

SEA MONSTERS.

Names of the Alleged and Actual Ogres of the Ocean.

The Devil-Fish—The Kraken—The Man-Eaters of the East Indian Ocean—The Killer-Whale of the North Pacific.

The British naturalist Buckland proposed to define man as a "religious biped," but the recent explorers of the African continent have come across nations as devoid of religious principles as a Chicago ward politician, and a "bugbear-making creature" would be a more appropriate designation.

At a time when Southeastern Europe swarmed with lions, the Greeks preferred to heat their imagination with stories about wood-devils and basilisks; and Jack Tar, in relating his adventures on an element where truth is strange enough to dispense with fiction, continues to deal in sea-serpents and devil-fish. The Scandinavian sailors of the eighteenth century favored the world with blood-curdling accounts of a monster called a *Kraken*—a sort of giant lobster, equipped with iron-hard claws, and strong enough to drag down a good-sized sailing vessel, crew and all, before the victims had time to shriek out a prayer to their patron saints. The cephalopods of the tropics undoubtedly grow to a formidable size, but their aggressiveness has been absurdly exaggerated, and Victor Hugo's "devil-fish" is a zoological impossibility—a combination of polyp with the marine monsters of the foreworld. The seas of the antediluvian era must have been decidedly unhealthy when creatures with the head of an alligator and the wings of a colossal bat could pursue their prey through the air as well as by land and water—several species of the pterodactylus, to judge from their skeletons, having measured 24 feet from tip to tip of their outstretched wings.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

But the "sea-serpent" has thus far not been convicted of a single homicide, and the natural food of the octopus appears to consist of crabs and mollusks. A few weeks ago a fisherman of Rovigno, on the Adriatic, caught a "devil-fish" measuring 23 meters (about 9 feet) between the extremities of its outstretched arms. The captive was an exceptionally large specimen of the uphalopods now and then washed ashore on the coasts of the Mediterranean, and having the additional merit of being alive, was shipped to Trieste, and thence by rail to Berlin, Germany, where he was adopted by the managers of the Royal Aquarium. On his arrival the interesting stranger appeared to be more dead than alive. The weather had been chilly and the temperature of the water in his travelling tank was down to 30° Fahrenheit, but on being transferred to a warm bath his long arms arose and groped about, suggesting the revival of his appetites as the most pronounced manifestation of his vital energies. Among the marine miscellanies on hand there was a surplus of hermit crabs and abalone oysters, on which the distinguished guest consented to dine, after breaking his fast with a mouthful of white-bait; but when they offered him larger fish his tenacles shrunk, and he evidently avoided the encounter with aquatic fellow-creatures capable of anything like serious resistance.

The monster octopus found a few years ago on the beach of Amros Island, in the Western Bahamas, measured 14 feet across the tips of his arms and weighed more than 200 pounds, but the limits of his digestive capacity could hardly be expected to include larger creatures than a young seal, and only the hungriest specimens of the tropical varieties can ever have tried their prehensile talents on a human being.

THE WHITE SHARK.

But if Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" had extended their voyage to the Indian Ocean they could have found abundant facts for the purpose of his sensation novel. The most formidable carnivorous mammal of the present world is not the lion, but the polar bear. But the entire head of that terror of the arctic fisherman would find room within the jaws of a white shark, and could be crunched into fragments by the multiple rows of terrible teeth. The shark of the Sunda Archipelago has four rows of teeth in each jaw, from twenty to thirty-two teeth per row, each tooth 2 inches in length and jagged like a Soudanese dark-knife, which it far surpasses in its combination of elasticity and strength. The best steel in the world, worked into a flat, thin blade, is not half as supple as a shark's tooth, with its flexor muscles that can bend it back till it is pressed close against the roof of the palate; but by a reverse action these same muscles can make the long row of fangs bristle like the quills of a porcupine and become rigid enough to cut their way through a 4-inch plank of the toughest wood. In the City Museum of Amsterdam there is a 26-foot skeleton of a white shark, captured on the coast of Java after a struggle that demolished the quarter-deck furniture of a Batavia steamer. The monster had been hooked by a passenger, who was almost jerked overboard when he attempted to haul in his prize, and a dozen of his companions had to exert all their strength (in the temporary absence of the captain) before they could drag the captive out of his native element. Every now and then he made a jump upward as if trying to snap through the chain attached to the hook, but the tackle held, and the passengers at last landed the ogre that smashed a dozen chairs before Mynheer Captain rushed in with re-enforcements and a shower of blasphemies. The skeleton jaws of that realistic devil-fish look like the entrance of Dante's Inferno—a gaping cavity ostended all around with dagger points that a man's face could be torn off like a mask by pushing him in headforemost and dragging him out again. The horrible apparatus displays almost a superabundance of destructive contrivances, and if the giant shark had been gifted with the agility of a dolphin it would make the ocean untenable to any creature above the size of a herring.

