THE CLIMAX.

VOLUME I. RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1888. NUMBER 35.

NEW CLOTHING FIRM, NEW GOODS, NEW PRICES!

COVINGTON & MITCHELL

—announce that their goods are now—

Open for Inspection.

The public is cordially invited to call and examine these goods and learn prices.

THEIR READY-MADE

CLOTHING

consists of the latest patterns and best materials.

Men, Youths & Boys

of all sizes can be furnished with everything in the Clothing and Furnishing-goods line,

From an Overcoat to a Necktie.

Fat men and thin men need not fear that they cannot be pleased.

—A DELIGHTFUL—

STOCK OF HATS.

Every kind and style of Hat, from the finest silk to the cheapest felt.

Shirts in Profusion

and great variety. No house in Central Kentucky carries a better stock of shirts.

A Splendid Line of Neckwear.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

A FIRST-CLASS CUTTER of years of experience, and a competent corps of tailors, together with a

Large and Choice Stock of Suitings

and TROUSERINGS in both Foreign and Domestic Goods, enables Covington & Mitchell to compete with all houses everywhere.

COVINGTON & MITCHELL.

T. M. LACKEY, Salesman.

feb.8-1y.

P. M. POPE

IS THE AGENT AT RICHMOND, KY., FOR

THE CELEBRATED

WEBSTER

FARM WAGONS.

They are about closing up their business and have on hand over 4,000 of them.

-:- PATENT TRUSS ROD AND TUBULAR AXLE. -:-

Manufacture all styles and sizes which they offer at

ESPECIALLY LOW PRICES.

All Wagons Warranted For One Year.

The Best Material. The Easiest Terms.

Call on Mr. Pope and examine the wagons. Don't buy before doing so.

WEBSTER WAGON CO.

June 22-tf

Library Lamps

AND

Rodgers' Silver-Plated Knives and Forks.

They can not be surpassed in style or workmanship at

The Prices We Quote.

Very best material employed in their manufacture.

You Will Like Them

if you see them, because you can't help it.

They Are Precisely What You Want.

Our stock of Queen's-ware and Glassware and especially our DECORATED DINNER and TEA SETS, is full and attractive.

BEST GRADES OF

COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS

and other Staple Groceries, also Canned Goods.

L. E. & G. C. FRANCIS.

June22-tf

A REGULAR HURRICANE

—HAS STRUCK PRICES AT THE—

Busy Bee Cash Store.

In order to close out the following lines of goods we quote prices as follows:

Men's Full Stock Heavy Boots,	$1.50;	former price,	$2.25	Ladies' Newmarket Cloaks.....	$2.50;	former price,	$5.00
Men's Full Stock Heavy Boots,	1.75;	" "	2.75	Ladies' Newmarket Cloaks.....	3.50;	" "	4.50
Men's Full Stock Kip.....	2.25	" "	3.50	Ladies' Fine Newmarket Cloaks,	4.50;	" "	10.00
Men's Box Toe Side Lined Kip....	3.00;	" "	4.50	Ladies' Short Wraps, (ball trimming) very fine.....	5.50;	" "	12.00
Boys' Full Stock Boots, all sizes,..	1.00;	" "	1.50	Good Overcoats for Men.....	2.00;	" "	3.50
Boys' Best Full Stock Boots, "	1.50;	" "	2.25	Better Overcoats for Men.....	3.00;	" "	5.00
Youths' Full Stock Boots,. "	75;	" "	1.25	All-wool Overcoats for Men.....	5.00;	" "	10.00

☞ Overshoes for Men, Women, Misses, Boys and Children at Cost; also Men's and Boys' Gum Boots.☜

All Winter Goods, such as Flannels, Canton Flannels, Jeans, Heavy Cassimeres, Blankets, Shawls, Underwear, Woollen Hosiery, Yarns, Gloves, etc., will be sacrificed at less than cost to manufacture them—to close them out at once. Don't fail to attend this sale, as everything in the house has been made A RED HOT BARGAIN.

