

A LIVE SEA SERPENT CAUGHT AT LAST

Great and Hideous Deep Sea Eel Obtained by Professor Bristol

EVER and again, this cock-sure world of ours, teeming along on its self-confident way, is brought to a sudden stop by some little happening that makes us realize with a sudden start how blindly we walk on the edge of mystery. Such a happening was it that has been brought about by three drunken negro fishermen of Bermuda—as mean instruments as nature could pick out to reach the world something new of her wonderful ways and to give us a glimpse of the unrevealed mystery of creation.

Out of an abyss of the tropic ocean the three pulled the first true deep-sea creature ever to be taken and kept alive. And with that capture the men of science have been almost forced to accept the belief that somewhere in the deepest depths of the deep sea there lives a true sea serpent—the "great eel-like form, swimming with exceptional swiftness and of unknown dimensions," as Doctor Bean and Good, of the United States Fish Commission, put it in their official report in discussing the theory that somewhere in unknown chasms of the ocean there may exist such a monster as that of which men have talked since the days of Pliny.

This creature that has been dragged from its black home of eternal night to its glassy tank to be seen by tens of thousands—the first time a human eye ever has seen its kind—is not great in size, for its extreme length when it was in its native and stilling power of expansion is not more than six or possibly seven feet. But its aspect is so thoroughly that of the Pit, so satanic, so grotesquely impossible, that the ichthyologists who have studied it up to this time have become converts to the belief in the sea serpent. For men are convinced now that if there can be such things in the marine gulfs of our coast, and if they can exist without letting science, with all its grapples and dredges and sounding wires and trawls, ever get a glimpse of them, there is ample reason for believing that vast areas of aspect still more fantastic and frightful swim far below the surface, rising to the sunlight only in special periods to terrify the human mind, and to feed again as they feed themselves by the blinding light of day and the noises of the upper world.

What is it?
The creature has been identified only tentatively as yet as to species and genus. Professor Spencer, of the New York Aquarium, to whom it was sent, believes that it is the same kind of form that was seen dead on the surface of the Caribbean Sea off the Cuban Coast by Richardson in 1844 during the famous exploring voyage of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. If this conjecture is correct, as it probably is, for Professor Spencer is an observer of rare experience, the fish is entitled to the name *Channomura vitrea*. That classification puts it in the strange *Mura* family, the huge and ferocious eel-like fish that have been famous since the days of ancient Rome, when certain of the species were kept in ponds and fed with living men by their owners, who thought that their flesh became the more delicious from this human diet.

No man who saw this fish wondered at the terror that nearly drove the negroes who caught it out of their boat when they saw what it was that they had hooked. Flashed, writhed, gulping ceaselessly with a heavy, opulent throat, it lies, a blood-venomously evil thing, turning its weird head in reptilian motions. Tiny black beads of eyes, scarcely so large as pin-points, glimmer out of its black head, and so near the tip of its jaw that they are not for their baleful light, one would not dream that they could be anything except unworldly.

The head has a shape quite indescribable. It is as formless as a mass that has been stepped on and then partially straightened out, roughly and carelessly. Not that there is much head to it. Most of it is taken up with gape. The observer gets no opportunity to overlook that. For the fish has a habit of opening its jaws constantly, apparently swallowing air. These gapes, which extend far back into the very body of the thing, apparently, never a creature known to man has jaws so overhanging.

Where its gills should be, the observer failed to find any. But after a few minutes of close watching, they saw a little swelling work up and down, like a knobby knot of muscle under the slimy skin. And this suddenly, the body of the fish protruded and slipped back, continued observation showed that the tube was a true siphon, and that it takes the place of gills in the deep-sea thing.

It does not swim. It writhes. At times it stretches itself like a worm till its high ridged body is quite thin and even. At other times it is thick and swollen. Again it shrinks and compresses its great form until, with a hundred wrinkles and folds over it, it lies shrunken and even more evil in its vague mass than it is when it lies extended. And its head, at strange angles with the body, peering wickedly at everything within its ken.

