

FISHERMEN OF ST. IVES.

THEIR WIVES ATTEND PRAYER MEETINGS BUT LIKE FUN.

How They Receive a Stranger Who Does Not Conform With Their Customs—Catching Fish by the Thousands—Where Candles Serve as Currency.

Before leaving the ancient Cornish seaport of St. Ives my friendship with the fisherfolk of the town led to the gaining of much interesting information regarding the famous picher fishery of the bay.

Brief reference was made in my preceding article to the coming of the shoals, the character of the fish, which is very similar to the diminutive Eastport, Me., herrings packed as sardines and given French labels in that enterprising Yankee port, and the genuine sardine of Biscayan waters, while mention was made of the curious operations of the "huers" or watchers and the universal excitement in St. Ives when a shoal is cited.

Seines from 1,000 to 2,000 feet long are used for impounding the shoals. They are carried in a large boat called the seine-boat, worked by from eight to ten men with oars. No sails are used. The seine-boat is attended by two smaller boats called "towboats," which carry smaller nets called thwart or stop nets, while these towboats are followed by still another tender, rowed by strong lads, and used for carrying men between the larger boats or to and from the shore, as circumstances may require.

When the watchers upon the heights signal the order to shoot, both the seine-boat and the thwartboat start from the same point. From the former the seine is cast around the fish on the outside, forming a large segment of a circle. From the thwartboat this stop net is thrown, forming a sort of continuation of the circle, but the follower remains at the point of departure to prevent the fish from passing through the opening between the ends of the two nets.

As soon as the seine is shot the work of the "blowers" begins. Twenty to forty of these take the warp or line at its shore end, attach it to a huge capstan and begin drawing it inshore. At the same time another line called the towrope is carried from the opposite extremity, and with this the men in the seineboat warp the net inward. The nets, with the fish inclosed or penned in are now brought near enough to land to be out of tide's way and are safely moored.

Gathering in or taking up the fish is called "tucking." When the tide is low the seineboat is utilized within the moored seine, and has on board what is called a "tucknet." With this the fish are scooped from the wriggling shoal and brought so near the surface that they may be dipped out of the sea in a basket. Boatload after boatload is thus taken, until enough are secured to be handled in the curing process between low tide and another, and when the shoals are large a week of night and day work is often required.

"Tucking" at night is always an interesting and often a brilliant scene in St. Ives' bay; the boats hastening to and fro, the oars sparkling with phosphorescence at every sturdy stroke; the subdued yet eager activity of the fishermen as they plunge their baskets into the water to raise at each dip a stream of quivering silver; the bustle and excitement along the pier and the busy streets where the labor never ceases so long as the shoal holds out; and then old St. Ives hanging like ragged mistletoe from the heights above, with the terrace lights like a flashing tiara, are all worth storing away among the pleasant pictures of the memory.

From the boats the pilchards are taken to the cellars and storehouse in "gurrins." These are square vessels like open boxes, with handles at each end. The fish are salted in bulk, that is, they are built into huge piles, in alternate layers of fish and salt. All this work is done by women and girls who are quite as powerful in all necessary handling and carrying as the men, and far more dexterous.

The fish are allowed to remain in bulk for thirty or forty days. During this time a vast amount of "pickle" and oil drains away, finding its way into receptacles from which the oil is skimmed. Then the fish are washed perfectly clean in huge troughs, when they are put with great nicety and in regular layers into casks, locally called "hogheads," of fifty-two gallons each. They are then subjected to strong pressure for a week, causing another large flow of oil, after which they are headed up and are ready for exportation to Mediterranean ports.

These St. Ives curers are the wives, daughters and sweethearts of the St. Ives fishermen, brawny of arm, stout of frame, among the cleanest of women at home, not given to the unrepentable billingsgate of the Thames-side fishwives; and they get more pleasure out of their neighborly "teas" and their Wesleyan prayer meetings than is secured out of any manner of diversion by any other lowly women I know. But despite the prayer meetings they enjoy their rough larks and play, which are usually of the source of discomfiture to some man of their own kind who has been caught at some unforgivable peccadillo, or some "oopstart" stranger whom they dearly love to "hustle" for a while and then treat to a bath in the harbor or within some convenient vat of "pickle" and oil. Indeed, throughout all Cornwall all women who work at man's labor in gangs together, like these St. Ives fishwives and the "bal girls," or mining pit brow lasses, seem to have a penchant for treating any man who has secured their dislike in so rough a way that it often merges upon brutality.

