PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHOGREN

Off for the Shore.

Rumbledy-roar! Rumbledy-roar!
The steam cars are taking us down to the shore.
Clackety-clack! Clackety-clack!
Won't we be sun-burned before we get back?
Mother and Polly and baby and Jack—
While the car wheels go singing along on the track,
Rumbledy-rackety-clackety-clack!

Clunpety-clunk! Clunpety-dunk!
I saw the bathing suits put in the trunk.
Kickery-kim! Kickery-kim!
Wonder if father will teach us to swim.
I'm going to splash lots of water on him,
Till he pretends to get mad, and then—bim!
Clunpety-clunkety-kickery-kim!

Tucksety-tox! Tucksety-tox!
We can go wading about on the rocks.
Ding-a-ding-dong! Ding-a-ding-dong!
Won't we be healthy and hungry and strong?
Isn't it nice to be riding along,
While the cars are a-singing their jolly old song?
Tucksety-toxety-ding-a-ding-dong!

—Brooklyn Eagle.

ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

Lad in His Teens Wings Comrade in a Duel Which Ends in a Surfeit of Ice Cream and Pie.

A pleasant Summer afternoon, just verging upon sunset. A low, verdant meadow, fringed on one side with a hedge of willows, and bounded on the other by a calmly flowing river that never was in a hurry, unless it was at a point half a mile further on, near the dam. Here the sluggish waters were churned into a white foam by the revolving wheels of an old mill.

A long stretch of gently-curving turnpike, white with the gravel crushed to dust by the tires of vehicles and the iron-shod feet of horses, ever being driven to and from the pretty little town. At either side of the road was a deep ditch, bordered with green turf, sprinkled here and there with buttercups and daisies. On one hand was a bit of fertile pasture land that sloped down to a babbling brook, which seemed ever in haste to join the river. In the west, the sun, like a great disk of burnished copper, rested on the brow of a distant range of hills. The town toward which the turnpike led was not over a mile away.

Toward a sheltered strip of greensward near the willows, a lad of 16, with very red hair, blue eyes and an uncommonly pallid face, was hurrying. In one hand he carried a small valise. This he dropped, and then threw himself at full length upon the soft, cool grass. The arch of sky above his head took on the tint and hue of an exquisite turquoise, so beautifully blue was it. The lad tried to appear unconcerned, but it was clearly evident he was ill at ease. He reached out for the valise and opened it. Exploring its contents with his hand, he heaved a self-satisfied sort of a sigh. Glancing up the road toward the town, he soliloquized:

Serious Situation.

"I wish this confounded affair was well over. I have the lint and bandages all ready; I only hope neither one will be killed, that's all. Ed could hardly be blamed. Paul challenged him, and he had to accept, or we all should have called him a coward. Let's see! How was it the trouble started? Oh, yes, I remember. Paul is in love with Dell, and so is Ed. Ida Grant's party is at the bottom of it all. Both wanted to take Dell to that party. Ed's invitation came first, and she accepted it. Gee! but wasn't Paul mad when she declined to go with him! Well, there wasn't two of her, and Ed asked her first. Besides, I really think she cares something for Ed, but no one can tell; she's such a flirt."

The boy's remarks practically covered the facts up to a certain point, but it was not all there was in the story. Della Brown was the handsome daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and she attended the village school. Her age was not over 15. Her black curls, red lips and white teeth made her easily the queen in the school's "rosebud garden of girls." Her pert, saucy ways won her many admirers, for at least half the boys in her class were in love with her. And she was a coquette, despite her youth. Among her boy lovers there was none more thoroughly in earnest than Ed Bronson or Paul Waldron. Della had had quite a number of love affairs, but at this time it served her purpose to bestow her smiles and billets doux on Ed Bronson.

Ida Grant had given a party. Della, Ed and Paul had attended, as well as George Darlington, Dr. Darlington's son. Because Della had chosen to go with Bronson, Waldron had become jealous and piqued. He was perhaps a year and a half older than his rival. Both lads were in that romantic period of life where the imagination revels in tales of blood and adventure and greedily feeds upon duels of all sorts, historical and fictitious. It was not an unnatural desire that Waldron should have wanted to "get even" in some way with Bronson. He might have waylaid him at night and have given him a sound beating, but that savored too much of hoodlumism. The idea of a duel appealed more strongly to his mind. So a duel he decided it should be.

A Challenge Is Sent.

