SHARK FISHING OFF HAVANA.

A HARD TUSSLE IN A SMALL BOAT WITH AN ELEVEN-FOOTER.

First the Monster Towed the Boat About —Then He Tried Ramming It—Thirty-eight Stabs With a Spear Needed to Subdue Him—Not Dead Even Then.

"Fishing for the leaping tuna with a twenty-ounce rod and being towed out to sea by a 384-pound bass may be excellent sport, but it's not one, two, three compared with the excitement and sport obtained by fishing for sharks from a small Cuban rowboat," remarked the President of the Non-Alcoholical-Non-Hypobolical Fishing Club when the member with the medals had told how he won the tuna prize.

No one having made any audible objection, the President ordered a round of seltzer lemonade, and proceeded to reel off his yarn.

"I don't know if any of you fellows are aware that I spent part of last winter in Cuba travelling about the island, but remaining most of the time in Havana, where the greater portion of my business called me. Now, Havana is not a particularly lively place and after a few days, during which everything that is worth while being seen has been taken in, you commence to wonder what you are going to do. That is just what happened to me after I had spent the first week and seen everything from the Morro to Maximo Gomez.

"At Havana I picked up an acquaintance with a little Cuban, who is a major in the Cuban army. One afternoon the Comandante—I always called him by his title as he seemed to like it, and it came much easier than remembering his name—suddenly asked me if I liked fishing. Then he wanted to know if I would like to go out on the following morning after red snappers. I jumped at the chance and we engaged a fisherman named Pedro to take us. After we had made our arrangements Pedro asked me how I would enjoy fishing for a shark. After a moment's hesitation I replied that I preferred fishing for red snappers, but that he might take along the lines and bait for shark fishing and I would think the matter over.

"'Do you really intend to fish for a shark?' the Comandante asked as soon as we had left Pedro. There was something in his manner that warned me to answer in the negative, or that otherwise I would have to do without my faithful companion.

"'I am glad of that,' replied the Comandante, 'for it would have been a pretty risky business. Those fishing boats are pretty small affairs.'

"The next morning at 3 o'clock the servant awoke me, and planting a cup of coffee on the table at the head of the bed informed me that the Señor Comandante would be ready in fifteen minutes. I lost no time in getting out of bed and in swallowing my cup of coffee. That Cuban custom of taking coffee the first crack out of the box in the morning is a funny one, but you have no idea how good it tastes after you become used to its strong effects.

"We found Pedro waiting for us. His boat, a small affair about twelve feet long and painted a dirty green color, was moored to the wharf. Pedro was accompanied by another man about fifty, whose weather-beaten features showed that he had spent more than one year on Cuba's coast. Together the men hoisted the sail and the clumsy boat began to move slowly through the water.

"The morning was an ideal one. The first rays of the rising sun were just coming over the grand old Morro and playing on the small ripples of the dark-blue water. No one who has not seen the wonderful indigo effect of the Cuban waters can imagine the beautiful picture which unfurled itself before my eyes as we crept out of the bay, past the Morro and down the palm-dotted beach.

"We went nine miles from the city to a place known as Shark's Fin. According to Pedro the water there was alive with snappers, as well as sharks, and afforded excellent sport, but the chief difficulty lay in the meagre possibility of landing your prize, as the sharks generally managed to yank the snapper off the hook before you could haul it into the boat. Even as the boat swung around in the current and before we had cast our lines, a couple of fins passed close to us at a lively clip. They were monsters and the rush of the water, as they rolled about, boded ill for anything that came within their reach. We waited until the brigadiers, the name given to them by the Cuban fishermen, had disappeared before casting our lines, but when we did so we were amply repaid for our journey. The Comandante was the first to land a fish, which he did in excellent style, hauling out a five-pound snapper. In less than fifteen minutes we had seven excellent fish, then we heard from the brigadiers.

"I had a splendid bite and after a moment's wait I managed to hook a fish which, judging by its weight, must have been a beauty. The line whistled on the reel as it ran out, in a manner which bespoke a good prize. A rush, a halt, another rush and I started to pull the beauty toward the boat. Forty feet away I caught a glimpse of the snapper as it came to the surface, then suddenly the water boiled on my left, a dark fin cut the surface, Pedro yelled, there was a moment's struggle at the end of the line and I reeled it in minus my hook, fish and all—the brigadier had made a clear and first score.

"I fixed my line and made ready for another cast. Almost immediately I hooked my fish, but unlike the first time the shark did not allow me to play my catch. A vicious pull, which almost jerked the rod out of my hand, followed by a flagging line told me that this snapper had followed its predecessor.

"It cut me to the quick to lose fish in this manner, especially as Pedro kept pulling them in almost as fast as he could bait his hook. I made up my mind to try once more, but just as I was about to heave the line an enormous shark with a pair of eyes, which looked like billiard balls, began to circle about the boat. As he swam he occasionally turned over showing his white belly and a mouthful of snow white teeth. I announced my intention of trying to catch him and we at once hauled in the lines, cleared everything out of the way, unstepped the mast and made ready for the coming fight. The hook was baited with a nine pound *chorna* and everything now being ready I dropped the line overboard with a great splash. Pedro and his aide picked up the oars and paddled gently along toward the city.

