

LIFE AT SANTA CATALINA.

Features of Existence on That Happy Island.

Sea Fishing Which Presents Many Features of Attraction.

The Yellowtail Biting Well-A Tidal Wave That Failed to Keep Its Date—Big Fish Caught on Light Rods.

Special correspondence to the Herald.

AVAILON, Aug. 30.—There was considerable disappointment expressed at Catalina at the non-appearance of the tidal wave. It was a fizzle all around. The crank who announced it was wise enough to select the day of the year when tides rise the highest, so that this could be used to fall back on, but the tide even failed and did not make its usual rise. A number of women and children were, however, much alarmed at the rumors, and one irate husband has sailed for the mainland to take it out of the prophet, who succeeded in frightening his wife. It is a curious commentary on our exalted higher civilization that people can be found who will believe in these ravings of cranks and insane people.

Catalina is filling up with the September contingent of tourists and visitors, and the promise is for a delightful month with the best fishing of the season. The weather here has been delightful and cool, fine breezes coming every day all day, and even during the hot wave the heat was not disagreeable and would not have been considered "red hot" in the east. Catalina is as near perfect in the way of climate as can be found anywhere, and as a resting place cannot be bettered. The yellowtail that have been coys for some time have begun to bite again, and some fine catches have been made. A party went to Silver cañon a few days ago and struck the yellowtail country with such force that they soon lost nearly all their hooks. The fish were very large, and several 30-pounders were brought in. Among the skilled fishermen who use light rods and who would rather take one 30-pound fish in this way than 50 on a hand line, there is much competition, and all are trying to see how large a fish can be taken on a light line. Mr. Hugh Vail is at present in the lead, having taken a 65-pound shark on a rod and reel. C. E. Holder of Pasadena took a 55-pounder on a light bass rod, the tip being a trout split bamboo. The line was the small Cuttyhunk No. 15. Yesterday Mr. Vail and George Vile went out to take a 300-pound jewfish in this way and so break the record, and had it not been for a piece of kelp the major would undoubtedly have accomplished it; as it was, he hooked his fish and played him for 20 minutes, the big fish then making a run beneath the kelp and so breaking the line.

September has usually been a good month for yellowtail, and the outlook is that good sport will be had between now and the last of October.

The steamer Vine, that has been lying here for a few days, made a record in the annals of yellowtail fishing. Mr. de Pay took a 40-pounder, and others of the party took specimens of that, while not so large, gave more fine sport. Among the fish here that give good sport on a light rod is the rock bass that runs up to eight pounds. The writer has caught it on an eight-ounce split bamboo, and found it almost as good sport as taking the black bass of eastern waters. The fish resembles a bass all but the color, which is lighter, leaves the water when hooked in the same way, and provides good legitimate sport when it weighs four or five pounds. Several bass have been taken recently. Miss Reed of Pasadena securing a fine one in Catalina harbor, as well as several yellowtail. The sea bass appears to be a heavier fish than the yellowtail in proportion to its size, but is not so active and does not make the same fight. The yellowtail is king, and will do more to add to the fame of Santa Catalina among sportsmen than anything else. In the east thousands of wealthy men go to Florida every year for the fishing at Indian river and the tarpon on the gulf shore, and these gentlemen will all come to Catalina for the yellowtail fishing when they hear of it. The writer has taken a tarpon and knows what it is to see the mass of silvery light dazzle the eye. I have caught the great kingfish, a grand game fish and the gulf king fish and barracuda, but for all-around fishing the yellowtail takes the belt. If the California barracuda was as large as the gulf of Mexico fish it would afford fine sport. I have taken specimens of the latter five feet long, weighing 45 pounds, a savage fellow that fought like a tiger, and never gave up until struck in the head. The gulf of Mexico has another fish not found in the Pacific—the king fish. It looks like a barracuda, but is more gamey. The yellowtail of the gulf of Mexico is rarely over two feet long, and is thoroughly a bottom fish. I have often taken it in 60 and 70 feet in the breakers. A magnificent specimen of a swordfish floated into Catalina harbor a few days ago. It was one of the short billed variety, and the old sailors here had never seen one before. It was the bill fish of science or short billed swordfish, tetrapod turns albidus. The fish was about six feet long, very stout, its bill or sword about a foot long and was badly splintered in a contest. It was pierced through and through by some other fish, probably by the sword of the swordfish that is also found in these waters. This is the first specimen of the kind taken here so far as known.

