THE BEACH-COMBER.

His Happy Ways in Samoa and Trick on a Man-of-War.

BY J. F. ROSE SOLEY.

The copra house was down on the rock-bound beach, some fifty yards away from the store, a stretch of uneven stony soil, with grass patches here and there and great black rocks showing out from the surface, separating the two places where the trader did his business. The old man's weary feet had worn a deep track across the plot. The copra house—the title is a misnomer, but it is always used in Samoa—was but a mere flimsy erection of rough boards, though iron roofed and water tight. Further, the door was provided with a very substantial padlock, which the trader was at great pains to lock and unlock every time he visited the shed. For the place held the only merchandise the country could produce—all that there was to trade for. The little bits of oily, brown, evil-smelling copra must be kept dry, or else they would rot long before the time came for shipping them to Europe. And they must be protected from theft, or else the cunning natives would think nothing of taking a few basketfulls at night, and reselling them to the trader next day. Therefore every time a Samoan came, perhaps with but a few baskets of the copra, the old trader, with a weary sigh, would take a key down from its accustomed nail and plod down to the shed. It was quite a solemn and serious business, this purchase of a few shillings' worth of produce, and both sides went about it with becoming gravity. The first question that had to be decided was whether the copra was green, that is to say, whether it had been merely warmed in the sun or whether it had been properly dried by several days' exposure. As the copra is bought by weight, it is of course to the native seller's interest to dry it as little as possible, while the trader, on the other hand, does not want to lose 20 or 30 per cent. by shrinkage. So the two argued the point out together, while I sat on the wire-enclosed veranda and watched from afar the wordy conflict.

Silei, the industrious girl, has got her sewing machine out. She does not put it on a table, as the white woman would, but rests it on a kerosene case on the floor, and squats crosslegged before it. Of course, it is a hand machine. Natives do not take readily to the use of the treadle. She is fashioning really gorgeous lava-lavas out of the brightest prints Manchester can produce, and when they are made, they will be hung up in the store and sold for half a dollar each, perhaps in exchange for the very basket of copra the native is arguing about. He swears, with a fluency of Biblical expression which only long missionary training has rendered possible, that the copra has been three days in the sun, whereas the trader, judging from his experience, asserts that, at the outside, it cannot have been more than one day and in cloudy weather too.

At last the trader, grumbling somewhat, purchases the copra, for he knows if he does not, it will go to his rival close by. He is consoled by the reflection that his balances are twelve pounds out in every hundred. Also, he is an expert at weighing, and by dexterously manipulating the scales, can make the copra appear several pounds lighter than it really is. And so, under the waving palms, by the side of the rippling lagoon, nature smiling on them with her most innocent expression, the two complete their ingenious transaction. Both are cheating and both know it, so perhaps it does not matter very much. The native, having been well taught by the missionaries, will go to church three times next Sunday, and say his morning and evening prayers more fervently than ever. So that he will salve his conscience. As to the Godless trader, he has no conscience, he has long since lost even the memory of the article, so we need not concern ourselves about him. At last, after another half hour's haggling in the store, the native goes away with the goods which he has been persuaded to take in exchange for the copra, and the trader comes out of the house and seats himself wearily beside me, mopping his face the while.

As usual, he harks back to the old times.

"Things were different in those days," he said. "Then we could do as we liked with the natives. Now they can do as they like with us. We have to cut things fine to make a living at all." And to console himself he took a long drink of kava, emptying the cocoanut shell, which held about a pint, at one draught.

Silei laughed the musical little laugh of the Samoan maiden. The whirr of the sewing machine ceased, and she looked smilingly at the nearly empty bowl. She knew she would soon have to fabricate more kava, an occupation which she particularly enjoyed, I suppose because it gratified her maiden vanity by enabling her to exhibit herself in the most graceful of attitudes.

"Yes, yes, girl, you can make some more," said the trader. "It'll keep you from the machine, and we don't want that infernal thing clicking away while we are talking."

"The oil days were the times," he began, "before any one invented this copra, and we used to take oil from the natives in payment for everything. Why, even the missionaries used to have a big tank outside the church door and would take up the collection in oil. It was gallons of oil instead of dollars then, but they got the money just the same in the end, and the church prospered."

His face clouded as he made this last remark. Perhaps the undoubted prosperity of mission work in Samoa brought him no consolation. Perhaps he would have preferred the natives in their original barbaric state rather than civilized and Christianized, and educated up to a point of keen bargaining which rendered it difficult for even the superior intellect of a white man to overreach them.

He did not say this, though. "I've made more money in a week then than I can do in a year now," he went on. "Forty years ago, when I was but a young fellow, I started trading on the southern side of Opolu. There was not a white man within twenty miles of me, and I could get any price I liked for an old uniform coat, especially if it had brass buttons on it. But a Tower musket, that was the thing," and his rugged old face lit up at the pleasant reminiscence.

"I had the place to myself for three years, and you may be sure I made a pretty good thing out of it. Wish I had some of the money left now. Then old Jack Wilkinson came along and settled down near me."

"But who was Jack Wilkinson?" I asked.

"Never hear of Jack Wilkinson, Old Jack, as he was always called? Why, I thought everybody in Samoa knew of him. But he was getting to be an old man then, and he's been dead long since, and I suppose you young people have forgotten all about the old fogies.

"Well, I'll tell you about Jack. He was a hard case, one of the regular old-style beachcombers. He had been I don't know how many years in the group, and had grown to be almost like a native. He used to wear a lava-lava instead of trousers, just like a Samoan, and he could go about barefoot anywhere, even on coral reef, and that's a thing few white men can manage without cutting their feet to pieces.

"They did say," and he lowered his voice unconsciously, "that he was one of a party of convicts who had escaped from Australia when it was a penal settlement. They stole a boat and somehow found their way here and made themselves at home among the natives. But the story was only whispered between white men, and it would have been as much as one's life was worth to even hint at the thing to old Jack. He was a handy man with his knife, and there were no police about to call him to account for his actions.

"I got along well enough with Jack, though I must say he had ways of dealing with the natives which I hardly approved of. They were afraid of him, though, and fed him on the best the land could furnish. Jack never did anything for them in return. He spent his days lying on a mat in the shade of one of their big, cool houses, open all round, so that the breeze could pass through, and Jack could see all that was going on without even moving. Sometimes, when he was particularly energetic, he would go fishing on the reef at low tide, when coral showed up high above the water, and it was easy enough to spear malauli with long three-pronged native spears.

"Still, I soon found it was to my interest to keep in with old Jack. He got twice as much oil as I could for the same amount of trade, and though he was always abusing and ill-treating the Samoans, strangely enough, they would take their oil to him rather than to me. And I was as smooth as butter to the natives, talking kindly to them and always giving them little presents. I own that I could never quite make it out to this day, and no man knows the crooks and twists of the Samoan character better than I do. I cannot understand what gave Jack his extraordinary influence over the people. Though, to be sure, in the end they killed him, on Manono; but I'll tell you about that some other time.

