THE UNDOING OF A WILDCAT

FERGY THE GUIDE TELLS WHY HE DOESN'T LIKE CHEESE.

The Cat Was All Right Until a Banker From Indiana in Search of Rest Came Out With Some Weird Cheeses—Trouble Began With Camembert and Ended With Limburger.

FIFIELD, Wis., Sept. 5.—There being no lantern in the camp on Pickerel Lake, Fergy the guide, had stuck a knot of balsam pine in the fork of a tree near by and it cast a red and fitful light over the tail gate of a wagon which he had mounted upon two forked uprights to serve as a table. The other man, seated on an upended grocery box, had eaten his fish, his slice of light bread fried in grease, had drunk a tin cupful of black coffee and was doubtingly examining a yellow mass, thin and hard, that lay before him.

"That's cheese," said Fergy, standing near and exploring the righthand pocket of his overalls for crumbs of tobacco.

"Yes?" said the other man questioningly. "As one interested in scientific research, I am glad to have my doubts removed. I had concluded that it was a section of palæozoic egg. It has antediluvian wrinkles and a prehistoric smell. I had intended to ship it to my friend, Mr. Hinky-Dink Kenna, curator of the Museum of Lost Arts That Were Never Found at Clark and Van Buren streets, Chicago."

"Yaas," said Fergy. "It's funny, but I never have any luck when there's cheese in camp. I told that gal at the hotel not to put no cheese in with our grub an' th' first thing I jam my han' agin w'en I unpack th' box is that there. Don' send it to no fr'en'. Keep it an' hit a Injun with it. You fellers w'at takes three drinks an' then hugs your en'mies an' fights your fr'ens make me fayteeged. Hit him anw'ere between his knees an' his hair an' it'll fetch him. I done my bes' with it, though."

The other man said nothing. Fergy picked up a red-alive coal in his fingers, dandled it in his horny palm, deftly canted it on top of his pipe, sucked violently and resumed:

"Ain't never had no luck with cheese sence ol' man Blandon o' Winchester, Injyanny, come up here. He's a banker w'en he's at home. Hired me f'r thirty days an' said he didn't give a prom'sory note w'ether he caught fish ur not. W'at he wanted was res' an' quiet an' th' sweet w'isperin's o' mother natur' an' balsam air. I seen them folks afore. Gin'rully they gits tired in two days an' you gotter lug 'em back to th' hotel w'ere they kin lie in bed o' mornin's an' play four-ball billiards at night on a table w'at sound's like you was runnin' a truck loaded with railroad iron acrost it. Ol' Blandon, howsomever, weren't that kind o' natur-lover. He were out f'r recreashun an' he shore staid with me. Nice ol' man he were, easy an' peaceful an' didn't look like he were more'n half awake at no time. I doan' understand how he made his money. Billy Humes, 'nother guide, tol' he were wuth four billion dollars, an' he got it from a red-headed Injyanny feller w'at said he had a im'pedment in his speech f'om childhood w'at kep' him f'om bein' a liar. I never packed no such pack as that pack w'at I packed f'r ol' Blandon. I packed it f'om Boyd's Hotel to this here very place—173 poun's 8 ounces th' fust load an' 181 poun's 11 ounces th' nex' load. I made two trips, you see."

"Yep," said the other man, sticking a splinter into his cigar to increase its draught.

"Mos' o' it," Fergy went on, "were grub w'at he'd brought f'om Injyanny. He were so careful o' it I think he mus' a-kep' it in th' bank vault. They was 'nough canned goods to stock a store—canned goods with writin' on 'em I couldn' read; I never see nothin' like 'em before. An' cheese! He were a conosher 'bout cheese. Had thirty dif'runt kinds; ur, mebbe, thirty-one. I learnt th' names some o' 'em, but not all. If I could a-learnt th' names o' all o' them cheeses I could go up to ol' Claude Ducharme's shack next winter an' talk to any French gal in th' bunch. This is w'ere th' story begins:

"Fus' night in camp ol' Blandon took a hatchet an' broke open one o' his dry goods boxes w'at I had lugged acrost th' trail an' took out a little roun' can an' cut it open with his knife an' said: 'Fergy, we'll have a leetle Kom-em-bare.' He spread the stuff on some toas' an' handed it to me an', sir, she were good. We et ha'f th' can an' lef' it settin' on th' table—was usin this same tail-gate we got now—an' went to bed. 'Long 'bout 1 o'clock in th' mornin' I was woke by the 'stranges' sweetes' music I ever heerd in my life, an' I uster be a fiddler myse'f. Ol' Blandon was playin' 'nother kin' o' music on his nose an' it made me so mad I a-gone over to him an' kicked him out'n his blankets if they hadn't a-been $2 a day in it. I laid there an' lissened tell I was broad awake an' then I lifted my haid an' looked. Sittin' by th' fire that had mos' died down, his tail curled ov'r his back an' a grin on his face like th' angils wear, were the bigges' wild cat I ever see before ur sence. He was so big that I took him f'r a young painter, an' he were chock full o' cheese. The empty can were near him an' he were so joyful he hadder sing. Look here! I heerd cats sing afore then, an' they singin' aint nothin' like Armalee Belle Smith's in Fifiel', w'at kin set down at a melojun an' make you cry an' wush you was back in Canady agin, but that cat laid ov'r Armalee like a five-year-ol' musky ov'r a dogfish. I love musick, an' that were musick, but I don' want no wild cats roun' whur I'm sleepin,' so I reached f'r a chunk to throw at it, when, whoosh! it were gone. Fur's it went, howsomever, I could hear them beaut'ful strains floatin back through th' woods. If they'll on'y sing like that w'en I die an' git to Heaven, I'll stay with 'em tell hell freezes over.

"I tol' ol' Blandon 'bout it nex' mornin' an' he looked at me an at th' em'ty cheese can an' arsked me w'at my stummick was made out'n. I tol' him it was made out'n the same sort o' mateeryul as his'n an' if he didn' like th' way I pulled the boat, he mought pull it hisse'f. He said he wasn' thinkin' 'bout boats, but 'bout the sing'ler an' stim'latin' effeck o' Kom-em-bare cheese on th' untootered imag'nashun.

"We fish't a leetle that day an' didn't ketch nothin'. He were lookin' at me mos' o' th' time an' ev'ry leetle w'ile he'd arsk how big that cat were, an' how many stripes it had, an' w'ether it's tail were curled over it's back ur on'y curved, an' a lot o' dam nonsense like that. I thinks to myse'f one time I'd give th' boat a leetle twis' an' let him spatter 'bout in twenty feet o' wattuh, but he were a ol' man an' they were $2 in it. That night he went to his treasure ches' agin an' took out 'nother priceless can o' smell an' says: 'Fergy, we'll have a leetle Rokefort.' He spread some on a piece o' toas' an' give it to me an', sir, she were good. We et ha'f th' can an' then we wrapped it up in a piece o' paper, tight, an' we went to bed. It couldn' a-been 12 o'clock w'en I heered th' song. It seemed to me like it had a dis'pinted note in it—a sorter soun' o' sadness like life ain' w'at it oughter be, 'n mother's gone with th' hired man an' so forth. I look up an' there's th' cat, lyin' on its stummick an' gazin' at th' coals with its big yeller eyes an' singin' soft an' low. I git on my all-fours an' crawl ov'r to Blandon an' yank him by his gray w'iskers. 'Here,' I w'ispers, 'you ol' Injyanny never was, you're th' fus' man w'at ev'r said that Fergy lied an' lived to git away with it.' I says. 'Raise up an' look at that cat, ur I'll chaw you on th' ear,' says I. I were mighty hot at Blandon. He raised up keerful-like an' took one look an' says, wild-like: 'I nev'r expected him to pay th' delayed in'teres' on that note, an' compun' interes' too,' he says, an' th'owed a fit. Pore ol' man, it knocked him right off'n th' thwart. I jumped up an' pitched a bucket o' wattuh ov'r him an' he set up, wipin' his w'iskers. Th' cat give one leap that took him forty feet three inches, let out a final bar o' the mos' lonesome musick I ever heer an' were gone. As he went he slung his haid back an' I see a reproachful look in his eyes, as much as to say: 'Gimme Kom-em-bare, ur don' gimme nothin'.' That cat were a good deal like some people. It didn' cos' him nothin' the fus' night an' because he didn' git quite so good th' nex' night—it still costin' him nothin'—he had a kick comin'.

