

DOWN SOUTH FISHING STORY.

San Antonio, Tex., May 8.—The following article appears in the leading English angling journal, the Fishing Gazette, and is from the pen of Mr. Henry East, who was for some years editor of the Fredericksburg News, and is well known through that section of country:

Texas, the "Lone Star State," is the largest and least known state in Brother Jonathan's domain, and it is probably the most attractive on account of its climate, scenery and wealth of game of all sorts, including the finny tribe.

In the summer of '97 we tried the waters of the Guadalupe—a fine stream about 50 miles west of the curious, partly Mexican town of San Antonio, which, in combination with electric street cars, electric lights and other modern improvements, still retains many of the habits, customs and language of old Mexico.

Rising at sunup my attention was first drawn to the innumerable pits of the ant lion. This is the larva of a large fly. It has a flat body, its head is armed with a pair of formidable nippers, and it always waits backward. It constructs a cylindrical pit by moving around in a circle backwards, digging out the sand with its flat head. With a violent jerk it scatters it, and, diminishing the diameter of its circle, it completes a veritable death trap in the shape of an inverted cone, then burying itself out of sight at the bottom, it awaits the approach of unlucky insects, who fall down the steep sides of its hole, finding no foothold on the slippery sand, only to meet death in the grip of those merciless nippers. It is dragged out of sight, and after its blood has been sucked out, the carcass is buried, the pit carefully repaired, and the ant lion awaits another victim.

The question of bait came on the board next, and a short stroll rewarded two lucky shots by providing us with a rabbit and a squirrel, and fishing was the order of the day. No dainty bamboo varnished tapering rod was used, but a few long branches of the sycamore, trimmed of leaves and twigs, a strong cotton line being tied to the end, a bullet and a big hook baited with raw meat completed the outfit. Placing the butt end of our rough poles in the roots of a tree we gratefully lighted our morning pipes and calmly awaited results. By this time the sun was gaining considerable power, and although a thermometer would probably have shown about 100 degrees Fahrenheit, yet a soft, gentle breeze tempered the heat and made us feel quite comfortable.

Our dreams were soon broken off by a sudden run on one of my lines; the pole was bent double, and a hasty pull-up brought out an ugly catfish of about three pounds. There is no artistic "playing" of fish known in Texas, but as soon as a fish is hooked he is yanked out by main force and "landed" with great vigor. Soon after this a school of perch paid us a visit, and a couple of dozen were soon landed. There are four or five different kinds of perch in the Texas rivers, none of them appear to be the same as the English perch. The "sun perch" is the most handsome of all; it has a short but wide body, nearly approaching a circle in shape, and its coloring is very brilliant. None of the Texas fish are "game," and give up the battle as soon as they feel the hook. The usual method of keeping fish in good condition is to thread them on a stout cord fastened to a bush, and allow them to remain in the water until wanted.

Some friends had a disagreeable and dangerous experience while fishing. Wishing to keep some small perch alive for bait, they put them in a sack, and tied it to a bush, but the next morning on taking up the sack, they found two large "water moccasins" (a very poisonous snake) had entered their sack, swallowed their baits, and stayed there to sleep off their heavy meal. After this these two "greenhorns" were rather more careful.

About 10 o'clock the fish ceased to feed, and we didn't get another bite, so, as the heat was proving almost too much for us, we gladly retired to the shade, where, after an impromptu dinner of fried fish, bacon, onions, eggs and canned pears, we drowsily smoked the pipe of peace until about 4 o'clock.

When we returned to the river I caught some "minnows," probably young catfish. At least they were unlike any minnows I had ever seen, and when tried just at the tail of a "riffle" for what Texans call trout. Throwing my hook into the stream as it rushed over a rocky ledge, I let it run into the foam below, and at once felt a tug at the line. This proved to be a trout about two pounds in weight. The fish is dark—nearly black—in color, and has a large mouth. In fact, the head and mouth are as big as the body. It was a stranger to me, therefore I don't know the correct name of it. This fish is not game, gives up at once; its flesh is white and woolly, and tastes something like a fresh herring.

