

CATCH QUEER FISH

Crew of Trawler Unable to Identify Specimens.

Little Vessel, Coquet, About a Year Out From Aberdeen, Scotland, Springs Surprise on Dealers of Fulton Market.

New York.—Anywhere along South street may be found old sailors who remember the palmy days of the square rigged wind-jammer. But the tribe of ancient mariners were a bit put out the other day when they had to admit that the steam trawler, the Coquet, almost a year out from Aberdeen, Scotland, was a new one "on them." As a matter of fact, in her rusty, blunt bowed way, the Coquet was a considerable surprise to everyone who saw her crawl in past the Hook and up to her berth at one of the Fulton Market piers in the East river.

The Coquet and about three thousand of her kind are as common in Scotch waters as tugboats are here, but not a memory along South street contained a picture of a steam trawler in New York harbor before, nor one on such a mission. She had been trawling about 180 miles off the Hook for a week, just to see what sort of fish could be caught in 150 fathoms of deep blue sea.

Mr. Craig, the Coquet's owner, was on board, and he is what might be called a prospecting fisherman. When the Coquet left Aberdeen she made Nova Scotia and fished off the banks until winter set in, when she laid up and was frozen in. After the ice loosened enough so that the crew could chop her out she began to prospect in the waters along the coast.

She had about five tons of assorted deep sea fish in her hold when she came in the other day. Four and three-quarter tons were species with which Frank Sheeky, her captain, was conversant. But all of Fulton fish market has been scratching its head, collectively and individually, over the other quarter of a ton. Fish that were never heard of and fish that were not even in the books issued by the bureau of fisheries, comprised that other quarter of a ton.

Aside from the originality of a part of her cargo, the little Coquet is somewhat of a novelty herself. Above the water she looks dirty, but businesslike, with no cushions in the wheelhouse and a remarkable absence of white painted railing. She is 110 feet long, 21 feet in beam and draws 14 feet of water. Her registry shows 61 net and 174 gross tonnage. When Captain Sheeky asserted that she had room for 100 tons of fish and 100 tons of coal, everyone wondered where she put it all.

Mr. Craig is waiting until his cargo can be inspected by Chesbro Bros., who will handle it, and see whether it will be a paying proposition for him to fish off New York. If there is nothing to make it worth while hereabouts he intends to take the Coquet into southern waters and try his luck there. Another obstacle he has to surmount is the customs regulations regarding foreign ships entering this port with a cargo of fresh fish. In the catch he has at hand are fluke and butterfish, which at this season are rare.

Australia Discovered in 1499.

Melbourne.—M. Petherick, curator in the historical branch of the federal parliamentary library, claims to possess crowning proofs that Australia was discovered in the year 1499 by Florentine Amerigo Vespucci.

It was in the year 1499 that Amerigo Vespucci visited the American continent, only seven years after Columbus had first sighted it.

The precise date of discovery of Australia has hitherto been doubtful.

IS SHE PURSUING ALFRED VANDERBILT?



GREETS WRONG WOMAN

CLEVELAND MAN MAKES A MOST DEPLORABLE MISTAKE.

She Is Not His Chum's Wife, but Wishes Her Husband Were There to Thrash "Low Wretch."

The Cleveland man's old college chum out in Chicago had written him that his wife and little boy were going through here on their way east to visit her mother. They would be in Cleveland over night, the Chicago chum wrote, and he wanted to know if his old friend here would mind meeting the little wife and kid and taking them out to his house to meet his own wife, and let 'em stay there over night.

Naturally, the Cleveland man wrote back that he would be delighted. He had never met his chum's wife as the marriage had taken place since the two men separated, but the description in her husband's letter seemed sufficient to identify her and her offspring.

"The youngster's a chubby little cuss with sandy hair about like mine," the letter said, "and as for my wife, well, all you have to do is just pick out the niftiest little woman of 25 or so that gets off the train, and if she has with her the sandy-haired youngster before mentioned, and is rather slender, with dark hair, it's a safe bet she's the one."

