

FIND MARKET FOR DOGFISH

Although Formerly Considered a Pest, They Are Now Sold as Species of Whitefish.

What will mean a source of large income to the fishermen here, if successful, in the shipping to the New York markets of dogfish, to be cut into steaks and sold as a species of whitefish. Heretofore these fish have been considered a pest, unsuitable for food, driving off into deep water any smaller fish that may be approaching the shoals. Several years ago dogfish were caught with hooks and lines and sold for their livers, from which a high grade of oil was secured, and the carcasses were turned over to farmers for fertilizers. At present dogfish are hovering around the Atlantic island shores in large numbers, and schools have come into the Nantucket, Mass., harbor. They have been captured in large quantities in the bluefish nets. In one instance there were more than 1,000 in the steamer Petrel's traps near Great Point. There were scarcely any other fish to be found, so Capt. Minter of the steamer communicated with the New York market with the result that the following day he shipped to New York several hundred of the fish packed just as mackerel, scup or bluefish would be. The captain says that only fish of more than two feet long are salable.

IMITATIONS OF CORAL MANY

Jewel Enthusiast Declares That Even Calabash May Be Made to Resemble It.

"If you wish to buy coral beads," remarked the jewel enthusiast to a Philadelphia Record reporter, "you must go to a reliable dealer. Why, even calabash may be so shaped and tinted that the average person would not know the difference. There's one way to tell, however, if the chain is cheap. In this case the very perfection of the beads will convince the would be purchaser of their spuriousness. A string of small beads at, say \$5 or \$10, will be full of little imperfections, if they are real. The larger the bead of real coral the more expensive. The old carved coral jewelry of long ago went out because it was imitated in calabash till you couldn't tell the difference between pieces that cost \$3 and \$60. Just because the pretty beads in delicate pink are so expensive most persons fancy the branch coral chains, five feet in length, that sell at \$2 and less, are not real. But they are, and they are cheap because they are made of the tip ends of the coral branches, which are too small to be carved into anything at all. All along the Italian coast these chains are sold for a lire and a half (30 cents), Sorrento being the favored purchasing place."

TALKS HOURS; NOT WINDED

Whirlwind Spellbinder Winds Up Long Oratorical with Scarcely a Sign of Fatigue.

One of the whirlwind spellbinders who has been doing the state of Indiana is getting it rubbed in pretty hard by some of his friends. The aforesaid spellbinder is long on both words and wind, and knocks out a couple of hours' oratorical without the least signs of fatigue. It appears in the Washington Times that at one of the smaller places where he held forth in an effort to tell the voters how to save the country, the crowd got tired of his flow of words and gradually dropped at the feet of the speaker. One of the older citizens held out and turned a deaf ear to several of his sons, who attempted to get him to leave. At the close of the speechmaking one of the sons asked of the old voter: "Pap, why in the name of Bill Jones and his gray mule did you want to sit there and listen to that fellow spurt?" "My son," answered the father, "it was curiosity." "Curiosity? How's that?" asked the son. "Well, son, I've attended political meetings for nigh on to 50 years, and this is the first time I ever saw one of them—spellbinders who could talk two hours, say as little as he did, and without the least signs of mental or physical exertion."

Russian Has Assistance

Victory Alexieff, the Russian soldier, visited America in 1874. A Washington official said of him the other day: "Alexieff came here on the Chabria, with a number of Russians of high rank, and the curiosity of the time. These men would consume without being affected by the talk of the day. There were even editorials in the newspapers on this matter. "I remember entering the Russian suite in Washington one day with Alexieff, and coming upon a young colonel who sat at a table smoking, with four empty champagne bottles before him. Alexieff looked at the empty bottles and laughed. "Did you drink all that without assistance?" he asked. "No," said the young officer languidly, "I had the assistance of a bottle of Burgundy."

Mistake of Country-Bred Boy

Young men from the country stand a better chance of success in a city than do the young women, but they exchange a life of health and freedom among the fields for a hard and exacting employment in the city. Once initiated with the virus of metropolitan experience, they are driven on by habit and necessity until finally, as the years accumulate, the majority sink to the level of mediocrity, and finally into dull apathy. It is then that the country-bred boy wishes with all his heart that he had returned long ago to the farm of his youth and taken up again the joke which then seemed so heavy, but which he now knows was light.

