

WILD MAN OF WISCONSIN! SUNKEN GARDENS OF AVALON.

Strange Being Who Has Frightened Women for Years.

(Chippewa Falls, Wis., Correspondence.)

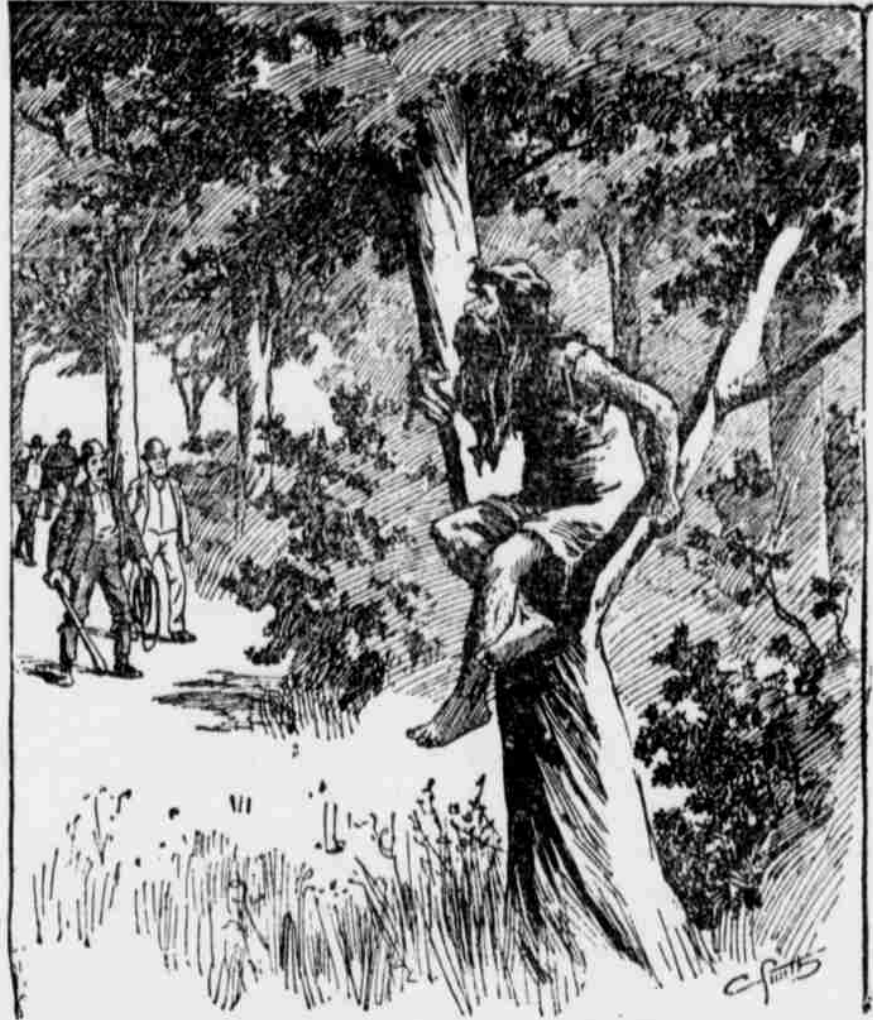
Not since Black Bart, the highwayman, terrorized the northern peninsula of Michigan and part of Wisconsin, has there been as much excitement in this region as there was this week owing to the capture of the wild man in the woods fifty miles from here. The strange creature is now in the jail here and is utterly unable to give any account of himself. He is evidently insane and has the peculiar cunning so often shown by lunatics. He refuses to utter any intelligible sound, if indeed he is able to after his long life of solitude in the woods, and the authorities are in a quandary as to what disposition to make of him.

