

Whale Hunting Off the Coast of Long Island

Sympathy soothes aching hearts, but it is of small use in warming cold feet.

It isn't always the shortest month that is the easiest on the coal pile.

When a woman stops calling a man by his name, the end of formality is at hand.

Will plain Mr. Hobson be such an attractive kissing proposition as the gallant captain?

"What constitutes a New Yorker?" asks the World. Well, conceit is one of the ingredients.

More power to the elbow of Miss Rogers, late of Wellesley—though she doesn't seem to need it.

A Siamese working elephant may be bought for \$650, but it costs more for feed than an automobile does.

News from the Balkan states indicates that Miss Stone's ransom money has been fairly well invested.

Chicago is now bragging because its birth rate has not decreased. It is a case of, how much? not, how good?

Undue attention to the mote in our neighbor's eye gives him an opportunity for effective repartee.—Puck.

The Chicago doctor who tried to argue against a halfful of women might have known where he would wind up.

With The Hague tribunal so handy it would seem as though the Dutch labor unions might arbitrate their grievances.

Radium is selling at \$900,000 a pound in the European market, and most of the inhabitants have shut off their radiators.

The Moroccan pretender has gathered his forces and gone to pretending again. He may be Gen. Uribe-Uribe in disguise.

The first wireless newspaper has been printed on board a ship at sea. Even a dash for the pole may now have added terrors.

What a mammoth federation of women Venezuela will have if the daughters of the revolution in that country ever organize!

The Crown Prince of Saxony is not to be consulted as to the successor of the errant Louise. All wives must look alike to a crown prince.

The story that Mr. Morgan is going to buy up all the Cuban railroad system is not at all improbable. He has the necessary money and the buying habit.

The task of traveling at a \$10,000 pace on a \$3,000 salary has again wrought its customary ruin and disgrace. Its frequent repetition waxes tedious.

Some of the specialists believe Knapp, the Indiana man who murdered his six wives, is a degenerate. They don't explain why they hold this extraordinary opinion.

Secretary Shaw has decided that ten thousand dollar gold certificates may be issued to individuals on demand as well as to banks. Demand yours early, as the supply is limited.

Calcium salts, it is announced, will cure nervous diseases. The calcium light has been applied to many eminent personages without causing a reduction either of nerve or of swelled head.

That Mississippi judge who charged the grand jury to indict persons accused of playing progressive euchre probably has been forced to attend a progressive euchre party at some time in his career.

A Frenchman, who contended that the soul could leave the body and return, succeeded in proving part of it. He let his soul out all right, but the undertaker attended to the rest, and he hasn't reported.

Probably if the wild birds had anything to say about it they would insist that the privilege of remaining alive seems quite as important to them as it does to the gentleman in the bird-dealing business.

At the Cincinnati fire a man on a burning roof was saved by writing a note on his cuff and throwing it into the street. That should be a warning to people with undetachable cuffs not to sleep higher than the second floor.

George Manville Fenn, an English writer, recently reached his 71st birthday. The titles of his books fill seven pages of the catalogue of the British museum, although you may know no more about him than posterity will.

A congressman in the house restaurant the other day had for lunch a milk punch, a chicken sandwich, an oyster stew and a piece of custard pie. And the country is paying him \$5,000 a year to help control the destinies of this mighty nation!

Amagansett, on the extreme eastern coast of Long Island, saw a flag climb a tall pole in front of Capt. Joshua B. Edwards' home in Atlantic avenue the other day. It seemed as if the natives for miles around had been watching for this particular flagstaff, for simultaneously, with the unfurling of its fluttering stripes to the breeze other flags began climbing poles far and near.

Then began a stampede of the villagers toward the beach. Helter skelter they ran, some carrying oilskins and rubber hip boots, while others were equipped for the sea. Women and children joined the procession. Everybody headed toward two low covered boathouses a short distance



A Finback.

back from the surf line. Ranged along the surf line were men with telescopes warily sweeping the horizon.

"There she blows!" chorused the men with the telescopes.

"There she blows!" echoed the crowd that lined the shore, as two fountain like jets of water sprang into the air.

Two miles out at sea a bulk resembling the hulk of a capsized vessel was seen to plunge along, rising and falling with the swell of the ocean and every now and then spouting the big jets of water that first attracted the attention of the lookout at Capt. Joshua B. Edwards' house. It was a whale, and there was no time to lose.

