

FISH IN MINE PITS

NOVEL SPORT IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA IRON REGION.

Abandoned Shafts, Stocked with Small Fry, Now Ideal Sport for Anglers—Terrapin Also Raised for Profit.

Allentown, Pa.—Perhaps the most peculiar fishing places in the country are found in Lehigh county. When the failure of Jay Cooke & Co. of New York started a panic which two years later swept over this county it closed every hematite ore mine in Lehigh and caused the loss of millions of dollars. These abandoned ore mines, covering acres of land and ranging in depth from 30 to 100 feet, gradually began to fill with water, and in that condition they remained for years.

It was a boy who first conceived the idea that these ore mines would be ideal breeding places for fish. He had read a book on fish culture, and he noticed that a particular pit had the kind of aquatic vegetation which the book said was necessary. So he caught a lot of sunfish, catfish, suckers, eels and chubs and dumped them into the waters of the pit and then forgot all about it.

These fish, undisturbed for several years, multiplied with amazing rapidity. Several years later a fisherman on his way home from a trout stream happened to pass this particular pit. Merely as a joke he baited his hooks with worms and made a cast. He had scarcely done so when his reel commenced to sing and to his great amazement he pulled out two enormous sunfish. Inside of half an hour he had filled his creel.

He made a quiet investigation and readily obtained permission from the owners of the pits to experiment in fish culture. He commenced to plant black bass and yellow perch.

He went about secretly, and the owners, who did not want to be annoyed by applicants for fishing privileges, also kept quiet. To-day these pits fairly teem with fish.

In the shallow pits the same enterprising individual introduced land terrapin, which are now bringing in a substantial revenue. Some of the pits, however, are so dangerous of approach, owing to steep, overhanging and crumbling banks, that only the most daring venture within casting distance. At one pit a nearby tree affords a lodging place for those who enjoy the novelty of fishing from a tree. One man has erected a tall scaffolding from which advantage point he cast a heavy weighted hand line.

Black bass thrive better in these pits than any other fish. They grow to enormous size and the coldness and purity of the water gives them not only a gameness but a solidity of flesh which they do not acquire in the finest bass streams in this state.

Several years ago the owner of a piece of property on which was an abandoned ore pit dumped a lot of bass and pickered fry into the pit. Just as soon as they grew big enough the latter promptly destroyed the bass, but he now has one of the finest pickered preserves. With the advent of cold weather, when the pit will freeze over, he expects to make money by leasing out fishing privileges.

WOODEN SHOE AN OUTLAW.

St. Louis Court Decides a Case of Surpassing Interest.

St. Louis.—The ancient and honorable wooden shoe received an unexpected blow in the decision of a St. Louis magistrate that a German resident of this city must cease wearing shoes made of timber because a dweller in the same flat could not sleep on account of the noise. The law in the case seems somewhat strained, whatever the equity and the ethics may be. Wooden shoes are not illegal and at one time in the history of St. Louis they beat a tattoo on the city's pavements as their owners hastened to their daily toil in the dim morning hours. It was not the roar of the street cars that waked the later slumberers in these days, but a clatter equally insistent and penetrating.

The wooden shoe has a history. Modern civilization took its first steps in them. They encouraged and stood for honesty of purpose. Nothing much could be done on the sly in the days of wooden shoes. Everything was aboveboard. The eavesdropper and the midnight highwayman were practically unknown. There could be no secret gatherings to plot and conspire. Where two men were gathered together or attempted to gather everybody in the block knew it. Did they ascend or descend the stairs or rise from their chairs to appropriate another pinch of snuff, the entire household and the neighbors were conscious of the fact.

Wooden shoes secured that publicity so needful to the leading of blameless lives that we now depend upon the newspapers for. The outspoken wooden shoe thwarted those intrigues that break up families and made impossible expeditions that break up henrosts. It belonged with old-fashioned honesty and virtue, now much less marked in these gumshoe days. It is gone, never to return, but where it still survives here and there as a relic of the past it deserves the respect even of the magistracy.

WOES AND WEDS IN A DAY.

