

# TALES OF ADVENTURE

**T**HIS strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops, whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports. The crews are for the most part made up of pure-blooded descendants of the Vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the cod-fishers of Hammerfest and Tromsø. And a magnificent race of men they are! Accustomed from boyhood to a life of hardship, they have a way of treating Father Neptune with a slightly contemptuous toleration, like an old friend of somewhat uncertain temper, whose rapid changes from smiling benevolence to wild, blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise.

They care nothing for danger, and little for suffering—in themselves or in others. Why, then, should they stop to think that perhaps a maimed, but still living, shark can feel?

The fishing is done off the coast of Iceland in about eighty fathoms of water. Three or four gallow-like structures are rigged up around the sides of the sloop, and from each of these hangs a pulley-block, over which runs a strong rope; and to the end of this the baited hook is fastened. A plentiful supply of ground-bait is thrown out to attract the quarry, and such is the eagerness with which the sharks take the bait, that sometimes each one of these gallow-like structures will have its fish hooked and fighting for life, all at the same time.

There is no "playing" the fish; it is not necessary or possible, and the powerful tackle is hardly likely to break, no matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle. But the shark is not, for his size, a game fish; and, except when he is actually being hoisted up out of the water, there is no very serious strain on the tackle. If he does now and then get away, it is not because he ever manages to break the line, but because a lightly fixed hook easily tears through the soft cartilaginous skeleton of his head, and so sets him free.

As soon as a shark has taken one of the baits, the hauling tackle attached to his particular gallow is manned, and without any superfluous fuss or ceremony he is hauled up to the sloop, and hoisted just clear of the water.

He is not brought on board at all, but with a few bold slashes his liver is cut out as he hangs, and is thrown into a tub, to be further dealt with later. Then his eyes are put out, and he is cut adrift—to go and complete the tardy process of dying where and how he pleases.

All this sounds very horrible; but there is one curious fact which goes far to make us believe that this death cannot, after all, be such a cruel one as at first appears. It is this: the fishermen say that, unless they put out the shark's eyes, he will afterward cause them a lot of trouble, by coming and taking the bait a second time.

It sounds incredible; but the statement is thoroughly well authenticated by eye-witnesses, who have seen a liverless shark do just this very thing. Scientists, doubtless, are right in saying that the shark (which by anatomical classification is one of the lowest of fishes) does not feel pain in the way more highly organized animals feel it. We will cling to that belief; for it is consoling to us, if not to the shark, who is thus sacrificed that his liver may supply us with—what?

It is a secret not to be spoken aloud. Norway is one of the great centres of the cod trade, and from cod is made cod-liver oil, and—shark-liver oil tastes and looks exactly like it.—*Pearson's Magazine.*

### FAIR EXCHANGE.

Indian nature was about the same in 1876 as it was in 1804, says the author of "The Trail of Lewis and Clark." In illustration of this he tells of a time when Lewis and Clark, on their journey of exploration toward the Northwest, found that their stock of merchantable property was exhausted, and they created a new fund by cutting off the buttons from their clothes, and adding vials and small tin boxes to their stores. With this merchandise two men went out on a trading expedition and returned to camp laden with roots and other provisions.

Their experience recalls a certain one of my own, writes Mr. Wheeler. Late in the fall of 1876 J. H. Renshaw, now of the United States Geographical Survey, and I, with a topographic party, were slowly making our way down Meadow Valley Wash, in southeastern Nevada. Misfortune had been our constant companion, and as we reached the banks of Muddy Creek, a beautiful, clear, cold stream, one noon, we were rather a gloomy set of men. We were a month behind time, our horses were almost exhausted, all our horse feed was gone, the grazing was worthless, we were out of money, and there was no way to get more. We felt that we were in rather a serious plight.

Soon after we camped a Piute Indian appeared, and within a few minutes several more came to camp. We soon found that they had a store of barley and corn, and an exchange was quickly effected for certain surplus provisions that we had, and the poor horses had a full meal.

