A BUFFALO WITH SPOTS.

THE UNIQUE ANIMAL KILLED IN MONTANA IN THE SEVENTIES.

Superstitions of the Indians Regarding White Buffaloes—A Glorious Run After a Big Herd with Redbird's Tail's Band—Pursuit of the Spotted Buffalo.

KIPP, Mon., April 15.—Albinos are more or less common in all species of animals. White deer are often killed, and this variation occurs so frequently among the smaller quadrupeds, such as coons, foxes, and squirrels, as to occasion little remark. It was not so, however, with the buffaloes; even when they covered the great plains west of the Mississippi a white one was rarely seen or killed. From talks with the early voyageurs, who came up the Missouri years and years ago, and from the traditions that have been handed down among the Indians, I can learn of only seven having been killed in the country tributary to the upper Missouri during the fifty years preceding the extinction of this noble animal. When we consider the vast extent of this territory, and that in these fifty years several millions of buffaloes were killed by the Indians and whites who occupied it, we can realize how rare white buffaloes were.

The Indians, always superstitious, firmly believed that the white buffaloes were the especial property of the sun. When they killed one they took none of the meat except the tongue; this was carefully dried, the skin was beautifully tanned, and at the next medicine lodge, as the whites term their annual religious festival, these were presented to the sun with many prayers and supplications. With the other offerings of the people, consisting of valuable furs and rich wearing apparel, they were tied to the centre pole of the lodge and left to the mercy of the elements. All these various offerings, though left in a deserted lodge, were safe so far as the Indians were concerned; even a war party from a hostile tribe would pass by in fear and reverence for the sacred place. But it was not so with the white trapper or voyageur, and the riding of these medicine lodges has caused bloodshed more than once in the history of the West. The albino buffaloes, so far as I can learn, were a cream yellow, not white, thus differing materially from the albino deer and other animals, which are always pure white.

But if albino buffaloes were uncommon spotted ones were still more rare. In fact, I don't believe there ever was one seen like the one I helped kill in the '70s, an account of which may prove interesting.

At that time we had a trading post on the Missouri River, some thirty miles above the mouth of the Musselshell. Game of all kinds was plenty, and we were kept pretty busy bartering with the Indians for their robes and furs.

Early in December, learning that a party of Blackfeet were going out to Big Crooked Creek, about twenty miles south, to hunt a few days, I rolled up my bedding, filled a sack with provisions, and joined them. The chief, Redbird's Tail, ordered his wives to carry my baggage on their pack horses and invited me to be his guest during the hunt. For this I was thankful, as I would not be obliged to load down my horse, a very fast buffalo runner, though rather delicate. We reached our camping ground some time before dark, and in a little while the women had the lodges up and everything comfortably fixed for the night. During the day a number of the men had hunted to the right and left of our line of march, so that evening the camp was well supplied with fresh meat, and there was much feasting and joking until the fuel gave out and we were obliged to retire.

Early the next morning the boys drove in the horses, and, each one roping and saddling his favorite animal, we started out, some twenty or more turning up the creek, and the rest of us, fifteen in all, striking off southeast toward the Musselshell. We saw some scattering bunches of buffaloes and antelopes as soon as we left the creek, but what we wanted was to run a large herd; so we kept on and climbed the first butte we came to, in order to have a good look at the surrounding country. Reaching the top we rode through the gnarled and stunted pines which covered the butte, and there, just below us, was a herd of four or five hundred buffaloes, some grazing, some lying down, while a lot of calves were romping and playing about. But that was not all; between us and the Musselshell, and to the south and west as far as the eye could reach, were other herds, large and small, fairly covering the prairie. We were on the north edge of the great body which ranged between the Yellowstone and the Missouri.

The Indians at once began to unsaddle their horses and strip down for the run, for they always go into the chase bareback, not only on account of lessening the weight, but also because a saddle is unsafe in case of fall. I was never a good rider, however, so stuck to my Mexican saddle, but I was always lucky, and never met with any serious mishap.

When all were ready the word was given, and we rushed out from the pines, straight down the hill, and were fairly on the edge of the herd before they started to run. But when they did realize the enemy was upon them, they bunched and went off at full speed. Here was fun. Here was excitement. The thunder and rattle of a thousand hoofs, the flashing eyes and tossing shaggy hair, the sharp crack of the rifles, the tremendous thud, as some great beast you had shot crashed to the ground, were inspiring. One forgot the badger holes and the washouts, the danger of a fall, or the chance of being gored, and simply rode and shot every fat animal he could reach. I killed three very quickly, and then took after a two-year-old cow which had a beautiful coat of dark, glossy hair. She proved to be a very swift animal, and my horse strained every nerve to get up beside her. Just as I was about to shoot she dodged quickly to the right and turned back, something very unusual for an unwounded buffalo to do when running with a herd. My horse stopped short, in order to turn and follow her, and, taken unawares, I went flying over his head and landed on the ground in a little heap. I received such a jar that I thought my neck must have telescoped and that my head was resting on my shoulders. For a few minutes I was dizzy and faint, but soon recovering, I mounted my horse, which had stopped as soon as I fell. By this time the chase was so far away that I could not hope to catch up, so I went back to the last buffalo I had killed and sat down for a quiet smoke.

