

FLOUNDER STRIKING.

A SPORT OF THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTHERN COAST.

It Puzzeles White Man, but the Darky Can Hit a Flounder With His Spear Where You Would See Only Mud. The Expert Fisherman Never Misses His Fish.

Did you ever "strike" a flounder? Probably not unless you have lived or passed some time on the coast of the southern states.

One lovely August evening, just before sunset, as I stood on the back porch of our summer home on the coast of South Carolina, I noticed that our boy Bob, a great big black cheerful looking fellow about 19 years old, as lazy a rascal and as big a thief as his whole race could produce, seemed to be very busy over a boat at the little wharf only a short distance from the house, and as I stood there watching him the mystery was explained.

Noticing that I was watching him with a good deal of interest, he came up to the steps and removing the tattered rim of what was once a felt hat, said:

"Boss man, I've goin' 'errik'n flounder tonight—like to go 'long? It's easy 'nuff," he said. "Just put on ole chuse that don't matter 'bout wettin' and I'll call for you after supper."

After having finished supper and enjoyed a cigar and a stroll on the beach, watching the bathers in the surf and spying a distant sail on the horizon, I proceeded to dress for the occasion. Taking Bob's advice, I selected an old pair of baseball shoes, an ancient pair of cadet trousers that had stood the test of many a dress parade—a relic of my "rat" year—a cap of the same description and a flannel shirt and a heavy coat, for it was cool on the water after sunset, even in midsummer, not forgetting to take a good supply of tobacco and a pipe to keep off the guats and sand flies and a plug of chewing tobacco for my companion. Negroes always claim to be out when a white man is around.

I joined Bob at the back door, and we made our way down to the landing. Here we found a large flat bottomed scow, on one side of which was fixed an old grate, in which a fire was burning fiercely, while at the other end was a huge pile of dry oak, with plenty of fat pine for kindling. Standing in the boat was a colored boy of about the same size and blackness of my attendant, whom Bob designated to me as "my mammy's sister Sally's boy, Rufe."

Greeting the grinning Rufe, who replied by scrapping the bottom of the boat with one foot, while he touched where his hat would have been had he worn any, for no such article encumbered his woolly crown, we all made ourselves comfortable. Bob, standing at the bow, Rufe at the stern, with a pole, while I was invited to take the middle seat near the fire and requested to keep the boat clear of water, which as soon as we began our journey rushed through the many crevices with astonishing rapidity.

The night was very dark, but lighted by our fire we began to follow the shore, and our flat bottom enabled us to keep in very close. And now came to me what was the strangest part of the proceeding. Bob, standing, as I have said, in the bow, armed with a striking pole, which is simply a heavy rod about 8 feet long, with a two pronged fork at one end, kept his eyes fixed on the water, which was brightly lit up for several feet in front of the boat, while he held the pole raised in his right hand. All at once, and without a word, he suddenly thrust the pole into the water in front of him, and with a chuckle of triumph dashed the pole into the bottom of the boat, and struggling and splashing around was a dark flat object about a foot long, with two great gaping wounds made by the prongs of the fork. The flounder was exactly the color of the bottom of the water and very flat, and how on earth anybody, even a hungry negro, could distinguish it with the boat going at a pretty rapid rate was something I could not make out and have never been able to fathom.

To be sure, the water was quite shallow, ranging in depth from 1 to 3 feet, and the light from the fire was very bright, but when you take into consideration the fact that the soil was almost black and very muddy and soft, and that the fish almost bury themselves therein, it will be seen that it requires no small amount of skill and quickness to detect the flounder with the boat being rapidly poled along.

And I never saw Bob miss. It would be natural to suppose that the "striker" would occasionally mistake some object for a flounder in waters that teemed with all kinds of fish, or that sometimes he would fail to secure the fish, even if he struck correctly, for it is a known fact that "the biggest fish I ever caught was the one that got away," but no, I never knew Bob or any of the other many negroes whom I afterward saw out "striking" to be guilty of failure. Sometimes the flounder would be picked by only one prong instead of two, and sometimes the wound would be very near the side of the fish, but secure him they always did.

That night we were out about two hours and secured eight of as fine flounders as I ever saw, ranging in size from 10 to 15 inches, three of which furnished a very fine breakfast dish the next morning.—Philadelphia Times.

Quality Against Quantity.
As regards woman suffrage, New York, with all its fashionable furor, is still in that stage of the agitation—passed years ago in Boston—where the "anties" seek to make an impression by claiming "quality as against quantity" of names in their petitions. To put forward this rather vulgar boast was soon found to be very indiscreet campaigning in New England and a powerful help to the other side.—Boston Transcript.

MARKED ALIKE.

A Weird Story of Two Men Whose Singular Wounds Were the Same.

