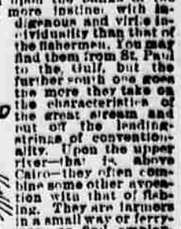
LIFE IN THE JOHNNY BOATS.

A QUEER CLASS OF FISHERMEN ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

A Community that Extends Over a Thousand Miles of the Father of Waters—Jugging and Blocking—Craft that Go on a Fishing Excursion Down the Mighty River, but Never Come Up.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Of those curiously aboriginal types of character which flourish upon the banks of the Mississippi none is more instinct with indigenous and virile individuality than that of the fisherman. You may find them from St. Paul to the Gulf, but the further south one goes the more they take on the characteristics of the great stream and cut off the leading strings of conventionality. Upon the upper river—that is, above Cairo—they often combine some other avocation with that of fishing. They are farmers in a small way or ferrymen, or find employment more or less precarious and of doubtful permanency in the towns. But even on the upper river they assert themselves. They will not wholly take on the ways of the land. They scorn to live in a frame house. They will have



A RIVER CHARACTER.

A TOWNFUL BOATMAN.

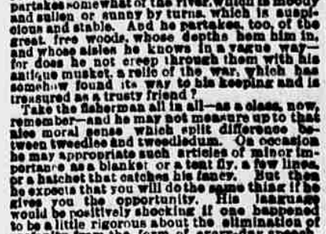
A FISHERMAN'S HOUSE.

a Johnny boat, though they have been known to compromise on a "shack" in the woods or a cabin on an island.

But one must get below St. Louis at least to find the genuine "old salt." He is as different as is the Chesapeake oysterman different from the New Bedford whaler or the man-o'-war's man. The lower river fisherman is just himself. There is no other criterion by which he may be measured. He submits himself to no rule by which we fix the stature of others. He partakes somewhat of the river, which is moody and sullen or sunny by turns, which is suspicious and stable. And he partakes, too, of the great free woods, whose depths hem him in, and whose aisles he knows. He is a man wayward and free as the river. He creeps through them with his antique musket, a relic of the war, which has somehow found its way to his keeping and is treasured as a trusty friend?

Take the fisherman all in all—as a class, now, remember—and he may not measure up to that nice moral standard which split difference between tweedles and tweedledum. On occasion he may appropriate such articles of minor importance as a blanket or a coat fly, a few lines, or a hatchet that catches his fancy. But then he expects that you will do the same thing if he serves you the opportunity. His language would be positively shocking if one happened to be a little rigorous about the elimination of profanity from the form of every-day speech. He is unkempt to a degree which would place him in the category of the most absorbed tramp. But, on the other hand, he will divide his last pound of corn meal or give you his buffalo fish or catfish if you happen to be hungry. He may guard with grave jealousy the secrets of what bait, he uses and where he sets his lines, but he has no other secrets. He is willing to share all his confidences, and he does it with that captivating innocence which is found only in childhood or those who live close to nature.

The lower river fisherman adapts his life to the necessities of his calling. Perhaps he lives in a cabin in some



THE MISTRESS OF A JOHNNY BOAT.

secluded spot, hidden in the woods close to the river, and a few miles from the town which furnishes a market for the fish he catches. Maybe there is no town within twenty-five miles of him. You find his Johnny boat tied demurely to under some protecting point on a lonely stretch of river, and wonder how he lives here. Well, he is fishing for some plantation back over the bluffs, which may be two or three miles away through the woods and cane. On the great, bare sand bars you often find his cabin boat beached high and dry, or see the weatherbeaten sides of his little boat that gives him shelter. During the day you will not often find him anywhere about. He is "running his lines" or with a "raft" of fish in tow is off for the distant market. At night, too, the spark of red fire glowing in the distance as you look off over the river from camp tells you that this dweller in the solitudes is at home. And while you sleep rolled up in your blankets, the fisherman is out in the night, leaning over the edge of his boat as he draws himself along his anchored line, examining each one of the three or four hundred hooks, taking off the fish he may have made captive and fastening or replacing missing bait. The swift currents, the floating drift, the treacherous eddies have no terror for him. It is simply a part of his work, and as such he goes about it methodically, not taking sentiment with duty.

among the cypress knees, leaving a very lively wake and has an exhilaration only comparable to the whitewater of a fresh flood stream.

But while blocking is the readiness largely of the peripatetic fisherman, it is also often resorted to by those who have a fixed place of residence. Thus a fisherman who has set lines out will frequently make it a habit to block over a certain stretch of river several times a day. But because he can only float his blocks with the current this has the serious objection of necessitating a long pull up against the stream down. Very often a fisherman at Vicksburgh or Natchez will have himself and outfit taken to Memphis or Cairo by steamer and then "block the river" all the way down, spending a month in the little outfing, and because most of them have been over the river a number of times they know it intimately. They know, too, their professional fellows. It is no uncommon thing to find one who has acquaintances scattered over a thousand miles of river. Who can tell the owners of the fish docks at all the river towns, knows the value of each crossing and bend, and has a phenomenal memory for the fish, he has caught at certain points. This acquaintance comes from the roving spirit which all have.