Colorado Man Makes Woman Wife Short Time After Meeting Her.

Denver.—To meet a woman for the first time, to woo, win, and wed her, all within 24 hours, would be a feat for the most attractive Adonis, yet that is what William E. Buel, a well known ranchman from Yuma, Colo., successfully accomplished on crutches.

Buel started for Denver a few days ago, driving in from his ranch to the station. Buel's horse ran away and he was thrown out and injured, but he secured crutches and continued his journey to Denver.

In the afternoon he called on Mrs. Cora Brewer, an old friend, and there met Mrs. Anna Stumke. A rapid fire courtship ensued, and the following morning the couple were married by Magistrate Thomas Carlon.

But there may be breakers ahead for the two, who started on a honeymoon trip about the state, if Frederick D. Stumke makes objection to the wedding. In securing the marriage license Mrs. Stumke admitted that she had been divorced, but she gave the date as January, 1905.

But it was not in January, 1905, but on April 14, 1906, that Mrs. Stumke was granted a divorce from Frederick Stumke and was allowed \$400 permanent alimony. The decree, in accordance with the Colorado divorce laws, provided that neither party should marry within a year.

The law is binding only as to Colorado, and does not operate to hinder persons from going into another state and marrying as soon as they wish, but it provides a penalty for remarriage within the state if the other party to the divorce cares to prosecute the charges.

As Buel hobbled out on his crutches with his bride on his arm, however, he gave no sign of fear that his wife's former husband might interrupt the honeymoon.

AS TO THE AMERICAN COW.

Value of Products Presents Figures That Stagger Humanity.

New York.—There are nearly 25,000 dairy cows in America and enough other cattle to make a total of over 60,000,000 head, including bulls, oxen, young stock and the "flocks and herds which range the valley free," and all condemned to slaughter. There are less than a million thoroughbred cattle in the country and more than 45,000,000 scrubs. The rest are half or higher grades. About 20,000,000 calves are born annually. The average value of a cow is \$22. In Rhode Island, a dairying state, the average is \$39.

The cows of the United States yield about 9,000,000,000 gallons of milk a year (watered and unwatered), the butter product is nearly 2,000,000,000 pounds (all grades), and the product of cheese over 300,000,000 pounds. Our cheese industry is making enormous strides. In a short time the output will be 1,000,000,000 pounds.

There is one item, a byproduct, which is never alluded to when Mistress Cow, or Sis Cow, is considered. Our gold production is about \$1,000,000 a year at present. That is a vast sum of money. Yet the rakings of our cowards and stalls for the fertilization of crops are estimated to be worth in cold cash eight times as much or \$8,000,000,000! Such figures are bewildering. They stagger humanity.

SAVING LOSS OF LETTERS.

Suggestion of Value Made by Assistant Postmaster General.

Washington.—More than 11,000,000 pieces of mail went astray in these United States last year because they were not directed even well enough for the experts to decipher the names and addresses.

Millions of this immense total went to the dead letter office, where a lot of it was opened, the addressees of the writers ascertained, and the letters of packages returned. But in a good many cases the writer's address is never found and the letter is really dead when neither the sender nor the prospective receiver can be discovered.

Assistant Postmaster General De Grauw wants to get people into the habit of writing their own addresses on the outside of envelopes. This, he says, would save trouble for all hands, as the letter, if defective in address, could be returned at once to the writer. This simple precaution would save many a piece of mail from an early death and burial in the dead letter office.

HIS HAIR UNCUT 23 YEARS.

Eccentric German Lived Alone and Hunted Ranch Without Horses.

Hunters, Wash.—Hans Kohlen, an eccentric character in Stevens county, has sold his fine ranch, four miles west of Fruitland, and will re-enter civilization after being almost a recluse for 23 years. All this time he has been a bachelor, and almost a hermit. He cleared his farm, built a house and fenced the land absolutely without assistance.

Kohlen never owned a team, carrying logs and rails on his back for long distances, while at work on his place. During 23 years Kohlen never cut or combed his hair. For many years Kohlen's bed has been a big dry goods box, half filled with hay. Daily at sundown he drew on a gunny sack, buried himself in the hay and slept comfortably.

