Among the Emigrants at Castle Garden.

As the emigrants enter the Garden from the landing stage they all have to pass through narrow gangways, which bring them in single file before two officials successively at the side of each gangway. The first registers the name of each individual arriving, what vessel they came by, where they are from, the number in family, their destination by States, and their several occupations. There is no time to waste here, for, though the registers work hard and steadily from half-past seven in the morning until often eight or nine o'clock at night, all four gangways are kept constantly full, and the entries are, as far as is consistent with clearness, made by abbreviations. When the emigrant is asked his name, the chances are that he has to lay down a big sachel or some other heavy bundle that he has carried up to this moment, unbutton his overcoat, often his leather coat under that, and almost always a vest or two, from some mysterious recess of which he draws forth his passage contract, his tickets for inland travel, if he has already purchased them on the other side, perhaps his baptismal certificate, and some other papers. The register knows by experience that it is of no use to keep shouting at him to merely tell his name and answer the questions. To do so would merely confuse the poor fellow and make him all the slower in his movements, and he is bound to establish his individuality by documentary evidence, however long it takes him. While waiting for him, the register shouts to those next in line to get their tickets ready, and the succeeding three or four move on pretty rapidly. Then comes another who has not heard the order, and another like delay occurs. "Must have patience here," comments the register, turning with a grim smile to the reporter. The women are generally much more prompt than the men in having their papers ready, generally coming up with them in hand, knowing by this time that they are simply packages, that these papers are their labels, and they are to be forwarded somewhere; but when called upon to come out of the animated package condition and answer some questions, they are lost.

"Where are you goin?" a buxom Irish lass is asked.

"To Springfield, sor; fwhere me brother is."

"What Springfield? in what State? there are almost as many Springfields as there are States."

"Yes, sor."

"Is it to Springfield, Massachusetts?"

"Yes, sor."

"Or to Springfield, Missouri?"

"Yes, sor."

"Or to Springfield, Illinois?"

"Yes, sor."

After much confusion and exasperation of the register, who keeps his temper with the patience of a graven image, she brings to light a letter from the brother she is going to join, and it is found that the last Springfield named is the right one.

From the register's desk they shuffle along to the desk of an assistant booking clerk employed by the railroad. The distance is only a few feet, yet in that short space some of them who have a particular genius for making trouble have already got their papers buttoned up again in the innermost recesses of their clothing. Here it is necessary that they shall be exhibited. The clerk looks up with a quick, experienced glance that tells at once where the person before him is from, and demands: "Hoor reiser Du hen?" or "Wo reisen sie hin?" or "Ou allez vous?" or "Hoor skal Du resa til?" according as the person before him is Danish, German, French or Swedish; but if the broad countenance of an Emerald islander meets his eye, he puts the same query in the familiar form, "Fwhere are ye goin'?" Out come the papers again. One has a ticket for inland travel, and is promptly reduced to his normal condition of package by being set aside by a Garden officer, who tells him he will be collected and shipped at five o'clock. Another, who has no ticket, is permitted to retain his personality of being a little longer, until he shall have bought a ticket at the railroad office twenty feet away, to facilitate his doing which the assistant booking clerk gives him a filled-out memorandum to the chief booking clerk, telling just where he wants to go and what the price of his ticket will be. About this time the emigrant, escaped from the gangway, finds himself near the exchange desks, which confront the railroad office, and by conspicuously posted signs in several languages is informed of the market rates of his foreign money.—*New York Sun.*

Centennial of the "Dark Day."

One hundred years ago, May 19, 1780, was one of the most famous of dates in the legendary tales of our grandfathers. It was the "Dark Day," when, according to the chronicles, candles had to be lighted at mid-day, the birds were silent or disappeared, and the domestic fowls retired to roost. The darkness prevailed over the whole of New England and the Middle States, and its memory is even now preserved by the Indians of the six nations, who use it as a time mark for estimating the ages of children born about that period. Many were the bits of doggerel verse which were current a few years ago about this phenomenon, and wonderfully varied were the experiences which the spectators transmitted to their posterity. Barber, Webster and Mursell have referred to the circumstance in their historical compilations; but the most interesting anecdote is that referring to the attitude of the Connecticut council, then in session at Hartford, and discussing an interesting bill about the shad fishery. As the darkness became more intense, suggesting to many the arrival of the day of judgment, the legislature on motion adjourned; but Colonel Abraham Davenport, of Stamford, opposed a similar motion in the council, saying: "I am against an adjournment. The day of judgment is approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment; if it is, I wish to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

With the exception of a bore hole put down to the depth of 4,183 feet for the Prussian government, a few years ago, and which took four years to accomplish, the bore of which we have been giving particulars is, we believe, the deepest yet sunk, and the fact that it was completed in less than six months speaks well for the skill and energy with which the work was carried out. —*Scientific American.*

A Twenty-Five Cent Chinese Dinner.

