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EVENING NEWS.

Saturday | Aug. 14, 1886

DRIVEN INTO THE SEA.

The fellows bent their energies to creeping closer and pretty soon they opened on us with musketry, and the balls began to sing through the rigging in a lively manner, says a writer in the New York *Sun*, describing an attack by pirates in the Indian ocean. We had our muskets ready, but the captain ordered us to hold our fire and keep sheltered behind the rail. One of the piratical craft was a quarter of a mile in advance of the other, and the third shell from the cannon burst aboard of her, and must have killed and wounded a dozen or more men. There was great confusion aboard, and she remained stationary until the other craft came up. During this interval the American got in two more shots which found victims. We now looked upon the victory as assured, and there was cheering from one end of the ship to the other. We were a little ahead of time. The third shot from our big gun burst it, and although none of the men were hurt we were thus deprived of a great advantage.

As soon as the captain knew what had happened he called upon all the crew to shelter themselves and wait to fire at close quarters. One man was detailed to assist the cook with the hot water, and powder and bullets were placed handy for reloading the muskets. I was stationed near the gun carriage, and I noticed several shells lying about under foot. The Americans kept firing away with the rifles, knocking over a pirate at every shot, and pretty soon the two craft were near enough for us to open fire with the muskets. I presume we wasted a good many shots, for we were green hands and greatly excited; but I am likewise certain that we also did great execution. We had a plunging fire down on a mass of half-naked fellows, and we must have weeded out a full third of them. There was no air stirring, and the smoke soon grew thick about us. By and by the shouts and yells of the pirates sounded close at hand and their craft was laid alongside. We now flung down the muskets and used the revolvers were empty we used capstan bars, clubbed muskets, or whatever would serve to strike a blow. One dhow lay on our quartern, and the other on the bow, and the fellows tried to carry us by boarding.

I can't describe the fight to you, further than to say that there was shooting, clubbing, and stabbing all along our port rail. We beat them off the rail again and again, and twice I brained pirates who reached the deck over the blade of pikes. By and by I heard some one sing out that the fellows had boarded us forward. I did not see how we could spare a man from the quarter, for two had gone down and the rest of us were hard pressed. All of a sudden I thought of the shells lying at my feet. There were half a dozn burning wads on our decks from the jingals of the pirates, and with one of these I lighted the fuse to a three-second shell and gave the ball a toss for the dhow. It fell right into the thicket of her crew, and it was a settler. Our rail was cleared in half a minute, and then I picked up another shell and a burning wad and ran forward. A dozen natives had gained the bow and were pushing our men back. I lighted the fuse and gave the shell a roll along the deck into the crowd, and I give you my word that not one of them was left alive after the explosion. One of our men on the quarter threw a third shell, and I brought the fourth one and threw it from the bow.

The fight was ended. A bit of wind blew the smoke away and we looked down upon a terrible sight. The boats seemed full of dead and wounded, the living having sought shelter under the half-decks. Why, there were bodies without heads, heads without bodies, and arms and legs and pieces of bloody meat, enough to make the bravest turn pale. As we cut their lashings they drifted off, and the American with his big rifles and two or three of the men with muskets, kept up a fire on everything that moved. Presently the breeze came up, and as we made sail and got the bark where we could handle her we ran down for the dhows. They were light built, and it needed only a fair blow to crush them. The first one we struck on her starboard quarter, and, although the bark glanced off, we crashed in her timbers, and she filled and went down inside of five minutes. There were about twenty living men on the other, and as we bore down for her at a good pace they uttered shouts of terror and made sign of surrender. Our captain had no mercy for them. We put the ship right at the dhow's broadside, and we cut her square in two and rolled the bow one way and the stern the other, while the living, wounded and dead went into the sea together.

MEXICAN GULF MONSTER.

THE RAPACIOUS SHARK AND THE BIG DEVIL FISH.

