Long Island Whalers.

Amagansett, Long Island, where numerous whaling crews live, is a neat little seaside village, and it is the last settlement one passes on going to Montauk Point. It is but three miles east of the well known summer resort of East Hampton, with whose history are associated the names of John Howard Payne and Henry Ward Beecher. Amagansett has a population of about two hundred people, mostly thrifty farmers, well-to-do fishermen and rich whalemen.

The whaling crews are regularly organized in the village. Boats supplied with all the requisites for the chase are kept housed on the beach, and the warning that a whale has been sighted is given by a man running down the beach swinging his coat and shouting, by the blowing of horns, the ringing of church bells, and by various noisy demonstrations unintelligible to the stranger, but conveying a definite meaning to the natives.

All business practically stops in the place while the chase lasts, and its successful termination is the signal for a general jubilee.

Serious accidents have not infrequently marred these jubilees. Captain Rogers, of Southampton, in one of these chases a few years ago was killed by a whale. The monster went under the boat, and when he came up astern of it brought his terrible tail up with a crashing stroke which hit the stern of the boat exactly under the Captain's feet. He was standing, his weight on one foot. The blow shattered the bone of his leg and drove it up into his thigh. The boat was of course overturned, and the injured Captain and crew were saved with difficulty. The Captain died in a few days from the injuries.

On another occasion three whales were sighted, and two were fastened. The three whales made a general rush at the boats, and out of the fleet of six or more boats only one emerged from the conflict uninjured. Fortunately, aside from a few bruises, no one was seriously hurt, but the whales escaped. Similar occurrences have frequently been chronicled, evidencing that the business is not prosecuted without great peril, and is certainly full enough of hardy adventure to make it most alluring to adventurous spirits. The business is fairly prosperous, and those who engage in it make comfortable livings and frequently become rich. The older men in the business were whalemen when ships engaging in the pursuit were fitted out from Sag Harbor and have made repeated voyages to the Arctic regions in search of the monsters of the deep. Captain Henry E. Hunting, who is serving his constituents in the Assembly, belongs to this latter class, and has made a number of successful whaling voyages as master of the ship.

They are a hardy, good natured and prosperous class of people, and persist in their perilous avocation because they like it.—*New York World.*

Taking the Depth of the Sea.

When we read about repairing breaks in the ocean cable we naturally are curious to know something about the manner in which operations on severed wires are carried on a mile or two below the surface.

In the course of an article on the subject the New York *Sun* says that the first work done is to get a series of soundings over a patch of the sea aggregating twenty-five or thirty square miles. The sounding apparatus consists of an oblong shot of iron, weighing about thirty-two pounds, attached to a pianoforte wire in such a way that, when lowered to the bottom, the shot will jab a small steel tube into the mud, and will then release itself from the wire and allow the sailors to draw up the tube with the mud in it. The moment the weight is released the men on deck stop paying out the wire, and thus, knowing how much wire has been run out, they are able to tell the depth. It is an interesting fact that it recently took twenty-four minutes and ten seconds for the weight of the sounding apparatus to reach bottom in 2,097 fathoms of water.

The Fisher Cat.

A very rare animal is known to hunters as the black cat or fisher, but the names are misleading, as it does not at all resemble a cat, and it does not feed on fish. The skin of the animal is highly prized by furriers, a single raw pelt bringing as high as $10. The fur about the head, neck, and shoulders is dark gray. The back, hips, legs, and tail are jet black. The body from the nose to the butt of the tail is two feet long and the tail is sixteen inches inches long and very full and bushy, not unlike that of an angry cat. It is a far more attractive creature than any other member of the weasel family, and is less known than any other of our mammalia. It is said by the hunters to prey upon the Canadian porcupine; to eat it, bristles and all, and digest them without inconvenience, Its other food consists of pine martins, squirrels, rabbits and other small animals, and it is remarkably expert in catching them. Occasionally it feeds on fish. The range of this great weasel is from the Great Silver Lake and Labrador to the Pacific and Southwest, occasionally on the mountains of Virginia.

