PRACTICE BEHIND THE BAR.

ELABORATE APPLIANCES AND MYSTERIES OF THE MODERN SALOON.

Secrets of Little Labor-saving Machines That Are Never Seen by the Customer—The Supply Room With Its Endless Store of Glass and Silverware—The Unholy Secrets of Essences and Essential Oils.

"If you want to see something to make you open your eyes," a New Yorker said to a SUN reporter, "come with me to a new saloon that is not open yet, where I am going to see the proprietor on business. You will find something there worth writing about. It is only two or three blocks away, and it is the newest of the new. No doubt you are accustomed to seeing the fine down-town saloons, when they are in operation, from the front of the house. But here is a chance to look at one from behind the scenes, with no customers in the way. It is only a sample of the modern down-town bar, but I think it will surprise you."

The saloon was gorgeous outside, as many others are, with plate glass and ornamental iron work. Skilled workmen were still busy laying a mosaic floor of tiny colored stones in the front part, and other men were putting up the electric light fixtures. The proprietor was walking up and down dangling his watch chain, looking from the workmen to the immense sideboard bar, and from that to the two cosey nooks, each of which held a mahogany table and two soft-cushioned settees.

"You are almost ready for business?" the reporter asked him.

"To-morrow we open, thank goodness," he replied. "I think one more day of preparation would lay me out. You have no idea of the labor involved in fitting one of these places up, unless you have been in the business."

"That is a very handsome sideboard you have," the reporter suggested, nodding at the leviathan piece of mahogany cabinet work that filled one side of the long room from floor to ceiling and from end to end.

"I call that my country house," the proprietor laughed, looking at it with great affection, "because the $3,000 I paid for it would have bought me a snug little house in the country. But that is only an item, after all. It is the little things that run away with the money, little things many of which are never seen by the customer, but which are very necessary in the conduct of a first-rate modern bar. I will show you some of them if you care to see them."

He led the way through a side door into a small room without windows, but brilliant with electric light, and through this into a second room, into which some daylight stole.

"These are our only working rooms," he said. "Space is valuable in this part of the world, you know. The first room is the kitchen, which is made necessary by the elaborate free lunch system. This second room we call the supply room, and under them both we have a cellar. The casks of liquor are stored in the cellar, and I will show you first how we bring the liquor up to this room, and how we handle it here."

He opened a circular case about two feet in diameter and displayed a coil of rubber tubing cased with canvas; then laid his hand upon a copper pump that was fastened to one of the lower shelves.

"To draw liquor from the cellar," he went on, "one end of this rubber pipe is inserted in the cask, and the other end, coming up through the floor, is attached to the pump. As the liquor comes from the pump it runs into one of these felt filtering bags, from which it slowly trickles into a demijohn beneath. We have the filtering bags in all sizes, from one quart up to five and a half gallons, and they cost from 50 cents to $3.65 each. They make it sure that we will not set any muddy liquors before our customers. The liquor is then taken from the first demijohn, measured, and poured into another demijohn. It is necessary to measure it for our own protection, and the measuring requires this set of six nickel-plated copper funnels, and these seven plated copper measures. They don't seem to amount to much, but copper costs very high. The funnels cost $7.50 the set, and the measures the same. Here, you see, are glass funnels also, and graduates, and percolators. A regular chemist's shop, isn't it? although we shall do no compounding ourselves.

"The rest of the cellar," he continued, "are two very simple things, hardly more than sticks, that we could not well do without. The first, that looks somewhat like a yard stick, we call a gauging rod; the other is a wantage rod. With the gauging rod we measure the capacity of a cask, and with the wantage rod we measure its contents. If it were not for these little implements we never could tell whether we received the quantity of liquor we bought. Then we have a little affair here for testing the quality. We shall charge good prices, so we must sell good liquors, and it would never do for us to cheat our customers. If it were not for this little tester it would be an easy matter for the wholesaler to sell us a few gallons of water in a cask of whiskey; but this is a check upon him and instantly exposes any dishonesty. The first is a high-scale hydrometer, for testing alcohol; the other is a lower scale for wines and whiskey. They tell us instantly the strength of any distilled liquor.

"You might think from these shelves loaded with flasks that we were going into the bottle business. But it is necessary to keep a good stock on hand of all kinds. Bottles are very handsome ones that we cannot sell for less than $3 each; and here are some plain glass ones that we shall make no charge for. Every one of the plain ones has our name and address blown in the glass. The dealer will do that without extra charge when we order at least five gross at a time, but we must pay him $3.50 extra for the die. All these green boxes are filled with corks of various sizes, and this little machine is the latest form of rotary cork press. This large flat case I shall not lift down from the shelf, because it contains 100 pounds of the best tin foil for covering bottles. It cost me $70 for the lot. These smaller boxes are filled with bottle capsules, to ornament the top of the bottle after it is filled and corked. This machine, which cost me $15, is for putting the capsules on. The capsules themselves are cheap, costing only about 50 cents a hundred; but we have our name or monogram on most of them, and the dies for that cost $3 each.

