

AN OLD TIME TREAT

Lampreys Once a Fairly Coveted Dish in New England.

PRIZED BY GENERAL STARK.

The Old Hero Even Refused One Year to Give Up One of His Sixteen Barrels to an Eel Hungry Neighbor. Their Former Fame Sung In Verse.

I was recently carried back to my boyhood days by a dinner of lampreys, locally known in the olden time as lamp eels because of their superficial resemblance to the true eel. The structure of the lamprey places it low down in the ranks of the fishes. In fact, a strict classification excludes it from them.

The lamprey is a vertebrate without a bone. Its spine is but cartilage, and there are no other tissues that are even as hard as cartilage. It has a sucking mouth and seven gill openings on each side of the body back of the head. It is the mouth and its peculiar use that are described in its scientific name, *Petromyzon marinus*, meaning ocean stone sucker. The color of the sea lamprey (to distinguish it from the little lampreys of the rivers) is brown mottled with black. Its maximum length is about three feet.

In the early days of New Hampshire lampreys came up the Merrimack and other rivers by myriad thousands and were caught by the settlers and salted down for the year's supply of meat as were salmon, shad and alewives that came up from the ocean at the same time early summer and for the same purpose, the depositing of their spawn in the fresh waters of the rivers and lakes. Most of the fish were caught with seines and dipnets.

The lampreys were caught by hand in the shallower water of the brooks. The fishermen waded in where the water was shallow and the current swift and watched for the "eels," as the lampreys were invariably called. In a rapid current lampreys progress by darting for a short distance and then clinging by the sucking mouth to a stone while resting for another plunge. It was then that the men seized them and threw them to the shore, where helpers put them into receptacles.

So important was the catching of fish in those days in the town of Derryfield, now Manchester, that all work was suspended when they arrived. There is a story that lacks verification to the effect that the man appointed to watch for the advent of the fish spied the vanguard on a Sunday morning. He hastened to the meeting house, where most of the town was assembled, and interrupted the sermon with the cry: "The fish have come! The fish have come!" The preacher stopped, pronounced the benediction, and the men all went fishing.

There is another story that General Stark, who had settled down on his farm after the Revolution, was asked by a neighbor for the loan of a barrel of "eels" for the winter. The general replied that he couldn't spare any, for he had but sixteen barrels to last him till spring.

However much or little truth there may be in these stories, it is a fact that lampreys formed an important part of the food of the settlers of Manchester. In 1851 at the centennial celebration of the incorporation of the town a poem was read by William Stark in which he thus referred to the lampreys:

Our fathers treasured the slimy prize. They loved the eel as their very eyes. And of one 'tis said with a slender rifle For a string of eels he sold his wife.

From the eels they formed their food in chief. And eels were called the Derryfield beef. And the marks of eels were so plain to trace That the children looked like eels in the face.

And before they walked it is well confirmed That the children never crept, but squirmed. Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield O'er the goodly men of old Derryfield It was often said that their only care, Their only wish and their only prayer For the present world and the world to come Was a string of eels and a jug of rum.

My father's boyhood was passed in the days of the "eels," and long after the dams in the Merrimack stopped the ascent of the fish he bought lampreys whenever they could be obtained from fishermen farther downstream. Thus I learned to eat and like them. It was many years since I had tasted them when recently I was delighted by the present of a fine mess of them. They carried me back a generation.

Lampreys are found in the north Atlantic as far south as Virginia, besides being landlocked in some of the lakes in western and northern New York.

While they are not abundant enough to make much impression on the present cost of living, a knowledge of their food value and the time and manner of catching them, minus prejudice, would do a little toward solving a modern problem.—W. H. Huse in *Rural New Yorker*.

Consistent.
"Professor, I have made some money, and I want to do something for my old college. I don't remember what studies I excelled in, if any."
"In my classes you slept most of the time."
"Um! Well, I'll endow a dormitory."
—Chicago Journal.

There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life. Each must be smilingly unraveled.—Robert Louis Stevenson

FORGETFUL LESCHETIZKY.

The Great Pianist Was One of the Most Absentminded of Men.

That famous pianist and still more famous teacher of music, Theodore Leschetizky, was one of the most absentminded of men.

One day, having experienced a slight symptom he thought he would visit his doctor and provide against a repetition. The day was cloudy, and he started forth umbrella in hand. Before reaching the nearest avenue it began to sprinkle, and he hailed a passing street car. Settled comfortably in a corner, he sank into meditation and was lost to material circumstances until the conductor announced: "End of route. Passengers will please descend."

