

CAPE COD MACKEREL.

A Fish That Makes Things Live in Their Season.

Something About the Boats and Bait for Taking Them—The Fishermen Make Good Money When the Fish Are Plenty.

This is the home of the Cape Cod cutboat, or, at least, craft of that model are much in vogue in these waters. With few exceptions, the cutboats that rendezvous at Edgartown in the fishing season are as clean as need be. Of course, a man's home associations are exemplified in the care he takes of his possessions, but these cutboats, ranging from 20 to 30 feet in length, are in apple-pie order, resplendent with fresh paint, and bristling with white sails, new cordage and polished spars. Speed is always a factor considered, next to seaworthiness, in these boats, and yachtsmen who visit Vineyard sound are often surprised at the great sails the boats swing, even in fresh winds.

Most of the fishing cuts are provided with cabins and two good bunks. An oil stove and icebox are prime necessities. In the cockpit or standing room are stowed the kit of fishing gear and tubs. A peculiar box-like mill for grinding bait is fastened to the top of the centerboard box, and fish lines festoon the cockpit combing. These fish lines are armed with small steel hooks, on the upper end of which is an oval-shaped piece of shining lead. This hook, with its attachment, is known to the craft as a "jig," and in its way is a cruel implement.

The fish lines are usually about the size of twine made up by family grocers to tie up small packages. When the fish are biting freely one man handles three lines. The bait mill is constructed on the principle of a stone crusher. Porgies and other fish are dropped into the hopper, and with a few turns of the crank come out in a semi-liquid mass called chum. Porgies have long been used for the purpose because of the oily nature of that species. Chum of the proper consistency is like an anniseed bag to the wily fish, and a good deal more effective. When mackerel are hungry they are not very particular as to what company they keep, and to this fact much of the success of a fisherman is due.

When a cutboat is ready to put to sea out of the south passage—and it is only at certain stages of the tide and sea when this feat can be successfully undertaken—the first duty is to raise the mackerel. The fish travel in "schools" near the surface of the water, which is kept in continual motion by them, as if disturbed by the wind. When the lookout sees the mark of a "school" the boat is sailed into the locality and hove to on the starboard tack on the windward side of the "school." Ground bait, a mixture of shredded fish and water, is then thrown overboard.

The greasy "chum" spreads over the water in an oily slick, and as the particles of bait spread on the waves the mackerel swim toward it in search of food. To the market fisherman their wile or riddle as they advance gives much gratification, but the city man can hardly restrain his exclaiming. The fish reach the boat, tracing the slick as fire licks up oil. They fight among themselves for the strands of fish bait until the water is bright with flashing colors. The jigs are dropped overboard sometimes, but not always baited. With the taste of chum the mackerel become voracious. Any bright substance looks to them like food. They dash at lead-curved hooks, and the fishermen get very busy. Three lines to a man is the proper number, and the length of line is such that it is easy with one motion to pull the fish out of the water. If the hook is not disengaged the mackerel comes into the boat with a jump, and by a simple twist of the wrist it is jerked off the hook into the tub that awaits it. Very often a pole, armed with hooks, is thrust into the swarm of fish with great success. One man has good luck when he catches six barrels of mackerel a day. This feat has been accomplished on many occasions this season by the crews of boats hailing from Edgartown. When the mackerel sell for ten cents, each fisherman is starting properly to accumulate wealth. But mackerel are capacious. One moment they may bite ravenously, and then sink from sight.

The fish caught in Vineyard sound by professionals are shipped, as a rule, to New York, but some quantities reach Boston by way of Hyannis. A steamer is employed in freighting the fish, and as the vessel is not large it often makes trips loaded to the plank shear.—Boston Herald.

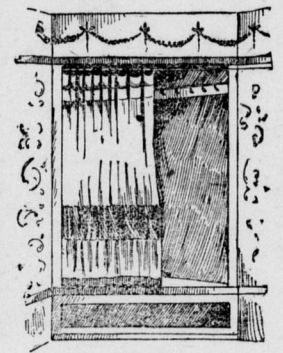
Queen Victoria in a Snowstorm.

