

Catching a Shark.

There is a great deal worse fun than fishing for sharks. You might go out and sit in the broiling sun all the forenoon for the questionable satisfaction of getting a few blackfish too small to eat and not big enough to jerk the line when they bite, but if you go shark-fishing you have a reasonable chance of getting a bite and almost as good a chance of landing your fish, if you only keep as cool as you can under a hot sun; and when you get one fairly baited he will make it very lively for all on the boat until you get another hook into his jaw or two or three balls into his head. When it was proposed that we try our luck in that direction the other afternoon, I for one was skeptical and was not at all inclined to wager on our success, but "Win" made all preparations with as much solemnity as if his reward was sure. The shark line which he had in readiness was about enough to fill a small fruit basket. It was of cotton, about half an inch thick, and on one end of it was a steel hook, a trifle smaller than the cord itself, and nine or ten inches in length, attached to the line by a short piece of chain, for the teeth of the fish are quite sharp enough to cut a good rope if he only has a fair chance. We left the inlet at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and within fifteen minutes were anchored close to the bank, about a mile up the thoroughfare, where the water was fifteen to twenty feet close to the shore. Win had previously secured a dead eel, with which he proceeded to ornament the hook, putting it through the eel until it was curved more sharply than it ever was in life. A stick of wood about two feet in length was attached to the cord about fifteen feet from the hook, and it was thrown overboard.

Captain Conover set about baiting the hooks for the small lines, but the ladies concluded they would not fish, and taking out their novels proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as they could on the cushions. The boys, however, eagerly seized the lines and began posing for a new statue of "Patience." The Captain caught the first fish, and Brent was rewarded with a little dog-shark. There certainly was not luck enough to seduce the shark fisher away from his post, for the best that could be said of the catch for the first half hour was that it would do to bait the shark hook with if he should get away with the eel. The novice in the party had hardly got about a tenth of the information necessary for catching a fish before the float was drawn under water, and Win sprang to the rescue of the line. Unfortunately, it was only a bite, but it demonstrated the presence of the fish for which we were looking.

The line was hauled in and the eel found to be intact. To make it a little more enticing, however, a tom-cod was added to the hook and the line thrown out again. There was not so long to wait this time, for in less than a quarter of an hour his sharkship made another lunge at the eel and the line was hauled taut in a jiffy. Win jumped to his feet and George sprang to his assistance just in time to have a bit of flesh nipped out of one finger as the line was allowed to run rapidly out and give the fish a little play, while the boys sprang from one end of the boat to the other, and twisted the fishing-lines into inextricable confusion. "Let him have a little more line," called out Win, flushed and eager with excitement, and George returned with a caution to keep his feet off the line, for at the rate the shark was pulling just at that time he could have tripped one of them into the water in a second if their feet had caught in the slack. By that time they both had a firm hold of the line, and were permitting the fish to dash in any direction that pleased him.

But sharks were never made for hard work and they soon weary of trying to drag a boat, so he soon turned and dove, only to come to the surface quicker than before, and as his nose was pulled up toward the bow he gave a vicious flirt with his tail that deluged us all with water. This kept up about ten minutes, when he began to show signs of fatigue, and was brought near enough to the side to receive two bullets in his head, which seemed to have a depressing and even discouraging effect upon his further activity. As his nose was turned up it was seen that the hook had caught, not in the mouth, but in the jaw, which accounted for his remarkable gaminess. It was a pretty good tug to lift him on board, but he was finally secured just behind the mast and his jugular vein cut, just to keep him quiet.

Proper regard for the tradition of fish stories would require me to say that this shark was a man-eater, with double rows of teeth, about eleven feet long, and 300 pounds in weight, but that regard for truth which is the last requisite of a really good fisherman compels me to say that this particular shark was of the blue-nose variety, and only six feet and nine inches in length—weight unknown.—Atlantic City Cor., Philadelphia Press.

A Brooklyn Heroine.

