

THE CHRONICLE.

COLFAX. LOUISIANA.

MOTHER.

The sun shines on, And midnight moon and stars retain their royal sway;

The earth moves on, And yet, beneath its dark and heavy sod,

All life goes on, That this would ever be, I did not, could not think.

Without the light of eyes whose brightness peled the stars,

Must we live on, While from the fragile, weary clay her souls are free.

Wearing a fair, essential life that links with ours.

A MAN-EATING SHARK.

The "Old Commodore" Got His Man at Last.

During the spring and summer of 1863 I was attached as junior deck officer to the United States schooner Para, engaged in blockading Mosquito Inlet, Florida, about fifty miles below St. Augustine.

The vessel was usually anchored just outside the bar, in a position commanding an excellent view up the channel into the inlet, but far enough off to allow sufficient sea room in getting under way at any time.

Occasionally, in fine weather, the vessel would make a short cruise up or down the coast, always leaving a boat behind at the entrance with an armed crew, thus maintaining a constant watch over the inlet.

Being very fond of fishing, I devoted the most of my spare time to that sport. Inside the inlet, on the shell banks, we caught large numbers of sheephead, channel bass, and many other varieties of edible fish, while outside, in the vicinity of the vessel, there were multitudes of sharks, porpoises, and other large fish, and so engrossed did I become in devising means for their capture, that I actually begrudged the time required for the performance of my regular duties on shipboard.

One of the seamen, Tom Stearns, a native of the State of Maine, was my constant companion on all fishing excursions. He was fully six feet in height, well-proportioned, always cheerful and obliging, and brave as a lion. He had been whaling several voyages, and besides being an expert in throwing the harpoon and graine (a large five-pronged fish spear), was thoroughly posted in the habits of nearly all the varieties of the finny tribes in those waters, so that our united efforts kept the whole crew constantly supplied with fish.

From the mainmast head I counted at one time, within a radius of one hundred yards from the vessel, upward of forty sharks, ranging from six to twelve feet in length, and seldom a day passed that we did not catch one or more of them, as the shark-hook, well baited and securely fastened to the end of a strong line, was kept hanging overboard from the stern constantly, day and night. There was one very large one among them, that, as we became familiar with the almost daily sight of him, we nicknamed the "Old Commodore."

He appeared to be very shy and kept at a respectful distance from the vessel. He was variously estimated by the members of our crew to be from seventeen to twenty feet in length, and was of a mottled gray color, of the variety known as the tiger shark, the most dangerous and dreaded member of that family. It became my particular ambition to capture the "Old Commodore," but all efforts in that direction, though ably seconded by Tom, were fruitless. In vain did we bait the shark-hook with attractive pieces of fat pork, fresh fish, and other tidbits most likely to tempt the "Old Commodore's" palate. He would never take the least notice of them, nor could we ever get near enough to strike him with the harpoon. Tom finally gave it up in despair, saying:

"If's no use trying, sir, we can't catch that shark. He's an ol' man-eater, and is waiting for some one on board of this vessel, and he'll get him, too. You'll see, sir."

One pleasant morning, when the sea was perfectly smooth, with scarce a

breath of air stirring, as I was leaning against the rail amidst the idly watching the gambols of a school of porpoises near us, Tom slipped up alongside of me and said:

"Wouldn't you like to catch one of those porpoises, sir?"

"That I would, Tom, but how are we going to do it?"

"I think we can contrive to stow up near enough in the dingy to put the harpoon into one," he replied.

"Very well, we'll try it," said I; and obtaining the requisite permission, we lowered the dingy, our smallest boat, and off we started with two men pulling, myself in the stern steering, and Tom in the bow with the harpoon, to which one end of a long line was fastened, while the other end was secured to the forward thwart.

Rowing cautiously and making as little noise as possible, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the porpoises, some rising to the surface to breathe, while others, leaping out at full length, fell sideways upon the water with a loud splash, or with graceful curves of their long, lithe bodies, plunged back into their native element, leaving scarce a ripple to mark the place of their disappearance.

