

THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

"IF FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE WORLD WE CAN DO ANYTHING."

VOL. III.

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The Master's Voice.

(From "Donahoe's Magazine.")
The waves were weary, and they went to sleep,
The winds were hushed,
The starlight flushed
The furrowed face of all the mighty deep.
The billows, yester eve so dark and wild,
Wave strangely now—
A calm upon their brow—
Like that which rests upon a cradled child.

The sky was bright, and every single star,
With gleaming face,
Was in its place,
And looked upon the sea—so fair and far,
And all was still—still as a temple dune—
When low and faint,
As mourner's plaint,
Died the last note of Vesper hymn.

A bark slept on the sea, and in the bark
Slept Mary's Son—
The only One—
Whose face is light where all, all else is dark.

His brow was heavenward turned, His face was fair,
He dreamed of me,
On that still sea—
The stars he made gleamed through His hair.

And lo! a moon moved o'er the mighty deep,
The sky grew dark!
The little bark
Felt all the waves awaking from their sleep.

The winds wailed wild, and wilder billows beat;
The bark was tossed;
Shall all be lost?
But Mary's Son slept on, serene and sweet.

The tempest raged in all its mighty wrath,
The winds howled on,
All hope seemed gone,
And darker waves surged round the bark's lone path.

The sleeper woke! he gazed upon the deep!
He whispered: "Peace!
Winds—wild waves, cease!
Be still!" The tempest fled—the ocean fell asleep.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

More Need of Rigor and Less of Filmy Sentimentality.

If we cannot help the honest worker, at least we can stop petting and pampering the detected confidence man, the thug of the dives and the enterprising but unsuccessful burglar, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine. The Howard association appears to hit the nail on the head in urging "the necessity of rendering the treatment of criminals less attractive than that of the law-abiding and industrious poor. He who lives by honest toil should not be tempted to envy the scoundrel who preys on the community. When the scoundrel is caught, what we have to do with him—if his offense is not legally a matter for the noose—is to keep him safe, and at work, to teach him something useful if we can (not necessarily Shakespeare and the musical classes), and to restrict as far as possible his intercourse with his kind, especially separating him, while young, from those who would be his instructors in crime. It is not essential, nor even desirable, that he should enjoy his confinement; it ought never to be forgotten for a moment that he is there for punishment, that he is differentiated by his own act from honest and decent people. Short of inhumanity he can and ought to be made to feel that the way of the transgressor is hard; that honesty, or what the law recognizes as such, is the best policy. When tables are turned, when the knave becomes distinctly an unprivileged person, he may find occasion to mend his way.

What The Silver Question Is.

A correspondent asks for "a commonsense every-day school by explanation of the silver question." The "silver question" at present is whether the mints of the United States shall coin silver dollars weighing 412½ grains as freely as they coin gold money. Any owner of gold bullion can take it to the mint and have it coined into gold twenty, ten, five and two and a half dollar pieces at his option and to any amount. The same "freedom" is sought by the silver men for the holders of silver bullion. The objection made to this free coinage of silver is that 412½ grains of silver are not worth 25.8 grains of gold, as they once were. In other words, the quantity of silver it is proposed to put in the silver dollar—whose coinage is to be made free—is not worth 100 cents, but is worth only 66 cents. All

free coinage bills make the silver dollar of 412½ grains legal tender in payments of debts for 100 cents—an obviously unjust thing to do. If free coinage, as advocated in Congress, meant putting 100 cents' worth of silver—over 500 grains—in a dollar nobody could object to it, but there is decided objection to making 66 cents' worth of silver to pass for 100 cents. The silver men insist on the free coinage of the light dollar—Baltimore Sun.

Let the Exposition be Open on Sunday.

Let the Columbian Exposition proclaim by the hush of all its varied traffic and machinery—no wheel turning, no engine moving, no booth or counter open to buyer or seller, no sign or sound of business through all its long avenues, and better still, by its doors closed till the morning hours of every Sunday are ended—that the American people believe in a day of rest. But if there be those who would rather seek its precincts to look, it may be, more closely at the handiwork of man, to study the progress of the race in the story of its artistic and industrial and mechanical achievements, and to recognize thus, it may easily be, in the study of such achievements, with Job, that "there is a spirit in man and that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding"—that certainly can be no unworthy use of some hours of our American's rest day.