Shrunken and wrinkled, it looks like a puff adder—mutilated, thick-set, with the reptile head. Expanded to full, its head seems far greater than its body, and then the resemblance to the venomous serpent is complete. And this is the creature that lives in the deep-sea, where it is said to be found. There is no doubt that it is a true deep-sea form, of a kind that rarely ventures from the vast depths, where it makes its home among unknown forms that probably are still more strange, more terrible and more incredibly misshapen than even it. Where it was caught there is a high ledge of coral and limestone. No doubt the creature was driven up by the way upward to the top of the ledge more by accident than design, for rarely does the fish that swim 200 fathoms deep rise near to the surface voluntarily. Indeed, few of the deep-sea dwellers can do so and live. For their air bladders are adapted by nature to withstand the enormous pressure of water where they dwell, and when they ascend near the surface the effect of the decreased pressure on them is just as the effect of ascending to high altitudes in a balloon is on man. Blood bursts forth from ears and nose, and finally the eyes. Were it possible to ascend still higher, the aeronaut would burst. Just so it is with the fish. Those that are raised by deep-sea trawls and dredges always come to the surface split and torn open, with their



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eyes actually blown out of their heads and their entrails protruding. The more delicate forms are generally ruined for all purposes except those of mere scientific identification.

However, for some unknown reason, perhaps driven from its black caverns by scarcity of food, this uncanny monster did find its way upward until it lay in what was shallow water indeed, low enough to make its tiny pinpoints of eyes bluish, dazed by the light that filtered down through the wonderfully clear, light blue water, for the depth over

the shelf of rock where the Channomura found itself was only 66 feet. And there, winding in and out among strange things, itself the strangest of all, driving the butterfly fish and the hideous and the angel-fish and parrot-fish, in all their gorgeous reef-liveries, before it in terror, it found a baited hook and snapped at it with that mighty gaping mouth.

Floating above it lay a fishing boat, with a deep well in its hull, so that the captured fish might be kept alive. Three negro fishermen lolled in the craft. They had sailed out to this spot, seven miles northwest of Bermuda, armed with great bellying bottles of pineapple rum, to fish for market, but they were devoting far more time to the flask than to the fish line. They were anchored right on the edge of the reef, and then they would pull up a gay fish—green, yellow, violet, blue, scarlet—fish of a dozen colors far more showy than any rainbow that ever was—fish of one color, some like flames, some like the sky overhead, some like the sky at sunset.

Gradually the pineapple rum took effect, and the three negroes began to doze. One happened to awake for a moment, took hold of his line and tugged. He could not move it. After working hard for a moment or two, he decided that the hook was fast to coral on the bottom, and he settled to another dose in the hope that it would work loose while he slept. But he awoke to find the hook still fast.

Then he took the lead-jack. The lead-jack is a hinged ring of lead, very heavy, that the reef fishermen put over their lines and send down to the bottom to free their hooks when they find the bottom obstructions. The lead-jack plunged down swiftly, but it did not clear the hook. Then the three fishermen grasped the stout line and began to sway on it to break it.

To their amazement, it suddenly began to give, not easily, but with tremendous swiftness and surging deep below. Pull as they would with all their might, some of the three men pulling harder than their six arms could again, and again the unseen quarry overcame their efforts and shot toward the bottom again. Suddenly the thing ceased pulling and came upward, and toward the boat with tremendous speed. And then its head shot above the surface, and with wide-open jaws, it seemed to be heading straight for the three men. One shrieked, "The Devil! The Devil!" and crawled to the extreme bow of the boat, where he lay covering. The man in the waist let go the line and ran for a knife, intending to sever the line and let the monster go. But the third man scented some great reward—for was not the professor from New York always asking for queer things?

This was a queer thing with a vengeance—almost too queer for man to tackle. But with a mighty bracing of nerve, the negro overcame his superstitious terror and held on to the line. Fin-

ally he induced the others to help him. Just as the "devil snake" was dropped in the fire, where it was with it lashed and writhed until the darkness were frightened all over again.