Paul selected a second and the affair of honor was speedily arranged in proper form, just as the boys had read in books these things were done. Waldron's second conveyed a formal note to Bronson, challenging him to mortal combat, leaving to him, in accordance with the code duello, the choice of weapons. Bronson selected revolvers, chose his second, and the two procured the services of Darlington, the doctor's son, as surgeon.

Of course, the whole thing was kept quiet. The seconds consulted, secured weapons and picked out the spot near the willows as the dueling ground; sundown was named as the time of meeting. The eventful moment had arrived and, as the reader has already seen, the boy surgeon was the first upon the scene.

"I wish they'd hurry up and get this business over. I don't half like being mixed up in it myself," said George to himself. "Ah, here they come at last," and he sprang to his feet.

The ludicrousness of the affair, for it had a ludicrous side, was the fact that neither of the combatants knew how to shoot, and it was doubtful whether they could hit the broad side of a barn, unless directly up against it. Then, again, George knew very little about surgery.

With very sober faces, Waldron and Bronson, accompanied by their respective seconds, drew near. After nervously fidgeting about, Bronson's second spoke up, with considerable dignity:

"Gentlemen, the seconds have concluded to make a proposition. We hope the principals will agree to it. If they don't, we're going to quit and go home, so there! Our decision in this grave affair is, that each principal shall fire not more than seven times. If neither is hit then the trouble shall be considered settled. Whoever draws blood first must declare his honor satisfied. Then the two principals must shake hands and become friends again. The one drawing first blood must give up all claim to Della Brown, and, besides that, must take us all to a restaurant and buy supper for the crowd. Is that satisfactory?"

The principals replied together, "It is."

"Then," said the speaker, "nothing remains but to measure off the ground—29 paces, I believe—place our men and sail in."

Not So Romantic, After All.

The ground was measured and the revolvers were carefully examined, and found to be in perfect working order. Waldron and Bronson each selected one with a gravity becoming so important an occasion. Now that they had really come to the point of deliberately shooting at each other, each would have willingly backed down, but was afraid to do so, lest he should be ridiculed. It wasn't quite so romantic, after all. Thoughts of home and mother would come up.

The two boys were led to their appointed places. There was a big lump in each throat that somehow could not be swallowed, and their hearts were violently thumping. The seconds attempted to appear indifferent, but only scored a failure. The principals were deathly pale. They looked as though they might faint.

With very shaky knees, Bronson and Waldron faced about. Darlington stood half way between and off at one side with a white handkerchief held well aloft, so both could see it. He hoped he was at a safe distance, but did not feel quite sure.

"One, two, three," he counted, and the handkerchief fluttered to the ground. The seconds shouted, in chorus, "Fire!" The revolvers cracked together with one report. No one was hurt.

Then the shooting was resumed, the lads peppering away at each other, but doing no further harm than to alarm an old ewe, meekly grazing in the neighboring pasture. Three shots perforated the soft, Summer air and both boys still stood firm. At the fourth shot Bronson's bullet plowed its way through Waldron's straw hat. He had intended to hit Paul in the leg, to be sure, but then he did not claim to be a marksman.

Paul fortunately was not struck, but his antagonist's bullet had come uncomfortably close. Both lads were now thoroughly warmed up to the contest, and the seconds and "surgeon" were no less deeply interested.

A Hit.

At the word, the fifth time, Paul aimed his weapon directly at Bronson's hat. "Crack!" sounded the two pistols. Bronson felt a hot, stinging sensation in his left shoulder. Instantly his white shirt sleeve was dyed with gore. Paul had the honor of drawing the first blood.

When he saw that crimson stain, all Waldron's animosity disappeared. He didn't care a fig for Della Brown. His generous, boyish nature came instantly to the front. He put his pistol in his pocket and impulsively ran to Bronson's side. The "surgeon" was ahead of him, but he came in closely after, and the two seconds were immediately behind him.

Bronson's wound was of a superficial nature. The bullet had merely grazed him, carving a tiny furrow in the muscle of the shoulder. Paul seized Darlington's black cloth cap, rushed to the brook and returned with at full of clear, cold water. The "surgeon" laid Bronson out on the grass and pulled his arm out of the shirt sleeve. He dipped some of the lint in the water and washed out the wound, quite with the air of a professional. Then, placing some dry lint upon the wound, he adjusted a bandage.

The duel was over, and all the participants were glad of it. According to the programme they all marched away to the restaurant. They gorged themselves on ice cream, cake, pie, lemonade and almost everything else the modest little cafe furnished.

Now that the duel had actually come off they all decided they never wanted to engage in another. It had been a foolish piece of business, and it was fortunate that it did not result seriously.