Tom now stood up in the bow, poising the harpoon at arm's length, above his head, in his right hand, while using his left to signify to me the direction in which to steer. Suddenly a large porpoise broke the water about fifteen feet ahead of us, to blow. Tom instantly darted the harpoon at it, but instead of driving the iron through the body in a vital spot, as I confidently expected he would do, it struck the porpoise on one side, about two feet from the tail. The surprised and frightened fish instantly darted off in the direction of the vessel, running out the full length of the line, and as it brought up with a jerk, started the boat ahead, towing us along after it at quite a fair rate of speed. In its frantic efforts to escape, the porpoise leaped out of the water at full length several times, but finally settled down to a steady pull just under the surface of the water. We were enjoying the sensation of being pulled along in this novel manner, and speculating as to the length of time it would take to tire the porpoise out, when suddenly Tom exclaimed in an excited manner:

"Quick, pass me the hatchet!"

It was lying on the seat near me, and picking it up, I passed it along to Tom, who, hurriedly grasping it, severed the line where it crossed over the bow of the boat, at a single stroke. At the same moment up rose the "Old Commodore" nearly half his length out of the water, with his jaws closed upon the middle of the porpoise's body, holding it aloft crosswise, and shaking it as a bull dog might shake a rabbit or other small animal. Then falling back with a heavy splash they both disappeared from view under the water. It was a fearful sight and a cold shudder ran over me as I realized the helpless situation of a man struggling in the water, exposed to the voracity of such a monster.

We saw no more of the "Old Commodore" that day, but the next morning he could be discerned swimming around the vessel as usual, but beyond the reach of harm. (This occurrence effectually cured us of all desire for harpooning a porpoise, and we never repeated the attempt while remaining on that station. As Tom expressed it:

"We ought to have known better than to bleed a porpoise in the water with so many sharks round. Just hang a dead porpoise or turtle up so that the blood will slowly drip into the water, and in twenty-four hours you will see every shark within a hundred miles crowding around the vessel, and fall crazy for something to eat."

A statement slightly exaggerated, but true in the main, as the writer has several times verified by actual observation.

It was noticeable ever afterwards that when a boat left the vessel, no matter for what purpose, or how long absent, the "Old Commodore" would disappear from sight until the boat returned. One calm morning, as he was lying motionless on top of the water about fifty yards distant from the vessel, apparently sunning himself, I seized a rifle, and aiming carefully, fired at his huge dorsal fin, one side of which was exposed to view at full length above the surface. The ball struck the fin near the base, and glanced along the side, plowing a large white streak in it. He sank quietly down under water without apparent alarm, and shortly afterward was observed swimming lazily about, as though nothing unusual had occurred.

"You've left your mark on him, anyway, even if you can't catch him, and there's some satisfaction in that," said Tom, who had witnessed the shooting.

A few days afterward I was detailed to go inside the inlet with the cutter, our largest boat, for fresh water. The crew consisted of eight men, including Tom—five rowing, one in the bow for a lookout, and the two others in the stern-sheets with me, all armed with short breech-loading carbines, revolvers and cutlasses. We left the vessel about dark; and as the sea was quite moderate, crossed the bar safely, and steering along between the lines of breakers on the shoals on either side of the channel, with a fair tide, were soon inside. It was a bright moonlight, and as it would soon be high water, I decided to attempt to fill up at a spring about two miles up the North Lagoon on the bank of a small creek, where we would have a strip of hard, sandy beach to land upon.

Approaching the place with caution to prevent surprise, we were fortunate in finding no evidence of the presence of the enemy, and landing, soon filled the casks we had brought along, and just as the tide had commenced to ebb, started on our return to the vessel.