In the distance I could see the Indians returning, stopping here and there to mark the animals each had killed, and occasionally arguing as to the ownership of a certain carcass. The trail was dotted with the dark shaggy carcasses, and here and there a forlorn animal was still standing, too badly wounded to move, or slowly bleeding to death. And now the women began to pear over the brow of the hill, riding and driving the pack animals, and the work of skinning and butchering commenced. Pointing out my three buffaloes to Redbird's Tail's women, and telling them to do what they pleased with them, I rode back to camp to interview some more fat roast ribs and a pot of tea.

Late in the afternoon the hunters began to straggle into camp. The first of the large party to return reported that in the herd they had run was a large cow, spotted with white. This was news, indeed; and as the others came in and told of it, I made out that they certainly had seen such an animal. Some said that the head was white; others that there was also a white spot on the flank, and still others that the head and tail only were white. All agreed that the animal was swifter than any other one of the herd, and very cute; for as soon as the chase started, it pushed up into the densest part of the herd, and dodged about out of reach.

The camp was very much excited over this news, and the whole evening was spent in discussing plans for capturing the animal. From all accounts, the herd had not run more than five miles after the chase was over, and when last seen it was moving and grazing slowly northward. Every one thought we would be able to find it before noon. It was finally decided that all the hunters should start after the herd in the morning, under the leadership of Redbird's Tail, who had a fine telescope. All were to go together, under his orders, and no other herd was to be run.

We had our breakfast by firelight the next morning, and as soon as it was light enough to see, the horses were run in, saddled, and we were off. We travelled very slowly, in order to spare the horses, and were three hours or more in reaching the place where the herd had been run the day before. Redbird's Tail then went on a mile or more ahead of us on their trail, and we followed at a leisurely pace. It was long after noon when we saw our leader turn hastily back from a little hill over which he had been hovering cautiously, and beckon us to come up. We lost no time in doing so. When we reached the hill the chief informed us that the herd was away out the other side of it, in a wide open flat, some grazing, some lying down, and that the spotted cow was on the edge of the herd.

"It's a long ways out there," he continued, "but there is not a place nearer than this hill for us to start from. Every one unsaddle here."

While the Indians were doing this I took off my coat and wrapped it around the saddle horse as an extra precaution. When all were ready and remounted our leader said:

"Now bunch up close together and we will go around the hill and out on the flat at a slow walk until we are discovered; then every one for himself and do your best. It will be a proud day for the one who kills the spotted cow. The animal belongs only to the man who kills it."

So we started. The horses, well knowing by the removal of their saddles what was coming, were restless and impatient. But every one held in his beast with a firm grip. As we rounded the shoulder of the hill we saw the buffaloes, about 300 of them, and they were at least half a mile distant. I must say it was an exciting moment for me, and probably for the rest, as we slowly and quietly approached the as yet unsuspicious animals. Would we ever get near enough to dash into them? or would they perceive us and get such a start that we could never catch up? My heart throbbed painfully as step by step we slowly advanced over the level flat. Soon an old bull raised his head, shook it, and began to turn uneasily this way and that way. Then several others saw us, and in another minute the whole herd bunched and started with a rush. We were at least 500 yards from them when they became alarmed, and by the time they ran every one was plying his quirt and riding as fast as his horse could carry him. It was a long chase, and not one-half our number ever reached the herd. Only Redbird's Tail and myself succeeded in pushing up to the rear of the herd, where we could get an occasional glimpse of the spotted cow we were after. Up here the rushing herd was a narrow column, not more than a dozen buffaloes abreast, and packed in between the foremost ones was our cow. The chief rode on the left edge of the column, I on the right, but he had the better horse and was some yards ahead of me. Slowly, very slowly, we gained on them, and at last I saw him poke out his gun, a short cavalry carbine, and fire. He hit the cow, the bullet tearing through the fleshy part of the thigh. She flinched and turned to the right, pushing her way out of the band broadside to me, giving me a splendid shot. By good luck more than careful aim, for I was terribly excited, my ball broke her back, and down she went in a heap. I gave her a finishing shot in the brain, and the chase was over; the spotted cow was mine.

In a few minutes my comrades all came up, and we proceeded to examine the animal before skinning it. The whole head was white, and also the legs and tail. On each flank was a round white spot about eight inches in diameter, and from the throat down the brisket and clear back to the tail was a broad, white stripe fourteen inches in width. We skinned the animal carefully, ripping up through the centre of this stripe, and thus there was a white border to the robe seven inches deep.

