

## MARK TWAIN GOES FISHING.

Some of His Friends Play a Very Mean Joke on Him.

Away back in the '60's, when Mark Twain resided in San Francisco, and was the regular correspondent of a Nevada paper, he was a character among the Bohemians, and was associated with many jolly souls who are now numbered among the missing, and many who are still well known in San Francisco.

Mark was an ardent angler, and was never happier than when sitting with his legs dangling over the side of a cozy yacht and waiting for the slow and lazy nibbles of the denizens of the sea. In those days Alexander Badlam and Fulton Berry owned the tug Fanny Ann, and to gratify Mark's piscatorial whim they fitted her up one day with a dozen or two boxes of bait and a lunch, and with a few choice friends steamed off for Angel Island. Mark had constantly expressed as the desire of his life that he might catch a mess of red rock cod; those in the San Francisco markets being of a bright red, very attractive to look at, and very choice food fish.

### THE PARTY CONSISTED

of Mark Twain, O. P. Sutton, formerly secretary of the Pacific Bank; General John McComb, then editor of the "Alta," a prominent San Francisco judge, now deceased; Alexander Badlam, and Fulton Berry. The two latter, knowing full well there were no red rock cod this side of the Farallone Islands, purchased a large, fine specimen in the market, and placing it in a gunny sack smuggled it on board the steamer. After a pleasant sail across the bay the Fanny Ann was anchored across the stream at a point on Angel Island, known as Ralston's quarry, so called from the fact that the rock for the Bank of California was taken from that place. The tide was ebbing strong, and, after anchoring, all the party except Badlam and Berry dropped their lines on the lower side. These two gentlemen dropped theirs on the upper side of the steamer, with their lines drifting under the steamer, while those on the opposite

### TRAILED TOWARD THE SEA.

When unnoticed, Badlam attached the large red rock cod to his line, and, apprising the others of the fact, pulled him to the surface amid great excitement. The fish was immediately placed in a barrel of water, which had been provided to keep alive what fish might be caught. It was suggested to Mark Twain and his friends that they had better fish on the upper side of the steamer, as they prefer shady places, which was concurred in.

After the lines had trolled under the steamboat Berry removed the bait from his hook, and on the opposite side trailed and caught Mark Twain's line. The latter, complaining that his line was foul, was assured that on the swinging of the steamboat it would soon loosen. In a few moments the rock cod was taken from the barrel and hooked on to Mark Twain's line. A vigorous pull was given, and at the top of his voice Mark yelled out: "I've got a whale! I've got a whale!" He landed him in fine shape, the two jokers taking him off the hook and placing him in the barrel.

MARK IMMEDIATELY PROCURED a piece of chalk and commenced to score the catch of each of the fishermen, and during the next two hours this same fish was hooked on in the same manner fifty or sixty times on the lines of all the parties, and pulled up in the same manner and placed in the barrel of water. Twain, of course, having caught the largest number. When the fun became monotonous Berry hooked the fish in the tail, hoping that Mark would drop on the joke, but he did not, but simply said: "It takes an artist to catch a fish on the wrong end. I have often done so in trout fishing in Nevada."

The fish having had its gills all torn out, scales most torn off, and no place to hook on to him any more the jokers in desperation fished up Twain's line and Sutton's line at the same time, and tied a monkey-wrench on the former and a hatchet on the latter. Screams were raised, that they had got a devilish, and the wrench and hatchet were landed on the deck. Words could not depict the faces of the fishermen. Twain pulled off his coat, looked at the score, looked at the monkey-wrench at the hatchet, and then at the barrel, rolled up his sleeves, and fished out the poor, solitary, worn-out red rock cod, and holding it aloft, said: "Boys, we have had lots of fun to day; let's go home." He was the only one in the party who took it goodnaturedly, the other gentlemen refusing to converse on the sport of red cod fishing, and always looking on the transaction as a very mean joke.

### DRIVEN INTO MATRIMONY.

Boy Whose Father Thrashed Him Weds a "Lady of Mature Years."