Gloucester Fisher-Folk.

Thriftlessness is uncommon among Gloucester fishermen; drunkenness is almost unknown; harmless banter and bellowing and boasting are the nearest approach te brawls. There is a tender-heartedness among them that is remarkable and almost pathetic. Many go away that never come back. "Stand here, if you will, at these crowded wharves," writes a correspondent of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, "and watch the arrival and departure of fishing fleets, and if you have a heart you will feel something heavy in your throat."

The old mothers and fathers, the young brothers and sisters, the wives and wee fishers' children, are all there, score on score. They are trying to look brave as the vessels sail out. There are pride and loyal valor in their faces all. They shout and shout to the departing ones, who send it all back in good measure, every manner of good cheer and sea lore for luck. As the schooners clear the harbor, out past Ten Pound Island, some will run away around the harbor edge, as if to keep company to the last. But those who stay, leaning far out over the dark bulkheads, look fixedly on and on until the white sails disappear behind cruel Norman's Woe, or sink behind the horizon; and if you can see in their eyes, as they at last turn to the little home-spot for the weeks or months of dreary waiting, there is unutterable sadness behind the quivering lids. Then when the fleet returns, who can picture the gladness and the woe upon these century hold wharves and slips?

They say that down at brave old Marblehead every third woman is a widow. And so the going and coming and going and never coming have woven a warp and woof of smiles and tears here, which have mellowed and softened thousands of human hearts in a way you can see and feel. Your fisherman who comes and the wife, sweetheart or child that is here to greet him are o'er tender for it all.

The old city is used to it, and does not mind it. It is the way its toilers of the sea have. And so if you ever walk her streets and see a hulk of a fellow holding a happy woman as he would clutch a fife rail or a capstan head in a heavy storm, you will know he is simply "making fast" with the strong hawser of an honest love to the very anchorage of his life, utterly unconscious of you or anybody's sense of the proprieties. And this tenderness, too, is all-compassing.

There are many trusts and funds for the widow and fatherless, and these men give generously to them. On every week-day night the whole year through, when the seaport is stirred by the arrival of fleets with their "fares" or cargoes of fish, there is a "fisherman's ball," and often many. These are never for individual profit, but invariably for the benefit of women whose hearts are breaking.

Life by Wholesome Living.

Mr. John N. Dickie had, in dark years ago, dyspepsia of the severest form—his system was the sporting-ground of countless aches and pains, nausea, dizziness and "dismal ideas of humanity and the world in general." Cutting loose from the costly gall of bondage to doctors and drugs, he took what proved to be first step toward renewed health, by eliminating meat from his bill of fare. Pie, cake and preserves were next to go; and nutritious graham bread took the place of the loaf of starchy white. The rest of his useful story we quote, in his own words, from the *Ohio Farmer*.

"I ate milk and potatoes and other vegetables in moderate quantity. I drank a pint of hot water an hour before each meal and also an hour before retiring. The result was simply wonderful. I did not gain in flesh, for I come of a lean, lank stock, but I began to laugh now and then; to say 'good morning' with something of a hearty ring in my voice. Weeks and months rolled away and my dyspepsia was a thing of the past. I have never had it since. I rarely eat meat, and myself and family (there are six of us) use graham flour exclusively, with the addition of good yellow corn meal. Oatmeal ground to flour is another favorite food, and my children have been reared from infancy on it. We are never sick. Neither do we expect to be. If God helps the man who helps himself, He certainly takes particular care of the individual who eats plain food, breathes pure air, takes moderate exercise, and bathes at least once a week."

A Wonderful Young Pianist's Baton.

