

A New Bedford (Mass.) minister has preached 8,000 sermons. He is nearly ninety years old.

Boys under sixteen who smoke in the streets of Coblenz, Saarlouis and Treves are fined or imprisoned.

The Chinese in Nevada are becoming as good stock gamblers as any "Melican" members of the fraternity.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Last year a family of seven persons, living near Wilmington, Ohio, by actual count consumed 1,165 pies. This is a fact and can be substantiated."

In the "Court News" of an English paper recently appeared this remarkable item: "The queen drove two cows yesterday to visit the king and queen of Denmark at the Lisburne House." For "two cows," read "through Cows."

Miss Roe, of Dublin, had a wedding-cake eight feet high and weighing 300 pounds. It was ornamented with the arms of the Roe and Gordon families and six banners with arms and monograms, and strewn with orange blossoms and myrtle.

The celebrated "Keeley motor," which all the scientific journals have pronounced a fraud from the beginning, is now pretty well ascertained to be driven by compressed air, secretly introduced into strong iron tubes, which are thus "sensitized" before the machine is shown.

Foreign journals state that the total number of "recompenses" of all sorts to be accorded to the exhibitors in the Paris exhibition is definitely fixed at 29,500. They will comprise 2,600 gold medals, 6,400 silver, 10,000 bronze, 10,500 honorable mentions. The number of exhibitors is 53,005.

A Persian populace is not like a European one. In Europe a monarch returning to his people after a lengthy voyage would be received by loud acclamations of joy and welcome, but when the shah recently landed in his own dominions, on his return from his European tour, the people of the towns through which he passed merely bowed down their heads in silence.

Frank Harrington, of Springfield, Ohio, eloped with the pretty daughter of Colonel Dolz. One of the first persons they met on the train was Elder Knight, the young man's former pastor in Maysville. Frank told the elder that he was looking for a clergyman to marry him, and the clergyman volunteered to do the job then and there. So, when the conductor came along, he was pulled into the seat as a witness, and while the train was speeding thirty-five miles an hour, the two were made one.

In a case of robbery tried at Aberdeen, Scotland, recently, the prosecutor identified a £1 note by the following identification which had been written by a previous owner on the back of it:

This came to me in time of need
And went away with railway speed.

An exchange states that Hachette & Co., Paris, is the largest publishing house in the world. It employs five thousand persons, turns out a book a day, and does a business of \$3,000,000 a year.

A cable dispatch recently sent from Auburn, N. Y., to Australia, consisted of thirty-three words, and cost \$64.98. The course of the message was as follows: From Auburn to New York; to Heart's Content, N. F.; to Valencia; to London; through Germany, Russia, Siberia, to Vladivostok, a point on the coast of Manchuria; thence through the Japan Sea to Nagasaki, on one of the Japan islands; through the Yellow Sea to Shanghai, China; thence down the coast of China through the China Sea to Saigon, Siam; to Singapore, Malay; thence to Batavia, on the coast of Java; thence to St. Darwin, on the northern coast of Australia, and to Sydney.

A monument has recently been erected in one of the Edinburgh cemeteries by Miss Burdette-Counts, of London, to the memory of a faithful dog. It appears that this dog followed his master's body to the grave, and after seeing it interred, took his position by the side of the grave, and could not be persuaded to leave it. For fourteen years he remained in the churchyard, his favorite resting-place being the foot of his master's grave. Food was furnished him by the members of the family, and one morning he was found there lying dead, and his history being well known he was buried by his master's side. Miss Count's, on hearing of his singular history, ordered the erection of a monument over his remains closely resembling the faithful animal.

The present German parliament is composed of one field-marshal, one lieutenant-general, one colonel, one ambassador, seven ministers, eleven presidents of governments, seven councilors of government, forty-one judges, five crown prosecutors, twenty-four barristers, three directors of provinces, fifteen landraths (directors of circles), thirteen professors, eight burgo-masters, four directors of gymnasiums (schools preparatory for the universities), five physicians, thirty-four officers of various ranks, twenty-four clergymen, twenty-six persons living on their incomes or their fortunes, 106 landed proprietors, thirteen authors and journalists, thirty-four manufacturers and merchants, one bookseller, one turner, one brewer, and one photographer. Among the members

are one duke, eight princes, twenty-seven counts, and 126 petty nobles.

