

JOHN DOYLE—MATCHMAKER.

When Louise Doyle entered the offices of Delancey & Griffin, architects, in the humble capacity of copyist, the soul of her father rose in angry rebellion. Two years previous John Doyle had retired from the grocery business with a tidy income, a substantial brick residence and chronic rheumatism. Whenever the malady loosened its grip, Doyle wandered back to the scenes of his commercial achievements. His successor always gave him cordial welcome, and a comfortable chair back of the cashier's booth was at his disposal. When too lame to walk as far as the store, he consoled himself by playing innumerable games of pinocle, in the rear of Simpson's cigar store, just across the street.

It was from a disastrous defeat at pinocle that he came home to hear that Louise was "going to business."

The moment was inauspicious. "I never heard tell of such tomfoolishness. My girl going to chase downtown six days in the week, like the daughters of that no-account Tom Saunders? People'll be questioning my credit next. And she won't make enough to pay for the new feathers and fixing she'll want, to say nothing of the shoe leather she'll wear out tramping back and forth in all kinds of weather!"

Mrs. Doyle, who in spite of the fact that she never joined a Mothers' club nor studied household economics, had succeeded in making John Doyle comfortable and content, calmly set a gusset in her husband's new shirt as she replied:

"I don't know about that, John. I think that if more girls knew how hard it is to earn money, and to make a success in business, we'd have fewer shiftless and grumbling wives."

Mr. Doyle groaned at his wife's desertion to the enemy.

"And as for her wasting her money, I don't believe Louise'll do anything of the sort. She's got too much of her father's blood in her. Besides, she's going to pay her board—says it's only right, seeing that she won't be home to help me with the work."

Mr. Doyle fairly gasped in his fury. "Pay her board! Minerva Doyle, have you gone daft? Or are you turning miser, like your Uncle Sam? My daughter shan't pay her board, so long as I'm here to prevent it."

But Louise had her way. Every Saturday night she paid her board, and every Monday morning Mr. Doyle carried the money straight to the savings bank and deposited it to the credit of Louise Doyle.

Three years rolled round and Louise failed to fulfill any of the dire predictions set forth by her parent. She did not take pneumonia from facing keen northwester. She did not catch malpox from riding in ill-ventilated cars. And she refused to elope with the junior partner. But she had risen steadily in the estimation of her employers, until, when George Shaw came to the city, she was confidential secretary to the senior partner of Delancey & Griffin.

In his secret heart, John Doyle was wonderfully proud of this self-possessed, capable young woman, and when young Shaw from up-State, vigorous, well set-up and well-polished, appeared on the scene, Mr. Doyle groaned afresh.

"If Louise hadn't that business bee in her bonnet, there's the man I'd pick out for her husband. Why on earth any sensible girl would rather take dictation from a snarling, bald-headed old crank downtown than to make a nice home for a fellow like George Shaw, I don't see."

But as a matter of fact Mr. Delancey was neither bald nor ill-tempered, and George Shaw had come to the city with but one well defined ambition—to gain a business foothold. John Doyle's successor in the grocery trade being second cousin to George Shaw's mother, he had taken the first thing at hand, a position as clerk in the store where Doyle had once ruled with an iron hand.

Perhaps the happiness of Louise was not the only thing at stake, in Doyle's mind. He might have cherished a secret longing to maintain even a distant family connection with the scene of his commercial success. At any rate, Mr. Shaw was in due time invited to call, and Mr. Doyle fairly hugged himself when he saw the admiration in the young man's eyes on meeting Louise.

But for six months matters progressed no further. Mr. Shaw called at irregular intervals, and was courteously received by Louise—in the presence of her parents.

From his point of vantage behind the cashier's booth Mr. Doyle studied the young man whom he coveted as a son-in-law, and decided that an occasional cigar could be offered his idol with impunity. In the meantime George Shaw was studying the uncertainties of customers and markets, to the profound satisfaction of his mother's second cousin.

When Mr. Shaw invited Louise to accompany him to the theatre, John Doyle went into the seventh heaven of delight. The calmness of Louise irritated her exuberant father.

The theatre-going became an established weekly event, and Mr. Doyle beamed, even when defeated at pinocle. Each day he spent less time in the rear room of Simpson's cigar store, and longer visits were made to the grocery store. He bought a better brand of cigars, too, and proffered them at more frequent intervals.