Thrusting aside the big log that served as a prop, the wide barn like doors of the house in which the whaleboats are kept were swung open by the whalers. Ready hands seized the first boat. It was rolled out and lifted on the shoulders of a hardy crew, who carried it to the surf line.

A second and then a third boat followed. Quickly a crew was selected for each, and watching a favorable moment the three crews dashed into the water with their boats. In a twinkling they were beyond the surf line with scull set, and the hunt was on.

Capt. Joshua B. Edwards' boat led the chase. He is familiarly known as Cap'n Josh, in order to distinguish him from his brother, Cap'n Jesse Edwards, a no less distinguished whaler. Cap'n Jesse's boat was in second position, and the third boat shifted its course a little to form a triangle with the other two in order

to prevent the escape of the sporting monster. Off toward the southwest, spouting like a hand fire engine, and feeding on the whale food that works its way along the Long Island coast at this time of the year, was a large right whale. With watchful eye and quick ear it was regaling itself and occasionally taking a sounding by way of keeping it back from getting sunburned.

It appeared in a tranquil mood when Cap'n Josh's boat silently drew near. There was just wind enough to send the whaleboat scudding along under gentle pressure. As boat heeler, Cap'n Josh held the steering oar while the boat steerer, whose place is in the bow until the whale is fastened, stood with harpoon ready poised waiting to let go at the word of command.

But this particular whale knew its business. Without warning it suddenly let itself drop to the bottom of the ocean like a fifty-ton iron weight. "He's sounding," bawled out the first crew to the other boats.

For a few minutes they hovered around the spot and then they were aroused by a cry from one of the other boats.

"There she blows!" was the chorus, as two sprays of water ascended from the ocean about a fourth of a mile away.

Again the chase was taken up and for more than three hours this whale just played tag with Cap'n Josh. Cap'n Jesse and the other crew and as darkness fell it waded them good night with its tail and went off seaward, probably to tell the other

whales how it fooled some of the best whalers on Long Island.

This is whale weather off the coast and the loss of one whale and that one the first sighted of the season in no way discourages the whalers of Long Island. Floods of whale food are now working along the coast giving the water a deep red tinge. According to Capt. Joshua B. Edwards, who has sailed around the world several times and captured whales in every zone and is considered an authority on whales and whaling, the whale food is a minute marine crustacean and it moves along in a solid body generally working to the windward. When this tide of red is seen off the coast it is then that the land

of him we had our suspicions and immediately made off. "The Shenandoah was under steam and gave chase, but although several times within range of us, she never fired a gun. Finally the chase was leading her away from the fleet of whalers we had quitted and she put about and made for the fleet, destroying more than a dozen vessels. We concluded that she was afraid to fire at us, as she would probably alarm the fleet, and they would make off.

"But whaling along the coast in sight of your own home and family is different from whaling in the Arctic. Our crews here on the coast are made up of six men all told. There is the harpooner oar, the bow oar, the midship oar, the quarter oar and the aft or leading oar and the captain of the boat or the boatheader, as he is known.

"When we push off from the shore the boatheader takes the steering oar, while the boat steerer or harpooner takes a position in the bow. The reason for this is that the boatheader by reason of greater experience, is supposed to know how best to approach a whale, for the whole fight depends on getting an iron into the whale and making fast. Quick as the whale is made fast the boat header and steersman change positions, and then the real fight begins.

"With bomb lance, or even the old-fashioned lance, the boat header then does his best to despatch the whale in quick order. A whale's life is located under his two flippers, just the same as a man's life is under his arms, and a lance planted just back and beneath either of the flippers generally kills the whale at once.

"Sometimes whales run in pairs, and then we simply make fast to one and then set out to kill the loose whale by means of lances. It is always bad policy to kill the whale you're fast to first.

"It's not all fun. We had made fast to a whale off here one season, when a loose whale came up sudden-

ly alongside the boat, and with a sweep of his flukes he cut the boat clean in two between where I was standing in the bow, and the bow-headers. It was like a lightning stroke and was done so neatly that we didn't even feel a jar. We were quickly rescued by another boat, and we finally killed both whales.

"A finback one day towed us through the water at the rate of about a mile a minute, and we were going out to sea like an escaping torpedo boat. We hung on, however, until finally the iron came out and the whale escaped.

"On another occasion a big whale came up right under our boat and hoisted us clear of the water and tipped the boat over. A seine boat came to our assistance, but we didn't give up the fight and brought in the whale that night."