Obediently the musician descended. He had passed the doctor's house long ago, besides, he had forgotten where he was going. A friend who happened to pass a few moments later, found him standing on the curbstone—his umbrella up, although it was no longer raining—glowering intently at the brimming gutter as he tried to remember his errand. Explanations followed, and the friend laughingly advised him to return home.

"Also, you will have my company all the way," he added genially. "That is to say, if you do not mind stopping a moment at Dr. So-and-so's, where I have promised to call for a prescription for my wife."

"Not at all; not at all!" cried Leschetizky, beaming. "My dear fellow, you have told me my destination. I, too, was going to Dr. So-and-so for a prescription."

The friends proceeded to the doctor's and obtained the two prescriptions. They left together, and on the top step—the sun was now shining brilliantly—the musician paused absentmindedly once more to put up his umbrella.

"But, my good friend, you do not need your umbrella," remonstrated his friend. "The rain ceased an hour ago."

At that moment the spring with which Leschetizky had been fumbling yielded, and the umbrella sprang open. His friend broke into a shout of laughter.

"True, the umbrella you have is more suitable to the weather than your own, but I am afraid the doctor's little daughter might not be satisfied with the exchange. I fear we must go back, Leschetizky, for there will be trouble."

Leschetizky lowered the supposed umbrella and looked at it. It was a blue parasol of diminutive size, much befurred and gayly strewn with brocade pink roses.

"Yes," he agreed. "We must go back and exchange umbrellas. Besides, I must get my prescription. I put it into my purse, but I do not feel any purse in my pocket. I think I must have left it to the doctor's table."

"Leschetizky," inquired his friend, "are you quite sure you did not leave yourself behind in the car and that I am not walking with your twin?"—*Youth's Companion*.

More Soap and Less Water.
Because they use too much water and too little soap women do not get the same dazzling whiteness in their washed clothes as do the United States marines, a sergeant of the marine corps told a party of society women visiting a battleship.

"The eye-paining brilliancy of our white clothes is due to the fact that we wash with our heads as well as our hands, and we let soap do its proper share of the work."

"Just enough water to thoroughly wet the wash is sufficient," the sergeant continued, "and the less water and more soap one uses the whiter the washing will turn out."

The visitors seemed greatly impressed with the lesson given them in an art that is dear to every woman's heart.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Making Hominy a Lost Art.
That the making of hominy is a lost art is the conclusion come to by the editor of the *Guide to Nature* and quoted by the *Literary Digest*. He has spent several years and many postage stamps in a vain effort to discover somewhere in the United States a mill that can grind corn into the hominy that was known by our grandparents. Some think they have it, but it always turns out to be nothing but bulled corn or the so-called hominy grits, neither of which would have made the classic "bowl of samp and milk" sung by Whittier.

She Was Right.
"How effusively sweet that Mrs. Blondy is to you, Jonesey," said Withereil. "What's up? Any tender little romance there?"

"No, indeed. Why, that woman hates me," said Jonesey.

"She doesn't show it," said Withereil. "No, but she knows that I know how old she is. We were both born on the same day," said Jonesey, "and she's afraid I'll tell somebody."

Feminine Perceptions.
"What shall I do at the meeting when I want to make a speech and some others try to head me off?"
"Why, get the chairman to recognize you."

"Oh, that is easy enough. I was introduced to her last week at Mrs. Pinkie's tea."—*Baltimore American*.

Silent Barbers.
Barbers in the early days of the Christian era were not permitted to talk while shaving a patron. Indeed, silence was so much appreciated by persons while under the barber's hands that mutes were preferred for this service.

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine" does not always apply. Cuba has a quill-less porcupine.

RUSSIA'S GREAT RAILWAY.

It Runs From Moscow to Vladivostok, a Distance of 6,000 Miles.

It was Alexander III, who first realized the possibility of making a railway across the whole length of the continent, and in the year 1892 his son, Czar Nicholas II, laid the first stone at Vladivostok. This was done in order to guard the newly-acquired territories of the valleys of the Amur and Ussuri from the inroads of other nations; the railways would thus facilitate the transport of troops if necessary. It covers a distance of 6,000 miles from Moscow to Vladivostok. The Russian government voted £40,000,000 for its construction, and it was completed in eleven years.