So the Cleveland man went down to the station and waited for the Chicago train to pull in. Among the first passengers to alight was a charmingly wholesome looking little woman of perhaps 25 years, slender, well-groomed, and good to look upon. She carried a small alligator satchel in one hand, and with the other clutched a small sandy-haired boy.

"This certainly is an easy one," thought the Cleveland man who was to meet the woman and child. "No chance to go wrong here."

As the woman and youngster squeezed through the exit gate, he took off his hat and walked over to meet them. He knew his old friend wouldn't have married a girl without a sense of humor, so he began jauntily: "Well, my orders were to meet the most charming looking woman that got off the train, so—"

He was cut short by the sharp, indignant look the woman gave him.

"Why, my dear girl," he resumed, smiling, "can't you guess who I am? I'm—"

"You're a low wretch trying to take advantage of a woman traveling without an escort," she put in.

"But, madam, Frank wrote me that—"

"I don't know any Frank. I only wish that my husband were here, though, to give you the thrashing you deserve. If you speak another word to me I shall call a policeman."

The Clevelander saw several people looking at him and thought the woman might make a scene if he tried to explain. So he lifted his hat once more and turned away in considerable confusion. On his way out he heard several people talking under their breath, using such phrases as "fresh master," "no respect for a nice woman," and the like.

When he got home he found waiting for him a telegram from his Chicago friend, saying that his wife had found it necessary to go straight through to the east without stopping at Cleveland, after all.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AFRICA A PART OF AMERICA

Discovery of Reptilian Fossils Convincing Scientist Two Countries Were Once Joined.

Berlin.—The saurian fossil discoveries in German East Africa appear to be more important as well as more extensive than at first supposed. Professor Banca, director of the Museum of Paleontology at Berlin, concluding from the similarity of the bones found in Africa and America that those countries were connected in remote geological times.

Some of the bones which have al-

ready reached Berlin and have been set up in the museum beside the skeleton cast of the huge diplodocus presented to the emperor by Andrew Carnegie show that the dinosaurs of Africa were much larger than those of North America, but of such striking similarity as to indicate that they belong to the same species.

Professor Janesch, the scientist, who headed the expedition to recover the fossils a year ago, now reports that deposits exist in two other places. An appeal has issued to the German public for money to secure the fossils for the Berlin museum, as otherwise they may fall into the hands of foreign scientists.

SPARKLE IS NOT NECESSARY

New York Judge Rules That Any Kind of Ring Is Sufficient to Solemnize Engagement.

New York.—After being taken in as a son-in-law by the family of the girl who says he proposed marriage and having fed at the family board on "gefüllte fisch," "kniedele" and other such delicacies until, as he said, his waist had grown three inches Emanuel Bernstein, a cap manufacturer, refused to marry Miss Bessie Wallowitz. She is now suing him in the city court for \$10,000 for breach of promise.

Miss Wallowitz was spending her vacation in Connecticut when the defendant wrote her the letter in which he told how he was "gormandizing" at the home of her parents.

The plaintiff said that they were to be married last fall, and he gave her an engagement ring. Counsel for the defendant wanted to know what kind of a ring it was, and the plaintiff said that it was a plain gold ring.

The question arose whether a plain gold ring could be considered as an engagement ring.

Judge Smith then handed down an opinion that any kind of a ring that was given to solemnize an engagement was an engagement ring.

Britons to Hail Kaiser.

London.—Announcement that Emperor William would attend the unveiling of the national memorial to Queen Victoria in front of Buckingham palace May 16 has been confirmed officially. The news was welcomed by Britshers. The German emperor will be accompanied by Empress Auguste Victoria.

GOVERNMENT PIE IS LATEST

Ice Cream Also Is Made for Laborers Constructing Panama Canal—Consume Much Meat.