Several years ago Capt. Gabriel Edwards, also a brother to Captain Joshua, was knocked twenty feet out of his boat by flukes of a dying whale. He was picked up unconscious and didn't come to until the next day, and has never fully recovered from the blow.

When a whale is caught it is towed ashore and hauled up out of the reach of the tide. The blubber is removed in huge rolls and chunks and hauled to the try house while the bone is removed from the mouth with great care and soon the products of the chase are ready for market. Even a use is found for the skeleton, which is sold to some museum or institution.

Every small boy in the eastern end of Long Island hopes to become a whaler some day. If he had his choice between the presidency of the United States and a master's certificate aboard an old-time whaler such as his father and grandfather talk about he would unhesitatingly accept the ship. But the whales are being driven from the coast by the increased navigation, and whaling as an industry on the Long Island coast bids fair to die out soon. And with the falling of the industry the old natives who have chased whales from boyhood are in their declining years and they, too, will soon pass away.

different parts of the world. "It was fifty-two years ago last September," said the Captain, "that I first started out to take lessons in whaling. I left Sag Harbor aboard the whaler Ontario, under the command of Capt. George Brown, bound for the Arctic ocean.

"We were gone forty-four months, but Capt. Brown didn't bring the vessel back. He was killed in the Arctic seas by being struck by a piece of swinging blubber as we were cutting in a big catch. I think his widow still lives in Sag Harbor.

"My last whaling voyage was in 1862, and we were in Behring Straits and just on the outside of a big fleet of American whalers when we were chased by the rebel privateer Shenandoah. As soon as we caught sight

of him we had our suspicions and immediately made off. "The Shenandoah was under steam and gave chase, but although several times within range of us, she never fired a gun. Finally the chase was leading her away from the fleet of whalers we had quitted and she put about and made for the fleet, destroying more than a dozen vessels. We concluded that she was afraid to fire at us, as she would probably alarm the fleet, and they would make off.

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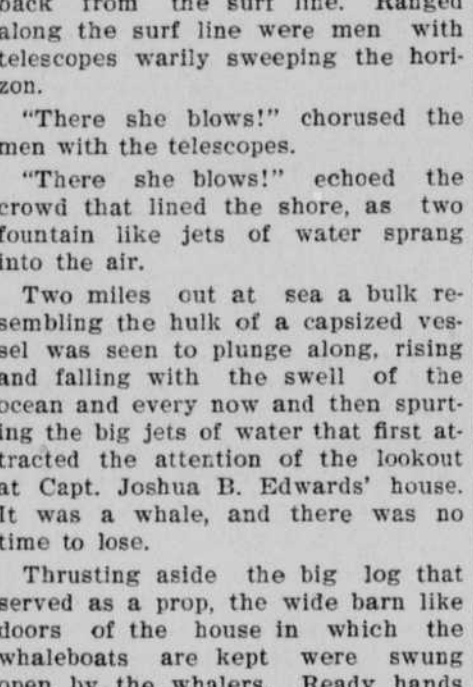
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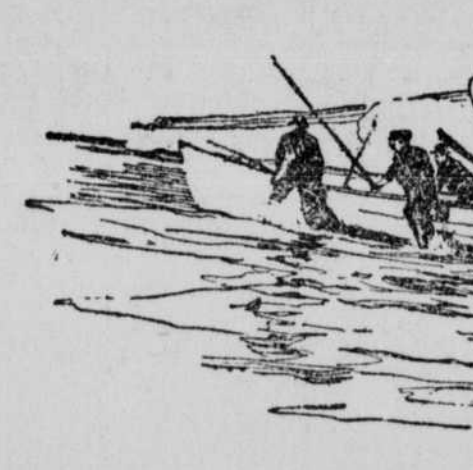
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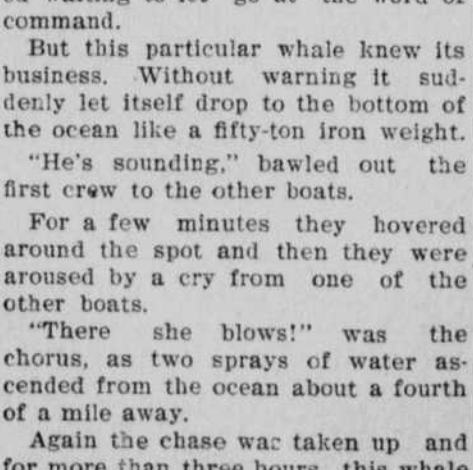
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Cutting Up the Blubber.