Louie Jelp is a stout 17-year-old boy, living in Anderson county, Ky. One day he was ploughing on his father's farm near Lawrenceburg. The plough was drawn by a mule of vicious propensities. The mule balked, and Jelp, to make him go along all right, struck him with the plough life. The animal then kicked the plough to pieces, and ran away. Jelp's father was ploughing the adjoining field, and witnessed the run away and smashup. He was angry at his son for striking the mule, and picking up a piece of the plough line, gave him a severe thrashing.

After the whipping, very young Jelp, sore both in body and mind, went to the next farm, occupied by Miss Higgins, a lady with a red head and forty-one years to her credit! The boy knew her well, and he related to her how cruelly his father had treated him. Miss Higgins was full of sympathy, and suggested to him that there was a way in which he could easily emancipate himself from the control of an unfeeling father. He enquired how it was to be done, and she replied that he might marry her, and thus settle all his difficulties.

Jelp accepted Miss Higgins's proposition and on the following day, the two took the train at Lawrenceburg for Louisville. They immediately crossed over to Indiana shore, where a license was issued, and they were married by Justice John Hutchens. On the following day, the bride and her youthful husband returned to the former's home in Anderson county. Mrs. Jelp has no fear of her husband's father, and invites him to make trouble if he dare. She is worth \$10,000.

The British divorce returns for thirty years, ending in 1887, show that there were 30,561 petitions for divorce or dissolution of marriage, of which 7,321 were successful. The increase since 1881 is gradual.

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

You must not be ashamed to ask what you do not know.

It is not what we intend, but what we do that makes us useful.

Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness.

It is a good thing to be able to let go the less for the sake of the greater.

Temperance is a tree that has contentment for its root and peace for its fruit.

Does thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

A promise is a just debt, which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are its security.

Beware of the man who is always suspicious of everybody else's motives. The chances are that he has some bad motives himself.

If you wish to live the life of a human being and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

Beautiful souls often get put into plain bodies; but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the inconveniences or the humility which gives it grace.

People who have no occupation must marry. The human heart is like a millstone—if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat, it grinds on, but then it wears away.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of the truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

The history of the world teaches us no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this that the only safeguard of a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent tolerance; to a friend your heart; to your child a good example; to a father deference; to your mother conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself respect; to all men charity.

Mistakes of all kinds should be avoided as far as possible, and there may be a carelessness really culpable which gives rise to them. But in far the greater number of cases mistakes are the steps by which each one must climb to excellence in any direction.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So Heaven rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew; and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

### Be Cheerful.

A well-known philanthropist in New York, whose time was given to the help of the criminal and pauper classes, had upon his library table a Turkish figure of a laughing donkey. The beast was so convulsed with merriment that no one could look at it without a smile.

"Why do you keep that absurd figure there?" a friend asked him. "It seems to sit at the gravest subject which we discuss."

"Simply to remind me that the gravest subject has its cheerful, laughable side," he answered. "I find it a wholesome warning in the midst of so much misery."

Many a Canadian needs to be daily reminded in some way that life has its amusing, happy side. An hour's rest, a cheerful book, a talk with a friend would serve the purpose better than a laughing donkey.

We are a nervous, anxious people, and many of us have inherited from our ancestors a belief that amusements and mirth are sinful.

A Southern woman, lately visiting her friends in New England, exclaimed one day, "This is the best year of my life! My husband and children are in good health, and free from financial worry; my sons are honorable Christian men; we have many good, pleasant friends. God has heaped blessings on me. I am perfectly happy!"

An ominous silence followed these words, and melancholy shaked of the head. "It makes me tremble to hear you," one said at last, "when I think how soon all this may be changed, and that you may even be dead before night."

"And shall I not thank God while I am yet in the land of the living?" replied her friend.

This world, no matter how poor or ill or solitary we may be, is not for any of us altogether a vale of tears. It has its sunshine and pleasures, its cheerful heights, which may be climbed by all of us, if we have but courage and faith.

The man who will not yield to disaster and disease, who makes the best of his poverty, who finds something to laugh at in all his misfortunes, will not only draw more friends to his side than his melancholy brother, but actually live longer.