The river imbues those who live near or upon it with the desire to "move on." It is so easy to move, and there is such seduction in the morning when requires no effort, that it is not astonishing that men are loath to be still. The owner of a home on land, however humble, is debarred from the temptation of seeking a new field for his activity when the mood seizes him. But the man who has merely to untie a rope or pull up a stake and at once move house and all is not to be considered as anchored to any locality. His means of transportation are always at hand, and he has a pass which entitles him to travel when he will. It is, too, a pass with stop-over privileges, and it never expires, nor does it have to be paid for, even in advertising.

But of course there is an part to all things, even for the Mississippi, and a Johnny boat cannot float on forever. It dare not go below New Orleans. It does not, in the case of the fisherman, often venture below Bayou Sara, for the river becomes too deep for his tackle and the fishing is not to be relied upon. However, the Johnny boat or the skiff is a legal tender on the river, can always be sold, and so when its owner reaches the end of his journey he disposes of it, adds the result to the savings which he has accumulated, pays his deck passage back on some steamer to St. Louis, Cairo or Memphis, buys or builds another Johnny boat, and is soon afloat again.

ENGLISH WIVES MUST OBEY.

Jackson Not the Only Man who Has Enforced Obedience Under the Old Law.

From the Chicago Herald.

E. H. Jackson, whose exploit at Clitheroe has aroused such a sensation in England, is not the first Englishman, even in modern times, to take advantage of the peculiar English law relating to conjugal rights. Substantially that law permits a husband to compel a wife to live with him. That is, she is denied the right of choice. She must have something besides her preference to sustain a claim for legal interference in her behalf. Of course nowadays the tendency of courts is toward the largest individual liberty compatible with law, and a very slight cause or pretext might be accepted as justifying a wife's release from compulsory association with her husband. On this tendency the court acted in Mrs. Jackson's case, deciding that she should have the right to choose her own residence.

Mrs. Jackson has had a different experience from Mrs. Emily, wife of Sir Hercules Robert Packenham and daughter of the old English family of Le Despencer. This lady, shortly after marriage, concluded to leave her husband. She had no known ground of complaint, and it is surmised that she did not like Irish surroundings and became homesick for England. Sir Hercules belonged to an Anglo-Irish family more noted for courage than prudence, as instanced in the case of his famous brother, Sir Edward, who fell in the battle of New Orleans. When he came home one day he found that Lady Packenham, to whom he had been married about two months, was missing. He did not sit down quietly, but made up his mind to get her back. Mereworth Castle, Kent, was then, as now, no contemptible place of refuge, and everybody in the neighborhood was almost a feudal vassal of the Despencers.

Emily had every reason to consider herself safe in her ancestral halls, and indeed nobody could have dreamed that she was in any danger of abduction. Sir Hercules laid his plans well, however, and had engaged two sturdy ruffians who had followed him in the Peninsular war. He brought a carriage comfortably furnished and a pair of swift horses when he drove up to Mereworth Castle one pleasant day in 1817.

Sir Hercules did not condescend to lie in wait. He called at the castle, asked for his wife, and was ushered into her presence. She told him she would not return to live with him. Sir Hercules, who well deserved his name, picked her up gently and firmly and carried her, too deaf to all summons but one, to his carriage. The footmen who saw the deed did not grant interferes, but hastened to tell Lord Le Despencer. It took that gentleman some time to organize a pursuit, and meanwhile Sir Hercules and his captive were speeding swiftly toward Sandgate. There a vessel awaited Sir Hercules, and prepared to convey him to Ireland. He was overtaken during the delay attendant upon embarkation, but he promptly threatened to kill any one interfering with him.

Lord Le Despencer concluded, after a parley, not to attempt a rescue. Sir Hercules promised that if Emily would remain with him four months longer she would then be at liberty to make her own choice as to the future, and on this basis a truce was arranged. At the end of the four months Lady Packenham was willing to remain with her husband, and they lived together happily for thirty-two years, when he died, she surviving him as a widow for a quarter of a century longer.

At Highworth, in Wiltshire, as late as 1835, the house of a farmer named Samuel Angell was besieged for a week by sympathizers with his wife, whom he had compelled to return to him. The woman deserted Angell while he was serving a short sentence for some petty offence, and on his return he carried her to the house from an adjoining farm, where she was making a living as a dairy maid. The rustics assembled in large numbers and surrounded the dwelling, which was protected, however, by the police. The farmer was literally starved into allowing his wife to go. No one would supply him with provisions for fear of popular indignation, and if what he had in the house could be counted in the course of a few days. He opened the door at last and told his wife to depart if she desired. She went and did not return.