Miss Tillie Trimble, who lives with her parents at No. 92 Fourth Place, became known as a heroine in that part of Brooklyn yesterday. On Monday afternoon she caught a burglar in the house. After giving an alarm she grabbed him around the neck and held him, with the assistance of her mother, till a policeman arrived. Miss Trimble is a very prepossessing young lady, nineteen years old. She has regular features, fine complexion and teeth, dark eyes and trim figure, but not a girl whom an acquaintance would think could be depended on to capture the burglar. "Now, tell all about it,

Tillie," remarked her mother when the World reporter called last evening. Her father puffed at a pipe, but all the time looking proudly upon his daughter. "It was about 1:30 in the afternoon," began Miss Tillie, "when mother and I heard a noise up stairs. It sounded like something dropping on the floor. I first thought that one of my brothers had come home. I went up to find out, and entered the bedroom back of the parlor. There is a hall room which is entered from the bedroom. The door to it was open, and as I peeped in I saw a man fumbling at the bureau drawers. He must have heard me, for he turned suddenly around and made a leap for me. I gave a jump toward the door and he ran after me. His big foot came down on my right foot and hurt it badly. He stumbled against the foot of the bed and I succeeded in reaching the hallway. I fell down the stairs and he rushed after me. I reached the street and yelled, 'thief, robber!' and ran back into the house. I met him coming out and I put my arms around his neck.

"Is that the first man you ever hugged?" asked the father. Her two big brothers giggled, but she paid no attention. "In a moment," she continued, "mother had him by the collar, and he tried to break away, but we held on, and he dragged us into the front courtyard. He asked me what I would take to settle it and let him go, and I said that nothing but a policeman would settle him with me. Several men came to our rescue, and finally Officer Cassidy arrived and took charge of him. There were sixty dollars in money and several gold watches in one of the bureau drawers that he had tried to rob."

The prisoner described himself as David Henry, and gave a fictitious address. Skeleton keys were found in his possession with which he entered the premises. He turned over a chair, the noise of which attracted the attention of Miss Trimble. It is believed that he is an old offender. Last night a number of friends of Miss Trimble called and complimented her on her exploit.—N. Y. World.

American Crocodiles.

Recent investigations have shown that the crocodile is to be found in the less-frequented parts of Florida, where it has long been confounded with the alligator, and a single specimen is now among the collection of reptiles at the Smithsonian Institution. The great point of difference between crocodiles and alligators is that the former live in salt-water bayous or creeks near the sea, while the latter are to be found only in the fresh-water streams. The crocodile, cayman, gavia and alligator are all types of one group, the Crocodylia. In these reptiles the heart resembles that of birds more than that of any cold-blooded animals. The ventricle is completely divided by a septum into two chambers; the venous and arterial blood join outside of the heart, and the brain is bird-like. The muzzle of the alligator is in a straight line, but that of the crocodile is much narrower behind the nostrils. There are also other anatomical differences. The crocodile is known among the Indians as the "long-nosed alligator." The Florida crocodile is the crocodilus acutus of Cuvier, and is entirely identical with the Jamaica species, but entirely different from the cayman of Guiana, South America. One of the most interesting characteristics of the American crocodile is the care that it takes of its offspring. During the breeding season especially the reptiles utter loud cries or shrieks that have been compared to the yelping of hounds or puppies.

After the eggs have been buried by the females she frequently visits the nest, and when the young are about to come out she has been seen to move about the nest in clumsy tenderness, scratching the shells and uttering a curious bark-like sound that seems to excite the half-hatched young to renewed exertions to extricate themselves from the broken eggs. This accomplished, the mother leads her young from the river to the marshy pools, safe from predatory visits of the male. If hunted at this time the female crocodile exhibits the utmost ferocity, and shows great cunning in guiding her young to places of safety. The young are fed by the mother, as are many of the young sea birds, by masticated food, disgorged for the purpose. The movements of the crocodile on land, when in danger, are totally different from those of the alligator, whose clumsy gait is so well known. The crocodiles stand with their bodies off the ground, erect upon their legs, and make their attacks by successive jumps. The American crocodile is not so savage as those of the Old World, yet numbers of instances are known where their attacks have resulted in the loss of life.—Chicago Times.

Alcohol from Acorns.

It is said that alcohol equal to that made from grain can be produced from acorns. The acorns are freed from the shell and ground finely; then they are mashed with malt, and allowed to ferment. Acorns contain about twenty per cent. of starch and eight per cent. of gluten. They would be a valuable article for human food if it were not for the tannic acid (about three per cent.) which they contain. Vast quantities which go to waste every year, where hogs are not fed in the woods, might be gathered by boys, and converted into alcohol for use in the arts, thus freeing an equivalent amount of grain for use as food. Or some young student of practical chemistry might make a good thing for himself and for the world by devising an economical process of separating the starch, gluten and tannic acid, the last for technical uses and the others for food.—Scientific American.