S. Davis purchased the ranch for \$2,500. With the proceeds of the sale Kohlen proposes to return to his native home in Germany.

FOR BROKEN-DOWN HORSES.

Red Acre Farm a Home Founded by a Young Woman.

One of the most notable of the semi-private humane establishments for the rescue of broken-down horses is known as Red Acre Farm, a charitable home for horses opened on May 8, 1903, at Stow, Mass., says Home Magazine. The farm is situated 23 miles from Boston, and consists of 87 acres of land, divided up into pasture land and paddocks, with a portion of it devoted to stables, office and hospital. Red Acre Farm was founded by a young woman, Miss H. C. Bird, who gave up to the use of the horse the home and grounds which she inherited from her father, and who devotes all her time and strength to succoring the horse. She daily oversees the conditions at the home and has the advice and support of well known humanitarians.

The farm is kept up by contributions and the board of pensioners of horses put out to pasture during the summer by owners who want good care taken of them while out of town. Members of Red Acre Farm also pay a small annual fee of \$5, and philanthropists can endow a stall in the stables of Red Acre Farm for \$100, which the donor can keep filled by horses of his own choosing all the time. None of the active officers accept salaries, and all money coming into the farm is expended for the object of its inception.

ONE POINT HE MISSED.

Lawyer Willing to Admit Error Pointed Out By Judge.

The following amusing incident occurred at the Suffolk probate court at Boston, over which the venerable Judge McKim still presides.

The judge enjoys the reputation of being most careful, precise and exacting, and it is doubtful if ever an error, clerical, or otherwise, escapes his watchful eye.

In a recent matter brought to his attention, the judge perceived that in signing an informal and unimportant paper, the attorney had failed to dot an "i" in signing his name, and addressed him as follows:

"I see, Mr. Wright, that you have not dotted the 'i' in your name, and consequently you have not signed your name right," and the judge generally smiled.

"Your honor," replied the attorney, he, too, smiling, "this is evidently a point which escaped me."

Her Literary Likes.

They had just met; conversation was somewhat fitful. Finally he decided to guide it into literary channels, where he was more at home, and, turning to his companion, asked, "Are you fond of literature?"

"Passionately," she replied. "I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—'It is perfectly lovely,'" she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and Scottish characters and his graphic, forcible pictures of feudal times and customs?" "I just dote on them," she replied.

"And Scott's 'Emulsion,'" he continued, "a faint suspicion beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it is the best thing he ever wrote."—Montreal Herald.

The Paper Dollar Habit.

The paper dollar habit is making way slowly in the west. For years there were hardly any \$1 bills in circulation west of the Mississippi. It was all silver dollars out here, and the paper dollars were circulated "back east." Now the paper dollars are taking the place of the silver dollars out here. And the people like the change.

"Can't you give me paper?" is a question the cashier of a cafe says he hears many times a day. "And I can," he continued, "because so many persons offer paper money in paying their bills. Why, I take in enough during the week to paper a flat. I carry an armful to the bank every day. Persons like paper money because it is easy to carry and doesn't wear holes through pockets."

The Heart Was Secure.

Not long ago a fond and rather romantically inclined father was approached by a young man, whose intention was to ask the parent's consent to the marriage of himself and the other's daughter.

After considerable stammering and confusion, the older man grasped the other's meaning and beamed benevolently upon him. He rose and placed one hand upon the youth's shoulder in a kindly way.

"So, so. Yes, after all, I guess my little girl is grown up, and must have a mate," he said. "Tell me frankly, young man, is it her heart or her money that you are after?"

The young fellow blushed painfully, but with a thrill of pride, threw out his chest and answered, "I already have her heart in my keeping, sir!"

Attention, Geniuses.

The world never forgives a genius for dressing normally and acting reasonably.

Last of Stage Coach Travel.

The last year of stage coach traveling at its height was 1840.

SHE COULDN'T FIND TIME.

