

HE CAUGHT A SUCKER.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A MAN WHO FOR-TIFIED HIS POCKETS WITH FISH-HOOKS.

"Bill Charters," said a man in a Main street cigar store to a Mail reporter, "was found of fishing. On winter evenings at home, if he had nothing better to do, he would haul out his fishing tackle and inspect it thoroughly, and then, after making two or three newfangled fly-hooks, he'd place the outfit back in its box, at the same time knowing that he'd be unable to use his tackle for probably six months.

"Bill lived in Boston when I first knew him. That was eighteen or twenty years ago. He was a tinsmith by trade. I went up one night to see him concerning some work he had been on for several days. Bill was in the dining-room examining his fishing tackle when I entered.

"One huge batch of hooks attracted my attention. There were probably thirty very small eye hooks, all sewed securely to a jagged piece of cloth string drilling—about the size of your hand.

"Bill," said I, taking the hook-covered cloth in my hand, "did you ever catch any fish with this arrangement?"

"Yes, sir," he answered with a laugh, "I caught a sucker on that collection last fall that weighed 100 pounds."

"Where and how?" I asked, hardly knowing what Bill meant, as I had never seen a sucker that weighed more than three or four pounds."

"Just this way," replied Bill. One night my wife and I decided to go to the theater. When we reached the box office there was a perfect jam of people. I left my wife near the door while I struggled bravely to reach the ticket window. I asked for two dress circle tickets and when I put my hand in my pocket to get the money to pay for them I discovered that my pocketbook was gone.

"Stolen!" exclaimed I and retreated. "Mrs. Charters and I walked home. She felt disappointed; she wanted to see that play. A thought struck me instantly, and just as quickly as possible I put my plan into execution. Turning my money pocket inside out, I hastily sewed all the small fishhooks I had on the inside of that pocket in such a manner that when my pocket was shoved back to its proper position the barbs of the hooks stood out and pointed downward.

"I took some more money with me—but I placed it in another pocket—and again we started for the theater. There was still considerable of a crowd in the neighborhood of the box office, and once more I began edging my way through for the purpose of procuring tickets. I allowed my fish-hook money pocket to take care of itself.

"Just as I was being handed my ticket I felt a bite. I attempted to turn round, when I found I had hooked a fine-looking sucker in the shape of a well-dressed man, who wore a shiny tile. I paid no attention to his tugging at my pocket, as I knew after one or two tugs he'd quit. When I reached my wife she said: 'William who is this gentleman with you?' I told her he was a very particular friend of mine.

An officer standing at the door accompanied my friend and me, at my request, into an adjoining room where I explained matters. I recovered my lost pocketbook and greenbacks. It was keeping company with seven other similarly situated purses. I had cut the pocket out to hand the thief over to the officer, but it was returned to me after the doctor succeeded in getting the hooks out of the fellow's hand.

"Yes," continued Bill, "he was the biggest sucker I ever caught—must have weighed at least 100 pounds. And this is no fish story, either.

The Nerves and the Moods.

Nothing in nature is more marvelous than the net-work of nerves constituting what we sometimes carelessly call our nervous system. Each nerve is a telegraphic cord in itself. Each is a part of the whole complex and inimitable system of telegraphy by which messages from the headquarters in the brain are sent to the minute stations in the extremities. If this telegraphic system of nerves were erected on diminutive poles outside of our bodies, it would be a most peculiar exhibit. Happily for us, our nervous systems are, as it were, a harmonious arrangement of underground wires, carefully buried within us, and deftly concealed from outside observation. We can not see them, nor know whether they are too slack or too tightly strained. We can tell when they are disturbed, for neuralkic agony shoots along their course from station to station. When we are glum, and dismal, and low-spirited, the telegraphic apparatus is out of order, and the forces are demoralized. When nerves work wrong, it is as when telegraphic poles are shaky or wires tangled or crossed, or currents irregular, or batteries confused. According to the irregularity of our nerves, so are our irregular moods. If all is right, we are happy and cheery and sunshiny. But let the batteries blunder, or the currents cross, or the wires become entangled, and we are irritable, sulky, ill-tempered or angry, as the case may be. In some of our distressful moods we pout, and sulk, and misinterpret, and misunderstand. We take offense where no offense is intended, and we impute to other's mo-