The late Sir Arthur Jervoise had a most romantic experience with his wife, Georgiana, which resulted in a duel fought by them after a separation that had lasted over two years. In that instance Idsworth Park presented the appearance of an old-fashioned siege, the gentry of the neighborhood taking different sides in the affair and turning out with their tenants as retainers of the rival Sir Arthurs. However, there was no actual fighting, one side keeping an watch to help the lady if she should succeed in leaving the mansion, and the other to prevent her from being carried away. The picturesque costume of the sporting squires of the period added to the martial attire, added to the interest of the occasion, and scores of people went down from London to see the episode. The siege, if it may be called such, lasted altogether four days, at the end of which Lady Georgiana was locked in her apartments. At length Sir Arthur himself threw open the great doors and invited the besiegers to enter. Lady Georgiana was there and allowed her husband to state to her friends and dancing from the male line at intervals of as many feet. These net lines are anchored at the ends and run up and down the river or quarter across the current at a very moderate angle. A float at each end shows where the line is and enables the fisherman to draw it to the surface when he wants to "run it." Sometimes set nets are used at the ends of points, but the professional seldom depends upon them.

In traveling long distances "jugging" or "blocking" is a favorite pursuit. To block down the river five or six hundred miles is no uncommon thing for a fisherman. The blocks, if made of wood, are carefully cut from well-seasoned pine. They look like the frame which boys use in pursuing the agile sunfish to his lair, except that they are as large as a silk hat and taper down almost to a point at one end. Into this small extremity a staple is driven, and attached to this is a line, the length of which is regulated by the depth of water in the river, the object being to keep the hook about a foot off the bottom. Armed with a number of these—and it must always be an odd number, for the superstitious fisherman would never go out with an even number—the hardy oarsman pulls out in the stream, and, when he sets his canoe into the current, drops his blocks in a line across the river. Then he floats along behind in his skiff.

When a channel cat catches sight of the tempting morsel drifting by he darts at it, strikes at it viciously as a salmon, and plunges violently off with the hook fast in his mouth and the big block trailing out behind and exhausting his strength. If it is a six or eight pound cat the chances are he will bite more ferociously than a forty-pounder. The block goes under with a sudden plunge that throws the spray ten feet in the air and produces a concussion that can be heard a quarter of a mile on the water. It reappears in a moment a hundred feet from where it went down, and the coming up is as vigorous as its going down. As the fish were suddenly loosened the released block shoots clear of the water, and when it falls back lies yearning as idly as though the game were gone. If the first wild flight has not released him—that is, if the hook has a firm hold in the bones and muscles of the mouth, then the fish is only resting, and presently he starts off again, towing the big block around the river, and now and again carrying it under with a convulsive plunge. The fisherman follows at a respectable distance until he overtakes the block, and draw the now tired fish to the surface, and striking the gaff into him can travel for the suffering creature to the boat or to a line to be by waters into a captive in a Roman triumph. When there are half a dozen blocks down it goes on a crowding, and the whole fleet is going over

YALE'S FAMOUS COACH.

THE SUCCESS OF THE "DARK BLUES" AT THE OAR DUE TO CAPT. COOK.

For Nearly Eighteen Years He Has Been at the Head of Every Rowing Movement at the College—The Crew This Season.

There is not a more familiar name among collegians than that of Robert J. Cook, the famous coach of the Yale navy. As the month of June approches year after year his name begins to make its appearance. That is the month when the blue-tipped oars of Yale measure strokes with the crimson ones of Harvard on the Thames. The alumni speak of him there as Capt. Cook, and the undergraduates as Capt. "Bob." He has been the sixth oar in the eight-oared Yale crews for many years and it has been a good thing for Yale that he has. Without Bob Cook the dark blue of Yale would never have mocked the crimson of fair Harvard so often as it has. Yale's success at the oar has been due to him.

It was in 1873 that Bob Cook first became actively interested in rowing. He entered Yale's freshman class in '73, and was a candidate for a seat in the crew of '73. He was conspicuous for his conscientious work and strict training, such as was done at that time. In that year the contest was among six colleges and was held at Springfield. Yale was sanguine of success. She had a crew made up of royal good fellows who rowed fairly well, but thought that they rowed better than they really did. The result was that Yale brought up at the tail end of the procession.

CAPT. R. J. COOK.

That defeat was the seed from which the present system grew. The methods of choosing men for the crews were completely revolutionized. The men of money had to give way to the men of brawn. Bob Cook was one of the hardest workers, and he was elected Captain of the crew for the following year. While he was almost breaking his brain trying to think of a way to improve upon the American style of rowing he read "Tom Brown at Oxford," and that gave him the idea for which he had been boring so long. Yale should study the methods of Oxford and Cambridge.

"I suggested it to some of our leading college men," Cook said, "and they promptly arranged to despatch me on a mission of inquiry. There was no need of using the influential letters I took with me. I arrived in Cambridge one evening, and, in looking up the quarters of the captain of the crew, came to a house from which there issued a muffled sound of revelry, knocked, and was admitted to the free-and-easy companionship of the jolliest fellows in the world.