For a long time reports have been coming to the office of Constable Burnett about a wild man having been seen here and there in the forests. The stories came from places far remote, but all tallied as to his general description, saying he was an aged man with beard and hair flowing over his face and shoulders and matted as though he had been in the woods away from civilization for a long time. He was described as very difficult of approach, as he made his way through the woods by a series of springs like those of a kangaroo, using both arms and legs in his strange methods of locomotion. Not much credence was placed in this feature of the stories, as it was supposed that those who saw the wild man were so scared or excited that to their imaginations he appeared to be springing through the air like an animal.

So many reports were heard of the crazy man that farmers, hereabouts as well as other settlers, became decidedly timorous about leaving the woman and children unprotected in their homes lest he should come into the towns or settlements and attack somebody in his insane fury, and many requests were made of Constable Burnett that he should organize a posse and go forth to search for and capture the wild man. To all these he was obliged to say that the whereabouts of the man were so much a mystery that it would be foolish to begin a general search of the mighty forest extending for miles in every direction, although the constable was as anxious as any one that the fellow should be captured.

The Search Is Begun.
Finally, however, word was received here that the wild man had been seen in the woods at a place about fifty miles away and that he could easily be captured, as he seemed to have no weapons or implements of defense, and Constable Burnett at once took a train to the nearest railroad station to where he was said to have been seen. There he soon organized a posse of fifty men and the search began. The party divided up into squads and began beating the woods in every direction, hav-

The circle around the tree was gradually narrowed down, leaving the wild man no chance for escape unless he were able to break through the ring of determined men who advanced upon him with ropes and clubs intent upon taking him alive. When the space separating the tree from the invaders was not more than ten feet the wild man suddenly sprang from the tree with a howl of rage and rushed di-



THEY SAW THE OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH SITTING IN THE FORK OF A TREE.

rectly upon his pursuers. Toward the point he evidently selected for escape all the men suddenly sprang and in a moment the wild creature turned again and with the peculiar spring which had been described to the sheriff attempted to flee. He threw his weight upon both hands and feet and with a strong movement of the legs like a kangaroo, threw himself forward, to land again upon his hands and feet six feet away.

Captured at Last.
His remarkable speed in this odd manner of locomotion completely surprised the pursuers and he nearly escaped, but several who were fleet of foot ran in a roundabout course among the trees and headed him off. Then

farmer who was wrestling with the crazed man proved the stronger of the two and succeeded in turning his adversary on his back. At once a dozen strong men seized the wild man and ropes were thrown around him and he was rendered incapable of doing any further damage.

A wagon was procured and the man was hauled to a railroad station and thence brought to this place. He appears to be about 60 years old, but cannot give any account of himself. He will not tell where he came from, although some of his mumbings have been construed to mean that he hails from Canada. This, however, the officials do not believe. By some he is thought to be the man who was unaccounted for after the disastrous fire

The Midway Group, Half Way Between Honolulu and Manila.

"Sunken Garden of Avalon." Does the name sound romantic and poetical? Do visions of Awaifi, "bathing over her white feet in the tideless summer sea," return to haunt the reader? They should, even if they do not, for Sunken Gardens of Avalon are the pleasure ground of Neptune and the mermaids and the most beautiful life to which the sea has ever given birth. Only a few miles distant from Los Angeles, Southern California, is the island of Santa Catalina. It is a world in itself, with mountains, hills, and valleys, rivers and creeks, inlets and bays, and one of these is the Bay of Avalon. Surrounded on three sides by towering mountains, deep gorges and stupendous rocks, Avalon nestles down with her face to the setting sun. There is never any winter there, and in summer the trade winds blow all day and all night, so that it is never hot. It is this same tropic spot that takes the mind back to Awaifi and the blue Mediterranean.

For the waters here are as blue as sapphire. Not the dirty blue that one associates with the Atlantic ocean, but the deep, crystalline and vivid blue of the Pacific, which lends a new color to everything of nature. And in this blue water lie the Sunken Gardens of Avalon, so beautiful that to describe them seems almost as futile as to paint the beauty of a blush upon the maiden's cheek.