Colonel Sellers had found the true philosophy of life when he lighted a candle in his empty stove "to make believe there was a fire," and praised the "rare flavor" of the raw turnip and cold water which made his scanty meal.

The man whose religion makes him gloomy, austere and hopeless fatalizes Christ's teaching. Who should be happy if not the Christian! Who should make light of the troubles of this short life, if not he who believes in an unending life of happiness at its end?

"In everything give thanks," ordered the apostle, "after he had soothed night unto death; and again, having fought with beasts at Ephesus, he calls from his prison cell, to the weak and unhappy in all ages:

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice!"

During the recent Presidential election in the United States an Albany manufacturer had printed on all the envelopes in which his workmen received their wages the following inscription: "The one issue of this campaign: Shall American goods and products, or English goods and products, stock our home markets? Shall American wages or English wages be paid to our workingmen and working women?" Now that the election is over, and the party to which this manufacturer belongs has won the day, he has notified his men that their wages are to be reduced twenty-five per cent. It would be interesting to hear what these indeed workingmen have to say on this subject.

## The Wilds of Mexico.

In the wilds of Mexico! That sounds pretty strong, doesn't it? Well, when you are there, in all probability, no white man has ever been before, and I do not think the expression at all out of the way.

Leaving the city of Mexico, you travel southeasterly for about 200 miles, passing numerous small Indian villages, which seem to consist mainly of naked children and dogs, and reach the city of Huatamo. This is an old Spanish town of about 2,000 inhabitants, the main feature of which, like all other Spanish towns, is the plaza, a large square, around which are about all the stores the town contains. Sunday being market day, this plaza is quite interesting to a stranger. The natives from the surrounding country come in upon that day to sell their garden truck, salt, tobacco, hand-made blankets, straw goods, ropes, and goodness only knows what not. Four upright poles are planted in the ground, across poles fastened to them, and over all is laid a grass mat, thus making innumerable little stalls, where you can obtain most articles you need, and a far greater number of articles you cannot conceive as being of any possible use to mankind.

Now mount your horse and come with me. We leave Huatamo behind us and ride forward toward what seems to be a solid wall of mountains; the road is fair, that is after you have been over some others in this country, and you ride forward

THROUGH A LOVELY VALLEY

filled with fruit trees and flowers; the air is invigorating at this time of the year, your horse knows he is going home, and you swing along at a good pace, knowing that the following day your road will be but a cowpath over the mountains and you must make your 35 miles to-day, or you will not reach the mine upon the following.

Small mountain streams are crossed, many little Indian huts are passed, and far ahead of you appears a tiny moving speck. You know what it is as nearer, and nearer you approach each other, until finally you perceive an Indian, with his knapsack tightly fastened to his shoulders, swing along at his running walk. He is the mail. No stop for him, he must be on time, and with a "buenos dias" he is passed, and still you ride on.

The sun now becomes intensely hot, for it is nearing noon, and about that hour you reach a small Indian hut, where you halt for dinner. Two women, one child, and eleven dinner,构成 this household, during the daytime, and if you succeed in getting a couple of eggs and some corn bread you consider yourself fortunate. Horses are unsaddled and allowed to roam at will, and you stretch yourself under the welcome shade to go to sleep. Just when you begin to doze you

ARE RUDELY AWAKENED

by a harsh voice shrieking into your ear the single word "Ya!" That means ready; so you rouse yourself, eat your eggs and bread, drink your black coffee, light a cigarette, drown at the woman, and doze again.

It seems you have not been asleep five minutes when your servant wakes you and you find the horses ready saddled, pay the virago 12 cents, mount, and off again. It is now 3 o'clock and you have only 12 miles to go before sunset, or 6 o'clock; now a slope, now a trot, now a walk, according to the road, you ride along through the valley, paying no attention to the high mountains covered with palm trees and huge cacti which rise on either side of you, for you know them by heart and are only anxious to reach Quinchendio. One lonely peak last comes in sight, standing alone, one huge rock 700 feet in height, and you know you are almost there. Your horse knows it also, the road is good, he quickens his pace, and you now pass through mile after mile of corn and sugar cane, but the end comes and you ride up to the palace of this part of the world, an adobe house, where you can obtain food for your animals, a fairly good supper for yourself, and a bed made of ropes stretched across a wooden frame, with a bullock's hide for a mattress.