Upon heading out the channel toward the bar we found that quite a rough easterly swell had arisen during the time we had been inside, which was likely to make the passage of the bar, particularly as the moon had become obscured by clouds, dangerous in the darkness for our heavily laden boat. So deciding to wait for daylight, the boat was anchored in mid-channel, just outside

of the entrance, to avoid the mosquitoes and sandflies which swarmed upon the shores of the inlet. With one man on watch, the rest of us stretched out upon the thwarts and casks to rest and sleep as best we could. The long night finally wore away, and waiting until it was fairly daylight, I roused the crew, weighed anchor and pulled down toward the bar to take a look at it. Arriving there, we found that a moderate swell was still running in from off the shore, which at times broke with considerable force upon the shoalest spots on the bar, yet I felt no great concern about attempting the passage, as we had often crossed it safely in far rougher water.

It was now about half-tide running flood, with a light breeze blowing off the land, and altogether a favorable time for making the attempt. Accordingly, we proceeded, with five men rowing, and the rest of the crew in the after part of the boat, to lighten the bow in order that it might lift easily to the incoming seas. Taking advantage of a comparatively smooth time, we forced the boat across the bar at the utmost speed attainable, and fortunately passed over the worst of the dangerous places without mishap. We had nearly reached the deeper water on the outside, and were anticipating a successful ending to our trip, when two mighty seas in close succession came rolling in toward us. The boat safely surmounted the first, which broke just astern, and we were pulling to meet the following one, when the stroke oar snapped in two, throwing the rowers into confusion, and deadening the boat's headway. Before they could recover, the sea, breaking at that instant, caught the boat under the bow, swinging her violently around broadside to, overwhelming and capsizing her, and spilling us all out into the water.

It was all done in a moment and before I could fully realize the situation, I was rolled over and over by the rushing waters, and buried in the seething, foaming mass until I thought that I should never find my way back to the surface again. I remember that, in my bewilderment, I did not know in what direction the surface lay, and probably would have drowned right then and there, had not my arm, as I was swept along, scraped upon the firm sandy bottom, when planting my feet upon it, I gave a strong push and rose with a bound to the top of the water. As soon as I could get my eyes open and look around, I saw the boat, bottom up, about thirty feet from me, with several men around her, while others were struggling in the midst of the scattered oars, water-casks and other loose floating articles which had escaped from the boat.

A man near me calling for assistance, I pushed an oar to him, which he grasped, and then, seeing that he was now able to care for himself, I swam to the boat, intending to get on top of her astride the keel. Upon reaching her, I found that she was held in one position by her anchor which had dropped out and caught in the bottom when she was overturned. There were four or five of the men, Tom among them, hanging on to the boat, and I shouted to them to try and cut the anchor-rope so that she might drift into smoother water, and also to get hold of the painter and lead it along after the bottom of the boat so that we might have something to hold on by.

Meanwhile, the seas dashed over the entire length of the boat, sweeping me off several times and washing me astern, so that, owing to the current caused by the tide running in, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could regain my precarious hold upon the boat. Finally perceiving that I was fast losing my strength, I abandoned all effort to cling to the boat, and drifted away with the tide, only exerting myself sufficiently to keep my head above water. Just then Tom, who was an excellent swimmer, came near me and called out:

"Are you all right? Can you take care of yourself?"

"Yes, I guess I can keep afloat," I replied.

"Very well, I'll stay by you in case you should want help," Tom said, and then drifted along with me. At his suggestion I commenced to pull off my clothes to relieve myself of their additional weight, when suddenly I felt a rushing and swirling of the waters around me, then heard a brief, agonized cry, and turning quickly, saw the huge dorsal fin with the white streak across it where my bullet had creased it, and the mottled back of the "Old Commodore" vanishing beneath the waves. The sight of the monster filled me with terror and apprehension. I was almost paralyzed with fear. Whose was the cry I had heard? I looked around for Tom, but could not see him.

"Tom! Tom!" I shouted, but received no response. An intense feeling of loneliness oppressed me. Slowly it dawned upon me that Tom had left me forever. It was his last cry that I had heard. His prophecy had come true. The "Old Commodore" had at last "got the man he was waiting for." At first my grief overcame me to the exclusion of all other feelings. Then gradually I was brought back to a realizing sense of my own situation. What would become of me? Suppose the shark should return for another victim. The suspense was terrible, and I wonder that in my despair I made any further efforts for my own safety.