It takes three days to reach Zlatoust, in the Ural mountains. There is to be seen the famous "stone of parting." Could it speak, what a number of heartrending tales it could tell. When criminals and political prisoners were sent to Siberia that "great lone land" of the east, their friends usually bade them goodby in the presence of the cold stone.

From Zlatoust the main line proceeds to Omsk, whence it reaches the shores of Lake Baikal, one of the largest fresh water lakes in the world. Sometimes the Russians term it "the holy sea," because an island in the lake was believed to be the abode of an evil spirit, who continually had to be appeased with sacrifices. Seals and beautiful sponges abound in the lake.

Previous to 1905 the whole train was transferred by means of a wonderful movable platform, where it rested on rails, on to the steamer on Lake Baikal. This steamer was built at Newcastle, and was fitted with powerful screws, which could be driven through ice four feet thick. Now the railway is continued round the south of Lake Baikal.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

ROMANCE AND THE SADDLE.

Clatter of Hoofs and Jingle of Spurs Fire the Imagination.

Romance likes to come on horseback. The jingling spurs and bridge iron chant a happy paean in his ears, and from the saddle, as from the throne, he looks out over the workaday world.

Romance always has been linked with riding. In the playroom, mounted on a gallant rocking chair, youth rides into a land of golden deeds; later he swings in long gallops on the faithful hobby-horse into spicy and fugitive adventure.

To the page on a prancing palfrey and to the cavalryman in khaki the lure of romance is the same. The rhythm of galloping hoofs thruds always in the imagination, the lady's favor on the lance and the quivering scarlet guidon flutter alike a mysterious and eternal challenge to the spirit of youth. "To horse and away," and all the world's before one.

Stevenson always wanted to write a story about a man galloping up to an inn at night, and the very suggestion brings a tingle to the imagination.

By on the highway, low and loud, By at the gallop goes he.

He heard him in the sleepless midnight of his childhood, and, indeed, the sound of thudding hoofs always makes the heart beat faster. The so-called clattering of a single footer on asphalt, the crackling of twigs and leaves on the quiet autumn trails, the muffled rhythm of a canter on the turf, its resonance on a bridge—all these make music in the ears and bring the very smell of adventure. To him who rides there is always "something lost behind the ranges"—and his heart yearns for it.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

Made the Cannon Balls Fit.

The first battle of the war of 1812 was fought at Sackett's Harbor, July 9, 1812, and consisted of an attack made upon the village. The inhabitants had but one gun, of sufficient size and strength to inflict damage, a thirty-two pounder, for which they had no shot. This difficulty was overcome by the patriotism of the housewives, who tore up carpets from the floors and with strips wound the small balls to fit the cannon.

The Orange in Spain.

It is considered a very healthful thing to eat an orange before breakfast. But who can eat an orange well? One must go to Spain to see that done. The senorita cuts off the rind with her silver knife; then, putting her fork into the peeled fruit, she detaches every morsel with her pearly teeth and continues to eat the orange without losing a drop of the juice and lays down the core with the fork still in it.

Eyes Out.
Two ladies were hurrying down the street in the rain, carrying their umbrellas low for protection. In turning a corner sharply the point of one umbrella struck a passerby in the forehead.

"Goodness!" gasped the woman. "I'll keep an eye out in the future."
"Beggorra!" exclaimed the man. "Ye nearly had one out in the present!"—*London Answers*.

Chemical Misnomers.
"Coppers" is a conspicuous example of chemical misnomers, being sulphate of iron, not copper. Another is "salt of lemon," which has nothing whatever to do with the fruit of the lemon tree, but is potassium binoxalate or potash treated with oxalic acid.

Early Rising.
"You say you owe your success in business almost entirely to early rising?"
"Yes. I'm a manufacturer of alarm clocks."—*Washington Star*.

Man is creation's masterpiece. But who says so? Man.—*Gavarni*.

GROWING PEANUTS.

How They Are Planted, Harvested and Prepared For Market.

The culture of the peanut is not attended with much difficulty. Land suited to the raising of corn or melons is generally selected, and care is taken that there is nothing in the soil that would stain the shells. Planting begins when the danger from frost has passed. The ground is plowed five or six inches deep and then harrowed. The nuts are taken from the pod without breaking their skins and are planted two or three together in rows about three feet apart and twenty inches from hill to hill, being covered with two inches of earth.