"This," he went on, laying his hand upon a tall machine like a pump with two arms, "is the corking machine. We may not do a great deal of bottling, but what we do must be done properly, and no bottle can be properly corked by hand if it contains any liquor with a 'head' to it. A corking machine does the work as it should be done. All those boxes on the top shelf contain self-sealing bottle wrappers, 100 of them.

"Now here on the other side of the room we keep duplicates of the bar supplies. Oh, yes, everything breakable is duplicated a dozen times over. Not only that, but we have several styles of nearly every article. That is the custom in all the best saloons, and I think it a good one. Customers grow tired of seeing the same old things day after day, and the modern theory is to give them a change. For instance, in the first week we shall use a very thin whisker glass with a plain band. A week later we shall substitute a perfectly plain glass, and in the third week a handsomely engraved glass, and so keep constantly changing all the glass and china ware. There is hardly any end to the varieties of bar glasses, but we have some of every kind on hand, for it would not do to be without any sort of glass a customer might call for. There are 100 different styles and sizes of glasses in this lot before you, and sometimes as many as three gross of a single kind. We cannot be constantly sending out for new glassware. Here is the latest form of stone beer mug. I have not seen it in use in New York before.

"There are almost as many forms of bottles," he went on, "as there are of glasses. You see, preparing for housekeeping is nothing compared with fitting up one of these places. We have many forms and sizes of bottles into the sideboard, because, like the glasses, we shall change them every week or two. The sideboard must have a new appearance every day, if possible. The 'one-drink decanter' is a necessary thing for our tables, and you see we have a large stock of them. They are all of imported cut glass, and cost us $3 a dozen. Here are boxes filled with duplicate ginger, peppermint, and bitter bottles, so that when one is broken, as will happen frequently, it can be replaced instantly. Speaking of duplicates, here is even a duplicate hot-water urn. Something might happen to the urn on the sideboard, and we could not afford to be without hot water. They cost us $23 apiece, but we must have them. Here are several Tom and Jerry sets, all of the best China and handsomely decorated. They cost $15 a set. They are not used as much as they once were, but we have to have them.

"This entire shelf is given up to duplicate silverware. It would look like a jewelry shop in here if I should open some of the boxes. There are at least twelve forms of bar spoons, and we have a stock of each. Then there are as many forms of strainers. This is a box of arabesque silver cheese scoops, costing $15 a dozen. Cheese scoops break sometimes, but much oftener they merely disappear, and then we can only look pleasant and bring out another. Here are half a dozen champagne coolers, at $7.50 each. With the sugar tongs, bottle shields, silver pitchers, silver ice scoops, shakers, and so on, we require quite a stock of silverware. In these boxes to the left are such odds and ends as silver cups for wedding bottles, rubber stoppers, individual beer plates of rubber, china and felt, bitter tubes, celluloid beer skimmers, towel holders, champagne taps, waiters, bear trays, ice picks, and ice chisels. And speaking of ice, here is the ice crusher. All the ice will be crushed in this room, and carried to the bar in silver-plated pails.

"Here are duplicates of more unconsidered trifles such as lemon knives, tumbler drainers, mops and mop wringers, glass brushes of many sizes, and lemon squeezers, spittoons, match boxes, call bells, cigar cutters and lighters, and so on. We need not spend much time in the next room, the kitchen, for it contains the usual outfit of gas stove, silver soup tureens, set o' silver chafing dishes, and a good assortment of spoons, cutlery, and dishes. Part of the free lunch will come in from the outside, of course, but the hot dishes will all be made on the premises.

"You can readily see," the proprietor concluded, as he closed the kitchen door, "that no one will go to the expense of fitting up a saloon of this kind and then spoil it all by selling bad liquors. But I will show you what might be done under other circumstances."

He took a catalogue from his pocket and turned to a page headed "Essences and Essential Oils," from which the reporter took the following extracts:

"In compiling this price list," the catalogue said, "we have endeavored to give a list of the principal essences used in compounding, in a condensed form for the use of our patrons, as well as a few practical ideas. In compounding use nothing but the best cologne or French spirits, 190 per cent. for reduction.

"Cut the essence you are about to use in 188 per cent. spirits well before using, unless directed to contrary on bottle, then after placing same in the 190 per cent. spirits and mixing well, reduce to the proof required. By following these directions you will have clear and well-flavored liquors.

"Guaranteed best in the market and free from deleterious substance.

"Whiskey Essences—Bourbon, rye, Scotch and Irish, 60 cents an ounce, $6 a pint; malt and wheat, 35 cents an ounce, $4 a pint.

"Rum Essences—Jamaica, St. Croix, London Dock, 30 cents an ounce, $3 a pint.

"Brandy Essences—Cherry, apple, blackberry, 30 cents an ounce, $3 a pint; cognac, 60 cents an ounce, $6 a pint.

"Gin Essences—Holland, Old Tom, London Dock, 30 cents an ounce, $3 a pint.