If study makes plain to us the value of a day of rest, of worship, and no less of a cheerful and manly exercise of our Christian liberty in things indifferent in the observance of such a day, we may wisely consider whether a Sunday wisely guarded for such uses is not the best Sunday, alike for Exposition times and for all times.—Bishop Potter, in the October Forum.

Home, Sweet Home.

London Tid-Bits recently offered a prize for the best definition of "home." Five thousand answers were sent in. Here are some of the best.

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."
A world of strife shut out a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.
Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without dissipation, a place where time is spent without repentance, and which is ruled by justice, mercy and love.

A hive in which, like the industrious bees, youth gathers the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

The best place for a married man after business hours.
Home is the cosiest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.
The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket containing most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.
Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

The center of our affections, around which our hearts' best wishes twine.

A popular but paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man and rests in the presence of woman.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the forms of mothers and wives.

Prosperous Farmers.

Though agriculture is terribly depressed owing to unjust laws, there are some prosperous farmers in this section and they are the most conspicuous examples of the beneficent effects of diversified farming. Ask them the secret of their success and they will tell you it is due to the practical policy of raising bread and meat on the farm. We see them in town sometimes, but they do not come to buy provisions. Would that there were more of them. And why should there not be?—Webster's Weekly.

Says the Medical Journal.

"Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing, but there is no reason whatever to suppose that death is a more painful process than birth. It is because, in a certain proportion of cases, dissolution is accompanied by a visible spasm and distortion of the countenance that the idea exists, but it is as nearly certain as anything can be that these distortions of the facial muscles are not only painless, but take place unconsciously. In many instances, too, a comatose or semi-tose state supervenes, and it is altogether probable that more or less complete unconsciousness then prevails. We have, too, abundant evidence of people who have been nearly drowned, and they all agree in the statement that, after a few moments of painful struggling, fear and anxiety pass away, and a state of tranquility succeeds. They see visions of green fields, and in some cases hear pleasing music, and so far from being miserable, their sensations are delightful. But where persons have been resuscitated, they declare that resuscitation is accompanied by physical pain and acutely mental misery."

Vines On Walls.

In a recent report of the Secretary of Agriculture it is asserted that the common notion that vines covering walls tend to produce or promote dampness is so far from being true that the contrary is the case, such covered walls being drier than those exposed. A moment's reflection would suggest that a thicker of leaves acts like a thatch, throwing off rain and keeping walls dry. They also have the further effect of preventing walls from being heated by the sun, so that in case of dwellings where the walls are covered during the summer the rooms are perceptibly cooler in consequence. The ivy in climates suited to it, is probably the most evergreen for clinging to and covering the walls, but the persistency of its foliage has been objected to, inasmuch as it prevents the sun from warming the walls during clear days in winter. A vine which possesses an abundance of foliage in summer and becomes deciduous in winter is therefore to be preferred, and the best plant to meet these requirements is the Japan ivy. This plant is nearly allied to the Virginia creeper, which adorns and enriches the wood with its rich autumn columns.—New Orleans Picayune.

Flourishing Negroes.

The negroes in Oklahoma seem to be flourishing and contented in spite of recent reports to the contrary. A traveler who has just passed through that region says: "The negroes in and around Guthrie are industrious and prosperous. In the city we see quite a number of negro merchants, some of whom carry very nice stocks of goods, groceries mostly. In the surrounding country are scores of negro farmers. They generally cultivate small patches of from ten to twenty acres, from six to eight families often occupying one claim of one hundred and sixty acres. They seem to be very successful growers, and raise vegetables for the Guthrie market. They use the spade freely in their patches, and raise fine crops of turnips, sweet potatoes, melons, etc. There are five negro officials in this Logan county, one being a justice of the peace, one or two constables, one a member of the board of education, and another a member of the city council of Guthrie. There are also several negro lawyers and doctors in Guthrie."—From the Chicago Tribune.