When the beans and sugar were exhausted, the Indians intimated that an old hat or coat would be acceptable for barter. This suggested a new line entirely, and to make a long story short, we bargained off all our old garments for shelled corn and barley, until finally we had six or eight hundred pounds of splendid grain on our wagon. Two revolvers were sold outright for precious silver dollars; and a mouth-organ, or cheap harmonica, was a "great medicine," and brought splendid returns.

When we were done the Indians quietly withdrew, leaving us rich and cheerful.

At first thought, such bartering seems one-sided and inequitable, but it is not so. What was of value or interest to the Indian may have been valueless to its white owner, and vice versa. To the child a jumping-jack is a precious possession, and the Indian was, and is yet in many respects, an overgrown child.

### TRANSFERRING THE FLAG.

In the Battle of Lake Erie, in 1813, when Commodore Perry defeated the British and captured their entire fleet, the flag which Lawrence was shattered by the guns of the English, and Commodore Perry was obliged to transfer his flag to the Niagara. In "Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry," the author refers to this transfer as "the sublimest passage in the epic of Erie."

From the masthead of the helpless Lawrence the big blue burgee, the white-lettered bugle-call upon an azure field, had come fluttering down. The pennant followed, but the Stars and Stripes remained. It was not then a surrender, as the enemy had thought. What was it? The next moment furnished a reply, for out from under the lee of the battered hulk darted a small boat, propelled by oars in the hands of brawny seamen, straight for the passing Niagara. Erect in the stern stood a splendid, stalwart figure, the folds of the big blue burgee and the pennant draped over the broad shoulders, the face still calmly impassive, the eyes smoldering. Commodore Perry was transferring the flag.

Half-surrounded as it was by the enemy's ships, the boat swept on through a perfect roaring tornado, the commander, still strangely impassive, erect in the stern. Perry's young brother pleaded with the Commodore to sit down, but he seemed oblivious. Finally his oarsmen, fearful for his safety, faintly refused to row longer unless he sat down, when he complied. The men then redoubled their efforts, speeding toward the now waiting Niagara. The storm from the British guns, if possible, grew in violence; the oars were splintered by musket balls. As by a miracle, the small craft's tenants escaped unscathed.

A round shot finally came tearing through the boat's side. In a trice Perry had slipped off the epauleted coat of his rank, the garment he had donned on leaving the Lawrence's deck, and stopped the hole with it. The boat reached the side of the Niagara in safety, a quarter of an hour after leaving the Lawrence.

### OLD-FASHIONED BEAR HUNT.

The other day information was brought to the Traffic Superintendent of the Muar State Railway that bears were destroying the cocoanut trees near the fourth mile on the railway at a kampong called Parit Bakar.

They climb to the top of a young tree and with their powerful claws tear away the young leaves and then proceed to devour the inside of the tree, called the cabbage.

Mr. L. went to the scene on his hand-car, armed with a Snider carbine. A young bear suddenly dashed out close to one of the Javanese and he slashed at it with his parang. The blow enraged the bear and it "went for" the Javanese, who climbed the nearest tree. The bear proceeded to follow him up the tree. Mr. L. was taking aim at the bear when, as he thought, one of his men shook him by the shoulder. Mr. L. told his disturber to "get out."

He felt himself being pulled about rather roughly and on looking over his shoulder was astonished to see a huge bear with one big paw on each of his shoulders and its gaping mouth almost touching his neck. It was impossible to use the rifle, and Mr. L. drew his hunting knife and plunged it into the side of the bear, just under the shoulder. The blade penetrated the brute's heart, and it rolled over, endeavoring to tear out the knife. The Malays and Javanese ran up and slashed the bear until life was extinct.

In the mean time the first bear was still climbing up after the Javanese. In his terror the Javanese dropped right on top of the bear. This frightened the animal and it bolted through the scrub and was not seen again.—*Singapore Straits Budget.*

### BOY SAVES BANK.

After fastening the doors of near-by houses by setting heavy eye-screws in the door frames and fastening the door knobs to them with ropes, eight robbers attacked the front door of the Traders' Bank, of Bridgeburg, a village on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo, with a battering ram, early on a recent morning.

Ralph C. Young, eighteen years old, was the only person in the bank. Armed with a revolver, he went to an upper window and opened fire. The thieves replied with revolvers and shot-guns, some of the gang meanwhile continuing the work with the battering ram.