"Cordial Essences—Kümmel, raspberry, 30 cents an ounce, $3 a pint; peppermint, 35 cents an ounce, $4 a pint.

"Bead oil, 35 cents an ounce, $3.50 a pint. Bitters of all kinds, 40 cents an ounce, $4 a pint. Glycerine, 30 cents a pound.

"Wine Essences—Sherry, sauterne, port, and malt liquors, guaranteed not to cloud or thicken by age, $1 a gallon.

"Colorings—Malva flowers, best quality, 65 cents a pound. Azuline, scarlet red, green, yellow, all free of poison, 30 cents an ounce, $3 a pint. These colorings are purely vegetable, and therefore harmless." "That list is only a curiosity in this place," said the proprietor, as he put the catalogue in his pocket; "but in some saloons business would stop entirely if it wasn't for the things on the list."

SPRING'S WATER-COLOR SHOW.

United Glories of Wood and Dog-tooth Violets, Anemones, Cowslips, and Catkins.

Early April failed to make good the lavish promise of March, and even after the middle of the month the damp, ungenial earth yielded grudgingly its blossoms. Toward the end of the third week in April, however, there began to be hundreds of blossoms where they had thus far been counted only by tens. The spring beauty, which had beaten the hepatica in bloom by some small fraction of a week, now stars the woodlands by thousands, so that fastidious folks neglect its delicate pink-streaked petals for newer favorites. The dog-tooth violet, which began to blossom here and there in the same week with the earliest hepaticas, now springs in hundreds at the foot of every tree that spreads its roots in damp soil hereabouts. The mottled green leaf of the dog-tooth violet is somewhat like that of the lily of the valley but more beautiful. The blossom, however, seldom reopens the day after it has been plucked. But for this it would have an enormous popularity on the flower stands.

The last lingering hepaticas are staring wide eyed and faintly purple, with here and there a missing petal. The characteristic liver-colored leaf is as yet small and hirsute. It goes on developing long after the latest blossom has fled, and will carry a sort of life through the winter to guide lovers of the blossom to its hiding place next spring. The place of the departed hepatica has been more than filled by two varieties of the anemone. One is the wind anemone, delicate marvel in white, tinted here sometimes with the faint pink of the most exquisite sea shells. Its leaf fits well with the delicacy of the blossom, and the strong slender stem completes the perfect harmony of the plant. The other, the bell anemone, now hangs snow-drop like, as if each blossom would be heavy top-heavy. Only those who have made thorough acquaintance with the flower easily recognize it at a glance in all its disguises. Sometimes it is almost pure white, with a faint cream tint. Again, the outer surface of the petals is faint pink, dark pink, purple, and almost dark blue. The young blossoms are often so dark and uncertain color that they might easily be mistaken for a different flower from any of the full-blown blossoms.

Cowslips which were light little buttons ten days ago, and only opened here and there a week ago, are now thick over the marshes and small streams. They have an unspeakable way of rooting upon a tiny tussock of marsh and spreading tantalizing rich blossoms that seem more splendid than any of their brethren within easy reach. The low meadows of the Hudson are rich with cowslips, and all sorts of persons, rich and poor, gather them by the bushel. Laborers walking home at night often bear great bundles of the plant.

The blood root, a freaky flower, plentiful in many parts of New England and also a hundred miles south of New York, seems to stray parts of the suburban district, and is to be found only by the diligent. A few are blooming in the northern suburbs, but they are small, short-stemmed blossoms, not the great splendid flowers of white and gold known further north and south. They have, however, the characteristic faint odor, to some persons suggestive of a refined musk. Conscientious lovers of the plant take care not to pluck all the blossoms in regions where its propagation needs to be encouraged.

Wood violets, which were until a few days ago only in the dog-tooth violet chorus, have lengthened their stems, spread their petals, and intensified their color. They will last for many weeks. There is no native wild flower that is marked by greater difference between its best and worst. Here and there in some low, moist place the violets grow broader and trickle among mossy stones, violets of deep purple hue are found with stems from six to eight inches long, and looking almost of another species from the tiny, low-lying violet of the fields.

The closing days of April find hundreds of trees and shrubs that recently showed as sign of life only the glistening warmth of bark, newly moistened by mountain sap bearing tips of vivid green. Tiny leaves are unfolding fanlike, ridged with the record of their recent close packing. There is promise of the dogwoods, white and faint pink, glory in hundreds of tiny buds, now held torchlike toward the zenith. Young hickories bear odd mustard-colored swellings, the muscular barn beam is hanging thick with catkins, bees are humming among the swamp willows in search of honey from over-ripe catkins that fall into the streams by thousands. The spice wood, leafless, but glorified with tiny yellow blossoms in crowded clusters, makes perpetual sunshine in the woodlands even on dull days. Low plants, in the prettiness of infanthood, wear rich surplices and reds and yellows that they will doff for sober green with the manhood that comes to them in midsummer. Meanwhile they help to lend variety to the season, for the spring after all is mainly a sort of water-color show, where faint pinks, golden yellow, and cream white, are the prevailing tints. The natural world flowers do not attempt the splendors of crimson, and seldom even the more brilliant blues in early spring.