"So it happened that Jack became a sort of sub-trader or assistant and would buy the natives' oil, giving them in return orders on me for so much trade. I paid him a good commission, and I could afford to do it, for so long as Jack was sober he was the best hand at bargaining with the Samoans I ever saw. But when he got drunk there was no holding him. I had to get a case of gin down from Apia now and again, or else Jack would never have stayed with me. Then he would go tearing wild for a week or two until it was all finished, and perhaps wind up by setting fire to a native house, or carrying off a woman, or something like that. I had to pay for the damage, and then Jack sobered down and went along right enough for another month or two.

"It was this failing that had got the beachcomer into trouble at Tanuna, a village about twenty miles along the coast, where he had lived before coming to my place. The natives there had put up with him for a long time, but at last they got sick of the business, and the chiefs of the town turned dead against him and gave him a week in which to clear out. I never knew rightly what brought this about, for Jack was very reticent on the point. But it must have been something very bad, or else the natives would never have summoned up courage to behave as they did. There was a taupo, a village virgin, mixed up in the business, I know, a fine looking girl. She stuck to him all through, and came away with him to Salua, where I was.

"For a long time Jack had been playing off an old beachcomber's bounce on the natives at Tanuna. Whenever they would turn a bit nasty he would threaten to bring a British man-of-war down on them, and have them well punished. This used to scare the people, for men-of-war were scarce in those days, and the Samoans had an almost superstitious awe of their guns. It's different now, for the natives have seen so much of modern war vessels that they've grown to despise them. They aren't afraid of being shelled either. Why, I've seen them over on Upolu, when a man-of-war did actually fire on the rebels, sitting round smoking quite comfortable in the bush behind, while the shot were dropping into their village and doing no harm at all, except perhaps setting fire to a house or two. And when, by pure accident, a shell did fall into a cook house and kill five men, they said that victims had been stealing the missionary's ducks, or else they would not have been killed. Shows the benefit of religious teaching, doesn't it?

"Well, to come back to Jack, the man-of-war game at last got played out, because no man-of-war came, and the natives would not believe him any longer. Then he had to clear, but at the very last, when he was leaving, he told them that he would soon come back, with a big water canoe, and make them pay a heavy fine in pigs.

"The Tanuna people only laughed at him, but as it turned out, strangely enough, Jack kept his word. He had been at Salua about six months when a man-of-war actually did come, not after the natives, but after Jack himself. The Consul had at last, for news travelled slowly then, heard of Jack's pranks at Tanuna, and had sent the Seagull, which happened to be in Apia at the time, down to arrest him. It was a bad lookout for Jack, for there were enough crimes against him to hang a dozen men.

"I was away in the bush, hunting wild cattle, when the Seagull arrived, and that saved Jack. That and his own smartness. The vessel dropped into the lagoon at Saluna early one morning, and anchored about a mile from the shore, for it was a good, safe harbor, though rather small. Jack, from his own hut, saw her come in, and guessed what she was after. Presently she lowered a boat, and a Lieutenant all gold lace, came ashore in style. Of course, he went to my place, for it was the only papalangi house about, and I suppose they thought I would be able to tell them the whereabouts of Jack, having heard that he had been seen around Saluna.

"When the Lieutenant opened the gate there was Jack, as bold as brass, sitting on an easy chair upon the veranda, reading an old newspaper, and looking very much at home.

"I nearly died of laughing when Jack told me the story afterward, mimicking the haw-haw style of the Lieutenant, who, of course, did not know a word of Samoan, and took everything that Jack said for gospel truth.

"'You are Mr. Williams, I suppose,' said the Lieutenant, as polite as possible, taking off his hat.

"'Yessir,' said Jack; 'glad to meet you. Step right in and make yourself at home.'

"So the Lieutenant sat down on the veranda, and Jack fetched out a bottle of gin, and they had two or three nobblers quite sociable. The officer explained that he had come with a warrant for the arrest of one Jack Wilkinson, whom the British Government wanted for murder, arson, and a whole host of other crimes.

"In return the officer got most amazing information about the beach-comber.

"'Do I know the man?' says Jack. 'Why, he's the greatest scoundrel unhung, and he's ruining my trade by the lies he tells the natives. I only wish you would clear him out of Samoa.'

"'Help you catch him? Why, I should think I would, and so will every native in the town, when they see the man-of-war here to back them up. The fellow was here last week, but he's gone to his old place, Tanuna, to try and get some pigs.'

"When the Lieutenant heard this he was all in haste to get away.

"'Don't be in too much of a hurry,' said Jack. 'You'd better go slow. It's a most dangerous passage, and the chances are ten to one you'll get stuck on a reef. But if you'll wait a minute while I close the store, I don't mind going with you and piloting you around—I'd do anything to get that wretch caught.'

"So Jack, putting on my best coat, went off with the Lieutenant, and the Captain, knowing nothing of the coast, was very glad to accept him as pilot, and gave him $20 for his services, too.

"On the passage round Jack spun them a long yarn about the savage natives of Tanuna. They were terribly fierce, he said, always fighting, and Wilkinson would probably stir them up to attack the landing party, and so prevent his arrest. They ought to go ashore with a strong armed force, and if possible, a field gun or two.

"The advice sounded reasonable enough to the Captain, and the officers and men were delighted at the prospect of a scrimmage.

"It was quite a little army which landed that afternoon. There was a whole large-load of sailors and marines, all armed to the teeth, and a couple of small cannon, which they pointed at the big round chief's house in the centre of the village. You may be sure the peaceful people of Tanuna were scared out of their wits.

"It was Jack's turn now, and he made the most of it. He called all the chiefs together into the marae—that's the open space in the centre of the village where they always do their talking—and held a long fono. The Lieutenant stood by all the time, not understanding a word of what was going on. Jack told the trembling Samoans that the great Queen Victoria, in her palace of the big seas, had heard of the way in which one of her people had been treated, and had sent the man-of-war to blow the village into the air, to hang all the chiefs, and to carry off the rest of the people as slaves.

"Naturally the chiefs, seeing all these soldiers with their shining guns, believed every word of the yarn and grovelled before Jack, imploring him at least to save their lives.

"The rascally interpreter explained to the Lieutenant that the natives wished to pay homage to the Queen, and that they would take steps at once to find out where Wilkinson was hiding.

"On the other hand, he told the chiefs that he had interceded for them, and that the officer had promised to spare their lives if they brought, next morning, a whole boat load of pigs and yams and taro and bananas, all the food they could raise. The natives were glad to get off so easily, the young men were sent at once to plantations, and they promised to have everything ready in the morning.

"After some more talk, just to cover up his deceit, Jack informed the Lieutenant that the man they were after had gone to a place a few miles off in the bush, but that the natives would send after him, and bring him back in the morning.

"So the officer, well satisfied, took his men and his guns back on board again, and Jack stopped with the natives, being treated now with the greatest respect.

"Next day he had the large village war canoe, which seated twenty paddlers on each side, loaded up with pigs and fresh provisions of all kinds, and went off to do some business with the Seagull. As they had had nothing but salt horse on board for a month, the purser was glad to buy the food, and Jack pocketed $100 by the transaction. He didn't give the natives a penny of it, but told them that the man-of-war would let them off this time if they would promise to behave themselves in future.

"Then he informed the Captain he had learned that Wilkinson had gone across the mountains to Saluna, and that, if he liked, he would pilot him back there.