Business Methods Wanted.

Daniel F. Devoll: "Ask the average farmer to show you his books; he hasn't any. Ask him how much any of his products cost him to raise and he will reply, 'I don't know.' I have no account of only what I take in and pay out." Now this is all wrong. The farmer should be as competent to tell what it costs him to produce a quart of milk, a bushel of potatoes, as the manufacturer is to tell what it costs him to produce an article from the raw material. A farmer ought to know what it costs him to produce a bushel of corn, a dozen of eggs or a ton of hay, and I believe that not one in ten can tell within 25 per cent."

But, language does not render a man holy and just, but a virtuous life makes him dear to God.

AMAZONIAN FLOODS.

FEATURES OF THE ANNUAL DELUGE OF THE GREAT RIVER.

Then the "Wild Hog River" Becomes a Paradise of the Swamp-Loving Brutes. Floating Islands Filled with Refugees of the Brute Creation.

The worst inundations of Louisiana and eastern Arkansas are but spring freshets compared with the monster floods that visit the Amazon valley every year with a regularity equaled only by astronomical events and tax collections. The rainfall of northern Brazil is about three times that of the wettest counties of Oregon, and in midsummer the thunder showers that drench the woods every afternoon resemble a daily cloudburst. On the Northern Pacific no other world would be applied to an atmospheric waterfall, darkening the air like a London winter fog for hours together, and stamping a house, if the roof should leak, through an aperture of a few square inches.

Rains of that sort are apt to occur day after day for a series of weeks, and their effect on the lowlands can be only imperfectly indicated by the fact that the Amazon basin is an area of more than 2,000,000 square miles. The Amazon, too, drains half the eastern slope of a country larger than Brazil, but its largest affluents are dwarfed by the third class tributaries of the South American river of waters.

When the waters of the Negro, the Negro, the Yavari, the Hingo, the Pajajos and dozens of other streams rarely mentioned on this side of the isthmus, enter the main river through a delta miles in width and deep enough for the largest river steamers of the St. Lawrence.

About the middle of summer these streams begin to rise, those from the northwest first, those from the northwest and north a few weeks later, and a fortnight after the arrival of the second supplement the valley of the Amazon, the "wild hog river," as the early colonists called the Amazon, becomes a paradise of swamp loving brutes. The taptis, the peccari and the fish otter celebrate the season of their summer life, and birds of wild deer begin their nesting in the mangrove swamps. In the province (now state) of Mato Grosso, the woods in midsummer get full of game as a hundred years ago the foothills of the Southern Alleghenies swarmed with wild pigeons when the flocks of the north were buried in snow.

A small party of men, who were in the flood came thus reduced to the alternative of making for the highest accessible ground, further east, till every knoll becomes a hill of refuge, crowded with timid brutes whose survival depends on their escape to the mountains. Thousands of square miles are submerged so effectually that canoes can be paddled through forests apparently free from underbrush, since only the taller trees, with their narrow stems of climbing vines, rise above the surging waters. The broad, gurgling streams twisted eddy through the leafy wilderness, tearing off whole groups of trees, with all their roots, and making amends by depositing hillocks of driftwood which soon get covered with tufts of new vegetation.

The pressure of the surging flood against these mountains of alluvium soon becomes enormous, and the deep rooted stems of the adamantine and the bamboo tree may resist till new deposits of driftwood consolidate a morass and the river, thus forming good sized islands, with down stream base of perhaps half a mile, but a narrow head deflecting the current left and right, like the wedge shaped front of a steam boiler pier. At the surrounding country are scores of negro farmers. They generally cultivate small patches of from ten to twenty acres, from six to eight families often occupying one claim of one hundred and sixty acres. They seem to be very successful growers, and raise vegetables for the Guthrie market. They use the spade freely in their patches, and raise fine crops of turnips, sweet potatoes, melons, etc. There are five negro officials in this Logan county, one being a justice of the peace, one or two constables, one a member of the board of education, and another a member of the city council of Guthrie. There are also several negro lawyers and doctors in Guthrie."—From the Chicago Tribune.

