

## ON THE REBOUND.

Of course, we'd met the winter through. At balls and teas, but then, you know, I thought the world of Ned Carew. Who'd been devoted, and I knew Tom was in love with Kittle's bow.

So Tuesday night, at Kittle's ball, when they announced she was engaged to Ned Carew, I thought I'd fall. Or faint—I really can't recall. When I've been so stunned or enraged!

She's such a scheming girl—and then, Oh, lots of times, I've heard Ned say he thought she looked so silly when she tried to flirt. Oh, dear, some men can't keep the same mind through the day!

Well, Wednesday came, and as 'twas Lent, and I was blue about it, then, you know, I thought the day would be best spent in some good work, and so I went to take flowers to the hospital.

And passing by, who should I see? As at their door, with all my flowers I stood, but Tom! He said that he thought time best spent in charity—I said those were my happiest hours.

Well, that began it. Then we found our tastes alike in everything. We think respect the proper ground for love, and ours is strong and sound.

My's twice as big as Kittle's ring!—Beatrice Hanscom, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## Big Stories of Big Fish

The Tuna Men Put to Flight the Black Sea Bass Man.

"EVERYTHING is upside down on this side," said a retired member of the Tuna club, Santa Catalina, who was watching Mexican Joe, his boatman, rig up a tuna bait. "On the Atlantic we have the gulf stream flowing north. Here we're on the Kurosiwo, the Japanese current that flows south and gives us this fishing; but the trouble with the old thing is that it wobbles. Sometimes it's off shore, sometimes clean in; sometimes it runs up into the Arctic, sometimes cutting across below; and that's what affects our fishing and climate, according to my mind. When the Kurosiwo is off shore as it was five years ago, the fishing is off, too. That year the yellow tail were as scarce as hens' teeth, and the reason was the warm current was off shore and just touched the islands of southern California. This year we're right in it. People have been bathing all winter at Avalon, which shows that the water is warm; that's the reason the yellow tail have struck in so soon. Joe saw a school going north yesterday that covered 20 acres and was an hour passing. He reckoned that there were millions in the school."

"How can he reckon?" asked a chronic kicker. "He can't read or write."

"Well, he can save, can he?" retorted the Tuna clubman.

This seemed unanswerable, but the kicker presently came to the front again. "You say Joe saw a million fish, eh? and they was an hour passing. D'ye know how that was? Why, he saw a school of 400 or 500 yellow tails, that's what he saw, and, like they always do at the first run, they was swimming in a circle, and Mexican Joe was drifting on the circumference of the circle, and the same fish went under him about a million times. He's got double multiplying sight, anyway, like a reel, like all them Ananias club boatmen; that they don't see when they're out of bait is a caution. Why, look what they talk up now; trying to make out that black sea bass is equal to a tuna."

"Well, so he is," responded the fleshy man.

"What!" said the other. "Compare that great overgrown hunk of a fish to a tuna?"

"Well, I hold the record for the biggest fish on top of the earth with the smallest line for a game fish, and that fish was a 327-pound black sea bass," replied the clubman.

"Here comes the colonel," said some one; "he holds the belt for the biggest fish story."

"And claims everything in sight," retorted the black sea bass champion.

"What do you consider the game fish in these waters, colonel?" asked the kicker, as the other man came up.

"Why, everyone knows that the leaping tuna is in a class by itself. Why, rolling his eyes around, 'we would feed our tuna on full grown tarpon, if we could get them. It can't be,' added the colonel, turning to the black sea bass champion, 'that you are still clinging to that silly delusion that your fish beat mine. I'll tell you what I'll do, talking so fast that the black sea bass man could not get in a word. I'll tell these gentlemen the story of my catch, then you tell yours, and let them settle it.'

"Well," continued the colonel, clearing away the hooks and wire on the Mexican's stand and sitting down. "I hooked my fish one morning about six o'clock—two of us were fishing. We had 12-ounce rods, seven feet long and 21-thread lines, and plenty of it—800 feet or more. And two big fish came boiling along astern; then you should have heard those reels! You may talk about high C; they simply hummed, and the line was jerked off so quick that before I could think 500 feet was gone, while the fish my friend had hooked had taken everything and was off. There was a sort of a shriek from the steel throat of that reel, and 900 feet of good line went. I kept my fish well in hand. I confess by a species of luck, and stopped him in less than 800 feet, and when I felt that the brake was telling and that he was towing the boat and not taking line I thought I had a chance; but just then began some of the strangest maneuvers I ever saw in a fish. Suddenly I thought he was gone. You who have caught tunas perhaps know this peculiarity of the fish in getting off when there is no strain on the line; another tuna sometimes cuts it with its back. Well, I thought this had happened, but a second later I saw a gleam on the water, and it was my fish; he was coming for me like a shot and on the surface, his blue back and yellow fins blazing in the sunlight. I reeled for my life, there was no doubt about that. I had a big multiplier that ate up line like a windmill, but no feeling on top of the earth could have met that rush, and I saw my line slack and made up my mind that the game was up. The fish stopped 20 feet from the boat, or as soon as he saw me, whirled about, and fairly dazzled me as the sun struck him, and was off again with 800 feet before I could stop him. Then he began to plunge to the bottom and drag the

line like a steam engine, hauling the boat round; then he came to the top again and rushed in on me as before. Finally, after nearly three hours of this fish started down the coast and towed us five miles, sometimes stopping to rush away, occasionally turning and towing the boat against a heavy sea that had picked up, but invariably turning south again, and in four hours from the start was guffing after a hard struggle. He broke the first gaff in pieces and tore it from the hands of the boatman. The fish was fought hard from the start to the finish and weighed 183 pounds."