AN EQUINE PENSIONER.

The Venerable but Vigorous Steed "Old Gilbert" Now Remanded to Oats and Clover.

OWENSBORO, KY., April 28.—"Old Gilbert" is a horse living in this city. He has a remarkable history. He is notable, in the first place, for his great age, being thirty-seven years old, and, in the next, for being the possessor of a competence which enables him to live without work. In the third place, he shows no sign of decrepitude, but is fat, sleek, and at times coltish. "Old Gilbert" was formerly the property of Mrs. Fannie Sharp of this city. She died six years ago, and by her will stipulated that the old horse should never be worked or abused. To insure this she left a fund of $500 and stipulated that he was to be well fed and groomed.

Her directions have been faithfully carried out, and the old horse lives the life of a retired capitalist or pensioner. He appears good for several years of life yet and could do many an honest day's work if it were required.

Gilbert is a bay gelding, 15 hands high and well proportioned. He was a frisky chap even after he attained years of equine discretion. Twenty years ago he ran away with Councilman John Higdon and his sweetheart, who is now Mrs. Higdon. He smashed the buggy into splinters, after throwing out the young people, who were badly scared and jolted up. He was fifteen years old at that time.

"Old Gilbert" is a veteran of the war, but nobody in Owensboro recollects on what side it served. Possibly he followed at different times both flags. He came out of the war without a scratch, but he was pensioned, and his income is not charged to the account of his patriotism.

STORY OF A CAT FAMILY.

AN ORPHANED PAIR NOBLY ATTENDED BY AN OLDER BROTHER.

Friendly Relations of the Family with a Domesticated Squirrel—A Shocking Double Tragedy on the Railroad.

The cat is said to have nine lives, but this, like many another common saying, will not stand the test of close examination. I have been an attentive observer of the cat kind ever since I realized the near kinship between ourselves and the entire vertebrated creation, and I have failed to perceive in the cat any peculiar tenacity of life, or any special exemption from the accidents to which all flesh is heir—except in so far as its extreme agility enables it to land always on its feet.

My observation is that the cat is the most fragile and the shortest lived of all domestic animals, and that the more intelligent and finely organized the individual is, the more likely it is to come to you at an early age for a farewell caress, and then go off into the woods to find for itself an unnoticed grave in the underbrush. Moreover, I have noticed that the young of the cat kind have less tenacity of life and are more difficult to rear than the young of any other tame quadruped. This may escape general observation, because the mother cat so jealously guards her offspring from all intrusions until it becomes necessary that their feeble limbs shall be strengthened by exercise. I believe it to be impossible to rear a kitten if it is deprived of a mother's care before it is a fortnight or more old. Its digestive organs are then too weak to assimilate its food. Assimilation is induced only by the massage treatment of the mother cat, and all attempts that I have known to substitute for it the kneading of the human hand have resulted in failure. The only course when the very young cat is deprived of its mother is to call in another feline, and induce it to perform a mother's part; but this is not easy to do, for the female cat does not take kindly to another's progeny, and it is the instinct of the male to destroy the young kitten. I never knew of but one instance where this instinct appeared to be lacking, and this case was so remarkable that it may be worth relating.

Our favorite cat—the Kitty Clover whose brief biography I some time ago gave to the readers of THE SUN—had died leaving two sets of kittens; two male cats about 6 months old, whom we had named Sam and Spotty, and two little things of unknown gender that had opened their eyes early the day before. I could not see the gentle creature die, but my wife—braver than I—was with her trying to relieve her agony, and so was Spotty—watching her with the tenderest solicitude, lavishing upon her all sorts of cat endearments, and, in her more severe spasms, holding her body against his own, as if he thought his young life might infuse itself into her veins and give relief from her torture. But no help could save her. She had to die, and making for her a suitable coffin, we found her in a remote corner of our garden. Spotty had followed us to the grave, and when I had shovelled the last earth upon his mother's body and had turned to go back to the house he asked to be taken up in my arms, and then he cuddled down on my breast as if he felt I was the only friend he had left in the world. As we walked on toward the house I said to my wife: "It is a great pity that we can't save the kittens. That little black and white fellow is the image of his mother, and I would give anything to rear him."

"Let us try to do it," she answered. "I will give him the necessary treatment, and it may be successful. It is now about time they had their supper."

When we reached our rear veranda, I sat Spotty down upon the floor, but he kept close to my heels, and went with me into my "den," which was a back room overlooking the garden. My wife had gone to the kitchen for some milk, but soon she came to my door, bottle in hand, saying: "Won't you go with me to the kittens?"