How a Woman Caught a Thief.

It was on a shipboard, and she nearly scratched his eyes out.

When you can't get a thief to catch a thief the next best thing to put on his trail is a woman. A woman who has recently returned from Rio Janeiro tells with great glee how during the voyage to this port she caught a thief who had been pilfering all the passengers' cabins, and until she took him in hand had successfully eluded the detective tactics of the entire crew, from the captain down to the cabin boy.

"I had about thirty passengers on board when we left Rio," said this amateur detective, "and a very nice lot of people they were too. For the first two or three days out everybody was so busy getting acclimated that we hadn't time to do anything else.

"But after that, when we were commencing to revive a bit, first one woman and then another would come on deck with a face as long as your arm and reprimand some one in her cabin and the next day she would be back with her jewelry. For a day or two I couldn't pool the idea, but finally the complaints became so frequent that I was no gaining anything. The thief, whoever he was, seemed to have a passion for rings.

"By the end of the first week there was scarcely a woman on board except myself who wasn't mourning the loss of at least one. A watch was set and every possible precaution taken, but without the slightest effect. Every morning at least one passenger would report another and I was soon forced to give up the women. At last things reached such a pass that every woman on board used to go to bed at night with all her jewelry on.

"One fat old Spanish woman, whose husband owned a gold mine somewhere, used to go to bed in a regular blouse of gold jewelry. Her fingers and wrists, up to her elbows, were covered with gems, and she used to put on her diamond coronet and then wind a towel about her brow, so that the robber couldn't possibly drag the coronet off without taking her head as well. I used to hear the poor old thing groaning all through the night. She must have been dreadfully uncomfortable. Well, finally one night my turn came. I had a cabin to myself and had taken the upper berth from choice. One night I awoke and felt certain I heard some one moving about the room.

"My right arm was hanging over the side of the berth when I woke up, and by this time I was in such a stage of fright that I didn't care to move it. I don't believe I moved a muscle. And all this time, mind you, I felt instinctively that just what I did. I was that was in the room, was gradually drawing nearer and nearer. Suddenly I felt a hand touch my hand and pill gently at one of my rings. For about an instant I thought I'd die. Then all at once something inside of me seemed to say 'Screen and scratch.' Just then the man let go of my hand for a moment.

"The rings, he evidently saw, were a pretty tight fit, and it would take some time and skill to get them off without waking me. I waited breathlessly, saying to myself, 'I'll wait till he's asleep. It must have been fully five minutes before he touched my hand again, and during that time, in spite of my fright, I had sense enough left to comprehend that if I wanted to catch the thief I must scratch first and scream afterward. I just scratched him with my right hand until he had got his operation well under way again. Then I nerved myself.

"I knew the direction in which his face was, because I could feel his breath on my hand as he leaned over it. I drew a long breath, and letting my hand fly, I scratched him with my right hand across the face, and then struck with all my lungs. The next instant everybody came tumbling into my room, but the thief had vanished. We could not find so much as a trace of him. After the excitement had subsided I took the man by the hand and led him to the next morning. At breakfast everybody turned up except one very engaging young man, who had been quite the lion of the ship. He had been suddenly taken ill the evening before.

"The steward also reported that he lay in his berth with his face turned toward the wall.

"Ah, ha! said the captain, tipping me the wink, 'I'm something of a doctor. I think I'll go and have a look at this young man.'

"Well, he went, and there on his face, sure enough, were the scratches, four of them, and fine long, deep ones the captain said they were too. Subsequently, the young fellow broke down and made a confession, and restored all the articles he had stolen. He was put in irons and handed over to the police as soon as we arrived here. By this time I suppose the poor fellow is in Sing Sing."—New York Evening Sun.

Securing a Widow.