☞ This sale will continue day after day until all the above lines are closed out. So come at once and get first choice. Thanking you for your very liberal patronage, we are respectfully,

RAMSEY & OLDHAM,

Jun22tf. Proprietors "Busy Bee" Cash Store

NEW HOUSE,

NEW STOCK OF HARDWARE, NEW PRICES, NEW STYLES, AS WELL AS A NEW YEAR.

Shackelford, Gentry & Co.

ask you to call and see them in their elegant new house on upper Main Street, site of the old one that was burned last August.

—THEY HAVE THE—

Most Complete Hardware House in Central Kentucky.

They have more room, more goods and more desire to sell than they had in their old quarters.

June 22tf

House And Lot For Sale!

House and Lot on E-till Avenue for sale. Apply to A. C. Clowers, or W. G. White at Drug Store.

Jan25tf.

HARRISON MILLER

Has opened a Furniture Repairing and Upholstering Shop second door from the Post-office, next to Hunley's Livery Stable. All work done at reasonable rates. LAYING CARPETS A SPECIALTY. 7dec1f.

ASK FOR THE G. L. P. C. Remedy.

GUTHERSON & LEY,

LEXINGTON, KY.

STOCKTON & WILLIS,

Agents For Madison County.

sep28 1y.

Where Are You Going?

When do you start? Where from? How many in your party? What amount of freight or baggage have you? What route do you prefer? Upon receipt of an answer to the above questions you will be furnished, free of expense, with the lowest rates, also maps, time tables, pamphlets, or other valuable information which will save trouble, time and money. Agents will call in person where necessary. Parties not ready to answer above questions should cut out and preserve this notice for future reference. It may become useful. Address C. H. Warren, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Minnesota Leads the World

With her stock, dairy and grain products. 2,000,000 acres fine timber, farming and grazing lands, adjacent to railroad, for sale cheap on easy terms. For maps, prices, rates, etc., address, J. Brookwalter, Land Commissioner, or C. H. Warren, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn. Ask for Book H.

ST. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS & MANITOBA RAILWAY

GOTHAM'S NEW RACE.

New York Babies with Mongolian Fathers and Caucasian Mothers.

The other day I had just turned into the square and had passed Mott street, when a commotion a short distance in advance attracted my attention. The heterogeneous mob of pedestrians were collected about some moving object.

"Hurry up, Sally, let's see it's face," shouted a very dirty girl of ten, whose frowsy red and freckled face brushed against my arm. A dozen of the assorted babies on the block—some of them with faces double the age of their bodies—were making for the center of attraction, and I followed their example.

Can you guess what caused such a passing sensation—for nothing short of a fire causes more on the Bowery. One poor little Chinese baby of two Celestial summers, who toddled along the walk with his tiny fist holding hard the hand of a Chinaman, whose native dress indicated that he was well-to-do. The little one was attired in a compromise between New York and China, with trousers and jacket, and a fancy turban was on his head. A wonderfully bright face it was that gazed up stolidly at the crowd, and accepted rough endeavors to caress with all the serenity of a wooden image. Curious to know who these swell youthful heathen might be, I interrogated his guardian in my very best Chinese, and was informed that Tom Lee, famous as the only deputy sheriff of his race in New York, was the father.

Now, I know Tom, who is a clever fellow and opulent with all, and the proprietor of a pretentious grocery at the corner of Mott street and the Bowery. I know, too, that there was a Mrs. Tom, who was not Chinese, so I was puzzled to account for the true features of the boy, and determined to pay the lady an afternoon call at once and clear the matter up.

She happened to be visiting. I was informed at the cigar store of a friend a few doors deeper into Chinatown. This shop, which was very neat, was decorated on one side with a Chinaman nursing a black eye on a soap box, and on the other with an ordinary cigar case. Behind the latter sat a rather pretty woman with German features, busily engaged in knitting and looking so neat and comfortable that it was quite impossible to address her without lifting my hat.

"I beg pardon, madam," said I, "but I am looking for the wife of Tom Lee."

"No, you're looking at her, sir," was the smiling response.

"Indeed!"

My evident admiration and the purchase of a two-cent cigar for fifteen cents placed me at once upon an easy and chatty footing, and I related toher the sensation caused by her youngster's promenade.

