

# Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

## MY WOODLAND PATH.

How well I know my woodland path,  
Its greenings and its aftermath,  
Its windings and its vistas dim,  
That stretch beyond the forest's rim;  
Its fragrance in the wild rose time,  
Its mingled scent of fern and thyme,  
That rise like incense where I tread,  
At purple dawn or sunset red.  
I know its leafy coverings where  
The brown thrush and the cat-birds are;  
And where in spring with joy are heard  
The first notes of the mocking bird,  
And all the blithe birds of the wood,  
In roundle, rime and interlude.  
I know where emerald mosses edge  
Its ribboned course through briar and  
sedge;  
Where partridge berries shine between  
The clustered leaves of the wintergreen;  
And where the morning sun breaks  
through  
The cedar boughs to drink the dew,  
And there at noon, on languid wing,  
The wren comes breezing and wanders,  
I know its cradle hollows deep,  
Where winter long the violets sleep,  
Quiescent till the gales of spring  
Blow off their leafy covering,  
I know its restful shady spots,  
Its turnings where it runs cross lots,  
And skirts the meadow's grassy edge,  
'Neath fringe of wild flowers in the  
hedge.  
So well I know its time-worn mark,  
My feet will trace it in the dark;  
And, from its source to where it ends,  
I love it as I love my friends.  
—C. H. Doing, in Washington.

## The Stub-Book of His Garden.

THE scene is laid in Rota, the least of these beautiful villages which form a wide semi-circle about the Bay of Cadiz; but, although it is the least, it is by no means insignificant. The duke of Osuna, bearing the title of duke of Arcos, wore it among the pearls of his crown long ago, and had there his ducal castle, which I could describe stone by stone.

But we are not speaking now of castles nor of dukes, but of the celebrated fields which radiate from Rota; and particularly of a very humble gardener, whom we will call Uncle Buscobeatas, although that was not his real name.

The fields of Rota are so productive that, aside from contributing to the duke of Osuna many thousands bushels of grain and furnishing wine for the entire population, they supply fruit and vegetables to Cadiz, often to Huelva, and occasionally even to Seville. This is especially true of pumpkins and cabbage, whose excellent quality, surprising abundance and consequent cheapness evoke the highest praise—insomuch that in lower Andalusia they dub the inhabitants of Rota "pumpkin-raisers" and "cabbage-raisers," which they accept with noble pride.

And in truth they have reason to be proud of such encomiums, for those gardens of Rota which are so productive, the land which produces both for consumption and exportation, that land which yields three or four harvests a year, is not earth at all, but pure, clean sand. It is ceaselessly expelled by the turbulent ocean, is whirled away by the furious western winds, and scattered all over the district of Rota, like the ashes in the vicinity of Vesuvius.

But the incessant toil of man more than compensates for the ingratitude of Nature. I do not believe that in all the world there is a laboring man who toils so much as the Rotanese. Not even a tiny stream of sweet water flows through those melancholy fields. What does it matter? The pumpkin-raiser perforates his fields with wells, from which he draws out—here by hand, there by buckets—the precious fluid which serves as blood to the vegetables.

The principles of fertilization are also wanting in sand. What does it matter? The tomato-raiser passes half his life seeking and removing substances which will serve as guano, converting even the sea-weeds into manure! Once possessed of these two precious elements, the son of Rota proceeds patiently to fertilize not his entire estate, but little circles of ground as large as a small plate; in each of these fertilized circles he sows a grain of tomato or pumpkin seed, which he then waters from a small jar, just as one would give a drink to a little child.

From the time of planting until the harvest, he tends the plants daily, one by one, treating them with the fondness and pains comparable only to the solicitude of a spinster for her flower-pots. Now he adds a little handful of manure; now he pours on a little stream of water; now he clears them of caterpillars and other insects; now he cares for the infirm, splinting the fractures and placing bulwarks of sand and straw beside those which cannot resist the rays of the sun or the blast of the wind. He counts the stems, the leaves, the flowers and the fruit of the most precocious, and talks to them, kisses them, blesses them, and even gives them expressive names to distinguish them in his mind.

