So Dr. Good is driven to say that God is a "shadow," and that Christ will send his "holy shadow" into men's hearts, etc.

The amazing ignorance of the English people, as a whole, of American affairs, has often been commented upon, and their ludicrous statements laughed at, but of every manifestation of it hitherto brought to light the following is easily the most extraordinary. It is taken from the Star of Bethlehem, a religious paper published in Leeds: "A big revolution is now going on in the United States of America, and there is little doubt that the government will be defeated. The dictator, Debs, has been driven from his palace, and he and his wife are now hiding in the mountains. The greatest trouble has been experienced in the capital of Chicago, where Grover Cleveland has obtained complete control. The railroad at that place has been torn up and thrown into the Mississippi river, and the stock yard has been razed to the ground."

In the opinion of the Boston Cultivator, "one of the most important measures of the last Congress was a bill, which became law, allotting to some of the Western States certain arid lands within their limits, on the condition that such lands shall be improved by irrigation. It is estimated that there are more than a million square miles of land that may be made fit for cultivation when irrigated, but which are practically worthless now. It is not likely that the Western States will undertake this work. It is far more probable that the Federal Government will be called to aid in providing irrigation. Powerful lobbies, both in State and national capital, will be organized to secure the expenditure of State or Federal money, and after the work is done, the lands can probably be sold for more than enough to repay the expense. Yet we are sure that this is a scheme which the Federal Government cannot entertain without injustice to older sections of the country. Free virgin soil of the West has been competing with the products of Eastern farms. How much more fierce will this competition be, if irrigation is to be provided at Government expense? We have in the lands now under cultivation all the food producing capacity that this country will need for many years to come.

A PROFESSIONAL SHARKER.

A CURIOUS INDUSTRY ON THE SOUTHERN COAST.

Big Schools of Savage Fish—Catching Them in Selves—Man-Eaters Towing a Boat.

THE old man lived on a little boat that reaches into the island of Catalina from the southwest, and from a Pasadena (Cal.) correspondent of the New York Post, we could see the fins of numerous sharks moving here and there in the shallow water.

"This is a great place for sharks," continued the old man, who was a character. "You don't have to hunt them up; they just come in ready to be caught. You see this is the finest land-locked harbor of the coast; it has a sandy bottom, and the sharks appear to fancy it, for they come in here in big schools, and we take 'em in nets, and on lines, and sometimes we get right in and spear 'em. Some time ago a big school set in here, and the water was fairly alive with 'em, so that you couldn't step in the shallow water without stepping on one. There were too many for a net; we couldn't have hauled it. I happened to have a pair of old sabres, so I rigged one on the end of a pole as a spear and gave the other to a mate, and we lit into 'em. I reckon they never experienced a charge of cavalry before, but we soon had the beach covered. We walked out knee-deep into the water and let 'em have it right and left; but, of course, a good many were only wounded, and being big fellows, they ran into us. A number of times I was knocked over and fell headlong into the school.

"No, they didn't try to bite. They're what we call oil sharks, and only reach a matter of six or eight feet. We catch 'em for the oil, and the fins and tails for the Chinese. The junkies stop in here every once in a while and take what we get.

"We catch several kinds of sharks here," he said, in reply to my question. "There's the leopard shark, the blue shark, the basker, the hammerhead, and once in a while I've seen a regular man-eater off shore. They're ugly brutes. You see 'em swimmin' along slow and looking big enough to swallow a horse, and like enough they could if they got the chance.

"The largest shark I ever caught here was a ten-foot shovel nose, and I've taken hammer heads nearly as long. They're the claps that give you a chase, and ugly faced creatures they are, too. I got one up to the boat once, and it took the cutwater between its teeth and gave the boat a regular shake."

When the tide was well up the old man and his mate hauled out a dilapidated seine, shoved it into a heavy boat, and soon had it across the head of the bay, then gradually worked it in. The sharks must have had a premonition of what was going to happen, as they disappeared from view, but soon a boiling of the water in the vicinity of the net told that they realized they were in the toils. In came the seine, the commotion increasing until finally the men leaped into the water and began tugging the big purse-like trap on the sands. The water which had been boiling now broke into foam; tails lashed the water, ugly scythes like fins cut it this way and that; and occasionally a big fish would leap, like a salmon, clear of the water and escape. Soon a number of slashing, beating tails and bodies were on the edge of the sands in shallow water, and the men moved fearlessly among them, dodging open mouths and snapping jaws, and tossing the fish upon the beach. It was a varied collection: big sharks and little; some six feet long, others two to three feet, all piled together—a mess of open mouths and flying tails. Here were several yellow tails, caught in bad company, a sea bass and a host of small fry that had been swimming in the shore or feeding at the rise of the tide, and all were rolled over into the sands, where they lay beating out their lives in the hot sun.