But when Louise inopportunely announced that Mr. Shaw had invited her to see Bernhard in "L'Arlon," and followed up the information with the prosaic observation that her rainy-

day skirt needed a new binding, the vials of Mr. Doyle's wrath were again uncorked. As the door closed on her retiring form, he turned to his wife: "Well, that beats me! I'll bet George paid every cent of \$25 for those two seats, and she takes it as cool as if she was used to such treats every night in the week. I do believe she's more interested in Delancey's contract for that Newport palace than in getting a husband."

"Like as not," responded Mrs. Doyle, gathering the butter scraps for the cooking jar. "An architect's contract is easily filled, but marriage is uncertain and it's got to stand for most of us. I don't see that there's such a rush about her settling down. She's doing well. Besides, how do you know that Mr. Shaw wants her?"

"Who wouldn't want her? Ain't she pretty? Ain't she bright and up to the mark every time? Ain't I got money to leave? And ain't she as cool as if she was a cucumber, too, the independent minx?"

A week after the Bernhard episode John Doyle came home fairly brimming over with excitement.

"What do you think? George has bought an interest in the store. Had a tidy bit of money laid by when he came down here, and seeing this was a good opening, bought in. Everybody around the store is tickled to death. Say, I invited him round to dinner Sunday, to celebrate the occasion."

Mrs. Doyle smiled. "That's nice." Louise likewise smiled placidly—and passed her plate for another chop. John Doyle boiled inwardly.

"Don't care a rap. This comes of letting her work among a lot of counterjumpers and upstart young brokers. She don't know a real man when she sees one."

The next night Louise dined with two young women who lived in true Bohemian fashion, in two rooms with a bath. She came home animated and gossipy.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, as she folded her new veil with thrifty care. "It's the dearest little den. The parlor couches are their beds at night, and inside there's a place for their gowns. And such a cute dinner—with a fern in the middle of the table, and everything so easy to get—canned soup, fried chicken and salad and rolls from the delicatessen store, and things heated in the gas oven, and charlotte russe, with the queerest black coffee and preserved sweets from India to finish off. No two dishes alike and each one with a history!"

Mrs. Doyle patted the two slender hands that stole round her neck.

"We had a good dinner, too, dearie, roly-poly pudding with strawberry jam."

"Not strawberry jam," sighed Louise. "Naughty mother, not to wait till a night when I was home. I've been thinking that when Mr. Shaw came Sunday we might have something out of the ordinary, just to celebrate the occasion." This with a sly look at her father.

"To be sure," responded Mrs. Doyle heartily. "The poor fellow has boarded ever since he came to town. No doubt he'll enjoy some good home cooking. We'll have a fine roast of beef with both kinds of potatoes, celery and vegetables, and I'll make some extra thick mince pies."

Louise tapped the table thoughtfully. "I know, mother dear, you're the best cook in the world, but—don't you think it would be nice to have some little extras like—well—like the girls had tonight?"

"Bless my soul," remarked Mrs. Doyle, wiping her glasses anxiously, when Louise left the room. "Whatever does she want, I'm sure—"

"Never mind what she wants, she's going to have it," growled Mr. Doyle, in unaccustomed triumph. "That's the first ray of sense she's shown since George's been coming here. Let her buy what she wants for Sunday."

In fulfillment of this injunction, he pressed a ten-dollar bill into his daughter's hand, bidding her spend it for anything she liked for the momentous occasion. As when the two young people had retired to the parlor, after dinner on Sunday, and he was exuberantly wiping the dishes for his wife, he remarked:

"Well, Minerva, that dinner'll do one of two things for George Shaw. It'll either kill him or make him propose."

"I declare, John Doyle, I believe you've gone daft on the subject of marrying off Louise. But I must say that I do feel a bit squeamish myself after these lead oysters."

The next morning after breakfast Louise lingered over the task of tying her veil and rebuted her gloves nervously. Finally she crossed abruptly to her mother's side and rested one hand caressingly on the gray hairs.

"Mother, I guess you'll have to teach me how to roast beef your way. George—"

Mr. Doyle started and his paper fell to his knee. "George never—never—mentioned the salad, nor the charlotte russe, nor anything I bought, but he said your beef and pies made him think of his mother—and—and when we go to housekeeping we're to have roast beef every Sunday."