Launching the Whaleboats.



The Whale Beach.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, MARCH 29—REVIEW OF THE QUARTER'S LESSONS

Golden Text—"Lo, I Am With You Always, Even Unto the End of the World"—Matt. 28:20—Some Suggestions to the Teachers.

One of the most important uses of a review is to bind together in one connected whole what we have been learning in detail, and to enable us to trace the movement of the early history of the church, as a river that broadens in sympathies and numbers, and deepens in experience and knowledge as it flows through the years.

Matthew Arnold, in his epilogue to Lessing's Laocoon, writes:—"The movement he must tell of life. Its pain and pleasure, rest and strife; His eyes must travel down at full The long, unpausing spectacle."

"But all! then comes his sorest spell Of toil—he must life's movement tell! The thread which binds it all in one And not its separate parts alone."

The New Center. The first twelve chapters of the book of Acts, which we studied last year, relate the history which centered in Jerusalem, and concerned chiefly the Jewish element in the church.

Then one of the offshoots from Jerusalem took root in the city of Antioch, three hundred miles to the north, which thenceforth became a new center, concerned chiefly with the Gentile element, a missionary church from which the gospel reached out to every country of the Roman Empire.

Radiants from the Jerusalem Church.—The Jerusalem church was also a center of missionary operations. Though not recorded in the Acts, we learn from other sources with great probability that

Peter was a missionary to the Jews as far as Babylon and Rome. Andrew to Sythia, Asia Minor, and Greece.

John to Asia Minor, especially Ephesus. Jude to Assyria and Persia. Thomas to Syria, and perhaps Persia and India.

James to Egypt and Palestine. Radiants from the Antioch Church.—Illustration. There is an Oriental legend of a fountain into whose waters a good angel infused a mysterious power, such that a new fountain rose and gushed wherever some drops fell on the barren plain, so that a traveler, carrying a portion of this water, could safely traverse any desert, because he took with him the secret of unfailing springs; and he could impart their water to others.

"Beneath the cross those waters rise, and he who finds them there All through the wilderness of life The living stream may bear; And blessings follow in his steps, until wherever he goes, The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom as the rose."

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS. I. Take your scholars, by means of the map, on a series of Journeys with St. Paul and His Companions. Trace the missionary journeys. Note who went with Paul on each journey. At each stopping place recount the events that took place there, the methods of work, the obstacles, the successes, the time spent.

II. Sum up the progress of the gospel during the six or seven years included in this quarter's lessons. The extent of territory reached. The broadening of Christian thought and life.

The churches founded. The Epistles written.

III. Note the obstacles overcome. In every place there was opposition, often persecution, sometimes mob violence.

Illustration. "By reference to Watson's biography of Thomas Jefferson it will be found that the Declaration of Independence was finally adopted on July 4, because the members of Congress were so greatly bothered by the flies, which swarmed into the hall from a livery stable near by; that further debate became almost impossible." So by such small things as a Jew eating with Gentiles, as the blaspheming of Jews, shrines of Diana, a charge that Paul had brought a Gentile into an inner court of the temple, the course of history was changed.

IV. Note that the same forces are at work now as then, and they have lost none of their power. The century just ended has witnessed much in the progress of the gospel that parallels the history we are studying.

V. All ages of Christian progress are missionary ages. In civil and commercial lines, civilization has extended, civilization and commerce to many countries, and has strengthened the home countries.

So the missionary enterprise has spread the gospel into many lands, at great cost, overcoming obstacles as great as mountains which Christ promised that faith should remove, enjoying much success, and always blessing and strengthening the home churches.

"That host that heeds not hurt nor fear, Led by the Bright and Morning Star!" —Mrs. Spofford.

What would Jerusalem and Antioch have been had they kept their gospel to themselves?

The church that is not a missionary church is a dying church.

The Value of Encouragement.

A word of encouragement is always the most profitable of investments. Nothing else returns so great dividends. Julian Legrand, the Paris merchant, never tired of telling how, in the panic of 1857, his firm was on the brink of certain failure for lack of £20,000, which for two days he had tried in vain to raise. The crisis was at hand, when a stranger entered his office and offered him the needed sum on his personal note without interest. Legrand had been member of a school committee years before, and, not praising merely the rich boys, had gone to a certain poor lad, commended him for his work in the examination, and told him he could do better if he tried. That had been the turning point in the poor boy's life, and now he had come to repay, in part, the debt he owed for that one word of encouragement.