After a hearty supper, the main point of which is a bountiful supply and a stout, jolly old Indian woman to serve it.

A SMOKE AND TALK

with the master of the house, and a cheery "Assar buenas noches," you roll yourself on your blanket, and are soon asleep. At day light, you wake to find a bowl of steaming hot coffee, and corn bread, awaiting you. Your appetite sharpened by the cool air of the night, you break your fast with a relish and mount your horse with a sigh, for you know a hard day's journey lies before you although only about 30 miles or so.

That? That is not a sewing-machine.

"What is it?"

"A phonograph."

"A phonograph! Thunder! Is it in good order?"

"You bet."

And has been every night I have been here!"

"Indeed it has, darling. Do you want me to turn the crank just for fun?"

"No, indeed. ("You have turned him," sotto voce). "But what a funny girl you are, to think I meant what I said just now to tease you. I was only joking. I'm not engaged to Isabel, and we will get married as soon as you like."

"Certainly, dear."

"Don't call me 'dear' any more. You don't seem to understand."

"No, I do not. It is hard to realize. But what was the question you wanted to ask?"

"Oh, yes! Well, I often wonder why you always had this sewing machine in the parlor, and why you always insisted on sitting so close to it when we were saying sweet things to each other. Why was it?"

"That? That is not a sewing-machine."

"What is it?"

"A phonograph."

"Of course not. Good-night, darling. I will see you to-morrow night. And our wedding?"

"Next week. Good-night, precious."

"To-morrow night."

"And now," she said to herself as she heard the gate close behind him, "I must let him find out that that phonograph is out of order and doesn't record a thing, until after the wedding. It broke me all up when I found it out the other day; but I reckon his darling little Moelle got there with both him to-night. He don't play any Isabel Jones racket on her at present."

Below you for mile upon mile stretches an immense valley, and you follow the course of winding streams as they thread their way in and out along the base of huge plateaus and embryo mountains that rise here and there upon every side. Here can be seen the palm in all its glory, the cactus in its numerous varieties, and nature in her wildest disport.

"Oh, what a ranch!" would be the first cry of an artist, and both would be right. A winding path now leads down into the valley, small streams are crossed, a horribly stony path is left behind, one more river, one terribly long hill, one more descent and we are at the mines.

## HE MADE THE BEAR DANCE.

A Farmer Paid Five Cents to See the Fan, and He Was Bound to Get His Money's Worth.

As a farmer was driving with his wife on the outskirts of Kingston, N. Y., he came upon a Turk leading a tame bear. The farmer, wishing to have his wife see the bear dance, said he would give 5 cents to the master of the bear if he would make it dance. After the dirty Turk got the money he told the farmer the terpsichorean performance would not begin until another 5 cents was placed in his hand. This made the farmer angry, and he said:

"If you don't make that bear dance, I'll make you dance and the bear, too."

The owner of brain made no move until the farmer got off his wagon to carry his threat into execution, when he put his hand to his pocket as if to draw a revolver. Then the farmer "let out with his right" and sent the bear-owner sprawling in the gutter. As soon as the Turk could get up he took the muzzle off the bear, and, in an unknown tongue, told bruit to "go for" the farmer.

The bear, thus encouraged, "went for" the farmer, who soon made his fingers almost meet around the bear's windpipe. When the farmer saw fit to let go, the bear sneaked up to its master coughing and spitting blood, and its master began to make tracks from the spot. All this time the farmer's wife sat still in the wagon, simply saying:

"James, I wish you wouldn't be so foolish." "I can't help it, Marier," said the farmer: "I wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared by owls."

She Broke Him Up.

"Oh, George, this is terrible. It will break my heart."

"Oh, I reckon not, Mollie. You'll get over it."

"I shall never get over it."

"Sorry. But you'll have to, sis. I am engaged