"Nex' day Blandon were the mildes' man you ever see an' talked to me sorter respectful like. He were so busy thinkin' 'bout th' cat he couldn' fe'sh, an' we jus' pulled 'bout th' lake, me takin' it easy an' him slingin' langwidge in a fr'en'ly voice. That night we tried Mr. Cat on groo-yare an' we git a leetle imertashum o' four fiddles an' a bass drum playin' th' 'Arkansaw Trav'ler.' Nex' night we give him e-dum an' I think he'd a-jumped on us if I hadn' pulled a gun an' yelled at him to go 'way.

"Nex' night ol' Blandon he says to me: 'This is a int'restin' vis'tor o' ours,' says he, 'an' I like him an' his songs, but I'd ruther feed him on gold dolluhs out in this wild'ness than my cheeses,' he says, 'f'r my stock's gittin' low an' Gawd knows w'ere I'm t' git any more,' says he. 'To-night Fergy, my boy,' he says, 'I'm goin' to make him wush he'd a-kep th' simple ap'tites o' his childhood,' he says. With that he goes to his box an' drors out a can an' gits to th' winnard o' me an' chopt the top open. Say, I been in th' Chicarger stock yards in Augus', I been in places w'ere th' crick were dammed an' dried up an' five thousan' ton o' feesh lay rottin' in th' sun; I been in wuss places nur them, but I never smell no smell like that smell. I jus' git to th' oth'r side o' ol' Blandon, an' I say I ain't got but one life to live an' one death to die an' I ain't goin' to die in no such disgraceful fash'n as that so long's they's a gun loaded within ten mile, I say. He larfed and says he: 'This here's Lim-bugger,' says he, 'an' any livin' bein', man ur cat,' he says, 'is gotter be eddycated up to it,' says he. With that he took a spoon an' et ha'f o' it an' lef' th' other ha'f in th' can settin' on th' table."

Fergy's pipe having gone out, he put on another coal and meditatively sucked for five minutes. The other man, chewing the end of his burning cigar, stared at the fire and said never a word. The guide glanced at him sideways several times and once half-turned toward him as if expecting him to speak, but his only reward was continued silence. Heaving a sigh, he went on:

"At 10 o'clock I was lyin' awake an' I heard a long, sad miaouw. I looked in time to see th' cat hot-footin' it away f'om th' fire. Fifteen times he come back an' went away ag'in before he could git close 'nough to th' stuff to tackle it. Finerly he gritted his teeth an' jammed his nose inter th' can an' brought it out agin with a hunk o' that cheese stickin' to it. He reminded me o' a ol' booze fighter w'at's got to kick hisse'f to make hisse'f take a drink in th' mornin'. W'en he got his nose out'n th' can an' mebbe a tas' o' th' Lim-bugger in his mouth, he turned thirty-four back han'springs one aft'r th' other, an' they nev'r were no such soun's as them soun's w't come out'n him. He howled, screamed, barked, yapped, coughed, miaouwed, sobbed or choked, spluttered, spit an' yelled, an' all th' time he were goin' ov'r an' ov'r like one o' these here firew'eels they touch off on th' night o' th' Fourth o' July. Ol' Blandon he set up in his blankits an' prayed. Th' las' I see o' that cat he was a rewolwin' bundle o' fur, goin' through the branches twenty-three feet 'bove groun' an' gittin' swifter with ev'ry turn. I hadder laugh.

"Ol' Blandon went back to Injyanny aft'r aw'ile, an' th' groun' 'roun' here looked like it had snowed em'ty cheesecans. Now, this here cat, afore he struck that Kom-em-bare on th' fatil night, was jus' a plain or'nary wild cat, purty big f'r his size, but with nothin' much th' matter with him, but that fall we heerd o' him in more ways than one. His natur' was ruint by excess. His conf'dence in human kin' were undermined, his moral'ty were a wreck, an' he started out to git even with us all because a irrespons'ble ol' set o' w'iskers-on-a-bone had come in here an' led him astray. He gotter be a 'rogue,' livin' by hisself a' an' not 'sociatin' with no oth'r cats. We begin to fin' fawns dead aroun' in the woods with they th'oats cut. F'om fawns he went to calves an' killed six f'r Hugh Boyd in six nights. W'en he couldn't git calves he'd take lambs an' full-growed sheep, an' then he started in on colts, an' he killed a lot o' 'em. Up to this time he hadn't nev'r tasted no human blood.

"One day, howsomever, Aleck McWhirter, th' lumber camp tel'phone, started ov'r th' trail on a sixteen-mile lope to Fifiel' to git him a drink, 'cause he were dry. Goin' 'long he took out a big spring knife somebody giv him an' tried to open it. He heered a yowlin behin' him an' sence he hadn' had th' drink yit, he were a leetle skeery. He cut his finger on th' blade an', as it bled some, he wiped his han' on a bush an' then begin to eat up th' groun' like he were doin' a hundred-mile stunt atween suns. 'Long come this here cat, eight minits arterward, an' lickt th' leaves. That settled it. Nex' week a leetle boy wandered out'n Fifiel' an' he ain' nev'r been heerd of sence." Fergy paused impressively, but got no exclamation of wonder or horror or alarm, nor any indication of interest whatever. "Nex' week a little gal wandered out'n Fifiel' an' she ain' nev'r been heerd of sence. Nex' week a leetle boy wandered out'n Fifiel' and he ain' nev'r been heerd of sence. Nex' week a leetle gal wandered out'n Fifiel' an'——"

"Get along! Get along!" said the other man. "When did you become a census enumerator?"

"This kep' up," said Fergy undisturbed, "untell ev'body in Price county was a-huntin' that cat, but they never seen no sign o' him. Th' snow were on th' groun, two inches deep w'en Baptiste Lacroix come down the trail hea'in' wes'. Baptiste had been drunk f'r two weeks in Fifiel' patronizin Mike Hennessy's bar. W'en his money were all gone Hennessy tol' him they were a lumber-camp eighty-three mile away w'ere he could work hard an' git some more. Which were proper, 'cause nobody tol' him to go inter Hennessy's in th' fus' place. Baptiste, bein' drunk, lit out thout 'nother word, an' as he come 'long he were fixin' up how to git even with Hennessy. 'Cause he were French an' not Irish nur English nur Scotch, this scheme come to him: He stopt in th' trail and pulled off his shoe an' sock an' took out his knife. 'I weel be revanched,' says he. 'I weel cut off ze lar-r-rge toe an' hang eet on ze bush. Some day—some time—zat Henness' come long an' see ze po' toe an' say: Ah h-h, I haf done wr-r-rong to ze po' Baptiste; he good fellaire, af' h' all. I weel let zem know ze Fr-r-rainchmon ees not to be eensolted.' So he w'acked off his big toe an' hung it on a saplin' an' limped on with his right shoe full o' blood an' w'en he got to Boyd's we put him in the guides' house an' kep' th' blue-winged goats f'om flyin' in an' bitin' him f'r a week.