When I was pulling at my second trout I became introduced to another new fish, the alligator gar. He rushed after my captive, thrust his head and wide-open mouth out of the water, and made a vicious snap at his prey, which he just missed. This pirate of the water was about five feet long (two feet of which being mouth), and probably six inches thick. In fact, he greatly resembled a floating branch. He is of great interest to geologists, as I understand he is the only living species of the poleological fishes, so abundant in the carboniferous era. He has bony plates under the skin, so that nothing less than an ax will be of use in cutting him up, and is especially noticeable for having the backbone prolonged into the tail, the lobes of which are of unequal size, the upper lobe being much the larger.

Having tied three hooks together back to back, and baited them with a small perch, I trolled for Mr. Gar for some time without success. He looked at my bait and passed on. Being desirous of closer acquaintance with him, I tried a charge of duckshot on his bony side. He wagged his tail and tried to wink at me. I then tried about a dozen buckshot, backed up by 85 grains of powder, and supposed this would make some impression on him at about four yards distance—but it didn't. This made me feel real mad, so I got out my Winchester repeating rifle and riddled a bullet through him. This settled his hash, and I then pulled him out and carefully examined him.

The havoc caused by the gar is almost equaled by the turtles, two of which I pulled out, one being a hard-shelled turtle and the other a soft-shelled one. These turtles can swim and dive like a fish, and are extremely voracious. The two I caught were about 1 1/4 feet long and a foot wide. I executed both by cutting off their heads. The hard-shelled turtle did not seem to mind this much, as he walked about for four hours afterward, and even next morning showed signs of life.

That night we set out a "trot line" with twenty hooks on it, and the next morning we had two catfish, about seven pounds each, but all the other baits were gone. I thought turtles had taken them, although the natives told me turtles never fed at night. So far as my own taste goes, these Texas fish are not worth eating. They have a muddy taste and the flesh is woolly. But as regards the scenery and the lovely climate, I was always glad to make fishing an excuse to be out in the mountains.

A LIFE TIME IN 60 SECONDS.

(By Astronomer G. P. Serviss.)

Some recent experiments by Prof. Charles P. Schlichter in magnifying by means of the kinesiograph the rate of motion in growing plants about 500,000 times suggest very interesting possibilities in the application of a similar method to men and animals. Prof. Schlichter placed peas and beans in a glass case containing moist soil and made photographs of them at regular intervals, both day and night, on a continuous photographic film. At the end of three weeks the film, with its series of photographs, was placed on the reel of an ordinary kinesiograph and run through the machine like any other "motion picture." The result was that there appeared on the illuminated screen growing plants, which, starting with the appearance of the first germ bursting from the seed, passed through all the changes of three weeks' growth in a few seconds.

Suppose a child to be represented in this way for any desired period, which might be extended to years. Everybody knows that changes of the most subtle character constantly take place in the features and expression of children without even their parents or nurses being able to say just how the variations have developed, or what their relations to one another may be. By the kinesiograph method of magnifying the rate of development, all such obscure relations would be rendered plain and a permanent record of them would be obtained. It would be within the range of the possible to represent the

entire course of a human life in this manner, although, of course, that life would first have to be lived through. After the more rapid changes of childhood have been passed the successive pictures might be separated by intervals of more than a day—perhaps one a week, or even fewer, would suffice.

The final result as shown upon the screen by the kinesiograph would be a baby face developing, changing, presenting the growth of new expressions, altering from infancy to youth, from youth to the stronger features of manhood, then gradually wrinkling, fading, becoming furrowed deeper and deeper with age, the cheeks sinking, the eyes losing their fire—until at last senility would gibber where childhood had smiled. And all this, which might have required 75 years of preparation, could be exhibited within the space of a single minute.

It is evident also that the method might be applied to the study of certain diseases manifesting themselves by external symptoms.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street, drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobering up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street, drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobering up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street, drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobering up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street, drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobering up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street, drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobering up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street, drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobering up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street, drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobering up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street, drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobering up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street, drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobering up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

WHERE ONE HOBO RODE.

