ABOUT EELS.

Long Island abounds in intelligent, hardy men, who add fishing and hunting for the New York market to their regular occupation. Some of these men are gray haired and beat with age and hardships; others are young, erect, and full bearded; all are enthusiastic fishermen and hunters. They know the habits of game birds and of food fishes thoroughly. Much is to be learned from them. A few days ago I heard one of these men, who was busily shoving a jackplane to and fro, sigh, and then with weatherwise eyes scan the sky. After much upward gazing he wearily shook his head, and, in a low-toned, regretful voice said: "The eel worms will rise this afternoon. I wish this job was finished." He was silent; the jackplane ceased moving. Then he added plaintively: "I want to go eeling." It was as the mourning of a mountaineer for the pine-clad highland. Amazed that any man should long to go eeling any more than he would to go snaking, I questioned the aged fisher-carpenter. I soon became interested in eels, and have talked with all the fishermen I have met about them. I have developed a taste for broiled split eels. I no longer look on them as water serpents, deserving only of the finger of scorn or the upturned nose of contempt.

Lying back of the dunes that sentinel the Atlantic coast of eastern Long Island are ponds that catch the drainage of the land. Some of these are small, others are hundreds of acres in area. Channels, dug by men through tiny passes in the dunes, or cut by overflowing water, lead from the ponds and bays to the sea. These channels are locally known as sea pouses. Through these passages the sea water ebbs and flows, supplying the amount of salt essential to the perfect growth and flavor of shell fish and eels. Fierce storms beating on the coast fill the sea pouses with sand, and dam the flowing waters. Then the water of the bays and ponds gradually becomes fresher and fresher, and the fish deteriorate in flavor, until the ponds again overflow or men again dig discharging channels. These ponds are well stocked with clams, crabs, and eels; and there are a few large, native oysters remaining of the vast number that once paved the bottom of all the bays. Many men draw, or rake, or spear their living out of these coast-bound waters. Years of observant experience has made them wise about fish, both shell and scale. Among these men are grizzly veterans who have darted harpoons in Arctic waters, and who have lanced many right whales to death among icebergs. Old men who repair spears, fishing nets, and eel pots in the Long Island fishing huts tell stories of bloody mutinies, of exciting adventures with savage peoples, of exploration in northern waters, and then without a smile drop from vivid descriptions of the acts of heroic men, who were true to their comrades and who never shirked, to a detailed account of a clam pie—interesting in itself, but not heroic. But I started to tell of eels, not of the men who catch them.

In the fall, after the black frosts have browned the forest leaves and nightly skimmed the shallow ponds and wayside puddles with ice, the eels that are in the fresh water bury themselves in the soft mud which lines the bottom of the ponds. There, if they are not disturbed, they lie during the winter. Unfortunately for the eels, it is necessary to make a hole in the mud to enter it, and though they are dormant, they have to breathe, and there is another hole in the mud above their heads. These slight and partially filled holes betray the location of the eels to the experienced fisherman. Standing upright in his flat-bottomed skiff he poles himself slowly along with his eel spear. Attentively the fisherman studies the bottom of such portions of the bay as experience has taught him eels frequent. His keen eyes detect the holes. The boat is checked. There may be a dozen holes, there may be but two. A quick thrust with the spear is made into the mud at that point where the fisherman's knowledge of the habits of elusive eels leads him to believe the fish is hidden. It may be secured. But if missed, it and all other eels within a radius of fifteen feet are caused by the spear thrust, throw up a tiny jet of air or water. This is called "smoking." The alert eyes of the fisherman note the location of his game, as a gunner marks down prairie chickens, and with great dexterity he gathers the unsophisticated eels that betrayed their hiding places by smoking into the boat. Though the eels are dormant, the pain caused by a spear as it pierces them awakes them from their winter's slumbers, and they are able to wriggle off a poorly made spear and bury themselves anew in the mud. But their thin blood is too cold to permit of their swimming long distances in the icy water, and, leaving bedding ground, if in water sufficiently shallow to allow the fishermen to see the bottom, is cleaned of eels soon after the beds are discovered. Three or four of the fish are secured from one position. Then the boat is moved in the desired direction and three or four more are picked up. In the winter, fish are never taken from any other beds and the along-shore beds have been exhausted, the fishermen dig a chaunel through the pass in the dunes. The fresh water rushes out. The surface of the pond is lowered and new eel beds are brought into sight. From these beds the famous catches are made. Thirty, forty, and fifty barrels of eels have been secured in one day by expert eelers. The spearing of eels as they lie hidden in the mud continues from the chilling of the water in the fall until the spring sun warms them into active life.