Pathetic Story Containing Moral, Told by Ian MacLaren.

One of the prettiest of Ian MacLaren's stories is called "Only a Servant Lass," and it's only a servant lass who is the heroine of this story.

The oldest of a big family of children—a poor family, of course—her pitiful wages made the great part of the family living. So, of course, she hadn't time—nor money—to bother with doctors, she thought. But that swelling bothered her, and finally she went.

"Come back in a week or two," the doctor said, after giving her some medicine, "unless you're worse. If you are, come at once."

Six months later she "found time" to go back to see him. She had been getting rapidly worse, was suffering, but there was always something that needed to be done, and apparently no one else to do it.

It was a case of malignant tumor, and an immediate operation was the only chance she had.

Her mistress was ill—the woman she had been with so many years, who had been good to her family. So she stayed a while, did the housecleaning, nursed her mistress, helped until vacation came, and her younger sister could do her work without affecting her own school work.

And then? Then it was too late.

WOULD MAKE ANYONE ANGRY.

Carried Potatoes Six Miles; Camped in a Field of Them.

"Speaking of incidents, I saw a few in the four years I spent in the Union army during the civil war," said William Kingsland, a Union army veteran living at Bucklin, Mo.

"One time down in Georgia during Sherman's march to the sea, myself and another man dug about a bushel of sweet potatoes while on the march, expecting to cook them when we camped about a half mile further on."

"Grub" was pretty scarce in those days, and we valued those sweet potatoes pretty highly. Then we received orders to continue the march. We didn't suppose it would be much further, as it was already almost night, so we carried the sweet potatoes on a stick between us. We marched and marched and marched, and oh, but those potatoes grew heavy. Six miles from where we dug the potatoes we pitched camp—oh, but it makes me mad every time I think of it."

"Naturally," was the remark. "Yes, naturally, seeing that we camped right on a great big field of sweet potatoes."

Those Evening Chimes.

Edgar Allan Poe is dead, and I do not want to say anything rude about him. In his poem of "The Bells," he seems to think that under certain conditions the mechanical banging of a clapper against large masses of metal may have pleasing qualities; possibly he now has a wider knowledge. But there are living versifiers, nothing if they are not sincere, who have written the praise of those Sabbath bells. They may also have written in praise of those practice-nights. They may even have a sympathetic sonnet for the musicless rascal who tries to ring a hymn tune on a peal of bells which is not provided with the necessary accidental. (He gives the nearest match to the note that he has in stock, and I suppose he gets police protection on his way home from the amiable work). I want to get all these poets and tie them up together in a churchyard. I would then put several shifts of good, lustrous, campanologists into the belfry and pay them to keep those bells going for the space of three days and three nights, having previously given me time to get out of ear-shot.—Barry Pain, in Black and White.

North Carolina Wonders.

Mr. Tom Pennell was down in Antioch last week and stayed over night with Mr. Moses Armstrong. He tells us that Mr. Armstrong has a wonderful pet pig, and he saw it himself with a broom sweeping out the yard. Of course the pig couldn't do as well at sweeping as some of his two-legged brethren, but it was wonderful to see how hard the pig worked and what progress he made. Mr. Armstrong says he has a wonderful gander, too. The gander will climb an apple tree, shake it and then get down and eat the apples. Mr. Pennell says he did not see the gander, but after seeing the pig sweep he believed anything Mr. Armstrong told him.—Wilkesboro Chronicle.

Walker Family Clash.

John T. Walker, of Turner, Me., is a character whose sayings are reported and whose doings told of pretty much all over that section of the state. Mrs. John, who is, by the way, John's only intellectual peer in those parts, one day discovered a hen's stolen nest containing 14 eggs. Upon examination, however, the eggs proved to be too aged for culinary purposes. Then these two intellects clashed.

Said the lady: "Tha' ain't no use wastin' uv 'em so we might's well set 'em."

"Huh!" retorted John, "what's the usen settin' uv 'em? They won't hatch; an' ef they do they'll all be fools."

It's Cigarettes Now.