"On the way Jack thought of a new dodge. He knew that, by this time, I would have returned from the cattle hunting expedition, and that, if he went ashore with the officer, they would find out who he was. After the way he had fooled the man-of-war, he felt certain that there would be no mercy for him, so he persuaded the Captain it was no use going straight into Salua with the ship, for Wilkinson would only run away again as soon as he saw her coming.

"'You land me,' he said 'at a point about a mile this side of town, and then stand out to sea for the night. I'll walk into Salua, and tell Wilkinson you've abandoned the search and gone away. I'll keep him there for the night, and the next morning you can slip in quietly and arrest him before he has time to get away.'

"The land to the westward of Salua juts out in a long point, so that a vessel coming from this direction, if she keep well in shore, cannot be seen until she is right off the bay. The man-of-war lay to the other side of this point, and Jack, who knew of a handy boat passage through the reef was put ashore. In the afternoon he walked into my house and found me wondering where he had got to, as I wanted him to help salt down a fine cow I had shot."

"'Never mind the blanked beef,' he shouted, 'get the gin, quick, or I shall die of laughing.'

"He just held his sides and screamed for about half an hour, and then when he had swallowed a couple of stiff nips, he told me all about it.

"I couldn't help laughing, too, though I did not half like being personated by such an old scoundrel, and besides, I was afraid I might get into trouble when the Captain found out the trick. He might think I had been helping Jack to deceive them, and perhaps arrest me instead.

"I told Jack this, but he only laughed the more. Then I got angry, told him to clear out at once, or else I would give him up when the ship came back. But he wouldn't go for a long time, not until he had finished the bottle. And before he left he wrote a letter to the Captain. He wouldn't let me help him, though he was not much of a scholar, said he wanted to have the joke all to himself. I kept a copy of the letter as a curiosity. This is what he wrote:

"'DERE CAPTING—This is to thank you for your grate kindeness in takin me for a passige to Tanuna any times you wants a pilet I shall be glad to be of servis. ef you want any more pigs my friend williams will suppli them. I am goin back to the bush, ef you want me you must fetsh me from their. Your grateful sarvint, J. WILKENSON.'

"Then he went off into the thick bush which covered the mountains in the interior of the island, where no white men could catch him.

"Next morning I had to bear my share of the joke. When the Lieutenant came on shore he found me sitting on the veranda just where Wilkinson had been a couple of days before. He made sure he had got his man. It was no use my explaining, so I was arrested and taken off to the man of war, and I gave the Captain Jack's letter. He was mad when he read it but then, like a gentleman, he saw the joke, though it was against him.

"'We've been sold,' he said, 'most damnably sold, and then he told his officers, and they all laughed together.

"They treated me well on board when they found that I was innocent, and I got them some Samoans to guide the party which went into the bush in pursuit of Jack. But it was no manner of use their trying to catch him, even if the natives had not taken care to lead them astray. So after fooling around in the bush for a couple of days, climbing up and down mountains, and nearly falling over a precipice, they gave it up, and the man-of-war sailed."

"And did Jack get off after all?" I asked, for I could not help sympathizing with the cunning scoundrel.

"Oh, Jack," concluded the trader, "he came back to my place after awhile, and hung round for a month or two. But Samoa, he could see, was getting too warm, so he took the first opportunity of escaping to Fiji, which hadn't been annexed then."

THE LATEST NEWS.

The Story of a Marvellous Escape at Sea, Truly Told by a Truthful Narrator.

NANTUCKET, Oct. 20.—Most sea stories are interesting, but all, unfortunately, are not true. With the exception of Clark Russell's, Capt. Marryatt's, J. Fennimore Cooper's, and perhaps Frank Stockton's, I cannot at this moment think of any that are quite true. Full enough of detail the others are, and magnificent in description, but wanting in fact.

It had been my ambition to write a sea story. Living on this little but distant island, and surrounded at all times and at all tides by the sea, it seemed rather a marvel of self-restraint that I did not. But there was never a disposition on my part to invent. Judge, then, of my surprise and delight when the other day a true story of the sea, the story of a marvellous escape, drifted to my very door. I had but to stoop and pick it up, drag it ashore and in, as it were. One has no doubt of that which one gathers with one's own hands, be it scandal or sea kale, and in the story which I am about to tell you there is not an incident, however trivial, that I was not subsequently at pains to verify.

Three years ago a catboat drifted ashore at Great Point. She—the boat—was all right. The one sail was set, the sheet made fast, oars and all in proper place, and so far as rig and trim were concerned the owner might have been sitting asleep in the stern sheets. But he was not. There were a few bluefish in the boat, a lot of lines, drails, trawls, and other gear of the trade, but name she had none, nor did any one know whence she came, who was her owner, nor what his fate. Later on it turned out that she belonged to a "Portugee," one Joseph King of Edgartown, to the north'ard and west'ard of us some twenty miles or so, on Martha's Vineyard. A fisherman by trade Joseph King was. He had left home one morning on a fishing cruise, and nothing had since been heard of him. Nor had anything been heard of the boat until a Nantucketer one morning sailed her over to Edgartown and put her in possession of the family. The fate of the owner could, of course, but be guessed at. It was supposed that while sailing the "Rips" and engaged with fish, the boom gybed, knocking him overboard. And when a boom does this and one's at sea and alone in a boat, it's generally the end of things. But no one knew for a certainty what had become of Joseph King.

Now for the marvellous story that was washed in on me when I drifted down town the other day. Joseph King had turned up all right. When the boom gybed, knocking him overboard, he swam, dazed and discomfited though he was, to a log that was floating near. To this he clung until taken off in a state of unconsciousness by an English bark—the Three Stars her name—bound for London with coal. When he came to himself, or, rather, not to himself—for what with the pain of the boom's blow and the long exposure on the log he was well out of his head—he was unable to tell who he was, whence he came, or how he got where they found him, and the bark Three Stars' continuing on to her destination, carried him to London and there landed him along with the coal.

Some seamen's association took charge of him, and he was placed in an asylum, in the benevolent care of which he had until lately remained. A sailing vessel brought him to Boston, thence he got to New Bedford, and from there it was plain sailing enough to Edgartown. Meanwhile his wife, supposedly his widow, had again married—which gave an Enoch Arden flavor to the story, and heightened its dramatic coloring, if not its truthful effect.

But here was the very story I had long waited for, minute in every detail, and with the first incidents of which I had been before familiar! There were some improbabilities, perhaps, but these don't matter much when it comes to a sea story. Carrying coals to London from this country seemed much like carrying them to Newcastle from anywhere else—or like carrying milk to Cowes, as Stedman has it. Nor was it quite clear what a bark bound for London was doing in thus poking through Nantucket Sound! For why she should carry a sailor, found floating off Hyannis and unable to do duty, clear across the ocean instead of landing him on Cape Cod or getting him aboard a coaster bound for Boston! But, for the matter of that, it was an Englishman, and, as all the world knows, there's no telling what an Englishman will or will not do under any circumstances, propitious or otherwise. All seeming discrepancies were to be explained by that one fact of his being an Englishman. But one thing about the story I did doubt, one thing I could not believe—that the widow had again married! Brought up on the poetry that I had been this seemed too much for credence. So, though I had all the story written down, with attractive and alliterative headlines, for transmission to the dailies of the mainland, I thought it well to first ascertain as regarded this one inconsistent, unnatural, and wholly incredible particular. To this end I procured the address of a worthy and conspicuous citizen of Edgartown, and to him forwarded the story minutely jotted down as it had been given to me, with the request that he sift it to the bottom and report to me. It was my first impulse to ask that he would investigate but the one detail of which I had any doubt, viz., that of the remarriage.

