

TALES OF ADVENTURE

T HIS strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops, whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports. The crews are for the most part made up of pure-blooded descendants of the Vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the cod-fishers of Hammerfest and Tromsø. And a magnificent race of men they are! Accustomed from boyhood to a life of hardship, they have a way of treating Father Neptune with a slightly contemptuous toleration, like an old friend of somewhat uncertain temper, whose rapid changes from smiling benevolence to wild, blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise.

They care nothing for danger, and little for suffering—in themselves or in others. Why, then, should they stop to think that perhaps a maimed, but still living, shark can feel?

The fishing is done off the coast of Iceland in about eighty fathoms of water. Three or four galloway-like structures are rigged up around the sides of the sloop, and from each of these hangs a pulley-block, over which runs a strong rope; and to the end of this the baited hook is fastened. A plentiful supply of ground-bait is thrown out to attract the quarry, and such is the eagerness with which the sharks take the bait, that sometimes each one of these galloway-like fishing rods will have its fish hooked and fighting for life, all at the same time.

There is no "playing" the fish; it is not necessary or possible, and the powerful tackle is hardly likely to break, no matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle. But the shark is not, for his size, a game fish; and, except when he is actually being hoisted up out of the water, there is no very serious strain on the tackle. If he does now and then get away, it is not because he ever manages to break the line, but because a lightly fixed hook easily tears through the soft cartilaginous skeleton of his head, and so sets him free.

As soon as a shark has taken one of the baits, the hauling tackle attached to his particular galloway is manned, and without any superfluous fuss or ceremony he is hauled up to the sloop, and hoisted just clear of the water.

He is not brought on board at all, but with a few bold slashes his liver is cut out as he hangs, and is thrown into a tub, to be further dealt with later. Then his eyes are put out, and he is cut adrift—to go and complete the tardy process of dying where and how he pleases.

All this sounds very horrible; but there is one curious fact which goes far to make us believe that this death can't, after all, be such a cruel one as at first appears. It is this: the fishermen say that, unless they put out the shark's eyes, he will afterward cause them a lot of trouble, by coming and taking the bait a second time.

It sounds incredible; but the statement is thoroughly well authenticated by eye-witnesses, who have seen a liverless shark do just this very thing. Scientists, doubtless, are right in saying that the shark (which by anatomical classification is one of the lowest of fishes) does not feel pain in the way more highly organized animals feel it. We will cling to that belief; for it is consoling—to us, if not to the shark, who is thus sacrificed that his liver may supply us with—what?

It is a secret not to be spoken aloud. Norway is one of the great centres of the cod trade, and from cod is made cod-liver oil, and—shark-liver oil tastes exactly like it.—Pearson's Magazine.

FAIR EXCHANGE.

Indian nature was about the same in 1876 as it was in 1804, says the author of "The Trail of Lewis and Clark." In illustration of this he tells of a time when Lewis and Clark, on their journey of exploration toward the Northwest, found that their stock of merchantable property was exhausted, and they created a new fund by cutting off the buttons from their clothes, and adding vials and small tin boxes to their stores. With this merchandise two men went out on a trading expedition and returned to camp laden with roots and other provisions.

Their experience recalls a certain one of my own, writes Mr. Wheeler. Late in the fall of 1876 J. H. Renshaw, now of the United States Geographical Survey, and I, with a topographical party, were slowly making our way down Meadow Valley Wash, in south-eastern Nevada. Misfortune had been our constant companion, and as we reached the banks of Muddy Creek, a beautiful, clear, cold stream, one noon, we were rather a gloomy set of men. We were a month behind time, our horses were almost exhausted, all our horse feed was gone, the grazing was worthless, we were out of money, and there was no way to get more. We felt that we were in rather a serious plight.

Soon after we camped a Plate Indian appeared, and within a few minutes several more came to camp. We soon found that they had a store of barley and corn, and an exchange was quickly effected for certain surplus provisions that we had, and the poor horses had a full meal.