As soon as the water is sufficiently warm in the spring they leave their beds of mud and move about in search of food. They are the buzzards of the sea. Anything in the shape of food is welcomed by eels. They ceaselessly search for food during the warm months. They scour the shores, hunting assiduously for the eggs of fish. They apparently know when certain fish deposit their eggs, and they follow the shoals of whitefish, relishing for them, obey the command of nature to reproduce their kind. When the horsefeet approach the shore to deposit their eggs, which is generally on the full of the tide, the watchful eels accompany them to their spawning ground, and, with the deceit characteristic of serpents, they lovingly entwine themselves around the shell fish and eat the eggs as the horsefeet deposit them. If the shells of the horsefeet are cracked by idle boys, who amuse themselves by throwing stones on their hard backs or by tapping them with clubs, as is the wont of boys in general and of Long Island boys in particular, the eels devour the wounded horsefeet. They are very fond of mummies, not the Egyptian ones, but fish mummies, and they grow fat, as these worthless fish are plentiful in all the bays and ponds. The eels constantly patrol the shore line during the season when weird-looking shell fish come up out of the mysterious depths of the sea to lay their eggs.

On Long Island the eels are roughly classed as fresh water and sea eels. The latter are supposed to be migratory, the popular supposition among the fishermen being that they travel to Southern waters during the winter and return North in the spring, much as shanbaders do. It is asserted by all the fishermen I have talked with that if the winter ponds break into the ocean, forming a sea pouse, no salt water eels enter the pond; while if this occurs in the summer, thousands of sea eels enter the ponds, where they will remain until cold weather approaches, when they will enter the sea. When the sea pouse is open, and the channel is wide and deep, the fresh water eels leave the ponds, and are absent for weeks in the ocean; but if the channel remains open, they will return to the ponds before cold weather sets in.

During the summer, when the days are warm and pleasant, the eels are alert and hard to spear. Then recourse is had to fire lighting. This, to be successful, requires a calm night and an expert spearer. Lanterns are placed in the bow of a skiff and the fisherman noiselessly poles his boat to the localities where eels do congregate. The fish are sufficiently attracted by the light to remain motionless in the water, looking like small logs. The discriminating fisherman, selecting the largest within reach of his deadly spear, launches the weapon. The transfixed eel, wriggling energetically, is thrown into the bottom of the boat. The remaining eels, alarmed at the noise, and with their curiosity fully satisfied, disappear, looking like a school of frightened porgies. The eels constantly patrol the shore line during the season when weird-looking shell fish come up out of the mysterious depths of the sea to lay their eggs.

In August his nature moved cold, and he visited the cage. To his great surprise he found the eel filled with spawn that resembled frog spawn. The eggs were sufficiently developed for the germs of the young eels to be plainly seen. The mature eels did not eat these eggs. I do not know whether the embryonic fish he saw were eels or not; but I do know that this most observant fisherman believes he saw eel spawn which was almost hatched.

During the summer, when the eels are moving in search of food, the orthodox way to catch them is in pots. An eel pot is a wicker-work demijohn holding about six gallons. The upward bulge of bottom, characteristic of bottles and demijohns, and that causes the lovers of wine and sour mash to profanely denounce the dishonesty of wine merchants, has in an eel pot its top knocked off, leaving an opening for the fish to enter. The jagged fringe of willow twigs that project above the interior opening in the bulge effectually prevents the egress of the eels after they have entered the pot. The trap has a cover that fits on the top, as the cover of a milk can. It is fastened with a wooden key, or tied down with a bit of twine. Into these pots a few menhaden or a couple of handfuls of mummies are thrown. The close-fitting cover is tightly fastened, a weight is attached, and the pot is sunk to the bottom of the bay, secured by a rope to a pole thrust in the mud, or its position is marked by a float. The eels travelling in search of food (they are always hungry) find the pot and enter one after another, until, in some cases, they are compactly filled. Many fishermen have told me that they have taken more eels out of a pot than they could replace in it. Daily the pots are emptied and rebaited. Good eels weigh about four ounces to the dozen. The average weight is about three pounds. As soon as the pots are emptied the eels are prepared for market, and at once shipped to New York. They bring from ten to fifteen cents per pound.

About the middle of May, the date varying slightly with the season and in different ponds, a reddish brown worm, two inches long, that closely resembles the poisonous-looking land worms that frequent rotten logs and lie under flat stones to surprise thoughtless boys who turn these objects over, and that are called by them "hundred leggers," rise out of the mud and wriggle to the surface of the water. Their rising has been anxiously awaited by the expectant eels. Instantly the news spreads among those slimy creatures, and they rush to the feast. They gorge themselves on the worms. They follow them in their migration to the sea. For three days, generally in the afternoon, the worms rise and the eels feast. They are so greedy that they see no danger in the presence of man, and fearlessly throng around a skiff, on the bow of which an expert fisherman stands and ceaselessly darts his spear. Great catches are made during the time the worms rise. No fisherman knows the location of the beds of the worms, nor do they know where they come from. It would be attentively watch the pond and trust to luck in discovering the worms as they rise. Some man is almost sure to see the foaming water where the eels twist and lash in the mad excitement of the chase.