Among their immemorial customs none is more rigidly adhered to or more likely to make trouble to a supercilious stranger than the one among the St. Ives fishwives of "wiping the shoe." If you by chance step into one of these huge fish curing cellars, where from 50 to 100 St. Ives fish-women are at work, their shrill clack and clatter of voices are instantly hushed. Some substantially built middle aged woman advances to you and without a word gives the toe of one of your shoes a quick wipe with a bit of old rag filled with oil. That is all there is to "wiping the shoe," if you immediately respond with a crown, or even a shilling. This is counted as "paying your reckoning" for satisfying your curiosity, and the proceeds

go into a common fund. If you fail to at once furnish the gratuity, you are suddenly surrounded and roughly "hustled," in the meantime coming in contact with rough knuckles and hard elbows, which these fishwives know how to savagely handle, and you are certain to at last land in the bay or the more disagreeable "pickle" and oil vat.

It is not more than eight miles across from St. Ives' bay on the north to Mount's bay on the south of the Cornish peninsula. On the latter stands Penzance, and setting forth in that direction I found that just beyond St. Earth the highways diverged. Being in doubt as to the right one, I approached a group of miner's cottages for inquiry and secured another illustration, among hundreds that have come to my notice in Cornwall, of the ineradicable suspicion which possesses the Cornish intellect regarding all things which seem to savor of inconsistency, as well as of unhesitating hospitality and generosity, even when the object of the same seems to the Cornishman to be wholly an unworthy one.

I spoke to a brawny miner just as he was leaving his cottage to take up his work in the mine with the "aft-moon corps," which goes "below grass" at two o'clock, telling him that as I had walked the length of Cornwall from Plymouth, I wished to reach Penzance the same way, and not by rail from St. Ives.

"Awd rat tha! Tha cuss'n't (cannot) stuff me!" he replied, with genuine scorn in his honest face.

I saw he had mistaken me for a tramp, and I turned away with a cheery "Good day." He bellowed to me instantly: "If tha'll wait a bit, my son, aw'll see it Ginny (his wife) can spare tha a mossil." There was not a "mossil" to eat left in "Cousin Jack's" house, as his "crib" or lunch bag held the last "laggan" or "pasty," but his generosity was not to be deterred. He soon reappeared and pressed upon me a miner's candle, putting it in my pocket with his own rough hands, and sending me along the right road to Penzance with many bellowed parting words of cheer.

This candle was a mystery to me at the time, but I soon discovered its significance and value. Through some ancient custom or mining regulation a "corps" of miners is compelled each month to buy a certain number of pounds of candles. These are the best quality of candles known in Cornwall, and all other folk like to get them. So the surplus is carefully saved, divided among the miners "pairdners," taken home to the miner's wives, who exchange them for trifling luxuries and necessities at the shops. Miner's candles are, therefore, currency of the realm, "a can's worth of taw," cheese, eggs, sugar, etc., having been from time immemorial equivalent to a "ha'penny" or "orth" of these or other articles in exchange.

The traveller will learn that the pleasure in visiting Penzance is to be found in the extraordinary scenes of interest and the glorious coast scenery accessible from the town, rather than in the place itself. It is barren of antiquities and historic charm. There were once some smugglers here. Sir Humphrey Davy was a native of the place. A comic opera has been written about it. That is nearly all, beside numberless inns and lodging houses, which you can find to interest you here.

It is, however, the metropolis of the Land's End district of Cornwall, and is always running over with tourists for whom the famous *logan* or rocking stone, the sublime headlands, the hoary parish churches roundabout, the grand old ecclesiastical antiquities, St. Michael's mount (which must not be confounded with Mont St. Michael on the coast of Normandy), and Land's End itself, the southwesternmost point in England, have an endless fascination. One feature of Penzance itself is indicative of the genuine enjoyment of English people in summer in their trips by coach or in humbler traps or vans. In the one long, narrow street of the city you can on any summer's day count from 100 to 200 of these vehicles, whose occupants, as there is no railway or town of any importance beyond Penzance, are tarrying here for refreshments and rest.

But Mount's bay itself, at the edge of which rests Penzance, on almost level ground behind her huge breakwater, and from which St. Michael's mount rises to a very great height with sheer escarpments of granite on three sides, and the dim old crag, crowned by mass upon mass of medieval towers, is one of the most charming marine bits for observation and study in Europe. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

HORSESHOES AND LUCK.

