AFTER SUNFISH.

Hints for Catching the Iridescent Zouave of the Waters.

Without the merry sunfish all angling or any general angling water would be incomplete. The sunfish is the trick dog of the troupe, th clown of the pan tomime, always in the road, always being stumbled over, yet always good-humored, and invariably provocative of a smile, whether that be at his ability or at his impudence. An arrant thief, a light weight bully, a professional pickpocket, an ever hungry gamin of the waters is he, always ready to strike at a big bass fly, to follow and nibble at a trailing frog's hind legs, or to assail a gaudy spoonhook as large as himself. He is always being caught, and sent up for a life sentence, yet somehow, when you go fishing the next time, there he is again, fairly itching for another theft of the provender you have arranged for more important personages. He is a constant reminder of a question which has troubled more than one angler—Why is it that the little fishes are always eating, and yet never get so large as the great fellows that only once in a while, in a lordly sort of way, condescend to look at the angler's lure? To judge from his actions the sunfish must eat enough in the course of a year to sustain the frame of the mightiest muskallonge, yet he hasn't got much to show for it all at the end of the year. He rarely grows so heavy as a pound.

A UBIQUITOUS FIN WEARER.

The brilliant uniform of this gypsy soldier, this gaudy zouave of the waters, is familiar over the greater part of the Continent, what ever be the name by which he is known. Brook or river, pond or lake, reedy bayou or babbling, tree-clad stream, it matters little to him, and he is there, brighter in the bright waters, darker in the dull, bigger in the big waters, hungry in them all. He is a common angling acquaintance, but no one who ever knew him and his appetite could ever accuse him of avaricious or sordid motives. He doesn't eat for the same reasons that prompt the greedy pickerel, for fear that something will get away from him, but just because he can't help it. He bites for the fun of the thing.

There are not very many ways in which one can not catch the sunfish, and any one would know that advice thereon would superfluous; but the grave-minded and earnest angler who holds no real hustler of a fish as beneath his notice will carefully consider the possibilities of the sunfish and methodically set about turning the latter to advantage. In such plans the old rule of light tackle, of course, comes in. No one but a brute would deliberately set out to catch sunfish on pike tackle, although he might inadvertently capture one at an moment while properly fishing for the larger fish. The sunfish is so small that a full-grown man is far stronger than he. If there is to be any fairness at all, or any equalization of the chances, the tackle must be as fine as can be procured. One, naturally, will take his lightest trout rod, his most delicate line and leader, and the smallest hooks of his portfolio in angling for this little fish; even then, the chances will be all with the angler, for the tough lips of the sunfish are as unyielding as they are eager, and it is very rarely that a sunfish once hooked ever gets away. The tackle can not be too light, but it need not be in the least expensive, if it so happens that one has not just the thing in stock already. A 75c rod, $2 reel, a 30c line, 10c worth of hooks and a pocketful of worms will equip one magnificently for this humble sort of sport, although it is, by all means, advisable that the angler avail himself of the added dignity which invests any sport when the very best appliances are used.

SUNFISH BAIT

The sunfish will bite readily at any small white bait, such as a piece of minnow or frog, a section of fish gullet, or a portion of the intestines of a fowl. It dotes on angleworm, is not averse to a small and clean grub worms, and will lose its heart to a grasshopper every time—sometimes a cricket or a small bug of almost any kind will tempt it, or a piece of a crawfish or helgremite. It rises readily to the artificial fly, and can be killed in any quantities on a small and free running spoon. It will strike at almost any moving object—sometimes under circumstances which are fairly ludicrous in their absurdity. It is much more apt to follow and take a moving bait than one which is left stationary, its curiosity seeming fairly to make away with all its prudence. If the bait is stopped in its motion, often then the sunfish will stop too, and stand motionless, with solemn visage and protruding eyes, looking steadfastly at the object in question, and never offering to move as long as angler and bait remain motionless. At the least motion of the latter it is very apt to dart upon it.

In common with many of its family, the sunfish for a time stands guard over the nest containing its youthful progeny, and on such occasions will at once attack fiercely any fish or any object which approaches it. You may often see it seize a bit of floating weed or a stick which comes by in the stream, and notice that it carries it away clear of the nest, returning at once to stand guard again. The gamin loves his children; indeed, there is not in the whole fish family so strong a manifestation of the parental affection as that shewn by the sunfish. There is much more intelligence among fishes than most people think. One species of sunfish actually builds a house for its little ones, throwing up a very large and pronounced mound or flattened cone in the water. Over this it swims back and forth, fairly bristling with importance and pugnacity. At such a time it is the easiest thing to catch the sunfish, for it will run at any bait, but he must be a degraded man indeed who would kill even a sunfish under such circumstances.

A HINT TO THE ANGLER.