A Chinese dinner is not to be recommended, writes a San Francisco correspondent. It is too greasy, and that Mosaic abomination, the pig, not only appears frequently as *piece de resistance*, and in clever sundry disguises, but contributes an unmistakable flavor to nearly every dish. It comes in the full pomp of the boar's head or in the more attractive form of tender "roaster," the praises of whose "crackling" Elia has sung. Each restaurant uses several wagon loads of hogs daily. The animal is boiled, roasted, fried, friccaseed, minced; it forms the unsavory contents of innocent-looking dumplings, and it is disguised in a dozen deceptive entrees. Not even the daintiest of sweetmeats can remove its contaminating touch from the palate. Hence, for the curiosity-seeker who has a stomach under perfect control, it is safer to try the lunch served at midday, in which few meats appear. The garcon appears with two tea cups and a saucer and a kettle of boiling water. In one cup he puts a pinch of dry tea, pours the water upon it with the saucer. Your tea is then "drawing." Quickly he returns with chop-sticks and the regular lunch. The bill comprises three egg-cakes, two dumplings, with a species of Chinese strawberry mark on the top, three scraps of an unknown part of the pig, a dish of preserved watermelon and another of sweetmeats. The tea is now steeped, and placing your forefinger on the saucer, you tilt the cup over and allow a thin stream of the fragrant beverage to escape into your saucer. You will win the good graces of the waiter if you shake your head when he asks you if you want sugar. It never occurs to him that you would ruin the cup with milk. The tea, made of the tender shoots of the plant, tastes like unusually fine English breakfast, but with a more delicate flavor and aroma. By its aid you may eat sparingly of the dumplings, relish the egg-cake in spite of the lard in which it is fried, enjoy the watermelon and devour the sweetmeats. Of the pork, the odor alone is ample; a long-drawn smell would be equal to a surfeit. All these dainties are eaten with chop-sticks by the Chinese around you, but the use of these articles comes with nature, not art. It is idle to imitate the skill of your neighbors; you will drop all the food upon the table. Better is it to accept the offering of an old-fashioned battered knife and fork, which the proprietor doubtless gathered in an auction sale of antique household goods. There is no limit to the amount of tea that you may guzzle. The attentive waiter will fill your cup again and again with hot water, and, singular to relate, the tea leaves give out strength and aroma after much soaking. The cost of all this refreshment is only twenty cents. A regular dinner, at which meats, coffee and rice brandy are served, costs from forty to seventy-five cents, according to the number of courses and the service.

Changes of Life.

Change is the common feature of society—of all life.

The world is like a magic lanter, or the shifting scenes of a panorama. Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one.

Twenty years convert infants into lovers, fathers and mothers, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men and women into crawling drivelers, and bury all preceding generations.

Thirty years raise an active generation from nonentity, change fascinating beauties into unbearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers, and bury the active generation, or reduce them to decrepitude and imbecility.

Forty years, alas! change the face of all society. Infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life; names once cherished are forgotten, unsuspected candidates for fame have started from the exhaustless womb of nature.

And in fifty years—mature, ripe fifty years—a half century—what tremendous changes occur. How time writes her sublime wrinkles everywhere, in rock, river, forest, cities, villages, hamlets, in the nature of man and the destinies and aspects of all civilized society.

Let us pass on to eighty years—and what do we see in the world to comfort us? Our parents are gone; our children have passed away from us into all parts of the world to fight the grim and desperate battle of life. Our old friends—where are they? We behold a world of which we know nothing and to which we are unknown. We weep for the generations long gone by—for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends in the grave. We see everything turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune and the absolute despotism of time. In a word we behold the vanity of life, and are quite ready to lay down the poor burden and be gone.