With his face streaming with blood from shattered glass and splinters of wood, Young kept up the fight for twenty minutes. The stout oak doors resisted all the efforts to break them down, and, alarmed by a shot fired from up the street by an aroused villager, the thieves fled.



## For the Younger Children...



### THE WISE MAN.

A man who was extremely wise said, "To-morrow the sun will rise." He said the same thing every night. And every day proved he was right. When people saw his words were true, they wondered greatly how he knew. He said to all his friends, "I hear we'll have some rain within a year." And sure enough, it came about. And rained before the year was out. And then they said, "How very strange that he can make the weather change!" He gave his friends a candy treat. And said, "I'm sure you'll find it sweet." They ate a little, found it so, and said to him, "How did you know? It's very sweet, as you have said. How can you taste so far ahead?" He said, "I cannot swim, and think if I jump in I'll surely sink." He jumped, and as he could not swim, it was the last they saw of him; and as he sank, far out of sight. They said, "That proves that he was right." —*Youth's Companion.*

### THE SHRIKE OR BUTCHER BIRD.

There is a strange little bird, about as big as a robin, which nearly every winter brings us. He is generally alone, like a tiny black and gray hawk in many of his ways, but related truly to the gentle vireos and waxwings. He is the northern shrike, or butcher bird, and he gets a cruel living by catching mice and little birds, which he hangs on locust thorns, sharp twigs or the points of a wire fence, as his little feet, unlike the hawk's, are not strong enough to hold his prey. But he is a handsome fellow, and rarely one may hear a very sweet little song as he sits on the top of some leafless bush, particularly late in the winter. But generally he is silent, like the true birds of prey, or at best gives only a rasping squeal.—*St. Nicholas.*

### "HONEST ABE."

It is a significant fact that in a community where crime was virtually unknown, where plain, straightforward dealing was assumed as a matter of course, and credit was fearlessly asked and given, Lincoln won an enviable reputation for integrity and honor. In a moral atmosphere of this sort ordinary veracity and fairness attracted no particular attention. Honesty was not merely the best policy; it was the rule of life, and people were expected to be upright and just with one another. But when a clerk in a country store walked miles to deliver a few ounces of tea innocently withheld from a customer by an error in the scales, and when he made a long, hard trip in order to return a few cents accidentally overpaid him, he was talked about, and the fact is that "honest Abe" was a tribute, not a nickname.—*Century.*

### A HOME-MADE ZOO.

Most small girls enjoy nothing better than a visit to the zoo. The tigers pacing restlessly back and forth with velvet footsteps, the monkeys playing all sorts of fantastic tricks, the kangaroos and the rest, are unceasing objects of delight. But a great many girls are unable to visit the zoo very frequently, and such will be glad to know how to make a zoo of their own which they may see as much as they like.

First of all, get a number of sheets of cardboard of the same size. They should be a little larger than the largest animal you are to have in your menagerie, and, for a few cents, you can get them cut at a printing office just the same size and with smooth edges. The next thing to do is to draw the outline of the cage. Four straight lines will do it, two horizontal and two perpendicular. For the smaller animals you can put four or even six cages on a sheet. And then you must draw just so many dividing lines.

The animals for your menagerie you will find anywhere and everywhere. Old magazines and papers, tattered picture books, advertisements, will all supply you. The animals should be cut out carefully and placed in their cages. After they are in place draw the bars. These should be drawn very carefully with the help of a ruler, for imagine the consternation in doll land if a ferocious tiger should squeeze through between a pair of shabby bars and make its escape!

Besides the animals commonly found in menageries, the home-made zoo may contain some remarkable specimens never seen on land or sea. Fierce dragons, unicorns like the one in Mother Goose who fought with the lion for the crown, and other queer, grotesque creatures may look out from behind the bars along with the giraffes and ostriches.