The Gulf of Mexico and Galveston Bay are both favorite resorts of many members of the shark family, some of which attain large size, there having been for exhibition at the Sheriff's office for months the jaws of one of these monsters, armed with three rows of savage teeth, which when opened could easily be placed over the shoulders of a large man. The monster to which these sanguinary appendages pertained measured, when in good health, seventeen feet from tip of nose to end of tail. Of the hundred different species known, perhaps a half dozen inhabit these waters, and although both formidable and repulsive in appearance, there are no well authenticated instances since the settlement of the city of their having attacked man, although they are both voracious and fearless when hungry, as the following incident will show: Last summer, as the quarantine steamer Gyger was coming in from outside the bar, a large school of porpoises was playing round the vessel, when the engineer "Billy" Bristol, opened fire on them with an old-fashioned forty five-caliber reloiver, and by a chance shot killed one. The vessel was stopped, the porpoise, which would weigh several hundred pounds, secured by a stout moose around the tail, and left hanging over the ship's side head down in the water. Within a very few moments a huge shark, probably eighteen feet in length, made a rush for the porpoise, and, although fired upon, cut it in twain, and then shortly after made another rush for the remainder, and bit that in two just above the tail, which was left hanging, and made off, despite the fact that two pistol shots were fired into its head without any apparent effect. On the last rush the shark's head was well out of water, and when fired on was not more than three or four feet from the pistol's mouth.

No small degree of excitement was caused in the city during the latter part of July, 1886, by the visit to the Gulf shores of a school of fish known as the *Cephaloptera vanapyrus*, or devil fish, one of which was captured and placed on exhibition. The fish captured, measured eight feet in length and sixteen feet four inches in breadth, and weighed several thousand pounds. A description given at the time was as follows: "Head truncated in front provided with a pointed wing like process seperates from the pectoral fins, and seemingly capable of independant motion. These wings, or horns, provided on either side of the head are two feet two inches in length, triangular in shape, resembling wings, making the transverse diameter of the fish greater than the longitudinal when tail included. These pectorals from tip to tip measure sixteen feet four inches, while the body proper is only eight feet in length and the tail about three and a half feet. The jaws are at the end of the head. The lower the more advanced, and the transverse diameter of the mouth measured two feet ten inches. The eyes are small and lateral, resembling those of an elephant, and are situated on either outer side of the protruding wings, or frontal horns, and are consequently about three feet apart. The tail is elongated, like a whip-lash, armed near the root with a prominently serrated spinal protuberance. The teeth are small, numerous, flat, and arranged in many rows. The mouth, when opened, could easily accommodate a flour barrel. The nostrils are small and are situated near the angles of the mouth, and openings, which are probably the ears, are situated on the dorsal aspect of the appendages of the head behind the eyes. Several large linear openings (five on each side) are in the stomach. The skin is rough to the touch, of a blackish brown, and the belly white and very slimy."—*Galveston (Tex.) News.*

Grateful patient: Doctor, I shall never forget that I owe to you my life. Physician: You exaggerate; you really owe me for only fifteen visits; please don't forget that.

ODD FISH.

WHAT THE QUEER THINGS ARE THAT COME IN SHOWERS OF RAIN.

On the 14th of June last the people of Harvard, a town in Clay county, Nebraska, were startled by a rain storm, which was accompanied by a fall of fishes, apparently from the sky. These fishes, which were alive, fell in large quantities. Many of them were picked up by residents of the place and preserved in aquaria or in alcohol. Mr. May, Fish Commissioner of the State of Nebraska, happening to be in the neighborhood of Harvard, secured some of the fishes, and as he had business with professor Baird in this city, brought the fish with him to Washington for the purpose of having their identity fixed. A *Star* reporter inspected the fish yesterday in Dr. Tarleton H. Bean,s laboratory next the Smithsonian. There were half a dozen young fish, about an inch and a half in length each, preserved in alcohol.