In due time I received an answer and it ran as follows:

EDGARTOWN, Oct. 8.

Mr. John Paul.

DEAR SIR: Yours of yesterday is received, and in reply wd. say that I called on a friend of the late Joseph King, and he informed me that they had traced the statement as you wrote it back to a fortune teller.

It is true that the widow has married again and has a child by the last marriage. Yours with respect. E. W. C.

That was all there was of it. But it was enough—enough, at least, to spoil my sea story. That was all along of honesty. An out-and-out salt sea writer would have made a book of the one fact at bottom—the fact that a man was drowned. But I had pious parents. And though my story may not seem much regarded as fiction, it has the merit of being true. And as for a marvellous escape, it seems to me that my escape from having a good sea story to tell has indeed been a marvellous one. And does it not seem the very irony of fate that the only detail of the story which I doubted should be the only one that turned out true? It seems that men have died, and worms have eaten them, and their wives have married again—and for love. But if ever I again get hold of the material for a good sea story I'll not rake too curiously near the bottom of it.

JOHN PAUL.

MEMORIES OF A MANAGER.

DE VIVO TELLS OF HIS TOUR WITH ILMA DE MURSKA IN 1874-75.

The Early Winter Was Successful, but Snow Storms Spoilt the Late Winter Season in the North—The Song Birds Fled South—Capturing New Orleans—De Murska's Triumph in That City.

After the Salvini season one day in June, 1874, I met my dear friend Max Strakosch at the Union Square Hotel. While we were intimate friends, we were rivals in operatic business.

"Well," he said, "I hear that you are going to manage Ilma de Murska next season. I pity you, my dear De Vivo. She is a great singer, but will not draw a dollar, and you will lose time and money."

"I will take the chances, anyhow, Max," I said "as you will with Albani, and I would rather risk $10,000 with De Murska than $100 with Albani. I truly pity you, and am sorry to say, as I told you before, that Albani will prove your Waterloo. She is not yet a star, to bring her out here after Parepa Rosa, Nilsson, Lucca, and De Murska. You think that, as she is an American, the American public will go wild over her. This is your mistake. The American public, as I know by experience, and as you ought to know better than I, as an older manager, has heard great singers, and will go to hear great singers, no matter if they are Russians, Germans, Italians, or Greeks, but will not run wild over an American girl who has not reached yet the zenith of her career. Do believe me, she is not yet ripe for this country."

"But," he said, "my brother Maurice is so enthusiastic about her that I feel she will be a great success."

"Do not mind what Maurice writes you," I replied; "he has been away from here for over fourteen years, and hardly knows this country any more. Write to him to postpone her engagement, even at the cost of $10,000 damages, and engage De Murska. I will charge you only $300 a performance for sixty nights, and am quite sure it will save you $50,000 losses.'

"Ah! ah! ah!" he scornfully laughed as he left me, remarking: "You will see, my dear De Vivo, that I will make $100,000 out of *la belle Albani*. Addio!"

My engagement with De Murska was that I should be her director, manager, and agent for two years in the United States, Havana, Mexico, and South America at $1,000 a month and all expenses paid except the hotels, and fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts of each performance after deducting $300, which sum was the expenses of the company. But whenever she received $6,000 in a month I was to get twenty-five per cent. of the entire receipts; it being understood that if I should sell out the company or the services of her alone I should get twenty-five per cent. of the money received. And, as she was going to Europe to be back here in September, it was understood that should she be engaged there in opera or concerts I was to get twenty-five per cent. of the salary she received. Besides that, she was to be responsible for the artists' salaries and all other expenses and losses. Moreover, she was to give me $1,000 for preliminary expenses, which sum she handed me after the signing of the contract. This of course was a beggarly sum with which to start such an enterprise, as it made the salaries of the artists and mine depend upon good business, but I had such faith in her guarantees and in my management that I easily accepted the situation. She sung at one more concert to an overflowing house at the Terrace Garden under engagement to Herman Grau, and the day after left for Europe. The week after I cabled to Carl Rosa in London to engage for me Mme. Carreño Souret, pianist, and Mons. Emil Sauret, violinist, and I engaged also by cable the celebrated 'cellist Braga, and here I engaged Herr Hableman, a favorite tenor, and Signor Ferranti, the popular buffo baritone, and Murzo, an accompanist. This was one of the best and cheapest concert companies that ever went on the road. I paid Carreño and Sauret $1,000 a month, Hableman $500, Braga $500, Ferranti $600, and Marzo $80 a week, all performing five times a week. Such artists at present would command at least quadruple these prices, according to the extravagant prices the artists now demand and unfortunately obtain. *O tempora, O mores!*

On Friday, Sept. 24, 1874, I gave the first De Murska concert at Steinway Hall to a crowded house and a most enthusiastic audience, and the following day a matinée performance with the same result. Carl Bergmann was present at both concerts, and was so enthusiastic about Braga's artistic playing on the 'cello that he engaged him for the following Sunday for a concert which he gave at the Park Theatre, and he paid me $150 for Braga's services.

From here I went to Boston and also visited some other New England cities. While in Boston I sold by telegraph a Sunday concert to William Stuart, then manager of the Park Theatre in New York, for $800, for which sum, according to contract, he sent me a draft. I cashed the draft at the Tremont House and left for Worcester to arrange a concert there. The morning after, to my great surprise, the clerk of the hotel came from Boston to see me, telling me that the draft was no good, and I refunded him the $800. After perfecting my arrangements for the concert there I left for New York to meet Stuart, to whom I had telegraphed. It was a stormy meeting. But Stuart, after apologizing for the error, gave me a check which was promptly paid. The *bon vivant* Stuart ordered a bottle of dry champagne and began to tell me that business was bad and it seemed to him that the public of New York did not know where the Park Theatre was.

"I am going to write and publish such an advertisement in next Sunday's papers," he said, "as will startle the entire community. Look out for it, for it will be the town talk in every city of the United States."

And so it was. I remember that Lester Wallack on the following Monday called his entire company on the stage and read it to them. I present herewith the original, for the delight and curiosity of my readers:

PARK THEATRE.

In reply to many invitations to give
SUNDAY MATINÉES,
Mr. Stuart desires to state that he is unwilling to interfere with the spiritual exercises so proper at that period of the day. He simply desires to relieve the loneliness of
SUNDAY EVENINGS
with that which is the most beautiful accompaniment of devotion—
MUSIC.
He knows no other creature in the world more capable of realizing this ideal than the
LOVELY HUNGARIAN,
The Nightingale of the Valleys which Sleep around the Danube,
ILMA DE MURSKA.
"An Isle of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright,"
who can throw into the air whole
SOMERSAULTS OF SONG;
and when you look up with dazzled and delighted surprise can light upon her vocal limbs with the grace and ease of the most exquisite danseuse.
What Lucille Grahn was to dance she is to music—Ilma the poetry of voice; Lucille was that of motion.