This is no exaggeration. It is already a saying (and I have heard it many times in Rota) that the gardener of that country touches no less than 40 times with his own hand every single plant which he raises in his garden. And this explains why the old gardeners of that locality go about bent double, until their beads touch their knees. It is the posture in which they have spent their noble, meritorious lives.

Well, then, Uncle Buscobeatas belonged to the class of gardeners I have just described. He was always bent double, having reached the age of 60 years. For 40 years he had tilled a garden bordering on the port of Castilla.

That year he had raised some immense pumpkins, as large as the decorative globes on the monumental bridge. It was about the middle of the month of June, and they were already talking on the color of the orange within and without. Uncle Buscobeatas knew them perfectly—by their form, by their degree of maturity and by name—especially the 40

largest and most precocious. They were already saying "Cook me!" and the old man passed his days admiring them with tenderness, and exclaiming, sadly, "Alas! soon we must part!"

Finally he resolved upon the sacrifice. Marking the choicest fruit of those precious vines, he pronounced the terrible sentence, "To-morrow I shall cut these 40 and take them to the market at Cadiz. Happy shall be who eats them!" He walked homeward with a slow pace, and passed the night with the anxious feeling of a father who is to give his daughter in marriage on the following day. "My poor pumpkins!" he sighed many times, without being able to compose himself to sleep. Then he reflected, "But what else is to be done? For this purpose I have raised them. They will yield me at least \$15."

Imagine, then, his astonishment and his fury the following morning, on going to his garden, when he found that during the night he had been robbed of his forty pumpkins! Like Shakespeare's Jew, he reached the loftiest paroxysm of tragedy, repeating frantically those terrible words of Shylock, "Oh, if I find him! If I find him!"

When he began to reflect more deliberately he reasoned that his beloved jewels could not be in Rota, where it would be impossible to sell them without risk of recognition, and where, also, the price of pumpkins was very low.

"I see it clearly; they are in Cadiz!" he concluded. "The rascally scoundrels must have stolen them last night about nine or ten o'clock, and escaped with them at 12 on the freight-boat. I shall leave for Cadiz this morning on the hour-boat, and it will be a wonder if I do not trap the sneak-thief and recover the children of my toil!"

Having said this he remained for about 30 minutes in the place of the catastrophe, as though he were caressing the mutilated pumpkin vines, or counting the pumpkins that remained, or holding a sort of inquest for some trial which was about to begin. At about eight he left for the wharf.

He had determined to leave for the market at Cadiz in the hour-boat, the humble sail-boat which starts every morning at nine carrying passengers, just as the freight-boat sails every night at 12 carrying fruit and vegetables. The first is called the hour-boat, because in that space of time, and even in 40 minutes, when the wind is favorable, it crosses the three leagues of water which stretch between the ancient village of the duke of Arcos and the ancient city of Hercules.

It was half-past ten of that day when Uncle Buscobeatas stopped in front of a vegetable stand in the Cadiz market, and exclaimed to the weary policeman who accompanied him, "There are my pumpkins! Arrest that man!" pointing out the retailer.

"Arrest me!" exclaimed the accused, full of surprise and anger. "These are my pumpkins; I bought them."

"You can tell that to the mayor!" replied Uncle Buscobeatas.

"I say no!"

"I say yes!"

"You vagabond!"

"You thief!"

"You must speak to each other with more decency. Men should not be lacking in this respect," said the policeman, with much calmness, giving each a punch in the ribs.

Meanwhile a large crowd had assembled, and among them came the magistrate in charge of the market police—the market inspector, as he is officially called. The policeman resigned the jurisdiction to his superior and informed that distinguished authority of all that had taken place.

"From whom did you buy these pumpkins?" his majesty asked, in an august manner.

"From Uncle Fulano, resident of Rota," he replied.

"Very likely!" ironically growled Uncle Buscobeatas. "He is quite equal to such things. When his own garden, which is wretchedly poor, produces little, he goes out to rob his neighbor."