When the beans and sugar were exhausted, the Indians intimated that an old hat or coat would be acceptable for barter. This suggested a new line entirely, and to make a long story short, we bargained off all our old garments for shelled corn and barley, until finally we had six or eight hundred pounds of splendid grain on our wagon. Two revolvers were sold outright for precious silver dollars; and a mouth-organ, or cheap harmonica, was "great medicine," and brought splendid returns.

When we were done the Indians quietly withdrew, leaving us rich and cheerful.

At first thought, such bartering seems one-sided and inequitable, but it is not so. What was of value or interest to the Indian may have been valueless to its white owner, and vice versa. To the child a jumping-jack is a precious possession, and the Indian was, and is yet in many respects, an overgrown child.

TRANSFERRING THE FLAG.

In the Battle of Lake Erie, in 1813, when Commodore Perry defeated the British and captured their entire fleet, the flagship Lawrence was shattered by the guns of the English, and Commodore Perry was obliged to transfer his flag to the Niagara. In "Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry," the author refers to this transfer as "the sublimest passage in the epic of Erie."

From the masthead of the helpless Lawrence the big blue burgee, the white-lettered bugle-call upon an azure field, had come fluttering down. The pennant followed, but the Stars and Stripes remained. It was not then a surrender, as the enemy had thought. What was it? The next moment furnished a reply, for out from under the lee of the battered hull darted a small boat, propelled by oars in the hands of brawny seamen, straight for the passing Niagara. Erect in the stern stood a splendid, stalwart figure, the folds of the big blue burgee and the pennant draped over the broad shoulders, the face still calmly impassive, the eyes smoldering. Commodore Perry was transferring the flag.

Half-surrounded as it was by the enemy's ships, the boat swept on through a perfect roaring tornado, the commander, still strangely impassive, erect in the stern. Perry's young brother pleaded with the Commodore to sit down, but he seemed oblivious. Finally his oarsmen, fearful for his safety, flatly refused to row longer unless he sat down, when he complied. The men then redoubled their efforts, speeding toward the now waiting Niagara. The storm from the British guns, if possible, grew in violence; the oars were splintered by musket balls. As by a miracle, the small craft's tenants escaped unscathed.

A round shot finally came tearing through the boat's side. In a trice Perry had slipped off the epauleted coat of his rank, the garment he had donned on leaving the Lawrence's deck, and stopped the hole with it. The boat reached the side of the Niagara in safety, a quarter of an hour after leaving the Lawrence.

OLD-FASHIONED BEAR HUNT.

The other day information was brought to the Traffic Superintendent of the Mear State Railway that bears were destroying the cocoon trees near the fourth mile on the railway at a kampong called Parit Bakar.

They climb to the top of a young tree and with their powerful claws tear away the young leaves and then proceed to devour the inside of the tree, called the cabbage.

Mr. L. went to the scene on his hand, armed with a Snider carbine. A young bear suddenly dashed out close to one of the Javanese and he slashed at it with his parang. The blow enraged the bear and it "went for" the Javanese, who climbed the nearest tree. The bear proceeded to follow him up the tree. Mr. L. was taking aim at the bear when, as he thought, one of his men shook him by the shoulder. Mr. L. told his disturber to "get out."

He felt himself being pulled about rather roughly and on looking over his shoulder was astonished to see a huge bear with one big paw on each of his shoulders and its gaping mouth almost touching his neck. It was impossible to use the rifle, and Mr. L. drew his hunting knife and plunged it into the side of the bear, just under the shoulder. The blade penetrated the brute's heart, and it rolled over, endeavoring to tear out the knife. The Malays and Javanese ran up and slashed the bear until life was extinct.

In the mean time the first bear was still climbing up after the Javanese. In his terror the Javanese dropped right on top of the bear. This frightened the animal and it bolted through the scrub and was not seen again—Singapore Straits Budget.

BOY SAVES BANK.

After fastening the doors of near-by houses by setting heavy eye-screws in the door frames and fastening the door knobs to them with ropes, eight robbers attacked the front door of the Traders' Bank, of Bridgeburg, a village on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo, with a battering ram, early on a recent morning.