Of the eight hundred persons suddenly submerged in the river Thames by the Princess Alice disaster, scarcely a dozen saved their lives by swimming. The reason is that at that place the river is little better than a mass of sewage. It regularly carries away the liquid refuse of the city of London, and at the instant of the collision there was being poured into it near the fatal spot the contents of two great cesspools. The immediate effect of immersing a person in sewage, say the chemists, is asphyxia, and the eight hundred excursionists must have become numb, and incapable of any effort. The bodies, when recovered, had undergone strange changes. Identification was difficult. Clothing had changed color, and the decomposition had been swift. Everything pointed to the action of some powerful chemical substance.

The "telegastroph" is a hypothetical invention of startling novelty. By its aid people can eat and drink at several miles' distance from food and beverages—at least they can enjoy whatever delicacies are served, and even become exhilarated with stimulants. The *modus operandi* is supposed to be something as follows: A dainty dish is placed in a receptacle connected with a powerful battery. Wires are attached, corresponding to the number of guests invited, and of sufficient length to reach their respective abodes. At the appointed dinner hour each guest places the wire in his mouth, and immediately the full flavor of the dish is transmitted to him. Moreover, a sense of repletion is experienced proportionate to the quantity of food consumed—or rather the length of time the wires are held in the mouth. But, unfortunately, as soon as the wires are disconnected from the battery, the feast remains only a pleasant memory, and the guest is as hungry as before the banquet, and as thirsty as ever. Whether viands and wines are consumed or not in this process is not on record. Such is the inventor's dream.

Modern playwrights on the watch for a new sensation could hardly ask one more dramatic or more dire than the catastrophe that happened at sea not long ago, on the African coast. Two dozen boats full of Greek sponge fishers were getting water at Mandrouka, when a party of Arabs tried to make them pay tribute of money and food for the privilege. They were driven off after a bloody fray, with their ammunition gone; but just then a co-traband seller of powder came on the scene with his vessel. The fishermen hurried to him, and got his promise not to sell powder to the Arabs till after their own departure next morning. He gave the pledge, but then, reflecting what a good thing he had lost, broke his word, and landed a few barrels at midnight. The fishermen rushed aboard his vessel, voluble with reproaches, and, it is said, struck him. The enraged trader drew his revolver and fired into his powder barrels, when a terrible explosion tore to shreds the vessel and all on board. Of the seventy Greek fishermen that so perished, fifty-five were from the Isle of Halkis; the others were mostly Rhodians and sailors from Calymnos.

Hair Eels.

In many parts of the country the notion has long prevailed that if horse hairs be placed in a brook and left there, they will after a time become endowed with life; in short, that they will turn into hair eels. Very recently, a correspondence on this subject was published in the columns of a prominent Scotch newspaper, between an anonymous writer and Dr. Andrew Wilson, of the Edinburgh school of medicine; the former alleging that a friend in Shetland had succeeded in effecting the transformation of hairs into "hair eels," the latter denying that any such "spontaneous generation" of living beings was possible. The life history of the *Gordius aquaticus*, as naturalists name the hair eel, is perfectly well known. It passes the earlier stages of its existence as a parasite, lying coiled up within the body of an insect, such as the grasshopper; the worm exceeding its host many times in length. In this condition it is immature, and has no power of reproducing its kind. When mature, it leaves the body of the insect and seeks the water, being found in summer at the breeding season in thousands in some localities. There the eggs are laid in long strings, and from each is developed a tiny embryo or young gordius, which gains admittance to an insect host, there to lie quiescent for a time, and soon to repeat the history of its parent.

It is plain that in such a life-history there is neither room nor need for the supposition that hair eels are developed in an unnatural fashion, and at the will of man. The fallacy that hair eels are transformed hairs arises frequently from imperfect observation; often from preconceived notions, and from an inability to perceive the unnatural nature of the supposition, or to reason out the procedure adopted to produce the hair eels. Thus, for instance, it would be an absurd supposition were any one to maintain that hair eels could only be formed artificially from hairs. It is a perfectly evident truth and demonstrable fact that they reproduce their kind by means of eggs, and this fact shows us that they possess a natural method of reproduction, and further, that the statement of any supposed infringement of a natural law should be received with caution and suspicion. —Scientific American.

Mr. John McKeeman of Norristown, Pa., has invented a wagon designed to run without steam, water or horsepower, and has made application for a patent.