Among the recent arrivals at the Metropole are Mr. J. H. Wilson, Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Mangum, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Vanderwort, Pasadena; J. M. Davis, Denver; A. S. Veney, H. H. Metcalf, Los Angeles; John W. Corley, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mallon, Los Angeles; L. Hewitt, A. P. Savage, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Harburt, Miss Harburt, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vail, Los Angeles; B. O. Bruce, Pittsburg; W. G. Workman and family, Los Angeles; J. A. Hall, H. A. Nichols, Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sheldon, Emil Kirchner, A. W. White, Los Angeles; S. Yates, Phoenix.

Some people make trouble, some give trouble, others borrow trouble, but Old Dominion Cigarettes simply give delight. You need not borrow a knife—you can get one.

FOR FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

A. D. Garrison Objects to Having Been Arrested as a Murderer.

A. D. Garrison, who was given considerable prominence a few months ago by an arrest on the charge of perjury has brought a suit for false imprisonment for \$10,000 damages against Sheriff Cline, Justice Bartholomew, District Attorney Dillon, Detective A. B. Lawson and George Carlisle.

It was supposed by the officials who caused the arrest that Garrison was really a Canadian murderer named William Garrison, for whose arrest there is a good sized reward, and that when he took out a marriage license under the initials of A. D. Garrison, that he committed perjury.

It turned out afterwards that the authorities had been mistaken in their identification of Garrison, and he was released from custody.

Naturally he feels sore over his arrest, and proposes to see if he cannot make a suit for false imprisonment stick against those concerned in the affair.



James Moffitt of Oakland is stopping at the Hollenbeck.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Parker of Chicago are at the Hollenbeck.

H. Herahfield, a merchant of Bakersfield, is at the Nadeau.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. King of Pers. Neb., are at the Nadeau.

J. N. Victor, a San Bernardino supervisor, was in the city yesterday.

H. A. Owen, a well-known mining man from Arizona, is in the city.

N. M. Shaw of Pasadena left yesterday by the Santa Rosa for a trip to Canada.

J. W. Bowen, a well-known San Francisco business man, is at the Hollenbeck.

S. Vessetti, manager of the Harvey eating house at Yuma, is at the Hollenbeck.

L. J. Ross, jr., the well-known horseman of Ventura county, is at the Hollenbeck.

Among other arrivals at the Nadeau yesterday were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McMillon of New York city.

Judge A. C. Baker, chief justice of Arizona, with his family are summering in Los Angeles and vicinity.

William Wordie, formerly with the Southern California railway, but now a miner of Lower California, is in the city.

City Engineer Dockweiler says the work of repairing the leaks in the outfall sewer will be completed in a few days.

Mr. David Bridges, the well-known horse trainer, has returned from the north, bringing the mare Ida Glens with him.

Col. W. G. Schreiber, who was called to Riverside on Thursday by the illness of his father-in-law, returned to the city yesterday.

City Auditor Fred H. Teale has the sympathy of his friends in the illness of his wife, who is suffering from a serious attack of typhoid fever.

Capt. A. C. Jones of the Los Angeles Furniture company, who has been spending his vacation at Santa Monica, is back at his post of duty again.

City Justice Saamans will return today from a protracted vacation at Catalina. He will resume his department of the justice and police court next Monday in earnest.

Mrs. Grady of Atlanta, Georgia, mother of the late editor of the Constitution of that city, is in the city and will visit with Mrs. W. A. Taylor at Santa Monica.

Charles Brown, of Brown brothers, the Spring street clothing store, has returned from a five weeks' business trip to New York city, where he purchased a large stock of clothing and furnishing goods for the fall and winter trade.

Ex-Mayor Workman is now spoken of as a candidate for county treasurer, and it is understood he is willing to make the fight. Many of his friends, however, are urging him for mayor, preferring to see him in that office rather than in a county position.

Captain Dick Falkenberg, one of the best known and expert mining men on the Pacific coast, leaves today for Orange county on a tour of examination to inspect a valuable mine in which the captain is heavily interested. Several other gentlemen are going with him, among whom is Mr. A. Kinney, the owner of extensive and valuable machinery.

Rev. Mr. David Walk, of the Christian church, who has recently arrived here from Kokomo, Ind., where he held an important pastoral charge for over three years, is about to commence his missionary work in Los Angeles county by preaching at Hollywood tomorrow, and will, if he find it possible, establish a permanent pastorate there. Mr. Walk has spent a large part of his life in Kentucky and Tennessee, and has many warm friends amongst our people here from those states.