Chief Business of the Church.

Any tool or instrument is at its best only when it is doing that which it was designed to do. A man is at his best when he is doing the thing for which he is fitted by natural gifts and education. We do not call in a lawyer to take charge of a case of pneumonia, nor a physician to take a case in court. The average preacher would soon wreck a bank, and the average banker would as quickly wreck a church. The Church of Christ is an instrument designed of God, and designed for a purpose.

ALL TIRED OUT.

The weary, worn-out, all-tired feelings come to everybody who taxes the kidneys.



When the kidneys are overworked they fail to perform the duties nature has provided for them to do.

When the kidneys fail, dangerous disease quickly follows; urinary disorders, diabetes, dropsy, rheumatism, Bright's disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney and bladder ills. Read the following case:

Veteran Joshua Heller of 706 South Walnut street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1899 after getting Doan's Kidney Pills at Cunningham Bros' drug store in Champaign and taking a course of treatment I told the readers of the paper that they had relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of a lame back with pain across my loins and beneath the shoulder blades. During the interval which had elapsed I have had occasion to report to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of attack. On each and every occasion the results obtained were just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. I just as emphatically endorse the preparation to-day as I did over two years ago."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Heller will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Medical advice free; strictly confidential. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

When some men hear of a neighbor losing his good name they are probably glad they have none to lose.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Don't prolong a quarrel. Make a hard fight, and then quit—win or lose.

INSIST ON GETTING IT. Some grocers say they don't keep DeLancey Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because DeLancey contains 16 oz. for the same money.

Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy DeLancey Starch. Requires no cooking.

Practice is said to make perfect, yet few doctors or lawyers are models of perfection.

MORE FLEXIBLE AND LASTING. Don't shake out or blow out; by using DeLancey starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

The trouble with the average man at 50 is that he's only about half as smart as he thought he was at 25.

Senators' Biographies. In the directory of the Fifty-eighth congress, just out, Senator J. Frank Allee, of Delaware, describes himself as "president of the Bay State Gas company," this announcing his identification with Addicks. Mr. Heyburn, the new Idaho senator, is described as "not affected by the silver craze of 1896." Representative Ames of Massachusetts is probably the only member of congress who gives the name of his grandfather (Benjamin F. Butler) and also that of his father (Adelbert F. Ames). The new senator from Utah, in a six-line sketch, takes pains to say that he was "married September 17, 1884, to Alpha M. Eldridge." He thus makes the attack of the Utah remonstrants an endeavor to "correct the record."

Chicago Man's Remarkable Light. A Chicago inventor, Mr. George Magrady, has discovered a process of manufacturing a thirty-six candle power light that will never go out. While experimenting with photographic chemicals four years ago Magrady's attention was attracted by a glow in a small globe. The glow was caused by a chemical which the inventor keeps secret. Magrady enlarged the globe and perfected the light by placing it in an air-tight glass. He says there is no reason why the light will not remain brilliant forever, if it is not broken. A company has been formed to manufacture the lights in numerous sizes. A patent hood fits over the globe and covers it completely when the light is not needed.

WAS REFUSED LIFE INSURANCE. Rejected on Account of "Coffee Heart." Life insurance companies have fully established the fact that the use of coffee causes an organic derangement of the heart, shortening the long beat and imperiling life. For this reason habitual coffee drinkers are refused life insurance in many cases. A well-known merchant of White's Creek, Tenn., proprietor of a large store there, says: "Three years ago I was examined for life insurance and to my surprise was rejected because my heart action was at times out of place 15 beats in 60."

"I consulted several good doctors and was invariably asked by them, 'Do you drink ardent spirits? use tobacco? or drink coffee?' To the first I answered 'Very little,' to the second 'No,' to the last 'Yes,' and they would all say 'Quit coffee.'"

"I determined to do this. I had read about Postum Cereal Coffee and bought and used it, and I liked it as well as the best of real coffee, and as a result of its use in place of coffee I find myself without a skip in my heart action and I can get insurance on my life cheaper by 25 per cent (notwithstanding the advance in age), than I could when I first commenced using Postum." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.