The licorice trust is now on trial. There was a time when a licorice trust would have been a serious menace to the small boy, but he long ago graduated from the licorice habit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DRESS THAT COST \$40,000.

Three Hundred Mexican Women Made the Wonderful Garment.

After nine years of most painstaking toil, Senora E. Leon of Aguas Calientes, living in the City of Mexico, has completed a dress which is valued at the sum of \$40,000 gold, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. She was assisted in this arduous toil by 300 expert needlewomen, all of whom were well paid.

The dress was first intended for the Mexican exhibit at the Paris exposition. As it was at that time incomplete it was decided to display it at the St. Louis world's fair, but the close of this exposition still saw the work unfinished.

Aguas Calientes is famous for its drawn-work and needlework, and its embroidery artists, but this dress exceeds anything ever attempted or completed in that city. The dress is an exquisite and wonderful example of woman's skill, patience and artistic conception.

It consists of a full trained skirt, Eton jacket and bertha, and is made of the sheerest linen, the thread for which was imported from Paris and bore the number 600, the finest manufactured. The design, which was originated by Signora Leon, is a marvel. There are no visible seams in the entire garment, which is drawn in wheels in such a way that the original fabric is changed into a flimsy, web-like lace.

The dress will be put on exhibition in the City of Mexico and offered for sale. No price under \$40,000 gold will be considered. During the winter, when the city is filled with American millionaires, it is not thought that finding a purchaser will be difficult.

FOLDING SHEEP BY HAND.

Herder Was Doing His Best to Obey Boss's Instructions.

Ab Wade, a well known character of Ashland, Mass., was in his early days a farmer's boy. One day the farmer, a large cattle owner, said:

"Abner, about yer chores is done you jest put th' sheep in fold."

"Yes, sir," replied Ab, in his soprano drawl. Toward sundown the farmer, going around to see that everything was secure, heard the plaintive bleating of a lamb. He located the sound, and ran across Ab with a ewe across his knee, doing his best to break it in two.

"Confound yer!" roared the farmer, "what yer doin'?"

Ab dropped the bloating lamb and staggered a few feet away from his irate master.

"Well, zir, y' said 'put 'em sheep in fold, an' I was doin' my best without a foldin' machine."

With Congo Gold.

Where does it go, this blood-stained Congo gold? Into the fairy palaces, the wonderful gardens of enchantment in which this grim old, gray king delights. Into the collections of rare and priceless trees and shrubs and flowers that have made his conservatories at Laeken famous throughout Europe. Into the white hands of the women who, each for her brief hour, have ruled the Congo's lord—the queens of the Congo, whose jewels are bought with human lives. Into the far-reaching schemes of aggrandizement which a most marvelous combination of willness, political sagacity, and selfish ambition can devise, and limitless wealth and a diabolic ability in choosing the proper tools can execute. And, lastly, into the huge machine—his gigantic press bureau—which is all that maintains Leopold's good name before the world, a machine grinding tirelessly, night and day, that its owner may pose as the philanthropist, and not be exposed as the vampire.—Robert Park, in Everybody's.

In Old Egypt.

The camel express had come and gone and still Mark Anthony had not arrived.

"Four long months since he was here," sobbed Cleopatra, "and he promised to return in a few weeks. I wonder if anything has happened to him. Can it be possible—"

"Can what be possible, your majesty?" asked one of the court ladies. The great queen turned deathly pale.

"Can—can it be possible that he smoked some of those Egyptian cigarettes he bought at the pyramids? If so, his doom is sealed."

Calling the swiftest Egyptian runner she dispatched him to Rome to find out the truth.

Awakening Him.

The honeymoon was over and the cupboard was bare.

"Don't worry, darling," said the romantic husband, as he opened the piano; "remember, music is the food of love."

The practical little wife shook her head.

"But if you really think music is the food of love," she responded, "perhaps you can step around and get the butcher to give you a beefsteak for a mere coin."

Then the long-haired genius woke up.

Representation Not Growing.

The first British parliament, consisting of its present number of members (670), was elected in 1845.

Two of Life's Tasks.