Mrs. Doyle wheeled round to clutch, at empty air. Louise had vanished and the front door swung to with a crash.

"Well, John Doyle, I hope you're satisfied!" she exclaimed, a suggestion of tears in her voice.

"Satisfied ain't no name for it, Minerva. If I'd had him made to order I couldn't have got a son-in-law to suit me better."—New York Sun.

THE GRIPPY GIRAFFE.

Said the camel M. D. to the giraffe: "I perceive you are having a chill. If you'll follow advice, And be cured in a trice, Take a dose of quinine in a pill."

But the shaking giraffe shook his head in disdain. Said he: "You're a witless deceiver; Ere your cure for the gripple Reached the end of its trip, I might need to be treated for fever."

—Harper's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

Sillicus—All women are the same. Cynicus—Nonsense. Even the woman isn't always the same.

Hoax—I wonder who originated the remark that it's the unexpected that always happens. Joax—The weather man.

Tommy—Pop, you're a pessimist? Tommy's Pop—A pessimist, my son, is a man who is never happy unless he is miserable.

Bobbs—He has been engaged to two girls, and used the same ring each time. Slobbs—He evidently believes in killing two birds with one stone.

Jack—Grandma, have you good teeth? Grandma—No, dear, unfortunately I have not. Jack—Then I'll give you my walnuts to keep till I come back.

Hardupp—What time is it? Hicks—What's the matter? Isn't your watch going? Harduppe—Why—er—no; you see—Hicks—Ah! I see; not going, but gone, eh?

Wigg—I am afraid my life is a failure. Everything that I have undertaken has turned out to be a fizzle. Wagg—Cheer up. There is at least one thing left to you; you can become a critic.

Muggins—My cook is obstreperous again. What is the best way to give her a blowing up? Buggins—You might try dynamite, but a can of kerosene and a match might be equally as effective.

"I don't see why he should be so cranky; he's got nothing to complain about." "That's just why he's so cranky; you see, he's a chronic pessimist, and it makes him mad when he can't kick."

"What's all this digging going on in your streets?" inquired the visitor. "O," replied the facetious native, "they're just doing that to bury something alive." "Something alive?" "Yes; electric wires."

"O!" exclaimed Cholly, who had called on Miss Pert. "I didn't hear you come down. While I was waiting for you I—er—was lost in thought, you know." "Quite naturally, being a stranger there," she said.

"How do you like my racing automobile?" asked the young chauffeur; "don't you think it is nobby?" "I think it is perfectly killing," responded the friend, who knew a thing or two about the machine's record.

He—Yes, he was a great aeronaut. They say he made nearly a hundred ascensions, and the only accident he ever had was the one that proved fatal. She—Really? And on which of the ascensions did that occur?

One Exception—Mrs. Wickler—Did you ever see how all the weeklies of life have gone up? Wickler—No, they haven't all gone up. Well, I should like to have you mention one thing that hasn't gone up. Certainly, My salary.

"Isn't it strange?" he said on the day after their wedding; "first you were won, and now we are one, too, and in the management of our new home—" "You won't be 'one, two, three,'" she interrupted, for she was a Tartar.

A Prescription for Big-Head.

With all the numerous sanitariums, and sanitoriums, inhalatoriums and exhalatoriums in the country, no establishment has yet been projected which offers to cure conceited people.

"The big head," said a man who looks into things a little more seriously than most people, "is getting to be a national disease; something ought to be done about it. Nearly all Americans, old or young, are more or less conceited. It is the natural outcome of our widespread success and prosperity, I suppose; but it is obnoxious, nevertheless. It is a barrier to financial success, too, in a way. I changed my dentist the other day, just because I had to bear so much tiresome brag from the one we had employed for ten years.

"Yes, I've had the big head myself; but I got rid of it, and I can cure any man who has it—it won't cost him a cent, either. Just let him try some other man's occupation—and see how his vaunted ability will come out. We had an old Englishman cutting grass in our back yard with a scythe the other day. I looked at him with pity, and thought how much bigger a gun in every way I was myself. Then I asked him to let me try the scythe.

"Gracious! The way I haggled around with that old scythe was perfectly ridiculous. It took the wind out of my sails in just three seconds. The old man had fine manners, too; he didn't laugh at me, but tried hard to show me the knack. I sneaked off feeling pretty small, I tell you, and I've bought a second-hand scythe to hang up in my office, where I can see it all the time. Conceit can be cured; there's no doubt about it."—Detroit Free Press.