A Child's Life Thrown Away.

A child six years old was scalded to death in a bath a short time ago in the English town of Clifton. Little Herbert appeared to have a cold, and his aunt, Miss Laudale, ordered a hot bath to be prepared, and in the presence of the nurse, after testing the water with her hand, placed the child in the bath. He struggled and screamed, but as she had no idea that he meant the water was too hot she kept him in it six or seven minutes. He was of a highly sensitive temperament, and was accustomed to get excited and cry out at anything strange, so that his screaming and struggling when kept in the water did not excite any alarm till he had been in the bath some minutes, when the nurse, thinking his eyes looked strange, and that he was going to have a fit, drew Miss Laudale's attention to their appearance, and the boy was taken out and placed in bed, and a doctor was sent for. The lower part of the body and the legs were very badly scalded. He died two days afterward. The doctor attributed death to the shock to the nervous system caused by the extensive scalds. He added that the hand was a very unreliable instrument to test hot water. Nurses often used the elbow, and this was much better when a thermometer could not be obtained.

A teacher asked a bright little girl: "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

PRESIDENTIAL.

Names of Persons Who Have Been Voted for for President and Vice-President.

Below will be found a complete list of all the persons who have been voted for for President and Vice-President since the formation of the government. The table also includes all persons voted for by the Electoral College. Many of them, of course, were not candidates before the people. The names of the successful candidates are printed in *italics*. From 1787 to 1804 the Vice-Presidents were Adams (twice), Jefferson and Burr:

PRESIDENTS.	VICE-PRESIDENTS.
1788—*Geo. Washington*	
John Adams	
John Jay	
R. H. Harrison	
John Rutledge	
John Hancock	
George Clinton	
S. Huntington	
John Milton	
Jas. Armstrong	
Benj. Lincoln	
Edward Telfair	
1792—*Geo. Washington*	
John Adams	
George Clinton	
Thomas Jefferson	
Aaron Burr	
1796—*John Adams*	
Thomas Jefferson	
Thomas Pinckney	
Aaron Burr	
Samuel Adams	
Oliver Ellsworth	
George Clinton	
John Jay	
James Iredell	
Geo. Washington	
John Henry	
S. Johnson	
Chas. C. Pinckney	
1800—*Thomas Jefferson*	
Aaron Burr	
John Adams	
Chas. C. Pinckney	
John Jay	
1804—*Thomas Jefferson*	George Clinton
Chas. C. Pinckney	Rufus King
1808—*James Madison*	*George Clinton*
Chas. C. Pinckney	Rufus King
George Clinton	John Landon
	James Madison
	James Monroe
1812—*James Madison*	*Elbridge Gerry*
De Witt Clinton	Jared Ingersoll
1816—*James Monroe*	*D. D. Thompkins*
Rufus King	John E. Howard
	James Ross
	John Marshall
	Robert G. Harper
1820—*James Monroe*	*D. D. Thompkins*
John Q. Adams	Richard Stockton
	Daniel Rodney
	R. S. Harper
	Richard Rush
1824—*John Q. Adams*	*John C. Calhoun*
Andrew Jackson	Nathan Sanford
W. H. Crawford	Nathan Macon
Henry Clay	Andrew Jackson
	Martin Van Buren
	Henry Clay
1828—*Andrew Jackson*	*John C. Calhoun*
J. Quincy Adams	Richard Rush
	Wm. Smith.
1832—*Andrew Jackson*	*Martin Van Buren*
Henry Clay	John Sergeant
Henry Floyd	Henry Lee
Wm. Wirt	Amos Ellmaker
	Wm. Wilkins
1836—*M. Van Buren*	*R. M. Johnson*
W. H. Harrison	Francis Granger
Hugh L. White	John Taylor
Daniel Webster	Wm. Smith
W. P. Mangun	
1840—*W. H. Harrison*	*John Tyler*
M. Van Buren	R. M. Johnson
James G. Birney	L. W. Tazewell
	James K. Polk
1844—*James K. Polk*	*George M. Dallas*
Henry Clay	T. Frelinghuysen
James G. Birney	
1848—*Z. Taylor*	*Millard Fillmore*
Lewis Cass	Wm. O. Butler
M. Van Buren	Chas. F. Adams
1852—*Franklin Pierce*	*Wm. R King*
Winfield Scott	W. A. Graham
John P. Hall	Geo. W. Julian
1856—*James Buchanan*	*Jno C. Breckinridge*
J. C. Fremont	Wm. L. Dayton
Millard Fillmore	A. J. Donelson
1860—*A Lincoln*	*Hannibal Hamlin*
J. C. Breckinridge	Jos. Lane
John Bell	Edward Everett
S. A. Douglass	H. V. Johnson
1864—*A. Lincoln*	*Andrew Johnson*
Geo. B. McClellan	G. H. Pendleton
1868—*U. S. Grant*	*Schuyler Colfax*
Horatio Seymour	F. P. Blair, Jr
1872—*U. S. Grant*	*Henry Wilson*
Horace Greeley	B. Gratz Brown
Charles O'Conor	Geo. W. Julian
James Black	A. H. Colquitt
T. A. Hendricks	John M. Palmer
B. Gratz Brown	T. E. Bramlette
Chas. J. Jenkins	W. S. Groesbeck
David Davis	W. B. Machen
	N. P. Banks
1876—*R. B. Hayes*	*Wm. A. Wheeler*
S. J. Tilden	T. A. Hendricks
Peter Cooper	G. C. Smith