"That cat come 'long half a hour arterward', smelt th' blood an' et th' toe. That toe had in it beer, w'iskey, brandy, rum, absinthe, wine an' wood alkyhol—mos'ly wood alkyhol. That cat went 'way an' laid down in th' brush. Nex' day, hikin' out through th' snow f'r a deer, I heerd th' ol' songs, soundin' out ov'r th' silint wastes. They was th' same, an' yet they was not the same. They were a wil', unairthly screech runnin' 'long under 'em an' I couldn't un'erstan' it. W'en I got closter I seen w'at th' matter were. Th' cat had the jimjams. It was singin' its bes' song an' its wors' song all mixt up together, an' now an' then it'd stop an' throw fifty-two somersets backerd and forrerds. Mem'ry were gittin' th' bes' o' it. Th' ol' nights in Blandon's camp was throngin' thick upon it, an' it were mixin' in its song demands f'r all sorts o' cheeses. One minit it thought it had Kom-em-bare, an' no 'ermit throsh ev'r singt to th' moon like w'at that cat singt. Then it'd run all th' way down through roke-fort, groo-yare, e-dum an' so on to lim-bugger, an' then th' handspring act'd start. I stood it all right w'ile th' concert were goin' on, but when th' lim-bugger stage beginned I took five shots at it an' nev'r tetched a hair. Th' las' sight o' it I got it were goin' tail fus' atween th' hemlocks an' makin' good time at that.

"Now, this cat had charickter an' staminy an' oth' things I'eerd a temp'runce lec'rer talk 'bout onst. You mayn't b'lieve me, but it got ov'r them jimmies an' braced right up. It quit human blood an' colts an' sheep an' calves an' fawns. I useter borry cheeses—all sorts o' cheeses—f'om Boyd's guests an' leave 'em aroun' in th' woods, an' it wouldn't tetch 'em. I took as much pride in that cat's goodness as if it had 'a' been my own chile. I tol' ev'body 'bout it an' arsked 'em not to hurt it if it come up to 'em an' singt in puro gladness o' 'art. They said they wouldn't.

"They come a feller up here f'om Chicarger, a long pale feller with curls and knock-knees. He had on a bike soot with yeller stockin's an' he lugged a ol' buff'ler gun some body'd give him f'r a joke. The cal'ber o' this gun were 52 an' it made a roar like 200 hypnertized bulls. He writ his name on the reg'ist'r—this feller—an' I mem'rized it in two days. It were 'T. Campbell Wordsworth Coleridge Percy Byssha Shelley Beach,' an' the wimmin guests they thort a heep o' him an' said he were a poick. This Beach useter t' git in a leetle boat on Dog Lake, clost to th' hotel, an' float aroun' with his buff'ler gun an' a stub o' pencil an' a piece o' paper an' make rhymes w'at he read to th' wimmin at supper. One day, w'en he were floatin' roun' an' scribblin, th' cat come down to th' lake to git wattuh. Now remember it hadn't drunk no licker an' et no cheese f'r pretty near a year. Jus' plain food an' col' wattuh an' reg'ler hours was good 'nough f'r it. This Beach he glanced up an' seen it an', bein' skeered to death, he flung up his buffler gun an' shet both eyes an' pulled th' trigger. Nat'rally, under them circumstances, he tore th' cat's head off. "Now," said Fergy, rising and pointing a gnarled forefinger at his companion, "w'at's th' moril o' that?" "The moral," said the other man, yawning, "is: Never steal from an Indiana banker."

"It aint," said Fergy. "The moral is: Lake wattuh aint no good f'r nothin' cep' feesh."

PASSING OF THE SANDWICH MAN.

A Picturesque Figure in the City Streets Gives Way to the Banner Bearer.

"There was a time," said a town traveller, "when the sandwich man—the advertisement-carrier who walked the streets between two boards, one in front of him and the other at his back—was a familiar sight in the city's streets; but now he has virtually disappeared. His place has been taken by the man carrying signs of one sort and another aloft; these being either signs supported in iron frames resting upon the shoulders of the carrier, or upon a handle by means of which they are carried as a banner would be borne. The advantage of the latter signs over the sandwich sign is found in the fact that carried above the heads of men, they can be seen by more persons.

"The uplifted sign is made, too, in greater variety than the old sandwich was. There is, for instance, upon a banner sign, as a part of the advertisement, a wooden clock, and the high-borne sign in the form of a big watch with appropriate lettering is familiar. There may be seen now and then great frying pans marked with the signs of restaurants, huge gold pens and, in the summer, straw hats.

"To the sandwich the high-borne sign is as the railroad was to the stage coach, and there could be but one result where they were brought in competition. But the bannerman is not the sandwich man by a long shot; estimable he may be, but he can never be invested with the romance that surrounded him, whose very name was felicitous. The typical sandwich man was rather short and inclined to stockiness. His trousers legs were too long, so that they dropped around his shoe tops like rumpled accordeon pleats. His clothing was dark, it might have been black, and he wore a battered high top hat. Of course he smoked a pipe; and thus equipped he sauntered in a leisurely, and yet a measured and dignified manner, along Broadway, a calm philosopher; disreputable in appearance it might be, but ever picturesque, a vital part of the city's passing show. The bannerman can never hope to be like him."

HAPPY, DREAMY FISHING.

ONE BRANCH OF THE SPORT THAT BRINGS PEACE AND SLEEP.

It Is the Art of the Still Fisher, Which Is as Old as the World and Requires No Skill—Conditions Which May Make It Hard Work or Mere Pleasant, Thoughtless Murder.

ASHLAND, Wis., Sept. 7.—Where there is one fly caster there are four bait casters, and where there are four bait casters there are sixty-four still fishers. Still fishing requires no dexterity. Therefore the ranks of its votaries stand twenty deep. There have been always still fishers since there were fish. Noah, perched on the sharply angled roof of his ark and wildly swinging a hand line with three hooks on it, was a still fisher. Cleopatra on the Nile was another of them. Praed's "Red Fisherman" did a little casting, but he permitted his hook to dangle so that Nell Gwynne should snap at the coronet bait. On every sunny English stream for five centuries past the still fisher has had sway. He has it yet, for the man who goes among the modern Englishmen looking for casters will have his return passage paid by the Consul at Liverpool. Champion still fisherman of them all was old Izaak. If some astral preembodiment of the future had shown him a quadruple-multiplying reel he would have toppled over in a dead faint and been too busy thinking thereafter to write anything. The boy with bent pin and wriggling worm, spitting on his lure and carefully dropping it into the deeper places of the shallow brook that runs from the hills down through the peaceful valley, is a still fisherman. Perhaps he may live to grow up and run a grocery store in a large town, and if he does he will still fish until he dies. Everybody, in fact, who fishes and does not know how to fish is a still fisher.