THE MALAY MAN-EATER.

As it is, the *Carcharias maximus* is luckily as sluggish as a gorged boa, and really less formidable than one of his smaller relatives, the white shark of Coromandel, and the man-eater par excellence of the Malay coast waters. In the harbor of Singapore boats manned by a band of kettle drummers paddle to and fro for a quarter of an hour before bathers venture into deep water; but these boats themselves are sometimes attacked by a shoal of the ravenous monsters, which leap clear out of the water in

their efforts to get a snap-bite at their scapting prey.

On the beach of El Moro, near Havana, Cuba, a mestizo was watering a drove of horses about a year ago, and after giving them a chance to drink at the mouth of a small stream rode a few dozen yards beyond the delta to give them the benefit of a salt-water bath. He was riding his horse side-saddle fashion, lazily smoking a cigarette, when suddenly a big shark leaped out of the water, seized the rider's leg and dragged him out of sight before the horrified spectator could make the least attempt at rescue.

A still more dreadful sea-wolf haunts the coasts of the North Pacific—the orca, or killer-whale, a close relative of the porpoise, but large enough to swallow a seal without the preliminaries of mastication. With the single exception of the Japanese fox-bat, the orca is the most voracious creature of our latter-day world, and Prof. Eclairich describes a specimen that had been killed in shallow water after devouring a dozen dolphins and four seals. "The atrocious glutton," he says, "had got choked in the attempt to swallow a seventeenth victim, as its throat was obstructed by an intertwined mass of seal bones."

On the coast of Vancouver Island orcas have sometimes been seen chasing a blue whale—a creature five or six times their own weight, but unable to offer any direct resistance to their co-operative attacks. "These demons," says Dr. James Murie, "will assail their largest relatives and pursue them like raging hounds. They have never been known to attack a white-painted herring-boat, mistaking it for a beluga, and will not hesitate to lay hold of a harpooned whale and drag it perforce under water."

A single monster of that species could work more havoc among a crew of shipwrecked sailors, swimming for their lives, than all the "devil-fish" afloat in the seas of the tropics.

Jupiter's Fifth moon.

The new satellite is so close to the surface of Jupiter that the difficulty of its detection is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is so frequently hidden by the great globe. Only for comparatively a small part of each revolution does the little body appear well away from the margin of the planet. When most remote it will be at a distance of 36 seconds from the edge, that is, about two-thirds the diameter of Jupiter. Then six hours later it will be at a similar distance on the opposite side of its orbit. It is often difficult to observe one of the large satellites when in the act of transit across the planet's disc, so that we hardly can be surprised that the transits of an object which is such an extremely small fraction of their size should not be perceived. Of course there is a notable difference between the case of a transit of a satellite over its primary and that of a planet, like Venus or Mercury, in front of the sun's disc. In the latter case the planet appears as a black spot against the brilliant background. In fact, it may be remembered that an unsuccessful search for an intra-Mercurial planet has actually been conducted in the manner thus suggested by seeing if it could not be observed during the progress of the transit. But the case is very different when a satellite of Jupiter transits over the face of the planet. The lustre of the satellite, arising as it does from sunbeams only, is equal to the lustre of the face of the planet, except in so far as inequalities in the intrinsic reflecting powers of the two bodies may suffice to cause a difference. The shadow of the new satellite on the globe of the planet, though, no doubt, it would be an extremely small point, would still nevertheless be intensely black in comparison with the surrounding surface, and, therefore, it might be expected that it ought to be comparatively easy to see when sufficient optical power was available.

Wonderful Echoes.