True to their ancient faith, my companions would not touch the meat, but took the tongue and dried it for an offering. One of them, who had a comparatively fresh horse, packed the robe on it, and we returned to camp.

That evening, after our visitors had all gone home, the chief said to me:

"Well, my son, now that you have killed the wonderful cow I suppose you will want a fine robe made of the skin. Shall my women tan it for you?"

"Why," I replied, "the skin is as much yours as mine. I never could have got any nearer the cow, as my horse was giving out. If you had not wounded and turned her I would not have had a chance to kill her."

"It was you or nobody," the old man said, "for, to tell you the truth, when I wounded her I fired my last cartridge. During the run my cartridge belt slipped off, and when I reached for another load and did not find them it made me sick."

"Well, my friend," I replied, "of course I would like to have that robe. Now, suppose you have your wives tan it carefully, and then, when you bring it into the post, I'll give you a new Winchester rifle and $100 worth of goods."

The old fellow reached over, quietly shook my hand, and without another word we rolled up in our blankets and were soon asleep.

I returned to the post next day well satisfied with the result of my hunt. In due time the robe, beautifully tanned, was turned over to me, and it hung in our trade room all winter. Hunters and trappers came long distances to look at it. One day in the spring a steamboat from Fort Benton, on its way to Bismarck, stopped in front of our place, and a gentleman rushed into the post and asked to see a spotted robe he had heard was there. I showed it.

"The price?"

I mentioned a sum I thought beyond all reason. He never said a word, but pulling out a big roll of bills, counted out the amount, handed it to me, picked up the robe and ran back to the boat, and almost before I realized what I had done the steamer was rounding the bend below. I learned afterward that he resided in Montreal, and had large business interests in the Northwest Territory, Canada.

I wish I had that robe now.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

CUMMINGS'S DEER HUNT.

It Began in October, 1893, and the Deer is Still Tantalizing Cummings.

PROSPECT, Me., April 18.—The persistency of Howard G. Cummings has no equal in Waldo county. He lives at the upper end of Blanket lane, a narrow, winding road that stops on a knoll under two pine trees. Beyond this is half a township of unbroken forest, into which Cummings is in the habit of going for game.

Deer are scarce in the tract, but two years ago last fall Cummings saw one—a great horned buck with a black stripe down his back—which was enough to banish sleep for a week. The deer hunt started in October, 1893, and ended at the close of open season, Dec. 31, at which time the deer was left hiding in the woods of Unity, away over on the borders of Kennebec county, some fifty miles from where he was found. Cummings had hardly hung up his gun and started to cut his winter's firewood when he saw that striped buck deer back among the clearings. As it was against the law to shoot deer, he waited for open time to come around.

Meanwhile the Maine Legislature met and amended the game laws so no deer could be killed in Waldo county for ten years. Cummings was so mad when he read the new law that he took an oath to stay away from the polls while the act was in force. Then he concentrated his endeavors toward getting the striped deer. In order to kill the buck legally Cummings knew he must do his shooting in open time and outside of the county. His first duty was to drive the deer beyond the county line. The drive was started in October, 1894, and before December the deer was safely landed among the hills of Dixmont, Penobscot county. Cummings camped here two weeks and saw the deer three times. On two of these occasions the buck was far beyond range, and the other time he came along when Cummings's gun was not loaded. The next year the deer was back in Prospect among his old haunts, and Cummings drove the buck west instead of north. In November, 1895, he had followed the deer clear through Waldo county and felt himself sure of getting his venison in Vassalboro', which is in Kennebec county, but the deer circled, going up through Fairfield, Benton, and thence into Piscataquis county, where he got mixed up in the herds that came down from Mount Katahdin.

Cummings returned home disgusted and nearly discouraged. He had shot two deer on his trampe, which are all the law allows; but he had the striped deer still to get. This spring when he was out gathering sap a mile back from his house he saw the same old deer back in the old place. He went home and read that new law carefully. It provided a fine of $40 for every deer killed in Waldo county during the next ten years; but there was nothing said about deer that commit suicide. The heart of Cummings grew stout with a big resolve. He was off on the deer's trail the next day, driving him east toward the Penobscot River. If he could force the deer into the river below Orphan's Island the buck would be overcome by cold before he could swim a mile and a half to the Orland shore. The deer hung around the river for nearly a week, nibbling dead grass in the fields and losing the sea weed on the rocks.

By and by, choosing a warm day when there was little wind, he plunged in and began to swim across. Cummings following close behind in a borrowed boat, intending to head him off and tucker him out in the water. The boat was an old water-soaked punt, and the deer proved to be an excellent swimmer, and in spite of Cummings's hard pulling, the game reached the Orland beach ahead of him and started for the woods.

Cummings came home without saying a swear word, and began to clean up his gun. The deer is in Hancock county with a mile and a half of water to cross before he can get back. When open time comes around again Cummings is going to get that striped deer.