Ralph C. Young, eighteen years old, was the only person in the bank. Armed with a revolver, he went to an upper window and opened fire. The thieves replied with revolvers and shot-guns, some of the gang meanwhile continuing the work with the battering ram.

With his face streaming with blood from shattered glass and splinters of wood, Young kept up the fight for twenty minutes. The stout oak doors resisted all the efforts to break them down, and, alarmed by a shot fired from up the street by an aroused villager, the thieves fled.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



A PIN CUSHION HINT.

If you were to take apart an old pin-cushion you would find an astonishing number of needles in it. To prevent this, when you stick a needle into the cushion, stick it in slantwise, not straight down, for if put in pin fashion it is sure to work its way into the cushion and get lost.

CARE OF THE BROOM.

Keep a pair of suds in the sink every sweeping day, and as often as the broom becomes dusty take it to the sink, dip it up and down in the pail, shake well and continue sweeping. Then, when all is swept, wash it once more before putting it away. Not only will the broom wear longer, the suds toughening the splinters, but the carpet will look brighter.

CLEAN THE OVEN.

Have the inside of the oven kept scrupulously clean. Wash the entire inside of the oven (not forgetting the roof) at least once a week. Remove the shelves and door before beginning operations, and scrape off any burnt substance with an old knife. Let the oven be kept open till quite dry and all smell of soap has passed off. A spoke brush kept for this purpose is very useful.

THE GREASY SINK.

A greasy sink is not to be tolerated, and the cleansing of it, if it be of glazed ware, may be easily accomplished with the aid of paraffin. Dip a piece of flannel in a little of the oil and then rub it over the sink. All the grease and dirt will quickly come off, and the smell of the paraffin can easily be removed by washing with soap and hot water. This treatment will have a cleansing effect on the sink pipes.

TO REPAIR A MIRROR.

To repair a damaged mirror pour upon a sheet of tinfoil about three drams of quicksilver to the square foot of foil. Rub smartly with a piece of buckskin until the foil becomes brilliant. Lay the glass upon a flat table face downward. Place the foil upon the damaged portion of the glass, lay a sheet of paper over the foil and place upon it a block of wood or a piece of marble with a perfectly flat surface; put upon it sufficient weight to press it down tightly; let it remain in this position a few hours. The foil will adhere to the glass.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Foie de Veau à l'Anglaise—Take slices of calves' liver. Put these in a pan with a large piece of butter, pepper and salt. Mince fine a bunch of parsley and a small piece of onion together. Add these to the liver. Cook about twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

Date Jelly—Rinse a pint mould in boiling water and then in cold; put a little lemon jelly at the bottom and then arrange some halved and stoned dates in a pattern after dipping them in a jelly; pour over sufficient jelly to set the dates and then fill up the mould in layers of jelly and dates; put in a cold place until set, and, when ready, turn out into a glass dish.

Potato Flour Sponge Cake—Beat the yolks of eight eggs with one-half pound of powdered sugar for thirty minutes; add the juice and zest of one lemon; beat the whites to a stiff froth, add them to the yolks, then fold in, without sifting, one-quarter pound potato flour; bake on a rack placed about two inches from the bottom of the oven in a very light heat for forty-five to sixty minutes, depending upon the thickness of the cake.

Date or Fig Gems—Beat the yolks of two eggs and mix with one cupful of milk; sift a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder with half a cupful of white flour and mix with half a cupful of finely chopped figs or dates; add flour and fruit to the milk and eggs; stir in one cupful of whole wheat flour; beat the two whites of eggs stiff and fold into the mixture; bake in well-greased gem pans in a moderate oven on a rack midway of the oven.