Paul was as good as his word. He never molested Della Brown and Ed Bronson and they loved each other very passionately for at least six months. Della is now an old maid and keeps a millinery shop somewhere in North Dakota. Paul is dead. Bronson married, 20 years ago, a girl from Maine, and they now live with their family of three children in California. CHARLES E. SAWYER.

LIKE ALL THE REST OF 'EM!

"Geraldine Dolan, if yes'll marry me ye'll be er Princess; me ancestors was Irish Kings."
"Ah! go'an; you're loike all th' rest er th' bankrupt nobility—tryin' to marry us American heiresses."

CUTE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

Funny Ideas That Bob Up in Heads of Boys and Girls.

When small Harry did anything naughty his mother punished him by making him stand in the corner for five minutes. One day, after an experience of that kind, he said: "Mamma, when I get big I'm going to build a house with round rooms in it." "Why are you going to do that, Harry?" she asked. "Because," replied the little fellow, "then there will be no corners for my children to stand in."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First Boston Boy—Yes, father punished me severely yesterday.

Second Boston Boy—Indeed! Some parents have such radical ideas about government without the consent of the governed.—Puck.

Mamma—Why do you not give your nice uncle a kiss, Elsie?

Elsie (whose uncle has a heavy beard)—I don't see any place for it, mamma.—New York World.

"All right, then, we'll toss for it," said Tommy. "Here goes! You holler. Heads or tails?"

"Very well," replied little Emerson of Boston, "I prognosticate the falling of the obverse uppermost."—Philadelphia Press.

Aunt Mary—Now, candidly, Margie, don't you think you have eaten enough pudding?

Margie (aged 4)—Well, I may think so, Aunt Mary, but I don't feel so.—Chicago News.

Bobby—I wonder why the tiger doesn't lie down and go to sleep once in a while?

Nurse—I am sure I don't know, Bobby.

Bobby—Do you suppose he's afraid he will turn into a rug if he does?—Pittsburg Leader.

"Mamma," said 3-year-old Flossie, "I guess you don't know much about raising children, do you?"

"Why do you think that?" asked her mother.

"Because," replied the little miss, "you always send me to bed when I'm not sleepy and make me get up when I am sleepy."—Chicago News.

A class of boys was being examined orally in Scripture. The history of Moses had for some time been a special study, and one of the examiners asked, "What would you say of the general character of Moses?"

"He was meek," said one boy.

"Brave," said another.

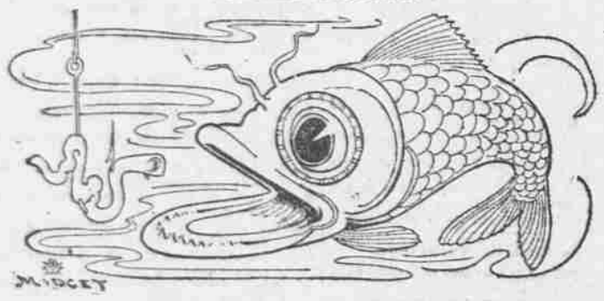
"Learned," added a third.

"Please, sir," piped forth a pale-faced, neatly dressed lad, "he was a gentleman."

"A gentleman?" asked the examiner. "How do you make that out?"

The boy promptly replied, in the same thin, nervous voice: "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away; and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first, please gentlemen.'"—Buffalo Enquirer.

POINTED INQUIRY.



Johnnie Angle Worm—You big coward! Why don't you swallow some one your own size?

"I Thank You, Dear!"

Four little words of love to hear—
Four little words so sweet
They make my work seem, oh, so light
And put wings to my feet!
I think, if folks knew just how nice
They sounded in my ear,
For every little thing I do
They'd say, "I thank you, dear."

Why, goodness me, I race the stairs
Run up and down all day
For things my sister leaves around
Or brothers put away!
And when at last I find them
And bring them with delight,
They only say, "Why, mercy, child,
I thought you'd stay all night!"

Oh, grown ups, if you only knew,
My heart goes in my boots!
I work so hard for those few words,
But seems like nothing suits.
No matter if my feet were tired,
I would not cry one tear,
But happy be, if folks to me
Would say, "I thank you' dear."

—New York Herald.

TOOTSIE'S STRANGE PETS

Little City Girl's Experiences With Two Little Pigs, "Mr. Whitie" and "Mr. Blackie."

Tootsie was a city girl, and she knew very little of the everyday things that go to make up a country girl's life.