When not in use the home-made zoo may be put away in a pasteboard box, and takes up very little room. But sometimes when the day is stormy and outdoor fun impossible, you will enjoy arranging the cages along the walls of the play-room, and taking the doll family for a visit to the zoo.—*Alice L. Weed, in the Progressive Farmer.*

### "NOW-AND-READY."

Rhoda's father used to call her little "Now-and-Ready" because she was so fond of having and of doing things "right this very minute." When the grown people planned along in January where they would go for the next summer vacation, Rhoda would lay out the big doll's travelling suit, and say, "Oh, please let's go away in July now." And if anybody mentioned Christmas, even though the garden were overflowing with roses, she was pretty sure to beg, "Why can't we go after holly wreaths right this very minute?"

One Saturday Rhoda went with her mother to help straighten up the attic. They looked all through the cedar chest, where the funny baby dresses

were, and shook out little Great-aunt Amy's short-sleeved sprigged muslin. Then over in a dark corner Rhoda spied a basket with a handle going over the middle like a high bridge, and a cover which opened on each side.

"It's hen eggs," said Rhoda.

"No, it isn't hen eggs; it's quilt pieces. They belonged to my sister—"

"That's my Aunt Rhoda. I know her. She lives in the country, and brings sausage and apples when she comes to see us."

"Yes," said mother. "And once, a long time ago, there was to be a great fair in the town that was nearest to us. Our mother thought it would be a very nice thing for Rhoda to piece a quilt to put in the fair, while I was to bake some bread. Your poor Aunt Rhoda worked and worked; but there were so many butterflies to chase that summer, and the plum thicket was so lovely to crawl through, that somehow September came round and found the quilt just half-done. So when you were a little baby, and we began to call you Rhoda, your aunt sent you the quilt pieces, and hoped that some day you would finish the big quilt."

"To send Aunt Rhoda for a Christmas present—right now, to-day?" asked Rhoda, her fingers fairly aching to pull out all the stacks of gay calico pieces and begin at once.

But mother shook her head. "Not yet, little daughter, not yet a while," she said.

But she took out some of the pieces and showed Rhoda how they went together—four of the littlest squares to make one big one, next to that a big pink one, and then four more little ones to make a big one.

"Did you make your bread, mother?" the little girl asked, as they closed the basket and started down-stairs.

"No, that was the queer part of it. When the fair-time came Rhoda and I both had—what do you think? Mumps! And I couldn't cook. So poor grandma had nothing to show how clever her daughters were."

After dinner Rhoda disappeared, and mother was too busy to notice until Rhoda's father came home. Nobody knew where she was, so he started out to hunt for her.

Father was troubled, and as soon as he was troubled mother began to worry, and when mother worried Lawrence got scared, and the baby stopped laughing, and cried instead.

"I'll get the lantern," said father, and started to the attic three steps at a time, with a lighted candle in his hand.

In a minute they heard him give a shout, and his voice sounded so happy that they both ran after him, as many steps at a time as they possibly could. When they got there father was just gathering a bundle from the floor into his arms, and the candle was shining right on two fast-shut eyes and a head of tousled curls. All about were scattered quilt pieces, big and little, and Rhoda opened her eyes long enough to say, sleepily, "I most made Aunt Rhoda's quilt right this very minute."

And sure enough, when mother examined closely, she found that little "Now-and-Ready" had sewed in the one afternoon nearly as much as the other Rhoda years ago had done in the whole long summer. It was not Christmas when the big quilt was sent away, all finished and packed neatly in white tissue-paper and with a little sachet bag—it was the twentieth day of November, just two weeks after it was taken out of the basket.—*Augusta Kortrecht, in Youth's Companion.*

### Teaching Him to Be Honest.

Fifteen or twenty years ago Bill Smith was a well known character in a Missouri town whose name need not be mentioned here. Bill was a colored boy who roamed the streets at will. One day he found a pocketbook containing \$40, and the owner's name was stamped on the book. But Bill burned the pocketbook and spent the \$40 in riotous living. Of course it was found out and Bill was arrested, tried and found guilty, and sent to the penitentiary for two years. He served his time, and when he emerged he knew something about making shoes. The day he returned to his home town an old acquaintance met him and asked:

"Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Bill?"

"They started to make an honest boy out of me, sah."

"That's good, Bill, and I hope they succeeded."

"Ded did, sah."

"And how did they teach you to be honest, Bill?"