Mathematical Prodigy.

There lately came to France a young Italian who has the singular faculty of making very long and complicated mental calculations. He was presented at the last seance of the Societe d'Anthropologic. He is a small boy of ten or eleven, of intelligent look, the head large, but not specially remarkable, the forehead rather prominent. Among various calculations he was asked to name was this: Multiply 3,000,249 by 240,073. The operation took him two minutes, and he then gave the exact result. While he is calculating, people go on talking near him without his being hindered.

According to his explanations, the process he employs is wholly empirical, and resembles that of Mondeux, the celebrated calculator. He commences with large figures, and to the base thus obtained he adds the result of multiplication of the smaller figures. Curiously this boy cannot either read or write, and it is only a short time since he got to know figures. He even says that since he learned them he has calculated less easily than before. The person who presented him to the society had found him a few months ago accompanying an organ-grinder, and astonishing the frequenters of cafes by his powers of calculation.

A Domestic Tragedy.

On returning from the theater the Thompsons find their housemaid in great distress, with her arm bound up in her apron.

Mrs. Thompson—What is the matter, Ann? Have you hurt your hand?

Ann—W-w-w-worse than that, ma'am!

Mrs. Thompson—Not broken your arm, I trust?

Ann—W-w-worse than that!

Mrs. Thompson—Great heavens! What is it?

Cook—The fact is, ma'am; the silly girl has been tryin' on your new bracelet, and none of us knows how to get it off again!

A poem was received by a country paper containing the line: "Upon her face a thousand dimples hide." The compositor was mysteriously murdered after setting it up: "Upon her face a thousand pimples hide." One letter sometimes makes a heap of difference.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Sixty million dollars is the estimated cost of the projected Euphrates Valley railroad, which is intended to facilitate the intercourse of England with India. The road will be over a thousand miles long, and will be very difficult to build.

The Hartford *Courant* gives a list of parties who have been reported as killed by lightning this season, and adds as a noticeable thing about the list that none of the accidents occurred in cities or in the presence of telegraph wires and accumulations of metal. These seem to act as safeguards.

Previous to the current year, the largest number of emigrants from Europe to the United States was in 1854, when the records showed 319,000. From this number there was a decline to 55,000 in 1877. In 1879, the tide in this direction began again, reaching 139,000, and this year promises to aproach 400,000, or some have thought 500,000.

The latest plan for crossing the English channel is embodied in a model now before the admirality for a monster floating railway station, which is to carry trains from England to France across the channel at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. It is stated that each train would provide accommodations for 2,000 passengers, which would require sixty or more railway carriages.

Southern mocking birds well deserves the name. They imitate not only the songs of other birds, but human whistlers as well. A lady of Macon, Ga., relates that her pet mocking bird often deceives all the inmates of her house by its clever imitation of the postman's whistle. They go out to get the letters, and find Jack on a spray, near the fence, blowing his whistle and looking entirely innocent of any intention to hoax the family.