I am not a believer in ghosts, rain carnations or the supernatural in any shape, but I had a singular experience some years ago which I have never been able to account for satisfactorily," said J. P. Lacroix of Montreal.

I was second mate of a merchant ship in 1882. Among the crew was a tough customer named Lander, always in trouble. He had a frightful scar, extending from brow to chin, the result of a dock fight. He had a bullet wound which had taken away the lobe of his right ear, besides a peculiar protuberance like a wen on his forehead. I would take my oath there was not another man alive marked just like him. At the end of the voyage Lander killed his wife and cut his own throat. He served the windpipe, but he recovered. The wound in his throat healed, but left a hole, which he had to cover with his hand when he spoke. He breathed through a silver tube. He was tried and convicted, and happening to be in port I was present at the hanging and saw the body buried.

"In 1890 I was on the gold coast of Africa. Ashore one day I came across a man boasting a gang of negro laborers. His form seemed strangely familiar, and I started with surprise when I saw him place his hand over his throat when giving some orders. Going closer, I saw the scar, the wen, the lobeless ear, the hole in the throat, the silver tube and every feature and characteristic of a man I saw hanged and buried. I got into conversation with him. He said his name was Dauler. He was unable to tell how he came by the wound in his throat, ear and face. He said he must have had a long illness. He remembered being in a hospital, he said, but it was like a dream, and he had no recollection of his life before that.

"He said he remembered, while still ill, taking a long voyage—he didn't know where from—until he had landed where I met him. He told me my face looked like one he had seen in a dream, but he knew he had never seen me before. How do I account for it? I don't try to. I am only telling the facts. I don't know whether Dauler was Lander come to life again or a reincarnation of him. Maybe Lander's neck was not broken and some scientific chap had been experimenting on him with a battery. All I know is that no two men could possibly be marked in exactly the same way. If it was Lander, he was greatly benefited by the change, as on inquiry I found that he bore a splendid reputation as a quiet, law abiding, peaceable citizen."—Chicago Times.

FAMILY HANDWRITING.

Experts say All of a Generation Have the Same Characteristics.

Experts in handwriting say that all the people of a single generation write alike, and it is well known that most French handwriting has a strong family likeness to the eyes of other than Frenchmen. Nearly all Chinamen of the washhouse class look alike to superficial observers, and persons accustomed to colored persons find difficulty in distinguishing one from another.

It needs, however, a comparison of two or three family photograph albums of 20 or 30 years ago to convince men and women of today that there are striking similarities of likeness running through Americans of a given generation. All these old albums show curious resemblances, chiefly perhaps of dress and face, but sufficiently striking for one family album at first glance to be taken for another. As page after page of each is turned over there is the same succession of men, women and children in full figure, sitting, standing, posed in groups of two or three, with hats, without hats, draped in shawls, and minutely dressed in their best for the occasion.

The photographers of those days chose, for reasons of their own, to make full length pictures, and as they were unusually small costume counted for a great deal and helped to intensify the general likeness running the whole generation.—Philadelphia Press.

Carnot and Jean Carries.

The death of Jean Carries, the sculptor, recalls an anecdote in which he and the late President Carnot were the principal actors. The artist's busts and figures at the Champ de Mars excited the admiration of all, and they were deservedly placed in the first rank. M. Carnot, when on his visit to the salon, noticed an old man, who seemed much moved on seeing him, standing before the works of art of the sculptor. Some one said to the president, after pointing out the artist: "Here is need for reparation. M. le President. Carries is one of our most skillful men of art, and he is not yet decorated." Forthwith M. Carnot detached from the buttonhole of one of the officers of the military household in the place of a cross of the Legion of Honor and placed it himself on the breast of Jean Carries. The next day, in the Official, the artist was named a chevalier of the order.—London Figaro.

Stanford's Retort.

Once Senator Stanford was traveling through California in his private car. The train had stopped at a small town, and the senator was leisurely strolling back and forth on the platform at the depot. A baggage man was unloading trunks, and in doing so carelessly pitched one onto the platform, and it burst open. The senator looked at it and remarked, "Well, that's a shame." The baggage man immediately asked, "Do you own this trunk?" The answer came quickly, "No, young man, but I own this road."—Horseman.

It is said that Lord Campbell was often overbearing and irritable. A lawyer who had long struggled against the chief justice's criticisms finally folded up his brief and remarked, "I will retire, my lord, and no longer trespass on your lordship's impatience."

ODDITIES OF SCOTCHMEN.

Some Delightful Eccentricities Pointed Out by an Excellent Authority.

Some delightful oddities of Scotch character are given in Wilnot Harrison's new book, says The Scottish American.