New York.—Since the United States undertook to build the Panama canal and incidentally to feed and clothe the men there, the government has been getting much experience in such homey pursuits as the baking of pies and the making of ice cream.

Something like \$5,300,000 represents the value of the food and supplies handled in 1910. More than five million pounds of fresh meat a year are handled, yet the loss does not exceed twenty pounds a year.

The commission supplies the American laborers with good old-fashioned apple pie and a variety of other pie.

Ice cream has become more popular than ever. Although 91,321 gallons were produced last year, it is expected to increase the output this year by at least 50 per cent.

SAFE WAS APACHE PROOF

Even When the Indians Pushed It Off a Cliff It Protected the Government Funds.

Years ago in the west, when the government sent out safes for the use of its army paymasters in remote districts, it was the custom for the paymaster in cavalry service to ride in an ambulance with the safe, escorted by a guard of six mounted men.

On one occasion such a guard was attacked by a large force of Apache Indians. Two men were killed, and the Indians captured the ambulance with the safe. The safe contained about \$8,000 in greenbacks. It weighed some four hundred pounds, and had a combination lock. Now the Indians had never seen a safe at close quarters, but they knew that it contained money. Also, they wanted that money.

They first pounded off the knob with stones, under the impression that the door could then be pried open. Their attempt was, of course, a failure. The next step was to try their tomahawks on the chilled steel, in the hope that a hole might be cut in it. This means, too, proved of no avail, so they determined to try fire. Accordingly, they gave the safe a three-hour roasting. Luckily for the government, it was fireproof. They threw big rocks upon it while it was hot, but they were as far from the money as ever.

Next the Apaches dragged the safe up the side of a mountain and tumbling it over a precipice two hundred feet high. They expected, of course, to see it burst open, but the only damage was a slight injury to one of the wheels. The safe was left soaking in the river for three or four days, and great was the Indians' disappointment at finding themselves still baffled.

Then they tried gunpowder, but knowing nothing of the art of blasting, they brought about an explosion that burned half a dozen warriors and left the safe none the worse. The Indians worked over that safe, off and on, for a month or more, but failed to get at the inside. Finally, in disgust, they left it in a deep ravine.

Fourteen months later, when peace came, the army found the safe. It was lying in the bed of a creek with a great pile of driftwood around it. It was a sad-looking safe, but when opened showed its contents intact.—Harper's Weekly.

After a Privilege.

The lawyer noticed that his visitor was a keen-looking man but waited to hear from him. The caller laid down a \$5 bill and said:

"I want to ask you two or three questions."

"Very well."

"I want to start a coal yard at this end of the Panama canal when it is completed."

"The government will have charge of that."

"Then I want to establish a big ice house."

"You will have to see the government."

"How about a butcher shop to supply the vessels with fresh meat?"

"I think you will have to deal with the government."

"But I can open a saloon, can't I?"

"I don't think so."

"Look here," said the caller, as he bristled up a bit, "I want to be in on a privilege down there. There'll be millions in it. Can't you think of anything?"

"Uh? Um?" mused the lawyer. "Let me see? Yes, I can. You can furnish roasted peanuts to all passing vessels, and I don't believe the government can interfere."

"You've struck it! You've struck it!" shouted the man. "By the living jingo, you've hit it! No law anywhere in the living world against selling roasted peanuts and I'll be there with a hundred thousand bushels and a hundred roasters! When you don't know what's good for you go and see a lawyer."

This Irish Wit?

An Irishman, celebrated for his good humor, was dining one Friday with a friend, and fish was served. The Irishman was particularly fond of haddock and seated himself near a fine specimen. His olfactory nerves, however, soon made him aware that the fish was not too fresh. He first lowered his mouth toward the head of the fish and then his ear, as if conversing with it. The woman of the house, perceiving his peculiar motions, asked him if he wished anything.