tives which are never conceived by them. At times when the moods are out of sort, we think the whole world is persecuting us, and we, the afflicted objects of persecution, are, above all other human creatures, singled out for martyrdom. There are circumstances under which most of us can, without insuperable difficulty, rise from the moodiness which is brought about by letting the nerves have their own way. Mental and physical diet has much to do with it. Brooding over real sorrows and imaginary miseries will make the best of us 'moody and wretched. Nursing grief and affronts and telling the sad story of our woes has as depressing an effect as narcotic drugs. Sleeping in unventilated rooms often produces chronic wretchedness, even if these rooms be furnished with the appliances of wealth and refinement. Association with grim persons is depressing and dispiriting. Good health, mental, spiritual, and bodily, is worth working for. It casts out the malaria of moodiness and lifts us into the sunlight of joy. Good health is more easily attained than most folks suppose.

AMERICANS WHO DIE ABROAD.

THE GREAT TROUBLE INVOLVED IN HAVING THE REMAINS TAKEN HOME.

It estimated by the transatlantic steamship companies that at least sixty thousand Americans land at English seaports every year says a London letter to the *New York World*. Naturally many tourists die abroad and their bodies are taken home for burial, but just how many very few people have any idea, except the American consuls at London and Liverpool and the agents of the steamship companies. To get the dead body of an American who died in England home for burial it is necessary to disguise the shipping records and conduct the whole sad proceeding in a singularly surreptitious manner. For years matters of this kind have been arranged by a convenient connivance between the American consulates and the steamship companies. There is no legal provision for an American consul to England to send home a body as such. And yet to prevent interference from custom-house officers on the other side the consul must be consulted in the matter. His only resource is to have the body sealed for shipment in the presence of his deputy, and certify to the invoice as "a specimen of natural history." The unfortunate American who dies in England goes home nameless to some consigne in his native town and is officially treated precisely as an article of merchandise.

Of course the steamship agents are informed, and they in turn are compelled to resort to a little deception on their own part. To say nothing of possible objections from passengers, sailors are proverbially superstitious and will not sail on a vessel with a dead body if they can help it. Consequently bodies are always taken on board at night with miscellaneous freight and disguised in packing-cases that make the deception complete. The entire undertaking is very costly, and could not be managed at all but for the courteous sympathy shown by the consuls and steamship agents for Americans far from home and in distress. At some of the London hotels an extra charge of £10 is made if a guest dies in the house, no matter what the cause of death may be. A few years ago the Langham hotel, for a long time the chief resort of Americans, used to have notices to that effect posted in the bedrooms.

Fighting Quakers.

Many anecdotes of the early Quakers are preserved in Philadelphia to show how, even under Penn's rule, the impulses of human nature struggled against their rigid laws of duty and submission. Not a few of the young men of Quaker families served in the revolutionary army and in the navy in 1812, and wore on the field their broad-brimmed hats and snad-bellied coats.

It is said that one of these young "Fighting Quakers," as they were called, met his father on the street on his return home. The old man laid his hand rebukingly on his son's arm, saying: "The wool in thy coat was sheared from my sheep, and woven in thy mother's loom, yet there is blood on it!"

"And the blood is thy blood," boldly replied the young man. "If thou hadst been twenty instead of sixty, thou, too wouldst have fought under Washington."

"Zachariah!" stammered the old man. "It may be so, Zachariah. Thou hadst better go in to thy dinner."

A well-known story is that of a friend who was in a sailing vessel boarded by a British press gang in 1812. He paced the deck with folded arms during the fight, until he saw one of the assailants climbing on deck by means of a cable.

"Friend, dost thou want that rope?" he said, calmly, hurrying up knife in hand. "Thou shalt have it," and he cut it. The man dropped into the sea.