The superstition that associates the horseshoe with good luck is very old. It is said to prevail not only among English-speaking people, but in all the races of Europe and in southern Asia. Antiquarians are undecided whether its origin has to do with the material from which the horseshoe is made or with its shape. The ancients believed that iron, as a metal, had great secret powers, and they drove nails into their walls as a protection against pestilence. The Arabs, when overtaken by severe storms in the desert, cry out, "Iron, iron!" which they think will propitiate the evil spirits who have raised the storm. The Scandinavian races think that spirits can be driven away and witches kept at bay by a knife stuck in the house, or nails driven up. These races have held from time immemorial the idea that it was luck to find a piece of iron. As horseshoes are the form in which iron is most frequently found, it is naturally the form to which the superstition has longest clung.

As regards the form of the horseshoe, there is no doubt that among the ancients the crescent form was much favored as having lucky or preservative powers. Ornaments were shaped in this way to drive away evil spirits. The Chinese have their tombs built in a semicircular form, like a horseshoe, and the Moors use the same form in their architecture. It may be remarked that the mythology of Europe horses were also regarded as luck bringers, and superstition once supposed that a horse's hoof placed under the bed would cure certain complaints.

The horseshoe, therefore, may be said to unite within itself three lucky elements: It is in the shape of a crescent, it is made of iron, and it has been taken from a horse. Some writers on this subject have surmised that the lucky quality of the horseshoe was derived from its resemblance in form to the halo pictured above the heads of saints, but this connection is improbable, since the superstition certainly antedates Christianity.

ELECTING A PRESIDENT.

How the Voting is Done in the United States.

The system which obtains in the United States of choosing a president is complicated and peculiar, inasmuch as the people, although devoting nearly a year to what they are pleased to call an election, really never vote directly for president. It is indeed quite possible, without a violation of written or unwritten law, for a man particularly unknown to the people, and one whose name has never been mentioned in connection with the office during the campaign, to be placed in the presidential chair.

The first stage of the election is inaugurated by what are called the "Party Primaries." At each of these "Primaries," only the voters of one party meet at a time and cast a ballot. The democratic voters in each election district meet on a certain day and elect delegates to a state convention. The republicans do the same. About a month later, these two state conventions meet, and in turn elect a delegation to a national convention of all the states, each political party electing delegates to its own convention, the number of delegates being equal to twice the number of the State's representatives in congress. The territories which have no representation on that body are each allowed two delegates in the nominating convention; this makes each party convention number 900 delegates. Then these two national conventions, one republican, the other democratic, decide who shall be the candidates for president; in the republican convention a majority of votes decides; in the democratic a two-thirds vote is required. When this point is decided, the conventions adjourn, and then two lists of electors, one representing each party (and supposed to be likely to vote in the electoral college for the man who carried the convention), are placed before the people of the country to be voted for. Each state electoral ticket, containing the names of electors equal in number to the number of senators and representatives in congress, ranges from three in the State of Oregon to thirty-six in New York State.

During the summer the campaign is in full swing, and the respective merits of the rival candidates for the highest office in the country are put before the electorate. But, as a matter of fact, these candidates are not before the people and do not receive their votes, the actual votes of the people being given in favor of certain republican or democratic electors expected to vote (if elected) for the man chosen by the party convention at the opening of the campaign. Two months after the election the 444 electors who have received the highest vote in their respective state meet at Washington and elect a President, and, while morally they are bound to elect the choice of their party convention, legally they have a perfect right to choose any man they please, the nominating conventions being a latter-day innovation, and not recognized in or suggested by the constitution. As the first "primaries" are often held in February, and the electoral college does not really choose a president till the following February, an entire year, or a fourth of the presidential period, is spent in choosing a chief executive. In the contest about to open the chances of the contending parties seem very equal. What are termed sure republican States will cast 186 electoral votes, the sure democratic States 173 votes, out of a total of 444. As the number required to elect a president will be 223 votes, the republican party must secure 37 of the doubtful ones, the Democrats 50.

New York State, with its thirty-six electoral votes, it will thus be seen, holds a very important position, practically indeed the key of the situation. This State is a most uncertain quantity, for which the democratic party have generally carried it in the State or local elections, in presidential elections, when the farmer vote is always heavy, it has recorded its verdict in the great majority of instances in favor of the republicans.

The Incongruous Parrot.

Many are the stories told of "pretty Polly's" bright sayings, and propensities to profanity. Here is one from the *Feathered World* that shows how ridiculous a perfectly serious remark may become if uttered at the wrong time.