THE POST OFFICE SIDING.

One of the Varied Features of the Railroading Carried On in This City.

When anybody speaks of a railroad siding it suggests a remote place, perhaps on a single track road, where freight trains haul out for passenger trains to go by. In time a little settlement may spring up there, and come to have a name, and to attain the dignity of type on the time table, and occasional passenger trains stop there; reaching it perhaps at the end of a lonely stretch of road, and starting off upon another. Sometimes there comes news of a wreck at the siding; the train took an open switch at the siding, is the phrase, and take it altogether the siding is not associated in the mind with the idea of a populous centre.

But there is a siding in constant daily use right here in the heart of the city; the little spur that runs out from the tracks of the Third avenue railroad along the northern face of the Post Office building, in City Park row. The white cars that run on the Third avenue road are switched off here, to stand by the Post Office until they are ready to go out again. When that time comes a team of horses driven tandem is hooked to the car and it is pulled out on to the main line and there coupled to the cable car that is to haul it; all this takes about a minute, more or less; and then away goes the car, not over a lonely stretch of road in the open country, but along some of the busiest streets on the continent: up Park row, and through the Bowery, and so on up Third avenue.

There are sidings and sidings; the Post Office siding is a siding in the city.

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STANFORD'S GIRLS WIN.

THEY BEAT BERKELEY'S GIRLS AT BASKETBALL.

Young Women of California's Universities Make Their First Appearance in Intercollegiate Athletics and Acquit Themselves Without Hairpulling.

The new girl made her début in the arena of intercollegiate sport in California last week, and opened up no end of entrancing possibilities for the future gayety of nations, while putting up as pretty and smart an exhibition of athletics as has been seen on the Pacific slope. The women students of the University of California met the women students of Stanford University in a game of basketball in San Francisco for the championship of the coast. There have been games of basketball between girl teams before, but this was new in bringing together representative teams from two universities. Moreover, some of the girls said, with just a touch of feminine spite, it was a scientific game, and not a hair-pulling match such as the New England girls put up recently. That game between the New Haven and Brooklyn girls and the Cambridge team has been much discussed in the women's gymnasiums throughout the country, and the California girls evidently felt that the eyes of the feminine athletic world were on them, or would be scanning their performance later, and they went

THE GAME IN PROGRESS.

in just to play ball of a kind that would be beyond criticism and beyond comparison.

The only regrettable feature of the game was that the male person was rigorously excluded from witnessing it. That is, he was excluded officially, but a considerable number of men managed to see the game surreptitiously but satisfactorily. The game was played on the floor of one of the big armories. In the galleries fully 700 women spectators were crowded, and from the reports, of course by women reporters, in the San Francisco newspapers, those 700 fashionable women hooted and rooted and acted generally like the grand stand and bleacheries crowds at a Yale-Princeton football game. They all wore the college colors of their favorite team, either flags or long streamers of satin ribbon tied to

THE UMPIRE.

the handles of umbrellas, blue and gold for the University of California girls and cardinal for the Stanford young women. They also had learned the college yells, and these they shouted and sang, and as the game proceeded they yelled and roared, until the windows rattled and the police outside became nervous.

Away up among the rafters of the roof clung a dozen or more young men, who somehow had eluded the vigilance of the janitor, while the roof outside was crowded with men, old as well as young, who tried hard to see through the painted skylights. A detail of strong-armed women stood by the windows and worked their long sticks with a flail-like motion up and down before the windows to discourage the men who tried hard to get a glimpse of a show that was not for them. The men were so persevering that the poor women missed the whole game in keeping them out. One little window in the end wall, up near to the peak of the roof, could not be guarded, and this scintillated with masculine eyes.

Most of the players had been in athletic training in the gymnasium for two or three years, and they were a superb set of graceful amazons. The way they prepared for the game

BERKELEY'S FAIR CAPTAIN.

included one or two features new to the dressing room, as told in innocence and good faith by the *Chronicle's* woman reporter. After the girls had struggled into their bloomers and sweaters they all sat down on the floor and proceeded to clip their finger nails. This was a truly delightful bit of femininity, and it was also good policy, as a precaution to insure that the game shouldn't turn out a scratching match. Then the manager sung out: "Take off your rings, girls," and all the rings were stowed out of danger of marring pretty faces.

The University of California girls wore navy blue serge bloomers, made pretty full, white knitted sweaters, with the U. C. monogram, belts of blue and gold ribbon round the waist, black stockings, and black heelless gymnasium shoes, with yellow laces. The Stanford girls were dressed much more in the masculine fashion. Their cardinal sweaters came down over their hips, were worn without belts, and had wide sailor collars. Their bloomers were of all sorts and sizes, and they all wore crimson polo caps with long tassels. Their stockings and shoes were black. The captain of the Stanford team, Miss Stella McCray, wore bloomers made of brown corduroy, decorated with a pair of "fetching hip pockets," the woman reporter said, but it is perhaps safe to say they were just ordinary side pockets, because Capt. McCray carried her hands in them a good deal, which would be uncomfortable with hip pockets, and, any way, her picture makes them out to be ordinary trousers pockets. The woman reporter is entitled to be excused for an evidently limited knowledge of hip pockets.