In the midst of a snowstorm Queen Victoria, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Ampthill, drove in an open carriage from Balmoral recently and honored the Earl and Countess Clauvilliam and their daughters with a visit. Her majesty had caused to be erected in Crathie church-yard, near Balmoral, over the grave of the late Mr. Francis Clark, her personal attendant, a handsome headstone in unpolished gray granite. The memorial bears the following inscription: "In grateful remembrance of Francis Clark. Born at Balmoral, Aberarder, September 1, 1841. Died at Buckingham palace July 7, 1895. For 25 years the faithful and devoted High-land attendant of Queen Victoria, who has erected this stone. He was brave, honest and true. He feared not death, and was prepared to meet his God. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord will." A carved scroll above the top of the headstone, and below the inscription, is a relief band of intricate scrollwork.—Chicago Chronicle.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

How to Add Clothes Closets to Rooms That Have None.

It is common to find, especially in houses some time built, sleeping-rooms with no provision made for hanging clothes; or, if provision has been made, it is often inadequate. Houses now being built are usually well provided with closets, but some of us are obliged to live in dwellings built by a former generation. To introduce a closet into a room is not always an easy matter. One of rectangular shape, built out into a room, is likely to be stiff and also in the way.



ADDED CLOTHES CLOSET.

The illustration shows how a corner has been utilized to give closet space to a room without that convenience. The work has been skillfully managed here to make the closet appear to be a natural part of the room and not an after-thought.

To this end the frieze of the wallpaper is carried across the front part of the closet, as is also the picture rail, thus forming a finish at the top of the open space. At the bottom the baseboard has, in effect, been carried across the front of the closet, though in reality it has in it a hinged panel, which is the front of a triangular drawer, or box, that can thus be brought out, disclosing a place for boots, shoes, etc. The open space above has a curtain to conceal and protect from dust the clothing within.—Webb Donnell, in Country Gentleman.

HOME MANAGEMENT.

The Successful Housewife Is Gentle and Uniformly Courteous.

A managing woman is quite a term of reproach; but still it ought not to be so, for every wife and mother should try to be this. The fact is that women feel this pretty generally, but a good many have not the tact and wisdom they need to help them in their work. Management, when recognized, is always rather resented both by children and grown-up people as an indignity, but a tactful woman never lets it be seen, and peace and happiness are assured under her reign.

She keeps her servants for years, and carries out her plans, smoothing away all obstacles, and yet people do not consider her a despot. She studies the dispositions of her husband, children and dependents, and wins rather than drives. She is gentle and courteous, and requests and suggests far more than she commands.

The great secret of successful management at home is to keep your own temper and to take care not to upset anyone else's. In the control of her servants the good mistress gives praise where it is deserved and gives credit for good intentions even where the performance has not been wholly satisfactory. If sometimes it is necessary to administer a reproof she chooses a time when she can do so pleasantly.—Home Notes.

OLD-TIME COURT DRESS.

Lavishly Embroidered in Gold, Silver and Precious Stones.

The rage in Paris at present for the heavy embroideries in gold, silver and precious stones on the satin fronts of evening sleeves recalls the end of the 17th century, when embroidery took possession of everything—all textiles, furniture, clothing and even equipages. Nothing escaped the avalanche of flowers in brilliant silks, conventional forms, arabesques, etc., in gold and silver and jewels, all so heavily wrought that they almost appeared to be carved out of metal. A court dress of the period was a monument—and the accompanying sketch will give an idea of the elaborate work on the gown of a fashionable court belle.—N.Y. Tribune.



How to Remove Grease Spots. Many women do not like to use naphtha in removing grease from their clothing because of the odor which clings to the garment afterward. If the fluid is properly refined it will be without odor. But those who object to it may try the following concoction, which is remarkably beneficial, instead: Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints boiling water. Before it is cold add one teaspoonful of camphor and bottle. Rub the dirty place with a cloth wet with this mixture and you will be delighted with the result.