"The hook was a big one and was made fast to five feet of chain, which in turn was fastened to a stout line. This last was coiled up in the bow of the boat, so that it would pay out rapidly and smoothly. The gaff was a small affair, such as one would use for a large bass, but it was made fast to a ten foot pole. The weapon which really plays the important part is the spear. This is made with a file eighteen inches long, sharpened half its length into razor-like edges. This is affixed to a stout handle about eight feet long.

"I was looking astern when a sudden movement from the rowers attracted my attention.

"'Ah! Señor, ah! There, over there!' exclaimed Pedro in an excited whisper, pointing to where a large fin was cutting the water at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

"The oars were at once taken in. Eagerly we watched the fin circle about us, now nearer, now further, until in a sudden and rapid whirl it disappeared. An ejaculation of dismay from the fisherman was tripped in the bud by a sudden jerk, which nearly hurled me into the water, and by the humming of the line as it vanished over the side and into the water.

"'Pull, pull, or he'll shake the hook out of his mouth,' shouted Pedro.

"Bracing my feet against the ribs of the boat, I passed the line around the rose of the reel and waited. In a second there came a tug which sent the boat forward with a jerk, and for the second time I narrowly escaped going overboard. Another tug was now made fast and the shark, hook now made fast and the shark, well hooked, started to tow us through the water and out to sea at a lively rate.

"The sensation was a most novel one and not easily forgotten. The boat was going through the water at a good-ten-mile-an-hour clip, while the water churned up around the bow as though we were being propelled by steam. After half an hour of this sport the rope began to slacken and to change directions. It was evident that the fish was getting tired.

"'He's going to dive,' said Pedro, 'and we had better make ready to fend him off and to haul in the slack.'

"Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the boat began to bob up and down in a manner which clearly denoted that the shark was trying to dive. We clutched at the rope and hauled in a few feet, but only to release it again. There were three of us at the rope now, yet we could not manage the fish. Again and again we tried this process, and in all I doubt if we gained a yard on him. We were beginning to wonder how long the fight would last when the rope suddenly grew slack. Then there appeared, about forty feet away, the fin of a shark, and the next second he rushed at the boat, his white belly shining in the sun as he turned on his back to strike. Before we had time to marvel at this new trick he butted violently into our craft. Three times, he repeated this, and then, apparently convinced that he had nothing to gain by this move, he turned tail and vanished below the surface.

"I can assure you that we were not altogether sorry when he disappeared, as, although we knew that he could not make a hole in our boat, it was none the less highly uncomfortable to be butted about in that manner.

"Matters were now getting pretty warm, and we held a council of war to determine just what we had better do. The question was whether it was perfectly safe to bring him alongside so that we could finish him off with the spear, or if it would be better to remain quietly in the boat and allow ourselves to be towed about until his sharkship became weary.

"After some arguing we decided that we would attempt to finish the fight, and accordingly we set about our arrangements. The gaff was made fast to a rope, so that it could not be jerked overboard, and the file or spear was pulled from its sheath and laid where it could easily be found. During this time we were clipping along at a merry rate with an occasional halt or turn. Then we started to haul in on the line. At first the strong resistance which we encountered made me think that we were trying to move a house, then little by little we began to make headway.

"We could tell by the now frequent halts that the shark was tiring, yet every once in a while we had to brace ourselves in order to head off a rush. It was hard work and tiring, and it seemed as though we would never get him alongside. But at last he arrived, his tail, strange to say, being the first thing we caught sight of. It appeared enormous, and swept about just below the surface, in strong and rapid circles.

"A trifle nearer it came and then we saw the head and I can assure you that I will never forget the sight that it presented. I had not had a good look at it when he butted our boat, or I think I would have cut the line and let him go, as it was I made a silent vow never again to fish for such game. A shark's head when its owner is at bay is about the most cruel and blood-curdling object that one may expect to see come up out of the waters of any sea.

"When I saw those large green eyes looking at me and the huge jaw, which at that moment appeared five times its natural size, working and snapping I felt a shiver run up my spine and involuntarily stepped back lest I fall overboard. But there was no time to be lost, as the tail was thrashing the water with tremendous force and threatening to stave in the boat. We now saw that the fish was over ten feet long, and that it would be useless to use the gaff on him until he had been stabbed at least once or twice.

"Some one passed the spear into my hands and told me to make ready and when the head came alongside to strike directly behind the forward fin. I let go my hold on the rope and clutching the shear firmly awaited my opportunity. The absence of my weight and strength gave the shark another chance and he made the most of it. For several minutes he churned the water in his efforts to place the advantage on his side, and then he was hauled within reach of the spear.