All the girls braided their hair and tied it securely about their heads. And it should be said right here that there wasn't any hair-pulling during the game. The girls interfered with one another energetically once in a while, and collided, with "ughs" that were heard all over the building, rebounded, and fell to the floor with an impact that shook the gallery, and occasionally were all tangled up in a delightfully thrilling "mix." But everybody was good-natured, or at least became so immediately the stars they were made to see had ceased to twinkle, and all the spectators heard was an occasional: "You threw me down!" "No, I didn't!" "But I beg your pardon!" and then the ball would come their way, and with a whoop they would be off, and the danger of a Massachusetts incident was over.

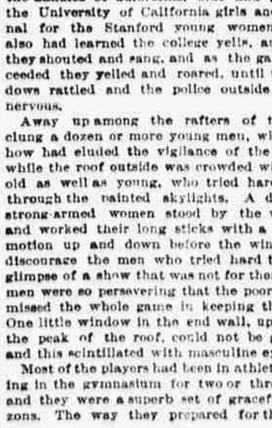
The two teams were sized up as representing two different types of the California girl. The Stanford girls were small, slender, and sinewy, "with a free movement of hip and shoulder." The Berkeley girls were bigger, stronger, heavier, and slower, with more endurance and less dash. But, as the game showed, dash was better than endurance, and the slender and sinewy girls beat the stronger and heavier ones. Miss Griswold was captain of the University of California girls. Miss Ada Edwards of Stanford was umpire in the first half and referee in the second, and Mrs. W. A. Magee filled the alternate rôles. Miss Moser was scorekeeper and Miss Farnham timekeeper. Mrs. Magee wore the only skirt on the floor. Miss Edwards wore a very dashing suit of black bloomers, stockings, and patent leather shoes, a black tailor-made coat with big buttons, and cut low to show a white shirt front with collar and tie. On her head she wore a jaunty black cap. The game was full of snap and life. Here is the *Chronicle* woman's report of it:

"From the very first the game was snappy. The bewitched pigskin seemed to be everywhere and nowhere. There were many calls for time, and some disputes. Enthusiastic captains claimed fouls, and some were allowed, while the women in the galleries shouted themselves hoarse and leaned over until how they kept their balance was a mystery.

"In the first half most of the playing was on Stanford's side of the line. The wearers of the cardinal were here, there, and everywhere. Two or three of them are amazingly good jumpers, and would make good hurdle racers. They jumped when the ball whirled over their heads, twirled by the strong wrists of the tall Berkeley girls, and, hitting the ball, sent it back again, and always nearer the Stanford basket.

"Capt. McCray never had time to put her small brown hands in her bloomer pockets now. She had other use for them. Wherever the play was the thickest there she was, sometimes with a slump and a slide three girls would dive for the ball, and end in an inextricable heap of red, white, and blue. In less time than it takes to read it they were all planted firmly on their two feet, flushed, perspiring, intensely in earnest, and oblivious of everything except that ball.

"The game is not altogether a scramble. There are nine players on a side. There are no signals, as in football, but three players on each side stand at the centre of the room, midway from basket to basket, three stand in front of their own basket, which is called home, and the guards in front of their opponents' basket. They are spread out at equal distances, and each player has an opponent from the rival team. The play is to pass the ball to your own home players and so into the basket, and the guards are to catch the ball and to keep it from being tossed into the enemy's basket by putting it back into the centre of the field, out of harm's way. The element of uncertainty comes in the intercepting of the ball. The rule preventing players from hugging the



STANFORD'S VICTORIOUS LEADER.

ball as they run makes many fumbles, and the smooth floor made many a tumble, from which the girls rebounded with the elasticity of the ball itself.

"The baskets are of netting, ten feet from the floor, eighteen inches deep and as many wide, and if you think it is easy, with your brain reeling with excitement and your hands trembling with exertion, and the enemy fearing along just behind you, to toss the ball into the basket you want to try it and see."

Basketball was not invented as a girls' game, and it is a pretty lively romp for lusty boys. The girls had evidently seen the boys play the game, and had all the boys' tricks. They threw the ball backward between their legs, and tossed it over their shoulders, and when threwing for the basket made straight, clean throws, with a powerful hoist from the shoulder and none of the jerky twist which usually characterizes the average woman's shy at a hen. In the first half each side scored one goal, and when time was called the spectators were almost hysterical, and many hugged one another. At the call of time the girls threw themselves flat on their backs on the floor, spread out their arms and panted. Attendants came out and sponged their faces and hands, and then they all sat up and sucked oranges. When they started in for the second half they looked damp and somewhat bedraggled, but not a whit weary. Their hair stuck to their faces like wet ropes and their bloomers were covered with dust from the floor on which they had sat down frequently and occasionally been rolled over and sat on.