Under the direction of DE VIVO,
THE GREATEST OPERATIC DIRECTOR
IN THE WORLD.
A GRAND CONCERT
will be given
SUNDAY NIGHT, October 18.

The effect of this advertisement was to crowd the house from parquet to gallery, and a thousand people were turned away. I never saw a happier man in my life than the impressive and merry Stuart, who had won the day. On the 19th I started on my tour, giving concerts in all the principal cities on the New York Central road, thence to Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh. So far I was convinced that the financial success of De Murska concerts was an assured fact, notwithstanding the aforesaid prophesy of my dear friend Max that I would lose my time and money. On account of a concert that I had previously sold for $1,250 to a society in Portland, Me., I had to come back East, and so I decided to stop here during Christmas week and give a rest to De Murska, who had sung five times a week and travelled almost every day for ten weeks.

The Albani company was a good one, comprising Mme. Emma Albani, Mme. Potentini, Mlle. Torriani, Mlle. Donadio, and Mlle. Ellbron sopranos; Miss Cary, contralto; Carlo Carpi, De Bassini, and Benfratelli, tenors; Del Puente and Scolara, baritones; Bloom, basso, and others. Max Strakosch opened the season at the Academy of Music on Sept. 28 with "La Traviata," Mlle. Ellbron as *Violetta*, Benfratelli as *Alfred*, and Del Puente as *Germon*. On the 30th he gave "Il Trovatore," with Mme. Potentini as *Leonora*; Miss Cary, *Azucena*; Carlo Carpi, *Manrico*; Del Puente, *Conte di Luna*; Scolara, *Fernando*. The business did not come up to the expectations of Max, but he relied on Mme. Albani, for whom he had made a grand *réclame*. Mme. Albani made her début in "Sonnambula" on Oct. 21, with Benfratelli as *Elvino* and Del Puente as *Il Conte*. Her artistic success was not to be compared with that of Nilsson, Lucca, and De Murska in the previous seasons; hence the financial success was moderate, considering that she received $800 a performance, but, as Max told me afterward, she never drew one-third of her salary. On my arrival in New York I received a letter from Max, who was in Boston with his company, soliciting me to go at once to the Everett House and see his brother, Ferdinando, who was his manager. To please my friend I did not lose a moment, and there I went. Ferdinando received me with an embrace and exclaimed:

"I am so happy to see you, *mio carissimo* de Vivo. Do you know that Max so far has lost over $30,000 with Albani, and is almost crazy about his bad venture? He has decided to go to Havana and cancel the Western dates. He says that you are the only man who can manage his company in Havana, as he does not speak Spanish, nor do I, and he has never been there. You can raise a good subscription, as you did for the J. Grau Opera Company and for Ristori, but you must leave by the next steamer on Saturday."

"I am really very sorry to hear all this," I said. "I told Max last summer that Albani would not draw here, as she had not yet become a celebrity. He did not believe me then, and has found out the truth too late. Do you know that I have a contract with De Murska for two years, and one with my company for six months, and so far I have done a very good business. You do not expect me to break my contracts with De Murska and my artists, some of whom I brought here from Europe. No, *Ferdinando mio*, I never go back on my contracts nor on my word as a gentleman. But I am willing to help Max if we can come to an arrangement. I have a splendid company to assist De Murska, and every one has scored great success in the West. You take my company to assist Albani in a concert tour of the cities of the New York Central road, Canada, and the West, and no doubt she will draw from $1,000 to $1,500 a night, and I will take Max's company to Havana, headed by De Murska, who made a tremendous success there last winter with Lucca. Thus your brother will be saved a loss of $50,000 more. This is my ultimatum and the only thing I can do for my friend Max."

He laughed at my proposition, telling me that he had Donadio in the company, who was just as great a singer as De Murska, and that I should put her at the head of the company in Havana, and Max would pay me the same salary I received from De Murska. Then I said: "You really expect me to repudiate my contracts to please you?"

"That is what I expect you to do for your own good, as you will lose money with De Murska."

At this I lost patience and said: "Listen to me, Ferdinand. You are an impresario from Europe and have just come here to help your brother, and, as you do not know this country, instead of helping him you will ruin him. I suppose that the European impresarios do such things, but not De Vivo," and thus our conversation ended.

About this time Habelmann ran away to St. Louis to join a German opera company, and, to his sorrow, for his engagement lasted about three weeks, we went on without him. I resumed my next tour in Albany on Dec. 28, and, as there was a terrible snow storm raging, the business was bad, and continued so all the week, and salaries were one week in arrears. At Ogdensburg Signor Marzo got discouraged and begged me to release him, as there was still time for him to get his pupils back in New York. I acceded to his demand and asked Mme. Carreño to take his place as accompanist, adding $60 to her salary. In Utica I applied to De Murska for money to pay the artists, to which, to my astonishment, she answered that she had sent all her money to her sister in Vienna (the sister was really her daughter) and, not thinking of bad business, had not enough to pay her own hotel bill, so that I was obliged to telegraph to my wife for money to go ahead. The Syracuse concert was just as bad, and there I thought to change the route. I sent my agent, Mr. Gillette, to Montreal and directed Ruben (his beginning as an agent) to go to Toronto. The Toronto concert brought over $1,000, and the Hamilton concert was sold for $600, putting the company upon its financial legs again. In Montreal I played to two crowded houses, but the third concert I had to give up on account of a terrible fog. On the fourth day we started for Ottawa, but when two miles out we were snow bound and had to return by carriage to the station. I telegraphed my agent to postpone the concert until Saturday. By chance I met the superintendent of the Grand Trunk line, who knew me very well, and seeing me in distress, offered me his private car. We left for Ottawa at midnight, reaching there in time for the concert, which brought $850.

On Monday we left for Brockville, but as the storm was still raging we could not proceed, and I postponed again the Brockville concerts. At midnight I took a freight train for Toronto, and the company left for Brockville. On arrival there I heard by telegraph that Carreño was very ill and could not play. As I could not afford to lose the concert I telegraphed back to my treasurer, Dittman, to engage a blacksmith of a pianist. At this point I was left without a pianist and accompanist, so I telegraphed to Mr. Keidel of the Knabe Company at New York for an accompanist, and he sent Charles E. Pratt by the first train. Business began to be bad again, with two feet of snow on the ground. The Toronto and St. Catherine concerts did not amount to $350. On our way to Buffalo I bought the Chicago *Times* and *Tribune* to find out about the business of the Albani company, and, as I expected, I learned that Albani was a financial failure, and the only good houses were the "Aïda" nights with Mlle. Torriani. This discouraged me from going West, so I pondered whether to change my route or disband the company in Buffalo. "Never," said I to myself, "shall I give up De Murska. I will go on at whatever price. I will go South. It will be my salvation or my ruin." On Sunday morning we arrived in Buffalo, and I sat four hours with the telegraph operator in the hotel. First I telegraphed to my wife to send me $500, and next I telegraphed engaging halls in Richmond, Norfolk, Raleigh, Columbia, Charleston, Savannah, Macon, Augusta, Atlanta, Montgomery, and Selma. I gave my next concert at Youngstown to a $450 house. There I owed two weeks' salaries, and Signor Ferranti notified me by letter that he would not go ahead unless I would personally guarantee his salary, no matter if I would pay him at the end of the season. As soon as he received his guarantee all the rest demanded it, and I had to assume the whole responsibility in order to prevent the company from disbanding.