NATURE A KIND MOTHER.

Some of the Curious Methods by Which She Mends Animal Injuries.

How many weak and timid creatures there are in the world, with neither teeth and claws for their protection, armor for their defense, nor speed with which to escape their enemies! One can hardly understand why they have not all been killed and eaten up long ago. Nature is, however, kinder to these poor animals than she seems; for if she has left them defenseless against attack, she has given them a marvelous power of recovery from injuries, says St. Nicholas. When a tiny lizard has to scamper for his life in search of a crack in the rock, he often has "so close a call" that his pursuer snaps off his tail just as he whisks into safety. A loss like this would kill most larger animals, but not the little lizard. He simply waits quietly until a new tail grows, and then is as well off as before, except that the new tail has a flexible rod of cartilage where the old one had a backbone. If an earthworm happens to be retreating to his hole when a robin is out looking for breakfast, there is apt to be a lively tug of war between the eater and the breakfast. Not infrequently the bird gets the tail end of the worm, while the other half crawls away into safety. Not even a lizard could survive such treatment as this, but the earthworm, in its ability to recover from injuries, is almost as much superior to the lizard as the lizard is to us. He grows a new half-body to replace the one which has been devoured, and seems to mind his loss no more than a boy minds having his hair cut.

There are, besides, some small-like water-worms which quite undo the earthworm in bearing up against misfortune. If one of these chances to lose his entire head, in a week or so—sometimes in only four or five days—he grows a new one, brain, eyes, and all, and is as well off as ever. Even if a hungry fish gets two bites at him, so that he loses both head and tail, the worm can patch himself out with new members, and go about his business as before. They have even been known to get divided into two pieces about equal in size, and each piece grew a new half-body, so that there were two entire worms in place of one.

After this it will easily be guessed that if the head end of the worm happens to be split half way down, he will grow two new sides and become Y-shaped with two heads. Or if the tail end is split, new sides grow and a two-tailed worm is made. Sometimes one or two new heads develop close behind the old one in the angle of the Y. Indeed, the little creature seems to have a sort of mania for making new heads and tails whenever he finds a chance. If, therefore, the worm, after receiving several wounds, manages to escape with his life from the cuts which happen to open forward, little heads grow out, and from those opening backward little tails—no doubt greatly to his embarrassment.

But what of the cut-off heads and tails? Do they make new bodies and become whole animals again? Not usually. The severed head seems to become confused, so that it does not know what to do. If it lives it is more apt to produce another head like itself, and change into two heads placed neck to neck, so that they look in opposite directions. So, too, the severed tail, equally foolish, doubles itself and becomes two useless tails, growing end to end. But isn't this really quite impossible? A head or a tail or even a half-body cannot get food. If it cannot eat, it cannot grow; and that is all there is about it. Well, it is true that a fragment cannot eat. But still it can make the new part out of its own tissue. So the animal keeps getting smaller as it becomes more nearly complete, until, when the new part is finished, the whole body may be no more than the tenth part of its proper size. The reconstructed animals are therefore forced to begin life over again like young worms. In time, however, they grow up to full size. When a head end makes a new head instead of a tail, or a tail makes a new tail, instead of a head, the little creatures must necessarily waste away and die.

Toast Was to His Liking

Among the early settlers of Chicago who are still here as the contemporaries of Fernando Jones are Clay Tincher and Nancy Tolliver, who came originally from "old Kentucky, sub." This pair of ancients have been "using" together ever since they were old enough to go "possum hunting, but to this day, whenever they indulge in any beverage together, which is quite frequent, one of them always says, by way of friendly toast, and always most seriously: "Well, sub, here's to better 'quaintance." To which the other responds with feeling: "I cawdally conch, sub, in yo' flattering suggestion."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Preserving the Forests.

If reasonable measures and regard for present and future needs of the country will not restrain the axman, other measures must be brought into play if the land is not to become one great waste. Of the lumber industries of the United States the greater interest ranks fourth, and its continuance of rank depends most largely on the axman himself.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Attracted by the Title.

First Jerseyman—What air ye readin' there, James? Second Jerseyman—A book called "The Three Musketeers." I thought it was a Jersey story when I picked it up, but the plot appears to be located in France some years back.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CALLS SQUIRRELS A PEST.