In the second half the playing was fast and eager. There was a trifle more interference and a good many more mixes. It was the jolliest kind of a romp, and the spectators were as much excited as the players. At the call of time the goal stood 2 to 1 in favor of the slender, sinewy girls of Stanford, with four fouls against the University of California girls and two against Stanford. And so Stanford won the first Pacific slope intercollegiate coed game of basketball. And, as the girls insisted, it really wasn't a hair-pulling match such as they had in Massachusetts. As the teams trooped off to their dressing rooms, the Stanford girls in the gallery shouted in unison to the captain of the successful team:

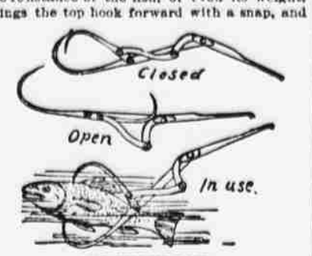
"Stella, you're a darling!"

NEW IDEAS FOR ANGLERS.

A SNAP GAFF THAT THE FISH HELPS TO OPERATE.

A New Landing Net—Another Notion for a Fish and Eel Spear, and Fresh Lures for the Trout Fishermen—Snap Hooks for Shy Fish—A Device for Pot Hunters.

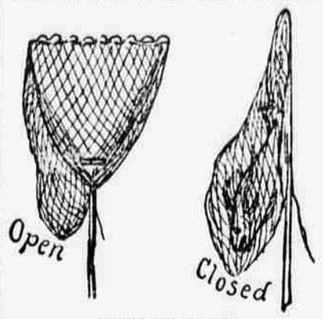
This year there is a wealth of novelties to interest the fisherman. One thing of interest to those who go after large fish is a new automatic gaff. The old gaff, simply an enlarged hook fixed on a handle, was a more or less dangerous thing to have lying around a boat, and the spring gaff introduced last year was even more perilous. The new gaff consists of two large hooks which when open are in the form of the letter "O." When a fish is gaffed the resistance of the fish, or even its weight, brings the top hook forward with a snap, and



THE NEWEST GAFF.

encloses the fish between the two hooks, which are then an "O." There is only one size, and it can be used for any fish from two pounds up to twenty-five. The price is $3.50 each.

For smaller fish there is a new landing net which has much to recommend it. Its opening is triangular, with an angle at the handle so as to give the maximum space to the fish. The net is mounted on a steel frame with a cam movement, and a double spring lever. The fish is brought to the side of the boat, the rod is held in the right hand and the net in the left, the fish is "pouched" and the pressure of the thumb on a key in the handle of the net immediately closes the net with the fish inside. It weighs less than one pound, is four feet long



A NEW LANDING NET.

when in use, and when packed away less than three feet. The net closes up like an umbrella and wraps round the handle, while the handle telescopes to half its length. It costs $7.

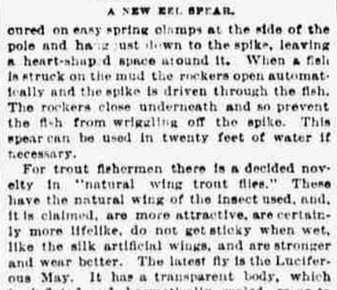
There is a new fish and eel spear. The ordinary type is simply a trident with three or more barbs of fine elastic steel. These were sprung or opened by the pressure on the bottom, when the fish was struck. The drawback to this spear was that it was of no use on a mud bottom, as striking simply pounded the fish and did not open the teeth. Eels mostly lie in muddy places, and many other good spear fish do the same. The new spear is intended to work both on hard and soft bottoms. It can be made at home. Take a finely tempered spike and drive it into the end of a pole, ringing it with iron to prevent splitting. Then make two pieces of tough, hard wood into rockers of such a length that they can be se-

A NEW EEL SPEAR.

cured on easy spring clamps at the side of the pole and hang just down to the spike, leaving a heart-shaped space around it. When a fish is struck on the mud the rockers open automatically and the spike is driven through the fish. The rockers close underneath and so prevent the fish from wriggling off the spike. This spear can be used in twenty feet of water if necessary.