Eels are prepared for market by being skinned or by splitting. The former method needs no explanation. Split eels are first slimed in a bath of ashes and water; then they are washed in clean cold water. After hanging until they are dry, they are split and their backbones and entrails removed and their heads cut off. They should be broiled over glowing coals. The man who has not eaten fresh-split eels—broiled, of course—that have fattened on the fruits of the chase—not at sewer mouths—has a pleasure in life still before him.

FRANK WILKESON.

BILL, THE WHITTLER.

Remarkably Handy with a Jackknife and Very Ambitious.

From the St. Louis Republican.

William Yohe of Kirkwood, known as "Bill, the Whittler," claims to be the champion whittler in the world. With an ordinary penknife he has demonstrated his ability to make almost anything a carpenter, cabinetmaker, or wood carver can make with a full set of edge tools. He occupies an old church in Kirkwood, which he has filled almost completely with curiosities of a novel as well as useful character with the aid of his trusty bone-handled knife. The *Republican's* representative, when he asked where the old church was located, was told that it was useless to go there, as "Bill, the Whittler," was whittling therein with doors closed. On reaching the church the reporter was confronted by a placard on the front door containing these words: "Positively no admittance." He knocked however, and to his surprise received a response that articulated in a very pleasant tone the words, "Come in." Bill was sitting on a bench, with a section of a cigar box in one hand and his favorite bone-handled knife in the other, whittling away as though the destiny of the world depended on his ability to complete his work. The blade of the knife he used was about an inch long, and tapered all the way from the hilt to the point.

"Well, Bill," said the reporter, breaking the monotonous silence that prevailed, "they say you are the champion whittler of the world?"

"Yes, and I am willing to whittle anything against any man living. There is only one other whittler on the face of the earth who can even approach to my work, and that person is Monkey John of Chicago. Monkey John would not whittle against me, for he and I have whittled together, and he knows what I can do. I never let anyone see what extraordinary gift for whittling until I had reached my 23d year. Then I made a toy house for my sister, which was so universally admired that I determined to manufacture other curiosities. The first piece of importance I whittled was a complete model of the Castle of Hingen-on-the-Rhine. This house was finished in 1873, and contained 560 windows. Some men think because they can make a wooden chain with a knife they are great whittlers. There is no trick in making a simple chain, as the man who makes one link can make forty. Scrolling is by far the most difficult work a man can do with a knife. I can scroll perfectly in fact any animal. With a simple pocket knife I have made over 300 models which occupy pieces in the Patent Office.

"About a year ago I made the model of a steamship for parties in Europe. They were so well pleased with it that they paid me $850 for my work. This model was run by steam, and could travel through the water at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. My aptitude for whittling is a gift as natural to me as an ear for music is to some other men. After a piece of work is finished I often look at it with astonishment, and wonder how I ever succeeded in making it so complete in every detail. I cannot draw, and know next to nothing about mathematics, yet my proportions in every piece of work I make are always remarkably correct. When I look at a picture which I intend to represent in wood I unconsciously measure its proportions with the eye. I will wager my life almost that I can whittle out any automatic contrivance ever invented in the mason and metal trades, until lately I was not aware that anything more than a living could be made by a whittler, but now I entertain a different opinion. The most I ever made on a piece prior to this year was $20, which was cleared on a raffle.

"Bill, the Whittler," is now engaged on an automatic piece, which when completed, will contain 232,608 distinct pieces and 1,100 movements. These movements will all be controlled by a wheel to be propelled with sand. The device will contain a complete model of the Strasburg Cathedral; a complete model of the New York and West Shore Railway depot in Buffalo, with all its employees at work; Noah's ark, with all the animals and Mr. and Mrs. Noah on board; a steamship rocking to and fro on the face of the mighty deep, a sand engine, and bridges, towers, &c. The device will be equipped with 82,000 pieces to be put in motion, and it will contain 109,000 illuminations.

In every respect the Strasburg Cathedral model will be a faithful copy of the original. At regular intervals 200 children will pass out of the chapel and through the main aisle of the church to the altar, and the twelve apostles will appear at the proper times over the dial of the clock, which will contain 100 illuminations. When the bells in the spire of the cathedral ring, a queen will appear before the cross. A full-rigged brig, to be represented on the bosom of the ocean making a voyage, has already been completed. It is composed of 1,800 different pieces, and weighs only eight ounces. In the towers of the cathedral there will be four clocks. Noah's ark, which is complete, is 40 inches long, with a nine-inch hold and a nine-inch beam, measuring 20 inches from keel to deck, and containing 3,400 pieces. This remarkable curiosity the famous whittler made in eight days, with his penknife. When complete, the pieces of the automatic concern will occupy a space of 48 by 16 feet. The depot is to be nine feet eight inches and a half high, and will occupy a space of 14 by 11 feet.