"But," continued the magistrate, turning to the old gardener, "admitting the hypothesis that you were robbed last night of 40 pumpkins, what assurance have you that these are yours?"

"Indeed," replied Uncle Buscobeatas, "because I know them like you know your daughters, if you have any. Don't you see I raised them? Look here! This one is named Roundy; this one is Plumpy; this is Paunchy; that one is Mullatto; this one is Manuela, because it so much resembles my younger daughter." And the poor man began to weep bitterly.

"All that sounds very well," replied the inspector, "but the law is not satisfied with the mere recognition of your pumpkins. It is necessary that you should prove your claim by credible evidences. Gentlemen, there is nothing to smile at. I am a lawyer."

"Then you shall see that I shall quickly prove to all the world, without moving from this place, that these pumpkins were raised in my garden," said Uncle Buscobeatas, to the astonishment of the bystanders.

Letting fall to the ground a bundle which he carried in his hand, he stooped down, kneeling until he sat upon his feet, and began to tranquilly untie the knotted ends of the handkerchief.

The curiosity of the councillor, of the retailer and the crowd rose to the highest pitch. "What is he going to get out of there?" they all asked.

At the same moment there arrived a new curiosity-seeker, attracted by the crowd. The retailer caught sight of him, and exclaimed, "I am so glad that you have come, Uncle Fulano! This man says that the pumpkins which you sold me last night are stolen. Answer him!"

The newcomer turned as yellow as wax, and started to withdraw; but the bystanders interfered, and the inspector himself commanded him to remain.

"You are the one to look out for what you say," replied Uncle Fulano, having recovered his composure. "If you do not prove your denunciation, and you can't prove it, I shall send you to jail as a slanderer! These pumpkins were mine, for I raised them in my garden of Egido, and no one can prove otherwise!"

"Now you shall see!" said Uncle Buscobeatas, uttaring the handkerchief and tossing its contents to the ground.

Scattered about the ground they beheld a multitude of fragments of pumpkin vines, still green and dripping with sap; the old gardener, seated upon his heels and shaking with laughter, addressed the councillor and the crowd as follows:

"Gentlemen, have you ever paid taxes? And have you ever seen that big green book which the tax-collector carries, from which he cuts off receipts, leaving there a stub by means of which he can tell whether such and such a receipt is false?"

"You are speaking about what is called a stub-book," gravely observed the councillor.

"That is precisely what I have here—the stub-book of my garden; that is, the ends to which these pumpkins were joined before I was robbed of them. Now, if you don't believe it, look! This stub belongs to that pumpkin yonder; no one can deny it. This one belongs to that pumpkin; this to that one. Exactly! Now, this belongs over here."

While speaking, he had been fitting a peduncle, or stub, into the excavation of each pumpkin, and the spectators saw with astonishment that the irregular bases of the stubs fitted exactly into the whitish cavity of the pumpkins.

The bystanders all squatted down, including the policeman and the councillor himself, and assisted Uncle Buscobeatas in his singular verification, calling out to each other in boyish joy, "There's no doubt about it! See? This one goes here! No, that belongs to this one!"

Their bursts of laughter and the shouts of the grandees mingled with the whistling of the small boys and the imprecations of the women and the tears of the old gardener. The policemen were already impatient to take the convicted thief to jail.

It is unnecessary to state that they had this pleasure; that Uncle Fulano saw himself obliged then and there to return to the retailer the \$15 he had collected from him; that the retailer delivered the sum over to Uncle Buscobeatas, and that the latter returned to Rota supremely happy, saying to himself on the way, "How beautiful they were in the market! I ought to have brought Manuela home with me to eat to-night and to save the seed!"—Translated from the Spanish of Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, by Edgar Allen Forbes, in Farr and Fireside.

## HOW NAPOLEON WAS SPANKED

Story of How the Famous Frenchman Was Spanked by His Mother.