Professor Adam Ferguson, the author of "Roman History," at whose house Burns and Scott met for the first and only time, eschewed wine and animal food, "but huge masses of milk and vegetables disappeared before him." In addition, his temperature was regulated by Fahrenheit, and often, when sitting quite comfortably, he would start up and put his wife and daughters in commotion because his eye had fallen on the instrument and he was a degree too hot or too cold. Yet at the age of 73 he started for Italy with but a single companion to prepare for a new edition of his "Roman History," nor did he die till he had attained the age of 92.

Another "character" is Dr. Alexander Adam, rector of the high school and author of a work on Roman antiquities and a man of extraordinary industry. When at college, he lived on oatmeal and small beans, with an occasional penny loaf, in a lodging which cost him fourpence a week. In later life he devoted himself absolutely to the work of teaching. In addition to his classes in the high school he appears to have had for his private pupils some of the most eminent Scotchmen of his day.

Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, a member of a Scottish family distinguished during several generations in connection both with church and state, appears to have given wonderful Sunday support. "This most admirable and somewhat old-fashioned gentleman was one of those who always dined between sermons, probably without touching wine. He then walked back from his small house in the east end of Queen street to his church, with his hands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane and his cardinal's stick, preached, if it was his turn, a sensible practical sermon, walked home in the same style, took tea about 8, spent some hours in his study, at 9 had family prayers, at which he was delighted to see the friends of his sons, after which the whole party sat down to roasted hares, goblets of wine and his powerful talk."

NOT A TRUE MURPHY.

He Had the Name and the Physique, but Lacked the Progress.

A Boston scion of the great Celtic family of Murphy, while traveling in Ireland recently, came across a little village where the man who did not bear his patronymic was regarded as a curiosity. While wandering about this interesting hamlet he chanced to come upon a little tavern, and being thirsty entered the taproom for beer. He there learned that the traveler was considerably above the average in stature, and this was noticed by two old habitués sitting by the fire. One of these presently remarked to his companion, "Mike, that gentleman is taller than Jerry Murphy, O' think." "Ah, now," replied the other, "he's not"—with a rising reflection on the end of the sentence. "Yis, he is," retorted the first, "with conviction. 'Can't O' see Jerry's mark there on the durn'!"

The traveler's attention was then called to a doorstep whereon was marked the stature of four men, all over 6 feet 4 inches in height. The tallest was Jerry Murphy, and his mark was 6 feet 8 1/2 inches. Accepting this challenge, the traveler stepped up to the doorstep and had his height marked, and, lo! it was a full half inch above that of Jerry.

When he had written his name over his mark, for he noticed that the others were so designated, and that they were all Murphys, some one present called out, "He's a Murphy too!" But one of the old fellows by the fire would not have it so and replied: "Inlads he's not. He hasn't got the brogue!"—Boston Transcript.

Enameling Cast Iron.

It is noted as a somewhat singular fact that there are not more than two processes for enameling cast iron, notwithstanding the amount of ingenious effort put forth in this direction. One of these is the hot process, in which the iron, heated to a vivid red, is powdered with a flux powder, boracilicate of lead distributed with a sieve, then heated, and when the flux fuses it is powdered again with glass more soluble, forming the glass of the enamel, but this operation is attended with danger and is not adapted to large articles or for decoration. The second process, which meets the objections named, consists in dressing or coating the article first with magnetic oxide, then dipping it in boracilicate of lead, colored by metallic oxides, to which is added a little pipe clay, in order to give rather more body. The article thus covered cold, by dipping or with brushes, is put into the furnace, the enamel adhering and vitrifying at the usual furnace temperature used by enamellers, and by putting a coating of colored enamel with a brush on a first coat simply plain it is possible to make any decorations desired, which may be burnt in at one operation for outdoor vases, etc.—New York Sun.

Meat Water.

Every good cook is careful to dispose at once of the water in which meat has been washed. Only a very few hours are necessary to change it into a foul smelling liquid if the temperature is suitable. This change is due to a little plant called Bacterium termo. A drop of this putrid material under the microscope reveals many thousands of them, acting under a peculiar vibratile motion.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind for the moment, realizes itself.—Mrs. Jameson.

The manuscripts of Fenelon show no changes. It is said there are not 10 erasures in a hundred pages.

HOW PETE WAS CURED.

WHAT HIS SHORT STAY IN LOUISIANA DID FOR HIM.

Bill Zach Thought Pete Raine Was Able and Stout Like Him Away—Frank said Pete Came Back Completely Changed.

"I never knew any one but Raine that had ever been to Louisiana," said Slote Bondell of Gibson county, Tenn., "and I never heard him word against it, but from the way he acted when he came back to Tenn. from there I can't say that I gathered the idea that Louisiana held out many inducements for folks to go there to stay—that is, if the district Pete Raine went to was any fair sample of the way things strike visitors in Louisiana. That district was Tangipahoa parish. I saw Pete when he started for Tangipahoa parish, and I saw him just after he got back. That's why I can't get up and shout much when I hear folks brag about Louisiana, although Pete never said a word. There was good reason for that, though."