Naturalist Asserts That the Animals Destroy Eggs of Harnes and Useful Birds.

Josef Brunner, who has devoted the later years of his life to roaming the woods of Montana in his nature-study pursuits, makes a bitter attack on both the red and gray squirrel in Country Life in America. It is backed by his half-century experience and first-hand observation both here and in the great forest tracts of Germany. Mr. Brunner writes: "I wish to take away for all time the character of the squirrel. He is a thief and a murderer. Admired by ignorant city people and by journalists, he devotes his life to eating the eggs and killing the young and harmless as well as useful birds, which, if permitted to live and increase, would protect the forests from harmful insects. By killing these birds the squirrel takes rank as a forest destroyer. Moreover, the red squirrel is not the only sinner. In my opinion the gray is almost, if not quite, as bad. "I have killed many squirrels caught in the act of eating eggs or young birds. Any bird that selects a nesting place which is also adapted to the use of squirrels is almost certain to be ejected. When a forest has been destroyed by fire, lumbermen or insects it is almost impossible for natural reforestation to take place if squirrels are abundant in an adjoining tract, because they eat the seeds. Fifty seeds a head each day would be a low estimate. Yet this would make 18,250 a year. "And seeds are not the only thing. In winter the ground is often strewn with twigs which have been stripped of bugs by squirrels. The trees attacked are generally situated at the border of a dense forest and would, if left alone, yield the greatest seed crop. A single squirrel thus destroyed in one day thousands of seeds in the germ. In Montana I have seen the grays rob birds' nests."

PASSING OF YELLOW PERIL.

Chinese Population in America Is Rapidly and Steadily Decreasing.

In 50 years—perhaps less than 50, if the present laws remain in effect and are rigidly executed—the Chinese population of the United States will become practically extinct, says World's Work. From 1890 to 1900 they fell away from 125,788 to 119,950, a decrease of nearly 5,000, or more than six per cent. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, more than 4,000 voluntarily left the port of San Francisco for the land of their birth, the total deported and returning voluntarily being 5,020. A very large majority of these Chinamen were advanced in years and went home to die.

A generation ago there were in San Francisco from 30,000 to 40,000 Chinese. The Chinese consul general says that, counting men, women and children, there are now not 10,000. The same proportionate decrease is seen in other places. It should be borne in mind that the total number of Chinese now in the United States includes 26,767 in Hawaii and 3,116 in Alaska, so that at the beginning of this decennial period there were living in the United States proper only 89,000. A generation ago there were at least 150,000.

According to the most liberal estimate there are not more than 150 legal Chinese wives in San Francisco. But the number of Chinese women is estimated at between 1,000 and 2,000. Of such female children as are born to the lowest class, a large proportion are sold for immoral purposes by their parents, thus still further reducing the possibilities of an increased population. The main adult population is male, is unmarried, or, at least, wifeless, in America, and is rapidly approaching old age. Thus, by 1930 or 1940 the main Chinese life in America will have become extinct.

The Jeweled Bird.

When as a girl Amelie de France, now queen of Portugal, first visited Windsor castle, the mystic jeweled bird which was taken from the throne of Tippoo Sahib and presented by the East India company to George III, was the object of her profoundest admiration. In fact, it fascinated her romantic soul, and Queen Victoria, who had a strong strain of romance in her nature, quite understood her young guests' feeling, so she ordered the bird to be taken to the princess's apartment, in order that a sketch might be made of the treasure. The first thing the queen of Portugal asked for the night she entered the banquet hall on the king's arm and saw the blaze of the celebrated gold plate upon the buffet, was this jeweled bird. His majesty immediately ordered that it should be placed upon the table in front of the queen, that she might gaze upon it at her leisure.—Detroit Free Press.

Transvaal Census.

The recent census of the natives in the Transvaal was taken with beads. Each headman was furnished with a number of beads of different colors, and twine on which to string them. A big black bead represented an adult married native, a big yellow bead a grown-up single man, a big blue bead a married woman, and a white bead a single woman over 15 years old. A small yellow bead stood for a boy and a small white bead for a girl.

Lineage.