The smallest baton in existence, in all probability, is the ivory wand presented by Mr. Neuendorff and his orchestra to little Josef Hofman at the Metropolitan Opera House. This baton, given to Mozart II. in honor of the first time he ever led an orchestra, which was last night, is of solid ivory, and is tipped and headed with gold, appropriately inscribed. A good many people have begun calling Hofman "Mozart II." Some of them believe he is the reincarnation of that great composer. Teresa Carreno the great pianist, burst into tears the first time she heard Hofman, and delared her belief that he was Mozart come back to earth to finish satisfactorily the life which went out before so distressfully.—*New York Sun.*

HIDING MONEY.

DEVICES IMMIGRANTS EMPLOY TO CONCEAL THEIR FUNDS.

Each Nationality Has Its Own Way of Packing Away Currency—A Curious Feature of Castle Garden.

The peculiarities of the people of different nationalities in their way of carrying money, says a reporter for the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, formed a topic of conversation at Castle Garden the other day.

"Most of the English immigrants," said one of the money changers, "carry their coin in a small case in which their sovereign or shillings fit snugly, and have the case attached to a chain which they keep in a pocket as they would a watch. An Irishman always has his little canvas bag in which he keeps gold, silver and notes all together. But a great many of the Irish girls have their sovereigns rolled up and sewed on the inside of their dress, very frequently, too, inside of their corsets, and often have to borrow my penknife to cut them out when they come to get them changed.

"I have seen some old Germans who would pull off from around their body a belt that I am sure must have cost forty or fifty marks, and fish from it three or four marks in silver to have changed. The French mostly carry a small tube in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces, and remove them very handily one at a time, and only one at a time. There are very few Italians who don't own a large tin tube, sometimes a foot long, which they have hung around their neck by a small chain or cord, and in which they keep their paper money or silver coins. Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocketbook that has been generally used by their fathers and grandfathers before them, and which will have enough leather in it to make a pair of boots. The Slavonians or Hungarians generally do not carry pocketbooks, but they find more ways of concealing what money they may have than any class of people I know of. Their long boots seem to be the favorite place, and in the legs of them they also carry the knife, and fork and spoon with which they have eaten on their way across. But I have seen them take money from between the lining and outside of their coats which they would get at by cutting into a button-hole. Some of them use their caps and very many use their prayer books, placing the paper money on the inside of the cover, and pasting the fly-leaf of the book over it."

"I suppose you get rather a curious collection of foreign coin?"

"That's what a great many people think," was the reply, "but it is not actually the case. None of the people who come here bring any but the commonest kinds of coin, and, in fact, the brokerage has extended so much in Europe of late and also on the transatlantic steamships, that a great many of the immigrants have their money already changed when they arrived here. If we had been permitted to do an exchange here and buy up paper, there might have been more money it, but we are not allowed to handle anything but cash."

The money changer, however, had amassed quite an extensive private collection of coins of the day. Included among them were English penny, 1½d, and 2d pieces, all of silver and very diminutive, measuring less than half an inch in diameter; also a complete collection of the English jubilee coins issued last year, the six-penny piece of which was very soon called from circulation, as it was found that some of them had been galvanized and passed for half sovereigns owing to their exact similarity in size and design. A silver franc of the Roman states, which bears date 1632, is said to be worth $1. A United States silver dollar of the special coinage of 1836 is now valued at $50. A number of collegiate advertisements in the shape of bank notes, which immigrants said had been foisted upon them as genuine money in Europe, were also among collection.

"Do you get much paper money and ever get cheated in it?"

"There is a great deal of European paper money now. Austrian, French, Russian and Belgian paper is common. And every one of the different German states give different issues of notes. About a year ago a man came to our office with a £50 Bank of England note to get changed; but, when we sent it around to one of the banks to make sure of its genuineness, the man disappeared. The note was a counterfeit and we have it yet."

Perhaps the late L. J. Curtis, the millionaire manufacturer of Meriden, Conn., says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, took to heart the aphorism of Mr. Carnegie, that the day was coming when the man who died rich would die disgraced. At any rate, he left $750,000, three-fourths of his fortune, to a home for widows and orphans in Meriden, and divided the remaining fourth among his wife and children. His idea was that his family could get along on a quarter of a million.