"I explained my mission, and the next morning they had an English thoroughbred ready for me to ride along the bank of their little river, and watch them as they rowed. The result was, in a word, my opportunity of learning what I had come to seek. At Oxford, later on, I was accorded the same privileges. But, besides, I practised hard at the oars, rowing on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake, accompanied by an ex-circumsman of the London Rowing Club. And by this time I had discovered our mistake—the mistake of pulling with a fixed arm."

Capt. Cook returned from England in time to train a Yale crew for the Springfield regatta. His crew won the race. The two following years Yale rowed against Harvard at Saratoga, and Yale was defeated in both, through no fault of Bob Cook and his stroke, however.

In 1876 Yale and Harvard withdrew from the association and arrted a series of eight-oared four-mile races. The first one was rowed at Springfield, and resulted in a strong victory for Yale. She then sent a four-oared crew to the Centennial at Philadelphia to row against one from the London Rowing Club. Bob Cook was its stroke. It was beaten by a quarter of a second in one of the greatest races ever seen. The next year Yale sent a four-oared crew to Saratoga, and Yale was defeated in both, through no fault of Bob Cook and his stroke, however.

Since then he has been Yale's coach. From the beginning he was subjected to severe criticism at the hands of professional oarsmen. He did not pay the slightest attention to them, but kept right on in his own way, developing men and a style of which he got abroad. They scoffed at the idea that a slow, sweeping stroke could compete with a quick, short one, and were not convinced when Cook demonstrated it in a practical way by beating Harvard. Even now, after Yale has defeated Harvard for the past three successive years at New London, opponents of the Bob Cook stroke can still be found. To those who have followed the races for the past six years, however, it can truthfully be said that the superiority of the stroke over all others has been strikingly demonstrated. There is always a surprise in store for any one who is not familiar with its merits, and who gauges the relative speed of either crew by the number of strokes it makes in a minute. While Harvard is pulling thirty-six strokes to see how the thing comes, Yale, with a stroke of thirty-two, and a creeping slowly but steadily ahead, is an inscrutable mystery to many. But that is only because they do not take into consideration the remarkable reach of Yale over Harvard.

The great secret of Bob Cook's success as a coach, besides the introduction of his great stroke, is his ability to select the best eight men available in the college, to seat them in the boat in such a way that every ounce of muscle will tell, and finally to keep them under the strictest of disciplines. There is one thing, more than another that will make him shudder, it is conceit in the men. He remembers vividly its effect on the ill-starred crew of '73, and he kills the first microbe that he sees. Capt. Cook's experience with last year's crew illustrates that point in his nature admirably. When Capt. Cook reached New London several weeks before the race he found the crew in critical shape. It was a miscellaneous crew earlier in the season. But the race with the Atalantas almost proved its ruin. In that race, it will be remembered, Capt. Phil Allen broke his oar and jumped overboard. The rest of the men kept right on rowing, and Yale beat the Atalantas by a comfortable margin. This was a distinguished crew, at once, and distinction infected conceit. The men thought that if they could defeat such a crack eight as the Atalantas were with only seven men in their boat, they could move easily walk eight away from any crew Harvard might send to the Thames without doing any more work. So they grew careless, and when Capt. Cook gazed at them for the first time after their arrival on the Thames they were rowing in anything but the finished form that had charged rivals in every boat race he saw them. That crew didn't pull a dozen strokes before he ordered them to stop, and told them briefly, in plain English, what had to be done. There was no alternative for them but to buckle right down and show if he was going to coach them. The result was that graduates in law, because he is a graduate himself, and because he helped to uphold the reputation of his college on the water. No professional coach could command the same amount of deference, for these reasons.

A great deal of talk has been indulged in, especially by rival oarsmen, about the strong language Capt. Cook uses in coaching his crews. There is no truth in it, however. Capt. Cook is a master of English, and can, when the occasion demands, dress a crew down in a way that no one can misunderstand his meaning. It is quite a trying matter sometimes to get eight youngsters to do exactly what you want them to without speaking sternly to them, and because Capt. Cook has been heard by rival coaches to criticise his men rather emphatically, although not profanely, harsh things have been said about him.

Capt. Cook differs from most coaches in one respect. He is never satisfied with the progress his crew is making. It does not make any difference how well they may be rowing, you will always catch him telling them that they cannot improve upon it. He goes on the principle that the men will not row so well when they know that their coach is satisfied as they would if they thought he was not. That's pretty good, boys, but you must do better," is one of his favorite expressions. Another familiar shout that emanates from him when he is coaching is, "Put some life in your work, there. I want to hear that water churn."