"It's a good fish story, no doubt," said the black sea bass champion as the colonel concluded; "it's a game fish, but it's not in the same class with the black sea bass and I never landed my biggest fish. It was this way: I was fishing for whitefish and had on a sardine. I got a bite and pulled up, then got a heavier bite, then a still heavier one, and finally after a hard struggle got the fish up and to my amazement I saw it was a black sea bass. A rock bass had taken the sardine, a whitefish had taken the rock bass, a yellowtail had grabbed the whitefish and the sea bass had taken the yellowtail. The fish towed us, anchored down, four miles up the coast and headed for San Nicolas, 70 miles away; then I said to Jim: 'I reckon we're out-classed.' The bass was as long as the boat, as near as we could judge, and I would have given a thousand dollars to see him weighed. He would have tipped the scales at 800 pounds, sure. But it was not our day; he suddenly gave a lunge and got away for a hundred feet. While I was reeling him in, we saw a big flurry and a 15-foot man-eater came right out of the water with that bass in his mouth and bit the fish square in two, leaving me the head, which I had mounted as a trophy."

"My 327-pound fish, which has accorded me the championship of the world, I landed fairly and squarely in 55 minutes. We were fishing on the bottom with 12-ounce rods and 21-strand lines. All at once my line began to run out. I gave the fish about ten feet and struck. Well, gentlemen, and the narrator took off his hat and wiped his brow at the mere recollection. "I'll give you my word, I thought that fish would take the boatman under water. Jim threw off the anchor rope, and with a whistle from the reel and a rush of water we were off. Jim pulling for his life to get headway on the boat, and I working the thumb brake with all my strength to stop the rush; but before I knew it had taken 700 feet of line and worn an inch leather pad down to nothing. And that's what bothered me—the smoke of that burning thumb brake kept getting in my eyes, though Jim kept fanning it away. I heard afterward that people who saw us thought it was a steam launch. But finally the brake burned up, and I used a thumbstall. When that wore out I doubled up my hat, and finally, after a rush of 900 feet, I stopped the fish. He began to skulk, but I put the tarpon-pumping movement into play, and soon started him. Then he began to rush around the boat, going so fast that both Jim and I got dizzy. We couldn't see the shore at all, and finally had to shut our eyes, and there, of course, we lost time; but we kept at the reel, and several times the rubber began to melt, but Jim kept pouring water on it as I reeled, and at last, by a herculean effort, I got that fish within 20 feet of the boat. It was then 45 minutes by the clock. What clock? Why, the boat clock. I never go fishing without a clock."

"As I was saying, we had the fish up within 20 feet, but to move him another foot we couldn't. Minutes and seconds were slipping away, and finally we had only ten minutes; you see, I wanted to do it in an hour, and just then Jim had an inspiration. He said 'stop reeling, sir, and we'll pull the boat up to the fish.' You see, all the time we had been trying to pull the fish to the boat. So Jim took his oars and rowed alongside while I reeled in the slack, and just 45 minutes from the time I hooked the fish Jim hauled him into the boat, 327 pounds to a dot; there isn't a man on earth that can do it in less," and the black sea bass advocate looked around at the awe-stricken assemblage. But the tuna man had disappeared.—N. Y. Sun.

Drawn at Night.

The architect and his friend the builder were driving back to the former's office. They had been out to the edge of the city to look at some work on their way were engaged. As they drove by a certain house the builder looked up at it proudly, saying: "There is a house that I built myself. I not only built it, but I drew all the plans. Every bit of work in it is mine." The architect looked at the house and smiled in a provoking way. The builder noticed the smile and looked at the house in a new light. "How hard I worked on that!" he said. "In the daytime I had to do something else, but every night I would sit up late drawing on those plans. I drew 'em every night for a month." The architect looked at the house again and smiled once more, and the builder saw him. Again he turned his eyes toward the product of his brain, twisting his neck to squint at it after the carriage had passed it. Then he looked at the architect with humility. "It looks as if those plans were drawn at night, doesn't it?" he said, and there was pathos in his voice.—Worcester Gazette.

Modern Cave Dwellers.

Cave dwellers, or, to be exact, earth or rock dwellers, are not yet extinct. A traveler who visited the prehistoric cave dwellings near Halberstadt, in the Harz mountains, found in the nearby village of Langenstein ten caves hewn in the rock and occupied by 40 persons. This little settlement is built on the slope of a rocky hill near the village. The fronts of the dwellings were made by cutting a vertical face in the rock. Each "house" has a door and one window. The first house was constructed only 40 years ago by a young married couple who were too poor to pay their rent in the village. The rock houses are warm in winter and cool in summer. They are quite healthful, according to the testimony of their inhabitants, whose stout limbs and red cheeks vouch for the truth of their statements.—N. Y. Herald.