Memphis, Tenn., May 8.—Mr. Henry Hooper, a St. Louis railroad man, who was in Memphis recently, while talking with a reporter, related a curious incident of his early road life, which happened while he was braking on a railroad which ran out of St. Louis.

"In 1893," said Mr. Hooper, "I was running on a freight between St. Louis and Sedalia, Mo., and it was during that winter that I ran across something that laid it over all I ever saw in the way of hobos. Now, of course, I've seen burns riding in all ways and places imaginable, and to a man hanging by the rods on a fast freight or perched on the pilot is not surprising to me, but this—well, let me tell you.

"We had been some time out of Sedalia, hitting a pretty good gait toward St. Louis. That winter the hobo along the line of the 'Mop' were a fright, and the whole crew was kept busy chasing them off the train. As far as I was concerned personally, they could all have had 'transportation,' for I have been on the road myself, and believe that when a man is willing to take such big chances of life and limb to get over the country a fellow need not put himself out of the way to find him.

But, then, the company had different views in regard to the matter, and we had to chase 'em or lose out. That night and it was cold enough to freeze a polar bear, I made a dozen poor devils unload from the decks and rods, and felt sorry for every one of them when they hit the grit through the snow. Of course this sounds to you like a 'pipe' coming from an old shack, but it's so.

"Well, it wasn't long before we pulled into Jeff City, and while the engineer pulled around I started out with two of the crew to chase hobo. Just as we got to the end of the train, old Brennan, the finest 'eagle eye' who ever jerked a throttle, called to Dan Hines, his fireman, to back up so that he could oil and wipe his links. Dan was cleaning his fire at the time, so, giving it a final swipe with his slash bar, he backed up. But, being a little careless, he pulled back too far, bringing the pilot half way over the pile of red hot coals he had just raked from the fire box.

"Just about that time I thought old man Brennan was going to throw a fit,

and I got a pretty severe shock myself. Before Dan could let go the throttle it seemed to me bedlam had broken loose under that engine.

"Lemme out," yelled some one. 'Lemme out! Move her up! O Lord, I'm burnin' up! The sounds came from under the pilot. Rushing round to the front we saw a hobo, not on the pilot, but squirming around on the cross braces beneath it, yelling for all that was in him.

"In a moment Dan had moved the machine so as to put the poor fellow away from the fire, and while he beat out with his dirty paws his blazing coat tails he still cursed, coughing all the while like an engine coming up a grade.

"How in Sam Hill," roared old Brennan, not relishing the dressing down the hobo was giving him, 'How in Sam Hill did you git under my pilot?'

"I got here when this bloomin' teakettle was over de pit at Sedalia; but youse fellows needn't try to barbecue me for dat, need ye?'

"Oh, but old Brennan was wrathful. 'Come out o' dat, ye dirty porch climber, or I'll set ye back over the fire.'

"How c'n I git out did da track under me?' the hobo yelled back. 'Tink I c'n dig trough it?'

"Brennan saw that it was impossible for him to come from under the pilot till another roundhouse was reached. This enterprising 'tourist' had crawled into the pilot while the engine stood over a pit in the Sedalia roundhouse, and of course could not get out till another pit was placed under him. Although he had plenty of room to sit in, it was a very hazardous place to ride in, for in wreck death would be certain. When we reached Chamois, twenty-five miles further on, where there was a roundhouse, the poor devil was released, but he was a sight to see. His coat tails were burned off, his whiskers and hair were singed, one of his lamps was groggy from sulphur smoke and flying grit, and on the whole, to quote old Brennan, he looked like a 'raveled top string on a rainy day.'

Puck: Ferdy—She is all the world to me! What would you advise me to do? Percy—See a little more of the world, old chap!

TWO BIG AMERICAN SHIPS.

The first plate of the keel of the largest ship ever built in the western hemisphere was laid recently at the Carrolls yard, and, while no especial ceremonies were arranged for, the great steel sheet went into its place on the blocks watched by all of the six thousand workmen who could possibly find time to view the sight.

