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The Chatham Daily News

Subscription Department

DEEP SEA FISHES.

There Being Nothing Else to Eat, They Live Upon Each Other.

"All the deep sea fishes are enormous eaters," says a naturalist. "There being nothing to eat but the life about them, they live upon each other. Every facility for killing and devouring is provided—luminescence to dazzle, swiftness and strength to overtake and overpower, knife blade teeth for tearing, abnormally large jaws for crushing. Whatever the prey or how ever large it may be, there is little trouble in swallowing it. The mouth yawns like a cavern, and the stomach distends to hold a body even larger than the swallower. The appetite in fishes seems never wanting, and complete digestion with some of them is only a matter of half an hour." For this reason slaughter goes on unendingly. Usually it is produced only by hunger, but some monsters, like the bluefish, even when gorged, kill for pure love of killing.

Of the eternal warfare that goes on beneath the surface of the waves the same writer remarks: "They follow the prey like packs of wolves, and in turn are followed, hand succeeding hand, increasing in size as they decrease in numbers. The herrings eat the smaller fish, even their own young; they are harried by the bluefishes until a trail of blood stains the water, while following the bluefishes come the insatiable porpoises. Nothing saves the weaker ones but breed. Many thousands of eggs are spawned that a dozen or more may be hatched and brought to maturity. Billions are lost; yes, but millions survive.

"The herrings move on the sea in uncountable numbers—in banks that are miles in length and width, in windrows so vast that they perhaps keep passing one given point in unbroken succession for months at a time. Just so with the menhaden. A catch in a purse net of 300,000 is not infrequent. Such numbers are sufficient to withstand all the ravages of the natural enemy. The bass, the haddock and the pollock may kill to their hearts' content, and still the menhaden will hold their own."

THE BLAST FURNACE.

In Cleaning One It Is Necessary to Use Dynamite.

The function of a blast furnace is the reduction of ores to metallic iron. The iron ore, like stone and coke, is put in at the top and the iron and slag are drawn off at the base. The temperature of the interior of a blast furnace when in operation varies according to circumstances, but the molten iron when drawn off is about 1,500 degrees F., indicating a much higher temperature inside.

To withstand such terrific heat, which is maintained by a powerful blast of air which acts much in the same manner as a forced draft on a boiler, the furnace is lined on the inside with a fine grade of fire brick, thoroughly burned. This wall of non-combustible material is about four feet thick, outside of which is the steel jacket of the furnace, about one-quarter of an inch thick.

The lining of a furnace will last from two to six years, according to the nature of the material smelted, the furnace being in continuous operation during that time. It takes about six weeks to reline a furnace.

After a furnace is "blown out," or ceases to be used, there is a quantity of iron which cools and solidifies at the base of the furnace. This is called salamander, and it is necessary to use dynamite to loosen this material and get it out of the furnace, so that it can be consumed. Salamander has a ready sale, as it is a fine grade of pig iron.

As a rule, when trade conditions are good a blast furnace is never allowed to cool down or be taken out of blast except at intervals of several years for relining.

Took the Wrong House.

On one of the southern railroads there is a station building that is commonly known by travelers as the smallest railroad station in America. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a chicken house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there, the man saw the house, loaded it on to his wagon and started for home. On the way he met a man in uniform with the words "Station Agent" on his cap.

"Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked.

"My chicken house, of course," was the reply.

"Chicken house be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"

His Promotion.

A somewhat turbulent private wrote to his mother: "I am sorry you had no letter last week, but I am a defaulter, and it gives me a heap of extra work." The good woman in reply begged him not to be too hard on the others, but to remember he had been a private himself. I regret to say that he roared with laughter and read the letter aloud for the benefit of all who shared his room.—Miss M. Loane, a Queen's Nurse, in Contemporary Review.

Musical Note.

A gentleman at a musical party where the lady was very particular not to have the concert of sweet sounds interrupted, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How could you stir the fire without interrupting the music?"

"Between the bars!" replied the friend.

There is no duty we so much under rate as the duty of being happy.—Stevenson.

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Same Old Story.

It was the vacation rush in the baggage room of the big depot. Suddenly, without warning, there was an explosion that shook the building.

"The trunk of an anarchist with a bomb in it!" shouted the depot detectives.

"Russian nihilists!" echoed a man in the crowd.

"The Black Hand!" added a third.

But just then a meek little man pushed his way through the crowd and picked up the fragments of a hinge.

"Lucy's trunk!" he sighed. "I told her if she forced anything else in that trunk the whole top would blow off, but a man can't tell a woman anything when she is packing."

Tenderly they lifted the poor "smasher" from the floor and picked from his anatomy one toothbrush handle, one curling iron, a soap dish and a belt buckle.—Chicago News.

Very Annoying.

Maud—As if it wasn't bad enough to have no men escorts at the beach, the manager made things still more aggravating.

Mabel—In what way?

Maud—He hired a female orchestra to furnish music for the hotel.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Recompense.

"Yes," said the old Indian trapper, "we kill a painter now and then, but they're gettin' scarce."

"Well, I wouldn't worry," responded the tourist. "When they're all gone you can begin on the authors. I understand they're plentiful enough."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Just the Thing.

Mrs. Crabb (on a visit with her husband to view a villa for sale)—Oh, how beautiful—how beautiful! The magnificent view makes me perfectly speechless!

Mr. Crabb—Then I'll buy the villa.—London Tit-Bits.

The Family Skeleton.

"Have they got a family skeleton?"

"I should say so."

"How do you know?"

"I saw their eldest daughter in a bathing suit this summer."—Houston Post.

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THE NEW JOURNALIST.

His Remarks on Lynching Cause Him a Heap of Trouble.

"I was in the newspaper business once myself," laughed the portly party. "When I left college I decided that nothing but journalism would cater to the strenuous life that I proposed to lead. In looking over the eastern field was too cramped for my swelling ambition, so I decided upon the free and boundless west as the only spot where my budding genius could properly expand unhindered by the conventionalities of the effects east."

"Well, I found a small town in the west where there was no paper and proceeded at once to fill a long felt want. Soon after I had established my great mold of opinion a lynching took place, and I felt that the situation called for a few burning words upon the subject. The result was a two column leader, wherein I handed the outrage without gloves. I cannot now recall what I said except the end, which read something like this: 'Gentlemen, think twice before you again drag the name of our beautiful and future great city through the mud.'"

"The edition containing my inspired and burning words was hardly issued when I had a call from a delegation of my fellow citizens."

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" I asked, realizing that I was facing a condition, not a theory.

"We've kin yere," said the spokesman, "to inform you that we don't take no shine to that thar article of yours 'bout lynchin'. Our first impression was to bring a rope along with us, but we remembered what you said 'bout thinkin' twice, so we've jes' called to let you know that we've had our first think. We'll be yere again tomorrow."

"I took the hint and the first train out of town."—Detroit Free Press.

A Partisan Shot.

"I hear," said Mrs. Gaddie, "that your husband's got a job as superintendent of a cemetery and you're going there to live."

"Well?" replied Mrs. Naylor shortly. "Well, I was thinking it would be an awful ghostly and creepy sort of neighborhood."

"Perhaps, but the neighborhood will not be prying into our business."

Probably a Hopeless Case.

Mr. Upmore—You know Blisford? He tries to put up a bold and plausible front, but I understand his case thoroughly. He's meretricious through and through. Mr. Gaswell—Why—er—I thought he was operated on for that a few months ago.—Chicago Tribune.