Young Walter de Umfraville, son of Gilbert, had left a widow, Emma, probably in the very bloom of her charms. Peter de Vaux had fallen for her feet, but he declined to obtain her in border fashion, and this fact is the earnest pledge of the chivalry of his love. If he would not steal her he was bound to buy her, and with the de Vaux was always a scarcity. So he offered the king five paltry for her, "if she wished it," and with what would read as a graceful acknowledgment of the borderer's pure chivalry, John absolutely drops the commercial from his fits and simply orders Robert Fitz Rogh to permit it to be done."—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Snail's Eye.

The little black spots on the end of the snail's horns are the animal's eyes. He can see with them very little, but they serve to distinguish for him light from darkness and enable him to observe objects at a distance of an inch or two.—Exchange.

A big patron of the shoe market is Allen Milton Brown, of Huntington, W. Va. He has had six wives to the altar and is the father of sixty-seven children.

The municipality of Vienna has 600 clocks, regulated from four main centers, so that standard time is assured in all parts of the city.

THE PALACE CAR.

WHAT IT COSTS AND HOW IT IS USUALLY EQUIPPED.

A Combination Hotel on Wheels in One Car or a Train of Several Cars—If You Have the Money You Can Take Your Ease—Linen for Palace Cars.

It costs only \$50 a day to hire a completely furnished and palatial dwelling house on wheels, containing seven beds. In front is an "observation room." Next come two drawing rooms, both fairly spacious. Behind these is a dining room twelve feet long. The middle of the car is occupied by comfortable berths, which are comfortable sofas during the day. In the rear are a good sized kitchen, a china closet, a pantry, a bathroom and a cold storage closet. All linen for table and beds, tableware, crockery and every other necessary are supplied. Three servants are provided without extra charge—a skilled cook, a waiter and a porter, who are under the orders of a tenant. Heating and lighting are thrown in. After ten days the rental is five dollars less per diem. Thus luxuriously housed, the occupant can travel without any other over the continent by paying the railways fifteen fares for transportation. However, if more than eighteen passengers are carried in the car, so many extra fares must be paid. He can stop at whatever points he desires and have his car side tracked, making his home in it during his stay.

If he chooses he can bring along his own servants, linen, tableware and crockery. He is at liberty to furnish the commissariat himself, or the company will supply everything in that way for him, charging only 15 per cent. over and above cost and rendering to him the bills. The latter is by far the better plan, inasmuch as trouble is saved and affairs are attended to more satisfactorily by the company, which understands the business and can buy food cheaper besides. The cook is always a capable person, and, having a time schedule for a journey across the continent, he will telegraph ahead to various points for such luxuries as may be obtainable at the markets in different cities, thus arranging for fresh fruits, butter and eggs, and even for a newly cut bouquet to be put on the table every morning at breakfast. All of this is susceptible of variation. One can engage an ordinary sleeping car for \$40, a sleeping car with buffet for \$45, or dining and observation car for \$60. A hunting car, provided with traps for dogs, raccoons, game, fishing tackle, etc., costs only \$55 a day. Service and all incidentals are in every case thrown in.

But one can do better than this if he has plenty of money to spare. He can hire a complete traveling hotel for \$210 a day, in the shape of an entire train, consisting of four sleeping cars, a dining car and a buffet smoker. An observation car may be added at an expense of \$40 more. The buffet smoker represents in some respects the highest development of the modern palace car. It includes a bar, a barber shop, a bath room and a library, wherein can be found books, writing materials and the newest magazines and pictorial and daily papers.

In short, it is a small club on wheels. There is no other country in the world where luxury in traveling is so highly appreciated as it is in the United States. Abroad it is said that the only people who go by rail "first class" are the nobility and the Americans. Of course the person who chatters a whole train across the continent in a public vehicle at least eighteen fares per car, though west of the Mississippi the minimum rate is usually fifty cents. No car can be rented for the price above given for less than three days.

It has recently become the fashion for widowers to travel in private cars. Nowadays a conspicuous star usually insists on being provided with such a conveyance as part of the contract for the tour which she signs with her manager. Bernhard always carries a small menagerie with her, which could not very well be accommodated in a public vehicle. Theatrical companies very commonly hire one or more cars while traveling, that being a convenient and agreeable method of transportation.