When they got ashore, the news of their unique capture spread quickly. It was not long before the Bermuda dories had discovered positively that this was indeed something from the Bottomless Pit; and as "devil snake" the creature was known thereafter. The news reached a young naturalist, Mowbray, of St. George, Bermuda, who hurried down to the shore and obtained the fish. He had it transported to his quarters, where it was viewed by hundreds, and all sorts of legends soon were told of it. One was that it could make itself smaller or larger at will. Mowbray investigated and found that it was true. The beast could elongate its uncouth body enormously or contract it at will.

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They put the creature into a great tin tank, and it was shipped to New York. In company with other tanks containing two hideous specimens of octopus, and several dozens of beautiful, graceful angel-fish and other tropic beauties.

Thus in one day the Aquarium was enriched by a collection that comprised within itself the most ugly and the most beautiful of the deep-sea world. For as truly as the "devil snake" deserves its name, so does the angel-fish earn its appellation. Those are not fish, but wings in truth that bear it soaring through the transparent water of its tropic home. Its face is also as that of a human being, and it is as gentle and tame as it is beautiful. Over its dainty body there play a dozen colors, all equally rich and all equally delicate in shading and tint. Bright blues chase bright greens, vivid gold flushes along its side and fades and gives way to pink so pale that it may hardly be seen before it is gone.

Like birds, these fishes soar through the lacing weeds and over the aspiring corals. Out of snug, nest-like retreats several fish thrust strange heads out—heads that end in a green beak; heads that are marked with vivid streaks of bright green and crimson, like the smears on the whitened face of the circus clown.

What are these that seem half bird, half fish? They are the parrot-fish, most grotesque, most gorgeous of tropic fishes. And amid all these flashing schools, one most beautiful than the other, lurk the most horrible creatures of the gloomy fancy of the deep sea. Here and there the observer, peering through the water glass in the bottom of the tank, can see a queer, snake, wary, terrible, grotesque and as shyly withdrawn. It is the arm of an octopus, the devil fish of Victor Hugo's "Tollers of the Sea." By straining the sight one can catch glimpses finally of the whole repulsive creature, straddling in its gloomy lair, waiting for prey, glaring at the beholder dreadfully with two hideous, glaring, staring eyes that are as the eyes of a corpse, yet horribly instinct with evil intelligence.

And out of this fantastic world, where unearthly beauty swims and streams in countless side by side with things incredibly terrible, the Channomura was torn, to give the people of the earth an inkling of the real world that is all around them, yet as hidden as if it were not.

The Fight.
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MR. DOOLEY'S LETTER

CHARACTERISTIC COMMENT ON THE PLEASURES OF NEWPORT SOCIETY

ABOUT this time every year," said Mr. Dooley, "I go to Newport for 'fr' Summer."

"Ye go where?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "I go to Newport," said Mr. Dooley, calmly, "in 'th' p-i-o-u-s, Newport's always there. I may not find anything about 'th' fire at 'th' yards or 'th' war in 'th' Ph'lipines, but if Mrs. Rasther opens a can iv salmon or pounds 'th' top off an egg, it's down in black an' white be 'th' fearless hands iv 'th' idler. 'Tis a gr-rat joy bein' 'lithy an' knowin' how to read. 'Th' air is hot in 'Archer Road; ye can see it. It looks as if 'th' like hot soup with people floatin' around in 'th' viggies. 'Th' smoke pears fr'm 'th' chimney iv 'th' rolin' mills an' comes right down 'th' street an' lines us. People ar-re lyin' out iv doors with their mouths open. They're a gr-rat dale iv cholery infanum an' a few delerary thremens. If I cudden't read I'd be hot about 'th' weather an' things. But when 'th' day is dark an' I don't want to see me best, cookin' frind, I takes me yach' at 'th' top iv page eight an' goes sailin' off to Newport in me shirt sleeves with 12 inches iv malt in 'th' book iv me thumb, an' there I stay till I want to come back an' rest."