A better authenticated story is of a grave old Quaker, two of whose sons went into the late civil war without his knowledge. The younger son was fired, as was almost every other young man at time, from Maine to Florida, with the wish to give his life for the cause which he believed just. He had accepted a commission, but he did not

wish to go without his father's consent.

He took occasion to make his preparations rather ostentatiously in his father's sight, laid out his officer's uniform, and tried to attract attention, but all in vain. As a last resort, he seated himself in the room where the old man was pacing up and down, and began to polish his sword.

His father watched him, with a face growing paler and with dim eyes. At last he went up to the young man and said quietly: "Samuel, if thee thinks thee must use one of those tools, get the best, and—I will pay for it, Samuel."—*Youth's Companion*.

The Missing Dollar.

Pittsburg special: A large, fashionably dressed man entered a local newspaper office today, accompanied by two others, and extending a silver coin, inquired: "Can you tell me the value of this?" A glance at the coin caused something of a sensation, for unless it was an imitation, the missing dollar of 1804, the piece of silver for which coin collectors had sought in vain for more than three-quarters of a century had turned up at last, and suffered so little from the effects of time and usage that the random appraisal of \$800 placed upon it would not not nearly represent its value to calculating coin dealers or enthusiastic numismatists.

"There are," say the catalogues, "but three silver dollars of the coinage of 1804 in existence. Two of these are accounted for; the third is somewhere in circulation about the country. The value of this missing dollar of 1804, as quoted in the numismatic circulars, is \$800.

When asked where he got the coin, the gentleman said: "From a lightning rod agent, who received it in part payment for work done for a farmer near Auburn, Ind. It was an heirloom in the farmer's family, and had descended to him from his great-grandfather. I bought it from the lightning rod man for \$7. When it first came in my possession it was black with age, but was easily brightened up. From its fine condition it could not have been long in circulation."

"Have you received any offers for it?" "Several. Among others one from a friend in Denver, who thinks he knows a wealthy real estate dealer who will be willing to give \$3000 for the coin. Of course I would sell in an instant for such a price." The gentleman who now possesses the coin is D. Gumper, of Fort Wayne, Ind.

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ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One red yearling STEER, branded what appears to be C 1 on right hip, and has right ear cut off.

Which, if not claimed and taken away before Thursday, November 13th, at 10 o'clock a.m., will be sold to the highest responsible bidder.

J. M. FISHER, Jr., Precinct Poundkeeper. East Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, October 31, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One dark iron gray MARE, two years old, three white feet, white spot in forehead, no brands visible, has halter on.

One sorrel HORSE Colt, 8 or 10 months old, all four legs white half way up, white spot on left side, white strip in face, no brands visible.

If damage and costs on said animals be not paid within fifteen days from date of this notice, they will be sold to the highest cash bidder at West Jordan estray pound, at 10 o'clock on the 15th day of November, 1888.

Dated at West Jordan Precinct, S. L. County, Utah, this 31st day of October, 1888. E. A. BATEMAN, Poundkeeper of said Precinct.

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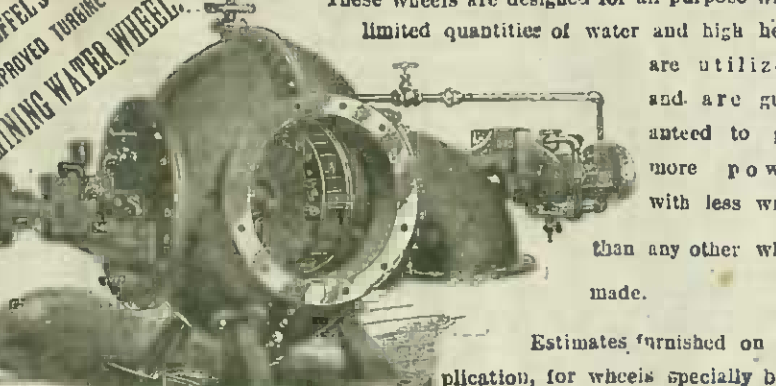
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