"'*Ahora! Ahora!* Strike, strike hard below the fin,' shouted a voice at my right.

"I raised the spear and as I did so I wondered what would happen when it struck the shark. I had that same feeling when we first went under fire at San Juan and if I mistake not it is a mixture of fear and curiosity, just a happy medium which makes a man do the right thing at the right time, or else it is done to him.

"Well, I raised that spear and for a moment held it well up, as though I was about to drive a stake, looking at that fin which kept beating the water for all the world like the paddle of a water mill, and then I let drive.

"The next moment I was in the water. That is to say that I felt as though I was, for I was gasping for breath, half smothered beneath a constant and heavy downpour of water. Half choking I clutched at the spear and let drive again. I could not see where to aim but simply struck at the struggling mass in the water. Three times I struck in all, and then I passed the spear to Pedro and told him to go ahead. I did not have the strength left to keep up the work.

"Well, to make a long story shorter it will suffice to say that thirty-eight stabs were dealt the brute before he ceased to struggle. He was not dead even then, for at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he was cut open it was necessary to hammer the head with an axe, for it was still able to snap its jaws. Yet there was not a drop of blood left in the fish. This brigadier measured 11 feet 9½ inches."

STEAM LOG HAULER TRIED.

Electricity to Be Carried Into the Maine Forests Next Winter.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 5.—The backwoodsmen of the Dead river region were astonished last winter at the sight of a steam log hauler puffing and grunting over the rough roads around Eustis to the banks of Alder stream, and this coming winter they are to be further astonished, for the steam hauler is to have as a companion a still more wonderful machine—one that will do as much or more work and be operated by electricity.

The steam hauler was built by A. O. Lombard, a mechanical genius of Waterville, who set about the task in the summer of 1900. He never had any doubt of the success of the machine, and he went right ahead with the building of it just as if he had constructed hundreds of them before. When he got the hauler ready he gave it a trial trip on a side track of the railroad in Waterville, and the way in which it snaked five cars loaded with gravel up a steep grade, with all the brakes set tight, made the natives' eyes stick out. The sceptical said that the hauler might work well enough on a railroad track, but that it would be of no earthly use in the woods. Lombard knew better, and to the woods of Eustis the hauler was sent, part way by rail, then across lots on its own hook.

The machine looked like a road roller, with big, wide-faced wheels set with wrought-iron lags or spikes to enable it to hold on. Its weight was immense, and its power equal to that of all the horses in camp. At first the old woodsmen laughed at it, but when it was found that it could haul four or five sled-loads of logs with ease, travelling just as fast over knolls as on the level, and turning out without any fuss to allow teams to pass in the narrow road, the old-timers were dazed. On the seven miles' haul to the landing on Alder stream the hauler made two trips a day all winter, with 30,000 feet of logs at a haul, and when deep snows choked the road so that horses could not move they just hooked the hauler to an eighteen-foot plough and scattered the drifts like chaff.

The success of the steam roller decided Lombard to build one to be operated by electricity, with less weight but more power, and this machine is now completed. A power station is being created on Alder stream, where there is a good waterfall, and a trolley wire will be strung along the trees that line the logging road. When all has been made ready the electric hauler will be sent in, and it is confidently expected that it will beat the steam hauler to a standstill.

KILLING OFF THE MUSK RATS.

DANGER OF THEIR EXTINCTION ALONG THE GREAT LAKES.

Like the Beavers They Are Great Builders —Their Houses in the Swamps—Helped to Settle the West—Methods of Hunters That Threaten Their Extermination.

OMRO, Wis., Oct. 3.—Nature lovers and fur dealers are alarmed at what looks like the probable extermination within the next score of years of the musk rats and a movement is under way to secure the passage of laws for their protection.

The musk rat resembles the beaver more nearly than any other animal, but the resemblance is only a very general one. It is three or four times as large as its namesake, the common house rat. Its fur is brown and its tail flat, bare of fur and pointed, something more than half an inch in width. In habits it resembles the beaver, living in streams, and lakes and swamps. It does not cut down large trees nor make dams like the beaver, yet it is a great builder.

Its dwellings may be seen on any marsh which it inhabits, looking much like haycocks rising out of the water. It is interesting to watch the building of these houses. One may do so if he will take his station on the edge of such a marsh at twilight or in the early dawn or on a moonlight night. Let him keep perfectly still and he will see the animals at work. His first glimpses will be of rats swimming.

One of the animals in the water looks like a short and narrow black stick. Then there appears a waving something on the surface of the water just behind the stick. This is the animal's tail. Swimming to the shore or to some bunch of grass that rises from the water the rat will bite off a few rushes or flags and taking them in his mouth will swim away to the place where his house is being built. There they are worked into the pile that makes the home of the musk rat family.

If the watcher makes a noise or in any way reveals himself he will see the rear part of the swimming stick arise while the front disappears underneath the water. Then there is a splash, a chug, and the rat is gone. He will not appear again for some time at least, not that he can remain indefinitely under water, for such is not the case, but he will come up in one of his houses or in a hole in the bank.