"We try out the livers of the sharks for oil," said one of the men later, "cut off the fins, and sometimes there's a demand for skins. They use the skin of young sharks in makin' boxes, sword-handles and the like. It makes good leather, too."

Shark hunting to the old fisherman was a labor and directly in the line of hard work, but to the layman it is considered good sport. Among sharks taken by the writer in various waters the white shark, so called, of the Gulf of Mexico, gave the most sport, and I once caught one which I kept in an enclosure for six months. The sharks in these waters were all large, rarely being seen less than twelve or fourteen feet in length, were extremely bulky for their length, and made a most vigorous fight, often requiring the united strength of ten or twelve men to run them up on the beach.

The method of fishing there was to anchor on the edge of a coral reef and throw the heavy line into the channel; then when a shark was hooked, to cast off the anchor and allow the fish to tow the boat. We often when fishing from a small boat landed thirteen-foot man-eaters single-handed by allowing them to tow the boat about, then taking them in foot by foot, and so towing them ashore.

The sharks are not so worthless as they may appear. While they have no value to Americans as food, they are eaten by the Chinese, as we have seen, the Malay shark fisheries netting the men \$50,000 per year. They are the scavengers of the ocean and are among the factors that keep the ocean pure. In the South Pacific islands the shark has an important economic value. Its skin is used on shields, and its teeth in the manufacture of swords

WHEAT FED TO ANIMALS.

SURPRISING FACTS COLLECTED IN KANSAS.

Of the 1894 Crop More Than Eight Million Bushels Will Go to Feed Cattle, Swine and Poultry.

FOR more than a year the press of Kansas has contained references to the fact that in many localities the farmers were feeding their surplus wheat, in lieu of corn, as a stock food.

Early last summer F. D. Coburn, Secretary of the Kansas Department of Agriculture, became satisfied that, owing to the shortage and comparatively high price of corn and the considerable accumulation of wheat, its almost unprecedentedly low price and a generally unquestioned worth as a nutritive ration, a much larger aggregate of wheat was being withheld from the milling market and diverted to the new and widely-diffusing purposes of meat production than there were statistics to verify.

Appreciating the importance of this new phase of agriculture and the important bearing it has upon the future of both grain and animal production, Mr. Coburn undertook the collection of such helpful information as might be furnished by the farmers who were making the practical test.

Inquiries covering all the features of wheat feeding were sent to 1000 men who were best situated and equipped for discriminate observation. The forthcoming report will contain over 400 replies, which are of a character to make them very useful contributions to this investigation.

With these reports will also be represented much other matter of an important and interesting character, that bearing on the average cost of the growing and binding of the wheat crop of Kansas being not the least important.

From advance sheets of this report a correspondent of the New York Times has been able to get the following facts:
Of the 24,827,527 bushels of winter and spring wheat raised in Kansas in 1893, there have been 4,069,523 bushels, or 16.4 per cent., used as feed for farm animals, Cowley and Sumner Counties leading, with 297,044 and 407,696 bushels respectively.

When fed whole, more especially to hogs, 25 per cent. is unassimilated and a shabby waste.

Three-fourths of the reports, representing fifty counties, state that, pound for pound, wheat is superior to corn for fattening hogs, even with the 25 per cent. unassimilated, by from 7 to 35 per cent. The average of these reports indicates a superiority of 16 per cent., while the average of the other one-fourth indicates 12 per cent. inferiority.

As to the quantity of live pork which may be expected from a bushel of wheat, the average of all reports gives eleven pounds. One report gives seven pounds, most of them over ten, and a few as high as twenty pounds.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The brain of an idiot contains much less phosphorus than that of a person of average mental power.

Clouds that move in a direction opposite to that of the surface currents indicate a change of weather.

Recent experiments indicate that the normal eye can discriminate fifteen separate tints in the spectrum.

Paving stones of compressed hay have been tried in Salt Lake City, Utah, and are said to make a good road bed.

At a depth of 2500 fathoms the pressure of the water is, roughly speaking, two and one-half tons to the square inch.

Vienna, Austria, is to have a novel elevated railway. The cars are to be suspended instead of running on ordinary rails.

Several of the same species of creatures inhabit the Arctic that have been fished up from great depths in the Antarctic seas.

Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the vapor.

The skeleton of a prehistoric bird has been found in a mound in Idaho. It must have measured forty feet between the tips of the wings during its life time.

Experiments on 100 women led to the conclusion that they were not more than one-half as sensitive to pain at the top of the forefinger as the average man.

THE OLD CLO' EXCHANGE.

A UNIQUE AND LITTLE KNOWN NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

A Place Where Cast-Off Garments of Men Are Sold or Exchanged—A Busy Scene.