The house was an old-time New Haven mansion, with wide halls, large rooms, and upstairs closets as roomy as most modern bed chambers. In one of these closets on the second floor the kittens had come into the world, and had passed their ten days of mundane existence. I followed my wife up stairs, Spotty still at my heels, but when I came to the foot of the stairway the dangerous instinct of fifth time cat leaped to me, and I took him in my arms, lest he should harm the kittens. I held him thus when we entered the closet, and my wife, seating herself upon the floor, took the kittens upon her lap, one after another, and fed them from the bottle, while Spotty, who had never seen a cat any younger than himself, looked on in a sort of blank amazement. The repast was no sooner over than he leaped from my arms, and stretching himself at full length upon the floor, uttered the peculiar cry by which the mother cat invites her progeny to come to her for refreshments. The kittens had been put back by my wife to the rug whereon they were born, and she being in a position to protect them, I did not interfere while the little fellows waddled toward Spotty. The first one was no sooner within reach than he seized it in one of his paws, gave it the massage treatment and the other necessary manipulations, and then, while this kitten assaulted his breast for the expected nourishment, he gave the other a similar exercise. This over, he shook them both off, and, going to their bed in the corner of the closet, called them again to him, and bathed them all over from head to foot, every now and then looking up at us with a proud and gratified air, which plainly said: "Are they not wonderfully fine little fellows?"

From that hour Spotty devoted himself, with all of a mother's affection, to those orphaned kittens. He shared their rug at night, and by day for more than a month he never left them, except when they were asleep, and then only at rare intervals. We kept them confined to their native closet and the adjoining chamber, fearing the result if they ventured out while Spotty was in a careless mood. When the exuberance of his delight had somewhat subsided I opened the drawer in my table, from which had been drawn the supply of nuts and raisins that had daily filled my pockets for his benefit; and then for a full hour he was the happiest rodent in the universe. He had not only recovered the friend he had lost, but he had discovered the reservoir whence were drawn the delectable morsels that so much gratified his palate. From that time forward he and I became even more intimate. He not only accompanied me in my garden walks, but he came to my room daily, and perching himself on my table, would munch his nuts and raisins, meanwhile looking curiously on at my writing as if he wondered what good could possibly come from such a constant blotting of clean white paper. He never went away without giving me a loving salute, and then filling his mouth with nuts for his little gray housekeeper under the veranda.

While Kitty Clover was alive I never had any fears for his safety, for, knowing my wishes, she had stood guard over him, and on several occasions had protected him when Sam and Spotty, following the instinct of their kind, had made to him some demonstrations of hostility, and after her death I had kept my door closed against all intruders. But, now that I had lodged the kittens in my room, it remained to be seen whether Spotty would remember the instructions of his mother, and I waited the coming of Dick with considerable solicitude.

He came down when the kittens were scarcely through with their breakfast. Bounding gayly into the room he paused in front of my table for his usual chatter which, it being always the same, I took for the rodent "Good morning," and then, catching sight of Spotty, with one leap he was in my arms, trembling violently. I soothed him as well as I could, and when his little heart had recovered its normal action, I called Spotty to me. He came as dutifully as if Dick were only another kitten, and I said to him, "Now, my good boy, I want you to be friends with Dick. He's a mighty fine little fellow, and he'll help you to amuse the kittens." He made at once some friendly advances to the squirrel, but Dick shrank away from him, though soon I perceived that his little heart had resumed its natural action. Not much further progress was made on the next day, the kittens growing, but on the fourth morning Dick of his own volition paused at the alcove to say "good morning" to its cat colony. He was received in a friendly way, and from that day the four fraternized as if they were all of one species.

After that my room was every morning a circus, with several varieties of flying leaps and ground and lofty tumbling. Spotty had been taught by his mother all manner of cat gymnastics, and Dick had acquired a great variety of tricks in some family where he must have been domesticated. All these they taught the kittens, to the great delight of every chance visitor who witnessed the performances. The applause it received no doubt put it into the head of Spotty to give now and then a more public exhibition, and soon, whenever he heard the bell of the front door he would repair to the drawing room to see if the callers had come on a social visit. And, if satisfied that they had, he would at once usher in the kittens and put them through the most remarkable paces. But at such times he never could induce Dick to be one of the performers. To the very last he continued shy of strangers.

So the winter wore away in one round of feline enjoyment, broken only by the death of the young sister of the little black and white fellow—which last we had christened "Rip," from the "Bowery Boy" characteristics that he had developed—but after a day or two they seemed not interested in the sad event of spring. Dick removed with his little wife to his summer residence on top of the elm tree, near my library. Soon after this the time came for our departure to our own summer home at Lake George, and we resolved to take with us our whole household feline family. Providing a large basket for Sam and a larger one for Rip and Spotty, I got a cage for Dick and his mate; but as we were on the point of setting out I found it impossible to secure the little gray lady. After missing a train in the fruitless attempt we set out without her, remarking to my wife, which Dick will have no trouble in getting another wife, for our woods are full of gray squirrels."