A PECULIAR INDUSTRY.

Menhaden Fishing off Long Island—Myriads of Fish Caught in a Single Haul—The Uses to Which They are Put.

Off Culloden Point the look-out excitedly announced, "Fish off the port bow!" The captain seized his glass and scanned the water. So did I.

"There's a big bunch," he shouts. "Watch 'em flirt their tails! Good color! See how red the water is!"

"Oh yes, to be sure," I cry. "By Jove, that's a good color!"

My vacant face must have belied my words, but he didn't notice it. He was shouting, "Lower away the boats! Stand by to ship the nets!" furiously ringing signals to the engineer, giving hasty orders to the wheelman, ensconcing himself in a pair of oil-skin trousers so capacious I half expected he would disappear altogether; and so, amid the roar of escaping steam, the creaking of davit tackle, the laughing excitement of the crews, and the rattle of rowlocks, I tumbled head-foremost into a boat, and the steamer was left behind. Now the flirting of tiny tails was plainly visible, but I must confess that I did not learn to distinguish the reddish hue which indicates a school of these fish until much later in the day. The two large boats side by side were sculled rapidly toward the shore where the fish were seen, the forward part of each boat piled full of the brown seine, which extended in a great festoon from one to the other. There were four men in each boat, all standing up, and in our red shirts and shiny yellow oil-skin overalls, we must have made a pretty picture on that sunny morning. Close by was a pound net, where a porpoise was rolling gaily, notwithstanding his captivity; but by maneuvering we got the "bunch" turned away from it and well inshore where the water was not too deep. At last we were close to them, and now came a scene of excitement.

"Heave it!" yelled the captain, and in each boat a sailor whose place it was worked like a steam-engine, throwing the net overboard, while the crews pulled with all their muscles in opposite directions around a circle perhaps a hundred yards in diameter, and defined by the line of cork buoys left behind, which should inclose the fish. In three minutes the boats were together again, the net was all paid out, an enormous weight of lead had been thrown overboard, drawing after it a line rove through the rings along the bottom of the seine. The effect, of course, was instantly to pucker the bottom of the net into a purse, and thus, before the poor bunks had fairly apprehended their danger, they were caught in a bag whose invisible folds held a cubic acre or two of water.

This was sport! I had not bargained for the hard work to come to the un-sportive character of which my blistered palms soon testified.

None of the fish were to be seen. Every fin of them had sunk to the bottom. Whether we had caught ten or ten thousand remained to be proved. Now lifting the net is no easy job. The weight of nearly ten thousand square yards of seine is alone immense, but when it is wet with cold sea-water, and held back by the pushing of thousands of energetic little noses, to pull it into a rocking boat implies hard work. However, little by little it came over the gunwales, the first thing being to bring up the great sinker and ascertain that the closing of the purse at the bottom had been properly executed. Yard by yard the cork line was contracted, and one after another the frightened captives began to appear, some folded into a wrinkle or caught by the gills in a form mesh (and such were thrown back) until at last the bag was reduced to only a few feet in diameter, and the menhaden were seen, a sheeny, gray, struggling mass, which belied out the net under the cork line and under the boats, in vain anxiety to pass the curious barrier which on every side hemmed them in, and in leaping efforts to escape the crowding of their thronging fellows. How they gleamed, like fish of jewels and gold! The sunshine fluting its way down through the clear green water seemed not to reflect from their iridescent scales, but to penetrate them all, and illumine their bodies from within with a wonderful changing flame. Gleaming, shifting, lambent waves of color flashed and paled before my entranced eyes—gray as the fishes turned their backs, sweeping brightly back with a thousand brilliant tints as they showed their sides—soft, undefined and mutable, down there under the green glass of the sea; while, to show them the better, myriads of minute medusae carried hither and thither glittering little phosphorescent lanterns in gossamer frames and transparent globes.

All possible slack having now been taken in, the steamer approaches, and towing us away to deeper water—for we are drifting toward a lee shore—comes to a stand-still, and the work of loading begins. The cork line is lifted up and made fast to the steamer's bulwarks, to which the boats have already attached themselves at one end, holding together at the other. This crowds all the bunks together in a mass between the two boats and the steamer's side, where the water boils with the churning of thousands of active fins. A twenty-foot oar is plunged into the mass, but will not suffice to sound its living depths. Then a great dipper of strong netting on an iron hoop is dipped into the mass under the guidance of a man on deck who holds the handle, the pony-engine puffs and shakes, and away aloft for an instant swings a mass of bunks, only to be upset and fall like so much sparkling water into the resounding hold.