OF course everybody in New York knows of the Stock Exchange, the Produce Exchange, the Cotton, Real Estate, Petroleum and a dozen other exchanges, where merchants and brokers meet to dole out and trade, grow rich and become impoverished. But there is one exchange in town that few people know anything about. It is a populous and busy one, too. There is scrambling and yelling, hot and high words, and sometimes fights, just as there are now and then down on Broad street.

How many of you ever heard of the Old Clo' Exchange? It may seem a trifle absurd to say that there is such a thing, but five minutes' leisurely walk from the News office will convince the skeptical of the existence of the Old Clo' Exchange.

It is located on Bayard and Elizabeth streets. Within a few yards of the junction of Elizabeth street with Bayard street there are seven saloons. The green lamps in front of the Elizabeth street police station are in full view. Here, in these saloons, is the Old Clo' Exchange of New York and the near-by towns. Here, every day in the week, from early till late, hundreds of men congregate to trade cast-off clothing. The bargains are sharp, the margins are small, and the aggregate of a day's business may not foot up over a hundred dollars. Yet the trading is attended with as much excitement ordinarily as a panicky day in the precincts of Wall street.

The traders are queer looking men. Seldom, if ever, is there seen a starched shirt or a clean, stiff collar, not a pair of trousers worn in fashionably creased—all bag at the knees, and the bottoms are frayed with long usage. Shaggy beards predominate. Shabbiness in this place seems to have attained its perfection. Manifestly, the incongruity of a decently dressed man among the Old Clo' dealers would be so marked as to precipitate trouble.

The saloons are turned into the trading-rooms. The exchange, therefore, has no rent to pay. There are no membership dues, no assessments and no license. The sidewalks and the entire street would doubtless be used if the police did not interfere. But as the sales are not permitted in the street the brokers are compelled to resort to the saloons. These are so crowded during business hours that from the sidewalk it would seem impossible for another person to force an entrance. Every man has some sort of garment in his hands. And every man there is an expert. He turns the old coats inside out, examines the linings, scrutinizes the seams and the binding, fingers the buttons, weighs it in his hands and makes an offer. Old hats and old shoes, too; in fact, every article of wearing apparel for men is in evidence here for sale or exchange.

Nothing seems to be too aged or faded for bartering in the Old Clo' Exchange. How in the world these dealers manage to rejuvenate some of the garments they expose for sale or trade is beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals, but they evidently do it. They are not in the business for fun, or the love of the antique. Money and a good sized profit is the only aim.

Clothes bought and sold here find the way to many of the dealers in old clothes who maintain regular stores. A coat sold here one day may the next month decorate the back of a hardy sailor on board ship bound for the Antipodes.

It is the man who has a store and can afford to wait for the right customer who makes the big profit. The first middleman or purchaser from the producer, as it were, must be content with only a reasonable margin of profit. He makes a tip-top bargain with the original owner of the goods, but in the exchange he has to sell to a man just as sharp and wide-awake as he is. Every man there has the price and value of cast-off apparel down to the finest point, and no such thing as a swindle by doctored goods, or lack of business acuteness, is possible.—New York News.

Lunch Counters of Paris.
There is a boulangerie and patisserie in the Rue Royal, Paris, which is crowded between the hours of 4 and 5.30 o'clock. Elegant ladies and gentlemen come in, take a plate and teaspoon or small fork from the counter, walk about and select the sandwiches, cakes or tarts they may desire and eat them while walking about. Those who have something to drink generally sit at the little tables. As these hot drinks are made to order, they are always good. In nearly all the shopping districts delicate ham and foie gras sandwiches are sold in the patisseries. The ham sandwiches are made with English bread cut as thin as a wafer. Delicate little rolls, about one-third of an inch thick, are split and spread with foie gras. In all quarters the bakeries are well patronized. Little children come in with their mothers, the workman and workingwoman come, as well as to do the men and women of the leisure class.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Delva Lockwood is about to begin the practice of law in Virginia.

In Delaware suffrage is exercised by women in several municipalities.

Among Vassar College's forty-seven instructors are fourteen of her own alumnae.

Women are less sensitive to pain than men, and actually feel less of it in given operations.

The day of severity and angularity is past, and the simplest dress must now have its touch of beauty.

Miss Ella Knowles, of Montana, has recently received a fee of \$10,000 for her services in a mining lawsuit.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is laconically described in an article on women writers, as "the mother of two sons and twenty-two novels."

Of the nine candidates successful in the late examination in the art, theory and history of teaching at the London University, eight are women.

The Princess of Wales has a great fondness for having her picture taken in "groups." The Prince dislikes the ceremony as much as his spouse enjoys it.

Mrs. Daniel McDonald is First Vice-President of the Northern Indiana Editorial Association. She helps her husband edit the Plymouth (Ind.) Democrat.

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