Religious Department.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun, The men had marched all day; And now beside a rippling stream, Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests, As swept the hours along, They called to one who musled apart: "Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said; "The only songs I know, Are those my mother used to sing For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried, "This is a home but true men here: To every mother's son of us, A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice And unobtruded came: "Am I a soldier of the Cross, A follower of the Lamb,

"And shall I fear to own His cause?"— The voice that never throbbed with fear With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said, As to his feet he rose: "Thanks to you all, my friends, good night; God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the Captain begged, The soldier bent his head, Then glancing round, with smiling lips, "You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air, Sweet as the bugle call; 'All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall!'"

Ah, wondrous was the old time's spell, As on the singer sang; Man after man fell into line, And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still, Naught but the stream is heard; But, ah, the depths of every soul By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip, In whispers soft and low, Rises the prayer the mother taught The boy long years ago. —Mrs. E. V. Wilson in Chicago Inter Ocean.

International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Aug. 6—The Fruitless Tree. Mark 11:12-23

Aug. 13—Prayer and Forgiveness. Mark 11:24-33

Aug. 20—The Wicked Husbandman. Mark 12:1-12

Aug. 27—Pharisees and Sadducees. Mark 12:13-27

Sept. 3—Love to God and Men. Mark 12:28-44

Sept. 10—Calumnies Foretold. Mark 13:1-23

Sept. 17—Watchfulness Enjoined. Mark 13:24-37

Sept. 24—Review.

Ready to Depart.

To-morrow I am expecting to start on a journey to a distant city. For weeks I have had it in anticipation, and have been getting in readiness. And now, at length, I have all things arranged, and am waiting the arrival of the hour when I shall set out. There are dear friends in that city whom I hope to meet. Our greetings will be mutual and cordial. I hope also to become acquainted with those whose faces I have never yet seen. And the glory of the great city I hope to behold.

There is another City, "a City that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," to which I am also expecting ere long to depart. There, too, dwell many loved ones, dear to my heart, whom I hope to meet. And there, too, are many, whom, not having seen, I love; and with them I anticipate pleasant familiar intercourse. And the surpassing splendor of that City I shall behold. I shall gaze with never-ceasing wonder on its streets of pure gold, on its wall of jasper, whose foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones, and on its gates of pearl. And I shall see the King in His beauty, and I shall drink of the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb, and I shall partake of the fruit of the tree of life, which bears twelve manner of fruit, and yields her fruit every month.

From that other journey I must soon return. After a few days or weeks of tarrying with loved ones, I must bid them farewell, and return to my earthly home. But from this journey I shall never come back; I shall have no desire to come back. The Celestial City will be my everlasting home. There I shall dwell in the presence of God, where is fullness of joy, and at His right hand, where are pleasures forevermore.

And am I in readiness for that journey? Am I all ready to depart? Have I done all that needs to be done for myself, and for others, before I shall go the way whence I shall not return? Soon will the summons come. Unexpectedly they may come. May I be all ready to depart and be with Christ, which will be far better than to be here. —N. Y. Observer.

What She Did.

She, herself, thought it a little thing, the heroine of the story we heard one day, in a distant city. She was a prosperous woman. Her husband had won fame and fortune, and was a power in the country, and she who had shared his struggles shared his triumphs, and was one of the social magnates of the city in which she lived.

She had dealt often at a store where one of the departments was in charge of a delicate and refined woman, in whom, through long dealing with her, our friend had become sincerely interested.

One day she went to make a purchase at this store, and the young woman came forward to serve her. But our heroine—for she was really a heroine, as you will see—was shocked at the change a few weeks had wrought. A sudden chill, a neglected cold, days of unremitting labor, and something that seemed like swift consumption had set in. The lady thought it a case for her interference. She asked the history of the malady, and then said: "You must not stay here any longer. It will be death if you do. You must go home and be nursed."

The dark, sad eyes of the saleswoman met hers, with a mild surprise in them. "My home is in Washington," she answered. "Here I live in a boarding-house, and I am really more comfortable at the store than in my small room. Besides, madam, my weekly living is dependent upon my weekly work."