What happened afterward, or how long I was in the water, I know not. I have a faint recollection of crawling up on a sandy beach above the water-line, and then I lost consciousness. When I recovered my senses I was lying in my berth, on board of the vessel, on my face, with my back so burned and blistered by the sun that I was unable to lie in any other position for days. I learned that the accident had been observed from the vessel, and the gig immediately sent in, which picked up the cutter with three men clinging to her, and then pulling up the channel in search of the others, had found me lying insensible upon the beach at the south point of the inlet, completely divested of clothing, and exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. The bodies of the five other men were never recovered.

In view of the sad circumstance attending the death of poor Tom, it is a wonder that my antipathy to sharks is

so great that I never lose an opportunity to destroy one whenever it occurs? Poor Tom! Unselfish and self-sacrificing, his last thought had been for my safety.—Lieutenant F. H. Newcomb, in N. Y. Ledger.

RUNNING IN DEBT.

Don't Do It If You Wish to Be Happy and Respected.

Says Douglas Jerrold: "Of what a hideous progeny is debt the father! What lies, what meanness, what invasions of self-respect, what cares, what double-dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles; how, like a knife, it will stab the honest heart."

A man has no business to live in a style which his income can not support, or to mortgage his earnings of next week or of next year, in order to live luxuriously to-day. The whole system of debt, by means of which we forestall and anticipate the future, is wrong. They are almost as much to blame who give credit, and encourage customers to take credit, as those who incur debts. A man knows what his actual position is if he pays as he goes. He can keep within his means, and so apportion his expenditures as to reserve a fund of savings against a time of need. He is always balanced up; and if he buys nothing but what he pays for in cash, he can not fail to be on the credit side of his household accounts at the year's end.

But once let him commence the practice of running up bills, and he never knows how he stands. He is deceived into debt; the road is made smooth and pleasant for him; things flow into the house for which he does not seem to pay. But they are all set down against him; and at the year's end, when the bills come up, he is ready to lift up his hands in dismay. Then he finds that the sweet of the honey will not repay for the smart of the sting.

Men of genius are equally facile in running into debt. Genius has no necessary connection with prudence or self-restraint, or does it exercise any influence over the common rules of arithmetic which are rigid and inflexible. Men of genius are often superior to what Bacon calls "the wisdom of business." Yet Bacon himself did not follow his own advice, but was ruined by his improvidence. He was in straits and difficulties when a youth, and in still greater straits and difficulties when a man. His life was splendid; but his excessive expenditure involved him in debts which created a perpetual craving for money. One day, in passing out to his ante-chambers, where his followers waited for his appearance, he said, "Be seated, my masters, your rise has been my fall." To supply his wants, Bacon took bribes, and was thereupon beset by his enemies, convicted, degraded and ruined.

From his sad experience, no one could speak with greater authority on the subject of debt than Jenson. "Do not accustom yourself," he wrote to Boswell, "to consider debt only an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt. Whatever you have, spend less. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence." To Simpson, the barrister, he wrote, "Small debts are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like cannon, of loud noise, but little danger. You must therefore be enabled to discharge petty debts, that you may have leisure, with security, to struggle with the rest."

"Sir," said he to the patient and receptive Boswell, "get as much peace of mind as you can, and keep within your income, and you won't go far wrong."—Maxwell Fraser, LL. D. In Once a Week.

BESIEGED BY A TOAD.

Persistent Attack on a Spider and His Courageous Defense.

A story copied in the Sun reminds me of a still more striking instance of the toad's indomitable pluck than any thing I have ever seen in print, which was observed in my boyhood at the door of a farm-house in Fairfax County, Va. The door-steps were cut from the trunk of a large tree, and a large spider had spun a strong web in a cosy corner near the ground, between the rounding curve of the block and the side of the log house. The grass had been worn from a space four or five feet wide about the entrance to the dwelling, leaving exposed a batch of hard reddish soil. There were locust trees around the house, and bunches of plantain leaves grew rankly in the thin grass of the lawn.