Tootsie's papa had bought a farm, and, coming home one day, had told his wife and little daughter that they would spend the whole, long Summer in the country, where they would all get fat on milk, eggs and homebaked bread.

Tootsie was wild with joy, as would be any other little city girl whose sole idea of the country was had from the big park.

Before the month was out, the family was settled on the farm; Tootsie had made friends with several little girls, farmer's daughters, and they all played together, manufacturing whole bakeries of mud pies. To the child's delight, she was permitted to get dirty and to stay comfortably dirty; therefore, she enjoyed her splash in the bath at evening, and being tucked in her little bed, in a clean, white "nightie."

One day she went to visit the farmer's little daughters and found them playing with two little white pigs.

"Oh, the little darlings! Oh, how sweet they are! Are they yours, all your very own?" she breathlessly exclaimed.

On being assured that they were, Tootsie's heart began to pine for a very pig of her own.

When she went home, she begged her papa for a pet pig.

"Oh, do papa," she pleaded, "just a little pig for me; they are so nice and clean and pretty. Oh do, papa! Please! a very truly pig, all my own."

So papa sent word out among the farmers for a white pig of suitable age.

Piggie Comes.

The next day there came a man with a pig in a sack. Tootsie was indignant at the man for putting it in a sack, and "smovering" it to death.

"Why, Mr. Man, you must tie a string 'round his neck; you musn't 'smover' him that way."

But Mr. Man grinned and showed his teeth, passing over the little pig to its new mistress. It was put in the old tool house, and Tootsie spent most of her time for several days feeding it and carrying straw and clover for it. It became very tame, gentle and loving, and the child took a great deal of comfort with it.

About this time another man came with a pig; he did not know that they had already bought one.

So Tootsie's father thought he would surprise her; she was away playing with the farmer's little girls. When she came home, lo! There was another piggie in the toolhouse.

My! But she was just as tickled over the second one as she had been with the first; she treated him royally, also.

But it was soon seen that Tootsie was very serious over something. She "studied" over those two pigs a good deal for a day, and then they found out what it was that worried her.

Her first piggie had been white, and all the other pigs at the farmer's house that she had seen were white also. This last little pig was black, and Tootsie thought there must be something wrong with him.

She said not a word to anyone, however, but borrowed a bath brick from the kitchen, where the cook had been scouring knives. She cut a large potato in half, taking the pieces with her into the toolhouse, and then she was ready for business.

Black Piggie Surprised.

She sat down on the floor and both piggies came to be petted as usual. But Mr. Black Pig was laid upon his side, and treated to a good course of bath brick, rubbed in with potato.

Tootsie scrubbed and scrubbed, very patiently, while Blackie said "Quee-a-quee-quee!" and Whitie said "Gnouf, gnouf!" in sympathy. Tootsie, however, wouldn't take any excuse of that kind, but she scrubbed and scrubbed.

When she had him scoured all over till his little skin looked pink in patches and every little hair stood straight up, she put him in the water trough and washed and washed and washed. But Mr. Piggie came out just about as black as he went in.

He stood winking and blinking his twinkling little eyes at her, as much as to say, "It's very nice to be scraped and scratched like that, little mistress, but haven't you made a mistake?"

Tootsie regarded him very discouragingly for a time, and then said:

"Now, Mr. Piggie; I truly think you must be a colored person, like Auntie Minty; but who would ever think a piggie could be a colored person?"

The piggies answered, "Quee, quee," "Gnouf, gnouf," which means, in pig language, "You are quite right."

Tootsie accepted the situation, finally, and the piggies were so good and so tame they were allowed to come out of the toolhouse and play about the yard.

They grew and thrived, and followed Tootsie about as closely as a dog; she loved them both dearly. Contrary to the general idea of a pig, it was found they would be nice, if they only had a chance, and they had a chance.

As the piggies grew, their education progressed, and they were allowed more and more liberties. They came in and ran about the house exactly like a dog, and were no more objectionable, in any way. They were neat and intelligent.

Tootsie and the others taught them many tricks. They would stand up and "beg" for food, and if given a chicken bone, of which they were very fond, they would take it and run out in the yard to eat it; then come back, stand up and beg for more, with their little front legs sticking out very comically.

Tootsie bathed them like a poodle; she was never tired of douching with them, in their shallow tank of water.

But all things must have an ending, so did that happy Summer. Tootsie returned to the city and the piggies were left to the care of the man in charge of the farm.