"They go in strong for ancestry, do they not?" asks the mutual friend. "I should say so," answers the intimate friend. "I suppose they have a coat of arms?" "Coat of arms? Why, folks as proud as they are insist upon having a coat vest and overcoat of arms.—Chicago Tribune.

SNOW IN NORTHERN WOODS

Cuts Off Communication with Outside, But Does Not Curtail Social Pleasures.

"If you want to see snow just go up into the valley of the Rainy river," said E. A. English, a settler from the Big Fork country, according to the Duluth Herald. "We have snow in the north country, and plenty of it. It lies about three feet deep on the level, I should say, and the loggers have no complaint to make because there is not enough of it. "Despite the fact that winter cuts off almost all communication with the outside world, the cold season is not so unpleasant to the settlers through that region as some people might imagine. They have their social pleasures, too, although under conditions somewhat different from those with you city folk. Perchance there is a dance, for instance, at one of the river settlements. Of course all the young men and the women, too, not to speak of the older ones, have to be on hand. To many this means an eight or ten-mile tramp on snowshoes through the woods or down the river bed. Maybe they come from even a greater distance. Where roads allow sleighs are used. "But the fact of there being no road presents no obstacles to the settler. A long tramp on snowshoes has no terrors for him, and if he has been in the woods long such a journey is about as easy as walking in the summertime, easier, in fact, for he does not have to bother with the swamps. Our families really are content, and I don't know but that they have good reason to be. With plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and nothing particularly to worry about, the life, even during the cold months, is not a bad one to lead. "We kind of den up for the winter, like the bears, and don't feel called upon to do any particular work, unless it be to out fuel or unless we find ourselves in need of exercise. Of course much of the spare time is taken up by enlarging our clearings, but there is nothing compulsory about this, and if we want to lounge about the house for a week or two in comfort there is no reason why we shouldn't do so. "We have no quarrel with the fuel man, and care not a rap whether meat is ten cents a pound, or 50 cents a pound. The plumber is a man seen only in our dreams, and it's all the same to us whether the light and water companies, with their everlasting bills, live or die. Street cars might come in handy once in awhile, but we are just so much ahead by not having them around."

MEGAPHONE AS FOGHORN.

Warning Can Be Heard Twenty Miles from Station on Atlantic Coast.

There is another use for megaphones. Scientists have recently applied this invention to a more laudable purpose. On Falkner's island, off the Connecticut coast, there has been erected a huge revolving platform, on which are stationed eight large megaphones, each measuring 17 feet and having a mouth seven feet in diameter. These horns send out their cry of warning to every point of the compass, the power being furnished by a steam whistle. This shout has been heard a distance of 20 miles, and when the wind is favorable the sound will carry nearly twice as far. The instrument utters its warning every 15 seconds, and each megaphone utters its cry in turn, so that the sound makes its way over the ocean in every direction. There is a combination of short and long blasts for each point of the compass, so that a mariner may know exactly whence the sound proceeds. The government recently made an appropriation of \$500,000 to build a lighthouse on Diamond shoals, off Cape Hatteras, that "graveyard of the Atlantic," which is strewn with numberless wrecks. But at a depth of 100 feet the soil is still soft, loose sand, so that no foundation could be found for the lighthouse.

An Archbishop's Joke.

The Right Rev. Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson, archbishop of Canterbury, more than held his own as a raconteur during his visit to Fernleigh over, the county seat of Bishop Potter. This is one of his stories: "When I was a young man I once made an impassioned appeal on behalf of a foreign missionary to an audience composed of my rural parishioners. The following week I was surprised on entering a provision shop in the village to be greeted with marked coolness by the worthy dame who kept it. On asking the reason of this strange treatment the good woman produced a half crown from a drawer, and throwing it down before my astonished eyes, snapped: 'I marked that half crown and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back again in my shop. I knowed well them niggers will never get the money!'"—London Leader.

Decay of Social Arts.

The disappearance of good penmanship is no more marked than the disappearance of witty conversation—indeed, of conversation of any kind. "Shop," always the greatest foe to good talk, is now absolutely master of the table, and even "shop" is not talked well. The pronunciation of nine persons out of ten is atrocious, and even the tenth shows an appalling poverty of words.—London Lady.

REASON FOR EXCITEMENT.

Not a Mere Everyday Occurrence, But an Occasion of Extraordinary Importance.