Deep down below the surface of the wave there is a forest of tangled seaweed, variegated like a bird of paradise, brilliant in color as a rainbow, swaying with the life and motion of the sea. Long streams of red, blue, green and yellow float up from the bottom of the sea floor and stretch away through the waters for 550 feet to mingle with other streamers of different shades and lines. The color scheme is green, of a rich and deep beauty, and upon this is embroidered the vivid coloring of the rainbow.

The effect is to give a perfect forest of broad, green leaves, rising upward and presenting a sharp contrast to the blue water in which they grow. Graceful in appearance, they turn at every whim of the tide; now floating directly

after in the bay of Avalon. One of the giant black bass and the other is the flying tuna. Think of capturing with rod and line a black bass weighing 327 pounds and taking fifty-five minutes to land! Surely it is a record-breaker of no mean size, yet the figures show that it has been approximated. Here are some of the famous rod and reel black sea bass catches at Avalon: F. V. Rider, Pasadena, Cal., 327 pounds; Dr. H. H. Pease, Tucson, Ariz., 320; Dr. H. K. Macomber, Pasadena, Cal., 150; Major Charles Viele, U. S. A., 148; C. J. M. Beard, New York, 200; George Only, New York, 237; Gail Borden, Los Angeles, 268; N. B. Mead, Swinwick, Conn., 256; N. F. Willsboro, Los Angeles, 200.

Charles Frederick Holder, the well-known authority on such matters, says in describing the capture of a 327-pound fish: "Ten feet gained, and whiz see! as many more are lost. In it comes, once more, fighting hard, the holder of the rod bending this way and that, trying to preserve a balance and that tension that would prevent a sudden break. Now the fish darts to one side, tearing the water into foam, leaving a sheet of silvery bubbles, and swinging the boat round on a pivot. Now it is at the surface, a fleeting vision, followed by a rush that carries the gunwale under water. This, followed by a sudden slacking of the line, sends despair to the heart. He is gone; the line floats. No, whizz! and he is away again. All the tricks of the sturdy black bass this giant of the tribe indulges in, except the midair leaps which gladden the heart of the angler. Quick turns, downward rushes, powerful blows, mighty runs this gamy creature makes, fighting inch by inch, leaving an impression upon the mind of the fisherman that is not soon forgotten."

These are moments that no angler ever forgets; no, not if he live to a thousand years, barring a day. But if the angler wants sport, let him try the tuna, which is the hardest fighting fish on the coast. There is at Avalon a gold medal offered by the Tuna club, and may be competed for by any angler and the winner of the medal becomes

fairly upon little dishes of rose-leaves delicately preserved." "From what author is that sentence taken?" inquired Mrs. Howells. "Why, I declare, from W. D. Howells." "Pshaw!" was the retort; "he's no authority."

PERSONALITIES.

Fridtjof Nansen's sharp eye for the money side of his ventures has won him the nickname of "Finanzen Nansen" in Norway. He has bought a number of farms in the Numedal, near the Tedemarken in the Christiania district, which he is making into a larger estate, and has purchased a summer hotel for his manor house.

Joseph Chamberlain, the English politician, is a man who believes in taking no exercise and acts up to his belief. He walks as little as possible, and an occasional tour of his orchid houses is a big exertion for him. His usual peregrinations being merely from room to room. Yet he is a spare man and apparently in excellent condition. As for his mind, that certainly needs no brightening. Other people may want outdoor exercise to sharpen their wits, but not so Mr. Chamberlain. He has been described as being "marvelously cute," and though the description seems hardly the right one for a great man, still it certainly fits.

The story is told of Gen. William Ludlow, now military governor of Havana, that when he was stationed at Detroit, some years ago, in charge of river and harbor work, he was visited by a contractor who wanted to do some government work. With his visiting card, by way of further introduction, the contractor put down on the table a crisp \$50 bill. Ludlow made no sign as to whether he had noticed this or not; but saying they had better smoke while talking drew forth two cigars, and gave the contractor one of them. Then, turning to the table and not seeing a match, he took the \$50 note, twisted it into a lighter, set it aflame at the open grate fire, and lit his cigar with it slowly and carefully. Then he handed the burning stump of the bill to the contractor.