The tremendous vessel that will be reared from this central plate is one of the pair of mammoth twins designed some time ago, and contracted for at Carrolls by the International Navigation company. The only pity is that these magnificent ships will not engage in trade from the port of their birth. They will need deeper water than the Delaware affords when the stream is in one of its mean moods, and consequently will ply between New York and Southampton or Liverpool.

The ship already started and the twin to come are not only unique in size, but likewise in design and intention, for, while much larger than the splendid St. Paul and St. Louis, built for the same company in the same yards, they are in no wise competitors along the same line. The ocean greyhounds mentioned are of 11,900 tons rating, they are 525 feet long, and are engaged with the power of 24,000 horses by contract, and far more by actual count. They can steam better

than twenty knots for the entire trip across the Atlantic, and can outrun everything afloat, with very few exceptions.

Now for the new ships. They are of a new type entirely—a type made necessary by the changing demand of travel and the tremendous increase of the country's export trade. Nearly 600 feet long, they rate at about 12,500 tons, but when it comes to engines, they are content with about 12,000 to 14,000 horse power, capable of driving them at a 12 to 15-knot clip.

This great increase of size and decrease of engine power sacrifices only one thing, speed, while it compensates by giving an immensely more comfortable ship for passengers and a very much more profitable one for the owners.

It was the success of the Kensington and Southwark of their own line and the mammoth new ships of the German and English lines, that led the International company to prepare to meet the demand of trade by constructing these two new ships. They will make the passage in from ten to twelve days, and with their great length and broad bilge keels will ride far easier than the high-powered and tremendously driven ships of speed that go in for record smashing to the exclusion of everything else.

RIDDING A SHIP OF ITS RATS.

New Orleans, May 8.—While talking with some friends the captain of a big freight steamer taking on cargo at New Orleans told some queer stories about rats.

"I have the ship cleaned out by professional rat catchers whenever we touch at Liverpool," he said, "and between times we try to keep them down by trapping, but it's hard work. We don't dare use poison. If we did the hold would soon be full of dead rats, and the stench would breed a fever. Our traps are of the wire cage pattern and considerable craft has to be used in setting them, for a ship rat is a very cunning beast, and he will steer clear of decoys that his land-lubber brothers walk into with their eyes open. If we simply baited the traps in the ordinary way we wouldn't catch a dozen in a year.

"Our plan is this: On the first night we open trap doors to let them in that position with bits of string, so they can't possibly spring shut. Then we put scraps of old cheese inside and leave them until the following evening. That's to reassure the rats that the strange wire contrivances are perfectly harmless and that they may enter in with a certainty of getting out again. Next night we renew the bait and take off the strings, and, as a general rule, we catch all that the cages will hold. I have seen them so full that it seemed impossible to get another rat inside,

which is pretty good evidence, as I take it, that they can't communicate with each other and give the alarm. There is nothing new about the trick I describe—it is practiced on all big ships when the rats get too bad.

"As long as the creatures have enough water to drink," continued the captain, "they don't give the crew any particular trouble, and keep out of sight down in the bowels of the ship. But thirst makes them desperate, and then they become an unmitigated nuisance and will go boldly anywhere in search of a drink. I have known them to invade the fo'castle in such numbers that they drove the sailors to the deck, and at other times I have seen several hundred make a combined rush for the waterbarrel. It would surprise most people unaccustomed to seafaring life to know that water is usually kept in the hold of cargo ships especially for the rats. It's done to keep them below, and if for any reason the supply runs short there is sure to be trouble. I said just now that when the creatures were thirsty they would go anywhere and I mean it to the letter. They will climb into the rigging like monkeys, and it is a common thing for them to go clear up to the topsails looking for the rain-water that accumulates in the light or fold of furled canvas."

Somerville Journal: Even the girl who marries for love doesn't always get it.

THE PATHOS OF THE CONFLICT.