Dining cars are usually owned by the railways and are managed by the palace car companies. Ordinarily they are run at a considerable loss, being attached to trains merely as an attraction to passengers. The expense of conducting them is enormous.

Arrangements made between the palace car companies and the railways regarding sleeping cars vary very much. Sometimes the latter pay as much as two or three cents a mile for the use of each sleeper, where, as is particularly apt to be the case in the south, the passenger traffic is not sufficient to repay the car companies. In such cases a railroad is often obliged to provide the necessary conveniences at a loss to itself. The item of washing is a very costly one in the running of sleeping cars, inasmuch as no piece of linen is ever used twice without going to the laundry. A sleeper, on leaving New York for Chicago or St. Louis, receives a "stock" of 120 linen sheets, 120 pillowcases and 120 towels. This gives change for two nights. Fifteen or twenty clean towels are always kept on the washstand. The washing is done in New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and other cities, being given out in great quantities at the low rate of one dollar per hundred pieces. An equipment of linen lasts about one year, at the end of which it must be renewed. It is purchased by wholesale—\$20,000 worth at a time.—Philadelphia Times.

FAST OYSTER OPENERS.

Workmen in New York City Who Take Oysters Out of Their Shells.

The crack oyster openers of New York can easily hold their own against the rest of the world as "lightning operators," as they are called.

One of the veterans is Dick Balmer, who has opened 9,000 oysters in a day of twelve hours, and he can now average 7,500 in a day of twelve or thirteen hours' work.

Mike Foley, who may well be termed a lightning operator, and is now in his fifties, has opened as many as 8,500 oysters in one day, and on ordinary days if he pushes himself, he can easily get away with 8,000 oysters. Of course the oysters opened are large and small, just as they come, as if they were all small around the opening could be done much more rapidly.

John Lahey is good for an average of 8,000 a day, and so is an open known among the oystermen as "Deaf George." In a trial of speed in opening 500 oysters John Lahey probably cannot be beaten.

To open oysters rapidly of course requires a great deal of experience in handling them, but there also seems to be a knack about it that every oysterman cannot acquire. Some men, for instance, can only open 4,000 oysters a day and they will not go much above that after years of work in this line.

The twenty-seven men employed by Alex Fraser on the North river will average 5,000 oysters a day, which is a much higher average than is reached by the majority of the crews around New York. These men also can turn out, when required, 15,000 oysters a day in all, which is 15,000 oysters above the average of 5,000 a man. There are very few oyster scoops in the market can equal this average from week to week. It may also be considered that on some mornings work begins at 5 o'clock in the morning and on others at 6 or 8 o'clock.

There was an oyster opening match about a year ago between Mike Foley and Jack Gillon. The match was to decide which man was the quicker at opening 1,000 oysters. Gillon won in 17 minutes, beating his opponent by only seven oysters. Foley has opened 11,300 oysters at one sitting.

Dick Balmer has appeared in sixteen oyster opening matches and lost only two of them. Most of the contests were over the opening of 100 oysters. At one time Balmer opened 100 oysters in 4 minutes and 22 seconds, which is now the best "straight knife" record. Balmer has also opened 1,000 oysters in 55 minutes. The two matches in which he was defeated he lost to John Gillon. The first match was best two out of three rounds in opening 100 oysters, but owing to a dispute Balmer retired in the second round, leaving the match to Gillon. At the second match Balmer was beaten by eight oysters.

Among the lightning operators on William Foster's crew the most conspicuous undoubtedly is "Black Frank," as Frank Barrett, who is as white as any other white man in this country, is dubbed by his associates. Mr. Barrett has spent a good many years in the south, and from his association there in a business way with the darkeys he came to be called "Black Frank."—New York News.

Discarded India Rubber Utilized.

It is a matter of common knowledge that india rubber goods even of the highest quality are perishable. Although not subject to great wear and tear, the time comes when the rubber loses its elasticity and becomes soft and rotten. Hitherto such perished rubber has represented a waste material for which no use could be found, but by a process recently invented the perished rubber can be made, it is said, once more serviceable.