As the figures pass to and fro, panoramic views will move along behind the scroll work near the base of the depot. In making this automaton, Bill has thus far whittled up 2,250 cigar boxes and 500 feet of lumber. The stationary engine connected with the concern has been finished, and it contains only one piece of iron, a crank shaft eighteen inches long. The automaton, when completed, will certainly be one of the grandest devices of the kind ever constructed. "Bill, the Whittler," has two partners, and it is their intention to take the automaton to Europe after exhibiting it in a few of the larger cities of the United States.

Said Bill to the reporter as he cut a notch in the lid of a cigar box: "I have every reason to believe my work, when it is shown to the world, will create a great sensation. I do not say this in any egotistical spirit. Persons who have seen all the copies of the Strasburg Cathedral and other automatic curiosities, declare my present venture will lay over them all. I am still a comparatively young man, and propose to do something to prove to the world that I am all I claim when I say I am the champion whittler of the world.

"I have an ambition, but whether it will ever be realized is a question very difficult to answer at the present time. I want to spend four years in Europe in constructing, from the originals, models of the historical structures of the Eastern continent. After returning from Europe it is my intention to whittle out the models of the Capitol buildings of thirteen different States, and a model of the United States Capitol building. Then, if I am able, I want to secure a building in St. Louis and establish a museum that will surpass anything of its kind in the world."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CARPET-BAGGER.

The Scenes that Followed the Election of a Jersey Hoeker to the United States Senate.

LIVE OAK, Fla., June 25.—Conover's election to the United States Senate was a sore disappointment to the carpet-bag Ring, but with the exception of the dozen men composing it, the remainder of the crowd at Tallahassee joined heartily in the festivities of the February night after the election. I was surprised to find so many Conover men in town, and to discover such a large number who, unknown to Conover and his friends, had devoted all their energies to his election. I was told by thirteen men that at the last moment they had interfered and secured the votes necessary to an election. Singular to relate, only twelve of them wanted any office. The other man had a good one already. Of course, the Senator elect had to set up the champagne that night, and he did it right royally. The reception, serenade, and general fandango took place at the old City Hotel. It was a perfect overflow of reason, but a very scanty feast of soul. The latter was a somewhat unnecessary article in the equipment of a carpet-bagger—one from New England especially.

Well, about eight o'clock that night, a band straggled to the front of the hotel and began playing "Wake up, William Riley and Go Along with Me." The time kept by the musicians would have delighted a lover of discord. The bass drum was drunk, and invariably came in behind the other instruments lengths behind. The band was composed entirely of negroes, black as the shades that nightly dance on Pluto's dismal shore. They had only been practising about two months, and the combination of sounds they produced was calculated to inspire envy in the breast of a Chinese drum major. When they first struck up, an unfortunate member of the Legislature, who was trying to sleep off a drunk in one of the lower rooms, jumped clear through the window under a well-defined impression that he "had 'em agin."

Conover, with his staff of expectant office-holders, occupied the balcony, and from that coign of vantage addressed the crowd. Just below was a group of his opponents, carpet-baggers, who interrupted the speeches with remarks facetious and otherwise, principally otherwise. While Conover was returning thanks for the honor conferred upon him, one of the crowd shouted to him with a stage whisper that he had been guilty of some dishonorable action. A huge fellow standing by, one of Conover's friends, and something of a desperado, turned on them with "That's a —— lie, and I can whip the ——— who dares repeat it." It was not repeated, for he was known to be a man of his word, and a very unpleasant man to argue with physically.

After the speeches came the wine, and every room that had a basket of champagne in it had its quota of thirsty men. There was no standing upon ceremony; it was each one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The negroes were so intoxicated that they made no pretence of using a corkscrew, but would take up a bottle of champagne, break the neck with a stick of light wood, and guzzle down the contents without removing the bottle from their lips. Others, with an eye to the next morning's headache, would fill a bottle from the basket and hide it under the porch. The hotel was full of politicians, black and white, yellow, ring-tailed, and spotted, all enjoying for the time a perfect social equality. The respectable portion of the hotel guests kept to their rooms, the ladies especially not venturing out, but I guess there was not much sleep utilized that night, as a perfect hell of noise and confusion reigned. Songs were howled by lungs sodden with liquor, oaths and curses swelled the air, there was a constant rush of feet and a babel of tongues, and it was not until the jocund day came tripping over the hills that the moon and the revellers retired together, the latter in one body to place where they were like scenes. The proprietor was so rejoiced that he got remarkably full himself, and, going out to the sidewalk, was hailed by a festive agent of the Post Office Department, also half seas over, with, "I say, ole feller, if you can't hold yer own thiel liquor down, you ought to retire from the saloon."