New Style of Corset. The latest ideas in the way of stays are those which lace up in front instead of the back. They are said to be much better for a weak back, and also have the advantage of making the waist look much smaller than the old style.

BRIGHT AMERICAN GIRL.

She Makes a Study of How Europeans Eat Their Meals.

Americans Always Call for Ice Water, Frenchmen Are Sticklers for Style, Germans and Englishmen Want Solid Food.

The climate, the place, the people and the language may change, but the table d'hôte is ever the same. You have no choice; you are literally "at the table of the host," and you must take what he gives you and be thankful that hunger has given you the necessary appetite. There are two things almost indispensable to the American tourist which are rarely furnished unless a special order is given—the first, butter; the second, ice water. The butter, when it is secured, is always unsalted, and the water uniced, which necessitates a second order and another wait; anything out of the unusual taking time is inimitable. It is said that the American is distinguished by his prompt demand for ice water, and if this is true, of which I have no doubt, there is no adequate reason, considering the great number of American tourists, why it should not be served more promptly. I have tried everything to quench the thirst of travel but nothing but water will satisfy.

The table d'hôte dinner greatly simplifies the arrangements for service. Having the same dinner to serve to each guest, there is a system and order maintained which is different from the hurry and skurry of a dinner a la carte. At Neuhausen, where the Rhine falls attract so many visitors, I was particularly struck by the silence and system of the attendance. The waitresses were attired in Swiss costume, the short bordered skirt, the black bodice, with silver chains, and filigree medallions on shoulder and neck, and the spotless white chemise. At the beginning of each course the waitresses formed a line at the door, and then, at a signal, took their respective places, either at the head, foot or center of the long tables. They stood a few seconds, with huge trays poised in air; then a bell

English as She Is Spoken.

Mrs. De Family—That was quite a pretty trap I saw you out in the other day, Mrs. De Snide.

Mrs. De Snide—Yes, that's my new phaeton with the cantelope top. I just drug myself out to go riding for my health. I'm so seldom well, you know.—Judge.

Alas, Alas! Mrs. Clubber—Look at that lovely new bonnet of Mrs. Beamer's! Old Clubber—Yes; it came within an ace of being yours.

Mrs. Clubber—How so? Old Clubber (despondently)—Beamer's held the other ace, confound him!—N. Y. World.

Consideration.

"Here is some material, tailor, and I want you to make me a suit."

"I never work with cloth that is bought elsewhere."

"I don't understand that; if I bring you the material you lose just as much as on my clothes."—Buck for Alle.

No Such Luck for Him.

Gibbs—Say, Henpeck, what would you do if your wife should elope with another man? Henpeck (sorrowfully)—Please don't talk about such a thing to me. You know very well that I'm not a lucky man.—Texas Siftings.

An Unfounded Rumor.

Bridget—They do say that the city water is unhealthful, Pat.

Pat (incredulously)—Sure there's some mistake. Bedad, n' didn't O'only this mornin' see any number a' delicate little insec's a'live in a glass a' w'!

Judge.

The Discreet Young Man.

"Shall I sing 'Ben Bolt'?" he asked him. It happened his name was Ben; he never stopped to answer. He bolted there and then.—San Francisco Examiner.

A DISAGREEABLE CONCLUSION.

Montague Seaside—Swell affair, old man, isn't it? We're part of the "400" to-night.

Harry Reed (with gloomy conviction)—Yes; and a necessary part, too. Seaside—How's that?

Reed—The two ciphers.—Lippincott's Magazine.

She Hadn't Said.

"Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady."

"Sweetheart or sister?"

"Er—why—she hasn't said which she will be yet."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Overloaded.

Boy—Say, mister, shall I carry yer satchel? Do it for a dime.

Dude—My satchel is not heavy.

Boy—Well, let me carry yer cane, then.—N. Y. Weekly.

His Abhorrent Profession.

His Fair One—Well, you must be pretty nearly a pig to eat so much as that.

The Reporter—Not quite—but I have to live by the pen.—N. Y. World.

No Harm to Try.