By incorporating the waste rubber with certain hydrocarbons and with a proportion of Trinidad asphalt, by adding to the mixture certain vegetable oils, and submitting the product to heat, it is so apparent that the waste rubber, the name of "blau-dyte" has been given to it can be made hard and dense or soft and pliable by modifying certain parts of the process, and it seems to be applicable to most of the various purposes for which pure rubber is used.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Cutaway Coat.

The cutaway frock coat may be worn at any time during the day, and is really the most useful all around garment in the vocabulary. The man in the black cutaway is so apparent that he is called by any emergency that may arise during the hours of the day. It is suitable for the afternoon tea and for the morning stroll. It has been worn with excellent effect with the top hat at the noon wedding—indeed its efficacy and becomingness is so apparent that it is being worn more conservatively as well as being altered through their fealty to this garment of semidress from pinning alleys to the more distinguished but trying lines of the long tailed double breasted frock.—Clothing and Furnisher.

A Valuable Clock.

There is no further need for the noisy little alarm clock, for a Swiss has just invented a clock that talks. It is much pleasanter than the grating br-r-r of the bell that always rings ten times as long as necessary, to have a clock that will stand at the head of the bed and remark: "There are eggs, and a nice juicy steak, and a cold mutton and toast and fried potatoes and coffee down stairs for you, John Henry, and this is the day when Archimedes McGonigle promised you the twenty dollars he has been owing you so long. Beside, day after tomorrow is Sunday, and you can finish your sleep then." That's the sort of a clock to have in the family.—Brooklyn Eagle.

All the Advantages of a Hotel.

A sea water bath in our own homes has now become a commonplace privilege, but now we are approaching a day when the ingenuity of man will make possible the trinity of luxuries—the salt water, the sea air and the glorious sunbath after it, all within one's own bathroom, for the new electric light bath browns the complexion of the bather while it invigorates his system almost like the real article, which involves a hotel bill of alarming size. It is evidently only a matter of time when we may all enjoy a summer vacation on the penny-in-the-slot plan without even paying car fare.—New York Sun.

Sensible Words About Eating.

Perhaps popular medical literature is partly to blame for the growing habit of overeating organs which are quite able to stand ordinary work. Health articles are written by doctors, and these, seeing people only when they are ill, forget that the papers they write for—the "family journals"—are read by men and women, especially women, who are perfectly well. "Avoid pastry," writes the doctor, "thinking of the confirmed dyspeptic who left his consulting room half an hour ago, and thereupon a hundred folks who were never a whit the worse for their tarts avoid pastry conscientiously and take to unending sago puddings, whose monotony their weary palates loathe. If we were to renounce all that we see or hear condemned as overtraining or misusing our digestive apparatus, we should probably take nothing but pepsin, with perhaps a little milk to exercise it on.

There are times when, after a too rigid dieting the most mature of us longs for the green apples and raspberry tarts of youth, and such a longing is an honest rebellion of the digestion against a regimen which keeps it weak for lack of proper exercise. To give a fair and reasonable consideration to the food we eat is a matter of common sense, but to make ourselves mentally the parallels of the monks of Mount Athos and concentrate our attention on all that we should avoid, is to lay ourselves open to the chance of indigestions such as if we indulged every day in the banquets of a Lucullus.—London Hospital.

Franklin's Exercise.

At a time when so much attention is given to physical education, it is of interest to remember that Benjamin Franklin told John Adams that he made it a point of religion to exercise. When sixty-six years old, Franklin wrote to his son as follows: "Exercise to prevent diseases, since the cure of them by physic is so precarious.

"The quantum of each kind of exercise is to be judged by the degree of warmth it produces in the body rather than by time or distance.

"There is more exercise in one mile's riding on horseback than five in a coach, and more in one mile's walking on foot than in four on a level floor.

"This last year I rode for an hour and a half on horseback, and was pinched for time as containing a great quantity of exercise in a handful of minutes.

"The dumbbell is another exercise of the latter compendious kind; by the use of it I have in forty swings quickened my pulse from sixty to 100 beats in a minute, counted by a second watch, and I suppose the warmth generally increases with quickness of pulse."—Youth's Companion.