"How many does that dipper hold?"
"About a thousand."
"Very well, I will count how many times it goes after a load."

But I didn't. I forgot in looking down the hatchway. The floor of the shallow hold was paved with animated silver, and every new addition falling in a lovely cataract from far overhead seemed to shatter a million rainbows as it struck the yielding mass below, and slid away on every side to glitter in a new iridescence till another myriad of diamonds rained down. If you take it in your hand, the moss-bunker is an ordinary-looking fish, like a small shad, and you do not admire it; but every gleaming flint tint that ever burned in a sunset or tinged a crystal, or painted the petals of a flower, was cast in lovely confusion into that rough hold. There lay the raw material of beauty, the gorgeous elements out of which dyes are resolved—abstract bits of lustrous azure and purple, crimson and gold, and those indefinable greenish and pearly tints that make the luminous background of all celestial sun-painting. As the steamer rolled on the billows, and the sun struck the wet and tremulous mass at this and that angle, or the whole was in the half-shadow of the deck, now a cerulean tint, now a not brazen glow, would spread over all for an instant, until the wriggling mixture of olive backs and pearly bellies and nacreous sides, with scarlet blood-spots where the cruel twine had wounded, was buried beneath a new stratum.

"How many?" I asked, when all were in.

"Hundred and ten thousand," replied Captain Hawkins. "Pretty fair, but I took three times as many at one haul last week."

"What are they worth?"

"Oh, something over a hundred dollars. Hard a-starboard! go ahead slow."

The business of catching these fish and reducing them to oil and manure has only lately been developed into large proportions. From the earliest times the coast farmers have been accustomed to catch them in seines and spread them on their fields—a very unsavory practice; and to some extent oil was pressed from them long ago. But the fishing was all done in small sailing vessels, and depended on the good fortune of the fish coming to the right spot. A few years ago steamers began to be substituted, and are now almost exclusively employed by those who are able to embark any money in the enterprise. About seventy are engaged, all the way from New Jersey to Nova Scotia, catching an aggregate of 50,000,000 a year. Greenport alone is said to have half a million dollars thus invested. This competition, however, has cut down the large margin of profit formerly enjoyed.

In October the menhaden disappear, whither no one knows, probably to the deep water of mid-ocean.—Harper's Magazine.

Where the Hardware Goes.

A correspondent of the British Iron-monger has been examining the monthly reports of the United States treasury department, to see what becomes of exported hardware. He finds the destination of some of the principal articles to be as follows:

Nails are sent chiefly to Great Britain, Germany, France, Danish West Indies, British West Indies, Porto Rico, Cuba, Africa, British Guiana, Hayti, Columbia, Brazil, Mexico, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada.

Outlery is sent chiefly to Great Britain, France, Cuba, Honduras, British Guiana, Columbia, Brazil, Mexico, Venezuela and Australia.

Pumps are sent chiefly to Germany, Great Britain, France, Cuba, Columbia, Brazil, Venezuela, Australia, Mexico, New Zealand, Sandwich Islands, the East and West Indies, China, Japan and many other countries.

Machinery is sent to Great Britain, Germany, France, Cuba, Hayti, San Domingo, all the South American States, Mexico, Central America, all parts of Europe, Africa, Australia, China, Japan and elsewhere.

Articles classed as general hardware go to Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, British North America, West Indies, East Indies, British colonies in Africa, British Guiana, China, Japan, all the South and Central American States, Australia, New Zealand, and many other countries.

Agricultural implements, clocks and watches, firearms, and many other manufactures, seem to go in greater or less amounts to nearly every country of the world.

The Mother of Forty-Four Children.