This art consists simply in selecting a bait and dropping it into the water and waiting for something to come along and take hold of it. It is a reflective art and, if persisted in, produces chronic somnolence. Lawyers who leave the heated city in July and spend their vacations in still fishing go to sleep in the court rooms and wake suddenly to "object" to something they have heard in their dreams. Physicians, wearied of night cabs and attempts to collect fees, spend thirty days where still fishing is rife and for six weeks afterward prescribe morphia in place of quinine. Newspaper men, their nerves worn a little fine by twenty-five hours' work a day eight days in the week, slumber for a half month in the lotus land of the bobbing cork and the untaut line and when they return to the office are eminently fitted to write editorials on the southward march of the Balkan frontier. If De Quincey had been a still fisher he would never have penned his "Confessions." He would have found surcease from toothache and utter rest in other things than laudanum. Also if Bresci had followed this gentle calling he would have stuffed his largest perch and sent it to Humbert as a token of filial regard. There are no Anarchists among the still fishers. Being an Anarchist is too much like work.

The deadliness of this method, as compared with fly casting or bait casting, is supreme. The still fisherman will catch more fish at almost any time than the perfected scientific sharp able to get out a hundred feet against the wind, and some times he will catch forty-four hundred times as many fish. His success does not depend upon the selection of gaudily-colored artificial simulations of insects that never were on sea or land, nor on the speed and regularity with which he is able to drag a glittering spoon and a choked sombre frog through the water. It depends upon whether or not the fish are hungry. If they are hungry, he yanks them in by the cord, and if they are not hungry nobody can catch them with anything whatever. Whether they are hungry or not depends generally upon the stage of the moon. In the dark of the moon, in the time of moonless nights, the under-water feeders are hungry because they cannot see to swim and feed after the sun goes down. In the light of the moon, when there is little difference below the surface of a lake or river between dark and daylight, they eat all night long and consequently, when the fisherman gets after them the next day they take no interest in anything he has to offer.

There is no doubt that fish are humorsome and that they prefer one bait to another at various times with no apparent reason therefor. The still fisherman, to be successful, must thus have a variety of foods with which to tempt, just as the fly fisherman carries his book stuffed with a dozen standard flies and fifty others that are merely variations of the standard and of no practical service. Of all the American game fish, probably the Oswego bass, or green bass, or big-mouthed bass, is the most omnivorous and general feeder. Ordinarily it may be predicted safely that it is hungry, and if it is not its lack of appetite is due either to the fact that it has fed all night long, or else it is ill. For this reason on Western lakes and rivers the big-mouth is the swimmer most often sought by the still-fisher. With this angler weight of catch and number are superior to quality, and when the Oswegos are hungry they may be hooked and jerked or reeled in as fast as the man with rod cares to work. To the voracious and hungry big-mouth all baits look alike, so that they have meat in them and smell to them. Worms, salt pork, dead minnows, dead frogs, old venison, chicken entrails and pieces cut from other bass are seductive to its maw. Drop the bait over the edge of the boat, or dangle it from a bank, and wait until the exploring glutton hangs itself; that is the secret. So far as the sport of it is concerned, it is a good deal like shooting a man's cow in his back yard, or fishing in a pond filled with German carp, but if the still fisher likes it, it is not to be contended that any one else has the right to object.

Still-fishing for big mouth bass is practised generally from a boat on some small inland lake. The man at the oars paddles lazily along the bank until he finds a likely-looking hole. The man on the rear thwart is ready with a steel rod, a decent reel, a large hook, a line of medium stoutness and some bit of flesh on the hook; it does not matter particularly what it is. The line is cast a dozen feet or so and reeled in until the lure hangs two feet above the bottom. In a little while there will be a faint tug and then the line will move slowly through the water for a yard to the right or left. The strain becomes a little stronger, but the still-fisherman does not move. He is waiting for his victim to swallow the bait, or, at least, to get it so far into its throat that there is no possibility of the hooks missing. Then the crucial moment having arrived a mighty jerk is given, the barb sinks deeply into the soft mouth or pierces it entirely, there is a steady dragging working of the reel and thirty seconds later a two or three-pound big mouth flounders on the bottom of the boat. The deeply driven hook is wrenched free—no matter if it tears out a chunk of flesh—and the fish is stuffed into a sack so that its floppings may not alarm other fish which may be within a radius of twenty yards. The still-fisher gets a lot of fun out of this and the oftener in an hour that the butchery happens the better pleased is he. Here is no far-flying cast of frog, minnow or spoon, cutting through the air for eighty feet and dropping to the surface with a slight splash. Here is no delicate sending of the fly, to alight upon the water as naturally and delicately as any winged insect of them all. Here is not even the circling swing and rush of the muscularly propelled hand-line. It is just patient, dreamy, thoughtlessly thoughtful murder.

If a man wants to still-fish and do it rightly the best thing he can do is to get himself a pole of swamp cane, sixteen feet long, a stout linen line of at least equal length, a large keen hook, some live minnows and a red and green cork. Then when his fish strikes he can see the cork go far under water, which in itself is pleasing, can reef the hook into his quarry with one quick stroke of the wrist and can yank him in, suspended between water and sky like a finny Mahomet's coffin. This is quick work—two seconds for the cork to disappear, a half-second for the jerk and one second to heave the fish into the boat. There are times on Wisconsin forest lakes when a man, angling in this fashion, would have an easier time sawing wood in an August sun. He goes through more exertion, goes through it faster, keeps it up longer and loses more perspiration than any woodpile ever wrung out of any white man since woodpiles were invented. The fellow who does this will tell the anxious inquirer that he is having sport, yet if he were hired to do it at $5 a day he would join a labor union and engineer a strike for longer pay and shorter hours inside of a week.

There is an uncertainty about still-fishing, however, that lends it an undeniable charm. For instance, a man has drawn from his bucket a frog long dead. He hooks it through the lips and drops it overboard, being naturally anxious to get it out of sight and smell as soon as possible. The line cuts slowly through the water. If there is a bass at the end of it he must be permitted to run, because all bass, in seizing a frog, first grab it by the legs, carry it ten feet, then reverse it with a swift motion and swallow it head first. For fear that the seeker of food may be a bass the angler sits still. There may be a hungry perch bothering with the hook, or a pike, or a muskallonge of an inquiring turn of mind, or a dogfish. Anyhow, the advocate of the methods of Izaak Walton never knows, until he sees his capture, what it is. If it be a bass, he shakes hands with himself for being wise; if it be a dogfish, he assures himself that the same thing is likely to happen to anybody, and once more casts his deceased batrachian upon the water, hoping that it will return to him after a few seconds.

If the swimmers are not hungry and bite at irregular intervals of an hour or so, then the man too lazy to lie on the grass and hold on with both hands is, or ought to be, happy. All that he has to do is to sit still and hold the hole and compose an epic or a realistic novel. If there is a breeze ruffling the lake it will wander coolly through his wet woollen shirt, and if there is not he will be too busy fighting mosquitoes to care whether school keeps or not, or the fish bite or not. It is possible in this way to start at 6 o'clock in the morning and stay in the boat until 7 o'clock in the evening and catch three fish, and imagine that the day has been only two hours long.

"The man so situated, particularly if he has the true still-fishing spirit, knows nothing of telegraphs or telephones, newspapers or railway stocks. For a time he is divorced from the world which knew him as one who wrought painfully for his living and has become a veritable loafer, unconcerned with anything except the business of sitting still and breathing regularly. It is not only possible but desirably practical to walk down Broadway, New York, or State street, Chicago, of a September afternoon and pick out the returned still-fishers from the other vacationers. It is easily enough done, for the members of this widely scattered colony have the sleepy, rested air with them. The roar of traffic and the clangor of car bells awaken no reminiscent interest in them. They are always brown and nearly always fat and they walk apart from their fellow men and now and then they jerk the right wrist spamodically, as though they had a half-pound perch on the other end of the line and would get it into the boat or break a hamstring. They are the thoroughly rested vacation takers, so thoroughly rested, in fact, that it takes them a long time to get back to normal. The still-fisher looks with tolerant pity upon any other kind of fisher because he knows that all other forms of fishing are work and he does not board up his house and discharge his servants and go away to work. He wants the green of the trees to get into him and the lulling lip-lip of the waves against the boat's side and the long calm of summer days. It may be said for him that he generally obtains what he goes for.