Appropos of the duke of York is a curious story from an Indian source. A prisoner in Bhagalpore central jail received a letter from his father telling him that the grandson of the queen-empress would shortly visit the



THE BEAUTIFUL BAY OF AVALON, WHERE THE SUNKEN GARDENS ARE.

COURTSHIP IN GERMANY.

The Gallant Is Asked to Declare His Intentions.

"When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age in Germany her parents invite young men to the house," says the Ladies' Home Journal. "Two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed. But no young man is ever invited to the house until after he has called at least once, and thus signifies his wish to have sociable intercourse with the family. If he calls several times in too close succession it is taken for granted that he has 'intentions,' and he may be questioned concerning them. Generally an engagement is made public as soon as the arrangements can be made. This is done by means of the newspapers and formal announcements on cards. The man supplies a plain gold band ring for each. This is worn during the engagement on the ring finger of the left hand. From this time the contracting parties are bride and groom. Among conservative people even the affianced couple are scarcely allowed to be alone, a chaperon being provided whenever the young people go out. A betrothal may last several years, until the bridegroom can become settled in life, but in most cases the marriage soon takes place. Just before the marriage the banns are published in the church, either on two successive Sundays or, if the time be short, twice on the same day. In the latter case a notice is posted in a public place notifying all concerned of the wish of the couple to marry."

To Expel Foreign Bodies.

To remove foreign bodies from the nose is often a matter of some difficulty, more especially when they have been forced or drawn by inspiratory—"snuffing"—efforts up the nostril. Here is a simple maneuver which has been practiced on such occasions with success:

While the child lies on its mother's lap screaming, place a thin cloth or handkerchief over the mouth and face; place your own mouth to that of the child, then give a sudden, forcible puff. The effect of this is to expel, or at least to send forward, the contents of the nostrils. In this way a plum stone has been blown clear out of the nose, and in other cases a button or other foreign body has been shifted so near to the external nares as to render it easy of removal and thus save a great deal of painful and difficult poking about in the recesses of the nostril.

Willie Knew.
Teacher—Willie, where is the capital of the United States? Willie Today—In the trusts.—Town Topics.

upward, their leaves high above water and caught by the breeze, again reaching away in long streamers. They are among the most striking and beautiful objects of the submarine world. When in shore the huge plants assume a vertical position and become floating gardens in reality.

In the bay of Avalon they present so many attractions that boats have been constructed especially to float over them and afford the occupants an opportunity to observe the wonders of the ocean world. These boats are provided with large plate glass windows set into the bottom, so that the observer can sit in the boat and gaze down through the window and see intensified small animals. Some of these boats are propelled by oars. Others are double catamarans, which bear a sort of house and hold about twenty people, and are propelled over the floating gardens by an engine. The glass, as suggested, magnifies objects, and in floating along one can almost imagine himself under the water and roaming at will in these gardens of the sea. With the face bent down over the window a series of marine wonders meet the eye.

Darting through the tangled branches are fishes of the rarest sort, radiant in color and graceful in movement. It is the home of the gold perch, which plays together in glittering schools; of the emerald fish, which vies with the jewel in perfection of coloring; of the long-spined Echinous, so curious to look upon; of giant star fishes, as large as the top of a barrel; of sea cucumbers, that do not belie their name in looks; of the sluggish abalones and of the villainous-looking octopi, with their horrible arms and still more terrible eye. Mingling with these are the jelly fishes of all sizes, shapes and colors; fairy ships that captivate the eye at day or night, for when darkness comes they light up the water with their phosphorescence and become the lanterns by which the big fish chase the little fellows. Nowhere else in the world is such a sight as this to be seen.