In the Roman Campagna, at the sepulchre of Metella, wife of Sulla, there is an echo which repeats five times, each being in a different key. It will also repeat a hexameter line, or another sentence which can be spoken in two and a half seconds.

On the banks of the river Naha, between Bingen and Coblenz, there is an echo capable of repeating a sentence seven different times. A peculiarity of this echo is that, although the original word or sentence be uttered in a whisper, yet the volume of sound increases many folds in the echo.

In the chapel of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, the closing of the door produces a sound which roars like distant thunder. The echo at the "Eagle's nest," Killarney, Ireland, repeats a bugle note at least 100 times.

Between the two wings of the castle of Simonetta two miles out from Milan, the report of a pistol shot is repeated sixty times. At the same place a single musical instrument produces the effect of a full orchestra.

The Water-Wheel at Night.

For years the question as to whether water-wheels ran faster at night than during the day has been catalogued among the things which no man can find out. Surely the answer is: They do, that is, if they are so geared as to be affected by the varying fullness and speed of the current in which they are set. There is no doubt but that all springs are fuller and all streams carry more water at midnight than they do at noon. In the first place the increased coolness of the air prevents evaporation and subsequent drying up of the smaller tributaries; and in the second place, the condensation of the moisture in the air in the shape of dew is always sufficient to add something to large streams and their branches. Heavy dews are often so copious as to be almost equal to a small shower of rain. We often hear dew drops falling from the overloaded leaves, and find all exposed objects as wet as if they had undergone a shower during the night. A large part of this moisture must get into the minute channels, which, of course, conduct it to mill streams. "Often," says Humboldt, "the effect upon a shallow stream is very noticeable, indeed. If it is at all 'noticeable' a wheel turned by such a stream would go faster by night than by day."

"Father," asked the boy, "what's the reason you call that shop of yours down town a 'plant'?" "Because, my son," answered the father, gloomily, "I seem to be running it into the ground."

Mother—"So you wish my daughter for your wife?" He—[gallantly]—"Partly that, madame, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law."

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

Throughout the German Empire the condition of trade is almost as bad as in this country. Among the workers in the iron trade especially there is great distress.

The Imperial Cholera Commission in Germany announces its discovery that wine—claret or hock—will kill the bacilli of cholera in a few minutes. Tea will kill them in an hour.

A large body of musicians in Vienna have entered a public protest against the playing of military bands in public places.

Hsu Qua, a merchant of Canton, is the richest man in China. He is said to be worth \$50,000,000.

The Emperor William has ordered a model of the church erected in memory of the Empress Augusta to be sent to the Chicago Exhibition.

Petroff Naraschine, one of the men implicated in the assassination of Alexander II., has just died in Siberia, after nine years of hard labor in the mines.

A Philadelphia boat builder is making an eight-oared aluminum racing shell for Cornell, and another for Harvard. Such boats weigh 175 pounds. A paper or cedar shell weighs about 225 pounds.

The Empress of China carries around with her 3,000 dresses, and if the baggage smasher doesn't handle the trunks as gingerly as if they were filled with eggs he is taken off the track and fanned with the bastinado.

The city of Annaberg, Saxony, was many years ago a prosperous silver-mining camp. An ancient history of the city gives an intimation of the wealth of the nabobs of the time. It says that they always bathed in red wine.

It is stated in Paris that M. de Lesseps knows nothing whatever about the Panama trial and the sensational circumstances attending the present investigation. His mind, the report says, is no impaired by age that he is totally incapable of consecutive thought, and he never even asks for a newspaper.

During the Turco-Russian war the officers of a Russian regiment picked up a little Turkish girl in the Balkans. She was married the other day and the Emperor of Austria sent her a magnificent gold bracelet set with diamonds and pearls. The regiment has the Emperor as honorary commander.

Louis Kossuth, who is reported dying at his home in Turin, attained the 97th year of his age September last, when a congratulatory address, signed by 15,000 Hungarians, was presented to him, together with a fund sufficient to support him in comfort for ten years.

George Kennan is desirous of returning to Russia, but is regarded with such disfavor by the authorities of that country that he does not think it wise to do so. Even from this distance it is a disadvantage to the exiles whom he wishes to befriend to show them any interest. A letter to his friends in the Czar's dominions is liable to get them into trouble.