"Oh, yes," she said, "they always follow him."

"But how is it that he has such features?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I have had four children since I married Tom, and all looked like their father. Two of them are dead."

"Does a Chinaman make a good husband?"

The little woman's answer was emphatic.

"Well, I wouldn't want to change my husband. He's always kind to me, and when I want a thing I have only to ask him and he gets it."

"Are there many women of New York married to Chinamen?"

"About fifty, I guess. You see, there are about three thousand Chinamen in the city and only a very few Chinese women. Babies! Oh, well, there are about three hundred from the mixed marriages, but all that I have seen have the features of the fathers. Of course you don't often see them on the street. Why? Because they draw a crowd, and it isn't pleasant for the Chinaman who has them in charge. You can find them down through this street, though, if you know where to look. Good day, sir. If my baby is still on the Bowery tell him to come home."

I couldn't help thinking as I strolled on, what new and strange conditions the progress of the Chinamen here has evolved, and what a startling thing it would be if all these Chinese babies were simultaneously deposited in Madison square. Yet they live their little daily lives among us and few of us are the wiser.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

BURDENSOME FRIENDS.

One of the Most Deplorable Results of Too Great Familiarity.

Somebody will doubtless exclaim that real friendship is never a burden, and that only the resemblance of friendship can become such. But think a moment, dear general woman. You love your friend, you appreciate all her virtues, you quietly note and forget her faults, you esteem her opinion, but, oh! you do get so tired of her insisting upon your presence at times most inconvenient to you and regarding any refusal, though you seldom dare to make one, as an intentional slight to her feelings. That is what I mean by a burden of friendship.

Then Madame Candid is indeed your friend; she loved you as a tiny girl, she kissed you on your wedding day, she believes in you and in your husband; but you do wish she would not ask in that peculiarly sympathetic way: "Now, my child, tell me how Charley and you are getting along as regards money." That is your affair and Charley's — something you will talk over with him and with him alone; but can you be rude to Madame Candid? No; so you casually say, "Oh! very well," and hasten to change the subject. The dear old lady feels snubbed; and yet you are right, for she is imposing upon you one of the most objectionable burdens of friendship.

Perhaps of all people the jealous friend is the hardest to endure. A letter answered sooner than hers, a story book sent to another friend, a bit of good news told first to some one else—any trifle is sufficient to bring her to your side in tears. Such a friend exhausts the patience of a female Job. She usually lacks the common sense to see that one friend can not be every thing to a woman whose circle of acquaintance is large, and that even upon the strongest affection too many demands may be made. The jealous friend is usually quite interesting at first, for she is emotional and profuse in her demonstrations of affection; but in time her disagreeable traits become almost insufferable.

To become an adept in the art of friendship—if Friendship may be called an art—one must be able to forget one's-self occasionally, to remember that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and to realize that constant companionship, intense curiosity and a gentle assumption of proprietorship will in time separate the most devoted inseparables. A lasting friendship must preserve a proper respect that will not allow itself to be imposed upon; it must be sympathetic, but not curious; loving, but not jealous; well-speaking, but not talkative. Delicia may be devoted to me, but she is not for that reason obliged to confide to the world at large how much I think of her and how I could not do without her. In the younger days of this old planet, when people were few and the choice of friendships necessarily limited, such friendships might have existed; but now the world will say that Delicia and I are friends to-day and acquaintances or, perhaps, foes to-morrow.

A burdensome friendship is oftenest the result of two great familiarity; and the wise woman will see its danger and avoid it, for it surely breeds what the old proverb predicts for it—contempt.—*Butterick's Delineator.*

SABBATAI SEVI'S CAREER.

History of the False Messiah of the Jews of Asia Minor.