Park Attractions.

The Superintendent—Now, children, why do we love to go to the beautiful parks? What do we find there that is always fresher and purer than it is in the city?

Truthful Tommy, (with cheerful promptness)—Popcorn, sir!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RELAXATION CURES ILLS

NEW SYSTEM OF EXERCISE BASED ON PSYCHOLOGICAL LAWS.

Nature Hates Violence and by Putting the Subconscious Self in Control of the Body Secures Restoration to Health—Diseases Helped by Relaxation.

A new system of physical exercise, formulated by a former supervisor of music in the public schools of Washington, has to do with the subconscious mind, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Yawning and stretching are not generally considered important, but as part of the so-called natural movement exercises they are regarded as significant, as they are usually the initial movements. The following account of the exercises and their theory comes from their chief teacher:

The first step in these exercises is to lie loosely clothed, with closed eyes and perfectly quiescent, until there is consciousness of gravity—in other words, until the weight of the body is realized.

There must be relaxation not only of the body, but also of the mind; the grasp on things in general must be lessened and all action suspended as far as volition is concerned. This depends on whether or not the person needs the breath expansion which yawning brings.

He may be so in the habit of deep breathing that he has no need of this particular form of interior exercise at this time, or it may be that a habit of insufficient breathing has so atrophied certain parts of his body that they must be relaxed by other movements before yawning is possible.

An assertion made for the natural movement exercise is that it brings about an exact meeting of need and help. If one is nervous, general repose is gained; the inert are stimulated, and, in one part of the body is over-active, leaving another part abnormally inactive, an equilibrium is established.

No two individuals have exactly the same experience, but while differing in rate and power in each person, the spontaneous movements are all in accordance with certain general principles. For example, a hysterical patient, when perfectly relaxed and when the will, for the nonce, is in abeyance, will massage one arm and hand from the elbow downward, with the opposite hand, alternating from time to time.

This at once indicates the disease, and is the movement which quiets over-wrought nerves. The involuntary tendency, when a person has remained long enough quiescent to be subject to the subconscious mind, to press with the fingers over the eyes, along the upper orbit just under the eyebrows, is another indication of extreme nervousness. Another is the lifting of the spine when the patient is lying on the back.

When the trouble is insomnia there is a tendency to bring the head forward, repeating the action many times. As an act of will this movement tends to induce sleep, as by stretching the nerves and muscles of this part of the body the nerve particles are separated by an opiate.

Dolbear points out that sleep is simply a separation of the nerve sheaths, and this movement has a tendency to bring about such separation. This is why a kitten curls itself up when it sleeps, and all animals drop or bring forward the head in sleep. In activity the particles which form the nerve sheaths are in intimate contact, and the more intense the activity the closer the contact.

When there is contraction along the spine or in the region of the back, there is a tendency to clasp the feet with the hands and straighten out the limbs, which acts as a self-adjusting derrick, stretching and strengthening the muscles and nerves. Brain fatigue is indicated, and also relieved, by wiping off the face with the hands.

Rubbing of the skin denotes nervous irritation of some sort, and deep movements, as taking as much as possible of the flesh of the arms and limbs with the hands, indicate general muscular contraction. The movements of a neurotic are rapid, often almost a whirl.

It is also asserted by the author of this system that these involuntary motions follow geometrical forms; that they are at first in straight and horizontal lines, then vertical and oblique; after this, arches, circles, double circles and ovals are described. Also that there is just as much stretching as there has been contraction.

Nature hates violence, and the part most affected often comes into motion tardily. More than this, like a coiled spring, a nerve or muscle long contracted tends to return to the abnormal position, so that a cure is often a matter of considerable time.

Stated briefly, the foundation fact of the natural movement system as a cure is the one well known, but not so generally realized, that absolutely perfect circulation is perfect health. That is, when all the exquisitely delicate and infinitely numerous tubings of the human mechanism are normally open, so that the life fluids flow unrestricted through them, there is the equilibrium which is unconscious health.

That this state is not common the briefest and most superficial observation demonstrates. To hold one's self tense, as if braced against something, is so common as to be almost universal. This habit of body has its source almost invariably in unconscious habit of mind.