Results Were Impossible.

She—I'm sure I've paid my bread on the water many a time, and I don't see any results.

He—No, I guess your bread would sink, dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

## HOUSE SPEAKERSHIP.

Both the East and the West Desire to Secure It.

Washington Deeply Interested in the Successor to Thomas B. Reed—Some of the More Prominent Candidates.

(Special Washington Letter.)

The determination of Speaker Reed to withdraw from public life has brought forth the names of a number of prominent members of the house of representatives, who may become candidates for the speakership; a position, by the way, which is next in power to that of the chief magistracy of the republic.

Sereno E. Payne, of New York, is logically a candidate, because he has been continuously a member of the house for 15 years. He is at the head of the committee on ways and means, and is naturally regarded as the leader of his party. James S. Sherman, also of New York, is a much younger man, and has been a member of the house for ten years. Either one of these gentlemen, if selected by the eastern members of the dominant party, might prove to be successful; and either one of them would be a good presiding officer.

The western men have a caucus majority, if they can unite upon a candidate. Ohio will probably not present a candidate, because the president hails from that state. Indiana has no candidates has been in public life long enough to become a national character. The states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nebraska have no man who has been a member of the house long enough to claim recognition in a speakership contest, excepting Wisconsin, which might present the name of Congressman Babcock, but for the fact that he declined to be a candidate.

Illinois has two good men, either one of whom would make a good presiding officer.

These 71 votes come from the territory east of the Alleghenies and north of the Potomac.

The western forces, again leaving Ohio out, will be:

California ..... 14  
Illinois ..... 14  
Indiana ..... 14  
Iowa ..... 14  
Kansas ..... 14  
Michigan ..... 14  
Minnesota ..... 14  
Missouri ..... 14  
Nebraska ..... 14  
North Dakota ..... 14  
Oregon ..... 14  
South Dakota ..... 14  
Washington ..... 14  
Wisconsin ..... 14  
Wyoming ..... 14

Total ..... 88

Here are 88 votes, or only five short of a nomination. These votes come from west of the Allegheny mountains, omitting Ohio, and north of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

The southern and border contingent will be:

Kentucky ..... 14  
North Carolina ..... 14  
Tennessee ..... 14  
Texas ..... 14  
Virginia ..... 14

Total ..... 56

These votes come from south of the Ohio river.

Here, then, is the situation. The east has 71 votes. If she could draw to her candidate the 15 votes of Ohio she would still be seven votes short. If she could bring to her support the entire Ohio delegation and the entire southern Ohio delegation she would have the nomination with a majority of three. The west has 88 votes, independent of Ohio. If she can draw the southern contingent she has the nomination with a majority of five. If she can draw Ohio she has the

nomination with a majority of ten. If she can carry her own vote solid and secure five votes from either the southern contingent or from Ohio she can be successful.

It will be seen that if mere personal considerations do not outweigh the general geographical political considerations the speaker of the Fifty-sixth congress is very likely to come from west of the Allegheny mountains. At the organization of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth congresses the east had a majority of the votes, and they were able not only to nominate Mr. Reed, from the extreme northeastern country, but they were able to locate the two great offices of clerk of the house and keeper of the house, involving three-fourths of the patronage, all east of the Alleghenies. The western men say that the star of republican political power is moving their way, and it is a good deal to ask of them that they should yield the speakership to a man who is outtrunked in years of service in the house by not fewer than seven or eight distinguished representatives from the vast territory west of the Alleghenies.

But, after all, the majority party will be wiser if it selects the man who is possessed of greatest ability, regardless of his geographical location. Tom Reed is a big man whether he is in Maine, New York, Washington, London, Berlin or anywhere else on the face of the earth. It is to be hoped that the house may have a good, strong presiding officer, no matter where he may reside.

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In Plain Language.

"Doctor, I want to know exactly what's the matter with me."

"My good sir, your ailment is a tendency of the lungs to expel air suddenly and forcibly through the glottis, the effort being accompanied by a raucous and more or less guttural sound."

"That's what I told the doctor I discharged the other day. He said it was nothing but a cough!"—Chicago Tribune.

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First Man (to man who has just bumped against him in the street): Blithering idiot!

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In speculating upon the contest for the speakership, and assuming that it will take to some extent, at least, a sectional aspect, it is worth while to consider some interesting facts and figures. The total republican vote will be 184, this assuming that the vacancies now existing in Nebraska, Maine, Louisiana and such others as may occur before the meeting of congress, will be filled by representatives of the same parties as those elected at the regular election in 1898.

The strength of the eastern combination, leaving Ohio, of course, out, will be as follows:

Connecticut ..... 14  
Delaware ..... 14  
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Maryland ..... 14  
Massachusetts ..... 14  
New Hampshire ..... 14

New York ..... 14

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