London, May 8.—The pathos of the war is shown in a strong light by the pen of A. C. Hales, the Australian correspondent of the News. He writes:

I was only a prisoner in the hands of the Boers for about a month, yet every moment of that time was so fraught with interest that I fancy I picked up more of the real nature of the Boers than I should have done under ordinary circumstances in a couple of years. I was moved from laager to laager along their fighting line; saw them at work with their rifles; saw them come in from more than one tough skirmish, bringing their dead and wounded with them; saw them when they triumphed and saw them when they had been whipped; saw them going to their farms to be welcomed by wife and children; saw them leaving home with a wife's sobs in their ears and children's loving kisses on their lips. I saw some of these old gray heads shattered by our shells dying grimly, with knitted brows and fiercely clenched jaws; saw some of their beardless boys sobbing their souls out as the lifeblood dyed the African heath. I saw some passing over the border line which divides life and death, with a ring of stern-browed comrades round them, leaning upon their rifles, while a brother or a father knelt and pressed the hand of him whose feet were on the very threshold of the land beyond the shadows. I saw others smiling up into the faces of women—the poor, pain-drawn faces of the dying looking less haggard and worn than the anguish-stricken features of their womanhood who knelt to comfort them in that last awful hour—in the hour which divides time from eternity, the sunlight of lusty life from the shadows of unsearchable death. Those things I have seen, and in the ears of English men and women let me say, as one who knows and fain would speak the plain, unglittered truth concerning friend and foe, that not alone beneath the British flag are heroes found. Not alone at the breasts of British matrons are brave men suckled; for, as my soul liveth, whether their cause be just or unjust, whether the right or the wrong of this war be with them—whether the blood of the hundreds that have fallen since the first rifle spoke defiance, shall speak for or against them at the day of judgment—they at least know how to die, and when a man has given his life for the cause he believes in, he is proven worthy even of his worst enemy's respect. And it seems to me that the British nation, with its long roll of heroic deeds, wrought from the world over, from Africa to Iceland, can well afford to honor the splendid bravery and self-sacrifice of these rude, untutored tillers of the soil. I have seen them die.

Once as I lay a prisoner in a rocky ravine, all through the hot afternoon, I heard the rifles snapping like hounds around a cornered beast. I watched the Boers as they moved from cover to cover, one here, one there, a little further on a couple in a place of vantage, again in a natural fortress a group of eight; so they were placed as far as my eye could reach. The British force I could not see at all. They were out on the veldt, and the kopjes hid them from me; but I could hear the

regular roar and ripple of their disciplined volleys, and I course of time, by watching the action of the Boers, I could anticipate the sound.

They watched our officers, and when the signal to fire was given they dropped behind cover with such speed and certainty that seldom a man was hit. Then, when the leaden hail had ceased to fall upon the rocks, they sprang out again and gave our fellows lead for lead. After a while our gunners seemed to locate them and the shells came through the air snarling savagely, as leopards snarl before they spring, and the flying shrapnel reached many of the Boers, wounding, maiming or killing them; yet they held their positions with indomitable pluck, those who were not hit leaping out, regardless of personal danger, to pick up those who were wounded. They were a strange, motley looking crowd, dressed in all kinds of farming apparel, just such a crowd as one is apt to see in a far inland shambles shed in Australia, but no man with a man's heart in his body could help admiring their devotion to one another or their loyalty to the cause for which they were risking their lives.