When Husley came down to his place of business the other morning he was laboring under a high pressure of suppressed excitement, relates London Tit-Bits. "Can't be with you to-day," he promptly announced to his partner. "Got to get back home. Tell Ward that we can close that deal of ours later." "But it's very important. Delay may mean loss." "No matter. There are some duties stronger than that of making money. You know my married son lives next door to me. There's sickness in the house." "Nothing serious, I hope?" "None too serious to suit me," said Husley, with his thumbs under his waistcoat armholes, strutting about the office as if it were a bird cage. "Got two nurses, two doctors, my wife, an old aunt and a delegation of women from the neighborhood." "The old monster!" was the partner's mental comment, but he said aloud: "Then they can get along without you." "Well, I should say not. It is an occasion that requires a general there on the spot. I tell the nurse what to do, make the old aunt go into the back yard when she wants to weep, keep the other women from holding a hen-cocking matinee in the house, let the doctors know I'm watching every move they make, and keep the servants in line." "When the cat started upstairs this morning I threw it into a tree-top, and it's there now. When the dog barked, I kicked him clear through the window into the garden. When the errand-boy from the grocer's went whistling about the house, I told him to shut up till further orders, or I would crush every bone in his body. When the milkman came, with that fennish yell of his, I served like notice on him and I've been paying a regular procession of hand-organs to move on. Oh, I'm on guard, and when I hear a little piping noise from upstairs and there is no such confusion I feel just like keeping order with a Lee-Metford." "Aha! I see. It's a baby?" "A baby!" scornfully. "It's twins, man!" and the new grandpa swelled up like a toad when it was swallowed a wisp.

THE RED FISH OF DEATH.

Singular Visitation in the Hawaiian Islands That Presages End of Some Notable.

A large inflex of the alahuwa, the famous red fish about which the Hawaiian superstition has it that their appearance denotes the death of a member of the royal family or some one occupying high place, is now causing much speculation among the Hawaiians on the waterfront, says a Honolulu report of recent date. The schools of alahuwa first made their appearance about a week ago. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday night fairly large schools of these fish appeared. On Monday night they came in an amazingly large number. On Tuesday night there were fewer of them, and since then their number has been gradually diminishing. It was expected that it would cease altogether by evening.

STUPEFIES; DOESN'T KILL

New Shell on Bursting Releases Gas Which Brings Sleep to Whole Regiments.

The old-time purist was wont to brag that a bow from his fist would put his adversary to sleep. A military scientist has just announced an invention which recalls the bow of the brauer, for the claims to be able to put whole regiments to sleep in a literal sense. The invention consists of a shell which is charged with an explosive just sufficient to burst it, thereby liberating a stupefying gas. If the superior shell proves to be a success, it cannot fail to revolutionize warfare, and in future we may hear of fortresses being captured in virtue of the fact that their defenders had all been reduced to a state of coma by the shells thrown amongst them. Battles under such conditions would need a largely augmented ambulance staff to carry off the hundreds of prostrate warriors. It, as is not unlikely, the Red Cross men were themselves attacked by the fumes of the shells, the battlefield would present a strange spectacle indeed, the victorious army carrying off whole regiments of unconscious and unconscious prisoners, overcome—in a double sense—by sleep.

Corn as Human Food.

C. J. Murphy, a prominent citizen of Minneapolis, argues that the high price of wheat should induce people to get accustomed to corn products on their bill of fare. "If the people would learn to eat more corn," he says, "it would be much to their benefit, both from an economical point of view and as a matter of health. I have spent 18 of the best years of my life in teaching the people of Europe the value of our corn as a human food, and now more corn is used in Belgium and Ireland as human food than we use in the United States."

Youthful Brides in Japan.

Not one bride was over 22 years old in the 246,590 marriages which, according to the latest census, took place in Japan last year. Forty-two were only 15, 759 were 16, 5,434 were 17, 19,966 were 18, and 16,109 were 20.

Denominational Doings.

Bishop Brent, of Manila is credited with this remark: "The Methodists raise the people out of the mud, the Baptists wash them, the Congregationalists iron them and the Episcopalians starch them."

Would Conquer Without Sword.

France hopes to achieve the bloodless conquest of Morocco by establishing a schoolmaster and a doctor in each of the towns on the Algerian frontier.