These houses are masses of reeds and grass, resting on the bottom and rising two feet or more above the water. When the animal enters a house he dives and approaches the entrance, which is always under water. By this he rises to the centre of the pile of reeds which makes up the house and there finds himself above the water line in a snug nest lined with the softest grass that the swamp affords.

On streams the musk rat has a different sort of residence. There he is a cave dweller. He digs holes in the bank with an entrance underneath the water. This entrance is generally invisible from above and the rat is not so easily discovered as in his house. His den in the bank is generally roomy and well lined with grass.

The legitimate method of taking the animals is with the steel trap. The trap must be set where there is water deep enough to drown the rat. It is generally surrounded on three sides with a pen, made by driving sticks in the ground. The trap is set at the open side of the pen, and behind it are placed, sticking up above the trap on short sticks, one or two slices of one of the vegetables the rats like. These are preferably carrots or parsnips or sweet apples.

The rat steps into the trap in his attempt to get the bait; then plunging to the end of the chain and diving into the deep water he finds himself so hampered by the weight of the trap that he drowns. Every trapper learns early in his career that the matter of having deep water to drown the rat is one of the essentials. If there is not water enough the captured animal will, nine times out of ten, twist and gnaw at his foot until the latter is left in the trap and the rat goes away on three legs. On a creek where the professional trapper does not go and where the small boy is the only one who does any trapping there will be more three-legged rats than there are crippled army veterans in the usual village.

It would not be at all inexact to say that the muskrat has played an important part in American civilization, for its presence in the unsettled regions of the Middle West was a decided help to the pioneers, many of whom spent the autumns in trapping and thus made money to help themselves along the struggle with the forest and the seasons of crop failure. Its fur is not so valuable as that of mink, coon or skunk. In fact, 10 cents a pelt is a very good average price, though from midwinter until early spring, when the cold weather has brought the fur to prime condition, it often brings as much as 15 or even 20 cents. The animals were in early days so numerous that there was money in their trapping, and the expert would often take two dozen or more in a single night.

While found on almost all streams throughout the country the great home of the musk rat is in the marshes that border the Great Lakes. Along the southwestern shores of Lake Erie are almost endless swamps. They extend from Sandusky Bay to Monroe on the western end of the lake and from Monroe follow northward along the Detroit River to the famous St. Clair Flats.

On Lake Michigan likewise the marshes are extensive. Most important of all are those on the west shore of that lake. They surround Green Bay and extend westward around Lake Winnebago and all the lakes that have made this part of Wisconsin famous. These marshes cover thousands upon thousands of acres. They are grown up to wild rice, rushes and flags whose cat tails rise brown and pretty as far as the eye can see.

The residents of these marsh regions are picturesque characters. In early days when the French were pushing their way as trappers, explorers and fur dealers down the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, these swamps gained their first inhabitants. A later civilization came and surrounded the marshes with enterprising men who made farms on every bit of good ground. They prospered and the swamp-dwellers might have followed their example but they preferred the swamps. There was something in their blood, something handed down from adventurous French fathers and the Indian mothers that chained them to the swamps and their traps.

Living where the ground rose higher than usual on the banks of bayous or on muddy islands which here and there dotted the marshes they pushed about the channels and ponds in canoes, setting their traps or catching fish or shooting ducks. Many became locally famous as guides to parties who came out from the city to go duck hunting. In the region of Lake St. Clair some of them went farther and from taking a hunter into their cabins now and then to board for a few days, increased the capacity of their dwellings and in time blossomed into quaint old inn-keepers.

But these are the exceptions. The average swamp-dweller is entirely lacking in ambition and is content with the lot that was his father's. These men love the musk rat not merely for the income which they derive from the sale of peltry but also for its eating qualities. The animal lives on vegetables almost, if not quite, altogether and its flesh certainly looks like good eating. Dinners of musk rat long ago became famous in the marshes. Now and then a hunter from the outside world would accept an invitation to be present. Stories are common, too, of hunters who ate what they supposed to be squirrels and after expressing satisfaction, learned that the dish was musk rat.

These swamp people have not realized the importance of preserving the resources of the marsh. They have slaughtered the ducks in season and out. They have killed them with every sort of weapon from the smooth bore musket to the swivel gun. They have speared pike, bass and sturgeon recklessly. Now they are in a fair way to exterminate the musk rats.

The slaughter takes place in winter. The trapper kills rats by the legitimate methods as long as the waters remain open. When the swamps freeze over, steel traps are of little use and the slaughter begins. The hunter takes a long one-tined spear, heavy and very sharp. With this he approaches the musk rat's house as softly as possible, for a jar on the ice may send the rats into the water. Then raising the spear in both hands he drives it through the house from top to bottom, aiming to penetrate the nest that lies hidden within. If he does so he will probably feel the writhing of an impaled rat.

