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Sombody Pays.

Some find it convenient to live at their ease, and all obligations to shirk;
On every occasion to do as they please,
And give no attention to work.

As fathers and shoglers, as loungers and drowses,
They follow their indolent ways,
By being thus, increasing the tax.

That sombody pays.
Free lunches, free passes, they have at command.

Rich gifts that to others are lost,
And easily they lose on the fat of the land,
And travel regardless of cost.

But for all the fine language, the wear and the tear,
Of public or private displays,
Thoughtfully may go free, 'tis as sure as can be.

That sombody pays.
Some least of the credit they freely obtain,
The news come when they're not expect,
And to avoid the favors received, it is plain.

They're made out at a single moment,
With honor at stake, they consent to remain
In debt to others of their days.

And with modest pride, a "free house" they rally,
For which sombody pays.

Some go through the world with a naggedly heart,
And carry a miserly purse,
While others, with liberal ease, do their part.

And for hours of idleness, no money enjoy,
For loss and needless delay,
For waste and neglect, it is well to rely.

That sombody pays.
That sombody pays.

DEAD MAN'S CANON.

It was a warm day in April,
Charles Lofton took a car and returned
to the end of the line, then he walked
on for some distance and turned up the
hill to the left and took the road which
leads to the house of the Dead Man's Canon.

As he walked along the rough road,
he noticed a little child playing around
a pile of wood which her father had
been chopping.

Further down he saw two girls at a
spring, and as the younger drank from a
tin pail she said to her sister, "What
splendid water that is!"

Two men who were drawing stone left
their horses and went to the girls for a
drink.

Some negroes were laughing and
talking around a rough house on the
side of the bluff.

All these things Lofton noticed as he
walked, and he also noticed two men,
evidently tramps, who sat on a stone in
a lonely part of the canon talking in low
tones, which seemed entirely as if he
came near.

Lofton went on through the canon and
crossed the tracks to the brewery, where
he was waiting to look at some new
machinery.

After he had examined the machine
he went up on the roof of the building,
from which there was an excellent view
of the valley.

He watched the river winding away
past cultivated lands and patches of
forest, past sandy flats and rocky bluffs.

He noticed the tall chimneys, with their
white smoke, scattering over the valley.

In the distance he could see the piled-up
stone and the tall masts of the derricks
for moving it where a great ridge was
being built, and near by the cluster of
houses covered with tar paper, where
the workmen lived.

On the other side of the canon Lofton
saw a well dressed man going down,
they nodded, as they passed and said
something about the bad walking.

Lofton noticed that the clouds were
gathering, and when he reached the top
of the bluff it was quite dark. He took
a car and went home, and as he went
into his house he heard the rear of distant
thunder.

As the flashes of lightning for a second
flashed the lower end of Dead Man's
Canon a well dressed man lay in the road
near the rock where the two tramps had
sat whispering together—but the tramps
were gone.

It was still moonlight when the quar-
rymen started for their work.

The storm had gone by and the sky
was bright with stars.

As they entered the canon the paling
of the moon indicated that the sun would
soon be up and the sky was already
growing red in the east. A light mist
flashed among the tops of the sycamore
trees on the flats.

Suddenly the men stopped.

Right before them on the road lay a
man. His clothes were soaked by the
rain, which had fallen in torrents, and
his white collar and cuffs were soiled
with mud. His head was covered with

CAPE COD TURKEYS.

Some interesting facts about
the Herring Fishery.

Dividing the Herring Catch in Plover
Where the Fish Abounds.

Early in April the herrings begin to
spawn up the streams which have their
source in the fresh water ponds to
spawn. When they begin to "run," i. e.,

A "herring committee" has previously
been appointed at the town meeting, and
the right to the weir has been sold to
the highest bidder, at auction, at the
same time. The one who has bought
the weir has the exclusive right to fish
there and sell the herrings. The town,
in which the weir is situated holds the
herrings caught, unless it was originally
a part of another town, in which case it
is usually provided that the amount
which the weir brought at auction shall
be divided equally between the towns.

If this is so, a citizen of the older town
has a citizen's right to a barrel at the
five rate. An ordinary weir sells for
about \$500 or \$700. Some few herrings
are caught and sold before the weir is
opened. These are caught by seining in
the lower bays, and is "contrary to
law." But these fish herrings bring
large prices. For the honor of catching
the first herring caught some will pay
high prices, occasionally as much as \$5
each for the first one.