It takes us half our lives to learn who our friends are, and the other half to keep them.

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR JACK.

His Well Meant Advice Evidently Caused All the Trouble.

Recently a lady was seen hurriedly approaching the gate at the Grand Central Depot, in New York. She had a traveling bag in one hand, a hat box and a bunch of flowers in the other and an umbrella and a box of luncheon tucked under her arm. There was not a moment to spare, but the gatekeeper stopped her mad rush.

"Let me have your ticket, please," he commanded.

"I can't," she said, turning first red and then white, "but I have one. Please let me pass. I've got to catch that train."

"You will have to show your ticket, madam," repeated the gatekeeper sternly. Tears glistened in the lady's eyes. "I tell you I can't, it's—it's—Well, I pinned it in my—Oh, I put it where I wouldn't lose it, and I can't get it till I have a chance to—Oh, do please let me through!" She was allowed to pass, and was heard to say as she made a dash for the train:

"The next time Jack worries me into putting things where I can't lose them I guess I'll know it."

CONFIDENCES OF A CODFISH.

Revealed Secret of His Lengthy Absence From Home.

Capt. Collins, a well known fisherman of the banks, was persuaded into buying a large codfish by a fish pedler. After the departure of the pedler he saw it was not fit to be eaten, so it was thrown away.

In a few days the pedler again stopped at Collins' door. The captain went out to his cart and began to examine his fish. Suddenly leaning down, he placed his lips close to a large cod and began whispering to it. The pedler, looking rather astonished at this, and as soon as the captain raised his head he asked what he did that for.

"Well," replied Collins, "I was just asking him how his relatives were, out in the old ocean."

"And what did he say?" asked the pedler.

"He said," replied Collins, "that when he left them they were in good health, but as he hadn't seen them for two weeks, he did not know whether they were alive or dead at the present time."—Boston Herald.

Nor Was His Neck Rubbed.

The plaintiff's lawyer in the breach of promise case thought he would make life a burden to the unfortunate young man who was the unwilling defendant.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, after a number of embarrassing questions, "that after you had been absent for an entire month you did not kiss the plaintiff, to whom you were engaged to be married, when you first saw her on your return?"

"I do," responded the defendant, firmly.

"Will you make that statement to the jury?"

"Certainly, if necessary."

"Do you think that they would believe you?"

"Oh, of them would, I know."

"Ah, indeed! And why should he, pray?"

"Because he was present when I first saw her. He was at the gate when I rode up, and she stuck her head out of the second-story window and I said to her, 'How d'ye do?' and called out 'I'd be back to supper in half an hour. I'm no grafter,' and everybody smiled except the lawyer."

Mistake of a College Girl.

Charles Dana Hazen, head of the history department of Smith college, had excused one of his pupils from recitation on account of sickness. Shortly after the recitation hour the professor had occasion to pass through the main street of Northampton, and, much to his surprise, saw his excused student coming from the opposite direction.

This was a critical moment for the college girl, who took in the situation with a glance. Something must be done at once to escape his notice. The book store nearby was her only resort, and if she could have reached it on time she would have been all right. In her excited state of mind she got into a saloon just one door from her intended hiding place. On discovering her mistake she rushed into the street and into the arms of the professor.

Beats the Story Books.

For about 30 years Joseph Glover Southmay put off what he might have done any day. Consequently he has just reappeared at Middletown, Conn., after an absence of 35 years. Funeral services were held for him a generation ago, when he was believed to have been lost at sea. The amazing part of the story is that Southmay for 30 years has been running a farm a little more than 20 miles from Middletown. There is room enough in this world, it appears, unless a man is really trying to hide.

Terror's Effect on Hair.

It has been repeatedly affirmed that Queen Marie Antoinette's auburn hair turned white in the days of the reign of terror, and an English surgeon named Parry states that just after the Indian mutiny he actually saw the jet black hair of a rebel Sepoy, who was under examination and feared a dreadful death, turn white in the course of an hour. In the time of the commune in Paris, the dark-hair of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild was blanched in a few hours.