A companion is at hand with an axe and pitchfork. He tears away the top of the house and the rat is dispatched. Then the slayers move on to the next attack. In the course of an afternoon from a dozen to twenty houses will be destroyed. Usually there will be several rats in each. As one or two are all that can be impaled at a stroke, the rest, rendered homeless, dive and for the time escape. But they are pretty certain to die. They can remain under water for a short time only. There are two ways in which they may get air. They may rise at an air hole or they may go into some other house. If they attempt the former they are met with a charge of shot from a gun in the hands of the man who carries the axe and pitchfork. If they go into other houses their refuge is only temporary, for the hunters go there also. Every morning after a day's hunt the ratcatchers go out upon the ice looking for frozen rats. Often they find almost as many as they have killed during the hunt.

Driven to despair the rats sometimes find strange hiding places. A farmer near this place one morning found a homeless rat cuddled up and sleeping easily with a brood of setter pups. It is not uncommon for them to leave the marsh and to make homes in some barn, or pig pen. In one or two cases they have gone into cellars and once a rat went into a kitchen through the cat hole and was busily engaged in making a nest in a basket of carpet rags when the matron entered and alarmed the rat and family alike with her shrieks.

This slaughter of the animals threatens to make a decided scarcity in muskrat fur. If it continues at the present rate for a few years the rats will be practically exterminated in the marshes of the Lake Region. Then there will be a jump in price and pelts will become so valuable that the rats will be hunted and trapped on every stream and pond, with the result that their extinction will be a mere matter of time.

The law now forbids the destruction of muskrat houses. The swamp dwellers are not law abiding, however. A few of the sportsmen's clubs have taken the matter up and by giving one man the trapping rights on condition that he shall keep other trappers off, and that he shall protect the muskrats, have checked the slaughter so far as their own preserves are concerned. This, however, is only a very small beginning and unless some better method of protection is devised the muskrat is doomed to go the way of the otter.

OUTING BOYS OFF PARADE.

Mr. Jones Gets a Real Insight Into Their Ways and Manner of Speech.

One of the officers of a society in this city that distributes many thousands of dollars each year among the deserving poor has democratic ideas about the training of his heir, Tommy, who is now almost 6. Tommy's hair is blond, his disposition is sunny, and until two weeks ago his vocabulary in English and French was restricted to such words as he had heard his father and mother and a discreet governess use.

Tommy's father, who may be called Mr. Jones for the purposes of obscurity, has been much interested this past summer in a seaside home for poor boys. Whenever he went down to visit this home he saw before him about thirty boys whose ages ranged between 5 and 10 years and whose faces shone with the application of much soap and water. They said "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and "Thank you, sir;" and although they had been recruited from the most squalid homes and from the streets, their manners, so far as Mr. Jones could see, were quite up to the average of boys of their age.

"These boys," said Mr. Jones to Mrs. Jones, "are the backbone of the coming generation. I sometimes think that Tommy has been coddled a little too much."

"But Tommy is only 5 years old," said Mrs. Jones, "and I am sure he is a well-behaved child."

"It would not do him any harm to knock around a bit with some of these boys down at the home," said Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Jones was not enthusiastic about the plan, but she yielded, and Tommy had such a good time that he was separated from the home only at the expenditure of some physical force by his father and many tears by the boy. He arrived at his father's new house late Saturday night and was sent promptly to bed.

Mr. Jones always devoted part of Sunday to the expansion of Tommy's mind, and it was with pleasant anticipations that he began to question Tommy after breakfast about his experiences in the Seaside Home.

"How did you like the boys?" he asked.

"Rubber," said Tommy.

"Where did you ever hear such an expression as that?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Aw, brush by, brush by," replied Tommy.

"Answer me, Thomas."

"Why that's the way Red Top talks. He's great."

Then Tommy explained that Red Top was the boy with red hair and he could lick any other boy there with one hand tied behind his back. In proof of the force of Red Top's blows Tommy showed with much pride a bump about the size of a walnut behind his ear.

"Red Top gave me that," he said, gently, rubbing the bump with pride, "the first day I was there. He's bully, now, I can tell you. He gave me three of his marbles when I came away. He can chew tobacco without getting sick, too."

"Is Red Top that quiet-looking little boy with the meek voice?" asked Mr. Jones.

"That's the guy. Why, say, he told me he had been arrested twice by the Gerrys and that his father could git bigger jags than any man in his block. What's a jag, father, and how do you get one?"

But Mr. Jones did not propose to go on the stand, and as he looked at his golden-haired boy he wondered what other friends he had made at the home.

"I am sorry that you associated with Red Top. Weren't some of the other boys nice?"

"They were on the bum," said Tommy. "Red Top said so. There was Shorty Mulligan, and every time you hit him he cried. Regular cry baby he was. Raffles Levy wasn't bad. He could move his ears. He wouldn't do it for all the boys, but he did it for me because Red Top said he'd smash him one in the jaw if he didn't."