Pepper Mangoes—Select firm, bull-nosed peppers, as the milder Spanish ones do not make good pickles. They must, however, be perfectly green. Cut a slice from the stem and remove all the seeds, taking care not to bruise the peppers. Put the pepper cups and covers into a stone jar and cover with a strong brine. Let them stand three days, then drain and cover with clear, cold water twenty-four hours. Put into each pepper some shredded cabbage, a tiny white onion, a small string-bean, a gherkin and three or four nasturtium seeds. Make a paste of half a cup mustard seed, a tablespoonful of grated horseradish, a tablespoonful ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil and a teaspoonful each celery seed, mace and allspice. Fill the peppers with this paste, packing in firmly, then replace the caps and tie or sew in place. Pack the peppers in a stone jar and cover with scalding hot water. Let them remain in this two days, then pour off the vinegar, reheat and again turn over the peppers. Cover close and keep in a cool, dry place.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

TEMPLE OF THE SOCIAL INANITIES
What makes life such a silly sell
And such a grind eternal?
Most people crack shell after shell
—Quite forget the kernel.
—Life.

EASY.

"What are the Irish coming to?" demanded the eminent lecturer.
"Coming to Ameriky, mosht of 'em," answered a voice from the rear of the hall. "Ashk us a hard wan."

THE COY THING.

"Why is a press humorist never seen on the street without a bundle of newspapers?"
"Oh, it's a part of his costume. He'd feel very immodest without 'em."

THAT ARCTIC NIGHT.

"They say the Eskimos are a very abstemious people."
"Never make a night of it, eh?"
"Most assuredly not. A man couldn't very well stay out for six months."

EXTINCT.

"People no longer use the term 'your obedient servant,'" remarked Mr. Oldstyle.
"No," responded Mr. Housekeep. "there's no such thing these days."

ANOTHER RECORD.

Redd—"My chauffeur's made a new record."
Greene—"You don't say!"
"Yes, been fined eight times in six days for speeding."—Yonkers Statesman.

NOT ALIKE.

Willie—"Your sister Mame and Mr. Sophit are pretty thick, ain't they?"
Susie—"Gracious! No. Of course Mame's thick enough, but Mr. Sophit is just awfully thin."—Philadelphia Press.

PROOF OF ITS QUALITY.

"I heard Wickerly swearing at his new automobile the other day. He said it was an ice wagon."
"He likes it better now. He has been fined for scorching."—Chicago Tribune.

WHIRLING DIGITS.

"Gee, are those fellows crazy?"
"What's wrong?"
"Look at their fingers gyrating. Gosh, they'll snap them off!"
"No; it's all right. They're a couple of deaf-mute students giving their class yell."

COMFORT.

A little child ate everything she fancied, until she took sick of acute indigestion and died.
"What a comfort," exclaimed the bereaved parents, "now that she is gone, to recall that we never denied her anything."—Life.

UNREASONABLE.

She—"Now, wasn't it thoughtful of me to go out early and gather those flowers for the breakfast table?"
"Fine!" (He kisses her.) "Where's the coffee?"
"Oh! But I can't think of everything, darling; can I?"

WORSE THAN A SNUB.

"You say you think your girl is going back on you? What leads you to such a supposition; did she snub you?"
"No; but she called her little sister into the parlor last night and had her recite for me."—Houston Post.

QUALIFICATIONS.

"I want to be ambassador to somewhere. As an ex-Rough Rider I ought to stand a pretty good chance, hey?"
"Yes," replied Senator Smoothguy, "but you'd stand a heap better chance if you were an ex-football coach."

DIFFERENCE.

"Why don't you get up and give that seat to your father, Bobby?" reprimanded the lady. "Don't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?"
"No on a street car," chuckled Bobby, "but it pains me to see him reaching for a strap at home."—Chicago News.

QUITE ESSENTIAL.

Towne—"I believe Subbubs has bought a houseboat."
Browne—"The idea! I didn't think he could afford such a luxury."
Towne—"Oh, it isn't a luxury, but a necessity. I believe he has to have it to get from his house to the Swamp-hurst station."—Philadelphia Press.

NEVER HAD ONE.

Cittiman—"Well, looking for another cook, eh?"
Subbubs—"No; I—"
Cittiman—"Why, you just said you were."
Subbubs—"I did not; I said I was looking for a cook. The others we've had were not."—Philadelphia Press.