Ella—Why don't you accept Arthur? Ida—Oh, he's so slow.

"Quite true; but he might hurry up some time."—Town Topics.

Great Difference.

The difference in human mankind is impressive and often sad. Some yell because the news is good and some because the villain's had a fall.—Washington Star.

He Was Sympathetic.

Johnnie Fewcads—It breaks me all up to see a man so reduced to poverty that he has to go around begging money from his friends.

Hostetter McGinnis—To whom do you allude?

Johnnie Fewcads—I allude to Gil-joohny. He has been to me at least a dozen times during the past week with tears in his eyes, begging me to pay him that five dollars I borrowed from him last Fourth of July.—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Too Much Extravagance.

Mrs. Blublud was describing the arrangements for her daughter's wedding.

"After that," she said, "the wedding epithalamium will be—"

"The what?" asked Mr. Blublud. "The wedding epithalamium."

"I won't pay for it!" he exclaimed, sharply. "You've spent all the money on flowers for that wedding that I can afford."—Chicago Evening Post.

Ready for Her.

Mrs. B. (severely)—Did you mail that postal card I gave you to put in the box this morning?

Mr. B.—No, I didn't.

Mrs. B. (still more severely)—You didn't?

Mr. B.—No, I didn't. I sent your message by telegraph and here's the answer now.—Somerville Journal.

A Careful Mother.

Mother—And you say that this book is totally unfit for my daughter to read?

Bookseller—Most unfit, indeed, madam.

Mother—Well, I'll take it. I'm sure I can keep it where she will never find it.—Puck.

English as She Is Spoken.

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AN INDIAN TERROR.

Record of Apache Kid, the Scourge of the Southwest.

A Career of Crime and Bloodthirstiness That Has No Equal in the History of This Country—Acts of a Red Fiend.

The Apache Kid is what they call the Indian outlaw whose name has a fascination, a terror for every dweller upon the southwestern border of Arizona and New Mexico. His mention will make the most daring frontiersman clasp his weapon with a firmer grip. It will send children trembling to their mothers from their play.

The person who thus terrorizes this wild region, where ordinary crimes pass current, is a renegade Apache Indian, with all the devilish ingenuity of that fiendish race. His Indian name is Es-ki-bi-Nadel, and he is under 30 years of age. He was educated at the Hampton Indian school, from which he was sent to the government reservation at San Carlos, where he was trained by a scout for the regular army. His natural aptitude soon made him familiar with the military tactics and the mode of scouting and fighting of the United States troops. But neither education nor association with white men could repress the savagery of his nature, and he incited an outbreak among the Indians on the reservation and set fire to the schoolhouse. This offense was promptly punished by the arrest of the Kid and seven of his followers. On the 23d of November, 1880, while they were being conveyed to jail in a stage coach by the sheriff and his posse, they broke their bonds near Riverside, A. T., killed the sheriffs and escaped to the Sierra Madre mountains, in the province of Sonora, Mex., just over the line from Arizona and New Mexico.

That was the beginning of a career of crime that has no parallel in Indian atrocity. Secure in these arid mountains, whose every approach is guarded by a barrier of nature formidable and awful, with trackless mazes of desert sand hills, and having only at great distances water holes and patches of cultivation—here the Kid's band has been constantly increased by disaffected Indians from the reservations and from Mexico. They have raided the border and penetrated far into the interior, leaving a trail of blood behind them. They are even now destroying the homes of ranchmen, waylaying travelers along the desert roads, ambushing gold seekers in the arid hills, picking off cowboys on their lonely ranges, stealing into settlements in the stillness of night, plundering and killing the sleeping inhabitants, until hundreds of people have met death by the hand of the Apache Kid and his band during the past four years.

Though a reward of \$5,000 by the governor of Arizona and \$2,000 by the governor of New Mexico have been sent out for his capture, he has thus far eluded pursuit, ranging over a vast extent of country, comprising thousands of square miles, where no white man can follow for lack of water.