Conover's phalanx in the Senatorial fight, the guard that stood by him unswervingly from day to day, was mainly negroes, and, of course, had to be nursed very tenderly. For that purpose he got a room near the Capitol over a cigar store, controlled by himself for the time being, including a large stock of liquors. That room every night for two weeks preceding the election presented a combination of pictures right worthy a place in history. It was a room containing two beds, a bureau, a lounge, a table, and a pile of firewood. On the table were a bucket of water, a demijohn of whiskey, and some glasses; in an open grate a light wood fire was kept burning at night, the air being chilly to the average African hide. Here the negro members of the Legislature and their friends gathered at night, the white members only appearing with the rarity of an oyster in a bowl of church-festival soup. The negroes lounged on the bed, drank the whiskey, smoked the cigars, spit all over the floor, and the next day voted for Conover. At night it was hardly possible to see across the room for the tobacco smoke. The smell would make a buzzard hold his nose. Sometimes there would be a banjo and a dance, but generally the conversation was entirely political, punctuated with copious drinks of whiskey. The guests seemed striving to drink up all the liquor in the town, and get it out of the way. When Conover was not present I had the pleasure of doing the honors. Here contracts were made, plans laid, and all the secret work of the canvass performed. There was one "cracker" adherent who was so surprised and gratified at the unexpected quantity of liquor at his disposal that he used a rather odd method of getting his share of it. He would get pretty well loaded by rapid drinking, and when he found he was full from keel to deck, he would go into the alley at the rear of the building and put his fingers down his throat. This incomparable statesman gave him the opportunity of getting drunk three or four times a day without compromising his natural dignity.

After the election the carpet bag Ring made a desperate attempt to prove that some of the members of the Legislature had sold their votes to Conover for a pecuniary consideration. It was a most preposterous idea—the idea that they could prove it, I mean—but they went to work, appointed a committee, and summoned witnesses. The originator of the charge was a fugleman of one of the other aspirants, and had made numerous assertions that he failed to substantiate when he came to the witness stand. Another one of the accusers was a negro savage who had been using another man's money to try and elect himself, and failing in that, had got most absurdly drunk for the first time in his life and correspondingly vague and vituperative. The two principal accusers were afterward persistent applicants for Federal appointments, which may account for some of the milk in the cocoanut. The charges all fell to the ground, however, and Conover received the certificate of election. Then began his trouble. All who had voted for him wanted office, most of them had been promised it, and they dogged him until he left the State. A large portion of them preceded him to Washington. One anxious patriot chased him clear to the depot with a wheelbarrow load of petitions for some petty United States office.

HAMILTON JAY.

ALMOST OUT OF THE WORLD.

The Simple Little Community on Lonesome Isle au Haut on the Maine Coast.

Away off the coast of Maine, outside the cordon of rocky isles that stretch like a protecting chain between the Atlantic and Penobscot Bay, exposed to the ceaseless beat of the waves and to the fury of every storm, is the oddest, lonesomest, and most primitive spot on the American coast, the Isle au Haut. This name was given to it by one of the early French voyagers, who thought Lofty Island or Isle of Weight a most appropriate appellation for the sea-girt rock, whose perpendicular sides rise immediately from the water, with scarcely a break in their monotony for a bit of beach. The island proper, with eight or ten smaller companions, now composes a town, having been set off from Deer Isle in 1874. All the islands together have an area of 3,000 acres, and about 200 people live on them. They all live by the sea, directly or indirectly, and their life is but a dull existence. Anthony Merchant first settled in one of the group, which now bears his name, in 1772, and since then the hamlet of fishers has been peopled by two and threes, painfully slowly. There is no Post Office, no church, no lawyer, and no doctor. If anybody is sick, or wants any red tape, or an expected letter, he must take a sailboat and go to Deer Island or to Rockland, the journey being nearly always rough and often impossible.

On the summit of the cliffs is a great level plot, half sheep pasture and half blueberry bog, and there is grown the best mutton and wool in Maine, and there, too, is the blueberry pickers' paradise, whole schooner loads of people often going in summer from the main land to gather the berries. There was an attempt made years ago by a Georgia syndicate to make Isle au Haut a great summer resort, and he put all his own money and that of some other persons into the scheme. A splendid pavilion for concerts and dancing was built, and roads along the cliffs constructed at great expense. Then, just as the plans were ready for a great hotel, the bubble of the syndicate's association collapsed, and with it the whole scheme. That was years ago, before the expressive term "crank" was on the boards. The natives used the roads for sheep paths, and dried nets on the hard-pine floor of the pavilion.

The fishers are as simple as the old Arcadians, of whom it is written: "Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows." Not many of them have ever seen the mainland, and scarcely any of them know what a city is like. Only a month ago the first horse ever landed on the island was brought there, and a good half of the simple folk gazed then for the first time upon a member of the equine species. No steamer ever lands there, and in all probability the only glimpses of good-sized steam craft the islanders ever get is when, on clear days, they see through a glass passing vessels of the International and Boston and Bangor lines.

EVEN THE BULL FROG LAUGHED.

An Adventure Anglers had While Dreaming of Venison Steaks.