It was late in a drowsy summer afternoon. The spider was basking in the sun waiting for flies, when a valorous young toad appeared on the scene, hopping directly toward the spider's citadel. As the enemy appeared in sight the spider seemed to swell in size and put on his war paint, for, whereas he was dull in color before, he now became all aglow with brilliant hues. The toad advanced boldly to the investment of the castle, halting for a second or two below, and leisurely surveying the field. When these observations had been taken, he leaped up half a dozen times in quick succession at the enemy and then rapidly retreated to the nearest tuft of plantain leaves, from which he nipped two or three pieces and swallowed them. Returning to the attack, the same series of operations were repeated many times, until the spider had spent all his venom, it is supposed, and the web was broken down and the brave defender was dead.

It was nearly dark before the combat closed. Nothing could exceed the courage of the defense unless it was the persistency of the attack. I would not venture to guess how many times the toad got a dose of virus from the spider, and can account for his resort to the plantain leaves only on the supposition that the courageous little warrior there found a sufficient antidote for the spider's poison. But throughout the whole of the lengthy contest, it was the gamiest assault on an entrenched enemy I ever witnessed. Besides this it afforded an example of pertinacity on the part of the despised toad which fully parallels the heroic quality of the spider, made familiar to us in youth by the story of the Bruce encouraged to renewed effort by the example of one of these little insects.—Baltimore Sun.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"—Clara—"Do you suppose I can make an impression upon Mr. Wickliffe tonight?" Bell—"Well, if he is as soft as they say he is, I guess you won't have any trouble."—Kearney Enterprise.

"—Ma," said Willie, who had been to the missionary sewing society with his mother, "I feel very sorry for the poor little heathen." "That's right, Willie. I am glad to see you show such a spirit." "Yes'm. I feel sorry for anybody that had to wear the clothes that you people were making to-day."—Washington Post.

"—I think that Mr. Sumway is the most disagreeable man I ever met," complained Sue. "Why?" asked Mammie. "He was reading in the parlor and I was playing. I stopped and said, 'Does music annoy you while reading, Mr. Sumway?'" "No," said he, "music never annoys me, Miss Sue. I just detest him. So there!"—Harper's Bazar.

"—Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal cords with intense vigor beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?" "Yes," replied Miss Popperton, who doesn't like him very well, "I certainly do. There is one that leaves for the station just an hour and a half from now."—Musical Courier.

"—If you don't want me to know where you've been, Henry, when you come home this way," said a wife to her late and somewhat demoralized husband, "you had better run up stairs when you are coming to bed. 'Why, who, m'dear?' 'Because by running up stairs you will lose your breath.'"—Demorest.

"—Professor Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, argues that man is descended from the fish and not the ape," remarked a well society man to a K street girl. "What do you think of it?" "Well," she replied frankly, "when I think of the dudes I know I am inclined to give the ape the preference, but when I think of the suckers one meets at every turn I am forced to believe that man in his original condition was a fish."—Washington Star.

"—Do you know, George, I wish you would stay at home to-morrow." "Why, darling?" "O, because this afternoon a terrible-looking tramp came here while you were away, and ordered me to give him something to eat, so I had to give him all that sponge-cake I made last Saturday, and, George, he says he's coming back to-morrow." "Did he eat the cake, darling?" "Yes, all of it, every bit." "Well, then, set your mind at rest, dear; he will never come back."

"—Gracious," shivered an old maid during a cold snap, "isn't it frightfully cold." "Indeed it is," replied another maiden, about two years her junior. "I am sure we never had such weather as this before." "I think you are right; at least that seems to be the general opinion of all the oldest inhabitants," smiled the junior, with frozen significance.—Merchant Traveler.

BRITISH INVESTMENTS.

The Result of Their Pouring into the United States.