Sabbatai Sevi was a Smyrniote Jew, born in 1625, and the son of a broker in that city; he was a clever youth and so well versed in the Cabala and other Jewish books that at the age of eighteen he was made a rabbi. Doubtless some accounts of the fifth-monarchy men, and the then much-accredited report that the Messiah was to reappear in 1666, reached Smyrna and worked upon his imagination so much that he decided to make himself out to be that Messiah, and to assist his object he secretly caused reports to be promulgated to the effect that a prophet would shortly appear who would rob the Sultan of his crown and restore again the kingdom of Israel. When he thought that the right time had come, to the dismay of the Smyrniote rabbis he pronounced the name "Jehovah" aloud in open conclave, for which offense he was summoned before a tribunal and condemned to die, but doubtless he had been prepared for this and had arrangements made for his escape from Smyrna, and, with one object in view, he went as a pilgrim to Egypt and Jerusalem, where he chose as his Elijah one Nathan Benjamin, a man of ascetic life, who professed to see visions. Before returning to Smyrna he sent his attendant Nathan before him to prepare the way, and in the capacity of a second St. John the Baptist to announce that he was coming to deliver men from the oppression of the Turks and to lead back the Jews to Palestine. Nathan did his work well, writing a circular letter addressed to the "Remnant of the Israelites, peace without end," the result being that intense and mad excitement seized upon the Jews of that place. They nearly killed themselves with penances; they administered to one another thirty-nine lashes and tortures of all kinds; and an influential Jew, Pennis by name, whose daughter prophesied and wrought miracles, assisted Nathan in his work of preparation.

In due time Sabbatai Sevi landed at Smyrna, styling himself the "king of kings," and so carried away were the people with his adroit eloquence that a throne was set up for him in the synagogue, and from Smyrna prophets were sent all over the Turkish dominions to all the Jewish colonies to preach that "the true Messiah of the race of David was come, and that to him the crown and the kingdom was given." At this juncture Sevi ventured to elect from among his trusted followers twelve princes, who were to act as generals to the twelve tribes on their journey back to their country, and, as we know from English records, the report reached even as far as to our shores, and that there was some talk of sending English ships to assist in the transport, and even the skeptic Spinoza, from all he heard, was at one time inclined to waver in his disbelief. The scenes of frenzied excitement in Smyrna were intense; business was entirely suspended and gave place to eager, fanatical worship of Sevi; presents poured in to him from all parts, until at length the Sultan was roused to action and summoned him to Adrianople. The story of Sevi's interview with the Sultan is well known, and how "the holy, noble and divine Messiah" was ordered by that potentate to choose between three things—either to work a miracle and thereby prove his identity, or to have three poisoned arrows shot at him by the Sultan himself, or to become a Mohammedan. "I am a follower of Mohammedan," replied Sevi to this test, and, turning to his followers, who were dismayed beyond measure at the collapse of their hero, he added, "and he was numbered among the transgressors."—*Longman's Magazine.*

General Spinner's Appeal.

The venerable but vigorous General F. E. Spinner, formerly United States Treasurer, writes from his camp at Pablo Beach, Florida, to his friends, the boys of America, to spare the birds. "I well recollect," he says, "that I once shot a robin. He flew some distance, and fell in the long grass. I went and picked him up and found that I had inflicted a fatal wound in his breast. The poor wounded bird looked up into my face so imploringly that it caused me to shed tears, and now to-day, at the age of seventy-five years, I am haunted by the pitiful, imploring look of that poor, innocent, dying bird, and feelings of deep remorse come over me whenever I see a robin. I would be willing to make great sacrifices to be made guiltless of the wanton murder of that poor innocent bird." The General makes a special plea for that sweetest of all American songsters, the ill-named cat-bird. But as for the English sparrow, he says with righteous wrath: "Kill him wherever you find him, in season and out of season. He has never been known to do any good and is of no use. Give him no quarter, but go for him as you would for any other thief."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Do you remember the text this morning, Bobby?" inquired the minister, who was dining with the family. "Yes sir. The last shall be first and the first shall be last." "And do you know what that means?" "I don't believe it means much. I'm never first, or even second; I'm always last," said hungry Bobby.—*N. Y. Sun.*

FULL OF FUN.

—A messenger-boy's diary—Monday, hired; Tuesday, tired; Wednesday, fired.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

—A bride is always becoming to a Boniface, and a bonny face is always becoming to a bride.—*Hotel Mail.*

—First Young Lady—"I see that Mr. Buffalo's profits in London amounted to £70,000." Second Young Lady—"Yes, and think, too, of his position in society."—*Tid-Bits.*

—"Martha," said her father, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, pa, that is the first bill of mine you haven't objected to."