MILFORD, June 20.—Porter's Pond is fifteen miles from any place, down in the lower part of this county. It is full of fish, and at this time of the year deer come down from the hills at night and feed along its cool margin, among the lily pads. There is a backwoods tavern there. A few scattered hoop pole cutters and bark peelers live in the woods. It is a favorite place for camping parties. Little Bushkill Creek lies off to the east of Porter's Pond. People go there to fish for trout. A party of noted anglers from Milford was camped over there two or three days this week. It broke up and came home Wednesday. There were three in the party, the County Clerk, the ex-District Attorney, and the ex-District Attorney's Wicked Partner. The County Clerk is an old-time angler. He abhors new-fangled tackle, and draws his horse-hair line through the water with a chestnut pole he cut in the woods fifty-eight years ago. The ex-District Attorney is an enthusiastic angler, and selects his tackle in a spirit of consideration for the convenience of his friends that is touching. When he goes to one friend and asks for his five-pound fish basket, and the friend hasn't any but a fifteen-pound one, the ex-District Attorney will smother his disappointment and buckle on the fifteen-pounder with thanks and a smile. If another friend's nickel-plated split bamboo fly rod is away from home, and a third friend intends to use his brass-mounted ash rod that day, the ex-District Attorney will beam with sweet satisfaction and contentment as he accepts a fourth friend's pole that shuts up like a walking stick. If the Crisaman House has loaned its No. 12 rubber boots to one of its boarders, the ex-District Attorney will take a pair of Uncle Ira's moccasins, and won't hear any apologies.

A pint bottle of rhubarb completes the ex-District Attorney's equipment. He always starts away on a fishing trip firm in the belief that his creel is too small, that the provisions will give out, and that some one has forgotten the bait. The ex-District Attorney's Wicked Partner is a convert to the Ridgway theory of scientific exactness in angling. This theory is that all anglers should use a float, and that the best float is an ordinary common cork, but that experiment has proved that the cork which fits a one-gallon demijohn nicely is the most perfectly balanced float, or, in the words of its discoverer, the "most scientifically exact." Hence it is necessary for fishermen who desire the best results from this theory to take with them at least one gallon demijohn in which to fit their corks, so that they may secure the nicest degree of scientific exactness. The discoverer of this theory is Judge Ridgway of Lackawaxen, and strangers in Pike county who may have been unable to understand why one-gallon demijohns seemed to be a most important item in the outfit of fishing parties, may now know that it is because of the general acceptance in this county of the theory of scientific exactness in floats. Cautious anglers provide themselves with more than one demijohn frequently, as they are liable to breakage, and a more heart-broken and forlorn object than a scientific angler on a Pike county trout stream with his float gauge broken it would be impossible to imagine.

At sunset on Tuesday the three Milford fishermen sat at the door of their tent. A broken float gauge lay off to one side, and one that wasn't broken stood near. A lot of corks which probably had been tested and were not up to the standard of scientific exactness were scattered about. The ex-District Attorney, who had gone on the stream in the morning with a fifteen-pound basket strapped to him, but had taken one of the team's feed bags along, too, for fear the basket would be too small, and who had just come home with five fish that wouldn't have strained the scales beyond three-quarters of a pound, was insisting that his Wicked Partner—who had caught twenty-seven and had been back three hours—didn't know the first principles of trout fishing. The County Clerk had filled a twelve-pound basket plumb full, but he seemed uneasy, and finally, looking cautiously around, he said, in a whisper:

"Boys, there's a deer hanging around the pond! It's a big buck. More than likely we could find him to-night feeding among the lily pads. There's plenty of pine knots around here, and there's two guns in the tent. I know there was two boat'ls on this pond. There's three of us, two for the guns and one for the boat. Now, if it wasn't against the law we'd have some nice fat venison for breakfast.

"We might go over to the pond and spear some eels," suggested the ex-District Attorney's Wicked Partner.

"That's so," said the County Clerk. "We'll do it," and he went to gathering pine knots without delay. At dusk the three fishermen started for the pond with a bundle of pine knots and two guns loaded with buckshot to spear eels. It was dark when they reached the pond. They found the boat. The County Clerk and the ex-District Attorney manned the guns. The Wicked Partner took the paddle. The pine torch was lighted and fixed in the prow. The boat crawled away across the pond. A loon, a basso-profundo frog, and a hoot owl made music here and there. It was dark and hot. The stars shone brightly in the water.

"We'll take the saddles home and have a quiet little lay out at Frank's," whispered the Ex-District Attorney.

"I've been promising a friend of mine in New York some summer venison for ten years, and now I'll send him some," whispered back the County Clerk.

The sweat rolled off the Wicked Partner's face. The pine torch threw a lurid glare out on the water for thirty feet. The boat was nearing the further shore, where the lily pads were thick.

"Go slow, now," whispered the County Clerk to the Wicked Partner. "When I see the buck's eyes shine along the shore I'll tell you," he whispered to the ex-District Attorney, "and when I give the word we'll both fire."

The loon screached, the frog croaked, and the owl hooted louder than ever. Suddenly the County Clerk said: "S-s-s-h! There he is! Steady!" Just beyond the boundary of the torch's glare two bright round spots gleamed in the darkness.

"That's his eyes!" whispered the County Clerk. "Ready! Fire!"