"We often heard of its raining fishes," said Dr. Bean, as the *Star* reporter examined the bottle containing the fishes, 'this is a case about which there is no dout, and which proves that the stories about showers of fish are not mythical. I am glad that we have had opportunity, not only to prove the fact that fishes are rained down, but to investigate and explain that appears to be out of the natural order of things. These fish prove to be a common species of that region—the fat head or black head minnow. How did they come to fall from the clouds? The explanation is simple. They had been taken up from a stream or pond by cyclone action and carried through the air until the force of gravity or the rain storm overcomes the lateral motion and they decended with the rain to the ground. As the fish were alive it is probable that they came from a stream near the town.

A cyclone, though, would take a quantity of water up in a mass, and the fish might be carried some distance alive. These minnows are hardy, and can live under most precarious circumstances. They live in sluggish streams and have been found in water having a large percentage of salt. We had one that came from an artesian well, so they probably adapt themselves to subterranean streams. In fact they seem to adapt themselves to almost any conditions, and hence it is not surprising that they have a very wide range of distribution.

"This theory of cyclone action," continued the doctor, "explains the distribution of some species of fish over regions sometimes separated by natural obstacles, and which cannot easily be accounted for otherwise. The young fish are carried through the air and deposited in other streams. The theory is more important when we consider that many regions which have no cyclone action now may have had it in earlier periods. Fish of exactly the same species will be found in places far distant from each other. The long nosed sucker common here is found in Alaska. The round white-fish or shad-waiter of the New Hampshire lake is found in the Yukon river in Alaska, and also in the Island of Kadiak, sixty miles from the shore. The little fish known as silversides, the brook silversides, has been known for years in the Ohio and Mississippi Valley. Lately it has been found in North Carolina and Florida in an entirely different water system, separated by a mountain chain from its origina habitat.—*Washington Stare.*

BIG FEET

Big-footed women seem to be peculiarly indigenous to Ohio. It has produced at least four pedal monstrosities that far transcend the fairy stories told by the rival cities of Chicago and St. Louis in their reciprocal banter. One fair Buckeye damsel from Sandusky who clams to be the owner of the largest feet in the world, is now making $1,000 a month by placing them on exhibition as dime museum curiosities. Now another big-footed girl has been discovered in Toledo. Her left foot measures from heel to toe sixteen inches and a quarter while her right foot is two inches shorter but is till growing. Unlike her Sandusky sister the Toledo girl does not care for publicity. In fact she shriuks from the public gaze and has been a recluse for seven years, and her esteemed mamma declares that "old Barnum ain't got money enough to get Loozy to make a show of her feet. She is now twenty-two years of age." And when about three years of age her parents noticed that her feet grew more rapidly than other portions of her body. This they have continued to do ever since, and are still growing. During the last seven years she has been out of her room but twice, and then it was to take a buggy ride after dark.—*Review Journal.*

In An African Church.

The preacher's desk was hung with white cloth trimmed with a black border. In character the sermon was mainly funereal. "Sistah Liddy" was dead. This was the "preachin' aftah the buryin'."

"Whahsumeber ke kahkuss (carcuss) am, dayah (there) shall de eguls geddah (gather) demsels togeddah. Ho! you nigah, dayah, doan you let dot egul a-coteh you! Dot egel he a-comin' a comin', a-comin', 'n scoop 'em up 'n rin off wid 'em? Rin away from 'em, my sistah, dayah" (there). "Doan you do ebil or you'll counterfeit all de good—you'll counterfeit it all, bredren—counterfeit it all! Dayah am one kahkuss less wid us all, hean, dis mawnin'. bredren—kahkuss less" great groans and sighs—"for whahsumeber de ka kuss am, dayah am de eguls a-floatin' 'roun. Dayah am a penitentiry fer all true believers. Fur dem dat falls in marternitude shall also rise in maternitude"—cries of "Da's so?" "Da's jis' right!" "Amen!" "Bress de law!"—"Poah Sistah Liddy!"—Long-drawn note of woe from all the congregation in perfect harmony. "Oh-h-h?"—"Dat poah crippl Lyddy!"—this in a higher tone, with accompanying congregational crescendo burst of woe on the same tone as the preacher's—"She done gone up on high!"—"Oh-h-h-h! Ah-h-h-h! Oh-h-h-h!" on still higher tone, base, tenor, soprano and alto harmonizing beautifully in most plaintive minor chords—"She couldn't eben walk heah!"—"Oh-h-h h! Ah-h-h-h!" "Now she kin flew!"