—"Did the wedding go off smoothly?" "About as smoothly as such affairs always go off. The only hitch that occurred was when the pair stood up to be united."—*Boston Courier.*

—Miss Spinster—"Really, Mr. Oldboy, you are so kind." Mr. Oldboy—"Don't mention it, Miss Spinster. I dance with you, you know, because the others are too young for a man of my years."

—Only One Condition—First Old Maid—"Sarah! Sarah!" Second Old Maid—"What do you want?" "There's a burglar in the house." "Tell him if he ain't already married I'll take him."

—Town lot man.—"You see these are not boom prices. There is no boom in our lots, but a steady, heathy growth." Speculator—"Then they won't do for me. What I want is an unsteady, unhealthy growth, so that I can double my money in a month."

—"This 'ere animal," said a showman, "is a leopard. The ancients thought he couldn't change his spots, but it's now known that he sleeps in one spot one night, and in another spot the next night, and is all the time a changin' his spot."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—"Say, hub, I hear that your folks are going to have a conversation club at your house this winter." "Yep; we got one." "Who are the members?" "We and mother. I furnish the conversation and mother provides the club. Enny more?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Prudent Maiden.—

She writes many letters unto me:
Breathing vows of love so true,
And they're just as sweet as sweet can be;
But a very prudent maiden she,
For they all come postage due.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Celia—"Why do you encourage attentions from both Tom and Harry?" Irene—"Well, dear, I like Tom best, but he is not very well off, and can't afford a coupe if we go to the theater. I call him 'my fine-weather beau.'" Celia—"Then what do you call Harry?" Irene—"My rainbow."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"Mamma," said a Philadelphia girl, "what would be an appropriate present to give George? You know we are not engaged yet." "How long has he been calling upon you?" "About two years." "Then I think a pretty plain hint will be the proper thing to give him."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Annette—"I have just been having a delightful stroll with Herold. Can any thing be more poetical than a walk in the moonlight?" Jeanette (five years older)—"Poetical, no doubt, Annette; but when you have had my experience you will know that a dark corner of the porch is equal to ten moonlit nights."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"And so you are going to be married?" "Yes; and I am so happy! I love Charles with my whole heart." "Has he any property?" "Yes, I believe so. And as he isn't very well I permitted him to make a will in my favor." "Very good in him, I'm sure. But you have some property of your own. Have you willed that to Charles?" "What a ridiculous idea! Of course not; but I've fixed it so that he can't get hold of it."—*Boston Transcript.*

An Unpardonable Crime.

A stranger in a Dakota town was attracted by a large and noisy crowd on the street corner. Drawing near, he heard one saying:

"I tell you what, boys, he ought to be run out of the country."

"Give him a dose of tar and feathers!" yelled another.

"Hanging's what he needs!" howled another.

"My friend," said the stranger, timidly, addressing a native on the outside of the crowd, "what did the man do?"

"What'd he do?" echoed the man.

"Yes; w-w-what great crime is he guilty of—murder, dark, red-handed"—

"O, no; he ain't no murderer, but I'll tell you 'bout him. He done something to hurt the town! Yes, sir, done something to hurt the prosperity of our city—said there was more houses in the next town up here than there is in this! He's supposed to be in hiding under some of the barns round town, and we expect to pull him out by the legs inside o' half an hour!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Composition of Dynamite.

Those who have never seen the much-talked-of dynamite explosive will be interested to know that it looks very much like moist brown sugar. Nitro-glycerine, which is formed by the action of nitric acid upon glycerine, at a low temperature, is the active agent in dynamite, but is mixed with some absorbent substance to render it safer to handle than the liquid glycerine. The absorbent material thus used is a silicious earth—a fine white powder composed of the remains of infusoria, and resembling powdered chalk; this takes up two or three times its weight of the nitro-glycerine without becoming pasty, and the ingredients are easily mixed, leaden vessels and wooden spoons being used to avoid dangerous friction. When fire is applied to this mass it burns with a strong flame without any explosion, but when ignited by a detonating fuse or even by a sudden blow, its explosive force is tremendous.—*Boston Budget.*

Entirely Too Previous.