Both guns went off at once. The hills hurled their echoes back from every side of the pond. A heavy splash in the water among the lily pads told the eel spearers that their shots had gone where they had been sent. There was an oppressive silence among the three sportsmen as they paddled back toward camp. They hadn't their venison with them. There seemed to be a weird gleefulness in the blood-curdling salute the loon gave them on their return voyage. The frog croaked as if he was choking with merriment. There was an actual strain of hilarity running through the hoot owl's inspiriting song. When they reached the shore the ex-District Attorney said to the County Clerk, solemnly:

"Who's do you s'pose it was?"

And the County Clerk replied, "Don't know. The woods is no place to pasture 'em, anyhow!"

The next morning the pleasure-surfeited anglers broke camp, and started for home. All day Wednesday a disconsolate-looking bark peeler was roaming about the woods and clearings, apparently anxiously in search of something he had lost. Yesterday he posted a paper up in the barroom at Porter's Pond. On it was the following:

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN—A bay mule, lame in one hind leg. Return to undersigned, who will pay charges.

LOOKING UP A SUN KINK.

Rash Guessing by New Yorkers About an Odd Term in Canadian Railroading.

It was reported the other day that a train on a Canadian railroad had been derailed by a "sun kink in the track." A SUN reporter undertook to discover the exact definition of a sun kink. Several railroad officers and manufacturers of rails were visited without discovering anybody who had ever heard of a sun kink. Men with an experience of twenty or thirty years in the business had never heard of the term. One old railroader said: "I thought I had heard about all the technical terms in railroading, but I learned something new the other day. I was on a train with some English railroad men when suddenly the train stopped. One of the Englishmen went out to learn the cause. On his return he said, 'Oh, it's nothing but an Ot oh.' I had never heard of an Ot oh, and it took me some time to discover that what he referred to was a sun kink. Well, sir, no lawyer, and no doctor. If anybody is sick, or wants any red tape, or an expected letter, he must take a sailboat and go to Deer Island or to Rockland, the journey being nearly always rough and often impossible.

On the summit of the cliffs is a great level plot, half sheep pasture and half blueberry bog, and there is grown the best mutton and wool in Maine, and there, too, is the blueberry pickers' paradise, whole schooner loads of people often going in summer from the main land to gather the berries. There was an attempt made years ago by a Georgia syndicate to make Isle au Haut a great summer resort, and he put all his own money and that of some other persons into the scheme. A splendid pavilion for concerts and dancing was built, and roads along the cliffs constructed at great expense. Then, just as the plans were ready for a great hotel, the bubble of the association's association collapsed, and with it the whole scheme. That was years ago, before the expressive term "crank" was on the boards. The natives used the roads for sheep paths, and dried nets on the hard-pine floor of the pavilion.

The fishers are as simple as the old Arcadians, of whom it is written: "Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows." Not many of them have ever seen the mainland, and scarcely any of them know what a city is like. Only a month ago the first horse ever landed on the island was brought there, and a good half of the simple folk gazed then for the first time upon a member of the equine species. No steamer ever lands there, and in all probability the only glimpses of good-sized steam craft the islanders ever get is when, on clear days, they see through a glass passing vessels of the International and Boston and Bangor lines.

In No Haste to Move.

Deacon S. had just completed his new house and was discussing with his wife the advisability of moving into it at once.

"I am a little afraid," she said, "that the walls and ceilings are too damp for occupancy. It would be very important to wait awhile longer, I think."

"Yes," replied the Deacon, "I quite agree with you, the house is altogether too damp. I guess we had better rent it for six months."

REPORTED TO FLY.

Prof. Ritchel's Experimental Machines that Are to be Paid For in Advance.

BRIDGEPORT, June 26.—The $100,000 left by Mr. William Maxwell of Wisconsin, to be used by Prof. C. F. Ritchel of Bridgeport to perfect his system of aerial navigation, will not reach Prof. Ritchel for eight or nine months. As soon as it is received some extremely interesting experiments are to be made. Prof. Ritchel proposes to construct a flying machine to be raised in the air and moved by revolving of fans. There is no balloon attachment.

"Flying machine men insist," Prof. Ritchel said yesterday, "that, if they only had power enough, they could make a balloon go anywhere. Now, I think that the only way to propel a balloon would be to attach it to a good locomotive on a good track. In this instance, owing to the pressure of the air, the balloon would be turned inside out and flapped to pieces. Some French inventors claim that when they get a powerful enough electric engine in a balloon they can travel anywhere they like, even against the wind. Now I will show you the fallacy of their position. I will show you that if you had a 1,000-horse-power engine no larger than your hat, and as light, in order to lift you and the machine the balloon would have so much surface to present to the wind that you would be dashed here and there and collapsed. There must be an equilibrium between the gas in the balloon to lift the machine and the man. You never saw a balloon with less than 12,000 feet of gas in it, but I will say 4,000. Hydrogen gas, being the most compressible body known, would be compressed, and by less displacement of the air allow the balloon to drop or be flattened and flapped to pieces. This also applies to the cigar-shaped balloon. There is a table which shows the air pressure against birds flying at a certain speed. It shows the difference of pressure against a pigeon, a hawk, and the larger birds. It also demonstrates that the pressure against an ordinarily large balloon would be a ton."