By this time preacher and congregation are wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement and the sermon is literarly chanted in the weirdest melodies; the whole congregation, between each rhythmical pause, bursting forth in a heart-rending wail, wild yet singularly musical.

At the close of his sermon the preacher gave out the "lebeu huner an' fifty' hymn, two lines of which the congregation sang, with unconscious blasphemy, as follows:

I'll meet my sweet Excuser there,
And tell him that he lies.

The next hymn contained the following line;

Thus spake the Sheriff, and forthwith.

When "collection time" came the congregation melted away in a very surprising manner, some people sliding out of the front, others out of the back of the church, most mysteriously.—*South Carolina Cor. Bethlehem (Pa.) Times.*

Miss Cleveland on East and West.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland contributes four articles to the Chicago magazine of which she has recently assumed the position of editor. The titles of these effusions are: "East and West;" "Among the Omahas;" "Studies of Dante and Goethe," and "The Audubon Society." In the article entitled "East and west" Miss Cleveland says: "I have been a good deal amused at some talk I have heard and read concerning the east and the west. One would think each was a continent and that a sea divided them. I confess I do not appreciate this sense of separation between sisters—a younger sister and an older sister. Nobody will deny that the older sister has the start and possesses all the advantages that belongs to the one who has on her side the years and experience. As well will no one deny that the west has the advantages that go with freshness in the race—the energy of unworn faculties. No one will deny that these respective qualities are advantages, nor try to construe either into drawbacks. No one will dispute the right of either Sister East or Sister West to prefer her own proper advantage, but very far-minded persons will dispute the right of either to assert that her advantage constitutes superiority. No one will pretend to assume because a person falls in love with one of two sisters that therefore these sisters are rivals. And if a person falls in love with the younger rather than the older of the two sisters, everybody has a right to say it is strange he could not see how much more suitable a match the older one would have made him, and how much more desirable a union with one nearer his own age would have been. 'There is no fool like the old fool,' which if you come to think it over proves nothing."—*Ex.*

White Langshans.

O. J. Allen, Santa Clara, Cal., claims the honor of originating a new variety of fowls, viz: White Langshans, and, after a visit to his yards, we are inclined to think that they are so well established in color, that the tedious breeding-out of white feathers, to be expected in perfecting a variety of white fowls, will not interfere with their rapid development, and we may look for an application for their admission the *Standard of Excellence.*

These fowls originated as a *sport* from the Black Langshans, and whether they will rival them in usefulness remains to be seen. There will certainly be no difference of opinion as to the correct form that they must be bred to, and to those whose tastes form a barrier to the keeping and breeding of Black Langshans, they will prove acceptable.

The original pair, hatched in 1885, from eggs sold to a neighbor, would hardly score high enough to win a prize at a poultry show, but the Langshan form and characteristics are there.

Three broods of chicks hatched this season, have so far, shown no departure in color from their parents and seem to be as strong and lively as their black cousins.

Having had one white chick hatched in our own yards this season, we are inclined to think that the rumor that there were also White Langshans found in the Langshan District, China, has a foundation, although we have as yet been unable to have the rumor verified or procure any of the white fowls.

The Monk's Lesson.

There was once an old monk walking through the forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants that were close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, and the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the monk said to his young companion: "Pull up the first." The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers. "Now pull up the second." The youth obeyed, but not so easily. "And the third." The boy had to put forth all his strength and used both arms before he succeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth." But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials. "This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are very young and weak one may, by a little watchfulness over self and a little help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human can uproot them—the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well your first impulses."