She had spoken uncomplainingly, simply stating the hard facts, in answer to the inquiries whose unexpected kindness had beguiled her from her habitual reserve.

Our heroine considered for a moment whether this was not a work God had appointed for her to do. She had left her luxurious country home, and was living for the winter in a furnished house, a small, pretty house, which was filled by her little family and had no spare room. But yet—

"I shall come for you to-morrow," she said. "I will arrange here for your absence. I am going to take you to my house and nurse you."

"You!" The saleswoman's eyes filled first with hope and then with tears. Then she tried to refuse this too great kindness, but her weak protests were overruled.

The next day she was taken out of her task-work—taken home to Mrs. Blank's comfortable house, installed in Mrs. Blank's comfortable bed, and there for six weeks was nursed and tended like some beloved sister, until she was able to take up her burden of life again.

"It was so lovely of you," a friend said to the lady who had wrought this good work.

"Oh, no," was the answer, "I made no sacrifice. My husband was in Washington or I could not have given up our bed; but I am such a good sleeper that my sleeping for a few weeks on a sofa was nothing."

And it really seemed to her that she had done nothing at all; but one day will not the Voice we wait for say to her: "I was sick, and ye comforted Me?"—Youth's Companion.

Wanted—More Time.

Some people are always "behind time." It would make no difference whether they were going to a banquet or to the gallops. The habit seems to be based on a fixed principle. The three days of grace which the law allows are not enough. Give them six and they are no better off; give them twelve and they want thirteen.

A good many church attendants carry out this principle with a fidelity worthy of a better cause. We once knew a young clergyman who was settled where the people were habitually late. Exhortations seemed to have no effect, and so he resorted to more potent measures. One evening, at the appointed hour for service, he found himself the only attendant. The meeting was promptly opened and promptly dismissed. When the people finally assembled there was no minister; but there was sufficient mortification when the truth was known to gradually work a reform.

We have heard of another clergyman who made the following invocation: "O Lord, bless those who are here assembled, those who are on their way and those who are getting ready to come." The fault of such a habit rests entirely with the individual. If a change of time made any difference the evil might be remedied in that way, but give them more time and they will "drag their slow length along" so much the slower. It is uncertain when such people will appear in the day of judgment, but it is tolerably sure that they will want more time.—Golden Rule.

Wise Sayings.

—The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

—Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. It may be that you will not meet again in life.—Richter.

—Who hath a greater combat than he that labors to overcome himself? This ought to be our endeavor, to conquer ourselves and daily wax stronger and to make a further growth in holiness.—Thomas a Kempis.

—What science calls the uniformity of nature, faith accepts as the fidelity of God. It is a wonderful sermon that science is all the while preaching to us from the text: "God is faithful."—J. Martineau.

—Trust and Do.—

Courage, brother, do not stumble, Though the path be out of sight; There's a star to guide the wanderer; Trust in God, and do the right. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look above thee; Trust in God, and do the right. —Norman Macleod.

—Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden fringe; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight, and the bright blue day which the former promises breaks indeed, but in another world and with another sun.—Richter.

—No advanced thought, no mystical philosophy, no swelling phrases about freedom, not even science with its marvellous inventions and discoveries, can help us much in sustaining this republic; still less can godless theories of creation, or any infidel attempts to rule out the Redeemer from His rightful supremacy in our hearts, afford any hope of security. That way lies despair.—Robert C. Winthrop.

—Nature only tells of hard, pitiless, remorseless law. The fire burns, though there be a saintly martyr in the flame. The tide surges in, though a Christian maiden is bound to a stake in its course. Leap over the precipice, and you are dashed to pieces. There is no mercy in the electric cloud, in the ocean or the land. Everywhere you see wisdom and power in creation and providence, but not mercy.—W. M. Taylor.

TOWN TALK!

A dry-goods man says, I do not know what I would do without Burdock Blood Bitters, it is so pleasant to take, and never fails to relieve my headache.

A druggist states that he never sold anything that gave such universal satisfaction for obstinate cases of indigestion and dyspepsia as Burdock Blood Bitters. He guarantees every bottle, and has never had any returned.

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A traveling man at one of the hotels says he always takes a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters with him to aid him in digesting some of the antediluvian chunks of beef or leather-like pieces of steak which are too often served up to the hungry and weary traveler.

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