"Th' automobile season has opened in deadly earnest. Many new machines is seen daily, an' wan iv 'th' delights iv 'th' Summer colony is to go out iv an avengin' an' see 'th' farmers iv 'th' neighborhood about 'th' latest fr'm 'th' top branch iv 'th' trees. 'Th' younger Hanksbitt has attracted much attention be his accreted ridin'. 'Th' other day he made a score iv eight fr'm a runnin' start in 'th' minyits an' this in spite iv 'th' fact that he was obliged to come back to 'th' last wan, a Swede named Olson, an' bump him over again."

Neither Grabbell, 'th' Muskogean millionaire, got into 'society's eye' year be dyin' his hair green an' givin' a dinner at which all 'th' guests rayolved a lumber mill as scooveneers, has returned suddenly fr'm 'th' West an' his house party is over."

"Little Algetree Vandycrocker has a tooth, her elder sister a markess, an' her mither a siparation."

"Misther an' Mrs. Roger Smitheran an' frind ar-re spindin' 'th' Summer at a frind's house."

"But wait a minyit. Where's 'th' thing I was lookin' fr'?" Ah, here it is: 'Newport's Monkey Party.' Lave me read about it to ye. 'All Newport is talkin' about 'th' latest fr'm iv Misther Wallie Wimper, 'th' cilybrated cut-up iv 'th' colony. While he (Misther W.) was visitin' 'th' 62,000-horsepower steam yacht Fond Father, belongin' to a frind, he (Misther W.) was much amused be 'th' antics iv a monkey owned be 'th' host. He (Misther W.) took him (th' monkey) ashore an' havin' injoyced a tailor to carve him (Misther W.) a dress suit fr' him (th' monkey), invited him (th' monkey) home an' sat in a number iv 'th' most fashionable New York people out iv South Dakota to meet him (th' monkey). 'Th' intertainment was a gorgeous success, he (th' monkey) gettin' loaded before anny iv 'th' guests. He (Misther W.) drunk toasts with him (th' monkey), with 'th' rayazit that he (th' monkey) behaved like a gentleman, ogled 'th' ladies, screamed at 'th' top iv his voice, spilled 'th' food on his chest an' fin'ly went to sleep with his head in 'th' oyster stew. He (th' monkey) was put to bed with his boots on an' 'th' guests who had been convulsed with merriment, voted 'th' performance 'th' most successful joke iv 'th' gr-ratest wit Newport has projected since 'th' little Steenevart boy set fire to 'th' butler. They thought 'th' monkey partic'larly comic. 'Th' monkey was too drunk to say what he thought iv him, but it is believed he will stay here where he has frinds."

"Mind ye, Hinnissy, we don't have this kind iv intertainment ivry night. No, indeed. Sometimes we ask a horse in to supper. But gin'rally we lade a life iv

quite an illigant luxury. Wud ye like a line on me daily routine? Well, in 'th' mornin' a little spin in me 50-horsepower 'Suffer-little-childer,' in 'th' afternoon a whirl over 'th' green waters iv 'th' bay in me gold-an'-ivory yacht, in 'th' avengin' dinner with a monkey or something akelly as good, at night a few leads out iv 'th' wrong hand, some hasty wurruds an' 'so to bed. Such is 'th' sportin' life in Rhode Island, 'th' home iv Roger Williams an' others not so much. It grows thremose after awhile. I confess to ye, Aigernon Hinnissy, that before 'th' monkey was intrajuced, I was sufferin' fr'm what Hogan calls onwee, which is 'th' same thing as growin' moneys. I had got tired iv puttin' new stores on me cottage an' ridin' up in 'th' elevator fr'm 'th' settin'-room on 'th' eighth floor to 'th' dining-room on 'th' twinty-ninth. I didn't care about anyther shootin'-shootin' or any-mobilin'. I felt like givin' a cawration dinner to 'th' poor iv 'th' village an' feedin' 'th' me poio ponies. I didn't care whether 'th' champagne bar'is was kept lead, whether 'th' yacht was as long as 'th' wan owned be 'th' Ginger Snap king next dure, whether I had three or tin million dollars in me pants pocket in 'th' mornin' or whether 'th' Poles in 'th' coal mine was strikin' fr' wan dollar an' forty-seven or wan dollar an' forty-eight cents a day. I was tired iv ivry-thing. Life had me be 'th' throat, 'th' black dog was on me back. I felt like suicide or wurruk. This come 'th' bright idee iv me young frind an' 'th' monkey saved me. He give me something to live fr'. Perhaps we too may be monkeys some day an' be amusin'. We don't talk half as loud or look half as foolish or get thrunk half as quick, but give us a get thrunk, we're a young people an' 'th' monkeys is an old, old race. They've been Newportin' fr' cinchies. Sure that 'ol' la-d who said man was desceded fr'm monkeys knew what he was talkin' about. Desceded, but how far?