After all, however, there is but one way in which to be a still-fisher and extract unlimited good from it. The way is open to all men under 60, and it is coming to be followed more commonly as the seasons go. This way dispenses with the services of a "guide," as the man who pulls the boat is fond of calling himself. It consists merely in having a boat which does not leak, a pair of oars, a fishing line and a pretty girl, who plunks a little on the guitar. So furnished, the still-fisher does not think of fishing until after supper is served and eaten at the little woods hotel. Then, when the sun is down and the long clear northern twilight is begun, with the evening star a solitary sparkler in all the curved heavens and, perhaps, a thin crescent of moon untilted above the feathery tops of the balsam pines, he descends to the wharf in the placid lake, helps in the guitar, takes his seat, strikes a few strokes, drops his line overboard and looks at the other person while the strings are twanging and a light soprano tells the swooning night hawks and green frogs that Juanita refuses to let him linger by her side. Perhaps the still-fishers who look so rested and dreamy on Broadway or State street have been auditors of the guitar. In fact, it is wholly probable.

BEAR HUNTING IN VERMONT.

Five Bears Caught by One Trapper in a Year Near Montpelier.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Sept. 7.—Don B. Celly of Berlin, who lives about six miles from this city, has captured five bears within a year. There are several old bear hunters and trappers living near Montpelier and one of them is credited with having taken forty bears during his career; but these men are old timers, and have not set a trap for twenty years. Mr. Celly, therefore, describes himself as the champion active bear trapper of the State. All Mr. Celly's bears were taken within eight miles of the capital city of Vermont.

There has been in Vermont a tendency on the part of various wild animals to move southward within the past few years. In the case of the bears this may be accounted for in a measure by the fact that the second-growth forests have become big enough to afford them protection, and that the roots on which they love to feed are again abundant. As related in THE SUN, wolves have been killed recently only a short distance from Montpelier. The presence of the wolves in this vicinity is accounted for by hunters on the ground that they are attracted by the increase of the wild deer that has taken place under the protection of the rigid game laws.

Mr. Celley's last capture was a cub, which was such a cute little fellow that, instead of killing it for the $12 bounty offered by the State he took it home and built a pen for it. The leg of the cub caught in the trap came off, but the wound healed and in a little while the cub was getting about in lively fashion on three legs. It subsequently became a great pet. Mr. Celley's girls fed it from their hands and fondled it as they would any other pet. A rainstorm came up one afternoon, and, as it threatened to last all night, Mr. Celley put a dry goods box into the pen to shelter the cub. The young bear, instead of lying inside the box as it had been expected to do, climbed on top of it, jumped to the fence, then down on the other side and made off into the woods. It has been seen once or twice this summer and to all appearances has thrived.

To a couple of visitors recently Mr. Celley explained how he came to set traps for bears.

"On Aug. 5, 1899," he said, "I caught sight of a bear. It was the first one seen in these parts for a long time. As the farm work was not pressing just then I made up my mind to get that bear, and for several days followed its trail here and there without sighting it again. I gave up the idea of shooting the animal finally and determined to set traps. I not only caught the one I was after but a second one beside, before winter set in. I set two traps again this spring as soon as the snow melted, and again had good luck, catching two full grown bears and a cub."

Mr Celly exhibited a trap in which last spring he caught a she bear, the mother of the cub that was captured later. After setting this trap Mr. Celly did not visit it for several days. On going up the mountain one morning he found that the trap had been dragged away. The trap itself weighed twenty-five pounds and it was hitched to a clog six feet long and six inches in diameter. You can still see the path the wounded animal made in dragging the trap and the clog after her. She travelled down the mountain a mile and a half and then made her way up again to within a short distance of the place where the trap was set. She was dead when Mr. Celly found her. Near her were two cubs which had followed her throughout that terrible journey. They made off before Mr. Celly could shoot them. In her death agony the she bear had gnawed the trees within reach.

To prove that bears can climb small trees Mr. Celly points out where one bear went up an oak sapling less than six inches through having on one of its forepaws the heavy trap from which the big clog was dangling. In the same trap last autumn a big male bear was captured. Mr. Celly found it a mile away down the mountain. The bear was full of fight when overtaken. When it saw Mr. Celly it stood on its hind legs and angrily shook the trap that clutched a forepaw. The heavy clog, however, made it impossible for the bear to move rapidly and Mr. Celly shot it without much trouble.

According to Mr. Celly, the Vermont bears travel from mountain to mountain, foraging for food thoroughly over one before passing on to another. They dig wild turnips and squirrel corn, eat blackberries and the berries of the mountain ash, of which they are very fond.

Mr. Celly, before setting a trap, builds a sort of wigwam out of small posts, leaving a good-sized opening. This is to prevent cattle from getting into the trap which is placed inside. He covers the trap with leaves, places a piece of meat well back from the opening, and scatters bits of bread over the ground. The bears enter these pens apparently without fear.

Mr. Celly has been for a long time a famous fox hunter. He intends now, however, to devote his leisure time chiefly to bear. The State allows $12 bounty for each scalp, so that, aside from the excitement of the thing, Mr. Celly expects to make enough to pay him for his trouble.

TO USE THE FRANKLIN FUND.

Suggestion That Boston Erect a School of Applied Arts With Its $375,000.

BOSTON, Sept. 7.—It was said at City Hall to-day that the managers of the Franklin Fund, who consist of three clergymen and the Board of Aldermen, may this year make some disposition of the fund, which now amounts in round figures to $375,000. A great effort was made a year ago by Mayor Quincy to have the fund disposed of, but it failed. The plan last year, which received the approval of the managers, but which the Common Council refused to concur in, was to erect a building on the site of the old Franklin school house on Washington street, near Dover street. It was suggested that the new building should contain a branch of the public library, with reading rooms, a ward room, a public hall, lecture rooms and rooms for the use of the Grand Army posts now quartered in the old Franklin school house. The balance of the fund, after paying for this building, was to be used for the erection of bath houses, combined with public gymnasiums.

The new plan which was contained in an order offered at the last council meeting, is that the fund be expended for the establishment of a school of applied arts. The fund managers have been requested through Mayor Hart, to give public hearings on the matter.

THE TIGHT ROPE'S PERILS.

ODD SENSATIONS OF AN OLD CIRCUS PERFORMER.

A Jump Through a Plate Glass Window—Quick Thinking During a Fall—Difficulty of Writing on a Tight Rope—Fine Points About Somersaults—A Near-Sighted Wire Walker.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—"Having the head for the business, rather than strength, is the main requirement for success as a tight-rope walker, tumbling, or, in fact, almost any kind of circus work," says L. O. Ginn, now for many years a resident of Boston, but formerly famous in the sawdust arena as C. L. Weston. "I was in the business nearly twenty years, part of the time giving tight-rope exhibitions on my own account, but most of the time with circuses, Forepaugh's and the rest of them. I was three years with Forepaugh.