How Colds are Caught.

Cold is not the only factor in the production of catarrh. There is a collateral cause, and a most important one, in certain depressed conditions of the nervous system, which is too little known and appreciated. In healthy conditions of the nervous system, provided reasonable precautions are taken against cold, there is enough vitality in the organism to resist its injurious influence. The nervous system is, in fact, the guardian, controller, and prime regulator of animal heat or body temperature, and its slightest failure to fulfill its responsible duties—the least relaxation of its constant vigilance—renders us liable to fall a prey to cold.

The following suppositious cases will afford an illustration: An individual who habitually drives about in an open conveyance with perfect freedom from catarrh, happens on one occasion to fall asleep when he is out, and the very next day has cold. The explanation of the phenomenon is to be found in the fact that during sleep nervous energy is lowered and the system therefore less able to withstand the injurious effects of cold. If we assume that the individual was also in a state of intoxication at the time, the damage done by cold would be more serious, as the depression by alcohol is superadded to that of sleep. It is therefore not surprising to find that inflammation of the lungs is frequently contracted under such circumstances. We instinctively acknowledge the nervous depression during sleep by taking the precaution to throw a rug over the knees before our forty winks on the dining-room sofa.

A timid woman comes home one night pale and ghastly with fright, having encountered a spectre clad in white, which she calls a "ghost." In a day or two she develops a cold, for which she cannot in any way account. Fear acts as a depressant to the nervous system, crippling its powers of resisting the action of cold; hence the phraze, "shivering with fear." Similarly, innumerable events of daily life tend to irritate, depress, or excite the nerves, and render them unfit for maintaining the body temperature against the fluctuations of weather and climate. During these unguarded moments a trifling exposure to cold or damp is sufficient to induce catarrh. It is known that stout boots, umbrellas and wraps, though preservatives in their way, are not by any means the only precautionary measures to be adopted; that we must endeavor to strengthen the nervous system, if it be defective, and that when we are compelled to expose ourselves to cold or wet when the nerves are depressed from temporary causes, such as fatigue, anxiety, grief, dyspepsia, or ill-humor, we should be specially careful to guard against cold.—*Chambers's Journal.*

The Truth of Weather-Lore.

The persistent survival of weather-lore in these days of intellectual emancipation is not at all remarkable when we consider the extent to which the vulgar sayings embody real truths. A few years ago Messrs. Abercromby and Marriott embarked on an extremely interesting inquiry and with the view to determine, by actual comparison, how far the popular proverbs express relations, or sequences which the results of meteorological science show to be real. The investigation proved that something like a hundred of the more popular sayings are, under ordinary conditions, trustworthy. Such being the case, we need not be surprised that simple country folk prefer familiar couplets to all the "isobars," "cyclones," and "synchronous charts" in the world. If hills clear, rain near," means the same as "the presence of a wedgeshaped area of high pressure, accompanied by great atmospheric visibility, is likely to be followed by the advance of a disturbance with rain and southerly winds," which for all practical purposes it does, the preference is justified on the mere ground of breath economy. The thirty-one words demanded by science stand no chance against four.

But it is unfortunate that along with the limited number of folk-sayings founded on truth, there has survived a very large number founded on the grossest error. These latter have borrowed credence and respect from the proved credibility of the others, and apparently they are all destined to sink or swim together. Hammer as we will at certain favorite proverbs which we know to be based upon error, it is all in vain. The reverence for tradition is too much for us. And of all the superstitions, pure and simple, which defy our attempts at destruction, the most invaluable are those ascribing certain effects to the influence of the moon.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

In the Conservatory.

Miss Browning (of Boston)—"Mr. Berrill, do you believe that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet?"

Mr. Berrill (of Chicago)—"It would to me."

Miss B. (innocently)—"Why?"