Cissy Loftus becomes Mrs. McCarthy. LONDON, Aug. 31.—Justin H. McCarthy, son of Justin McCarthy, and author of several well-known plays, was married Wednesday to Cissy Loftus, a young character impersonator.

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WHEN MA WAS NEAR.

I didn't have one bit of fear
'Twas nuthin' 'tall when ma was near.
The clouds could bank up in the sky,
Or fore the wind in white streaks fly,
But somehow 'nuther I didn't keer
A snap for them—when ma was near.

Goblins that sneak at night to ekeer
Us little folks—when ma was near
Jest fairly flew, and wouldn't stay
Round there one bit, but runned away.
An didn't seem to be one bit queer—
They couldn't help it—when ma was near.

It wasn't bad to be sick where
You felt the joy that ma was near.
The throbs o' pain couldn't stay much
Under the cooling of her touch,
But seemed to stand in mortal fear
Of ever' thing—when ma was near.

—Edward N. Wood in Atlanta Constitution.

KISSED THE BRIDE.

Zeke and I are twins. We were, in fact, at the time of my story. Always have been as far back as I can remember, and that is a good long while. I know that is the reason they called us Zeke and Zed—Zeke and Zedekiah, but somehow we could never quite forgive them for giving us those names. We are alike, and always have been. When we were boys, mother had a great fancy for similarity in our dress. A patch on one knee meant a similar patch on the other boy's knee. The storekeeper never tried to sell her samples of goods unless the remnant contained enough for two pairs of pants or two coats. Hence none but our parents knew us apart. Zeke had a large wart upon his left hand, while I had none. He had often tried to remove it, for people were ever on the lookout for that wart. But it was not to be got rid of so easily.

We were very fond of each other. I am sure up to the time of our manhood one never did nor could do anything without the other one at his heels. But when we were 21 Zeke did something which left me entirely in the cold. I have never quite forgiven him yet. He fell in love. And, whereas before I was never too near, I was now altogether too near and one too many. It was very bitter to me—to be put in a secondary place, and so I told him.

"Go and do likewise," was all he said.

It made me feel rather mean, and I felt inclined to give him something to turn the channel of his thoughts, but somehow I loved him too much to bother him, and so we jogged along for a year.

We used in those days to have singing and spelling schools, and it was at those places that we young people paired off for the walk home. One night I stopped and talked with some of the boys after Zeke and Nellie had gone home, so I had a good chance to observe them just ahead of me as I neared them on my way home. The moon was bright and the snow white, and—well, Zeke stooped over to look inside that hood so many times or to do something else that I made up my mind the wedding must be very near at hand. I thought Zeke ought to take me into his confidence in this matter as well as in all others. I think so still. I would never have been half mad at him if he had. But he and father would stand out and view that south 40 acre lot and pace off the plot for the house and one for the barn, and if I neared them they would begin to talk about fertilizing it for next year's corn crop. Had I been a little lad of 10 I would never have cared—but Zeke's twin and treated like a stranger! I could not guess the cause of Zeke's actions.

But in later years, when I found a little less just to my eye, and when other fellows looked on me, I felt rather selfish, and—well, "stingy" too. I know now, because I looked like Zeke and talked like Zeke and behaved like Zeke.

He, Zeke, I knew, was afraid Nellie Lambert would swap twins. But then I was only angry at him, I knew the wedding could not be many moons away. In those days "belling" was the fashion. Woo unto each newly married couple if they did not appear at the door during the serenade and stand treat for the crowd. I mentioned in half anger to my best friend next to Zeke one night at the singing school that I supposed Zeke would soon quit such places of amusement and settle down by his own fireside. Of course they wanted to find out when the affair would take place. I confessed ignorance.

The following plan was matured. But I will relate the results instead of the plan, only I will say first if Zeke had used me like a twin brother ought I would have been better too. I feel half ashamed of myself now as I grow gray-headed and a grandfather. To be sure I laugh over the joke yet, but it was rather hard on Nelly and your humble servant too.

I was to find the secret plans from Nell herself. And I did. We were at singing school, Zeke and I, and, according to our custom, dressed just alike. I had seen Zeke get through the ceremony so often I knew just how. So while one of the other boys kept Zeke at the schoolhouse I took Nelly under my wing and escorted her home. Zeke was a little anxious to be gone, they said, but Bob said the girls were waiting in the entry (so they were, most of them), and he was anxious to lay the plans for a grand sing and exhibition in the near future, so kept Zeke all right.