"I started in when I was 16. I was working down in a shoe shop near Lewiston, Me., where I was born, and my bench mate was an old German who had been a professional trapeze artist and gymnast. He was getting up a performance for a Fourth of July parade and I helped him in his work. He was going to do a tight-rope act. Well, that tight-rope business just struck me. I kept practising until I was able to go on the road. I was naturally very strong and have the wedge-shaped body that is so often found among those who are quick with the feet or are in a calling that demands agility. I was heavy through the chest and shoulders and small about the hips. When I was giving performances on the rope, I had to wear braces under my fleshings to hold up my trunks and my belt was secured in place by little hooks. Otherwise, it would slip right down over my hips.

"Acrobatic work, wire walking and such, usually appear to the public as a sort of automatic doings. They think the man simply goes through, like a machine, with what he has done over and over and over, until it has become almost second nature to him. In spite of all that, the fact is that no business demands quicker decision, more incessant alertness and keener brain. If a tight rope expert was always performing in the same locality, where he could have the same well-trained attendants, there would be, of course, much less strain on his nerves, but you take it as things go on the road and it's full of danger. You have constantly to be watching for a picked-up helper to make a mistake of some kind. I was giving a street exhibition one time out in a little village in Ohio. I had a rope stretched from a couple of artificial standards, iron poles. At each end were local citizens whom I had coached, as far as I had time, to pull down or ease up on the guy ropes, according to the signals I gave. Well, I had an arrangement on that should give the people a little spectacular business. This consisted of a rope running down from my tight rope and held at an angle of about forty-five degrees by a couple of stout men. My intention was that as I came to finish my act on the tight rope, I would take a run along the rope, leap off and after turning a somersault in the air, catch the rope these men held. See? It made a neat wind-up, you know. But see how it worked this time.

"I stepped on the tight rope and just then, one of the men holding the guy at that end slacked a bit. Well, if I'd been out on the rope, it would have shot a foot and a half to one side and I would have got a tumble, sure's blazes. So I had to caution 'em again to keep perfectly steady. You see it's just a little thing like that that'll break a man's neck if he don't watch out. Well, I done my act on the rope and the crowd seemed well satisfied, cheering and applauding. Then I paused for the run and wind-up. I hurried along the rope and leaped into the air. I turned the somersault and caught the rope all right. But just as I caught it, the fool that was holding the end, thought he had completed his job and let go. So I shot through the air like lightning and went straight through the glass windows of a millinery store that was on the side of the street. The crowd couldn't help shouting with laughter and yet they were afraid I might be killed, too. But I came through with such force and so quick that I wasn't cut nor injured more than a few scratches. But I scattered the new styles and fall hats, now, I can tell you.

"It was up in Canada though, that I did come near getting killed and, as it was, got a fall that I shan't get over as long as I live. I had stretched my rope across the street and between opposite buildings. The end from which I was to start out on had been fastened to a crosspiece set into the beams of the roof. I thought it was as secure as anything possibly could be, but it had evidently rotted. I got up at the window at the appointed hour, glanced down on the crowd, then examined the rope and bore down upon it. It seemed all right and I took my heavy balancing pole and crawled out onto the rope. I scuds nimbly along for a few feet and then step back for a swift chase along the rope. Just then, there was a crash and the rope shot from under me. The joist had given way! I was falling, back downward, for you see as the rope fell it had pulled my feet out. I had forty-eight feet to fall.

"You'd not believe it possible for a man to do any thinking at all under such circumstances. All would have happened before you could think. But it wasn't that way with me at all. Soon's I started downward, I remember the first thought that come to me, and it come the second I left the rope, was 'I wish I could see where I'm going,' and I thought, 'Guess I'll hang to this balance pole, 'stead of throwing it away, for I'll want that to light with.' Well, I curled myself so that as I passed a window, I was head down and see a picket fence right under me. 'Gee, I thought, I've got to miss that somehow,' and I managed to twist over so'st when I lit I did miss it. The pole struck first and broke my fall, but broke in three pieces and my shoulder was broke and I was laid up for weeks. It was the accident that compelled me to leave the show business. Well, all that saved me from getting killed that time was the fact that I could always trust to keeping my head. Do you know, I wasn't half so scared when I see that picket fence as I was while I was going backward and couldn't tell where I was going to fetch up. Uncertainty is the most nerve-racking fear you can have.

"Funny thing how some of your experiences seems to contradict popular notions. You know that the ordinary greenhorn, if he's climbing up a tall ladder or is at the top of a tall building, is generally all right if he don't look down. If he does, the minute his eyes strike the ground his head begins to swim and away he goes. Well, now, I never was bothered with a mite of that. I was out in western New York giving a performance. The rope was about three hundred and fifty feet in length and swung at a height of sixty feet above the falls of a river. I wheeled a barrow out over the rope, took a frying pan, fried some eggs and eat 'em there on the rope. I could look right down on to that tumbling water and it didn't affect my head one particle. But what did use to get me a little ticklish was a comparatively simple thing. Sometimes, when I had my rope stretched over a street, I used to write my name on cards and toss the cards down to the crowd. Well, while I could handle a balance pole, a wheelbarrow or any article of heft and not be bothered, when I come to take a pencil and, as I looked down on the crowd, go through the delicate motion of writing, it used to come mighty near catching me sometimes. I found I didn't like to try that trick only once in a while. Funny thing that it should bother me so, ain't it?

"Sometimes you'll come across a performer that certainly does tricks automatically, more or less. I remember the celebrated tight-wire artist, Martin Zuruski, a Charlestown boy, by the way, though I'm blessed if I can be sure of spelling his name right. Why, that old man would go up on the wire and he was so nearsighted he couldn't see two feet from his nose. Yet he would take six eggs, three in each hand, and juggle 'em there on that rope and not break one of 'em. I remember some of the rest of the circus boys used to bother the old man once in a while, by giving him rotten eggs to juggle. I recollect the first time I see that tried, one of 'em busted in old Martin's hand. It was an especially ancient egg and the perfume fixed up the vicinity in good shape. I never see a man madder'n poor old Martin was when he come off that wire.

"You've probably seen the trapeze artists at work in a circus performance, where the men were opposite and would swing out and back as far as they could go and when the bars were highest and toward one another the men would let go, pass each other and exchange trapezes. Well, there's a point there that not one in a thousand ever notices and yet it's always done. Has to be. The minute each man leaves the bar, he gives it a little shove to the side. If he didn't his mate, who is also in the air, would miss it, because, once in the air, in an act of that kind he couldn't twist so as to grab the bar. See?

"It's the same way in other circus acts—tiny points that always have to be followed. I done second clown work for a long time. You know this fellow never does the somersault over the horses, ponies or elephants, or whatever is to be lept over until the whole string is in line. His business is to kid and at last make it clear that he's a pretty hot sort of a boy. Now, I used always to count as I went over. As I went into the air from the spring board I took mental note of each animal as I passed him. In that way you see I knowed just where I was and how far I still had to go. I knew one man that was a wonder in turning somersaults of this kind. Now, if you've ever thought of the matter you remember that when men are turning double somersaults over horses, they usually sail up into the air, reach the highest point and do the one or two somersault business as they come down. Well, this chap could do a somersault as he went up, reach the highest point and complete another as he came down. I never saw but one who could do that. 'Nother thing, in speaking of counting while turning, you could generally allow two feet four inches for the thickness of a horse, and have it almost exact; but the cussed elephants you couldn't guage to save you. One day, they'd be five feet and another eight. Their daily thickness was according to their daily appetite.