M. Benares, a Paris clerk, who became literally madly in love with Bernhardt fifteen years ago, requiring his commitment to an insane hospital, died in the institution the other day. Though he lost his mind, his devotion did not go with it, for he kept on writing letters to his divine Sarah until the last.

Of fifteen cholera patients received at a hospital at Bruges, Belgium, within forty-eight hours, thirteen died. The plague is making rapid progress in a number of Belgian cities.

Last year's receipts of the gambling-house at Monte Carlo were \$4,200,000 and the expenses \$2,200,000. Included in the latter are \$160,000 in "gratuities" paid to certain French newspapers.

Osman Pasha's pretty daughter is supposed to be the only Turkish poetess. She lives in a fine palace on the Bosphorus, which is superbly furnished for her use. She dines daily from a service of pure gold.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia is such a tall man that he has to carry his own bed around with him when he is on his travels. He doesn't believe in roosting his heels on a couple of chairs in a hotel bedroom.

Two deaths during fencing-bouts have occurred in France through the foils penetrating masks that had been bent and repaired. A fencing master strongly urges fencers never to have masks repaired after being once broken.

Tolstoi, writing in the Russian Gazette, says it would be impossible for him to describe the real situation of the people in the famine district. Famine again threatens the district in which he lives. The rye harvest has been very poor, and oats have entirely failed. There is a complete dearth of firing, and added to this the people have used up their last reserve of strength in the miseries they endured last winter.

M. Gorebko, the Cossack officer who recently killed his brother officer named Ilvovskiy in the regimental mess, has been sentenced to 12 years' hard labour in the mines. The affair has had a very dramatic ending, for the lady who was the cause of the quarrel which terminated so tragically was married on Wednesday to a third suitor.

An immense dining hall for students, to be known as the Mensa Academica, was opened in Vienna last week. In it two thousand students can dine together. The intent of the institution is to enable students to eat together at a minimum cost, instead of being compelled, by reason of their small means, to obtain their meals in cheap and low resorts. The privileges of the Mensa Academica are restricted to regular subscribers, and the rates are, for dinner, alone, \$2.50 a month; for breakfast and dinner, \$3.25, and for breakfast, dinner, and supper, \$4.75 a month.

Mr. Gray, the British Vice-Consul for Marsala, has been attacked by brigands whilst driving out in the country. The robbers stopped the carriage and shouted, "Your money or your life." They only obtained ten francs, but they threatened to shoot Mr. Gray. Some people, however, coming from a distance disturbed them, and they made off. The affair is being taken up by the British Ambassador at Rome.

The Vienna police have made the horrible discovery that a rich landowner named Forster has for 82 years kept his daughter captive in a dark cave on his rural estate. His assertion, made many years ago, that his child was dead, never apparently having been doubted. The reason for this inhuman

cruelty is, it seems, to be found in the fact that the girl inherited certain property which her father coveted, and by these means secured to himself.

The Sultan of Turkey has made a vigorous break through the trammels of national tradition and has given the order that Turkey shall take a place in the march of civilization. He has granted concession for the construction of long railways which will open up his territory to the east, the north, and the south, all having their termini at Constantinople. One road is to run to Damascus, and another, the Tigris and Euphrates Railway, to the Persian Gulf. The concessions have been granted to German and Belgian firms. English firms being entirely left out.

THE MISERY IN RUSSIA.

Sufferings of the People Described by Count Tolstoi.

If Russia's starving thousands should openly revolt and insist that the Government make provision against the famine which seems to be in prospect this winter, the outside world would not be surprised. Everything points to show that they are deserving of assistance. It is a case of extreme poverty, but not of pauperism. In other words, it is a situation, and not a condition. Without dwelling upon the philosophic subtleties which would show the hair-line distinction between the two the fact remains that the distress due to scarcity is so widely prevailing that it is the most urgent matter confronting the Russian Government to-day.