Tootsie will go back next Summer, but will Mr. Whitie and Mr. Black Piggie know her then? Will she know them? Farmers, you know have different ideas than little city girls of the feeding and use of piggies. However, we shall see.

M. J. PATTON.

The Funny Fly.

"Dear me," said a witty young fly,
As he lit on a bald head, "If I
Only had roller skates
For these smooth shiny pates
I'd have lots of fun on the sly!"

—Brooklyn Eagle.

English Sparrows' Habits.

A writer in the London Spectator says that the site of sparrows' nests is chosen with great care, and always with a view to avoid danger from cats. The birds shun any proximity to ordinary roofs of houses, where cats are likely to disturb them, but the erection of a corrugated iron roof in their neighborhood will attract them all from their old nests, as the cavities underneath furnish homes for hundreds of them, where they are entirely safe, as no cat can reach them.

Among other curious things related is one of how sparrows cling to a particular block of houses, or maybe only to the front of a row of houses, never going to the back, or vice versa. One Spring time, when some of these birds seemed especially inclined to pull up the early crocus, it was noticed that a number of these flowers in front of some houses were totally destroyed by a brood of sparrows living there, while the flowers at the back of the same house were untouched, the birds living there being busy at work at something else.

"WHO OWNS THE EYES?"

Amusing Game for a Gathering of Young People.

A pleasant way for a party of young people to entertain themselves at an informal gathering is for them to try to distinguish each other by seeing the eyes alone, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Pin a shawl across the doorway about five feet from the floor. Cut two holes in a large sheet of wrapping paper, or a newspaper will answer the same purpose, which will show the eyes distinctly, but will not expose any other part of the face.

If any one present possesses a talent for drawing, the paper which is to serve as a mask could be decorated with a mouth and nose, put on with a brush dipped in India ink. This would add to the grotesque apeparance which the shawl, surmounted by the mask, will present. Eyebrows might also be painted.

When the paper is pinned above the shawl, the company should be divided into two parties, one to remain in the room as spectators and guessers, and the other to go "behind the scenes" (otherwise the shawl) as performers. If there are over half a dozen of the latter a line should be formed; the one at the head stands behind the mask, so that his eyes are distinctly seen by those in the room, and another of the performers asks:

"Who owns the eyes?"

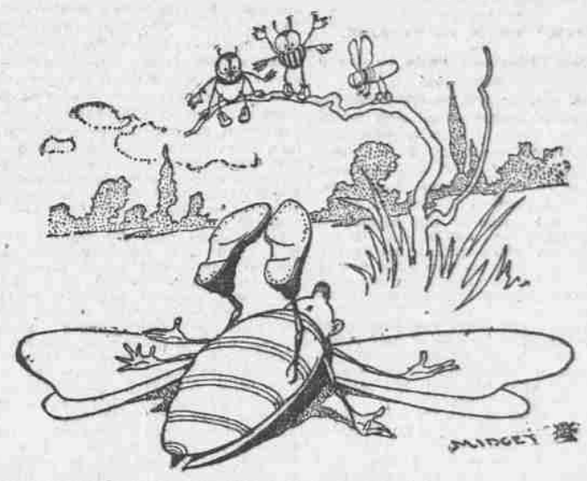
If a correct response is given the performers clap their hands. Then the one who has taken his turn goes to the foot of the line, and number two takes his or her place behind the screen. After a time the parties change places, and the fun is renewed.

Germany's Thoughtful Emperor.

"During a four months' visit in Berlin, Germany, last Winter, I noticed," says a writer in the Minneapolis Journal, "numerous sand piles, surrounded by happy children of all ages, and, wondering why they were allowed the privilege of scattering the sand in this otherwise very tidy city, I made inquiries, and learned that, before the old Emperor William died, he ordered large piles of sand to be placed at intervals on Unter den Linden, and also in all the large parks throughout the city, for the benefit of the poor children who live in the crowded tenement-houses.

"The pleasure proved to be so great that the children of all classes, rich and poor, mingled together, all armed with spoons, paddles, buckets and pans. In Victoria Park, which is situated in the "poor" district, there is one solid acre of fine white sand, where, on a fine day, hundreds of children dig and play, enjoying the kindness of the old Emperor. This impressed me as the greatest kindness I ever witnessed."

TRIED TO EMULATE ELECTRICITY.



Potato Bug—What was the cause of the lightning bug's demise?
The Fly—He broke a blood vessel trying to reach half a candle power

JUVENILE LAMENT.

Great-Grandpa—What's wrong, Mary?
Little Mary (remorsefully)—Ev'ry sing goes drong all time. Wish't I had my whole life to live over agin!