"I have turned as many as a hundred somersaults in succession from off the mat, and yet I wasn't dizzy nor troubled a particle, so far as my head was concerned. My strength, however, would be completely exhausted. I could keep it up as long as my strength lasted. My head staid all right, and yet, bearing that in mind, isn't it queer that I never could stand waltzing, an amusement that nearly everybody delights in? I couldn't, sir. Why, if I'd take a few dances I'd be so mixed up I could hardly stand.

"I was down to Providence not long ago and had a mighty pleasant visit and talk with old man Dowd. He used to be one of the best circus performers that ever stepped into a ring. He's over 70 now. We got to talking of the old days, and he bet me he could beat me yet on the mat, and blamed if we didn't get on tights and have a turn. We should have been a sight if a cartoonist or something had only been around. I was surprised to see how wonderfully active the old chap still was. Turn a somersault? Well, you bet he can turn one. I didn't have much trouble in getting over either, but, jiminy, I was so shook up I was sore for weeks after.

"Well, talk as they will about how circus performers is abused, I liked the business, and I likely should have been in it yet if I hadn't got that broke shoulder."

BONFIRES OF OLD CARS.

A Brooklyn Trolley Company's Way of Clearing Out Its Morgue.

In the railroad cut near Third avenue on the old Sea Beach route to Coney Island the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company of late has been making big bonfires of old cars. The burning of the cars has aroused considerable interest among people passing the spot, because an old trolley car when properly set on fire does not make a mean blaze. Then, too, some of the cars destroyed have appeared to ordinary observers as though they were still good for something and their destruction has caused some wonder. In the eyes of the railroad people, however, the cars are good only for the junk to be found in their ashes.

For a long time the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has had a morgue for its old cars at the foot of Sixty-second street, Brooklyn. When the company acquired the Nassau lines a great many old cars came into its possession and the morgue's capacity of late has been overtaxed. For this reason the company decided to set fire to the oldest cars in the morgue which would not be fit for service even on country lines. Two hundred and ten cars were condemned in all and for several days strings of these have been seen moving slowly to the crematory in the railroad cut where one after another they have been consigned to the flames.

The cars are burned at the foot of the cliff on one side of the cut. A derrick has been erected there and as the cars are brought up they are lifted off their trucks and tilted on one side. The windows and doors are taken out of them to save the glass. Holes are cut in the roof to improve the draft and then a lot of oil-soaked waste is put under them and ignited. The blaze for a time is a fierce one, for the cars are old and dry and burn like tinder. The spectacle always attracts a crowd. The men in charge of the burning of the cars know their business so well that in fifteen or twenty minutes after the fire is started nothing is left. At first the cars were burned down near the water front and there about twenty cars a day went up in smoke, but the residents complained of the smoke. So the cars are now burned farther inland and only six or eight are set on fire in a day.

The destruction of the cars does not mean a total loss to the railroad company, as the spectators may possibly imagine. A lot of the trucks can be used again and the ashes always yield a profitable return in junk. After each car is burned the ruins are carefully overhauled and every scrap of iron is saved and taken to the junk pile. The 210 cars are expected to yield about two hundred tons of junk and for this bids will be invited from big junk dealers.

Every big railroad company finds itself at times with a lot of old cars on its hands, but efforts are always made to dispose of them to small country lines. Cars in fairly good condition which have been discarded because the size and pattern are not up to date, are often seized upon by small lines running through sparsely settled districts where the trolley is a blessing, no matter what the cars may be. As a result of the acquisition of a lot of old Brooklyn car lines, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit has come into possession of cars whose antiquity is shown by the fact that in their prime they were moved by horses. Most of them ran on the Atlantic avenue line, which was absorbed by the Nassau and when the trolley craze struck Brooklyn they were turned into trolley cars. In the horse car days these cars were considered elaborate.

A QUEER SECT AT CHARLESTON.

Negroes Who Mix Religion With Midnight Searchings for Treasure.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 7.—After having been unnoticed for several years a religious sect known to the police of this city as the New Adventists and having for one of its purposes the seeking of hidden treasure is again at work around Charleston. Some time ago a train near here was almost wrecked because the track had been torn up and at first it was believed that a train robbery had been planned. Later facts proved that the track was torn up by the Adventists. Two causes stopped the work suddenly on that occasion. One was that the band dug under the earth and struck a box which was believed to contain gold, but which turned out to be a coffin in which a negro brakeman was buried. A railroad watchman, who was attracted by the midnight chanting of the band, came up suddenly and frightened the members away and flagged the train. The negroes in the band were afterward arrested and sent to jail for trespassing on railroad property.

Just now the scene of the midnight searching is around Ashley Junction, a few miles out of Charleston, and the leader says that a vision sent him there. The band has been gathered together again and every spot around the Junction is being examined in the night in the hope that the long lost treasures may be found.

A short time ago the band got in some of its work in a house on Drake street which was believed to be inhabited by a ghost. A member of the band happened to be a former servant of the owner, who was killed, and ever afterward there was the story of appearances of the ghost. The leader of the Adventists had a vision and the next morning he summoned his people. The following night they had sneaked into the basement and with the aid of a dark lantern were digging for the gold. The leader, an old man with snowy hair, sat in a corner of the basement and read passages from the Bible while the others dug and chanted and prayed. There was not much light, but the work went on rapidly.

"Hark," said the old leader suddenly, "I t'inks I hear dem angels buzzin'."

It was not angels this time, but police. A tip had been given that the band was in the house and a patrol wagon filled with men was sent to make a wholesale arrest. Every member of the band had to finish the night in the station house, and some went to the chain gang because they could not pay a fine for trespass.

Another house, which was put down in the haunted class, gave no end of trouble to the police, until the mystery was solved. Stories had been told about the house and nobody would occupy it. The neighbors moved away, and at night weird noises were heard. Finally the city detectives decided to solve the mystery. Late one night they cautiously entered the premises and crept up near a window and listened. Sure enough, there were the ghostly sounds. There was a dull thumping, a low chanting, and just enough light from a dark lantern to show men in white shrouds around a grave. It should be stated that the three entrances to the house were closed and the cobwebs showed that the doors and windows had not been opened for months. So convinced were the officers that they were up against the devils that they hesitated about going further. It was after midnight. Two men were left to guard the house and the third went away quietly for reenforcements.

An hour later the plans had been made to storm the ghost centre and every man was prepared to act. The officers expected to see the objects in the basement disappear in the air. Without giving any warning a window was jerked down and two lanterns and half a dozen guns were doing duty. The ghostly figures stopped work at the first command, although no interest was taken by them in the interruption. They did not look up, and the leader said with a solemn air that the officers had interrupted their service. The men had to discard their goblin apparel and were made prisoners. It was found that the band had been digging in the same house for months going over the same ground night after night but never discouraged at the failure of the treasure to show itself. The Adventist refused to say how they had gained an entrance to the basement and days of searching failed to disclose this fact. It is still the only mystery connected with the house, but it is not yet occupied.

GOOD LOSERS VERY FEW.

THE TEST OF SEEING ONE'S MONEY VANISH AT THE RACES.

Even Professional Punters Cannot Stand It—The Young Grocer Who Ventured His All on a Straight Tip—The Other Side to the Philanthropy of the Bookmaker.

"An item in THE SUN the other day told of a chap who got judgment, under the Anti-Gambling law, against the proprietor of a New York poolroom for $700 which he had sloughed off by making pike bets in the poolroom for five or six months running," said a member of the Metropolitan Turf Association. "Whether or not this fellow succeeds in collecting the judgment and getting his money back, I should think he'd feel pretty small with himself. There isn't much to a man that'll do the baby act like that. He's not only a hard loser, he's a coward. He's even more on the welsh than a couple of American actors that I could name who, when they make big losings at poker, give checks for the amounts of their losses and then hang around in front of the bank until the doors are opened for business the next morning in order to stop payment on the checks.