Count Tolstoi has been busy, not only in collecting funds for temporary assistance, but in striking a blow at the causes of distress. His second report giving detailed lists of expenditures, and setting forth, in the author's forcible style, the condition of the peasantry, was not addressed to the laissez-faireists, and the subject has in no way been treated as a problem that furnishes its own solution or as a matter that would satisfactorily regulate itself in the course of evolution. Count Tolstoi reports having received from the Government, and from foreign countries, between the middle of April and the first of August, \$21,453, besides great quantities of provisions from America. During these months the

PREPARATIONS FOR WINTER.

have been going on. Refectories, bakeries and provision bureaus have been established and supplies distributed throughout the districts. After giving figures and full particulars in regard to the work accomplished by himself and his friends, the philanthropist explains why it is difficult clearly to define the economic situation. He has been too busy during the last year in feeding the hungry poor to diagnose the case.

"I have not been able to reply to those who have asked if the situation is distressing," he writes, "because we who are living with the people have become so hardened to their suffering that we are unable to gauge their misery. If anyone from a neighboring town should venture into the intense cold of these districts, if he were to see the people huddled together around and under the stoves in every house trying to keep warm, burning the stubble and eating bread made of farina or bran and remaining indoors for the lack of proper clothing, he would naturally be greatly affected. Only one who visits us for the first time can attach importance to these things, but not we. We have become inured to it. To us it is no longer noticeable."

After giving a further idea of the situation, the author published several statistical resumes, showing that in the four districts of Bogorodisk, Epifane, Yefremov and Novosil, where the famine is worst, the mortality for the year has exceeded the number of births in the proportion of 7 to 5; while in the other districts where the distress has not been so general the natality has exceeded the mortality. Last June the mortality was 60 per cent. greater than in June of the previous year. At Bogorodisk the increase has been 115 per cent. and at Yefremov fully 116 per cent. Such were the results of the poor harvest of last year, in spite of the able assistance received from the Government, the Red Cross League, and from private charity. What will it be this year in districts where the harvest in rye is poorer than last year, where the oats crop has failed; where the year's fuel is lacking, and where physical strength has given away under preceasing suffering? The report continues:

"Then what? There will be more famine. Famines and refectories; refectories and famines; but that is an old story, old and tiresome. All this worries you who live at Moscow or St. Petersburg. And we, seeing these people morning and night planted before our windows and upon our doorsteps; we, who are not able to cross the street without hearing the same old tale, 'We have had

NOTHING TO EAT.

for two days. We have eaten our last bit of food; what will become of us? The end is not far off. Have we got to die?—well it must be admitted that we have become so wearied that we regard these people as our personal enemies."

"I arise early. It is a clear cold morning and the red sun is rising. The snow creeps under my feet. I go down into the court thinking that I shall see no one. I open the gate. Already two have taken their stand. One is an old man, large and well built, but coatless. His features are livid—all have livid faces; it is the mark of the peasant to-day. The other is a little wail of four years, coatless, wrapped in a sarau worn threadbare, and with tattered shoes. I attempt to pass, but they stop me. They tell the same old story. There is nothing for me to do but to retrace my steps. They follow.

"Well? 'Charity.' 'What? 'Charity.' 'What do you want?' 'Help.' 'How much?' 'Only to live.' 'But what do you need?' 'We are lying of hunger; help us.' 'Where are you from?' 'Zatvorniy.' 'I know. It is the town where we have not yet succeeded in establishing a refectory. The beggars come by dozens, and I regard this man as a beggar by profession. I look at him in despair, and I know that his children are being corrupted."

"What do you want?' 'You can see for yourself.' 'But I cannot see; we can do nothing here. You must go away.' 'But they do not heed me. They begin their recitals again—the monotonous recitals.' 'We have nothing. There are eight of us. I alone am able to be about. The mother is dead. As for me, it does not matter, but the children are crying for bread. They have had nothing to eat for three days,

it is always the same. I hope to get out I cannot. 'I have not always begged. But God will sit now.'

"I wish to get away but I look at the dark. He looks up at me. His beautiful dark eyes are filled with tears and expectancy. It is already thankful, this look of the little one. I watch his pathetic face with its framing of blond hair and his features drawn down with suppressed sobs. The speeches of the father are familiar recitals to me, but to him they recall a terrible scene and these very words which have long since lost their power to move me were, I know, wrung from him only after weeks and months of long suffering. It is this that wears me. I cannot escape to get a breath. All this is so old to me. To him it is so terribly new. Yes, these things weary me, ah, how they weary me! But the poor must eat, they must live. It is a lot they cannot escape. One must show a little compassion. I think, as I see those childish eyes filled with tears, and with their look of patient suffering, that one must indeed show a little compassion."