One sight I saw which will stay with me while memory lasts. They had placed me under a wagon, beneath a mass of overhanging rocks, for safety, and there they brought two wounded men. One was a man of 50, a hard old veteran, with a complexion as dark as a New Zealand Maori. The board that framed his rugged face was three-fourths gray; his hands were as rough and knotted by open air work as the hoofs of a working steer. He looked what he was—a Boer of mixed Dutch and French lineage. Later on I got into conversation with him, and he told me a good deal of his life. His father was descended from one of the old Dutch families who had emigrated to South Africa in search of religious liberty in the old days when the country was a wilderness. His mother had come in an unbroken line from one of the noble families of France who had fled from home in the days of the terrible persecution of the Huguenots. He himself had been many things—hunter, trader, farmer and fighting man. He had fought against the natives, and he had fought against our people. The younger man was his son, a tall, fair fellow, scarcely more than a stripling, and I had no need to be a prophet to tell that his very hours were numbered. Both men had been wounded by one of our shells and it was pitiful to watch them as they lay side by side, the elder holding the hand of the younger in a loving grasp, while with his other hand he stroked the boyish face with gestures that were infinitely pathetic. Just as the stars were coming out that night between the clouds that floated over us, the Boer boy sobbed his young life out, and all through the long watches of that mournful darkness the father lay with his dead lad's hand in his. The pain of his own wounds must have been dreadful, but I heard no moan of anguish from his lips. When at the dawning they came to take the dead boy from the living man, the stern old warrior simply pressed his grizzled lips to the cold face, and then turned his gray beard to the hard earth and made no further sign.

BUY SECOND-HAND UMBRELLAS.

There are few things that cannot be bought second-hand. One can get second hand anchors and second-hand bobs; second-hand gas fixtures and baby carriages; pianos and iron smokestacks; water coolers and office desks; it would be difficult to think of anything that cannot be bought second-hand. One of the things that at first might be thought to come within the category of things not sold in this manner is the umbrella. Inquiry, however, revealed the fact that umbrellas are sold second-hand, though for various simple reasons not so common as some other articles of personal wear or use.

Common an article as the umbrella is in use and familiar to the eye, yet it is far less commonly used than, say, for instance, shoes. In this climate, in winter at least, everybody wears shoes, and so would own at least one pair. But by no means everybody owns an umbrella. There are, in fact, plenty of people who never owned one, just as, singular as it may seem to some persons, there are many people who never owned a watch. Then, as anybody can use an umbrella, it may be that a family of half a dozen persons would have only one or two umbrellas. There are plenty of big umbrella factories, with an aggregate output of millions of umbrellas yearly, but the number of factories and of the umbrellas produced would have to be multiplied if every inhabitant were to be supplied with an umbrella.

A great many umbrellas are destroyed outright; blown inside out in wind-storms and made useless for any purpose; it wouldn't pay to repair them, and there is nothing left to them worth using. People commonly leave umbrellas that can be mended, to be repaired; and people often carry an umbrella that is in need of repairs with more thought of its usefulness than of its appearance. The umbrella is commonly not thrown away until it is useless to its owner; and when it is in that condition, unless it were a fine umbrella, it would not pay a second-hand dealer to repair it. For example, it would never do to put a single panel of cloth

in an umbrella top; it wouldn't match the rest, and it wouldn't pay to put it in anyway. Another reason why there are not more umbrellas sold second-hand is that new umbrellas are so cheap. New umbrellas of some kind can be bought in these days marvelously cheap; and persons who might otherwise seek second-hand umbrellas, buy new ones; they wouldn't expect to get their second-hand at any lower prices.

But after all there are to be found second-hand umbrellas, just as there are to be found second-hand hats and shoes, though in smaller numbers. Some of them are bought by the old clothes men.

Another place at which second-hand umbrellas can be bought is the pawnbrokers; in the pawnshops where personal property of all sorts is taken, umbrellas come in with the rest of the things offered; they are not common offerings, like some things, but not unusual. These, if not sold, go with other unredemmed and unsold pledges to the pawnbrokers' auction sales; where they are bought by second-hand dealers who sell that kind of goods; an addition to the comparatively limited number bought in the usual manner.

The matrimonial joke of James H. Fraser, a first-year student of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, has terminated in divorce. He was married in New York to Miss Lucia F. Huxford of Washington, D. C., on November 17, 1891.

Fraser was only 15 years of age when he had but slight acquaintance with Miss Huxford, who was five years his senior. They had met on the day of the marriage quite by accident and Miss Huxford, Fraser affirms, suggested that they get married just for fun. The supreme court of New York has declared the marriage annulled.

Chicago Record: "Married that old man for love, did she? Well, I have my doubts about it." May—Why, dear? Ida—For the simple reason that I noticed no less than six divorce insurance blotters on her desk.