"If I'm a pup," I can have my barrel
of herrings anyhow," is an expression.
On the opening of the weir the pling-
ing commences, and some arrive as early
as 4 a. m. The first to arrive and give
his name or mark has the first barrel;
except in case it is a widow or her re-
presentative, each succeeding one takes
his barrel in turn. But a widow has
precedence over all, and each widow
"has a barrel from the town." Each one
has a right to a barrel, for which she
pays a price fixed by the town—usually
from sixty cents to seventy cents; this
year sixty-four cents. Fresh herrings,
when they first begin to "run," bring
forty cents a dozen when retailed through
the villages. Those who have a barrel
usually sell them down, and after being
sold a dozen are put on a stick, the
stick being thrust through the eyes of
the fish, and hung on the barn or side
of the house. This is a familiar sight in
villages near herring streams. They re-
main hung on the side of the buildings,
taken off the stick as wanted; usually
some remain till the next spring, when
fresh herrings have come again, and the
weir is again open. A man just married,
who has secured his barrel of herrings,
is considered well started on the path of
life. They sell, when salted, for \$1 25
for 100 herrings. A barrel is supposed
to hold 400 fish. They are a very ex-
pensive fish, and the most approved way to
eat them is to eat bones and all, it being
next to impossible to remove the bones
from them. From 250 to 300 barrels is con-
sidered a good catch at the weir.
Sometimes they continue catching till
midnight. Every other day on Sun-
days the herrings are permitted to run
unobstructed, a show-way being made for
them to run around the falls, so that
they can reach the fresh ponds to spawn.
The weir is usually at a mill or fall, or
just below, where the river is narrow, and
the fresh stream reaches the salt water.
On "good running days" the fish are so
thick that it is only necessary to dip
them out; sometimes they crowd each
other over on to the shore. The boys are
filled and they are put in barrels and
clammed, all except a shovels paying at
the weir. The widow has a permit from
the town clerk, and the people at the weir
charge the town for each widow's barrel.
They are counted into the barrel. The
local name for them is "Cape Cod
Turkeys."

The first run of the herrings at the
weir is small in comparison to the later
ones. They at first are sold by the
dozen, equally divided between the
number of applicants. "Herring ped-
dlers" take them and peddle them through
the adjoining towns, the citizens of which
have no citizen's right to a barrel at the
five rate by the town. During May
the herring have their head to "run."
Thousands of barrels are sold to the
other towns. The run lasts until June
usually. After a certain date in June
the weir is no longer private property,
but by that time the bars are covered
with the salted or "salt herrings." The
right to a barrel is as a legal tender,
and a man will say, "I'll give you my
barrel of herrings for" so-and-so. A
family which did not get its barrel
would be considered "speck." Some
make it a custom to salt herrings. Taking
a barrel for a widow, they salt and
"stick" the 400 fish, and return 200 to
the widow, that being considered a
good supply for her. Some families
consume four or five barrels from one
"catch" till the next spring's catch. It is
fish supply the place of meat to many
families through the winter.—Harper's
Weekly.

As an evidence that mining camps are
not things of the past, the estimate is
given that a Montana mining district of
twenty-two thousand inhabitants will
produce in one year, twenty-four million
of dollars.

Jute and Its Uses.

Taking with the president of a jute
mill the other day, he said he hoped the
next cotton crop was going to be a big
one. He was asked why.

"Well," he replied, "every bale of
cotton has got to have its brown overall,
and that is just our business—we're
cotton clothiers. We make it from the
stumps of the jute plant. You know
that this jute is grown in India, where
there are immense farms of it. When
the stalk is full grown it is pulled up by
the roots and hauled. The top is fine
and soft, but the ground part is coarse
and hard. These are cut off and baled
in hydraulic presses as 'burs' or 'cut-
tings,' while the tops are also baled as
jute. Hundreds of thousands of bales
are shipped to this country alone, and
more to London, Dundee and Hamburg.

The natives of it it down the rivers from
the interior to Calcutta or Chittagong,
where it is loaded for this side of the
world.

"Does Calcutta give us the price in
dollars and cents?"