The Yale crew was in Philadelphia nearly three months. It was the first time that Yale has ever sent her oarsmen to the Keystone State to be coached. It has never been necessary before. Heretofore Capt. Cook has taken a run up to New Haven in the spring and seen the men for a week's training, and that has been considered sufficient. Ordinarily, little attention is paid to the stories which come from both Yale and Harvard about how poorly the crews are getting along. Yale is especially famous for bemoaning her fate. This year however, there is no doubt that the crew is not up to the standard. At least it was not before it went to Philadelphia. The mere fact that a seat in the boat was given to Hallenbeck is pretty good proof that it lacks good men. Last year they would not even take him as a substitute. But while the make-up of the crew may not be so good, it seems to be pretty sure that all the e is to it will have been developed by Capt. Cook before next June, and no matter how fine a crew Harvard may turn out the crimson will not run very far away from the blue. The fact that Capt. Cook had the Yale crew for three weeks drumming the Cook stroke into them, and that some outsiders who has rowed the Cook stroke will continue to drum it into them right along now, while Harvard hasn't taken to the training table yet, to say nothing about getting upon a stroke for this year, makes Yale's chances of victory far from being gloomy.

THE FUNERAL OF MINISTER SWIFT.

Imposing Ceremonies at the Obsequies of Our Japanese Minister.

From the Japan Gazette.

The funeral ceremonies of the United States Minister were performed both in Tokio and Yokohama in the manner advertised yesterday. The Tokio service was held at the American Episcopal Church, Tsukiji. The building is in every way suited to such an occasion, it seats somewhere about 500 people. It is a handsome structure, with an open roof, lined inside with skillfully carved and well polished wood. The stained glass windows, while preserved in a gloom, do not render the church gloomy. The acoustic properties of the building are excellent, which rendered some parts of to-day's service most enjoyable. The coffin was placed in front of the altar as usual and was covered with the American flag. The church was draped in black, with crosses made of Kashiwa leaves. Seats for 250 persons were reserved for the diplomatic corps and Japanese officials. The arrangements were perfect, Messrs. Gardiner, Knox, and Amerman quietly showing people to pews.

An hour before the ceremony, the church was half full, and when the service commenced there was hardly standing room to be found. Among those present were Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Norris and her husband, Mrs. Norris's two little girls, the whole of the Corps Diplomatique, most of the Japanese Ministers of State, the Vice-Ministers, heads of bureaus, Admiral Belknap, Capt. Taylor, the officers of the United States ships in harbor, Mr. Seidmore, the whole of the foreign community, and a number of Japanese students and others.

Punctually at 10 the clergy, in procession, entered the church. They were about twelve in number, and were led by the American and English Bishops, Bishop Williams and Bishop Bickersteth. The service was commenced by the Rev. J. T. Cole, who also read the lesson. The chanting of the psalms was done by the Rev. J. T. Francis and the choir, the verses being taken up alternately. Mr. Francis has a beautiful tenor voice such as is rarely heard in these parts. The only variation from the usual funeral service was the singing of two hymns, viz., No. 406 of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and a hymn beginning "O Paradise, O Paradise," and the repetition of the Apostles' creed. The prayers were read by Bishop Williams. Miss Thomas played the organ. The singing was unusually good. The whole service occupied about half an hour, after which the coffin was borne by eight American sailors to the hearse, which was waiting at the door of the church, and the attendants at the ceremony entered their vehicles or walked slowly to Shimbashi. The procession to the station was led by a detachment of Japanese troops and a band, the clergy walking in their robes in front of the hearse. A special train, which left Shimbashi at 11:50, conveyed the remains and the funeral party, consisting of about fifty people, to Yokohama. The hearse and the horses came down in the train, the latter being transferred from the carriage into the hearse, which was immediately drawn outside the station, where two extra horses were attached to the vehicle.

The train reached Yokohama some twenty minutes later than was expected. Awaiting its arrival were present from the United States steamer Alliance, Italian corvette Volturno, Japanese corvette Takubu-kan, and her Majesty's steamer Hyacinth, drawn up in line in front of the railway station; the Consular bodies, naval officers, and a large number of other gentlemen. The police kept strict order, and when the train arrived, a little before 1 o'clock, the procession at once commenced to form. The clergy and choristers, who had accompanied the remains from Tokio, led the way to the open space in front of the station, the hearse followed, with the friends who had come from Tokio behind, in funeral coaches. The numerous wreaths, with the exception of a very large and beautiful one contained in a box, presented by his Majesty the Emperor, were placed in an open carriage. The order in which the funeral was formed was as follows:

First came the band, then four marines from the Alliance, with guidons, and another bearing the American flag draped with black, then a detachment of marines from the Alliance, Bearers of the pall were Ministers, followed by the Right Rev. Bishop Williams, with his chaplain, the Rev. J. T. Cole; the Right Rev. Bishop Bickersteth, with his chaplain, the Rev. F. E. Freese; the Venerable Archdeacon Shaw, M. A., the Rev. R. R. Woodman, the Rev. J. Williams, the Mr. Jackson, the Rev. H. H. Morris, the Rev. A. S. Gardner, and the Rev. J. M. Francis. Then came the hearse, drawn by four horses, two of them with black plumes tipped with white. The pall bearers—Messrs. J. E. McGrath, A. O. Gay, L. Center, J. Lindsley, E. R. Spencer, and H. Stout—represented the American community, and Dr. G. D. Gravatt and Capt. Taylor, nominated by Admiral Belknap, followed. After these came the mourners' carriages. In the first were Admiral Belknap, Mr. D. Jun (Secretary United States Legation), Mr. W. R. Gardiner (Second Secretary United States Legation), and Lieut. L. L. Beamer (Flag Secretary); in the second were Mr. G. H. Seidmore (United States Vice-Consul-General), Mr. J. McLean (Deputy Vice-Consul-General), Dr. W. E. Massey (Interpreter to the United States Legation), and Mr. Bunsto-ter; the third contained the wreaths. Following these were two detachments from the Alliance and detachments from the Volturno, Tsukubu-kan, and Hyacinth in the order named. After these came the naval officers from the gunboats in the harbor and the mourners, the Japanese officials and Consular corps coming last, in accordance with the custom in naval funerals, by which the order of importance is reversed. The Rev. Dr. Hepburn and N. F. Smith followed in an open vehicle. Five empty carriages brought up the rear, those of the Governor and the Chinese Consul being among the number.

The cortège proceeded over Benten-bashi, along Honcho-dori and past the Custom House to the Bund—where the funeral was the signal for the firing of minute guns from the Alliance, Volturno and Tsukubu-kan—over Yatobashi and up Camp Hill to the cemetery, funeral music being discoursed by the band all along the route. On arrival at the cemetery the coffin was borne to the grave by eight petty officers of the Alliance. A small detachment of marines formed in line, the clergy and choristers standing by the grave, with the mourners in a group behind, while crowds availed themselves of the points of vantage near at hand to witness the ceremony. The service was conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Williams and his chaplain. The hymn "Rock of Ages" was sung, and about 2:15 the marines re-formed and the mourners dispersed.

TWO GIRLS' REMARKABLE JOURNEY.

From Texas to the City of Mexico by Wagon, Tenting at Night.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

There are two young ladies spending a few weeks in this city who have recently made a remarkable journey. They are Miss Mary Jacquet of Jaco Lodge, Hampshire, England, and Miss Emma Hartley of Junction City, Tex.

The town of Junction City is nearly 200 miles from the Mexican border, the entire distance to the city of Mexico from that place being about 1,600 miles. A light wagon and a team of Texas horses were purchased, and arrangements for the trip had been perfected early in last September. In the wagon were stored a complete camping outfit and a small amount of provisions, it being the intention of the ladies to procure the necessary supply of eatables from people along the line of their journey, the provisions taken along were only to be used in cases of necessity. The only firearms carried were a brace of pistols.

The country lying between Junction City and Piedras Negras, where they crossed the Rio Grande River into Mexico, is a dreary, desolate, mountainous region, the only inhabitants being ranchmen, the habitations being at intervals of from twenty-five to fifty miles. The journey to the Rio Grande River occupied four days. It was at the Mexican border that the girls met with their first obstacle. They found that the Mexican duties on their horses and wagons would cost them more than a new outfit. They conferred as to what would be the best thing for them to do under the circumstances, and finally they decided to dispatch their own team and wagon back to Junction City. This was done, and they crossed over the bridge to Piedras Negras on foot and purchased another outfit in that city, and again set out on their journey of 1,400 miles overland to the capital.

The journey to Monterey was made over mountainous trails, but they were beset with no severe difficulties. They were treated with universal courtesy and respect by the natives, and were given every assistance asked by those whom they met. They were prepared for danger and adventure, but in this their willingness to take the securities as genuine, even after the agent of these malefactors had been captured with them in his valise. But the conscientious toll which these men have applied to their profession has been sadly unprofitable of late. After a lifetime spent in emulating the best efforts of the Treasury Department in the engraving line, they were so cornered a while ago as to be obliged to court mercy by giving up the work of years in the shape of about a cart load of plates and dies. In this collection, subsequently destroyed, there were the materials for turning out at the expense only of printer's ink and labor, notes and certificates of every denomination, as well as coins of all sorts and of every metal. The wonderful bend plates have been reserved as curiosities, for exhibition to privileged visitors. One pair of plates Smith could not give up, because they had passed out of his possession. They were for a $1 United States note, which he on our act as to have been passed repeatedly at banks. Wherever they are, they are anxious lest they may be used again at any time. The secret service would give a good deal of real money to get hold of them.