Mr. Jones was so nervous that he dropped his eyeglasses. When he had picked them up and carefully polished them with his handkerchief he said:

"Thomas, I do not want to hear any more about those boys. They are a bad lot and I want you to forget all that you heard there and don't ever use such slang."

"Aw, forget it," said Tommy, innocently.

"That's slang, too."

"Well, you haven't told me what a jag was. I told Red Top that I'd bet my father had bigger jags than his, because I didn't want him to beat me smoking and fighting and everything. What is a jag, anyway?" but Mr. Jones ended the conversation.

He had a long talk with Tommy's governess and he was glad that Mrs. Jones had not heard his conversation with Tommy. Mr. Jones has changed his ideas about the democratic education of Tommy, and if Mrs. Jones knows the reason she is wise enough to keep it to herself.

Wherein Dallas Leads.

From the Washington Post.

"It is not generally known that Dallas, Tex., manufactures more harness and saddles than any other city in America, and, perhaps, than any other place in the world, said A. A. Green, a prominent resident of that city. This industry has grown immensely in the last year. The products are distributed over a wide area of country, over Texas, Oklahoma, up through the Mississippi Valley, to the West, and for that matter over most of the States of the Union to some extent."

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP SEA.

FANTASTIC FISHES FROM THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN.

Fishes Built Apparently to Do Swallowing Stunts—Others That Carry Searchlights—Sea Serpents a-Plenty—Way Down, Most Likely, but They Stay There.

From the Washington Post.

Before the end of this year the world will begin to learn such things about the chasms of the deepest seas as it never has dreamed of in its wildest dreams. The United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and Denmark are all approaching the point where their scientists are ready to begin systematic publication of results attained in the various deep-sea exploring expeditions that were sent out in the last few years.

The most remarkable among these reports will be those telling of the work of the German Valdivia expedition, which recently explored the seas off the American, African, Indian and Chinese coasts, the final reports of the Agassiz expedition through the Pacific Ocean, the final reports of the German members of the Challenger expedition, which are being published now in Germany in a magnificent edition with colored plates, and the reports of the various expeditions of the Prince of Monaco.

Twenty-five years ago the deep sea was an unknown world. Here and there, scattered in museums far apart and gazed at with amazement and ignorant wonder and unavailing speculation, were forty or fifty monstrous shapes. They were deep-sea forms that, driven upward from their eternal night by some fatality, had been picked up dead on the surface or washed ashore. They taught the world nothing. Men did not even know that they were deep-sea forms. It was believed then that there was no life below a depth of 1,000 feet. Those forty or fifty uncanny creatures represented no more to the world, scientific and lay, than did the bodies of the strange red men which, according to tradition, were washed on the shores of the Old World before the discovery of the New, hinting at the existence of unexplored realms inhabited by unknown races, but supplying no further information.

But when the first groping wire arm of the first deep-sea dredge vibrated on the bottom in the ooze of the black pits of water, and those depths felt the thrill of human life for the first time since the world was evolved from formlessness into being, at once a new and awful page in the stupendous book of nature was unfolded. It was a chapter of Revelation.

The writer often has heard Dr. Bean tell the feeling of worshipping wonder and awe that overcame the two scientists when the trawl came up to the surface. He said: "We were both standing by the mouth of the net when, as the seaman lifted the end of the bag, two strange forms fell out on the deck. A single glance was enough to tell us that they were new to our fauna and probably unknown to science. They seemed like visitors from another world, and none of the strange forms which have since passed through our laboratory has brought half so much interest and enthusiasm. Now, looking back on the great harvest in the field of oceanic ichthyology which we have had the pleasure of helping to garner in the fifteen years which have passed since that happy and eventful morning, it seems incredible that American naturalists should not then have known that only a few miles from the American coast there was a fauna as unlike that of our shores as anything that could be found in the Indian Ocean or in the seas of China."

Today more than 700 different kinds of fish, taken from depths of 1,000 feet and more, are known to science and have been classified. Great as this harvest is, no man knows or can imagine how many hundreds or even thousands of other creatures live down there. Fantastic and awesome as are the shapes that have been fished up, no man can tell what still more awesome shapes, defying the power of human conception, dwell in the lost places of the sea. Imagine that men living beyond the clouds were to drop a few wires with nets attached and trail them for a few thousand yards along our plains or through our cities. What few and scattered specimens would they collect! How could they form even the slightest idea of the wonders that lie hidden from their eyes? Even so it is with us and our deep sea expeditions. It is equally beyond our powers of imagination to speculate and our untrained imagination to grasp, the unknown terrors, the unspeakable enormities, the appalling deformities, the unearthly horrors, that lie in hiding deep in the very grave of time.