"Now, don't get gettin' cross about 'th' rich, Hinnissy. Put up that dynamite. Don't excite ye'rself about us folks in Newport. It's always been 'th' same way, Father Kelly tells me. Says he: 'If a man is wise, he gets rich an' if he gets rich, he gets foolish, or his wife does. That's what keeps 'th' money movin' around. What comes in at 'th' ticker goes out at 'th' wine agent. Friver an' iver people have been gettin' rich, givin' down to some kind iv a Newport, makin' monkeys iv themselves an' givin' back to 'th' jungle. 'Tis a steady proposition. Aisey come, lazy go. In ivry little hamlet in this broad land, there's some man with a broad jaw an' 'th' encouragement iv a good woman, makin' ready to shove 'th' money an' off his steam yacht. At this very minyit while I speak, me frind Jawn Grates has his eye on Hanksbitt's house. He wud swing a hammock in 'th' woodshed this year, but nex' he may have his feet up on 'th' banister iv 'th' front stoop. When a captain iv industry stops drinkin' at 'th' bar, he's near his finish. If he ain't caught in his own person, 'th' Constable will get to his fam'ly. Ye read about 'th' union iv two gr-rat fortunes. A dollar makes another dollar, they are compound, have an-in-ter-est, an' many mutual frinds. They are married an' bring up a family iv pennies, dimes, thirty-cents an' counterfeits. An' after awhile, 'th' family passes out iv circulation. That's 'th' history iv it,' says Father Kelly. 'An', says he, 'I'm glad there is a Newport,' he says, 'It's 'th' exhaust pipe,' he says, 'Without it we might blow up,' he says, 'It's 'th' hole in 'th' wall 'th' kettle,' he says, 'I wish it was bigger,' he says."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Hennessy, "we are as 'th' Lord made us."

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "lave us be fair. Lave us take some iv 'th' blame ourselves."

(Copyright, 1902.)

DOUBLE TRACK FROM CHICAGO TO OMAHA

GROWTH OF THE GREAT CORNBELT AS SHOWN BY A LEADING RAILROAD

A DOUBLE track, block system line of transcontinental railway now reaches out to the westward as far as Omaha. This will be in the way of a distinct revelation to the man who made the trip across the plains 25 years ago in a prairie schooner, or on the emigrant train of the 70s.

The development of our great agricultural States has been long sighted to a certain degree in the discussion that has arisen lately concerning the commercial invasion of China and the Far East, our occupation of the Philippine Islands, the annexation of Hawaii, and the whole general movement by which we have suddenly become a world power.

But while we have patriotically discussed these questions, commerce has moved ahead positively and collectively in the direction of the Pacific Coast, raising up new towns, building up old ones, making factories and farms where wild prairie would buy place enough to cover at least 400 acres of land. How many pie bakers it would take to bake this enormous aggregation of toothsome in one day is matter for conjecture only.

Yet all this gold could be packed into a very small space, relatively speaking. Made into a pile 40 feet square, it would be only a little more than 8 feet high, and its weight of 200 tons would not furnish a full cargo for any one of several of the great ocean liners, now plowing the Atlantic Ocean, though it would build hundreds of them.