In clear running streams you will often see the sunfish flashing across the shallows and riffles, a fish as bright and brilliant in colouring as any but the trout, and possessing an iridescent splendor in the sunlight which no trout can approach. The smaller fish play on the sandy reaches; you will take the largest ones in under the bank where the water eddies around, deep and dark. Usually if the sunfish intends to bite, it will come with a rush, strike savagely, and play very strongly for a fish of its size. It has really very game qualities, so that the angler who starts in at catching it is very apt to keep on, sometimes killing more than he really should. I once knew two anglers to take 350 sunfish along the Ninnescah River, in Kansas, in one day, their string being so long they could not lift it clear of the ground when doubled over a pole. This is simply butchery, the more especially as a great many people do not like to be at the trouble of, preparing so small a fish for the table and so allow most of the catch to go to waste. It should be the case of the genuine and noble minded angler not so much to capture a large number of fish as to take a small numberof the largest and finest specimens, returning for another time the immature ones. Let them live out their lives, and see all that the round of life has for a fish to see. They are entitled to that. We, as men, civilized, and retaining only in a modified form the instincts and practices of savagery, should be quick to see this; and since we are strong, we should be merciful. The bravest are the tenderest in any line of life.

About the best form of sport at the sunfish is found in fishing with the fly around the edge of some quiet pond. At this time of the year there is apt to be a heavy bank of moss and other vegetation. In little open "pockets" among this moss, or more often yet just at the outer edge and facing the open water, the sunfish lie in schools, waiting for the dropping in of something which may be construed as an invitation to dine. Sometimes in the heated portion of the day they will not bite so freely, although it is a feature of this fish to take the fly much more readily in the middle of the day than most fishes. If the sunfish is simply idly curious about the quaint insects the angler trails under his nose, he will approach the hook slowly and apparently snuff at it, or scull slowly up, end on, and stare the angler in the face, in which case the latter will be forced to laugh in spite of himself, so comical is the appearance of the slim oval which faces him, with protruding eyes, a snub nose and fins which suggest the abbreviated wings of a rather irregular-looking cherub. As the fisher looks on, quaking with laughter at this amusing apparition of the water, lo! it slowly fades from sight, sinking by imperceptible degrees into the deepening hues of the water, as the fishy cherub sculls back by occult wriggles of his tail.

Economy in the Kitchen.

"Kate, what are you thinking of? You have two candles for your knitting!" "Oh, no, ma,am, I haven't but one; but I cut it in two."

Wouldn't Suit.

"I should like a position in your family as coachman, Mr. Bullion," said the applicant meekly.

"We have sent our horses to the country for the Summer," replied Mr. Bullion.

"I can also wait at table or attend to the garden and lawn."

"Our dauthter gets married next week and we go away till Fall."

"I see; and you take the garden and lawn with you. But since your daughter is to be married the place wouldn't suit me, anyhow."

In the Restaurant

"See here, waiter, there's a roach on this butter," said a guest at an east side restaurant.

"Just chuck him down a little furder so he can't git away an I'll tend to his case when I git froo wid dis gent."

Had a Good Setter Himself.

"Do you know who has a good setter dog to sell?"

"One that sets everything?"

"Yes, a regular setter."

"One that will set every time and all the time—a thoroughbred setter?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, I've got that kind of hen I'll sell cheap."

Womanly Sympathy.

"I often feel an aching void," remarked young Fitzpercy to Miss Susie. "I am sorry you are troubled with chronic headache," replied the girl sympathetically.

He Got the Word.

McCorkle—"There was a terrible shock, which threw every passenger into the aisls. When we recovered ourselves, and went forward, we found that our train and another had—had"—McCrackle (helping him toword)—"Telescoped," McCorkle—No; collide-oscoped."

He Was An Abstainer.

The Rev. William Lloyd has a keen and exquisite sense of numor. When he returned from a trip abroad this Fall he occupied a seat at the table d'hote on the steamer opposite an obese lady who ate an enormous quantity of pastry, and who frowned significantly every time the clergyman took a draught of his daily portion of ale. One day she leaned across the festive board and inquired loudly:

"May I ask you, sir, why you drink that nasty stuff?"

"To the glory of God, madam," answered Mr. Lloyd, tranquilly.

"Well," she snapped, helping herself to another jam tart, "I should think you would be an abstainer."

"I am, madam."

"An abstainer for what, I should like to know?" she observed, sarcastically.

"Madam," replied the clergyman, quietly, "from pie."—[Argonaut.

Not All Wrong.

Aspiring Author—"Wasn't there anything in the letters I sent you that you could use?"

Practical Editor—"Yes, the stamps you inclosed for their return we used, but there was nothing else available."

There are Swells and Swells.

First O nah Belle—"And you were at the seaside for a month. I know you must have enjoyed the swells of the surf."

Second Omaha Belle—"Yes I, enjoyed some of them very much—one of them in particular. How do you like my new ring?"

The Best Heifer on the Place.