The value of various forms of physical culture is the correcting of this fixed tension in various parts of the body so that the tubings are normally open. It is pointed out that there are two reasons why ordinary physical

culture does not reach the more intricate of these conditions.

First, a person is not by any voluntary act able to locate them, and would not, even if they were discovered to him, be able to reach them by movements controlled by his conscious mind.

Again, physical culture is racial rather than special, and as each individual is different from every other it is only when allwise nature is set in operation that the need of each is adequately met.

To understand just what is asserted for the natural movement system of exercise it is necessary to take into account that man's inherent and persistent tendency in his subconsciousness is to be healthy and to return ever and again to the normal. This is demonstrated by the healing of wounds by first intention, and in many other ways.

Still, man is so truly a free moral agent that in a thousand ways his body is contracted and hardened by his own action; while the strong natural tendency is to openness and flexibility. When the tense and stiffened condition is continued so persistently that it becomes fixed, the human mechanism can do but partial and imperfect work, as certain parts are then incapacitated and their duties are thrown on others, which have no capacity to fulfill them. It is said that the natural movement system of exercise by putting the subconscious self in control secures restoration to perfectly normal conditions.

As the author relates, this system was worked out from a very simple beginning. When preparing herself to teach, in waiting as her instructor directed, perfectly quiet for the breath to come with which to sing, she observed that certain uniform movements followed. She became interested and began a series of experiments and observations.

In doing this she found that whenever she completely relaxed herself and waited in quiet silence she was invariably inclined to movements which were quite involuntary. Yielding to these, she found that from day to day they progressed in a regular sequence, and, also, she found her health constantly improving.

Incited by her success with herself, she set about studying as did Preyer and Darwin. When she was satisfied that she had found a law which, while simple, was far-reaching, she proceeded to test the value of the system thus evolved.

To make sure that she had made a valuable discovery, she obtained permission to see what she could do with patients at the Boston dispensary in Boston. Here she treated, and is said to have cured, several cases of St. Vitus' dance, and a case of sciatica of long standing. One child who had spinal trouble was, by actual measurement, four inches taller at the end of six weeks' treatment than at the beginning.

It was found that nervous diseases were almost invariably helped by this exercise. A United States senator, suffering from extreme nervousness and insomnia was cured, and he now constantly practices these exercises.

FROM TEACHER'S DESK TO FARM.

A Woman Who Despises the Aid of the Dilatory Hired Man.

Miss Abbie Pfeffer bears the distinction of being the only woman in Indiana who conducts a farm without any assistance. With her aged mother Miss Pfeffer lives in a quaint little house three miles southeast of Misawaka. She takes care of 40 acres of land, ploughing it, attending to the harvesting, and doing all the necessary chores.

Miss Pfeffer is a niece of former Senator Pfeffer of Kansas. When her father died ten years ago she began teaching school. She had then just finished her studies at the University of Indiana. But at this time Miss Pfeffer's mother became an invalid. She had been managing the farm after the death of her husband, and when she was stricken with an ailment that prevented her from leaving the house she appealed to her daughter to manage the land.

When the young woman took charge of the farm several men were working on it. Miss Pfeffer was a most exacting employer. Furthermore, she did not think the men got as much out of the land as it was able to produce. So she discharged them. Since then no man has performed a day's work on the Pfeffer property.

The former school teacher has "run" the farm during the summer and winter; the girl who was graduated from one of Indiana's leading universities guides the plough through the soil; she who at one time saw a brilliant future before her harvests the grain. Her hands, which were once white and soft, have become callous and brown in the performance of that work which calls her to the fields at sunrise and finds her in the garden at sunset. But in spite of all this she says that if she were asked to choose between farming and teaching school she would keep right on working in the fields.

The hardest work performed by Miss Pfeffer is raising strawberries. She is the recognized owner of the finest tract of strawberries in the state, and the name of the "Pfeffer berries" is a widely known one. The greater part of them are shipped to Chicago, where they find a ready market, and it is from this product that Miss Pfeffer derives most of her income.

In addition to cultivating the forty-acre tract, Miss Pfeffer also does all the marketing, churns butter, and maintains an inviting lawn, with floral beds, in front of the house, around which she herself built a well-made picket fence.—Correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean.

POPULARITY OF THE PEANUT.

Known Also in the South as the Pindar and the Goober.