Just as a man is no hero to his valet, so he is likely not to be a hero to his mother, or rather not the sort of hero that the world knows, but a hero quite of her own conception. As boys, the great men who are to be get about the same treatment as the lesser favorites of fortune. When Napoleon was in exile at Elba he told a story of how his mother spanked him, relates the Youth's Companion.

One day his mother's mother was hobbling along the street in Ajaccio, and Napoleon and his sister, Pauline, followed the old lady and mimicked her. Their grandmother turned and caught them in the act.

She complained to Madame Letitt, Bonaparte, Pauline was at once "spanked" and disposed of. Napoleon, who was out in his regimentals, could not be handled, for a uniform is as sacred as the flag.

His mother bided her time. The next day, when her son was off his guard, she cried, "Quick, Napoleon! You are invited to dine with the governor."

He ran up to his room to change his clothes. She quietly followed, and when she judged that the proper time had come, rushed into the room, seized her undressed hero before he guessed her purpose, laid him across the maternal knee, and belabored him earnestly with the flat of her hand.

## ORIGIN OF BEAN FEAST.

It is Explained by an Old Englishman—How a Workman Commemorated a Woodman's Charity.

Why is a feast without beans called a bean feast? An old resident at Woodford explained it to me the other day, while a correspondent to the London Leader. Years ago a workman lost his way in a part of Epping Forest. After wandering about for some considerable time, he at length heard the sound of a woodman's ax, and directing his footsteps towards the noise came across a woodcutter in the act of delivering a final blow to a tree. "Fair lop," ejaculated the woodman, as the tree fell, then turning to the workman, asked what he had required. The man told him that he had lost his way in the forest and was hungry and tired. "Sit down friend," said the woodman, "and share my meal," at the same time bringing out some beans and bacon. Not long after the workman was fortunate enough to become a master blockmaker, and to commemorate the charity of the woodman he used to take the workmen once a year to the Fair Lop Tree and give them a feast of beans and bacon. The beans have been dropped, but the feast still remains.

## PERSONAL ALLUSIONS.

Personal allusions are never safe, and seldom effective or happy. An anecdote that illustrates this fact is that of a solicitor for a charitable institution who went to a woman's door and asked her for a contribution.

"We have," he stated, earnestly, "hundreds of poor, ragged and vicious children, like these at your gate, and our object is—"

"Sir," interrupted the indignant woman, "these are my own children!"

## SELF-CURED NERVOUSNESS.

The Patient's Will Can Do Much Toward Curing This Annoying Affection.

"Self-control as a cure for nervous diseases is a remedy more efficacious than medicine at times," said a prominent Washington practitioner, according to the Star, "and since its exercise is a matter of mere habit, I will tell you about it."

"Nervousness is a disease, and nervous persons, especially women, are a torture to themselves, an object of pity on the part of some and of contempt on the part of others. Nervousness in itself, nervous prostration in its various stages and the different forms of nervous fright and irritability largely result from persons allowing themselves to yield to certain channels of thought which have fear as a basis.

"It makes slight difference what this element of fear may be, whether the loss of money, of a beloved one, position, or what else, the subject nurses this dread little by little, until except in the case of a sudden and powerful shock, imperceptibly, but with insidious certainty, the nerve centers feel the strain and gradually give way. The subject begins to suffer loss of appetite, sleeplessness intervenes, loss of flesh necessarily results and a whole train of evils follows in rapid sequence, from becoming a burden to oneself, family and friends in going around in a perpetual state of nervous irritability or melancholia, to complete collapse in bed from nervous prostration.

"While patients will yield to medical treatment in some instances the beneficial effects of sedatives or tonics are often neutralized by the patient refusing to exercise self-control and in nursing the particular trouble which may be preying upon the mind. When expostulated with the invariable reply is: 'I can't help it.'"