But to return to Nell and myself. It was wicked, to be sure, but I took her little hand in mine and pressed it as I knew Zeke did and walked on silently. "There's Dave and Jen behind us," I whispered at length, "so we'll talk low."

"Yes," she replied. I hardly knew what to say next, yet half the distance was traveled, and I was listening for Zeke's stride behind us.

"What makes you go so fast, Zeke," she whispered. "It will be over too soon."

"To keep them behind us," I replied. "Let them pass," and she stopped still, and Dave and Jen laughed gaily as they went on.

"I want to ask you, Zeke, if I had not better have breakfast at 8 instead of 7, for the hour is rather early, and I am afraid Cousin Helen won't get over in time," she whispered still. My heart went clap-a-clap, for here was the nugget of gold coming unasked.

"Perhaps," I whispered back. "Oh, Nell, how can I wait for the day?"

"Pshaw, you silly boy!" And then she prattled on about the linen her

grandma was making for her and her dress that was quite done, but no exact time had she yet mentioned.

"And to think, I don't believe any one outside of my own family mistrusts one word." She looked up in my face.

"No, nor in mine," I smiled back. "But they will before long," I ventured as I unlatched her gate, hoping against hope she would give me what I was after, and she sweetly put up her lips and said, "Just one more day, my Zeke."

How could I kiss that sweet mouth? I would have given my gray coat just then to have been Zeke and he me. I had not bargained for a kiss; but, then, was she not as good as a sister? So I kissed her and held her in my arms a moment and whispered "Good night!" as she went in.

My cheeks burned, my fingers tingled, my heart fluttered, so I broke into a rapid run and fled homeward.

Meantime Bob left Zeke, and the other boys came back round them and asked questions and laid plans. A ringing laugh now and then from the entry allayed Zeke's fears concerning Nell for awhile. As the plan was laid one of the girls said as he came out:

"Zeke, Nell couldn't wait so long. But she doesn't want you to feel bad about it."

"Why, no," Zeke replied pleasantly. "I couldn't get away sooner." But his face showed his disappointment.

We had found out the secret at least. And now our luck hung upon the chance of Zeke and Nell not speaking of that night's work. Slim threaded it was, but anyway we could serenade them just the same.

We were busy. Masks to make, drums to find and horns and bells and old tin pans and—well, you young boys know how it is told by your fathers, and you old boys have all been there.

I knew Zeke had rented rooms in an L of Farmer Judson's house, and by peering into the windows we saw everything was in readiness, even to fuel in the woodbox.

They were married a few minutes before 8 (since learned it), had breakfast at 8 and repaired to their new home to look it over. Father and mother said they were going to town and did, but stopped there on their way back higher. None of my brothers and sisters mistrusted one word, and some of Nelly's cousins were as ignorant as we. She was the only child, so had no one to keep it from at home.

Zeke since has told me the boys had made their plans about no one ever escaping a "belling" where they were, and for this reason and this alone had he kept it secret.

As soon as night had spread her wings over the earth we gathered our trappings together for our grand serenade. We were not quite sure whether the bride and groom would immediately settle down in their new home or tarry a day or so at the old home. We knew well that the minister from Glendale had returned home, for I myself had met him with his wife in a closed carriage that afternoon. But as twilight approached a cheerful light from Zeke's new home told very plainly to us where they were. We marshaled our forces and took our places in line. Not a drum was heard, not a bugle note, not the clasp of a broken bell, though I have often wondered how we all kept from shouting aloud as we peered into each other's faces.

Tramp, tramp, along the slippery road! Forward in an irregular triangle we stood before the lighted rooms and commenced our bombardment. Louder and louder grew our frenzied music, as no one opened the door. Finally the door was opened, and we were invited in. Just behind me was Bob, enormously padded and painted, and in a disguised voice he said, pushing me a little ahead (I was their captain), "Salute the bride!"

In a little alcove stood two forms with something white thrown over them. I supposed Nelly had done this to hide her blushing face. So thinking of that other kiss out in the moonlight I strode up to them, picked out Nell by the skirts visible beneath the cover, pulled off the same with a quick motion and planted a kiss upon the rosy mouth of the blushing bride—or so I supposed. Shout upon shout came from those behind me while I rubbed my eyes to see if I was indeed awake.