We were to go by the New Haven cars to New York, and thence by boat up the Hudson, and we started early to have ample time to get our four-footed passengers on board the cars, and while we were waiting outside for the coming train there was much shifting of the cars and a tremendous puffing and shrieking of the locomotives. The sounds were well nigh deafening, and in the midst of the din I heard a fierce struggling in Spotty's basket. It was so securely fastened that for all a minute to open it, and, when I did, the poor fellow was just giving his last gasp—dead from fright at the unearthly shrieks of the locomotives. But this was not the last murder committed by that railroad. Sam died from a like fright as we entered the New York tunnel.

JAMES R. GILMORE (Edmund Kirke).

MR. THOMPSON'S BEAR'S TOOTH.

It Has Been His Mascot for Thirty-seven Years and Money Couldn't Buy It.

From the Portland Daily Press.

This bear's tooth is about an inch and a half long. It is about three-fourths its original size, and is worn smooth and thus diminished by the friction of having been carried in a pocket for the past thirty-seven years. The tooth belongs to Mr. Fred H. Thompson. He has carried it in his trousers pocket since 1857, when he was 13 years of age, and his father shot the biggest bear ever shot in Bethel.

A man who lived about three miles from the village complained that a bear was destroying his apple crop. Bruin was filled a west neighboring swamp during the day, and every night would come out, shake the apples from a tree, eat them, and return to the swamp. The crop was fast disappearing. Mr. Thompson resolved to shoot that bear. They found a place where he passed over the fence, and he and his little son Fred, armed with rifles, lay in ambush one dark night.

The boy saw the bear first, ambling along and apparently as big as a calf. They both fired, the bear yelled with pain and disappeared in the darkness. They rushed after him toward a small clump of pine trees, in the center of which they almost ran into bruin, for he was sitting in a little brook and whining and crying in great distress. They fired again, but the first shot had been a fatal one. They got a team and hauled the bear home. It was an enormous creature and had the extraordinary weight of 525 pounds. There were four inches of solid fat on its back.

Alderman Zenas Thompson has one of the bear's paws at his home, also one of the teeth made into a whistle. Mr. Fred Thompson put his tooth into the pocket of his boyish knickerbockers thirty-seven years ago, and ever since he has changed his clothing since the tooth has also made a change. It was in his pocket when he was a soldier in the rebellion, and when he lay sick on a stretcher in the hospital at Washington. It has worn holes in his pockets and escaped at least 100 times, yet he has always known of it and picked it up from the street or the floor. He has lost bushels of jackknives since then, but the tooth has always stayed with him, and doubtless always will. No money could buy it, no argument persuade a owner to that it is not a talisman of beneficent influence, the lucky of his fortunes, the bulwark against disaster and disease. Its polished yellow surface is lovingly fondled, its history unctuously related, its magical properties eloquently described. It found its owner without a copper in his pocket, and now there is sometimes silver in both pockets.

They Fall Up and Get Hurt.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

The fish that live at enormous depths are, in consequence of the enormous pressure, liable to a curious form of accident. If, in chasing their prey or for any other reason, they rise to a considerable distance above the floor of the ocean, the gases of their swimming bladder become considerably expanded and their specific gravity greatly reduced; up to a certain limit the muscles of their bodies can counteract the tendency to float upward and enable the fish to regain its proper sphere of life at the bottom, but beyond that limit the muscles are not strong enough to drive the body downward, and the fish, becoming more and more distended as it goes, is gradually killed on its long and involuntary journey to the surface of the sea.

The deep sea fish, then, are exposed to a danger that no other animals in the world are subject to—namely: that of tumbling upward. That such accidents do occasionally occur is evidenced by the fact that some fish, which are known to be true deep sea forms, were discovered dead and floating on the surface of the ocean long before our modern investigations were commenced.

A Knotty Case.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

ROCKPORT, Ind., April 23.—Judge David T. Laird, aged 78, is dangerously sick at his home in this city. Judge Laird has spent a useful life, and for many years has been widely known as an able jurist. An amusing incident took place while he was holding court at Leavenworth, in old time of the name of Joe Whitehead, a farmer who resided near that place, was always an attendant at court, not as a litigant, but as an observer. Whitehead was a drinker and full of wit and humor. He had asked Judge Laird to let him sit as Judge in some case. So the Judge promised Whitehead that he might sit as judge in the first knotty case that came up. A few mornings afterward the case of "Knott vs. Knott" was called, when Whitehead rose up in the back part of the court room and hallooed out at the top of his lungs, "Judge Laird, that is my case, and I am ready."

Taking No Risks.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

"Waiter," said the cautious guest, "I see you have canvasback duck on the bill of fare. Can you warrant it to be canvasback duck?"

"I can, sir," replied the waiter.

"I don't believe it. I see you also claim to serve tenderloin steaks. Are they really tenderloin steaks?"

"They are."

"It is simply impossible. There is only one real, genuine tenderloin steak in a beef, and you can't kill a cow for every man who calls for a steak of that kind. Hum—let me see: Broiled red snapper. Sure it's red snapper?"

"Yes, sir."