Taken In.

Some sea folk played at blind man's buff
Far down below the waves so rough.
The whale remarked with kindly grace,
"In me you'll find a hiding place."
He waved a welcome with his fin.
At that three mollusks ventured in.
An eel said to a horned pout,
"I guess those chaps are up the spout."
As in the ocean it is true
That hiding places are most few,
The fish swam in with no'er a pause
Between the whale's great open jaws.
Sea horses, looking much perplexed,
And timid jelly fish came next.
The whale said, "This is kind of you,
And now I'll have some oysters, too."
The lobster had been playing "it."
For that, indeed, he was most fit;
As, having everywhere an eye,
Quite often he could call, "I spy!"
How vainly searched he everywhere
And loudly cried, "This game's no fair!"
At that the whale said, with a grin,
"I fear some folks were taken in."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

LIVE IN BOILING WATER

Curious Little Fish That Inhabit a Spring Almost Hot Enough to Cook Any Other Fish.

The existence of a strange red fish which lives in hot springs in Southwestern Colorado, is reported by Juan Cerrara, a Mexican ranchman of that little-known section of the Rocky Mountain State.

Down near the Mancos River, which winds its way southward within sight of the White Pillar Mountains, and many miles from any town, Tumaco Spring boils and gurgles in peaceful solitude. Near the bottom of the shallow canyon whose sloping sides are carpeted with short green grass, there is a natural bowl of reddish sandstone, a dozen yards in circumference.

It is almost perfectly round and its edges are smooth and polished by the washing of the water during ages past. Within a few inches of the brim it is filled with moving water, hot nearly unto boiling, and of surprising clearness.

The depth of this natural cup has never been ascertained. Cerrara writes with frank wonder of its unfathomable depths. He had hopefully placed a piece of lead on the end of a ball of twine and cast it into the transparent pool. Down sank the weight until Cerrara had unwound the entire ball, and yet the lead was still pulling at his finger and evidently far from the bottom.

Its Curious Denizens.

Wonderful as is the spring which rises from the very bowels of the earth, its finny residents are still more interesting. They are, Cerrara says, light red in color, with gills the hue of blood. Their tiny, graceful bodies are as slender as a woman's fingers and no longer. Shaped after the fashion of a pike, the little fish have larger mouths and bigger gills. Their eyes are grayish white, and very prominent.

They swim sedately about in their remarkable home, and, though so small, have none of the minnow's sprightliness. The warmth of the water perhaps enervates them, and causes their slow movements, or the idea of the Indians may be right. They believe that the wondrous little fish are blessed with great wisdom and, conscious of their power and strangeness, propel themselves with befitting dignity. To the little red fish alone the Indians attribute the healing properties of the spring.

They tell marvelous stories of old men, crippled with years of the chase and drunken brawls, or injured by some wound, who have been trembling submerged in the hot waters from day to day and cured in a fortnight.

The fish have given the spring its curative power, they say, and woe betide the luckless rambler who offers to molest one in the presence of the redskins who come many miles with their sick to the spring. Cerrara, who lives not far away, has spent many an hour by the wonderful stone basin of hot water, studying the fish and peering cautiously into the depths.

Bait Won't Tempt 'Em.

In his efforts to capture a specimen of the finny tribe he experienced unusual difficulty. Hook and line, with the most tempting bait, proved entirely useless. Plump white earthworms which would have seduced from under a rock the wariest of trout, availed nothing when placed before the red fish of Tumaco Hot Spring.

Choice bits of raw meat were vainly dangled directly in front of the little swimmers, and it soon became apparent to Cerrara that the fish were accustomed to entirely different food. Evidently they did not know the delight of a fat worm, and a grasshopper had no more attraction for them than a pebble.

The Mexican carefully made a little fine-meshed net and hung it on a hoop. With this he caught at last two of the strange little fish. Every tiny scale was shaded with red or pink, he found, while the gills of each were of a rich crimson.

The arrowy bodies of the fish resemble that of the pike, and their eyes are surprisingly brilliant. Having never seen the fish eat anything, Cerrara cut one of them open to examine the contents of its stomach. To his surprise he found only bits of reddish moss, strongly impregnated with iron. Upon this vegetable and mineral diet the little fish seem to live.

Sometimes, during thunder storms, the fish all disappear and not a trace of one can be seen for hours. Down into the earth they go, no one knows how deep. There are hundreds of them in the spring, and excepting those caught by Cerrara, they have never been disturbed.