The most grotesque imagination of believers in the supernatural of the Dark Ages never formulated such shapes as exist among the 700 varieties of deep sea-fish that already have been brought to day. None of their vampires or basilisks was such a creature as is the blind *Eurypharynx pelecanoides*. What is not mouth in him is tail. His mouth is a cavern. The jaws are loose, and the creature can spread and stretch them around fish twice as large as he is. His tail is that of a reptile. His skin is black and leathery, exactly similar to the wing membrane of a huge bat. His eyes are mere specks, but specks that gleam with concentrated wickedness. This incredibly misshapen form has been fished up from a depth of more than a mile (5,355 feet), a depth at which the pressure of the incumbent ocean water is so tremendous that it would crush a man's body into nothing. Cast iron vessels that have been lowered into these depths have been crumpled up like tissue paper. Yet this soft, fleshy, half-blind thing lives there and swims around in the pitch dark.

But even it flee things even blinder than it. The last faintest flitering of light from above disappears totally at a depth of less than 2,000 feet. Beyond that there is eternal night. Yet even there, amid the wallowing and winding of countless blind things, there are eyes. Some are tiny, like the baleful holes out of which the Eurypharynx glares. Others are beautiful and prominent and glowing. They belong to the lamp fish, the phosphorescent creatures that light their way as they proceed by shimmering phosphorescence produced by their own nerves.

One of the light bearers is *Linophryne lucifer*, a truly demoniac form. On the top of his head he carries an apparatus that is identical in shape with the common light bulb of our ordinary small electric lamps. From it he diffuses a blurred white glow that is like a star in the blackness where he lives. That glow illuminates a horned head and a face that is a gargoyle. None of the uncanny, frightening faces on Notre Dame's famous gargoyles can equal it in terror of expression and wild exaggeration.

Like most of the creatures fished up from the great depths, this fish is voracious enough to swallow animals far larger than itself. The first specimen ever captured fell a victim to this habit. It swallowed another deep-sea fish that was almost again as long as it was and so disarranged its internal mechanism that it shot upward to the surface, where it was picked up by Capt. Andersen, who was fishing for turtle off the island of Mayaguez. Since then many specimens have been taken by deep-sea trawls. The latter capture was made by the Prince of Monaco, while trawling from his steam yacht, the Princess Alice.

Another of the lamp fishes of the sea that has been taken recently is *Aethoprora eschrea*. This is one of the big-eyed fish of the oceanic night. Its luminous organ is enormous, lying like a great gland over the entire region behind the rear orbit of the eye and over lapping the edge of the jaw. He is a searchlight fish. No human eye has seen the wonderful creature flashing along in its terrible habitat, but scientific examination shows that the luminous patch that covers its head serves exactly the purpose that the headlight of a locomotive does. The locomotive smile is carried even further, for all along its body the fish has rows of phosphorescent spots that must serve the full light of day, for even dead specimens have given off light enough to make it possible to read fine print under their illumination. One can imagine Aethoprora dashing along on its trackless path exactly like a train, the headlight shining with dazzling light in front and the spots gleaming like the lit windows of cars behind. The Albatross caught one of these strange and beautiful creatures in the deep hole off Porto Rico in 4,195 feet of water.

The Valdivia captured one of the most beautiful of the lamp fish in its recent expedition. In his first report, which has just been made public, Prof. Carl Chun, who had charge of the expedition, says of this unique animal:

"It is a cephalopod (a deep sea squid), a representative of the genus *Enoploteuthis*. It has twenty-four tentacles for generating light. Each of its great eyes has its own lens, and is surrounded with a ring of light organs distributed over the body. Nothing at all of the wonderful manifestations of deep-sea forms can be compared even distantly with the appearance of this splendid creature. The body appears as if it were set with a diadem of gem jewels. The centre light of those around the eyes is a bright, flashing ultramarine blue, the rest are of a dainty mother-of-pearl color, on the body the first row of lights is ruby. The middle row is sky blue. The rest are snow white and mother-of-pearl. It was the most beautiful sight that we ever saw."

The Valdivia gathered scores of other strange fish. She was fitted out with a new form of trawl, which brought the best results ever attained in deep-sea searching. These nets in principle were just like the common pug net that closes with metal jaws. The net is lowered with the jaws locked. A miniature propeller is so adjusted that as soon as the trawl reaches the desired depth and tension is put on the lines that hold it, its revolution opens the jaws wide. The propeller screw can be adjusted to close the jaws again after making any desired number of revolutions. Thus it was possible to fish any depth and lock the net whenever desired, and the explorers were sure that the trawl would bring to the surface only the creatures dwelling in certain depths.

In the Gulf of Guinea, 12,000 feet below the surface, the Valdivia's net brought up a fish whose eyes had become telescopes. They protruded outward and straight upward from his queer, knife-like head. He was *Opisthoproctus soleatus*. Nobody can even conjecture for what odd purpose his eyes were formed in this peculiar way.

What is considered one of the strangest captures of the Valdivia was that of a new form of predacious fish. He is so queer that no scientist has yet been able to classify him, and hence he is still nameless. He, too, has telescope eyes. Instead of a tail, he has immensely long and fine filaments like spun glass. He shines like a piece of polished metal, and his mouth is a death trap of spiny teeth.