If, however, the traveler is in search of sport, he will find in the bay of Avalon the finest fishing in many a long day. Two things are especially sought

the club's president for a year, and may be said to hold the world's record for the hardest fighting game fish on rod and reel, one tuna being the equal of two or three tarpons in point of strength. Some of the rod and reel leaping tuna records are:

Charles F. Holder, Pasadena—the record—183 pounds; M. C. Annot, Elmira, N. Y., 148; J. M. Studebaker, South Bend, Ind., 115; G. G. Fraser, San Francisco, 176; W. F. Loud, Pomona, Cal., 156; Clifford F. Scudder, St. Louis, 130; Fitch Dewey, Detroit, 136; E. L. Doran, Avalon, Cal., 154; W. J. Landers, San Francisco, 138.

Boats are towed from one to twenty miles before the fish is brought to gaff, and from thirty minutes to seven hours have been consumed by anglers before the fish is landed. The fish are taken within a few hundred feet of the shore in smooth waters, making the sport novel and delightful.

The rushes of this fish in the summer and the flight of the flying fishes in trying to escape are features of the locality. The fish strikes on the rush, bounding into the air sometimes ten or fifteen feet, a magnificent spectacle. Then it makes a rush that often takes 600 feet of line before the brake stops it. The boat is dragged through the water as though a tug was towing it, the fish sometimes fighting for hours before it will surrender.

When a school of tunas is chasing the flying fish many may be seen in the air at the same time, rising like silver arrows and turning gracefully, catching their prey on the wing and sending others whirling into the air. No greater game awaits the skillful wielder of the rod than this acrobat of the sea.

No Authority for Her.

A dispute as to the words "lunch" and "luncheon" recently arose between Mr. and Mrs. William Dean Howells. Mr. Howells championed "lunch" as the proper term, while his wife defended "luncheon." At last, at Mr. Howells' suggestion, they appealed to the Century dictionary to settle the question. "Well, I was right, after all," he exclaimed in triumph, and he read aloud the following extract quoted as showing correct usage. "We lunched

jail, and warning him to stand near the gates, as during the visit the gates would remain open for two minutes and any prisoner who could manage to escape would be allowed to do so. It is a curious rumor. If this sort of thing followed a royal visit they would be extremely popular—among the criminal classes.

A New Ruskin Story.