The German emigration is startling to the authorities of the empire. It is just published that nearly 34,000 emigrants left the four ports of Bremen, Hamburg, Stettin and Antwerp for America during the past year. But a small portion has gone elsewhere. This report does not include the Germans who left British and French ports, who may be roughly stated at 10,000 persons. The new German army bill, it is feared, will bring the emigration up to the proportions of that time succeeding the Franco-German war, when it averaged 115,000 per annum.

The gold and silver mining fever is not altogether confined to the United States; it has just broken out afresh in New Zealand, and to a degree which indicates the dawning of a new era upon that country. The mineral resources of the islands have, all at once, been brought to light to an enormous extent; coal fields have been opened; and gold silver and copper mines are revealing wealth to an extraordinary extent. The discoveries are not so much new; it is the marvelous development of the old that is exciting attention both in the colony and in Great Britain.

Superintendent Peaslee, of Cincinnati, says that the greatest mistake that is being made in the American schools is the constant drive in arithmetic at the expense of composition and literature. Mr. Peaslee wants less cramming for per cents and more education—to set before pupils higher aims for study than monthly averages. His convictions have led to the establishment in the Cincinnati schools of "Poets' Days," and the systematic study of literature. The children are made to not only memorize poetic selections of the highest character, but to learn something about the authors, and to talk about them.

A considerable steel-making industry exists in the present day in China, on the Upper Yangtze, whence the steel is sent to Tien-tsin for shipment and distribution. It brings much higher prices than the Swedish steel imported into the country. The Chinese metallurgists recognize three kinds of steel, namely, that which is produced by adding unwrought to wrought iron while the mass is subject to the action of fire, pure iron many times subjected to fire, and native steel, which is produced in the southwest. The different names for steel are kwan kang, or ball steel, from its rounded form; kwan kang, or sprinkled steel; wei tee, or false steel. The Chinese, apparently have known how to manufacture steel from the very earliest ages.

The important branch of American commerce with India is almost entirely controlled by the cities of New York and Boston. The former has now the lion's share, but which she did not possess in times past. There are now 109 ships and barks bound to New York from various ports in India and China, and twenty-five ships and barks to Boston. All these have valuable cargoes. In 1877 Boston had sixty East Indiamen to arrive, bringing over 1,000,000 baskets and bags of sugars. Boston has latterly taken quite a start in the ocean steam trade. A new steam line has recently been started between Boston and London. The steamers are 2,500 tons register.

It is not generally known that panes of glass can be cut under water with ease to almost any shape by means of a pair of scissors. Two things, however, are necessary for success: First, the glass must be kept quite level in the water while the scissors are applied; and secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to perform the cutting by cropping off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, thus reducing the form gradually to that required—for if any attempt be made to cut the glass at once to a proper shape, as one would cut a cardboard, it will most likely fracture where it is not wanted. The softer glasses cut best; and the scissors need not be very sharp. When the operation goes on well the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces in as traight line with the blades.

Hitherto when a professional diver went under water a tube has supplied him with air. But a Mr. Fleuss has patented a process by which an experienced diver can remain under water for hours, having within his helmet and dress a supply of compressed oxygen gas, diluted with nitrogen, which is naturally present in his lungs and in the diving dress when he assumes it. The exhaled carbonic acid being brought into contact with caustic soda, the deadly gas is transformed into simple carbonate of soda. It is asserted that numerous experiments and tests have conclusively proved that Mr. Fleuss's system is attended with no inconvenience, and the expense is one-half that of the old method. Mr. Fleuss is only twenty-eight. His process has been brought out since the Tay bridge disaster.

There is said to be a French babe, aged six months, born at Cherbourg, the nape of whose neck has the singular gift of producing an uninterrupted succession of feathers. Twenty-three have already sprouted, reached maturity, and fallen off, to be carefully stored away by the infant's father, a workingman, whose fortune may be considered made if the amazing story turns out correct. The manner in which these feathers grow is thus described: A pimple forms on the nape of the neck, quite close to the roots of the hair. At the expiration of a certain time the pimple blossoms into a feather, the child, at the moment when it appears, seeming to experience a slight uneasiness. The feather, which is curved and gilded, attains, when fully grown, from ten to twelve centimeters in length. When it falls a few drops of a whitish color issue from the pimple, which then heals, leaving no trace of its existence for awhile, until another appears, inclosing the germ of another feather. A curious circumstance, says the Cherbourg paper, is that the feather remains six days on the infant's neck when fully grown before falling, and that its successor takes as many days to sprout as its predecessor to reach maturity. The father of the phenomenal child intends taking it to Paris in order to ask science to investigate the cause of this freak of nature.