For trout fishermen there is a decided novelty in "natural wing trout flies." These have the natural wing of the insect used, and, it is claimed, are more attractive, are certainly more lifelike, do not get sticky when wet, like the silk artificial wings, and are stronger and wear better. The latest fly is the Luciferous May. It has a transparent body, which is inflated and hermetically sealed, so as to be unsinkable. The body is soft, hollow, ribbed, and a marvellous imitation of the real insect. The daylight gives this fly, when on the water, a curiously natural and telling effect. An idea which is claimed to be very effective in sea water, and also for bass, is a fly mounted on a rather long-shanked hook. At the top of the fly there is a stop, and between that and the leader eye there is a tiny spinner of nickel. This is said to catch the attention of the fish with great effect, and carries out the notion of some old bass fishermen that a spinner or spoon is all very well in the early season, but that later a bait of some kind is necessary. The spinner only catches the eye; the fly is intended to do the rest.

Snap hooks for shy biting fish have been tried from time immemorial, but the great trouble with them has been their complicated setting and action. Now comes an article on the principle of the automatic gaff described above. It consists of a short shanked hook, eyed on to a long-shanked hook, which is slightly bent toward the eye, where it joins on to a swivel extension of hook wire running up to the leader, which is also hitched on to a swivel. The lower hook is baited, and the upper and shorter hook is



A NEW SNAP HOOK.

caught and held in a tiny clamp on the extension. When a fish bites at the bait the upper hook releases itself at the strike and shuts right down on the outside of the gill, thus insuring a firm hold to even an ordinary lip hooking, and to a good hooking an additional clamp outside from which not even the wariest fish can hope to escape. The harder the fish pulls the faster the clamp bears down. For the small boy against the porgy, it is a cinch. These hooks cost $1.25 a dozen, or 12 cents each.

Another device which may find favor with pot hunters is a combination of fishing line, bait, and landing net, which ought to scoop up fish from any depth of water, but which will be practically useless in weakfishing or shallow water fishing generally. There is a ring frame two feet in diameter, to which is attached a purse net eighteen or twenty inches deep. The ring is spread by an eccentric rod fitted with a folding attachment, and from each side of the ring a support runs up, forming a crescent, to which is attached the line, and from the centre of which is suspended the bait. The net is spread and lowered to the bottom, where it lies flat. The bait swings and the fish come and nibble. This is felt by the fisherman, who yanks the line. The fish, already within the net, obeys its instincts and plunges downward; the lightest touch operates the eccentric and closes the purse net, and the fish are safely raised to the surface. The inventor claims that he has caught seventeen fish at one haul. This is a market device, pure and simple.

The tendency is to lighter trout rods than ever, the latest being only one and five-eighths ounces in weight. One of these rods has a ten-inch butt for the pocket, the remainder of the sections going one inside the other to form a walking cane. The reels show some novelty, but no great increase of utility, it being generally accepted that the better quality American reel is practically perfect. One new reel runs on ball bearings like a bicycle, with a multiplying movement, and this is said to be an advantage for long casts for bass out into the surf. Another one has an out-running click action and an in-running multiplying action. Base spoons are improved in easy running this year. Hitherto the fisherman had to modify their action himself or pull quickly to get the spin. A useful idea is a collapsible line dryer of nickel-plated brass. Hitherto the devices for this purpose have been very crude, and the fence drying line not always satisfactory. The automatic float has been still further improved, and now can be adjusted to a line for deep water. When a fish is hooked and the line is reeled in, the float is drawn to the tip of the rod and the touch throws it out of gear and slides it automatically down the line so that the line can be reeled in right up to the hook.

JAMAICA RUM IN THE HOLD.

Smuggled Goods on the Edward Waite When She Went Down.

PROVIDENCE, April 16.—The fact that the salt-laden Yankee schooner Edward Waite, which went down off Ocean City a few weeks ago, had on board, in addition to her cargo of salt a few barrels of Jamaica rum that didn't figure in the manifest, was no surprise to the sea dogs hereabouts. The Waite was bound from Turk's Island for this port and was chartered to load 3,000 bushels of salt by S. D. Andrews & Son. She was the second vessel with a cargo consigned to Messrs. Andrews & Son to be wrecked recently.

Those old fellows in the port who keep track of coastwise shipping smiled when they heard the story that the Waite was a smuggler. They said that the trick her people were attempting was old and common. It was very hard, they said, when a vessel loaded up a cargo at a West Indian port to avoid taking on something contraband. Jamaica rum, they say, is a handy commodity to smuggle through, and it also nets quite a little sum. At the port to which the cargo is consigned the Government inspectors as a rule make only a superficial examination. After the cargo is unloaded the vessel usually clears for some other coast port where she is likely to get a charter to a place near her home port. Once near home, it is a simple matter to roll the barrels ashore.

The persons who charter vessels for such a purpose as bringing salt from the West Indies are not usually cognizant of any illegal transactions. It is the members of the boat's sailing complement who carry out the scheme. The Waite was a Yankee craft in every particular and her home port was Portland, Me.

FROM COOLGARDIE TO THE YUKON.

The Wanderings of Mr. and Mrs. Jorenson, Who Wish to Keep Cool.