Lady Patron—"I want to get some good rat poison."

Druggist (with embarrassment)—"Really, you are in great haste, aren't you?"

"Haste? I don't see it. What do you mean?"

"Well, you know you've only been married to your fourth husband two months, and"—

"And?"

"For the sake of appearances you ought to wait awhile. I am afraid you will have to go elsewhere for it."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

THE AMERICAN MOOSE.

Something About the Largest Representation of the Deer Family.

As is well-known, the moose is the largest species of the entire deer genus, exceeding in proportions any other native ruminant quadruped in America, and when in full growth and vigor, in the best condition, these gigantic mammals, it is asserted, have been known to attain the enormous weight of two thousand pounds, and a reliable gentleman now living in Hartford, Conn., who has for many seasons stalked this particular game and bagged quite a number of large specimens, says that he killed a bull moose some years since in Nova Scotia that measured seven feet from the top of the withers to the sole of the foot, which is considerably taller than the elk or any other game animal on this continent.

Fifty years ago the range of the moose had a vast geographical amplitude, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific entirely across the continent. But the expansion of the western settlements and the proclivities of the hunting population have caused a great diminution in this species of game and driven the wary beasts to seek more inaccessible cover in the remote north. Yet they are still found in Maine, Minnesota, Idaho, Montana, as well as in the unpopulated districts of the Canadian provinces and in British Columbia.

An old Chippewa guide, "Pe-to-Wan-Quad," who had hunted in the vicinity of Lake Huron ever since his boyhood, told a white traveler some years ago that during a severe winter many years before, when the snow was very deep and his family suffering for want of food, he went out alone upon snow-shoes to procure meat, and in a short time came upon the fresh tracks of seven moose, which he followed for three successive days, during which he killed every one of them, besides two black bears that attempted to join him in the chase toward the last of it. After his signal achievment in securing this large supply of meat he returned to his people, and taking out a party with sleds hauled it all home, and it sufficed for their subsistence during the remainder of the winter.

The moose is an awkward, clumsy-looking animal, with an uncommonly peculiar head and nose, ending in a muscular, prehensible lip termed "muffle," which they use in collecting food, and this appendage, when cooked, is regarded by hunters as a delicious bon morceau. The mouth is set well back from the lower extremity of the muffle, thus adapting it to their method of browsing upon the tender shoots of deciduous shrubs and trees, which constitute their staple forage the year round.

Moose are quite abundant upon the Yukon river, toward its sources in Alaska, as an exploration of that section by Whimpon in 1867 shows. Between latitudes 65 and 66 degrees north and longitude 146 degrees, he says: "This part of the river abounds in moose."

The appellation of "moose" is probably derived from an aboriginal source, as this identical synonym still obtains among the Chippewas on the northern borders, where those animals are most abundant.

In 1843 moose and elk were occasionally met with in the extensive forests of Lake Huron.

CATCHING CONGER EELS.

Fish That Have Sharp Teeth and Struggle Like Young Whales.