All in all, good Americans may well be proud of the magnificent showing our gold coin enables us to make before the world, yet there is another and a more serious aspect of the situation to be considered—namely, the way, that thoughtful men are examining with much gravity. Will the presence of so much gold in the country produce the apparently logical result of permanently holding up the price of all things eatable by reason of its own comparative cheapness? Some economic philosophers declare that it will. They say that the gold coin, when it is used as a medium of exchange, will mean lively circulation, and that will mean a continuance of the present "good times" for a considerable period to come. And, if the prophets speak wisely, the present unexampled quantity of gold in this country is only a forerunner of the future. Unless all signs fail, say they, the day is not far distant when we shall have two thousand millions instead of a thousand and a quarter millions of gold coin in our land.

settled, while along the Platte the Indians still remained. The Northwestern line, however, built a line across Southern Minnesota and into Dakota as far as Watertown, with feeders to various points, while in Wisconsin and Northern Michigan lines had been extended north into the Lake Superior district through Escanaba to Ishpeming.

This all seems very recent, but since that time the system has grown until it penetrates nine States of the Union, and its heavy lines of freight trains and its palatial passenger service reach in all important points from Chicago to Milwaukee, Madison, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior, Omaha, the Black Hills, Colorado and the Pacific Coast.

With all this development in various directions the Northwestern has never for a moment lost sight of the great fact that the transcontinental business of this nation is for many years to come to be to furnish a great volume of traffic. The Chicago & Northwestern is the pioneer transcontinental line. Its little 19 miles forerunner of '68, reaching bravely out to the great West, has since kept just a little ahead of the fast pace set for progress by the young man, who, taking Greeley's famous advice, has gone West, until the Western Union Far East are ready to join hands as one.

The Northwestern has played an important part in the growth of the West. Double-track trunk lines, heavy locomotives and passenger kept fast trains have all come to the West largely as a result of the work of this Pioneer line. Elevated tracks in Chicago, electric block signs, daily overland trains, and the steady reduction in time for overland passenger schedules have all been furthered to a very great degree by the Northwestern.

The double-track to Omaha is part of the general plan on the part of the Northwestern, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific to make the facilities for transportation between Chicago and the Pacific Coast as ample as possible, and a plan that will doubtless result in the continued improvement of transcontinental service.

To Des Moines.
Fair daffodils, weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay.
Until the blazing day
Has run
But by the western-sun,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you alone.

We have short time to stay, as you,
As quick as arrows to the sky,
As you, as any thing,
Do fly.
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or, as the pearly morning's dew
Which ere to be found again.

A BILLION AND A QUARTER IN GOLD

UNITED STATES HAS MORE YELLOW SPECIE THAN ANY OTHER NATION IN THE WORLD A STAGGERING FIGURE

THROUGH the Treasury Department of his Government at Washington, Uncle Sam gave out a rather startling piece of news the other day, in the statement that this country, at this moment, possesses about a quarter of all the gold that has been made up into money in the entire world.

To quote the official figures correctly, there is now in the United States (including treasury coin and bullion) one thousand two hundred millions of gold money, whereas the world's entire stock of gold money is worth less than five thousand millions (\$4,965,700,000, according to the latest figures). New York financiers believe Uncle Sam's figures as to his own gold money are shy, and that in truth the amount of gold money in the country is close to \$5,250,000,000.

Next to the United States, according to the latest reports, comes France, with \$200,000,000, followed by the British Empire, with \$160,000,000; Russia, with \$124,300,000, and Germany, with \$121,300,000. So far as coined gold is concerned, it will be observed, the United States is in a class by itself.

The British Empire is second in the second class, but Great Britain proper is last. Its store of coined gold amounting only to \$51,000,000. All other peoples are so far behind in the race as not to be eligible even for the second class. Austria-Hungary leads the third class, with about \$200,000,000, but even at that the great empire is very poor in gold money, relatively as well as actually, for her gold supply amounts to less than \$400 per capita for her population of 45,000,000 souls. Uncle Sam's children have nearly \$16 in gold apiece, which is less than the citizens of the French Republic, for each of whom there is a little more than \$21 of gold coin. Germany comes third in the per capita computation, the figures being \$12.51. Great Britain's being \$12.34, and that of Russia, with her enormous population of 125,300,000, only \$5.64. The per capita figure for the entire British Empire is a shade under \$2.20, for that India's enormous horde of 257,000,000 being only 15 cents. Here, as in most