RELIEF.

The moment the nurse turned her back the rich baby ran over and kissed the poor baby frantically.
"It's such a relief to get hold of somebody who isn't sterilized," he exclaimed, in baby talk, for he spoke no English.
"I understand, old man," rejoined the poor baby, ind' gently.—Life.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

TO CLEAN CHAMOIS GLOVES.

Make a strong suds with white castile soap or any other kind of good white soap, and to two quarts of suds add one teaspoonful of borax dissolved in half a pint of hot water. When the suds are cold put the gloves on the hands and wash them slowly and gently, as if washing the hands, says Home Chat. Rinse in the same manner in clear water. Then draw off gently and hang in a shady place to dry, drawing them into shape when they are almost dry. When perfectly dry, rub between the hands to soften them.

DONE IN BROWN.

Very effective is a brown broadcloth redingote suit, the coat of which reaches to within four inches of the edge of the walking skirt.

The coat is lined throughout with white taffeta, and it buttons up (single breasted) with a dozen velvet buttons trimmed with silver, in the dark antique effect. It is open up the back of the skirt nearly to the waist line, and is fitted with three tabs and three buttons by which it may be fastened together.

It has hip pockets, this jaunty garment, and stitched velvet facings finish the collar and cuffs. An inlaying of white broadcloth further adorns the white. The seams of this garment, which at the front replace the darts, are carried straight up to the shoulders, and the corresponding seams in the back of course join them exactly. This is altogether smart and tailory in effect. Philadelphia Record.

THE MORNING TOILET.

It is a fine tribute to a woman when man was heard to say: "I always think of my wife as a morning glory; she looks so bright and pretty at the breakfast table." It pays wives and mothers and sons and daughters to be careful impression is likely to be lasting; so greet every one in the morning looking fresh, sweet and attractive.

Great truth is contained in the sentiment: We make careful thought for the stranger, And have smiles for the sometimes guest; But off for our own The careless gown.

Though we love our own the best. In this day and age there is no excuse for women appearing before their families in soiled and unattractive morning costume. Dainty materials may be had so reasonably. A little lace and ribbon leads the dainty and sheer appearance which gives the inviting touch, and apron and sleeve protectors insure cleanliness, if preparing breakfast must be taken into consideration. These may be slipped off during the meal hour, and self-respect is sustained and also the admiration of the home's dearest and best.

CARE OF CLOTHES.

Don't be careless in putting on and taking off or putting away your clothes, as much of their beauty and life depend upon their care.

After removing a dress remove all extras in the way of beauty pins, jabots, flowers, etc., that are not a part of the dress and permanently attached. Variety is not the only reason why it is best to have changes. It is real economy, as clothes need rest.

It is economy, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, to buy good clothes, but not extravagant. Care keeps good material and well-made clothing in shape; poor ones will not respond even to good care.

All clothes keep in shape better if properly folded and padded. In putting away waists the sleeves and bodice should be "stuffed" with crumpled tissue paper, and the sleeves crossed over the bodice and the wrist part turned back, with middle of front and middle of back folded and then folded back and forth (fanlike), and then folded once from top to bottom, if necessary; but it is much better if skirts can be put away full length. Never turn a skirt inside out to fold. This may be all right when hung.

Nothing else makes a dress look so untidy as spots on the goods. One of the best agents for cleaning spots is soap bark jelly. This is made by dissolving a handful of soap bark in a quart of boiling water and letting it cool.

ARRANGING OSTRICH PLUMES.

When a moderately long ostrich feather is shown as a trimming, it is more often than not attached to the crown and allowed to sweep over the back of the hat. It is so with the long feathers adorning a felt hat, the brim of which is somewhat capriciously waved in soft gentle curves. Felt and feathers are both of a deep rich purple, and also the double band of moire and satin ribbons that enriches the crown and is tied in front in a careless bow at the foot of the feather. But the different textures exhibit the colors in slightly different shades.

Quite a different arrangement is adopted for a capeline, the rim of which is turned up vertically at the back. In this case two half-long feathers are set against the upturned back of the brim and their tips curl forward over it.