PEACEABLE, BUT DANGEROUS.—The most peaceable and dangerous man in all these United States lives in Murray county, Georgia. He is kind-harted, good-tempered, never had a quarrel in his life, wouldn't hurt a fly, and everybody is afraid of him. About a year ago he was cutting wood, when the ax flew off the handle and killed a man who had came to pay him $50; he never got a cent of the money. The next week, while ferrying a friend across a river, he ran the boat against a snag, and his friend was drowned. About a month later he felled a tree on a stranger who was lying asleep in the woods, killed him instantly. Not long after he shot at a wild turkey and killed a neighbor whom he didn't see at all. Three weeks afterward he lighted a kerosene lamp, when it suddenly exploded, burning to death a colporteur to whom the inoffensive Georgian had courteously extended the hospitality of his home. All this man's friends run when they see him coming; he is himself afraid to extend any kindnesses save to his enemies, of whom he has none. His last public act was to cross the street with a ladder on his sholder last fourth of July, while the procession was passing and when somebody shouted to him to "hurry on," he obligingly turned around and started back. The procession was laid out and the day was spoiled.—*Brooklyn Eagle*

BURDETTE'S SERMON.—Burdette has a little sermon quite as good in its way as many more pretentious efforts: Yes, brother, you should teach your child obedience; teach him that your will and word is law, and instill into his mind that profound reverence for law which every citizen should feel. And if you will just keep on lying a little to the assessor about the value of your property in order to evade certain tax laws, and violate the law about riding on the platform every time you ride on a street car, and defy the ordinances respecting the ash barrels and snow on your sidewalk every time you have the opportunity, and keep on breaking every municipal and state law that it isn't convenient for you to obey, the boy's reverence for the law will grow deeper every year, until it will be so deep that he can't reach down to it when he wants to use it. The way to teach a boy obedience is to be just as thoroughly obedient as you can be. Just sit down now and think; try to count up how many state laws and municipal ordinances you violated yesterday. Then call your children around you and tell them if they ever dis-obey you in the slightest particular you'll break every back in the camp.

SAYINGS OF BRIGHT BOYS.—Ingent bright boys, a little three-year-old was put in the infant class at Sunday school in the hope that the right principles would early be instilled into his mind. "My children," said the teacher one day, "if you love Jesus, you need never be afraid to die, for he will take you to heaven, where you will be very happy. Charlie, what would you do if you were very sick?" she added, intending and expecting him to say he would ask to be taken to heaven immediately. "Send for a doctor," was the laconic and sensible reply. The same boy on another occasion, became unruly at home, and his mamma, wishing to get him out of the way, lifted him over into a great wood box in the kitchen and bade him stay there. An older brother came in soon after and seeing him there, said: "We-l, Charlie, what have you been doing now?" "Ugh, newthin'," was the reply. "Only mother's having one of her bad spells."

Another little fellow of three, upon being told not to play with certain boys across the street, asked: "Why not?" "Because they are Jews," was the reply. The little boy thought a moment. "Mamma, wasn't Jesus Christ a Jew?" said he, "and he played with the boys."—*Boston Record.*

HER FIRST VISIT TO THE THEATER.—Fieken is in service with the family of a Hamburg merchant. She is a "treasure of a girl, and her employers give her frequent marks of their appreciation. One day her mistress gave her a ticket for the theatre. Attired in her Sunday best, and beaming with delight, she left the house, but returned in a little over half an hour. General surprise. "What, Fieken, back so soon?" The girl, still quite excited over the treat she had enjoyed, replied: "Oh! ma'am, it was wonderful!" "Ah! I am glad you liked it; but why—" "Oh! ma'am, the many fine-dressed folk, and the music. And the large, beautiful pictures! I never saw the like of it in all my days!" "Yes, but if it pleased you so well, why did you not stay longer, Fieken?" "Well, ma'am, as we were sitting there a-listening to the music, the big picture was drawn up all of a sudden, and there, behind, stood a couple, who began a-talking to one another. Then says I to myself: 'That's none of your business, and so I came home!'"—*Ex.*