To show the principles on which he based his claim for a flying machine, Prof. Ritchel originally used a gas cylinder. Suspended from it was his flying machine, with the place for the operator. The gas cylinder reduced the weight of the machine and operator to one pound or less, but never quite enough to raise them from the ground. By turning a crank connected with geared wheels a fan, or propeller wheel, at the bottom of the machine revolved very rapidly, and the apparatus arose. By means of other propellers, or fans, the apparatus moved backward and forward. The machine lifted fourteen pounds of shot, placed alongside of the operator.

"There is no limit," Prof. Ritchel said, "to the lifting power in the air, by means of a fan, shaped like a screw propeller. The faster you go, the greater is the lifting power. The lifting power is gauged by the speed, which in turn is gauged by the power behind it. In the air there is no limit to the supply at the back of the wheel. In the water there is a limit, for if a propeller wheel is run too rapidly in the water, air space is formed and power is lost. The stumbling block has been that the air propeller has been compared with the water propeller.

"Now, the strength of a man is about one-eighth of a horse power. In the apparatus mentioned, one man weighing 96 pounds lifted 14 pounds in the air. Now, a two-horse-power engine would do as much as sixteen men, and would furnish power enough to raise 224 pounds. It is within the possibilities to lift this 96-pound man up if I can introduce the power. In the old machine my largest fan was 16 inches in diameter, and made 2,200 revolutions a minute. The great thing is a small fan and immense speed. Napoleon III. once furnished an inventor with a vast amount of money to construct a flying machine with a fan, operator inside. The one with fans 12 feet in diameter, to be rotated at a speed as rapid as the frame work would stand. It had to be very large and strong to stand the rack of the revolutions of such big fans. The Emperor and his friends gathered around to see it fly. The machinery was set in motion, and the fans rotated at a great speed. There was a great cloud of dust raised, but the machine would not fly. It showed plainly that big wheels were not the thing.

"I claim that it is a mistake to look to nature for models. There is no model in nature equal to the rotary motion. A bird's wings work very clumsily. A bird cannot fly except in a wavelike line, no matter how straight we think it flies. The recovery motion of a bird is a retarding motion. It is not near as perfect as the rotary motion. With the rotary motion of the fan we have the continuous lifting motion of the wing and no retarding motion whatever."

The experimental flying machine which Prof. Ritchel intends to construct is like this:

It is to have two lifting fans working on parallel planes and on the same shaft, one of the wheels revolving from right to left, and the other from left to right. The wheels are to be worked by independent gearings, but from the same centre. If both fans are revolved in the same direction the effect is to turn the machine in the air, its natural tendency being of rotate in the direction in which the fans move. That would be decidedly disastrous, and to prevent it the fans are to revolve in different directions. This machine is intended to simply demonstrate that a man can be lifted free of the earth by mechanical force, and in it there is to be simply the machinery necessary to raise. It consists of an engine (at E in diagram) operated by compressed air for moving the two fans. It is to be under the control of a man in the bottom of machine (at M in diagram). The machine is to be skeleton, and of light breakage.

The engine is to be operated by compressed air passed up from the ground by a rubber hose, in the way that compressed air is transmitted to rock drills in mines from compressors. For the trial experiment the hose pipe is to be long enough to allow the machine to rise 200 feet.

The second experiment is to be with a machine having propelling fans in addition to the lifting fans, and it will describe a gigantic circle in the air. The next machine is to be more elaborate, with all the improvements added that experience suggests. In that the air compressors are to be carried. The fans are to have four blades of steel, each about 20 inches long, from a metal hub with shafts of stub steel 3-16 of an inch in diameter. The blades are to be of white holly with the grain crossed.

"Of course, it is visionary to expect to make a perfect air navigator at the first attempt," Prof. Ritchel said. "and I propose to creep before I walk. The science of mechanics, unlike the science of theology, is a positive science, and every fraction of material entering into the construction of the apparatus may be so tested that all accidents caused by imperfections of material may be avoided. A simple engine of two-horse power will be necessary for this experiment."

IT LOOKED LIKE A RIOT.

Ludlow Street's Tremendous Excitement Over a Very Commonplace Incident.

Ludlow street was tranquil, sultry, and hazy yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock. A few listless and solemn children sat in shady doorways and stared idly at the sunny street, breezy-looking Polish women leaned from the windows, and long-bearded, black-haired men sat in the doors of their little shops and fastened hungry eyes on passers by. Just beside the steps leading to a cellar were several coops of chickens. On the one nearest the curb the slats were so loosely nailed that a tired and morose-looking chicken that had been leaning against the slats and staring listlessly at a bit of orange