"Now, I s'pose that when I s'pose to remark that Tennessee is the garden spot of all creation some folks'll sneer and maybe snort. But they wouldn't if they knew how 'blessed they'd be if they could ever strike luck enough to be turned loose in Gibson county once, especially around where Humboldt is. William Zachariah Raine lives there."

"One day, two years or so ago, Bill Zach said to Frank—Frank was a squire that worked for Bill Zach, and a good one he was, too—'Frank,' said Bill Zach, 'there ain't no kind o' way we got to do something with Pete. The better I treat him the worse he acts. He won't plow, and he won't do nothing that ain't unbecomingly. Kicked the hay mare in the belly this morning, and she won't be worth a penny more for a week. Chased the old man from the cowyard clear to the house and into the house and followed her half way up the kitchen stairs. There ain't any living with Pete any longer. Something's got to be done. Guess I'll send him 'long with you down into Louisiana.'"

"Golly!" said Frank. "Who'll look me back ag'in deal? Pete he'll be a real dead nigger can't walk back from 'Wagyanah'!"

"But Bill Zach had made up his mind, and the wife had to go with Plunk, dead nigger or no dead nigger."

"Guess I forgot to say before that Pete Raine was a male, and a squire, and he was too! Bill Zach raised him. He was 8 years old when all this happened, and I'll bet his ears were a foot and a half long. His tail was as long as his ears, but it had a tuft on it like a common swab. Pete was fat as a pig, and his hide glistened like a dandy's face in a green cornfield. But Pete wasn't suitable. He had a way of looking and acting and fighting on the edge of the ground and without any provocation that made him practically the boss of things around Bill Zach's place, and he knew it. Bill Zach bought a place a couple of years ago down in Tangipahoa parish, La., to which he intended to send Plunk down to work, and so he thought he'd get rid of Pete in a merciful sort of way by sending him down there, too. Although it might be that he'd get rid of Plunk at the same time."

"They shipped Pete on the railroad, and he went away tickled to death. He had it in his mind that he was going into a wider field to spread his goodness in, and he fairly yelled with delight in his car when the train pulled out. It is 180 miles from Humboldt to Tangipahoa parish by rail. When they unloaded Pete down there, he came out smiling. He thought he had it in for that country and would make his mark. But he hadn't looked around much before dejection seemed to seize him. Plunk had never seen Pete down there, and he got scared. Plunk was a squire, easy still when Pete was living in the plow and dragged it all day without once lifting his ears or his head."

"I bet dis whole plantation, gin, cotton, sugar, what ain't looked at, ain't looked at, dat day's a yartquake's worth in dat soil, an' dat when it tumbles in, it'll dis nigger clean, an' de cotton, de sugar, de sugar!"

"But it wasn't so. The male got down in the dumps, and he was very, very day, and after Pete had been in Louisiana a week Plunk went over the field after him one day, and there was no mule to be seen. Plunk hunted all over that country for three days, then couldn't find any trace of Pete. Then Plunk went west to Bill Zach, and the mule had gone off somewhere and what? And Bill Zach was glad. About three weeks after that Bill Zach was situated out of his sleep at half past 4 in the morning by a noise that awakened him. He listened. The noise began again. It rattled the windows; it flashed among the hills; it waited; it yelped; it howled."

"Pete, by the living jumper!" yelled Bill Zach, jumping out of bed and hurrying to the door. A mule was heading wearily against the front fence. He was thin and scraggy, his eyes were hollow and his ears half way to his knees, like a yaller hound's. When this mule saw Bill Zach at the door, he lifted up his voice again and scolded away. It was Pete, back from Louisiana. It is 500 miles from Tangipahoa parish to Humboldt by road, and so you may know what Pete must have thought of Louisiana to take his overburdened heart with him, so to speak, and pull out for Tennessee on the hoof. Pete was as sick as ever, he was in a few days and started in to be pretty near as easy and contented as ever, but Bill Zach said one day to his wife when Pete was by:

"I'm going to send Pete back to Tangipahoa parish again, Susan."

"Pete dropped his ears and walked away, and ever since then he has been the best mule in the whole of Gibson county, and Bill Zach wouldn't take \$1,000 for him."—New York Sun.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

Reminiscence of an English Emigrant, but Two Centuries Ago.

"A good many years ago the Commonwealth Indians used to hunt and annoy the people of Tangipahoa parish, and they were very much annoyed. I saw the Indians who were the worst of the lot, and they were very much annoyed. I saw the Indians who were the worst of the lot, and they were very much annoyed. I saw the Indians who were the worst of the lot, and they were very much annoyed."

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