"It cannot be doubted," said Dr. Bean to the writer, "that somewhere in the sea, at an unknown distance below the surface, there are living certain fish-like animals unknown to science and of great size, which come occasionally to the surface and give a foundation to such stories as those of the sea serpent.

"To understand how little we know of what is going on in midocean, think of such a fish as *chiasmodon*. This fish has been taken only once in history by a deep-sea net. Yet five times have dead specimens been picked up entirely by chance on the surface, showing that the creature must be abundant. Another ocean dweller which no exploring ship ever has caught is regalecus, or the oarfish. It is a serpent-shaped, rapidly swimming form, usually from 18 to 24 feet long. Within the past 150 years specimens have been stranded on the shores of Norway, Denmark, the Faröe Islands, Scotland, Ireland, England, France, Bermuda, the Cape of Good Hope, India, and New Zealand. Gunther gives a list of forty-four seen by naturalists, and this, of course, is only an insignificant part of those which actually have been stranded. Its world-wide distribution and the number of waifs prove that it is abundant in midocean, yet the exploring ships in all the years of their combined searching have caught no specimen of it, old or young."

ADIRONDACK POACHING.

Many Trout, Deer and Partridges Said to Be Killed Illegally.

UTICA, Oct. 5.—In the Adirondacks this fall there have been few prosecutions for violations of the Game law, and yet there appear to be ample opportunities for a game protector to get in his work.

Catching trout under size is one of the minor offences which are rarely punished, but it is a well-known fact that the majority of trout taken from the Adirondack streams are under size.

When the season for trout closes the game protectors seem to take it for granted that the fishermen stop fishing for trout. They may stop in some parts of the North Woods, but in others they do not. At this season, it is said, it is not necessary to take along fine tackle and flies to lure the trout from the brook, for they will accept a common angle worm offered at the end of a very plain line suspended from an alder.

The big game at this season is deer, and there are many contrivances for taking them illegally. Illegal hunting is carried on mostly at night with a jack light, when a sportsman can go around without revealing his identity. A great deal of illegal hunting is done with so-called bird dogs, shepherd dogs and the like, which have been taught to run deer for a short distance. The poacher starts out with a double-barrelled shotgun and his bird dog without arousing suspicion, but he never forgets to have plenty of cartridges loaded with buckshot with him. Others muzzle their dogs so that the barking shall not be heard, and run deer by moonlight.

A trick which is nearly always productive of results is to salt a deer lick. Deer have a great fondness for salt. Early in the season the poacher will note the localities where deer appear frequently and will make a salt lick in a spot over which he can get a good free shot. It is the custom of poachers to erect a blind near the salt lick from which they may shoot. Sometimes they set bear traps about the lick.

Many deer are caught in snares set over a runway. The snare is made by binding a tough young sapling to the ground and attaching to it a rope or a wire, which is sprung as soon as the deer gets his head into it. The animal is choked to death.

Some old guides of the North Woods are able to imitate the bark of a dog to perfection, and one will often follow a trail or runway for miles howling like a dog, with the hope of starting a deer toward the water where he has a party waiting.

The operations of the men who snare partridges are so extensive that it is extremely difficult for a hunter to bag a brace of fine birds even in the thickets they are known to inhabit. One man may snare 100 partridges a day, and it is said that from 400 to 500 birds are snared to every fifteen killed by the gun. In the forests a partridge prefers a bright, clean log to light upon, and logs are made clean and attractive by the poachers. At intervals along the log are placed green patches of moss, which add to the attractiveness of the place. The partridge yields to the desire to walk along the log, and when it does so its feet are caught in a copper wire.

Another way is to build a channel of leaves piled high on either side. The partridge works its way down the channel to the end, where a copper wire and bent sapling capture and hold the bird. Partridges bagged in this wholesale fashion are shipped to the large markets, usually New York. The revenue accruing from the sale of the birds snared in some localities is as much as $1,200 in a season. There is a heavy fine for getting partridges in this manner, but it is by no means easy in the North country to get together a jury who will bring in a verdict of guilty.

TWO KINDS OF DUTCHMEN.

One Known to Architects and One to Policemen, but Neither the Real Thing.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The presence of several "Dutchmen" on the Custom House building, near the roof, attracted the other day the attention of a small but interested group of observers. I was passing at the time and overheard one man say to another, pointing at the same time with his finger: "There they are, right above that cornice."

I was not particularly curious, but a few feet further on I inquired of a boy who had just come from the scene as to the nature of the trouble, if there was any, and he told me that one of the men had said that there were a couple of Dutchmen up there. I retraced my steps, and looked intently for the gentlemen from Holland, but couldn't see anything on or near the roof, and, as the men were still gazing at the building, I ventured to ask about any person being seen on the edifice. The man whom I addressed I found to be a well-known architect, and he replied that he was merely pointing out to a visiting member of the craft several "Dutchmen in some of the larger blocks of marble.

"You see," he said, "when a contractor receives a large piece of marble containing a flaw, he hates to