In October, when the nuts are ripe, the farmer loosens the earth and pulls up the vines, to which the nuts adhere, and turns them over to dry. He performs this task only in pleasant weather and when the ground is dry. When the vines have lain in the sun for a day, which is sufficient time for them to dry, the grower stacks them around a stake about five feet high.

The vines remain in stack from three to five weeks, after which the nuts are picked off, placed in sacks and shipped to market. A vine under favorable conditions often bears more than 100 nuts, and the yield per acre exceeds forty bushels.

To polish the peanuts and to remove the earth and stems the nuts are scoured in large metal cylinders, from which they pass through blast fans, in which a strong current of air separates the fully developed nuts having sound kernels from those imperfectly filled and from empty pods. The sound nuts fall through the fan upon sorting tables, where those that are discolored are taken out and the bright ones are passed on into sacks that will each hold about 100 pounds of nuts. Each sack is marked with the brand that indicates the grade of its contents.—*Washington Star*.

TORE UP THE CONTRACT.

And It Called For a Salary of a Million Dollars a Year.

Only one man in the world ever tore up a \$1,000,000 a year salary contract.

When the Steel corporation took over the Carnegie company it acquired as one of its liabilities—it really was an asset—a contract to pay Charles M. Schwab that unheard of sum annually. J. P. Morgan didn't know what to do about it. The highest salary on record was \$100,000. He was in a quandary.

Finally he summoned Schwab, showed him the contract and hesitatingly asked what could be done about it.

"This," said Schwab. "He tore it up."

That contract had netted Schwab \$1,300,000 the previous year.

"I didn't care what salary they paid me. I was not animated by money motives. I believed in what I was trying to do, and I wanted to see it brought about. I canceled that contract without a moment's hesitation."

Thus did Mr. Schwab explain his action to me.

There was a sequel. Morgan later told Carnegie how magnanimously Schwab had acted. Carnegie remarked, "Charlie is the only man I know who would have done that."

And he promptly sent Schwab in bonds the full amount of the contract. Carnegie declared publicly, "I owe my fortune chiefly to two men, Bill Jones and Charlie Schwab."

Schwab, let me add, for years picked all the Carnegie partners. Corey was a laborer when the eagle-eyed Schwab first spotted and promoted him. The only man to whom the canny Scot ever gave carte blanche was Schwab.—*B. C. Forbes in Leslie's Weekly*.

Two War Songs.

Carlyle said that "Scots Wha Hae" was the finest war song ever penned by man. It was composed on horseback while Robert Burns was crossing a wild moor in a thunderstorm. But it has never become a real war song like the "Marseillaise," which has had power to fire the French to a white heat of patriotism for more than a century and which still retains its hold upon the nation.—*London Answers*.

Chinese Music.
The notes of Chinese music read, like the written characters, from right to left, and the intervals of the scale are different from those of the scale adopted by the nations of the west. The music is not very harmonious and sounds meaningless and jangling to western ears, but it has a pretty musical cadence that makes it attractive and interesting in spite of its frequent discords.

Lame Ducks.
"What is a 'lame duck,' anyhow?" asked the man from back home.
"A 'lame duck,'" responded Congressman Hammfatt, "is a statesman who has been urged by his constituents to take his feet out of the trough."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Much Better Scheme.
"Darling, I love you so much I would gladly die for you."
"That's very nice of you, George, but it wouldn't do me any good. I'd so much rather you'd make a good living for me than a glad dying."—*Baltimore American*.

Mean Cat!
"Algernon called on me yesterday afternoon."
"Yes; he told me he had some time to kill."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Not a Soft Answer.
She (during the spat)—You should have married some stupid, credulous girl. He—Well, my dear, I did the best I could.—*Boston Transcript*.

REPORT OF COUNTY SUPERVISOR FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1916

872. Cannon	75
Com. Tax	1.20
893. Dr. Roy J. Johnson, Com. Tax	18.99
894. R. T. Abrams, Com. Tax	5.70
895. L. T. Adams, Com. Tax	2.55
896. Thos. P. Adams, Com. Tax	5.25
897. W. F. Chappell, Chaingang (Com. Tax)	475
898. J. O. Johnson, Com. Tax	1.50
899. J. A. C. Kibler, Com. Tax50
900. J. J. Kibler, Com. Tax	2.50
901. G. D. Boland, Com. Tax	14.56
902. P. B. Odell, Com. Tax	80.25
903. Orville Suber, Com. Tax	5.23
904. Albert Nance, Com. Tax	6.37
905. B. H. Wilson, Com. Tax	2.50
906. B. L. Bishop, Com. Tax	2.00
907. J. H. Koon, Com. Tax	4.89
908. S. W. Derrick, Com. Tax	4.75
909. Jno. B. Bedenbaugh, Com. Tax	2.03
E. C. Cromer, Com. Tax	2.50
B. W. Oxner, Com. Tax	15.52
J. C. Sample, Clerk, etc.	