Farmer Fallow: "Hear you have been havin' sickness over at your place." Farmer Wallow: "Yes, best heifer on th' farm's been moping' 'round all summer. Wife was taken down yisterday." Farmer Fallow: "Any improvement?" Farmer Wallow: "Well, she's a leetle better: but she never'l be the animal she was afore."—*The Epoch.*

National and Individual Wealth.

A vehement discussion has been aroused by Mr. Thomas G. Shearman's recent speech in Portland, Oregon, in which he declared that 100,000 persons are possessed of incomes which enable them to save about three-fifths of all the wealth that is annually saved in this country, and that, unless our method of taxation is changed, within thirty or fifty years this 100,000 will own three-fifths of all the property in the Nation. The New York "Tribune" angrily denounces Mr. Shearman, and attempts to show that more than one-half of our annual increase in wealth is divided among four million farm owners. In this attempt the "Tribune" manifests more daring than wisdom. Mr. Shearman is not a labor agitator, except so far as facts agitate. His rhetoric in Portland was the rhetoric of understatement. Had he said that 100,000 men own to-day more than all the rest of the Nation, he would not have been wide of the truth.

What the "Tribune" says about the great number of property owners in America is true but meaningless. Mr. Andrew Carnegie once stated that there were more shareholders than workmen in the Pennsylvania Railroad system. This may also be true, but it, too, is meaningless. In England and Wales there are more landowners than farm laborers—the former numbering 972,000, the later but 810,000. But would Mr. Carnegie or the "Tribune" on that account declare it absurd to say that one per cent. of the families in England owned three-fifths of all the land? This is the logic of their position. Yet the fact is that practically three fifths of it is owned by 4,217 persons. The income tax returns show that in England 57,000 persons, representing less than one per cent. of the families, own fully three-fifths of the whole wealth. Although our statistical bureaus have genarally avoided the investigation of the distribution of wealth, yet there are facts enough to show how nearly we have approached the condition of things in England, at the thought of which the "Tribune" shudders. In the cities and towns of Michigan, according to the second annual Labor Report, 1,200 of the inhabitants own 61 per cent. of all the real estate. This is where property is remarkably well distributed. In New York City the bulk of the real estate is owned by 10,000 persons. In 1880 official statistics were published as to the distribution of ownership in United States bonds. It was found that, although there were 71,000 private holders, ever 60 per cent. was held by 2,300. These holders of bonds are the same men that have the large holdings of real estate.

In the city of Columbus, Ohio, it has been estimated that one hundred and fifty men own more property than all the remaining. A banker of Omaha, Nebraska, recently expressed the opinion that more than half the wealth of that city was held by one hundred men. In Cleveland, Ohio, according to a dispatch to the New York "Sun" last week, there are sixty-three millionaires (names all given), whose aggregate wealth approaches $300,000,000. This sum divided among the people of Cleveland would mean $7,000 per family. The estimate is probably exaggerated, but the likelihood remains that these sixty-three men are worth as much as the remaining forty thousand in the city. In selecting one hundred thousand families who would own more than all the remaining eleven millions in the nation, Mr. Shearman might take twenty thousand instead of ten from New York, and five hundred instead of one hundred from such cities as Columbus, Omaha, and Cleveland. The ownership of farm lands is, as the "Tribune" claims, well distributed; but it must be borne in mind that the public indebtedness of the country and its railroad securities (which are held almost exclusively in cities) are worth more than all the land which is actually owned by the farmers. The estate of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt alone was worth more than the 165,000 farms in the three States of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. As regards the concentration of wealth, the United States cannot boast much over England. Since 1860 its wealth has increased from fifteen to fifty billions. During the next thirty years it will probably increase from fifty to one hundred billions. Whether the next fifty shall go to increase the power and luxury of those already rich, or to increase the comfort and independence and culture and manhood of the mass of our citizens, is the political question of our times.

Turkish and Oriental designs are the correct thing in embroideries just now.

To dream of a ponderous whale,
Erect on the tip of his tail.
Is the sign of a storm
(If the weather is warm),
Unless it should happen to fail.

Dreams don't amount to much, anyhow, Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are constipated, with no appetite, tortured with sick headache and bilious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

Yes, Julius, the health lift is a good thing, but don't look for it in the vicinity of a mule's heels.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it. 50 cts., by druggists

How happy our neighbors might be if they would only do as we think they ought to do.

The Turtle Mountain Region.

Thousands of acres of choice free government land, now open for settlers in the Turtle Mountain Region of Dakota. Here was raised the wheat that took first premium at New Orleans Exposition. Rich soil, timber in mountains, good schools, churches, congenial society. For further information, maps, rates, etc., apply to F. I. Whitney, G.P. & T.A., St. P., M. & M. Ry., St. Paul, Minn., or J. M. Huckins, Can. Pass. Agt., Toronto.