DUMB FROM FRIGHT.—Leominster, Mass., August 5.—Four years ago Mrs. Hattie Sutherland saw a little child in the road and seeming about to be run over by a team coming toward the little one at a rapid rate. Mrs Sutherland tried to move toward the child, but could not. Then she tried to cry out, but her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth and she could emit no sound. For four years, until within a few days, she has not had any use of her vocal organs, and could only be understood by the party with whom she conversed watching closely the motion of her lips. The momentary paralyzation of her limbs was not followed by ill effects. A few days ago the Rev. Weeks an officer in Fitchburg, visited a friend who observed that in a short time her voice would return, and undoubtedly as suddenly and mysteriously as it left her. To the infinite surprise of both parties, when Mrs. Sutherland next tried to speak she did so in an audible tone. The tone was weak, but yet it was loud enough to be distinctly heard. Since that sudden restoration of the power of speech her voice has gradually strengthened, until it is about as healthy and robust as it was prior to her severe fright of four years ago.

SHERMAN HAD THE POCKET-BOOK.—"Senator," said a strange gentleman, addressing the Hon. John Sherman on the train the other day, "the conductor of this train has lost his pocket-book, containing $200, and unless he finds it he is a ruined man. Now, I believe you have it in your power to relieve him of his embarrassment. In short senator, I believe you have that pocket-book in your valise."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Senator, rising to his feet.

"Pardon me, senator, I do not accuse you of anything. It was all a mistake."

"Well, sir, let us look," said the senator, still very indignant. The valise was thrown open, and there, sure enough, was the porket-book. The Senator had gone to the conductor's room to make a change of linen, and had pulled down the blinds. In the darkness he had gathered up, with the cast-off linen, the pocket-book, which the conductor had carelessly left upon the seat. It took lots of nerve for the strange gentleman to seem to accuse the senator of theft, but he was so firmly convinced of the accuracy of his theory, on being made acquainted with the facts, that he undertook the task.

NEW FLYING MACHINES.—A correspondent of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, who has made the journey from Brooklyn to Patchogue on a tricycle, took the opportunity to sow a little seed of truth on the way. He says: We were going along one little stretch quite slowly, and met an old country woman going to church with a grandson. She stopped us and exclaimed:

"Lor' sake! what be those things?" pointing at the tricyles.

"Oh," we answered, "these are the new flying machines. If we touched a spring, you'd see us flying off like wild ducks."

"Good Lord a mercy!" cried the old dame. "I hope the day'll never come when I sees men flying, which they waren't intended to do. I think it's jumpin' right into the face of Providence. Young men, don't you tech them springs an' do any flying afore me. It's all owin' to that man Edison, I suppose. Come along, Nattie; we'll be late for meetin'," and away she went grumbling, and the last we heard of the party was the boy crying out: "Wait, grandmam, wait; mebbe they'll fly!"

HEARTLESS LAMAR.—Recently Secretary Lamar was coming down town toward the Interior Department in a street car. Three middle-aged females entered and took seats opposite him. They were decidedly of the strong-minded variety. As they approached the Interior Department one of them said: "Mister, can you tell me whether Mr. Lamar is likely to be in now?" The Secretary looked up from his magazine and said sternly but painfully, as he gazed at the unlovely female in front of him: "Madam, these are Secretary Lamar's office hours and he ought to be there." When the car arrived at the Department the women got out, but the Secretary rode serenely on until he reached Judiciary square. Then he got off and took a seat in the park. He watched until the strong minded women came out, tired of waiting for him, and then he trudged carefully back and was lost to sight as his office door closed upon him.—*Correspondence Boston Traveller.*

A MISSOURI EGG STORY.—About 3 weeks ago, Geo Heresheime's people of this place, out of a hen's head, preparatory to having chicken soup for dinner, and in the hen was found seemingly a perfect egg—in all of which there is something remarkable; but the egg was put under a setting hen and this week hatched out a perfect chick, except that it had no head—was as neatly decapitated as was the hen in which it was found. Something for a physiologist to think about, we suppose.—*Hunnewell Enterprise.*

Sixty workingmen at Pottstown have been poisoned by drinking water.

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