Business continued bad to Pittsburgh, where I left the company and went on to Washington. There I met Mr. Ford, manager of the National Theatre, who begged me to play a De Murska concert at his theatre. As I wished for nothing better, I told him I would willingly if he gave me 80 per cent. of the gross receipts. He accepted my terms, and my share was nearly $1,000. In all the Southern cities mentioned the average receipts were about $850.

While in Savannah I was thinking what route to take after Selma; whether I should go to Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston, or to Memphis and the Southwest. I was a little afraid of New Orleans, having heard from the impresario of the French opera there that he had lost $30,000, and that the company was then playing on the coöperative plan. I had such confidence in New Orleans, however, and was so anxious to bring De Murska there, that I telegraphed to Mr. De Leon, the manager of the Mobile theatre, asking him if he would buy a De Murska concert there and three in New Orleans. He wired back: "Will give you $600 for a concert here and $300 for the three in New Orleans. Business bad there. But try yourself as you were very lucky last year with Salvini and the year before with Aimee, notwithstanding the hard times there." This encouraged me, and I left for New Orleans, giving instructions to my treasurer and to my agent not to move from Selma until further orders. I arrived in New Orleans at midnight the latter part of February, and there I met M. Faltlinger, the first basso of the opera, who told me a fearful tale of a disastrous season. "And now," he said, "we are playing on sharing terms with the chorus and orchestra, and tonight we gave for the first time here Donizetti's 'Don Sebastian,' which was a great success, but we had only a $600 house. We expect a full house to-morrow night."

I told him that I had come there to give some concerts with Ilma de Murska, and said that perhaps I could arrange with his director, M. Momas, for her appearance in French or Italian opera.

"Oh! *mon chere*, M. de Vivo," he said, "*Voilà la grande affaire avec cette grande artiste!*"

This happened on a Friday, and I told him that to-morrow at 2 o'clock I would call on the director. I must confess that I hardly slept that night. At 9 o'clock the next morning I went to the Varieties Theatre, where Mrs. Chanfrau and Mr. Owen were playing, and Mr. Theodore Hamilton, a well-known actor, was the manager. I offered to play three De Murska concerts on sharing terms, giving him 25 per cent. of the gross receipts. He laughed at me and said that he would not play me if I gave him 75 per cent.

I left him in disgust and went to see Ben De Bar at his theatre. As soon as he saw me he exclaimed: "Ah! you are here again? Last year with Salvini, and the year before with Aimee you swept the town, but this time with your famous nightingale you will not have money enough to leave the city. I played last night my 'Falstaff' to a $10 house."

As I had so much faith in De Murska I was not at all discouraged by these remarks, but went right away to see the director of the opera, and offered him to play De Murska in Italian or French opera with his company for 50 per cent. of the gross receipts. He said: "*Mon cher*, Monsieur, the expenses of my company are $800 per night; if you wish to play with us we divide the receipts after I deduct this sum."

Then I told him that the expenses of my company were $350 per night and the services of De Murska $500, so that I had $50 more expenses than he had. "Fifty per cent. and for no less," I said. "Please think over it and let me know before I make other arrangements. Au revoir."

As soon as I left him I set about devising some stratagem to conquer the old director, as I was positively sure that De Murska in opera would create a sensation, for no better singer had ever appeared there. I thought that if the morning papers would help me with some sensational articles on De Murska, the phenomenal singer, half the battle would be won, and having with me all the important notices of her, I went to see the journalists. Happily, on the way I stopped at the St. Charles Hotel to see a friend of mine, and there I met the editor of the *Picayune* talking to that of the *Times*, both friends of mine for many years.

"Hello! de Vivo," they exclaimed. "How do you do, lucky impresario? Where is De Murska? Are you going to bring her here? We want to hear this famous cantatrice."

"Well," I said, "my dear old friends, I will, if you will help me with your columns, and no doubt you will listen to the greatest singer that the New Orleans public ever heard. But I hear that the times here are very hard, and while I have the courage of a lion, still I am afraid."

"Do not fear the hard times," they answered, "because whenever you come here with your attractions the hard times disappear, and you carry away a bag full of greenbacks. Give us some materials, and to-morrow De Murska will be the leading feature of our papers. But we would like to hear her first in opera with our French opera company."

"Leave that to me," I said, "in twenty-four hours you will know all."

Then I went to see the editor of the *Bee*, the leading French paper, who promised me to do all he could for me. Thus far I was well satisfied with my day's work. My next move was to get the refusal of Grunwal Hall, in case I could not come to terms with the opera director, and I gave a preliminary advertisement of eight inches to each paper, omitting the name of the hall so as not to compromise myself for the payment of the hall. On Sunday morning the papers were full of De Murska, and De Murska was the town talk. This so frightened the opera people that at noon the director sent for me and agreed to give me 50 per cent. of the gross receipts for three nights. I proposed six nights, but he would not accept. I wrote the contract, in which I stated that I should take charge of the entire business management of the house and he the management of the stage. After this settlement I asked him for the diagram of the house and the list of prices. He said the highest—$2 to 50 cents—which had been the regular prices for the opera for years.

"That don't pay me, Mons. Momas," I said. "This is a special engagement of a great star, and the public does not expect to pay the same price as for a regular opera company, so I will double it, and you will see the good result."

I cannot describe the consternation of Momas and all his artists upon hearing my proposition. They feared a catastrophe, and they were all in a querulous mood. I got up from the chair calmly, and said: "*Mes chers Messieurs*, you all know how to sing, and no doubt you are excellent singers from what I have read in the papers; but you do not know that I am a successful manager, and I have always succeeded here as elsewhere, so that in this combination the financial success depends upon my management."

Some chorus and orchestra people who were partners and knew me well, interrupted me, saying: "It is so; Signor de Vivo is our man, let him do it; he knows his business."

I was thus the master of the situation, and they could not help but adhere to my proposition, so I sat down and wrote the following advertisement for the next day:

FRENCH OPERA HOUSE.
ILMA DE MURSKA in Lucia de Lammermoor,
next Monday and Wednesday nights
in GRAND ITALIAN OPERA,
assisted by the artists of the French Opera.
Subscription opens to-day at the music store in Canal street. Further particulars about prices, &c., on Wednesday. The sale of tickets next Friday at 8 A. M. sharp.