"Just previous to leaving Ireland for America I lived near the fisher village of Caldagh, on the bay of Galway. The village contained about two thousand inhabitants, and they live entirely by themselves and speak an idiom very difficult to understand. They live in little thatched huts with but one window, and they subsist on products of the sea—pollock, hake, ling, codfish, herring and conger eels. The eels are fished for about one mile from shore on the rocky or rocky bottoms. Occasionally the eels are caught in nets, but not often, as they are so powerful and are armed with such sharp teeth that they can easily cut their way through the meshes of a net, even were it made of bed-cord. They are caught from August to January. About Christmas-time the conger eel is considered excellent eating. The fishing boats are called pookavns. They carry a curious sail, it being a jib and mainsail made into one sheet. The boats have keels and carry about five tons. They are excellent sea boats. The bait used is cut from the body of a species of mackerel called "curro-wine" by the fishermen. This fish is highly prized as bait. The lines are of twisted flax made by the fishermen, and are each three hundred feet in length. They are very strong and about as thick as a lead pencil. The sinker is usually a piece of triangular lead two pounds in weight. The hooks are thicker than telegraph wire, six inches long, and about two and one-half inches from barb to wire. The fishing is done in about one hundred feet of water. As the tides are very strong a very heavy anchor is required for the boat. Those fishermen who are too poor to buy an iron anchor of the regular pattern make a curious wooden contrivance, which somewhat resembles a big clothes-pin. Between the legs of the clothes-pin, and secured in position by a rope, is placed a large stone. The wood prevents the stone from becoming fastened to the bottom. Each man fishes with two lines, one on each side of the boat. The sinkers are placed about six feet from the hook. When the fisherman has dropped his line overboard and feels his two-pound sinker touch the bottom he lifts the sinker up about six feet, so that the bait is kept gently swinging back and forth. For a distance of about two feet above the hook wire is wound around the line to protect it from the teeth of the eel. The fisherman usually has not to wait for a bite. He feels a sensation as though his line had been seized violently. He stands up erect in the boat and begins to haul in as rapidly as the weight and the fierceness of the struggle to escape will permit. The conger eel is a very greedy fish, and he succeeds in hooking himself very thoroughly. He comes up toward the surface in the shape of a spiral. When he is still sixty feet from the boat he can be seen in the phosphorescent sea on a dark night like a monstrous golden spiral fastened to a golden cord. The ordinary-sized eels caught will weigh anywhere from twelve to thirty pounds. It will readily be seen that it is quite an undertaking to pull one of these eels into a boat. The eel's head, as a rule, is thrown over the thwart, and a short, stout club is used to quiet him before he is taken out of the water. Thirty eels is a good night's work.

"The smaller eels are split open, the skin left upon them, and they are hung upon the sides of houses and upon the stone walls to dry in the sun, after being salted for a short time. It is a very curious sight to see the stone walls ornamented with the carcasses of these eels. After being thoroughly dried the eels are smoked and the flesh becomes as hard as a board. It takes a very sharp knife to cut the flesh of a dried and smoked conger eel nine months after his capture. When prepared for the table the flesh is cut down to the skin in chunks and is boiled for five or six hours. Then it is fried in lard."—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

WELL-ARMED INDIANS.

The Noble Red Man Has the Most Effective Weapons That Are Made.

"How is the army equipped for fighting the Indians?"

"Oh, I think there are men enough on the frontier to take care of the Indians. There is no forecasting what they may do out there at any time, but the troubles are growing less to be feared every day. The Indians are in bad shape to ever do much more fighting. Since the buffaloes were killed off they have lost their commissary department. The buffaloes, you know, were always the Indians' commissary department when they went to war. But now they are killed off and game is scarce, and they can't live long without supplies."

"How are the Indians armed for fighting?"

"Well armed. Better than the soldiers are. That was the greatest mistake we ever made when we disarmed them the first time. Then they had the old flint-lock guns and one thing and another that were not worth two cents. We took them all away, and inside of six months every Indian was better armed than our own men. They had the best improved repeating rifles. And so it has been every time we have disarmed any of them—they equipped themselves with the latest improved weapons. Why, now they have these new repeating Winchester rifles that fire sixteen shots. Our men have nothing to compete with them, and there is not a rifle in the army that is so deadly as those the Indians have. Of course Indian warfare is the hardest kind of fighting in the world. They are always well fitted out before they go to fighting. The traders are always around, and an Indian will give one, two, three, or perhaps five or six ponies for a good rifle and ammunition. The only way to fight them is with cavalry. The Indians are cavalry. But I do not look for much more trouble on the frontier. About all they can do is to rise suddenly and kill a few settlers, and before they can get further the troops are after them and run them away into the mountains."—*Interview with General Sheridan.*

—At Broad Street Station—Rich, fussy old lady—"I guess I'm all right; gripsack, waterproof and bundle. Oh! where's my umbrella?" Porter—"Here it is, ma'am." Old lady—"And I've left nothing behind?" Porter—"No, ma'am, not even a quarter."—*Philadelphia Call.*