

HOOKED AN OCTOPUS.

The Luck of Three New Orleans Fishermen Near Ship Island.

Probably it is not generally known that the octopus, or devil fish, frequently of a large size, is found on the coasts of Mississippi and Louisiana. Possibly the first instance on record of one of these fish, and one of large size at that, having taken a hook, came within the experience of three residents of New Orleans a couple of years since.

General Philip Buchanan, Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Fenner and Major Harry Howard, now mayor of Beloxi, Miss., started from that place in the yacht of Major Howard for Ship Island on a fishing expedition. East-northeast of that island, in about eight fathoms of water, lies the wreck of the steamship Josephine, marked now by a buoy. Although the vessel proper has been almost covered with sand, by careful sounding the location of the walking beam may be found. On anchoring near that spot a day of good fishing is assured the angler. The wrecked steamer has formed a barrier or shelter, about which the fish appear to gather, and at certain tides, no matter what other conditions may prevail, the abundance of fish makes it almost drudgery to attend the lines. No sooner has the hook reached the required depth than it is seized by some large and voracious fish, generally a red snapper, which is a gallant fighter.

It was in August that the fishermen above mentioned, accompanied by two sailors in a yawl, anchored over the wreck of the Josephine. Colonel Fenner, who has a predilection for taking sharks of a large size, had with him, as usual, an inch line, ten or fifteen fathoms in length, equipped with a hook of suitable size for sharks. This was baited with a piece of salt pork and thrown overboard, where it remained undisturbed for a long time. The line was secured to one of the thwarts of the boat. The fishing was as good as usual and all were having good luck, when attention was called to the shark line, which was running out with great speed. The rapidity of its movement indicated some fish of exceptional size.

The five men had hardly time to throw themselves to the side of the craft opposite the line, when the fish, which was firmly hooked, bore the boat down so that the gunwale was partly submerged. For several moments its occupants expected that it would be dragged broadside under the strain. Their first impulse was to cut the line; but this was opposed by one or two of the party, who wished to see the end of the adventure.

At this juncture the boat suddenly righted to an even keel; the line slackened and it was evident that the fish was moving toward them. The slack of the line was rapidly taken in, which was barely accomplished when the water became violently agitated, and there leaped from the surface a great octopus in whose mouth the hook was firmly fixed. As he threw himself above the water he darted his tentacles, which were not less than ten or fifteen feet long, toward the boat; then he slowly sank and remained for a few moments, apparently motionless, as if meditating on a mode of attack.

The condition of the fishermen was now somewhat critical, for they were entirely unprovided with any weapons except a couple of oars with which to repel the attack of the monster, and yet they were unwilling to detach the line from the thwart. There was nothing to do but to await developments. Indeed, there was but little time for consultation or action, for, after a brief delay, the octopus again slowly rose to the surface, where, with his head slightly elevated, he began beating the water with his tentacles. He was apparently studying the extraordinary adversary which he had encountered. A third time he disappeared, and this time with a fierce rush. The line fled over the side of the boat with great velocity. The fishermen again threw themselves to the opposite side and awaited the shock. When it came the line, unable to bear the strain, parted at the thwarts and disappeared.—N. Y. Sun.

—The best way to make a pot-pourri, or flower mixture for a rose-jar, is to put nothing into it but leaves and salt. Alternate the layers of rose-leaves and salt, pressing the latter down upon the former. When the scent becomes evident, the leaves of any other fragrant flowers may be added, such as heliotrope, lemon, verbena, violet, or even those of the geranium. A jar filled in this way will prove a source of delicious fragrance for many months.—Golden Days.

—It is said that paper pillows are very cool, and in some respects superior to feather ones, especially for hospitals. Newspapers will not do so well on account of the disagreeable odor of the printer's ink; but brown and white paper, letters and envelopes, etc., are the best. Cut or tear the paper into very small pieces, the smaller the better, and put them into a pillow sack of drilling or light ticking.—Advance.

—Fruit Pudding: Chop six apples fine, grate six ounces of stale bread, add six ounces of brown sugar, six ounces of currents washed carefully and floured; mix all well together with six ounces of butter, a cupful of milk and two cupfuls of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been thoroughly mixed. If too thick, add more milk in mixing. Spice to your taste. Put in a pudding bag, tie loosely and boil for three hours. To be eaten with cold sauce made of butter and sugar stirred together, a cupful of sugar to one-half cupful butter.—Indiana Farmer.