The Kid does not by any means confine himself to forays and murderous outrages. He has a passion for stealing girls for wives. His first achievement in this line was the capture of Jo-shay, an Apache maiden, whom he took from the door of her wickiup on the San Carlos reservation in September, 1890. He next secured the mid-faced Natheth-yah, who was but 13 years old. He came upon the girl and her mother at Cibien crossing of the Salt river on the reservation, May 17, 1892. He killed the mother and made captive the daughter, but released her shortly after and she returned to the reservation. His third victim was Nah-tah-go-yah, the daughter of Ladies Scout Jack Long. She was forcibly taken by the Kid from the reservation October 25, 1892. While he was engaged in this abduction his first wife, Jo-shay, escaped from his camp and made her way to the reservation alone. She has since acted as guide for the troops in pursuit of the Kid. It was through her that Jack Long effected the rescue of his wife.

The most notable expedition hitherto led against the Kid was in 1892 by Lieut. Williams, of Fort Whipple, near Prescott, Arizona. He took a detachment of 13 Apache scouts, keen-scented as bloodhounds. They struck the trail of the Kid and followed him for weeks, sometimes camping in the evening where he had camped the previous night, till the trail led farther and farther into the arid region on the south, where they were compelled to abandon their quest, not being permitted to cross the Mexican border into the fastnesses where he sought refuge.—Boston Traveler.

A Small Justice.

This story is told by Chauncey F. Black, of Pennsylvania: "There is in my town a member of the legal profession of very diminutive size who professes in the name of Chris Magee, though not of kin to the well-known politician of the same name. Some time ago Magee was elected to the bench, and one of the first cases before his honor was that of a brawny Irishman whose colossal figure was in perfect antithesis to that of the little judge. The son of Erin had committed an assault and battery, and was told to stand up by the court. The defendant did so, and though he was six feet six inches tall, he could barely see the top of the magistrate's head appearing behind the desk. Raising himself on tiptoe and bending forward with his hands before his eyes as if to peer at some distant object, the Irishman shouted: 'Holy Moses! and is Patrick O'Minehan going to be tried by a fairy?'"—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

RAILROAD METABLES.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect December 15, 1895.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddio, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hamon and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., 1:15 p. m., daily except Sunday and 7:45 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Hazleton, Cranberry, Tomblinson and Doring at 5:25 a. m., 1:10 p. m., except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Hazleton Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., 1:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Hazleton Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Hazleton Junction at 6:25, 11:10 a. m., 3:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:35 a. m., 5:05 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Doring for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Hazleton Junction, Hazleton, Eckley, Jeddio and Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., 1:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddio and Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., 1:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddio and Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., 1:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddio and Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., 1:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton at 6:00 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 6:25 a. m., and Shepton at 7:11 a. m., connect at Onedia Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west.

Train leaving Drifton at 5:30 a. m. makes connection at Lehigh with P. & R. train for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Doring, an extra train will leave the former point at 3:20 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Doring at 3:50 p. m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

November 17, 1895.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:05, 8:25, 9:35, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:57, 3:15, 4:54, 6:12, 6:58, 8:05, 8:57 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddio, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

6:05, 8:25, 9:35 a. m., 1:35, 2:57, 4:31 p. m., for March Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia and New York.

6:05, 8:25, 9:35 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m., for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.

7:30, 9:40, 10:55 a. m., 11:54, 4:34 p. m., via Hazleton, Drifton, White Haven, East Stroudsburg, Wilkes-Barre, Pottsville and Lehigh Valley.

11:30 a. m. and 5:24 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddio, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.

3:24 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7:20, 9:27, 10:06, 11:51 a. m., 12:53, 2:13, 4:34, 5:23, 6:38, 8:47 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddio and Drifton.

7:20, 9:27, 10:06 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).

11:58, 5:23, 8:47 p. m., from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and March Chunk.

9:27, 10:56 a. m., 12:53, 5:33, 6:55, 8:47 p. m., from Easton, Pottsville, Bethlehem and March Chunk.

9:53, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 6:55 p. m. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pottsville and Lehigh Valley Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:31 a. m. and 3:10 p. m., from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddio and Drifton.