The hat in question is turned smooth with peacock-blue mirror velvet, and the feathers are of the same color, fading to a somewhat pale shade at the tips. A fold of velvet encircles the crown, which is quite low and is tied in front in a cravat bow.

A third hat has three long tips arranged in a plume on one side of a

high flat-topped crown. This is a of the new moleskin shade and plume matches it in color. About crown is a drapery of deep cream satin, and there are puffed rosettes the same underneath over the left and at the back.

Another hat of the same broad drab color, but quite different in shade—the brim being narrower and flat wider behind than in front, and crown low—rests at the back on a capeline of deep peacock-blue felt, and has, moreover, a feather of same color attached to the side of crown by a large button of blue heden china sewn down on the fold velvet that encircles the crown.—Inery Trade Review.

THE MANLY GIRL.

Somebody has once again discovered what is the matter with our girls: is a restless age. So many people, to and fro in the world proclaim, what is the matter with their brothers and sisters. What great mind has this last discovery it is difficult to be certain. But you catch echoes of discovery reverberating in all the of places, and from time to time discovery itself is shouted at you in a drawing-room or through the philosophical columns of a ladies' paper. The discovery is, indeed, rather startling. Here it is in its simplest form: "What is the matter with our girls that they have too much common sense."

Dressed up in various phases to meet that statement several times week just now. Perhaps, it is not mad as it looks. Our girls, say the accusers, put off the gentle femininity charm of the past. There is something in this. It is no longer considered womanly not to faint at every opportunity. The ideal of our girls, the accusers pathetically complain, is no longer to be gentle and tender as clinging. On the contrary, the girl-to-day can give her papa seven strokes and a bad temper on the line she can hold her own with a calm and cheat a customs official as well as most men. Our girls—their accusers be it understood, are still speaking—longer worship the family hearth as the homely kitchen. They would rather earn their own living, and mamma have another servant. No longer when they see a baby do the rush to worship it. They begin to talk about hygienic diet and scientific education. Worst of all, last lurid touch in the melancholy picture, sentiment, no longer their joy. They laugh at it, alas! even more than their brothers. Thus has the glory of our girls departed. All because of too much common sense.

It is no doubt possible to have too much common sense. The gentleman who added "as at present advised to the truth-plight, at his marriage, was suffering from an excess of the quality. There would be cause for weeping and wailing if the cult of common sense among our girls were likely to overwhelm all their emotions and turn them into capable, but unspiring machines. Common sense is useful, but it is not exactly the highest manifestation of the capacities of woman or man. Our girls, however, have room for plenty more common sense before they are in any danger.—London Daily Telegraph.



Cloaks for evening wear will be made in rich brocades of delicate tints, finished.

Mink, sable, ermine and chinchilla are the fashionable furs, and the prices are very high.

The great vogue of the elbow sleeve promises to continue through the season, and possibly longer.

The Richelleu shoe with small gull buckles is the correct thing for evening wear at dinner or theater.

Very pale blues, pinks and cream are much in evidence and narrow velvet ribbon is used for trimmings.

For the younger people who attend dancing-school, nun's veiling, wool, tulle or albatross make charming little dresses.

The popularity of the short sleeve on reception dresses has brought into prominence the wearing of bracelets once again.

White lace and null gowns, the soft collenues, crepes and some of the other soft radium silks continue popular and are sweetly becoming.

The muffs are enormous, and the small cravats have given way to ample stoles, peleries and shawls, shaped flat bows, with long ends.

Dancing frocks are created of sheer gauze, chiffon taffetas, sprigged chiffon taffetas, striped silks, and small checks woven over with fine flower garlands.

No prettier style can be imagined than a band of black velvet worn around the wrist which fastens by a small bow and stria buckle, says Elizabeth Steadman, in the Pilgrim.

With almost all made veils is worn a face veil of thinnest pink tulle, put on over face and hair before the hat or outer veil are donned. This gives the complexion a becoming rose tint and enables one to wear almost any color of veil.