It is no wonder, then, with a constant aggregation of capital pouring in upon Great Britain, with an inability to make it yield a profit within her own domain, and still further, the impossibility of finding any other country where it can be so safely invested, she should turn in the direction of the United States, which alone of all nations seems to combine all the elements of safety and profit. From a list recently published it appears that the amount of English money which has been invested in industrial enterprises in the United States has equaled, in the last two years, about \$1,000,000 a week, amounting in all to about \$100,000,000. * * * It is not difficult to estimate the ultimate influences set in motion by such a practical union of material interests between the two great English speaking nations of the world. Mr. Gladstone, in his Paris speech, referring to the prediction that at the end of another hundred years the population of this continent may be 600,000,000, recognized "the prospective and approaching right of America to be the great organ of the powerful English tongue"; and, alluding to the United States and Great Britain, added these significant words, that "there was no cause upon earth that should now or hereafter divide one from the other." That the interest of mankind at large will be advanced by a close bond of union between two great Anglo-Saxon nations, no one can doubt, and nothing will contribute more certainly to this harmony than the mutual-ity of interests which is certain to be created by the investment of British capital in American industrial enterprises.—Erasmus Wiman, in North American Review.

A THOUGHTFUL WIFE.

She Gets Up a Pleasant Surprise for Her Over-Worked Husband.

Wife (with solicitude of tone)—It must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself at night, John, balancing your books, John.

Husband (tenderly)—It is, my darling. W.—I have been thinking about it for some time, and now I have got a pleasant surprise for you.

H.—A pleasant surprise? W.—Yes, dearest. I sent for mother yesterday and I expect her this evening. I mean to have her stay with us quite awhile. She will take care of the house at night and look after the children, and I can go down and sit in the office with you while you work.

H.—The dev—that is to say, I couldn't think of you going down-town. W.—It's my duty, dearest. I ought to have thought of it before, but it never came to my mind till yesterday. O, John, forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But I will go and sit with you to-night.

H.—To-night! Why I—I—the fact is, I got through with my books last night. W.—You did? How delightful! And you can now stay at home every evening. I'm so glad!

And the delightful wife ran off to make preparations for the reception of her mother, while the husband with sadder brow sat looking at the picture in the glowing grate of a poker party with one member absent.—Boston Courier.

That Tired Feeling

Has never been more prevalent or more prostrating than now. The winter has been mild and unhealthful, influenza epidemic and fevers have visited nearly all our homes, leaving about every body in a weak, tired-out, languid condition. The usefulness of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such made greater than ever, for it is absolutely unequalled as a building-up, strengthening medicine.

That Tired Feeling

"I was very much run down in health, had no strength and no inclination to do anything. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and that tired feeling has left me, my appetite has returned, I am like a new man." CHAS. O'NEILL LATEMAN, North Columbus, Ohio.

"I have for a long time been using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and believe me, I would not be without it. As a spring medicine it is invaluable." E. A. RICHES, 318 Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. 211, 212 & 213, Preparing only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

You can REFURNISH the PARLOR. Secure a Piano or Organ for your growing daughters, get a handsome dinner set or an expensive gold watch without spending a cent if you choose to do so. We want a special agent in your town, and offer you any of the above in exchange for a little work you can do for us evenings. CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. BEST IN THE WORLD! GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa. No Chemicals. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ELY'S CREAM BALM. I have used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and consider myself cured. I suffered 20 years from catarrh and catarrh of the head, and this is the first remedy that afforded lasting relief.—D. T. Higgins, 145 Lake St., Chicago, Ill. ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. A particle is applied to each nostril and is effective. Price 10 cents at druggists; by mail, registered U. S. Pat. ELY BROTHERS, 15 Warren St., New York.

TUTT'S PILLS. The first dose often restores the invalid, giving elasticity of mind and buoyancy of body to which he was before a stranger. They give appetite, GOOD DIGESTION, Regular bowels and solid flesh. Never sugar coated. Price, 25c. per box. Sold Everywhere. DUBUITS COUGH SYRUP. ASTHMA CURED.