Statement showing exact financial conditions of appropriations for the year 1916 as it appeared at the end of the month of August, 1916.

Items.	Appropriated.	Paid.	Balance.
1. For salaries county officers	\$865.00	\$644.04	\$222.96
2. For salaries magistrates, constables, fees	2500.00	1415.26	1084.74
3. For county home, paupers, pensioners	3000.00	1961.26	1038.74
4. For roads, bridges, ferries	10000.00	6673.76	3326.24
5. For chaingang	7500.00	6902.77	597.23
6. For repairs public buildings	750.00	114.85	635.15
7. For books, stationery, printing	750.00	632.82	116.18
8. For contingent expenses and supplies for buildings and county officers	2000.00	1428.34	571.66
9. For county physicians	200.00	34.00	166.00
10. For county board of education	45.00	49.09	3.00
11. For court expenses	2500.00	1298.20	1201.80
12. For board of assessors, etc.	450.00	327.60	112.40
13. For sheriff-dieting and incidentals	1800.00	1452.41	347.59
14. For post mortems, lunatics	400.00	410.96	
15. For insurance	450.00	189.25	260.75
16. For interest on loans	2000.00	1184.76	815.24
17. For contingent and miscellaneous	2500.00	827.85	1672.15
18. For commutation tax	2604.00	1417.62	1186.38

H. C. Holloway, County Auditor.
J. B. Halfacre, County Auditor.

KINDERGARTEN—Mrs. H. O. Fellers

will open the Kindergarten at her residence, 1321 Wheeler street, September 18. In order to have the proper equipment and supplies on hand she will be glad to confer a' nce with any one thinking of sending children. 8-21-tf.

TRAITS OF THE MONKEY.

The Most Prominent Are Affection, Curiosity and Sympathy.

Monkeys have excellent memories and keen observation and are able to recognize their friends in a crowd even after long absence. They are exceedingly sensitive and sympathetic in their natures. Sympathy and curiosity, the two most prominent traits in the monkey psychology, are significantly the two most important facts in the psychology of man.

Monkeys are the most affectionate of all animals, excepting dogs and men. This affection reaches its culmination, as among men, in the love of the mother for her child. The mother-monkey's little one is the object of her constant care and affection. She nurses and bathes it, licks it and cleans its coat and folds it in her arms and rocks it as if to lull it to sleep, just as human mammas do. She divides every bite with her little one, but does not hesitate to chastise it with slaps and pinches when it is rude. The monkey child is generally very obedient.

The affection of monkeys is not confined to the love of the mother for her child, but exists among the different members of the same tribe and extends even to human beings, especially to those who make any pretensions to do to them as they would themselves be done by.—*Exchange*.

"Miss Petticoats."

"I want to make a beautiful picture," said one of our directors, a picture that will appeal to the heart in a very tender way—carrying along with its theme, finer moments in which we can think with gentleness of past failures, and with joy of achievements to come; a picture that makes us want to feel we have preserved a certain relish for the rich of all thought, and a pleasure in innocence; a visualization of some message that will make serene our present voyaging and give us keen eyes to discern the coast-lights of the future."

We started him on "Miss Petticoats." When the picture was finished he came back smiling. "I have it done—a most lovable story—Miss Petticoats."

To tell you the story would be like taking away from childhood the joys of "Alice in Wonderland" and from middle-age, "The Rosary," and able sweetheart of the screen, who besides, Miss Alice Brady, the adored stars in this extraordinary sweet story, should be sufficient proof of its high merit.

Opera House, Tuesday September 12th. Price 10 and 6 cents.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the W. ole System. 50 cents.

THE HERALD AND NEWS ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$1.50.

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We are prepared to gin cotton well and rapidly. Will appreciate all the patronage the public will give us. We have bagging and ties at the market price. Will pay the market price for cotton seed.

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L. W. FLOYD, Manager