For there before me stood not Nellie and Zeke, but Mr. Whitney and his white haired little wife. Wild was the determination to redeem myself and punish those who had caused me to make this mistake. I ransacked the house for the ones I most wished to find. Others helped me, but it was finally told us by Nelly's father that the bride and groom had gone with the minister to Glendale, there to take a conveyance to Poker's Corner to visit with relatives for several weeks. During the excitement I had forgotten to disguise my voice. It was too late when I recovered myself. I was "sold" completely. "Salute the bride" was hurled at me for years, and always up my back would creep the chills as they had that night when I found I had hugged and kissed old Mrs. Whitney. Nellie told me when she came home if I had not treated her so slightly that night in the moonshine her heart would have repented her before she had laid all the plans. The town was planned but an hour before the wedding, when they happened to stumble upon the truth.

And now I don't know why I have told this. I never want to inflict the public with matter which has no moral or lesson. This has none unless it be "do unto others," etc. I think I was served just right for playing the detective. Yet Zeke either ought to have told me all or not have been my twin.—Philadelphia Times.

Bewildering.

"What has become of that man you used to call here so often to see you?" asked Mrs. Eastside of her house servant, a rather good looking girl.

"He doesn't come any more to see me since he got married," was the sad reply.

"Oh, he has got married, has he? Whom did he marry?"

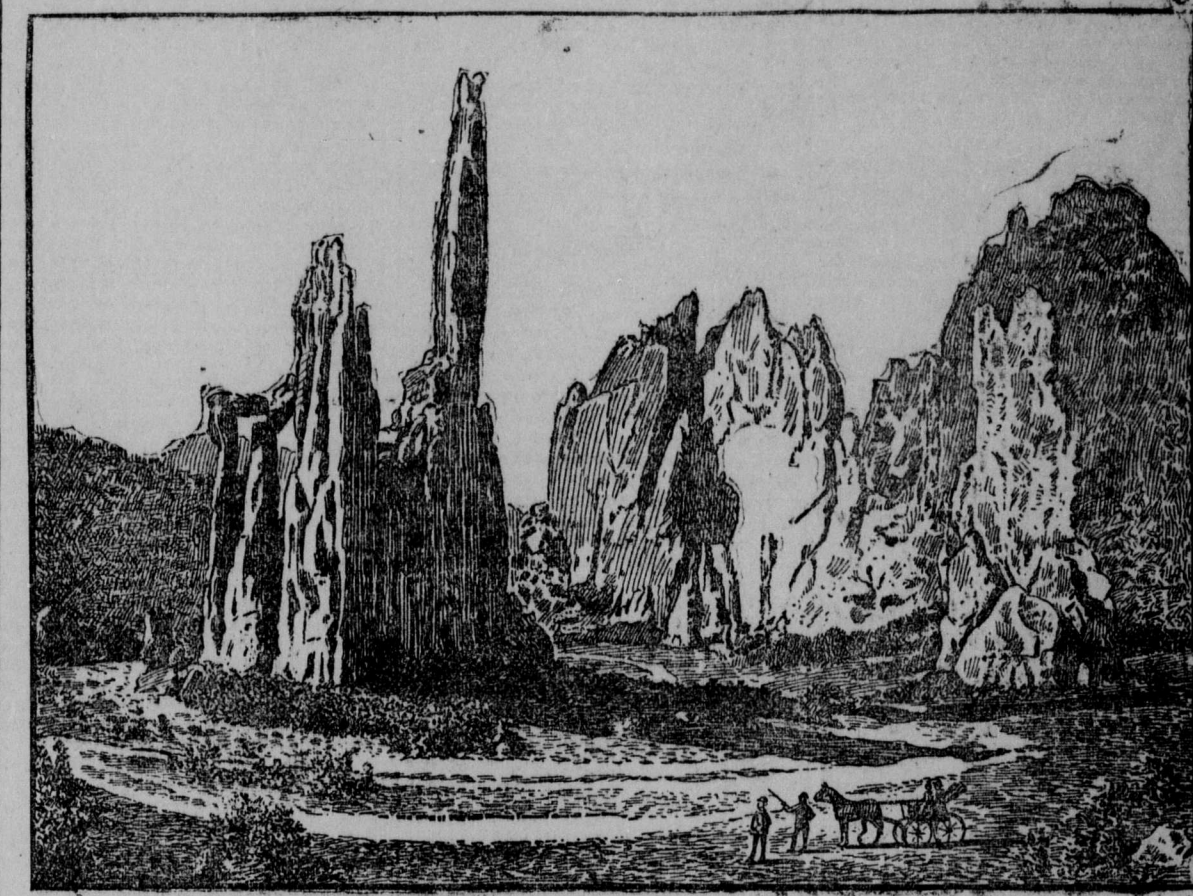
"Me."—Texas Sittings.