"Persons of nervous temperament and in various stages of nervous diseases will be astonished to see how quickly the physical will respond to a determination of the mind not to yield to certain lines of familiar thought, which constitute the subject's troubles. They will find that the brain may be said to be a creature of habit, in that certain lines of thought will force themselves and often certain times of the day more prominently, as in the morning. Endeavor to develop a feeling of 'don't care,' and maintain it. Once the subject determines to curb and control thought the brain will be found to yield to control, slowly at first, but surely when the subject persists as much as his or her feeble will power allows in 'not thinking about it.'"

"To aid in this great fundamental cure of nervousness and nervous troubles travel largely conduces, because, as simple as it is, when persons travel they have to do things they do not wish to do, entailing a change of thought, consequent relaxation of strain of the brain cells, more or less physical exercise and a change of air and scene.

"Fifty per cent., perhaps more, of nervous troubles are aggravated and prolonged by remaining amid familiar surroundings and among the immediate members of the family, where their weaknesses, often silly and foolish, are codded and humored, until the subject believes himself or herself decidedly ill or finally develops a real disease.

"If nervous people who have not reached this stage only knew what a nuisance they are and how readily their irritability would disappear if they would hold themselves up to their irrelative vision, determine to control themselves and not allow their whims, habits or snappy tempers to control them, they would become prettier and stouter women, and stronger and better men. They would find that self-control is a habit, as it becomes a habit for women to grieve, fret or show temper, and for a man to feel that he is perpetually going to lose his position, or suffer loss in his business.

"One must persevere in the self-control cure for nervousness, but once the nerves are whipped into mental subjection patients gain flesh and strength and wonder how they could have been so weak. The legend to be inscribed upon the nervous person's banner is short, but effective—'don't yield.'"

"The deer is a big animal to gain advantage from protective coloration, but it does so, and its ability to hide, when it thinks that hiding would be better than running, is very great. This concealing instinct is bred in it and is most marked in the cases of the fawns.

A fawn three days old, if left for a little while by its mother, will stand trembling with every sense on the alert and if danger appears will squat on the ground like a quail, lying upon its belly with its legs under it and its nose pressed to earth. It will remain in this form, though the intruder pass within a yard of it, and is often captured because of this fidelity to the dumb instructions that have been given to it. Nearly all fawns in captivity are picked up in this way.

## DANCE BEFORE THE VIRGIN.

Picturesque Time-Honored Custom of Spaniards Sanctioned by the Pope.

In the great Spanish cathedral of Seville a strange and interesting spectacle may be seen at the Feast of the Canonicals. It is the famous dance before the Virgin which caused so much comment at one time. A procession of priests passes through the church to the high altar. They are uniformly tall, fine of figure, and with intellectual faces. Their robes are a rich and gorgeous purple and the gems of their vestments are priceless. At the altar there appears a company of boys, about 12 years of age, arrayed in plumed hats and with touches of silver brighten the courtier dress. Music begins to play in slow, minuet time, and the boys commence a stately dance. It is a graceful, quiet measure, and their manner is solemn, showing the reverence with which they regard this ceremony. Many years ago one of the priests announced his belief that it was irreverent, and besought the pope to have it forbidden. The kind father of the vatican, knowing it was an ancient and loved custom of the church, said he must see the dance in order to judge of its character. He summoned the little boys to Rome where they danced for him. The pope was at a loss. Finally he said that the practice might be continued until the costumes were worn out.

A wily canon who managed the service arranged that this should not come to pass, by replacing now a coat, now a hat, again another part of the dress. So the service still goes on in old Seville where travelers are the delight and spectators of this picturesque scene and thankful for the preservation of the time-honored custom.

A Sheer Waste.  
Deacon James—"Don't you think it wrong for your husband to go fishing on the Sabbath?"  
Mrs. Brown—"Wrong? It's positive. I've waded the way he wastes his time and his money on tackle and bait, and hardly ever brings home more than one or two mean little fishes."—Boston Transcript.

## HUES OF THE DEER.

There Are Three Changes in the Year and They Serve to Protect the Animals.

Men who go to the woods to shoot deer only in the deer season are apt to think that the animals are always in the dun coats in which they find them, but men who live there the year around know that deer change their color at least three in a year. The gradations are slight but distinct and the completed results are widely different, says the New York Sun.