The main object sought always by the secret service, where a counterfeiter is concerned, is to obtain possession of the plates or dies. So long as they are in existence, unsecured, they mean danger. Hence it is customary to extend the utmost leniency of the law to forgers who will give up the perilous property—light sentences sometimes, and even pardons. But it is a part of the business of the Government detectives to watch continually every counterfeiter who has been let out of prison, in order to see that he does not continue his criminal career. In most cases the freed criminal has a mastering inclination to return to his old industry, and the United States Treasury would be "in" a great many dollars if forgery was now, as formerly, a capital offence. Men who made an occupation of counterfeiting for a long lifetime were unknown in the old days. The difficulties which attend the catching of counterfeiters are much greater than might be surmised offhand. In the first place, the man who manufactures the money is not even known to those who circulate it, usually. He establishes confidential relations with a rural hotel keeper, for example. The latter is supplied with a stock of bogus bills or coin, which he keeps buried under ground. From the hotel keeper persons whom mine host has reason to trust buy the stuff at an average rate of 50 cents on the dollar. They pass it. If one of them is caught, he may peach on the hotel keeper; but his assertion will not furnish convicting evidence against the hotel keeper. The hotel keeper will deny the charge, and he must be acquitted unless the bogus money be found on his premises. It is not apt to be found, suppose, however, that it is discovered. In that case, it does not follow by any means that he will betray the forger, and, if the forger himself is captured, it still remains to learn the whereabouts of the dies or plates, which the counterfeiter will certainly not keep on his premises. Considering all these things, it is decidedly surprising that the efforts of the secret service are so successful as they are.

In the frames enclosing photographs of counterfeiters at the Treasury Department are a number of pictures of women counterfeiters. They are rather depraved-looking characters as a rule, and nature does not appear to have bestowed much decorative effort upon their physiognomies; but the law deals very mildly with them. Particularly when they are the wives of forgers, it is considered, from the legal point of view, that their assistance in crime has been given "under duress," and the custom is to acquit them. The other frames of counterfeiters' photographs shows are filled with portraits singularly unattractive. Such a squalid aspect is characteristic of the class, that one would be led to imagine that there is really no money in the business of illicit money making. The traits of countenance shows also bear a remarkably uniform cast. It reminded the writer of an occasion years ago, when he had the Chief of Police of one of the Rogues' Gallery at Police Headquarters in New York city. He had expressed some surprise as to how the most skilled detectives could go about in crowds on a festal day and arrest with unerring accuracy the criminals whom they had seen only once, perhaps, in a year for the protection of honest people. But the Chief showed him by reference to the photographs how the face of the sneak thief had a peculiar character and expression of face, that of the burglar another, and so on, so that the police agent was able to distinguish the dishonest member of society offhand, without danger of mistake. It was the same way with these counterfeiters; they all bore the Cain mark of their occupation. Equally enough the Chinese are great and successful coiners, they have a frame to themselves in the anteroom of the Secret Service Bureau.

Some notion of the prevalence of counterfeiting will be given by the fact that not long ago, on the occasion of the periodical destruction of such stuff accumulated by the Secret Service Bureau, $750,000 in bogus paper money was burned, and at the same time were rendered useless for further service 446 plates, 564 dies, and 1,190 plaster moulds, as well as a great quantity of allied paraphernalia, nickel, and copper coins; also many presses, milling machines, crucibles, electro-plating batteries, and other apparatus.

Happily for the counterfeiters, the future generation does not need a Brockway and a Smith. What they achieved by patience and skill, photographic processes will perform almost without labor, and with a perfection beyond criticism. It remains for the United States Government to determine what measures it shall adopt for protection against the perfect deception which only mechanical fraud can accomplish.

BENJ BACON.

THEY LOOK AFTER YOUR GLOVES.

A Custom that Is Not Followed by All Glove Dealers.

A number of young women were at work in the rear of a little store in Fourteenth street, not far from Fifth avenue, the other day, when two pretty women entered. One, who looked as if she were usually very amiable, was quite cross just then, and scowled ferociously as a clerk came forward to wait upon her.

"Those gloves I bought here a short time ago," she said indignantly, "are made of the shoddiest kind of material. I don't understand how you came to sell such poor articles. I am sure I had reason to expect at least ordinary wearing qualities when I paid you three dollars for a pair of gloves. See, I have only worn them half a dozen times, and the thumbs and middle fingers in both gloves are full of little holes. In another day they won't stand putting on any more."

She held up her hands to prove her statements, and, sure enough, the gloves were worn as she had described. The clerk listened calmly to her, and when she had finished he said:

"I am very sorry that you have had such annoyance, but it is not always possible to avoid such experiences. It frequently happens that there are bad spots in the very finest kid, and these are rarely discovered until a few the gloves are worn. You see, madam, kid leather has to go through a very complicated treatment before it is ready to be made into gloves, and it sometimes is injured by the dyes or washes to which it has to be subjected; yet this is not discovered, as a rule, until it is subjected to wear, as yours has been. We have to make allowances for such occurrences, and we therefore always make amends to our customers. If you will leave the gloves with me I will have the worn fingers removed and new ones of good kid substituted."

"Why, can you do that?" asked the now mollified young woman in surprise.

"Certainly," said the clerk; "we engage to keep every pair of gloves we sell in repair for three months, without charge."