It is not likely that many persons have made so striking and complete a change of residence in the search for a new home under congenial circumstances as have Mr. and Mrs. Jorenson, who arrived in Juneau, Alaska, three weeks ago, en route from the torrid desert of the Coolgardie gold fields in Australia for the ice-bound mining town of Circle City, inside the Arctic circle and at the opposite end of the earth from where they started. Mr. and Mrs. Jorenson tried to run a hotel at Coolgardie, but they found it altogether too arduous a business. Coolgardie is a long way from everything eatable or drinkable, being situated in the midst of a sandy waste, where not a drop of water ever has been found nor an edible plant has been known to grow. It is also unspeakably hot at all times, and during the recent hot wave that scourged Australia people went insane there and hundreds died.

Mr. and Mrs. Jorenson evidently left Coolgardie before the hot wave got there. According to their story, they were making their way to Sydney, with no particular object in view, having become thoroughly disappointed with Coolgardie, although they did not lose all their money there, when they chanced to hear of the rich finds in the Yukon region, and especially of the new town of Circle City, inside the Arctic circle. The prospects of life in such a cool region were particularly alluring after their experience in Coolgardie, and they started forthwith for Alaska, taking a steamer at Sydney for Vancouver, and going thence to Juneau, to continue the journey over the snow-covered mountains and frozen lakes to Circle City. They propose to open a hotel in Circle City, and expect to make things comfortable for miners in about 20 to a day.

Mrs. Jorenson will bring the total adult female population of Circle City up to seventeen. Sixteen women were there last winter, twelve of them being wives of miners. About 800 miners wintered at Circle City. According to present indications, the female population of Circle City is likely to be considerably increased during this spring, as many of the several hundred miners who have started within the past week or so from San Francisco and Puget Sound for the Yukon region have taken their wives with them.

CATCHING SHARKS IN HAWAII.

Conjecture Based Upon the Contents of the Stomach of One of the Catch.

From the Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Lieut. Coyne and some fifteen members of Company E started out on a steam launch a little after 10 A. M. Sunday for the purpose of doing what they could with a certain family of sharks reported to have been seen outside the harbor. They stocked the launch well preparatory to an all-day's hunt.

Just outside the harbor unmistakable signs in the shape of several fins were noticed projecting above the surface of the water, and they made the soldiers' hair bristle with excitement. A hook, baited with a large piece of pork and attached to a heavy line, was thrown overboard. There was a bite and a pull, and before long a good-sized shark was hauled alongside and filled with rifle and revolver bullets. This was excitement enough, but when, after the line had been thrown over again, another shark was captured in the same manner, the men in the launch could hardly remain in their places.

The line was cast overboard once more, and soon there was a tug that caused a very burning sensation to pass over the hands of the four men who held it. The launch was pulled here and there by what seemed to be a monster twice the size of the others. This seemed to be proven when the shark stuck its fin above water. At this seven or eight bullets pierced the head of the monster, and after a hard fight, during which the launch was in imminent danger of being capsized, the prize was brought alongside and towed with the other two to the Aloha boat house, where it was found to be 11 feet 8 inches from head to tip of tail, and 53½ inches around at its largest part. The largest of the remaining two measured 9 feet 8 inches.

Upon being cut open the large shark proved to have a stomach exceptionally void, which in some degree accounted for the tug given the line. One of the smaller ones' stomach was found to contain two hats, one towel, and half of the top of a barrel, which one of the soldiers construed as meaning that two native women had gone out in a canoe with a keg of beer, and had been met by the shark, which had devoured one woman, the head of another, and tapped the keg in a peculiar manner.

AN EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.

Experience of a Yukon Miner on the Trip Down from the Diggings.

Lockie McKinnon, a Yukon miner, got into Juneau recently, having come out from the diggings by way of St. Michaels and Unalaska. At Unalaska he took passage by schooner to Port Townsend and on the voyage there was a disturbance of the sea which the sailormen and passengers believe was caused by an earthquake. This is how Mr. McKinnon describes the occurrence:

"The day the earthquake happened the sea was as calm as a millpond and had been so for several days previous. Not a breath of air seemed to be stirring. At twelve o'clock the Captain took the sun and found we were nearly 800 miles from Cape Flattery, at the entrance of the San Juan de Fuca strait. The passengers and crew were lying around the deck in a lazy manner, some of us singing and others reading. At the first shock, which occurred at half past four in the afternoon, I think every heart on board the schooner ceased beating. One looked at another and whether from fright or terror I don't know, but it seemed hours before any one uttered a word. I can't describe the sensation. The noise I heard sounded as though the schooner had grounded and was scraping her bottom on the rocks. The little vessel trembled and quivered from stem to stern and there was nothing movable aboard that did not behave like a cork. At first we knew not what was taking place, but upon regaining our senses after the fright concluded it was a subterranean disturbance of unusual severity. The water remained calm during the shocks, which lasted a trifle over a minute, but things on board sailed around as though on wheels."

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