"A man who can't stand the gaff has no right to gamble. That's a pretty trite remark, but it will always be a true one. Only a good loser can afford to hazard his money, and, after an experience of fifteen years or so on the block, I am convinced that only one man in a thousand is worthy the name of a good loser. There are scores and hundreds of men well known in the turf and sporting world who have the name of being good losers, while they're nothing of the sort. They don't rip and snort and tear around when the game goes against them, but they're anything but good losers, at that. Good loser is a badly overworked and misapplied term. No man likes to lose. Few can refrain from giving outward expression to impatience or worriment over their losses.

"The only good losers that I have ever met with have been men of such wealth that only losses of a really prodigious character could possibly affect their serenity. Four-fifths of the turf plungers have the name of being good losers, whereas I don't know of a single one of the present generation of plungers who deserves the reputation. I used to be a good deal of a plunger myself, and I know that I was a powerful bad loser when the tide set too strong against me and I struck streaks of a couple of weeks at a stretch when I couldn't land right. I didn't try to rip the weather boards off the grand stand or throw dynamite bombs into the betting ring or perform any giveaway stunts like that, but there were times when I had all the enamel worn off my teeth from grinding 'em, all the same.

"Good losers among the rank and file of regular race players are scarcer than hens' molars. Those of them who don't yell 'fraud!' and 'robbery!' and 'job!' with all the strength of their lungs every time a race goes against them, are hollering murder inwardly, as any one who is practised in the study of losers' countenances can easily see. Some of the casual racegoers, as distinguished from the regulars, take their losses mortal hard. I've often felt sorry for them. I'd much rather have the exclusive patronage of the regulars, for they well know what they're up against, and they're pretty certain to go broke, most of them, in the long run, anyhow. But it's different with the casual holiday chaps. They get pulled into the eddy without having the slightest notion of doing anything of the sort and with but the vaguest idea of the draggings of the game they're trying to beat just for the fun of the thing. The fascination grows on them, and then they're in a fair way to become regulars. The hurts they get in the meantime, however, are more than pitiful, and by the time they get to be regulars they have virtually lost interest in everything else that took their time and attention before the racing game got a firm clutch on them. I never like to see a promising young fellow become addicted to the racegoing habit. I have warned scores of young acquaintances who have come to me for advice to keep away from the tracks altogether. No man can attend to his regular business and successfully play the races besides. It's got to be either one or the other and the chap who cultivates his regular business or job will come out on top of the heap every time.

"At the time the horses were running at Morris Park last May, a bright young Irishman who runs a grocery around the corner from my apartment uptown tackled me one morning as I was passing his place, and told me of a tip he had just received on a two-year-old that was to face the barrier for the first time that day. He asked me what I thought about the tip. I told him that I didn't believe the colt he named would finish with the first six. He had got the tip so dead straight, however, that I could see he took no stock in what I told him.

"'What price do you think the horse will be?' he asked me.

"'Well,' said I, 'he ought to be about 50 to 1, but the tip's been out on him for three or four days, so that all hands have got it, and he's as liable as not to be the favorite. But that wont make him finish among the first half dozen.'

"'Well,' said this young Irish grocer, 'I owe a bit more than $1,500 on this store, and I want to pay it off in a lump. I've got $500, and if this colt goes to the post as good as 3 to 1, I'm going to take a chance on winning out the debt.'

"'Would the loss of the $500 hurt you much?' I asked him.

"'It wouldn't do a thing to me but put me out of business,' he replied. 'It 'ud put me under the hammer. But this thing has come to me so straight that I've just got to take the chance.'

"Well, I said a whole heap of things to that young man, but I couldn't pound any sense into his stubborn head. Finally I said to him: 'Well, I can use your $500 as well as any other idiot's. Fetch your bundle to my stool if you're bound to throw it away, and I'll give you a point better than you can get anywhere else in the ring.'

"I happened to know the source of the tip the young Irishman had received. It was one of the things that were sent out for the purpose of making a price of a genuinely good two-year-old that was also to face the flag for the first time in the same race.

"Well, when the slates went up on the two-year-old event, the Irishman's tip was at 6 to 1, and inside of two minutes they were rubbing all over the ring, for the whole town had the tip. I rubbed along with the rest, but sent along most of the money I took in on the false alarm to the other colt on whom the quiet tip had been passed around to only a few. The false alarm was 3 to 1 on my slate when the young Irish grocer fought his way up to my stool, and, leaning over, asked me if 3 to 1 was the best I could give him for his $500, saying that he hadn't been able to reach me when I had the first betting on tap. I gave him $1,500 to $500 and he went away looking happy. Well, the morning glory on whom the big tip had been sent out curled up like a caterpillar after leading into the stretch, and the colt that had been quietly tipped off won with his head swinging off by himself.

"Now, I am not making book for hygienic reasons, but I had felt a bit sorry for that young Irishman from whom I'd been buying groceries, and so I held out his $500. I could afford to do it, because I pulled down a big bundle on that particular race, not only by taking all the money offered on the false alarm, but by playing the quiet tip.

"I met him returning on the train. He was the gloomiest-looking Hibernian I ever saw before or since. He barely grunted when I greeted him. I didn't hurl any I-told-you-so remarks at him, but sat down beside him and said nothing. I stayed alongside of him just to study him. When we switched to the elevated I got off at the same station with him. He looked down at the floor and twiddled his thumbs nervously during the entire journey without ever saying a word.

"'Nice, interesting way of passing the time, the ponies, eh, Jim?' I couldn't for the life of me help from saying to him when we got to the bottom of the elevated steps.

"'Go to the devil,' he replied, savagely, and it sounded so funny, the way he said it, that I came near falling down with laughter. Perceiving the humor of the situation, he began to laugh himself, and then I handed him back his $500. I told him that he'd been betting against a sure thing, and then I knocked the racing game in such lurid language, telling him that the bookmakers know absolutely every horse that is meant to win, that when I got through he said he guessed he'd had enough. I know of one vote that I can get, anyhow, if ever I run for Alderman.

"These things, however, work both ways, as a friend of mine who makes a book on the Chicago tracks found out last year. The door boy of a club that he belonged to out in the town of w[illegible] tackled him one morning, during the midsummer meeting at Hawthorne, about the chances of a mutt that was to run in an over-night handicap that afternoon. He was a bright sort of a youngster, and my friend had taken an interest in the boy and had often chatted with him, without, however, having the least idea that the kid fooled with the races. When the lad began on this morning to talk learnedly about weights and jockeys and distances and the state of the track, and to express his conviction that the skate he had inquired about had a good chance to win, the bookmaker was astonished. He was more astonished than ever when the youngster produced a wad of one hundred and a few odd dollars and remarked that he'd win the bundle out in a poolroom in four days' play. The boy insisted on the bookmaker taking the $100 and putting it all on the cheap thoroughbred that he thought had a chance of winning the handicap. At first the bookmaker tried to talk the lad out of taking the risk, but he finally decided to accept the $100, hold it, make the kid chuck cobblestones at himself for a few days, and then return the little roll with some good hot advice about the evils of the racing game for youngsters.

"Well, the horse that the kid had picked only won by about half a block at 30 to 1, that's all, and two days later the door boy was backing a book on the dead line and winning out on it."