Mr. B. (miserably)—"Because I have hay fever.—*Tid-Bits.*

The Minneapolis *Tribune* has invited all the old settlers of Minnesota to tell in its columns how much colder the weather used to be in the days when they were young. Some picturesque whoppers may confidently be expected.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE ASTONISHING THINGS IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

Illuminating the Depths of the Sea and Revealing Creatures that Man Had Never Seen —Other Wonders.

When it was discovered that an artificial light that very closely resembles the narural light of day could be procured from electricity, and that it could be so easily provided as to take, in a great measure, the place of gas for lighting purposes, everybody was naturally astonished and thought that the electricians were the greatest men on earth. The new system was hardly old enough to be an assured success before a lot of wise men began considering the advisability of devoting this light to a greater purpose than that of merely lighting up the humdrum affair of every-day life.

It occurred to Professor Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, that if a light could be used under water it would prove of great advantage to him in his search for fish that never allowed themselves to be caught by any of the old-fashioned methods. He believed that there existed at a great depth in the ocean various kinds of fish that had never been seen. Every boy who has ever lived near the water knows that a favorite method of catching eels is to lure them within spearing distance by a bright light placed in the bow of a boat. Light not only attracts eels, but nearly everything else that lives in the water, and the Professor was sure that if a light could be made to live at a great depth in the water the reward would be great.

The steamer Albatross of the Commission was provided with an engine and a dynamo. A liberal supply of heavy glass globes that would hold a light equal to the lighting power of 100 candles was placed on board, and, equipped with other necessary articles, such as a lot of insulated wire, a large quantity of light, strong rope, and a number of heavy weights to serve as sinkers, the steamer started out. The first attempt was unsuccesful, for at a depth of 1,000 fathoms the pressure was so great upon the globe that it broke. Another trial was speedily made with heavier globes, and they were found able to stand the pressure of any depth to which they could be sunk. But the most wonderful part of this trial trip, which took place something like three years ago, was related to Secretary Frank S. Hastings, of the Edison Electric Light Company, by Professor Baird.

At a point near the Bahamas, according to the Professor, the light was dropped overboard and sunk by means of heavy weights to nearly 1,000 fathoms below the surface. On the deck of the vessel stood the crew with nets ready to drop them under the fish that were lured from their homes in the great depth. The light was allowed to remain in the water for some time, and then it was slowly raised. It looked like the reflection of a star in the water at first, and its rays were seen, and in them were visible the forms of darting fish. The light soon lit up the water for twenty feet around, and a weird assortment of fish that had never before been heard of was seen. When near the surface the entrails of some of these fish burst from their mouths. "The Professor ascribed this," said Mr. Hastings, "to the inward pressure. Nature has made them so that they could live in the great depths in which they were found, and when this pressure of the deep water was removed there was a counteracting force that killed them."

The dead fish was just as useful for the purpose for which the professor wanted them as live ones, and he gathered in a great many rare and curious specimens without much trouble. The light was also used to good purpose for discovering the various depths in which different kinds of fish lived.

The United States torpedo station at Newport is experimenting with electricity in order to expose by its rays any obstruction that might lie in the path of a vessel. The experiments have reached that point where it is certain that the water can be readily illuminated for a space sufficiently great to show a passage for a vessel. The difficulty is in regard to the propelling of this light at a distance sufficiently far ahead to enable a vessel to swerve from its course or come to a full stop before striking a revealed obstruction. The idea of these experiments is to show, in times of war, explosives that lie beneath the water. The thrusting of a glass globe through the water at the speed at which a steamer usually moves is an operation requiring considerable thought for its successful achievement. There is always much difficulty in lighting up water that has a ruffled surface, and for this reason many of the experiments made have been less successful than was expected. The lighting up of oyster beds, Mr. Hastings thinks, could be readily accomplished, because the water in these places is not apt to be very deep. In the West Indies and the Bahamas, where valuable shells and sponges lie deep in the water, the searchers after these articles have a box with a glass bottom. The top is open. In the box is placed a lamp, and then the glass bottom is pressed down in the water until it is slightly below the surface. The water directly below the box is perfectly smooth, and it is possible to see through the water for nearly ninety feet. Mr. Hastings thinks that this same system could be adopted with the electric light, which would throw a stream of light much stronger than could be obtained by any other means. Not long ago a boy was drowned at Winchendon, Mass. Two days later his body was discovered by means of an electric light that was thrust under water by a pole. In the clearing and raising of wrecks the electric lights, it is thought, will be of great value.