"Nothing," the Irishman replied, "nothing at all, madam; I was merely asking this haddock whether he could give me any news from my friend, Captain Sealst, who was drowned last Monday; but he tells me that he could not endure the slipping of the poor horses."

A rival across the street saw his opportunity. He obtained a warrant for the man who had strewn the ashes.

The judge heard the evidence, and gave his verdict. "This man," he said, "is certainly guilty—guilty of a meritorious and humane act. I fine him one cent, and the sentence is suspended during good behavior. You take with you, sir, the thanks of the court."

She Misunderstood.

"Dear,"
"Well?"
"I'd like to talk to you about a second—"

"Why, dear, I ain't never thought o' outlin' you, but if I should I've thought I'd like Mr. Jim to be my second, he—now what in the nation is the matter of him!"



GEN. LEE STILL DETERMINED

Major Ranson Gives Interesting Account of Scenes in Tent Night Before Surrender.

In Harper's, Maj. A. R. H. Ranson gives an interesting account of the scene at General Lee's headquarters the night before the surrender when he was still determined to strike one more blow.

"When I arrived at headquarters, General Lee was in a tent, sitting with General Longstreet on some bundles of rye straw (the ground being wet from the rain), at the upper side of the tent, with one candle for a light. I made my report, and the general told me to wait, as he wished to see me. He asked me if I had had anything to eat, and I told him no. He said he was sorry he had nothing to offer me. He gave me a bundle of straw and told me to sit near the door.



"I Will Strike That Man a Blow in the Morning."

It had been raining all afternoon, and I was quite wet. I was also very tired, so I put my foot through the bridle rein of my mare standing outside, and lying down on the bundle of straw, was soon asleep.

"I was awakened by voices, and looking up, saw the colonel I had left in charge of the troops at the bridge standing in the tent. He reported that the rations had not arrived, and the starving and discouraged troops had all deserted in the darkness, leaving their arms in the trenches. General Lee heard him to the end of his account, and then with a wave of his hand dismissed him. Turning to General Longstreet, he said: 'This is very bad. That man is whipped. It is the first time I have seen one of my officers who had been whipped. It is very bad.' The conversation between the generals was then resumed in low tones, and I again fell asleep. I must have slept for some length of time, when I was awakened by General Lee's voice, speaking in loud tones, louder than I had ever heard from him. He was saying, 'General Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning.' General Lee sometimes spoke of General Grant as 'that man,' and of the federal army as 'those people.'

"General Longstreet replied in low tones, giving the strength and condition of his command, and the strength and position of the enemy, and concluded by saying, 'But you have only to give me the order, and the attack will be made in the morning.' Again the conversation was resumed in low tones, and I fell asleep. I must have slept for an hour at least, when again I was awakened by the loud, almost fierce tones of General Lee, saying, 'I tell you, General Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning.' General Longstreet again recounted the difficulties, ending as before, 'General, you know you have only to give the order and the attack will be made in the morning.' Again the conversation was resumed in low tones, and I fell asleep. I must have slept for an hour at least, when again I was awakened by the loud, almost fierce tones of General Lee, saying, 'I tell you, General Longstreet, I will strike that man a blow in the morning.'

"Thinking I had been present long enough at such an interview, I coughed and got up from the straw, and drawing back the flaps of the tent, looked out into the darkness. General Lee said: 'Captain Ranson, I beg your pardon. I had forgotten you. Go now and get something to eat and some rest. I will see you in the morning.'

"I found my poor mare lying flat on her side in the rain and fast asleep. It was past midnight and very dark, but I reached our camp, though neither I nor my mare got anything to eat that night."

"The morning came, and I listened for the sound of our attack, but all was still. There was no attack; our fighting days were over."

War Epigram.

Another epigram has been added to war literature. The Twentieth Kansas had taken position at Calocan, 1,000 yards ahead of the line. General MacArthur sent an aide to Colonel Funston to know how long he could hold the point. The answer came back: "Until my regiment is mustered out."