MR. BIXBY'S PATENT.

It Was a Good Thing, But Needed a Few Improvements.

"By Jove! I've an idea!" said Mr. Bixby gleefully, while at the dinner table the other day. "Now here we've spent half our time while at the table passing things to each other and it's all nonsense. I know just how it can all be done away with and I'll have the thing patented before a month and make a mint of money out of it. I'm going to put in all my spare time on it and I'll soon show you a model of one of the cleverest inventions of the age."

Mrs. Bixby did not say any thing. She was accustomed to outbursts of this kind on the part of Mr. Bixby, who was frequently seized with a mania for inventing and patenting something, and as he had always recovered without mortgaging the house or injuring any of the family, she hoped all would end well this time.

Three days later, after he had worked most of the night before, he came to Mrs. Bixby with his latest "clever invention."

"You see, my dear, what it is," he said calmly as he gave it a whirl. "It's a revolving dining-room table, to do away with this eternal passing of things to each other. When you see any thing out of reach that you want, all you have to do is to give the table a gentle little whirl, and there you have the dish you want right in front of you. Now what do you think of that, my dear? Don't you think our fortune is made, eh?"

"It might work, Elijah," replied Mrs. Bixby calmly. "If you could make several little improvements."

"What improvements?" snapped out Bixby.

"Well, tell me, please, where your own plate would be when the dish you wanted had been whirled around in front of you?"

"Why, I—I—I—"

"And where would the rest of our plates be?"

"Well, I never thought of that. I—I—"

"I suppose, my dear, there might be some sort of a signal given by which all the others could grab their plates and hold on to them when the table was about to be whirled, or we might—"

"Take care, Harriet Amanda Bixby; don't you go too far now!"

"Or we might—why, Elijah, what do you mean by throwing a valuable patent like that into the fire?"

"What do I mean, woman? You'll know what I mean when you're left a despoiled grass widow with six young ones to look out for! And that is just what will happen, as sure as sheol if you open your mouth again! Laugh now! Giggles! Titter! Tee-hee some more, can't you? Durn a woman, anyhow!"—Time.

THE CARDINAL FOILED.

How One of Richelieu's Intended Victims Was Accidentally Saved.

Dumont, the proprietor of a small factory in Paris, one day received a polite invitation to take supper with Cardinal Richelieu at his country residence. Dumont was somewhat surprised, as he had no acquaintance with the Cardinal; however, he made his preparations for the trip, and mounting his mule one afternoon he started for the Cardinal's villa.

Dumont had scarcely left Paris when a tremendous storm overtook him, and he was obliged to seek shelter in a tavern. He was warming himself by the fire when a second traveler, who had been overtaken by the rain, entered. While the two strangers were drying their clothes by the fire, they entered into conversation with each other, during the progress of which Dumont mentioned his proposed visit to the Cardinal.

"Have you ever said any thing to awaken the enmity of the Cardinal?" asked the stranger of Dumont.

"Not that I know of. Well, now I come to think of it, I believe that I did say something about the death of the Duke de Montmorenci."

"And your name is Dumont?"

"Certainly, that's my name."

"You seem to be an honest man, Monsieur Dumont, so let me give you some advice. Don't go to Cardinal Richelieu's. You are mistaken in his object of inviting you to supper. He is going to have you hung."

"That is not possible!"

"I know better, for I am the man who is expected to hang you."

Dumont recoiled with horror.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the public executioner. I have received an order to come to his country house to hang you. Overtaken by the storm, like yourself, I sought shelter in this inn. Your honest face impressed me, and I determined to save you. The Cardinal frequently calls on me to do things I abhor, and I am about to give up my position. You had better take my advice, return to Paris as soon as possible, and get out of the country if you can. I hope you will remember that I have done you a good service, and the least indiscretion on your part may cause my ruin."

Dumont thanked the executioner, mounted his mule and returned to Paris as fast as he could travel. He then went to a friend to whom he intrusted his secret. By the liberal use of money he obtained a forged passport and finally reached England in disguise, where he lived until after the death of the Cardinal, which occurred two years later.—From the German.

"Gentlemen," said an eminent Australian lawyer recently, "the case for the Crown is a mere skeleton—a mere skeleton, gentlemen; for as I shall presently show, it has neither flesh, blood nor bone in it." On another occasion he solemnly declared that a "verbal agreement is not worth the paper it is written on."

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