"It has been discovered," said Mr. Hastings, "that an electric light placed in a barrel of new whiskey, and left there for forty-eight hours, will give it the flavor and color of whiskey five years old. I can't attempt to explain it, but this method of treating whiskey has been in practice for a year or more. The light, as I understand it, absorbs the fusel oil."

In large factories, where the air is likely to be charged with explosive gases, the light is sometimes produced by incandescent lamps enclosed in glass boxes that are filled with water. In case the glass globe breaks, the water extinguishes the spark instantly. In many oil refineries where it has heretofore been found impossible to use any kind of artificial light, electric lights have been successfully introduced. The electric light is now used in many theatres, and is a good thing for the actors and actresses, because it is so near the natural light of day that but little painting of the face is necessary. Many dentists use tiny globes of light to examine their patients' mouths, and physicians have used the same kind of light in examining various portions of the human anatomy.—*New York Sun.*

Secrecy in Inventions.

Comparatively few inventions are now worked secretly, remarks the *Sanitary Plumber*, as the patent laws provide all the necessary protection. In olden times it was different, and valuable inventions had to be kept secret in order to derive any benefit from them, and in most cases the greatest precautions were of no avail.

The secret of the manufacture of citric acid was stolen from an old chemist, who had a shop near Temple Bar, by a chimney sweep, who dropped down the flue and took note of the process. The secret of the manufacture of tinware, which was discovered in Holland, and kept a secret for fifty years, was stolen by James Sherman, a Cornish miner.

Cast steel was discovered by a watchmaker named Huntsman, in 1760, in Attercliff, near Sheffield, for the purpose of making improved watch springs. In 1770 a large factory was established at Attercliffe, the process still being kept a close secret, but a benighted traveler once gained access to the works through an appeal to the feelings of the foreman by feigning exhaustion. He cruelly repaid this kindness by divulging the secret.

Probably the only secrect process which has been kept inviolate, and for ages openly defied the world of science, is the iron trade of Russia. The secret of Russian sheet iron is owned by the government, and is such an immense monopoly that it is currently supposed to defray the entire expenses of the government. The works constitute an entire city, isolated and fortified against the rest of the world. When a workman enters the service he bids a last farewell to his family and friends, and is practically lost to the rest of the world. He is never heard from afterward, and whether he lives or dies, all trace of him is forever lost. There have been several desperate attempts made to steal or betray the secret, but in every instance it has resulted in the death of the would be traitor. In one case a letter attached to a kite, which was allowed to escape, was picked up by some peasants, and, despite the protestations that they were unable to read, they were at once put to death by the guards to whom they delivered the letter, and it was afterward decreed that the guards themselves should pass the remainder of their days within the works.

Fence Rails of Walnut.

"I was once riding up in the Cumberland Mountains," said the Chicago man, "when I saw a bearded mountaineer splitting a big tree he had felled. It was a huge black walnut. I said to him, 'My friend, what are you doing?' 'I'm a makin' fence-rails,' was his reply. 'Well,' I said, 'you don't mean to tell me you are making fence-rails out of that piece of timber?' 'Why, sartin. That's a good log, ain't it?' It was as fine a black walnut log as I ever saw, and if my friend had known enough to get somebody with a few oxen or mules to drag the log to the railroad he could have sold it for $200, for it was worth more than that."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Greater progress has been made in agriculture, spice and fruit raising in the Island of Ceylon during the past few years than in any period since it has been under the control of the English. It is said to be the cheapest place in the world to live in. Unhulled rice sells in some districts for ten cents a bushel and fruit commands only a nominal price.