"No, sir. We do our own figuring, as
a rule. Calcutta quotes us in rupees and
annas per bale, but we know how to
twist that around into genuine money.
The natives do the most of the business,
English, but there are plenty of English-
men and Greeks out there, too. Here's
the European clerk in those parts doesn't
get so many of his cherished holidays as
he would if at home, for these Brahmins
had just as soon do his business on Sun-
days, Christmas Day and Fourth of July, as on
any other, and they do. But when they're
out for a holiday come round then comes a
burr. As I said at first, our mill uses
only the burs for making the bagging.
Others use a little better quality for
paper stock, and still others work up
the jute into carpets, carpets and cloth-
ings. The finest jute of all is used for
stretching back looms or for making
those beautiful switches which fill in the
seam places under the ladies' big
hats."—New York Sun.

A Pretty Custom.

It was a pretty custom long ago for
lovers to exchange rings. The gentle-
man did not have to spend a month's in-
come for a pretty trinket for which he
got no return, but he also wore and
cherished a souvenir from his sweetheart.

Perhaps Nature's gentle mood made
him drowsy—perhaps Dick was deep
asleep—however it may have been, the
foot remains he presently curled himself
up on the cushions and fell fast asleep.

Waking suddenly, he found himself
sprawling on the bottom of the boat,
which was pitching and rolling in a
most unpleasant fashion.

Jumping quickly to the seat again, and
looking about him, his poor little
heart stood almost still with terror to find
that the boat was far away from land,
and tossing up and down on the waves
of the bay.

Poor little Dick was utterly helpless—
to be sure, the waves were in the lead,
but he could not row, nor swim, a single
stroke. He cried wildly, and called
as loudly as he could, for nobody heard,
nobody came to rescue him. No sound
could be heard but the washing of the
waves, and minute by minute the land
grew farther and farther, the big houses
on the hill grew smaller and smaller.

By-and-by, tired of calling, and
looking across the dizzy, restless waste
of water, Dick lay down on the bottom
of the boat and was soon asleep again.

How long he slept he could not tell,
but he was suddenly and rudely awak-
ened again, by a hand which seized him
by the nape of the neck and lifted him
out of the boat into another, larger one,
full of sailors in blue, white a crew,
rough voices cried: "A wee little earl,
I declare!"

Dick and the boat reached home in
safety, and without further incident,
and to this day, although he is a grown
up, solitary old earl, he is quite satisfied
to let this reminiscence be his very best,
and much prefer to remain on shore.

The Rat's Weapons.

The rat is finely equipped for the
peculiar life he is ordained to lead. He
has strong weapons in the shape of four
long and very sharp teeth—two in the
upper jaw and two in the lower. These
teeth are wedge-shaped, and with a won-
derful provision of nature have always
a fine sharp cutting edge. On examining
them carefully, the inner part is found
to be of a soft, ivory-like composition,
which can easily be worn away, and the
outside is composed of a glass-like en-
amel, which is exceedingly hard. The
upper teeth work into the under so that
the centres of the opposed teeth meet
perfectly in the act of gnawing, hence
the soft part is being continually worn
away, while the hard part keeps a sharp,
chisel-like edge all the time, and at the
same time the teeth are constantly
growing up from the bottom, so that as
they wear away a fresh supply is ready.

Should one of these teeth be removed by
accident or otherwise, the opposing tooth
will continue to grow, and there being
nothing to wear it away, it will project
from the mouth and be turned upon it-
self, and if it be an under tooth it will
grow so long as to penetrate the skull.

The Dried Currants Industry.

"One would hardly think that a single
industry would support vast num-
bers of people and form an im-
portant product of an entire nation,"
said one of our leading grocers the other
day. "I am referring to dried currants
as the products and Greece as the coun-
try. To show how enormously her
property has increased in this respect,
I have simply to tell you that the crop
has increased from 12,000,000 pounds in
1860 to 290,000,000 pounds in 1886. If
it isn't an important staple to Greece
I'm unable to say what it is."—Paila-
delphia Call.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Way Back.

I have lost the way to happiness—
Oh, who will lead me back?
Turn off from the highway of selfishness
To the right-up Duty's track.

Keep straight along and you can't go wrong,
For as sure as you live, I say,
The far, far fields of happiness
Can only be found that way.