How to be Independent of Dry Weather

We have lived in the Arkansas valley for nearly nine years. From the first we have been of the opinion that this country will, eventually, support in abundant prosperity a dense population, who will produce from the soil crops not excelled for yield or certainty in any part of the world. The soil is of surprising fertility, the lay of the land is admirable and the temperature is of the mean between the cold of the North and the heat of the South; most favorable for grains and fruits. The only thing wanting is regularity in the supply of moisture.

Some expect that this will correct itself, and when a good rain comes assert that the seasons are changing, growing more rainy. The experience of last year and this have almost dissipated this theory.

What then is the remedy for drouth? There is abundance of water at a short distance below the surface. The wind is willing to work for nothing and to raise to the surface an unlimited amount of it. It remains for the ingenuity and skill of man to harness the wind to the work, and to apply the water judiciously to the soil. Some say this will be impracticable and expensive. Expensive it may be, but it is not impracticable.

In Holland they have emptied lakes and even a sea in order to cultivate the soil at their bottom. Constant vigilance is necessary to keep the water out. Yet all is done at profit.

Less expensive will it be to irrigate the plains of Kansas, than to dry the lakes and seas of Holland. The lakes of Holland were not dried in a day, neither will the Arkansas valley be irrigated in a day, but by preparation beforehand and the accumulation of a supply of water on the surface to be in constant readiness when needed, the long dry spells will be deprived of their power to ruin the prosperity of the country.

How is this to be done?

We should say, select the highest point on the land sought to be watered; with plow and scraper make a heavy dirt wall around a large basin; keep it wet with a windmill and water elevator; feed your hogs in this pen for a few weeks and let them wallow the entire surface so as to make it hold water; plant cotton-wood cuttings all over the dirt wall, then let you windmills devote the winter and spring to filling up this basin. By the time the water is needed for the crops in the spring, the water will be warm and fit to apply. As these supplies of surface water are increased a greater amount of moisture will be found to exist at all times in the air.—*Sterling (Kan.) Gazette.*

Obtaining Salt from the Ocean.

Among the prominent local industries in Alameda county is that of salt manufacture. For a long time the consumption of salt by the packers and butchers of San Francisco was entirely supplied by the Liverpool and other foreign manufacturers and it is not until very recently that local enterprise has interposed in favor of home production. The works are located on the bay shore, near Newark, and the salt is made by solar evaporation.

The salt ponds are eighty acres in extent, which are divided into water-tight compartments, each compartment being provided with a gate for the purpose of admitting the water supply. The process of salt making is comparatively simple. The pond is connected with the waters of the bay by a ditch. This water is then passed from the pond into the upper end of the vats by windmill pumps, and from this point the water is gradually distributed into the various receptacles, or lower vats, as evaporation goes on, the water, becoming more impregnated with salt as it passes toward the lower rows.

From these vats it is again pumped into others, where it remains until crystallized, and layers of salt half an inch thick are formed. The residue of the water is then let off, and the salt taken up and put into small cars, which run on a wooden tramway, and carried to the receiving house and there manufactured into the various kinds in use, which is done by thoroughly drying it in heated pans and crushing the salt in mills. Several thousand tons are made in this locality annually, which is carried in schooners direct to San Francisco and sold to the jobbers. The works give employment to a large number of persons.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Champion Gormandizer.

They have in St. Louis a man whom they call "the boss gormandizer of the world," and the reports of his feats give him a good claim to be called a champion eater. He has accomplished the feat of eating thirty quail in thirty days, and on the last night he ate an extra quail, and also one dozen oysters with sugar on them. At other times he ate twenty-four goose eggs, thirty-six sugared oysters, two mince pies with eight drops of castor-oil in them, and a goose, weighing eight pounds and seven ounces, stuffed with oysters. This last part he accomplished in twenty-one minutes, eating bread and other things at the same time, and taking a hearty dinner one hour afterward.

Lightning.