"I doubt it. You can easily make Mississippi River buffalo look like red snapper. Um—spring lamb, mint sauce. Old mutton, without a doubt. Waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me some fried liver."

NEW YORK'S KINDLING WOOD

OF A KIND THAT IS PECULIAR TO HARD COAL CITIES.

Sources of the City's Supply and What It Costs—Beginning and Growth of the Business and How It is Affected by Oil and Gas and by Outside Competition.

Forty years ago when a citizen wanted wood for household uses he bought it by the cord. With the cartman came a man with a sawbuck and a bucksaw who sawed and split the wood on the sidewalk and carried it into the cellar. About the year 1855 there was invented a machine for splitting wood into kindlings. This machine was a modification of the old match machine. The use of this machine so extended the business of manufacturing kindling wood that at the outbreak of the civil war in 1861, three-quarters of the kindling wood used in New York was being sawed and split in the wood yards. At that time, also, manufacturers had just begun to put kindling wood up into bundles or bunches. The primary reason for this was to put unsoid split wood into more compact shape to store. The many advantages of putting up wood in bundles for the market became, however, at once apparent. In this shape wood could be retailed in small portions, and it made a package convenient to handle, which could be sold out of any grocery like any other necessity.

During the war there was almost a wood famine in New York. The supply of Virginia pine wood, the wood principally used here, was practically cut off; it sold up to $15 a cord by the cargo. During that period the bundle trade did not grow very much. After the war the entire kindling wood industry took a great start upward and grew rapidly. In 1870 there were probably sixty firms engaged in the manufacture of kindling wood sold in bulk or in bundles. The bundle trade had then increased largely. There were at that time remaining in the city only two or three yards in which cordwood only was sold. In 1870 appeared, following closely the building of the first apartment houses, the oil stove, and not long afterward the gas stove. The gas stove had been before that in several but limited use, but it was now applied to the more general household uses. The use of oil stoves and gas stoves increased steadily and very largely, and affected very seriously the kindling wood business. The use of oil and gas stoves here is still steadily increasing.

In 1880 the city manufacture of kindling wood began to be affected further by the introduction of bundle wood made from the refuse of spruce and hemlock lumber mills. These mills are numerous in Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York, and state furnishing a very large proportion of the bundles used. This wood is put up at the mills and shipped here by the car load, and from the cars distributed by trucks to grocers and other dealers. That has now largely taken the place of the Virginia pine bundle packed in this city. More than 50 per cent. of the bundles used here now come from the mills. Of all the kindling wood that is sold in this city about half is sold in bulk and about half in bundles. Nearly all the kindling wood sold in bulk is of Virginia pine. The standard cord in this city is eight feet long by four high; it is sold at $13 a cord and in any quantity from one-eighth of a cord up. The bundle wood is usually cut two and a half or three inches in length, and the ordinary sized bundle is eight inches by nine inches in diameter. It retails at two cents bundle. The consumption of the bundle wood in this city is of the spruce and hemlock bundles, about 200,000 bundles daily, and of the Virginia pine bundles about 200,000 daily.

While the growth of the kindling-wood business has been retarded for the reasons stated, the increase in population has so much more that the business has actually increased in volume, and more kindling wood is sold here now than ever. The use of Virginia pine wood, however, is decreasing slightly, as is the city manufacture of kindling wood. But the kindling-wood business is nevertheless a very large and active business here. There are now about twenty factories in the city as against sixty in 1870, but while their number has so materially decreased there are now more large establishments. The kindling-wood factories of the city use engines aggregating 3,500 horse power, and employ about 2,000 people, men and boys. The total value of all the kindling wood consumed in this city, reckoned at wholesale prices, is about $10,000 daily.

There are engaged in the business of bringing Virginia wood to this city about one hundred schooners. Most of them are larger than the schooners employed in the wood business twenty years ago; about half of them are three-masters. Almost all of the wood accessible from the rivers and almost all the original growth from near the water courses has been cut. A large part of that now now brought here is cut back from the water and brought to river landings by railroad.

Kindling wood or kindling material of some sort is used almost everywhere, but kindling wood such as is used here is used only where anthracite coal is burned. A New York manufacturer of kindling wood searched for two days in London without finding anybody in the business. A rich London householder said that he had kept house for forty years and had never paid a penny for kindling wood. The sweepings of the house, splinters, and scraps from boxes and crates were the paper wood in offices to ignite the coal used there. Of the world's great cities New York is the only one using practically none but anthracite coal. There are in this country, taking them all together, many cities and towns that burn hard coal and use substantially no kindling, but this city is much the greatest of all consumers, and here naturally is the home of kindling wood in its highest development.

IT WAS THREE TIMES AND OUT.

The Hon. Jim Sweeney Tells How His Essays in Pisciculture Were Foiled.