An old maiden lady who strongly objected to "followers" had as a companion a gray parrot with a wonderful faculty for picking up sentences. One day the old lady had cause to severely reprimand one of her maids for a breach of the "follower" ordinance. This so irritated the girl that, as a wind-up to a recital of her wrongs in the hearing of her fellow-servants and Polly, who happened to be with them, she exclaimed passionately: "I wish the old lady was dead." The parrot lost no time in showing off its newly acquired knowledge when next taken into the drawing-room, to the alarm of its elderly mistress, who superstitiously thought it was a warning from another world. She at once consulted the vicar, who kindly volunteered to allow his own parrot, which could almost preach a short sermon, sing psalms, etc., to be kept for a short time with the impious

one, in order to correct its language. To this end they were kept together in a small room for a few days, when the lady paid them a visit in company with her spiritual adviser. To their intense horror, immediately the door opened, the lady's parrot saluted them with the ominous phrase: "I wish the old lady was dead!" The vicar's bird responding with all the solemnity of an old parish clerk: "The Lord hear our prayer."

Marg'ry's Boy.

A settin' here all by my lone,
A-lis'nin' to the dreary moan
At sings around the ole house-caves,
My pipe a-makin' rings 'at weaves
Therselves in shape 'at kind o' takes
A chap 'way back, an' sort o' shakes
A score o' years 'rom off his head—
Sunhove, I seem to see a gurl—
My Marg'ry—her thet's—well, not dead—
But's kind o' dropped 'om out my world!

She allus was a wilful thing,
'Ith eyes 'at seemed to dance and sing
An' sort o' hold a jubilee
'Ith the sweetest pair o' lips 'at the
Almightly ever sent down here
To drive away the bitter drear
An' make a feller's heart rejoice,
An' raise afore his glis'nin' eyes
The hosts a-lifin' up their voice
An' singin' joy through Paradise!

An' when one summer day she went
Away 'ith thet strange chap, an' sent
Her mother there this crumpled note
A-sayin' 'ow in tears she wrote
To bid us all a long farewell,
A-hopin' God 'ud bless us—well,
It kind o' froze the heart o' mine—
An' es I burned her forty-grain,
Her mother dropped the cotton blind
In her ole room, an' cried—an' 'laffed!

An' so we never spoke her name
For months an' years, until there came,
One winter night, a starlin' rap!
An' nothin' there but a wee chap
All bundled up an' starlin' there,
We'd 'give him food, an' sort o' try
To save his life, so, bye an' bye,
He'd grow up strong, an' mebbe, take
Our Marg'ry's place an' be our joy!
Two silvered heads bowed for a sake,
An' shed soft tears on Marg'ry's boy!

We found a little tear-stained note
Hid in his shabby velvet coat,
A-sayin' 'at her little chap's
Lie was abbin', an' thet 'praps,
We'd 'give him food, an' sort o' try
To save his life, so, bye an' bye,
He'd grow up strong, an' mebbe, take
Our Marg'ry's place an' be our joy!
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—Kinbald Chase Tappin in Judge.



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INKING AND KEYBOARD.

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Here's a Scientific Keyboard, too. No shift keys to puzzle. 78 keys write 78 characters. You can easily change from another style machine and there are only three rows to learn anyway.

ALIGNMENT.

FASHION now for all typewriters to claim "permanent alignment." Much abused phrase. In this the Yost differs radically from others. Listen: You know how ordinary type-bars work—hung in tight, finely adjusted bearings at the shoulder. Variation at shoulder multiplies by 17 at type end. And what, therefore, does wear in such a bearing mean? Simply this: permanent alignment impossible.

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The NEW YOST Writing Machine is made at its own factory in Bridgeport, Conn.—the largest, best-equipped typewriter factory in the world. Skilled workmen put only the finest materials into its construction. Additional information may be obtained from our Agencies throughout the world, or by addressing

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THE LATEST AND BEST—THE YOST WRITING MACHINE.

A MATTER OF GROWTH.

EARS ago, man and his wife moved out west. Settled down on the plains. Built a house. Plenty of room first—small family. By and by family increased, needed more room, built an extension. Next year, more family, more room, another extension—and so on, till finally that establishment looks like a disjointed telescope. Family satisfied? Oh, yes, there's a place to put everything. But to-day if they were to start a new home would they put up with the accommodations of a canal boat? Oh, no! They would put the same cost into a commodious modern structure, with an electric door bell.

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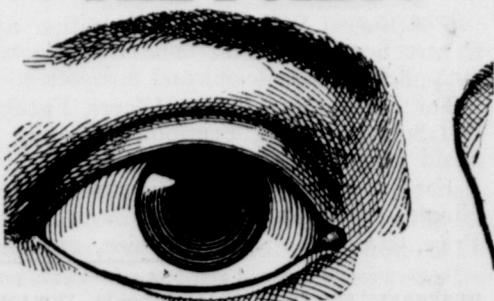
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