Just now, in the dead of winter, almost all the deer are of an ashen gray with a tinge of dun. They have the lightest hue at present and in this respect they are something like the rabbits and weasels which turn white in winter.

As the first green of spring appears their coats will begin to deepen this deepening is rapid, almost keeping pace with the outbudding of the leaves on the trees and bushes. The reason for this is not apparent, as the gray winter coat of the deer would be less conspicuous in the summer green than the sharply rufous tint which they come to assume.

In midsummer the deer is reddish and, in some individuals, of true red. This coat lasts until well into fall, beginning to fade in October, and by the time the men with the small-bore rifles come it has turned to dun. The change is later in some individuals, and thus it happens that even in November an occasional red deer is killed.

There has come to be a belief among hunters that the bright red deer is apt to be stronger, fatter and more valuable than its comrades of soberer coat, but this is not true. Indeed, the red individual may have something the matter with it to prevent its changing on schedule time.

The law of nature which gives the more pronounced colors and marks to the males of species holds good with the deer, and the bucks are redder than the does, and they never get to be so light of hue even when there is two feet of snow on the ground. The red of the deer shows most prominently along the edges of the belly and on the legs, though sometimes the hair of the neck is of a bright sorrel.

Possibly in giving the deer a red coat in summer nature intends merely to give the eye a handsome contrast with the dark green of the leaves, and the deepening of the color does very effectively, though it makes the animal more conspicuous and, therefore, more easily found by its foes. The winter coat comes as near to assimilation with the general tone of the landscape as anything may come that has a touch of brown in it. There is so little of brown that the effect is almost wholly gray and this takes up well with the mixture of black and white caused by the tree trunks and leafless branches and the snow.

In the fall shooting season, when the ground is carpeted with dead leaves and some of the leaves still cling to the twigs, when the most marked colors of the woods are the scarlet of the semi-denuded maples and the light yellow of the fading tamaracs, the deer's coat is admirably designed for its protection. Many a man has walked within 20 yards of one standing in the dim shaded aisles and never seen it.

The deer is a big animal to gain advantage from protective coloration, but it does so, and its ability to hide, when it thinks that hiding would be better than running, is very great. This concealing instinct is bred in it and is most marked in the cases of the fawns.

A fawn three days old, if left for a little while by its mother, will stand trembling with every sense on the alert and if danger appears will squat on the ground like a quail, lying upon its belly with its legs under it and its nose pressed to earth. It will remain in this form, though the intruder pass within a yard of it, and is often captured because of this fidelity to the dumb instructions that have been given to it. Nearly all fawns in captivity are picked up in this way.

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## LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



WASHINGTON'S SECOND SUMMONS TO COMMAND OF THE ARMY. Find Alexander Hamilton.

Before the second administration of Washington had drawn to a close France had turned from friend to foe of the nation it had helped to build, and early in the administration of President Adams began a series of such aggressions as amounted practically to a declaration of war. The American people demanded that war should be declared against France, then ruled by the directory, and on November 23, 1797, the president recommended preparations for hostilities, and in the following March congress authorized the recruiting of a regular army of 20,000 men and the calling out of the militia. Washington was appointed commander in chief of all forces, and his commission was delivered to him in his fields at Mount Vernon by the secretary of war. He announced his willingness to accept any service his country might call for, but requested that he be not called upon for active service until needed, and suggested the name of Alexander Hamilton as acting commander in chief until he should be needed. The war clouds dispersed and Washington never took the field.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

One-fourth of the vagrants in Edinburgh are of Irish nationality. One of the streets at Montpellier, France, is to be renamed the Rue Emile Zola. The Belgians are the greatest potato eaters in the world, and the Irish come second.

Six hundred members, including many of the nobility, have joined the Austrian Anti-Dueling League. Twenty-six pounds was paid for a pack of German playing cards dated 1558 at Sotheby's recently.