Condensed Correspondence.

Many Philadelphians upon arriving abroad make use of the cable code. The first message usually received by friends and the one that gives the most pleasure is that containing the word "ablation," which means arrived safe and well; good voyage.—Anglia.

A PANORAMA OF AMERICA!

If it were possible to rise to an altitude sufficiently high to permit an observer to view through a telescope the whole of North America at one time, what a wondrous spectacle would meet his gaze. Beautiful as it might appear, yet the vision would not be half so satisfactory as that which is afforded by the Great Pictographic Portfolio,

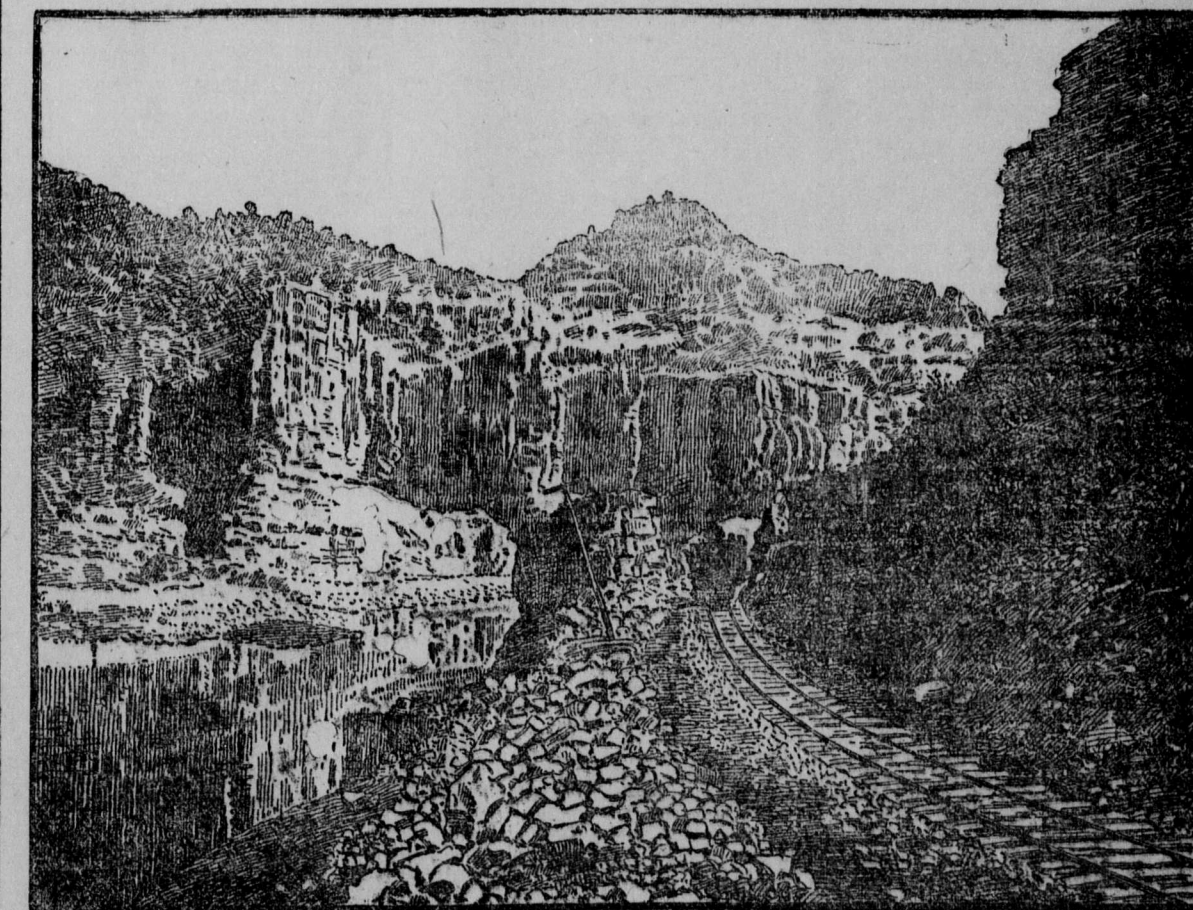


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