An observant states contemporary, considering the virtues of the "pindar," remarks that "they do say a South Carolina legislator can eat more pindars than anybody else."

It is a fact that the average South Carolina legislator is abnormally fond of "pindars," as our contemporary calls the fruit scientifically known as the Arachis hypogaea, and variously designated in the every-day language of this country. Even the strictest rules against eating the legislative hall are insufficient to abolish the habit in the house, and, while the senate is not so openly addicted to it, still we have known the most punctilious senator to send out surreptitiously for a bag of pindars and devour them in that dignity of manner becoming a senator of South Carolina. The senators eat pindars quietly in the senate chamber and carefully dispose of the hulls or they slip out into the lobby or cloak-rooms and there enjoy the feast in peace. But in the house it is quite different. There the members indulge themselves regardless of conventionalities, and after an especially trying day the floor is covered with the hulls that have fallen from their careless lands.

In this article we have followed our contemporary in designating the Arachis hypogaea as the pindar, but there are many other names for this popular fruit. In the south, where the fruit is best known, pindar is the most common name given it, although it is spelled either pinar or pinder, while the form "pinda" is also found as well as "pindal." In Georgia the common name is "goober" and in Virginia, where it is raised on an extensive scale, it is usually called the "groundnut." In the north the name by which the versatile plant and its product are known is "peanut" or the "ground pea" and it rejoices in still other designations, such as "earthnut," "Manilia nut" and "Jurnut."

The peanut has been found to be a very profitable crop and many Virginia farmers have made fortunes out of it. The market is sure and the expense of planting, cultivation and harvesting is by no means great. The Newberry Observer interviewed a peanut dealer in its town who "has a \$240 peanut roaster and has 11 acres planted in peanuts on his farm out beyond Helena. This gentleman expects to gather 7500 bushels of good, sound peanuts, leaving the undergrown and defective on the vines for stock." Last year he planted one acre late and got 60 bushels. "Peanut vines yield abundantly," says this authority. "If each vine on an acre yields only a pint, the yield of an acre is 75 bushels. Often a vine will yield a quart. Good pindars bring from 90 cents to \$1.25 a bushel through the year." So that there is money in pindars at this rate when we know that a town the size of Newberry consumes \$1,500 or 2,000 bushels.—Columbia State.

Riches from Rubbish.

"Chemistry, like a prudent housewife, economizes every scrap," says Dr. Lyon Playfair, the eminent British scientist, in one of his lectures. But who realizes the extent to which what were formerly the more waste and refuse of factories are now converted into valuable products.

A mere sketch of what science, especially chemistry, has done more within the last 10 years for the conversion of rubbish into riches fills a monograph of 26 pages just sent out by the Census bureau. The garbage and refuse of cities, which were burned or otherwise destroyed until a few years ago, are now converted into greases and fertilizers of large market value. From the drainings of cow barns, and the waste of gas-tar works the essential ingredient of one of milady's most popular perfumes is obtained. The slag of the iron furnaces, until recently thrown away, is now converted by chemical processes into excellent paving blocks, artificial porphyry, superior building bricks and cement. Sawdust is no longer worthless. Chemistry transforms it into beautiful and durable wood. Acetic acid, wood naphtha, alcohol and tar are also made from it.

The slaughter house furnishes a multitude of by-products of commercial value. Medicines for nervous disorders are reduced from the gray brain matter of animals; albumen from their blood; soap, glue, gelatine, knife handles and buttons from their bones; buttons, ornaments, chemicals and fertilizers from their horns and hoofs; butter substitutes, soaps, stock, glycerine and oils from their fats. And the rise of cottonseed from the rank of an utterly worthless article to a commodity worth one-fifth of the yearly value of the cotton crop itself is one of the great romances of our industrial development.

Sea Fisheries Unexhausted.

It is frequently asserted that the white fisheries of Scotland are declining through overfishing. The report of the fishery board for 1901 does not seem to support this contention. The returns last year showed a large improvement both in quantities and values. Larger boats are now employed and the fishing is farther from shore than it used to be. In regard to the herring fishery, the board reports that "in no period in the history of the industry have the fishermen, particularly those of the east coast, been more prosperous than during the last few years." The erratic migrations of the herring shoals are as mysterious as ever. Last year the Shetland waters were favored, and the catch was the biggest on record for any single district.—Baltimore Sun.