Some years ago 96 of every 100 children in Egyptian schools were affected with granular ophthalmia. This percentage has now been reduced to 74.

Ten guinea damages have been awarded at Edmontown county court to a servant who sued the employer of a workman who looked for an escape of gas with a lighted match.

The National museum at Belgrade has come into possession of a collection of 68,000 Roman copper coins recently unearthed near a Servian village. The oldest of them belong in the time of Carnellia.

Twenty-three years ago a fraudulent bankrupt fled from Buda-Pesth to America, where he amassed a small fortune. Becoming homesick he returned recently to Austria, where he was recognized and promptly arrested.

## WHEN THE HERRING RUN.

Yarmouth, the Center of the Industry, Receives 50,000,000 Fish in a Day's Catch.

One of the most interesting seaports of England is Yarmouth, perhaps the chief fishing town of the kingdom, and certainly the great herring center. On November 11 the high water mark for arrivals was registered, when 50,000,000 of these fishes were landed on the wharves of the port. This one day's catch sold for \$125,000, so it can be seen that the fisher folk have an abundance of shillings—at least, in the fishing season. On this day the fleet spread for three miles along the harbor, says the Philadelphia Press.

It is said that the herring season this year has never been equalled. Certain it is that the twin towns of Yarmouth and Lowestoft present a busy and animated scene. The port at this time is as much Scotch as English, for scores of the boats come from north of the Tweed. The streets are full of broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced girls who appear with the fleet. They are not the least of the picturesque sights, as, stripped of superfluous clothing, bare-headed and bare-armed, they dress and cure the fish.

These girls are mostly Scotch, and have a peculiar dialect of the Tweed fisher folk. They are cheery and sing at their work, and are always ready for fun when work is over. They are the heroines or the objects of many stories that never get into print. There are probably 3,000 of these lassies in town, and they are experts, for they follow the fleet in its migratory quest like guilts follow a school of fish.

When the fleet looms up in the harbor the girls repair to the workhouses and get ready for work. The girls work in crews of three, two gutting the fish with a small knife, which they use with wonderful deftness, and the third packing the fish in barrels of salt. These girls receive their railway fares and a guarantee of \$3.50 a week, and a bonus of 12 cents for every barrel filled.

The work is hard, and when once the fish are in hand it has to be carried on to a finish, however late the hour, for the herring is a very perishable article, and any delay in the process of gutting and salting would be ruinous. The girls often cut their hands badly, and the salt with which they have to work makes the wounds exceedingly painful. But a brighter, healthier set of workers will not easily be found anywhere than in these curing yards, where they may be heard singing to one another, and where even in their spare time they are not idle, for you never see a fisher girl without her knitting needles.

Herrings are cured in several other ways, the work in most cases being done by women. A kipper, that which there are few greater delicacies, is

herring split down the back, gutted, pickled in brine for half an hour or so and then smoked for a few hours. A bloater is an unsplit herring and is kept in salt for the better part of a day before being smoked, while the red herring is red because it is first salted for some weeks on end and then smoked for as long, the result being that it is very highly cured.

The net profits of each boat are divided into 16 shares, of which seven go to the owners and the other nine are split up among the hands in proportion to their standing. Thus the master will take one and a half or one and three-quarters share, the mate one and a quarter or one and a half, and so on down to the last-joined boy, who gets a quarter or even one-eighth of a share. A share in a lucky boat may run to close on \$1,000 for two months' fishing.

The new stream drifters are fine boats, about 60 tons, 80 feet in length by 18 feet in the beam. In the old days the nets were not more than two miles long. But now every steamer has at least 170 or 180, or even 200 nets 30 yards wide by 18 or 20 "score" deep. A "score" is a score of meshes, so that taking a mesh as an inch the depth is some 30 feet, with an aggregate length of three miles. The nets are fastened together to form a continuous surface, and are floated by buoys. There are, in addition to the Yarmouth boats, over 500 Scotch sailing craft and about 50 Scotch steamers. The guilts betray the whereabouts of the fish by day