"But won't the new fronts look different from the rest of the gloves?"

"Oh, no. We will give you a new pair if you are not satisfied."

The woman left the gloves and went away contented. There are several stores in town where gloves are sold under a guarantee to keep them in repair for a certain time free of charge. The sewing girls employed by them are kept constantly busy. They are experts, and can put patches in any part of a glove so neatly that they will never be noticed. They save customers the need of stitching the open seams or darning the tiny holes that will come, and do the work much more satisfactorily. The original charge for gloves at these stores is greater than in the big bazaars, where penny gloves cannot be tried on or returned after being worn.

Recamier ...Cream.

For Tan, Sunburn, and all Skin Diseases. Apply at night and wash off in the morning. Price $1.50 per jar. Druggists, Fancy Goods Dealers, and HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, 305 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CATTLE IN SIERRA DEL FUEGO.

The Latest Explorers Think Heather Will Soon Cover Much of the Island.

The notions of Terra del Fuego, which prevailed ten years ago, have been completely upset by recent explorations. The latest travellers there are Messrs. Rousson and Willems, who have just returned to France from their scientific mission in Terra del Fuego. These explorers believe the northern part of the island can be turned to good account, and that the day is not far distant when large herds and flocks will be raised upon ranches established all along the river valleys. A large district north of the Straits of Magellan, in Patagonia, which was wholly uncultivated twelve years ago, is now full of little farms devoted to raising sheep and cattle. The owners have prospered so well that the territory they occupy has become too crowded. It is impossible to extend this business further north, and the farmers will therefore be compelled to turn to Terra del Fuego, which will receive the overflow from Patagonia. On Dawson Island, near the northwest coast of Terra del Fuego, Jesuit Fathers are now engaged in stock raising, and for two years or so a fine ranch has been established on the northern coast of Terra del Fuego, where there are to-day about 20,000 sheep and 6,000 cattle. The English have been the first to establish themselves in this territory. Stock raisers are now reaping a profit of 50 per cent per annum. The explorers say the availability of the island for stock raising has been simply prodigious, and there is now no doubt that a prosperous future is before it.

Rousson and Willems explored the northern part of the island between 52 deg. 30 min. and 53 deg. 30 min. south latitude, travelling all along the north coast and across the island, about fifty miles south of the Straits of Magellan. They mapped all the little rivers, and found that the Cullen River, which empties into the Atlantic Ocean, is quite an important stream. The valley of this river is a fine country, and the rich herbage furnishes abundant nourishment for the horses upon which the party rode. They met the Ona Indians all through their journey. Quite a number of them were 6½ feet high, and very muscular. They are nearly naked, wearing only over their shoulders ill-made capes of guanaco skin. The only ornament which they possess consists of a few beads. The Onas, or Indians, inhabit about two-thirds of the island. The men occupy themselves wholly with procuring food. Their bows and arrows are always with them, and they use flint arrow heads. Their time is given to making weapons of the chase and war. They are continually in trouble with the Indians west and south of them, from whom they differ greatly.

The women carry the burdens while on the march, prepare the camps, keep the fires going, and take care of the children. In pitching their habitation they dig circular excavations about six feet in diameter and a foot and a half in depth, usually on the side of a hill. Around the excavations they stick poles, upon which they place the tent, made of the skins of animals. Over the floor they scatter dry grass. The upper part of the tent is wholly open. Each of these little habitations shelters a family of three or four persons, who nestle together on the floor like a litter of puppies. The people are a nomad race. They are frequently on the move, and one place has not as the same there becomes scarce. For this reason the country is marked by the sites of old tents. The people are very much afraid of white men if they come in considerable force, but if in numbers greatly exceed the whites who visit them they are very impudent and are likely to be hostile. They are not anthropophagists, as has been asserted. The fact that they are in the habit of burning the bones of the animals they eat probably gave rise to the report that they indulge in human flesh.

One camp of Onas communicates with another by fire. Using the roots of plants as torches, they are able to communicate with one another for great distances in the night time. There are no trees, and very few shrubs in the northern part of the island. Large quadrupeds are also few in number, but there is a large variety of birds.

THOUGHT THEY HAD BURIED HIM.

But Now They Are Convinced That the Supposed Dead Soldier Is Alive.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

McLEANSBORO, Ill., April 9.—In August, 1861, William Newby enlisted in White county, Ill., in Company D, Fortieth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers. On April 6, 1862, he was wounded in the head at the battle of Shiloh and left for dead on the field. One of his comrades afterward made affidavit that he helped to bury him. Last fall a man appeared here who could give but little account of himself, but who applied for transportation to Carmi, stating that he was once a resident of that county and wished to go to the county poor farm.

Nothing was heard of him again until last Sunday, when he again appeared here and announced that he was William Newby, and that he was supposed to have been killed at the battle of Shiloh. Several members of his regiment met him on Sunday and Monday, and all united in the opinion that he was the identical man who was