The booming I let the papers do as they did every day until her appearance. This was my first victory with the director and the artists. The reason I did not advertise the prices was because I wanted to see if my Sunday advertisement and the praiseworthy notices in the Sunday papers had raised the sensations I expected among the musical community, and at the same time to watch how the subscription would take, and put the prices accordingly, as I had done in that memorable season of Parepa Rosa, Wachtel, and Santley, in April, 1872, when I charged $5 a ticket, and played to crowded houses for eighteen performances here at the Academy of Music. By 5 o'clock thirty-three boxes and 325 orchestra chairs were subscribed for. Tuesday's sale was of twenty-five more boxes and 200 more seats. I did not anticipate such a great subscription in two days advertising for both performances. I decided then to advertise the prices in Friday's papers, and I published a special card about it. I did this, which I might call a chess move, to win my public and in order not to give them time to read the papers early on Friday to see the prices and be frightened, and I succeeded to perfection. On Friday morning over a thousand people blocked the store and the sidewalk, so that I was obliged to send for four policemen to keep order. The people did not ask what the prices were, but for their tickets, which they were very glad to get, exclaiming: "Oh! she must be very great, for they charge prices that we never paid for the opera!"

This was the second battle I had won with the public. Every seat and box was sold out for the first night on Saturday, and not 100 seats were left unsold for the Wednesday performance.

My third victory with the director, the artists, the public, and the press happened on a Monday night, of which I am sorry to have forgotten the exact date, although it was in February, 1875, and *mirabile dictu* it was in Lent. I had seen enthusiastic audiences, ovations, and plaudits to a great many stars, but I had never witnessed till then such a hurricane of enthusiasm as was evoked by the performance of *Lucia* by Ilma de Murska. The house was packed to suffocation, and in the great mass of people was the *beau monde* of the city. The audience received her with unanimous applause and, after her first aria in the first act, they began to find out that she was as great as the newspapers had said she was. After the finale of the second act, in which she was well supported by the French company, and which she ended with her phenomenal note E flat in alt, the audience went wild. But the zenith of her success was in her celebrated mad scene of "Lucia." The house was over $3,000.

The second night the enthusiasm was the same and the house was over $3,000. The third night she sang in "Rigoletto" as *Gilda* and scored another triumph. The director and the artists complimented me and asked me to let her sing three nights more. Then I said: "Why did you not accept my first proposition? Now I want 60 per cent."

"Oh, Mons. de Vivo," they said, "we never thought, in these hard times, that she would be such a financial success. Do it for us, please. We have had hard luck."

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you," I replied. "I will take $100 and after that we divide."

"All right," they said.

The next two nights I gave "Il Trovatore," and Braga, the 'cellist, played between the first and second act. The last night I gave the third act with the mad scene of "Lucia," the song and dance scene of "Dinorah," Braga between the acts, and the second act of "Rigoletto." The success did not abate, and they wanted three nights more, but I wanted her to sing *Ophelia* in "Hamlet," the only opera they could sing in Italian. That opera was promised by contract for the benefit of a prima donna in the company, and she objected, thus ending the opera season there. But I gave every week a Friday night concert and a Saturday matinée at $2 a seat at Grunwal Hall, crowding the hall for eight concerts, besides an Easter night sacred concert, leaving the day after for Galveston.

By this time Albani had appeared in "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Mignon," and other operas all over the West, but with no financial success, and Max Strakosch, on learning of De Murska's triumph in New Orleans by the papers I sent him, wrote me regretting very much that his brother had not accepted my proposition, as he had lost already over $50,000. The next year, when I came back from Australia, he told me that the Albani season had cost him $72,000, and he was heartbroken.

DIEGO DE VIVO.

TAKES HIS SLEEP STANDING.

A California Man Who Lives in a Sentinel Box and Never Lies Down.

From the San Francisco Call.

Jake Rogers says that he is the only man in the world who sleeps standing up. And most likely he is right about it, although there are many men living who claim to have done it under compulsion during the last war. Jake also says that the reason he is so healthy is because he sleeps the way he does. Most people, however, would prefer to have a little less health and a little more comfort.

The place where Jake has his home is not a very well populated one. It is in Mendocino county, only a few miles northeast of Los Robles, and the nearest neighbor is some distance from his place. But then Jake doesn't want neighbors, so that feature is really an inducement for him. In fact, Jake says that the reason he took up his present abode was to get rid of neighbors. He is not of a very good disposition, and an effort to get him to talk about anything but himself will surely result in failure.

It is safe to say that Jake's house is the only one of its kind in the world. It is built to sleep standing up in, and it would be impossible for a person to sleep in it any other way unless he curled up like a bear. Jake built the house himself out of boards and logs that he picked up in different parts of the country. It is a queer-looking affair, having greatly the appearance of a chimney with a roof on it, and a very dilapidated roof at that. But the shanty is a strong one, and keeps out the wet, and that is all that is required. Even the latter is not required the greater part of the year in that section. There is only one door and no windows.

While the outside of the house may look queer, the inside looks queerer. There is only one piece of furniture, and that is what Jake calls his bed. It really looks more like a coffin standing on end, for it is a sort of box tilted back only a few inches from the perpendicular. It is nailed at the bottom and also at the top, so that it is immovable. The inside of it is lined with straw covered with cloth, to give it a little comfort in cold weather, Jake says.

When Jake wants to sleep all he does is to lie back in his box and close his eyes. He says it doesn't take him long to forget his troubles. In the next breath he will tell you he has no troubles since he took to sleeping standing up.

Jake does no cooking in his house simply because there is no room. His culinary department is located under a tree a short distance away. His food consists of anything he can get by begging, borrowing, or finding. But he don't do much borrowing since the neighbors have grown to know him.

"The way I sleep is the only right way for anybody to sleep," said Jake, "and the sooner people come to their senses and do as I do the sooner disease will be stamped out of the world. The noblest animal of all is the horse, and he sleeps standing up. How did I come to find out that it was the right way? Oh, that is easy enough to answer.

"You see, I was sick as a boy way back in Massachusetts, about seventy years ago, and nothing I did done me no sort of good. There always was something the matter, and as soon as I laid down in bed my head began to ache. But do you know I stood that for half a century before I got any sense into me? And then I was out in California digging for gold.

"One night my head ached so bad I couldn't stay in bed, and had to stand against the wall to get relief. Without knowing it I fell asleep, and when I woke up I felt like a new man. I made up my mind to sleep that way all the time, but had trouble to find a place to do it. That is the reason I moved out to this place. It's over fifteen years ago, and I have never had a sign of the old trouble, and am convinced that sleeping in bed is the cause of all the pain and disease in the world. Sleep standing up and you will be a new man in a short time."

The strange thing about Jake's theory is that he admits that he doesn't rest when he sleeps standing up. He has to do that under the trees the next day. He says that has nothing to do with his idea, though, for most people do too much work, anyhow.

FISH THAT CARRY LIGHTS.

RARE CREATURES FROM THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

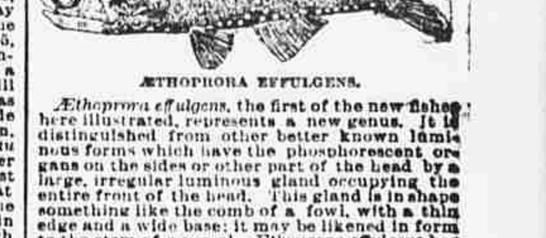
Luminous Contrivances That Attract the Prey of the Fish and Then Enable It to Catch a Meal—New Species Found, Some in the Bellies of Other Fish.