SAD RUSSIAN TRAGEDY.

Relentlessly Pursued by Bad Luck.

A curious story is told by the Vienna correspondent of the Daily Telegraph. The son of a Russian university professor, Ivan Kaminsky, sought to have a sentence quashed which condemns him to four months' imprisonment as a common thief. Kaminsky is what Europeans term a Nihilist, but in truth merely a member of the numerous but unorganized of Russians who are dissatisfied with the present regime. In St. Petersburg he was arrested for distributing pamphlets calculated to bring the Imperial Government into contempt, and interned in the terrible fortress there. How he ever broke loose from that gloomy retreat is a mystery, but in some way or other he did contrive to escape, and not only from the fortress but from Russia. He arrived in Austria, after a series of adventures, without a cent in his pocket, and having no friends or acquaintances, was fastidious of hunger. One day, when he could no longer endure the pangs of hunger he entered a peasant's hut and looked for bread in the drawers of a cupboard. While opening one drawer the owner entered, seized him, and accused him of attempted theft, a corral necklache happening to be kept in that particular drawer. He was taken to the police station, and gave a false name to the superintendent, because, as he afterwards explained, he knew that the Russian Government was negotiating with the Austrian Foreign Office for his extradition, and he was, naturally, unwilling to betray himself. The Austrian Court of Justice, refused to accept those explanations, and condemned the unfortunate youth—who had taken his degrees in Russia, and was preparing at one time to qualify for a chair at the University—to be imprisoned for four months. He appealed against this sentence, and to his advocate, Dr. Frydmann, wrote a long letter in Latin beseeching him to leave nothing undone to have the sentence quashed. "Not," he exclaimed, "that I fear imprisonment—I am, unfortunately, very well used to it by this time—but it would kill my poor father, who is a professor at the University of Warsaw, were he to learn that I have been convicted of common theft. I am incapable of such a crime. I sought for bread only, not for articles of value. I was literally dying of hunger." The Court of Cassation, in spite of the brilliant speech of his counsel, upheld the decision of the lower courts, and Kaminsky will have to undergo the sentence of a thief. He is also to be expelled from Austria.

Are Girls Slangier Than Boys?

A writer states that girls use more slang—especially if they are grown up—than boys do. Girls, it is affirmed, talk much more than boys, so that their stock of uncounted words is in more frequent use. It is also larger. If a boy were a mine of slang his taciturnity would keep it concealed from all but a few of his chums. His inventions are confined to a small circle, and his opportunities of borrowing are correspondingly diminished. Not so with the girl. The loquacity of her associates, aided by her own, spreads and multiplies slang with the greatest rapidity. She is more sociable. At school she is "thick" with a dozen and gathers in all the dozen know. And besides, says the same authority, girls are so reckless in the use of language that they give a slangy character to good English. With the girl at the period of giggleshood every good thing is "perfectly" so she "never" does this and she "always" does that. She sometimes "feels hateful," but it is oftener some one else who is "perfectly horrid." Nearly everything is "awful." Such are some of the charges this abominable person brings against the sweet young creatures. Another authority flatly contradicts them all and says the boy is the sum of all villainies. The words he prefers, it is asserted, are so tinged with profanity that he cannot use them at home, and it is thus only that he gets his reputation for freedom from slang. Who can settle the dispute? We are of opinion that injustice is done to the girls. We are confident also that few boys are as bad as represented. It is possible that the so-called "authority" has been judging the whole world from his few unfortunate associates.

FOREIGNERS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Boer Government Assumes a More Friendly Attitude Toward Them.

Ever since it was organized the South African republic has been trying to prevent the incoming British element from exercising a large influence in politics. The British immigrants, however, have been crowding into the country so rapidly that their claims can no longer be refused. The President of the republic, Mr. Kruger, has accordingly proposed to the Volksraad to annul the legislation passed years ago to make it difficult for foreigners to acquire citizenship. He proposes to reduce from five to two years the period of residence necessary to become a voter, from fifteen to four years the period required to make one eligible to election to the lower House of the Legislature, and from twenty to ten years the period to make one eligible to the upper House. He says the incoming element is very anxious to obtain full rights of citizenship, and the republic can no longer ignore their just claims.