—Ella Wierma Wilson, a school teacher.

The Crocodile and Egypt.

Professor Sayce says that the crocodile
has practically disappeared from Egypt
proper. It is there and there a stray one
possibly be met with still, but to all in-
tents and purposes the ugly animal is
not to be found in the Nile north of the
First Cataract. Though I suppose some-
body will shed a tear over the extinction
of the crocodile, the fact just noted is
interesting. But what has caused the ex-
tinction to be further south? No, you
will be pleased to know, the annual of Nile,
which has made so many animals scarce
and scarce. The crocodile, it seems, is
very timid, and the growing traffic on
the river and especially the polders of the
steamers have been more than it could
bear. So it has vanished for good to
quiet waters and pasture green. —Little
Pinks.

Dick's Adventure.

Dick lives in a large house on the
bank of a river, quite near the sea. One
very warm summer day, Dick's mother
was asleep in a chair on the piazza, and
he, after playing a while on the lawn,
ran down the path which led to the
river, where the boat, with its gay,
striped awning and upholstered seats, lay
half out of water on the beach.

Dick jumped about on the soft, warm
sand for a while, chasing the butterflies
which flitted up and down the beach,
and watching the little fishing boats
which plashed gently on the shore, some
lying near and near with the slowly
rising tide.

Pretty soon he climbed into the boat
and settled himself among the soft cushions
in the stern.

It was very warm in the sun, and Dick
thoroughly enjoyed the cool breeze
which whistled among the overhanging
branches and ruffled the water into the
waves which pushed a merry song
against the boat's side.

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him drowsy—perhaps Dick was deep
asleep—however it may have been, the
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The Religion of Chirameen.

The people of this state, it is called
upon to express an opinion, would say,
we think, that the only god—the Chris-
tian really worship is the devil, and that
they are really earnest and sincere in
their devotion to him. It is certain that
their so-called religious ceremonies,
which we witness here, for, for the most
part, intended to perpetuate some kind
of a demon and to ward off evil. Sacrifices
are of no use, not to pain flesh with
a beneficent deity, but to please and
indulge some evil spirit whose powers of
mischief are enormous, and whose wrath
must be appeased by offerings of pigs
and chickens and his nostrils tickled
with the odor of fire-crackers. This is
the kind of religious observance to
which we are accustomed among the
Chinese, and the only religion they poss-
ess, so far as can be ascertained.—San
Francisco Chronicle.

Cause for Absence.

Layman to ministers—The bad
weather keeps a good many people away
from church, I suppose, Mr. Goodman?
Minister—Yes; but bad weather
doesn't keep as many away from church
as the contribution box does, my brother.

Indignant Clergy—Bread!

What are bakers for?—[Paris] Burg
Bulletin.

Philadelphia's Original Charter.

The original charter of Philadelphia
as a city, dating back by 200 years the
600th hanging in Independence Hall,
which was supposed to be the first, has
been brought to light. It is dated 1691,
and was held by a family who supposed
it was simply an old title deed.—Chicago
Times.

Thievish Crows of Japan.

The crows are a feature of Yezo,
Japan, and one which the robbers
would willingly dispense with. There
are millions of them, and in many
places they break the silence of the
silent land with a babel of noisy chatter.

They are everywhere, and have at-
tained a degree of most unpardonable
impertinence, mingled with a cunning
and sagacity which almost put them on
a level with man in some circumstances.

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At last night, however, crows were
seen in the garden at Mori I saw a
dog eating a piece of chicken in the
presence of several of these
noisy birds. They evidently
saw a great deal to each other on
the subject, and now and then one
or two of them tried to pull the bird
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dog eating a piece of chicken in the
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Brave and Hopeful.

Oh, it's easy to be brave when the world is on
your side;
And it's easy to be hopeful when all goes
well.

But to bridle and keep a stout heart 'neath
trouble's heels
Our hearts and homes, that's harder far to do
than to be bold.

For 'tis indeed a hero's heart that can be
braved and gay,
With sorrow knocking at the door, dressed
dead on
fourth-steps and all.

And hopeful eyes in truth are those which
look beyond the gray,
Grains of sand, when summer's blue
sun washes I with gold.

—Boston Budget.