"They done put me in de shop, sah, nailing pasteboard outer shoes to soles, sah."—*The Commoner.*

### His Alma Mater.

"I thought," said the irritable old head of the firm, "that you said when I hired you that you had taken a course of instructions at an academy!"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"Well, do you mean to tell me that any one could go through an academy and spell the way you do? Look at that letter. Half the words are misspelled; and what do you mean by making me say 'has come'? Confound you, if I hadn't glanced over this thing after you'd got it copied the man it's written to would think me a fool! Come, own up, now! What academy was this that you attended?"

"It—it was Professor De Flippendale's dancing academy, sir."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Football of the Association pattern is the fashion in Austria-Hungary.



## With the Funny fellows

### Candid.

I cannot sing the old songs now That oft of yore I'd chant; And all who ever heard me sing Thank heaven that I can't. —*San Francisco Call.*

### Superfluous Question.

"Do you tip the waiter when you dine?"

"Do I look starved?" — *Milwaukee Sentinel.*

### She "Enjoys Poor Health."

Hewitt—"Is your wife well and happy?"

Jewett—"She is never happy when she is well."

### Succeeded.

"My wife married me to spite somebody."

"Who was it?"

"Me, I think."—*Cleveland Leader.*

### Perseverous.

Stella—"Is Mabel stingy?"

Bella—"Awfully. I insisted for twenty blocks that she allow me to pay the car fare, and she did."—*New York Sun.*

### Evidently.

Captain Longaway—"Did that pretty Mrs. Young ever get over her husband's death?"

Bob Innocent—"Which one—her first or second?"

### Is It?

"Well, we've got the bees up a tree."

"Have, eh?"

"Betcher life."

"Sure it ain't a plum tree?"

### Not Profitable.

"Of course, the professor is a pretty shabby old fellow, but he understands at least a dozen languages."

"H'm! but he doesn't hear money talk in any of them."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

### Panama's Motto.

"Here is the motto selected for the Panama Canal," said the man who reads the papers. "Listen: 'The land divided; the world united.'"

"Huh," declared the pessimist, "it should be 'Get in and dig.'"

### Just a Slight Jolt.

Miss Cutting—"Some men are as easy to read as a book."

Sapleigh—"Yaws, I presume so. But can you—aw—read me that way?"

Miss Cutting—"Of course not. I read you like a paragraph."—*Columbus Dispatch.*

### Strongly Recommended.

"And what recommendations has this man whom you are pushing so vigorously for the presidency of our insurance company?"

"He is an unmarried orphan with no brothers or sisters."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### The Myrridon Eleven.

Achilles was bemoaning his vulnerable heel.

"That's nothing," they assured him; "suppose the faculty had dropped you from the eleven for poor scholarship?"

Herewith he realized the danger of possible death was a mere trifle.

### Careful Girlie.

"These newspaper statements that I only knew my husband for one day before our marriage are all nonsense," declared the heroine of the latest sensational elopement.

"Then you really knew him longer?"

"Why, of course. I knew him two weeks."

### A Sop to Cerberus.

Citizen—"What have you on that placard?"

Subbubs—"It's a motto. 'Down with Norway!'"

Citizen—"What do you care about Norway?"

Subbubs—"Oh, I've just hired a Swede cook."

### Poudre Riz.

Lieutenant Dashleigh—"I can't think why all the girls make such a hero of Captain Jiggers. Why, he's never smelled powder."

Major Juggins—"Oh, I don't know. He's been out in the conservatory with Miss Puffer for an hour this evening."—*Cleveland Leader.*

### The Point of View.

"Henry, if I were a young man like you and expected to have to make my own way in the world some day I should try to make my expenses come within my income."

"Father, if I were as rich as you are and had only one son I'd try to bring his income up to his expenses."—*Chicago Tribune.*

### His Adjective Falls Him.

"How were the acrobats at the circus?" we asked of the New York man.

"Fierce."

"And the bareback riders?"

"Oh, fierce."

"And the clowns?"

"Fierce."

"And the animals?"

"Fier—no, they were sleepy old brutes."

### The Bright Side.

"Yes," replied the cheerful man, "but it is not half so bad as it might have been."

"I don't see how it could be much worse," exclaimed his friend.