The Prices of Literary Work.

When not long ago a statement was made in The Author that there were fifty men and women in Great Britain and the states who were making \$1,000 a year and upward by writing novels, the statement was received with derisive laughter. Fifty novelists making \$1,000 a year? Impossible! Preposterous! The statement, however, was made by one who knew what he was saying. It is a true statement; it represents the real prices of the profession.

There are in London alone, it is said, 15,000 people who make their money by other exercise in the literary profession. Fifty of them by writing novels make over \$1,000 a year. The number of men who actually live by the production of original work, apart from journalism in any of its branches, is comparatively small. There are a few more dramatic writers; about a hundred novelists; a few successful writers of educational books, which are indeed a mine of wealth if one can succeed, and a few publishers' hacks. The greatest prizes are those of the dramatists.—Walter Besant in Forum.

Sir Boyle Roche's Famous "Bulls."

Sir Boyle Roche, too, whose bulls made him famous, on one occasion assured a wonder-stricken body of voters that, if elected, he would put a stop to smuggling practices in the Shannon by "having two frigates stationed on the opposite points at the mouth of the river, and there they should remain, with one strict orders not to stir, and so, by cruising and cruising about, they would be able to intercept everything that should attempt to pass between them."

Another time, when on the hustings, he observed, "England, it must be allowed, is the mother country, and therefore I would advise them (England and Ireland) to live in filial affection together like sisters, as they are and ought to be." This was only equalled by his—when opposing his antimissionary motion—wishing the said motion "was at the bottom of the bottomless pit."—London Standard.

Mountain Peasants in New York.

The mountaineer peasants of northern Italy and the Tyrol are unusual among the immigrants to this country, but one now and then encounters them upon the streets of New York, where they are easily recognized by their great stature, sturdy legs and shoulders, hard, sun-browned features and felt hats, creased in imitation of Kossuth's headgear, and ornamented with the scimitar like cock's feather. Their footgear, too, is distinctive, being coarse leagled boots, with pointed toes and high, tapering heels, such an article of apparel as it seems no man would dare venture out with in a region of difficult footing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Chance for a Bare Tongue.

Mrs. Poots—What are you looking so grim about?
Poots—Oh, there's a confoundedly tender spot on my tongue from resting against a broken tooth.

"Humph! You're always grunting about something. Funny I never have anything like that the matter with my tongue."

"Nothing funny at all. Your tongue is never at rest."—Texas Sittings.

Perfectly Harmless.

Lady—I just you fought a duel with Mr. Meyer yesterday?
Gent—That is so.
Lady—But did you not feel afraid when standing before a loaded revolver?
Gent—Not in the least when Mr. Meyer holds it, for he is my insurance agent.—Geyersblatt.

Perhaps Popular Medical Literature.

Perhaps popular medical literature is partly to blame for the growing habit of overeating organs which are quite able to stand ordinary work. Health articles are written by doctors, and these, seeing people only when they are ill, forget that the papers they write for—the "family journals"—are read by men and women, especially women, who are perfectly well. "Avoid pastry," writes the doctor, "thinking of the confirmed dyspeptic who left his consulting room half an hour ago, and thereupon a hundred folks who were never a whit the worse for their tarts avoid pastry conscientiously and take to unending sago puddings, whose monotony their weary palates loathe. If we were to renounce all that we see or hear condemned as overtraining or misusing our digestive apparatus, we should probably take nothing but pepsin, with perhaps a little milk to exercise it on.

There are times when, after a too rigid dieting the most mature of us longs for the green apples and raspberry tarts of youth, and such a longing is an honest rebellion of the digestion against a regimen which keeps it weak for lack of proper exercise. To give a fair and reasonable consideration to the food we eat is a matter of common sense, but to make ourselves mentally the parallels of the monks of Mount Athos and concentrate our attention on all that we should avoid, is to lay ourselves open to the chance of indigestions such as if we indulged every day in the banquets of a Lucullus.—London Hospital.

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