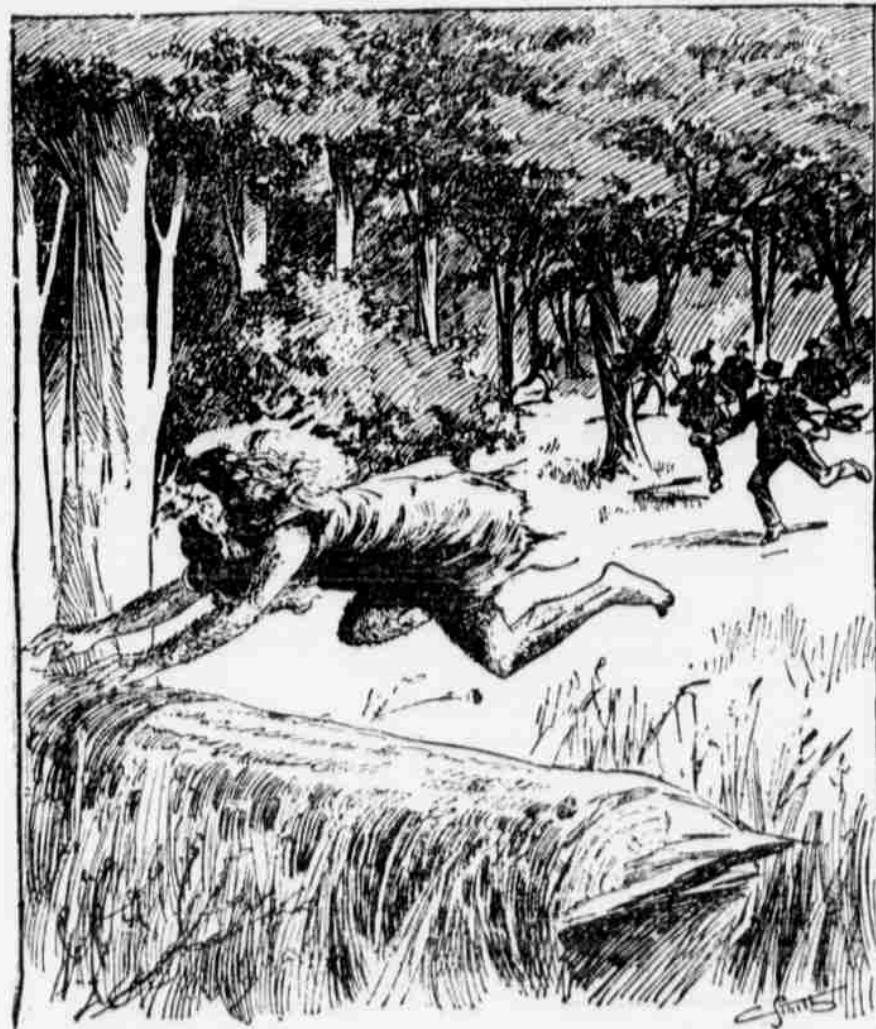
A characteristic new Ruskin story, the accuracy of which is vouched for by the Bookman, is as follows: A certain person in this country sent a friend of his in England an American edition of Ruskin's works. They were seized by the customs authorities, of course, and were in peril of confiscation, when the consignee learned that if he could procure a letter from Mr. Ruskin allowing the books to pass into England the customs would release them. Accordingly a letter of request was sent to Mr. Ruskin, who replied promptly and with characteristic verve as follows: "Sir: I do not see that your friend's desire to give you a present at my expense is any apology for your intrusion upon me. Yours, etc., John Ruskin." The books came back to America, but in spite of very tempting offers the recipient of Mr. Ruskin's curt reply refuses to part with the autograph.

For the Summer Bookworm.

To remove ink stains dilute oxalic acid with water, apply with a camel's-hair brush and dry with blotting paper. To remove grease spots use pipe clay, covered with blotting paper and a hot iron. To polish old leather covers, clean with a flannel rag, rub with the beaten yolk of an egg applied with a sponge and pass a hot iron over the covers.

They Fluctuate.

"I saw a statement in the paper that a German manufacturer has sold an aggregate of 2,000,000 thermometers," said Mr. Manchester. "He must be very rich." "It depends upon when he sold," added Mr. Birmingham. "How is that?" "In the winter thermometers are down, while in summer they are up."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.



HIS SPEED COMPLETELY SURPRISED HIS PURSUERS.

ing arranged a signal to call all together if the man should be found, and when the search had gone on a few hours the signal was sounded by the squad headed by Constable Burnett. When the others gathered they saw the object of their search sitting in the fork of a tree a short distance from the ground and glaring wildly and angrily at the men who surrounded him. His only covering, aside from his long hair, was an old gunny sack twisted around his shoulders in the form of a robe and he was indescribably dirty and repulsive looking. The wild gleam in his eyes betrayed his insanity and it was decided to use caution in capturing him. On his head was a dirty old coon skin cap, which was not at first noticed, so matted and tangled was his hair.

ensued a terrific battle. The men sought to cast ropes around his limbs, but he struck and bit at them viciously. Half a dozen hands seized him at once, but with marvelous strength for so old a man he wriggled himself free from the detaining grasps and sprang forward again. When he was captured a second time one of the foremost in the posse threw himself upon the wild man and the two rolled upon the ground in a fearful struggle, striking and scratching at each other. The former endeavored to grasp on the throat of the wild man, but the latter was too wary and tore off the hand half a dozen times. Meanwhile the rest of the posse were hovering around the two struggling men, seeking to lend aid to their companion, but fearing to injure him by interfering. At last the