"Why," was the answer, "just think what might have been done if all the members of the McCurdy family had been twins."—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

### Fonted Paragraphs.

There is room at the top for the man who can push the other fellow off.

Woman's rights furnish a topic for conversation more often than man's wrongs.

All women are angels figuratively speaking—and if wise they'll let it go at that.

This is the Approved Method. She runs to the gate as he comes, there to meet him; The joy that she feels in her arms is expressed. With wildly embraces she lovingly greets him; She knows he is weary and needs a good rest. But first, it is certain he ought to have dinner. He'll feel a deal better, she's sure, after that. The lady is what we would all call a "winner." She knows what to do when she wants a new hat.

She wears his pet gown and she's mighty good looking; She has, which is lucky, his favorite dish; The coffee is worthy the rest of the cooking; He seems to have all a mere mortal could wish. She talks to him gayly, her silvery laughter Rings out at his joking so ready and tender. He has his suspicions of what she is after. But then it is cheap at the price of a hat.

She brings his old jacket when dinner is ended, His slippers and pipe, not forgetting the match. And when on the lounge he is fairly extended She gets out her basket to darn and to patch. Oh, slyly may sneer at the marriage relation. But what half so sweet as that nice cozy chat? And what does it matter if soon conversation Inensibly turns to a new winter hat? —*Chicago News.*

### Sweeter.

Where the river brawls loud In the depths of the glen, And the trees bend above, I can see you again; I can see the blue grapes. And can hear the stream call Us away to the meadows, Where daisies are tall.

And the cliffs are as high And as broken and brown, And the path that of old We so oft clambered down Still twists down its face As it then used to do. Past each steep where of old I was glad to help you.

And I know the huge rock Splits the torrent in two, And I know where the shallow Sang sweetest to you. And I know that these memories Are sweeter by far Than the scenes of to-day That I wander in are. —*Heaton.*

### Steries Told of Prof. Park.

Prof. Park, so long the "special light at Andover Theological Seminary, when a young man studied in Germany. His acute mind made him the terror of the professors. The eminent Dr. Theiluck, after being driven into a corner in an argument with the young American, exclaimed, "Now I am sorry that Columbus discovered America."

When Prof. Park, at Andover, was asked by a student the reason for the tower of Pisa, he quickly answered: "No doubt the contractor did not pay his men promptly, so that they were compelled to put a lean on the tower."

Prof. Park was very particular to call his students by name. One day he met a man by the name of Jones. Not wishing to betray the fact that he could not recall his name, he said: "By the way, how do you spell your name?" The student with some surprise, exclaimed: "Jo-n-e-s. Is there any other way of spelling it?"

Father is always after us children to save our money. "And do you follow his advice?" "We did for a while, but what's the use? The old man borrows it all." So, 6-'06.

### OVER SEA HABIT

#### Difference on This Side the Water.

The persistent effect upon the heart of caffeine in coffee cannot but result in the gravest conditions, in time. Each attack of the drug (and that means each cup of coffee) weakens the organs a little more, and the end is almost a matter of mathematical demonstration. A lady writes from a Western State:

"I am of German descent and it was natural that I should learn at a very early age to drink coffee. Until I was twenty-three years old I drank scarcely anything else at my meals.

"A few years ago I began to be affected by a steadily increasing nervousness, which eventually developed into a distressing heart trouble that made me very weak and miserable. Then, some three years ago, was added asthma in its worst form. My sufferings from these things can be better imagined than described.

"During all this time my husband realized more fully than I did that coffee was injurious to me, and made every effort to make me stop.

"Finally it was decided a few months ago, to quit the use of coffee absolutely, and to adopt Postum Food Coffee as our hot table drink. I had but little idea that it would help me, but consented to try it to please my husband. I prepared it very carefully, exactly according to directions, and was delighted with its delicious flavor and refreshing qualities.

"Just so soon as the poison from the coffee had time to get out of my system the nutritive properties of the Postum began to build me up, and I am now fully recovered from all my nervousness, heart trouble and asthma. I gladly acknowledge that now, for the first time in years, I enjoy perfect health, and that I owe it all to Postum. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in package. Postum Food Coffee contains no drugs of any description whatsoever.