Mary, wife of William Austin, now a resident of Washington, has had forty-four children, only eleven of them born alive. She had twins thirteen times, and triplets six times. Her sister, Mrs. Carrie Kinney, aged forty-three, has had twenty-six children, and her husband's sister has had forty-one children, making a total of 111 for three women. This seems almost incredible, though the figures are vouched for. Mrs. Austin, a native of South Carolina, and reared in Tennessee, is the daughter of John G. Klind, a printer. She is a regular physician, and has practiced for twenty-five years, having been one of the first women doctors in the country. She studied medicine in New Orleans under the well-known Dr. Stone. She lost an eye while with the Federal army in the Valley of Virginia, received medals for the able and fearless manner in which she had discharged her duty, and was granted, likewise, a regular commission. She is fifty-four, of good proportions and appearance, and, as may be inferred, of vigorous constitution. Her husband was also in the Federal army, and bears the marks of a score of serious wounds, which would have killed any man less tough.

Primitive Modes of Striking Fire.

In early ages, "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," compliance with the request, "Will you give me a light, please?" involved, if the camp fires had gone out, a spell of unremitting hard work, considerable manual dexterity, and an unstinted application of "elbow grease." The primitive mode of striking fire was by rubbing one piece of dry wood upon another until incandescence was induced. A tribe of South American savages improved upon the dry wood friction process. They discovered that they could generate showers of sparks by the sharp abrasive contact of a certain kind of pyrites upon siliceous or flinty stones. The sparks directed upon a quantity of dry, readily-inflammable fibrous material obtained a flame, with comparatively little trouble beyond procuring and preparing materials. In the matter of "striking a light," the human family remained in a state of comparative barbarism till a period almost within the recollection of many juniors of "the oldest inhabitant." Our grandmothers kept the kitchen fire alight all night by placing a block of coal upon it, and packing it with small coal or ashes, so as to allow it to smolder only till the morning. The first triumph of "applied science" in "striking a light" lay in the discovery of the combined capabilities of burned linen, or tinder, flint and steel, and brimstone-tipped wood matches, or "spunks," as they were sometimes called. The tinder was usually a domestic production, the tinder-boxes and steels, or "frizzies," were made at Birmingham and Wolverhampton, England, where a considerable business was done in these articles. The flint was had from where it could be picked up, and the manufacturers and vendors of the matches were chiefly poor old women. The steel was of the form of the letter U elongated and reversed, the narrower stalk being the handle; the broader, which had a serrated outer edge, was used for striking the piece of flint, and producing the sparks that ignited the tinder, which in turn lighted the brimstone-tipped match. The lighted tinder, when it had served its purpose, was extinguished by a close fitting inner cover that was pressed down upon it. The flint and steel were also used for lighting match-paper—thick porous paper that had been dipped in a solution of saltpeter and afterward dried. The match-paper was held close to the piece of flint, with its edge at the point of impact with the steel. It ignited readily and burned freely, but without flame. Amadou, or German tinder, and "touch-wood," being woody tissue in a certain stage of decay, were sometimes used in the same way as match-paper.

The methods of initiating fire, as has been seen, were, up to this point, by rude mechanical expedients. It is only during the last half century that science may be said to have been applied to the manufacture of matches. One of the earliest novelties was the "instantaneous lighting box," which contained a bottle charged with sulphuric acid and fibrous asbestos. The tipped match was let into the bottle, and caught fire in its contact with the acid. The revolution in match-making, and the origin of the match manufacture, as a large and important industry, may be said to date from the introduction of phosphorus as an igniting agent applied in various ways.

Words of Wisdom.

Little minds are wounded by the smallest things.

The truly generous man is oblivious of a slight and never becomes angry at a slur.

Keep the way always clear for improvement, by putting a gag in the mouth of ignorance.

Great men undertake great things because they are great; and fools, because they think them easy.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

People who have nothing to do are soon tired of their own company. Idleness leaves the door open for graver sins to enter.

It is a singular fact that those who devote so much time to other people's business seldom pay proper attention to their own.

Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying that which they would nourish were they melted into drops.

A man who shows no defect is a fool or a hypocrite, whom we should mistrust. There are defects so bound to fine qualities that they announce them—defects which it is well not to correct.

Avoid the companion who jests at everything! Such people disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.

According to the internal revenue returns, the citizens of the republic are drinking less whisky and more beer. Whisky—that part of it which paid revenue tax, at least—fell from 57,000,000 gallons for the fiscal year of 1877 to 50,704,000 in 1878—a difference of nearly 6,300,000 gallons. For the same time, the revenue-paying beer increased from 9,480,000 barrels to 9,937,000 barrels—an increase of 457,000 barrels, or 1,871,000 gallons.

The Bank Clerks' Association is not a secret society. They have tellers.