The last summer was remarkable for the number and violence of its thunderstorms, and the next census will probably show an unusually large proportion of deaths from lightning stroke. It is not commonly known what is the proportion of persons killed in this way in the United States, but the statistics of the subject are easily attainable from the census tables, and to give some notion of them it is only necessary to say that in 1870—an average year—202 deaths occurred from this cause, and during the same period only 203 persons committed suicide by poison, 251 by firearms and 133 by cutting their throats. In 1860 191 persons were killed by lightning, and 131 committed self-murder with poison, 112 with firearms and 82 by throat-cutting. These statistics will seem remarkable to people who read newspapers and find hardly a day passing in which suicides are not recorded in all of these ways. They are striking also from the fact that whereas lightning is a work during but two or three months of the year, suicides with poison, pistol and knife have no one season which is peculiarly their own—the notion that November is a fatal month for the melancholy having been shown by Charles Moore in one of his earliest works published on the statistics of suicide to be false.

Of course, in bringing lightning into comparison with poison, pistol and the knife we do not mean to be understood as speaking of the latter as if they were cosmical causes of death, but merely to show how the judgment may be deceived in such matters. Undoubtedly most people are accustomed to think that lightning is the cause of the death of incomparably fewer persons than die of poison administered by themselves or of throat-cutting or shooting, but investigation shows this belief is without foundation. In France, where it is said by Dr. De Doismont that about one hundred thousand persons have died by their own hands since the beginning of the century, and where suicide is therefore prevalent, if we suppose that one out of a hundred uses the pistol in the act, we find that the proportien of such deaths to the whole population is less than one in 100,600; and in the United States death by lightning is about one in 250,000. The figures are curious only because they show that among a people who are not in the habit of killing themselves as compared with a people who are supposed to be addicted to that habit, lightning—a seemingly rare cause of death—does so little less for the latter than the pistol does for the former. Among ourselves they seem to be about equally efficacious.

Longevity in Europe.

Herr Max Waldstein, of the statistical department at Vienna, says, in a recently published pamphlet, that the number of persons in Europe who are upward of ninety years old is 12,831. Of those who are over 100 years old there are 241 women and 161 men in Italy, 229 women and 138 men in Austria, and 526 women and 524 men in Hungary. There are in Austria 1,508,359 persons over sixty years of age, comprising 7.5 of the whole population. It is found that the percentage of old people is much higher among the Germans than among the Slavs. In the German provinces of Upper Austria and Salzburg it is 11,5, while in Gallicia it is only four. In Hungary there are more old men than women, which is explained by the fact that the excess of women over men is less in Hungary than in any other countries. There are in Austria 100 women and eighty-six men who are 100 years old, and sixty-eight women and sixty men who are rising of 101 years of age.

Farm Life.

A writer in *Scribner's Magazine* asserts that the farmer having the most sane and natural occupation ought to find life pleasant. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendship with cattle, his team, his dog, his trees; the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickened elemental forces; his co-operations with the clouds, sun, seasons, heat, wind, rain and frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming—like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system. Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, so that it should savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done.

Look Out for the Moon.

The theory was advanced some time ago by an English astronomer that, owing to the peculiar solar and lunar action, the earth and moon must eventually come into collision. This theory was opposed by some of the most learned scientific men, who argued that, owing to the position of the tidal wave, the moon is drawn not exactly in the direction of the earth's center of gravity, but a little to the east of that center, and that in consequence she is made to recede from the earth, her orbit is enlarged, and her angular motion diminished. The partisans of the collision theory reply that this does not prevent the consumption of the vis viva of the earth's motion around the common center of gravity, although to a certain extent, at least, it must prevent this consumption from diminishing the moon's distance and increasing her angular motion. As this consumption of vis viva will go on through infinite ages, if the present order of things remain unchanged, the earth and the moon must ultimately come together, with results which the imagination can only faintly conceive.

Butter? You remember the story of the guest who was eating more butter than biscuit, while the landlady looked on and fidgeted and hinted until she fairly went into a nervous fit. Finally she said: "Do you know butter is up to sixty-five cents a pound?" The hungry guest reached out and took what there was left. "Well," he drawled approvingly and reassuringly, "good butter is wuth it."—*Hawkeye.*

The 75,000 Chinamen on the Pacific coast in 1875 have been reduced to about 50,000. Of the 25,000 who are gone about 5,000 went to the Sandwich Islands, 10,000 returned to the Celestial kingdom and 10,000 have come East and to other lands.