In "Oceanic Ichthyology," by George Brown Goode and Tarleton H. Bean, there are described, among other new genera and species, a number of new luminous fishes, four of which are here illustrated, the pictures being drawn from plates in the book.

Luminous fishes are found in ocean waters pretty much all over the world within certain limits. They are rarely found in very cold waters. There are many species of them, and they are mostly fishes of small size. They have imbedded in their sides and head numerous bodies or organs which have the appearance exteriorly of luminous spots and emit phosphorescent light. These spots are usually of a pale, whitish color and semi-transparent. Those on the side of the fish are round, and those on the head are larger and less regular in outline. The spots on the head are usually near the eyes or on the lower jaw. Those on the sides of the body are arranged generally in regular order or in series, alike on both sides, or there may be a number of them close together, forming in effect an elongated plate on some portion of the body, usually the upper or the under surface of the tail, or the fish may have such plates on both these surfaces.

Some of these fishes are so luminous that they make a glow in the water all about them, for the space of a foot or more. In this glow the larger luminous points on the fish are sometimes separately visible as the flame of a candle is visible in the midst of its surrounding light. The light from the fish attracts to it small creatures which serve it as food, and the luminous fish is enabled to see by the same light that attracts them. Most of the luminous fishes have large eyes and a large mouth.

While the luminous fishes are considered deep sea fishes, it is not certain that they really inhabit the great depths at which they have usually been supposed to be taken. Until comparatively recently, within about five years, no provision was made for the closing at the bottom of the sea of nets used in fishing for deep sea specimens; and so fishes from intermediate depths might be taken in the net when it was drawn upward. Now nets have been devised which can be closed at any desired depth. It seems probable that the luminous fishes live at a depth not greater than 2,000 feet below the surface. Some species of these fishes often come up near the surface at night or during storms; they are not infrequently washed aboard vessels, where, though out of water, they remain luminous for a time.



ÆTHOPRORA EFFULGENS.

Æthoprora effulgens, the first of the new fishes here illustrated, represents a new genus. It is distinguished from other better known luminous forms which have the phosphorescent organs on the sides or other part of the head by a large, irregular luminous gland occupying the entire front of the head. This gland is in shape something like the comb of a fowl, with a thin edge and a wide base; it may be likened in form to the stem of a vessel. *Æthoprora effulgens* has also luminous spots on the sides of the lower jaw, and a large spot on each side of the head, a little behind the middle. It has, besides, a small luminous spot just above the base of each pectoral fin. The scales lying along the lateral line, which in this fish is about in the middle of the body, are somewhat larger than the other scales, and are luminous. On the lower half of the body there are numerous small photophores, or luminous spots, somewhat irregularly arranged. There are several low down on the hind part of the head. There are more luminous spots nearly on the edge of the belly, this series continuing back to the tail, and most of the spots being behind the middle of the length of the fish. A number of luminous spots forming another series run from the belly in front of the anal fin obliquely upward and backward almost to the lateral line. There is a similar series starting from near the end of the anal fin.

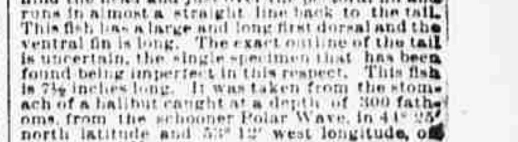
Æthoprora effulgens is a dark-colored fish with large eyes and a very short and deep snout, made conspicuous by the luminous prow. It has a large mouth. Its body is rather thin and is covered with large scales. It has a large dorsal fin, and back of that a small adipose dorsal, similar to the adipose dorsal of the salmon and trout. Its other fins are also rather large, except the pectoral fins. Like most of the luminous fishes, *Æthoprora effulgens* is of small size; the specimen illustrated is about 5¾ inches in length; it is supposed to be a full-grown fish. But two specimens of this fish have been taken. One was found in the stomach of a codfish, caught from the deck of a fishing vessel, the schooner Joseph O. of Gloucester, off the New England coast. The other was taken by the United States Fish Commission steamer Albatross, in north latitude 19° 45', west longitude 75° 04', the Caribbean Sea, at 1,639 fathoms, or in a net lowered to that depth; it is not, however, certain at what depth the fish was actually taken.

BONAPARTIA PEDALISTA.

The fish next shown, *Bonapartia pedalista*, of a new genus, was named in honor of Lucian Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, who is distinguished as an ichthyologist, and in his work upon the fishes of Italy gave special attention to the fishes to which the one here described is related. This, so far as it is known from the specimens taken, is a small, thin fish, with the large mouth common to its group. It has a single, closely set row of luminous spots following the outline of the lower jaw and continuing backward on the body of the fish almost to the tail. The scales are moderately large, thin, and smooth; in outline as they appear upon the body, they are almost rhomboidal. It has a short dorsal fin, and a moderately large tail fin, which is only slightly notched. The anal fin is long and distinguished by the great length of its front rays. The ventral fin is about midlength of the body; the pectoral fins are small, and placed low on the body, and just behind the head. Two specimens of this fish have been obtained; they are about one and two inches long respectively. They were taken by the steamer Albatross, at a depth of 1,390 feet, in north latitude 25° 23', west longitude 79° 58', the ocean waters off the coast of southern Florida.

ASTRONESTHES GEMMIFER.

Astronesthes Gemmifer, another of the fishes here illustrated, a new species, has a barbel on its lower jaw. Its body is scaleless. It has an adipose dorsal. Its dorsal fin is over the space between the ventral fin and the anal fin. This fish has a very pointed snout, a large mouth, and enlarged fang-like teeth in both jaws. It has a row of luminous spots running along the the margin of the under jaw, and of the body, extending to the tail fin. A second row of luminous spots begins immediately behind the head and just over the pectoral fin and runs in almost a straight line back to the tail. This fish has a large and long first dorsal and the ventral fin is long. The exact outline of the tail is uncertain, the single specimen that has been found being imperfect in this respect. This fish is 7½ inches long. It was taken from the stomach of a halibut caught at a depth of 300 fathoms, from the schooner Polar Wave, in 41° 25' north latitude and 53° 12' west longitude, off the coast of Nova Scotia.



GRAMMATOSTOMIAS DENTATUS.

The last of the fishes here described is *Grammatostomias dentatus*, of a new genus. This fish is distinguished from its nearest relative by its fang-like teeth, and by the presence of a row of pigment spots in place of the lateral line. It has a very long and slender barbel on the lower jaw. The upper jaw has one large fang on each side, while the lower jaw has a number of fangs, the first of which, near the lip, is very long. There is a phosphorescent spot behind the eye; and between the lateral line or in this case the line of pigment spots, and the lower edge of the body, there are two rows of minute luminous spots, the lower row extending not quite to the anal fin. The pectoral fins are very small and placed very low. In the single specimen at hand the caudal fin is peculiarly shaped, the lower portion being much more elongate than the upper. The dorsal and anal fins are very near the caudal and very nearly equal in size. Each contains numerous rays. The fish is very dark in color. This specimen is about 6½ inches in length. It was taken by the Albatross in the Atlantic Ocean in north latitude 38° 19' and west longitude 69° 02', the latitude about that of the capes of Delaware. It came from a depth of 2,069 fathoms.