"No; I don't fish any more," said the Hon. Jim Sweeney, the journalist statesman of Luzerne county, Pa. "I have no heart for fishing, owing to the way I was treated up in my county by some of my constituents when I was in the Legislature. There were a lot of nice streams around Hazleton, but they had all been fished out, and nobody would take any interest in having them restocked. So I went quietly to work and stocked Laurel Run at my own expense with trout. I kept the matter all to myself, for I didn't want any one to take advantage of what I had done before I had a chance to enjoy some sport on the rejuvenated stream myself. Three years after I put the fry in the creek I investigated, and found that it was alive with big trout and I rigged myself out with $75 worth of new tackle and one nice day in May took a jaunt to the creek. The first thing I saw was a sign on a tree warning every one to keep off those grounds under penalty of the law. The stream was posted its whole length. A big, double-fisted native, who was on guard over the stream, informed me that the creek and the land along it had been leased by private parties, and I learned that, although the trout in the stream belonged to me, if I ventured to catch any of them they would cost me at least $5 apiece. So I had to let others have fun with my trout, and they've been having it ever since, and I've never had a chance to kill even one.

"The Nescopeck River was a good stream to stock with black bass, and as I had been knocked out of my trout I concluded that I would put the Nescopeck in shape to give me some black bass fishing at some future day. I stocked it just as I had stocked Laurel Run, and that quiet, decent fellow there had never been any bass in the river, and I found that mine were doing finely there. When the stream was ready to be fished, I started out to have a day's sport with the first black bass fishing ever known on the Nescopeck. On the way I heard the news that a big break had occurred in the upper Lehigh coal mines and that a flood of sulphur water from the mines was pouring into the Nescopeck River. When I got to the river the shores were lined by the hundred and thousand with my black bass—great, big, lusty fellows they were, too—and every living thing in the river was killed. Not a thing escaped the deadly poison, and there has never been any fishing there since.

"I remembered that soon after I had stocked Laurel Run with trout I had procured some German carp to accommodate a constituent of mine, who said he knew a pond where carp would thrive and some day give great sport to fishermen who like that sort of fishing. It is a big drop from trout and black bass to carp, but I felt that I would like to have some little return for my efforts to enhance the piscatorial interests of my district, so I determined to try the carp. They, at least, were surely beyond the influence of capital and sulphur water. My constituent told me that the carp had done so well that the pond was full of them, and that one a yard long was no rarity, and the beauty of it was, he said, that no one knew it but him. The pond was miles and miles away. We had driven almost to it when we met a man I knew. He had a wagon load of something covered with straw. I asked him what he was carting home.

"'Suckers!' he replied. 'The darn'dest biggest suckers I ever saw, and where they could have dropped from we can't make out, for the last time we drawed the pond off, four years ago, there wasn't a sucker in it a foot long.'

"Then I learned that the people thereabouts were in the habit of drawing off a pond in that vicinity every three or four years to scoop out the suckers that breed in it. And that pond was the one I had stocked with carp, and this time they had landed them. I gave up on the pond, and have never had the heart to go fishing since."

HOW JOE CAUGHT THE BASS.

Story of an Exciting Chase Among the Rocky Deeps and Whirlpools of the Susquehanna.

In a collection of trophies of the rod and gun belonging to a well-known New York sportsman is a finely mounted black bass of enormous size. Its owner says that when caught the big fish weighed six pounds.

"But it was not so much its great size and weight that prompted me to preserve that bass," said the sportsman. "It was the way the fish was captured. A year ago the bass had its home in the lower Susquehanna River, between the Lancaster county shore and the base of Mt. Jackson. That channel is only an eighth of a mile wide. Mt. Jackson is an island, the river extending from its other side half a mile to the York county shore. The island is a mile long, and stands in the river like another Gibraltar, its upper end rising in a dome-shaped buttress of solid rock 300 feet above the water. At the head of the narrows, between that island and the Lancaster county shore, the stream is rough and swift. The bed of the river for a hundred yards from the shore and for fifty yards out from the base of the island is solid rock, the water being shallow. What the character of the river bottom between the edges of those two shore limits is no one knows, for bottom there is yet to be found. That stretch of water is a dark basin, a hundred yards wide and an eighth of a mile long.

"On sunny days a person with his face close to the water may see far down into the depths of that basin, and discover that its sides and lower end are of solid rock. They are as straight up and down as if they had come from the hands of a skilful stone mason. No fish are ever caught in that mysterious, rock-walled basin, but immense bass, Susquehanna salmon, and other game fish may be seen lying like gnome fishes in the unfathomed depths. Sturgeons of enormous size are also frequently seen obtruding their grotesque shapes among the other denizens of the great pool. This queer spot in the river is locally known as 'The Deeps.' The water is smooth but swift, and when the current strikes the lower boundary of rocky wall it is forced over it in such a way that just below the wall the water is formed into three separate whirlpools, which the Susquehanna rivermen call 'swirls.' These swirls are about twenty feet apart, and form the three corners of a triangle. Although the one nearest the basin is the smallest of the three, it is called the Big Swirl, because of the greater force of its whirling water.

"Fishermen and rivermen stand in the greatest awe of the Big Swirl, for they believe that anything that is